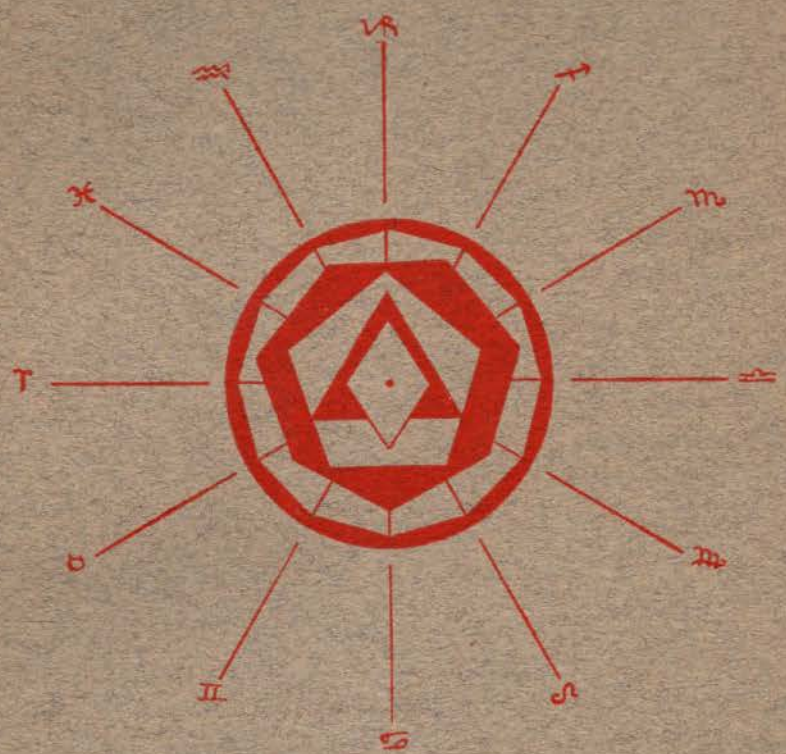
The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

"Nonsense as a Factor In Soul Growth"

"Atlantis, The Lost Continent"

MAY, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Initiates of The Flame"

By

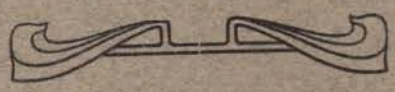
MANLY P. HALL

A comprehensive study in the Wisdom Religion as it has been perpetuated through symbolism and mythology. This work is of interest to all students of mystic and occult philosophies or Masonry. The work is beautifully illustrated with drawings to explain its principles, some by the author and others of an alchemical and mystic nature. The table of contents is as follows:

Chapter One	"The Fire Upon the Altar."
Chapter Two	"The Sacred City of Shamballah."
Chapter Three	"The Mystery of the Alchemist."
Chapter Four	"The Egyptian Initiate."
Chapter Five	"The Ark of the Covenant."
Chapter Six	"The Knights of the Holy Grail."
Chapter Seven	"The Mystery of the Pyramids."

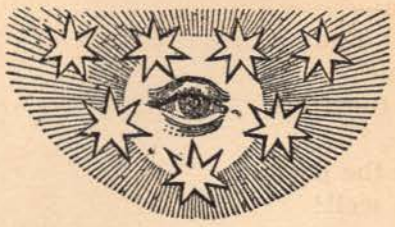
This book is beautifully bound in full cloth with a handsome alchemical cover design stamped in gold leaf and contains about one hundred pages.

This work is not for sale but may be secured through a voluntary contribution on the part of anyone desiring to possess it. All of our work is put out for the benefit of students and not for purposes of profit and we ask your co-operation to assist us in meeting the cost of publication and distribution by your own realization of responsibility.



THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL. Page

Nonsense as a Factor in Soul Growth 3
Poem. The Immortality of the Soul.. 2

ORIENTAL OCCULTISM.

The Light of Asia..... 32
Chinese Cosmogony 7
The Blue Krishna..... 8

OCCULT FICTION.

The Third Eye. An Occult Detective Story 9
Brothers of the Shining Robe..... 14
Chapter One—The Temple of Caves.

MYSTIC MASONRY.

The Robe of Blue and Gold..... 17
The Symbolism of the Triangle on the Mason's Ring..... 19

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

A Letter From the Brothers of the Rose Cross. Illustrated..... 21
Atlantis, the Lost Continent..... 23
Books and Their Place in Occultism.. 30
Music 6

Immortality of the Soul

By an Inmate of Folsom Prison

Sweet mem'ries flash across my mind
Like dreams of long ago—
Of friendly faces true and kind
That once I used to know;
But when or where I saw them last
I cannot always tell—
I know that somewhere in the past
I knew and loved them well!

For in my dreams I wander far
Beyond this mortal sphere,
Perhaps on some far distant star
Their spirits hovered near!
And in my sleep my soul returns
To scenes it knew of yore,
And step by step my spirit learns
Of lives I've lived before.

My soul has lived since time began,
And must live on alway—
Nor can the puny hand of man
Its onward progress stay!
Though now I walk the paths of earth,
My Father's feet have trod—
Through death my soul shall find rebirth
In closer touch with God.

He made the glowing universe,
The sun, the stars, the sky—
He gave the power to hold converse
Betwixt my soul and I,
And only now and then in dreams,
I scan futurity,
And see my soul as true it seems
In all its purity!

And when the years at last shall roll
The shades of earth away,
I too shall reach the nearing goal
For which I watch and pray.
I too shall see that glorious dawn
The prophets long foretold,
That bids my soul to wander on
Through God's bright gate of gold!

Nonsense as a Factor in Soul Growth

THERE ARE TIMES in the unfolding of human consciousness when the student feels and honestly believes that the entire weight of the Eternal Plan, the salvation of God, man, and the universe and the perpetuation of civilization, rests upon his shoulders. He feels that when he passes out Truth will die with him and that his life must be so filled with duties that he has little, if any, time to demonstrate the qualities of the human race. Religion becomes such a weighty problem that he entirely forgets the necessity of humor and the value of mental and spiritual recreation, or, rather, we may say that lack of use has caused his sense of humor to atrophy.

The inevitable result of losing the ability to laugh and to relax the tension of massive thought and incessant labor is unbalance and ultimate spiritual crystalization, commonly known in the world of affairs as freakishness and crankism. The ability of the philosopher to forget his philosophies and the mystic to lay aside his religion and smile with the world over some hopelessly trivial bit of nonsense is the sign of true superphysical greatness and spiritual balance.

All students of symbolism know that for ages a long face has been considered symbolical of religion and that the more sad you appear and the more dejected your countenance, the holier you are and the closer you are to a God who has long foresworn laughter. This idea is based upon an entirely erroneous concept of life. The appreciation of humor is a divine faculty, the quick wit that it develops may be used for much deeper works, while the inevitable radiation of cheer which accompanies the happy person is just as important to the growth of humanity as the philosophical concepts which we expound and the problems of compound ratio.

There are those known in the world as "wet blankets," "gloom dispensers" and "Aunty-dolefuls" who in the name of God take all the cheer from life and with their blankets of pessimism totally eclipse the sun which might otherwise send to our hearts at least a solitary ray. If there be an exceptionally high spot in Heaven, a brownstone front in the Great Beyond, we shall undoubtedly find it reserved for those mystics and philosophers, sages and seers, who have not only made man think and pray but have taught him how to laugh.

The world is filled with trials and worries, with long faces and hopeless souls which must be met along tht weary road that leads to Light, but the Powers that be have seen fit to bring laughter into the world to cheer the weary hearts of striving men and women and to make this gift doubly sure have supplied a special set of facial muscles for its expression, and it is the duty of every student not only to promote aestheticism but also to bring into faces furrowed with care and hearts frozen in endless snows the happy smile which is indeed the greatest boon of the gods.

All the greatest philosophers have been noted not only for their quickness of mind but for their sharpness of wit and in truth there is nothing which shows the depth of thought and knowledge of life more than an original joke which has something really funny in it. There is an art in jesting which can only be appreciated after a suffering mortal has listened to what the world calls humor. This art should be listed with the seven immortal arts and sciences.

Let us remember the words of an ancient philosopher who said, when referring to the court jester of a king, "It takes the brightest man in all the land to make the greatest fool." The kingdoms of suffering humanity must have that court fool but few of our so-called religious lights will allow

their faces to relax for fear that their dignity may be affected and their congregation dwindle away.

When we laugh from the depths of our soul, relaxing for a moment the nerves and muscles that have so long been at a tension in fighting the battle of life, it is like a gymnasium exercise for the body and a tonic for the soul. The lungs fill with air, the liver receives its "daily dozen," and the face beams with a greater joy because for one moment the purely human has been given expression in a way which can injure none. Even those people who are unconsciously ridiculous will never realize nor be accredited with the honor that is due them from the fact that they have made others laugh, for while their personality is hurt and is many cases their noses are seriously cracked still that laughter will reach to the ends of creation before its last echoes die away at the very footstool of divinity.

It is said that the Christian theology is the only one that has not at least one laughing god in its train and we cannot but feel that there has been a serious omission. The laughter of the gods sounds through all nature which is filled with cheer, it is the sorrows and discouragements of life which turn all things to a leaden gray. Those who radiate this soot colored expression of life are never popular, never happy, seldom useful, and always a bore. The laughter of children is music in the ears of the Almighty and all living things are children who cry one moment and laugh the next, and of those moments which comes closest to the divine,—the joy or the tear? All human beings are like little ones crying over broken dolls and the toys which have fallen to pieces in their hands, but their sorrows are short-lived and soon the bursts of merry laughter shroud the sorrow in forgetfulness. But there are some who cannot forget and it is the duty of all to cheer them on their way, for every heart is filled with sadness and when we, too, are sad it but brings back memories which do not help but always surround us with thoughts of bitterness or remorse.

It is said that animals do not smile but it seems that they do, for every horse and dog and even the old cat purring on the hearth rug have a contented smiling appearance concealed somewhere about their faces. Even the fowls of the farmyard with all their stateliness and dignity have a certain twinkle in their eyes and a certain upward curve at the corner of their bills which is often missing from the human physiognomy, and their dignity is all the greater because of its absurdity while man's absurdities are always greater because of his dignity.

There is a psychology in humor, a moral effect upon all with whom we come in contact. It makes us friends, we are invited to call again in a voice which means it, it brings us closer to the hearts of others, it tries us more tightly to the truly human, it tears down the barriers of creed and caste and gives us a footing in the hearts of others.

There is no greater power which man can evolve than that of seeing all Nature smiling, every plant and flower wreathed in merriness, smiling because his own soul is laughing, filled and overflowing with that exuberance of spirit which marks the true expression of spiritual growth. To see the laughter in nature, the joy in living, the good concealed beneath the ever painful, is a thing not always easy to do. One must have within himself this Fountain of Mirth, which would have lengthened the life of Ponce de Leon had he not shortened his career by the seriousness of his search, which sees in everything not only the deep and mystical but the divinely and sublimely ridiculous.

When our hearts are about to overflow with sorrow, if we could but see with the eyes of the gods we would smile at least. When we are about to be offended by the words and actions of others, if we could but think a moment we would probably make matters much worse for it would be a Herculean task to restrain the laughter which would bring with it the wrath of our opponent.

You may say what you will, it is better far to see the ridiculous in life than the ever sordid, it is better far to laugh at the mistakes of man than to curse the decrees of God, and those who go around brewing cups of hemlock and radiating avalanches of gloom should indeed be listed with the false prophets and the blasphemers of God. The man who cannot find something pleasant to say no matter where he may be, how unpleasant the experience, how uncongenial those around him, or how contrary to his taste the incident in question, should never claim even the first degrees of spirituality. The mystic knows that in the last analysis all opposites blend, tragedy and comedy are one, and their apparently diverse ways are united at the doorway which leads to heights immortal.

So laugh and list among the benefactors of humanity those who often with hearts filled with sadness have realized the sweetness of a smile and the gloriousness of mirth and who have been the fools to make their brothers laugh, their only reward being the realization that for a moment at least a few hearts have forgotten their sorrows and a few lonely wanderers have seen the sunny side of life.

There is nothing more contagious than joy and nothing more infectious than gloom. These two inseparable companions of mankind walk side by side,—gloom noted for its length, joy for its breadth, and their eternal battle for mastery one over the other must be played out in every human heart.

Acid temperaments make acid bodies and the world is filled with intellectual alkalies which seem to stunt all the glories of nature. The reward of gloom is dyspepsia, ankylotic joints, rheumatism, and sour stomach. Those who cannot smile ferment all the world and spoil a glorious crop by their own tiny apple and too often they do this in the name of God. There are thousands whose motto for life is, "If ye smile upon the Sabbath, ye shall weep ere Monday dawn," and other equally sentimental concepts of God's demand of man.

Let us rather use as our motto "A smile a day keeps the doctor away," and the more smiles, the more "undesirables" are excluded from the aura of our association. There are glooms of all kinds revolving in their orbits around us, but until the wet blanket enters our own hearts we are master of them, and if our own lives are sunny the spirits of negation have little chance of entrance there.

One thing about the Devil that we always admire is the fact that he has a most resounding laugh and in spite of all his villianies there is a certain refreshment which comes over us even as we are chilled by his hilarity. He does the most miserable things in the most jovial and likeable way and can even damn us with a smile upon his face, while many of our friends cannot even say "Good morning" without looking like a heavy storm.

Occultists and occult students must realize that when they forget how to be jovial, they lock the door of Heaven and throw away the key.

Music

THERE IS NO POWER that holds so great a sway over the hearts and souls of living things as the charm of music. From the earliest dawn of time when the primitive civilizations of the world were in the making to our modern and apparently more ethical day, the life of man has been softened, his expressions molded to nobler ends, and his emotions raised to more lofty heights by the power of harmony and rhythm. In the early days of the world the children of the earth learned to imitate the eternal music of Nature, the singing of the birds, the moaning of the winds, the swishing of the waves on rock bound shores, the night cries of bird and beast,—all of these blend into a mystic cadence which we may call in truth the endless symphonies of Nature. The powers of creation are eternally musical, their mystic cadences swell from star to star with note divine. All nature, seen and unseen, formed and unformed, listens in rapt awe to the endless symphonies of the Great Unknown.

Then there is another music,—the song of Life, the beating of human hearts, the peals of merry laughter, the broken sobs of sorrow. All these blend into a mystic orchestra, oftimes unheard, which swells in note invisible through eternity to the very footstool of the Divine. Man's nature pours forth from his being with the expression of living music. The old organist allows his fingers to slip over the keys in an apparently unconscious, mechanical way but the very emotions of his soul pour out in divine harmonies from the instrument that registers and seems to live the innermost thoughts of the musician, the innermost symphonies of his soul.

The deep, wailing notes of the violin seem to speak of the master's touch and the very heart of the musician expresses itself in the harmonies that he plays. The heart that is broken in sorrow sends forth sweet melodies that touch the heartstrings, while the ponderous clashes of massive themes speak of the weighty minds that bring them forth.

All life is musical for it is a language universally understood. Its strange discords speak of human hate, its harmony of mutual understanding. Upon the seven stringed lyre of its own being, the human soul plays its harmony celestial; each thought and action is but a note of living music. When we live askew and our natures are unbalanced, the instrument is out of tune because the hands of the master do not rest upon the keys. The Stradivarius is dead until the soft fingers of the violinist draw from its latent soul the mystic yearnings of his own heart. So the bodies of man are like instruments in the hands of master musicians. The spirit within each living thing plays upon its bodies, seeking to build them into more glorious instruments for its own expression that its notes may swell the harmonies of cosmos.

When man's life is a sham, when his heart is cold, all the sounds from his living keyboard are inharmonious and discordant, the keys are out of tune, the strings are broken, and the hands that would play them are shackled by the things of earth. But those who have labored long and suffered much are mellowed like old violins, the ages of sorrow and suffering have brought out the greatest that is in them, and they are masterpieces in a master's hand. Each year the tones grow more mellow and the hand that draws the bow brings more perfect harmonies from its hallowed instrument, until at last in the hands of the Great Musician they pour forth in cords and symphonies sublime, each wondrous melody the reflection of the genius of the soul.

Music is a wonderful thing. It melts the hardened heart, softens the stern lines of the face, brings peace to those who long have suffered, and like the child drifting into sleep, lulled by the soft notes of a lullaby, the soul of man finds rest in the music of his own soul and the divine harmony of Nature's plan.

Chinese Cosmogony

KHEEN OR SHANG-TE is the great Prince or model man; He is the Great Father of Gods and men; He is Heaven or the Kosmos animated by a mind or soul and hence He is a sphere or circle; that being the most perfect figure. All parts of the Kosmos, therefore, viz., Heaven, Earth, Man, Sun, Moon, Stars, Mountains, Rivers, Birds, Beasts, Insects, Reptiles, Trees, Vegetables, etc., are all His parts and members and these are all pervaded and animated by the "One Mind" or Soul of Heaven or Shang-te.

In the state religion Shang-te is worshiped in all His parts, beginning with His triplication Heaven, Earth, and Man.

This philosophy is evidently founded upon the Confucionist idea of man transferred to the universe; as man is composed of mind and body so Heaven or the Kosmos is supposed to be composed of mind and matter, and the mind in each is one and the same, therefore Shang-te designated God or the Divinity within. Hence Confucious states that this Heaven or Shang-te is a gigantic Man, also this Shang-te is a sphere containing the whole universe within Himself and is the highest Numen.

From the "Classic of Chance,"

By the Rev. Cannon McClatchie, M.A.

This sidelight into the mythology and cosmogony of China shows how closely it is correlated with the teachings of the Hebrew Qabbalah and the alchemical and theosophic concepts of life. This Shang-te, the All Prevading manifesting in its multiplicity of forms, is called by many names in many lands but is the same wherever found. This cosmic Being who made man in His own image and whom we honor as the Creator of our universe has been known and studied for hundreds of thousands of years by the ancient peoples of the eastern countries.

Students who analyze religion soon realize that there is but one to analyze and that the most heathenish concept in the world is to believe in heathens.

The ancients of the western world have symbolized the Grand Man as a great figure twisted backward until His head and feet touch, forming a great sphere. There is little doubt that the ultimate form of all things is sphereoid and that the planets which we see in the sky, the sun, etc., are all of them organisms not unlike our own with intelligence, circulation, and consciousness but instead of, like our bodies, being peopled with cells and corpuscles these bodies are peopled with flora and fauna of evolving life.

A true understanding of the mystic philosophies depends upon the willingness of the student to credit all things with intelligence, and to realize that as mind and body expand they eternally express themselves in new environments which are the expressions of need, and that at various times during our growth the forms of our vehicles change.

Man is a universe is himself just as complicated upon a miniature scale as the heavens which unfold around us. Within him are the planets, the great powers of light and darkness and millions of evolving lives,—some have estimated six septillion in the human body. Thus man as he raises his hand to Shang-te, the Father of Light, and the globe-shaped Spirit of Creation, within whose Being we live and move and have our being, must also realize that he himself is Shang-te and that the universe wonderful beyond conception which expresses itself as his bodies is in truth built in the image of the Father, and that he himself is not only a God in the making but is already a great spiritual power to the millions of lives seeking expression through his extension of consciousness.

The Blue Krishna

IN PICTURING the Christ Child of India, Shri-Krishna, the Blue Lotus, we find that He is always painted as having a blue skin. Now let us consider briefly the reason for this rather unusual symbolism. Why the Lord of Love playing upon His flute with Radha in the woods is always colored with this bluish light has caused considerable speculation among students of occult philosophy.

The reason for this is said to be that blue is the symbol of the Father, the highest of the three primary colors. All great spiritual workers are said to be under the protection of the Father, or, as the East would say, enfolded in the cape of Brahma. This blue spiritual wall which divides the Great Ones from men is symbolized by the Oriental by coloring the body of Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, the second Principle of the Indian Trinity, a pale blue color.

Briefly, it is said to mean that between that soul and the world there was forever a wall, and that while Krishna came to the world He was not of the world but belonged in the home of the Gods. This beautiful symbolism applies to the problems of life. There are many who are in the world, and while apparently they are one with us still they know and we often feel that there is a wall between us. This is the wall of spirit, the wall of greater light and truth which spiritually divides the living from the dead. Those who come to us from behind the veil still wander with us but the blue veil of spirit conceals them, the blue light of spirit shines out from their being, and while they labor with us they are concealed forever behind the blue veil of immortality.

Each will one day step behind this veil and the blue folds of the Father's cape will stand between us and the world as protection and relief. Then we too shall labor in the world concealed forever and divided from mortal man by the blue veil of Krishna, the Blue Lotus of India.

Would Man Gain Anything By Living Forever In One Body ?

AS SOON as the average student realizes that there are certain powers which transcend material things or apparently do so and discovers that there are those who remain for indefinite periods in one body, the student immediately desires to do the same thing because, after all, living and dying appear as very inconvenient phases in the evolution of man. Perpetual life seems to be a novelty which has attracted a number of people who should have much better sense and the fountain of eternal youth is sought for as earnestly now as in the days of Ponce de Leon. But let the student always remember that these great things are effects and that the only cause which can bring them about is mastery and adeptship. Until he lives right, thinks right and becomes master of those lower desires and passions and emotions which wreck his life he can never hope to lengthen it by spiritual powers.

There are many lessons for man to learn besides those of this plane of nature and in other worlds he learns and studies while the stage is being set here for the next great step in his unfoldment and if he was forced to remain here age in and age out with no one that he knew and the incessant monotony which to him now seems a novelty he would soon pray for death as now he prays for life. But when he has learned to be of use through the ages, when he has completely given up all desire to live for himself alone, when he has become so useful in the Great Plan that he is needed every moment for the good of all, then he will be able to live forever and to do useful works in many worlds to come.

The Third Eye

BANG! The shot sounded through hotel like a clap of thunder in the dead silence of the winter night. A moment later there came a dull thud as of something falling and the loose fixtures in the hotel room shook. Then came the soft patter of footsteps in the hallway, a woman's holf broken sob, then all was still again.

The sound of the shot aroused every one in the building, doors opened, and frightened faces appeared in the frames of light.

"What has happened?"

. "Is someone killed?"

"Was it a shot?"

"I don't know, do you?"

From mouth to mouth the questions flew alosg the hallway like wildfire, but on one could be found who seemed in a position to answer them.

It was then that with a tremendous gust of personality Mr. Jeremiah Johnson, the house detective, appeared upon the scene with a glorious blue-green dressing gown draped over pink-striped pajamas. In one hand he carried a revolver while with the other he endeavored to make his scanty attire cover as much ground as possible, not forgetting to brush the nickle-plated star which he fastened conspicuously on the blue-green background of his bizarre attire.

"Where did the shot come from?" he demanded in a booming voice as he scuffed his way in bedroom slippers to the center of the hall and gazed around.

"That is precisely the information with which we desire you to supply us," answered a distinguished looking gentleman, dressed in an iron-grey Vandyke and blue nightshirt, as he gave the house detective a careful inspection through gold pince-nez and then vanished in the direction of his wardrobe.

The detective looked along the hall at the opened doors and startled faces; registering professional poise and then his eyes fastened themselves upon two portals side by side at the extreme end of the corridor. They were the only two upon the entire floor that had remained closed during the excitement. Many pairs of eyes followed the rather Bohemian figure of Jeremiah as he laid his course for these doors. In a second he was pounding on one of them; he waited a second and knocked again but no answer sounded from within. He tried the door but found it locked so turned his attention to the other. He rapped upon this also but silence alone rewarded his effort. Trying this one and finding it unfastened, Jeremiah opened the door and stepped inside. The portal screen closed behind his back.

About a minute slipped by although it seemed much longer to the watchers in the hall. Then the door reopened and the detective stepped out but it was with a look of horror on his pale and drawn face that Jeremiah Johnson half staggered into the hallway leaning upon the wall for support.

"What was it?" all asked in one breath.

"Yes," reiterated the gentleman with the Vandyke who had reappeared upon the scene, a necktie and smoking jacket added to his wardrobe, "we would be—ah—much obliged if you would elucidate this perplexing problem."

"Murder," muttered the detective, as turning he locked the door with his passkey, "go back to your rooms everyone and remain there until the inspectors arrive." And without further word Jeremiah Johnson disappeared a trail of pink and green in the direction of the elevator.

"I wonder who the dead person is?" asked a kindly appearing old lady halfway down the hall.

"I don't know," came a shrill voice from across, "but I think it's just too romantic for words!"

"Brrrrrrrr," muttered the distinguished

gentleman with the Vandyke as his knees shook together, "really if they must murder in this hotel, I would certainly consider it a favor if they would turn on the steam heat first. This is a most undesirable moment for a crime."

As no one could cast any light upon the mystery, one by one the doors closed until the only sound breaking the stillness was a whisper now and then which trickled through some keyhole.

An hour later four very puzzled men stood in the center of the room where the tragedy had occurred. Before them on the floor, illuminated by a reading lamp, lay the dead man fully dressed with a bullet-hole in his back. There were no signs of weapons or apparent motive for the crime, nothing had been touched in the room and as usual the officers could not find the clue upon which to base their further investigations. One of the detectives turned to the hotel inspector, "Have you been able to secure any information concerning the murdered man?"

"Very little," replied Johnson, "the name he signed on the hotel register was Professor Amos Martin. I hear he is a scientist and a globe trotter. I have also gathered from my examination here that he is an author and connected in research work with several well-known universities. He is just back from several years in the Orient. On the table you will find the beginning of the latest book that he was writing. It was to be called "The Third Eye" and is apparently of a very scientific nature. He seems to be basing it on some Eastern sacred writings or something of that sort. So far as I have been able to discover he was not married, has no relatives, and is a long way from his original home. He appears to be well fixed financially and has been in the hotel three days short of a month."

At the word "Orient" the detectives pricked up their ears and looked at each other in a significant way.

"You say he was just back from the Far East? That is a very important point. Do you know whether there are any Orientals in this neighborhood at the present time, especially stopping at the hotel?"

"Oh, yes! Why didn't I think of it before? There is a Chinaman here who came soon after the Professor's arrival who is supposed to be assisting him in the completion of his great book. He may have been with him last night."

"Where is his room?" asked one of the detectives.

"Wait a minute and I'll find out," replied Jeremiah as he slipped quickly from the room.

While awaiting the return of the house detective, the other three walked over to the desk upon which lay a great mass of typewritten manuscripts. One of them picked up a sheet and read:

"The Third Eye is a small ductless gland in the brain, known to modern science as the pineal gland. In India, China, Thibet I have come across great scientists who have so developed this gland, which is much more powerful than the physical eye, that they can see through solid walls and into the very secrets of the human mind."

"Humph," muttered the detective, scratching his head. He then took a long breath and continued:

"Few people realize the powers which work through this eye when it is awakened. If they did, greater attempts would be made to revivify this partly atrophied organ of cognition. This is only possible, according to those who have awakened this power, through the turning upward of the forces playing through the segments of the spinal canal. These forces dilate the gland which then becomes a superorgan of sense orientation. In the eastern countries much time has been spent in the awakening and training of this very important gland and the purpose of my book is to show the western world the value of this little known organ."

The detective looked at his companions, then down at the dead man on the floor, a

rather peculiar expression playing on his face, then shrugging his shoulders he held the paper under the light and continued:

"There are certain superphysical powers known to the ancients which the western world little understands, but these secrets are still in possession of certain priests and eastern scientists whom I have met during my travels. It is of these mysterious ones that I would write. They are found most frequently in Northern India, Burma, and China, and among the Llamas of Thibet. They have powers of sight far beyond those of the average individual. Their lives as aesthetics and hermits and their self-sacrifices and rigid purification have given them powers over their own being and also over others, which are perfectly uncanny to those unacquainted with the hidden side of human nature and the powers of the universe."

"Oh, tommyrot!" laughed the officer as he threw the paper back among its fellows, "some people are getting dippy over this sort of stuff nowadays. And he looked like a nice, sane, sensible sort of man," and the detectives gazed down on the face of the murdered Professor. "But this is the way they all get when they delve into these things. They either go insane or get killed or something."

At the same instant the house detective returned apparently quite excited, "Why," he exclaimed, "it's all clear now. That Chinaman had the room right next to this one. I hear that he spent nearly all of his time with the Professor and was here with him up to a late hour last night. There's no use talking, boys, when we get him there'll be another feather in the cap of this department." Jeremiah brought his fist down on the big table, his excitement registering through the blow and sending the papers of the late Professor's book skidding around in mad frenzy on the floor.

"My, but I'd like to get my hands on that Chink now!" As Jeremiah Johnson expressed the thoughts flooding his innermost soul, there came a soft knock at the door which the house detective swung open and then stepped back giving a gasp of amazement.

In the doorway stood a tall Chinese dressed in a long Mandarin gown of sober color but rich in texture. On his massive head was a tiny black cap while a glorious peacock feather hung down his back. In his hand he carried a beautiful fan inlaid with mother-of-pearl which was closed and which he used as a pointer. It was his face, however, which caused the amazement and that uncanny feeling which seemed to pour out from him wherever he went. He had the dome and brow of a philosopher and his eyes, while almond, were wide apart and of such great size and brilliancy that they could be but poorly hidden by the dark shell-rim glasses that he wore. Under his drooping mustache his mouth was fixed in a true oriental smile, a pleasant but absolutely blank expression which hinted many things but never committed itself.

He spoke in a soft, purring voice, English worthy of a college-bred man, "My honorable friend expresses a desire to see me, so I take great pleasure in coming. It is an honor to have important persons such as house detectives and you worthy gentlemen of the police desire my presence."

Some way the thought came into the detectives' minds that this Oriental was deliberately ridiculing them, but his tone was so exemplary and his manner so polite that there was no chance of taking offense, even though Jeremiah fancied he saw the upper lip of the Chinaman quiver slightly at times although this might have been only his imagination.

"Are you S————?" asked the hotel inspector in as sharp and brisk a tone as he could with a sense of a certain personal discomfort and an inexplainable feeling of smallness which had crept over him since the entrance of this gifted Chinese.

The Oriental bowed low, "Ah, the honorable gentleman has taken the pains to learn my unworthy name. So much attention overwhelms me and I can only reply

by saying that I shall pray to my ancestors for your eternal salvation and the extension of your labors."

"Save your prayers for yourself," muttered the detective, "I believe you're going to need them worse than I do in the near future."

"Ah, most honorable gentleman, refuse not the prayers of thy lowly servant," and the Chinese bowed again, "for in my country prayers returned are often needed by those who give them back." At the same instant his eyes fell on the murdered man man for the first time.

"Ah," he exclaimed, and the almond eyes became mere slits, "Murdered?" he turned to the detective, "Oh, so many times I have warned him to be more careful and told him what the immortal Confucius, the giver of all wisdom, said, but it was of no avail it seems."

"Of what did you warn him?" The Chinese tapped his jade thumb ring with his fan and bowing low took the liberty of picking a small white thread from the inspector's coat sleeve before making a reply, "Oh, only this, that he had certain weaknesses of which I was aware and I have told him often that some day these little indiscretions would most likely cost him his life, and," the Chinese twisted his foot and gazed at the toe of it as it protruded from his Mandarin cape, "and," he repeated, smiling blandly, "it appears to have done so."

"Um-m," muttered one of the detectives, "so our deceased client was subject to indiscretions?" he turned to the Chinese and bowed sarcastically. "Will you please be a little more explicit?"

The Chinese merely shrugged his arched shoulders and with long, slender fingers picked up a sheet of paper from the table. It was the title page of the Professor's book.

"I should advise my honored friends of the detective force to secure a copy of this most esteemed work should the Gods decree that it ever be finished, for I am seriously afraid that this useful organ is not properly developed in the brain of our most worthy friend, the hotel inspector."

The detectives looked at each other not quite sure how to act with this Oriental who it now seemed was also slightly unbalanced. But as they themselves had nothing to work on in the form of information they mentally decided that they could not be any worse off so concluded to allow the Chinese to go on.

"Do you know who murdered him?" demanded all in one voice of the Cihnese.

"No, no, no," answered the Oriental as he opened his glorious fan to blow away some of the smoke from Jeremiah's none too select cigar, "but I think I can find out for you if you wish me to do so."

The detectives looked at each other and then one of them spoke, "Go on, but remember whatever you say here will be used against you."

"Oh, I don't think so," replied the Oriental, "for this is a matter between honorable friends and as gentlemen I am going to ask you to forget what I have said when I go. In fact, to make this easier I shall even assist you in the forgetting." The Oriental walked to the center of the room and removing his black cap with its glorious peacock feather, he hunched his shoulders and bent his back until the dome of his massive head was pointing directly at the dead man.

The officers then saw that the top part of his head was shaven clean for a piece about the size of a silver dollar and that on this spot a small green snake was traced in dark pigment. With his eyes closed and the crown of his head pointing first in this way and then in that, the Chinese noiselessly slipped about the room and finally spoke in his soft, musical voice.

"It was precisely as I feared. A lady called upon the Professor, my esteemed friend, last evening. How many times have I warned my worthy brother of letters, even going to the extremity of presenting him with a beautiful book of proverbs by

Lao Tze and underlining in red those pertaining to his indiscretions. It was not the first visit of the fair lady but she had married and came to tell the Professor that their friendship was at an end. My honorable friend was so unwise he could not understand the warnings that I gave him although I have prayed to my ancestors to preserve him. He and the lady had a little misunderstanding, shall we say, there was a slight struggle which would not have occurred had he been a Chinese gentleman. My worthy friend losing his temper knocked the lady down with undue expression of western energy, unpardonable in the East, and turned his back. Now it seems that they lady's husband being out a great deal of the time had loaned her one of his revolvers to be used in case of burglars or other emergency. She had brought this with her and when my unfortunate friend turned his back she shot him and dropping the revolver with a scream ran from the room."

"That's a very pretty story," muttered one of the detectives, "but you forget one thing, Chinky, where's the gun?"

"It is still in the room," answered the Chinese, and the Oriental turned his head first in a general circle which he steadily decreased in size until it stopped on Jeremiah Johnson, the house detective.

"The revolver is in the upper pocket of this gentleman's coat where he has hidden it. He concealed it because upon entering the room for the first time he recognized it as the one he had given his wife."

The hotel inspector collapsed.

"How did you know?" he gasped.

The Chinese bowed himself towards the door, the smile still playing around his mouth.

"I should advise our friends, the honorable detectives, to carefully read that little book of tommyrot which my belated friend will not now be able to complete upon the interesting subject of "The Third Eye."

He slowly closed the door, saying as he passed out, "I do not think any of you will use the information I have given you against me but should that be your intention I can only pray to my fathers for assistance."

The four detectives stood alone, blank expressions on their faces.

"What happened?" asked Jeremiah Johnson as he looked down at the revolver in his hand.

"I don't know," replied the other three.

"Say, was that Chink in here or not?"

"I don't know.'

"Then where did the gun come from? Whose is it?"

The oldest of the four detectives scratched his head and turned to the other three, "What have we been doing this last half hour? It seems like I've been asleep. I can't remerber anything."

"It is the same with me," answered one after the other in turn.

They looked down upon the dead man and there upon the ground beside him lay the title page of his book. In the meantime the Chinese, his hands crossed in his sleeves, shuffled slowly down the corridor, his face set in the placid satisfaction of the Oriental.

"I really do hope that these honored gentlemen will not use anything that I have said against me. In fact, I very much believe they will not be able to do so, for my good brothers in the western world have short memories—on problems of this nature. Poor Professor, if he had only developed that Third Eye a little himself he might have been spared by the gods to complete that honorable work!"

The Brothers of the Shining Robe

Chapter I

The Temple of Caves

WHY I CAME into the world with this deep seated wanderlust I have never been able to explain. Relatives and friends said that it was the blood of ten generations of soldiers and fighters for the British crown, but I have always believed that these things are not inherited but rather are the results of peculiar phases of individuality, the true explanation of which has only come to me in later years. Suffice it to say by way of introduction that I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth,—from the South Sea Islands to the great salmon fisheries of Alaska and Columbia, from plague stricken Burma to the Deserts of Mexico, from Tartary to Algeria, from the blue lagoons of Venice to the domes and mosques of Constantinople, I have wandered in an endless search.

I came into this world with a larger fortune than is good for most, the younger son of an Earl. None of the responsibilities of my family worried me for it seemed improbable, with two elder brothers, that the cares and problems of an estate would ever descend upon my shoulders. So year after year I wandered over three-quarters of the known globe. At last one sultry evening I found myself standing on a point of rock jutting out from the sides of a great cliff, before me unrolling in majestic grandeur rose the snow-topped glaciers of the Himalayas. Straight in front the sheer crest of Mt. Everest shot heavenward and the rays of the fast setting sun bathed it in purple and rose shadows so that its glacial peak gleamed like the diamonds in the crowns of Emperors.

The strange land of the East had always held a fascination for me, and now I stood looking out at this great expanse of natural majesty hundreds of miles from the nearest white man merely as the result of fancy. During my wanderings in Northern and Central India, which had occupied some five years I had come closer to a true understanding of the Oriental mind than many white men. I had eaten with them, slept with them, prayed with them, tended, with practical kniwledge which is the inherent right of the western world; their sick, read their books, loved them and hated with them, and as the result I believe I can honestly say that to some degree at least I know the East.

While talking one day with one of their learned and holy men he told me a little, with the trust of many months of friendship, of the centerground of their faith, pointing to where the blue haze of the sky was broken by the line of mountains, in a voice filled with awe and reverence he told me of the sacred Temple of the Caves. He said that there lived in this ancient monastery a very wise man beloved of God and the mouthpiece of Brahma. Then he became silent and would say no more, but my inquisitiveness was aroused and I asked many learned Brahmans to give me more details of this sacred temple, but all shook their heads and despite their high regard either knew nothing or refused to reveal that which they did know. It was that short legend, those few involuntary words of the old mendicant, that changed the destiny of my life, for with the impetuosity which remained with me even after the days of my youth, I decided to wander these hills and mountains until I myself found the Temple of the Caves and spoke with this great wise man whom legend told me lived there.

My readers would suppose that a simple thing like this was of small importance, but to a mind like mine which knew nothing of the responsibilities of one phase of life the mere carrying out of a desire was all important.

As evening fell on the day in question, I stood on the crag of rocks overlooking the

valley in whose dark and gloomy depths a fine mountain stream fed by the glaciers flowed on in silence to spread later and be lost in the marshlands below. Five months I had climbed through the mountains, among the caves of the holy men, through cities long deserted, through jungles and among broken rocks, and like many other searchers who had gone before found no trace of the thing I sought. At my feet on the boulder lay a heap of human bones. Some other wanderer had ended his pilgrimage where I had but started mine. Slowly the beautiful view vanished in the haze of night and a pale blue light from the waning moon took the place of the sun, and slowly turning I descended again to the plateau some fifty feet below.

As I did so my eyes wandered upward past a great cleft of rock where I had been standing. Walls of granite and stone rose nearly a thousand feet in rough, broken grandeur. But as I stood gazing out and up a strange feeling possessed me. I do not know whether you have ever felt when alone that someone was standing behind you looking at you, but this feeling suddenly swept over me and in the eerie stillness I felt I was not alone, and yet as far as I could see in the pale moonlight no living thing was visible.

Suddenly over the rough ground at my feet a dark shadow passed as though a great bird had soared over the cliffs and rocks but the shadow was not that of a bird. It was that of a tall human being passing silently somewhere between me and the moon. Looking quickly to the top of the cliff, I was in time to see a stately whiterobed figure with long gray beard and white turban pass the field of vision between me and the light and vanish between two great rocky boulders.

Around this figure hovered a number of flashing, dancing lights of shining white and after he had gone for several seconds the opening gleamed and glowed as though by some hidden fire. Then even that vanished

I cannot explain the reason but the thought crossed my mind in a flash that this figure was in some way connected with the place I sought, and regardless of tearing my hands and clothing I climbed as rapidly as possible upward and in some ten minutes stood where the shining one had been. I found that I was in a natural hallway of rock which reminded me of the roofless temples of Karnac. On each side massive pillars of natural stone rose from thirty to fifty feet above me to be lost in the shadows of night, and the tiny, winding path led straight into the side of a lofty hill invisible from below.

I hesitated for I realied that it is not always safe to enter the temples of the East, but my hand closing over the hilt of my revolver reassured me, and with the bravado which shows lack of better sense I took a hitch at my belt and started up the mountain.

I must have gone nearly a mile in gloom which grew ever deeper before I realized that the walls had closed above me and that that I was no longer in a great canyon or cleft but was in a cave. There was no sign of human being and save for the narrow path it seemed that no living thing had ever entered there. My matches had given out but I had taken the precaution to pick up a broken stick which I had lighted and with this firebrand I kept on my way. The ruddy light of my torch made each outcropping rock appear to be a living thing.

Suddenly I stopped,—another light was added to that of my torch. Outlined against the smooth stone wall was a lighted doorway reflected from some angle invisible from my present position and in the doorway was the silhouette of a tall, thin figure whose hands seemed clasped upon his breast. Drawing my revolver I started to advance and suddenly a cold chill ran up and down my spine,—I could not move. My eyes, my hands and feet could move but I could go neither forward nor backward. As far as I could see there was nothing to prevent me but when I tried to take a for-

ward step it seemed that I struck a wall which no power of mine could pass through. Then slowly a strange numbing sensation passed over me, my revolver dropped from a hand that could no longer hold it, and my firebrand struck the ground with it. I could do nothing but gaze at the red shadow outlined on the wall, a shadow which told by its flickering motion that it was caused by a blazing fire.

Slowly the figure moved and around an elbow of the rock there appeared a solitary being, the strangest that my eyes have ever looked upon. The man was nearly six and a half feet tall, robed from head to foot in a glistening, shining, pearl grey garment which in the moonlight outside I had mistaken for white. Around his head was a turban, one end of which fell upon his shoulder. His age none could tell but he appeared to be beyond the prime of life for his full black beard was flecked with grey as was his hair that fell contrary to custom on his shoulders from under the edge of his turban.

As I looked at him it seemed that my eyes too were paralyzed for in spite of all the efforts that I made I could not take them from his face. His eyes, though large and piercing, still held in them a look of gentleness and kindness. The feeling of fear changed to a strange attraction and warmth and comfort surrounded me the moment he turned his face to mine. All around his body which seemed powerful but spare, strange flickering shadows seemed to twist and turn. I felt in spite of myself and my disregard for heathen ideals that if I had not been paralyzed I would have been on my knees before him for there was something in that cave which no words of mine can express.

He slowly came forward and taking me by the hand motioned me to advance. As he did so it seemed that the metal fetters and bonds dropped from me, my consciousness and power of locomotion returned, and with perfect ease I followed him where before I could not go, and passing through an arch of natural stone I entered into one of the strangest rooms I believe that human being was ever in.

(To be continued)

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

In this work the study of numbers and the Hebrew alphabet is taken up in a way never before undertaken. No system of numerology or cabalism is promulgated but a few underlying principles are given here useful to all students of mystic, occult and cabbalistic philosophy. The work is divided into three parts as listed below:

Part One .....The Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

A Study of the flaming letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the creation of the Sacred Name, the mystey of the vowel points and the unwritten books of Moses.

Part Two.....The Origin and Mystery of Numbers.

Under this heading are grouped the natural laws as they are expressed in numbers from 1 to 10, and the application of these laws to the problems of daily living.

Part Three.....The Power of Invocation and
The Science of the Sacred Names.

In this part of the work transcendental magic is completely unveiled and the ancient rituals of calling up spirits is exposed and the true meaning of transcendentalism and the finding of the lost Word is presented to the student, including the invocation of Christ. A most unique and unusual document containing over fifty pages, neatly bound in an art cardboard cover. This work should be in the library of all occult students, not to be believed but to be considered.

As is the case with our other publications you must fix your own price for the work, not to cover your share of the responsibility but that the entire work may go on and you and others may be in a position to receive the work which we are putting out.

Masonry: "The Robe Of Blue and Gold"

THREE SILENT BEINGS hidden in the depths of the Unknown weave eternally the thread of human fate, three sisters known to the world as the Norns or Fates incessantly twist between their fingers a tiny cord which is one day to be woven into a living garment, the coronation robe of a king. Under many names this garment is known among the mystics and occult students of the world. To some it is the simple yellow robe of Buddhahood, by the ancient Jews it was symbolized as the robe of the High Priest and the garment of glory unto the Lord, while to the Masonic Brother it is the Robe of Blue and Gold, the Star of Bethlehem, the wedding garment of the spirit.

Three Fates weave this living garment and man himself is the creator of his fates. The triple thread of thought, action, and desire binds him when he enters into the sacred place or seeks admittance to the Lodge, but later this same cord is woven into the wedding garment whose purified folds shroud the sacred spark of his being.

We all like to be well dressed and robes of velvet and ermine seem to us symbols of rank and glory, but many an ermine cape has covered an empty heart while many a crown has rested on a tyrant's brow and many a velvet cloak has gowned an empty void. These symbols are earthly things and in the worlds of matter are too often misplaced. But the true coronation robe, the true garments of the Mason, are not of earth for his robe of glory tells of spiritual growth. The garments of the High Priest of the Tabernacle were but symbols of the bodies of men, which purified and transmuted glorify the life within, and the little sliver bells tinkled with never ending music from the fringe of his vestments, their silver note telling of a harmonious life while the breastplate reflected the gleams of Heavenly Truth from its many-sided gems.

There is one garment without a seam which was worn often by the Masonic Brothers of old, in the day of the Essenes when the monastry of the lowly Nazarenes rose in gloomy grandeur from the steep sides of Mount Tabor to be reflected in the silent waters of the Dead Sea. This one-piece garment woven without a seam is the spiral thread of human life, which, when purified by right motive and right living, becomes a tiny line of golden light which weaves eternally the purified garment of regenerated bodies. Like the white of the lambskin apron it stands for the simple, the pure, and the harmless, the requirements of the Master Mason, who must give up forever the pomp and vanity of this world and seek to weave with his own soul that simple one-piece robe which marks the Master.

We can still see the lowly Nazarene in His spotless robe of white, a garment no king could buy but worthy of a god. This robe is woven by the daily actions of our lives, each expression weaving a thread, black or white, according to our actions and the motives which prompted them.

As the Master Mason labors in accordance with his vows, he slowly weaves this spotless robe out of the transmuted expressions of his energies. It is this white robe which prepares and sanctifies him for the robe of glory which can only be worn over the spotless, seamless garment of his purified life.

Now comes the moment when the candidate, purified and regenerated, begins to radiate the life powers of the divine. From him pour forth streams of light and a great aura of many colored fires surrounds him with its radiance. This wonderful garment of which all earthly robes are but symbols is built of the highest qualities of human nature, the noblest of ideals, the greatest of aspirations, the purification of bodies, the unselfish service to others. All these things build into the Mason spiritual pow-

ers which radiate as a wonderful body of living fire. This is the Robe of Glory, this is the garment of Blue and Gold, which shining out as a five-pointed star of light heralds the birth of the Christ within. Man is then, indeed, a Sun of God pouring out through the tubes of his own being the life rays which are the Light of men.

This spiritual ray, striking hearts that long were cold raises them from the dead; it is the living light which illuminates those still buried in the darkness of materiality; it is the power whch raises by the Grip of the Lion's Paw; it is the Great Light which seeks forever the spark within all living things and finding it awakens again dead ideals with the power of the Master's word. Then the Master Mason becomes, indeed, the Sun in Leo and reaching downward into the darkness of crystallization and materiality raises his murdered Builder from the dead by the grip of the Master Mason.

As the sun awakens the seedlings in the ground, so this Son of Man, glowing with the Light divine, pours out from his own purified being the mystic spears of redeeming light which awaken the seeds of hope and truth and nobler lives in others where discouragement and suffering have too often brought down the temple and buried beneath its debris the true reason for being and the true motive for growth.

It is this robe which enfolds all things, warming them and preserving them with its light and life as the glorious robe of the sun, the symbol of all life, bathes and warms all things with its glow. Man is a god in the making and on the potter's wheel he is being molded as in the mystic myths of Egypt. As his light shines out to lift and preserve all things, he accepts the triple crown of godhood and joins the throng of Master Masons who in their garments of glory, the Robes of Blue and Gold, are seeking to illuminate the darkness of night with the triple light of the Masonic Lodge.

Ceaselessly the Norns spin the thread of human fate. Age in and age out upon the loom of destiny are woven the living garments of God. Some are rich in glorious colors and wondrous fabrics, others are broken and frayed before they leave the loom. But all are woven by the Three Sisters, thought, action, and desire, which in the hands of the ignorant build around them walls of mud and bricks of slime, while in the hands of the pure of heart this living thread is woven into raiments celestial and garments divine.

Do what we will, we cannot stop the nimble fingers that twist the threads but we can take the thread and use it as we will. The wool may be red with the blood of others, it may be dark with the uncertainties of life, but if we will we may restore its whiteness and weave from it the seamless garment of a perfect life.

Blessed are they that know and know that they know, for they are wise; blessed are they who know not and know that they know not, for they can be instructed; cursed are those who know not and know not that they know not for they are foolish; cursed are they who know and know not that they know, for they are asleep, and who shall awaken them?

The Triangle on the Mason's Ring

ALL CREATED THINGS express themselves through a trinity as the Yod, the Eternal Flame, manifests through the triangle of differentiation. The triangle is used in practically all the Mystery Schools, representing the three outpourings of the Unmanifest. The triple scepter and the threefold crown also symbolize the same general principles. Radiating out from man, the equilateral triangle symbolizes:

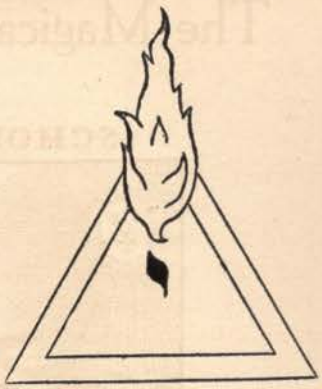
First side—
Mastery of the celestial world—Heaven.

Second side—
Mastery of the material world—Earth.

Third side
Mastery of the denomiacial world—Hell.

Taking the three general divisions of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, as they are played out in nature, we find them symbolical in the religions and philosophies of the world of the following principles:

Heaven, the superior	Earth, balanced	Hell, the inferior
Above	Center	Below
God	Man	Demon
Spirit	Mind	Matter
Sulphur	Mercury	Salt
Brain	Heart	Procreative System
Fire	Earth	Water
Altruism	Balance	Egotism
To be raised	Equilibrium	To be Lowered
Light	Firemist	Darkness
East	South	West
Vitalization	Vitalized matter	Crystalization
Oxygenization	Blending	Carbonization
Regeneration	Generation	Degeneration
Light	Shade	Darkness
Thought	Heart Sentiments	The Strength of Hand



The Great Triangle of human existence consists of the powers that bring in, the powers which preserve, and the forces which take out. These three form the Trinity of religious thought and have been personified as three phases of the Godhead, namely:

The Father	The Son	The Holy Ghost
The Creator	The Preserver	The Destroyer
Brahma	Vishnu	Shiva
Odin	Balder	Thor
Blue	Yellow	Red

These three are expressions of God whose color is indigo and who manifests in this world through His Three Witnesses which we know as the Triangle.

To a Mason the triangle is symbolical of balance. It teaches him that as a student of the mystic and the occult it is his duty to balance and harmonize all of these series of extremes, each one of which is dependent upon the others. All opposites are dependent one upon the other for existence and the initiate is one who has blended and unified all diversity. These three sides of the triangle represent the three kings of the Masonic temple glorifying their God but they also become murderers and prison walls when they are preverted through human ignorance and the animal tendencies.
animals tendencies.

(To be continued.)

The Magical Mountain of the Moon

From the Rare Work, "Lumen de Lumine" by Eugenius

Philalethes, London, 1651

A Letter From the Brothers of the Rose Cross

Concerning the Invisible Magical Mountain and the Treasure Therein Contained

EVERY MAN naturally desires a superiority, to have treasures of gold and silver, and to seem great in the eyes of the world. God, indeed, created all things for the use of man that he might rule over them and acknowledge therein the singular goodness and omnipotence of God, give Him thanks for His benefits, honor him and praise Him. But there is no man looks after these things, otherwise than by spending his days idly, they would enjoy them without any previous labor and danger, neither do they look for them out of that place where God hath treasured them up who expects also that man should seek for them there and to those that seek will He give them. But there is not any that labors for a profession in that place, therefore these riches are not found, for the way to this place and the place itself hath been unknown for a long time and it is hidden from the greatest part of the world. But notwithstanding it be difficult to find out this way and place, yet the place should be sought after. But it is not the will of God to conceal anything from those that are His, and therefore in this last age, before the final judgment comes, all these things shall be manifested to those that are worthy: As He Himself (though obscurely, lest it should be manifest to the unworthy) hath spoken in a certain place; there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed and hidden that shall not be known. We, therefore, being moved by the spirit of God do declare the will of God to the world which we have also already performed, (a) and published in several languages. But most men either revile or condemn that our manifesto or else waving the spirit of God they expect the proposals thereof from us, supposing we will straightway teach them how to make gold by art or furnish them with ample treasure, whereby they may live pompously in the face of the world, swagger, and make wars, turn vultures, gluttons, and drunkards, live unchastely and defile their whole life with several other things, all which things are contrary to the blessed will of God. These men should have learned from those ten Virgins (whereof five that were foolish demanded oil for their lamps from those five that were wise) how that the case is much otherwise. It is expedient that every man should labor for this treasure by the assistance of God, and his own particular search and industry. But the perverse intentions of these fellows we understand out of their own writings, by the singular grace and revelation of God; we do stop our ears and wrap ourselves as it were in clouds to avoid the bellowings and howlings of those men, who in vain cry out for gold. And hence, indeed, it comes to pass that they brand us with infinite calumnies and slanders which notwithstandings we do not resent but God in His good time will judge them for it. But after that we had well known (though unknown to you) and perceived also by your writings how diligent you are to pursue the Holy Scripture and seek the true knowledge of God; we have also above many thousands thought you worthy of some answer, and we signify this much to you by the will of God and the admonition of the Holy Ghost.

There is a mountain situated in the midst of the earth or center of the world which is both small and great. It is soft also above measure hard and stony, it is far off and near at hand but by the Providence of God invisible. In it are hidden most ample treasures which the world is not able to value. This mountain by envy of the Devil who always opposes the glory of God and the happiness of man is compassed about with very cruel beasts and other ravenous

birds whoch make the way thither both difficult and dangerous: and therefore hitherto because the time is not yet come the way thither could not be sought after nor found out but now at last the way is to be found by those that are worthy but notwithstanding by every man's self labor and endeavors.

To this mountain you shall go in a certain night (when it comes) most long and most dark and see that you prepare yourself by prayer. Insist upon the way that leads to the mountain but ask not of any man where the way lies, only follow your guide who will offer himself to you and will meet you in the way, but you shall not know him. This guide will bring you to the mountain at midnight when all things are silent and dark. It is necessary that you arm yourself with a resolute, heroic courage lest you fear those things that will happen and so fall back. You need no sword nor any bodily weapon, only call upon God sincerely and heartily. When you have discovered the mountain the first miracle that will appear is this: a most vehement and very great wind that will shake the mountain and shatter the rocks to pieces; you shall be encountered also by lions and dragons and other terrible beasts but fear not any of these things. Be resolute and take heed that you return not, for your guide who brought you hither will not suffer any evil to befall you. As for the treasure, it is not yet discovered but it is very near. After this wind will come an earthquake that will overthrow those things which the wind has left and make all flat but be sure that you fall not off. The earthquake being past there shall follow a fire that will consume the earthly rubbish and discover the treasure but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things and near the daybreak there shall be a great calm and you shall see the day star arise and the dawning will appear and you shall perceive a great treasure. The chiefest thing in it and the most perfect is a certain exalted tincture with which the world (if it served God and were worthy of such gifts) might be tinged and turned into most pure gold.

This tincture being used as your guide shall teach you will make you young when you are old and you shall perceive no disease in any part of your body. By means of this tincture also you shall find pearls of that excellency which cannot be imaged. But do not you arrogate anything to yourselves because of your present power but be contented with that which your guide shall communicate to you. Praise God perpetually for this His gift and have a special care that you use it not for worldly pride but employ it in such works which are contrary to the world. Use it rightly and enjoy it so as if you had it not, live a temperate life and beware of all sin, otherwise your guide will forsake you and you shall be deprived of this happiness. For know this of a truth whosoever abuses this tincture and lives not exemplary, purely and devoutly before man shall lose this benefit and scarce any hope will there be left ever to recover it afterwards.

This letter was written by the Brothers of the Rose Cross to Eugenius Philalethes and appears in his work now rare and out of date Lumen de Lumine, published in London, 1651, and in next month's issue we will consider the occult and Rosicrucian interpretation of this symbolical letter.

Atlantis, The Lost Continent

Very few people know of this wonderful land now one with the land of forgotten things for today there is very little to remind us of this ancient continent that was once so fair and greater even than ours in glory and beauty, a land filled with happy homes, with peasants, statesmen and philosophers, and all those things which we now think of in connection with the highest and greatest phases of life.

This great continent now lost, the great land of Atlantis, is now somewhere miles beneath the ocean and over it pass our great ocean liners and sailing ships. Strange sea creatures now play through the pillars of its ancient temples, weeds and mosses are twined around its ancient gateways, its libraries containing the sacred tomes of ages have vanished from the light of day and are now known only to the finny denizens of the deep, a land of desolation miles under the surface of the sea-blue waters, its wondrous arches thick with coral and its statues deep beneath the shifting sands of the ocean bottom.

In truth it is a continent that is gone, a land forgotten save by a few poets whose ancient songs tell of its vanished glory. Can we say that it is lost? No, nothing in nature can be lost, but great changes have come in the eternal program of divinity. As a land it is no more but as a memory it will remain forever in the soul of the mystic while the wondrous lesson that it teaches is well worth the glory that is gone.

Nature is like the changing surface of the sea and the waves that come and go. Today a thing is, tomorrow it is no more, but somewhere in the endless vistas of the infinite the thing that once has been shall always be. In a new environment, in settings changed, its life goes on manifesting the powers of the Creator. The broken flower is gone, not dead; it has vanished but is not lost. Somewhere mid stick or star it will bloom again. In other lands it will carry on its work of charming the eyes of the world and building ever more stately mansions and more complex organisms to give greater expression to its tiny life; its message is eternal and its life is without an end.

In order to understand the sublime message and the wondrous mystery of Atlantis it is necessary to realize the indestructibility of all things, and while its continent now lies beneath the ocean its work still goes on, its memory remains, its finger prints are on the marble slabs of eternity. Its work is never done but when it needs new fields for its endeavors, nobler channels for its expression, it goes on to other worlds, to other lands, to other beings, and its empty, broken shell moulds from the sight of men.

Let us picture for a moment this lost continent inhabited by a strange race, a few broken remnants of which still wander the earth, tottering slowly towards the veil of oblivion. Here and there still walks a Red Man, the remnants of a dying people. The ancient Egyptian of the Pharoahs is gone and now there lives in his place another people; the glory of Egypt is crumbled to the dust and the Temples of the Rising Sun are buried beneath its desert sands. The ancient Red Man is fast vainshing from our midst, he is no more, his last great stronghold in the Western Americas has been broken and as a dying wanderer he passes silently into the eternal West. Many are they who have hastened the day of his destruction, many are there today who have upon their hearts and hands the blood of this ancient people. But the law works eternally and those who have helped to bring about the destruction of even the least of these ancient peoples shall live to see their own land in ruins, and the time will come when the white race shall lie down in an endless tomb to be listed with the forgotten, to be laid side by side with the mighty kings of Atlantis. But that does not concern us at the moment.

Let us picture the Red Man in the days of his glory. A few remnants of broken temples on the Peninsula of Yucatan, a few deserted altars amid the snow peaks of the Andes, here and there a lonely pyramid rising from a desert waste, a sphinx of stone that never speaks, a handful of dried bones, a few old philosophies and heaps of

broken stone, are all that is left to tell us of an ancient civilization upon whom the wrath of the gods was loosened and whose annihilation is practically complete. They had brewed their cups of poison which they themselves drained to the dregs. Their iniquity overflowed and they vanished as all must do.

Let us pass again back through the ages to the dawn of human thought, let us read again their record in the living powers of nature. As we gaze into the eternal mystery we see great mountains rise from the blue waters of the Atlantic; great plains clothed in verdure glorious appear from the darkness of the tomb; wondrous cities with twisting spiral minarets rise upward to the sky; colleges and universities paved in marble dot the fairest of all lands; great coliseums and amphitheatres, which modern man has never sought to build, rise out of the mists and bring back memories of days gone by. A beautiful land stretches before our eyes, a continent that blossoms as a rose, which extended all over that great area where now the mighty Atlantic rolls.

Far up in Iceland and Scandinavia, from Nova Scotia and Labrador, through banks of ice and snow great mountains rise, peopled with strange, wild beings. Further South the beautiful lands of the temperate zone rise out of the deep, from the British Isles to the coast of the United States, a great host of phantoms rise from the forgotten past, a mighty race of copper colored beings. Down through Egypt and South Africa they pass in steady streams; even through South America they wandred mid fertile fields which they tilled and over wondrous mountains that they climbed. A mighty race of happy, laughing people, strong of arm, great of heart, glorious in ideals. They were the Red Men that are now fast disappearing in the setting sun.

There amidst them great nations were established, princely governments were built, great universities spread knowledge to the corners of creation, kings and emperors in robes of silk and gold, in jewels and diamonds the heritage of gods, ruled over mighty peoples as numberless as blades of grass.

Here there came into being the Priest Kings of ancient times; the divine servants of the gods with the snakes upon their brows ruled Atlantis in the days of its glory, for it was not a land as we know it but a world of demigods, a land of masters. Life as we know it now was very different in the world in which they lived. Their civilization was wild, massive, and grand. The ignorance of many but the divine wisdom of a few marked the civilization of that ancient Empire.

Duriing those days great giants labored on the earth. Man was no puny being as he is today but stood rather like the one-eyed Cyclop gods of Homer and the strange beings of the Odyssey and Iliad. There the Frost Giants of Scandinavia walked the earth in the millions of years that are past. And the glorious, grand, and wonderful truth is, that these giants are not dead, the Hercules of myth still lives, the bodies have changed but so surely as these ancient peoples wandered the earth in the dawn of this day of creation so surely we are those peoples.

You and I have wandered amid the temples of Atlantis. The City of the Golden Gates has open its portals that we might enter. We are the ones whose footsteps sounded on its streets of marble in the days of the greatest race that yet has been. Row after row of pillars, mile upon mile of fiuted columns, millions of domed roofs, marked the civilization of Atlantis. Then the pyramids were in their glory and the casing stones had not yet known the vandalism of neglect. On ancient tablets now lost, in languages forgotten were engraved the history of mighty things, of the world in its making, of the glory of gods and sages that walked with men.

You and I were there in the ages listed with the dead, we wandered through the pillars of the ancient temples, in the robes of glory we stood before the altar fires, we gazed down from the mountain tops in pride and glory upon the works of our hands. Stone by stone we built the City of the Golden Gates, we were the Atlanteans who raised temples on the mountain peaks to the glory of our gods. Through the ages we

labored, as slaves we have known the master's whip, as kings we have held the sceptre, and today we are living the things we once were as we raise our eyes and gaze into the future as of old from the mountain peaks of Atlantis.

In order that we may appreciate the civilization of the ancients, it is necessary for us to accept the great fundamental principle of the continuity of life. Those unwilling to accept this principle can never learn the mysteries of Atlantis, they can never know why that continent came and vanished again. In order to find the true reason, we must gaze back to the things we were and realize again how the altar fires in the temples burned low and dying buried beneath them the nations of the dead.

Let us try to picture one of the great Atlanteans,—his massive frame, his glorious brow, his eyes filled with the lustre of primitive life, unhampered by the ties which bury races, unbroken by the millstone of today's affairs, which in this land of ours are grinding human hearts to feed ambition. They had many things that we have lost, we have many things they never knew.

The reason for it all is that man must grow along many lines. If it were only necessary for him to have a glorious body and strength divine then the world would have ended with Atlantis or its end might have come in the days of classic Greece and the work would have been well finished, but there were other things to do.

Today we are the fifth great race of beings that have inhabited our world, the Atlanteans were the fourth, they lived their day and now have passed on to endless sleep, but the spirit continues its march eternal. Man has not yet reached the grandeur of Atlantis in the new civilization with which he works, but one day in the mystic future he will pass beyond anything that ever was before, and, having reached the heights of all, the white race will draw its shroud around it and vanish to make way for other peoples and other works, but the same spirits will remain.

Let us learn the lesson of Atlantis and build again in the mirror of the mind the things that brought about its grand destruction in the seventh day of its creation. We are the breakers of new ground but 'ere we go on we must review the old, we must live again that great power of concrete thought which was the crowning genius of Atlantis, we must remember its philosophies and sciences. Then shall we be crowned with a new power to which end all races are striving,—the power of creative genius, the power of abstract thought, the power to unite, and that spiritual eye which sees the oneness of life and the brotherhood of man.

The keynote of Atlantis was the survival of the fittest, its great ones were great because the weak were weaker, but in our day a new power is being added. We have not yet reached the glory of the Aztec king before the coming of the white race, but we will reach it and pass beyond it with the great power of compassion crowning us more gloriously than ever, but, in passing, let us learn the lessons on the way.

Our world today stands as Atlantis stood, our buildings rise upward, their many towers pointing to the skies, our libraries are filled with ancient wisdom, our scientists and philosophers are exploring the mysteries of nature, again we fly through the air and under the sea, again we walk the path that Atlantis walked, but we must go on, we must survive to the glory of a greater work. The great birthright of every people is to labor with new things. This new world has dreams which Atlantis never dared to conceive and possibilities undreamt of by the men of old. But to do great things we must have the courage of conviction and the power to pave the way. You see we have other works to do in other ways. For a day we have forgotten the things we were, a veil conceals the past that we may learn the new thing in a different way. We are unfolding new powers, building new faculties, mastering new arts, creating new ideals.

The old soul, its years measured by the labors it has done, is now confronted with a great problem. It is our duty to take the best that Atlantis had to give, to learn the mysteries that Lemuria, now lost beneath the waters of Australasia, gave us in times

more ancient even than Atlantis, and use them as steps to build upon their top a new temple based upon the foundations of the old. To go higher, to reach ever heavenward, is the age-long cry of the mysteries. It is the same cry that sounded through the temples of Atlantis. It is the fulfillment of this inner urge that makes necessary new experiences, that bring new worlds out of the waters and causes others, their labors finished, to vanish from the sight of men.

In Atlantis many of the things we call sublime would have formed but kindergarten classes amid those ancient philosophers. White-domed temples of education filled Atlantis. Every city not matter how small was crowned by its universities and colleges and in the City of the Golden Gates were the divine sources of learning which initiated those who came out of the world into the way of the gods. We have taught many things they did not know but they taught things which today we cannot remember but still have hidden in our souls to be used again when the moment arises. Or mayhaps we were thoughtless then as we are now and today we little realize life because we never lived or studied it then. Therefore we wander through the mazes of religion, our spiritual teachers contradict each other eternally, and when we read the mysteries of Revelation we believe the writer must have written for himself alone. We wander betwixt sacred philosophies and moral ethics which are sealed truths that mean nothing to our souls. We were the drones amid the hives of learning as oftimes we are today, so now we know what we learned then and tomorrow we shall be known by what we learn today.

We can tell the world how to live but we cannot make them live it. Those who were told but did not practice, today know not the lessons that they might have learned.

There was in the City of the Golden Gates a temple dedicated to the worship of Light, the divine principle of human knowledge. This Light was served by the priestcraft, it was served also by the legislator, it was honored and adored by all the powers of that ancient land. From between the pillars of this temple came forth the Priest Kings. Here humbly before the altar they prayed that the divine light from the seven stars might come down to them, but the years went by and materiality took the place of spirituality. Then came the handwriting on the wall, the stars in their courses upon the heavens penned strange, celestial words upon the blue field of eternity, and the priests raising their crucifixes, cried, "Behold! the Sun-God is murdered, the Light is passing over into darkness!"

Then the great cataclysms came that shook this mighty people to the very foundations of their world. The savages from the North and South fought with the civilized people who tried to enslave and defraud them. They were driven back but the debt of blood was upon the hands of Atlantis and the priests of the ancient temples cried in the marketplaces, "With the spilling of blood Atlantis has sealed its doom!"

Its high spiritual ideals were buried beneath materiality, death and pestilence walked in its ways, degeneracy and lust overran its people, and its nations were drenched in blood.

There are many kinds of blood. There is that which comes from broken hearts, there is the life blood that pours from the soul, there is the blood of our fellowmen, and all this was loosened by the falling peoples of Atlantis. Again the warning of the gods broke upon it, its nations were split and torn, but more and more the black light took the place of the white. Slowly the divine Priest King lost his touch with God, his connection with divine powers which mold the destiny of worlds was broken, the priestcraft lost its sacred word, the name of the Living God; the light went out upon the altars; magic and sorcery took the place of the sacred mysteries and from the gods no longer flowed the life which makes nations live.

A new people was born out of the land of darkness to carry the dying fires and the Shekinah's glory out of the lost land. All glorious things it seems must sometime wither; all the flowers that bloom must one day fade. Blessed are those who know that the fading flower but marks the passing of a life to a more glorious work, for man need not be always in the trough of the sea but may step from the crest of one wave to the

crest of the next. So a new race was born to take charge of those who were true, and the Great White Brotherhood slowly formed a new people amid the falling temple pillars of the old, and the sacred Ark with the Cherubim sacred to the Lord passed slowly onward to the West. Around them gathered the faithful ones and the Great Light went out in the land of darkness which again was shattered by mighty cataclysms. Its people were torn by an unknown fire; none knew what that fire was for they had not read the handwriting on the wall; they had not heard the warning which the white-robed priests had spoken to them from the housetops nor the sacred words which were chanted from the temple steps for their ranklings and dissensions had drowned its note.

But the voice had sounded from the temples of Atlantis, saying, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." The Great White Brotherhood worked on however in a mysterious way and a new continent was unrolled for the chosen peoples, a great pathway was made in the waters and those who still served the noble and true passed onward into the promised land.

All that was left of the Continent of Atlantis was a single island. At last about 9000 B.C., or a little later, this dying remnant of Atlantis sank and in less than twenty-four hours millions of souls were freed from their molds of clay.

Now comes the problem. With all their arts and sciences crystalization crept in, which is the end of all that lives, the crystalization of thought, vitality, and growth. Nothing has to crystalize but all things do that stagnate. Today we face the same problems that brought about the destruction of Atlantis in the ages that are past. Our lands stretch out in peace and plenty and we too feel secure. Nothing, surely, can happen to us! Yet the moment no man knoweth. But one thing we do know, either the work must be done and done well, either the soul must learn its lessons or else new environments are necessary to make completion possible.

When we allow the fires upon our altars to die out, when we allow our higher beings to starve, then we are failing in the great work. Then again will the thunderbolts of Jove be loosened and the eternal scythe reap in its harvest.

Let us consider some of the causes that brought about the destruction of Atlantis. The first was blood. All those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword and with the first drop of blood that man sheds comes the price,—his own must flow. Blood feeds the flames of passion and when the animal in man is fed he becomes as a ravening wolf and the Four Horsemen ride forth again on their journey of destruction. Only peace can bring peace and that must come from man himself. We are all the body of the Father, we are all the Christ in flesh, and when each of us does as he should things will prosper, not with the transcending prosperity that rises up and then disappears like a comet but with the slow, gradual growth that marks the spreading oak. Unless man learns the ways of peace the day is not far off when the blue waves will break over his homes and the Light will go on to other lands.

The second necessity of man is to find the lost art of beauty. Probably you do not know what beauty means, for beauty is a mystic thing. We can look at a man like Lincoln, as homely as the fence rails that he split, and yet there is beauty there. We can look around us and many are there whom we call handsome but beauty is not there. There is much prettiness but little beauty. As we look at the gods of Greece and Rome we find what the world has long called beauty, but when you look at the eyes you will find a blank for the sculptures did not fill them in. Few realize what beauty is or how subtle are its ways. None know it who have it; none realize who really possess it. It is something that shines out and molds man into an expression of itself. Gold trinkets, ribbons, and a powderpuff are not the secrets of beauty. Beauty is of the soul and we need more of it. We must have more of that beauty that molds form into the ideal. The eyes of form see the beauty of form alone but the true mystic realizes that the source of beauty is not the form, it is the soul that shines within. We may look over the world

at those who are now judged as the beautiful, the handsome, the distinguished, and yet always there is something missing, and it was the loss of that something that sank the Continent of Atlantis. We must have more beauty and the world must realize more and more that "Beauty is as beauty does." Never mind how perfect the form if the soul and mind be not there it is an empty shell. It is a dead thing without a reason for its being. The beauty of harmony based upon strength, the beauty of peace strong on the foundation of compassion, the beauty of purity supported by knowledge, is missing. It was missing with the later Atlanteans and if we would not follow in their footsteps we must find it again today.

We must mold our lives into that divine glory we seek under the name of Christ, into the grandeur that was found in the temples of the ancients where a beautiful life molded a body worthy of a Greek god. The beauty of compassion, of love, and of spiritual thought is sadly missing in the world today. It is the first to go. We hardly know when it goes; slowly it fades away and with it fades the strength of a people. Long before the inharmony breaks forth as a ravenous flood, this subtle something vanishes in the night. It is the handwriting on the wall, a warning to all who live, for when beauty goes with it goes the strength of a people. We can bring it back, this elusive thing, this Psyche, floating over the marshlands, veiled in a mystic haze, a something unseen but felt. It must come back, if our age is to reach the goal it seeks.

There is something else also that must return,—the universities of Atlantis must be built again. We must raise again the schools of learning, by learning how to live, for the ignorant are dead and there are none so ignorant as those who will not learn, there are none so blind as those who will not see. Yet we forget, but let this thought be in our minds, those who forget shall be forgotten. Our world is filled with forgetfull people who forget by habit, they have forgotten so long that now they cannot remember, but in some way they must be helped to learn. We must understand the meaning of education, educo, to draw forth, not to cram in, to bring out that which we have already built within. From the heart of our beings blaze forth the fires of Atlantis, in our souls is the history of peoples as we have lived it. We must remember it, we must draw forth that knowledge, for the great things we would build can only be raised upon the things we know. If we are to create dream castles in the ethers we must bring back again the power of dreaming. We cannot imagine that which we have never known or think of that which we have never been, therefore education means to draw forth and profit by the things that we have been and the lessons that we have learned.

This world must learn. If it learns as Atlantis did it will die, but if it profits by the lessons of Atlantis it will live, and each of us were the Atlanteans and have studied the lessons that can save our lands. It is no longer a problem of what we want to do, it is what we should do, it is what the duties of nature demand of us. In the name of the gods we must act. Let us remember the blood that sank Atlantis. Blood is heat, strife, and confusion. It is the life force of the universe, it is the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world, it is the power of a people. We must take the golden chalice and catching in it the life blood that now we waste return it to the altar of our God.

Then too we must have beauty, beauty of thought, glory of ideal. The loves of men must give place to the loves of God, the passions of our age must be transmuted into the compassions of the gods, form must give place to spirit, or again we shall be numbered with the dust.

We must have education, if we do not we shall find out to our sorrow that the strength of a people depends upon the knowledge that it applies; not upon hopes, wishes, or the willy-nilly blowing of concepts but upon the solid rock of truth must our nations stand.

Man is a slave of his fears, a servant of ignorance, and a grovelling wretch at the feet of the Unknown. He must rise and taking his light explore the recesses of each mystic cave. Each individual, if he does not know how to live, to eat, to think, must

find out; the gods will never tell him unless he hears the voices of the gods in the wisdow of his fellowmen. The way of knowledge, brotherhood, and service, the way of purity and truth, alone can liberate us from the wheels of birth and death. We may talk of our shortcuts, backdoors, second stories, patent medicine spirituality, canned religion, just-as-goods, etc., to say nothing of the advanced spiritual teachings which transcend common sense, but unless we live the life to which we aspire we shall be numbered with Atlantis.

It is more important to know these things by far than rounds and periods, for upon them rests life itself. We are governed by the laws of cause and effect and today we are building the causes which sank the Atlantean world and we can expect nothing better for ourselves. We must realize that the earth beneath our feet is indeed the Son of Necessity born that man may live. It will mold itself into the needs of man but his needs are seldom his wants. Humanity needs a good housecleaning but they do not want it, and it must either come about through our loving service and labors with our fellowman or the thunderbolts of Jove.

Let the spiritual fires of our universities rise from the planes of matter, let the grandeur of ancient Greece be ours, let us so live that we shall be a credit to creation and to the plan that brought us into being. As Luther Burbank converted the cactus with its prickly thorns into a nutritious food product by removing the sting, so let us transmute the powers of the people that they may rebuild and recreate. It is more important far to help someone who is not able to help himself than to have been cloistered for hours with the sages. We warn all occultists and true students that their place is in the world working and not in the temple praying, that their duty is to make the world their temple, to don the white armor of purity and ideals, and armed with the greatest of all weapons, which leaves no sting, the sword of truth, knowledge, and light, to go out and labor for the right.

We cannot escape the sorrows of the world but we can go out and change its tears to laughter and be in a happier world that we ourselves have made.

So as we stand on the cliffs of lost Atlantis and see the restless sea breaking upon the shore and hear the dark waves which are like the surgings of a lost people, let us realize that they are our own broken lives and that our own voices speak to us from the depths of the waters salty with the bitterness of the tears of millions who allowed black magic to replace the true mysteries, even as we do today. Black magic means the perversion of things. When we use energy to destroy, when we tear down the dream castles of those we love, when we fill our lives with sordidness, we are black magicians. When we take the powers of God and use them to deceive our fellowmen, when we use the powers God gave us to free our souls, to cast down, then we are black magicians who have not learned our lesson from the sinking of Atlantis.

Let us open wides the gates, let the gates of brass swing open and man come forth. Let the tombstones be rolled away and the divine in man be released from the shackles that now bind him, let the divine in us be liberated, and Christ call unto the lower man, "Lazarus, come forth!" Let our ideals be gleaming lights upon the hilltops. We must tear up the thistles and briars before it is too late and plant flowers in their place and dedicate our lives to helping, serving, lifting, purifying, and glorifying, mentally, physically, and spiritually, all with whom we come in contact. We shall then be listed with the white robed Brothers, who, carrying the sacred relics, pass with them into the promised land.

A new race is to be born. Who will be its parents? There are few of earth who are ready to give to the new land a proper birthright. Let us remember once more the three things which bring with them the loss of all, the price of blood, the loss of beauty, and the perversion of education which sank an Empire greater far than our own, and that the same power will sink this continent unless in each individual peace and brotherhood takes the place of blood and hate, beauty of spirit replaces sordidness of life, and that great eternal light, knowledge, supplants human ignorance.

Books and Their Place in Occultism

OF ALL THE THINGS in the universe which mold themselves into the expression of individual likes and dislikes, there are none with such elastic consciousness as books for regardless of our feelings or the conditions which have colored the day we always find something congenial in the pages of a good book. There are no truer friends than volumes whose treasured contents have become etched into our souls. The average individual's idea of a friend is someone who will agree with them and a book is the most obliging of all. If you feel lazy the book will be most uninteresting, if you feel mean, meanness gleams from every page, if sarcasm holds you in its grasp every word of the author seems a satire, while if you feel hungry for a certain line of information the book is eager to give it to you.

Those who have found joy in reading and bringing into play upon their lives the wisdom of past ages as it is immortalized in ancient tomes have reached a great point in the growth of their being. But, above all, if we realize that the book gives to us that which we have given it, we then understand that mirrored in its pages are the thoughts and ideals of our own lives.

In reading ancient books we see pass before our mind's eye the thoughts of others brought down to us through the ages from races and cultures now extinct, yet to all of them we must give understanding through the light within our own soul and with the keys of our own being unlock their sealed pages.

There is no more wonderful place in all the world than the bookstores such as we find in the old countries, with rows and rows of musty volumes, where stepladders lead up to shades unknown, and ancient tomes some of which have slept upon their shelves since the days of Cromwell line the walls as far as the eye can see. The hands that wrote them are long since laid to rest and many an aged philosopher has put them aside to wander in some distant land, yet the thoughts, ideals, and aspirations of thousands live again for posterity through the words in their books. They are dead and yet they live eternally in their thoughts and these thoughts live on through the ages in the leaves of their books.

We feel a certain reverence and awe as we enter one of these hallowed spots, the curiosity shops of the human mind. We can feel that the shades and shadows of author and poet hover still around the children of their genius. A subdued hush falls upon our being as we stand before a mighty book, for it seems that we are in the presence of a great and superior thing. Before us stands a throbbing brain stored with information and its old bindings seem to enfold the massive brows of philosophers.

As we go to various parts of these ancient shops we find many wondrous things, beautiful books illuminated with glorious faces and flowered letters by monks in their meditation, when lives were spent in the writing of a single work. Some are in ancient parchments, others in old block bindings, while a few here and there have been desecrated by the hands of man and their torn and tattered pages speak of the vandalism of human nature.

These old books bring back to us the days that are past and tie the breathing, living today to the yesterdays numbered with the dead. All these wondrous relics of thought recall sacred memories as they stand like silent headstones on the drooping shelves, for in truth bookstores are graveyards of the human mind. As cemeteries are filled with the children of men so these old book stores conceal in their numberless niches, shrouded in darkness, the children of human thought. But the thoughts live on eternally and within the rude coffins of their ancient bindings they wait to be liberated by those who love them.

Let us roll away the stones which mark their resting place and with the light of our own thoughts and the vision of our own lives carry on these beauteous truths. Many of them are the dying bequests of those who have given all for man, written at a time when every penstroke was a hardship, when to express a thought or an ideal was to court destruction at the stake or wheel. These books stand as living testimonials of the courage of great souls, for they are the last word to the world of poets and mystics, the dreamers of the ages who have suffered much and given all that their dreams might survive to posterity.

Good books, indeed, are treasures for the very soul of the author speaks through the pages that he wrote. Today, alas, books with great ideals and noble thoughts are few but in those days they were the labors of a lifetime and their every word was illuminated by the blood of the author. Every book has behind it a quaint pathos which is irrestisibly fascinating to those students who have developed organs of veneration. Why should man not feel reverence as he clasps in his hands the life work of another human being who now lies silently in some little churchyard while the thing for which he gave so much rests undusted on the shelves?

If the clairvoyant could but go there he would see lives and wars, hates and fears, loves and sorrows, living again among the lives around him, speaking again from the silent walls while loving hands behind the veil still fondly guard the children of their souls.

There are many reasons why we should love to wander among these old bookstores and digging into the past bring forth these treasured writings, for in some mystic way they seem to whisper of the libraries lost in the darkness of the human soul. Among the mystics there are those who spend their lives in doing nothing but preparing and preserving ancient writings, and far from the sight of our ordinary lives these great souls have dedicated their beings to the transcribing again from the akashic records of nature the mystic truths now lost to mankind.

The average individual does not know how to read a book, if he did he would not read so many. Reading is an art and there are few indeed who know how to glean the treasures from the printed page. Books have to be read as they were written, thought for thought, spirit for spirit, and to know the works of philosophers we must ourselves be philosophers. To understand the meaning of ancient truths our minds must be attuned to the souls who wrote them. One who really reads belongs to the realms of the immortals for every sentence is something to be lived for years, every thought a child entrusted to our care. Few, indeed, ever learn the mystery of the wondrous lives immortal concealed beneath their broken covers. An old book is an oracle which not only gives forth the thoughts of the author but whispers in the voice of the age in which it was written the living story of human progression.

The rows of ancient books that fill the curiosity shops of Europe sink into oblivion beside the cosmic library of human consciousness, the lost libraries of the human soul. Up in the dusty attic of the human brain is a room filled with ancient heirlooms, memories of a forgotten day, and in this room a library is stored away. It is not seen by everyone and even its existence is dreamed of but by few, but there you will find under the cobwebs of time the rare occult tomes of other days, the sacred books of mystery and magic, philosopry and art, which are missing from the bookshelves of the world. In this little room, stored away, are the lost library of Alexandria, the sacred books of the Incas and the Aztecs, and the mystic scriptures of the ancients. All these are the rightful possessions of every living soul. If only man would break through the dust of ages and enter once more that little room! This is the great library of thought, immortal in the human mind, and books are merely thoughts put on paper.

Each day we inscribe in the great Book

of Life the history of our world as seen through the eyes of the soul, each life we turn a page and store away the ancient manuscripts somewhere in the darkened attics of the past. As we walk the path that leads to greater understanding and the light within shines forth more brightly we find ourselves amid these ancient rooms, surrounded by these mystic tomes, and if we would read we have but to take them from their shelves and within their dusty pages is the history of our being. In the brain of man is an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and truth hidden away and accessible only to those who have found the knock that will open the door. Millions of years man has been writing this library, tracing its letters in flames and tears. Some wonderful day we shall find this little room and there surrounded with the ideals of the past we shall know again the things that we have done and the powers that we have been. Then we shall realize that our labors have never been lost for in this great domed library of our own consciousness on records of living ether is stored away our every thought and action, and like the ancient volumes on the bookshelves we have but to take them out and read again the message they contain.

The Light of Asia

THERE IS no more beautiful character in the world than that of Buddha, immortalized by Arnold's wonderful poem, "The Light of Asia." As the Christian worlds, divided by so many barriers from the East, seek to walk the path that leads to Light, they ofttimes overlook this great Light which has shone on over half the known world and the wonderful message which he has given out to the children of men.

God works in many ways, through many vehicles, in many lands, but if there ever was one through whom the Almighty labored it was the Prince Sidartha, the Compassionate Lord of the Lotus. His teachings filled with truths divine in no way combat the principles of Christianity but rather give to the western world keys with the aid of which it may labor more successfully.

To this Great One we owe our greatest understanding of the doctrine of Reincarnation, one of the fundamental principles of spiritual growth. This hypothesis is generally neglected not because of its improbability but because it is so different from the accepted concepts which we have. There is no real reason for our disputing it; nowhere in our sacred Scriptures are there any words against it but in many places it appears that an understanding of this law was taken for granted.

Reincarnation is the only concept of life which is universal in opportunity, personal in responsibility, impersonal as to environment, and all-promising in its possibilities. The accepting of this law, while it does not bring Heaven closer, forever dissipates the concept of Hell eternal, the bugaboo of the Christian religion. It gives noble incentive to greater labors, it promises sure rewards for work well done, it is socialistic in its concept, and the entire doctrine of Reincarnation as it has been presented by Buddha, the great Oriental educator and non-radical socialist, can be stated as follows:

The doctrine of Reincarnation teaches equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none, success being the reward for work well done and failure the result of indolence. Buddha, in giving to man this law, has presented the only concept of life which could be acceptable to a just Creator aand still explain the inequalities of human consciousness.

Therefore we are grateful to the bearer for the Light which he has brought,—who brings it matters not for the Light is of Heaven. And as these concepts of life become universalized we shall recognize the Light of Asia as one of the Lights of the world.

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By

MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
Chapter One—"The Candidate."
Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

Like all of our other works this book is only securable through the free-will offering of those desiring to secure it. Each person is placed upon his own honor and only reminded that the perpetuation of the work depends upon the cheerful co-operation of the workers.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publi cation.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One
Questions and Answers, Part Two
Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic smybols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

Wands and Serpents

The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

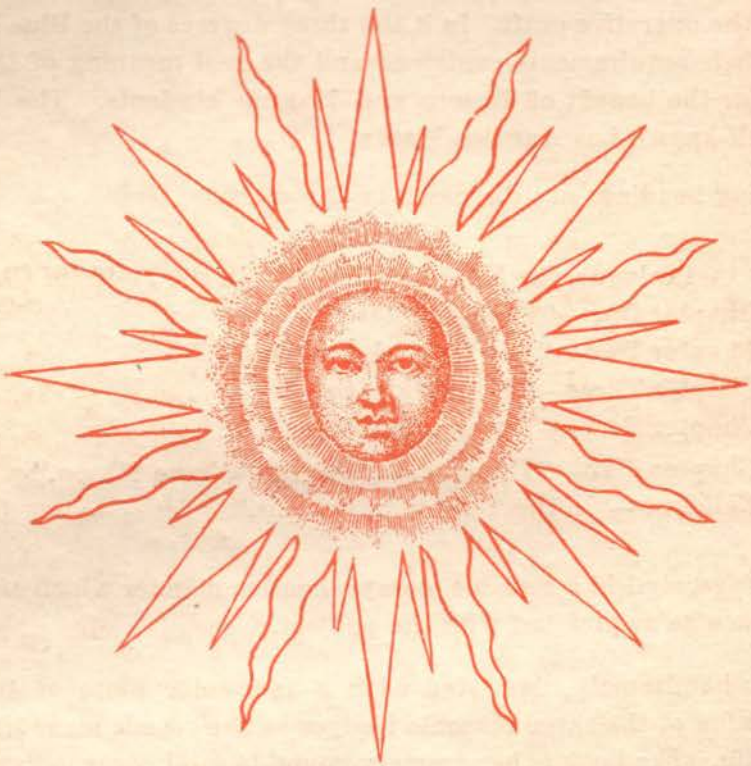
An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

JUNE, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By

MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
Chapter One—"The Candidate."
Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

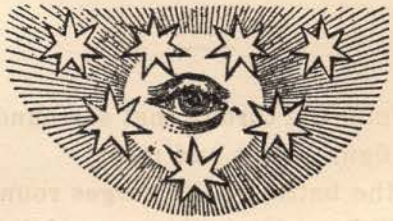
Like all of our other works this book is only securable through the free-will offering of those desiring to secure it. Each person is placed upon his own honor and only reminded that the perpetuation of the work depends upon the cheerful co-operation of the workers.

AUG -1 1923

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., JUNE, 1923 No. 2



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

EDITORIAL—Highbrows and Low Morals 3
POEM—The Masters 2
OCCULT FICTION—Brothers of the Shining Robe, Chapter One, The Temple of Caves (Continued)..... 15
A LITTLE EPISODE FROM LIFE.... 14
MYSTIC MASONRY—The Shrine.... 18
ASTROLOGY—The Key Words of the Sign of Aries..... 25

SPECIAL ARTICLES
Art 6
Man, the Human Violin..... 7
Brothers of the Rose Cross, Their Letter Continued 12
Plate from Robert Fludd.
Adam and Eve and the Flaming Sword 20
The Mystery of Initiation..... 21
Broken Dolls 27
Ships That Pass in the Night..... 28
THE PEARLY GATES GAZETTE.... 32

ARTICLES THAT WILL APPEAR IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUES OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Occult and Practical Eugenics.
The Divine Masquerader.
Green Fire.
Cranks and Crankisms as Factors in Indigestion.
Just Lonely.
The Dope Problem.
What Will the Harvest Be?
Orpheus and the Celestial Harmonies.
And Many Others.

THE MASTER

Alone 'mid the throng that surrounds him,
A figure silent and meek,
While the battle of life surges round him,
Still he walks in the ways of the weak.

A soft, sweet look from tender eyes,
The clasp of a comrade's hand,
A word of hope from a world of sighs,
A heart that can understand.

By this he is known in the world of men
As one of that mystic band
Who has turned back to trod again
Life's ever-changing sand.

Where he walks the world seems brighter,
Better for his having trod,
While sorrowing souls grow a little lighter
For having felt their God.

With never a fear, he walks the way
That leads to the heights above
Where the light of Truth holds perfect sway
'Mid the selfless hearts of love.

This is the way that the Masters go
To the light through a battle won,
Far up from the shade in the depths below
On the path of the Rising Sun.

EDITORIAL

Highbrows and Low Morals

DURING THE COURSE of human events it has come under our personal observation that a certain Mr. Belshazzar Jinx, whose intellectuality and power of analytical reasoning is of international repute, was arrested last night by Officer Murphy who found him intoxicated rushing up and down the main street of a small town with a revolver in each hand shooting wildly. Such a thing came as a wonderful surprise to us for we had fondly believed Mr. Jinx to be the soul of spirituality and learning. To be more explicit as to his strong qualities, he is one of our leading paleontologists, a university man draped with sheepskins and with so many letters after his name that he requires a six-inch calling card, while his small frame seems bent under the weight of honorary degrees. He had been dean of this, honorary president of that, and somebody or something else of the other, and is considered one of the most promising of our men of renown.

We had placed Mr. Jinx on a pedestal and pointed him out as one of the most blossoming of our scientific possibilities. When we heard that he was in for thirty days without bail our idol was shattered into a million pieces and we felt for a short time at least that the world would come to an end. The very idea that Mr. Belshazzar Jinx with his colossal, philosophical dome and his superlative education being so hopelessly lacking in self-control, and our ideas of social decency tore forever this man of letters from our list of speaking and thinking acquaintances.

As we were slowly recovering from this amazing revelation we received another shock. Mortimer J. Highbrow, Jr., one of our leading religious lights, wonderfully balanced between mystical theology and Chaldean archaeology, whose knowledge was of a nature most complete, and in whose inspiring sermons we had reached heights where our souls had never dared to tread on account of the rarified atmosphere of the high altitudes, had been called into court as the leading light and star of a divorce suit in which he was being sued by a mere member of the ignorant society for alienation of affections. This thunderclap was almost too great to be endured. That Mortimer J. should have done anything like this was beyond the wildest dreams of his worst enemy. Even Mortimer J. himself seemed to be a little amazed at his own audacity, but when we visited court the next morning we found him a most dejected looking individual fighting in a sort of dazed way for liberty against insurmountable evidence.

We went away shaking our heads and sad beyond expression only to meet a good friend, one of those human broadcasting stations, who was running over with a still later bit of news. One of our famous occult teachers, whose knowledge of rounds and periods was something terrific and who had worked out by trigonometry the length of a Night of Brahma, had just vanished from the light of men for ten years as the result of a bootleg still being found in his cellar.

Our heads were spinning around as one after the other the world's highbrows apparently demonstrated their low morals, but the capping of the climax occurred

when Miss Algernida DuBarry, one of the sweetest exponents of Divine Love, was sued for divorce by her doting spouse as the result of having fractured his skull with a bootjack during a friendly argument.

We left the sight of men for several hours and within the darkness of our own sanctum sanctorum sought an answer to this inexplainable problem which has undoubtedly confronted a large percentage of mystic students who have seen their idols collapse ignominiously at some unexpected moment. After many hours of deliberation we reached a solution which relieved somewhat the ache of our soul. You know this is not only a problem of the worth of a teacher but from a very personal standpoint it is quite a blow to our dignity to witness the weird and woozy actions of those whom we hold up as scintillating examples of human erudition. One after another we have seen our patron saints un-haloed, run out of town on rails, or tarred and feathered in the public square for some surpassing bit of inexcusable villiany, or else we found them sneaking out of the backdoor of certain unsavory places with their hats down over their eyes and their collars turned up. And slowly a peculiar feeling comes over us which clutches us in a grip of terror, we begin to fear that we may become a genius ourselves some day and be found sneaking into the second story of a church to steal the prayer books or cutting the stones out of the stained glass windows.

Practically every genius that we know occasionally demonstrates individual eccentricities or else someone whom we know informs us of their failings. Several of our leading religious shrines are raided occasionally and many an illuminated one has been brought up before the police court to plead not guilty of doing something which it is proved they did. What is the answer to this soul-perplexing, heart-rending problem? These are the conclusions we have reached:

Science has now proven that genius is a mild form of insanity or at least tends in that direction, and we have never found a person yet who could be too long-headed without being hollow somewhere along the line. When they get too broad they get shallow and mud-flats border the stream, when they get too deep they get narrow and fall into ruts, and when they get too high they cease to watch their feet and soon slip over some philosophical or sentimental banana peel and are hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies. If they get too deeply immersed in their problems and only an occasional bubble comes up to the surface, a seismic cataclysm usually follows. When they get too deeply wound up in rare specimens, Latin verbs, or split infinitives, and too busy analyzing the embryonic life of a strombolis gigantis, about that time some other man sues them for something, they wake up with some weird domestic problem, or else they come out of their lethargy long enough to realize they murdered someone in the night or have robbed the leading bank.

There are two reasons for this strange condition, it seems. The first is the unequal development of mental faculties and the fact that the energies which have been drawn to a certain point to feed a brain center, which is being heavily used while certain scientific or philosophical work is being carried out, flood back again to other parts of the body when this work is discontinued. When there is no other legitimate channel for its expression the body does not absorb this energy in a well balanced manner and it breaks out through some part of the being not under control and usually results in some unwise and unbalanced action.

If Balshazzar could have cut wood as well as he talked Latin he would not now be making little ones out of big ones at the county jail; if a well-known lawyer in a small town had played golf as well as he argued he wouldn't have knocked the court clerk over the judge's stand when a

certain trial was over. But these one-sided people do not realize the ebb and flow of energies within themselves, which, when they have only one thing they can do, must in time burst out somewhere along the line. Then, Mrs. G. talking to Mrs. F. over the back fence will say, "I just know he's been that way for years and we did'nt know it, the hypocrite, but I always knew he was crooked underneath, he had such a mean look in his eye," et cetera, when in truth the individual discussed is a good, kind-hearted, well-meaning, and hard-working individual, Professor of Bacteriology in a leading university until they found him one morning rolling moth-balls around his room, playing dolls or drunk. Sometimes one of our leading lights in scientific circles is found in a dope den for no other reason at all than that his unbalanced nature as the result of his unnatural life had mastered him through his own disorganized energies.

When a man is mastered by an art or science he is insane and there are few masters of philosophies and religion who are not in truth slaves to their concepts until finally their religion runs them amuck, or, as it was said on the Western plains during the early days, they got "locoed" and we find them doing all kinds of things which they should not do and working up scandals generally.

The need of balance is one of the greatest considerations for the occulist. It is the easiest thing in the world to get so twisted up in theory and argument, science or theology, that the individual becomes mildly insane and hopelessly irresponsible.

The second reason for the degeneration of reputation and complete ruination of celebrities is that compendium of Christian charity which is turned upon them by their loving and sincere disciples. Mr. and Mrs. Buzzzzz are always with us and will probaby remain until the last great dawn of eternity folds them in its sable mantle, and their last words will be, "M'dear, did you hear about buz-buz-?" If anyone can remain thirty days famous without someone making him infamous, if he can boast a reputation for one month in philosophy, religion, or politics, there is but one explanation. It is the direct result of the fact that so much has been found out about him that his doting followers do not know what to say first. Of course, if by chance he happens to be a little short of scandals it only requires a few hours to produce them. The rocking-chair and smoking-room brigade specialize in this work and the record at the present time is two hundred scandals per rock.

A reputation is one of those peculiarly subtle things which like your appendix you do not know you have until you lose it, and strange to say it is taken from you by your nearest and dearest beloved. It is usually a loving friend, a helpful and accommodating relative, or one of these illustrious individuals noted for religious inclinations or leanings whose tongue being hung in the middle and wagging both ways strips you of every vestige or respectability and leaves you shivering before the world, the perfect picture of dejection and misery.

Therefore, between these two evils, your weak points and your strong friends, there is very little chance for a highbrow to keep both ends of his reputation above water. As fast as he gets his philosophy up, either he or someone else pulls his private life down until finally he lands in a padded cell where he remains counting sunbeams and praying the Lord with Abraham Lincoln to deliver him from his friends.

Of course, these may seem exceptional cases but the principle remains, and we cannot be too careful not only of our own lives but in our thoughts and actions with others because each is fighting a great battle, and many a great soul has been completely broken by the harsh words and thoughtless actions of others, when its own battle against the powers of unbalance was as much as it could shoulder.

Art

THERE IS NO POWER that holds a greater sway over the hearts of men than the subtle mystery of color. Who has not stood before the child of a great master and seen on the canvas before him the creation of the master genius? Raphael, Murillo, Titian—their souls have left on mortal canvas traced by the endless motion of their subtle fingers visions from somewhere behind the veil of human consciousness.

Few there are who have the power to know the heart of the master painter whose pictures are not of earth but are the rapt visions of seers illuminated by the great Light brought close through years of dreaming and hours of meditation. As we gaze upon some hallowed painting, a Madonna or some face of Rembrandt, it seems to live, to speak to us from the depths of its gilded frame. We cannot help but feel that art is not of man but of God, that a power unseen works through the master's fingers, a hand unknown mixes the pigments of the pallet. There is no power but God, no creator but the One Divine, who can blend colors into these mystic harmonies which touch the strings of the soul, and it must be true that God made artists to picture Him.

There are few old masters today who like the ones of centuries gone by have beheld with broader vision the grandeur of the universe and whose skilled fingers have placed upon canvas and carved into stone the visions that filled their souls. They were the master artists who bowed in reverence before One who with colors no mortals ever used, with the artist's eye far greater than human sense, the hand more skilled than any earthly fingers, paints eternally in colors indescribable life and all living things. He is the Genius and all that mortal artists can hope is to reproduce His art but never to excel it. Who of earth can paint with the colors of the sunset? What artist of mortal school can discover the wondrous pigments that shade the autumn leaf? Where is the hand of skill consummate? Where is the eye which divines the perfect blending?

There is but one great Artist and He is the Master of the human school, and above all mortal instructors there is one true Genius of living art. Today this Master lives incarnate in the creations of His students. Through brush and pen He lives for His heart is ever filled with a mystic harmony which has been expressed by few of this world as it is revealed in the brush strokes of Guidio Rene, in the massive marbles of Michelangelo, or in the simple Angelus of Millet.

But there is a more glorious art within the soul of man which paints anew all things of nature. There is a master school which paints not on canvas that perishes but on the living background of the human soul. There are fingers that with the deft touch of the true genius paint again with bright color cheeks that have long been paled. There are souls who bring sunshine again to the dark clouds of sorrow, there are master painters who dry the eyes that weep and with the brush of love remove furrows from the souls of men.

Here and there is a great genius who comes to the world to paint that one eternal masterpiece of the gods. In colors rich with light and truth he takes away the shadows from the canvas and with the inspired touch of genius paints all life in living colors. These are the Master's immortal, the truly great artists, who are pupils of that one great Genius whose nameless paintings are the basis of all human aspiration.

Man the Human Violin

ALL existing things divide themselves into two general classes, objective and receptive. For all times the outpouring, vitalizing power or that expression which is the source of light, power, and motion we call spirit, the divine Father, the positive expression of existing things. It is called positive because it expresses mentally, physically, or spiritually animated qualities; it is called the spirit that goes forth and that which goes forth has always been symbolized as positive and is known as the Father-ray. Opposed to this principle is the divine negative element. This negative element represents cessation of animation for it is the basis of matter, and matter is spirit the rate of vibration of which has been slowed down by one of two reasons, either obstruction to the passage of spirit or else the rates of vibration have so far to go before reaching the end of their wave that the slowing of these rates produces matter. In other words, so-called matter is a crystallization of energy which crystallization inhibits its expression. Matter is a globular substance in which the latent life germ is incapable of expressing itself through the walls of negation or not-being. This negative element depends upon the vitalization of external energy for the liberation of its own latent life. Therefore, matter is said to be divinely receptive and is referred to by the ancients as the divine Mother principle. For ages life and the fiery sun globe have represented the fierce, blazing Father while the verdant, liquid sustained earth, the reposing place of the spirits of life has been referred to as the moist and harmless receptive principle of nature which is known to all students as the Mother of spirit. All matter enfolds within itself a germ of life, thus matter is the incubator which protects and like a wall or shell surrounds latent life qualities with protecting substances. Matter, being life asleep, is incapable of individual self-expression while in latency, consequently it depends upon the life within it for its expression, and matter manifests the state of growth reached by its indwelling, central, flame-born consciousness. For this reason spirit has been symbolized as self-expressing force which striking against the walls of negation is thrown back from these as are the notes of music from the sounding-board of a violin.

All the way down through the ages the Wisdom Teachings have taught that the unfolding of the body is necessary to the clearness and beauty of the notes of spirit, which as rates of vibration and spirited substance in motion strike this natural sounding board. In other words, we may symbolize spirit as the divine musician, which, in the intelligent kingdoms of nature, is incessantly playing upon and expressing itself through the medium of harmonies which depend for their sweetness upon the quality of matter and its arrangement as it expresses itself in bodies.

The same rates of vibration vary in physical expression in accordance with the quality, shape, and size of the instrument which is played. The same rates of vibration do not produce the same sound on all instruments, the same spiritual influx which makes one man a saint leaves another a sinner. The same thing which produces divine harmony will produce divine discord if the instrument is not what it should be.

Life expresses itself in the world of affairs in many ways but its beauty is always limited by the quality of the instrument through which it is manifesting. We cannot see vibration, neither can we see spirit which expresses itself through vibration, but spirit manifests in the world of affairs as thought, action, and desire, and we are either charmed or irritated not by the ideals of the musician but upon the registering of these ideals in the world of concrete things, and this is only possible

through a material vehicle of expression. Our daily lives are visible, tangible, comprehensive evidences of things unseen and unknown which can be wholly felt or believed only on the abstract planes of consciousness. The most beautiful thoughts are often unrevealed because the thinker has no words to express them; most glorious melodies are lost to the world because the one who feels them is incapable of expressing them musically.

Man's vehicles of expression must always limit the life and while he may dream on forever beautiful dreams, if he does not properly attune his instrument he dreams for himself alone, and oftimes he cannot even formulate clearly within his own mind the dreams which fill his soul.

Vibration is caused by the animation of substances and the setting of air or ether in motion. Every word that comes out of our mouths is toned by the mouth. It is changed and often ruined by the shape of the teeth, the position of the tongue, and the quality of the sound-box at the back of the mouth. As the rates of vibration pass out of the throat into the various chambers of the head and chest they produce the various tones which we admire or dislike. Wherever there is impediment in the natural expression of vibration we have the so-called nasal tone, which is out of tune because it isn't nasal, and the passages being stopped up inhibits the flow of the vitalized energies. The results of developing the cavities in the head and chest are the building of resonant tones which striking the ear-drum in a harmonious way we recognize as melodies and harmonies, and every known tone is the result of air in motion passing through chambers differing from each other in two things. First, size, shape, and location; second, the quality of the material forming their walls.

In the beginning it is said that man was created through the outbreathing of God, who, as He outpours the vibrations from the celestial sound-box of cosmos, becomes the great Father principle of creation for He is sending forth the sparks of life from His own mouth. These strike matter and the various combinations of these two forces produce the differentiation in form, shape, and quality. All the varying expressions of life in form of which we can conceive are the result of motion striking the lack of motion, the result being spiritual, mental, or physical harmonies or sounds, which are tuned according to the sounding board of cosmic root subtance upon which these harmonies strike in their search for expression.

The same sound wave we hear in a cornet passes also through the bass horn but the notes of the latter are heavier and deeper and in many ways different, the only cause being that the general form, magnitude, and orifices of the two instruments are different in size and shape. The same setting in motion of atmosphere takes place and the same noted energy is used in drawing the bows of both a cello and a violin but the result of the action differs on account of the difference in the instruments.

In the spiritual things of life the same principle is true. Man is completely limited by the quality of the instrument upon which he is seeking to play the celestial harmonies. There are no two individuals who ever have been or ever will be exactly the same in their thoughts, desires, and actions, and these in turn mold the instrument of matter into an expression of their own quality which results in the distinct individuality of specie. In spiritual things we find a perfect analogy, for the spiritual waves of living substances in motion are molding eternally their own keyboard into an expression of themselves and this keyboard is in turn defining and limiting the expression of its own creator.

Spirit or God is an intelligent force which being creative itself bequeathes the power of creation upon everything which expresses it. Man is a creator every time he animates substances and he animates certain substances with every expression of active energy, mental, physical, or spiritual. Whenever he speaks or even thinks the result is a chain of vibratory waves

which on the various planes of nature mold the vehicles of man into expressions of their own intrinsic vibratory power. These vehicles in turn are the concrete expressions of man's innermost ideals, and the spirit, the I Am, manifesting imperfectly through the not-self or what are called the spiritual centers of the body, is hampered in turn in its own expression by the limitations which its thoughts, actions, and desires place upon the unfoldment of its bodies.

The sounding board makes the instrument. Thought, action, and desire create the sounding board and the sounding board limits the expression of the divine in man. Our bodies are the sounding boards and as vehicles of consciousness the three bodies are under the control of individual intelligences. Each of these intelligences is twofold in its expression, selfish and selfless. When each body strives for individual mastery then we have unbalance in people whose thoughts, actions, or emotions run away with them and who who cannot control their own bodies. When this condition is present it means that the sounding board is being limited by bodily intelligences which are in turn limiting the spirit of man which should be served by these intelligences.

If, on the other hand, the body consciousness centers of thought, emotion, and action are selfless in their expression and governed wisely and selectively by the spiritual consciousness and used always to build more stately mansions for the soul, then the sounding board is limited only by the spiritual consciousness itself and quickly responds to every note which strikes it, and harmony will be the eternal result for if the body is married to the spirit, their union being unimpeded by expression of individual bodies, the result is that each body becomes a pen in the hand of a ready writer which will always be in harmony with itself if not interrupted by inharmonious relations between centers of sense consciousness.

The true musician realizes that quality does not depend upon pedigree alone, neither does harmony depend upon commercial value, but that the value of a violin is in its tone. Our bodies are violins upon which the spirit plays varying harmonies and discords until finally they attune themselves with the music of the spheres. As the violin depends for tone upon the quality of the materials composing it and the harmony depends upon the tone, so the bodies of men depend for their quality upon the things which are incorporated into them mentally, physically and spiritually. Man's most valuable asset at this time is the tail appendage of consciousness which he calls the physical body. If it be poorly constructed the individual who inhabits it will never be a functioning genius for he will always be limited in some way by the organic quality of his vehicles, and the result will be a series of squeaks and rasps which grate not only upon the ears of the musician but upon the whole world which hears consciously or unconsciously his discordant expressions.

The centers of the four bodies within us can be called the strings of the instrument and the spiritual consciousness within our being plays upon these centers, and they in turn through their vibratory qualities produce in the finely evolved individual the same spiritual, bell-like tones that physically sound out from a master's violin. Two things are absolutely necessary to the full-of the genius and the instrument worthy of a master. The result of this combination is divine harmony. But if you take a genius and give him a cheap instrument, though his technique be perfect, he will never be satisfied either with the instrumnt or with himslf. In fact, a truly great musician would refuse to play on a cheap instrument, it would grate against his soul. Then, again, take a master of music and give him a cheap violin and there will be within him a repugnance, he is disgraced, for with the soul of genius there comes something else, and although he be blindfolded and not allowed to touch the strings the master musician will feel the quality of his instru-

ment. Then let us look at it in another way. Suppose you take an instrument worth thousands of dollars and give it to someone who cannot play, does the value of the instrument make him a musician? No. In all nature two things are needed, the instrument and the player. These are the basis of all expression and in nature they are called spirit and matter. The existence of either means struggle until there is a mutual harmony and an agreement of quality between the two. A good body in the hands of a sleeping spirit is like a grand violin in the hands of an amateur; a beautiful soul in a shapeless body filled with inharmony and discord is likened to a master with a cheap instrument. The result is always inharmony.

Many instruments look alike but they are not, for many lack the soul of the maker. There are two ways of making instruments. There are those just made to sell, maybe turned out at the rate of fifty a day, they look just like the greater instruments that it has taken a lifetime to build, but they are not the same. Then there are the instruments made by those who loved their craft, who labored for the joy of building, and who raised these children of their souls with the same tenderness and care that loving parents bestow upon their children, for the great musicians love their instruments and the great makers feel that they have built gods.

In the same way there are two kinds of people living in the world. There are those who work as fast as they can to get things done. They do not care whether they build well, if they get through it's all right. They labor because they must eat. And there are others who get spiritual because they believe it is the only way to escape work and hard knocks. They are just like the people who build instruments to sell. The soul is missing that in some mystic way adds beauty to its tone. Then there are those who do not care how much they labor for they serve for the joy of serving, they build for the joy of building, to them their labors are divine, they almost worship the creations of their hand, to them their creations have a soul—their soul. And though the workmanship may be unskilled, often the instrument is more beautiful than some mechanically made masterpiece.

It is the same with our bodies. There are bodies thrown together, pressed together, crammed together ,and there are are bodies that are gathered through ages of experience, the sublime desire of the spirit to unfold the godhood within itself, not just to get through but for the joy of the building. All these considerations play their part in the making of the master's intrument, and every student must realize that the most glorious work is not to unfold the spirit but to unfold bodies through which the spirit may speak for the spirit can never be greater than the temple where it is enshrined. There can be no soul where there are no bodies, no life where there is no shape, no color where there is no substance. Remove the worlds of material things and you will leave just the life itself which cannot even know itself, for in taking away matter you have removed the brain through which mind thinks, you have removed the mind which is also a thing of matter through which spirit speaks, for this is a great truth: If you remove not-being, being can never know itself.

Let us picture for a moment a great and wonderful violin, one of those master instruments which have come down to us through the ages. Many a broken heart has wept alone clasping it to his breast, many a lone life has whispered its innermost dreams through the strings of an ancient instrument, for it is beloved by its user and worshipped by its maker. It is said that Stradivarius, probably one of the greatest known violin makers, expressed himself in the following way: "God made Antonio to make violins." It is sad to think how few love the living temple of their own body as the old musician cherishes his beloved violin. It is said that Antonio Stradivarius made his greatest violins from the bell-post of an old church and that the wood was many years old when it was cut

down, for it is known that great violins are made out of wood that is seasoned. Whenever there is water or moisture in the wood the tone is injured and the master's instrument must be made of seasoned wood.

All musicians know that a violin grows sweeter with age. People do not realize this fact but it is true. The tones of these instruments which have lasted hundreds of years are sweeter far than any made today. For the tone changes, every hour it grows mellower and sweeter, and the old violin weighs much less than the new one for it has dried out until it is merely a shell devoid of self-expression, it is nothing but a sounding board which registers each fine vibratory tone.

Now the spiritual consciousness of man is a very peculiar thing. Every expression of the bodies is sharp and harsh until finally with age the spiritual consciousness of man becomes master of the selfless body. It is experience, growth, sorrow, the things with which man battles through the ages which mold the body and the mind into the more seasoned and spiritual instrument. All the outside contacts of life build certain qualities in man and as he wanders through the ages the instrument of his body grows sweeter and sweeter as in spiritual powers as he grows older and older. The soul and the body of man are mellowed through the ages like great violins. The rough edges, the false tones, the selfish phase of the instrument, the great I Am, are nothing more or less than a drop of water in the wood, a bit of resin which is the sour note all through the ages, until at last after experience and growth and bitter sorrows the self part goes forever and the soul is all that is left. The bodies have gone and from them has been born a wondrous, selfless thing—the true companion of the self—and this is the divine instrument of the master genius and upon the strings of its selfless sounding board he plays the harmonies celestial.

The world is filled with people who grate upon us and who seem unsavory. The explanation is this, the instrument is new, and it has not been mellowed. The same deft fingers are trying to play it, the same sweet spirit tries to express itself but it cannot for the depth of tone is not yet there. We should not feel that our brothers are below us for their violins when mellowed may be wonderful instruments and they have not been laboring as they might, maybe, and then again we all have a sour note somewhere. Everyone has a flaw in his being which injures the tone of his instrument, but as the ages go by these flaws seem to disappear and for some unknown reason the violin that was sour when new is sweet and mellow when old. Many an instrument has been discarded by its maker as of no use and many, many years later, hundreds perhaps, it was taken out and found to have a master tone.

There is a wonderful lesson in this for everyone. You and I are like Antonio, the Lord has made us to make violins. Like Antonio,God has given us the work of making bodies, each complex organism is a master's labors through the ages, it is the eternal problem of spiritual consciousness and some day in the mystic future we shall learn to make a perfect instrument. Many people do not think, oftimes they do not want to think, they do not like to feel the responsibility of creation rests upon them. And yet it does. It is our duty and each of us must build a master instrument which is to give perfect expression to the genius within his own soul.

Then comes another great consideration. Take a great violin and crack it and the sound is gone until it is repaired and often then it is more beautiful than before. It is the same way we take an indiivdual, a child for instance, and abuse and break that instrument, or not being strong enough for the battle it is damaged by the blows of life and the sweetness is gone, oftimes it is many ages before the soul can repair the break caused by the thoughtless actions of others.

(To be continued.)

The Magical Mountain of the Moon

A Letter From the Brothers of the R. C.
to
Eugenius Philalethes
(Continued)

IN LAST MONTH'S EDITION of this magazine we published the letter from the Brothers as it is found in the original edition of "Lumen de Lumine," and now it is well to consider what Thomas Vaughan, who uses the pen-name of Philalethes, has to say concerning this mystical and magical Mountain of the Moon. On page 24 of his book, published in 1651, we find the following statement:

"This is the emblematical, magical type which Thalia delivered to me in the invisible guiana. The first and superior part of it represents the mountains of the moon. The philosophers commonly call them the mountains of India on whose tops grow their secret and famous Lunaria; it is an herb easy to find but that men are blind for it discovers itself and shines after night like pearls. The earth of these mountains is very red beyond all expression, it is full of crystalline rocks which the philosophers call their glass and their stone: birds and fish say they bring it to them. Of these mountains speaks Hali the Arabian, a most excellent, judicious author. Vade fili ad Montes India ad Cavernas suas, accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liquefiunt in Aqut, quando commis centur eis. Go, my son, to the mountains of India and to their quarries or caverns and take thence our precious stones which dissolve or melt in water when they are mingled therewith. Much indeed might be spoken concerning these mountains if it were lawful to publish their mysteries, but one thing I shall not forbear to tell you. They are very dangerous places after night for they are haunted with fires and other strange apparitions, occasioned (as I am told by the Magi) by certain spirits which dabble licivitiously with the sperm of the world and imprint their imagination in it producing many times fantastic and monstrous generations. The access and pilgrimage to this place with the difficulties which attend them are faithfully and majestically described by the Brothers of R. C. Their language indeed is very simple and with most men perhaps contemptible, but to speak finely was no part of their design, their learning lies not in phrase but in the sense and that is it which I have proposed to the consideration of the reader."

After having read this slight introduction by the renowned alchemist and mystic, it would be well for the reader to consider again the letter which was published in last month's edition and then let us study the general symbolism of the entire work.

Among all the ancient peoples mountains were held sacred and the points most sacred to every land were its lofty hills. Among the ancient Greeks the temple of their gods was upon the top of Mount Olympus where far above the clouds the gods dwelt and labored with man, coming down occasionally into the valley to sojourn with and direct the energies of their children. Among the Scandinavians we find Asgard, the home of the twelve gods, far upon the top of a magical mountain which was symbolized as the highest point of the world. We are all acquainted with the sacred mountain of the Jewish people, Mount Sinai, where the Lord spoke to Moses, and Mount Moriah over the brow of which Hiram Abiff, the Masonic hero, was buried. Among the Orientals we have Mount Moru, and the world still turns in awe to the shadowy heights of the Himalayas where many people yet believe the gods to dwell. The knights of the Holy Grail had their castle far up among the crags of Mount Salvart in ancient Spain, and among the Andes of the western world we still find the ruins of massive altars at

the very top of pyramids and mountains.

The entire story of the magical mountains is based upon the analogy between the world and man. Each individual is a universe, a god, a planet, an infinitesmal bit of something all in one. We find the human body to be the plan of the temple, it is undoubtedly the symbol of Calvary, and where the head of man is in the ancient churches there were steps leading up to an altar. There are three worlds of human consciousness in which man is particularly interested. There is Hel, the land of darkness and dissolution, the land of dead things, lighted only by the fires of perversion; then there is the middle garden of the earth-world which man knows, the world of purely human affairs; then far up on the heights of a lofty mountain is the heaven world of man with the skull as its dome. Now, all the powers which man really uses are centered upon the top of the mountain of his body in the domed temple of his own head. It is within this superior world of which the lower is a counterpart, for all the functions of the human body and its organs are duplicated in the brain, that the treasure of great price is concealed. The path that leads to light is the path taken by the consciousness of man up through the red mountain of his own body into the superior, mystical world concealed upon its top. The twelve convolutions of the brain are the twelve disciples or gods who govern and regulate the destiny of human affairs, and it is the passing of the spiritual consciousness upward through the thirty-three segments of the spinal column that constitutes the path of initiation up through the Magical Mountain of the Moon. It is known to alchemists and all students that the world is divided into two general divisions,—the sun and the moon. The sun has to do with spiritual things while the moon affects material things, and here it is important to note that the magical mountain of the bodies forms the living throne upon the very crest and in the very heart of which is concealed the "quintessia vitra," the philosopher's elixir. The passing upward of the consciousness of the individual through regenerated thought and action is by means of the mastery of things. He grows through mastery, and initiation is the mastery of certain elements by the consciousness or spiritual power within.

It is stated above in the letter that the path which leads to this mountain is beset with many dangers and any student who has attempted to walk the spiritual path realizes that this is true. The terrible beasts, dragons, and reptiles represent our own lower natures which are ever between us and the path that leads to higher things. There is, as it is said, but one weapon with which we can fight them and this is the weapon of truth, light, and non-resistance. The only way of overcoming evil is through the boycott system as the student will discover before he reaches the goal he seeks.

Three tests confronted the candidate according to this allegory, three great natural elements were called into play, a very mighty wind, a terrific earthquake, and a consuming fire. These may very briefly be explained as thought which along spiritual lines breaks up the rocks of crystallization, this thought being symbolized by air which blowing the clouds across the sky was symbolized by the ancients as the ideas of man in the blue dome of the skull. As the result of this thought there is the expression of physical action and the action of physical bodies, which are commonly listed under the heading of earth conditions and are symbolized as the earthquake, which, more spiritually interpreted, represents the changes which take place in the physical organism when the candidate begins his active, spiritual work. The fire is the spiritual power generated by the previous processes which loosened upon the individual by his thoughts and actions immediately burns away whatever is not fit for its own works, the alchemy of transmutation within its own soul.

The rising of the day star symbolizes the extension of the soul which has been referred to as the "star body" by the an-

cients. Through the rising of the Light, the spiritual center of consciousness within him, after having passed through the three grand initiations of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, air, fire, and earth, man is then enabled to see within himself the Magical Mountain of the Moon and the wondrous treasure that is contained upon its top. These treasures are entirely of a spiritual nature and have nothing to do with material things, the gold and precious stones referred to symbolizing the awakened centers which are jewel-like and the streams of transmuted vital energies which the ancients called gold, and it is this gold which is said to pave the streets of the New Jerusalem.

In next month's magazine we shall continue the consideration of this mystic message of the Magical Mountain of the Moon and the mystery of the Magi referred to by Philalethes in his wonderful book.

A Little Episode from Life

IN EVERY LARGE CITY of the world we see those solitary figures which whisper of life's tragedy. On almost every street corner we find someone sick, blind, or poor, asking for the consideration and kindness of others. Among the eastern peoples we hear the eternal cry, "Alms! In the name of Allah!" and in our western world there are many who hold out their hands asking those who have to aid those who have not. In every land there are those for whom the battle of life has been too severe and one after another they sink down beside the way and ask our aid that they may live. The Master expressed a great truth when He said to His disciples, "The poor ye shall have with you always."

Huddled on the street corners we find them and while some no doubt use these methods to evade honest labor, still there are many broken souls who if it were not for the coins of the passersby would find life cold, indeed, and we should remember the bond of brotherhood that ties all living beings together, for it is better by far to give to a dozen who do not need than to miss the truly worthy one.

There is a little drama played out here as in all things of life, a little story that should etch itself into the soul, and I want to tell you of one little drama witnessed on a street corner just a few days ago.

In a darkened doorway away from the passing throng a little old lady sat on a broken stool, her face was tired and worn, pinched with suffering and poverty, and while many may seek in the road of begging sympathy and easy money this little soul bore the stamp of sincerity. She had an accordian on which she was playing and a little tin cup for the coins of thoughtful persons. She was playing old-fashioned tunes and it is to be admitted that she did not play them well nor was the little broken voice in tune with the squeaky notes of the cheap accordian, still there was a certain pathos, a certain sweetness and softness which spoke of sorrow and suffering and disappointment. Who can say what stretched behind in the years that had passed? Who can tell of children now in other parts of the world, maybe dead, possibly only thoughtless? Who can know the shattered hopes, the broken idols, the crushed ideals, hidden away beneath that tattered shawl of camel's hair? And still there must have been hidden beneath that broken body the star of hope which even in the cold desolation of life still shines eternal in the human heart. . . . This little figure whispered of better days, of years more filled with joy than those which stretch before her. It may be in truth that she should be in the home for the old; very possibly her present position was the result of her own mistake, in some way it must have been, but that is not the drama with which we are interested.

As we stood there listening to the plaintive wail of the cheap accordian we watched the throngs go by as the drama played itself out. First comes a stout busi-

(Continued on Page 30)

Brothers Of the Shining Robe

Chapter One

The Temple of Caves, Continued

I CREDIT MYSELF with being in a position to know, for I have been in the Catacombs of Rome, through the dungeons of the Coliseum, in the Palace of the Doges, and through the vaulted chambers of the Pyramids. So far as the eyes could see, the room stretched on in avenues and rows of natural pillars carved into gigantic elephants holding up with raised tusks and trunks the ceiling above. On one side of me was a great god with hundreds of arms and whose hundreds of heads gazed down from the vaulted archway. On the other side sat the Elephant God upon a couch of lions.

In the center of this great room stood a massive stone bowl, the pedestal of which was a great green cobra carved from marble. In the bowl blazed a fire of many colors, the light of which I had seen reflected on the wall without. Around the edge of this great room which grew dimly visible as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw twelve great doorways leading into recesses which I could not fathom, and at once the thought came into my mind, one which I hardly dared to believe myself, that I was in the Temple of the Caves cut from the heart of a living mountain.

There was no one in sight save my lonely guide and he led me silently across the great room and along the temple pillars to where a great shrine opened in the wall and here three great mysterious Beings looked down from recesses which had no end. You might call them gods or idols in the outer world, but they did not seem such here and to this day I do not know whether they were made of stone or of strange living substances. If they were stone they were of some other kind than that which is known in the world for they glowed and gleamed and seemed never still, not with the reflected light of the fire but with a glow and blaze from within themselves.

The Three together supported a great frame which seemed of solid gold and around the frame great serpents twined and within was a strange, bluish, transparent haze of unknown depth.

My curiosity, which was of true European type and incapable of the stoic attitude of the East, overcame me and in spite of what might be the result of my actions, I stepped forward to examine the relics and reaching out my hand sought to touch the mirror, for that was the only thing which it seemed to resemble in my mind.

Then a smile came over me, a smile, however, filled with terror and awe. I had sought to step forward but I had not moved, I had tried to raise my hand but it did not lift, and I realized that I was in a place unknown to the outer world and that the laws which govern ordinary man were not effective here.

My companion now broke the silence for the first time and although I spoke both Hindustani and Sanskrit he addressed me in flawless English.

"Well, my friend, this is the first time that you have seen me but it is not the first time I have known you. A strange series of apparent coincidences have occurred, not only within the last short span of years but in the ages that are past. All things work as the gods decree and before the coming of the Compassionate Ones, when these great stone walls had not yet had the builder's hand upon them, the work which we do today was ordained. Look back over your life and its restless wandering and can you not see the hand of Destiny which is molding you, has molded you, until today you stand within the shrine of the living god in the Temple of the Caves? Forever, there has been between you and man the blue veil of the gods and the restless wan-

dering of your own soul must have whispered that you were not as other men. Some great reason yet unknown you must realize has been the potent factor of your being. I have been watching you and in this silent room have guided you in the ways of light. I have been near you in loves and fears, preparing a great way that later you shall walk. In this strange mirror, not of glass but of living ethers, I will show you the reason for all things, the labors that have stretched behind, the works to come, how you are fulfilling vows you made when worlds were in the forming, and why now you have been called out of the multitudes of men, for I put the words in the mendicant's heart that led you here. You do not know us or believe in the sacred ways and yet before this body returns to the earth from which it came you shall be listed with the Compassionate Ones."

Chapter Two
The Mirror of Eeternity

I LISTENED with close attention while my strange companion made the remarks which concluded the preceding chapter. I was not a religious man, I did not understand nor particularly care about the spiritual things of life. From the time when I first entered the world I had been told that I was supremely selfish, and all the conditions of my childhood tended to bring out my egotism, self-aggrandizement, and laziness, and I felt that I had been pretty true to my early teachings.

Still at his words I felt a tugging at some invisible cord within my own being and in spite of myself my eyes turned to the strange, blue haze which filled the frame supported by the three gods.

In the old guide I recognized the great saint referred to by holy men and I remained silent as he continued his discourse.

"I know, my son, that you do not understand or rather that you fail to remember the things which I am telling you, therefore be very attentive to my words. The fact that you alone out of all the holy men of India are the first in nearly forty years to find this sacred place proves beyond all words that a great reason lies behind your coming, and in order that you too may understand all that lies around you I shall tell you of this sacred mirror.

"In the days now gone by when the gods lived with men, when the great devas from the higher plane and the Manu himself walked the earth in flesh, he built himself in a single night this wondrous temple and left in it his most precious gifts of which this wondrous glass which reflects the worlds invisible to the eyes of men is not the least. From the ever-changing substances of nature this glass draws forth each hidden secret and is indeed the Mirror of Eternity. For, know you, that there surrounds and interpenetrates the world which we know other worlds that we do not see, and this mirror while of this world is sanctified in other worlds and shows to those who look the records of Brahma's Day preserved within the living beings of earth. Look!"—and he pointed at the fathomless depths.

As he spoke great swirling, twisting clouds appeared in the bottomless abyss of the sacred mirror. I looked and before my eyes there slowly formed out of the whirling clouds a strange world that stretched into the infinity of darkness. It was a world of broken things, great, twisted, gnawed trees of types unknown, their trunks blackened as though by fire, raised their branches like supplicating arms. Great cloudy, smouldering flames burst forth from cracks and crevices in the rocks and in the air great banks of sulphurous smoke tinted by the flames formed into twisting clouds of oily red. In my ears was the moaning and sighing of the winds and the dashing of the waves upon a broken shore.

I tried to recall from somewhere out of the past this strange scene but nowhere,

even among the volcano and lava beds of Vesuvius and Etna, had such clouds of smoke ever gathered.

"What is this strange scene?" I asked my guide.

"That, my son, is called the Land of the Lonely Ones," answered the Oriental, "Although the eyes of mortal cannot see it, what you now behold is built of the thoughts and desires of the people of earth. You are now gazing on the home of men as it has been seen by the Compassionate Ones. From this strange land of death and dissolution there pour forth the spirits of the flame, the demons of war, the miseries, strife, and contention which fill the world. It is here that the work you are to do begins, it is here in the world of Causes that the Compassionate Ones labor for their brothers."

I gazed at the picture again and a strange chill came over my being. It was so cold, so cheerless, so dead, and yet from within came the echo of an accusing voice, and although I was loath to admit it I realized that beneath the life I lived my own being wandered in a wilderness as gloomy and desolate as the scene I beheld.

As I watched I saw a tiny, golden star shine out through the darkness. Wherever its beams fell the broken, confused mass of ragged rocks melted away with its glow and the deep, angry red of the smouldering fires turned golden with its warmth. As I looked more closely I saw that this little star was carried in the form of a lantern by a strange, mystic figure which walked or rather floated over the scene of desolation.

"Who is that?" I muttered under my breath.

"Watch," answered my strange companion.

(To be continued)

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

In this work the study of numbers and the Hebrew alphabet is taken up in a way never before undertaken. No system of numerology or cabalism is promulgated but a few underlying principles are given here useful to all students of mystic, occult and cabbalistic philosophy. The work is divided into three parts as listed below:

Part One .....The Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

A Study of the flaming letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the creation of the Sacred Name, the mystey of the vowel points and the unwritten books of Moses.

Part Two.....The Origin and Mystery of Numbers.

Under this heading are grouped the natural laws as they are expressed in numbers from 1 to 10, and the application of these laws to the problems of daily living.

Part Three.....The Power of Invocation and The Science of the Sacred Names.

In this part of the work transcendental magic is completely unveiled and the ancient rituals of calling up spirits is exposed and the true meaning of transcendentalism and the finding of the lost Word is presented to the student, including the invocation of Christ. A most unique and unusual document containing over fifty pages, neatly bound in an art cardboard cover. This work should be in the library of all occult students, not to be believed but to be considered.

As is the case with our other publications you must fix your own price for the work, not to cover your share of the responsibility but that the entire work may go on and you and others may be in a position to receive the work which we are putting out.

This month's issue also contains a rare occult plate taken from the writings of Robert Fludd, the English Rosicrucian and alchemist. The original is dated 1619.

The description of this plate will appear in next month's magazine.

OCCULT MASONRY

The Shrine

AMONG THE MASONIC CRAFTS there are many wonderful degrees but none has a deeper or more beautiful sentiment than the Mohammedan Shrine. Let us drop for the present the social side of Masonry for it is only an accessory which means nothing to the true art and science of the active craft. The Mason is a builder throughout eternity, and in the beautiful degree of the Shrine a wonderful thought is given to him which should assist him to better thinking and better living, otherwise its profound significance in Masonry is lost to the craft.

Let us go back to the ancient peoples where practically all of the modern symbolism had its origin, and here we find many wonderful facts concerning the mystery of the Shrine.

Man is eternally a worker, but to what end? That is a question which only mystics and philosophers can answer. What is the great reward for years of sorrow and labor? What is man's recompense for his works and his life? The answer is that man is a builder of Shrines.

From the beginning of time to the end of eternity man is building a wondrous altar piece for his living temple; he is fashioning a wonderful and glorious decoration to adorn an empty niche. In other words, with thought, action and desire, through his thousands and millions of years of growth he is laboring consciously or unconsciously to a single end. This end is the preparing of a holy place to be the dwelling of the Most High. Therefore, in spirit and in truth man is a Shriner, a builder of shrines.

Now, in many ways man carries on his appointed destiny, and all through the ages he is building eternally many things, and on all planes of nature he is laying up treasures with which to adorn this wondrous altar piece,—the living shrine of his own soul.

In India there are many wonderful shrines of gold and jewels, brass and glorious lacquers, stone and wood, carved by the hands of the faithful into ornaments and decorations to embellish and make more grand the altars of the gods they worship. It is said that only the heathen build shrines but we know that this is not true, for only the finest, the purest, the most noble of human beings can build a shrine, and not even the end of time as we know it shall bring to completion the shrine building of the soul.

Now, the world as we know it at the present time is the great rough block from which man must cut this beautiful shrine. With love, compassion, joy, and a deeper understanding of the mysteries of life, he must take the brutal, the cruel, the rough, and the unfinished, and with the vision of the true seer carve with loving thoughts, joyful hands, and a contrite spirit, this rough and broken mass into the glorious shrine of spirit.

Let man realize that he is building a strange and subtle thing and a new power and zeal inspires his efforts. Its wonderful pillars he carves from the granite blocks of matter. With thought, word, and actions he decorates it and glorifies it until it becomes a thing of beauty and grandeur. Into the settings he has fashioned, he places the stones of knowledge and love, each flower, each little figure, carved by loving hands for the glory of his God. As he works through the ages he realizes that his own body, the world in which he lives, and the world of his friends and those around him are the materials from which this shrine must be built. It is from the dross of his own soul that he must cut the golden key, and his own being must be-

come the glorious setting to contain the most precious of all jewels,—the Pearl of Great Price and the Philosopher's Stone.

Man is ever human and being human he is impatient, thoughtless, and unsettled as to the reason for his own being. Therefore, he makes a great mistake, a sad and terrible mistake, yet who shall blame him for it? It is a mistake which seems almost godlike and which sometimes even the Masters make, and yet how can we judge them? When man builds this sacred shrine he fails to realize there is but one thing worthy to fill that hallowed spot. Some god of earth he seeks to raise to heaven's height, enshrined beside the Infinite, a cherished thought, a loved one of this world, who has called to him or who has heard the whisper of his soul.

But how can a god of clay fill a shrine of gold? The answer lies in the broken heart at the foot of the shrine, when the one we sought to raise to the height of a god proves to be only a creature of earth. How many hours and years of sorrow man must experience when he allows the human to fill the shrine of the Divine! None can answer that problem save those who have seen the shrine shattered and the figure crumble which they worshipped as a God. Therefore, the shriner learns that that sacred place is the dwelling of the Most High and that there can be no other gods before Him.

As man labors through the ages to build the shrine he must never seek to fill it with an idol of wood or stone which he glorifies as the divine, for soon the beloved lies at his feet a broken ruin, only less broken than the heart of the worshipper.

Close to his heart man must keep the ones he adores, deep in his soul should he etch the picture of those who are dear, but never let him place within this hallowed shrine any save the living God. Our world is filled with those who have known the pain of a broken heart because something of earth came too close to the things of God. Broken we lie at the feet of our idols, crushed and disconsolate, and for years we do not labor with the shrine because it seems that whatever we build into it, a glorious love or life, is shattered into a thousand places and nought have we in our hands but broken clay. The soul of the dreamer is broken with the idol at his feet, the heart of love is cold as it sees the creature of its adoration fall a heap of broken dust before it.

But there is the mystery of the shrine. Through the ages man is to build this glorious altar but not to fill it. Man will never know, it seems, the glory of being able to fill that shrine with those adored. His is the work to build it, to finish it with all the beauty and grandeur that his soul may know, but forever the empty niche must face him, never to be filled. Forever he seems to be building a golden ring around an empty void, but from his hands there shall come a strange craftsmanship. The mercy seat shall be built into the shrine, and as the last touch is completed and the architect lays aside his plans, the shrine-builder shall kneel in adoration before his works and know at last the mystery of the Shrine.

In the heart of the altar he has finished, in the niche of that sacred shrine, a great Light shall come and descend upon him. It is the Light he cannot build, it is the presence of the Lord, which nothing of earth can give him. Whatever else he may worship becomes as nothing before that mystic thing and whoever in this world he cherished no longer fills the shrine, for each loved thing has an altar, everything we cherish has its own little worshipping place in the heart. The shrine of the soul is for the spirit alone, and when man has finished his work and built his temple after the order of the Most High, then shall the spirit of the Lord inhabit it and the shrine shall be filled forever.

No longer will the idol crumble for now the ideal fills the shrine, no longer will man's heart be broken as those he trusts fail him in the moment of his extremity, for

the presence in the shrine will never leave it but as a pillar of flame by night and a column of smoke by day the shriner is ever protected by the Light of God.

So in Masonry we have the privilege and duty of building this mystic shrine, the living temple of the living God, and the beauty of this wonderful Mohammedan degree is as sweet and as divine as any Christian concept. So, seekers of the Great Light, let us make our pilgrimage to Mecca and there pay our homage to the green banner of the prophet, and then wrapping the veil around our turbans or fez let us return to build more wonderful and more mystic shrines as we labor in the completion of the great one which is to be within us the dwelling place of the living God, for there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet.

Five times a day the Moslem calls to prayer, five times the son of Islam faces the Kabba and there offers up his prayer to the living God. Let us pray to the same God that the time may not be far off when we shall more truly build His shrine that He may dwell within it.

Adam and Eve and the Flaming Sword

I DO NOT SUPPOSE there is anyone who does not speculate, at least a little, over the story of the cherubim with the flaming sword that guarded the way to the gates of Eden to prevent the return of our primal ancestors to their heavenly home. The same little story is played out every day of our lives if we will but see it.

First, Eden represents paradise or heaven, that particular form of earthly joy which is the direct result of man's living in accordance with the plan of his being. In other words, when man is in a harmonious state of consciousness, when his organism is properly balanced, etc., he then lives in a new world of his own creation or rather to which he has become attuned through his life, and this is in fact the garden of the Lord.

Man has been cast out of the garden of balance and peace by his perversions, and the flaming sword of Eden undoubtedly represents the descending spirit fire which drives the spiritual consciousness of man out of his peace and joy. The cherubim with the flaming sword that stood at the gates of Eden had four heads. These four heads symbolize the four bodies of man, while the flaming sword is the fire of passion. It is the emotion body of man, uncurbed and unregenerated, that stands as a flaming sword between him and the higher worlds. Nearly all the suffering in the world at the present time is the result of emotion in which individuals have lost control of themselves and have allowed the passion body to dominate their lives. So long as this is permitted, the cherubim with the flaming sword will stand between the spiritual consciousness of man and the realization of his ideals. It is only when this body is mastered that peace can return.

When man masters his lower being the down-pointing sword is turned upward through spiritual regeneration and man is then able to enter again the garden of the Lord. But so long as we are a slave to our lower natures and to the animal fires, just so long does the flaming sword stand between us and our true spiritual home, and we are forced to wander the earth dressed in the skins of animals until as purified egos we pass through the fire of the flaming sword and the bodies which like the Sphinx of old guard the entrance to the higher worlds.

The Mystery of Initiation

DURING THE LAST few years a great wave of mysticism has swept over the world. The heart of mankind is hungry for greater knowledge, the soul yearning for fuller understanding, has sought to tear away the veil which forever drapes the figure of Wisdom. Man has sought to learn those mystic truths so long lost to the world, and in his study and search he has found that there are strange and mysterious beings known to the world as Initiates. Among the ancient works and the mystery schools of those peoples now dead, strange ceremonies called initiations were given in some mysterious way and the popular mind has come to believe that there is a mystic rite, an initiative ceremonial, which makes man one with the immortals, and in the name of this wonderful and mystic concept terrible crimes have been committeed against the spiritual and occult teachings. There is probably no word in the English language that has been so abused, so misused, so often used and so little understood, as the word "Initiation." Every dream, every phantom form, every unusual happening, has been called the initiation and all over the world temples have sprung up in the name of the mystery schools to initiate candidates into the Wisdom teachings, some of them without cost but in the majority of cases a heavy fee accompanies the initiation in which for, say, $25.00 the candidate is dubbed "Sir Somebody" or made a leading luminary in some mystic shrine.

The result of this perversion is that the sacredness, the beauty, and the true realization of the meaning of initiation has been lost to the world, for it is very true that there are none who can so damage a religion or an idea as those who claim to be its followers. How long it will take the world to learn that initiations are not ceremonials it is difficult to say, but sometime each individual must realize that swinging robes and incense burners and other trimmings do not constitute initiation, and that no one on the face of the earth could buy it for the fortune of Croesus nor in any way receive it until he himself by his life has become worthy of its mystic blessing.

There are few in this world who know what real initiation is, and there are fewer still who having discovered it really want to so live that this mystic rite may be unfolded within their souls. The true initiate is a very wondrous and mysterious being and any words that we can say concerning such a one are very poor, in deed. Those who have not already walked the path can have but a feeble idea of what an initiate really is, for such a one has unfolded within himself or herself, as the case may be, certain principles of which the average layman knows nothing. The powers of life and death, the powers of destruction and construction, the mystic principles of integration and disintegration, all these are in the hands of the Great Ones of God. The knowledge of life is the mystic power of the Initiate, for only those who have walked the ways of many can ever know what the laurels of initiation mean. Only when his heart is filled with love for humanity and with the great suffering and great peace of those who know, can he so express the powers within himself that he is of use in so great a plan.

The Initiate has the mindless mind of spirit which thinks only the thoughts of life, to the source of which he each day draws nearer; he is filled with the understanding of nature's plan for her children and only this knowledge holds in check a heart that would otherwise break with sorrow. He knows that strange, sweet melancholy, that mystic feeling few have ever realized, such as must have filled the soul of Jesus as He wept over Jerusalem. The true initiate is initiated by God and not by man and he will give his life, his soul, his very being, to lift the suffering in the name of the Father.

It is only those who have a heart great enough to enfold all creation, a conscious-

ness as great and broad as life itself, who are even on the road to initiation, those whose very being is a mirror of the Divine, whose every thought is to save, whose every power is expanded to raise, whose every action is a blessing, who reach out with hands ever stronger to aid suffering humanity. Those and those alone know the true meaning of initiation. Those whose eyes have never seen suffering, those whose hearts have never been broken, those who are tied by earthly ambitions, can never receive that celestial influx of life which comes to those who have prepared their vehicles in the way of the law and the great love.

The Initiate is slowly reaching out into the Great Unknown, lighting each corner of chaos with his own glory, bathing all life in the warmth of his own soul, limited only by his own unfoldment. On through the ages he is dispelling ignorance and darkness by the ever broadening sphere of his own light. It is those who have dedicated their lives and being to feed the flame of the Eternal One that its light may shine more brightly whom we call the Initiates and, oh, how few they are! How few have given up the kingdoms of the earth! How few are ready to give up earthly desires to walk the path that leads to Divinity, holding out the little alms-dish of the Buddha for the words of wisdom and love that are given to those who seek for help that they in turn may serve. To those who seek it in any other way than this, initiation is only a terrible demon. The student may gain growth, the wisdom or so-called power of the Adept may come to him, but still if selfishness is his motive he is cursed to suffer and to go without the things of this world as well as the other, for he is cursed with knowledge, and knowledge brings with it a weight that few shoulders are strong enough to bear.

It is only when that mystic thing comes, the strange, spiritual power of initiation, that to man is given the strength to carry knowledge in the way of light. There are only a few who are ready to take up the cross and follow in the footsteps of those who have consecrated their lives to their fellowmen. There are only a few with strength enough to see the veil of the future lifted and remain sane. There are few who could see the veil of their own destiny raised and still have strength enough to walk the way, and even to those who can stand this great light there comes the still greater test of standing alone in the high places of the world without even the staff of comradeship, for the initiate is ever alone but when truly ordained of the spirit is never lonely.

For with this knowledge that no tongue can speak, no coin of man can buy, there comes something else, a still whisper, the word of eternal life that passes eternally through the soul of the saved. While the Initiate sees the bleeding hearts of his fellowman and the breaking and tearing of living things, he still sees the eternal justice of all things, to him there comes the realization that all is working for good. He sees the divine hand working through the apparent chaos of things and that behind the human discord there is the divine reason.

Can we face this Great Unknown as the Great Ones have faced it? Can we pass through with the glorious vision of Nirvana forever before us? If we can we are on the path upward that leads to the feet of the Great Ones who look down on man with never-changing eyes of love. Very few are there in the world today who are ready to make the great renunciation which the world knows as initiation.

There comes a time in every soul when there is a parting of the ways, and there are few who will take the stony path, give up the kingdoms of earth, and ascend the rocky crags to the feet of the Liberator. Those who take that path are the true essence of the life we live. Eventually, all will take the path as the light dawns upon them.

If we would take that silent way we must renounce the selfishness of materiality and slowly and painfully meet bravely

the buffets of the world and go on and on in the endless paths that leads into the Unknown. It is those who have done this, sacrificing all without a murmur, whom we know as the Initiates, and we owe them respect and love for they are in truth our Elder Brothers who have gone a little ways before that they may come back and show us the path to tread.

A time comes when each soul after having passed the first degrees of initiation receives the greatest test of all. It is when he reaches the veil that divides him from the world. Nirvana with all its blessings shines before him while those wandering in the wilderness cry out for help from the darkness below. He stands at the parting of the ways—which path will he choose? The path of initiation is forever the path of sacrifice. No glory, no power, just a selfless willingness to serve the highest. In the robes of the mendicant the Initiate returns to wander the earth and serve others. While they are apparently imperfect and torn and slandered by the world, yet the hosts of heaven look down and bless them. Those who give up all, even the paradise well earned and the rest that is theirs and come back to walk in the muck and mire,—they are the Initiates. It is at that moment the Star of Bethlehem shines out to tell that another Son of God is born among men.

There are many on earth who have made this great renunciation. They have given up peace to walk the streets in rags, to be laughed at and ridiculed, to teach the few who would listen. They have gained great knowledge and great intellect but still they live and speak of simple things. We only see them occasionally and we say that these great ones have been blessed but we do not know the price that they have paid, how they have bathed their souls in tears, how they have been garbed only in their own blood and crucified by their own disciples. This is the price of initiation and it is through these things great souls are born.

We have grown to think that there is only one Son of God but we are all his children, and when one really takes the path that leads to Light, the voice of the Father speaks spiritually within his soul, saying, "This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." It is only then that the candidate climbs the steps that lead to immortality.

It is sad to think how few who seek the powers of the masters are willing to pay for them with love and thought. With a few paltry dollars and a few fine robes they honestly believe they can receive that for which Gods have died, which great souls have been crucified to attain and martyrs met their death in the arena. It is a pitiful thing, man's concept of the road to God. "It is sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child," and how many of them the gods have today!

What is the path that leads to the Initiates? It is the lifting of consciousness through this strange drama which we call life. Along the great road all beings are plodding slowly, old and young alike, all walking the same path, the road that leads to the feet of the Masters. There are many shrines along the way, many religions, many creeds, many little chapels where the seeker stops to pray and the weary to rest. But ever onward all must go until they reach the temple on the top of the lofty crags. In daily life we have our tests; the thought comes to our mind that we hate someone, but what have we to hate? Then thoughts of fear haunt us and sorrow bows us down. Then through the ages comes the realization that all things lead to good. Slowly we gain the great compassion, the great balance, the heart that is free of pain and pleasure. We have the vision of the great Truth and seek to enfold all living things within the cape of our love.

When thoughts like these come to the student, he is learning. It is that feeling of glory that brings with it the touch of pain. Everything we do carries with it a great responsibility. Those who wish to wear the robe of the Initiate must be willing to wear it over a broken heart.

With many people their greatest desire is to escape responsibility or to gain the glory of a great reward but so long as these thoughts fill the soul initiation is impossible. Until the aspirant is living the ritual he can never learn its mystery; until he can see in his own spiritual being the dying Christ on the cross he can never truly learn of initiation. It is bought with the gold of spirit and service. When he has so lived as to be worthy of it, then comes the Light. In the darkness of his own closet, far from his brother man, in the silence of his own soul the great mystery unfolds.

Thousands of figures gather round him and the Grand Master is there in his robe of Blue and Gold, the teachers of the ages gather round him; he is in the great hall of his own body through which he must pass to enter the inner room. There alone he passes through things no mortal tongue can speak; there he sees the reason for his being; the things that he must do; the greater works he is privileged to accomplish. And having learned much, his new responsibility is likewise great; having seen the work to be done he can no longer rest but must wander the world like a lost soul to labor in the endless cause. He lives for one brief moment with those things which are eternal and having glimpsed those wondrous beings, service means everything. He must help all living things to find the light that he has found. Just a silent soul alone, unfolding its wondrous mystery to its own being,—that is Initiation.

Having gone through these tests and removed the love of materiality he is given the privilege of knowing and realizing the true reason for at least part of the Plan. He goes on now, step by step, coming into the powers which were always his, not in heaven but in hell, for the place of the Initiate is not in the worlds above but in the worlds of darkness for he has consecrated his soul to the redemption of man.

We have among us today those who claim to have passed through great initiations, but do their lives show it? Are they willing to work unseen and unknown with the powers that never shine before the eyes of men? Do they work with the humility and simplicity which is the divine expression of the soul? All true Initiates point out the way by their own beings that others may follow the path to which they have dedicated their lives.

Everyone wants to be an Initiate but if they were the sun would soon go out forever from their lives. Like children, man is always wanting something and weeping for it like a child. The soul filled with uncertainty, selfishness, and materiality can never have the strength of purpose and the unity of balance, to carry the burdens of Initiation. It is a blessing then that many are not what they want to be. If it were not so, hearts would be broken that have not the strength to mend. If we could be initiated now it would do us no good, for each true, upward step must be hewn out of the solid rock of experience that each may take the path by removing from his life the personal things that stand between him and that which he seeks. We must take each cruel word and change it into a dove before we send it on its way.

When we go hence to enter into our Father's house, the greatest reward that can come to us is the privilege of laboring there. Not our will but the Master's should regulate the expression of our life.

If those who seek Initiation today could only know what it really means they would realize how false their concepts have been. What have we done that we have the right to join that little throng of God's chosen ones? If we would labor with them we must take upon our shoulders their burdens and be one of those who are responsible for the lives of men, and when we have raised our consciousness, our lives, our actions and our thoughts to this point, then we are Initiates in spirit and in truth, for the light of God's plan for man shines forth and envelopes us in its glory and its first gleam shining upon our souls show us the end to which all Initiation leads,—a lonely cross upon a hill.

ASTROLOGY

Keywords of Aries

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who wish a brief, comprehensive series of keywords, the general trend of which can be easily memorized, to assist them in judging the rising signs of individuals, we have arranged and compiled the following series which will answer practically all the needs of the elementary astrologer. The following sources have been drawn from in the preparation of this series of articles which will appear each month until the twelve signs have been analyzed:

Astrology, by William Lilly, London, 1647.

Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos, edited by J. M. Ashmand, London, 1822.

The Complete Dictionary of Astrology, James Wilson, Esq., London, 1819.

The Astrological Judgment of Disease, by Nicholas Culpeper, London, 1671.

The Celestial Science of Astrology, Ebenezer Sibly, London, 1785.

We will take the signs of the Zodiac in the order in which they come, listing under them a general compendium of known facts concerning them.

Aries, the First Sign of the Zodiac

Aries is a cardinal sign,
Fiery
Masculine
Dry
Hot
Vernal
Equinoctial
Movable
Eastern
Diurnal
Short ascension
Bitter sign
Exaltation of the sun
Detriment of Venus
Day house of Mars
Fall of Saturn

General Characteristics

Choleric
Luxuriant
Violent
Fortunate
Hoarse
Commanding
Tempestuous
Militant
Self-assertive
Pioneering
A ruler
Scientific
Explorative
Amative
Versatile
Energetic
Powerful will
Sharp
Hasty
Domineering
Combative

Physical Appearance

Usually slender
Strong and spare
Body rather dry
Piercing eyes
Long face
High cheek-bones
Black eyebrows
Rather long neck
Thick shoulders
Swarthy complexion
Red or dark brown hair
Disposition violent and intemperate
Loose-jointed and strong-boned
Aries governs the head and face
Subject to accidents

Health

Aries is subject to many forms of sudden ailments, also all things which have to do with impediments in the dynamic system. Listed below are the ones most commonly met with:

Smallpox
Eruptions on the face and body

Measles
Sunburn
Ringworm
Headaches
Shingles
Vertigo
Epilepsy
Frenzy
Temper fits
Apoplexy
Lethargy
Fevers
Forgetfulness
Convulsions
Catalepsy
Palsy
Megrims
Coma
Falling sickness
Baldness
Diseases caused by heat
Cramps through various parts of the body
Melancholia
Trembling
Toothache
Hair-lip

Aries is also susceptible to ailments as the result of early indiscretions, and it also burns up too much energy and often lives for many years on plain will power. Aries is also susceptible to ailments in the liver and kidney trouble and poor digestion on account of excitement and Aries energy which tries to do too many things at once.

Domestic Problems

Aries is not a home-loving sign and in the majority of cases is too strongly organized and energized to remain quietly at anything. Aries homes are usually more or less unhappy.

Countries Under the Influence of Aries

Great Britain
France
Germany
Switzerland
Denmark
Lesser Poland
Syria
Palestine

Cities Under Its Control

Naples
Capua
Ancona
Verona
Florence
Ferrara
Padua
Saragossa
Marseilles
Silesia
Burgundy
Utrecht
Cracow

According to Ptolemy the fixed stars in the sign of Aries have the following qualities:

Stars in the head of Aries produce influences similar to Mars and Saturn:

Those in the mouth have the qualities of Mercury and to some degree Saturn;

Those in the hinder foot of the Ram have the qualities of Mars;

While those in the tail of Aries take the qualities of Venus;

Aries, according to the ancients, is a constellation consisting of twelve stars; modern astronomy says otherwise.

Colors

Red and white.

According to Henri Cornelius Agrippa and, later, Francis Barrett, F.R.C., the following list is found under the head of Aries: Of the twelve orders of blessed spirits, Aries rules the Seraphim; of the twelve angels over the twelve signs, Malchidial is ruled by Aries; of the twelve tribes, Dan; of the twelve prophets, Malachi; of the twelve Apostles, Matthias; of the twelve months, March 20th to April 20th; of the twelve plants, the Sang; of the twelve stones, the sardonius; of the twelve principle parts of the body, the head; of the twelve degrees of the damned, the false gods.

Broken Dolls

AS YOU WATCH life through the eyes of one who has walked the path, you see spreading out before you not only a graveyard of broken hopes and shattered ideals but also a wondrous kindergarten where men, gods in the making, pass through the hours of their childhood until the Eternal Hand calls them to greater things.

Here we see the little ones, often old in years but young ever in spirit, laughing and playing each in his own free way, few of the worries and responsibilities of real life in its true sense realized or understood for man knows little of living but with care-free spirit he goes on in this way and in that, playing through the years of his youth and his manhood and passing into the Great Beyond still clasping a toy in his arms.

Off to one side, away from the laughing, playing children, there sits a little one alone for whom the world has come to an end. The little chubby cheeks are streaked with tears, a little heart is broken, and from one little life the light of the sun has gone out forever. With its face clasped between its hands it sobs its little soul away, while upon the ground before it lies a broken doll with its funny little face seamed and cracked and its sawdust body broken and twisted by the ruthless cruelty of an older child.

This is the endless story of the broken doll. It may seem at this age of the world that man does not play with toys like these but still in his heart he is ever a child; to the very day when ends his work here he is just a little one laughing with the children, playing with them, and then creeping away to weep alone over a broken toy.

The world is not filled with sinners but with thoughtless people. It is filled with those who do not realize the agony greater far than mortal mind can ever understand, the soul anguish which gnaws to the very being of a child when its toy is broken. If man could only understand how the little things we love, the little castles we build in the air, the little shrines we make and in which we place gods and goddesses of clay —if the world could only realize the soul each of the other it would not with the ruthless hand of hate and the heartless touch of selfishness tear down these little dream castles of the air; it would not leave us crying by the empty shrines made desolate by their thoughtlessness; it would not leave us heart-broken before the toy that it has shattered, the ideal it has forever slain.

Our toys are very fragile things, just one harsh word, a few unhappy seconds, and the dream of the child is shattered and its life is bent askew. All the children of men are dreamers, dreaming wondrous dreams and building in the heavens castles of rainbow colors. To many these dreams are just toys, just make-believes, and too often our quick word shatters them, and while to us they meant nothing they seemed all to some little soul who must walk the lonely way in darkness because we have torn down the fairy world which made its life sweeter.

So let us be careful of their playthings for the heart of the world bleeds too often and little souls pine away beside the toy that is shattered, which in its broken little pieces symbolizes often the shattered soul of the dreamer. Let us realie more fully that man is ever a child, living ever in the world of make-believe, and that the things which he cherishes and the ones whom he loves become gods and goddesses in truth. His life to the very grave is filled with fairy stories and forever to the soul of the mystic child the prince comes riding, forever in our souls we build little toys, and when all others go away and leave us we bring them out from their sacred closet and sitting

alone with our own souls plays with the dolls of the years gone by. Again the little tin soldier comes out of his box, the fluffy little dog is there, and the old rag doll in whose simple, homely being our hearts are often hidden. Only these are no longer physical toys, they are the playthings of the mind and the soul. Instead of being of wood and painted lead the little toy soldiers who fight so true are our friends and those we love, and when friendship is broken ,when man betrays his trust one to another, the soul sits alone in its closet and cries heart-broken over a shattered toy.

Let us realize that each of us in enshrined in the soul of another somewhere in the world and that when we betray our trust someone must cry over a broken doll, a soul not strong enough to stand the weight of a thing to us so trivial will know the pains and anguish of a broken heart over the toy which we have shattered. If we could only realize in our homes how love builds toys in the soul we would not tear down these gods from their shrines, we would not break the hearts of those we love by our thoughtless words and heartless deeds which to us mean so little and still fill the world of another with sorrow and sadness.

The soul of man must stay young, he must forever be a dreamer building from the subtle, unseen things toys to fill the loneliness of life. Let him build them, let him dress them as he will, let him play as he will, and deny him not his toys, for when you destroy them you leave behind a mark deep in the soul of things, a scar which the years cannot heal, which only the Masters understand who have wept for ages over broken dolls.

Man must worship something. Someone must to him seem divine, someone in whose ear he may whisper the thoughts, the emotions, and the ideals which surge through his soul. Something either of this world drawn by bonds unknown or a little cherished toy hidden in the heart,—something he must worship in the name of God. Wherever this thing is not, the life is cold.

So let us always help our brothers in the world to play more beautiful games in more beautiful ways with their toys. Let our words and actions make the rag doll more divine and in the true spirit of compassion let us play with the child that its castles may be fairer. Never, in the name of God, tear the toy from the child's arms and leave it sitting on the curbstone which borders the road of life with broken heart and shattered ideals, weeping in an anguish that our hearts can never know for a broken doll.

Ships That Pass In The Night

THERE ARE FEW who realize the power that they themselves as individuals have in molding the destinites of peoples, worlds, and gods. No man lives by himself alone, neither do our thoughts or actions affect us alone. They go on and on in a world of many mysteries and these little birds of clay which we mold fly on eternally ever closer and closer to the circling orbs of light.

The world is a great sea and the eternal, never ceasing sway of living things can be likened to the soft swishing of the ocean waves, and in too many lives this world in which we live is a stormy sea where the waves of broken hopes dash themselves to pieces upon the rocky shores of discouragement. Too many times in life we hear the moaning and sighing as of mighty winds and the night cries in the wilderness when the snowy crests of breaking waves beat against the encircling arms of the shore.

Through this stormy sea of oblivion, this endless battle and turmoil of life there silently pass thousands of little ships, the souls of living things seeking to cross this endless sea, hoping to find a peaceful harbor and there to rest in safety protected from the buffets of the storm. Too many times this world is filled with darkness, the thunderclouds fill our lives and all seems bleak and desolate. Too many times we sense the great oppression, the indescribable sense of loneliness, and the utter chill of the world. We do not see beneath this surging water the softer, sweeter and more beautiful, but lonely barks upon an endless sea with the rudder lashed and sails set, driven by every wind that blows and manned only by a crew of ghastly spectres, our ship passes silently and hopelessly through the night of cosmic oblivion.

Let us for a moment float like some mystic spectre from another world over the darkness of the seas and watch the ships that pass silently in the night. Through the darkness they come, lonely, bleak, and desolate, derelicts on the ceaseless waves of night, and they pass looking neither to the right nor to the left. We shudder, a chill comes over us, we feel the oppression of that ghostly crew of broken hopes and shattered ideals.

Many a living ship is manned only by the ghastly crews of death, set faces that cannot smile peer out from broken portholes and eyes that stare with glassy fixedness of despair gaze out from these silent ships that pass in the night. They do not know where they go. Long ago the compass of courage and ideal has been swept overboard, long before the captain has fallen a victim to the mutiny of his crew. The soft, sweet human touch, the cheery voices of the sailors as they draw on the ropes, and the song of the willing workmen,—all these are silent. Many a human bark, battered and tossed by the sea of life, waits longingly for the waves to break forever over its broken craft, there are souls crying out to their Creator to end their suffering in blissful dissolution.

These are the ships that pass in the night, these are the grim skeletons of dead hopes, these are the vessels that have for ages wandered in the darkness of the storm. One by one the noble aspirations have died, one by one the fiery desires have been chilled forever, and the hearts that once beat as other men's now dream only of lost hopes. The world is filled with these ships that must wander it seems until Judgment Day when through the darkness of the night a light shines out, there is the cheery ringing of a bell, or the starlike gleam of a lighthouse, which brings peace to these broken wanderers, rest to their shattered lives.

Far out in the darkness a tiny pillar of stone rises upward in the night on a broken crag of rock where the endless beating of the waves alone is heard, and the white crests reach upward to envelop this frail thing of man but as the lonely lighthouse stands so great souls have gone out forever from the peace and security of the shore to be broken as battered ships in order that they may keep alight the lamp for the world. The lighthouse keeper at sea is serving ships that pass in the night as the world is served by the lighthouse keepers on the rocks of life. Their gleam shines out no longer from the revolving lenses of the tower above, for in this world the lighthouse is our own being and its light shines out through the eyes, through the soft words, the generous ideals, and the great compassion which marks the lighthouse keepers on the broken seas of the world.

Still the waves break and toss and battle with each other through the eternal night of human ignorance, still the lonely vessel rocked and torn by the storm wanders o'er the sea of life, awaiting the day of liberation and the haven of peace.

A Little Episode from Life

(Continued from Page 14)

ness man with a bowler hat over his eyes and a full cut spring overcoat draped over his portly frame. He is one of the leading lights of high finance and is considered a Rockefellow in the making. He is headed for the cafeteria for the bells within and without have summoned him to lunch. He passed with a springy step, his head set straight forward on a copious neck, his nose turned slightly askew to allow the smoke of his cigar to go upwards without passing back into his nose. He passes the little figure, the notes of the accordion strike his ear but he has no time to waste, he knows but one master, the call of the inner man, and the only music that can touch his soul is the gentle cadence of sizzling bacon, and the gentle purr of a knife across a beefsteak.

As he passes from the field of vision there comes up the street from the other direction a tall, slender youth, the most conspicuous part of his attire being his light violet, striped socks and a roll-down jersey. He has a Lucky Strike under one ear and his cap is tilted well over his nose and threatens to slide off from his polished hair glistening brightly with a generous dose of brilliantine. He is whistling "Clementine" with sundry original variations, including the "Stars and Stripes Forever," and with his hands in his pockets and his chest slumped in he is headed God alone knows where, but the graveyard is undoubtedly the end of the trip. Upon his ears, also, fall the strains of the accordion but he is not interested, he has just had a break with his "steady" who'd seen him out with his "once-in-a-while."

Just then from across the corner there hove in sight one of our leading society dowagers, the heavily constructed Mrs. Gotrox, accompanied by her daughter, this season's prize for the highest bidder, who has been acclaimed the most eligible and desirable debutante in the west district. Mr. Gotrox has just made millions in his seedless pickle project.

"M'dear," says mother, "what is this peculiar squeaky noise I hear?"

"It must be that old lady over there playing the accordion," gurgled the blossoming member of the younger set.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the mother, who had been Cylenthe McGillicutty before her marriage, "I wish they'd pass a law against allowing beggars on the street, I'll bet she has more money than I have, every one of these old women is rolling in cash, but I'll tell you right now she'll get none of mine!" And with quite a gust of personality they sailed off, a streaming duo of ostrich plumes and real mink, headed for a well known beauty parlor where Madame was taking out wrinkles for mama and trying to add an indestructible kink to daughter's hair.

Several seconds passed and the corner seemed nearly deserted when another figure appeared, a promising young clerk from one of the downtown stores in the neighborhood. This young lady was one of those liquid types which threatened to collapse at every step. She was built on the lines of a weeping willow and from the head downward every muscular articulation expressed itself as a drizzle. As this figure came galloping by it extracted with a hairpin a small wad of gum affixed to the third molar and with a semi-hysterical gesture animated by a general disintegration of the trapizoid muscle, threatening a general collapse, she lazily tossed the gum over one shoulder, said gum landing on the head of the old lady playing the accordion.

Happening to follow its course this promising member of our younger generation twisted her mouth under one ear and bellowed forth in this fashion:

"Well, grandma, if ye hadn't been there it wouldn't 'a hit yuh! Whatter you think you're doing, parking yourself on the sidewalk, this ain't no bone orchard?" and with this elegant excerpt from the classics our flapper careened off with as much grace and dignity as four and a half inches of French heels and weak ankles would permit.

The old lady still sat playing the accor-

dion. She had brushed away the gum and was perhaps recalling the days when she had been as young and foolish as the girl who had passed and possibly wondering if that girl's fate would be the same as hers.

One by one the people passed, the highest, the richest, and the most educated in the fair city. Here and there one would drop a nickle or dime into the cup but the majority went by. Then through the crowd another little figure appeared.

It was an old lady dressed in black. She wore a little bonnet with the ribbons tied under her chin, an old-fashioned cashmere shawl hung around her shoulders, and her plain clothes, while neat, showed the thrift which is the result of none too sufficient funds. She was the mother of a large family very likely but one after another they had gone away to their separate lives and as is usually the case none wanted her. She was alone and though the black she wore showed that her own partner had been laid away in the grave no doubt his picture rested ever in her heart. She was one of the few of an age of simple things fast disappearing from the things we know. For her it was a problem to make both ends meet but with frugal life and simple tastes she seemed like one of those who live on some little pension away from the eyes of the world.

As this old lady reached the huddled figure in the doorway playing on the squeaky accordion, she stopped and her sweet, old face grew sad and with a little black bordered handkerchief she wiped away a tear from under her glasses.

"You poor, dear soul!" she exclaimed, taking out her little pocketbook which contained only a few small coins, "I know how hard things must be for you, for the world has not been kind to me, either. Here, this is all I have to give, but, oh, how I wish that it were a hundred times more!"

The figure huddled in the doorway tried to smile but tears came into her eyes, too, for she had learned the tragedy of life. The little old lady in black went happily along, smiling through her tears at the pleasure her gift had given her, and no doubt went without the things she needed as a sacrifice for the little offering she had made. It was not the first time this had happened; the lonely woman in the doorway had witnessed it many times.

This is one of the little tragedies that is played out so many times in life. The rich and the thoughtless go their way, each living for himself, while only the poor it seems have learned to help the poor, only the suffering ones have reached the point where they know how to share one with the other.

In those darkened places where the down and outers huddle together we find more brotherhood by far than in the homes of riches. Some broken figure, aged and gray, itself standing on the brink of dissolution, will gladly share its crust with another, some life broken with sorrow will enfold another suffering one within its arms and try to bring peace to another breaking heart when its own has long since died.

Is not this in truth a tragedy, yet a divinely sweet symbol of the soul of man? Only those who have walked the silent ways know the joy of sharing, and so as we watch the beggars on the street we find that it is nearly always the poor who give to them of the little which they have which often leaves them poorer than the one they serve. Here we see again the Master's face as it shines forth from the souls of those who have but little.

If the Master came today into this world and stood on the street corner begging for the soul of men it would be the poor and the suffering alone who would feel the depth of His message. It would only be those who have not who would long to give while those who have plenty only wish to receive.

So the little old lady still plays the old accordion in the open doorway. She knows something that it takes many years to discover, and yet life is much sweeter and more beautiful when we realize how sorrow softens the heart, how poverty broadens the soul, and how true brotherhood rises among those who are down and out.

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF THE ASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000001 JUNE, 1923 No. 1000000000001

WAR IN HEAVEN THREATENS

Jupiter In Critical Condition

BAD STORMS ARE GATHERING

Conditions Very Uncertain

The Pearly Gates weather bureau announces that warm weather is expected. Several leading occult lights are due to arrive in heaven this morning and will undoubtedly bring a hot air wave with them. Low pressure area is threatening.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BARGAIN PICKUP

For Sale: A corner apartment site, three blocks east of Mercury on paved boulevard, direct route between heaven and hell. Thriving business in neighborhood, particularly South. A pickup. Will take solid gold halo in exchange, must be fourteen cara.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Investors Wanted: Young men with small capital can get rich over night in the Non Est Oil Company. Three gushers within the last two weeks. A large number of angels have gotten rich. Invest now while the stock is down. Autos leave every morning from the Cloudbeam Station, two blocks East of Pearly Gate. Barbecue meal will be served on the Milky Way. Expert hot air gushers accompany each car.

Fashion Notes

Father Time appeared with a clean shave this morning. When asked the reason for it, he said that things had been moving so fast lately that his whiskers had worn until they looker so ragged that a shave was necessary.

JUPITER MAY DIE TODAY

Doctors Give Up All Hope

Jupiter was taken seriously ill this evening. One of our leading physicians diagnosed the case as congested liver, the result of "over proteins" in the nectar and ambrosia which the god drank at a little social gathering the previous night.

FOOD EXPERT ARRIVES SUDDENLY

We also have with us Mr. Will Knock, a well-known food crank. Mr. Knock is not expected to stay long owing to the fact that he is dissatisfied with the diet.

ON OUR PRIVATE WIRE

Special Wire From Our War Correspondent on Mars

Venus was fined $10.00 this morning for parking too close to Mars during non-parking hours and for disobeying the left urn ordinance.

Special on Our Private Wire From Saturn

Saturn is to appear in court tomorrow morning on the charge of exceeding the speed limit at night with no tail light. It is suspected that he was drinking.

WANTED

Wanted: Two or three laboring men, steady, hard workers. Heathens preferred, we can't get the Christians to do the work.

FIVE HOMES BROKEN UP

War About to Be Declared

Mrs. Buzz arrived last week but was asked to leave this morning. She has already broken up the homes of five of the gods and has so many scandals on tap that a second war in heaven is imminent. She is an occult student from the planet Earth. It's funny but we have more trouble with these mystics than the Mohammedans and Zulu Islanders. The husband of Mrs. Buzz passed over several years ago but could not be found during his wife's sojourn here.

AGED MAN NEWEST ARRIVAL

Mr. Henry Jones, aged 115, arrived in heaven this morning on an eastbound cloud. When asked to what he accredited his long life he said that he had a better start than most people, he was born before germs were discovered.

PROFESSOR ARRIVES THIS MORNING

Special Wire From Jupiter

Prof. Algernon Gump, one of the leading theorists and statisticians of Earth, arrived in heaven on the Allnight Flier after a very sudden death. Prof. Gump strangled last night when he got so tangled up in scientific red tape that he couldn't breathe. He was debating the relative size of electrons.

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By

MANLY P. HALL

A comprehensive study in the Wisdom Religion as it has been perpetuated through symbolism and mythology. This work is of interest to all students of mystic and occult philosophies or Masonry. The work is beautifully illustrated with drawings to explain its principles, some by the author and others of an alchemical and mystic nature. The table of contents is as follows:

Chapter One	"The Fire Upon the Altar."
Chapter Two	"The Sacred City of Shamballah."
Chapter Three	"The Mystery of the Alchemist."
Chapter Four	"The Egyptian Initiate."
Chapter Five	"The Ark of the Covenant."
Chapter Six	"The Knights of the Holy Grail."
Chapter Seven	"The Mystery of the Pyramids."

This book is beautifully bound in full cloth with a handsome alchemical cover design stamped in gold leaf and contains about one hundred pages.

This work is not for sale but may be secured through a voluntary contribution on the part of anyone desiring to possess it. All of our work is put out for the benefit of students and not for purposes of profit and we ask your co-operation to assist us in meeting the cost of publication and distribution by your own realization of responsibility.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publication.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One
Questions and Answers, Part Two
Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic symbols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

Wands and Serpents

The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

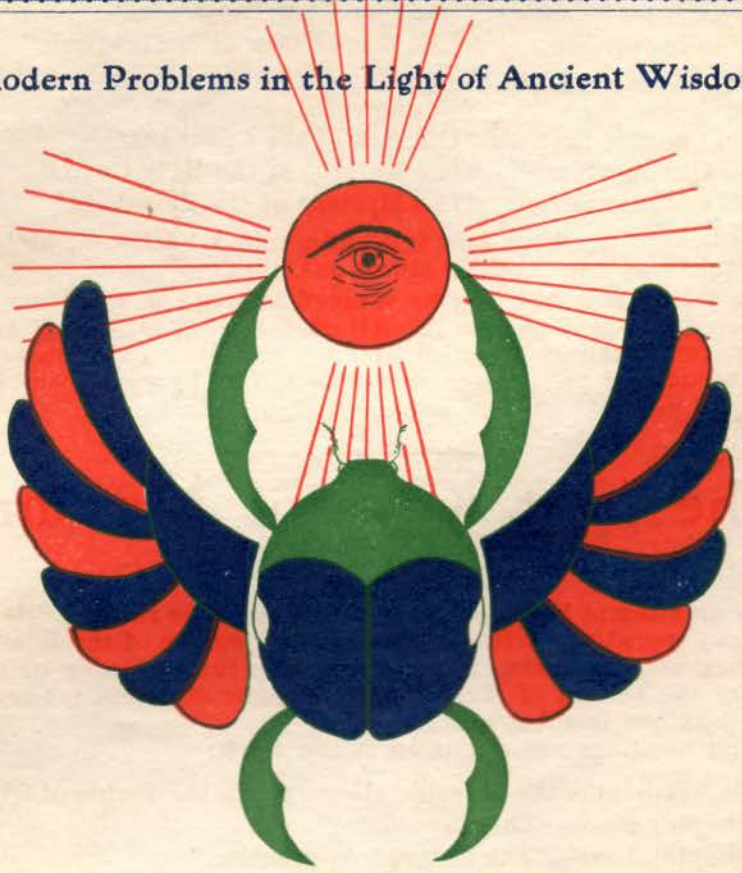
An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

JULY, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

Dear Friend and Truth Seeker:

If this effort to present practical occultism before the public without commercialism is in accordance with your ideas of religion, and you are interested in this magazine, upon which you fix your own value, and would like to receive a copy of it each month, will you kindly fill out the accompanying blank and mail it to us. We shall have just as many magazines printed as there are subscribers, so if you are interested act at once.

BACK NUMBERS BY REQUEST ONLY

Chapter Five	"The Ark of the Covenant."
Chapter Six	"The Knights of the Holy Grail."
Chapter Seven	"The Mystery of the Pyramids."

This book is beautifully bound in full cloth with a handsome alchemical cover design stamped in gold leaf and contains about one hundred pages.

This work is not for sale but may be secured through a voluntary contribution on the part of anyone desiring to possess it. All of our work is put out for the benefit of students and not for purposes of profit and we ask your co-operation to assist us in meeting the cost of publication and distribution by your own realization of responsibility.

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
Chapter One—"The Candidate."
Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

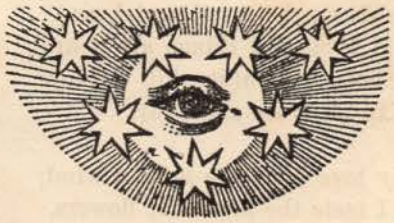
The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

Like all of our other works this book is only securable through the free-will offering of those desiring to secure it. Each person is placed upon his own honor and only reminded that the perpetuation of the work depends upon the cheerful co-operation of the workers.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., JULY, 1923 No. 3



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Poem, 'Mid Nature's Charms 2
Editorial, Mental Hazards versus Hereditary Failures 3
The Last of the Shamen 7
The Brothers of the Shining Robe, (Chap. 2, continued) The Mirror of Eternity 13
An Explanation of the Plate in Last Month's Magazine 18
Occult and Practical Eugenics 19
A Letter from the Brothers of the Rose Cross, Part 3 23
What Will the Harvest Be? 25
The Divine Masquerader 27
Astrological Keywords, Sign of Taurus 30
The Pearly Gates Gazette 32

'Mid Nature's Charms

By an Inmate of Folsom Prison

As down the open road I go
  A thousand things are dear;
A boon companionship I know
  In all I see and hear.

My love is as the buxom wind,
  I taste the breath of flowers,
To me the whispering leaves are kind
  And sweet the swaying flowers.

Contented kine turn friendly eyes
  That know me as I pass,
I find a welcome in the skies,
  A calling in the grass.

A kinship deeper than of blood
  Holds me to ties of earth,
As now their source is understood
  The rankest weeds have worth.

The tendrils growing by the spring
  Tempt me to share their drink,
And 'mid the forests shadowy
  Birds tell me what they think.

I have not glimpsed the wide world o'er
  To scorn one thing as mean,
For beauty charms me all the more
  The deeper I have seen.

And I rejoice in everything
  That stirs my throbbing heart,
By myriad rampant whispering
  To lofty thoughts impart.

On mountain-tops, 'mid prairies sweep,
  And o'er the rolling sea,
These friendly comrades vigil keep
  And guide me tenderly.

EDITORIAL

Mental Hazards vs. Hereditary Failures

SINCE the beginning of time man has leaned. It seems part of his nature to drape himself upon something or someone. In the beginning he leaned on the Lord, then he leaned on his relatives, and after many ages of evolution he finally learned to balance himself gracefully against his own spinal column.

The world is so large that it would seem man could live in his own little plot without implicating others in the various phases of his growth. But this he is not able to do and all through the ages he lives not either for himself, by himself, or with himself but is eternally involving others in the complexities of his expression. He creates a very personal God to look after him and an even more personal Devil to blame for all the misfortunes of his life. In other words he surrounds himself with a series of self-created and mental hazards and scares himself to death with bugaboos of his own making. These bugaboos are manyfold in their expression, differing with the stages of development reached by the temperament creating them, and the more highly evolved the individual, the more spiritual and wonderful, complex and intricate, seemingly, is the bugaboo that he creates, until finally when he becomes proficient it is very difficult to differentiate between nature herself and man-made hazards which sometimes are so perfect that they will deceive the elect.

Of all the mental hazards which people serve, that strange, weird figure known as the Past is probably the greatest. Somewhere concealed in the family closet is this grinning skeleton which is the dowry bestowed by ancestry upon ensuing generations. A person without a past nowadays is like a servant without a reference, and little by little man is making ever worse pasts out of promising presents and unawakened futures. This grinning and rattling skeleton is now pedigreed and distinguished by being termed the Family Tree, and azure shields on gold backgrounds, et cetera, or a fistful of watercrest, form the family coat of arms. Very few people will admit that they haven't got one of these peculiar creatures snuggled away in the family vault where every few minutes it points bony fingers at the next generation and whispers that not living creatures but mental concoctions of diseased intellects are to rule each generation of the world.

In spite of the fact that we are living in a democratic age, most of our families are nourishing somewhere in their conservatories a family tree with the same love and sincerity that one of our tenement inhabitants might guard the solitary rubber plant on the window sill. In the majority of cases this family tree is a weird and wonderful piece of horticulture and like many of the Burbank variety carries more than one kind of fruit on a single stem. Often we find lemons and prunes growing side by side with some luscious, rosy-cheeked apple, all nourished upon the single trunk of that family tree. Only in the human variety the luscious apple was Uncle Joshua who made five millions out of shoe-eyelets while the lemon is Aunt Samanthy who married below her social position when she eloped with the gardener.

So the family tree grows on and on until at the very peak of this rather eccentric plant with its exotic fragrance, John Doe is born as a glorious orchid bringing with him into the world of affairs a strange combination of mystic-heterogeneties. According to proud and doting parents he is something as follows: He was born bald just like his great grandfather who was scalped by the Cherokee Indians; his bleared eyes came from his mother's side of the house where his great grandmother's sister-in-law went blind at the tender age of 103; he has a peculiar shaped face, has John Doe—his jaw is a little on one side—he inherited that peculiarity from his uncle who had his own jaw smashed while fighting Moorish pirates. His big mouth he inherited from his grandmother who talked a

The only cause of failure in a family tree is the mental hazard of this lonely elm upon which hangs suspended anywhere from one to an hundred generations of deceased ancestors who have gone to their happy rest and are not in any way worried over the work of implanting their qualities in their already suffering descendents. There is nothing on the family tree but fossilized concepts given power by those who believe in them. If these past generations were alive they might cause success or failure but as dead they can only affect dead ones and those who allow the dead to run their lives are themselves listed with the deceased.

Any living creature may be, if he so acts and lives, the first success in his family regardless of the wizened appearance of the family crest or the drooping attributes of miscellaneous progenitors. It is also true that those who do not strive to live up to their best can in a few short hours disgrace the noblest heraldry that the world has ever known. Successes in this world are the ones who do things, who labor to master environments if they be evil or to be worthy of them if they be good, realizing that all great things rise out of effort. Therefore, the worse the family tree the greater the opportunity of the individual to shine out as an illustrious denial of his inherited debits.

Then we have another type. They are the ones who while unhampered by ancestry and unpolluted by blue blood have gradually become failures through inherent qualities and mental reactions during their own lives. This type we generally list under the style of "Type B". Their slogan is, "If you'd been through what I've been through you wouldn't be anything either," or with variations something like this, "If I hadn't married so and so, I wouldn't be what I am now," or else, "I never had a chance." There are several sub-varieties of this type as follows, "I always have had tough luck." Also, "If your family treated you the way mine treated me and cheated you out of everything you had you wouldn't talk either." And then the grand closing hymn, "It's my hard lfe, dearie, that's done it!" These are sour apples grown and developed upon their own tree without the overshadowing presence of heredity, for such examples as these need no ancestry to produce failure, they are self-containing.

There are a large number of people who do not seem to realize that the harder you are thrown down the higher you bounce, but they spend the last sixty-five years of life in a spiritual wheel-chair because they slipped on a banana-peel when they were young. Once having made a mistake and having had a beware label hung on the heredity elm alongside of them, they feel that they are ruined forever and ever, amen, and believe it is their God-appointed duty to spend the remaining scores of their lives putting the capping-stone on the general ruin.

People who live in the past and like Lot's wife look back eternally upon the things they did in '64 or the scrape they got mixed up in in '83 will never get anywhere mentally, physically, or spiritually. The thing for these people to do is to remember the lesson, forget the incident and keep plugging, realizing that if they had never made a mistake they could never enjoy the privilege of doing better.

Then there is another type, "Grade C," who believe that they have been elected by the Most High and chosen by the Divine One to be the eternal brunt of His ill humor. There are thousands who honestly express themselves as believing that the Lord had a grouchy fit on when He made them and that He has been down on them ever since. They go through life manifesting the incarnated essence of concentrated gloom, dissolution, and despair, for no other reason on earth than that they firmly believe God has it in for them, therefore what's the use in trying, anyhow? It is difficult to imagine what an awful feeling it must be to have God down on you and to know that the All-loving, all-wise, and kind Father has sent seventy-seven deputations of demons with matrimonial problems, financial worries, kidney trouble, sour stomach, gloomy religion, and general indisposition to prod you continually with pitchforks of incessant catastrophe for no other reason at all than that you happen to be a blonde when the Lord likes brunettes. Yes, this exhibit is quite common and those people who believe that stomach trouble is the vengeance of the Lord for missing church and that falling arches have been sent to man to teach him contrition of spirit or simplicity of soul are in a class all by themselves.

In other words, a large percentage of our population are failures but lamentably few of

them believe that they have personally done anything to deserve it. They are all suffering from hereditary ailments, counting either their family tree or their God as the source. There are few who are strong enough to stand up before the world and honestly say that they are the one and only cause of their shortcomings, that regardless of heredity or environment they can be successful when they will live in such a way that it is possible for them to secure balance.

A family tree is a pedigreed non-entity which only affects those who believe in it. Past mistakes are only the seed grounds of future successes and the idea of God's wrath which He showers upon us as brimstone and sackcloth is the greatest, most honored, and revered bunkum that the human race lists in its category of superstitions.

Man is not a failure until he makes himself one, as no granduncle can do it for him. So long as he goes through life with a prickly disposition because his grandfather owned a cactus farm he will be listed with the world's genuine failures, self-ordained and self-perpetuating. Great souls rise over adversity and use it as a stepping stone to heights above, while weak backbones bend beneath the load, blaming the Lord for the weight of the material which He has given them to build their temple.

So let us go out with Paris Green and a sprayer and set to work on the family tree, effectively destroying the insects, bugs, grubs, et cetera, that are nestling in its branches and used by mortals as excuses for buglike tendencies and wormlike consciousness in their daily lives.

If there is any person, creed, or religion that in your haste or thoughtlessness you look down upon or dislike, it is there that you must look for the help and development that you need. It is the plan of the Great Ones to show those on our plane of existence the great doctrine of universal brotherhood, they often teach this by sending the truths and knowledge that we need to us through those whom we dislike, and this great thought may be safely kept in mind in all stages of human development.

A doctrine that is based upon a personality dies with that personality while a teaching based upon principle is eternal.

The veil of form that conceals the face of God can only be cut by the sword of enlightened spirit.

Truth cannot be bought or sold but it is the birthright of all who will live in harmony with it.

The emnation body functions by means of air while the physical body develops through food. The more one eats the less one breathes; the less air, the more waste there is in the body. Science states that the average individual breathes one-third as much air as he should and eats about three times as much as he should. The result is disintegration and crystallization and general shortening of life.

Evil is misplaced energy, it is the right thing in the wrong place. Whenever energy is misdirected it tears down something, be this misdirection mental, spiritual, or physical. Laziness and ignorance are the causes of misapplication of energy and we know that misdirected energy is the cause of all our misfortunes.

The secret of youth is oxygenation and the secret of death is carboniation. Misdirected and wasted energy destroys all things.

The Last of the Shamen

Dedicated to the Memory of a Dying People

THE majority of people know little if anything of the American Indian, of his ideals, his hopes, and his fears, for there are few indeed who can pierce the stoic attitude of these people who while they are fast dying still preserve in the majority of cases the dignity and self-control which mark the ancient races.

I was raised in an Indian country and from early childhood mingled more or less with this strange, broken people, now scattered remnants of what was once the most powerful of all races. There is something very wonderful and fascinating in the study of the Indian and I must say that I have always liked them. An invisible cord, a mystic bond, drew me even in my childhood to these wandering nomads and I spent many years in the study of them. I lived not far from one of the greatest of the American Indian reservations and have been with them many times, and maybe I am just a little liked by them too. I have seen young braves dashing madly on half broken bronchos and Indian ponies down the main street of the town, covered from head to foot with yellow ochre or green and blue aniline dye, shouting and screaming their war-cries in truly terrible yet wonderfully fascinating ways. I have stood beside tall, blanketed figures in the years that are past as in the drug-stores they spent the money gained from horse selling and cattle raising for various colored pigments with which to smear their being. I have stood on the street corner where the squaws sat, surrounded by pottery and bead work fashioned by their skillful fingers, crying out the value of their wares or cooing cradle songs to the little papooses fastened by thongs to their beds of wood.

They are now but a broken people, these red men of the plains, and few there are who care much about them, few there are who concern themselves as to the fate of the Indian. Nor can you blame them for everyone does not know the beauty, the sweetness, and the deep mysticism of their ancient but now broken ideals. Every race, like every individual, plays its part in the great plan and its work done vanishes from the light of men. In his soul the Indian knows that the path of his race is run, and while his heart is sad still the voice within whispers and the old brave knows that the Great Spirit is calling his children home from the corners of creation, and calmly and serenly the aged warrior, philosopher, or stateman gathers the folds of his blanket around him and walks along that apparently endless way that leads to Manitou the Mighty.

Of course, I did not always feel as I do now for I did not always understand the Red Man as I did after I met Uncle Joe. It was in a small town in the western states, where the main event of the day was the passing of the Southern Pacific, that I met probably the strangest Indian in America, yes, in the world. He always reminded me of that wonderful character created by Eugene Sue in "The Wandering Jew," for it honestly seemed that this Indian had lived forever. Nobody knew where Uncle Joe came from but some of the oldtimers remarked that they guessed God made him with the country, nor did they realize how true those words were. Everybody agreed that he was over a hundred but nobody seemed to know just how much over and he never answered personal questions, and when you asked him he would only grunt and wrap his blanket more closely about his face. There were very few people who were friendly with Uncle Joe for he was a strange, lonely wanderer who belonged hundreds of years back when the Red Man was in his glory. He still wore the picturesque garb of his people but he was very different from the Indian, and although his face was wrinkled and copper colored his heart was of pure gold.

He was no fool either, was Uncle Joe, nor was he lacking in education, for he spoke better English than the white men who scorned him. It seemed he had travelled widely, also, for he could tell you of distant countries and he spoke a dozen or more foreign languages. A polished gentleman in temperament and nature, he seemed a strange misfit among a rabble of half breeds. Some said he was a great chief, others that he was the medicine man for a once mighty people, while the eternally suspicious ones whispered

that he was a secret agent for the government. But when it came right down to it, all admitted that they did not know anything about Uncle Joe.

Every few weeks he would mount his little Indian pony and head out all alone into the broken and rocky desert filled with broken mesas and shapeless crags which lay to the south of the town. Everyone used to wonder where he went and try to follow him. They would get just so far, however, each time and then he would vanish as though the earth had swallowed him up and no one ever found the secret which Uncle Joe guarded somewhere out among the painted rocks.

I lived in the little town many months studying Indians and listening to the dinner bell when the trains pulled in, and my love and admiration for the strange wandering Red Man must have been felt by Uncle Joe for he became very friendly with me and we had many talks on the future of the Red Man, his history, his government, and his philosophy. Uncle Joe was no ordinary Indian, as I have said before, but a real scientist and philosopher whose knowledge and shrewdness of mind won my admiration from our first meeting.

I became in the course of about three years his closest companion for I was with him nearly all the time except when he would go out into the desert, then he would say,

"I go now into the hills. Some day I shall take you with me but not now." In a short time he would return and then for many weeks we would be together again. So the time passed and I learned much of the history of the Red Man, his secret customs, his religion, and his great ideals. Uncle Joe would sigh as he told me of the dead ambitions of his people and now and then a tear would steal softly down his cheek as he spoke of the way of the Great Spirit and of the gods who had come to care for and instruct his people.

One day as the third year of our acquaintance was drawing to a close, Uncle Joe laid his hand on my shoulder and his great black eyes seemed to look into my very soul,

"I am going out into the desert," he said, "and I shall never come back again, for my gods have called me and my father's fathers have whispered to me in the night. In all the years that have passed I have never taken anyone with me on this trip, but today my gods have spoken and said that one at least of the coming race should know the secret of my dying people. So if you will go with me out into the desert you may, and there you will know the reason why Uncle Joe has been here all these years and why no man has ever followed him."

I jumped at the opportunity for I knew that there was some great secret that the old Indian had been guarding all these lonely years, and so the next morning we started out together on two little pinto ponies in the direction of the broken ground which lay to the South.

As we rode along Uncle Joe told me some wonderful things about the Indians, some of them I am not allowed to tell but others I may relate. He told me that among the Red Men was a mystic body who for thousands of years had kept the records of these wandering people. Little was known concerning them, they were hidden from even the Indians themselves, for they were a small body appointed by the Great Spirit to labor with his people. This little band of Sacred Ones had come out from the silent East where the rising sun rose, they came from a wondrous city of shining lights that had vanished forever beneath the waters of the mighty ocean. They were the priests of Malkedek, the priest kings of the ancient Red Men, arrayed in robes of birds' feathers and shining gold, possessors of the wealth of emperors and the wisdom of gods. These strange masters had brought out of the silent East the knowledge of the Great Spirit and had formed the Red Man into seven great nations like the planets in the heavens. For thousands of years these wise men had labored with the Indian who before that time had been a straying, savage race, dwelling on the outskirts of a more ancient civilization. They had brought with them along the path of the sunbeam the great serpent of wisdom and had guarded the Red Man's destiny all through the years of his development. But now the Red Man's work was done, the Manu was calling his people, and the Great Spirit had given to his sons the work of gathering in his broken tribes like the harvester gathers in his wheat.

I listened while the old man spoke. It was all very wonderful to me to hear such words as

these from the mouth of one whom the world called a savage, yet I realized, alas, more plainly than ever that the world has little power to judge who its philosophers are.

We had been riding some time and slowly the broken stones rose up about us, bearing the marks of water on their roughhewn sides, showing that once a mighty ocean had carved them by its ebb and flow. But now all was dry and dead and here and there the whitened bones of some animal showed that, alas, water was but a memory of the past. We were on a tiny trail that wound in and out among the reddish rocks and shifting sands.

Suddenly before us rose a mighty pinnacle of sandstone and the twisting trail seemed to end at its base. The aged Indian stopped, raised his hand, and muttered a few words in his strange, guttural language, at the same time making the mark of the cross upon his forehead. As he did so the rocks dissolved and a gateway appeared in the mighty sandstone mountain, and motioning me to enter the mystic arch Uncle Joe followed me and darkness surrounded us, for as we entered the rocky door closed behind us leaving no mark upon the outer wall.

"For many hundreds of years," whispered my companion, "this rocky cavern has remained unknown to the white man and it always will for in it is buried the lost people, and there are few who know the mysteries of the Red Man. Even the young brave growing up has forgotten and will never think again of the power of his sires."

I remained spellbound at the strange miracle for I had never believed in supernatural things up to that time, but as we rode slowly along in the gloom a strange feeling of awe and reverence came over me for my companion.

"Who are you" I asked, "who have these strange powers and know so much of these ancient people?" My guide made no answer but we continued on through the gloom until we finally came out into the light on a beautiful little plateau way up on the side of a mighty mesa.

Here the Indian dismounted and I followed suit and we stood together overlooking a grand expanse of rolling and broken country which stretched out to the distant mountains a mass of brown and yellow sand in strange relief against the glorious blue of the summer sky.

The old Indian waved his hand,

"Behold the land of the Red Men, now a broken desert. Water alone made this a fertile land and the waters of life pouring out from the heart of the Great Spirit alone made the Red Men a great race. No longer the waters come forth for the work of the Red Man is done and soon he will be as dead and broken as the desert which stretches before you. But come, my son, child of another people, you are the first white man who has ever lived to enter the presence of the Red Man's god."

Taking me by the hand Uncle Joe led me to a small opening in the side of the cliff, just a narrow slit which led in to unknown depths. I passed in and the Indian followed me, and after going some hundred feet into the mountain the crevice broadened out and became a great room dimly lighted by a blazing fire of mighty logs. Of living inmates there was no sign but the whole room wos filled with ghastly figures. In a great circle sat a row of mummies robed from head to foot in the grandeur of the Red Man, preserved against decay in that subtle atmosphere by some force unknown. Twelve of them sat crosslegged upon the floor and in the center of this ghastly circle was a great throne before which burned the fire of never-consuming grandeur. The great throne was empty and seemed of solid gold with a glorious sunglobe and the thunder bird carved upon its back.

The aged man pointed around the ghastly circle,

"These, my son, are the Chiefs of the Red Men. They were the last of the line of priest kings who dwelt here and who came out of the land of the sky-blue waters. One by one they have passed beyond to the land of their ancestors. Each time one of these Great Ones died the hand of Manitou was cut off from a race of the Red Men. One after another they have been carried here and in the heart of this mountain of red sandstone they lay, mute testimony of faithfulness to the end. They were the Order of Malkedek, the Priest Sachems of the roving nomads of the world. Here you see all that is left of them, my son, their spirits have returned to the Great Father for their work is done. Their children cry in the wilderness for the Manu has called them and one by one they join that silent

throng, passing over to the Blessed Isle. No longer can the hand of the gods guide them for their work is done; one by one they are gathered in and taken over to another shore where some day they will come forth again a mighty people."

The old Indian leaned heavily on my arm as he was talking and slowly we went out again into the sunshine of the day. The Red Man sat down upon the ground on the edge of the cliff and there we talked for many hours, and he told me the glories of his dying people and begged that some day I would tell the world of the wonderful labors of his race. Slowly the shades of evening fell and the short purple twilight that divides the day from the desert night hung over the plains and prairies and the broken desert which stretched out before us. The Evening Star rose—a glorious light in the heavens—and the whole world seemed to rest save where here and there the howl of a coyote broke the eternal silence.

The old Indian pointed unto the gathering clouds, whispering, "Look!"

As I did so a great procession seemed to form out of the mist and crossing the sky in endless train they vanished where the last dull gleams marked the setting sun.

"They are the dying race," whispered my companion, "and I am one of them. Each night as I sit alone or wander in the desert I can see my people passing slowly by—one after the other. Long since I have buried my race and there out in the desert a few broken sticks alone mark their resting place. No longer does the smoke rise from their peaceful tents, no longer do the white wigwams dot the plain, never again shall the Red Man hunt the bison, no more shall he rise at sunrise on the mountain peak to worship the Great Spirit. See them, my son, see them! Chief and priest, brave and squaw, are passing on in an endless file to the home of the gods. Just a few short years and they will be no more. The hand of the gods feeds them no longer, their work is done, why should they stay? Remember, my son, they go not like slinking coyotes in the night, like cowards crawling away from the field of battle, they go like kings and emperors, for they know that their work is done. They go not as failures to the chastisement of their gods but as those who have finished, claiming their rewards. The white man will never know the Red Man for the white race has made him a stranger in the land of his birth, a nameless vagabond in the beatiful world created for him. But it is well. For as today the Red Man sinks away into the eternal night so shall the white man, when his day is done, drop silently to rest."

All the while he was speaking the endless procession swept across the sky. Mighty chieftains in robes of wampum and war bonnets of eagle feathers, braves on desert ponies, squaws and children, medicine men with the heads of buffalos, and priests with their feathered staffs, —a ghostly file of spectres passed on in triumphant march, all with heads up, eyes to the front, and with a dignity and regal grandeur which bespoke a strange pathos, yet a sweet and masterly understanding.

The old Indian beside me gazed longingly at the passing throng and pointed upward to the stars,

"Look, my son, my peoples' campfires are burning in the heavens!"

I followed his finger with my eyes and there unrolled to me in the sky millions of little campfires stretched out as far as the eye could see, millions of little tepees flowing in the ethers, and the dull murmur as of reverent prayer.

"That, my son," whispered the old Indian, "is the bivouac of the dead. I can see them every night and as the shades of evening fall the braves dash across the sky hunting the buffalo or float in their beautiful canoes down the rivers of stars. Still again through the night there comes to me the plaintive wail of the moonlute as the Indian youth plays his love tunes, the smoke of the signals on the hills, and the sound of the ancient war drum. Once again the great braves gather from all their peoples to listen to the words of their Chieftains. It is all gone, now, my son, but still it lives in the world of spirit, and there it is eternal. And I am old for I have lived since the Red Man was born, I was with him in the days of his youth, I was with him in the years of his glory, and one by one I have laid their wise to rest. From the mighty land of the Sioux, from the tribes of the Algonquians, from the Muskhogean and the wandering Iroquois, even to the distant Shoshoneans, I am known. Each time that one of the Great Ones have died, it is I who in the silence of the

night have walked from mountain top to mountain top with his body in my arms. I have brought him here to the cave of the sandstone mountain in whose darkness my secret shall be locked forever, and never until the time when Manitou the Mighty shall roll away these mountains shall the twelve priests of Malkedek be found, for no white man shall desecrate them, no curious eyes shall pierce this darkness, no heathen laugh shall awaken their slumbers, no vandalizing grave-robbers shall in the name of science disturb their resting-place. They may search through the seven stars but they will never find the secret of the Red Man for as he passes silently into the Great Beyond he carries with him the truths of his creation.

"The years draw nigh when the end is at hand. I know, for I am the Spirit of the Red Man. None know where I came from for I came not—I am. None know where I shall go for I go not—I am. Each of my red brothers who is laid to rest knows me, I feel his going, and a drop of my own soul joins with his, a cloudy phantom of the night. One by one they pass away, their young braves live other lives, and the Red Man is forgotten. At last the twelve have come, for in the silence of the night I brought the last. My people shall wander for a little while with man but their spirit is gone, gone back across the great waters to the Father, to wait until the appointed day when they shall come forth again on other wheels and in another race. The spirit of the white man rules the Red Man now and we bow before another god. It is well, for all things work for the Great Spirit and the Father of Fathers whose home is by the Great Waters where He watches the tiny grains of sand that dash upon the seashore. But the Order of Malkedek is no more. A few scattered seekers there are among my people but they wander among strange gods for in this day is sealed forever the Order of the Kings."

The tears were rolling down my cheeks as he told his pathetic story and yet it is a grand story, the story which is written in the soul of every Red Man unless his lonely heart has found rest under the banner of the white king.

At last I spoke:

"You say you have lived through all the ages of the Red Man?"

The old warrior nodded his head:

"I have lived with them and, my son, I die with them for they are my chosen people. I came to them with the glory of the rising sun, as it rises a ball of fire from the silent waters. I rode across the heavens with them as their great orb of day brought with it peace and power; I fought with them through the storms of winter and loved with them through the calm of summer; and now that the sun of the Red Man is sinking and the last of the vanishing race is being led silently to rest, I go with them. For the sun will rise some day in a distant land and there I shall be once more the Spirit of the Sunrise as now I am the over-brooding Angel of the Night. This, my son, is the message of the Red Man, a wondrous people who in the years that are past and now covered with the sands ruled the world, whose libraries and universities were the glory of creation, whose scientists were the marvels of the world, whose domed temples and mystic arches rose to the skies in every land of earth.

"Listen—a voice calls from within. It is the voice of the ages, for the pyramid builder speaks through me this night, the Pharaohs of Egypt are still alive in my blood, the phantom of the Manu, he, too, is with me, and in my soul is the heart of the dying Montezuma. Amid the Andes, through the mystic caverns of the Sierra Madres, among the broken everglades that border the shores of Okechobee, along the silent Nile where the great stone faces gaze peacefully through the night, I wander and I am one with them. Yes, I am the Spirit of the Red Man. You ask who I am, that has been asked before. Once I answered, "I am the Morning Star," later I answered, "I am the Star that shines with the glory of the Sun," still later as my people sank to rest I was the Evening Star who whispered of an eternal peace. But now it is all different, for now I am the Spirit of the Night and you may call me Silent Tongue for I speak and there are none who hear my words. I am the last of the Shamen, the last of the priest-kings who came out of the lost Atlantis, I am the last who was ordained in the Temple of the Rising Sun, I am the last to bear the mark of the serpent."

As he spoke he dropped his blanket and tore

away the shirt which he wore and there upon his heart and twined upward across his chest was a strange serpent tatooed in vivid pigments upon his breast. The upturned head of the serpent coiled around his neck while its little beady eyes and forked tongue seemed to end where the upper cervical vertebrae join the skull.

"That is the mark of Malkedek," he whispered, "a mark no living man knows from one end of the world to the other. It is the mark of Quetzalcoatl, the mark of the feathered serpent who is dead forever. I am the last living thing to bear that mark which was placed there four million years ago."

I looked at the Indian for several seconds as if doubting his words, but one look into those terrible eyes of living fire and I realized I was not gazing at a man but a god.

"Wait a few minutes," he whispered, rising, "then come back into the cave, for there are other things that I would that you should know." And he left me gazing out at that endless procession of figures that still crossed the skies silently as the stars in their course. I waited for several seconds and then a voice whispered to me to rise and enter the cave.

As I did so I gave a startled cry. In the great throne surrounded by the twelve dead sat the aged Indian we knew as Uncle Joe! He was robed from head to foot in the garb of the Red Man, covered with jeweled ornaments and the finest wampum, his bronze body shone in the flickering light of an endless fire, and his war bonnet of eagle feathers reached nearly to the floor even from the height of the throne-chair. On his forehead was a cross of living gold and from his breast the snake gleamed forth in many colored lights while the feathered staff he carried as a sceptre swayed slightly as his arms moved.

"My son, the last of the Red Men, the last of the priests, has been called to rest. They were my kingdom and now I am an emperor of the dead. You shall see me no more for I go to the Land of the Setting Sun, the Manitou has called me and I obey. But, remember, my son, there is no death. I go on to other works, to other lands, for I am the Spirit of the Red Man and I can never die but will live on forever to guard the destinies of my people, who while their race is broken still live and will continue their endless procession until the day when the All-Father shall call home even Manitou the Mighty. Somewhere in the bonds of the infinite we shall meet again, you and I, for you, too, are chosen of your gods. When your race is drawn silently into the unknown I shall ask the Manitou the privilege of being there that I may greet another people coming home. Behold the Order of Malkedek, the sacred brotherhood of the Red Men, the priest-kings of Atlantis, for they are now in session for the last time! The fire that has burned for ages will soon go out and with it vanishes the last of the Red Men. No more the world shall see me, for on this throne I sit awaiting the last of my people. Though years may pass before they gather, I shall be sitting here, surrounded by the dead, the emperor of a dying race."

"So as you go out into the world and people ask you what has happened to Uncle Joe, just tell them he is waiting, waiting through the hours of the night, waiting with the jury of the dead, waiting for the last log to burn and his people to come home. In the ages that are past I said that I would become strong and worthy to be given charge of the Red Man. In many worlds and for many ages I have filled that trust, even until today. So here I shall wait in the cave for it is not long, already my spirit is calling me from somewhere over the distant hills, and even as I speak another Red Man's soul passes me on the way to rest. I wait as sometime you must wait for the last whisper of the dying, and here I remain until the last one goes when I shall seal the book of my works and return to my Maker. Goodbye, you have heard my words. Never seek me again for no man shall know where I have gone. But remember that my spirit waits in the darkness of this cave for the last of my people in the Mountain of Red Sandstone. And when they come I shall gather them lovingly to rest, and then with the spirit of the twelve priests of Malkedek I shall go before my Creator with the glory of a million emperors, the power of kings, and the light of the Rising Sun and the Serpent of Wisdom,—I whom the world knows only as Uncle Joe, the last of a dying race, the last of the Red Men."

The Brothers of the Shining Robe

CHAPTER TWO—Continued

The Mirror of Eternity

As I gazed at the light of the star which seemed a great way off in the deep haze of the magic mirror it twisted and turned and twinkled and there arose from the broken, confused mass of swirling clouds twelve mighty mountain tops that seemed to rival in height the lofty Himalayas in the heart of whose hills I now stood gazing into the deathless mirror of eternity.

As I watched I saw the spark divide itself like a wondrous, bursting rocket and one tiny gleam rested on the top of each of the twelve lofty mountains where it glowed and shone like a ruby. Again the question flashed into my mind and once more it seemed that the Hindu read my thoughts, for he answered in his soft, musical voice strangely stilled and quieted:

"Those are the mountains of the twelve Fates. Far up on the crags and crests of their lofty heights in the sacred caves of the holy men live the twelve Compassionate Brothers of humanity, and to each of them is drawn part of that tiny spark which now you see. Hark! my son, for they are calling you in the soundless depths of your soul. They bid you follow them and climb those same rocky crags as it has been written by the hand of Brahma. Of all the world you have been chosen for the gods know and man must obey."

Again I turned my eyes to the mirror and as I looked closely into its deep blue ether I saw lonely figures standing amid the glaciers that crowned like silver locks the peaks of the hills, twelve lonely forms from whose hearts gleamed forth the tiny stars like promises of the gods to all mankind. In strange contrast were these little lights of purest gold from the dull glow which rose upward from the base to break the darkness of eternal night that concealed forever the foot of these lofty hills. Far below were the flames of hate and that weird, broken world which my guide had told me was the land of the Lonely Ones.

A strange hush came over my being and I realized for the first time in a dull sort of way that there were things in life that before I had never known or understood, and in the depthless haze of that mystic frame, held between the golden fingers of the gods, a new world had been unfolded to me—a world invisible to mortal men, the mystic world of the soul. Still, I am ashamed to say that I understood but little of that scene, and it was more with curiosity than reverence that I passed through that night which I shall remember to the last moment of eternity. But then the Compassionate One within myself was still unawakened and it was only in the years that followed that my soul, mellowed and deepened by experience, fully realized the privilege that was mine that night when I stood in the Temple of the Caves with the ancient Hindu Master.

Slowly the scene in the great void changed and there unfolded before my eyes a broken, rock-strewn coast where dashing waves broke with a mournful sound along the winding seashore. Somewhere in my dreams I had heard that sighing and the broken crashes of the surf had sounded out from the depths of my own heart. But now I was seeing for the first time the wilderness and the desolation that I often had felt. The dashing waves broke along a shoreline, high strewn with the wreckage of scattered ships. As far as the eye could see the dashing and never-ceasing waters cast broken crafts upon the rocky shore where they were ground to pieces by the endless tide.

As I watched in the mirror a file of lonely figures, their white robes blown by the gale, came like phantoms from the darkness and walked silently along the shore. They picked up the wreckage and seeming to whisper soft words to the broken timbers, they held them above their heads where the water-soaked and shattered wrecks were turned, it seemed, into wondrous birds that flew away with sweet songs or hovered around the heads of the lonely figures. There were twelve of these silent forms who passed like specters through the night, and finally walking out on the surface of the waves, which were stilled as they passed over them, followed by the shadowy file of birds created from the broken wreckage, they vanished in the gloom of a limitless horizon.

The mirror cleared again. All that remained was the deep blue haze, as boundless as eternity itself. I turned eagerly to my companion for a more complete explanation of the strange phenomena. In the gloom of the temple he seemed to gleam and glow with a strange light and his robe appeared to be of shimmery gold and opal.

"What does this all mean?" I asked in amazement, staring at the great eyes of the Initiate.

"My son," answered the old man in the same sweet voice, "this rock strewn shore is life, these broken crafts of wreckage are the souls of men, while the white-robed figures represent the tiny band of servers who have dedicated themselves and their lives to the salvation and redemption of their fellowmen, and with the love and power which is theirs they turn the broken wreckage into birds that with the life and truth which they have given may fly upward to the sun. Although you realize it not, you are one of this band. As they have sworn, so have you dedicated yourself to the salvation and regeneration of your brothers. You must be one who is to salvage the wreckage of despair and redeem the broken crafts of life. Although you know not your destiny, soon you will understand."

"You say that I have sworn and dedicated my life to some mystic end of which I know nothing?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes, my son," answered the white-robed Brahman, "and yet is this not true of all? Are not all living things working to an ultimate they can never comprehend? Yes, indeed, for none but Brahma know the ways of Brahma, yet all must serve Him and walk the path that leads to Him. And only when beyond the shades of Nirvana man is one with Brahma will he know the end for which he came into being or the works for which his Master and Creator has ordained him. From childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old age to dissolution—this is the path of those who know not Brahma. But for those who have seen the light of His shining face the path is from life immortal to life immortal, with only this shell of not-being for a moment and then eternity forever. My son, mysterious are the ways of Brahma and yet those there are who have seen His face, who have listened to the words that dropped like pearls from the lips of the Creator, to rest like beads of dew on the lotus blossoms of the soul."

The old Hindu's eyes seemed to pierce the wall into the endless eternity of not-being and he whispered to me,

"My son, may it be that you shall see the face of Brahma, that the shining light of His eyes shall rest upon you, that the lips of compassion shall speak to you. For when you have seen as I have seen, nought else is there to see, for what can human eyes reveal to man after he has beheld his Creator? For Brahma is all in all, to all, for all. If you hunger and have seen the eyes of Brahma you are fed; if you are cold and his face has been unveiled you are warmed; if you are unclothed but have been enfolded in His light you are garbed as the prince of men; if you are weary and have slept in His arms you have had rest; if you are lonely yet have felt His presence then indeed are the multitudes with you; if you are ignorant and have been within His power then is wisdom yours; if you are sad and have seen Him then are you glad with the sadness of the divine. My son, seek ye for no thing but Brahma for all else is maya, illusion. When you have found Him you have found all; when you have not found Him you have nothing. Behold! all the love in the world is from the heart of Brahma; all the peace in the world is from the rest of Brahma; all truth is the word of Brahma; all light is the glory of His smile.

My son, many long years have I lived in the darkness of this cave and yet I am ever in the light for I have seen Brahma. Though I am weak and old I am young eternally for the life of Brahma brings back the youth that is gone. The world knows me as the mouthpiece of the gods, a master of men; but I ask no glory for it cannot come to me from the plaudits of the world. All that I ask is to be one with my Creator. Walk you the way that I have walked until you too shall reach the footstool of Brahma, for behold His ways are good and His compassion is everlasting. He alone can open the eyes that are blind and the hearts that are cold. Serve Brahma and live, serve men and die. Labor for Brahma and have peace, labor for man and have misery. Treasure up the things of the world and lose them, treasure up the pearls of Brahma and they are yours forever.

In the days when these hills were not, Brahma was; in the days when these mountains shall be no more, still Brahma is. For all that is is Brahma, all that can be pours from His lotus lips. When you are one with Brahma you are one with eternity; when you are one with men you are measured by time. If you will live as Brahma would then alone shall you be free from the wheel of birth and death and rest in Nirvana as one with that which is, yet is not, yet ever shall be. My son, I speak the words of Brahma, in the name of Brahma, for the glory of Brahma, for there is no other Father, no other God. Be glad to serve Him for He is just; be glad to glorify Him for He will ornament you with the jewels of immortality. Oh, that men might know Brahma and live! But come, look again, and I will show you how you have dedicated your being to Brahma and how again you are to annoint yourself upon His altar in the name of the living God, Om the Unknowable!''

Again I gazed into the mystic mirror and this time a new scene appeared there. It seemed a great pin-wheel of light which twisting and unrolling slowly became a great spiral. The spiral took shape and a great scroll appeared and on its mystic pages I saw a history unroll and a voice within whispered that it was mine. My guide spoke again, ''This is the memory of the Eternal One. That golden star who now knows himself as William Edmundson.''

Slowly the scroll ceased to spin and a scene unfolded itself in the mystic haze of eternity. It was an ancient plane which stretched out to be lost in the blue sky. Far in the distance there rose great twisting towers of snake-like spirals which gleamed and glowed amid mighty domes and minarets that marked a city of the plains. It was a glorious sight, a shimmering city of many colored lights like some mirage of the desert.

''Behold the City of the Golden Gates!'' murmured the Oriental as he laid one hand on my shoulder.

It seemed that I was passing across the mighty plains until at last with the rapidity of lightning I floated through its gilded gates and entered a strange, many-sided room, lighted by lamps of virgin oil in niches on the wall. But I was no longer myself as I know myself today. I was an old, gray-haired, bent man robed in blue and gold carrying in my hand a cross which I raised upward to shadowy forms that gazed down from above, great spectres that whispered of the days when gods walked with men.

The Oriental spoke again,

''Here in the sacred temple of the Lost Island you took your vows to the Compassionate Ones, you took your oath that your being was dedicated to the realization of a great ideal. Today you are fulfilling your vows and in the name of the gods I warn you,—stay not the wheels of the Infinite.''

The scene grew dark and blinding flashes of lightning and thunder broke upon the air and a hideous roar swept over my senses.

''The sinking of the Lost Island,'' murmured the voice beside my ear.

(To be continued)

There are two forms of clairvoyance: positive in the brain, negative in the solar plexus. Concentration upon the solar plexus is a step backward in evolution for the white races. The priests of Chaldea are said to have lived a thousand years in one body, but there is no doubt that they had learned how to make better use of their time, for the average individual wouldn't do any more in a thousand years than he does now if he had the chance of living.

The man who cannot see God in his brother will never find him anywhere else.

The prayer most acceptable unto the Lord is the daily life in accordance with the plan of being.

A quick temper is one of the greatest curses from which a student can suffer. If an occultist carries a chip on his shoulder the laws of nature will knock it off.

Just Lonely

FEW people realize the absolute loneliness which fills the heart of a large percentage of children. The little ones who come into the world are indeed strangers in a strange land, and the vehicles which they are seeking to build have not yet the power and consciousness that come in later life or should come. Indeed, in many cases we go through life without ever breaking down the wall of loneliness.

There is a great obligation confronting parents for most of them forget their own childhood, and, interested in other things, absorbed in their own lives, they seem to be unaware of the soul agony which so often fills the heart of a child that is eternally seeking for love and protection.

While we hear the little one playing with the children it seems to be happy, and yet often with the laughter and the smile the discerning eye sees a pathetic little look that tells of a lonely soul. As the years go by there is often built around the child a wall which not even the parent can pierce, for in many homes the parents know less about their children than the stranger on the street, for the comradeship, the understanding, the mutual love is lost, because the lonely child has forgotten how to make a confidant of them.

This generation is producing millions of lonely little souls to whom home means nothing but a shelter for the body because self-centered and thoughtless parents have come to believe that because the child is young it does not feel. How many lives are broken, how many romances fall to pieces, because the child has been so lonely that it sought just someone to talk to, someone to make a confidant of, when at home a stone wall seemed built around it.

A large number of children instead of loving and confiding in their parents either despise them or merely treat them with respect and regard in accordance with social obligations, and in the majority of cases it is because the parent has failed to plant the seeds of love and trust in the heart of the child.

This condition is becoming more acute every day, for the world is filled with young people who are divided from the bonds of home by lack of mutual understanding. This is often the result of the fact that during the years of childhood and youth when things were needed the parents were not there, when there was work to do that the child might be what it should be they shirked their duties and the child lost confidence.

There is nothing sadder in all the world than to find a little child who has lost confidence in its parents, and yet at the present time there are few homes where a child can have real confidence, for a sweet temperament cannot be raised on forgetfulness and the average child feels that it is in the way at home, so it goes out and one of two things is the result. Either its little heart is chilled forever and it becomes self-centered, secretive, and often dishonest, or in its hunger for love it suffers all its life.

At this day and age of the world there are no more unhappy creatures in all the universe than children. Instead of being welcomed and their years of youth watched and guided, they are regarded from the very beginning as a nuisance and as something which stands between the parents and the gay pleasures of life. So slowly the child drifts into other company, mentally if not physically, and oftentimes it picks very poor associates, not because of criminal instinct or of malicious intent, but it went astray just because it was lonely.

This condition faces us as a problem far greater than we generally understand. Many youths go into the business world or leave home because there was no companionship there for them. Many young girls have married at immature ages to escape the loneliness of home and to find someone whom they thought would be a friend. Too often this choice is unwise but in nearly every case it is the result of the fact that there is no love and compassion and brotherhood in the home.

The answer to the problem is this. The father and mother should not be the boss of the children. Children are not servants or slaves and when treated as such and ordered around like puppets, they either sulk away determined some day to make a break or else their spirits are crushed and they become useless chips of driftwood on the sea of life. No one likes a boss, children no more than the rest, and children

who fear parents will never love them. Brotherhood must be born in the home where parents and children are tied together by the bond of mutual sympathy and understanding. Kindly and wisely like brothers, parents must love and labor with their children. For many a little one has gone away to weep alone when a scar has been made in the soul that will last to the end of time over the thoughtless cruelty of the parent or an unjust accusation.

It is harshness and fear which make dishonest children and promote lying, stealing, and even worse habits. It is the lack of the feeling of brotherhood between parent and child that makes young children keep secrets which may injure them all their lives, whereas if confidence has been built the wiser and more mature thoughts of the parent will save years of suffering. But the privilege of the parent to help the child is lost when that privilege is abused.

So we find thousands of children who are just lonely, who while they are properly fed and clothed are merely strangers boarding at home. This condition is the basis of a generation of lonely souls, broken and misunderstood, who crawl away to melancholia or else sell their souls for the sake of a kind word. There are few who realize the power that a parent has and there are still fewer who realize how that power is abused today, when there is coming into the world a generation of lonely children, great souls who will never be understood and always blamed for the lack of those very virtues which the parents should have stimulated.

As you read this article there are many of you who will recognize how your own lives have been twisted and changed by loneliness in childhood and the fact that you never were understood, and this should be a divine incentive within the soul of every parent that when young hearts come to them they shall be understood and not be just little strangers in a strange land —lonely and forgotten.

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

In this work the study of numbers and the Hebrew alphabet is taken up in a way never before undertaken. No system of numerology or cabalism is promulgated but a few underlying principles are given here useful to all students of mystic, occult and cabbalistic philosophy. The work is divided into three parts as listed below:

Part One .....The Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

A Study of the flaming letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the creation of the Sacred Name, the mystey of the vowel points and the unwritten books of Moses.

Part Two.....The Origin and Mystery of Numbers.

Under this heading are grouped the natural laws as they are expressed in numbers from 1 to 10, and the application of these laws to the problems of daily living.

Part Three.....The Power of Invocation and
The Science of the Sacred Names.

In this part of the work transcendental magic is completely unveiled and the ancient rituals of calling up spirits is exposed and the true meaning of transcendentalism and the finding of the lost Word is presented to the student, including the invocation of Christ. A most unique and unusual document containing over fifty pages, neatly bound in an art cardboard cover. This work should be in the library of all occult students, not to be believed but to be considered.

As is the case with our other publications you must fix your own price for the work, not to cover your share of the responsibility but that the entire work may go on and you and others may be in a position to receive the work which we are putting out.

This month's issue also contains a rare occult plate taken from the writings of Robert Fludd, the English Rosicrucian and alchemist. The original is dated 1619.

The description of this plate will appear in next month's magazine.

Explanation of Last Month's Plate

THE folder plate which appeared in last month's issue of "The All-Seeing Eye" was reproduced from the rare work on "Occult Cosmogony" published in 1619 by Robert Fludd, the English mystic and alchemist. It represents a speculative explanation of the phenomena of nature and of life, and while space makes it impossible for us to give a complete interpretation of it, the student who will study and analyze it in the light of the principles of mysticism and occultism will find it an endless source of information, and through the study of it may gain tremendous analogical powers.

Briefly considered, the plate is threefold, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, as can be seen by the three grand divisions into which the globe is divided. The cloud at the top represents the Spirit of God, and, as the word or name Jehovah signifies, it represents the form-building power of God or that part which manifests in matter. The cloud represents the body of the Celestial Being whose vehicle is a globe and who materializes necessary organs from that globe, as is shown in the hand which appears in the plate.

In the center of the plate is the Earth which is connected to the superior creature floating in the cloud by means of the female figure which represents the Spirit of Nature, the Divine Mother of created things. The stars represent the celestial hierarchies in the brain of nature while the lunar crescents symbolize the spirit of fecundity. The figure is standing with one foot upon the water and the other upon the land for she represents the two lower elements of earth and water. She is chained 'twixt heaven and earth, dominion wielding, while the little monkey sitting on the globe represents the Adamic man in his coat of skins and the compass with which he is measuring symbolizes material limitations.

All the kingdoms of nature are symbolized with their respective elements, qualities, powers, arts, sciences, et cetera, in the inner of the three worlds, while in the central sphere we have the solar system with its suns and powers. This is symbolic of the solar and macrocosmic man of our solar system, while outside of this sphere, consisting of the planetary orbits, we find the stellar worlds which are the symbols of the other created universes of our chain. At this point the second sphere ends and we find the three rings of fire flames, which are symbolical of the three grand creative principles and the powers of the three worlds of nature. The inner circle of flames represents the form-building powers; the second row, the mind-building powers; the third or outer row, the spirit-unfolding powers.

Examination will show that the little figures in these rings of flames differ. In the inner ring they have no wings and are material; in the second row they have bodies and wings and are therefore partly human, partly divine; in the outer circle they have wings but no bodies, symbolizing the fact that they are no longer connected with material things.

The whole plate is symbolical of the human body, the creation of a germ plasm, and the unfoldment of a universe, and each student will gain from the study of it just exactly what he has within himself. The only way in which a student can judge his own advancement is by taking such a plate as this and opening it before him, sit down and say, "What does this mean to me, and how will it help me to live better, think better, and more completely carry on the duties and responsibilities of life?" If the student will then apply his own knowledge to the various parts which he can comprehend, he will find explanations of things which before he never understood. That is the reason for symbolism; it forces the student to express himself. For that reason we are not going into detail as to the full meaning of the plate, but the basic principles set down will enable the individual, if he will study it, meditate upon it, and apply the knowledge gained from daily experience, to use these ancient pictures as concentrating points by means of which he may measure his own limitations and breadth of knowledge.

Practically the entire scheme of human evolution is shown in the picture as the Divine Life

passed through the manyfold expressions of Nature, however, will be able to read the mystery it contains.

In this magazine you will find another rare plate taken from the same source, which shows the creation of the universe and the coming of the elements. In next month's magazine we shall have a few words to say concerning it, but the purpose of placing these illustrations before you is not to explain them but to enable you to explain them yourselves.

Occult Eugenics

Reprinted and Re-edited with notes and corrections from our classes of 1922.

OCCULTISM is a very unusual study. Many people enter into it in the hope of being transported into mystic worlds where hooded figures and strange lights flit through somber ruins. They believe that they will gain strange powers and great riches and find a world of happiness over night. This is very far from the truth, and the student will find as he goes along that occultism is not a doctrine of miracles but of Cause and Effect, not of shortcuts but of slow, ever-increasing development, not of romance and glamour, but of serious study and self-improvement; it means not only to delve into forgotten lore, but to consider with uncommon common sense life and its many problems.

To the brave student it offers the great incentive of justice and a sure reward. To the coward and those who seek to shirk the duties of life it stands a looming mystery, a great giant between them and the easy road to happiness and success for which they seek. Good or evil, depending upon the eyes that see it and the hands that apply it, but, standing in spite of all, the Mystery School remains unmoved from the first great dawn of creation to the last falling shadows of a dissolving universe. It offers no incentive other than truth, no reward other than a greater power to help your fellowmen.

The occultist must take his occultism into his life, his works, and his ideals. One place alone is the source of the joys and sorrows of the world, and from the half-closed lips of that looming mystery which man knows as the Occult Wisdom there comes forth these words, "The Strength of a people depends upon the harmony, unity, and virtue of its homes."

The great problem of Eugenics faces the world at the present time as it never has before, because under it is listed the study of causes and the improvement of causes, and the world is slowly coming to the realization that everything we know as an effect is the result of unknown and unstudied causes. Man with his ever higher ideals now realizes that the day has come when it is in his power to mold the world into what he wishes it to be, greater and more glorious than ever before, if he will mold causations and develop them as he should.

Man is beginning to realize that he cannot grow roses on a thistle plant, neither can wisdom thrive on ignorance, but that by the natural law of attraction each plant that we know bears fruit according to its kind, and under the head of Eugenics man is studying to build only those conditions and causes which will produce constructive, elevating effects. Eugenics not only holds good in the building of physical forms but also in political, scientific, social, and religious body and soul building.

We are in every case the causes that will produce the effects, mental and physical, which shall mold the great Tomorrows as Yesterday is molding us, and it is our duty to our God, our brother, and ourselves to study and live by the knowledge we have gained more in harmony with the divine plan for man.

There are listed below twenty-five condensed statements for the consideration of students of Eugenics in its various forms. The proof of these statements can easily be found by anyone who will spend even a short time in the consideration of living problems. It is suggested that the student take them one at a time and see just to what extent they are true in the surroundings of his life. If he wishes to be an occultist, a mystic or even a healthy heathen, he should not only consider them but if he agrees with them

practice them in his own life and among those with whom he comes in contact.

First. The intellectual, spiritual, and evolutionary progress of a race depends upon the ability of higher evolved egos to find proper vehicles of physical expression among the homes and parents of that race. At the present time they are needed in the world as never before but they can only come where they will find harmony and purity, knowledge and love. When these conditions express themselves as causes in our race the effect will be power, growth, and balanced genius.

Second. In this world like attracts like and the same is true of the ego seeking incarnation. It will come where it can receive the growth needed for its own spiritual extension. Therefore, ignorance draws ignorance, wisdom draws wisdom, squabbling draws squabbling, and the little ones drawn to the home of man today will sometime rule our world with the same powers which attracted them and with which we are surrounding their young lives.

Third. Inharmony in a home where a highly developed ego is striving to gather its new body for manifestation here invariably results in one of two things. Either the ego, the spirit, will withdraw from that family because it cannot stand the vibratory rates or else it will have the finer side of its nature and its usefulness here impeded or dwarfed. In both cases the thoughtless parents are guilty in the eyes of the spiritual law of murder in the first degree.

Fourth. There is a very mistaken idea in the minds of many parents concerning the faculties of a child, mental and spiritual. During its younger life and approximately up to the age of majority, it is completely under the mental and spiritual supervision of the parent who is responsible to God and man for the qualities which are implanted in the offspring.

Fifth. A child is born clairvoyant and remains so varying lengths of time under different conditions, usually until the soft spot in the crown of the head closes. This makes it possible for the child to feel things and see things which the parent does not realize. Children know what their parents are thinking and doing even when they are apart. Therefore, it does no good to kiss the child goodnight very sweetly, tell it to love everybody and be good, and then go downstairs and have squabbles and disagreements such as occur in many homes, and believe that the child does not know and will not be affected by it.

Sixth. By example as well as by precept must children be trained. If you tell a child to do a thing and you do something different you must not be amazed that the child follows your example. We cannot lie to children and then expect them to be truthful. It is often a wonder how children have as much respect for their parents as they do, and it shows that the little one has in many cases a higher sense of justice than the parent. No parent has a right to blame a child and punish it for a fault the parent has himself, until first of all he has sought to correct it in his own being.

Seventh. Not ignorance but a thorough understanding of nature's plan is the basis of all virtue, and the parent who has not given its child an understanding of life's problems has failed in its most sacred duty and lost its greatest opportunity for self-development.

Eighth. In the Orient there is a rule followed that should teach the western world a wonderful lesson. Life there is divided into three great divisions. In the first third of life the ego is guarded and taught by its parents the duties of life; in the second third the grown person raises his family and takes care of his parents, he also earns the funds to take care of his life and these who depend upon him; and in the last third he in his turn is taken care of by his children and allowed to study and meditate. This system cannot be applied in full in this country, it seems, but it has many good points to be considered.

Ninth. A parent should remember that children don't "jest grow" but require attention all the way through childhood. In America at the present time no attention at all is paid to the average child, and it runs wild until it disconcerts the entire neighborhood, and then the father and mother finding that the child is impossible try to spank good manners into it with failure as the usual result. At least seventy-five percent of parents use this system at the present time, then these same people wonder why no one likes their children and why the landlords prefer lap dogs in their apartments to the young hopefuls, or rather hopeless generation of today.

Tenth. While on the study of Eugenics, which means to be better born, or to have a more harmonious beginning, there are other children which we should consider as well as our visible families. Many millions of lives are evolving and depending upon us about which the average individual knows absolutely nothing. It has been estimated that inside the physical body of man alone there are living, developing, and evolving seven hundred and eighty-nine quintillion monads, each one of them a complete being made up of millions, yes billions, of still smaller beings. These depend upon the superior development of the human ego for wise and humane care. When we through thoughtlessness, indolence, or ignorance fail to properly supply and intelligently preserve these parts of ourselves we break one of the most important laws of natural Eugenics.

Eleventh. When we read the story in the Bible of the Last Supper, do we ever stop to think how it is being repeated every day and minute of our lives? Do you remember how the Master gave his disciples the bread and said, "This is my body broken for you?" Let us remember that the Christ Spirit, the principle of life, is in all these cells and that thousands, millions, of living things die daily that man may live. In the running down of the body many tiny forms must give up their vehicles of expression. The food that we eat is the tiny shell that our younger brothers have taken hours, weeks and years to build. We owe these little lives a great debt of gratitude and we have no right to abuse their confidence in us and injure them by misapplying the principles of nature.

Twelfth. The smallest of lives has a God-given right to a chance of development and greater expression in the world of forms. Those who aid in the giving of these opportunities help each in his own way the development of the Plan, and as we help others to express themselves we gain greater ability to manifest our own latent qualities.

Thirteenth. One of the greatest mistakes that a parent can make is to overlook the health of a child or exert an undue influence over its growth on account of their own ideas concerning sickness and spirituality. While it is often possible through the power of will for the parent to master inharmony within, and while many believe that sickness is only a concept of the mind, this idea cannot be safely applied in dealing with children. Parents are directly or indirectly responsible for ninety per cent. of sickness among children, and large doses of common sense should be administered to the mother and father instead of drugging the child.

Fourteenth. A large percentage of the aches and pains of the human race come through the stomach and that which goes into it—sometimes through that which cannot get out of it. The adult must learn to take care of himself, but with the child the parents must use a different course and teach their children how to live in a clean, practical way.

Fifteenth. It is the duty of every adult in the United States and in all other parts of the world to spend enough time in the study of self to learn how to prevent the causes of disease which later wreck his body, if he does not learn in younger life how to use common sense in taking care of himself. Moreover, people who do not know these things can never hope to bring into the world or to raise healthy children.

Sixteenth. No one has the right to call himself a student of any line of higher philosophy, science or religion, who does not understand the fundamental construction of his own being, mental, physical, and spiritual, and any teaching that promises spirituality, growth, or broadened consciousness that does not include these principles is not listed among the Wisdom Religions.

Seventeenth. It is said by those in position to know that a large percentage of adults in the so-called civilized countries have the brain development of fifteen-year-old children, in many it is much lower. This is undoubtedly the result of the fact that the ego coming into this world is forced to build its physical vehicles, including the brain, from the quality of material furnished by the parents. Therefore, it is up to the parents to build better bodies that the next generation may be greater mentally, spiritually and physically than the present one, for the children of today are the law-makers, teachers, and citizens of tomorrow. In this way each generation is largely responsible for the next and many people at the present time are laying up terrible Karmic debts.

Eighteenth. It would seem that the world should know these simple principles of life and

many people consider that work of this kind is too elementary for "spiritual students," yet the very persons who say this, and in fact nearly all of the occult students, while standing apparently on the tops of the mountains, are daily breaking practically every law in nature, and as they break them they tell the world they have become so great that they no longer need them.

Nineteenth. If you will read the daily papers you will find that during the summer months great numbers of children die. Few persons realize how many babies pass out before they reach their first birthday. People pray to God to spare their children and say the Lord took the little ones from them, when in reality they kill them through ignorance, indolence, or indifference, and this at an age of the world when all the needed information is within the reach of everyone. There is no need for such ignorance save that people do not care enough about life to learn how to live, and it is necssary for them to keep on dying to find out.

Twentieth. It is very important that we understand that the ego coming into life is not born full fledged, but through a gradual process in which one by one the vehicles of consciousness take hold, until youth reaches the age of majority when it comes into control of its vehicles. The danger points in the life of a child gather around the fourteenth year when the fire or emotion body begins to be felt. It is then that uncurbed by thought the child is most subject to those mistakes which have ruined the lives of millions. It is during these periods that the greatest responsibility rests upon the parents, and it seems that at this time there are few willing to take the responsibility of giving the incoming egos the proper start in life.

Twenty-first. It is well for us to understand that occult Eugenics not only teaches that man must produce better bodies, but that he must give birth to better thoughts, emotions, and actions. These are children of our own being for which we are just as responsible as for physical, visible children. With his evil thoughts man is breeding demons that will later pave his way with hardships and his world with suffering. In truth the children of his consciousness must be better born.

Twenty-second. Education is a very important consideration and this must take a great place in the mind of the parent, for in order to educate children in the practical things of life the parents themselves must first have knowledge of them. When we come to consider that less than one in ten of American children receives a complete education, we are confronted with another very important matter that rests in the hands, directly and indirectly, of every adult in this country.

Twenty-third. It is also of importance to remember that education consists of drawing out the latent qualities within the child rather than in cramming the mind, which in later life will be forced to forget many of the things it has learned in order to be practical.

Twenty-fourth. Parents should remember that they both have responsibilities in the rearing of their children. In the majority of cases at the present time each is trying to shift the responsibility onto the other. Another curse is now springing into families at a deadly rate of speed and this is the old story of the favorite child. In almost every home you will find children who are tolerated as necessary evils while another child is pushed forward and all attention heaped upon it. A condition of this kind shows that the moral and spiritual development of such parents is far below the average scale for animals and they are a disgrace to the human race. The unbalanced and in many cases criminal actions of parents, if continued, will bring the destruction of our civilization.

Twenty-fifth. Young children are like parrots, they are the greatest mimics in the world. They only understand that which they can see, and somewhere either in their home or among their acquaintances will be found all the mean traits which they demonstrate. They act and live and talk the way they see the old folks do, so when little Johnny comes out in the yard and swears like a trooper, loses his temper, stamps around, and throws tin cans at the cat, it is merely a reflection of what he has seen someone else do. In other words, the baby and the youngster are the thermometer showing the temperature, mental, physical, and spiritual, of the parents, and the most powerful way of teaching a child is by example.

This may sound as though it were a terrible rehash of antiquated precepts. It is. The entire civilization of the world for millions of years has

depended upon the understanding of these principles. Our farmers have spent years in developing extra fine hogs and in learning how to produce the greatest amount of corn to an acre. In every line of business and enterprise man is being taught efficiency except in the line which gives him the right to live.

The work must be gone over again and again because ninety-nine out of a hundred people, if they know these things, show no symptoms of their knowledge. God must judge us by results. Read the daily newspapers and see if the world has passed the need of studying the practical problem of natural Eugenics.

Occultism does not tell man what to study or to what creed he should subscribe, but it takes him out and showing him things as they are tells him that his duty is to improve himself and his world in the best way that presents itself to him.

"By their works shall ye know them."

unfolding consciousness of man which becomes his guide in the distant places and makes possible his ascent into the dome-shaped skull which is indeed the temple of the gods.

A Letter From the Brothers of the Rose Cross

The Magical Mountain of the Moon

(Continued)

IN the May and June numbers of this magazine we considered in part the symbolism of this remarkable letter said to come from the secret order of the Rosicrucians. It is a well known fact that these Adepts and Initiates were modern adaptations of the ancient Hermetic mystics who flourished during the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries in Central Europe as alchemists and philosophers by fire.

If you will turn again to the plate in the May magazine we shall consider briefly a further study of its symbolism. In the upper corners of the picture we find the Sun and the Moon. These have been used for many ages, in fact hundreds of thousands of years, as symbols of spirit and matter or God and nature. The Sun represents the fiery Father while the Moon represents the earthy and liquid Mother of all things, and as all products are the result of the combination of two or more elements it was said that the Philosopher's Stone, the divine achievement of alchemy, was formed out of the Sun and the Moon by blending their elements in the philosopher's Mercury. We may call this the union of spirit and matter through the link of mind or the focusing point.

There is a mountain that rises out of the darkness of ignorance. This mountain is built out of regenerated life substances raised out of the muck and wire of cosmic oblivion. The black circle shown here represents the elemental and chaotic worlds which are inhabited by the lower, destructive passions and desires, or, in other words, this is the land called by the ancients Egypt, the land of darkness, or the oblivion into which the spirit flees in order to escape destruction at the hands of degeneracy. Darkness is not necessarily malignant, it is merely a shroud or a garment which conceals and protects light, but in it and through it are the evil and destructive passion centers, thought creations, and astral larvae, so well described by Paracelsus and other followers of the alchemical schools. It is out of this valley of death that the Magical Mountain rises as the supreme accomplishment of the alchemist. This black circle at its base is called the region of fantasy because it is the world of ever-changing things, of grotesque ideals, and spiritual unrealities. It is the world of deception that surrounds and conceals forever the mountain of truth. Only one power known to man is capable of piercing the veil of Maya, and that is the faculty of discrimination. One of the most important steps in the unfolding of an Adept is the development of the faculty of discriminative thought. Anyone can think fantastic thoughts which are not logical and reasonable. We can dream fantastic dreams created out of the filaments of diseased imagination, we can live fantastic lives surrounded by the fantasies of the unreal, and the test of the student is his ability to discriminate between

unreal possibilities and actual realities. Therefore, the path to light leads through the veil of darkness where the student faces the problem of discriminating between the powers of life and the false lights of passion creation.

The dragons, serpents, and beasts that people this world of darkness represent the animal qualities, beastial passions, and perverted energies which live and thrive only in darkness, but are scattered forever with the coming of the true light. Every thought and action of man creates astral entities and powers, which, if destructive in nature, take strange and horrible forms and people the region of oblivion with hosts of demoniacal shapes which are nothing more or less than the perverted activities of ignorant people.

Within this circle is a circle of light illuminated by the light of nature. This represents the area of activities illuminated out of darkness by the light or candle of human consciousness, nourished by the tallow or oil in the spinal canal, which when raised out of the cube of matter radiates the illuminating qualities which bring cosmos out of chaos and keep the demons forever away from the germ of life and light concealed within the sacred box or chest of form.

All the mysteries of nature are solved by the light of nature, but those mysteries which are not of nature but are of God can be solved only by the light of God.

The figure of the man blindfolded groping in darkness while within the circle of light represents the consciousness of individuals who believe themselves to be in the area of darkness when in reality darkness is only light to which their organs of vision, mental, spiritual and physical, do not respond. Therefore, the ignorant wander in darkness while surrounded by light because of the blindfold of conscious limitation which surrounds them. In searching for the light they grope out into the darkness, failing to realize that the light is in the center and not outside. But this they do not know until they have sought for it in the ring of darkness. This represents the power of reason searching for the answer to the riddle of being.

On the other side stands the Angel of the Flaming Sword, who faces the light of nature and with the flaming brand in her hand points to the Magical Mountain. This flaming sword is, of course, the upturned spiritual consciousness of man which alone can show him as his guide and instructor the path that leads through the dangers to the foot of the lofty mountain. The cord she carries in her hand is the spinal cord up which he will climb in search of those wondrous grapes that grow in the land of Canaan. The figure with wings represents the

At the base of the picture is the dragon with its tail in its mouth, the divine symbol of alchemical mastery. This symbol shows that all the broken threads of life have been gathered and their ends tied together in the endless band of never-broken consciousness. It means that the spirit spinal serpent has raised itself upward and fastened its tail and head together, completing the vital currents of the body and mastering the previous waste of vital energy by closing the circuit of its expression.

Inside of this ring is the seated figure of the philosopher counting and enjoying his great treasures which are the pearls of truth and of spirit and not material jewels. He represents the one who seated in the center of a purified, diamond-like organism, is surrounded by the jewels of unfolded centers of consciousness which are beyond the price of kings and are the inheritance of gods.

The entire plate represents the human body. The mountain represents the head, the lighted candles on the chest are symbolical of the heart, while the dragon represents the generative system which is the keynote to the regeneration of its forces and the purification of its centers.

Thus the whole picture is an alchemical essay on human, mental, physical, and spiritual redemption which if studied and understood by students of the spiritual sciences will give them a great key to the Rosicrucian alchemical school. All of the Brothers of the Rose Cross were symbolists and their truths have been perpetuated only in symbolism. Each one of us takes the part of Christian Rosenkreuz wandering in search of the answer to the riddle of being. Like him we are buried, that is our spiritual consciousness is buried, and finally raised from the dead, when the two phases of our being, the red lion and the white eagle, fire and water, unite, and from their mystic blending is born the Philosopher's Stone which is hidden away in a mystic cave at the very top of the Magical Mountain of the Moon.

The end

What Will the Harvest Be?

AS we gaze out at the seeds, (mostly wild oats), which the present generation is sewing so thoughtlessly we cannot help but think of those immortal words which have sounded down through many generations, "What will the harvest be?" As we look out into the world it seems that we are producing a generation of anaemics, hardly able to drag one foot after the other, who when they reach such a mature age as, say, eighteen, are broken down wrecks of dissipation who wander aimlessly in ever smaller circles around untimely graves.

Let us classify a few of the specimens of modern manhood and womanhood that are to be the law-makers, the parents, the scientists of the next generation, and ask ourselves again, "What will the harvest be?"

As we gaze out in search of true timber for the building of worlds it seems that we are gazing on the valley of dried bones referred to by the Bible prophet, for there is little material for the building of minds and bodies. Children with old and sunken faces and haggard eyes alone confront us, who while they have not lived long have ruined their opportunity for usefulness in the world of affairs. There is little in common between the humanity of today and the ideals of the human race. A large percentage of our population are morons and over fifty per cent. seem close to savage ignorance; the finer qualities are fast vanishing from our midst and it seems that real thinking is becoming an impossibility. Responsibility and the realization of life's duties seem unknown, and those who pass through years of learning forget before they pass out of the portals of the schoolroom whatever useful things they may have learned. Five years after graduation, or even less, about all that the average boy or girl can remember is the football yell and the school dance. Everything else is merely a muddy blur stored away somewhere in an emaciated and under-nourished comprehension.

To speak in words of eloquence and refinement, we are producing as fine a generation of hollow-headed idiots as the world has known in many a day, and the few thinkers that do storm the tide of human indolence are getting ashamed of themselves and crawl away alone to escape the laughter and the jeering of those who know nothing. It disqualifies a man or woman at this day and age of the world to be a philosopher, while those who disqualify them can find no earthly reason for their own being. The thoughts of man are so far from heaven at the present time and his spiritual ego is so divided from its own true position that to find the centers of consciousness in the world today it is necessary to dress in asbestos.

Now let us analyze this year's crop of dashing anaemics, which to tell the truth have been badly frosted and rather worm-eaten. Of course there are a few exceptions which prove every rule, but generally speaking we can diagnose the young man of this generation something as follows:

He is tall, or if not tall at least slender in frame, finance, and brains. Taking a possible hundred per cent. as perfect we shall find the general averages listed as follows: In health he is about forty per cent. human; his lung capacity is about twenty-five per cent. of what it ought to be; his stomach is in convulsions sixty per cent. of the time; his eligibility to think sensible thoughts is about ten per cent. out of a possible hundred; his ability to smoke bum tobacco is ninety-nine per cent. perfect or better; in dancing he is very efficient, but in arithmetic not so good; he knows every burlesque show in town but couldn't possibly find the public library: his ability to make money, one per cent.; his ability to make dates the other ninety-nine per cent. He is beloved by everyone who doesn't ask him to do something for them and if all goes well and in accordance with harmony and the plan of his being he should have, say, nine love affairs a year and be out of work about eighty per cent. of the time. He is usually slightly round-shouldered, possibly knock-need, he is very important to himself, but absolutely useless furniture to everybody else. He usually gets married before he gets a job and then has a job trying to stay married, as he doesn't know anything and thinks less he does nothing but wonder why his romance won't last and his best girl goes off with a handsomer man.

ERRATA

For end of this paragraph, see page 23, col. 2, line 10.

In other words if we plant this type and wait for the harvest we are not even likely to find a weed when the gathering time draws near, for there is not enough within the average gallant of our generation to cause even a commotion, much less a harvest. Leaving this angle of the problem to bury itself, if it has the strength, we will pass on and consider "Exhibit B," or, as Kipling would call it, "the female of the species," and diagnose the case from that angle.

Taking the general score of one hundred per cent., as before, to represent the perfect, let us briefly consider, list, and label the attributes, accomplishments, and eccentricities of the "species feminalis." General physical health considered first may generally be termed zero; spinal curvature common; weak lungs common; anaemia common; general lassitude prevailing. Each one of these ailments will be found in from fifty to sixty out of every hundred; in other words, if put to a hard day's work said rare specimens would last until they get started and then would call a halt for lunch. Intellectuality, doubtful in ninety-nine per cent. of cases; have never heard of Nathanial Hawthorne nor Samuel Coleridge, but will look in next month's "Snappy Stories" and see if they have written for it. Memory is good but varied, and usually turned into certain channels, most of them useless. Geography, mathematics and history, one hundred per cent. imperfect. Occasionally an eccentric education in art and music, especially in landscape gardening, exterior stucco working, and general external decorations where some proficiency is shown occasionally. Memory of dates, scandals, and vacations, perfect; exceptionally fine in remembering names of motion picture stars. Chewing gum one hundred per cent. perfect, never sound a flat note. Cooking a lost art except for cooking up trouble; domestic sciences, nil; mending, darning, etc., ditto. Usually proficient in dancing except when feet hurt; can wear five-inch heels without staggering; good appetite, especially for shrimps, sardines, and Granada olives. Common sense, nil; ambition, zero (movie ambitions excepted); average length of life, thirty; number of marriages averaging from three to twenty; strongest asset, pugnacious temperament of her own; plenty of energy to hold up one end of a scrap, sometimes both ends, said scrap usually of a domestic nature, but not sufficient energy to do anything useful.

These form the leading features and hopeful prospects of our human race. Politeness, courtesy, simplicity, all of these sweeter and finer sentiments have been discarded for lack of time. Fineness of quality, love of study, art, and science, and all these things which tend to elevate are forgotten. Elevators do not seem to be needed for most of the pool rooms are downstairs and the dance halls are on the main floor.

So with a cigarette snuggled under one ear, a squashed Fedora hat over one eye, his nose squinted to one side, and his eyes half-closed with a drooping expression which is enhanced by a gracefully receding chin, we find him embellished with a high white collar and blare tie, big feet, and a small consciousness, perambulating towards the nearest dance hall or nth class movie with his steady swinging on his arm. So far as she is concerned, at this day and age of the world we are not surprised at anything. She may be smoking a meerschaum or a Virginia cheroot or chewing tobacco, no one knows. But with a swing like a tar and a general makeup resembling an ex-prize fighter she swaggers along. And these two are about to unite for the general betterment of creation to go through life together, sans brains, sans sense, sans everything, sans end. (With apologies to Omar).

And if these are to be planted in the great half-acre of the world's works we ask you again to figure out on the pure principles of mathematics—"What will the harvest be?"

There are three things which, if considered and lived, will make the day of mastery closer for the individual who discovers their mystic truth. First, we must use the powers that we have in the best and most constructive way possible for it is only those who show ability who will be given greater responsibilities. Second, we must look for greater opportunities to be be given the power to fill thme. Third, you must improve yourself every day so that when the appointed time comes you will be a credit to your work and to your God.

The Divine Masquerader

THERE are many people in the world at at the present time who are not what they seem to be. There are those who appear to be poor but who conceal under the veil of poverty riches unnumbered. There are others who seem to be well supplied with the things of this world, but who in reality when the last great moment comes have little either in this world or the worlds to come. There are those who seem to be honest but who have evolved the subtle spirit of dishonesty. There are some who claim to be spiritual, but whose lives tell only of sordid things. Then there are others who claim nothing who are listed with the saviors of mankind. In truth, the world is not always as it looks to be, but it is always what it makes itself.

Now, in the universe there is a power which we can accurately describe as the great Unknown. This power is the sublime and supreme mystery, and for the sake of clearness we have named it the Divine Masquerader, for in truth that is just what it is, a strange and mystic one who masks Himself under a thousand disguises, is known in a million different ways, yet is ever the same.

One of the great incentives in life is man's eternal search for something, a strange and unknown power, which he realizes is valued beyond the gains of earth. He only knows this power as the Masquerader, that mystic spirit of uncertainty, for none know where He will come next or how he will appear when he does come, but consciously or unconsciously all growth depends upon Him. For thousands of years this divine trickster has been masking under the guise of simple things. He is always with us yet remains unknown because he loses his personality and is unseen behind the part He plays. Shakespeare was right when he said that the world is a stage, for the Divine Masquerader is the greatest actor of all; He lives and is the very part that He plays. The old symbols of comedy and tragedy were the smiling face and the downcast face, and these faces are the masks of life.

Behind the mask of an ever-changing personality there is hidden a soul which is ever the same. The great centers of spiritual consciousness expressing through this endless kaleidoscope of ever-changing manifestation are animated by the powers of a single mind, the life is always the same, but the mask is ever-changing.

There is a certain Mr. Raffles, a mysterious individual, and he has a price upon his head for he becomes the servant of all who discover him. The alchemists symbolized him as the gold in the heart of the dross surrounding its precious center with a disguise of worthless stone. Just so with the Masquerader, for he conceals the greatest prize beneath the homeliest mask and every minute he is before your eyes donning a disguise which will bring him into your environment.

The Divine Masquerader cannot live without a form, but he changes this form perpetually. He is eternally whispering to you, but his disguise is too subtle for you to penetrate. What is the motive behind the actions of this strange being; why does He hide His light eternally from the eyes of man? He is not trying to conceal himself, but in reality uses His disguise that He may mingle with you and labor for you in ways that you can understand. This is the motive of the disguise that coming down from the great Divine, He may reveal himself in simple things and labor where you can understand and know Him.

He disguises Himself in a way that will bring Him close to the heart of everyone, but as the average seeker after the light looks for the great, the wierd, and the unusual rather than the simple and the practical, we seldom reognize the Masquerader who is as one of us in our daily walks of life. We should realize, however, that in the circle of our daily happenings there are many things that are not what they seem to be, for behind appearances is this jaunty spirit of concealment who has put on a domino to appear to you as something that you know. If your daily labor is with a pick and shovel, somewhere among those working with you the Masquerader will be hiding. If you are of the houses of riches and the homes of plenty, somewhere among them He will be concealed. His disguise is always perfect, but man overlooks the simple and the direct and seeks the great and the spectacular. If the Master Jesus should come to the world today, who would

recognize Him? We would receive Him if He descended in a cloud of glory surrounded by a host of angels, but who would know Him if He walked the earth in rags?

Everyone has seen the Masquerader today, but few have known him and fewer still have claimed the reward. This mysterious individual is the keyhole that leads to an understanding of how the door of life should be opened. Everyone has met and shaken hands with this Divine One who is not what he seems. Tomorrow you will meet Him again and He will seem to be different, but ever He is the same. All the way through life there is never a moment when He will leave you, but with only the Masquerader as a companion most people feel alone.

While we judge things only by what they appear to be, the Masquerader will never be found, but when man learns to judge things for what they are and what is within them, then this mystic stranger will be unveiled by the one who has become master of personalities. No one knows through whom this Masquerader will work next. It may be you. Everyone of you may tomorrow become unconsciously the dwelling place of this Divine One traveling incognito.

The Initiates of our world are never known for they go through the world living like the people they seek to serve, shrouding thir divine powers in robes of clay.

The spirit of the Masquerader is always close to the hearts of men, it is the unknown quantity, the missing power, but in truth it is all there is to live for. The problem that confronts man is to know this stranger when he sees Him, to realize that opportunity comes masquerading every day, that truth and light and knowledge and greater understanding come to us in strange disguises every hour and moment of our lives. When those come up to us who need our aid we think little of them, for they are poor and have nothing to give. We do not see the Masquerader concealed there, the unknown One behind the mask, but at that moment there comes to us an opportunity to do something worthy, and opportunity is the Divine Masquerader who will serve all who discover Him.

The Masquerader plays as our enemies, He shines out from those we dislike for He is the opportunity of reconciliation. He shines out to us from all with whom we come in contact, and we must wander the earth in rags until we find Opportunity. He is so subtle in his workings and so perplexing that we are often in doubt whether to accept Him or reject Him. One minute he inhabits us and a second later the soul of another.

Growth is the divine result of opportunity and is hidden behind every hard knock of life. The spirit of growth is disguised as a problem or a disappointment which wrecks and tears our soul. He is like the spirit of temptation that seeks to lead us astray and still prays that He may fail. For growth is the divine good which man gains from trouble; disappointment and failure are the gloom masks behind which the true actor is concealed. When we tear these masks from the spirits of negation there is nothing behind but Opportunity; when we tear away the mask of the devil we find God underneath, for the devil is just another disguise of the Masquerader. When some one robs us, cheats us out of everything we have, it seems a terrible injustice, but tear away the mask and Opportunity is all that is really there, for tests like these are opportunities to do something great and to rise above our grief. When we lie on the bed of sickness, tear away the mask from disease and we find just Opportunity, for the Divine Masquerader gazes down upon all these things. When someone tears us down and leaves us broken at the feet of our life work, tear away the mask and we find again the same smiling face of opportunity.

The Masquerader hides Himself under the discouraging, disheartening experiences of life. They are the masks and shams with which He is trying to help us to greater works. He is giving us the opportunity to master Him and every time we win a battle with Him we unmask the spirit of perversion and find the face of God smiling up from every disappointment. Over the battlefield with its shot and shell floats the spirit of opportunity, even Death itself when unmasked is the spirit of infinite growth. As the last sail of the ship vanishes beneath the waves nothing seems to remain but destruction, but even there is Opportunity.

All life conceals behind its strange and mystic workings just one great principle—the opportunity for growth. We are here to learn and our knowledge is of greater value than happiness unless we can be happy with the knowledge of work well done. Every disappointment, every problem, every hard knock of life, is given to man that he may grow, and in truth each one

of them is Opportunity in disguise. Most people cannot agree with this concept. Few can see in those who injure them the face of Opportunity. There is in every life a place where there seems to be no redeeming feature; we know that failure must dwell there for Opportunity could not so disillusion us. Yet unveil the problem and you will find the same sweet spirit there. Every enmity is an opportunity for friendship, every sorrow is an opportunity to rise to greater heights. We call Him failure but he is in truth the maker of success; we call Him discouragement but without Him the great achievement is impossible. Always found where you do not want Him, always pointing out the difficult things, confronting us with problems which seem more than we can handle, He is neither popular nor desired, and yet He is the creator of gods.

There is but one spirit, the spirit of good, the spirit of God. Everything is an opportunity to lift or be lifted. No two people can meet but what opportunity is with them. In every life there are three or four great opportunities, and most lives are not successful because people have not learned to recognize them. People cry out to God, saying, "Oh, Lord, give me this or give me that and please, Lord, give me something!" But those who are wise know that the only thing they have a right to ask is the thing they have so often refused—opportunity. People want the fruits without the works necessary to produce them; they do not want a chance to work, they wish the rewards first; they want success upon a silver platter. They do not realize that God's greatest gifts to man are the powers of negation and opposition which stimulate the soul to greater effort.

If opportunity came and gently tapped us on the shoulder and said "Kind sir, I am Opportunity, and I am going to give you a chance to be great," he could not even wake us up, we would merely roll over on the other side and sleep calmly until fate gave us a rap. But the Lord of Creation with His divine wisdom has decreed that man must go out and look for opportunity as the farmer looks for woodchucks. You may have to smoke him out or choke him out, set a trap for him or maybe crawl into the hole and drag him out by the tail. The world is failing, not because it does not gain results, but because it does not recognize opportunity and seek to make use of it. The loss of an opportunity is a damning failure—the only failure in all the universe. Fools can follow where wise men lead, many can make good when someone else has shown them the opportunity, but the only success is when we discover it ourselves.

The world finds what it looks for and there are many looking for Opportunity but it is usually an opportunity to evade work, and to find a soft snap is too often considered the acme of wisdom. The world is a genius when it comes to digging up skeletons and a wonder in analyzing reputations, and there are experts of all kinds on unnecessary lines. But if people would only take out their high-powered magnifying glasses, put on their checkered suits and turn Sherlock Holmes to detect Opportunity they would find a new world opening before them.

Remember, when you are laboring to unfold and bring opportunity to others, that you are then the Masquerader yourself and your duty is to remain unknown, to become the Spirit of Good forever concealed behind the mask of the Masquerader. Therefore, if you are working with friends whose profession is that of digging ditches do not go down in a tall silk hat and spats and deliver a doxology for you will only lose all opportunity to be of service. You must disguise yourself and your concepts as the Masquerader, you must have your mask and become a master of makeup, and be able to help people where they are and not where you are.

When people lose themselves in the parts they are playing, they are no longer acting but are living many lives in one. As surely as every living thing is to you an Opportunity so you are the Masquerader to all other things. Our duty is to learn to play many parts. The Divine Masquerader knows all parts and just steps from one to another, that He may serve people where they are by disguising Himself as one of them.

Let us realize that the great Master is the one who can do the most good to others without himself being seen. So let each of us play this wonderful game of the Masquerader, slipping into other lives unknown, so far as personality is concerned, just to help someone along the way and then to vanish again as the Spirit of Opportunity, to receive and to give in the Name of the Divine Masquerader.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

IN last month's edition we considered a few of the outstanding characteristics of the sign of Aries and we shall now consider Taurus, the second sign of the Zodiac, known to the ancients as Aphis of the celestial Bull. Students of Astrology should remember that these signs were named after animals or symbols which demonstrated the characteristics of the sign, and that by studying the creature or the symbol they may secure a very good understanding of the general temperament of the sign.

Briefly considered, we may analyze the keywords as follows:

Taurus, the second sign of the Zodiac:

Vernal
Cold
Dry
Earthy
Melancholy
Domestic
Nocturnal
Southern
Fixed
Succedent
Unfortunate
Fourfooted
Commanding
Hoarse
Short Ascension
Night House of Venus
Exaltation of the Moon
Fruitful sign
Detriment of Mars.

General Characteristics:

Taurus is a very peculiar sign in general characteristics. We find certain phases of it slow, unsympathetic, and cold, while if well placed it is artistic, emotional, vital, sympathetic, and excitable. If provoked becomes malicious.

Strong Will Power
Tremendous Determination
Hard to rule
Can be coaxed but never forced
Usually rather material

Physical Appearance:

Broad forehead
Rather curly hair
Square face
Usually dark
Handsome
Fairly short, well set stature
Large eyes
Full mouth
Governs neck and throat
Prominent face
Strong shouldered
Often short fingers

If Venus is well posited in Taurus it adds great beauty and balance to the figure and harmonious, symmetrical development to the form. If a malefic afflicts Taurus is often defomed around the head and shoulders.

Health:

Taurus is often afflicted with poor health, both in her own region of the throat and in the opposing sign Scorpio, which governs the animal energy centers.

Nervousness, muscular ailments, and often trouble in the liver and kidneys is noted, sometimes stomach trouble. Anaemia is sometimes present and Taurus is subject to sprains, strains, and twists of the body.

The following are the most prevalent diseases:

Consumption
Scrofula
Croup
Melancholia
Quinsey
Sore throat
Nervousness
Emotional ailments
Troubles in basilar processes of the spine and through Scorpio regions.

Domestic Problems:

Taurus, under proper conditions and unless afflicted, is an earthy, home-loving sign and usually settles down after a certain time of youthful wandering. Astrologers agree that Taurus is usually successful in domestic problems.

Countries Under Influence of Taurus:

Ireland
Great Poland
White Russia
Holland
Lesser Asia
Archipelagoes
Cypress
Lorraine
Switzerland
The Campania

Cities Under Its Domain:

Mantua
Leipsig
Parma
Nantz
Franconia
Sens
Blythynia

Colors:

Green
Citrin
Red

According to Ptolemy the stars in the abscission of the sign of Taurus resemble in their temperament the influence of Venus and in some degree that of Saturn. The Pleiades are like the Moon and Mars; Aldebaran, the eye of the Bull, takes the quality of Mars; the other stars resemble Saturn and partly Mercury. Those at the top of the horns take the qualities of Mars.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Taurus governs the Cherubim; is ruled by the angel Asmodel; of the twelve tribes of Israel, Ruben; of the twelve prophets, Haggai; of the twelve apostles, Thaddeus; of the twelve plants, upright and vervain; of the twelve stones, the cornelian; of the twelve degrees of the damned, it is said to rule the lying spirit.

The Indian Snake Charmer

FEW travellers have ever been to India who have not been fascinated by the street-jugglers and snake charmers of the East. You will see these old delapidated-looking individuals, covered with very little clothing and a great deal of dirt, sitting crosslegged on the ground, while before them is a little native basket containing an Indian cobra.

The fakir plays upon a three-note flute or reed and as the strange sounds come from it the snake sticks its head out of the basket and slowly rises upward lifting nearly one-half of its body off the ground. There it sits coiled up, its puffed head swaying back and forth to the tune of the snake-charmer and it seems hypnotized by the notes that he plays until he can handle it or do anything he desires with it.

There is a great secret of interest to the occultist and the mystic concealed under the story of the snake-charmer, for all of these ancient rituals and ideas have sacred origins and in the light of the Ancient Wisdom let us analyze the occult meaning of snake-charming.

In India the spinal spirit fire is called Kundalini and is symbolized as a serpent. According to the ancients, in the undeveloped man this snake lies coiled in the basket of the solar plexus. It is from this point that it is raised up the spinal canal through the spinal nerves by means of the development of the neophyte. This spinal spirit fire is the force which carries with it the power of spiritual sight and illumination. The three-pipe flute or the reed with three openings symbolizes the three keynotes of spiritual growth, namely thought, emotion, and action. When man plays proper harmonies upon his three bodies, the flute of Krishna, then Kundalini, the sleeping serpent, rises out of its basket and ascends through the blossoms on the spinal column awakening them with its power. In India today this is called snake-charming and its mystic message is perpetuated by the fakirs on the street who themselves know nothing of its inner significance.

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATIOO

VOL. 30000001 JULY, 1923 No. 1000000000002

KING TUT NOW RESTING QUIETLY

Political Campaign Is Very Heated

COMPLETE RECOVERY OF KING TUT EXPECTED

His Majesty, King Tutankhamen, is reported to be improving and the Doctors hope for a complete recovery, which is most comforting to his large circle of friends and relatives. King Tut is suffering from neuritis and a complete nervous breakdown, as the result of the continual strain which the Pharaoh has been passing through during the last few weeks. The King is a very sensitive man and having remained a recluse for over two thousand years, his sudden jump to fame was too much for his delicate constitution. During King Tut's illness he was attended by a number of his favorite wives, one of whom could not be present owing to her absence on a short trip to Earth.

NOTED PSYCHOLOGIST ARRIVES FROM EARTH

Prof. Alexander Blitherskyt, well known psychologist from the planet Earth, sneaked into heaven on a slow freight early this a.m. The Professor had great difficulty in getting here, owing to the fact that he lacked the price of a ticket. He will deliver a lecture at the Skydome Auditorium this evening explaining his thrilling experience and how to get to heaven without the necessary railroad fare.

Prof. Blitherskyt is an authority on free traveling, and states that a fundamental study of modern psychology will produce a talented freight-car tareveler. We may say by way of detail that Prof. Blitherskyt arrived by clinging to a rail on the underside of the refrigerator car that was bringing Apollo his winter supply of cold storage eggs.

MADAME BLASE ADDRESSES CLUB

Low-cut diadems and King Tut haloes are the height of fashion this spring among the upper set. Wings of elephant-breath buff and biege are the rage in smart circles. Madame Blase made these statements while addressing heaven's Five Hundred at the Satellite Evening Club here today. Madame also states that henna will be used among the angels of the younger set. It was also stated that male angels will wear Barney Google derbies and robes cut on Sparkplug lines this spring. At the bachelor angel symposium it was stated that full beards will be in fashion during the summer months.

PEARLY GATES WEATHER BUREAU

Monthly Bulletin

Moderate winds and possibly a few showers. If it doesn't rain it will remain clear while if the winds fails to materialize we may expect calms.

BARGAIN PICKUPS

King Ptah-resu-aneb-f desires to sell, trade or exchange a complete second-hand mummy out that very low price. His object is to realize something on it before scientists steal the entire tomb. Will take a good second-hand pair of non-skid retreaded wings or exchange for a Ford car with inter-planetary attachments. Must have extra tires and be six-cylinder. Ptah-resu-aneb-f, 1313 Pharaoh Row, East Heaven.

PEARLY GATES CITY COUNCIL FIGHT IS ON

In the recent election for President of the Pearly Gates City Council the standpatters and the Progressives very nearly came to blows. The Pearly Gates Sewerage System and street paving contracts formed the hub of the discussion. The Progressives were adamant in their opposition while the standpatters stood for taxing sun-power. The First and Eighth wards were with the Progressives nearly to a man, and there is no doubt that the suffrage vote settled the question. The Progressives stood for free cloud dispensation, while the standpatters are in favor of municipal management of all storms; they also believe that all angels should carry license plates and be equipped with stop-light signals. The Progressive's candidate, Mr. Gusto Bang, was elected by a slim majority. Plans are already on foot for the next election, which will be held in the year 982,000,000.

WANTED

A number of angels to sell road-maps and encyclopedias in outlying districts and residential section of heaven; exclusive territories granted. We can also use a number of snappy story magazine salesmen; routes assigned. Also, one or two good salesmen from the Earth to dispense vacuum cleaners, electric irons, washing machines, energetic angels need apply. See I. Catchem and U. Cheatum, Importers, 1414 Ether Avenue, three blocks from carline. Open Saturday evenings.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
Just Off the Press--

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

This is the latest work of this author and approaches the problem of spiritual enfoldment and growth in a manner both new and unusual.

The book contains six allegorical stories dealing with the spiritual development and initiation of mystical characters EACH ONE OF WHICH CAN BE PLACED IN THE LIFE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE WISDOM TEACHINGS. THE READER IS THE HERO OF EACH OF THE MYTHS, and concealed under the fables are many of the very deepest principles of occultism.

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.
This deals with the regeneration of matter and the transmutation of bodies.

The Master of the Blue Cape.
In this chapter the mystic meaning of the elixer of life and the philosophers' stone is given to the reader. Also the inner meaning of Alchemy.

The Face of The Christ.
The mystery of the last supper and the great problem of the second coming of the Christ is taken up from the occult standpoint, and presented in an understandable way.

The Guardian of the Light.
The duties and labors of one who seeks to be given charge of the Divine Wisdom are set forth in this chapter. Also the price of the Mystic Truth.

The One Who Turned Back.
This is the allegory of one who reached the gate of Liberation and renounced freedom to return again into the world. A study in Mystic Initiation.

The Glory of the Lord.
What happens to those who seek to enter the presence of the Lord without purifying themselves according to His laws? Read what happened to one, in the Tabernacle of the Jews.

The book is well printed on good paper and bound in boards stamped in blue. It contains sixty-four pages closely written.

This work like all of these publications is presented to the public without fixed price, leaving it to your own higher sentiments to show you your part in the work we are carrying.

The edition of this book is limited, so if you are interested send at once enclosing the contribution that you wish to make, not to pay just for the book but to help the work along, and you will receive your copy in the return mail.

Address all orders to Manly P. Hall, P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Cal.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publication.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One
Questions and Answers, Part Two
Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic symbols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

Wands and Serpents

The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

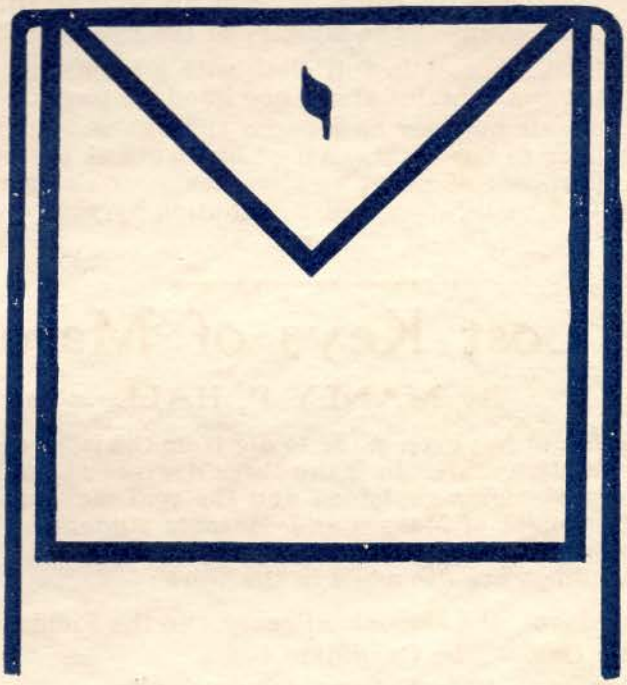
An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

AUGUST, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By MANLY P. HALL

A comprehensive study in the Wisdom Religion as it has been perpetuated through symbolism and mythology. This work is of interest to all students of mystic and occult philosophies or Masonry. The work is beautifully illustrated with drawings to explain its principles, some by the author and others of an alchemical and mystic nature. The table of contents is as follows:

Chapter One	"The Fire Upon the Altar."
Chapter Two	"The Sacred City of Shamballah."
Chapter Three	"The Mystery of the Alchemist."
Chapter Four	"The Egyptian Initiate."
Chapter Five	"The Ark of the Covenant."
Chapter Six	"The Knights of the Holy Grail."
Chapter Seven	"The Mystery of the Pyramids."

This book is beautifully bound in full cloth with a handsome alchemical cover design stamped in gold leaf and contains about one hundred pages.

This work is not for sale but may be secured through a voluntary contribution on the part of anyone desiring to possess it. All of our work is put out for the benefit of students and not for purposes of profit and we ask your co-operation to assist us in meeting the cost of publication and distribution by your own realization of responsibility.

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
Chapter One—"The Candidate."
Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

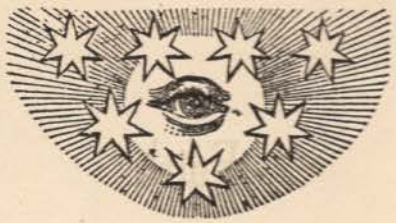
The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

Like all of our other works this book is only securable through the free-will offering of those desiring to secure it. Each person is placed upon his own honor and only reminded that the perpetuation of the work depends upon the cheerful co-operation of the workers.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., AUGUST, 1923 No. 4



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
Spiritual Fellowship....3
Poem, Faith....2

ORIENTAL OCCULTISM
The Veil of Krishna and the Doctrines of Renunciation....20

OCCULT FICTION
The Spirit of the Snows....9
The Brothers of the Shining Robe, Chapter 2, The Mirror of Eternity, (Continued)....12
Balder the Beautful....15

OCCULT MASONRY
An Appeal for Better Masons....30

ASTROLOGY
The Keywords of Gemini....26

SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Dope Problem....7
Explanation of Last Month's Plate....19
Man, the Human Violin, Part Two The God of Music....28

THE PEARLY GATES GAZETTE....32

Faith

As the sun rose over the gray parapet,
And the mosque with its dome of gold,
A figure alone on the tall minaret
Called the wandering sheep to the fold.

While out in the rolling desert sand
The prayer rug is spread each morn,
And there each roving Bedouin band
Offers prayer to the spirit of dawn.

To Allah, the Greatest, they sing their song,
And I a Christian beside them pray
That my God and their God all day long
May keep us in the perfect way.

Be it Christ or Mohammed whose praise they sing
It matters but little to me,
For a wonderful peace the faithful bring
To those who have eyes to see.

Though race and religion divide us,
Together we kneel and together we pray
That the hand of Allah may guide us
Through the night to the dawn of day.

EDITORIAL

Spiritual Fellowship

THERE are now over one hundred and fifty organizations in the United States alone which have brotherhood as their motto. Nearly all of the religious concepts of our day are based upon the rock of spiritual fellowship, unity, and truth, and in nearly every case we find their members sneaking down dark alleys late at night with sandbags and leadpipes laying in wait like beasts of prey with thoughts far from loving fellowship for all members of other than their own groups. Over their front door is a glorious gilded motto with such inspiring words as "Love ye one another" or "Fellowship in spiritual conclave" while under the back stoop there are other sentiments expressed, such as "Do one another and do 'em good," "Each good soak deserves another," and other similar epigramatic concepts of sweet charity and loving service.

It is the same with individuals as with organizations. Our leading exponents of divine brotherhood spend half their time knocking chips off other peoples shoulders or hoisting young oaks on their own. Where there is no brotherhood there is no growth, no spirituality, and no power. Man has a very analytical mind and it seems that he loves to argue, to pick flaws in, to dislike and to find fault with individuals, when it is just as easy to seek the divine spirit of good and truth within themselves and those with whom they come in contact.

It is a very sad thing to see how much brotherhood is preached and how little it is lived in the daily life of our people. Among those who claim to be spiritual there is a wonderful opportunity to combine forces, to fight with the sword of truth and light side by side, unselfishly and unreservedly laboring for the furtherance and expression of that noble spiritual teaching which the world recognizes as the Ancient Wisdom.

Brotherhood is the key of the new age. It is shouted from the pulpit and rostrum and its noble ideals are portrayed in every expression of life, and yet nowhere is there so little of it, it seems, as among those who claim to be fellow servers and brother workers in the name of the one God. The inevitable result of this competitive and combative expression of religion is the undermining of noble work, the tearing down of great ideals, and the ruination of ethical enterprises, for where the spirit of cooperative brotherhood, one-for-all and all-for-one, is missing there can be no work done either for God or for man.

One of the great things that the exponents of Christianity and occult philosophy must learn to realize, is, that the desire for self-superiority is the greatest known cause of competitive ethics, and that when one man seeks to be greater, holier, or more exalted than his brother he loses entirely his usefulness in the plan of human evolution. Spiritual workers must cease to feel that they are better than anybody else; they must come down off their high horses; they must kick out their pomposity and "persnickertiveness" and annilhilate forever the spirit of "conspishiation" which they manifest in every expression of their lives. Side by side, each helping the other, each working for the other, each sweet and kind to the other, they were born and must forever remain free and equal.

Simplicity and self-abnegation are the secret of spiritual power, for only those can have power who save it. Those who waste it can no longer have it. The exercise of power constructively without the taint of domineerance is the test of the soul, and the one who masters and passes successfully this

test is the one who has learned to possess power without exercising it. The exercise of power over others by those who have not reached a conscious unity with the divine initiators results only in competitive theologies and combative lives, and where such sentiments exist the spirit of God is not.

The Initiate is always marked and known among men by his sweet simplicity and non-irritating personality. He carries no chips, issues no commands, demands no obedience, and hampers the free expression of none, and as a result he is surrounded by those types of spiritual entities who will serve for the love of serving and will obey him unto death because he has never asked them to carry out a single command.

With one hundred and fifty organizations preaching the principles of brotherhood in the United States through hundreds of thousands of branches, it would seem that we should see more of it but the end will never be gained while the spiritual consciousness of individuals is a slave to personality, for it is eternally personalities that open the way to misunderstandings. The spirit of man is never insulted by anything for it recognizes nothing but its God; the spirit of man is never tempestuous nor fussy nor does it have that terrible habit of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel; neither is it on the lookout for opportunities to express power. These things are of no interest to the spiritual consciousness but they do mold to a great degree the personalities of living creatures, and man is only subject to irritabilities and temperamental uncertainties when he is mastered by either his personal dignity, his conceit, or his emotional "persquisitiveness".

It is here that the spiritual student has a glorious opportunity of showing the beauty of his creeds but in the majority of cases he just becomes another swell-headed idiot who proves by his every thought and action that he hasn't nearly as much spirituality as the average guinea-pig.

Man cannot serve two masters and when he is a slave to his own feelings and is jealously guarding them he cannot be a servant of his God. But, alas, at this day and age of the world man is supremely jealous, supremely selfish, and divinely egotistic, not to mention heavenly impossible. He may fondly believe that he has mastered these things and is qualified to stand in the slippery places, but when he has really reached that state of simplicity and selflessness he has arrived at that stage of consciousness when he isn't sure of anything except the need of further effort.

Selfishness is the true cause of contention; it is the basis of religious and fraternal ruptions and individual brawls. When people claiming brotherhood are living like cats and dogs and organizations whose keynote is fellowship are at each others throats half the time, we cannot blame people for wandering through the world faithless and apparently disillusioned.

The reason for these conditions is that selfish fellowship is based upon the "me first" platform. There is no fellowship where there is inequality of ideals or personalities or where people build walls around themselves. There is no fellowship where there are people who egotisticly know that they know more than others, for fellowship consists in the bridging of gaps and the uniting of opposites and brotherhood stands for the cognition of the fundamental oneness of life and form. Too often this is forgotten and in order to produce the sham mask of apparent cooperation many have to bow in unwilling servility at the feet of domineering overlords. Such a process in which people serve because they must and are restricted in their expression of individuality produces only eye-servants who do as we will when they are with us but hate us and belittle us behind our backs, in which case there is no one to blame but ourselves. Domineerance is not productive either of growth or spirituality but is the war-cry of personality, and that war-cry is the death-rattle of a dying civilization based upon the principles of individual omnipotence.

Brotherhood consists of overlooking unpleasant conditions and not altogether seeking to exterminate them. It demands the

breaching of the aura of impregnable egotism which surrounds individuals and the uniting of the spiritual consciousness consciously, for unconsciously it has been one since the beginning of the world. People must learn to be elastic, never rigid and taut in their lives, always ready to bend to the center, their motto being, "I'd rather be imposed upon a hundred times than to impose upon another once." The answer may come back that when we live in this way we are the brunt of injustice but that problem does not concern the spiritual seeker, for being absolutely selfless there is nothing to be hurt, offended, or angered by the world's returns. When man is subject to the actions of others and his happiness depends upon the subjugation of those about him, he is still living in those barbaric ages when physical brawn was the keynote of worth.

The sting must be taken out of life before brotherhood can be established and brotherhood is the one and only base of spirituality. The brotherhood of body cells makes the individual, the brotherhood of organs perpetuates his form, the brotherhood of brain cells makes possible his thoughts, and the brotherhood of worlds makes possible his cosmic evolution. Wherever nature is expressing herself, in the higher and more divine sense, she is divinely cooperative, placing herself upon the level of all things and never standing above looking down.

Life is filled with petty jealousies and stings; it is filled with the love of revenge, the holding of grudges, satisfaction at others' discomfiture, and all those hellish little qualities which produce pandemonium on earth. There is always a certain satisfaction which we feel when we can discomfort a rival, there is a certain glory with which we gloat over unpleasant conditions into which we entangle people whom we do not like. All of these qualities belong to the lowest, most detestable and most hopelessly materialistic concepts of life which are the result of the development and encouragement of organs and centers of consciousness which are entirely personal and selfish in their sentiments.

These conditions are no more present anywhere than among our spiritual students who go around perpetually seeking for opportunities to pick scraps or else they are so covered with chips and sharp points that people cannot get close to them without friction of some kind being started. If you tell these very same people that they are mean, niggardly, and undesirable they will loose the wrath of the gods upon your head and leave you in a flutter of righteous wrath because you have failed to agree that hairs-splitting, bacteria-amputating and dissecting and concept-pulling is not the height of spiritual and ethical professions.

There is a divine quality in the human soul which overlooks things. To this quality grudges, buffets, et cetera, do not attune themselves and there are those who are capable of transmuting every unkind thought, every harsh word of others into such a shower of blessings that they are ready to worship the person who has offended them or who sought to offend them. We must have more such people as this who sweetly and unselfishly go through life blessing those who despitefully use them and praying for those who injure them. It is safe to say that those who do not forgive and overlook injuries and mistakes will sometime wait a long while to have theirs forgiven.

It is within the spiritual range of everybody to pick a fuss. It can be done without half trying under any known human conditions and if you are looking for trouble you will always be able to find it within the aura of your acquaintances for it sticks its nose out of every conceivable place at every inconceivable moment. Anyone can catch and express irritation and can do so without any spiritual training although it usually takes considerable experience to become truly proficient in insolence and meanness, qualities for which many people have earned diplomas. It takes, however, a master to go through the world without picking a fight or having an argument or raising Ned with somebody under the glorious arch of some religious or fraternal order which has "Love

ye one another" painted in gold letters over its door.

If you listen to some noble exponents of brotherly love and divine simplicity, spiritual f e l l o w s h i p, et cetera, when their acquaintances are not present you will hear such sweet sentiments as these pouring out from their souls when some unsuspecting creature steps on a pet corn:

"You d—d little runt you! you blooey, smooey, bang woof! you insect! you rat! you microbe! you non-entited know-nothing! you crook! thief! burglar! grafter! you d—d—d—d— Blang! ?!&@"&'@"**(**" (Heard at one of our lectures).

Such sweet sentiments as these are not uncommon among occultists, especially when two combatting theorists get together. They take books, inkstands, hymnals and Bibles, open them to paragraphs on brotherly love and slam them in each other's faces, praying to the Lord to give them strength in their right arm. Or if they are not of a violent nature they will sulk for three or four months over a stolen lollypop or because someone told them the earth was flat instead of round or that their favorite teacher looked like a zebra or an ape.

So it goes. And every night theoretical stretcher-bearers are carrying out the combatants from mystic and occult gatherings while astral entities and forms resembling daggers, bombs, and stilettos flit around the halos of our divine incarnations of spiritual wisdom. And so the world wags! The brotherhood label is still on the bottle but it is often filled with carbolic acid and H2S04.

Brotherhood is a very elusive insect which can slip away in a very few moments and seldom survives a hard word or hasty action. We do not expect a great deal of it among prize-fighters and professional thugs but we do expect a respectable amount of it from people claiming to be following in the way of Initiates. But as usual, blessed is he who expecteth nothing for we seldom find it in a truly useable form.

Below we list a recipe for the development of brotherhood within the soul of anyone who will forget his own likes and dislikes long enough to follow it. We might add at this point that there are no students too great, too advanced, or too close to initiation to be brothers for the greatest of all is the the one who will give his all for his enemy every day of his life.

The recipe is as follows:

First: Forget yourself. You are not very much anyway and nothing will be lost if you forget what you are. If by any chance you feel that you are made of a little better stock than your fellowmen you are merely sick—go out and run around the pasture for a while. If by any chance you have within your soul that inherent feeling that you are close to God, remember that the one who is closest is the one who has come the closest to hammering down the wall of personality with its likes and dislikes which in the majority of cases is thicker than rhinoceros hide.

Second: Put padding on all your sore points. If you have certain traits of temperament which stick out and get in other people's way chop them off and use for firewood, they don't mean anything anyway. If you have any bunions, trim them. If you don't keep them short don't blame anybody else for stepping on them. If there are any places where the skin if off, slivers under the nail, et cetera, get them out and forget them —never nurse them. If you have boils, carbuncles, or spiritual itches, keep them to yourself until cured, nobody else wants them. And if you have a mean streak on, jump into the ocean from the highest building you can find and be sure there are plenty of rocks beneath. This will at least divide you from your personality in very short order. (Not to be done literally, however.)

Third: If there is anyone you do not like, try to figure out why you don't and you will find it much easier to like them than to find the reason for the dislike. It is impossible to find any real reason for ninety-nine per cent of the grouches which fill the aura of our being. Most have had a case of stomach trouble and they started to hate someone because of the general discomfort that filled their being and once having

started to dislike they do not want to admit their mistake by making up.

Fourth: If you happen to be jealous of somebody, forget about that too. Only small minds are jealous. Learn to do or to be the thing in which they excel, which is the cause of your jealousy, and if you must have consolation look for it in the dictionary, you will find it listed under the C's.

Fifth: If you think for a moment that the Lord has placed you in charge of his workmen, forget it. (There are many things to forget and most people would be much better off if they entirely forgot themselves.) Cooperate with everyone but never try to be the big cheese for it is full of holes and doesn't mean much. Many people who think they are holy are merely holey or filled with a masterful combination of bubbles and general disintegration which lends that heart-enthralling aroma to rockefort and limburger.

Sixth: When looking for a mean disposition or when we find it necessary to expend animal exurberance on something, let us look in the mirror and behold the greatest fool that ever lived, bar none, and realize that in the average case the only point wherein we excel is in the ignorance that our laurels are uncoveted.

In other words, man is a compendium of foolishness and sore spots and he howls in five different colors when anyone hurts him, leans roughly on some soft little corn or steps on his tail. Consequently he jumps for the other fellow's face and starts something which makes it impossible for his neighbors to sleep or his world to be at rest. In other words, dissension, stewing, fussing, jealousy and deceit, not to forget sore-heads, are nothing more or less than the teething process of human consciousness which while not serious keeps the individual in a fever for years. It doesn't mean anything but only shows how awfully small we are to people whom we are trying to impress with our size.

So let us call it off, forget it, have a new sign painted and hung up to cover the old one which was smashed in a peace fight, and still claim fraternity and brotherhood as our slogan and try to do better, realizing that any fool can start a fuss but it sometimes takes the Lord himself to stop it when once started. Therefore, let us follow in the footsteps of the truly wise man who takes the sign of brotherhood away from the door and hangs it in his own heart, there to shine forth as an illuminating light through his daily actions, his thoughts, and his ideals.

The Dope Problem

IT IS safe to say that there has never been a time in the history of the world when the dope problem was more acute than it is now, when in spite of ever stricter laws and the increasing vigilance of city and state officials, co-operating with the national powers, the menace still flourishes, eating to the very heart of our homes and extending from the humblest of our people to the very highest places in the land.

In our days of prosaic and unsophisticated thought, when superstitions are limited to horse-shoes, bent pins, ladders, and four-leaf clovers, we have very little time for anything that is not tangible to our physical senses or capable of analysis in the scientific laboratory, but the greatest of philosophers and thinkers, whose books are now in our public schools and whose names are listed with the benefactors of humanity, have realized that behind each visible, tangible effect there is an invisible, intangible cause. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, we must realize that there is something deeper and more subtle than the physical drug behind the dope problem.

Man is learning more and more rapidly that there is an unseen, unknown element which may be called the third party in the transaction of being. For ages we have heard of the spirits of the plagues and how the messengers of death have walked with men and we know from literal statistics how disease and seismic cataclysms follow war and martial disorders as the result of subtle,

intelligent, natural reaction.

Somewhere in nature there is a reservoir in which is stored the expressions of energy radiating from the actions of man. There is a little sorting room there such as can be seen in a postoffice where mail is being distributed. Among the other divisions there is a rendezvous where bad spirits congregate, these bad spirits being composed of human weaknesses and perversions. These gathering together from the many subject to the same shortcomings produce vitalized forms capable of being felt in world affairs.

The ancients said that great vices such as dope, wars, crime, etc., built forms which they call demons and elemental beings who after a time nourished by the perversions of mankind and supplied with power by those addicted to their perversion become menacing creatures, which brooding over the world gather into their tentacles those who while not strong enough to withstand this concentrated force would otherwise never become addicted to crime, dope, or excesses. Each new addict joins the great throng who worship at the altars of death and bow before the shrine of self-destruction, and through the languor of morphine and heroin they feed the great demon spirit of dope with their own life blood, while cocaine with its frantic outbursts of uncontrollable passion not only wrecks the addict but the expression of his perverted energy perpetuated in the living substances of nature go forth on an endless round of destruction.

Not only must we fight the dope problem from the purely physical basis, with the two-edged sword of education as a precautionary and medical treatment as a reparative measure but we must also fight this invisible something,—the Spirit of Dope. This can only be done when the great bloodless boycott is laid upon every expression of nature and each individual mentally and physically combining for the good of all labors to stamp out this plague and blight against proper thinking and normal living.

Man is learning more and more rapidly that thoughts are things. Certain vibratory rays pour from him as the result of thought, action, and desire, and he himself may be responsible for suffering and pain thousands of miles from his own being as the result of the energies which he radiates through nature which are perpetuated like the little rings in the water when a stone is dropped. Our thoughts and emotions have much to do with the external things of nature which fact has been proven by our latest scientific investigations.

Auto-suggestion, as demonstrated by Dr. Coue, is a mental process which undoubtedly has an effect upon the organism of the patient and in a similar way the combined thoughts of individuals affect the entire human family. The demoralizing effect of dope upon the manhood and womanhood of America results not only from the habit-forming qualities of cocaine, heroin, and morphine but also depends upon a certain, subtle something, unformed and intangible, which takes hold of the victim when he first makes himself receptive to its influences by building the dope into his physical organism which action ties him by the law of attraction to the Spirit of Dope.

The power of thought and its effect upon the physical organism has been proven, and as the human race in the last analysis is but a single organism so the thought power of the race is brought to bear for good or ill by thoughtless individuals upon the ailments and dissensions of the race. All mental, physical, and emotional excesses of individuals help to perpetuate the crimes of their peoples. Weak-kneed and destructive thinking is a curse to humanity. The "I-told-you-so's", the "I-knew-it-all-the-time's", the "Well, he-deserves-it", and those people who are ever feeding nature with destructive thoughts and criticizing eternally their brothers are helping to nourish and feed the spirits of crime and are the mainstay of diet for demons such as dope, while each constructive thought of helpfulness, cheerfulness, and the innate desire of individuals to assist the suffering and to cleanse the stables of the world with clean, constructive thoughts, busy hands, and soft hearts will help to stamp out this Demon Dope in a way which will never be possible through the the powers of law alone.

The Spirit of the Snows

YES SIR, I been through more'n most of them in this here country but I don't mind tellin' ye, pardner, I'm down on my luck. If ye'll stake me I'll give it back to you some of these days when I strike mine, honest I will." The figure leaned over the little table, a strange, pathetic expression in his big, grey eyes. He was a sourdough from the creeks was honest Jim Harley, as straight and honest a man as ever came over the trail. He was a typical Alaskan as the country was in the days of its glory; for though he was rough and unkempt with grisly beard and matted hair Jim Harley was a gentleman from the boots up.

It was whispered around that Jim was a man who had been something in the old country but that he had got into a scrape at home and had fled unknown in the early days to the new Bonanza, not so much for gold, though he had panned of it aplenty, but just to be away where no one could see him and where none would talk to him about things which filled his heart with sadness and despondency. Those were the days when Jim Harley had the biggest poke in the country and wherever he went he was loaded for bear; they were the days when the sourdoughs shelled out the gold just to pan the sawdust on the barroom floor for gold flowed like whiskey when Jim Harley was in his prime.

Jim had married up in the country, but I guess you know that already. He married Rosy, one of the dance-hall girls, and built a little cabin where a small creek ran into the Yukon. If you talk with Jim a little while he'll tell you the story and he'll tell you another, too, of how the romance ended, and he'd never known anything about it, he says, if it hadn't been for the Jap he met on the riverboat coming up the inside passage.

He made friends with the little fellow from the island of the Pacific and he says that the Jap was a wonder, Hairukoo he called him and I guess that was his name, but he sure was a queer character, for he brought with him the legends of his own country and through the long winter nights he and Jim Harley would sit by the hour while the Oriental told the strange stories and legends of his people.

Jim Harley was always fond of that kind of stuff, people used to say he was queer, and after a certain night when the Northern lights came down like wondrous arches of coral from the sky, and strange temples of gleaming fire shone forth and wavy lace curtains of light streamed across the heavens, everybody agreed that he was insane. They called him "poor Jim Harley" after that but he went on his way. And if you get him a drink or stake him to a meal he will tell you about what happened on a certain night in November when the alcohol was down sixty below and even the malamutes were shut up and no sound broke the night but the cracking of logs and an occasional "pung" when a nail flew out of the wood.

Jim and Hairukoo were sitting by the fire and Jim's wife was in the other room—for Jim had some cabin in those days—it had two rooms in it—when—but I suppose I'd better let Jim tell it himself, so I'll slip him a five and you shall hear it from his own lips.

"Here y'are, Jim. Things are tough with me, too, but here's five. And by the way, I don't think you ever told me that story about you and the Jap."

"Didn't I?" exclaimed Jim, brightening up, "Now, pardner, I sure am obliged to you, 'cause as soon as summer comes I'm goin' up in the country ag'in—back where them mountains are. But y'know I never go up while the snow is on. No, sir, it's twenty years since I been outdoors while it wuz snowin'. I don't suppose you know why—but that's the story. And if ye'll shove up a little closer I'll tell ye what happened to me in the snowstorm of '99 when Hairukoo, the wife, and I wuz stakin' it in Nugget Creek.

"Well, sir, it wuz evenin' and I plumb fer-

git what the wife wuz doin', poor kid, when Hairukoo and I were sittin' close to the stove —close as we could git—for y' know that wuz the coldest snap of the year and the snow wuz heapin' up over the roof of our little shack. You should'a heard them logs crackin', pardner; why you could pretty nigh see 'em move she wuz gittin' that cold. But that ain't the story, I must tell you about Hairukoo.

"He wuz a strange fellow, that little Japanee. Yes, sir, as white a soul as I ever met and no fool neither. Y'know I ain't never been a religious man or anything like that, fact I couldn't tell you the names of the saints from sardine labels today—course I knew 'em then—but it seems as I've forgotten everything, pardner, everything but that night. But I can tell you I never felt in all my life so much like religion as when that little Japanee wuz around. He used to tell stories about Buddha and the ways of the holy men in Japan and the East, and y'know I got so I lived better and felt better every time Hairukoo was around me.

"Well, we wuz sittin' there and he wuz a'tellin' me one of the most beautiful legend stories I ever heard in my life. Just then an awful heavy wind started to sigh and cry and above it all a strange tappin' sound came at the door of the cabin. I'll swear the little Japanee turned white and I wuz powerful frightened myself 'cause we both knew that there wuz six feet of snow in front of that door.

"Gently the tappin' sounded agin'.

" 'Yuki-Onna,' whispered the Japanee, graspin' me by the arm, 'I've heard it before and I know what it means.'

" 'What is it?' I asked in amazement.

" 'It is the Lady of the Snows,' he whispered, 'she come through the silence of the storm and Death comes with her. Silently she tap, you can barely hear the gentle rappin', but she will come in before the mornin' and kiss one of us to everlastin' sleep.'

"I turned to my companion to see if he wuz in earnest but one look at his staring eyes and drawn face told me that he meant every word he said.

" 'Have you never heard of the Lady of the Snows?' he whispered as the gentle tappin' continued, 'who steals softly with flutterin' garments and closes the eyes of those who die in the storm? She is Yuki-Onna, the Lady of White, and when she taps one must go forth to join the spirits of the snow.'

"For some minutes we set in silence and slowly the head of the little Japanee sunk on his chest and I felt a strange drowsiness creepin' over me, too, which I couldn't understand. I tried to set up but couldn't and little by little my head too sunk on my breast and I seemed to slumber. But though I could not move, my eyes wuz open and I could see what wuz happenin' around me. The tappin' continued gently on the door and slowly I saw the wooden beam that closed it move from the old wooden socket and gently, oh, how gently, the door opened and in there poured an avalanche of snow, swirlin', twistin', and turnin', fanned by the wings of the storm!

"Then slowly out of the snow there formed a strange creature, a woman of shinin' white robed in glistenin', gleamin' snowflakes. Her skin wuz as white as her garments as wuz the glorious pearly curls of her hair. Yes she wuz indeed a creature of snow, yet alive. She didn't have any feet for her body trailed off in a swirl of snowflakes as she seemed to float and flutter in the cabin doorway.

"Without a sound she entered and I felt a strange chill come over me as she leaned over Hairukoo and myself, a strange chill like that of the cold snow that marked her comin', and I remembered the time when I had been lost in the snowy waste with my dogs dead and the food gone for the same chill as of eternal night crept over me now as then. Slowly the floatin' form passed on and stood before the door that led to the other room.

"A great fear gnawed at my soul and in terror I tried to move—wuz this white spectre goin' to claim the one I loved? I could not move and wuz forced to watch in agony. The door slowly opened and the figure of blindin' snowflakes passed in to the second room. Only a few minutes went by and then the portal opened agin but there wuz two shinin' figures instead of one. I gave a scream of mortal agony for my wife was the second figure of shinin' snowflakes

that passed slowly out into the great unseen world of swirlin' death and gleamin' ice! Then the door closed once more and the room seemed just as it had been before. It wuz just about that time that somethin' snapped in me and all went black.

"When I came to I found Hairukoo trying to bring me back to consciousness. The first words I asked him wuz of my wife and he sadly shook his head.

" 'Yuki-Onna has taken her away,' he whispered softly, and true enough the girl I loved was dead, stolen away by that cursed spirit of the snow. An open shutter, a frozen form, a room filled with swirlin' snowflakes was all that remained to tell of the tragedy of my life.

"Well, sir, I told Hairukoo how the second figure had gone with the first and he sadly shook his head.

" 'Yes,' he answered, 'she has gone forever. She has become another spirit of the snow, for all who die in the frozen northlands become spirits of the snow and live forever in the soft and crystal whiteness of the snowflakes.'

"Well, sir, that's my story. Yes, sir, and it's true. I ain't never been the same since that night, sir, for my Rosy took my heart with her out there into the snow—out there into the wintry night—where she now lives forever as one of the spirits of the snow. So I never go out in the snowstorm now, sir, cause I don't want to see her out there, livin', dancin', swayin' in her robes of shinin' colors and like Yuki-Onna kissin' the wanderers to sleep as they join her in a rendezvous with death. She's there, pardner, she's there, and somehow I know that some day I'll be with her out there in that eternal whiteness.

"I know y'think I'm crazy, pardner, they all do. But I ain't, it's God's gospel truth. But thanks for the poke, pardner, I'm goin' out soon as the snow clears to stake a rich one in them mountains, cause I know it's there and I want all kinds of money, sir, yes, just to pay up all my friends as has been kind to me. And when I find that big stake its gonna be worth millions and I'm gonna stake you to a quarter interest, pardner, for the five you loaned me tonight. Goo'bye, pardner, I must be goin'. It's quit snowin and I'll have time to get to the company store 'fore it starts agin. God bless you, pardner, and whatever you do when you go out in the snow remember Yuki-Onna who will come as sure as fate and you'll hear her knockin' at your cabin door."

Jim Harley staggered to his feet and pulling his rough hat down over his matted hair lurched out of the little room where I had been sitting with him into the cold Alaskan night. And that is the last time that Jim Harley was ever seen alive—when he left my cabin door. He had only been gone a few minutes when the blizzard broke again, blinding sheets of snow and swirling hail which lasted for many hours. When it stopped and the temperature rose some fellows went out and there they found Jim Harley lying dead in the snow less than a block from my cabin. He had a piece of paper in his hand and a broken pencil stub and he had tried to write something but no one ever knew what it was. His face had a happy look and he seemed glad so I kinda reckon the Lady of the Snow must have found Jim, too, and as her white form bent over him and her cold lips rested upon his forehead, I kinda guess he must have looked up and seen the face of his Rosy who died in the cabin so many years before. I'm just sayin' that 'cause he looked so happy.

Well, about the Japanee Hairukoo — I don't know anything about him, I guess he went back to Japan. Maybe he's dead, too. Every time it snows around here I can't help but think that maybe the spirits of Jim Harley and his Rosy are somewher among the snowflakes. There ain't no tellin, pardner, maybe one of these days I'll wander out in the snow, get in a drift on the Great White Pass or lined up on the White Horse or maybe just naturally get mine in the freeze-up. If I do and you don't know what's happened to me—I don't know where I'll be —maybe it'll be in hell, 'cause I ain't done nothing good in my life—that is particularly good. Or maybe I'll be out there somewhere among the snowflakes—'cause Hairukoo says that all who die in the snow live on forever in the snowflakes.

The Brothers of the Shining Robe

CHAPTER TWO
The Mirror of Eternity
(Continued)

I gazed into the great abyss of the mystic mirror, fascinated by the terrific scene that unrolled itself before my eyes. Little can man understand the great cataclysm that burst over the Atlantean world, sweeping a mighty continent from end to end with flames and ashes and burying it forever beneath the ceaseless waves of a mighty ocean. I had never realized it myself until I gazed into that great frame of living glass in whose crystal depths the world's works were unfolded.

The Master beside me still had his hand upon my shoulder and I felt a strange thrill pass through me as though a power unseen was radiating from the tips of his fingers. My flesh grew warm beneath his touch and before I realized it I was cringing for it seemed that the hand upon me was a blazing coal that singed and seared the flesh. I seemed to live again in the days that were past and before my mind's eye unrolled the picture of my Atlantean life, and from that moment the doctrine of rebirth was a fact to me. I knew that that land torn and broken by nature's wrath and the avenging hand of a mistreated God had been my land, and my heart ached as I saw its wondrous glory vanish in the darkness.

"O! that such glories as these should vanish from the light of men," I whispered to my guide.

"It is the way of men," answered the Oriental. "All through the ages man has fought for the great illusion; he has made a truth of that which could never be and has glorified the unrealty. Remember the world we live in, the things we touch, the ones we love, they are the great illusion which never has been and never can be the answer to the problem of our souls. There is but one reality, the spirit of Truth. All else is Maya, the great illusion. Behold the City of Illusion! for here man built his towers, his temples, and his minarets; here he measured and trued and labored among the things of earth and in a moment they are gone. Just one brief second and the labors of a million years, the thoughts of sages, the problems of philosophers, all these are gone. The labor of a million hands, the prayers of a million hearts, all vanish in a single night. And how much like this mighty city of the shining gates is the life of man and the world of his desires. For though he labors to build, though he dies that the works of his hands may live, the storm passes over and they are no more. The illusions return again to the dark treasure chest of the unknown, the works are gone forever, what remains?"

The old Hindu gazed long and meditatively into the depths of that mystic haze through whose sombre shadows the last ruins of an empire dimly shone.

"What remains?" He turned to me, his eyes lit up with a fire that spoke of powers unknowable. "I remain. Forever my works go back to the formless clay from whence they came; the dust that I have molded with my fingers is scattered to the cloudless wastes of eternity, but I remain. Cities that are built fall, armies of men scatter the stones of their fortresses, and the ploughman with his oxen ofttimes ploughs fields where once mighty temples raised their domes. They are the great illusions, for there is no falseness as false as the reward of works. The works are the great eternal truth, their fruits the endless illusion. Labor not for rewards, neither build among the impermanent things for they shall go and the place shall know them no more. Yet through the endless ages of oblivion there shines one light divine, I AM. My works are not, my thoughts are not, my bodies are not, I AM. That which is not I remaineth but a little while and is gone, for from the open mouth of Brahma pour out sparks unnumbered and one by one they shine out in the everlasting vistas of eternity. Brahma remains, unnamed and unknowable,

before mountains and valleys were brought forth, before gods and worlds were ordained, before the stars were fixed upon their course, I AM. My works have vanished in an endless night and yet I have all that I have ever done. I am wealthy with riches that far exceed the heritage of kings, for the fruits of all my labors mean nought beside the power that has come to me through the works that I have done. Man labors for two in his life, the forms that surround him and the life which ensouls him. But the work that he does he but performs to learn the way it should be done and those who are slaves to the things they do are worshippers at the shrine of illusion. When man serves the whims of man he but builds lofty temples from the substances of not-being which some day must fall around him a broken ruin like the city whose fallen towers and crushed ideals loom in the shadows of this mystic frame. Serve not the impermanent, nor store up your treasures on earth, for the ever-changing globe soon swallows up forever the creations of man and the place where they were is broken and barren and the life that loved them is stricken with remorse. Serve rather the light, the permanent, the true. Not the passing day should we consider but the Eternal Now, unlimited by time, unmeasured by comparison, that should we serve. In the ages past, in the dark vistas of the unknown, you laid the foundation of a great work which you vowed that you would achieve and having finished it allow it to slip through your fingers to be forgotten. For the joy of man is to forget, while the joy of God is to remember. Blessed are those who are untied by pains or pleasures, unfastened by remorse, unchained by the shadow-shapes of Maya. Out of the world you have been called to learn the way that leads to heights eternal, a chosen son of God ordained in the temple of the rising sun to serve without reward, to labor with the great unknown and never to see the works of your hand.

"Look! the mirror is clearing, the red blood of a people bathed in iniquity is giving place to the pale calm of cosmic night. The clouds of doubt and misgivings which surrounded this ancient people are gone. But it is not to see these things that you have been called out of the ranks of men to labor with the divine. It it because a great work must be done, a work without limitation, a work which you vowed you would accomplish before the stars took their present course. A great battle is to be fought, a bloodless war, a war of love, a war of compassion, a struggle concealing itself beneath the garb of peace. The world in which we live is facing a great crisis, far greater than the eyes of man can see or his heart can comprehend. In the silence of this cave I hear voices, the chanting of the Shiddas and the low muttering of the Zin. A great day is dawning for the world stands as it stood in the days of the Lost Continent, the red walls of hate and lust are blotting out the light of heaven's sun, the hosts of evil have armed themselves for a conflict to the death. The battle which you have been called to fight is a battle of intellects, a battle of souls. The hosts of light are gathering at the sound of a call that is ringing through the seven worlds. Little does humanity dream of the silent powers which are molding the destiny of its world; little do the souls of living things understand how the sons of light, the flame-born spirits of the eternal God, are gathering in endless train in the spheres. Little does man see the waving curtain of power which sway like streamers through the cosmic night nor does he know or understand those secret powers of death, hate, crime, murder and perversion which stalk like demons amid the depths of ignorance. The powers of Bahophat, Prince of Darkness, have gathered from the spheres of gloom and that great negation, the spirit of death, is loosened upon mankind. The same dark clouds gather that gathered o'er the temples of Atlantis, the same powers hover here today that once changed the destiny of worlds. And you have been called to fight with the powers of Light that the black-robed spectres of evil may not master the lives of men. The Brothers of the Shining Robe are being called and though they

know it not the vows they took in the ages past they are now about to fulfill.

"The world is crying for light, yearning for truth, praying for help through the darkness of ignorance. And here in the Temple of the Caves the silent conclave meets to carry on the sun-globe in its thunderous path. The powers of darkness shall not win, for the gods are fighting for souls and spirits and the life of man. You are one who has been called; you may not know who the others are, your duty is to go out into the world of men and acclaim yourself as you are one of the helpers seeking with spirit and with truth to fight the battle of human growth. This you shall do in accordance with the plans laid out for your being and this night in the silence of this cave you shall be ordained anew a Brother of the Shining Robe. Then shall you put on your garments of glory, you who did not know that you possessed them, and go out into the world of men to carry the message of the Great Light.

"Thus it is written in the Infinite Hand, thus shall you obey."

Slowly the old priest moved away from the mirror and as I followed his stately figure in its robe of gleaming gray which now seemed irridescent like mother-of-pearl, shining with the colors of a thousand rainbows, I heard a strange voice within me speak as though from the depths of my soul. Its words were,

"Go thou, also."

I turned towards the aged Mahatma whose eyes rested upon mine with a wondrous compassion. As I neared him I grew dizzy and was forced to stop. The walls of the temple seemed to fade and swim around me in a hopeless mass of lights; the carved elephants gleamed and glowed and finally vanished in a mystic haze until only the figure of the priest remained seemingly suspended in the midst of an endless oblivion. As I watched him his body seemed to unfold in great streamers of light that poured forth in swelling radiances. Blue and yellow and the most glorious shades of violet and rose, the gold of the sun and the silver of the summer moon, seemed to shine out from his soul, a great, gleaming heart of living fire that blazed within the center of his being. For miles it seemed these strange streamers poured into a vast eternity until his body became but a tiny speck surrounded by a wondrous halo of a million-colored flame.

I was blinded and raised my hand to cover my eyes, and although they were closed I could still see the shining figure. My body seemed thrilled with the rays of light which poured into it from the mystic form. As I watched in spite of myself a great globe of golden light detached itself from the center of the glowing form and passed out like a tiny sun of flame towards me through the radiance of the mystic aura. I knelt upon some unknown foundation that I could not see and as I did so the globe of light struck my breast and was swallowed up in the darkness of my own being. But it was not hidden; from my hands and feet, my eyes, and even the pores of my skin, it poured out and I too was surrounded by a shining light which dazzled me with its brilliancy.

A voice from the great halo which gleamed around the mystic, shadowy form of the Mahatma spoke:

"In the name of the living God, Brahma the Divine, go to thy works, my son, for from the beginning of time thy labors have been ordained. Go carry them out into the world of men for thou art one of that mystic band, the Brothers of the Shining Robe."

It all faded as though it had not been and I found myself kneeling on a broken pinnacle of rock on the side of those lofty mountains which reach up to touch the sky. Before me rose that mighty mountain in whose heart was the Temple of the Caves. But now it seemed my way was in another direction for the narrow path that led back to the home of men stretched out like a tiny silver thread against the darkness of the night.

(To be continued)

Balder the Beautiful

OUR little story is laid among those romantic cliffs and fjords which make Norway and Sweden God's masterpieces in natural grandeur. It seems that each stone and hill has a mystic legend all its own and the whole land tells of strange heroes, wondrous gods and goddesses, who while now forgotten by many still claim the hearts of those who attune themselves to the mystic grandeur of the Northlands. Mountains, valleys, picturesque waterfalls, and quaint villages dot this beautiful country while sturdy folk with simple ideals and hearts of gold dwell among the rocks and cliffs and valleys of this strange land. This is the country of the Norsemen and the Vikings of old, sturdy warriors of the seven seas who in their winged dragons sailed even to the coasts of Vineland when Eric the Red was their leader. This is a land of torn and warring things but now the sturdy hearts are at rest and busy with the toils of the day they have forgotten the glory of the past.

The Scandinavian Peninsula is a world unto itself, a land of romance and mystic glory. Still the bards seem to wander from hamlet to hamlet telling the story of gods who fought with men, of Odin the All-father, of Thor and his mighty hammer, and of Balder the Beautiful. Still in the shade of evening one may live again in those mystery schools where the drotters taught their disciples of the wonders of the soul, of the great temple of Upsala, of the world tree Yggdrasil, and of Asgard the temple of the gods, and Valhalla the home of the slain. Still in the silence of the night if you have the poetic ear of the seer you may hear the cry of the Valkyrie and shadowy shapes will seem to pass through the shades of night as when the gods of old rode out on the Great Hunt.

Indeed, this is the land of mystic beings and oh that the soul of man might learn to live again in the mysteries of the past. But they are forgotten forever, it seems, for the younger generation that dwells in this wondrous country of romance and legends knows little of its divine allegories, its sublime myths and legends, which conceal under rune and symbol the will of the gods.

In a little village surrounded by this mystic grandeur of a faith forgotten there lived two youths who had for many years been brothers in spirit until the rivalry of love had broken their bond of friendship and turned them into bitter enemies. These two were as different as the snow of winter and the heat of summer in the strange land that was their home. Olaf was a true son of ancient Norway, still in his soul was the heart of the Viking, the tempestuous spirit of barbaric freedom. He had never embraced the Christian faith of his country but still a youth he lived in the ages of the dead and the ancient spirit of the Northland ran through his veins in streams of living fire. Wild, tempestuous, yet wonderfully loving and sweet, in his childlike simplicity he seemed a figure from ages past when the sailing dragons weathered the storms of many seas and the crown of rulership was placed upon the head of an infant king in some mystic cave. Karl, on the other hand, lived in a world of modern things. He had been educated in Stockholm and his life was much the same as in this country. In line with his family he was a Christian and honestly believed the concepts of the Master's faith. All he knew of the ancient faiths were the legends he had read in school. Peaceful and quiet he lived on a little farm raising cattle and tilling the fertile ground. So while Olaf wandered among the mountain crags and precipices, Karl tended the flocks that he had gathered and lived the uneventful life of a farmer.

It was these two who had sought to win favor in the eyes of Hilda and she had chosen the better educated, prosperous Karl rather than the uncertain, wandering spirit of Olaf. It was then that rivalry took the place of friendship and as the hours drew close when Karl and Hilda were to be married in the little church in the valley,

Olaf, brooding and grieving, wandered among the hills and cliffs crying out to his gods and nursing within his soul the spirit of vengeance. It was so unlike Olaf, too, for his spirit was as carefree as that of a child, but in some way this disappointment of the heart had turned him against the world.

From rock to rock he jumped until at last he stood at the very peak of a lofty precipice below which in the valley the little village snuggled in the encircling arms of the hills. As Olaf looked over toward the town he seemed to see the little church with its spire and with bitterness and hate he felt that this strange God of the Christians had something to do with this separation from the one he loved. The youth sat down on a broken boulder, his head between his hands, devising some way to win back Hilda or discredit his rival. There through the hours of afternoon Olaf sat like a figure of stone and there within his soul was born the spirit of hate which glowed like a dark red coal, clouding his whole being with its angry gleam, his bright, boyish face shaded by its clouds that stole from him the beauty and sweetness which marked this son of the frozen North.

Slowly the shades of evening drew around him and the little village vanished in the shadows of the hills. Tiny sparks of light shone forth as lamps were lit and their warm glow seemed to deepen the chill in the heart of Olaf. The fiery hate of the Norseman was in his soul but his hands clenched only the empty air when he would that he could close them over the sword of a Viking.

Suddenly a peal of silvery laughter sounded up from the winding road below that twisted in and out among the rocks. Olaf shrank back with a cry, he recognized the voice and also another which now spoke up and he knew that along the winding path below him Hilda and Karl were walking. The voices drew closer and closer until at last Olaf looking over the edge of the rocks saw some ten feet below him the two who so strangely claimed dominion over the two sides of his nature, Hilda whom he loved and Karl of whom he was insanely jealous. On a little cleft of broken stones below him the two stopped and seating themselves whispered of the plans which they had made for the future, little realizing the presence of the agonized listener above.

Olaf crept to the edge of the broken rocks and gazed over, then slowly there dawned upon his mind a plan. He was surrounded by broken boulders. What if one of them should fall and strike his rival? The fierce light of hate flashed again in his eyes. No one could ever know. His hand closed over a stone and his fingers clenched its surface until the very bones ached as there surged through his being a passion indescribable. Slowly he raised the rock with which he intended to shatter forever the romance below.

As he picked it up to cast down on the head of the unsuspecting youth, something seemed to say within his own soul, "Is that what your gods would decree?" He hesitated. "His god?" Olaf closed his eyes and thought of his father and the mystic lessons that his parents had given him in the forgotten religion of his people.

"What do the gods care for the works of men?" he laughed to himself. "Mayhap I shall suffer but no agony could be like unto that I suffer now." And again he lifted the stone and poised it over the head of his victim. A merry laugh sounded from below which tore Olaf to the very soul and with a hand steady with some power unnameable he aimed the stone at the dim form of his rival.

"As the gods decree," he whispered and cast it with all his strength.

As he did so a great arm appeared out of the night, a phantom form of shining light which carried a mighty shield from the surface of which gleamed forth a golden sun. The stone struck the buckler and vanished in a cloud of dust never reaching the two seated upon the rocks below.

Olaf, with a cry of terror, leaped backwards and fell half senseless to the ground. As he did so there appeared before him a shining figure such as the eyes of man have seldom looked upon. A glorious youth stood

before him robed from head to foot in pale turquoise blue, trimmed with white fur and golden ornaments. His cape was thrown back and his breastplate was a lion's head of solid gold. On his arm he carried the mighty shield which Olaf had seen but a moment before, while in the other hand this phantom stranger carried a branch of mistletoe.

It was not his garb, however, which fascinated Olaf, it was the face of the mystic form. The figure that stood before him was a glorious blond-haired, blue-eyed youth whose flowing beard of golden yellow melted with the curls upon his forehead and the ringlets on his shoulders. His whole being spoke of light and warmth and peace.

"Who are you, sir?" cried Olaf as he gazed upward into the sad eyes of the stranger. "Who are you that comes thus in my moment of agony?"

"I," answered the stranger in his wondrous, musical voice, "know you not who I am? You who have lived so long and believed so truly the ancient faith which is now forgotten, know you not the son of Odin, the All-Father?

"Yes! yes!" cried Olaf, "I know thee now, for many times hast my father spoken of thee. Do with me as thou wilt, Master, I am thy slave, for art thou not Balder, Balder the Beautiful?"

The figure nodded its head and spoke once more.

"I am he. Do you not love me, Olaf, I who am indeed the spirit of love and truth?"

"Yes! yes!" cried the terror-stricken youth at the feet of the god.

"Then," answered the stranger, "if you love me, do not slay me. Do you see this mistletoe branch? This was the rock you threw at Karl."

"I do not understand the words you speak, Master," answered the trembling youth.

"Then listen, in the name of the ancient faith, and I will tell you. I, Balder, am the spirit of love and truth, gladness and sunshine, and those who love and are loved are under my protection and shall rest in safety beneath the shelter of my shield. For I have been given by my Father the work of guarding the joys of mankind. When I was a child all nature swore to love me, all but this branch of mistletoe. Nothing can harm me but this, a parasite. Know you that this mistletoe which alone can kill the god of light is jealousy, the murderer of truth."

As he spoke Olaf gave a gasp for there appeared in front of Balder another figure, a giant of living flames who carried in his hands a bow of angry red.

"This," said Balder, "is Loki, the keeper of the fires."

The figure of fiery light wrenched the slip of mistletoe from the hand of the god and quickly formed of it an arrow which he drew to the head of the flaming bow that he carried and fired it straight at the breast of the light-god and then with a cry of exaltation Loki vanished in the night.

Balder the Beautiful swayed for a second, his eyes lit up with an agony divine, then the god fell at the feet of Olaf who sprang to the side of the figure which lay dying upon the ground. It was then that the dying god whispered in his ear in a voice faint and broken the mystic lesson of his life.

"Oh, Olaf, from your angry thoughts was born Loki, god of the flames, from that rock you cast the mistletoe. And here at your feet I die, murdered by your shaft, never to rise again until all things of earth are redeemed."

Olaf fell broken-hearted at the side of the god who continued in his soft sweet tone as the blood poured from the wound in his breast.

"Oh, son of earth, listen to your teacher, the spirit of God, and know that I am hidden in your soul and in the soul of all that lives. I am the spirit of love and harmony and peace. I rule supreme in the temple of the gods as the beloved of my Father until Loki, the spirit of hate, passion, and jealousy is born in the soul of man. Then with the mistletoe arrow of perversion I am slain by my own children. So have you slain this night the god of love who has never done anything but love you and guide you and serve you, for from your own hate is born the demon who slays the god of harmony. Let me not die in vain who has died so often

for the world."

Suddenly, as Olaf watched, the figure changed and was robed in a simple white garment and on his head was a wreath of thorns.

"Yes," continued the god, as Olaf gasped in amazement, "I am the same. I am the spirit who is slain eternally for the sins of the world. I am Balder the Beautiful in whose heart is the arrow of Loki. I am the Christ in whose side is buried the spear of the centurian. And, oh, if the children of men would only know that they slay me every day when I do nought but pray for them!"

Olaf said no more for his heart was too full for words. With a cry he fell upon the body of the god. A hand rested upon his head and a voice weak and dying spoke:

"Forgive him, Father, for he knows not what he does."

The god fell back and lay face upward, bathed in the light of the silver moon shining over the top of the hills.

How long Olaf lay there he did not know but it seemed like all eternity. When he came to himself again he was lying on the plateau of rock stretched out across a broken heap of stones. Rising to his feet he gazed in all directions seeking for the dying god but there was no one to be seen. The sun was already peeping over the cleft in the mountains. Day was dawning. Olaf gazed down where the lovers had been sitting but of course there was no one there.

A strange, new life had come, however, to this spirit of the Vikings, a new world had opened to Olaf, and as he climbed slowly down the hills and returned to the little village a great glory shone from his being until he almost looked as radiant and wonderful as the god himself.

Three days later in the little church Karl and Hilda were married and Olaf, the restless spirit of the Northlands, was there. Yes, Olaf was the best man. And it seemed that through him a hand invisible united those two souls, and many of the old folks whispered that Olaf looked more like a god that day than a mortal man. Others said that in his eyes shone the fire of the immortals and one saintly soul whispered to another beside her that it almost seemed that Balder the Beautiful, the spirit of love and truth, was at the wedding.

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

In this work the study of numbers and the Hebrew alphabet is taken up in a way never before undertaken. No system of numerology or cabalism is promulgated but a few underlying principles are given here useful to all students of mystic, occult and cabbalistic philosophy. The work is divided into three parts as listed below:

Part One .....The Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

A Study of the flaming letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the creation of the Sacred Name, the mystey of the vowel points and the unwritten books of Moses.

Part Two.....The Origin and Mystery of Numbers.

Under this heading are grouped the natural laws as they are expressed in numbers from 1 to 10, and the application of these laws to the problems of daily living.

Part Three.....The Power of Invocation and
The Science of the Sacred Names.

In this part of the work transcendental magic is completely unveiled and the ancient rituals of calling up spirits is exposed and the true meaning of transcendentalism and the finding of the lost Word is presented to the student, including the invocation of Christ. A most unique and unusual document containing over fifty pages, neatly bound in an art cardboard cover. This work should be in the library of all occult students, not to be believed but to be considered.

As is the case with our other publications you must fix your own price for the work, not to cover your share of the responsibility but that the entire work may go on and you and others may be in a position to receive the work which we are putting out.

Description of Plate in Last Month's Magazine

In the July issue of the All-Seeing Eye we published another rare plate taken from the writings of Robert Fludd, the name of which is "The Prinicple of the Great Creation or the Creation of the Great Universe." Some of our students have asked that we have the Latin translated but it seems that greater good would be gained if the student will have that done himself and search and wait, if necessary, some time to find this information rather than have it given to him.

These plates are not issued just to amuse or entertain but rather to instruct and the student remembers best that which he has the greatest amount of trouble in securing and he prizes more highly the thing which he is forced to labor for himself. For that reason the explanation accompanying the plates are very meagre, leaving it for the student himself to work out the problem.

The following points may be of help, however, in giving the student a basic principle with which to work:

First: The plate represents the creation of the universe out of the four elements of earth, fire, air and water, as you will see if you study the picture. These four elements represent the four fixed signs of the zodiac which we commonly know as Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius. These four elements represent also the four ethers and it is the nature spirits working through these elements who bring forth the material universe out of chaos. Each one of these elements is under control of one of the four great life waves which have already reached human consciousness, or passed it.

Second: The four elements as shown in the plate also represent the four bodies of man and the spiritual principle which animates them. According to the ancients, the air represents the mind and as it surrounds all the other elements it illustrates how the universe is protected by the encircling power of the Divine Mind. The flames represent the fire prinicple in nature, the base of motion, heat and emotion and the great urge behind action and the power of desire and is particularly correlated with the human heart and the red blood. The third element, water, is located in the solar plexus of the human body and represents the ethers which play so great a part in the evolution of man. These waters represent vitality and are the basis of growth; they are lunar in their power and are susceptible to the crystalizing influence of the moon. The fourth element represents the physical body, the earth, or as occultists call it the last creation. And these four added together contain the vital elements of the seed or the germical essence and protoplasm and are the basis of all expression, for each element creates the others out of itself and reacting upon each other they bring into existence all things in the lower world.

Third: These elements also represent the cross for they are the essences in which is buried the spiritual germ life in man. The four elements represent bodies and have been symbolized by the ancients as a cube. These bodies limit expression, consequently they are said to crucify their lord and master.

Fourth: The reaction of these elements one upon another are the basis of growth and the harmonization of their principles is the basis of initiation and mastership. They are the principles with which man is creating his own universe out of himself by the purification within himself of these four vital streams of life and power.

Further study will bring to the student's mind other wonderful facts in connection with this problem. But with this as a base, great things are possible to the thinking individual.

This month's edition of the magazine contains a very remarkable chart or table referring to the celestial powers, the superhuman heirarchies and the forces controlling creation. It is taken from the same work as the preceding two and we will have a few words to say about it next month.

The Veil of Krishna and the Doctrine of Renunciation

BEFORE we take up the subject of these individual incarnations of the light spirit, let us first analyze the foundation or the source from which all of the Christos legends arise. There are in nature three great powers, the power to create, the power to preserve or regenerate, and the power to disintegrate. The scientists and philosophers of all people have realized the power of these three invisible but omni-active agents. Whoever studies nature and her works finds them. Wherever we seek for light and experience we ultimately arrive at these fundamental phases of consciousness, birth, growth, and decay; the coming in, the perpetuating, and the going out; and after all the resurrection.

The ancients sought in nature for incarnated principles with which to correlate their gods and they all agree that there is one great life behind all things. This life is unseen, unformed, and unknown and they call it the All-father. They also knew that there was one of His eldest sons whose work was to illuminate, to give life, and to carry on the works of his Father, the Unseen. They looked through nature to find something that was eternally feeding, nourishing, and unfolding material things and all who looked found the same thing, the Sun. Wherever they looked for the symbol of light, the sun was the greatest of all lights; whenever they looked for that which gave energy, vitality, and heat, they found the sun; when they looked for the positive expression of energy, once more the radiating orb of day greeted them as the greatest of all symbols.

Consequently among nearly every race of people the sun has been worshipped as the saviour of the universe. Light saves the world and the ancients knew that when we are turned close to the sun we have the summer months of growth when all dead things come to life and that when in winter the sun goes away all things die. The sun is the light and life giver and has always been symbolical of the preserver of created things. The sun is a round globe, therefore it was called punctos and the dot in the circle of creation; it has been symbolized as the smiling face of God for when the sun beams on the world all are happy; in the Bible the sun is called Samson and when his hair was cut off by Delilah (Virgo, the first of the fall months) he lost his strength.

We find two kinds of theology, solar and lunar. God was, of course, a Great Man and naturally must have eyes like man and according to the ancients His eyes were the sun and moon, for one or the other of them was supposed to gaze on us all the time. Sometimes He would close one eye very slowly and that was when the moon changed its phases. The moon was small and not so strong or as luminous and was a reflector rather than a center of illumination and as man was then the ruling power of the world and woman was in subjugation the moon was called feminine and the sun masculine. There was, of course, also a deeper reason for this which will be taken up at another time. The positive is the father ray, which is the greatest and strongest in nature, and the energy which makes people active and industrious and dynamic regardless of their sex is the influx from the father ray. The sun is the center of every world religion because it is the spirit of benevolence which guards and takes care of the earth in a paternal way. The unseen spirit shows his love for mankind through his sun, therefore the sun of God comes to bear witness unto his Father and to glorify the Father whose energy he uses, and in the words of an incarnated principle of the sun, It is not the sun but the unseen Father who doeth the works but whosoever hath seen the sun hath seen the Father for the Father is in the sun and the sun is in the Father. The sun the principle of the Christ, the divine illuminator, is the celestial preserver of creation and is revered under the name of Christos or fire-oil in nearly every country of the world. The lesser luminary was called

the Holy Ghost or the breath because he has charge of matter with its breath-like ebb and flow and working with the lowest expression of creation is referred to as the least of the three although he is the body builder.

In different nations the ancients gave the sun different names. He was called the Great Illuminator; and as he works with nature and unfolds form he was called the Great Architect; as his vital rays healed the sick they called him the Great Physician, and so on. Rather than giving him a name they designated him according to his attributes. To some he was one eyed, therefore they called him the All-Seeing Eye. In Egypt, India, Chaldea, Phoenicia, and Arabia he carried various names but they were always the same in meaning. In Persia he was Mazda and we have called our electric light bulbs by the same name for they are also givers of light. We talk about heathen gods but we know not whereof we speak for all nations are merely giving names in their own languages to the nameless principles of nature. Odin is the Father-god of Scandinavia; his name means "the one-eyed".

The spiritual life of the universe is somewhere behind the sun but it is manifesting through this single globe which is its mystic eye. Sun and son mean the same thing; the Sun of God is the spiritual globe while the Son of Man crucified is that phase of the same energy which sacrifices itself for the regeneration of matter. The sun of light is a reflector of God, the sun reflects the light which strikes against it and pours out to the other negative bodies in the solar system the unseen life of God; therefore it comes in the name of the Father that all men and things may be saved.

Buddha means "an eye" and is a title given to those who have built a sun within their own souls, while Zoroaster also brought the mystic truth of the worship of light. Wherever we find fire, light, unfoldment, growth and perpetuation, we find a son of man who is the incarnate, personified principle of the sun, the great saviour of nature. In Egypt the rising sun is called Ra which means "a glorification and a rejoicing" and the Father-god was called Ammon the Great Unapproachable. We find the Egyptian kings called Rameses or servants of Ra, the spirit of light.

Man fell from heaven that he might have light for light is the basis of self-consciousness and those who are in the light are slaves of no man. Man has been chained to the rock like Prometheus because he brought the light down from heaven, for while it is the spirit of good, in the ignorant it is a destroying power. It must not only be present but its value depends upon its proper use. Light is the universal symbol of the world's religions, the cry, "More light, O God, more light!" has sounded down through the ages since the unknown beginning.

In India the Spirit of Light carries many names. He is generally known as Vishnu, the great preservative spirit of God, the second expression of divinity. He is said to incarnate ten times and each time he comes into the world to do a certain work, to overcome certain limitations, and to bring greater freedom to his people. Like the story of our Christ he is connected with the fish and in one of his incarnations he was thrown from a fish's mouth.

In India there was born one who bore the name of Krishna, which means the same as our Christ, and the wise men of India heralded his coming as the wise men of the East heralded the coming of Jesus. In many instances the life of Christ and the life of Krishna are the same for they are both legends of the sun given in different ways to meet the needs of different peoples. Krishna is called the Blue Lotus and is probably the most revered of all the gods of the Brahman theology, for Shiva is violent, Brahma is over-powering, Kali is also violent and tempestuous, but Krishna is the ever lovable. Krishna is the god of love because he seeks with peace, compassion, harmony and light to teach the world the secrets of salvation. God has two ways of doing things, one way is by force and the other way is by love. He always uses love first and seeks to help man in the way that he should go; when

love fails He uses force but His force is always tempered with love. God is the creative fire which has two powers, one to warm and the other to burn. We have thus these two principles, the principle of light, knowledge, and truth through suffering and the principle of light, knowledge, and truth through love. And Krishna always comes in love and simplicity. The various gods of India speak often with an angry voice, even as Jesus came to man and showed the principles of love, faith, and justice, yet sometimes justice with a sting. But Krishna came to India with nothing but love. His cult has always taught brotherhood, love, and compassion. Of course his followers do not entirely carry it out but neither do any other people. If humanity followed the instructions of their initiated it would be in heaven now. But regardless of their misapplications there is no doctrine in the world that teaches with greater love and beauty and compassion than that which marks the wisdom of Krishna, the Indian Christ, for his love was divinely just and compassionately stern and immovable.

Krishna was the incarnation of Vishnu, the divine sun principle. He came to India at a time when the country was torn with strife and contention. He was born of an immaculate conception as was Jesus and being different from all other things was called like Buddha a white elephant. Krishna is the Child of God and is seldom worshipped as a man but usually as a child from five to fifteen years of age and as such he is pictured. The reason for this is twofold; a child is not ruled by the mind but by the heart for the cord that connects its mind has not yet united. Therefore Christ and Krishna we prefer to consider as young for they both taught the heart doctrine of childlike faith and simplicity.

Among the followers of Krishna we find a very beautiful custom which has been preserved for many generations. The true devotee always carries with him a little package which he keeps spiritually close to his heart. It contains several little things, usually a little book of Sanskrit mantrams and sayings of the Blessed One and also a little picture, hand-painted, sometimes on ivory or bone, but always a work of art. It is the picture of a little child standing on a lotus blossom or in the forest playing upon a flute. It is the beloved Krishna, the child god of India. The strange feature is that the body of the little figure is always painted blue.

And this little Blue Krishna who represents the essence of love and simplicity is the most sacred ideal of the East Indian. He is the god of harmony for he is always at peace with all living things and his doctrine is compassion and love. In moments when his heart is torn by indecision and discord the Hindu will take out this little picture, probably given to him by his mother or father, and think how pure, sweet, and beautiful Krishna was. It helps him to live and serve better through the memory of this beautiful child who came to teach the world love and simplicity. It means to him that he must be as a little child, too, with the same purity, faith, and simple unselfishness that characterize the beauty of early childhood. He honors him and tries to be like him and kneels as a child in prayer to his god in the same deep sincerity which marks the childlike faith in the all-guiding Father.

Krishna is said to have the sweetest love story that the world ever knew, for when he was just a child he chose from among his people Radha, a beautiful young shepherd-girl. Radha was the spirit of nature and Krishna was the spirit of the sun, and he heaped upon her all the glory that was his. They used to swing together in a swing of flowers out in the forest among the birds and beasts. He would play beautiful melodies on his flute and all the animals and fowls of the air would come to sing with him and nestle at his feet for he was the god of love and truth who made life sweet for all of them. When he played all nature listened for he represented the spirit in man who plays the divine harmonies and quiets the storms of passion in his own bodies.

In due course of time Krishna was called to his God to become a Great One in the

heavens and float over the world in his great winged dragon boat. This ever youthful spirit of good represents the immortal in man which knows no age and his spirit floating over the world personifies the sun which never grows old but inspires all living creatures to noble things.

When Krishna was alive it was said that always between him and the world was a strange haze which was called the veil of the gods for it was said that Krishna was not of earth but of heaven, and while the gods gave him power to come to earth and teach man they forever protected him and no thing in nature could harm the spirit of Krishna, the god of love, and while he might suffer and die for humanity he was forever surrounded by the blue veil of the initiated. And this is the reason why he was called the blue god.

The blue veil of the gods is the blue of the sky and the sun always floats in the deep blue haze as did Krishna in his veil of immortality. He is also said to be the progenitor of the blue peoples, the next world race whose bodies will be made of ether which is blue, and as Krishna was superior to all living things they said he belonged to the mystic race of the gods whose bodies were formed of the deep blue spiritual ethers of the heavens.

The ancients said that there is ever a veil between the mortal and the immortal and while the immortals walk with man they are not one with man nor are they of man for between them and the lower worlds is the blue veil of the gods. In this world we cannot see the color but we can feel it for it is a wall that divides us from others. There are people who are different from all others, they are behind the veil. Some are deep buried beneath the red veil of materiality and others are behind the shining veil of spirit. There are those to whom you feel drawn in spite of yourself and others you feel do not belong near you for they are millions of miles away in spiritual temperament. There are those you would not slap on the back although they are your best friends, a power you cannot understand holds you back and surrounds them by a wall you cannot break. There is no apparent reason except that in some way they are different.

There are people who serve all, labor with all, yet notwithstanding their brotherliness and love you can never become familiar with them, a mystic something divides you from them. They are not of the world and the world knows it. Between the Initiate and all others is a veil which cannot be pierced, it is a wall which divides the false from the true, and none may cross that awful gap save those who in simplicity and renunciation pass through that veil to return no more.

Those who go behind that spiritual wall may believe that heaven is going to open up to them but they find that this is not so, they only discover that they are strangers in a strange land and their joy or their sorrow depends upon the motive which brought them behind the veil. If they came seeking peace, rest and personal comfort, only suffering and agony await them; but if they came with service as the keynote of their being, then indeed they are in heaven. But he who would become one with the gods must renounce forever the things which are of man, for when the blue veil surrounds him the candidate is no longer of earth but of things celestial, and forever there is a wall between him and the things he has left behind. That wall seems as limitless as consciousness itself and to the uninitiated does not exist at all, but those who have passed behind it know that it is more solid than the thickest granite, more resistless than steel, and thousands have battered themselves against the wall of the gods whose fortress is impregnable.

Students studying out of the body often strike this wall and are thrown back into the body again; in spite of all their power they cannot pass the invisible barrier against which they strike to be thrown back time after time. But if the student is ready for the thing concealed behind that wall it vanishes as he passes. There are walls of vibration which divide all grades of consciousness. The Master is of a different grade from man and is separated by his own works and his

own ideals from the world of men. Once having seen a great truth man cannot forget it and can never be one again with the ignorance he left behind. The joys that once filled his soul no longer interest him; the ways in which he once spent his time now seem foolish; it is his own life that divides him from the world. For when one becomes an intelligent worker in the Great Plan he has new joys and new fears and the wall of mutual interest divides him from the things he once held dear.

In improperly developed candidates a terrible condition presents itself. They want to go forward and sometimes succeed in passing through the veil and they place the blue wall between them and the life they have lived. This is because they have forced themselves through ambition or desire to take steps with which the soul was not in tune. They pass beyond the veil not in sweet simplicity and devotion but with the great determination to get there at any price, and their souls are filled with a great longing for the things which they know they should not have. In consciousness, ideal, life, and love they are tied to earth while by the force of action and mentality they have become citizens of another world. The result is agony, mental, physical, and spiritual, and ultimate insanity.

Man must be a worker with motives and he should not seek to go on until his whole soul is ready to give all as the price of truth. Otherwise he must stand like the child before the window of a candy store longing for the thing he cannot have, for the desire is still alive and he has sought to become one with the greater without giving up the lesser. When he must sit and watch the beefsteak which he longs to eat and knows that he cannot or watch his best girl dissolving in the ethers, the soul of man cannot be very happy. He has not killed the desire but his vow has removed his ability to satisfy it. By vows most sacred he has renounced the world and yet he wants the world and the craving for the things he cannot have becomes an obsession and a destroyer. Many have reached a position half way through the veil of human consciousness; they aspire to heaven while the lower man holds them tightly to earth; a terrible rupture of the organism is the only result of such a path.

Therefore, man must learn renunciation, not of the mind but of the spirit, for until he gives up all things of earth freely and willingly initiation is hell. For if man lifts himself to the planes of the immortals while every human desire cries out for gratification, he is damned in spirit and in soul. This is one of the most important considerations in the study of occultism; we cannot get away from the thing we really are and we must build slowly on the solid foundation of harmonized growth. There are thousands of people today studying occultism who will be insane in time; the world is filled with folks who see strange things of all kinds floating through the air and who go around i m a g i n i n g they are reincarnations of Napoleon or Joan of Arc. There are dozens of incarnations of Plato, hundreds of Cleopatras, scores of Du Barrys and La Toscas, and enough Julius Caesars to start a Roman Empire, but not one Judas has been found or anyone who wishes to claim his laurels. Slowly they go crazy one after another. They have honestly and sincerely tried to do that which can never be done by trying but must be the natural process. Man must willingly and gladly go on because he has honestly ceased to be interested in the things behind. Beauty of spirit, light and truth, and the finer sentiments belong on one side of the veil, the side of the Masters, and the "Do 'em before they do you" type belong on the other, and the consciousness of man cannot be in both places at one time. Many people are spiritually sitting on a beautiful throne playing on a harp, wearing a halo supported by a small brass rod up the back, and all, but at the same time they are trying to stifle a desire for pork chops and to keep their tempers under control. Such a system as this in which man tries to subjugate his desires by strength can never produce any satisfactory result.

We are divided between our ideals and our dispositions and those who seek for initiation and at the same time try to preserve their selfish traits and qualities find that only a hell awaits them if they gain the thing which they seek.

The problem that presents itself is an impossible position if they go forward and self destruction if they revert. If they seek to go back and satisfy their desires the organism which they have partly spiritualized is destroyed by the material vibrations, they become insane, idiotic and completely wreck their being. If they go forward under such conditions they only pass on to greater sacrifice and more inexplainable agony.

There is only one answer. Before going on the individual must be through with the thing left behind; he must have worked out, finished, mastered, and completely sealed and closed the book of the past. No duties shirked but each thing finished and honestly completed; no love or hate left behind. We cannot go to heaven or to the higher spheres of being carrying with us grudges, likes, dislikes, eccentricities, and diabolical temperaments. In many ways we do these things and they destroy us; we meditate at night, adorate in the morning and concentrate at midday, and spend the rest of the time in exercising the meanest qualities we possess. We apply practically nothing and force whatever growth we do make on the power of will. The trouble with most students and occult organizations is that they are fussing and stewing at the same time they are trying to be spiritual. They are trying to cover one side of the wall and also keep a little place on the other. The result is they go forward in an unbalanced way and many really become adepts while still a slave in part to their lower organisms. Heaven looks nice to many people but so does mince pie; spirituality is nice but a spree once in a while is not to be depreciated. The result is self-destruction. We cannot split our powers between two such extremes.

This does not mean that we have to be sad, dejected, or what is commonly called super-religious. But it does mean that the destructive qualities must be renounced. We cannot take the power which we are seeking to build on the spiritual planes of nature and use it to settle an account with the Jones family over last year's lawnmower or employ our newly evolved powers to digest something we shouldn't have eaten. There are three results in the disobedience of these laws,—death, insanity, and idiocy.

Balance, brotherhood, and love are the slow but sure path that leads through the veil of initiation. There are others who dedicate their lives to a more difficult path that they may secure more speedy results. They have taken the great spiritual path of renunciation that they may return later as teachers and benefactors of humanity; but whichever path is taken must be trod with the eyes open and the full realization that the reward of failure is death.

Let us remember this and that the greatest step of life is the one that takes man behind the veil, the blue veil of the gods. Those who cross from one side to the other make the supreme adjustment of life and if they are impure they take their lives in their hands. Those who wish to be listed with God's messengers among men must be willing to renounce self, ambition, desire and all things mortal before they seek to become immortal. The only passion of the god is compassion. This is the veil of blue that shrouds the form of Krishna, the veil that divides the earthly from the heavenly. Each must pass through but each must know the way, the means, and the time; otherwise all is lost.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

SIGN OF GEMINI

In this month's edition of the magazine we are listing a few brief keywords by which it will be possible to give a general delineation of the Gemini temperament.

Gemini is the third sign of the Zodiac according to the geo-centric system of Astrology, and as it is symbolized by two children it is a double sign, and those people who find it either ascending at birth or their sun posited in it should consider well not only the strong and constructive side of the sign but should seek to curb its more undesirable elements. The Wheel of Birth and Death is undoubtedly the great Zodiac of the heavens and so long as man is limited by perverse habits, unconquered tendencies, and destructive expressions of energy, he will be chained to the Wheel of Birth and Death. But there are those who have no rising sign for they have raised themselves above all the limitations of material astrology. They are then above the law because they have so perfected their being that the laws of unbalance neither affect or sway them. Man is seeking to become a priest after the Order Melchizedek who is above the law and he is only this when his life is above reproach. So round and round the endless circle he must go until finally he has learned and applied all the lessons that it has to teach. When this glorious day comes he is then above the law for the celestial impulses have no power over the man who is a power unto himself. Astrology rules the willy-nilly blowing types who know but do not do, while man when he rules his own organisms is the master of his planets.

Gemini, the Third Sign of the Zodiac

Gemini is a movable sign.

Airy	Speaking
Vernal	Fortunate
Hot	Bi-corporeal
Sanguine	Sweet sign
Moist	Ruled by Mercury
Masculine	Exhaltation of the Dragon's Head
Human	
Barren	Detriment of Jupiter
Common	
Whole	Oriental
Changeable	

General Characteristics.

Dual in temperament

Pleasant	Ambitious
Versatile	Analytical
Entertaining	Self-assertive
Intellectual	Quick-tempered
Artistic	Studious
Argumentative	Fond of Travel

Gemini does not always know its own mind. It is changeable in its decisions and contradictory in its attitudes. As it is of a double sign it is a double nature, usually expressing through two absolute opposites. The thing it likes one minute it will dislike the next; does not keep friends very well; will stand very little domineering; is free in finances but seldom wealthy; quite studious and fond of colors, music and all artistic pursuits.

Physical Appearance.

Usually tall
Straight in lines
May be either light or dark but usually light
If dark will have sanguine complexion
Clear skin
Well-shaped, usually long face
Long Arms
Short, fleshy hands and feet
Dark hazel eyes
Dark brown hair
Quick sight
Smart, active, business-like appearance
Well poised before people.

We do not always find full and complete types nor do the above indications always hold true in their full expression. The reason for this is that the planets and their position in the sign often change the entire

shape and form of the body, and also if the ruler of the sign, Mercury, is in bad aspect or the Sun is seriously afflicted the whole organism may be torn down and so changed that it is only recognizable by an expert.

Health

Gemini is subject to nervous ailments and also to injury to the chest and arms and accidents to those parts of the body. The presence of Neptune in Gemini often points to weak lungs, tuberculosis, pleurisy, and coughs and colds in the bronchials, chest and lungs. It governs the arms, shoulders, lungs, and lower cervicals in the human body. Its diseases have been listed as follows by the ancients:

Brain fever
Nervous impediments
Injuries to the arms and shoulders
Bad blood conditions
Stomach trouble
Headaches
Coughs and colds
Mental delusions
Air in the arteries and veins
Fractures
Nervous breakdowns
Melancholia
Injury to the upper ribs
Poor circulation

Gemini is not always as careful in problems of diet as it might be and must watch carefully that which goes into the system, realizing that food and air make or break the organism.

Domestic Problems

Gemini is not a domestic sign. It craves independence and self-expression, and usually possesses executive ability to such an extreme degree that it does not blend well with other people. It is not a fruitful sign and unless some very beneficent planet is found they seldom if ever raise large families. Gemini usually marries more than once, is seldom happy in matrimony, but usually recovers from any heart-break through which it passes. One of the hardest things to get along with in Gemini people is a peculiar trait that they have of suddenly changing their viewpoint on problems and scolding a person for doing the very things they asked them to do. These temperaments must be mastered and overcome in order that the greatest happiness may come to the Gemini life. Its keynote is duality and diversity and Gemini is never happy until it unifies the dissenting factions.

Countries Under Influence of Gemini

The Southwest part of England
Eastern third of the United States
Lower Egypt
Flanders
Lombardy
Sardinia
Armenia

Cities Under the Control of Gemini

London
Versailles
Brabant
Wittenberg
Nuremberg
Mentz
Bruges
Louvaine
Cordova

According to Ptolemy the fixed stars in the sign of Gemini are divided in their influence as follows: The stars in the feet of the twins have an influence similar to that of Mercury with a little of Venus. The bright stars in the thighs take the qualities of Saturn and the two great stars, Castor and Pollux, have the qualities of Mercury and Mars, respectively.

The colors of Gemini are red, white and violet, sometimes orange.

Gemini rules from about the 20th of May to the 20th of June, and, according to the ancients, of the twelve orders of Blessed Spirits it rules the Thrones; of the twelve Angels which rule the twelve signs it is governed by Ambriel; of the twelve tribes, Judah; of the twelve prophets, Zachariah; of the twelve Apostles, Simon; of the twelve plants, the bending vervain; of the twelve stones it rules the topaz; of the twelve principal parts of the body, the arms; of the twelve degrees of the damned and the devils, it rules the vassals of iniquity.

Gemini is a mental sign which seldom finds great depth of heart sentiment but when it does make that contact it is one of the most beautiful signs of the Zodiac.

Man the Human Violin

Part II---The God of Music

FAR back in the dawn of human consciousness where only myth can reach, there is the legend of Orpheus and his celestial music. We are no longer dealing just with the story but once again with a great Being, a willing instrument in the hands of a still greater, who in his day and age of the world labored to bring to the souls of men a fuller consciousness of the Divine. In Orpheus we see the Initiate and an example for us to follow and within each of us the great Initiates continue their labors and the great power of Orpheus still seeks to awaken the latent qualities to be evolved within living things.

Orpheus received from his Father, the Sun God, a wondrous lyre and from its strings he brought forth strains of music that charmed all living things, and for ages he has stood as the symbol of those qualities in man which when awakened sound forth from his spiritual nature as celestial harmonies. Man also has received from his Father, the divine God of Light, a seven-stringed instrument which he is through the ages learning to play. This instrument represents his body, his senses, and organs of consciousness. His life is a wonderful orchestra, its music harmonious or inharmonious according to how he plays upon the strings of his being. Man is eternally working to transmute the discordant sounds into living harmonies which he may offer upon the altar of his gods.

Orpheus, the spirit of harmony in man, is seeking to spiritualize the lower phase of his being with its animal desires and emotions and to lift it from the land of darkness where it has been sent because it has been bitten by the snake of passion, and around this sublime truth has been wound the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the allegory Orpheus stands for the divine principle of truth and harmony in man and the universe, which is seeking to lift the lower expression of itself out of the darkness of Pluto's realm. Orpheus does succeed in saving Eurydice but the lower not yet transmuted to the consciousnesss of the higher fails, as is shown by the world today because of its lack of trust in the divine, so like humanity it is forced back again into the Great Unknown.

It is said that Orpheus reached so great a position before God and man that the powers of the universe at the time of his death caught up in fingers invisible his celestial lyre and placed it among the stars where it is still to be seen as a great constellation.

The story is told that Orpheus used to stand and allow javelins and arrows to be thrown at him but he was so wondrous and the music of his soul was so beautiful that even the weapons fell at his feet charmed by the celestial harmony. This great truth is ever present in our lives. If we are radiating this divine harmony and beauty, the taunts of the world, hate, and anger, the javelins of our brothers, fall harmless at our feet, for nothing can fail to be charmed when within the soul of man harmony and truth prevail.

Through the development of bodies and sense centers man bringing into dynamic power the energies implanted in embryo within him has awakened a wondrous instrument, his vehicle of self-expresion. His daily life is the music which he plays upon his enchanted lyre and when the tones are in harmony the powers of darkness though they conspire are unable to injure him. But let this music be drowned or silenced by the powers of emotion and the beings of the astral plane and all of his power is gone, and he is torn limb from limb and his body and his heart are cast into the river Hebrus or the stream of suffering into which those fall who fail to master responsibilities and conditions.

Of course the entire legend of Orpheus is an ancient initiative ritual, part of the Greek

Mystery School, and as such is a symbol of God, man, and the universe. The seven planetary rays are the seven strings of the celestial lyre and power is given to each of these strings through Apollo, the Sun-god. Man has himself centers of consciousness which are the receiving poles of these planetary rays. If they are awakened and harmonized he receives only good but when they are unawakened or the ray is impeded, mentally, physically, or spiritually, he must suffer for the unbalance. These seven rays in various combinations under the direction of the gods build and create all things. All of these rays are harmonious of themselves and there is not a planet in the entire solar system that is truly malefic. In astronomy, which in ancient times embraced the study of astrology, we find planets which were considered evil because they seemed to injure man with their powers, but in truth this is only so because man has not raised himself to a true knowledge of their powers. It is well for the student to remember that all these heavenly bodies are one-eyed gods, their rays are neither good nor bad but eternally neutral. It is the adjustment of the receiving pole which causes any inharmony the individual may suffer, for these are all strings on a celestial musical instrument and while they may be out of tune and combined in discords still each string is perfect if properly played.

Orpheus represents the individual who has mastered this seven-stringed instrument by mastering the qualities and attributes within himself of the seven-stringed lyre of planetary and celestial influxes.

Man consists of two poles which manifest as spirit and matter. Spirit is eternally working with matter attempting to liberate it and raise it into harmony with itself in order that it may function through and with it in accordance with the plan. Orpheus represents the spirit in each human being who wandering in the darkness of his lower nature is seeking to release and transmute the essences imprisoned there which have been forced through ignorance or misuse to serve evil instead of the natural good.

We find that the serpent, which symbolizes perversion while crawling on the ground and mastership when raised, is the cause of the death of Eurydice and all students know that it is the serpent power in man which if misused sends the soul into the land of darkness. The higher man, the spirit, is ever confronted with the eternal problem of lifting the lower nature up from the regions of death into the world of light. In order to do this, Orpheus, the higher powers, took his seven-stringed lyre and like the Initiate went down into the lower worlds to rescue the one whom he loved. He passed the three-headed dog, the guardian of the threshold, the creature built of his own perversion, and like all the Initiates entered the land of death while still numbered with the living. He implored Pluto, god of the underworld, to return to him the one chained by the powers of darkness. There again we see the spiritual man descending into matter with the lyre of spiritual influx working and striving to lift the lower nature into union with itself.

Orpheus' appeal was so wonderfully expressed and so enhanced by the music of his lyre that even the god of death relented and promised him that if he would take his bride back to the light without once looking back until they reached the outer world she might have her life. Orpheus failed in this great duty, for like men and women of today he broke the vow of eternal progression, and having taken the path that led to Light he allowed the temptations of the lower to cause him to look back and Eurydice vanished again and the gap between the spirit and the soul was widened instead of becoming narrower.

But the work is going on eternally and within each of us it is being slowly carried out until the time will come when we shall raise the lower from the dead and bring it to the surface of the higher worlds without breaking the vows of nature.

The teachings of Orpheus as a great individual are almost unknown but the result of his work is still obtainable under the

(Continued on Page 31)

MASONRY

An Appeal for Better Masons

IN THE world in which we live today there is a great need which few seem to be willing to study that they may supply the necessary thing. There is nothing more important to the growth of man than the realization of individual responsibility. The average person does not shoulder the duties of his life as he should, he does not live up to the best that he knows, he is not true to the things which he claims to believe, but with selfishness and perversion he desecrates the ideals which he should express in his service and labor.

This is equally true among those whom we call society and that other group who claim to have found a great light or at least to be searchers for it. The average Mason is thoughtless, he is not a criminal nor is he false intentionally to the concepts which he holds, but he is preoccupied and he feels no responsibilty, no individual obligation, in connection with the study of Masonry.

When it comes right down to the truth the average thirty-second degree Mason knows little or nothing of even the first principles of Masonry because he has not assumed the responsibility and the individual duties which make him one with the spirit of Masonry. When those wondrous rituals are unfolded before him he is thoughtless; when the lectures are delivered to him, he is thoughtless; as he dons the apron, as he transacts the business of his lodge, he is thoughtless; so he passes on year after year in close touch with the most beautiful and lofty of human sentiments yet absolutely blind to both their purpose and meaning.

Why? Because he has failed to take a personal interest or realize an individual responsibility. If the Mason only realized that the spirit of the ancient craft can only live in its craftsmen and that the divine light of Masonry must shine out through the lives of Masons, he would then become worthy of his craft in seeking to glorify Masonry by his own example.

For many years Masonic candidates have been recruited from various walks of life and various motives have led the seeker to the temple door, yet only about one in a thousand is really seeking either spiritual light or philosophical growth. Business is the usual motive which prompts Masonic affiliation; a desire for social prestige and the privilege of romping around at Shriner's frolics also gathers quite a percentage of individuals who believe that little red fezes will be becoming; still another group joins that they may have an honorable excuse for being away from home one night a week; some are Masons because their fathers were Masons; others because their fathers were not.

This is not malicious nor is it wicked but it is decidedly unfortunate for it has absolutely murdered the spirit of Masonry. The ancient mysteries, those glorious temple rites of a people who knew their gods, have been handed down to modern, everyday affairs. In the ancient days the High Priest, that living link between God and man through whose being shone the light of the Infinite and who was in truth the incarnation of the rising sun, sat in the eternal East in a glorious chair of light with the wisdom of a god,

the compassion of a saviour, and the power of a Hercules.

Not being a Mason myself and having taken the **"separate look"** at the problem on hand, the answer that seems to present itself is this. There is no finer body of men in the world than the members of the ancient and accepted craft, but ninety-nine out of a hundred of them while excellent fellows have not even a dream consciousness of either Masonry or its ideals.

There is only one remedy to this problem for Masonry is probably the most beautiful and most glorious religious philosophy that the world has ever known. In it there is material for thousands of years of study and consideration. Its sublime allegories and wondrous symbols have behind them truths which are the answers to the world's problems.

A few Masons realize this. That grand old man of Masonry, Albert Pike, saw what few Masons have ever found. Dr. J. D. Buck, a sainted Masonic soul, found and taught the mystic rites. Frank C. Higgins, with his knowledge of mathematics, geometry and cabalism, is an honor to the craft. They have found the truth of Masonry and they are living according to their knowledge of its ideals. But where are all the others? Just one or two out of a million; where are all the others? They are asleep, they have not lived the Masonic life, they have not dedicated their souls to the answer of the eternal Masonic problem; they have not gone forth in humility and simplicity to search for that which was lost.

And the result is that a glorious truth is neglected, a wonderful work has been cast aside, and Masonry which depends upon Masons for expression is retreating again to the silent caves where for ages the illuminated few have guarded the destinies of the ignorant many.

Masons, wake up before it is too late! Your creed and your craft demand the best that is in you, they demand the sanctifying of a life, the regeneration of a body, the purification of a soul, and the ordination of a spirit! You have a glorious opportunity, —wake and grasp it 'ere it passes on to other peoples! Realize that your great privilege is to illuminate the world; not alone the work in your tiled lodge but in your home, your business, and your association with your fellowmen is the basis of your Masonic power.

Masonry can only be what Masons are but its spirit is the Wisdom of God. Your temple is a holy place, a sacred place, not to be defamed by material thoughts and dissensions. Drive the money-lenders from your steps, the materialists from your shrines, the schemers from your ranks, or else so live that these shall be regenerated and transmuted while among you. Show your light to the world and as true builders of the Father's house labor for the good of humanity. Forget your robes, your tinsels, and your jewelry and make of your living body and soul ornaments of your lodge. Let not the tinsel drape an empty void but cover the hearts of noble men.

MAN THE HUMAN VIOLIN

(Continued from Page 29)

allegory of myth and legend. All myths refer to internal as well as external truths and the story of Orpheus is no exception to this rule, and our work is to learn to play this wonderful instrument of the body as Orpheus played his lyre and not to look back once we have taken the path.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is the eternal romance, the mystic love story, the basis of all human affections. It is the story of the spirit and the soul which must sometime be united in an everlasting union when man shall have rescued Eurydice from the land of darkness and destruction.

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000001 AUGUST, 1923 No. 1000000000008

NOTED SCIENTISTS GIVE UP HOPE

Marvel of Surgery Performed

KING TUT HAS A RELAPSE

In the last issue of the Pearly Gates Gazette we announced that His Majesty King Tutankhamen was improving. We are now very sorry to say he has suffered a severe relapse. The Pharaoh stood the various publicity statements very well until he heard a new jazz phonograph record named after him, then His Majesty went into convulsions and hasn't been conscious since. We understand that he becomes quite violent at times.

PEARLY GATES VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT ANNOUNCES SPECIALTY

An automobile load of jazz orchestricians went over an embankment on Earth last night and arrived here this morning. They will present a splendid repertoire at the Skydome Auditorium tonight. Madame Whoop, contralto, will sing several solos. A five-reel feature photoplay on the dope problem will complete the program. The public is invited to attend for the narcotic menace is becoming quite acute here. The Pearly Gates Police Department, plainlclothes division, arrested nine peddlars yesterday who were fluttering around our municipal building.

STRIKERS SEND IN APPEAL

Municipal workmen engaged by the city to hang out stars and regulate comet traffic went on a strike last week for shorter hours and higher pay. This was the result of the arrival in heaven of Mortimer Gusto, one of our strike promoters from Earth. It will probably be impossible to give the workmen shorter hours owing to the fact that the city is already short-handed. Workmen are very scarce in heaven as everyone is here for a rest.

SPECIAL CLASS IN PSYCHOLOGY

Prof. Algernon Soakem is opening a special class on Advanced Psychology in the lecture hall adjoining the Skydome Auditorium Prof. Soakem says: "My class will positively produce winning personalities, charming temperaments, prosperous business conditions, happy marriage and long life. Complete course of five lectures—only $25,000.00."

REQUEST TO CURB SMOKE

Tobacco smoke from the Earth has brought on an epidemic of catarrh in heaven. A petition has been sent to Earth for them to ease up a little as the smoke rises rapidly and the last session of the Pearly Gates Police Court had to adjourn on account of the stifling fumes.

SOCIETY NOTE

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Moneybags are spending their summer on a nearby comet and have returned to Pearly Gates for a brief stay. Mrs. Moneybags is receiving Thursday afternoons in her palatial house on Highbrow Row. A jazz teaparty will be given by Mrs. Moneybags and her charming daughter the next time the moon enters a fixed sign. Full dress.

PHONE NUMBERS CHANGED

The Pearly Gates Telephone Co. is changing all of their numbers this month.

A few changes that have been made in the name of efficiency are:

The Police Station at Pearly Gates was Ether 1982, it has been changed to Goshwhatarush 7982 Party J-X2 and the Hospital was Skydome 8400 is now Odontognostrumvarilorim 72439 - J. X. Party 4 V. P. X. X.

We feel that these changes will simplify matters.

BULLETS EXTRACTED FROM ANATOMY OF H. BREEZE

Nine bullets were extracted from the anatomy of Henry Breeze who arrived in heaven this morning. Mr. Breeze is one of our leading peace advocates and arrived as the result of a slight riot in a brotherhood meeting held on Earth. Accompanying him is the dove of peace which was stepped on during the same riot. Mr. Breeze's subject was the "Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God." Nearly four hundred shots were fired by representatives of the peace convention. Only nine bullets entered Mr. Breeze who fell before the others reached him. He is survived by a large number of peace candidates. Special note: The dove was doing well and resting quietly at the last issue of the bulletin.

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR RENT. A nice housekeeping apartment on Quiet Street, ten minutes fly from Pearly Gates. Restricted neighborhood, very desirable. 3 rooms and ether shower. All built-in features. Suitable for young couple or two bachelor angels. Room for twelve-foot wing spread. Garage at back. Rent $450 a month. See Mr. Soakem, Mgr., Cloudview Apts., Aerial Flyway.

All aristocratic angels smoke Flor del Ropa cigars—2 for 15c, $5.00 a box. All the tobacco in these cigars is grown just to the South of Pearly Gates.

The Pearly Gates Undertaking Bureau announces the erection of a beautiful mausoleum in a quiet suburb for the exclusive use of the elite. Cremation services are secured through co-operation with the Hell Crematory.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

SECOND EDITION

(First Edition exhausted in one week)

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

This is the latest work of this author and approaches the problem of spiritual enfoldment and growth in a manner both new and unusual.

The book contains six allegorical stories dealing with the spiritual development and initiation of mystical characters EACH ONE OF WHICH CAN BE PLACED IN THE LIFE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE WISDOM TEACHINGS. THE READER IS THE HERO OF EACH OF THE MYTHS, and concealed under the fables are many of the very deepest principles of occultism.

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.
This deals with the regeneration of matter and the transmutation of bodies.

The Master of the Blue Cape.
In this chapter the mystic meaning of the elixer of life and the philosophers' stone is given to the reader. Also the inner meaning of Alchemy.

The Face of The Christ.
The mystery of the last supper and the great problem of the second coming of the Christ is taken up from the occult standpoint, and presented in an understandable way.

The Guardian of the Light.
The duties and labors of one who seeks to be given charge of the Divine Wisdom are set forth in this chapter. Also the price of the Mystic Truth.

The One Who Turned Back.
This is the allegory of one who reached the gate of Liberation and renounced freedom to return again into the world. A study in Mystic Initiation.

The Glory of the Lord.
What happens to those who seek to enter the presence of the Lord without purifying themselves according to His laws? Read what happened to one, in the Tabernacle of the Jews.

The book is well printed on good paper and bound in boards stamped in blue. It contains sixty-four pages closely written.

This work like all of these publications is presented to the public without fixed price, leaving it to your own higher sentiments to show you your part in the work we are carrying.

The edition of this book is limited, so if you are interested send at once enclosing the contribution that you wish to make, not to pay just for the book but to help the work along, and you will receive your copy in the return mail.

Address all orders to Manly P. Hall, P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Cal.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publication.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One
Questions and Answers, Part Two
Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic symbols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

Wands and Serpents

The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

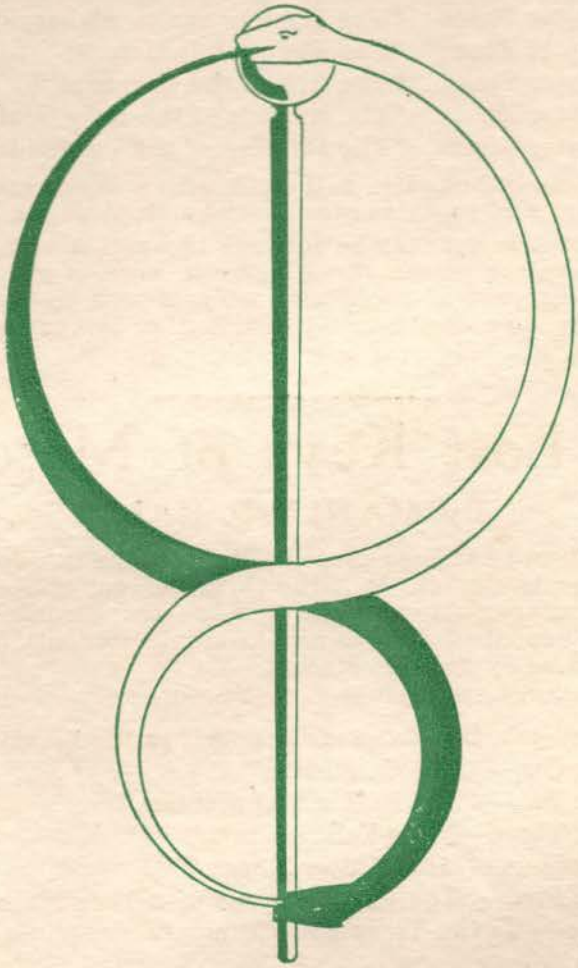
An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

SEPTEMBER, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By MANLY P. HALL

A comprehensive study in the Wisdom Religion as it has been perpetuated through symbolism and mythology. This work is of interest to all students of mystic and occult philosophies or Masonry. The work is beautifully illustrated with drawings to explain its principles, some by the author and others of an alchemical and mystic nature. The table of contents is as follows:

Chapter One	"The Fire Upon the Altar."
Chapter Two	"The Sacred City of Shamballah."
Chapter Three	"The Mystery of the Alchemist."
Chapter Four	"The Egyptian Initiate."
Chapter Five	"The Ark of the Covenant."
Chapter Six	"The Knights of the Holy Grail."
Chapter Seven	"The Mystery of the Pyramids."

This book is beautifully bound in full cloth with a handsome alchemical cover design stamped in gold leaf and contains about one hundred pages.

This work is not for sale but may be secured through a voluntary contribution on the part of anyone desiring to possess it. All of our work is put out for the benefit of students and not for purposes of profit and we ask your co-operation to assist us in meeting the cost of publication and distribution by your own realization of responsibility.

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
Chapter One—"The Candidate."
Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

Like all of our other works this book is only securable through the free-will offering of those desiring to secure it. Each person is placed upon his own honor and only reminded that the perpetuation of the work depends upon the cheerful co-operation of the workers.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., SEPTEMBER, 1923 No. 5

This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
- Ten Rules of Religious Etiquette 3
- Spiritual Hobos—A Romance in Phychologics 4
- Poem 2

Question and Answer Department 12

Prometheus the Eternal Sufferer 15

OCCULT FICTION
- Brothers of the Shining Robe, Chapter Three, The Divine Presence (Continued) 13
- The Ave Maria 9
- A Knight of the Holy Grail 26

SPECIAL ARTICLES
- Impractical Occultists 22
- Explanation of Last Month's Plate 18

ORIENTAL OCCULTISM
- Discourse on the Eight Perfections 19

ASTROLOGY
- The Keywords of Cancer 30

PEARLY GATES GAZETTE 32

EDITORIAL

Ten Rules of Religious Etiquette

1. Do not attend the meetings because you have an antipathy against the hall and do not like to associate with the class of people who sit around you. This is a proof of your ultra-refinement.

2. If you come be sure to attend irregularly and under no condition tell anyone about the meeting or bring anyone with you. This indicates that you are exclusive and belong in the upper set.

3. Be sure that you acquire all our books but never read them. Ask the questions in class that are answered in them. This demonstrates your mental superiority beyond all doubt.

4. In securing our books and magazines never consider the contents—always estimate their value upon the price of the paper. This is a sure sign of business shrewdness and erudition.

5. Always lock up our publications where no one else can find them or read them. This proves that you understand their esoteric value. To advertise them would be decidedly plebeian and would lessen your superiority over others.

6. Always kick about the way things are being done—the chairs, gas-stoves, music, and so forth. This is very refreshing and proves your aristocracy.

7. Never put anything in the collection plate. Always give someone else that opportunity for soul growth. This shows spirituality and brotherhood.

8. Workers should never get along well together—each one should be jealous of all the others. This shows professional temperament and helps to simplify the teacher's work, at the same time setting an illustrious example.

9. Do not spend much time studying. It isn't being done in the better circles. You should make the meeting hall a rendezvous to circulate all the latest scandals. You should also be filled with advice which you should give freely especially on subjects about which you know nothing. This shows your occult leanings and family breeding. Every member of the student body should follow all the others and see what they do. This is deep brotherly interest.

10. If anybody should get up and do anything useful—oppose him in every way possible, crying out that he is trying to boss and run the whole show. If there is a mass movement in any direction gather up yourself and depart, telling everyone you meet that the work is being run by a clique. This is decidedly refreshing and relieves the monotony which might otherwise cause the work to stagnate.

All of these points help to simplify matters and are of vast encouragement to all concerned and if followed religiously will produce perfect results.

I Thank You.

Spiritual Hobos

A Romance in Psychologics

IT IS, alas, too true that few individuals care to be reminded of the hollows, furrows, ravines and gullies in their mental, physical and spiritual make-ups! Compliments are always in demand and a suave disposition never fails to draw around it bevies of friends and admirers who will bask in the honeyed sentiments like flies in a sugar bowl. People love to foster the fond idea that somebody else believes them to be something which they honestly know they are not.

Most of our occult students will many times declare themselves to be braced in all the weak spots, strong and courageous, ready to listen to the truth, whole truth and everything but the truth! But rarely do they demonstrate any great amount of joy when reality does strike against them or seek admittance into their consciousness. Most students tell us that they want to know their weak points, where their spiritual bunions are located and what constitutes the leading detractions of their temperaments but if we happen to intimate even for a second that they are suffering from any slight imperfection they immediately leave us—thoroughly convinced that we lack polish, grace and refinement, and are most hopelessly deficient in spiritual sentiments. While if we "gush" prettily over them, address them as "old students," "advanced souls," ad infinitum, they are then in a condition where most any living creature can separate them from their rent money, salary, and more than likely their family.

In other and shorter words, they like to be patted on the back, are willing slaves to anyone who will weave fanciful dramas around them for their own glorification—even though they really know that they possess none of the attributes in question—but if for a moment we infer that the average seeker-after-the-occult is a hobo, a bum, a tramp, a nonentity, a vagabond, vandal and vampire, for some absolutely unknown reason he passes us on the street next day without recognition though he may realize that he is all of the things described, plus more known only to himself.

But let us, just for the sake of the principle involved, be truthful for once and spite the devil, admitting that at the present time the majority of seekers after things spiritual are not only looking in the wrong direction for the truth but positively ignore it when they do see it. They continue gliding through life talking themselves into believing that they are personifications of the Eternal Seeker when in reality they are nothing but omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient (never omniactive) Incarnations of Specific Worthlessness.

These may not seem pleasant thoughts, in fact we may be called cruel, cold and unjust, but with the pure eye of logic, the brain of reason and the steady hand of the surgeon let us anatomize what we discover when we start carving modern super-spiritual cadaver and see how it sums up:

As we cast the searchlight of common sense upon the problems of modern religion and examine the fruits of philosophical endeavor, listening with rapt attention to the weird discourses which pour forth as bubbling brooks and dashing cataracts of modern Platonic reasoning, a great pessimism grips our soul and the icy fingers of doubt strangle out our tiny germ of hope as we seek to synthesize such hopelessly impossible brain-storms!

So at last we are forced to the conclusion that most of our so-called Thinkers are neither spiritual, philosophical, intelligent nor studious but are merely brain convolution contortionists twisting their dua-mater and pia-mater into bowknots and figure-eights and then—ye gods!—inviting others to join them in their mental gymnastics. In other words instead of being statisticians, economical reformers, teachers and logicians they are merely straining the cerebral vesticles and painfully spraining the mind. When we realize this we are confronted with a great problem—what is thought? And how should its wonderful power be used to express a maximum of intelligent result?

The answer to the problem is, *man must learn to think in harmony with nature and natural law.* When he seeks to battle against his own intellectuality, to deny the existence of things which he daily and hourly contacts, or seeks with sheer force of will to change the direction of the universe or reverse the poles he is merely wasting power and energy on an absolutely hopeless, helpless and non-productive series of concepts which would be comic if they were not divinely sad.

The average person does not know how to think and never will until he individually evolves the mental faculties and powers to do it with. And the first step towards this is to cease imitating the ideas of others, learn to reason out and master the problems of your own existence and being responsible to yourself instead of rushing to another fool for help—whereupon each clasps the other and both sink! The average person who believes himself to be philosophical, spiritual and ethical is merely a rambling intellectual hobo, helpless and harmless, whose every thought and action he has begged, borrowed or stolen from somebody else. Those who think other people's thoughts, lean on other people's shoulders and do not labor mentally, physically and spiritually for the things they want are tramps, imposters and human fungi as sure as there are such things in nature.

Taking the modern occult student as an example of spiritual unfoldment and moral culture, we usually find him to be merely a religious vagabond wandering from cult to creed, sleeping in intellectual box-cars, under pseudo-theological haystacks and persistently avoiding the woodpile of labor with a highly evolved efficiency that is positively uncanny. Students of the Wisdom Teachings little realize how like beggars they can become if they continue to wander from pillar to post knocking at each farmhouse door, hoping that fortune will present herself but inwardly praying that the bull-dog of adversity will not advance to the rear of their immediate environment.

There is a great Kingdom of the Unemployed and there is also that aristocratic fraternity known as Gentlemen of the Great Outdoors and, alas, it is but too true said institutions do many things not in accordance with the ethical statutes of our beautiful country. But let us not add infamy to insult or further scandalize their already dubious reputations by listing with them our modern spiritual students. For, 'tis sad to relate, these Gentlemen of the Open Road and non-eventuating pilgrims are never half as guilty of mental or physical vagrancy as that band of new thought and spiritual students are addicted to intellectual grafting and sem-conscientious knavery!

None of us will ever forget Tattered Tom or milord the Baron Rags and other blue-blood members of the slipshod aristocracy for they are in a class unapproachable and inimicable—the very acme of active indolence. As they promenade along the tar-paved boulevard resembling animated scarecrows or bi-pedular ashcans they manifest and express in every movement of their being a nobility greater far than a scion of the House of Navarre. They are sublimely humorous, pathetically ridiculous, and always bring poetically to our minds a picture of injured innocence and over-worked ennui.

Along they go with smiles on their faces, whistling merry tunes, while clothed in a bundle of rags and tatters! Gentlemen of leisure whose motto is: "Don't work when there's anything else to do!" (Latest psychological axiom.) You have all heard them as they gently knock at the backdoor, after making sure that the Airdale is chained, and with fringed hat in hand deliver a touching elegy with a seriousness and masterful eloquence worthy of a trained tragedian:

"Please, lady, I'm a poor man, down and out and too sick to work, I'm tryin' to get money enough to make the next city where I have a brother in business. I come from a good family, mum,—I'm not a tramp or anything like that. I'm just suffering from pecuniary embarrassment—a slight financial shortage—I wonder if it would be possible for you to give me a piece of pie or some of your husband's old clothes?"

This is a noble art—the art of begging—a cultured science which has been evolved through generations of practice, the develop-

ing of sympathetic voices, said looking eyes and cherubimic expressions that shine out with celestial radiance from beneath several days' growth of whiskers!

When poor people enter this profession and the down-and-outers promenade along the dusty road of life in someone else's clothes we call them tramps. But when they rise upward to more ethical circles of philosophical, spiritual and scientific things we then call them mystics, psychologists, philosophers, eccentric geniuses, advanced thinkers and deep students of the occult. If you will just take the average modernist in religion, however, and analyze him carefully you will find a weird and wondrous composite combination of borrowed plumage. Like Aesop of the ancient Fables, in examining said rare specimen, we find an ugly duckling with one glorious peacock plume rising from the rear. Such a sight as would give a naturalist or poultry fancier epileptic convulsions unless he knew for a certainty that the glorious tuft was not an inherent product of the bird!

Mentally, physically, never to mention spiritually, not one thing our occult student wears fits him. Surely he represents the Ex-president of the ancient and honorable Order of Whatnots! His hat is too big and nestles grotesquely over ears that pivot and turn outward by the weight. Of course it is no longer a delapidated derby or gently atrophying tall silk but just a philosophical concept and shortcut to heaven he has begged off the Jones family down the street. His borrowed alchemy hangs loosely from his shoulders, gathered in by the safety-pin of someone else's ethics. His pant-legs of affirmation and denial were made for a man three times his size, consequently fit him too much, but still he is wearing them—and what makes it infinitely worse is they are not mates for he sneaked them out of Smith's backyard while Mrs. Smith was paying the iceman. His shoes, one a patent-leather the other a goulash, leave strange footprints on the sands behind, which footprints are the measure of his soul. For they are not his own either but have been begged, borrowed or stolen from some oracle along the meandering line of his pilgrimage.

Thus he stands before you. Nothing more, nothing less than an intellectual vagabond and spiritual lounge-lizard. (Or shall we say chameleon? For as this little lizard changes his color to suit his background so the "mystic" changes his creeds to suit his needs.) Like the ordinary tramp he hates work worse than poison, hates water like a cat, but is hoping against hope that he will get to heaven somehow if he can borrow enough old clothes to make it or can hop an empty freight going in that direction.

In other words, our nondescript student of religion is eternally searching for something easy that he can secure without labor and lives ardently hopeful of finding a way to enjoy the harvest that his industrious brother creatures have stored up. Students do not mean to do this but it seems an innate faculty of the human mind to seek to avoid exertion. The lower in man cries out for rest while the higher spiritual powers seek to express more incessant activity. There are hobos on the physical plane of nature who claim to have been tired for fifty years and to be suffering from strange ailments which obstruct the vital energies, when the real cause of their ailment is chronic laziness. The same may be said of our spiritual seekers for most of them are wasting away with some mystic lassitude which is nothing more nor less than a pure lack of a desire to do anything.

Sciences which seek to promote mental exertion and individual advancement become less and less popular all the time while intellectual and spiritual soothing syrups and teething rings are in ever more constant demand. Spiritual narcotics which will prevent human beings from feeling the pains of daily life are called blessings but in reality are the greatest curses of the human race. If students could only realize that when they search for others who will answer for them the problems of their own lives with formulas and recipes which eliminate individual expression making it possible to glide en masse to the Eternal Footstool, or who will rent them pseudo-evolutionary roller skates to shorten the path—they are only being hoodwinked and deceived! And always by those who have themselves fallen slaves to their own or their brothers' absurdities.

There is no way of reaching the true position the human race is ordained to fill without individually standing upon our own feet and learning mentally, physically and spiritually to earn legitimately and honestly whatsoever quality we are seeking mastery over. There must be an equal effort expended and an honest foundation laid for everything which we want or else man is, in the sight of nature, a thief and a robber. Those people who fondly believe that their duty ceases with the getting of things or that they can make slick transactions in religion or turn rather clever intellectual deals to their own profit have a great awakening before them, an awakening filled with sorrow and unhappiness because they have failed to realize that the Universe is governed by just, non-commercialized non-favoritism which as a great abstract Intelligence governs impartially all of Its creations, rewarding each according to its works.

There is no greater crime in the world than to promise or to intimate that we can make another spiritual, intelligent or prosperous, for it is absolutely impossible to do so. And those who charge exorbitant prices for shortcuts to heaven are charging for something which they do not possess and are assessing work that only the ego of an individual alone is capable of carrying on. In other words, Mr. Jones is paying Mr. Smith for the privilege of saving his own soul. Persons who graft in such a way as this should be treated in the same manner that the Government treats oil sharks who sell shares in non-entited wells and the like. They are mental, physical and spiritual criminals and those who patronize them are merely demonstrating a super-abundance of vacuum in the cranial cavity. But the demand will always produce the supply and as long as there are people to be fooled there will always be those pleased to do it for them.

It is perfectly legitimate to instruct man in the ways he should go (providing that the party of the first part knows what way anything should go) but to promise results is beyond the privilege of God himself. Instead of giving a spiritual tramp a meal in every case he should be ushered into the back yard where stands the menacing wood-pile and told that if he will chop two cords his lunch is ready. At such a moment as this the physical hobo disintegrates while his spiritual correlate dissolves into a dank cloud of irridescent dew—nose cracked, insulted and with every quill in his temperament standing on end.

We may not believe it this way but when work is mentioned the seekers after eternal wisdom rise, one after another, and magically vanish effervesing streams of many-colored indignation—this at the bare suggestion of earning their daily bread! If he is suffering from a gouty toe or a gastronomic reaction and you tell him to watch his diet and stop eating roast goose or breaded veal cutlets he will immediately rise, a towering pillar of righteous wrath, and tell you that you are neither spiritual, ethical nor philosophical. Said student will then head for some temple of solace where he will wade through a long concentration, take an aphromatic pill or ten grains of sugar-coated sentiment and then go out to eat fried bricks and ten-penny nails a la carte until the closing of the last act when the nail he could not digest is used to hold down his coffin lid.

If you hint to the student of ancient wisdom that bathing is an inducement to health you are ordinary, materialistic, and lack Oriental ideality. But there is not one "occultist" in a million who has studied the plumbing system of Pompeii while engaged in his ancient researches. If you tell him he has a mean disposition, you are a low-brow, a mishap, an inferior and several other things he cannot remember but which nevertheless apply to the problem on hand. However if you will prove to him conclusively and beyond all shadow of doubt that his spavin can be cured by some supernatural agency which requires no temperance or moderation in his own life, then indeed you are gifted of the gods. He will then peel forth the last shekel and think nothing of working at a dollar a day for fifteen years to pay you for a Latin formula or a Sanskrit delineation punctuated in Hebrew, when for a five-cent bar of Ivory soap he could be a healthy man for seventy-five years—that is, of course, if he adds to the soap the necessary exertion for applying.

There are also people—strange creatures of demented reasoning!—who will condescend to study the occult if you will guarantee them illumination, unity with the Absolute, mastery and initiation, not to mention such trivial things as the seventh sense and the ability to rove on other planets or pick daisies on the Milky Way at the completion of a two week course. If you have a dashing personality they may even wait four weeks for their spiritual insight especially if the language you clothe the supernatural sciences in is sufficiently set with the rubies of eloquence and like the sages of old you are an orator with a silver tongue.

But when you advise said persons that mastery requires from one to three hundred and fifty million years of hard work, low pay and tough luck, he immediately tells you that you lack inspiration, that you know nothing of heaven and its mysteries, that your aura radiates bone-set tea, and that by good right you should be burned in effigy on the public square. If you warn him that his eternal salvation depends upon his own works he is discouraged, disconcerted and perplexed for he knows he has never done anything worthy and can never get far on individual merit. But just whisper mysteriously in his ear a state secret all about a new way of leaning on the Lord whereby you may slip in for nothing he is thenceforth a subject of exuberant reaction, for our average student has no intention whatsoever of giving up anything he likes but will always do the thing he wants to even if it is being miserable—and some are never happy unless they are completely miserable.

To enjoy hard work at this day and age is to invite investigation from the psychopathic ward and if such a case could be found a symposium of international scientists would come into session to diagnose the extraordinary phenomenom. A person who glories in labor and in contact with the hard knocks of the world are about as rare as a total eclipse of Gloombridge or Uncle Si's three-headed calf and are to be listed with the scientific marvels of the age—especially if found among spiritual students.

So they go, praying for the day when someone will build an environment for them wherein they may be ideally happy or that a great Master will come to clean up the world—a work we ought to be doing every day—or that a great Light will descend from the heavens—when we ought to be out lighting our own way. They are longing for someone else to heal them of something they have no business to have, and while they have a mean disposition and a cussedly bad temper they long to find a way to conceal it by plastering it deep down under a thick layer of beauty mud which comes under the heading of convincing personality cosmetics.

So Tattered Tom and Frenzied Freddy—address unknown, vocation unthinkable—wander from door to door asking for pie, overalls and old shoes and like the foolish virgins of old begging of the wise ones oil for their lamps instead of standing up like the men and women they claim to be, kicking out their mean dispositions, cleaning out their self infected body and taking a good long stretch. Perhaps some day they may learn to look somebody straight in the eye and say, "There is nothing in the world equal to a life filled with works, worries, trials and troubles for it has given me the experience and strength to rise above misfortune, stand on my own feet and proclaim my inherent right to be one of the elect!"

The price of knowledge and spirituality is the proper use of the powers which man has and seventy-five squadrons of angels, three hundred battalions of gods, fifty-seven varieties of divas, two hundred and eighty-seven regiments of psychological infantry and fifteen or twenty spiritual big guns are not enough to stand forth and say "boo" to the powers of nature much less claim the responsibility of easing an individual into heaven. Sixty-five million chariots drawn by cherumbim will never be able to get our big toe over if we continue to tramp around in the name of religion, vampirizing and vandalizing everyone with whom we come in contact.

Each is foreordained and predestined from before the time the universe was formed to figure his way out of and work his way out of the undesirable qualities of nature. When he sits back asleep at the switch or trusts someone else to carry him all is lost.

Never with such concepts as these will the spirit of man find rest in the lands beyond the River Styx. (He would surely drown in said river if someone didn't swim in after him.) But it seems that each leans on everything else perfectly content to let someone who can think for them, and someone who can work for them.

Instead of building the faculties, powers and qualities within themselves which entitle them to stand upon their own feet with well fitting garments of their own making earned by the sweat of their brows, they now stand as divine incarnations of the cosmic spirit Celestial Hobo—tagged out in a little bit of everything belonging to everybody else. If by any chance the people who loaned them their robes should ask them back the average mystic will stand shivering at the gates of the Great Unknown as one by one his pet concepts fly home until nothing remains but a dismal failure personifying the true inherent qualities which the student himself has evolved by his own lack of active labor.

The Ave Maria

THIS is the story of a spark buried deep in the heart of a dying flame, one of those tragic little legends which bring close to our soul the realization of nature's subtle working. Few realize that the shell of clay shrouds a deathless spark, and yet if the world thought they would know that this is the truth. Something hidden far within, unseen and unknown, cries eternally to be admitted and realized by its prison walls. Man must not judge his brother creature by the form alone for behind rough exteriors of this world there is ofttimes hidden a finer, sweeter and more beautiful spirit than we would ever dream could exist there. Often from the shadow of a broken, discordant body there shines forth a gleam of celestial radiance.

There is a strange pathos under the thoughtlessness of the world. All have felt an inner urge, a great desire to realize some hidden ideal, and man often soars heavenward upon the pinions of inspiration—only to have the ever human crush the vision with the stony fingers of crystalization. And how often the spirit in the world of forms chafes to be free from the living corpse that holds it to the sordid things! Nature is like a string of wondrous beads; all are connected by a single thread of living gold and a tiny spark of divine life shines out between all the beads that have an end.

It is hard to realize that the tools will grow dull with age and as time slowly crushes the instrument we wonder why the glorious dreams that fill our soul are no longer shaped to realities. We try ever to be young; even when the unseen Reaper gathers us to the Great Unknown still the divine spirit of youth within looks forward with eagerness to creation's endless adventure.

* * * *

It is in a little town in the old country, with its cobblestone streets, its simple folk and honest simplicity, that our story is laid. In the center of the town stood the great cathedral with tiny buildings gathered under the protection of its massive form; its grand Gothic arches rise to shadows of an endless night which hangs forever amid its lofty rafters and mysterious hallways, only but dimly lighted by the sunbeams which struggle in through the panes of many colored glass.

A dull hush filled the building and its cold, lifeless air reminded one of the vaults of emperors and the mauseleums of kings where endless rows of marble tombs stand like phantoms in the dim uncertain light. At one end of the massive building where the altar place stood, guarded by tiny gleaming candles which sent flickering shadows on the dark stained walls, the mighty organ rises—a weird mystery of tubes and pipes, a mighty sentinel guarding the holy place of God. It

is an ancient church and for many ages worshipers have knelt upon its marble floor, deep rutted by the footsteps of the pious.

Suddenly the silence was broken by footfalls which sounded hollowly in the great blank silence of the place of worship. A little figure walked slowly down through the gloomy arches to the foot of the ancient altar. It was an old man, his back bent with age, and his long white hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. Reaching the foot of the altar steps he stopped and gazed lovingly up to the monster organ half concealed in the gloom of the nave. A thin streamlet of tears coursed down the old man's cheeks and a sob echoed through the ancient hallways. And then slowly the glorious spiritual face turned away from the organ and with his arms hanging at his sides the old man walked away. Day after day he came there just for a few moments and then crept away again to his little home on the outskirts of the town.

Sometimes there were others in the mighty cathedral, kneeling in prayer upon the worn flagstones. Their eyes grew misty also as they watched the old man for they knew the sacred tragedy of his life. The white haired figure was the organist who since the days of his youth had lent the voice of angels to the pipes of wood. Everyone knew the sad story of his life for in that little town there were no secrets and all lived like one great family with compassion and tenderness each to the other. The good housewives sighed when they told the story of how one day as he was playing his beloved "Ave Maria" the old man's fingers had fallen from the keys—paralyzed—and the mighty organ was silent in the midst of its melody. They knew that he had played his organ for the last time for his dead fingers could never again move lightly across the keys.

The little story was the tragedy of the village and all hearts went out to him as day after day the lonely old man entered the ancient cathedral and gazed up at the lofty instrument which had been his friend for threescore years and ten.

Although his fingers were stilled forever the soul of the musician was still alive. For years the mighty man-made thing with its harmony celestial had been the comrade and companion of a lonely life and up in the little balcony where the keyboard stood the organist had left his heart. In the days of sorrow when all others had deserted him, through the nights of anguish which always fill the heart of a dreamer, he had climbed the little stairway and the people outside had heard wondrous symphonies swell forth, melodies born of sadness and the shattered soul of one the world could never understand. Through pain and pleasure, through youth and manhood, and even as the snow of age gathered upon his brow, the old musician had played, loved by all and loving all but understood by none save the old organ in the great cathedral.

New fingers now played its ancient keys, another master gave it life, but still the heart of the old musician dreamed of his beloved instrument and prayed that once more he might touch its aged keys before eternity shrouded him with the endless past. So each day he came and humbly offered his little prayer that once more his dead fingers might play the living harmonies which filled his soul.

The spirit of man never grows old but through the ripening years of experience just learns to feel more, to be greater and closer to the divine. The life within does not age though the frame is bent; the same glorious harmonies filled the musician's soul but the fingers of clay no longer heeded the genius of the master's mind. But still with simple faith he prayed for the joy of one last communion and the feeling of its possibility comforted his aching heart.

So the years passed, the step of the musician grew tottering and broken, the very stones were worn by his footsteps and the Angel of Death hovered near him as the chill of eternal winter crept ever closer to his heart. But still he came each day to gaze upon the thing he loved, to pray, to hope and to remember.

It was late one afternoon and the setting sun was sending its last rays through the towering windows adorned with their many colored pictures of the Master's life. The old organist had entered the church and was standing as he had so often in the past at the base of the mighty organ gazing up at the

gloomy shadows which partly concealed the rows of ancient tubes. In a hushed voice he spoke as to a living thing:

"Oh, friend of my youth! oh comforter of my old age! inspiration in the moments of glory! silent comrade in times of sorrow!—my pilgrimage is nearing its end. Will I ever play again upon your ivory keys the melodies that fill my soul but which these poor hands can bring forth no more? Still great ideals thrill through me and the music as of angel's voices sounds ever in my ears. Ofttimes in the shades of night I hear strange songs and melodies and had I now the fingers the world would know many wondrous things. But, alas, it is all over—all but a dream of the deathless past! You were my life, my all, and somewhere among your ancient tubes and pipes my heart will always be for I love you now as in the days of old. Oh why must the soul of man remain in darkness when the clay is broken? My time here is not long for in the shadows of the night I hear voices from a mystic land unseen; the world of spirit surrounds me and I understand it better as the world of men grows fainter every day. Only one thing I ask before I go—once more I would play your ivory keys! once more to give life to your soulless being!"

Obeying an impulse which he could not understand the old organist slowly climbed the narrow stairs which led to the keyboard of the organ, and sitting down upon the ancient stool gazed lovingly at the form so darkened by age. The setting sun sent one lonely beam through the tinted panes lighting the face of the aged man with its halo of silver locks in a glory divine. The great inspiration filled the musician's soul, the youth so far behind flooded back again as wondrous rythyms swayed his being and all the glory of the music he loved so well thrilled through him. Instinctively he sought to raise his arms and place his fingers upon the keyboard then he realized, alas, that his youth was but a dream and with a broken sob the old man's head sank upon the organ. The ancient keys were wet with his tears as the last shades of the glorious sun shown dimly through the painted glass. . . .

As the good folks of the city sat round their fires there suddenly broke upon their ears a sound—the voice of the mighty organ in the great cathedral pouring forth in a welling fountain of symphony and harmony! They stopped to listen—there was but one in all the world who could play such divine chords and he was paralyzed! Those who dwelt near the cathedral whispered that never before had such thunderous tones, such mellow notes, such divine sound issued from that organ. It seemed alive and each recognized the melody that sounded forth. In the years gone by they had heard it when the old musician was in his prime. Each knew that it was the one he loved so well, the harmony that had soothed him so many times in sorrow and inspired him in peace—the Ave Maria.

A few came out of their homes and reverently crossed the open square to the portals of the church. The very building seemed to rock and in awe and trembling they crossed themselves for a strange presence was in that cathedral, a hush, a mystic power which they could not comprehend. One by one they gathered and knelt upon the rutted floor. Still the harmony poured forth in welling cadences from behind the little curtain which marked the keyboard of the organ. One, a little bolder than the rest, slowly climbed the steps and gazed with reverence into the alcove where the organ stood. Then he raised his hands to his face and with a cry rushed down the stairs and fell in prayer at the foot of the organ. A few moments passed and then from among those gathered a good man of the town came forth—a sturdy Christian of honest principles beloved by all—the blacksmith of the town. Hat in hand he slowly climbed the little stairs and entered the alcove from which the other had fled. He too gave a gasp and knelt in prayer.

On the floor in the gloom lay the body of the organist, his white face turned upward to the half shade of the descending night in which loomed the organ pipes. His beautiful spiritual face was lighted with a divine peace and his whole being seemed at rest. But this was not the miracle. Two hands were playing the organ—two wondrous dexterous hands which flew nimbly from key to

(Continued on page 21)

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Is man a free agent or under the control of outside entities?

Ans. Nothing but God is a free agent and even He must comply with the laws of creation. So called free-will is the power of choice and the greater the range of possibilities the greater the power of choice. The one who can choose between three things is freer than the one who must choose between two. Only in perfect knowledge comes the greatest expression of the power of choice. Man's evolution is being assisted by outside intelligences but he must himself make all the important decisions of his life.

What is death and what causes it?

Ans. Death is the phenomena of the separation of a life from a body. It is caused either through a shock or an accident or disease which makes the body incapable of functioning whereupon the life withdraws itself and, the center of power having left the body because it can no longer use it the shell disintegrates.

Does the Bible contradict Reincarnation?

Ans. The Bible contradicts nothing but is a neutral work and means exactly what the reader gathers from it as do all the works of the wise. Persecution and tyranny has been based upon the Bible, it has been used as a tool for bigotry and crystalization, and it is also the divine guide to the illuminated seeker. It does not contradict Reincarnation but seems to be based upon the idea of the law of Rebirth being an accepted fact.

What is success?

Ans. Success is the adjustment of the individual to the plan of his work here. This plan is the result of his previous actions. Whenever he begins a new work or pays off back debts he is walking the path of success regardless of his financial condition or his comfort. His future experiences are going to depend upon his present action and noble, honest efforts are the basis of future success. A success is one who meets and masters every unpleasant condition and obstacle, planting flowers where thistles grew before.

What is law?

Ans. Law is the Plan through which God, man and the Universe were differentiated, are maintained and will later be resolved into the infinite, plus individualization.

Is there anything above Law?

Ans. Those who are above law are above breaking it. We mean by breaking it an attempt to oppose its dictates. NO ONE HAS EVER BROKEN A LAW, THE LAW HAS BROKEN THEM. To obey nature's laws is to make them your greatest friend; to attempt to evade them is to make them your bitter enemies. Man is walking between two lines; These parallel lines are the laws of being and as long as we keep on the road we do not know that they exist. When we lose our true center we strike against these walls saying we have broken a law because we suffer.

What is God's plan for man?

Ans. Harmonious adjustments with ever rarer and finer planes of consciousness. The so-called Master is one who has made adjustments with planes where the average individual has no consciousness. The degree of the Initiate's unfoldment depends upon the fineness of his adjustments.

Can consciousness be lost?

Ans. Consciousness can be lost when the vehicle connected with the plane where consciousness is becomes crystalized through age, abuse or atrophy. Consciousness upon any plane of nature depends upon a body properly functioning and attuned to the substances of that plane.

Why are we always in doubt as to what is right and wrong?

Ans. Because our scale of morals is ever changing and the thing that is right today is wrong tomorrow for we are ever growing and demanding finer things. The highest that we know is the only thing that is ever right.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

CHAPTER THREE
The Divine Presence

My trip back to England after I left the Temple of the Caves in Northern India and my Master of the Shining Robe was without event so there is little use in describing it. The long ocean trip, then the railway with its stuffy little compartments and finally back again to the scenes of my earlier life. I was not, however, the same individual in many ways, for a great ideal had been given to me —that of giving to the world the wonderful truths and inspirations that had been given to me in India.

My estates and position gave me considerable opportunity, and added to this a strange eloquence came to me after my return to England, so I sought to instruct a few of the Western world on the problems which had been unfolded to me. The way, however, was beset with difficulties. Only those who have sought to educate the human mind can realize the hopelessness of the task. Day in and day out I hammered at the wall of conventionality and popular opinion which religiously and scientifically paralyzed thought. In many cases I met opposition and in still more an absolute thoughtlessness with no desire to change the condition. But still I kept at the task that I felt had been given to me, attempting to warn mankind of the great cataclysms, pestilences and sorrows which hung over them as the reward for their foolishness, selfishness and indolence. I gathered a few thinkers around me and also some who opposed my every move and who seemed to glory in each opportunity to tear down and destroy my selfless efforts.

One person especially appointed himself as my annihilator. Through press, pulpit and rostrum I was assailed, both personally by this individual and through others whose instigations were based upon his maliciousness. He was a scientist of the old school, one of those narrow minded individuals occasionally met with who in the spirit of the Inquisition fights tooth and nail for the perpetuation of antedeluvian concepts. For many months he railed against my very being, pointing me out as a scourge to the race, for no earthly reason whatsoever except an honest difference of opinion. Insult after insult he heaped upon me, spitting out his venom between clenched teeth, and finally challenging me to publicly meet him and prove my impossible theories.

The thought terrified me for the man in question was one of the greatest, most noted scientists that Europe had ever produced, a graduate from a dozen colleges and universities, indefatigable in his researches and unapproachable in his scientific reasoning. He had broken a dozen scientists and philosophers who had sought to question his statements. A colossal mentality and an unbreakable will with a convincing power of eloquence listed him as one of the materialistic marvels of his age. Although I realized the truth of my statements, the idea of my attempting to debate him upon his own ground seemed ridiculous for though what I said might ring true in the caves of the Himalayas —how would it sound before a group of physical scientists who did not believe anything which they could not see, weigh and measure? I was minded to refuse but something within my being whispered "No." So with much hesitation and many qualms I accepted his ultimatum and arrangements were settled that on a certain Friday evening I was to debate and discuss with him the continuity of human consciousness, mental evolution and the existence of the sacred schools of wisdom in the heart of the unknown East.

As the hours drew closer a peculiar sickening sensation made itself felt in the pit of my stomach and my knees wabbled in a rather undignified manner as I got into my cab and headed for the gloomy walls of a certain local club where scientists and bookworms were accustomed to gather. I felt pretty sure of what my opponent was going to say but I had no idea whatsoever of how I was going to answer his attack in a manner convincing to materialists. So with fear and trepidation and a mental hope that my opponent would be kind, which I greatly doubted, I entered

the club and mingled with the group of London philosophers and scientists who composed it. The professor with whom I was going to debate was introduced to me and I met my rabid disqualifier for the first time.

He was a short portly gentlemen in a nice fitting, black Prince Albert and striped trousers. His two steely gray eyes, divided by a very hooked nose, shone out from beneath brows of Darwinian proportion. He was very much bespectacled and heavily bewhiskered and his gold pince nez insisted on sliding down his nose at the critical moment. When we were introduced he looked me over with the air of a physician examining a specimen, answered "Humph!," and turning on his heel walked away his hands clasped beneath his coat-tails. (The reader will of course realize that this put me entirely at my ease.) I felt like a tiny Lilliputian entirely surrounded by a mountain range of massive brows, weighty intellects and overwhelming pomposity and I also not a little feared the raging lions and tigers which intuition told me lived in the fastnesses of these mountains.

Slowly the exponents of worldly wisdom gathered and seating themselves in the massive leather arm-chairs whispered together in awful tones from the midst of clouds of tobacco smoke. Of course I imagined that they were talking about me—probably sympathizing with my dying cause.

As I seated myself beside the professor on the small rostrum some fourscore pairs of spectacles reflected a dazzling light in my face and I seemed gazing out on a blank void edged with gleaming stars. As these exponents of learning, lost arts, and buried sciences, gazed analytically at my shrinking figure which grew smaller as the moments passed, the professor rose, and carefully arranging his notes, placed his spectacles once more, (fitting on an extra lens), cleared his throat, balanced one elbow on the reading desk and gazed benignly over the top of his glasses at the assembled group.

"Ahem!—It is indeed a pleasure to address you for a few moments on this problem. There is nothing more interesting than the analysis of psychomo, blood clots on the brain in various forms of non-violent insanity and mental unbalance such as my opponent suffers from."

He then began quoting eminent authorities on the problem and misquoting me profusely. As the moments passed the professor's ire rose. He heaped infamy upon insult in endless procession, grew red around the collar band and puffed excitedly. Most of his verbose outbreaks centralized upon the first point, namely, that I was dangerously insane, completely irresponsible, and that my only possible use in the world was to die in order that scientists might have the privilege of performing a postmortem autopsy upon my cerebral vesticles purely in the interest of research. (At this point the professor's glasses fell off and he rearranged his notes.)

"Friends and fellow scientists, the theory of mental evolution is tommyrot, pure and simple; the outpouring of a demented imagination perpetuated only through lunatics such as the one sitting beside me now. I will defy him to prove that anything proceeds protoplasm or follows disintegration or incineration!"

The professor then continued to explain life as being something coming from nothing through a series of scientific deductions and returning from whence it came through another series of physiological inductions. He proved (to his own satisfaction) that neither God nor spirit, life, or any energy outside of matter, was necessary in the perpetuation and procreation of specie, but that a full and complete knowledge of this indispensable fact was the basic outpouring of modern, unapproachable science. (Hearty applause at this point.)

The professor bowed and slipped one thumb under his vest flap exposing a massive gold watch-chain draped artistically across an astonishing expanse of white waistcoat.

It appeared that the professor was quite a religious man for he quoted Scripture glibly and with evident gusto to discredit the doctrine of physical rebirth taught in the East and which I had been promulgating in my studies. He quoted various scientific authorities in profusion and finally wound up by presenting me with a series of questions which he demanded that I answer if I expected even a moment's recognition from the

infallible sciences of which he was the omnipresent incarnation.

Handing me the slip of paper containing the questions, typewritten in mathematical precision, he sat down—a whirlwind of personality and the most perfect example of self-conceit that it has ever been my privilege to gaze upon.

I was broken. I had no oratorial harangue to come back with and I felt that my knowledge—although I knew it was true—based upon only an improbable story of apparently impossible happenings would carry no weight among this band of thoughtless thinkers and second hand mental gymnasts.

I rose to my feet. A deep hush and a rather blank atmosphere surrounded me—not half so empty however as my own mind which seemed incapable of any expression. What I was going to say I had no idea of and the slip of paper in my hand seemed a living coal which I longed to drop.

I was the most miserable thing on the face of the earth, none excepted, and a chuckle from the professor showed that he realized this fact. (Of course it was a very low, refined chuckle.)

I had been standing some thirty seconds, which seemed like as many years, trying to gather some word or thought from the ethers which swirled in my brain—when suddenly a hand was placed upon my shoulder, and a voice whispered in my ear,

"Have courage, you are not alone."

I must have started violently although it appeared that no one noticed me. The voice was that of the Master I had left in Thibet and his hand rested upon my shoulder as it had that fatal night in the Temple of the Caves. In some mysterious way I seemed to see him there, standing behind me, his robe flowing in silver and opal, and with a great courage which seemed born of divine inspiration I opened my mouth and started to speak—words that I did not understand myself but which flowed in an endless stream with a power and eloquence unquestionable.

(To be continued.)

Prometheus the Eternal Sufferer

THE seer gazing out into the endless ages of the past sees a phantom file of Mighty Ones passing like spectres through the eons of the past; mighty powers in world creation these silent shadowy Unknown Ones pass down the endless corridors of time. Living, suffering and dying the Divine Illuminators serve a world that knows them not.

Once there was a seeker who sought to learn the meaning of life with its compound riddle but for him the great compassion, the realization of truth and the knowledge of nature's sublime laws were still shrouded in the Great Uncertainty. So one night he was taken far away from the haunts of men by a guide he could not see and a strange story was unfolded to him which made life different than it had ever been before.

This searcher after knowledge wandered over many mountains and through the deep blue of an endless sky on wings of unknown power. Guided by some subtle force he was carried to the base of a mighty mountain which rose broken and twisted by nature's upheavals. It was a gloomy mountain whose lava-blackened rocks and lofty sides were seamed and broken as they reached up to touch the blue above. Slowly the student was carried up the mountain through the shades of evening and as he ascended one lonely pinnacle rose above the rest like the mighty needle of the Matterhorn.

As he neared the ragged crest a strange sight met his vision and he gave a gasp of astonishment. There stretched upon the bare stones was a human body—unprotected by even a single garment from the icy blasts of snow! The form writhed and struggled in mortal agony as it feebly sought with the puny strength of man to loosen its bonds of steel which seemed cast by the gods themselves. The figure was chained to a great rock by four shackles held down by steel

stakes driven deep into the stone; the arms and legs were spread and the tortured figure was literally crucified upon the gigantic granite boulder.

As the student drew near he shuddered for the rock was red with the blood of the agonized captive and a mighty vulture—greater far than any bird known to earth—clawed and tore at the side of the chained man! The student turned aside his head, the sight was too terrible and he could not stand it, but a power greater than his own forced his gaze back to the figure chained to the living cross of granite. As he stood there his eyes held by he knew not what, a low moan escaped from the lips of the sufferer and two great eyes wet with tears of anguish and suffering turned toward the man who had come from earth. No word the chained being uttered, no plea for help, but the agony of his soul poured out from those great eyes of sorrow, reaching to the very depth of the seeker's soul.

"Who are you?" asked the one of earth, gazing at the massive brow bordered with locks of golden hair.

"I—" gasped the Crucified One, "I am Prometheus—Friend of Man."

"Why are you chained to this rock?"

"Because," murmured the chained victim, while the vulture still gnawed at the gaping hole in his side—"Because I rebelled against Jupiter, Lord of Heaven. Not because I loved Him less but because the woes of mankind pained me more. When the gods decreed that man must die I stole the Sacred Fire from heaven and brought it down to earth that man might live. For this I have been chained to the rock where I must remain forever unless a champion is found on earth who can break the fetters that bind me."

The student, sick at heart and in agony unutterable, turned away and passed silently down the mountain side back again to the land of men from whence he had come.

But each day a great sadness gnawed at his soul, even as the talons of the mighty bird clawed at the entrails of Prometheus. Through nights he prayed, through days he labored, until a great ideal was born within his soul. He would liberate the Friend of Man from that awful rock which formed his cross!

One night—after years of waiting—as he knelt in his little room a shining form appeared to tell him of the wondrous truths which he had sought. In a ray of light the shining figure stood and holding out his arms said,

"Come I will teach you how to liberate the dying Prometheus."

The candidate rose and passed with his shining companion into the darkness of a great unknown. As they went along, the guide of many colored lights spoke—saying:

"In the days when the world was young Great Souls suffered that man might live. A divine essence descended from heaven against the will of the gods bringing with it the light of Truth. This Essence took up its home in the body of man bringing with it the fire of the gods; and from this fire is born the mystic essence which feeds the mind that man may think; it has given him the flame of energy but has brought also the flame of war and the torch that burns the home, it is the birth of the passions, the lusts and the greeds; and now the Friend of Man is chained to the rock while the lower animal desires and passions of humanity feed of the life which he brought with so much suffering to illuminate man.

"Know you, oh son of man! you are the black stone. Within you is chained Prometheus the Light-Bringer—a divine intelligence—the friend of mortal things. But the perversions of man and the crystalization and degeneracy of his life have chained this World Saviour and the god of life is now crucified upon the cross of matter there to remain until man shall kill the vulture which gnaws at his vitals. Our lives—while we seem to live them for ourselves alone—are far more important than we think, for it is our duty to release the Saviour from the darkness of His cross which our own actions have chained him to.

"For what has man done with the fire that came down from heaven? Has he burned it upon the altars of his gods? Has he returned it again to the divine from whence it came? No. He has taken the fire of the gods, given to him at such tremendous sacrifice, and has fanned it into flames of selfishness and lust, wasting it and crucifying it in useless ex-

pressions of destruction, and has utterly failed to build with it the giant of strength and power who must release Prometheus from the mountain of stone. But there is one coming—the Strong One—the Child of the Sun—Hercules—and he shall release Prometheus from his ages of torment!

"And each one of you, oh children of earth! must become that Hercules, with the light which ye have found—the shining sun—ye must build of the flame brought by Prometheus the mind and the body that we may sever His bonds and pay our debt to the first Great Friend of man."

Slowly the mighty mountain rose before them in the sky and as they drew closer they could see the lonely figure still hanging upon the slanting stone, his eyes turned in agony towards the sun—that great globe of light whose rays must release him from his endless torture. Still the vulture with claw and talon tore at his liver, still the rock was spattered with his blood, and still in divine trust and a great peace that surpasseth understanding, Prometheus waited—waited for the prophecy to be fulfilled that a strong one should rise from those whom he had served —one who should release him from the cross.

The shining guide spoke.

"Oh, Prometheus, Friend of Man! have courage. Through the ages the soul of man is awakening and the time shall yet come when he shall know your sacrifice. Some day from the fires which you have brought him he shall build and smelt the tools to set you free. Wait yet a little while. The world is young and the curse of the gods is terrible, but still one shall come to free you from your bonds."

The divine face of the Sufferer lighted with a glory beyond the words of human to express.

"I will wait. And I am glad in my agony, for I love man. Though it be a hundred million ages it is not in vain. I saved man from an endless darkness and have brought upon myself a punishment that is great indeed but I am willing to bear all if man but makes himself great and glorious through my sacrifice. How little do those whom I have served realize the price that I am paying for their freedom! As the fires within man flare and burn, fed by the lowest and the worst, they little know or realize that there is One tied to the rock who feels in the anguish of his soul each perversion of the sacred flame. For not only does the fire light man's way but by the curse of Jove it burns as well. And the light I have brought them they have used to slay me with—but I can wait. Through ages unnumbered—since before the dawn of time—I have hung upon this rock. A hundred million times has this vulture of lust and fury clawed away my life, but the curse of the gods is endless for as fast as the vulture's talons rend the flesh more grows to take its place.

"I am the Eternal Sufferer. It is I, not man, who feels the most of pain, for his abuses of my sacred fire. I brought it in a reed from heaven to kindle on the hearthstones of the world but they have desecrated my altars; they have broken my most sacred vows. And though I saved them from oblivion my only fear is that they may not yet escape it.

"But when one is found who purifies my fire and harnesses its flames, freeing my light from the world of sin and abuse—that one shall climb to this lofty height and free me from my agony. Until then I wait. But as you burn the fire of life away, forget not Prometheus the Friend of Man who feels in the clawing of the vulture the abuse of that life he gave so much to bring.

Description of Last Month's Plate

The plate in the July issue of the All-Seeing Eye is taken, as the others have been, from the rare and unobtainable writings of Robert Fludd the medieval English alchemist and Rosicrucian who is said to have brought the teachings of C. R. C. from Germany and to have been closely connected with the early development of both Masonry and Rosicrucianism. The plate represents the hierarchies of nature and its great lesson to the student of occult philosophy lies in the analogy between elements, chemicals, planets, gods and celestial hierarchies.

The plate is divided into two grand divisions like the horoscope of astrology. That which is below the central horizontal line represents the inferior creation while that which is above symbolizes the superior creation. As the superior creation is the cause-all world there is laid out in this chart the superphysical hierarchies and the various intelligent powers behind manifestation. The upper half of the diagram is symbolical of the Masonic Lodge and the body of the enlightened Mason while the lower part symbolizes the unilluminated negation of being.

In the concentric rings are placed the names of the Powers of the universe as they are found in the various sacred arts and sciences. The sacred Hebrew names and the Sephira of the Hebrew Qabballah are found in the spaces between A and B. The superphysical hierarchies of divine beings and the leading angels and rulers of the hierarchies pass through the sphere marked by the line of B. Under C. we have the astrological worlds and under D. the natural, chemical, alchemical, mineral and animal kingdoms laid out as they are found in nature. In the outside rings beyond A. we find the primitive principles of creation with the part they play in the unfolding of a universe, an individual, or a protoplasmic cell.

This is one of the most complicated of the alchemical plates and can never be satisfactorily explained until the individual has unfolded a very high degree of spiritual sight and insight.

The passage of man through the spiritual worlds of nature and the twelvefold constitution of his own globe and chain is the result of conscious initiation which, until it takes place, conceals from man—because of his own consciousness limitation—the mysteries which are the heritage of the wise. There are really no mysteries in nature for those who have earned the right to know; neither is there anything concealed that shall not be revealed. But the only way that the unseen can be brought into conscious manifestation is when man removes the veils of limitation from his own eyes by growth and unfoldment.

Thus these plates which we have been issuing in our magazine have a very great meaning but like the sacred scriptures of the Ilumined are sealed forever from the ignorant by their own ignorance. No mere intellectual power is capable of unveiling the divine mysteries. Only soul qualities, the highest of the spiritual reflective powers, the co-joining of spiritual reason and mystical intuition is capable of producing true illumination.

The first step to the study of these plates is neither reading nor meditating but practical self-regeneration which will give the higher power in man an opportunity of expressing its own omnipotent knowledge. This plate contains the entire secret of spiritual rulership and analogy; but no more may be said about it than that each individual must file from his own organisms the key which shall unlock its mysteries for the wise designed these things for the use of the wise and the price of understanding the words of the Illuminated is to become illuminated yourself. This is done when the light of spirit shines forth to bring out the colors on the printed page through the regenerated lantern of the philosopher—his own sevenfold body organism.

The plate in this month's magazine is of the philosophical marriage and the philosopher's stone and is taken from the secret writings of Henry Kunrath. Its description will follow next month.

A Discourse on the Eight Perfections

AND the Thrice Blessed Lord spake unto His disciple, from the heart of His lotus-throne, explaining those things which are the Great Intelligences and the basis of union with that which is Above.

By his conduct is man's salvation measured and by his works is his soul ordained. Of these Eight Intelligences, which are the Ways of Perfection, should all men learn that they may sanctify themselves in the eyes of Brahma the One who Is.

So the Lord of the Lotus Lips spake, saying:

"The first Great Intelligence is the perfection of Perception, for he who perceiveth things has power equal unto his perception. And all things may be known by any who are capable of seeing them. Learn, oh son! to perfect thyself in sight that when thou lookest thou shalt see the Reality, for behind the veil of Maya is concealed all true workings. And unto those who see with eyes that God has opened all of the Plan is manifest even unto the least of the creatures, for each stick and stone tells of that which is eternal; each passing glance, each action and thought is a key to the destiny of a universe!

"Therefore, oh disciple, learn to perceive that each day new lessons shall come unto thee because thou hast found them in that which eternally Is. For know that all knowledge is about thee always but must forever remain unknown until perfect perception crowns thee with the jewels of omnipotence."

Thus spake the Blessed Lord of the First Intelligence, which is Perception, saying:

"Learn also that that which thou seest first is not the Reality save when through perfection thou perceiveth that which is invisible. What thou first seest is Maya the great Illusion but Reality molds Illusion and he who hath a right perception perceiveth the Reality in the expressions of Its not-Being.

"Know, therefore, oh Son of Man, that mortal perception seeth nothing but the shadow while divine perception alone seeth that which Is, knowing that the Reality casteth the shadow; and he is blind who worships the reflection. Moreover, know that he who perceiveth that which is not knoweth that it shall yet be the cause of that which is, that one is threefold wise in Perception. While he who perceiveth that which is, and through his perception seeth that which is to come when the Reality gathered unto itself the Illusion, is also wise. For know that the great Perception is not to perceive a thing unto itself but to perceive the action of Reality upon that which is not Itself.

"Therefore, perceive three things. That which is, that which is not and that which shall be from the union of these two. For the action of one thing upon another showeth unto the wise man the power of that which is unseen and invisible save through its reactions upon illusion.

"Know, therefore, Child of Earth, that perfect Perception seeth life in death. Not by denying death but by piercing the veil of Maya. Perfect Perception is that which seeth good in evil. Not by denying evil but by piercing the veil of Maya or the belief in that which has no Being. Also know that perfect Perception pierceth all things save the Eye of God which it beholdeth free of the veil of illusion.

"He who hath perfect Perception is great for he hath seen the Reason of all things and for all things. He who hath perfect Perception seeth one reason for all things for with his perception he has perceived perfectly that diversity is born of unreality and that Unity is the Divine Reality."

These are the words which the Blessed One spoke of the First Intelligence which is Perception and of the way in which a man should labor if he would be free from selfish selflessness.

* * * *

He then opened a petal of the Lotus and said as follows:

"Behold! I would speak of the Second Perfection—that which is the Intelligence of Purpose and the Perfection of Right Aim.

"By the purpose of a thing is it measured. The best work which thou may do, be it without purpose and intelligent aim, is Maya, that is, Illusion. There must be a purpose

for all works and Right Perception which is the first Intelligence must illuminate the disciple unto the path of Right Purpose. There is but one purpose wherein man may be Intelligent in Purpose and acceptable in the sight of his Lord, and that is to be worthy of Nirvana. By its reason for being is a thing measured and a man who labors without reason labors to no purpose. He who labors without ideal labors to no purpose; he who labors without sacrifice, labors to no purpose; he who labors without compassion, labors to no purpose; he who labors in selfishness, labors to no purpose. But he who labors for that which is Eternal—he labors to Perfect Purpose.

"Know, therefore, that before thou laborest for thy God, decide upon that for which thou shalt labor and by its choice shall the labor be measured insomuch as ye are chosen."

Thus spake the Lord of the Lotus upon the Second Great Intelligence which is Right Purpose:

"Intelligent Aim wherein man may be one with that which Is and true unto himself because he is true to all things is the basis of noble purpose. The Spark of the Flame came down for the one purpose that it might be Perfect in Purpose whereas now it is imperfect in purpose. Wherefore man is to perfect Purpose by being one in his ideals with Reality.

"There is but one Perfect Purpose and that is the Perfection of Purpose which man learns only through the vale of Maya, where he labors in imperfect purpose with that which is not so good and that which is better —thus learning the Great Perfection. Such is the Perfection of Purpose."

* * * *

With these words the Lord of the Ten Thousand Perfections spoke of the Third Intelligence which is Perfect Speech, saying:

"Men speak many things. The wise men speak great truths, the foolish speak only words that they may listen to themselves. These words mean nothing save to the wise man who learns from them that the speakers of them are fools.

"Therefore of Perfect Speech I would say: speak not too much for he who wasteth words wasteth life as words are living things. By much speaking man becometh careless of his words which then lose their meaning and are but sounds. Yet by much thinking man speaketh little and so becometh Perfect in Speech, whereas he sayeth much less in words but infinitely more in Truth. For Perfect Speech meaneth that all words shall be of Truth and not of Illusion. The man who speaketh with his mouth sayeth nothing but when he speaketh with the spirit he sayeth that which is wise.

"Therefore it is that man should be Perfect of Speech and intelligent of words, which we know as the Third Great Intelligence."

And then spake the Blessed Lord of the Intelligence of Perfect Speech, saying:

"Perfect speech is kind and sayeth only that which is true and serveth three:—the one spoken to, the one speaking, and God who hears them both.

"He who would know the bliss of union with his Lord must have control of tongue that he sayeth not that which is untrue, that which is hateful, that which injureth, or that which teareth down and is malicious, for these things are of death and not of life. And whoso controlleth not his tongue will never be one with the Immortals who speaketh only words of wisdom. He who is Perfect in Speech hurteth not another, being kind with that which is and generous with the Great Illusion. A sharp tongue hath nought with its God nor with Me, for he who hath a sharp tongue speaketh with the mouth only and useth vain words which, while often sharper than an adder's tooth, mean naught for they come from naught.

"Therefore, oh son! be Perfect in Speech that your words be kind, true, and not too plentiful; that ye speak with your mind and your heart that only which is of Truth a Reality and not with your bodies which are but Unrealities."

So sayeth the Blessed Lord of the Third Perfection which is Intelligent Speech.

* * * *

Then taketh He the Lotus and resumeth:

"This is the Fourth Perfection which is Intelligent Conduct—both unto thyself and unto those that surround thee. For know that a man of God who weareth the braided

cord must conduct himself according to the law and must strive that his conduct be perfect insomuch as it is within his power. He who watcheth not his conduct each day soon becometh careless and faileth to conduct himself according to the Ways of Light. Therefore, I give ye these instructions that ye may live and conduct yourself in that way which is acceptable to Brahma.

"First, conduct yourself in simplicity that there be no forward thing in you which is not good in the eyes of the Most High. Be ye not first, neither be ye last, but where ye belong according to that which you yourself knoweth.

"Second, conduct thyself with civility unto all things and with righteousness unto thy gods. Wherein ye fail to do this ye bring upon ye the calamities of which ye know."

Thus spake the Blessed Lord unto His disciple at the foot of the mountain of the Fourth Perfection which is Intelligent Conduct, saying:

"By what my priests do so am I judged and as ye conduct yourself so men say do I, the Lord of Men, conduct myself. Therefore be ye ever mindful that ye conduct yourself according to the ways which are of wisdom. Give not to that which is Temporal but be strong for that which is Eternal. Conduct yourself in peace when others are in strife, conduct yourself in meekness when others are discordant, conduct yourself in simplicity when others are vainglorious. By this shall men know that ye are seeking for that which is Eternal and not that which is of Illusion. For by your works are the gods judged insomuch as ye claim to be the mouthpiece of the gods. And realizing that ye live not of yourself but of God, live that ye may serve others through noble conduct which shall point ye out from the world of men as one trusted and beloved of the gods as their divine messenger."

In this the Blessed Lord closeth the fourth Great Perfection, which is Intelligent Conduct, and speaketh of the fifth which is Intelligent Living. For behold he liveth only who learneth at the feet of the Lord of Wisdom of that of which life is composed. So the disciple listened while the Good Lord spoke:

(To be continued.)

The Ave Maria

Continued from page 11)

key with a power miraculous! Of body there was no sign—just the two white hands. And as the blacksmith looked he crossed himself once more. They were the fingers of the dead musician!

The wonderous strains of the Ave Maria flooded through the cathedral in thundering symphony while the white form of the master organist lay at rest—he in union with his life's companion. The clay was shattered forever but the soul of the musician could not go on until once more he had played the harmony he loved so well. The final notes died out, the fingers rested for a moment caressing the keys, and then a strange stillness descended upon the cathedral. It was broken then by a sigh so faint that only a few could have heard it, and those two white hands still reaching outward toward the keys of the organ drifted slowly away into nothingness amid the gloomy shadows of the cathedral.

They say that the organ never again sounded as it did that night—never was one found who could bring such glorious harmonies from a soulless thing. They often tell of the master musician who lived and died in the little village but the most wonderful thing of all they tell is of how he played the Ave Maria the night he died.

Impractical Occultists

THE greatest stumbling block that confronts students of the Wisdom Teachings seems to be the problem of proper application. A large number of so-called students are merely theorists living in a world of their own creation, separated by transcendental ideas from all of the practical problems of life. They live, move and have their being within a crystaline shell of their own making which they seem unable to break through to contact the daily problems of life.

The great cry is not for abstract ideas but for practical remedies to be applied to the world inharmonies and international diseases which we know as plagues, wars and economic disturbances!

Occultists and mystics who are not able to apply their philosophies to the great bread-and-butter necessities of life have failed entirely to grasp the real truths of Universal Knowledge. Why do we find so many students who have lost contact with their brother man? They live alone on the tops of mountains, gazing down with supercilious mien upon the tiny ants and grubs which appear mere grains of nothingness from their elevated (but not superior) position. Why does the student have the feeling that every one is beneath him in ethics and ideals? and why—oh why!—is he too good to work?

This list of questions might be continued indefinitely as one unexplainable why after another passes in endless procession—few of them complimentary to the traits and qualities exhibited by so-called students of the Wisdom Teachings.

There is no denying the fact that Mystics are unusual people but the strangest of all are the pseudo-mystics who are hanging 'twixt heaven and hell in a wonderous parachute of self-created concepts. Their eyes are upon the stars (with which they seek union) and thoughtlessly and heedlessly they push less fortunate brothers to one side, trampling on the rights of others, shirking with studious care their own responsibilities. They seem to feel, for some unknown reason, that the world should honor, adore, and bask in the presence of all who claim to be seekers of the Light and that all should hasten to cooperate in perpetuating the indolence of the average truth seeker.

The "mystic" feels and expresses in his life the idea that the world owes him a living; that it should honor, respect and support him and rush to his beck and call because his mind is filled with contemplation of the Absolute. Being engaged in such weighty and brain-wracking thoughts his inspiration should not be disturbed by the rent man, the grocer or the cries of an atrophying stomach but that some one gathered from the worlds of the unenlightened should do these things for him and so leave the master dreamer undisturbed in his celestial nightmares.

Let us study these questions, the eternal whys, and arrange them with the analytical mind of a logical thinker—free from much spirituality and theoretical concept—and find the underlying innate reason concealed behind these eccentricies of the exponents of divine wisdom.

An old saying is that the Devil is proficient in quoting Scripture and always does it to purpose, and just so the lowest qualities in human nature eternally seek vindication beneath a mock robe of the highest and most beautiful. When we ask the question—why does not an occultist work?—he excuses himself by saying he is serving the Lord, is concentrating upon world salavation or unfolding his consciousness through hours of meditation and other strange exercises which he is forced to perform twenty-four hours a day that he may prevent an earthquake, a tidal wave, or a revolution. Another will tell you that he cannot find anything to do that is congenial with his spiritual views; another is incapacitated by a delicate constitution, et cetera. This is what they tell us but when we analyze the problem we find that the real reason for the inertia among the "divine" is unadulterated laziness, which inherent desire to escape labor seeks to cloak itself beneath spirituality.

It is this innate quality of the lower bodies to escape the battle of the world which is the basis of recluses, hermits and cranks. First it is a habit, then an eccentricity, later a fanaticism, then an obsession, and finally a murderer. Man humors these lazy little principles within himself until they become giants and he is murdered by his own creations.

A large percentage of so-called students of mystic philosophy make no practical effort to be useful in world affairs or to meet the battles of life and the real reason for this is they are lazy but have found a pleasant, intellectual, highly respectable channel of human expression in which they can make themselves believe that inertia is a virtue. And whatever doctrine teaches that laziness is a desirable condition will be attended by an overflowing membership.

No one likes to work without special training. No matter how you enjoy a certain thing if you have to do it continually it becomes monotonous. The human soul cries for freedom from routine, and so our "mystics" assume various gymnastic poses. To quote authorities on the subject: "They aspire to soar as eagles from crag to crag." So we see some generously proportioned disciple of things spirituele trying to balance gracefully upon one toe on a pinnacle of ethereal cloud waves or to flutter aesthetically from moonbeam to moonbeam crying in ecstacy as the gentle zyphers flush his cheeks —free as a bird!

Upon this basis of spiritual aspiration thousands of people who could make respectable grocers, clerks, window-washers, firemen and floor-walkers are now lounging around listening to delirio-scientific outbursts and waiting impatiently for their avoirdupois to become transmuted into spiritual ethers that they may slip through the window, wafted on the gentle breath of Eros!

So, we may say by way of brief condensation, that our so-called spiritual works are producing a series of lazy failures who would not do an honest day's work for the ransom of Croesus. And to top irony with calumny they not only continue systematically to do nothing but they expect to be respected and praised for it and pointed out as glorious spiritual successes as they loll around waiting, like Wilkins Micawber, for "something to turn up."

"Occultists" with temperament are not uncommon. Some simply can't stand a breath of air! Others are overwhelmed with nausea when they contact an ordinary human being; some are shrouded in repugnance when it becomes necessary to converse with a menial person; while our scintillating lights of brotherhood edge gently away from such individuals as brick-layers, butchers and ministers. Most of our "mystics" have supernerves and a large percentage of them have that peculiar disease which turns the backbone into a wishbone, said wishbone being very wabbly and lacking sufficient strength to permit the individual leaning himself against it. This makes it necessary for him to find someone else to lean on, to tell his troubles to and blame for all his failures.

A person who is not busily engaged in something is a danger to the community, regardless of his religion. Wars, crimes, pestilances, gossip and parlor-parasites are the outgrowths and products of the germ of laziness. And never mind how "spiritual" a person may be if he is not really busy at some material, tangible and result-producing thing he is a danger not only to himself but to others who might be infected by the bacilli he is propigating. The sooner occultists get the idea out of their system that it is degenerating to be one with the world the sooner they will really become spiritual.

Taking it as a general entire at the present time the mystics, new thoughtists and so-called spiritual students are the most unreliable series of people alive. Their word is not worth "shucks," their powers of concentration are nil, they do not know one end of an umbrella from another, and are as lazy as all outdoors. When put to work to earn their daily bread like the rest of suffering humanity all they do is stand around and try to impress others with the necessity of realizing that an electron is smaller than a molecule or that God is all there is. This class entirely overlook the fact that if God is all there is that it is unnecessary for one part of Him to tell the other part about it. If each will mind his own business God will take care of the entire.

There is no class more dangerous than the soul-savers who having just found a little light become overly enthusiastic about it. They rouse you out of bed in the wee sma' hours, serenade under your windows or make you stand out in the back yard while the muffins are burning informing you that your present concepts are sure to result in a permanent Turkish bath for you after demise. It is the height of sarcasm to have some worm-eaten individual—whose handclasp reminds you that your fingers have closed over a clam, whose limpid personality has neither backbone, strength, activity nor even the human attributes of cheerfulness—come up to you with tears in his eyes and try to save your soul or illuminate your consciousness in the ways of success at the same time borrow two ninety-eight until next week.

Now comes a still more important problem —oh why are all occultists "broke?" There is more pecuniary embarrassment among our modern spiritual demonstraters than in the immigrant class. Every one of them are strictly up against it and when asked why they will answer that the world has not treated them right and that their high spiritual motives make it impossible for them to join the ranks of money-grabbers and punctilious cash profiteers who make up our business systems. The "mystic" will tell you that his tender consciousness revolts against commercialism, therefore he is not well fixed because he cannot go back to that money-mad world he left behind! However his conscience never seems to revolt against letting somebody else go out and earn it for him, and we find from proofs that when our "mystic" does get any money he is just as commercial as the person he points out as a horrible example.

Now, why, in plain English, is he broke? The answer is—he lacks concentration of purpose, system, regularity, efficiency and worst of all he cannot take orders. The average occultist will condescend to be the leader of almost anything but to be an office boy shocks his tender sentiments. He believes that his knowledge of rounds and periods should make him of inestimable value in a boiler factory and qualify him to be the president of a paper clip manufacturing company on general principles. The fact that he has a personal contact with God should highly recommend him in the world of affairs; when in reality it only places the taboo mark on him for the business man has found that dreamy mystics do not sell china well nor peg good shoes.

One of the main reasons why occultists do not succeed in business is the fact that the world is filled with a number of people, each one of them desiring to think as he pleases, wear what he pleases, eat what he pleases and smoke stogies if he so desires. When he goes to buy a pair of shoes or have an inch sawed off of his cork leg and the salesman tries to baptise him or initiate him into the value of hops tea, he does not usually return but goes where they sell shoes instead of scintillating advice.

There is a very wide gap between heaven and earth and the business man who lives in heaven all the time will undoubtedly lose his customers. Heaven is a very abstract space, it does not satisfy an appetite nor vulcanize tires and the individual who tries to live there all his life will undoubtedly reach his goal prematurely as a result of starvation. And the worst part it is that these "occultists" will never reach heaven by the routes that they have assigned for themselves but day by day in every way they are going further and further astray! Their theories will not bring down the price of milk in summer nor clean the mosquitoes out of the Jersey flats. They will not inaugurate an era of brotherhood but if the modern religious mystic got hold of conditions we would have a "smotherhood" rule instead. We have wars regularly, earthquakes per annum, pestilences, crime waves, et cetera, just as though occultists did not gather around their cold slaw like the farmers used to do down in Rumpus Ridge where they discussed the next election over the checkerboard.

And when all is taken and boiled down, in spite of much talk, there are very few occultists who have really done anything for themselves or anyone else which they couldn't have done as atheists just as well. All they have amassed is a series of intellectual concepts and theoretical speculations which have never been applied and would not work if they were. That rather hazy

word "Truth" covers a multitude of sins; "the realization of God" covers a lot more; "the impersonal" is a mystic tarpolin, while "divine love" reaches entirely across the gamut between bootleg and blackmail. But all this does not produce honest politics nor do the great international problems adjust themselves through our mystic luminaries and if it was not for the work of a few who really do know and do apply, things would be in a very sorry plight indeed.

There is but one answer to the question and that is the practical living of a life of daily service and helpfulness in the community. When the student applies to living problems which surround him the theoretical knowledge—which is useless until so applied —he will be an occultist but not before. While the occultist evades the material world he overlooks one of nature's most fundamental laws. Let the mystic remember that he was not ordained to be ornamental but to be useful. He should also remember that hell, not heaven, is to be the field of his activities because from last reports heaven is quite able to take care of itself. A mystic who believes that heaven is to be his resting place and that he will be privileged to lounge forever on a bed of phoenix feathers to gargle nectar and ambrosia through sunbeam straws has a cruel awakening before him! He may as well get used to adversity right here because in accepting the Master's work he has signified his willingness to give up the comforts and peace which mark material existence and work in any way which may be given to him in the name of the great Light which he is seeking to discover.

The realization that the world's salvation depends upon the willingness of mankind to learn lessons is of great importance and students who go around fussing and stewing because of the adversity which surrounds them are not setting examples worthy of a moment's consideration. The world needs practical people, it needs better lawyers, better doctors, better ministers, government officials, and able citizens. Conscientious shopkeepers, mechanics and artisans whose work is better and more perfect will thus help to glorify the entire. All constructive works are noble and worthy and conscientious labor with the ability to master the unpleasantness of routine is necessary for advancement.

The average occultist does not realize what an important place a handshake fills in character analysis. Have you ever shaken hands with a "mystic?" Try it some time. You will find that his hand slips out between your fingers before you can close them; his hand is clammy, mushy and semi-glutinous while the fingers never exert themselves sufficiently to close; the arm and hand droops and the mentality, power and health is in exact accordance with the lifeless member. Their voices are sing-songy and no deeper than the front teeth; and they are prone to sighing which is a sign, we believe, of a collapsing diaphragm. Their backs are weak, their knees wabble and they are spending their lives eating pre-digested pickles and non-protein prunes a la sweibach in order to piece out an absolutely useless existence.

If these were outpourings of the Mystery Schools!—occultism would have died ages ago. But thank goodness, these peculiar specimens are not occultists nor students of anything! They are too weak in most cases to chew their own food—mentally, spiritually or physically—and are merely collapsing organisms who are using occultism as a refined method of disintegrating.

You will find the true disciple of the Mystery School out doing things in every walk of life whether it is driving stakes, carrying girders, building homes or cleaning drain pipes, he is at work. He sings at his labors while the weak and lazy sigh at their inertia. His body is strengthened by toil, his hands are blistered with the world's work, and ever in his heart he is the master mystic. For his hands have built the dreams of his soul into the things his brother needs! He has built homes to shelter the children of men; he has cleaned the drains that they might be well. His own work is carried on as a menial but he is the one who has won the game. Many a god has bowed in humble servility to one far less than he, while many a fool has stood on his hind legs to sneer at the divine!

(To be continued.)

A Knight of The Holy Grail

THERE is no more terrible product of human individualization than that great desire for supremacy, territorial acquisition and personal vengeance which we know as the cause of war. In spite of the fact that nearly every doctrine of mankind speaks for peace and that the very faith of the world is one of love and co-operation, still the eternal combative principle of man continues to bring down upon itself that terrible pestilence—that international disease—which we know as war.

War is far more than what the average individual knows concerning it. Not only is it a battle of living things on this visible plane of nature but it is also a terrible conflict of mystic beings in worlds unseen. The very elements of nature seem to conspire and strange creatures unknown unite with the endless stream of human passion—struggling, tearing and breaking. From the heights of the mountains to the depths of the sea all nature seems to be one wild tempestuous mass of seething, twisting flame-colored forces. The armies on the field of battle are but reflections of a mighty cosmic horde, struggling, wrestling, slaying and being slain in the living ethers of the invisible worlds.

Through all of the universe a great shudder thrills as human beings loose the animal within themselves which as a giant wolf rushes across the surface of creation breathing flames of hate, playing upon the weak and foolish, tearing down the craftsmanship of the divine with murderous savagery!

If war is terrible on land it is doubly so far out in that ever mysterious ocean. The sea has often been called the graveyard of the world and in truth, its ceaseless foam-capped waves seem like ghosts reaching ethereal fingers upward from the darkness of the deep. Great nations, worlds, treasures unnumbered, knowledge untold, proud ships that once sailed the seven seas—all these lie buried in the misty depths of nature's wondrous miracle where lurid shadows of strange swirling seaweeds alone mark the forests and cities of forgotten days. The lapping waves conceal in that unknown deep many a noble hope, many a great ideal; in these mighty depths many a brave soul lies in dark oblivion; and mayhap the restless souls of those unfortunates cause its endless motion.

Here too the spirit of war is loosened, strange beings unseen to mortal eyes twist and writhe in the foamy depths lashing the waves to fury; great streams of fiery hate nourished by thoughts of men impregnate even the ocean's depth with powers demoniacal. The bloodshed, the lust of loosened passion and uncurbed desire thrill through the mystic currents of the sea as through the land and strange, low, moaning sighs seem to echo into a wild mystic sob which tells of the broken heart of the world.

It is not man alone who feels that awful break which stays creation's plan when the leperous pest of war is loosened, but both God and nature combine in sorrow at human ignorance and man's perversion. Plant and animal, stone and star, all feel when the red powers of Mars are loosened, all nature shudders and armies of mystic demons struggle in the clouds of smoke and gas that cover a battlefield. The salamanders battle in the flame of the firebrand and carry with lustful gleam the sparks that lay a nation bare, the twisting undines surge through the ocean clouds of spray, while from the skies the slyphs launch hurricanes of gas and wind upon that puny being called Man who feeds the worst in all the universe with his hates and his desires.

As the gods of creation wrestled in the throes of cosmic birth, so those flaming demons of darkness and armies of hate live on that mystic something—that strange effluvia of death—which rises as an unnamed stench from the battlefields of a great war! Like the drunkard gloating over the alcohol which destroys him, like the drug fiend and the morphine to which he is a slave, so the demons of death and hate live and grow strong, for a time at least, upon the thoughts and hates of man which rise in a great cloud of murky hue and float over man's greatest perversion.

All over the world this perverted energy is felt, the internal fires of the earth are loosened and streams of lava pour down the mountain side, the curse of pestilence and crime bathes the world in blood. Each country, city and hamlet feels the presence of the Angel of Death as the powers of hell are freed from the bonds of decency. The Spirit of the Plagues, that brooding shadow that bespeaks mortal doom, carved by human thoughts from the unformed substances of chaos, hovers as a great ghoul of evil over the world which it blasts with its flaming tongue and tears with its clawed talons. This creature is the reward of war and is given birth when man forgets he is a man and becomes a beast once more—yes a beast lower than a brute.

* * * *

It was a gloomy night during the European war, probably the greatest struggle which the world has ever known, and the darkness was lighted—for those who had eyes to see—by millions of lurid sparks, strange snaky forms and creatures of an opium dream, the whole astral plane a seething mass of hate and glowing coals of passion. Already the low rumblings of internal flames warned that the end of human rulership had come while the beasts of desire, not human brain, governed the actions of man.

The ocean was as silent as a tomb, even the ceaseless moaning of the sea was so subdued as to be inaudible. Suddenly a low "swish!" and a great dark form rose out of the darkness to be silhouetted against a starless sky. A mighty ship was passing as silently as a spectre through the seemingly boundless night. All lights were out and not a voice could be heard, for the vessel had entered the danger zone.

The submarine warfare which marked the European conflict was a terror hard to combat and in breathless fear and trembling each passenger waited hoping that the thing they feared would not occur and that the crash and thrill which spoke of torpedo or sunken mine would not send the gallant ship to an untimely end. The captain, his hands clutching the rail, stood on the bridge peering into the darkness, while the crew stood around with bated breaths—for the ship was carrying contraband! Any moment might be its last.

Silently it ploughed on its way, the soft swish of waves and the low throbbing of engine the only audible sounds. Had the captain been able to gaze through the darkness and gloom that stretched out through the infinity of night he would have seen a dark shadow pass swiftly through the water apparently without sound nor shape. He might also have seen a thin streak of white foam pass silently over the surface of the waves towards the darkened form of the mighty vessel.

Suddenly the tense hush was broken by an explosion and a vivid flare lit up for a second the troubled water showing the long tube-like shape of the submarine shining with silver spray as it vanished beneath the waves. In a second all was uproar on the great liner and cries and shouts broke the stillness—for the torpedo had struck a fatal spot! Explosion followed explosion within the ship itself which reeled and twisted like a stricken animal. The hoarse voices of sailors, the cries of frightened passengers, the swift issue of command, the shriek of lifeboat pulleys and the unleashing of pontoons—all showed that a great excitement had taken the place of the silent dread.

A great cloud of mist suddenly swept over the ocean in dense billows shrouding the vessel and its terror stricken passengers in a gloom intangible. The last lights vanished and nothing remained save a surging maelstrom of shadowy creatures of the fog. . . . . .

Hours passed and the rising sun scattered the clouds of darkness. But as it rose it shone down upon a troubled sea for the waves had risen to fury, fanned by a half gale from the south, and as far as the eye could see nothing was visible but whitecapped breakers. The ship had vanished. Here and there a broken piece of wreckage marked its resting place while an overturned lifeboat told a sad story all its own. The mighty ship was sunken forever from the sight of men and not one had survived to tell the story of its going for the storm swept sea had engulfed the last eager hope of those fated souls. . . . . .

Hours passed, the waves stilled, and slowly the great troughs subsided until a great

calm rested upon the ocean which stretched serene and blue as far as the eye could see, concealing all traces of night's tragedy. This is all that man knew. War had claimed another victim and the hungry flames were nourished once again by the life blood of the innocent. But there were other things that man did not know which nevertheless tell of a wonderous plan and a wisdom divine.

Somewhere above the world where the mountain peaks of eternity touch the blue skies of a celestial land there rises a single crag higher and mightier than all the others, clouds nestling among its precipices and cliffs. While storms break in the valley below the summit of this lofy mountain is ever bathed in sunshine. There rising from the very peak stands a mystic castle, a temple undreamed of by mortal man, a palace of rainbow tints connected to earth by a glorious pathway of flashing jewels and mist. In the heart of this mystic temple stands a wondrous shrine guarded by the pure of soul in the world of men. It is called the Temple of the Grail and is the home of the Lords of Compassion for from it there go forth into the the world the guardians of human destiny and the saviours of the weak.

As we gaze upon the mystic castle a shining figure passes out from beneath its lofty gates, a figure robed from head to foot in garments of shining color which gleam with the shades of opal and of pearl. Down the rainbow bridge of light the figure passes along a path which mortal feet can never tread.

Finally at the base of the mountain where it met the waves the mystic stranger stopped by the side of a wondrous winged boat made like a swan. Stepping into the frail craft which itself seemed but a dream and not a reality the shining figure stood and taking a thin cord of scarlet between his fingers pointed out through the blue haze which marked the unbroken skyline. The boat seemed to thrill with life and silently swift it glided away over the surface of the water, the waves were stilled as the boat passed and like some mystic phantom the shining figure standing in it drifted away amid the blue waters of eternity. On and on this beautiful being passed. The mirror-like waters of peaceful blue slowly turned into surging waves of mid-ocean, the mighty mountain that touched the heavens vanished in the distance as though it had never been and the tiny figure became the only living thing in an endless expanse of water.

Suddenly he raised his hand and the vessel stopped. Beside him lay floating upon the water a piece of wreckage. He leaned over the side of his mystic craft and picked up the broken stick and holding it before him gazed sadly at it for several seconds, his great eyes lighted by a divine compassion. And then the shining one sank in prayer in his tiny barque 'mid that endless ocean. His prayer was turned to the mountain that touched the sky, was turned to the great temple of shining pillars, to the mystic shrine within whose holy glow the Blood of the Saviour sparkled. His prayer was for the salvation of man and the redemption of the dead. As he prayed a great glow appeared floating over the waters. It was a cup formed of a glorious stone and in its heart surged a strange flaming liquid which seemed to pour out on to the waves below. . . . The shining stranger rose and held out his arms to the Cup.

"Lead thou, the way!" he whispered. And as the shining Grail floated over the ocean and finally sank beneath the waves the Brother of the Shining Robe stepped out of the boat. Instead of sinking, the waters became stilled beneath his feet and without fear or hesitation the Knight of the Holy Grail walked out over the surface of the deep, his white robe blowing slightly as the breezes fanned the water beneath him.

Reaching the trough of a mighty wave which seemed ready to break over and destroy him the shining figure reached the top of a series of mystic stairs which formed out of the water itself and seemed to reach down to endless depths. Slowly the Shining One went down the mystic stairway and vanished beneath the water. Down, down, he passed, the light around him growing fainter and more greenish as he descended. Darker and darker it grew until finally a deep blue night enveloped him lighted only by the glowing radiance of his own being. Strange sea creatures swam about him and as he neared the bottom of the ocean great twining arms of sea

weed stretched up as though to encircle him, strange fishes and crawling things unknown to man surrounded him but none sought to harm him not even the mighty leviathans which swam in and out among the coral arches.

Before him, brought into sight by the gleaming light of his own being, rose the hulk of a mighty vessel, in its side a gaping hole where the torpedo had struck and shivered its form. It lay caught between two mighty rocks just as it had been when floating above, save that now the deep gloom of the ocean bottom covered the scene and its passageways and corridors were filled with water and swimming things.

The mystic stood upon the deck and then slowly he passed from stateroom to stateroom, from corridor to corridor. Just a few seconds in each and then he passed on. But from the darkness of the ocean depths there arose one after another silent forms who had heard his voice and awakened from their sleep. As he climbed in and out and down into the very depths of the vessel he gathered in the bewildered ones from the tombs of the ocean.

At last he entered a little room where on every side lay torn and twisted machinery. There caught among the wheels and pivots was a lonely figure—a youth. The Master stepped up to him and spoke in his soft, sweet voice,

"Brother, awaken!"

As he did so a strange thing occurred. The tense set face of the dead man relaxed and a mystic etheric form rose out of the body.

"Who are you?" asked the youth awakened from his slumbers, "where am I? what does it mean?" and staring around in terror and amazement he held out his arms to the Shining One.

"You are in the depths of the ocean," answered the master, encircling with his arm the shoulders of the youth. "You are now in a different world from the one you have left."

"Who are you?" questioned the youth.

"I?" answered the master, "I am one who has lived in the world of men and have become through my own labors a citizen of two worlds. I am one of the Knights of the Holy Grail, the Invisible Helpers who labor with humanity. Come with me and I will show you your work and mine."

On and on passed the Knight of the Holy Grail. There in the darkened hold of the vessel amid the machinery torn and cracked by the explosion of boilers were those pathetic forms that had not a chance to reach the upper decks. In every case the greeting was the same and soon a shadowy file had joined the Elder Brother as he passed on through the ocean's depths. Through the caverns of coral and forests of seaweed passed the Brother of the Shining Robe. Everywhere he found the darkness and in every case he brought the light. One by one he awakened the children of men from the sleep of death and gathered them together that they once more might see the light of day.

So the hours passed and the minister of the gods labored far below, unseen to the eyes of men, known only to the dead who lived again through his coming. At last the work was done and the hundreds who had been cast into the Great Eternity by that single torpedo were freed from the bonds of the unknown, freed by the Master of the Holy Grail, and shown the way to a life anew.

Slowly the shades of evening fell again over the ocean but a great peace was now upon the face of the deep for no longer the souls of men lay in darkness—the Master had brought them Light. The little swan boat of ethers still floated upon the waves and there slowly appeared, climbing again the steps of the ocean, the gleaming figure of the Master and behind him a wraithlike train of phantom forms. Reaching the little boat he stepped again into it and pointed in the direction from which he had come. Turning he spoke:

"Far up in the land among the skies is the home of the Lords of Compassion who are those of our own living and dead who have seen the Light and have labored for it. But a few short hours ago you lay in an endless sleep of uncertainty. Now you are awakened. Over the ocean and the battlefields of this war there are thousands so laboring that man may know of the way which leads to freedom and light. I have awakened you,

now go you and do likewise to those others who do not know the way but who, torn with shot and shell, are alone in an awful oblivion."

Quickly the craft moved along passing over the surging water with the speed of the wind carrying away into the unknown the Brother of Light. Slowly the great temple on the heights of the mountain came into view again bathed in the glory of its endless day. The work of the Invisible Helper was done again and the Knight of the Holy Grail returned to the mystic shrine around which gather the Brothers of Compassion who labor eternaly for the weak. . . .

Upon the silent battlefields, in plague-stricken lands, in pestilence, crime and disease, sorrow or death, man over turns his eyes upward to the heavens and the mountain tops from whence cometh his help. And in the moment of extremity the Knight of the Holy Grail is unfailingly there to encourage, to release and to inspire the souls of men struggling with the Great Unknown. And each day there are new ones gathered from the ranks of humanity who are ready to join that mystic band who bow before the sacred Cup in which gleams and sparkles the Life Blood of the martyred Christ.

ASTROLOGICAL REWARDS

Cancer, the fourth sign of the Zodiac, is the first of the water signs and is shown in the heavens under the symbol of a crab. Being the home of the moon it is a fruitful sign and has been used by the ancients to symbolize the Divine Mother and the maternal instincts in nature. Briefly considered we may analyze its general keywords as follows:

Cancer the fourth sign of the Zodiac:

Summer	Commanding
Cold	Nocturnal
Watery	Movable
Moist	Fruitful
Phlegmatic	Weak
Feminine	Unfortunate
Cardinal	Mute sign
Tropical	Long Ascension
Northern	

The House of the Moon
The Exaltation of Jupiter
Detriment of Saturn
Fall of Mars

General Characteristics:

Cancer is not considered to be a very strong sign and those under it must under general conditions watch their actions and lives very closely or they will not keep up to the best that they are, being apt to grow indifferent as to health and appearance.

The most fruitful sign in the Zodiac
Will power, fair
Occasionally stubborn
Usually changeable, being a water sign
Kind-hearted
Difficult to manage
Artistic and dreamy
Often negative
Suffer occasionally from anemia
Not usually good in speaking
Usually fairly cheerful

Physical Appearance:

Usually fair
Often pale
Short, round face
Slender arms and small feet
Brown hair
Usually small gray eyes
Upper part of body somewhat large
Somewhat dull in temperament and appearance

Short stature
Effeminate constitution
Phlegmatic
Heavy
Usually grows stout with age.

The Moon well posited in Cancer gives rather full symetrical development of form while afflictions cause an overbalancing of the figure and undue development around the shoulders. Jupiter, if present in this sign, gives size and weight and a rather round appearance.

Health:

Cancer is often troubled with ill health and is subject to ailments in many parts of the body and when the moon is afflicted in Cancer there is often considerable trouble with the liquids in the body as the blood, lymphatics, etc. The opposition of Capricorn to this sign and its malific ray from Saturn often causes crystalization where an affliction occurs. The following are the most prevalent diseases and ailments:

Diseases of the chest and breast

Stomach trouble	Coughs
Pleurisy	Dropsy
Chronic indigestion	Asthma
Shortness of breath	Consumption
Want of Appetite	Liver trouble
Cancers	Ague

Chills
Inflamation of the lungs
Injuries to the diaphragm
Ribs
Fear of insanity.

Domestic Problems:

Cancer is not always fortunate in these being subject to fits of irrasibility and peculiar changes in temperament and cannot always be depended upon. Is usually fond of children however, happy in the home, and if of a highly evolved type harmonious and very likeable. Their success in this direction lies entirely with themselves.

Countries Under the Influence of Cancer:

Scotland	Africa
Holland	Carthage
New Zealand	Algiers
Granada	Tunis
Burgundy	Tripoli

Cities Under the Control of Cancer:

Constantinople	Magdeberg
Venice	Whittenberg
Milan	St. Lucas
Genoa	Cadiz
Amsterdam	St. Andrews
New York	York

Colors:

Russet
Green
Silver

According to Ptolemy the two stars in the eyes of Cancer have the same influence as Mercury and also moderately like Mars. Those in the claws are like Saturn and Mercury. The nebulous mass in the breast called the praesepe has the same influence as Mars and the Moon. The two placed on either side of the nebulous mass and called the asini have an influence similar to that of Mars and the Sun.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa Cancer, which rules from the 20th of June to the 20th of July, is listed in Cabalaism as follows: Of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Cancer rules the dominations; of the Twelve Angels ruling over the Twelve Signs it governs Muriel; of the Twelve Tribes, Manasseh; of the Twelve Prophets, Amos; of the Twelve Apostles, John; of the Twelve Plants, comfrey; of the Twelve Stones, calcedony; of the Twelve Principle Members, the breast; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the revenges of wickedness.

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000001 SEPTEMBER, 1923 No. 1000000000004

NEW RACE OF PEOPLE DISCOVERED

PRIZE FIGHT ATTRACTS LARGE CROWD

Bets ran high last night at Skydome Auditorium when Kid Castor the Gemini bantam weight met Babe Pollux of the eighth ward with Patrick O'Rion refereeing. Pollux had both his eyes closed and was knocked out in the eighth. Kid Castor was presented with a belt of asteroids. Smaller matches followed. The meeting broke up however when police raided the ring. A large number of celebrities escaped but the following appeared in police court this morning: the Hon. J. J. Jupiter, Mr. Wm. F. Mars, the Very Right Honorable Sir W. Dracoonus and Lord Aldebaron. The Duc du Antares escaped during the rush. Heavy fines were imposed on all offenders. A small star in the constellation of Virgo who was unable to pay started a sixty day term on the rockpile behind Pearly Gates early this morning.

STRANGE BOOK ARRIVES

The morning mail brought to heaven a strange book which is on exhibition in the lobby of the Skydome Auditorium all this week. Admission 25c. Several patriarchs and four prophets called this morning to analyze the strange book. At first it was thought to be the work of some practical joker on Earth for it contained selections claimed to have been written by noted people here. Mr. Moses called this morning while Prof. Nicodemus dropped in this afternoon while out in his runabout. A symposium of prophets is to gather this afternoon. The work, which carries the name "Holy Bible," is admitted to have certain resemblance to statements made by some of the prophets; many of the passages however are incorrectly transcribed and were not even recognized by the original authors. The book is quite a curiosity and well worth seeing. Doors open at 9 a. m.

They come from California, are white, and of varying shapes and sizes. An anthropologist here finds they are known under the name of Real Estate Agents. We thought at first that they were a profession or something but there are so many it must be a race. Hundreds have appeared within the last few months and the way they come from California would indicate that they form the greater part of its population. They are not a bad sort of people but since arriving in heaven they have been hanging real estate signs on all the planets and have staked out three quarters of the Milky Way in lots fifty by hundred and fifty. They build funny little houses which they stick on corners and then stand in front with megaphones shouting. Several eminent scientists here are studying the traits and habits of this peculiar specie. They are pronounced harmless, rather clannish but very persistent. Neptune, while out riding yesterday afternoon in his Stiltz Twelve, was stopped over forty times by three strange creatures who nearly talked him to death and even threatened him. The Pearly Gates City Council has recived so many complaints that they will probably issue muzzles and license plates for them and have them kept on leashes. What peculiar creatures the Earth is producing!

TIGHT-ROPE WALKER ARRIVES THIS MORNING

Prof. Epicureous Toegripper made the announcement on Earth day before yesterday that he was going to perform the most difficult feat the world had ever known and that the slightest slip meant death. Prof. Toegripper swung head downward from a trapeze hung between two airships before an amazed crowd of fifty thousand people. The Prof. was hanging by his toes only. This most daring feat was remarkably successful and won great renown for the professor. He slipped however and arrived in heaven early this morning.

SKYROCKET APPEARED THIS MORNING

PEARLY GATES, July 15, 6 a. m. By Special Dispatch.—A large skyrocket from the planet Earth entered heaven this morning and fell in the woodshed behind the Lord's palace. It contained an anonymous letter from the plant Earth addressed to God which read as follows:

Dear Mr. God: I think you are a liar, a fool, a hypocrite and if I had anything to do with creation I would have done it much better than you have. You have been wishing infirmities on me for the last fifty years and I am just about through. I am going to kill myself and when I get to heaven I am going after you with a gun and shoot you, and to tell you the truth I am perfectly willing to die if I can have the privilege of strangling you.

Very respectfully yours,
A. Nonymous.

This letter caused quite a lot of amusement in heaven but no special excitement owing to the fact that God receives hundreds of them every day. The Pearly Gates P. O. Department have sent out three rocket men and a tracer and all mail will be inspected until the culprit is found.

OCCULIST IN SWINDLE PLOT

The Pearly Gates grand jury are probing a swindle plot in which Artimodorus J. Cashhound, an occult teacher from the planet Earth, is charged with having sold Mercury, Jupiter, Mars and Uranus fake oil securities and an orange grove several miles out to sea. The gods admitted that Cashhound's magnetic personality was the basis of the sale but that the gilt-edged securities tarnished at once; whereupon they brought suit against Artimodorus for two hundred and seventy-five thousand falling stars which he is said to have cheated them out of. The Pearly Gates Detective Agency found that Artimodorus had left the city but they caught him late last night disguised as a comet hiding behind Gloombridge. Watch papers for further announcements.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

SECOND EDITION

(First Edition exhausted in one week)

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

This is the latest work of this author and approaches the problem of spiritual enfoldment and growth in a manner both new and unusual.

The book contains six allegorical stories dealing with the spiritual development and initiation of mystical characters EACH ONE OF WHICH CAN BE PLACED IN THE LIFE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE WISDOM TEACHINGS. THE READER IS THE HERO OF EACH OF THE MYTHS, and concealed under the fables are many of the very deepest principles of occultism.

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.

This deals with the regeneration of matter and the transmutation of bodies.

The Master of the Blue Cape.

In this chapter the mystic meaning of the elixer of life and the philosophers' stone is given to the reader. Also the inner meaning of Alchemy.

The Face of The Christ.

The mystery of the last supper and the great problem of the second coming of the Christ is taken up from the occult standpoint, and presented in an understandable way.

The Guardian of the Light.

The duties and labors of one who seeks to be given charge of the Divine Wisdom are set forth in this chapter. Also the price of the Mystic Truth.

The One Who Turned Back.

This is the allegory of one who reached the gate of Liberation and renounced freedom to return again into the world. A study in Mystic Initiation.

The Glory of the Lord.

What happens to those who seek to enter the presence of the Lord without purifying themselves according to His laws? Read what happened to one, in the Tabernacle of the Jews.

The book is well printed on good paper and bound in boards stamped in blue. It contains sixty-four pages closely written.

This work like all of these publications is presented to the public without fixed price, leaving it to your own higher sentiments to show you your part in the work we are carrying.

The edition of this book is limited, so if you are interested send at once enclosing the contribution that you wish to make, not to pay just for the book but to help the work along, and you will receive your copy in the return mail.

Address all orders to Manly P. Hall, P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Cal.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publication.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One
Questions and Answers, Part Two
Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic symbols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

Wands and Serpents

The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom

A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

OCTOBER, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By MANLY P. HALL

A comprehensive study in the Wisdom Religion as it has been perpetuated through symbolism and mythology. This work is of interest to all students of mystic and occult philosophies or Masonry. The work is beautifully illustrated with drawings to explain its principles, some by the author and others of an alchemical and mystic nature. The table of contents is as follows:

Chapter One	"The Fire Upon the Altar."
Chapter Two	"The Sacred City of Shamballah."
Chapter Three	"The Mystery of the Alchemist."
Chapter Four	"The Egyptian Initiate."
Chapter Five	"The Ark of the Covenant."
Chapter Six	"The Knights of the Holy Grail."
Chapter Seven	"The Mystery of the Pyramids."

This book is beautifully bound in full cloth with a handsome alchemical cover design stamped in gold leaf and contains about one hundred pages.

This work is not for sale but may be secured through a voluntary contribution on the part of anyone desiring to possess it. All of our work is put out for the benefit of students and not for purposes of profit and we ask your co-operation to assist us in meeting the cost of publication and distribution by your own realization of responsibility.

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
Chapter One—"The Candidate."
Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

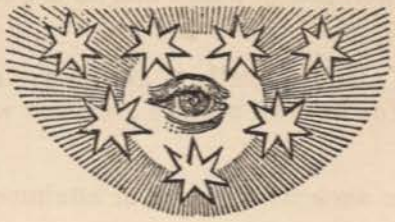
The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

Like all of our other works this book is only securable through the free-will offering of those desiring to secure it. Each person is placed upon his own honor and only reminded that the perpetuation of the work depends upon the cheerful co-operation of the workers.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL 1 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., OCTOBER, 1923 No. 6



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
"Ye-a-a-ahs and Ye-a-a-ahs!" 3
Question and Answer Departments 12

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS 16

OCCULT FICTION
Brothers of the Shining Robe, Chapter 4, The Master Speaks (Continued) 10
Lord of the Flaming Mountain 20
Lord Buddha 12

SPECIAL ARTICLES
Explanation of Last Month's Plate 18
The Occult Acid Test 9
Faded Flowers 23

ORIENTAL OCCULTISM
Discourse on the Eight Perfections (Continued) 25
The Night of Brahma 28

ASTROLOGY
The Keywords of Leo 27

MASONRY
The Triangle on the Mason's Ring 31

PEARLY GATES GAZETTE 32

EDITORIAL

"Ye-A-A-Ahs and Ye-A-A-Ahs!"

DEADicated to Our "Old Students."

OCCULTISM will never grow monotonous or lack the divinely human touch while we have among us those glorious ones who emit their radiant auras of self-achievement as they promenade the by-ways of our occult groves. Wherever we turn we find those ever present ones, who, like rays of sunshine in our troubled lives, breeze in to tell us of their accomplishments.

Let me draw a picture for you,—indeed it is a masterpiece! Poor, weary Mr. Doe, long searching 'mid the archives of the past, dropping pebble after pebble into the depthless oracles of Greece hoping against hope that some echo will waft back to him, sits surrounded by his thoughts, Hebrew lexicons, and Greek almanacs, seeking to find that which will bring him omnipotence. As he wanders midst those depthless pages which show upon their creased surfaces footprints where bookworms have trod, a voice rises and reverberates upon his dun-colored landscape. Beside him appears a strange creature—mayhap a denizen of some distant plane (Hoboken, N. J.)—whose description we will try to assist you to build in that floating substance between the ears.

His name is Solomon J. Wizenheimer and he holds the international occult talking record—having kept his jaws moving continuously for ninety-two hours without saying anything. Mr. Wizenheimer is a small man about five-foot-one but what he lacks in size he makes up in conspishiation for wherever you may look—from the Grand Canyon of Arizona to the Natural Bridge of Virginia —he is always the largest and most prominent object in sight. It is true that he cannot talk very clearly, having asthma and ingrowing diabetes; his glasses are about an inch and a half thick for he is nearly blind; his upper plate falls every few moments; he dyes his eyebrows to match his toupee and his wooden leg always squeaks when he walks, but he is not so bad looking for he keeps his mange under good control. As he stands beside the struggling Mr. Doe he is a perfect picture of the vintage of the year one.

"I see you are a student of the occult," says Mr. Wizenheimer. "So am I. I am one of the original class of Monsieur Whoop—you will remember him of course. He is the famous Slavonian Kabbalist. I studied with him for yeahs and yeahs and have written several books myself on physical regeneration and kindred subjects. I am the ex-grand master of the mystic Walupuk Shrine and if I do say it myself I don't think there is another person on earth who has come so close to the realization of the mystic. I see things. As I gaze upon you there is a peculiar greenish grey aura surrounding you. Oh yes sir, I am a seer; I go into trances! It is very wonderful when you get as far advanced as I am."

The peculiar greenish haze which was surrounding Mr. Doe was the result of that individual having become petrified with horror for fear that his studies would produce the same effect upon him as it had on Mr. Wizenheimer. The though flashed thru his mind that if that is what occultism did for one man he would leave it at once and join the first orthodox Fiji Island church!

Swallowing his innate feelings, Mr. Doe made a graceful departing speech and hurriedly left the scenes of his late labors, leaving Mr. W. to visualize complacently the effect that his overwhelming soul growth had had upon Mr. Doe.

"My powers simply hypnotize them," murmured Mr. Wizenheimer as he also vanished from the frame of our picture, leaving a refreshing vacuum behind him.

* * *

Of course some of our readers may feel that we have not treated this subject with jus-

tice and that we ought to have said a great deal more but we must ask them to imagine the rest upon the strength of what they have gone thru themselves while cloistered with one of these near-philosophers.

They have their place however, for utterly unknown to themselves the "old students" are the occult comedians and mirth provokers and are the basis for the laughter of the gods.

Students come up to us regularly to qualify themselves in art, philosophy, music and paternal judgment with the aid of rheumatism and white side whiskers, feeling that a snowy crest or an appearance resembling a spring freshet should deserve consideration, respect and veneration. A certain class of "mystics" just love to tell us how many cycles they have studied in this or how many decades they have immersed themselves in that, having a peculiarly distorted idea that their superiority is based upon the length of time they have expended in a certain work, failing to realize that ages of effort unwisely expended will produce nothing and that the length of time passed in study has little to do with the position of the soul in the great path—for some have done more in a few hours than some of our oldest "students" will do in a lifetime.

I must explain to you a few types of said occult mirth provokers whom we could not help but smile at if we did not realize what a tragic place they hold and what a tremendous sorrow that must come to them when they wake and realize how little they really know. The divine egotist is always with us and the trouble is the egotist seldom if ever is himself aware of his traits but blaming everyone but himself for his troubles, and claiming that others are simple because they do not agree with him, he goes on thru life never convinced of the foolishness of his own concepts. It is a tragedy in any line of life but in spiritual things it is doubly so. But for the good of those whom it may offend we must show you a few types commonly met with who are their own worst enemies and who in reality are never as far advanced as the average person that they talk to. For it is the depth of the soul, the true spiritual understanding and practical works that are the basis of occult mastership and the "real old student" is the last of all who could claim that position.

It is a hard thing to say, yet it is true and must be said for the protection of others. A large number of people who claim spiritual vision and first hand knowledge *have not got it* and never did have. Fifty percent of our so-called clairvoyants would be scared to death if they even saw an elemental and would run twenty miles from the first superphysical thing that confronted them, but as "old students" who should be conscious on all these planes, etc. and as nobody else is liable to be able to check them up, they tack on a few of these things for good measure to the awe of the foolish and the disgust of the initiate.

First I want you to meet Exhibit A—Mrs. Ophelia Wobbletripe—who has tormented the community of truth seekers for about fifty years. She is a dashing dowager who has talked some of our greatest minds into a state of coma then left them perfectly satisfied that she had confounded the Elders. Madame has studied with every known swami, yogi, saint, patriarch and master since the civil war and has autographed photographs of the leading religion dispensers of the modern world—(they would have given her anything they had to get rid of her). Mrs. Ophelia is a very much-present student who can always be found in the front row with her mouth wide open (possibly to show her gold bridgework), going into shivering ecstacies of admiration for some exponent of things divine whom she nearly drives to distraction with an ostrich feather fan or some crinkling note papers. Mrs. Wobbletripe can quote Sanskrit by the yard, can decline Hebrew verbs, has climbed Mt. Shasta and is the proud owner of a Syriac Bible (which she uses for a paper weight.) During the first fifteen minutes of her acquaintance you discover that she has been around the world fourteen times, has had several major operations and has relations married to the most eminent people in the country with a continuous list of husbands who pass silently to their only rest in the cemetary over the hill. She has a cousin-in-

law who owns one of the largest salt licks in Arizona, has been prepared at Court without tripping on her train and has a brother who is an eminent bootlegger. Mrs. Wobbletripe comes from a very excellent family and has a grand niece whose uncle's sister is the wife of Lord Saturday, Knight of the Bath. One of her husbands, now deceased, (and who is at rest save when she joins him on the astral plane), made millions in Chinese ques which he imported for sugar refineries and her eldest son by her ninth husband is married to the daughter of Samoa's bone fertilizer king.

All this we get in the first fifteen minute's conversation, as I said before. She is subject to hectic delirium which she believes is a visionary condition and peculiar feelings come over her occasionally which she attributes to communication with the Masters, but is probably due to the little bubbles of uric acid poisoning which she extracts from her beefsteaks. Madame is a wonderful example of the so-called "old students" for it is safe to say that she knows absolutely nothing about anything except her own ideas which are the center and radius of her life. There is no use talking to the lady because she is completely satisfied with her own gamut of unconsciousness and knows more than any other person alive and admits it. If you are in trouble spiritually she will have some excellent advice for you which she has never attempted to use herself but quotes it verbatim from her favorite swami. She has inflamatory rheumatism, kidney trouble, is very much over weight, won't walk, and spends half her time at Madame Gump's who is trying to eliminate seven or eight of her extra chins painlessly.

Kind reader and fellow sufferer, you may not believe that such creatures exist, but they do and can be found anywhere that students of things supernal gather. She will always be found very much in evidence and expresses herself with great confidence upon every conceivable problem.

This is an "old student." Taking the Funk & Wagnall definition of "old" we find that it says in part: "things liable to decay or having lived and existed in a certain state for a long time." This particular type has lived in a state of coma for ages and will only come out of it when nature prys her loose. Many students have reached that enviable stage of crystalization when, having found something that to them is perfect, they sit back in complacent mental ossification and bask in the aura of their own accomplishments.

We will pass on to Type B. Section X. who is the occult antiquarian and has that wisdom which no one else can get hold of. He is the "chosen of the Masters" type. Prof. Nebuchadrezzar Nibbs has studied where no one else can go but with lofty superiority he condescends to allow others to drink occasionally at the fountain of his divine wisdom. Nebbsy is shrouded in credentials of a mystic nature, including a veterinary diploma, and being a member of several secret orders practices the pass signs every morning so as not to forget them. Neighbors watching him in the morning think he is taking calisthenics but he is only making the secret sign of the ninth degree of the sacred order of Imperial Bunkum. He has been a private pupil of the famous Sylvester Sandstorm, one of Matilda Brainfag's inside group, has studied at the feet of Algernon Spoutly and all the other leading occult luminaries. He will tell you confidentially what they told him confidentially, misquoting leading authorities with the ease and fluency of a practiced liar. He is always surrounded by a number of gushitive individuals carrying light cargoes of mentoids who found in him the resurrection of a martyr or the reincarnation of a saint and saviour within the first thirty days.

Prof. Nibbs admits that he is an old student also and he always admits it before anyone else questions him. Everything he does is in a secret and concealed manner—he even thinks in such a carefully hidden way that no other creature could possibly imagine that was what he was doing. Nebbsy admits that he is acquainted with all the leading occultists of the world and recognizes the soul growth in Exhibit A. He has had a very checkered career since he stopped working in the saloon which career he has perpetuated in a checkered suit. He is willing to share his superior knowledge with humanity for a

to them. We prefer to believe that the old student is demented than that the Lords of Reason are capable of such absurdities. They are our demonstrative old students and their intelligence is just below that of a mineral.

Altogether this quartet of spiritual malformations constitutes quite a percentage of our so-called orthodox atheists. They call themselves "old students"—no one else will call them at all for fear that they may show up. They have been put out of their homes as nuisances, most of them have ruined the next two or three generations thru their idosyncrasies and mental acidities and now they spend their time snoozing through religion. Instead of having ripened with age they have green spots coming out on them and are fast falling victims to the spirit of corrosion.

These are our old, advanced students. They admit it, they gloat in it, glorify in it and wallow around in it never realizing that they are the most perfect specimens of unconscious egotists that disgrace the garlands of our sciences. Will people ever get through with the idea that they know something? Self-satisfaction is the basis of decay and there are none who know as little as those who think they know a great deal. Socrates said that he was the wisest man in Athens because he was the only man who knew he was a fool. Many an "old student" has told how much he knew and shown how much he didn't know to one he didn't have sense enough to realize was his superior.

The first thing an old student really learns to do is to keep his mouth shut and plod along. Are there any old students? Technically, no. But in this world of affairs those who have gained the most of practical knowledge have superiority over those who have done nothing. The true old student is known by his deeper understanding of life and its problems and not by incessant pallet-calisthenics.

The jawbone of Samson's donkey is still slaying as it did of old and many a suffering mortal has gone with grey hairs to a sorrowful grave, talked to death by one of them—said bone being vitalized by an "old student's" motive power.

Not one in a hundred of our so-called "old students" show any symptoms of spiritual age but the creaks that we hear when they chew indicates that the organism is dying out and that they are slowly passing into the Great Beyond as ignorant of their destiny as before, with nothing to say to their Lord except a quotation from Pythagoras or a couple of Patanjali's asphorisms! It is a very sad thing how little we strive to build for permanence and truth and how seldom we find one who is really willing to consecrate his soul to the truth and in silence and simplicity carry on his Master's work whispering his age in the wisdom of his thoughts, the depth of his understanding and the sweetness of his compassion.

The Chick and the Shell

MOST people are acquainted with the fact that chickens come out of eggs. This being an accepted theory, proven by repeated phenomena, no further consideration is given to the problem and we watch the wonderful processes of nature with a divine unconcern—seeing many things but thinking little about them. Now there is no greater lesson in all the world than the baby chick and the egg-shell. How wonderfully nature protects the coming in of its little creatures, how it builds around the unprotected form walls and barriers that the latent lives may gradually awaken without danger of untimely interruption! Here the embryo chick in its shell carries on, under the direction of the group spirit, the wonderful work of building a complex organism of blood,

bone and feather, unseen to the eyes of mortal creature.

But now the great lesson. The tiny chick at last completes its embroyonic growth and its parent shell, the divine father and protector of its tiny life, now becomes its worst enemy. If it is unable to break through that wall it will surely die—destroyed by its own protection. Is this not a lesson in the study of man, his growth, and his development? Are not the walls and laws and the spiritual guidances which protect man in his early infancy the ruts and channels that he later gets into? Are not the concepts which are bred in him as necessary parts of his youth in later life often walls and shells which will destroy him? Are not the creeds and religions which have guarded the infancy of his unfoldment like the shells of the egg—which protect him to a certain point and then strangle him? Are these not Chronus the Father of the gods—Saturn who devoured his own children? Great light should come to the soul of man when he studies a problem of this kind.

Let us take it in another phase. Does not crystallization build around man the bodies necessary for his manifestation here? And does not crystallization also, after it reaches a certain point, inhibit the very qualities which it makes possible? Do not our thoughts build us and yet bind us by walls of our own limitations? It surely seems that they do. Our past concepts have built us and made possible our reaching human intelligence and yet, sad to say, there comes a time when our very ideals strangle us unless all of our life grows great together, unless the shell expands with the egg—which no crystallized substance can. It must break or else destroy the life growing within it.

Those who would go on to greater and more glorious fields of expression must break the shell of crystallization which holds them in, ties them down and places around them the strangle-cord of limitation. Yet in breaking this shell we must do it with reverence for has it not been for many years our protection, our shield and our buckler? Our love for it, however, and our respect for the labors and growth we have passed through beneath its protection must not deter us from breaking it, for its greatest joy is in the realization that its work is done. It may rend our hearts to break the shell but we will die if we do not and neither we nor the shell will benefit thereby.

All people who have set ideas are surrounded by shell. Sometimes these shells are large enough to allow growth to go on within them but there are other times when the spirit is cramped within its shell. We must be willing and glad to break away from the concepts that limit us. This is one of the hardest things in the world to do, for we all love the thing we have been associated with, the things which we learned when young, the creeds, the philosophies, the ideals which helped us to grow in the years that are past. They are in truth the fathers of the things we are and yet in order to grow it is necessary for us to slay the parent. This point is beautifully brought out in the legend of Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra where the youthful prince, in compliance with the laws of Krishna, drew the arrow to the head and slew with it his own sire. Too often our spiritual channels of expression become too narrow for us but we need never be narrow ourselves, for when a creed begins to bind us then the moment has arrived when with the spear of truth and light we must slay our own protector lest he slay us with his walls of living stones.

So the little chick breaks the shell and comes forth or failing to break the shell dies within it and once more the father protector has slain his child with his loving embrace because the child was not strong enough to slay the parent. Like the seed in the ground, which is nourished and guarded by the green mould and yet ofttimes is murdered thereby, so the spirit of man is protected by the shell of matter which ofttimes slays its own son when the child does not rise triumphant from the protecting womb.

The Occult Acid Test

AS precious metals are tested with acids so the spiritual doctrines and ideals of the student must be submitted to test. None should be accepted nor rejected upon advice, like or dislike, but upon the pure unemotional principles of worth should they be judged. The sacred wisdom of the ancients is now being given openly to the world but at the same time there are many false doctrines creeping in that promise much but produce nothing. The days of secretiveness and the superiority of a few are drawing to a close and all of the true occult works are being given to the world freed from the mystery of the Middle Ages. Below we list a number of questions. When investigating the merits of a doctrine use these as the acid test. Regardless of whether you like or dislike the doctrine, stand by the decision that your conscience makes when it compares the creed with the ideal. If it be a true outpouring of the schools of knowledge, it will be:

1. A doctrine of effort and individual responsibility, striving to build and unfold each soul to perfect independence.

2. A doctrine free from the taint of commercialism, exorbitant prices and inner circles where only the financially elect can go.

3. Productive of individual thought and seeking to unfold the reason of the student, making him independent of his instructors rather than a slave to them.

4. A doctrine of evolution rather than creation, of eternal progression rather than a doctrine with an end.

5. A doctrine of cause and effect—labor for the thing desired—and not one of miracles and superhuman powers.

6. Free from the whiplash of plagues and terrors, not drawing you into it through fear of damnation.

7. Based upon principles rather than personalities, worshipping Truth and not the one who brings it.

8. Slow but sure, promising nothing but opening the doors to all.

9. Free from peace-power-and-plenty scheming and get-rich-quick plans of all kinds.

10. A doctrine of equality with equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none.

11. Fearless in its declaration of principles and conscientious in its effort to live up to them.

12. Free from perverted sex philosophies, soul-mating, and so forth; always obeying the law of the land wherein it is.

13. Staunch in its defense of the physical body, pleading for its development and growth that it may become the living temple.

14. Based upon the doctrines of compassion, renunciation, service, and self-sacrifice; neither gloomy nor melancholy but peaceful and true.

15. Free from much wordiness and mushiness, teaching all its truths in a simple way.

16. True to the principle that the destiny of a people rests in its own hands and that no vicarious attonement can save it.

17. Based upon the seven liberal arts and sciences and teaching that knowledge is the eternal victor over ignorance.

18. Considerate of all other creeds and doctrines, realizing and living the great truth that all religions are one.

19. Based upon the solid rock of brotherhood and cooperation and standing for the fellowship of spirit and of body.

20. Free from claims and pretenses and untouched by the spirit of egotism.

21. The last to ever say that it is great; seeking only to serve, and expecting no reward.

22. Strong in its demand for practical religion—taught through right living, right thinking, right aspiring and right purification.

If the philosophy which you are interested in teaches these things in a rational way, follow it, study it and learn of it; but if it fails to live up to these thoughts, shun it as you would a leperous thing for it will bring with it only sorrow, suffering and an untimely end.

This is the acid test.

Brothers Of The Shining Robe

(Conti nued)

CHAPTER FOUR

The Master Speaks

As I spoke it seemed that I was no longer a mortal man and that instead of a human brain my source of information was the mind of God himself. The presence of the Master behind me gave great courage and consolation so, daring all things while I knew that he was near, I told of the mysteries of life and of death.

As I looked around the room it seemed filled with white-robed forms and great streams of life and light poured into me then seemed to radiate in waves of courage from my entire being.

"How long will you search in the worlds of the dead for the living? How long will you wander in the shade instead of turning your eyes to the light? No matter how wondrous the implement, how perfect the plan—all science ends where the Divine begins. Between you and the truth of life stands a wall that nothing of material things can pierce, where even the reasoning mind cannot go, and there even the greatest scientists must stop—bowing to an Infinite All which they cannot grasp, measure or define! In hours of sickness man cries not to science but to his God; in the great extremity the soul leaves its reason and cries to its universal Father for courage and for strength. Upon the mystic wall of the Infinite science batters itself to pieces because it refuses to accept that which it cannot see. The greatest scientists in all the world are the ones who know that the visible is but a tiny grain floating in the endless oceans of the invisible. From the Invisible it came and to the Invisible it shall return and puny minds shall never grasp the path it goes nor understand the working of its mysterious power! Far from the eyes of man in the hidden hermitages of the Unseen are those who know its passing and are so close to the footstool of the Light that the secret things of nature to them are simple truths indeed. But if you would have the Light you must seek where it is, realizing that neither science nor philosophy, art nor letters, nor anything of man, shall measure the boundless limits of the Divine!"

It was my voice but the Master's words and as the moments passed he unfolded to the group gathered before me the basic principles of the ancient wisdom. He told of the sacred school of the Twelve Prophets; of the ray of the Black Light; of the Planet of Death and the sacred Lamasaries in India; of the Brothers of the Shining Robe and their labors with mankind and the powers which they have over life and death; and then of the children of men chosen to know the mysteries of God.

At last he stopped and my tongue grew silent too for there seemed no more to say. And so, dazed and bewildered, I sat down—with the Master still beside me. A silence followed my words, then a sigh broke from the circle of listeners. One elderly man arose.

"Your story, sir, is very remarkable. But what proof have you to offer of the things of which you tell? For years we have been schooled in human knowledge, to the proving and trueing of things. Can you demonstrate to us anything superior to science or greater and superior to the physical world that surrounds us?"

I was about to say "No," but the Master nodded his head and my lips uttered the word "yes." At the same time the invisible white-robed form of the Master descended from the rostrum in front of me and unseen by the group of scientists stepped over to an elderly man sitting in a great leathern chair.

Suddenly the figure rose and raised his hand to his eyes, crying—"My God! There is a face in the air in front of me. Two terrible eyes!" And with a cry he fell forward onto the floor.

Immediately the room was in an uproar and scientists and philosophers gathered around the prostrate form of a white-haired man who lay face downward upon the Persian carpet. The professor, who had been sitting next to me and who was one of Europe's greatest physicians, elbowed his

way through the crowd and knelt beside the prostrate figure. He then arose sadly and trning to the assembled group, announced:

"Sir Richard ——— is dead!" A gasp went around the crowd. One of England's leading astronomers and physicists had passed into the great Beyond.

The Master prompted me and I spoke:

"Professor you have stated that science is unapproachable in its power. What has science to do now? Answer me a question for I have answered yours."

"This is no time for idle argument!" exclaimed the professor.

"Yes it is," I answered, now master of the situation. "If science is perfect and omnipotent, let it restore Sir Richard ——— to life."

"Fool," answered the professor, "no human power can do that."

"All right then," I answered, "there is something that science cannot do. Then explain to me, what is death? and why must all living things pass through it?"

"The organisms just stop working" announced the scientist.

"But what is the power behind the working?" I asked.

"No one knows," answered the professor.

"Yes, I do."

Again the faces of all were turned to me and I reiterated some of the statements I had made during the evening.

"The higher consciousness and the superior bodies of man, including the spirit, the astral body and the mind, leave the physical form by passing out at the top of the skull with a twisting motion to then function on the subtler planes of nature. The consciousness has not died but has merely discarded a useless vehicle to function in a newer and finer organism."

"How can you prove that any intelligent thing has left?" demanded a voice.

"How? Why by bringing it back." I answered.

I leaned over and placed my hand upon the forehead of the dead man. At the same time the Master stooped over me and a thrill of force passed into the organism at my feet. I took the dead man by the hand whereupon his eyes opened and with my assistance he slowly rose to his feet and gazed around in a dazed sort of way. A gasp went around the circle of scientists.

"Did you do this?" demanded one.

"No." I answered, "I am but the mouthpiece. The great Master I told you of who dwells in the Temple of the Caves in the heights of the Himalayas has been with me all this evening and unseen by you has performed the works to prove the truths that I have sought to give you."

Slowly the group parted and the wise men of Europe gathered in small clusters to discuss the problem as I passed slowly out the door and back to my apartments. I afterwards heard from one of the members of the group who talked with the professor after I left. He asked him, "Well, sir, what do you think of it?"

"Bunkum, my dear sir, bumkum pure and simple," announced the international scientist as he lighted a very black cigar and sent an attendant scurrying after a whiskey and soda. "A pure coincidence, my dear fellow, a pure coincidence, but of no scientific value whatsoever. As I said in my talk the man is a dangerous lunatic and should be confined. There is positively nothing in the universe superior to science. I know, my dear fellow, for I have been a scientist for fifty years."

"You are certainly a marvel, professor," answered the man as he walked away.

The professor stepped over to the rostrum and picked up the crumpled piece of paper containing the questions he had written and which I had dropped after answering them. He stared for a second or two and then put on his glasses—for all the questions were answered in fine writing around the margin of the sheet.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed the scientist, "When did he write that on there? I watched him every minute!" As he spoke the piece of paper turned to dust and disintegrated between his fingers. The professor adjusted his extra eyeglass and gazed at his empty fingers. "Most extraordinary! That fellow is surely clever. But he will never be able to convince me that science is not the last word. Another whiskey and soda, boy, my nerves have been completely unstrung!"

(Continued on Page 26)

Lord Buddha

HE came in a packing box bound round with bands of steel and iron, dented and battered by its rough usage during a trip of many months. The packing box stood unopened for many weeks before the sacreligious hands of uninterested servants broke it open and scattered heaps of excelsior and wrapping paper about the floor. At last the figure stood revealed—undoubtedly one of the strangest that had ever crossed the waters from the land of the blue lotus. Lord Buddha was a wondrous life-sized wood carving and even the servants seemed awed as they gazed upon his gilded form. Many strange stories had come with him from the silent East. It was told that the Master himself had breathed the breath of life into the ancient carving, making it sacred to all the Children of Light.

Be that as it may, the Lord Buddha was surely a thing of glory. His robes, carved with wondrous fineness out of ancient teak, were richly covered with solid gold leaf and many colored laquers, while his eyes were precious stones set deep into the dark wood which formed the face. Upon his forehead was a mighty diamond—one of the greatest that has ever come out of India. Even the unromantic were forced to stop for a moment and gaze in admiration at the wondrous figure of India's immortal reformer.

They took Lord Buddha from the packing case and stood him upon an ebony taberet in the Gothic library of the Chadwick home and there he remained shaded by the gloom of ancient rafters during the weeks and months that passed. Unhonored and unrevered—a breath of the mystic East amid the mold of the prostic West.

Lord Chadwick had always had a taste for antiques and his Indian appointment had given him great opportunities to indulge it. But the main reason why he secured Lord Buddha was because the Hindoos did not want him to have it. (When you know Lord Chadwick you know that that was reason enough.) We will not go into details as to how he acquired the statue for he followed a rather—shall we say irregular manner, not unusual among foreigners in the Orient. The Christian seldom asks the heathen for anything he wants but just takes it. If the native protests the Christian shoots him. So with great expense and labor Lord Buddha was sent to London where he remained in silent meditation, surrounded by cobwebs and the curse of an outraged priestcraft.

A brief description of Lord Chadwick may not be out of place at this moment. He was one of those particularly affable gentleman who is always a leading attraction among the ladies and a source of great inspiration to all who do not know him too well. While admitting his affability and his military polish, it is necessary, for the proper unfolding of our story, that we unveil certain parts of his private life which are of a slightly different flavor.

Poor Lady Chadwick had been dragged through a knothole and then stepped on in the course of being duly impressed by her husband's personal omnipotence and a strange pathetic expression appeared in her bleared eyes every time anyone congratulated her upon her choice of a husband. Not that the Earl was a tyrant or anything of that kind, just that a certain besetting sin went with the heraldry of his house. When the Earl was sober he was a gentleman but after a few hours at the club he became infinitely inferior to a self-respecting animal. Every time his lordship fell victim to his indiscretion a reign of terror descended upon the household and suffering and misery formed the family lot. Not always—just when Lord Chadwick was exercising his hereditary sins. It is a strange thing how temperaments become reversed under the influence of alcoholic stimulant for Lord Chadwick sober and Lord Chadwick intoxicated were two entirely different beings—like the old story of Jekyl and Hyde.

This is not a story, however, of family skeletons but is a narrative wound around Lord Buddha who stood, through all these passing months, on his lotus throne in the silent shades of the library, his hands clasped in meditation and his flowing robe gleaming in the half light.

A certain cold December evening had given way to the bleakness of a moonless night. Lady Chadwick stood before the fire in the library, her eyes fixed on the great clock hanging on the wall whose silent fingers were passing slowly round the ancient dial. A great fear oppressed her for Lord Chadwick and several of his cronies at the club had taken steps earlier in the evening which usually preceded one of milord's streaks of intemperance. This part of our story deals with the ancient fable of the worm who turned. Lady Chadwick—inspired by the flaring embers of a dying will—had decided that from now on her husband would have to find within the heraldry of his house some symptom of inherited courtesy and restraint. Reared in obedience, married off in perfect obedience, beaten to further increase said obedience, milady was about to commit Europe's most terrible sin—an expression of individuality. An unpermissible thing among the blueblood of the old country.

It was about half past three when a cab pulled up at the door and two voices broke the stillness whose tones were about as thick as the average London night.

"Five bob!" called a voice, "you heard me, five bob!—not a farthing less!"

"Stooo-o mush," sounded a muffled growl. "I won't pay it!"

"Five bob! you blighty, five bob!"

Then there came the sound of a blow. The voice of the hackman broke forth, this time is pure cockney, his language consisting of one malediction after another.

"Help, help, he's strangling me!"

"Shut up!" threatened a thick voice, "take thash and thash."

At the same time there was the sound of two heavy thuds followed by a low groan. Then unsteady steps on the pavement and a grating noise as milord tried to fit his key into the door hinge.

"Sh'wont fit—hic—sh'wont fit," he muttered. "Sh'mush be wrong key. Well I'll fixsh it!" The next instant there was a crash as Lord Chadwick kicked his foot through the plate glass door piece and unlatched the portal from the inside. There was the sound of steps advancing at a right oblique and as Lady Chadwick faced the library door the form of her better half appeared in all the dignity of inebriate nobility.

Lord Chadwick was a tall, broad shouldered man, heavily tanned by exposure to the Eastern suns, and with the muscles of an ox. He now stood swaying slightly on patent leather hinges, his tall silk hat over one eye and his evening cape dangling along the ground on the end of his cane. Putting a white gloved hand over his mouth he hiccoughed gently behind it.

"Well, whash you looking' at?"

Without a word Lady Chadwick turned and with tears in her eyes faced the great open fireplace on the opposite side of the room.

"Whash matter?" demanded the nobleman as he reached out and hung his hat on an imaginary hook about six feet in the air, "why donsh you speak to me?"

"John Chadwick you are drunk again!" exclaimed his wife turning around.

"You don't hash to tell me, I know it! Hash such wonderful time!" and milord swallowed hard. "But what has that got to do with it? Why donsh you come over and say good morning?"

His wife remained silent and turned again with her back to her husband.

"Well why donsh you answer? Donsh you know I'm your husband?"

Still no sound from Lady Chadwick.

A strange expression slowly came into the eyes of Lord Chadwick. He straightened up and his face grew hard.

"Come here!" he demanded.

Still his wife never moved.

"I told you to come here! When I want anyone in thish house they have got to come. If you don't come right over, I'll throw thish at your head!" And he picked up a large China vase.

Lady Chadwick remained as before and without further warning her husband threw the China jar with all his might across the room. But he staggered as it left his hand and it missed her by several feet.

"You brute!" exclaimed his wife as the vase crashed into a great Venetian plate glass, sending fragments in all directions.

Then the thing which all his family feared happened. The spirit of ages of degeneracy and debauchery possessed him. Lord Chadwick's body slowly bent forward, and his head sank on his chest between his great arms which swung like those of a monster ape. His lips drew back from his teeth and the white of his eyes grew red and streaked.—the parlor gentleman had become the domestic beast.

With a scream his wife shrank back as the figure slowly advanced—his steps no longer unsteady but now like the stealthy tread of an animal. Reaching a great chair the Earl picked it up with the ease of a giant and hurled it across the room where it struck the old stone wall and was splintered to bits by the force of the blow. His wife, terrified beyond expression, crept slowly back into the corner of the room while ever closer loomed the form of her husband, now blinded with drunken rage.

At last the corner was reached and further retreat was impossible. She had stopped beside the figure of Lord Buddha who stood in silent contemplation, unmoved by the scene of confusion around him. As she shrank back her shoulder touched his laquered robe and the chill caused her to draw aside.

Suddenly, crouching like an animal, Lord Chadwick sprang at the trembling figure of his wife and with a cry of terror she jumped behind the statue of Lord Buddha. With an implication Chadwick rushed against the statue, throwing his arms around it to cast it aside, but though he pulled and tugged the figure of the Oriental demi-god would not move. It seemed rooted to the ground. As he tried to pass around it, it seemed that the robes spread out on each side and before the Earl realized it he found himself twisted and bound in what seemed folds of golden laquer.

Struggling, twisting and roaring like an angry bull he sought to escape from the statue. His wife watched in amazement for she saw her husband's hands and arms apparently growing to the form which he tugged and tore to escape from.

Slowly the minutes passed. Lord Chadwick's struggles became less and less until finally exhausted and enveloped in folds of yellow laquer he fell at the feet of the statue, his hands and arms still glued to its surface. The Earl was now thoroughly sober. The terror of his position, held prisoner by a force unknown, took all the hate out of his being.

"How am I going to get free?" he kept muttering and turned with pleading eyes to his wife. She, realizing that the fit of passion was gone, attempted to release him. But his hands seemed part of the statue and as she watched Lady Chadwick gave a scream of amazement and terror—the fingers and hands of the Earl were slowly becoming encrusted with a golden film! At the point where he grasped the statue they had become like the teakwood beneath them. In other words he was turning into an idol himself under the mysterious power of the sacred form of Lord Buddha.

As his wife stood there in perplexity she heard footsteps behind her and turning she looked into the faces of three men—all of them Orientals. They must have entered through the broken doorway.

"Who are you?" she demanded starting back.

One of them bowed politely and spoke in perfect English:

"Our names will do you very little good, madam, but we have come all the way from the sacred shine in India to take Lord Buddha back to his home."

Lady Chadwick immediately replied, "Yes, yes, take the statue—gladly! But how can I release my husband, for his hands and arms are turning into laquer?"

The priest shook his head.

"That is the curse of Lord Buddha upon those who defile his sanctity."

"Is there nothing that can be done that I may escape?" pleaded Lord Chadwick.

"There is no way but through prayers to Lord Buddha for he is the Lord of Righteousness and if it pleases him he may release you from his golden self. If not, you must await the end."

"I will give anything that I have to be released! My arms are growing cold and a creeping death is upon me!" cried the nobleman.

Suddenly a strange thing hapened. The mouth of the Buddha opened and a voice seemed to breath out from the soul of the statue:

"I am Lord Buddha. Ages ago I breathed myself into this thing of wood carved by the hands of the faithful. You stole me from my shrine, but that sin was not your greatest. Know you that those who seek protection behind the yellow robe of the Buddha shall not seek in vain. No man shall pass this gleaming robe for works of hate. I am going back again to my people who love me, honor me and revere me. But before I go I grant you life on one condition—that never again shall you abuse it. And if you do, as surely as I stand here today, you shall become a figure of wood and stone."

Slowly the hands of Lord Chadwick fell from the statue and the folds of laquer seemed to swing and sway in the breeze that came through the open door. The statue then steped down from its pedestal and, as the three Orientals fell on their knees before it, passed slowly out of the door, draped in its blowing robes of gold. On the ground as it passed were left strange footmarks pressed into the very surface of the floor. Without a word the three Orientals followed the carven figure and Lord Chadwick suddenly swayed with dizziness and fell across the pedestal to the floor.

* * * *

Milord suddenly sat up in his chair and gazed around him. The London Times fell from between his fingers and he slowly drew in one foot whose close proximity to the fireplace was undoubtedly the cause of his sudden awakening. He turned to his wife who was sitting reading a few feet away.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"About an hour and a half, dear," she answered meekly.

"By Jove! the most peculiar dream! You know you have often asked me to stop drinking—I have half a mind to do it. By the way, I dreamed that my statue of Buddha came to life and walked off—wasn't that unusual? I must go over and look at him again. He is the most———"

Lord Chadwick had stopped and was starring at the recess in the wall where Lord Buddha had stood. He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Good Lord! its gone!"

"Really," exclaimed Lady Chadwick mildly, "are you sure you haven't mislaid it, my dear?"

"Do you know," announced his lordship, "I believe I will stop drinking!"

Suddenly his face brightened up.

"I see it all, now," he muttered. "They told me that they would get it back. They are a strange people—those Orientals."

"If you think they are strange, they must be strange, my dear," remarked his well-regulated wife eagerly.

Milord sat down again with his feet on the grating.

"I haven't lived in India for twenty years without seeing something of Oriental magic. That dream of mine was more than a dream—it was Oriental magic. They have spirited the statue away."

"I wish the spirits would wipe their shoes when they come in," murmured Lady Chadwick. "Look at those footprints all the way to the door."

The Earl gazed at them. His mind turned to the shrines of India and a strange expression came into his face.

"What are those things?" asked his wife "will you please tell me, dear?"

"They are the footprints of Lord Buddha," answered the nobleman.

"What are they, John? You know I always let you do my heavy thinking for me."

"I don't understand it myself very well," answered milord as he stroked his chin reflectively. "But there goes the dinner bell and I must be at the club this evening—so you had better come, my dear."

"Yes, John."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Six months ago we started the publication of the All-Seeing Eye in order to find a practical manner of publishing and distributing the lectures, articles, and so forth, which our friends expressed a desire to have. During the interval the growth of the magazine has been as rapid as could be expected considering that it has never been placed upon a newstand or in a bookstore but as only been distributed at our own meetings and to those in personal contact with our work. As you realize, the fact that there is no price placed upon it has complicated its distribution tremendously and will continue to do so unless everyone of its present well-wishers cooperate to assist in its development.

As all of our students know, the magazine was issued for six months as a tryout and no subscriptions are good for a longer time. And any of you who subscribed but have not received the entire six numbers are entitled to apply for them until the supply is exhausted.

The time has now come when a decision of importance confronts the readers. Do you wish the magazine to go on? We are perfectly willing to write and prepare it as long as those whom we publish it for are willing to cooperate with us for its maintenance, but it remains with you to say whether it shall be done or not.

An analysis of the first six months of its publication from the viewpoint of the exchequer does not show a financial success. In fact on over half of our subscriptions we have paid the people to take it away. About forty-four percent of our subscribers paid less than one half of the printer's cost of the magazines they received and a large number who made promises never fulfilled them.

Consequently, while the magazine is not in a bankrupt condition, it has been financed to a considerable degree by money furnished from other sources for it has not come within nearly one-half of paying for itself. A few of our true and sincere workers have made possible its publication and presentation to you but the majority of our subscribers estimate the price of this magazine upon others which are procurable at bookstands and stores, overlooking completely two important facts:

First, only about one thousand copies are printed and the cost of setting it up is the same as thought we had five hundred thousand copies printed, and the smaller the number circulated the greater the cost of each magazine.

Secondly, all magazines on the market at the present time are either set at a price which covers cost or else pay for themselves many times over through extensive advertising. Many of the magazines which you secure at newstands could be given to you without any cost and still be tremendous financial successes and entirely self-supporting through the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of advertising which they carry on their pages.

O OUR READERS

These two important considerations make it impossible to estimate the cost of producting this work by comparison to those in circulation, for one copy of our little magazine costs as much as an armful of some of the popular periodicals. As a large percentage of people have been estimating upon current prices we have absolutely lost hundreds of dollars which they have fallen under the bare printer's cost. As for the expense of writing, preparing and distributing—that hasnot been even thought of.

We have distributed many copies free to those who could not subscribe through financial embarrassment—probably from fifty to a hundred a month. And those who barely pay for their own subscription leave the work itself to settle the deficit.

We shall be very glad to continue publication and launch the magazine for another six months if we can depend upon your cooperation—otherwise it cannot go on. The only way that we can reduce the individual responsibility is by increasing the subscription list and if we are able to do so we may also be able to increase its size, place in it departments to handle various special problems and in many ways make it a worthier publication.

You will find with this magazine a subscription blank carrying on it three coupons or detachable slips. Each one of these carries space for the name and address of a subscriber and the mount of their subscription.If you are interested in having this magazine go on, please fill this out as generously as you can and also get two other people who will be interested and have them do likewise. Send in the three together with money order or check for the amounts and if sufficient come in to make it possible to carry the cost of publication you will receive the next issue of the All-Seeing Eye on the 25th day of October. If there is not sufficient to meet the expense your money will be refunded to you by that time.

If you will cooperate with us we will be able to go on for we are willing to do anything to make possible the continuance of the work. The greatest good that you can do us in this line is to get two people who are interested and secure their subscriptions to send with your own. In this way we can increase our list three times and reduce the expenses nearly one half. This will enable us to put out extra work, colored supplements, etc., which we cannot do at this time becaues of insufficient means.

Please remember, friends, this concludes all subscriptions taken up to date as per the agreement we made when starting the magazine.

We thank you for your past cooperation and if you desire to extend that to us in the future we will try to serve you in as efficient manner as we can.

The fate of our little magazine now rests in your hands.

MANLY P. HALL.

Description of Last Month's Plate

The plate in last month's magazine which is taken from the rare and unobtainable work of Kunrath, the great alchemist, represents symbolically human regeneration and is also the key to the Philosopher's Stone. As before, the translating of it shall be left to you, because it is only in that way you can really learn its message. But we will briefly consider some of its most important symbols:

The figure rising out of the globe symbolizes spirit rising out of matter and consciousness freeing itself from the encircling and enslaving bonds of form. The two-headed figure represents the Hermetic union and the creation of Azoth the Philosopher's Stone.

In this plate we have the answer to the problem of soul-mates as only the ancient alchemist could explain it, for the male-female creature here shown symbolizes the occult constitution of man who is the male-female creation. The male figure has the sun halo or the positive ray while the female figure has the moon crown or the mother ray, representing spirit and matter, which matter being regenerated becomes the soul or bride of spirit.

This figure rises out of the globe of elements and from the heads arises a wondrous bird with the sign of Leo around its head. This blackened bird represents the unknowable secret of the phoenix or the bird of eternal life that is born out of the union of the sun and moon in the brain of man. Its tail, which is filled with eyes, represents the unfolded sense centers of human consciousness while the great circle containing all the other symbols is made to represent nature within whose protecting aura all growth is carried on.

The fire of the philosopher which rises upward and partly surrounds the central globe is the purification process in which the flame in the lower centers of the body rises upward and awakens Kundalini, the spinal spirit-fire in man, which is asleep in the egg of Brahma located in the solar plexus. This passing upward creates the figure with the two heads for these faces undoubtedly represent the pituitary body and the pineal gland which are the positive and negative poles of the spinal canal fire.

In India the god-man Ishwari is shown as a male-female Diety and in the ancient languages the name of God signified that He was also a male-female Divinity, for He is not only the Creator but the Creation. In a similar way man, following in the footsteps of God, is slowly arousing the latent qualities within himself and building to the day when he too shall be both creator and the creation.

The entire diagram is symbolical of the evolution of the human soul and spirit. Starting from the top downward it is involution; working from the bottom upward it is evolution. Two streams pour from the breasts of the creature and these represent the outpourings of fire and water or salt and sulphur which are two of the three elements of perfection while mercury forms the third element. The band around the neck of the figure, which unites the heads, is the wedding ring of modern theology for it ties or unites as a band of spiritual gold the two extremes of human life. The upright triangle above, pointing up to the Sacred Name, is once more a symbol of human regeneration.

Taking the plate generally it refers to the cosmic scheme of things and later the individual scheme of things. The reading tells of how through the union of the universal Earth Mother and Fiery and Airy Father there is created a wondrous stone which is the answer to all the problems of life. The student recognizes that the union of the spiritual elements within himself will turn him allegorically into a two-headed creature—male-female and self-reproductive through the positive pole of the brain.

Next month's magazine will contain the companion piece to this plate illustrating another of the deep, alchemical principles. Save these pictures for you will find it nearly impossible to get them again, and while you may not understand them now, as time goes on you will be grateful that you possess them.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is Success?

Ans. Success is the perfect adjustment of the individual consciousness with the prenatal plan which it prepared and earned before its entrance into this life. All advancement over existing conditions is success; all stagnation or backsliding is failure.

What is the greatest of all successes?

Ans. The composite perfection which is the result of a number of small achievements, the gaining of which has been spread over numberless eternities.

Is a happy life a successful life?

Ans. A truly successful life is a happy one but experience rather than harmony is the main requisite to success in spiritual things.

Who is a failure?

Ans. A failure is one who has fallen below the standard which he himself has attained at some previous time; or one who has failed to advance that standard with every thought and action of life.

What is the greatest cause of failure at the present time?

Ans. There are many of them but uncertainty, lack of backbone, fear of popular opinion and egotism are the greatest. Failure to live up to the purest and highest in life is the great spiritual downfall.

What is the greatest enemy of failure?

Ans. Action. For wherever this exists growth is taking place. Though the action itself be destructive, yet through it the spirit is learning a lesson.

What is the great adjustment of man's being?

Ans. The adjustment of the self and the not-self. This is the result of the development of the mind which becomes a neutral field—a universal solvent—in which the opposites of consciousness are capable of meeting in mutual understanding.

How may we know one who has succeeded in this adjustment?

Ans. We can know him as one who sees the divine lesson in the little things overlooked by the world in its endless rush. The one who sees the clearest is the one who sees God in the greatest number of things.

What is the reward of adjustment of life and its bodies?

Ans. Consciousness on all the planes of nature where the adjustments are made and communion with the central life within.

Who is the greatest failure at the present time?

Ans. Those who fail to recognize opportunity and conserve time by making every moment useful to all eternity—they are wasting God's most precious gifts.

What constitutes a successful speaker?

Ans. He is the one whose words, though few, still convey to the world with the greatest clearness the ideals which fill his consciousness. He is the one who speaks the truths that others dare not think.

Who has learned to listen most successfully?

Ans. The one who has learned to hear the voice that speaks from the silence of his own soul and who knows the meaning of its quiet words.

Who is the most successful thinker?

Ans. The one whose thoughts, like God's, are in harmony with the Divine plan. Man realizes the power of God when he learns to think God's thoughts; he knows the ways of the divine when he himself has walked them.

What is adjustment?

Ans. Adjustment is the arranging or balancing of things into harmony one with the other.

The Lord Of The Flaming Mountain

UP from the shadows of swaying palms and jungle underbrush a little group of pilgrims wound their way in and out among the broken lava rocks and stubble towards a mighty mountain that rose as a looming mystery to touch the deep blue of the tropic sky. From the top of this peak a thin trail of smoke poured eternally as though in truth this mystery of nature were the vent of Vulcan's forge. A strange group indeed it was that climbed up and up along the narrow path that led to the distant heights. They were a people we see no longer for already eternities have shrouded them in the mantle of forgetfulness.

First came a tall and aged man, his copper skin seamed and wrinkled but his face strong and resolute. He was robed in a cape woven of bird's feathers and tilted forward upon his head was a strange peaked cap from the point of which hung a pendant of gold and jewels which tossed and swayed as he walked. On his forehead was a cross, traced in white pigments, while the breeze blowing aside his cape disclosed the fact that his only other garment was a girdle of golden plates set with amethysts and rubies. In the center of the girdle was a strange face molded of solid gold, a face surrounded by a halo of flames in whose eyes sparkled rubies of a never-ending radiance. In one hand the aged man carried a carved staff painted in many colors and in the other a rattle hanging upon a tassel of human hair and composed of a gourd containing within its dried husk a tiny pebble. The long hair of the man was grey and hung in many plaits upon his shoulders while his beard, braided like an Assyrian's, hung half way to his waist. He was the priest of the Divine Lord, Master of the Great Fire, whose temple stood alone among the lava banks and ashes of the flaming mountain.

The second member of the party was a young girl some sixteen or eighteen years of age. She too wore a cape of bird feathers and upon her small feet were sandals inlaid with jewels. Her head was uncovered revealing braided hair which hung in two long coils nearly to her knees and was of the shiny blackness of the lava rocks that surrounded her. She was covered with golden ornaments and chains while her arms and ankles were encircled by bands of gold connected with links of silver and copper. But though adorned with the ransom of emperors, she seemed more a captive in bondage for her ornaments were like shackles and clanked dismally as she walked along.

Two other figures completed the group. Powerful men they were whose brown bodies glistened in the sunshine and whose forms and proportions were those of Greek athletes. They wore neither cape nor headdress but their bodies were adorned with golden bangles and strange animals were tatooed in many colors upon their skins. The heavy girdles they wore were weighted with plates of gold and each carried in his hand a feathered staff surmounted by a globe of fiery gold.

The four figures wound in and out among the rocks and as they neared the top of the lofty mountain thin streams of smoke rose up from the crevices at their feet; the air was filled with a moaning and rumbling, the earth shook and shivered like a thing alive; the heavy fumes of sulphurous smoke creeping up shrouded the little band in a semi-darkness while the sun shone as a ball of angry red behind clouds of swirling ashes.

Evening was falling before they neared the summit and as the sun sank to rest a strange lurid glow thrilled through the atmosphere, an eerie ever-changing radiance reflected in a million different ways from the clouds of mist and vapor. Still the little band climbed upward and upward ever nearer to the mighty crater that loomed like a gaping pit of hell before them.

Suddenly they reached a great rock and passing around its side were confronted by a tiny hut built of stones and lava, shielded by the projecting side of the cliffs but half concealed by the seething vapors of the volcano. Reaching the door of the hut, the old priest raised his staff while the other three fell to their knees.

"Behold! This is the Temple of Anguish built on the crest of Chetoka, the Mountain of Undying Fires. This is the Place of Wailing where we sinful mortals come to ask forgiveness of our Lord and Master! For, behold! our God speaks to us through the mountain of fire! Many days now has His voice been heard and the roaring and rumblings have whispered of His wrath. He has said to His priests: 'Bring from the people of earth a living sacrifice unto Me in the mountain of my fires!' And we have brought one even as He has said—for behold we have chosen from among our nation the lovliest and purest daughter of earth and brought her up this mountain to be the bride of the Fire King!"

He rose and entered the little hut and a fire, kindled with a broken stick, flared up, its ruddy glows revealing a massive altar above which a great flaming Face looked down—a face of gold and jewels from which poured forth streamers and rays of living light.

"Oh, Spirit of Fire! thy children obey thy call. For it was said of thee by our father's fathers that when thou criest out for vengeance for the forgetfulness of men—behold! there must be one of the people who shall climb to the heights of thy lofty shrine and die that thy children may be saved. For thine own voice has spoken saying there shall be one acceptable in the sight of our God who shall come to make offer of their life unto our God on Chetoka the sacred mountain—and only the pure in heart are acceptable as a sacrifice unto thee. Come—oh Lord of the Sacred Mountain!—and take unto thyself this one of our people who comes forth to sacrifice herself that thy wrath may not descend upon the world!"

The flaming Face gleamed and glowed in the flickering light, its eyes seeming to shine with a fire demonical. The old priest bowed and no sound broke the stillness except a broken sob from the prisoner in her golden chains.

Slowly the old priest left the little hut and, followed by the others, climbed up and over the side of the volcano, finally standing at the very peak of a great rock that jutted over the sea of molten lava. In the center rose a mighty cone and from it flames and sulphur came up in never-ending steam. A great rumbling and roaring rent the heavy stillness of the island night and the splashing of lava bubbles in the sea of molten rock beneath sounded like sobs on the air. All the figures were tinged red with the flames and standing alone on that pinnacle of rock in their robes of feathers and girdles of gold they seemed like fiery spirits of the dawn when creation was in the making instead living creatures in a world of flesh.

The old priest raised his hands and cried outward over the lake of flames:

"We have come, oh Master! as thy law has demanded. We have brought thee thy bride. Accept our sacrifice, oh Fiery One, and destroy not our people. Send not thy flaming rivers to burn our homes with consuming fire—send not the messengers of death—the ashes and the plagues—rock not the earth with thy vengeance—oh God of Fire! But accept this, the best we have to offer thee." He knelt upon the rock and the rumblings and roarings seemed to deepen while great clouds of flame and smoke rose from the volcano's depthless center and the rocks beneath their feet shook and quivered with a life divine.

Slowly the slender figure of the girl arose and with calm courage crossed the narrow shelf of stone. Dropping aside the robe of bird's feathers she stood poised upon the point of rock, beneath her the surging sea of molten lava. The flames sparkled on the jewels that she wore for these too were to be cast with her into the yawning mouth of the fire-god.

Suddenly as she stood there, there arose from the depths of the mountain a great streaming cloud of many-colored mists. It twinkled, swayed and twisted like a thing alive and instead of passing onward and outward into the heavens it hovered and floated over the center of the crater. Slowly the streaming lights took form, the many changing vapors gathered themselves together until a Mighty Being hovered over Chetoka.

The priest raised his hands in awe and trembling and shrank backward on the rock while the two that were with him moaned and groaned in fear and agony. But the thin figure still stood alone on the point of rock,

her copper skin gleaming and glowing from the flickering flames of the volcano. The great mystery shadow shape became clearer as the moments passed and the Great One hovered closely over the volcano—a creature composed of the very flames themselves, his hair a mass of flowing sparks, his fingers tapering off into points of flame, his robes of crimson fire trailing off into the mist and vapor of the volcano. Great wings of flame and fire poured from him and his eyes shone like the molten lava of the crater.

A thundering voice spoke as the Great Creature swept over the surface of his volcano towards the pinnacle of rocks:

"Behold! I am angered at thee, thou puny children of men! It is well that ye have brought your sacrifice to the top of the mountain for ye have displeased the Spirit of the Fires. What boon ask you in exchange for the bride that ye have brought me?"

"Oh, Lord of the Flaming Mountain!" cried the priest, "for many days have the ashes poured upon our villages, for many nights has the dull glow of your anger brought terror to our hearts. We come to thee, oh Lord, asking peace and that ye shall not destroy us with the flames of thy wrath. Oh, King of the Salamanders! Son of the fiery Sparks of Fohat! accept this the purest gift of earth and freest from thy hate!"

The Lord of the volcano had reached the mighty cliff that edged his crater and reached out his arms of streaming flame to grasp in them the slender figure that stood upon the rock.

"Ye have brought your sacrifice, oh children of men, but know you not that you yourselves are the spirits of the fire? For many weeks and many years ye have wrangled and fought and hated in your villages and for that ye have brought upon yourselves the curse of the Lord of Flames. For, behold! to my mountain come the hates and griefs and wranglings of the people and from them are built the flames of my lofty peak, and were it not that ye battled in your villages my flames could not battle on this mountain peak. Ye sue for peace but that I cannot give you while to this crater come the flames of hate. The mumblings and the rumblings which ye hear are but shadows of your own hearts, the seething cauldrons of flames but whisper of the flames of passion within your own soul. I am the Lord of the Flames—I am the Regent of the Red World —I am the Voice of the Eternal Fire—I love the children of men and being strong in fire I would serve them. But they have taken my fire and desecrated it and as it seeths and boils within their own souls so the shadows rise upon my mountain. Go back to your village and say unto them that the Lord of the Flaming Mountain has spoken saying that only when the souls of men are at rest will my mountain slumber.

"Behold thy sacrifice is acceptable in my sight, the heart of one that is pure can sooth the flames of creation. It is said of the gods that through all the ages some must perish that many may be saved! Go ye now your way and I shall return to the heart of the flaming mountain taking with me the sacrifice that ye have made. Be not this sacrifice in vain, for it is not the first nor shall it be the last! Many a soul has perished to save the world from my wrath, many a courageous one has entered my flames that the world should have peace. But the Lord of the Flaming Mountain is not unkind—fear not for the one that ye have given nor fear ye for the sacrifice of your people. But come unto me with love and my flames shall warm their hearts."

Slowly the fiery figure gathered the form in its arms and floating out over the volcano passed slowly downward into its mighty center, clasping to itself the jeweled figure of the girl.

A great peace descended upon the mountain, the flames of smoke died out and the lava ceased to flow, the rumblings grew less and less until at last silence ruled supreme. The old priest rose and was turning away when a mighty voice spoke from the depths of the earth:

"I, the Lord of the Flaming Mountain, am at rest. A noble soul has sacrificed itself to bring me peace. In all the ages of the world I have gathered unto myself many but they are not mine. For behold the daughter of earth is not with me in my fiery mountain but with her God and my God! And, behold,

she has passed through the flaming ring unscarred and in her great desire has redeemed not only you but herself also.

"Go ye unto your people and let not this sacrifice be in vain. Remember that only when ye learn to love one another shall my mountain be at rest, for when ye wrangle and discord among yourselves ye loose my flames and turn them on the worlds of men. Then my mountain cries out for vengeance and the sword of death is loosened as the thunder and lightening of the gods. Once more art ye forgiven—go and do better. Remember who was your answer and let not the martyr die in vain.

"The Lord of the Flaming Mountain is not dead but rests in peace under the spell of redemption. Wake him not with hate and lust for once awake he will never sleep until another be found to pacify him, send no more brides to the top of my mountain but live in your villages in peace as the most acceptable sacrifice unto my eyes. Fear me for I am great, obey me for I am kind, redeem me for I am salvation, and though my temple is on my mountain rather let it be in the soul of man. While there is one that is pure I will rest, lulled to peace by their love; but if ye live not one unto the other in friendship and in charity ye shall hear my voice again and the world shall know me and cry out in agony unto the Lord of the Flaming Mountain. But I can do nothing but use the flames which thou hast given me. Send me no flames of hate and I will not burn your homes. Live not in discord one to the other and my lava shall never flow again."

Faded Flowers

OFTENTIMES in wandering through an old home among the scenes of long ago one finds pressed away in a favorite volume—possibly the Bible or the family album—a faded rose crushed between the leaves. After many years of forgetfulness it will bring back memories of the past. Some loved one nearly forgotten in the battle of life—some dear soul we used to know—comes before the mirror of the mind. We hear a laughing voice, perhaps now hushed forever, and kind hands stretch out across the years to enfold us again in memory's embrace. How few of these faded flowers have a message to the world—yet each whisper something of the past to some responsive heart.

And how much like faded flowers are the hearts of suffering men and women wandering through life! Each faded rose was once the fairest blossom and in a distant day forgotten its dried and falling petals shone forth with all the glory of nature and its God. As we go along the road of life we see many wondrous blossoms filling the air with glorious fragrance and exquisite color but when we pass that way again we see them faded and returning again to the dust from whence they came. How like the faded flower is the life of man! The glowing ideals he came here to carry out he soon forgets—his dreams of glorifying the world vanish from his memory as he struggles through the sordidness of life. In truth, he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down.

But beneath the wilted petals and beneath that broken heart of a man there still glows in embers a light eternal. And some day the Great Magician is going to wander along that dusty road and with the touch of his magic wand bring back life to these faded flowers.

In the highways and byways of this world who shall be this Great Magician? Who shall play the fairy queen and raise to life again the dead? There is within each one of us the Great Magician—the good spirit—who can bring faded flowers to life and restore the broken blossoms from whose crushed petals have been formed a rosary that ends with a cross. There is this wondrous fairy-godmother who can bring to life the dead rose and make it bloom again in radiant beauty, and this mystic being—the good

fairy—is the sweetness and compassion of love and hope that is hidden deep in the heart of every man. Each kind word, each sweet thought brings forth again the glow of life to the soul of some faded flower!

It is a glorious thing to have the power to make the world shine again with happiness. This is within the reach of every mystic, for into the hands of one who has earned this right—to bring back the blush of life to broken souls—a great privilege is given. No longer does he live for what the world can give him for he has more than it can ever know. He lives to wander through the gardens of humanity where flower and blooming shrub fade each year as the snows of winter come. Gathering up the dried and withered leaves he blesses them with the power of life and they brighten up again at his touch.

Where the mystic is there can be no faded flowers for he lives only to bring joy and life into the world. Hates and fears, sorrows and remorse—all these have withered the flowers of life. The roses of youth vanish from the cheek as the furrows of care appear and the eyes once bright with laughter soon grow dull with weeping. But the work of the master is to bring back the old time joy and although his own heart be sad he smiles serenely through his tears as he gathers the broken petals to mold them again into perfect flowers.

And man is walking in the footsteps of this Master. Every day, some where, he sees a withered rose whose petals would glow again if he would but nourish them with the waters of life. Just a kind word and the flower will become a thing of beauty in the garden of the Lord. We are to go forth in the name of the Father and gather close to our hearts these withered flowers—the broken children of men. In love and compassion we are to serve them, in humility and simplicity to protect them, in sympathy and brotherhood to assist them, that the spirit of joy may come again into their lives as the blossoming of a flower.

Somewhere in the soul of man—no matter how cold he may seem—there is something which cries out to smile, cries out to be happy—and being happy cries some more! This is a certain soul quality explainable and known only to those who have suffered and yet through it all are drawn by bonds undefinable back to the cause of their anguish. There is something very human about the world and while it may seem a cruel place the longer we are in it the less we desire to leave it. It is so much like each one of us that the bonds of understanding make us love the old earth more and more.

The glory of being alive is a wonderful thing but the still greater glory of giving life and expression to others fills the heart with a real purpose of being. And he who turns back again into the garden of the earth to nurture and care for those withered flowers. whose drooping petals bespeak the dying courage of an unawakened life, knows no other joy. It is a wondrous thing to feel that it is within our power—if we live as we should —to give these flowers new duty. From the soul of him who thus redeems the rose that was withered shall shine forth a star through the darkness—that star which is the mark of the Compassionate One.

The Sons of God labor eternally with man to build within him that sweet sadness—the sadness which is the great peace that surpasseth understanding. In simple symbol well known to our eyes the Sons of Compassion ever seek to teach us the way that we should go, seeking to build within us the realization of the path which they have walked. They never command us to go this way or that—they only show us the beauties of the path. They show us the faded flowers and then they ask if there can be anything more beautiful in all the world than a flower turned upward in adoration to the light of its God? They ask if anything is sadder than to see the blossom wither and fade away?

Then it is shown to us how we may go forth and bring to blossom the flower of spirit now budding alone in the endless deserts of materality. So let us take their symbol of service and go out to labor in the world fields that the faded flower hidden within the heart of man—called the spirit of Christ—shall be raised from the dead to blossom forth unto perfect life.

Man is the little creator made in the image of the Great Creator containing in possibility all that God has in awakened energy.

A Discourse on the Eight Perfections

(Continued)

AND the Lord of Light spoke of the the Fifth Perfection which is Intelligent Living, saying:

"Know that the Fifth Perfection is that ye should live well to yourself and true in your dealings with others; that ye should be joyous among others but that your living be right in the eyes of the Lord. Know that of the many things which thou hast this sheath of stone which ye call a body is most useful to you at this time, for only through this body may ye learn that which is eternal. Realize that this body is not the Eternal I nor God but is rather of a demon of darkness; but you must treat it well that it may serve thee well unto the work for which God has designed it. By the Intelligence of Right Living know that he who liveth with nature in simplicity liveth with God in reality and he who would know how to live must search for life among the living and not among the dead. Man is dead, therefore search not for life there but look only unto God who is the One Life."

So saying, the Lord opened the fifth Petal:

"Of this Lotus the fifth Petal is the Perfection of Intelligent Living wherein ye shall learn that length of life is the prolonging of opportunities—when to this ye add Perception and Purpose. But the body liveth not of itself alone but of the life which is within it and which is the life of Brahma who is the Creator and Father who ever shall Be. Therefore in all your living, live moderately and wisely; live as a brother with all other things. Thereof it is spoken in the Sacred Bharatas: Live not of the body but of the spirit. But know that living means that the bodies be preserved for the spirit and that the spirit speaks through its own reflection in the mirror of eternity."

* * *

Wherein the Blessed Lord saith:

"This is all that I would speak of the Fifth Perfection. So listen unto the words of the Sixth Perfection which is Perfect Effort. Know that intelligent effort is the basis of all that expands and groweth great; effort is the measurement of reward and according to your effort so shall it be with you in that which is Eternal. Know, oh son! there is a reward for effort regardless of its works and know that right effort bringeth with it a sure promise of right reward. Nothing in this universe is without effort and those who do not labor shall some day be enfamine for that which they have not sown. Therefore know that in effort lies the secret of power and the Sixth Perfection is Intelligent Effort which ye gain through intelligent Perception, intelligent Speech, intelligent Purpose, intelligent Conduct and intelligent Living."

Thus spake the Lord of the Lotus as he pointed towards the heavens, saying of the Sixth Perfection:

"In the skies beyond the Blue Veil is the home of the saints in Sheta-loka, the home of those who have been tried and have labored for that which they are. For unto those who try is a sure reward, if ye strive with perfect effort. Ye gain not Nirvana through meditation alone; there must be works and perfect effort. Therefore, oh son, is effort greatly to be desired and when in doubt as to the labored to perform, strive with perfect effort and thy reward is sure."

* * *

Thus spake the Mighty One of the Sixth Perfection which is Intelligent Effort, and then He saith:

"I will now speak of the Seventh Perfection which is of the mind and is Intelligent Mindfulness. For in all thy seeking be not thoughtless lest in being such ye waste or injure. Be ye ever mindful of three things, oh son of earth! that thou mayest be perfect in Mindfulness. First, be mindful of thy conduct that it behooves thee well to watch as how thou shalt conduct thyself unto thyself. Second, be mindful of those responsibilities which are thine from the world; forget them not nor neglect them for they are Dharma and not to be overlooked. Third, be

mindful that in your eagerness ye trample not your brothers under foot but are gentle and modest in the sight of men. It were good that ye should also be mindful of the will of God and the ways of His saints for although ye be mindful of men ye shall not succeed if ye forget the will of God."

Thus spake the Blessed Lord of the Seventh Petal as He sat in the Heart of the Flower:

"Be mindful also that every labor shall increase thee in the sight of God for by this is known the Seventh Perfection—that ye have no longer the power to hurt, the power to injure nor the desire to excel but that ye are eternally mindful and considerate of the needs of others. By this shall ye reach the feet of thy Lord and Master who is ever mindful of you, and thus shall it be known that you understand the Seventh Intelligence which is the Perfection of Mindfulness."

* * *

Whereupon the Lord of Light spoke once more saying:

"There is one more Perfection whereof I would speak, namely, the Intelligence of Contemplation wherein ye become as one with God through the Contemplation of Reality. For he who can contemplate within his own soul the wonders of creation and float over oblivion on the wings of intuition and and reason—he hath Perfect Contemplation which seeth life and death and yet is unmoved. Such a one shall himself live and die and yet be unmoved, whereupon may ye know that he is free from the Wheel of Birth and Death insomuch as he contemplates them as part of the Great Lesson but is not enmeshed in them as mortal man. He that is able to stand beside the universe and contemplate upon its wonders without himself being involved therein:—that one has Perfect Contemplation for he seeth all things, liveth all things, contemplateth all thing and is no part of them but is one with their source."

Thus spake the Great Lord of the Eighth Perfection which is Intelligent Contemplation, saying:

"Behold, oh son of man! the gods are perfect in contemplation and the universe is the fruit of their meditations. Therefore if ye would be one with the Eternal, contemplate also upon That which Is and you will be one with the Twelve Eternal Meditators in the Fields of the Infinite. For he who seeth in all things a lesson but in no thing the personality, he is perfect in contemplation; he who seeth in all things a personality, he is perfect in ignorance. All men stand between two things—perfection in ignorance and perfection in knowledge—while the god-man sits in contemplation upon the two. They are not wise for they are not the fruits of ignorance, they are not ignorant for the seeds of wisdom have not been planted there. Know that Perfection of Contemplation is that which sitteth between wisdom and ignorance and meditateth upon them but is neither."

* * *

"Whereupon I have finished my discourse upon the Eight Intelligences which are the eight paths of my wisdom and the Petals of my sacred Lotus. Know ye therefore, oh Chela! that the Blessed Lord hath spoken, whereof it is written in the Sacred Books of the Trees, of that which Is and ever shall Be because it has never been, for once being it must cease to be."

The Master Speaks

(Continued from page 11)

And this was my first great experience among worldly scoffers and it was there that I learned a lesson which I never forgot. In the words of my teacher I say:

"Fear not that your words will not express your hopes and ideals for he who is carrying the Master's message is never alone. When his own words are failing the Invisible Ones gather around and whisper in his ear. If you work and labor in truth and sincerity, never fear, for the Teacher is with you. He knows the words you need and whispers them when the moment comes.

(To be continued.)

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Leo as the fifth sign of the Zodiac is of special interest to students of the occult sciences for several reasons. First, being the throne of the sun, the Lion is often used as a symbol of life and power and Christ who represents the sun-god is often referred to as the Lion of Judah. In Masonary Leo is very symbolical, for being the chief of the cat family the Lion is said to have the same peculiarity in his ability to see in the dark consequently is used by the ancients to symbolize the Eye of God which sees into the darkness of human affairs.

The Grip of the Lion's Paw is well known and it is symbolical of the returning of life when the sun, in his endless round, enters his throne in Leo bringing all things to life that have been dead through the long winter months.

Below we list the keywords of the sign of Leo in a simple, concise manner so that the student with slight practice will be capable of analyzing its most general characteristics. Leo is also of special interest at the present time insomuch as it forms the esoteric school of the Aquarian Age—its opposite in the Zodiac—and according to geocentric astrology the Aquarian Age which is so close at hand will bring with it a powerful spiritual ray from Leo the Lion of the Tribe Judah. Leo is always symbolical of life and fire and as in man it governs the heart, so in the cosmos it is the home of the sun, the heart of the solar system.

Leo the fifth sign of the Zodiac:

Hot
Dry
Fiery
Choloric
Eastern
Masculine
Diurnal
Northern
Commanding
Fixed
Estival
Brutish
Barren
Four-footed
Broken
Changeable
Fortunate
Strong
Hoarse
Bitter
Violent
Long Ascension
The day and night home of the Sun
The detriment of Saturn
Feral
Furious

General Characteristics:

High resolve
Royal
Unbending
Ambitious
Quick-tempered
Changeable
Generous
Free
Courteous

The Leo person takes his general characteristics from the animal in question, namely, the lion. Like that animal he chafes under confinement, rebels against over-lords and is monarch of all he surveys. If crossed or attempt is made to curb him he is quick-tempered and noted for his roaring, ranting and cantankering. But it does not last long and he soon quietens down. This sign is usually in important positions of trust, fond of the occult sciences, and under normal conditions makes its mark in the world of affairs.

Physical Appearances:

Usually a large body
Broad shoulders
Austere countenance
Large eyes
Dark yellow, reddish or brown hair given to curling
Strong voice, sometimes hoarse
Full-blooded
Oval countenance, sometimes rather choppy
Later part of the sign produces weaker body with lighter hair
Large round head
Staring and goggle eyes
Middle stature but heavy
Narrow sides
Fierce countenance
High sanguine complexion

Health:

While Leo is considered a healthy sign we do find considerable sickness especially

that due to circulation and blood conditions. It governs the heart and back and its most common diseases are:

Pains in the back and ribs
Convulsions — Smallpox
Fainting — Measles
Fevers — Jaundice
Pestilences
And all hot and inflamatory diseases
Entirely barren sign
Sore eyes — The plagues
Heart trouble
Denotes accidents by fire, explosion and combustible materials
Subject to sprains, falls, shocks, etc.

Domestic Problems:

Leo can only be said to be happy in the home when it rules the home. Monotony and drudgery does not rest well upon the Leo types and their fiery dispositions often break their homes. If they find someone, however, who is willing to allow them to do just what they want to they are usually faithful but not overly domestic, being turned more to public things.

Countries under Influence of Leo:

Italy — West of England
Bohemia — The Alps
France — Turkey
Sicily — Silesia

Cities Ruled by Leo:

Rome — Prague
Bristol — Syracuse
Bath — Ravenna
Taunton — Philadelphia
Cremona — Damascus

Colors:

Yellow — Red
Brown — Green

According to Ptolemy the stars in the head of Leo are in effect like Saturn with a ray from Mars; the three in the neck are like Saturn with some of Mercury; the bright one in the heart called Regulus agrees with Mars and Jupiter; those in the loins and the bright one in the tail are like Saturn and Venus; thosein the thighs resemble Venus and in some degree Mercury.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits Leo rules the powers; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Verchiel rules Leo; of the months Leo rules the 20th of July to the 20th of August; of the Twelve Tribes, Asher; of the Twelve Prophets, Hosea; of the Twelve Apostles, Peter; of the twelve plants, ladies' seal; of the twelve stones, jasper; of the twelve principle members, the heart; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the jugglers of darkness.

The Night Of Brahma

AT THE end of every cosmic cycle of action there follows a period of rest and this is the ebb and flow of energy which marks one of the fundamental expressions of the eternal plan. The periods of activity are called the Days of Brahma when the world outpouring itself from the Unknown expresses its energized and rejuvenated qualities, and with greater courage, power and speed carries on the work of universal unfoldment because of the periods of rest. At the end of each day of manifestation the Universe, the Sun of Necessity, is dissolved or swallowed up in cosmic night which was called by the ancients "Pralaya."

For every action in this world, which implies the expending of energy, there must ensue a period of inaction during which time nature rebuilds the tissues and revivifies the bodies torn down and scattered by the activities of mental, physical or spiritual expression. There is no one who can entirely set aside the periods of rest and while for many years, lives perhaps, a powerfully constituted organism may sustain itself upon comparatively little relaxation, still at some time or other even the gods must pass into cosmic or universal sleep.

Death is merely an expression of the return of bodies to sleep. Paul says we die daily and this is a spiritual truth for each

day we tear down the body cells and life forces which we are forced to expend in our manifestation and growth here. During the periods of cosmic sleep the universe rebuilds its shattered vehicles and when they return to life they start with a great impetus similar to the buoyancy we feel when we awaken from peaceful slumber. When we do not feel refreshed from sleep it is a certainty that the vehicles have not been relaxed and that through unwise eating or physical derangement the spiritual consciousness has not completely separated itself from its vehicle of expression. The withdrawal of the life from the form constitutes death, the temporary withdrawal without rupturing the connecting links between bodies is called sleep, and this is the period of physical regeneration for night is illuminated by the moon, the generator of bodies and the ruling principle of those vitalizing forces which rebuild the depleted tissue of vehicles under the direction of the elemental intelligences.

Brahma, the incarnated intelligence of the universe, is called the Grand Man and He is supposed to be endowed with the qualities of man in a grander and more perfect degree. The sleeping and waking, the birth and death, of Brahma, is correlated to the shorter periods of manifestation of man and the analogy is quite perfect. One of the greatest works that confronts the student is to accurately learn to understand the use and application of the powers of relaxation. The continued over-exertion of a body, a brain center, or an organ of consciousness will shorten the length of its life. It is true that all parts of man grow stronger with exercise but exercise must be balanced by rest for exercise tears down the walls of resistance and saps the stores of energy used to give expression to a body or organ. Therefore, a cretain part of the time we must allow certain centers to rest and recuperate from our unbalanced use of them.

The child in school tires of arithmetic in an hour or so and then you transfer his attention to spelling or geography bringing into play an entirely different series of sense centers. This results in the relaxation of the tired organ during which time the mind recuperates from the strain placed upon it and preparaes for further active expression. The forty-three faculties of the human brain must all be given alternately exercise and rest, the result being a well balanced consciousness and an adaptable mind. The mental breakdown is the result of the abuse of a single faculty or trying to make an organ run both night and day, year in and year out, without rest.

There are two grand phases of force. One is that expression which pours into the reservoir to supply the needs of expression; the other is that which pours out of the reservoir in active manifestation. Nothing can come out of man that has not already gone in for he has not yet acquired the miraculous pitcher of the gods. He can go no further than the energy stored in the reservoir; he can be no stronger than the involuted energies which he radiates. Therefore, the involution of power is absolutely necessary to the evolution of form. These two laws are intra-dependent one upon the other, for man cannot pour into his organism safely energy unless he expends a certtain amount in his daily life. If he does not do this he runs over. On the other hand the amount within measures his capacity to draw forth. Man involutes the expressions of this force in his material and spiritual thoughts, actions and desires.

All life is an ebb and flow of energies. These energies pour into man from the planes of consciousness to which he has attuned himself through his own works and thoughts. They can produce no higher results than the plane of consciousness from whence they came and the quality of inflowing energy is limited by the vehicles of attraction which gather it from the cosmos.

The problem of the days and nights of Brahma is to man a divine allegory expressing as it does the requirements of his own life. Two forces govern man, solar and lunar; the solar govern the higher man, the lunar, the bodies. Each of these must alternately be given opportunity for self-expression in order that they may carry on their respective duties. So at night while the body is undisturbed by conscious mental or physical reaction, the reparatory powers

of nature take charge of the organism and prepare it to support and express the life within it during the following period of action. In the daytime the spiritual consciousness is ushered into its vehicle where its own growth is carried on at the expense of the lower bodies. The result is a divine balance of the periods of recuperation and destruction.

Wise and careful seekers after things spiritual have learned to recognize the vital importance of giving their bodies and centers of consciousness the proper amount of exercise and relaxation. All of man's bodies have a great similarity. Our minds and emotions are subject to the same general ailments before which the physical body must bow and all through nature the law of action and repose is a governing factor. Man in his haste fails to properly consider and study the law of periodicity, consequently he must pay the price in broken health and inefficiency. Those who would be like God in dynamic powers must develop their organism in accordance with His laws which are the individualized needs of His composite progression.

So through the ages the days and nights of Brahma go on. Worlds come in and worlds go out and in shorter periods of time man passes through similar conditions which to him seem very terrible but which in reality are his greatest blessings, for God does not die when his vehicles are asleep, He is functioning in other worlds in finer and more sensitive bodies, and it is only the exhausted appendage of consciousness that is dropped and its centers allowed to rest, while in higher and finer words the consciousness is making further plans for its unfoldment and final union with the form which now it is forced to vampirize in order to exist during the days of Brahma.

Note

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that we are preparing mimeograph notes of some of our lectures which may be secured by those desiring them on the same free-will offering basis that is used in all of our publications. The edition is limited but we will be glad to supply them while they last.

We have the following prepared for distribution at the present time:

Total Eclipse of the Sun and Effect Upon World Affairs.

This is an astrological analysis of the effect of the September eclipse upon the geographic, political, economical and weather conditions of the world.

The Sex Problem.

These are the notes of a lecture given in Los Angeles about the effects of the modern sex teachings upon the race.

The Einstein Theory of Reletivity.

A simple analysis of this intricate problem, applying it to the practical problem of human relationship.

Talks for Teachers, Parts I, II and III.

These three separate lectures deal with three phases of the work of preparing pupils for the world ministry and the labors of the coming age.

The Masters, Parts I and II.

Two lectures dealing with the Masters of Wisdom and the work of preparing oneself to be become their conscious assistants.

Books for Occult Students.

A list of nearly two hundred books and authors valuable to the student of occult teachings, which should be read and studied by all aspiring candidates on the path of self unfoldment.

Occult Masonry

THE TRIANGLE ON THE MASON'S RING

(Continued from May Issue)

In the first issue of our magazine we started an article on the symbolism of the triangle, especially the flaming triangle as it is understood in the inner Masonic lodges and mystic centers of spiritual knowledge.

The three sides of the triangle represent of course the three outpourings of life and energy which are molding the threefold body of man. The triangle is composed of two substances and is shown in two ways. The upright triangle is white symbolizing the up-pointing spiritual tendencies of man, the turning God-ward of the three human expressions of thought, emotion and form; while the triangle with the point downward is symbolical of the three spiritual flames descending downward from the heavens to impregnate and vitalize man. These two with their points together form an hour-glass which is the ancient symbol of time well known to Masons.

There are two flames in the universe—the golden flame and the black flame. The golden fire belongs to heaven and the realms of truth and light, while the black flame belongs to oblivion the home of eternal darkness. The degenerate individual is symbolized by the black flame while the regenerated individual is typified by the golden up-pointing fire.

The Yod or Dot in the triangle represents God who is only known or cognized through the expression of the Triangle. He is the life within or behind the glass of manifestation and the unformed, unexpressed energy manifests through the three witnesses of air, fire and water-earth. God manifests only through His creations. When He wishes to send us a great truth needed for our development He expresses it through the triangle of spirit, mind and body. Spirituality is a child born of three parents: a clean body, a pure heart and a balanced mind. This child must be nurtured and cared for as any physical baby. From this guarding and care is born the soul which shines forth as a great aura of light and is symbolized by the glow which surrounds the Masonic triangle.

Of all the ancient and honored religious doctrines there are none as old as the worship of the Flame. From the most ancient of times down to our modern days the Great Unknown, the spiritual power of the universe, has been loved, protected and revered by mankind and called the Eternal Flame. The ancients used as a symbol of this Flame the upright triangle—which preceeds the G. as the sacred symbol of Masonry. In Greek, God is Deus and the first letter, D., is made in the form of an upright triangle. This upright triangle signifies the awakening of God within man as a wonderful threefold flame which divides itself through the nourishing of the three bodies. It is the thirty-third degree symbol of the Masonic Order which, surrounded with its glowing flame, stands for the God-consciousness in man.

The flaming triangle is made of three absolutely equal angles and symbolizes the divine balance in the threefold constitution. The balancing of his three bodies and their uniting to express a single central power is the basis of the thirty-third degree of Freemasonry and is the end to which all Masons aspire.

The salt, sulphur and mercury of the ancients is a divine allegory used to conceal the secret of the philosopher's stone which is nothing more or less than the union of spirit, mind and body—the endless symbol of the human ultimate. The realization of this great truth is the beginning of true wisdom.

Thirty-third degree Masons are evolved not ordained and their ordination in the spiritual things is the result of having lived the mystic truths of the Masonic life. Without this no true spirituality is possible. When the God in man, the flaming center of the triangle, is capable of expressing itself through three perfect instruments, built by man and dedicated by the lower upon the altar of the divine, then can God find the perfect expression and the Mason himself becomes the flaming triangle surrounded by the glowing garments of his living soul.

The triangle is truly a wonderful symbol and as the Mason carries it upon the ring he wears let him realize that its eternal plea is for the balancing of the threefold constitution united in the expression of a single divinity. (The End)

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000001 OCTOBER, 1923 No. 1000000000005

SCANDAL UNVEILED IN HEAVEN'S "400"

War On Children Waged

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT NOTICE

The Pearly Gates Drys had a convention here last week at the Skydome Auditorium. Mr. Ryan spoke announcing the fact that a large percent of the crime wave in heaven is due to the demoralizing effect of saloons where nectar and ambrosia is served, often to minor angels. A petition has been sent to the Pearly Gates City Council to enforce a prohibition measure, making it illegal to serve ambrosia which is over two per cent. The Drys believe this will be of great assistance in combatting the ever increasing evil of drunkenness among the people.

NEW PICTURE GREAT SUCCESS

The Pearly Gates Motion Picture Syndicate has just finished work on a new five-reel earthquake picture. The original scenario is by Algernon Wheeze a man of many words and some of the scenes were supposed to be laid in Hell. But as Purgatory was closed for three days while the Devil was at the Sulphur Spring the photographers and cameramen with a small staff of specially picked actors went to the planet Earth where they found all the realism and location they were prevented from securing in Hell. His Satanic Majesty was invited to the pre-view at the studios last week. He threw up his hands in despair and threatened to abdicate feeling that he had failed to live up to his reputation as chief devil. Announcements have been made that Hell will probably be moved to Earth where conditions seem more appropriate. The picture is entitled "Ten Days in Pandemonium or Life on Earth" and is of an educational nature, starring Ananias in the role of a Wall Street broker. Further announcements later.

SCANDAL IN UPPER SET

Nehemiah is involved in a bigamy charge which has rocked heaven's Five Hundred to the very core. Mrs. Nehemiah No. One and his five children are receiving the consolation of a large number of friends since it was found that the prophet was keeping two households. Mrs. Nehemiah No. Two claims to be ignorant of the fact that the prophet was previously married. The case will be taken before the grand jury when it convenes next spring early in Pisces. Nehemiah is very miserable according to last reports.

RIOT AT CURB MARKET

Feathers flew at the Pearly Gates Stock Exchange yesterday morning when Negative Magnetic took a slump. Several well known Wall Street magnates got out just before the slump. A riot followed in which several angels were badly injured. Several small constellations were completely wiped out by the slump. War bonds were the only things that remained up to par. Sulphur also stayed fair.

KING SOLOMON OPENS PENNY DANCE

Dancing has become quite a rage in heaven this spring among the younger angels and King Solomon has opened a municipal dance hall with a syncopated Jazz Band. Several new dances are very popular here but the Wingy-wabble and the Feather-flutter are undoubtedly the most popular. Barney-Google and Chicago are the song hits this season in heaven and may be heard by anyone passing the dance hall in the evenings. Prof. Snick gives dancing lessons every afternoon while Saturday afternoon is turned over to the children.

So many complaints have come to the Pearly Gates Childs Welfare Association that it has become necessary for a law to be passed prohibiting children from coming to heaven. Three small boys woke the Seven Sleepers last night, have tied tin cans to the tail of Canus Major, broken three windows in the sedan of Mr. Neptune, woke the Lord in the middle of the night siccing two cats together and landlords announce that every apartment house in heaven is closing its doors to children owing to the fact that not one moment's peace can be had by tenants while there are children in the place. This condition is becoming very serious, a board meeting yesterday afternoon which met to discuss municipal typhoon arrangements was forced to disband because of three children, one with an old automobile horn, another with a washboiler and a third with a tin whistle who chased around the building about four hundred times. One angel went into distractions and pulled all of the feathers out of his wings whereupon two others had to assist him home. The cause of the condition seems to be that these wild children, most of whom come from earth, have not been properly raised but are neglected and allowed to run loose consequently they become a nuisance to heaven, earth and hell. The patriarch Jeremiah called on a mother yesterday to ask damages for his tall silk hat which a young hopeful had knocked off of his head and stepped on. The mother became very indignant against the patriarch, claiming that she had a perfect child. Jeremiah is suing her for a hat.

SUBWAY LINE OPENED

A subway between Pearly Gates and Hell has just been opened making direct transportation between these two points possible. In the past it was necessary to use the shortline via Earth but this new improvement simplifies matters decidedly.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

SECOND EDITION

(First Edition exhausted in one week)

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

This is the latest work of this author and approaches the problem of spiritual enfoldment and growth in a manner both new and unusual.

The book contains six allegorical stories dealing with the spiritual development and initiation of mystical characters EACH ONE OF WHICH CAN BE PLACED IN THE LIFE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE WISDOM TEACHINGS. THE READER IS THE HERO OF EACH OF THE MYTHS, and concealed under the fables are many of the very deepest principles of occultism.

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.
This deals with the regeneration of matter and the transmutation of bodies.

The Master of the Blue Cape.
In this chapter the mystic meaning of the elixer of life and the philosophers' stone is given to the reader. Also the inner meaning of Alchemy.

The Face of The Christ.
The mystery of the last supper and the great problem of the second coming of the Christ is taken up from the occult standpoint, and presented in an understandable way.

The Guardian of the Light.
The duties and labors of one who seeks to be given charge of the Divine Wisdom are set forth in this chapter. Also the price of the Mystic Truth.

The One Who Turned Back.
This is the allegory of one who reached the gate of Liberation and renounced freedom to return again into the world. A study in Mystic Initiation.

The Glory of the Lord.
What happens to those who seek to enter the presence of the Lord without purifying themselves according to His laws? Read what happened to one, in the Tabernacle of the Jews.

The book is well printed on good paper and bound in boards stamped in blue. It contains sixty-four pages closely written.

This work like all of these publications is presented to the public without fixed price, leaving it to your own higher sentiments to show you your part in the work we are carrying.

The edition of this book is limited, so if you are interested send at once enclosing the contribution that you wish to make, not to pay just for the book but to help the work along, and you will receive your copy in the return mail.

Address all orders to Manly P. Hall, P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Cal.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publication.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One
Questions and Answers, Part Two
Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic symbols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

Wands and Serpents

The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

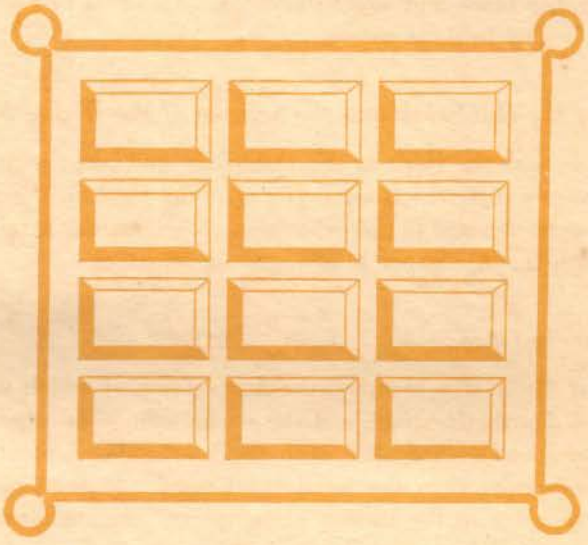
An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

NOVEMBER, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

Books by Manly P. Hall

The Initiates of the Flame.

A book dealing with the seven great branches of occult philosophy as they have been perpetuated through the Fire Schools of the ancients. Of interest to occultists, Masons and students of comparative religion. It contains about 100 pages bound in full cloth, stamped in gold. Profusely illustrated.

The Lost Keys of Masonry.

An occult analysis of the three degrees of the Blue Lodge as they have been preserved since the time of ancient Egypt. Preface by Reynold E. Blight, lately of exalted position in the 33rd degree of Masonic Lodge. Illustrated with a four-color plate of the Masonic degrees on the human body and other black and white drawings. About 80 pages, printed in two colors, solid board binding, stamped in three colors.

The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah and the Science of the Divine Names.

A text book dealing with the spirit of the Qabbalah and the great natural laws upon which it is based. Entirely different from anything of its kind on the market at the present time. It contains a chapter devoted to the exposition of ceremonial magic and the secret allegories concealed beneath it. Art paper binding, about 50 pages.

The Ways of the Lonely Ones.

This is the last of Mr. Hall's writings, the first edition of which was entirely exhausted in about three hours of distributing time, and the second edition is being rapidly exhausted.

This is a purely mystical work dealing with the heart side of occult philosophy and appealing to the intuitive rather than the intellectual mind. It contains a number of occult allegories expressing the spirit of the ancient philosophies. It contains 64 closely written pages and is nicely bound in boards and stamped in blue.

None of these books are for sale but may be secured directly from the author upon receipt of voluntary contribution. These publications are expensive and the ability to continue their distribution depends upon the cooperation of those desiring them. They are not sold.

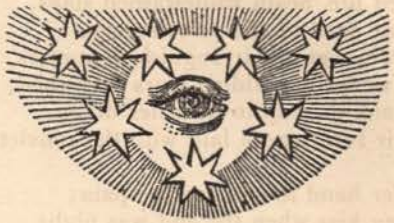
Address all orders to MANLY P. HALL

P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 1



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that
students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and
edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for
circulation among his students and those
interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

Cranks and Crankisms as Factors in Indigestion 3

Courage vs. Timidity 7

Abstractions 8

OCCULT FICTION

Brothers of the Shining Robe (Cont'd) Chap 5, The Blow in the Dark 10

ORIENTAL STORIES

The Temple of Sin 15

The Emerald Tablet 20

POEM 2

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Message of the Great Initiates 13

Letter from Nicholas Calpeper to the Astrological Physicians of England 25

Synthetic Sympathy 28

The Seven Natural Laws 31

Description of Last Month's Plate 18

Notice to Subscribers 18

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT 19

ASTROLOGY

The Keywords of Virgo 26

PEARLY GATES GAZETTE 32

The Prison Graveyard

Here on the crest of this lonely hill
Where the tangled grasses and wild weeds creep,
In serried file 'neath whitewashed slabs,
The silent dead of the prison sleep.
All in vain were their anguished prayers,
In vain were the scalding tears they shed;
They drank the cup to its bitter dregs,
And their forms were laid with the convict dead.

No tender hand to assuage the pain;
No loving kiss when the end was nigh;
No saddened voice in a last farewell;
And with dirth of these it was hard to die.
No marbled tomb nor sculptured urn
To tell what battles through life they fought,
Just a number less on the prison roll,
A soul effaced from the realms of thought.

And where was the profit, whose the gain
When these wrecks were shattered on the reef?
Ye "holier than thou" with pious mien—
Do these desolate graves bring you sweet relief?
Know ye not that perchance some future day
A boyish hand from thine own may slip,
Never to nestle in thy palm again,
Whose feet to a grave like this may trip?

Were these erring lives all lived in vain,
Whose only goal was a grave of shame?
Were they destined thus by Fate's decree?
Then whose the fault, and where the blame?
Drifting about like derelicts,
With rudder broken and mainmast gone,
Flying a signal of dire distress—
Fighting the tide that was driving them on.

Theirs were souls in the making yet,
With the deeper lessons of life unlearned;
The chords of their hearts were still untouched,
The passions of youth in their breasts still burned.
They gave no thought to the Universe,
They heard no hint of God's great plan—
By most its thought all their hard lives taught
Was Man's Inhumanity to Man.

May these desolate graves on this lonely hill
Serve as mile-posts along the way,
Revealing the needs of our fellowmen,
Guiding us on to that future day
When the Children of Earth, standing hand in hand,
Shall drink at the Fountain of Truth, and see
The Glorious Dawn so long foretold—
The Brotherhood of Humanity.

EDITORIALS

Cranks and Crankisms as Factors in Indigestion

THERE is that divine state of being into which it is possible for individuals to adjust themselves which humanity knows as harmony and equilibrium. This is the ultimate to which all creatures are striving, for balance is the keynote to power and success. But how seldom we find it in our world of affairs!

The human race is mostly made up of extremists and there is no doubt but that the extremes of all problems are well symbolized as the two thieves between whom the Master was crucified. The world is filled with people who live on tangents and die on angles and whenever a great truth is discovered it always gathers around it those who do it more harm than good. They are usually people who have been atheists all their lives but are converted at the eleventh hour and there are none as hopelessly bigoted in their religious viewpoints as those whose conversion is recent. They are the ones who warn you that unless you go to church regularly you will sizzle eternally in the postmortem state and many a man has been damned heartily and eternally because he would not agree with someone else who has only been "saved" about two weeks. These problems are ever with us and now dietetics is forming a neutral point around and over which tremendous battles are being waged.

The problem before the house is: Resolved that eating is a dangerous, barbaric, unscientific form of nourishment and should be eliminated or, if still with us, all gastronomic influxes should be according to science.

There is no doubt in the world that dietetics molds to a great degree the consciousness of individuals, for man is in truth what he eats, but there are other considerations which must be taken up and examined in the study of this extremely problem. Each individual is building qualities and traits different from all other people and these qualities require certain elements which differ with the growth of each person. There is an undisputed fact confronting modern science and that is—the average member of the human race is making a garbage pail, if not worse, out of his stomach by placing in it combinations which would blow him to atoms if gathered in a chemical retort. In many cases not only does the food we eat place us in mortal peril but it also endangers the unfoldment of our immortal spirit. The combinations of food which the rank and file of people incorporate into their organisms in the name of a meal not only lack all constructive elements but are often of such a decidedly dangerous nature as to result in spontaneous combustion upon the slightest provocation.

Education is needed in dietetics as in all physical and super-physical sciences but the value of the science depends upon the balance, common sense and efficiency of the instructor. The average dietetic specialist whose life is narrowed to proteins and carbons is not in a position to make an intelligent analysis of either food qualities or the needs of his patient. The ancient philosophers were right when they said a man who knows only one thing knows nothing. There is a great deal of difference between a food expert and a crank who claims to be and they can only be differentiated when we follow to some degree the dictates of common sense.

There is no doubt that a large percentage of our population is suffering from stomach trouble and while much of it is the result of improper diet, not a few cases are due to the frenzied notions of specialists along these lines. There are many of these mental, physical and spiritual musicians who are playing on one string and trying to produce heavenly harmony when the only sound that issues forth is a rather hashified discord in which the food specialist finally becomes so wound up in his dictetic outbursts that neither God, man nor dynamite can disentangle him.

The truly great dietetic expert knows that there is no magic formula that will bring the world health, he knows that each individual is a problem in himself, and that the food qualities which will kill one man will save another. The true scientist is a specialist in the analysis of human individuality, the true food expert realizes that the diet for each individual must be different and that no set series of personally evolved laws will ever answer the problem of indigestion.

Stomach trouble has two causes. First, ignorance; second, indolence. These two are behind practically every human infirmity. Under the general heading of indolence are those people for whom it is too great an exertion to chew and properly masticate food or who are too lazy to exercise sufficiently to create an appetite or dispose of a dinner. The second class, the ignorant group, lists in its ranks those who do not know what nor how to eat and includes no small percentage of our so-called food experts who generally have about as many pains as their patients do.

There is no greater cause in all the world for sour stomach than a certain fraternity which is springing up among occultists and dieticians. Their slogan is: "Thou shalt not!" They are forever with us. Every time we lift a fork, gracefully balancing a lucious baked bean, a voice like the Dying Gaul whispers in our ear: "Thou shalt not or thou shalt die! Beware, brother, there is protein in that bean!" What greater cause for stomach discomfiture is there than to see these gloomy ones sitting round us at the festive board munching hour after hour and predigesting in mathematical sequence the corner of a lettuce leaf or a handful of cold slaw? Or to hear that melancholy cadence which rises as would-be Methuselahs chew graham crackers, whole bran biscuits or imported zweibach—making us feel that our neighbor is gnawing on granite headstones in some outlying cemetery? There is nothing so apt to bring on indigestion as to find beside us at a pleasing meal that spirit of negation who whispers that the pickled cauliflower we love so well will bring on fluttering of the liver or involve some nameless nerve in a compromising situation. We hate to be wound up in some mental hazard or to be bound down by the strings of the beans we eat and then have some individual—the living incarnation of failure, dyspepsia and liver trouble—tell us in a voice rising from the depths of his goulashes of the damning effect of orange ice if eaten a la shrimp.

The true food expert will never make himself obnoxious for he realizes that when he does so he loses all opportunity to be useful either to himself or his brother man. There is nothing that nauseates an individual more, irritates his gastric nerve so close to the breaking point, or sprinkles grit in his liver-pins more quickly than one of those who in the name of health bring sickness with their very presence. And many of our foremost faddists are more dangerous to general health than mushrooms which turn the aluminum green when you cook them.

There is no class of people in the world so dangerous as fanatics and soapbox orators. As long as they will confine their faddisms to themselves all goes well for this a free country, but they do not seem to be happy unless they are innoculating the entire neighborhood with their concepts. There is no doubt that carbon, proteins, vitamines, starches, carbohydrates, etcetera, not to mention carbolic acid, strichnine, turpentine and home brew will cause trouble if taken in too large quantities. We will not dispute the fact that sour kraut and French pastry have an antipathy based upon racial characteristics; lobsters with whipped cream may also produce irritations and convulsions to the inner man. These gathered together may embarrass us, said embarrassments taking the form of rheumatism, diabetes, uric acid poisoning, toothache, dandruff, glanders, falling arches, rupe and blind staggers; but for some utterly unknown reason the average individual gets sicker when you tell him this than when he eats the food.

Few like to be reminded of such contingencies—especially at meal time. The occultist must realize that the doctrine he is preaching is of tolerance and where dietetics does not receive a ready welcome then has come the moment for the dietetic expert to gracefully retire. When he ceases to be tolerant of the desires of others, makes himself

obnoxious with his personally evolved ideas and runs his fads into the ground he loses all his opportunity to be of use, takes all the joy out of life and so prejudices people against dietetics that those who do have common sense and really do know can accomplish but little.

Moderation is the keynote to all things and politeness and consideration for the feelings of others form a very important phase of philosophy. Those who lose sight of the requirements of social etiquette and who go to another man's house, pick the meals to pieces and ruin the appetites of all members of the family, (at the same time eating the condemned vitals heartily and with relish)—such a person has small chance of being listed with the immortal benefactors of humanity. Ranters, roarers and rearers will never gain any great amount of success; neither will those who try to force their opinions upon the world without giving the other person the privilege of declining them. Each has the right to do what he wants. If he exercises too much freedom and becomes too spontaneous in his outbursts of unleashed exurberance he will be quietly reminded of it—in civil matters by the judge, in gastric matters by his stomach and in religious matters by a visit from the parson.

The great trouble at the present time seems to be that there are too many people taking an interest in other people's affairs and after half a dozen near-occultists have expressed their opinions on our needs we know a great deal less than before they started. We tear our hair—perhaps the last one—from our head with a cry of dismay and they put new furniture in our padded cells. After we have tried to follow a complete gamut of occult advice our beloved ones gather round, shake their heads and whisper, "He may get over it but he'll never be the same."

Now it just so happens that we have a friend who has been suffering for many years from acute pandemonium of the pancreas and palpitation of the pneumo-gastric nerve (which information cost him ten dollars to discover). The name of our poor, suffering fellow countryman is Ebenezer J. Wheeze. For some time he has been trying to get the inside information on this deep inside inflamation and has applied to several scintillating exponents of dietetic science.

He has a friend who talks in his sleep, wears his hat on one ear, and only shaves occasionally who is an eminent authority on the food subject. He suggested that Ebenezer live on alfalfa and goat curds for about three months after which he was to discard the curds and take up predigested prunes and unsalted pretzels. Not feeling capable of making the experiment himself Uncle Ebenezer tried it on the cat who went into convulsions and has had a bleared look ever since. From that day to this Tabby's tail swells up every time the word "dietetics" is mentioned and can only be found under the back stoop when there are any food experts around.

From him Mr. Wheeze went to another eminent authority on the subject of what to eat and how to eat it. Mr. Slump is a small man about five foot two, weighs ninety pounds, has spinal curvature and false teeth but otherwise is a perfect picture of health. Mr. Slump analyzed it as "over-proteins" and told Ebenezer that raw cabbage and bran crackers had made him what he is today and would do the same for Ebenezer. Eb was not entirely satisfied with the example of the finished product but decided to try it and in correlation with wild onion honey and some new fangled spring water which tasted like burnt sulphur he went into a state of agony lasting several weeks.

One day a perfect stranger came up to Ebenezer on the street and after measuring him from head to foot with a small tape measure handed him a card bearing the name of a well known undertaking concern with a list of several beautiful plots just his size in a nearby cemetary. The same mysterious stranger also mentioned casually that silver handles were being done this year. This decided Ebenezer that the results of his labors were not harmonious with his continued manifestation on this plane of nature so he desisted from his diet and applied to another "expert."

Prof. Theodore Sneezix is now deceased having died of convulsions a few weeks ago as the result of having eaten meat. (He found a red ant in his raw spinach.) His

suggestion was a ten day fast with a half a glass of orange juice every other day. Ebenezer tried this also but couldn't get the orange juice the last two days—not being able to walk. Henceforward he had a dark brown taste, a rather ashen feeling and a dusty look. In other words Ebenezer was slowly returning to Mother Matter. At the end of the fifth month the insurance company raised his rate as the worst risk in the office and his great grand uncle who wanted his old clothes suggested that he make his will. After this experiment it took him about eighth months to build up.

Life had become just one food expert after another with Uncle Ebenezer and he honestly tried to follow all their advice. He sharpened his fangs on caraway seed, sliced belladonna plasters and flaxseed gruel. One month he hung a piece of cuttlefish bone in the middle of the room and chewed on that. He gnawed on unbaked pie crust, chewed hickory bark, ate raw beets, decked himself out in parsley, tried a strange and mysterious concoction at the half-baked bakery, used grated raw potatoes, ate garlic and limburger and as a last resort tried chewing navy beans, split peas and unsalted lickerish bars. And day by day in every way he grew weaker and weaker. He tried one meal a day and then increased them to five a day; he lay down before eating and again after eating; exercised while eating by having his dinner placed on a shelf and snapping at it; tried funnels and sponges, straws and rubber tubing; chewed each mouthful ten times, then twenty times and then tried swallowing it whole—until finally he had experimented with every known method of torture conceivable to the human brain.

At the end of one full year he had galloping jim-jams and a general innocous vissisuitude which threatened to be fatal. Several leading doctors gathered and opened a symposium on the strength of his pocketbook, announcing as the result of a deeply heated discussion that Ebenezer was infected with creeping heaves and chronic staggers!

He had been miserable beyond expression, sick unto the breaking point, had developed crows feet, a mean disposition, three bunions and broken up three homes. As he staggered down the street, tottering beneath the weight of grey hairs to an untimely grave, supported by a crutch and a few of his relatives, an old friend came up and slapped him on the back, nearly jarring lose his upper plate and disconnecting his sparkplug, saying:

"Old man, you look down and out. Have you been watching your diet?"

Whereupon Ebenezer gave a low gurgle, draped himself upon his friend's arms and sinking upon the sidewalk stretched out his toes while the crowds gathered announcing it apoplexy. When he awoke several days later he was staring into the face of an eminent food scientist who was feeding him barley gruel through an eye dropper! The relapse was nearly fatal.

At last, a shattered and broken wreck, he wandered alone in a heartless world, no longer able to eat a square meal because the corners scraped against some tender bit of his insides. About this time Eb found the seventh daughter of a seventh son, address unknown, age 103, who gave him the secret of longevity. She advised less worry, moderation in all things and common sense. Hope returned, for it springs eternal in the human heart!

After applying this simple recipe for a short time Ebenezer found that it worked like a charm. He excluded things which he knew were not good for him, ate moderately of a well balanced diet, enjoyed everything he ate and ate nearly everything he enjoyed but all in moderation and with care. He soon found the qualifications of youth returning, his fallen arches raised and a rubber heel temperament returned. He could do a hundred yards in nothing flat, won the old man's hurdle race, did eighteen holes of golf, chopped five cords of wood before dinner and could pick up the average dietician under one arm with his following under the other. His false teeth took root and he chewed the corner off of Webster's Unabridged.

This is the little story. Pure food and the highest of ideals plus well balanced cooking and moderate eating bring with them health. Our hearts are very strongly with those who are fighting so bravely to prevent the murder of innocent animals for food and furs—not

just because the meat makes them sick but because of a higher regard for our younger brothers in the lower kingdom. We are heart and soul with all who are seeking to help man have better bodies and better minds, and there are none who have a greater opportunity to help than those who labor with the mystery of the food which man eats. But let all be masters of their sciences rather than becoming slaves to them. Help people where they are to see things better but never become a crank or faddist—for to do otherwise will only list you with the causes of the very troubles you are seeking to remove.

Courage vs. Timidity

IT must be true that even the bravest occasionally have those qualms of timidity which show out so strangely from the dun colored atmosphere of everyday life. We want to present to you a few examples of human idiosyncrasie and let you judge for yourselves the cause and cure of these conditions.

Only a few days ago we watched a perfectly contented workman, a member of the riveters union, eating his lunch half way out on the end of a suspended girder about two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. He was joking and talking to his pal who was sitting in the noose of a rope about the same height above the street, swinging back and forth with a ham sandwich in one hand and a bottle of near beer in the other. They were the perfect picture of contentment in spite of the mere nothingness that stretched out beneath them. They showed no signs of either nervousness or worry—to them these excitements were part of the routine of life and passed practically unnoticed.

But Pat has his weak point. He must get home every night by five p. m. as he is in mortal terror of the wrath of Mrs. Murphy, his better half, who holds more horror for him than sixteen stories of rarified ether. And his companion with the sandwich is paying Dr. Soakem three-quarters of his salary because he has a strange pain inside which is frightening him to death. He worries over it day and night but thinks nothing of swinging at the end of said rope by one hand like some genial anthropoid.

In the course of our wanderings we also come across Captain Gustave Gasp, a well known aviator, who does all the latest fancy areonautics. He is strapped into his machine that he may do tail-spins and nose-dives and turn nineteen somersaults on a dime. Captain Gasp fully realizes that a broken wire or the slightest derangement of the mechanism of his machine would hurl him to an untimely end but still he plays with the ether bubbles in divine unconcern. But then Captain Gasp is scared to death of a certain little wart on the end of his nose and every time anyone glances at him his face bursts into vari-colored blushes which stream out as halos of mortification from behind that tiny wart. He is so bashful that he doesn't even dare to look anyone in the face because he knows they are making fun of his nose.

In the same class we find Reginald Gluefoot the human fly who plays pool with the brass ball on top of the town flagpole; also Jimmy Shine, our well known window washer who unhestitatingly clings to the window sill of the insteenth story of the Blazen Fire Insurance Company, whistling "My Country 'Tis of Thee," while thousands of people down below open their mouths in amazement just in time to have them filled with suds.

Now Reginald Gluefoot is a man of affairs. He has held on by one finger and chinned window sills with his thumb nail a thousand times but he will go around the very picture of misery if his necktie happens to be a little crooked. He has matrimonial difficulties and being a man of prominence rushes in terror to the newspaper offices at regular intervals praying that they will not air his domestic problems. He is more afraid of the newspaper than of twenty-nine stories of abstracted vacuum; he is frightened to death of public opinion and every time any one even whispers his name he breaks out in a cold sweat.

With Jimmy Shine it is different. He is afraid of neither space nor time and would as soon hang on to a comet's tail as walk down Broadway. But Jimmy will not work on Friday the 13th, is scared to death of black cats, and all the money in ten kingdoms couldn't make Jimmy walk under a ladder or go against the dictates of his ruling planet.

About this time Rebecca McFag goes over Niagra Falls in an eggshell, following this with a dive from the fifteenth story of the City Hall into a fire net. While she was receiving the applause someone told her that she had a hole in her stocking whereupon she fainted from stark horror.

Joseph Teasem is a man who was loosened into a brass cage with sixteen ferocious lions and glorifed in the experience. This same individual however is very bashful and when he was loosened among some doting admirers of the fair sex his terror was so great that he went into convulsions and died, his last words being, "If they had only allowed me to fight ten man-eating sharks instead of bringing me in to this social swim, I'd have been all right."

Sylvester Slide, the world's famous skii jumper, jumped two hundred and eighteen feet and landed on a track four feet wide where a single slip meant death. He does this three times a week for the consideration of ten dollars per each. But if anyone suggested that he go out without shaving, he wouldn't dare to stick his nose between the portals.

Now, friends, we will ask you once more why an individual who is willing to swing from the end of a rope ladder by his toes is afraid to contradict the parson? How come's it that an individual who is perfectly willing to take a parachute jump into the Atlantic is afraid to grow whiskers when his wife says no? We repeat, why is it?

Abstractions

ONE of the greatest curses that confronts the student of occult philosophy is his inability to get any real information. He is flooded with concepts and abstractions but not one of them is capable of solving the practical problem. There is no greater abstraction on the face of the earth than the word "Truth" which covers every doctrine and misquotation known to man. We are told that Truth is the answer to the problem but we are not told what Truth is. Those who claim to have it, demonstrate only an abstract condition which cannot possibly be true because it does not answer any problem, solve any difficulty nor educate the human mind in any practical way.

Such words as "truth," "love," "God," "law," "light" and "realization" are all of them absolutely abstract. We do not know whether the light referred to is gas, electric or spiritual; and if spiritual we have no idea of its dimensions, power, use, or means or perpetuation. Our so-called students of new thought pepper their entire phraseology with these abstractions which mean absolutely nothing to average heathens like us, but are used like Latin phrases by the professional people—to conceal the sum of human ignorance.

So we humbly request that these words only be used in connection with concrete, descriptive adjectives and that the process be explained along with the nouns in question.

There is no greater abstraction in the world than to say: "Believe in God." I have never met anyone who has the slightest idea of what God is and not one in a million knows the mental alchemy which must be passed through in order to hatch a belief. The average individual does not know how to believe anything. The statement "be good" is first cousin to the above, but have two individuals ever come to a mutual understanding as to what is right and wrong? Good and bad are

relative terms and have no earthly bearing upon the path of attainment.

Next door to these two is the emphasis of the "I Am" which we find so often—such statements as "I am God." These phrases and paraphrases come forth with ease and fluency but the realization of either the "I Am" or "God" is impossible for the two-by-four minded person who rolls these bits of language so unctuously under its tongue. It sounds good but it "don't mean nothing."

Man can only understand in a hazy way even the first principles of religion and to do so the most careful primer is necessary, one which garbs every ideal in the most simple language in order that any sort of an understanding may be attained.

We know people who have "realizations," who are "living in the light" and who are "saved," and when they say these things they say everything for they couldn't explain the process to save their neck. They have accepted some mental aphorism or tied themselves to a parrot-like concept and use it as the basis of their salvation. We are sorry for them but they do not seem to be very sorry for themselves, so we can do no more. We humbly suggest that each individual analyse his belief and find out whether or not he has any foundation other than a concept for his phase of religion. When he says, "I know the law" we expect an individual with a Darwinian intellect and a Spencerian brogue, a disciple of Platonic reason and a master of a priori and a posteriori reasoning to whom the mysteries of the universe are an open book and who can tell just how many granules there are in a ham sandwich, etc. Instead of this he is some perfectly ignorant individual who doesn't even know that Spencer is sick or whether he passed out some years ago. He comes up to us in sublime and colossal ignorance and tells us that he knows the law and is saved, when he has never even been formally introduced to common sense. He tells us that he is the "victim" of a revelation and we listen expectantly for a continuation of John's divine discourse on Patmas—but nothing follows the first statement. He merely informs us that he has found the "real." Having found it, is he unable to even tell where it is?

A party came up to us a short time ago to tell us that she was "in Truth." We immediately visualized the molten sea, fed by the outpourings of living water, streaming from the souls of Zoroaster, Buddha, Krishna and Confucius. Having three or four questions we have never been able to answer, we immediately were filled with a great hope that the individual who had just arrived in Truth might be able to illuminate us on some dark corners and tear the veil from our mortal vision. We started in with an easy one, being desirous of knowing just how long the Paleozoic period lasted. We received nothing but a blank look with a hole in the center so feeling that we may have misjudged the "ray" we presented our second difficulty, namely, why has the Chinese dragon five toes? The individual addressed took on an injured expression this time, and we politely refrained from further questioning for fear that we were offending her delicate nerves. But when this person asked us with all seriousness whether the earth revolved around the moon or nay we began to doubt the source of their illumination and began to seek the basis of the declaration that they had discovered "Truth." We found as usual that they only thought they had—they had paid sufficient for it to buy a house and lot. It was an aphorism dealing in a hazy way upon the relationship between Truth and Is-ness and so of course this put them in the "light"—but their children still continue to have whooping cough every winter and they still spend half their time under the influence of aspirin.

It is a sad thing that we should have so much ilumination and no light, so much knowledge and no wisdom, so much thought and no philosophy, so much logic and no reason. But we suppose it is the result of the rapid growth of minds and the tremendous influx of illumination. It must probably be that the mind is growing so rapidly that it is devouring all the brain cells. We cannot help agreeing with the ancient philosopher who said, "Oh, man! the mirror of vanity! he reflects the glory of the universe but inhales only the empty ethers."

ing of the work, of the labor of other Chelas in the world—and arrangements were made for the cooperation of future work.

"There is one in London now," said the Master, "whom you should know, one who passed into the Temple of Caves fifty years before you did and was the only one before you came who had entered it in three centuries. She took her initiation in the Western hemisphere but was taken by the Master out of her physical body, which remained in a state of coma for fourteen days, and carried over the top of the Himalaya mountains to Sangazi where she was privileged to receive the benediction of the Lord Maitraya. I have made the arrangements which are necessary for this meeting." The Master took from the breast of his robe a slip of paper upon which were traced a number of figures.

"You know this alphabet and this writing," he said handing it to me. "It is the secret cipher of the Adepts. This tells you where to go and you are to meet me there at eight o'clock this evening. Three of the other Masters will be there and together we will outline a program for the reconstruction of our beloved world—heavy beneath the weight of its self-created woes."

The Master rose and walking towards the wall on the opposite side of the room slowly passed through it and out of sight. I sat for several seconds wrapt in thought. The great moment of my life had come—I was to be taken into the circle of Adepts who were the Chelas of the Masters of Wisdom and was to join forces in a conscious way with the molders of human destiny. A great thrill of fear came over my being—how could I enter their august presence? And then another thought came—the sweet simplicity of my Master had always won my admiration and I felt that the others too would be like him and was reassured.

The moments passed slowly until about seven-thirty and then dressing myself with the greatest care in order to make the best appearance possible, (with a certain element of human vanity that still remained), I called a cab and giving the driver a number, some few doors from the house where I intended to go, I sat back in the darkness of the car while we wound our way in and out through the evening traffic. Here and there a light shone out from some cafe or club, where England's upper set gathered, but soon the customary fog was upon us through which the lamps shone like haloed stars. I saw the great lions of Trafalgar go by and old Regent Circle and slowly we threaded our way out into the residential section where graystone fronts and narrow streets spoke of the London of centuries gone by. At last the cab stopped and the driver, in his heavy coat and overcape, opened the door and allowed me to descend under the gleam of a street lamp.

"This is 'im," the cabby remarked, nudging at empty space with his thumb. I tossed him a coin and, followed by many polite bows, headed along the street, my eyes turned for the numbers on the houses. At last I reached the one shown on the address and looked up at a dingy old front of the early Victorian middle class which loomed down blankly upon me. The windows were small and checkered-paned, many of them broken, and the whole house seemed shaded with dissolution and death.

I looked around carefully and then slowly ascended the steps which led up to the door some dozen feet above the street. I was on about the fourth step when a peculiar sensation struck me—I felt someone behind me. It was not the presence of my Master but a cruel, cold, slimy presence that brought terror to my soul. I tried to turn. As I did so a blow struck me directly under the heart. Staggering, and my knees bending up under me, I swayed upon the step. As I did so I had a fleeting glimpse of the figure who stood behind me, one dimly outlined in the mist of the London fog. It was a tall heavily built form, draped in black robes, from whose hands were streaming two red flamed bolts which seemed pounding at my heart. The figure vanished in the ethers and at the same time something welled up into my mouth—looking down I saw the steps at my feet spattered with blood. Then everything grew black and the last I remember was pitching forward and downward into the fog which seemed to rise like clouds of blackness around me. A thud—which did not seem to hurt me—and a choking—many lights dancing before my eyes—a confused

sound as of voices and then utter blackness.

When my eyes opened I found four figures gathered around me. I could not see very clearly but they seemed to be three men and one woman. One of the men I recognized as the white-robed Master. A soft musical voice spoke:

"He is coming to."

Another voice said, "Yes, but it was a very close call."

"Who struck him?" asked the musical voice again.

"It is the work of the Black School in London, I believe," answered my Teacher. "Brother H. has become too prominent a figure lately to escape—but I never thought they would attack him here."

Suddenly the four figures broke their group and standing in a row became silent. At the same instant another figure joined them, his body and the lower part of his face completely concealed by a black broadcloth evening cape with high turned collar. As I watched him in my lying position I saw tiny golden flames flickering out from all parts of his body, which seemed rather small of bone and fine of texture. He spoke in a voice which sounded strangely different—as though his larynx were of gold.

"What is it?" Then he looked down at me and leaning over held out his hand. "Let me help you up," he suggested, and taking my hand in his he drew me to my feet with a strength I had not dreamed he possessed.

"Yes, it was a close shave. But come, brethern, the Spiritus Sanctus is ready and there is work to be done." Motioning me to follow him, he entered a door which suddenly appeared out of the blackness of space and into a room lighted by a glorious carved oil lamp. The doors slowly closed and he motioned each of us to a chair. Upon the table in front of us law a number of papers and documents, some of them sealed and others tied with many colored ribbons and cords. Then he in the long cape discarded his garment and I saw a pale faced man, slender and effeminate in form, with hair rather long and a slight drooping mustache. He kept stroking his chin as though a beard but there was none that any of us could see.

"Brethren," he said, taking one of the documents and breaking it open, "this is the appointed work which is to be done at this time and you four are appointed to do it." He turned to my Master. "You, as my brother, are to take charge of this work; these three your Chelas, will labor as you direct. I am returning to Mongolia to secure further instructions from K. When I have secured these instructions I will mail them to you with my signet. Accept nothing else."

My Master bowed his white turbaned head.

"It shall be so, brother, for you speak from M. C. which is sufficient."

"Lest there be doubt," answered the pale faced stranger. And, reaching into his vest pocket he took therefrom a small object which he concealed in the palm of his hand, he turned towards my teacher. A pale glow reflected itself from the face of the Master and he made a strange sign upon his forehead.

"It is sufficient," said my Master. "It is the seal of the Mahachohan."

The stranger resumed his cape and then taking the letters laying upon the table he turned them over to the Initiate of the Caves. Rising, he bowed to each in turn who stood at his departure. Only my Master remained seated.

"It is well, brethren," spoke the stranger, taking his hat in his hand. "I will be in London again in November when I shall look forward to the report of your labors. This is the year of the Great Benediction and is an important one for our work. May the grace of God rest upon you, and the power of His holy Name protect you." And, quickly drawing the folds of his cape around him, he vanished as though he had never been.

As soon as he was gone the Master spoke:

"He, my son, is one of the great brothers from whom we learn the will of Vaivaswati. The plans are laid, the work is at hand. Now I will explain to you your appointed parts." And, opening one of the documents, he spread out a many colored chart upon the table, drawn in bright colored pigments on a surface of gold beater skin.

"Behold, the plan."

(To be Continued.)

The Message of the Great Initiates

ALL down through the ages since the beginning of time great teachers, appointed by the spiritual hierarchies, have come to man to instruct him and reveal to him the next step in his endless path of self-unfoldment. Each of these great messengers have brought a distinct doctrine and when linked together their teachings form a golden chain of ideals which the human race must aspire to even though it may not be able to fully realize the end or the way.

For the benefit of the student of occult philosophy we list below twelve great spiritual teachers, many of them now regarded as allegorical rather than historical personages. However the deep student realizes that mythology is the truest history of the ancient people that we have and that only in folklore and legend do we find an authentic record of the great Light-bringers and their messages to man.

1. Hermes. This great Atlantean demigod, probably if not actually the greatest illuminator of mortal man, taught as the key of his philosophy—Analogy. The relationships existing between the inferior and the superior worlds was the basis of his doctrine and the knowledge of the simile was man's first revelation. Hermes is often called the first messenger of God because he is the oldest that we know and his law of analogical reasoning is the basis of every philosophy of modern times. The essence of his teaching was that God and man were made in the same mold and that all things in the lower world and the lesser sphere are made after the same pattern as the greater thing in the superior world. He taught that the realization of this was the fundamental principle of wisdom.

2. Orpheus, the Grecian demigod, taught man the law of Harmony and the great work of harmonizing the spiritual and material qualities within his own soul. The seven-stringed lyre of Orpheus represents the seven major rates of vibration known to consciousness at this time. Upon these rates of vibration, which are the basis of form, thought, growth and culture, his philosophy was based, his seven-tringed lyre representing the solar system and the seven centers in the human body and upon this he taught man to play the harmony of nature and the music of the spheres. This harmonization of the centers of consciousness was the redemption of the human soul (Eurydice).

3. Krishna, the great Indian Christ and the most beloved diety of Brahman theology, is said to have had Love as the keynote of his teaching. He taught man of the love of God for His creations, the love of the spirit within for its bodies, and the love existing always between the spiritual and the human. He taught man to live in peace with his neighbor and to recognize the fundamental duty of regard and respect for all other created things. Krishna, the Christ-child of India, is symbolical of the sun who is in love with Radha, the East Indian symbol of nature. The marriage of the sun to nature and the love of God for His outpourings was the center ground of his divine message to man. He taught immortality and the non-existence of death, that ignorance was the basis of oblivion and that those who love only the Light would never be in darkness.

4. Buddha, the world's most eminent reformer and regenerator of ideals, brought man kind the doctrine of Renunciation and Non-attachment as the basis of immortality. He told man to renounce the temporal for the eternal, the illusion for the reality, the lower for the higher, and the outer for the inner. He taught that attachment was the basis of sorrow and that freedom from attachment was the basis of peace. Upon his doctrines has been based the greatest religion upon the earth at the present time, a creed which has influenced the destiny of half the people of the earth.

5. Mohammed. The essence of the faith of Islam is the necessity for Obedience and man's perfect willingness to leave his destiny in the hands of the Immortal. Mohammed taught that the greatest glory was for him who obeyed the laws rather than for one who creates a law; that those who leave their destiny with the powers of the Divine and follow those laws in simplicity and trust, obeying

them to the letter, shall never want for the treasures of the eternal.

6. Moses taught the children of Isreal and the ancient world the omnipotence of Law; the justice without mercy of law, the impersonality of law and that those who would break law are themselves broken upon it. He delivered the tablets of the ten laws to the children of Isreal, teaching them that law is the voice of God and that those who keep His laws are the ones He blesses and preserves.

7. Zoroaster, the great founder of the faith of the Parsees and the Fire-king of Persia, taught the doctrine of Light and said that the sun and flame were the most precious things in the universe. He taught the building of that Fire within the soul of the individual; that the fire that burns in man is the eldest of all flames; that man is dependent upon fire and that this fire is the divine essence of God within himself. In other and simpler words, he taught the indwelling presence of the Divine.

8. Confucius, the great unapothesized saint of China, a god made so by the love of his people, taught that Morality was the greatest of all virtues and the most acceptable quality in the universe; that the salvation of man depended upon his relationships to his fellow creatures; that purity, chastity and fraternity were the greatest of all qualities and that religion in essence rested upon practical works rather than theoretical dogmas.

9. Plato. Plato's doctrines were based upon the principles of Logic and he taught his disciples the orderly creation, the logical creation and the reasonable in the universe. He taught a geometrical base of all growth and instructed his followers that the universe, God, man, and nature are mathematical units capable of exact analysis.

10. Odin. This great Initiate who illuminated Scandanavia and the Teutonic countries, had as the basis of his teaching the doctrine of Courage. He taught the necessity of stamina and daring; that those who aspired to reach the footstool of light must dare all things, must battle against all opposition; and that reward comes to the victor in the battle and not to the one who remains at home.

11. Hiram Abiff, the great Masonic idol and ideal, taught in his unspoken life the doctrine of human Regeneration. Hiram, representing the spiritual essences in the human body, redeems himself and is redeemed through the path of the Masonic mysteries. Only in transmutation lays the path of immortality, and every human quality must be transmuted into a divine and eternal thing.

12. Jesus. The one teacher who is best known to the Christian world, but whose doctrines are the least understood of any of the great world teachers, is the Master Jesus. The key to his philosophy is Brotherhood and his ideal was a new faith built out of the mutual understanding and common interests of all of the others. He sought to unite all wisdom into one simple creed and also sought to show man the one simple labor which all creation is trying to achieve, each in its different way. Only those who have found harmony and are living in a state of brotherhood with other living things will ever know the message of the Master Jesus for he synthesizes all the previous world religions—for those who have the eyes to recognize that fact.

These qualities, if you will analyze them closely, you will find are absolutely dependent one upon another. There has never been a complete revelation up to date but all the revelations of the past gathered together build a monumental temple which is the expression of all known wisdom. This is the temple whose door is open to the student of the Wisdom Religion when he has learned to forsake dogma and creed, worship God in spirit and in truth rather than in clan and group.

The message of the Wisdom Teachings to the modern world is, briefly, one of impartiality in which the student worships God in His many-fold expressions rather than his own crystallized concept of divinity which has so long been the basis of his faith. Only in the universal realization of the one truth, the one Light, the one path, can the student hope to make progress.

The Light-bearers are incidents and can receive our respect and veneration but the Light is the thing which we should worship and not the One who brings it.

The Temple of Sin

IN the heart of Mongolia, that unknown land of magic and sorcery, stands a strange building, pagoda-like in structure and painted red and yellow. It is concealed in the wastes of a mighty range of mountains where white men seldom travel and exists as only a myth even to the natives themselves. From the corners of this grotesque building hang strange lanterns of bamboo and silk, bearing upon them Oriental designs and crude Chinese characters. A great flight of granite steps lead sheer up from the valley below, winding between the great pillars that form the gate and at last ending in a latticework door gloriously carved and laquered in dragons and strange birds. On either side of the gate of this lonely temple stands a great dog made of wonderously colored porcelain, and on the base of each pillar where they stand is written one word. The dog upon the right carries the name Mirth and the one on the left Wrath. For many years these two animals, with their shiny porcelain bodies and heads maned like lions, their sharp gleaming teeth and great staring eyes, have stood guard at the entrance to the Temple of Sin—one of the strangest of the mysterious remnants of forgotten ages.

This temple is served and upheld by a small group of priests who stand firmly among the tottering creeds of ancient days guarding with fanatical faith this temple built by the hands of the gods to mark the place where the first man sinned on earth. The High Priest of this temple is a strange character whom you must become better acquainted with. A tall, gaunt Chinaman of angular and sinister frame, dressed in robes of yellow broadcloth ornately brocaded with flowers and trimmed with a crimson border, he wears upon his back a great Chinese symbol which means when translated "Immortality Forever," and upon the chest of his garment another which says "Mortality Unbroken." No one knows the age of this Chinese priest but legend says it can be counted in hundreds of years and as you look at his wizened face, dried, seamed and browned, you can well believe that he really is as old as those barren mountains and withered lands that surround the temple. They say that this spot is shunned like death for since the beginning of time it was only meant to be visited by the sinners of the world.

The old Chinaman, with his hands crossed in his sleeves, was walking softly up and down behind the lattice work of hand carved teak gilded with lillies and wondrous chrysanthemums. A faint odor of incense was born outward by the gentle breeze, filling the air with the pungent aroma of burning sandlewood, while now and then the dull boom of a temple gong told that the services of the gods were not forgotten and that the priests were gathered to pray. Suddenly the old man held up a long finger, its nail encrusted with gold and curling some six inches beyond the finger tip; his wizened slanty eyes opened widely and their whites, long yellowed with age, shone out like pieces of amber.

"Some one is coming over the Pass of Death," he whispered, pointing to the hills which surrounded the little vale in which the temple stood. As he spoke the priests in the yellow robes gathered around him and looked where his finger pointed. And true enough, a thin line of dark forms could be seen in the distance, winding in and out among the hills. The aged Oriental looked long and earnestly and his old eyes seemed to gaze far beyond the mountain tops.

"He is a white man," he said after a while, "and he comes with a pack train. He is seeking rugs, rare silks and precious curios. Beware, lest he rob the temple! Close all the doors save one and let the dogs of porcelain watch his passing." The monks bowed silently and folding their arms in their sleeves vanished like shadows in the temple passageway.

The old priest, upon his head a helmet of gold hung with tinkling bells and jangling ornaments, turned and entered the shrine room. Passing over the floor, soft with furs and precious rugs, he opened the doors of a tiny shrine and there before him, clasped in the claws of a teakwood dragon, stood a tiny mirror. It shone and gleamed with a depthless light and in its burnished surface were

reflected the many little flames of oil that burned in sockets on the wall. The old priest hunched his back and his cue, braided with silken cords, fell over one shoulder.

"Oh Mirror of Quang Ke—Creator of all that is—first Being of all earth! There comes one over yonder desert whom my soul whispers is seeking to desecrate Thy shrine!" He raised his thumb which bore upon it a great ring of jade and closing the doors placed upon the crack where they joined a soft wax pellet upon which he stamped the signet of the Emperor by means of the thumb ring.

"By the jade of the First Dynasty! May the Emperor of gods protect the shrine of this sacred mirror! May the five-clawed dragon twine himself around this altar that the defiler may not enter, for it is not the will of the gods that the Mirror of Sin shall be stolen!" Then turning, he passed from the room as silently as a yellow spectre and out into the courtyard of the temple.

* * *

At about the same time Hank Nicholson, buyer and importer representing one of our largest Fifth Avenue stores, put his foot on the lowest step of the temple. Hank Nicholson was a "bad" man but he always thought he was worse than anyone else did. He unclipt his revolver holster and with a hitch of his belt headed up the steps towards the porcelain dogs, one of which grinned while the other leered in stony salutation. Hank spoke fairly good Chinese in several dialects and soon made himself understood.

"I'm looking for rugs and curios—any good teakwood, ivory, hammered brass or idols that you may have around. Sabbee?" Hank held up a string of Chinese money and shook it under the nose of the aged Oriental.

The Chinaman, in whose eyes was a strange glint, kept perfectly poised as he gazed into the flat face in front of him and surveyed the stock of red hair that was Hank's crowning glory. He then spoke slowly:

"This is no place of merchandise, of gold or silver, or of ivory. This is the temple of a true God and has been known for ages as the Chapel of the First Sin. Here I live with a small group of priests, having no intercourse with the world of men. There is no use your seeking here for I have nothing to barter, to buy or to sell. I am a servant of God and not a silversmith."

"Aw, bosh and nonsense!" exclaimed Hank, "I've heard that before. How many yens for the whole damn temple and everything it it—except you? I'm lookin' fer antiques and curios but don't want anything as funny as you. Come on, Chinky—move move aside and let's see what you got."

The Oriental bowed patiently and stepping to one side allowed the exponent of Brooklyn diplomacy to enter. Hank stood in the inner doorway, arms akimbo, and viewed the surroundings with an air of complacency.

"I'll get a half a million for this on Broadway!" he announced confidently, "how much Chinky?"

"I have told you, white man, I have nothing to sell."

Hank pressed with his toe against a rug before him.

"That's a fine rug, Chinky—looks like a piece of genuine Thibet silk. You've got some good teakwood here too—I'll have some of my men come right in and pack it up."

The Chinaman bowed with great servility but there was a wicked glint in his beady black eyes. "I must remind the white man of what I said before. This is a temple of God and not a curio store. God will defend His temple."

The American laughed. "A fine bunch of gods you got, Chinky! I own three of them that I use for bootjacks in Brooklyn and they haven't answered me back yet. Don't get sentimental with your religion now, because when Hank Nicholson wants somethin' he gets it, see?" and Hank pulled out his revolver and nestled it against the Chinaman's short ribs.

The Oriental looked down mildly on the gun and replied:

"Three times have I enjoyed white man's civility and alas it has always been the same. The first white man I entertained stole my jades; the second robbed me of my temple maiden; and you, honorable sir, would take the building and all. I fear you must come to China and learn manners."

Hank stood nonplussed for a moment and then turned back to look at the room. Gaz-

ing around, his eye rested upon the shrine bearing on its closed doors the seal of wax.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"In yonder shrine," answered the Chinaman, "is the Mirror of Sin made upon the eyeball of the God of Light. It is the most precious thing in all China and rests in the claws of the sacred dragon. Those who have suffered great agony come from all parts of the world to pay homage to this mirror for as they gaze into its depths they can see the reason for their suffering and they know the sins for which they are accursed. So they come to pay homage to its shrine."

"Oh-h-h," said Hank, "a mirror with a story like that would bring ten thousand dollars on Broadway!"

"I do not know what your wide avenue is," answered the Chinaman, "but if it be a place the mirror shall not rest there. In my hands I carry the temple gong. If you do not leave this holy place at once I shall ring for my priests and if so order them they will slay you where you stand and cut you into as many pieces as yon chrysanthemum has petals!"

Recognizing the flint in the old man's voice, Hank decided that discretion was the better part of valor, so he passed silently down the steps and out of the temple. But in his mind a plan was formulating—a plan such as has thrilled the hearts of practically every robber developed by Western civilization.

Drawing off a little distance, the American camped and the coolies unpacked their burdens. As evening fell and shrouded the temple with its mystic lattice work a tiny gleaming spark a few hundred feet away marked the resting place of Hank Nicholson, buyer—and his packtrain. Slowly the monks filed out of the temple and into the little huts among the rocks where they slept and prayed. And lastly the old priest, swinging together the temple grating, passed also like a phantom from the shrine. There was no moon that night but the stars shone down and lighted the earth with a million fires.

As the chill blast told of coming dawn, Hank unrolled his blanket and in the darkness crept across the sand among the rocks towards the gate of the Temple of Sin. The two porcelain dogs looked down in silence as he passed between them and stood before the hand carved wooden grating. An ancient Chinese lock protected the door but this he quickly opened and passed as silently as a ghost into the inner shrine. The little oil lamp still lighted the room dimly. With an expression of diabolical greed on his face Hank rolled up rug after rug and his itching fingers played lovingly over the rare porcelains and carvings. At last his eye rested on the shrine and something irresistible drew him over towards it.

"So the old Chinaman says," muttered Hank, "that whoever looks into that mirror shall see pass before him all the sins he ever committed—that's a fine story but I'll wager it won't show up some of the little private affairs of my life."

He looked at the seal of wax for several seconds and then taking hold of the two lower handles drew open the door, breaking the seal. In the alcove stood the mirror—a gleaming mother-of-pearl held between the claws of the great dragon like some diamond in a Tiffany setting. A pale glow radiated from it and the American gazed into the depths of its surface in spite of himself. As he did so he shrank back in amazement—a scene was unrolling itself before him!

It was a lonely hill covered with clouds and seemed deep beneath the weight of approaching storms. As he watched he saw himself. He was dressed in the yellow armor of bygone days and there swung from his shoulder a cape upon which was stamped the signet of Rome. He stood leaning upon a spear with his helmet hanging by a leathern thong from his arm. As he stood there a rift broke in the clouds and then at his feet lay the shadow of a cross. . . .

Suddenly Hank Nicholson gave a scream and covering his eyes with his hands dashed madly from the room howling like a madman.

"No! No!—God not that!" And his hurrying footsteps sounded on the steps of the temple walk while the grated door closed silently behind him.

From the gloom which bordered the edge of the room there emerged a silent figure, his hands clasped in the sleeves of his coat. The

(Continued on page 24)

Description of Last Month's Plate

This picture is a companion piece to the one of last month and is taken from the writings of Henry Kunrath the great medieval alchemist and kabbalist and supposed member of the ancient Rosicrucian brotherhood. The figure represents Hercules the androgenous Man Christ strangling the serpent of evil and exalting the serpent of wisdom.

At the top of the drawing is represented the divine name Jehovah, the male-female third aspect of the Logos and the God of material growth. From him pour out the archetypes of the ten Sephira or the original ten signs of the Zodiac and powers of cosmic impetus. All things first exist in archetype or cosmic plan before they are concreted in matter. Material substance is poured like molten metal into the superphysical mold in the creation of bodies. In this diagram is concealed the Sacred Name. The upright triangle is an A. and means Adonai the Fire-flame. The broken circle of the border forms the U. of the Universe, while the cube of matter crystallized within it is the M. of the Manus worlds.

Again the drawing is that of man with the spiritual triangle, the mental hook or U. and the bodily cube of M. The ability to alchemically combine these three superior elements is the key to occultism and the philosopher's stone. The book sealed with seven seals represents wisdom unlocked by the seven keys of the occult schools each one of which is a musical note, a color, a sound, an internal body chrakra, and a cosmic God. The passing of the consciousness of man through the seven worlds of nature constitutes the breaking of the seals in which he learns to connect himself consciously with the plan of his own being. By means of this slow evolutionary development, man ascends the endless spiral of the Wisdom School.

The little figure in the center has two heads like the one in last month's plate. These two represent the bride and the groom in the spiritual marriage and the completion of the eternal romance in the soul of man. The male head represents the spirit, the female head the soul; in other words, the sun and moon or the blood of the red lion and the gluten of the white eagle.

The ancients said that their immortal stone was made of moonstone and gold in certain proportions, absorbed by the universal vinegar of the prepared mercury. This alchemical process of transmuting the base qualities and perversions of power into spiritual attributes, accomplishments and qualities is the key to the sacred wisdom of the ancients. This is attained through the upright triangle, symbolizing the upturned flame of the spinal fire which performs in the marrow of the bone the mystery of alchemy. Among the Masons, Mahabone has been given as a substitute for the unspeakable and unknowable Word. Mahabone means the marrow in the bone and the secret of alchemy lies in the marrow of the spinal canal which contains within itself all mystery and is the staff of Brahma which supports the universe and all that it contains.

In this issue is a very special plate, the description of which will appear in next month's edition, being the frontispiece of the great work "Microcosm and Macrocosm" by Robert Flurr, the great English Rosicrucian and Freemason.

Notice to Subscribers

We are launching this magazine in compliance with your apparent desires upon another pilgrimage which will extend for six months as did the last. We wish to thank our kind friends for their support. The quality of the subscriptions received is considerably higher than that of the previous issue but the number is as yet insufficient to defray the actual cost of publication. We must therefore ask you to cooperate further with us in this matter and assist in securing a greater number that the necessary printer's bills may be paid.

We trust that the next six months of this magazine will meet with your approval. Thank you.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is the soul?

Ans. The soul is a body built by the thoughts, actions and desires of human life which weave a garment according to their own quality. Later this garment becomes the vehicle of consciousness for the spirit, for within it is incorporated all of the growth of the lower bodies.

Does our life belong to us?

Ans. In many ways our life belongs to us—in fact in the Great Plan it does so entirely. But owing to the fact that in the past we contracted certain debts, our free will is mortgaged in favor of people to whom we owe certain actions and qualities. Therefore in coming into incarnation certain things we must do whether we want to or not because of sacred obligations we have made in the past.

What is free will?

Ans. God alone has free will. Man has the power of choice. Ignorance is the limiting factor in free will. The greater number of things we know the greater is our area of choice until as gods, knowing all, we have the choice of all.

Are all individual experiences preserved?

Ans. Yes. They are the basis of soul growth and are stored up in the centers of bodies until we have built the necessary faculties to read them.

What center of consciousness is man working on now?

Ans. Man is at the present time laboring especially to unfold the mind, with its forty-nine centers of sense consciousness. That is the work allotted to him during the earth period of evolution.

Why do spirits return as deformed, idiots and cranks?

Ans. Those things are the reward of the abuse of mental and spiritual faculties in previous lives. Abuses of nature bring with them terrible karmic debts and those who mentally, spiritually or physically prostitute power will pay for it as we see so often in the world today.

If an employee is obliged to lie for an employer what is the penalty?

Ans. If a person finds out that he must lie for his salary it is a very excellent time to find a new position, for if he consciously does it for gain to himself the penalty will be as heavy as though he were doing so of his own free will.

What is meant by the Word?

Ans. The Word is a center of consciousness around which negative particles gather and forms are built. It is not in the last analysis a sound but a rate of vibration. It is the Life producing and manifesting through form.

What are visions and what causes them?

Ans. Two causes. First, temporary attunement of consciousness, either positive or negative, with superphysical planes:—the result of fine spiritual growth or a general run down condition of the body. The first is safe and the second very dangerous. Excitement, worry, grief and so forth, will deplete the system and produce this result. Third grand cause and the most common —late eating.

Should we use our astrology colors?

Ans. We should use everything we can but not spend too much time harmonizing vibrations, etc. If we do we will have no time left for work and labor produces much better growth than color harmony. Never use any such means, however, as astrology, talismanic magic, etc., to gain over other people in financial, spiritual or material matters. To do so is Black Magic.

Please explain the crucifixion.

Ans. The word crucifixion means a crossing. The crossing of spiritual and material currents forms bodies and these bodies crucify and seek to destroy the life which is within or hanging upon them.

The Emerald Tablet

TWO camels, bearing upon their backs vari-colored houdahs, were coming swiftly over the yellow sand, the occupants of the swaying platforms shaded from the hot desert sun by curtains and networks of silk and wool. One of these mighty desert ships was a gigantic black dromedary while the other was a tan colored camel much smaller than his companion. Seated on the great black Nubian was a strange figure—a slender yet fierce looking man some forty-five or fifty years of age, his face swarthy and tanned by the desert sun and its lines accentuated by a jet black beard which forked in neatly trimmed points. Over his head was a fold of white cloth held in place by a twisted band of many colored cords. He was robed from head to foot in white save for his boots which protruded as tips of red leather as he sat cross legged upon the cushions. Thrust into his wide, white sash was a scimitar of pure Damascus steel while a long Arab rifle inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold swung at his side, its long barrel protruding far over the side of the camel.

Seldom has such an animal appeared before the world as that great black dromedary. Its short glossy hair seemed to shine with the sheen of the desert sun and it was draped from head to tail in cords and bangles, many of the purest gold. The driving reins were fringed with tinkling tassels of metal and the stately beast placed its feet upon the sand with a slow, methodical dignity which was uncommon even in a land where dignity and grace predominate. At the very top of the houdah gleamed a star of solid gold from which streamed the many colored awnings which hung downward in trappings nearly to the ground. Altogether, in a land of picturesque people, this figure stood out in splendor and glory.

His companion, on the other hand, was as simply mounted and attired as one could imagine. Plainess and simplicity marked him as again an extreme in the land of extremes. His camel was about as good as the average, its trappings were few and its rider was unarmed and of a different race from his companion. His skin was white and two blue eyes shone out from a face chiseled like that of a Greek god and locks of shiny brown hair hung upon his forehead. He was dressed in a simple, white robe and his feet were sandaled in leathern thongs. His eyes and head were also shaded from the sun by a canopy but the plain awnings showed no decoration and he guided his beast with a simple braided cord.

Slowly the two great beasts, carrying their so varied burdens, mounted a great rolling dune and before them as far as the eye could reach stretched an endless waste of desert sand. Far off in the blue haze it seemed that strange mountains rose in purple and gray but of living thing or growing shrub there was no sign as far as the eye could command.

"Where are we bound, master?" asked the brown haired youth turning to the mighty figure that towered above him on the back of the dromedary.

The swarthy faced companion pointed his finger, studded with rings of gold and silver, out into the deep haze of the desert.

"There," he answered in a voice deep and yet strangely mellow and inspiring.

The youth gazed in the direction that the other pointed but saw only a vague haze resting on the desert..

"What is that place?" he asked.

"That," came the answer, "is the Land of the Mirage where there still floats in the ethers the temples of races long gone by, where great seas of water lure the dying traveler to his end only to vanish again in the limitless horizon. There across the sky wandered caravans who passed this way before the silent kings were laid to rest in their tombs along the Nile. Still in the floating lights they pass, gleaming and twisting in the ethers. There stands also that wondrous building amidst whose domed arches and lofty pillars is hidden the knowledge that you have come to seek, for in that shining place are the lost libraries of the dead and we are now passing along a way where once the caravans wound out of Egypt carrying with them the papyrus scrolls, the Chaldee tablets and the Phoenician stones, bringing them to this their

present resting place. Here stand today the terra cotta cylinders of Babylon, the history of lost races, the accounts of empires now unknown. From the Western land you have come, properly recommended to seek these treasures of an ancient people and I have come from the City of the Mirage to take you to them. Come!"

And with a word to the dromedary, who seemed to understand his every word, the strange figure forged ahead, swinging and swaying in his moving palaquin as though he were in a small boat on a stormy sea. The youth urged his camel forward also and as the hours passed they moved with a rapid pace over the sand dunes into the heart of the desert from whence no man has ever come alive.

Suddenly the figure on the great black dromedary raised his hand and the intelligent creature stopped as though it had read its masters thoughts. The youth drew up alongside and halted also and gazed out into the haze of the desert. As he looked he saw forming out of the mist a strange city of marble and sandstone. Great obelisks carved in birds and beasts rose from amid groves of ancient palms whose branches swayed as though by a gentle wind. Mighty arches, bearing upon their beams the sun-globe with his many wings, appeared—strange shimmering lights amid the haze that filled the desert air.

Slowly the sand before them changed into sparkling water with wondrous boats carved like birds and swans floating upon it. The papyrus with its bushy heads grew from the marshes on its shore and great herons with their crimson breasts stood like statues in the shallow places. Before them stretched a great avenue of sphinxes with the water lapping at the feet of their pedestals and in the distance rose the plumed pillars of a mighty temple such as that whose ruins still stand like gaunt skeletons at Carnac. Fleecy white clouds seemed to float in the ethers and a scene of wondrous beauty took the place of the arid sand hills of the desert From the gates of the ancient city, over the bridges across the water, great caravans were passing to and fro. Gloriously robed figures on Arabian stallions dashed in and out; heavily laden donkeys and oxen plodded beneath their weighty loads; streams of camels, gloriously caparisoned, carried riders to and fro or in endless train vanished among the hills; now and then a great elephant, carrying on its back a gilded tower, passed slowly by, its tusks inlaid with gold and its great smooth body painted in colored pigments. Once a chariot dashed through the street with cruel curved sword blades upon its wheels to cut and destroy all who stayed its progress.

The youth gazed at the scene in amazement for such a thing as this has not been in the world for thousands of years.

"Is this all an illusion?" he gasped.

"No," answered the guide, as he rested his arm on the long barrel of his gun, "this is part of the mystery of Akasha in whose subtle essences lives eternal all things that have ever been. This great city of living light, this dream palace of the past, floats all over the surface of the earth in the ever-changing ethers of nature. These are the mirages of the desert and as the eyes of men grow dim from gazing at the shining sand, and the life is slowly burned away by the blazing desert sun, these visions come to him floating on the endless horizons and lure him on to drink of water which lips can never taste, to rest in shade which can never shelter the body. For as you come nearer to this city it sinks away and though you followed it to the ends of earth you could never reach it. . . . But come, I have been appointed out of this city to show you things which you have come across the world to see. I am a mirage like the rest for I belong to a race that is no more. You see me with the eyes of a dying man, you see me with the senses of the shadow. But here, let us pass over the bridge and into a citadel that was a ruin five thousand years before the coming of your Christ."

They urged forward their steeds but instead of the city vanishing before them, they mounted upon the arched bridge and passed slowly across into the City of the Mirage. They were in the same sort of bustling town which dots the Orient today—tiny shops and narrow streets, laughing people and busy tradesmen. The grim mystery lay in the fact that all these things were shadows, unreal and non-existing. The life which sold the wares or bartered for the merchandise had left those labors ages before, but still in the ethers it

bought and sold, gave and exchanged the wondrous rugs of Bagdad, the steel swords of Damascus, and the glorious papyrus scrolls of the Nile. The makers of perfume dispensed their sweet-scented wares and the gold and silver smiths hammered their metals, and the priest in his pleated robes walked along the rutted streets deeply grooved by the wheels of passing chariots. All in the mist—all in a world that can never be again.

The strange guide led the youth through all these streets and by-ways, where howling dogs and yelping curs sought to stay their way, where little red children played among the rutted cobblestones, where flashing color and deepest filth mingled in true Oriental cosmopolitanism. Then before them rose a temple, not with the domed minarets of the Turk or the fluted columns of Greece but a great temple of angles and squares. Its dome was a many-sided pyramid and a path of obelisks and banners upon poles of cypress lined the way. Great gates of bronze confronted the wanderers, at the side of which was a mighty wheel to be turned by ten slaves that they might open. Upon the surface of the temple was carved strange figures, painted with pigments drawn from human blood, which last eternal because of their subtle qualities—figures of gods and goddesses, winged globes, and fiery demons, carved by the two-dimensional eye of Egypt's ancient artisans. All these confronted the wanderers as they pressed forward into a city of the dead.

"What is this?" asked the youth.

"This is the Temple of the Three Fires, the shrine of the Thrice Magistar, Thoth Hermes Mercurius, the king of of heaven, earth and hell," answered the white-robed guide as his camel knelt beside the steps. Slipping gracefully from the cushions he held out his hand and the beast vanished as though it had never been.

"See?" he said turning to the youth, "part of the mirage has already left. The rest will follow when its work is done."

The brown haired man descended, but more awkwardly, from his camel and followed the figure that mounted the stair, rutted by the footsteps of the faithful. Drawing his mighty scimitar the Egyptian pounded with it upon the brazen gate which echoed and re-echoed as though it were a bell of solid gold. Slowly the great gates parted and the youth watched ten Nubian slaves turning the mighty fulcrum, their clanking chains echoing in rythm with the falling cogs. Beckoning the youth to enter, the older man stepped in after him and the gate swung to again. The visitor found himself in the strangest room that he had ever seen, stranger far than even his dreams could have created—a great ampitheatre of feathered papyrus columns, each one carved with the face of a god. Far up near the ceiling burned twelve ethereal fires that sent ghastly shadows in and out, causing the stone eyes of the gods to blink as though in life. The roof of the temple, great slabs of solid sandstone tinted to the blue of the sky, was covered with suns, moons and stars and the planets of our chain which seemed to twist and revolve like living things. Before them sat a mighty figure, upon its head a crown of lunar crescents. Like the Memnons of the desert it rose to a colossal height, sitting upon a throne of Alexandrian marble. Upon its brow was the ureus of serpents, and in one hand the Book of the Breaths of Life while in the other was the croix enseter—the promise of Egyptian immortality. Between its feet was a door leading into some unknown and mystic vault.

Of living occupant there was no sign in this mighty room of gloom and shadow but as they stood there a strange chant broke the silence as of many voices singing together: "Glory, glory, glory, mighty Lord of the Seven Lights! Glory, glory, glory! Osiris! Prince Regent of the earth! Oh Child of the Hawk, glory, glory, glory! Oh, Isis, Mother of Nature! Glory, glory, glory! Oh Isis, Keeper of the Seals, Mother of Creation! Goddess of the Nile! Glory be to Thee!"

As this chant sounded a dull glow lighted the mighty statue which proved to be that of Isis the mother goddess of the ancients. Around the statue dim forms kept circling like monster vampire bats and the guide turned to his companion and whispered:

"These are the griffins and the demons who stand as watchful sentinels over the sacred things. You are in the temple of the Mother of Mysteries, Isis the Virgin of heaven. Come."

They pressed forward together and reaching the little door at the base of the statue they passed in through a veil of fine silk, which parted at their coming, and entered into a mighty room shaped as a cube—bare of all furnishings—its endless evenness broken only by the joints of the stones. A door of granite closed behind them and they were in a living cube of solid stone.

The guide raised his copper colored hand and, pointing one finger to heaven and with the other hand to the earth, said solemnly, "Behold! the measure of a man."

The youth did not understand but gazed around him in awe and amazement.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You are in the Holy of Holies, the secret chamber of the Thrice Magistar, the Lord of Light and the Threefold Essence of the Flame. Beneath your feet is a chamber the depth of which no man may know. In that rock hewn chamber are hidden the glories of the world. Far above your head rises a mighty pyramid upon whose crest burns the fire eternal." He took three little objects from the folds of his robe and, tossing them upon the ground, said, "Behold, the keys of wisdom."

The youth looked and saw three tiny geometrical forms of some precious stone shining at his feet. The first was a little green cube, the second a little red pyramid, the third a transparent shining globe of translucent whiteness.

"Behold the sceptres of the king and the key to the riddle of the universe," said the white-robed man as he pointed to the little forms. "But now I will show you the mystery of them all—the pact that was made of God to man in which the spirit of Hermes Mercurius is tied forever to the soul of man. Behold!" As he spoke he faced the Western side of the temple and as he did so the great central stones broke away and, sliding out upon runners of solid granite hung suspended in the air, left a great opening some ten feet square upon the surface of the walls. In this great opening hung a stone of the most clear and brilliant green. It gleamed, glowed and glistened until it was surrounded by an auriel of flames that seemed to light the darkest corners of the recess. It was suspended from the four corners of the aperture by golden chains and was set in a massive setting of gold and jewels. The great tablet was nearly square and upon it in letters of green fire were traced many lines of strange characters in a language long forgot.

"And what is this?" whispered the youth, bowing in awe before the living stone.

"This sacred thing that you look upon," answered his guide as the room grew green with the light "is the Tabula Smargadina, the Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismagistus—the oldest relic in the world and God's first revelation to man."

"What does it say in those strange letters?" asked the youth eagerly.

"Read," answered the stranger as he pointed back to the stone.

As the youth gazed he seemed to remember something—somewhere, sometime, he had known that language. Slowly as it became clear to him, these words shown out in green fire and etched themselves into his very soul:

"Behold, the secret work of Hermes Thrice Magistar, One in essence but Three in aspect; the work of Chiram Mercurius, the universal agent and nameless power, one in spirit but three in expression. This it is true: this is no lie: this it is certain and to be depended upon: The Superior above agrees with the Inferior below and the Inferior below agrees with the Superior above. Know this to effect the one true and perfect work:

"As all things owe their existence to the Will of One Thing, so all things have their origin out of One Thing. The Father of that Thing is the Sun, its Mother the Moon, the Wind carrieth it in its wings, and its nurse is the Spiritual Earth. Only One Thing, after God, is the Father of all things of this universe and those to come. Its power is perfect and to everlasting end after it is one with the spiritual earth. But you must separate the spiritual earth from the dense or crude dirt by means of this gentle flame with great attention: Then it ascends from the earth up into heaven and descends again new-born as dew upon the earth. And the Superior and the Inferior are increased to greater power by the dew of life.

"By this thou wilt partake of the honors of the whole world and darkness and ignorance shall fly from thee; this is the strength of all

power, with this art thou the master of all things, with power to transmute all that is fine such as gold and all that is coarse such as metals. In this manner the world was created. The arrangements to follow this road are hidden. For this reason I am called Chiram Mercurius, Telat Meschasol. One in spirit but Threefold in manifestation. In my Trinity is hidden the wisdom of the whole world.

"I have spoken and it is ended now—that which I have said concerning the effect of the Sun. Thus endeth the Tabula Smaragdina of Hermes Thrice Magistar."

The lights gleamed and glowed upon the emerald and the youth stood gazing in awe and admiration. Suddenly the silence was broken by a noise like a clap of thunder and a great shadowy form hovered in the alcove. On its head it wore the head of an Ibis, the sacred bird of Hermes, and in its hand it carried a tablet and a stile. For a moment it stood like a phantom shadow with the emerald for a heart—the room swayed and twisted and turned, the mighty rocks creaked and splintered and a great darkness fell upon the earth—the youth staggered and reeled in the darkness which grew heavier and heavier about him.

Then a voice sounded low in his ear, the voice of his guide:

"Behold the City of the Mirage! for it is vanishing in the desert air! Somewhere upon the face of the earth it will ever be and now it is passing over your land and the home of your birth. I cannot come with you for I am part of the great illusion—but you have seen —remember that which you have seen."

A mighty crash shook the air and the youth felt himself falling—he struck something and rolled over and with a crash the light broke upon him.

* * *

He was sitting in the middle of the floor in his own little room and in his hand was an ancient book on the mysteries of Hermes which he had bought in a bookstore the day before. The sun was shining cheerily through the window as he rose sheepishly to his feet, realizing with a certain feeling of disgust that he had just fallen out of bed. He still tells the story of his adventure and one never knows just what to believe. Think it over for yourself.

The Temple of Sin

(Continued from page 17)

old Chinaman's eyes followed the American as he dashed from the room and then kneeling before the mirror he muttered:

"None there are who can gaze into the Mirror of Sin unafraid. None can desecrate the holy temple of God and escape."

From out the night a great moaning howl broke the stillness—the cry of a great dog sounding weirdly and eerily in the stillness. With it came a scream of mortal agony and then all was silent.

The priest, carrying a little oil lamp in his hand, passed out from under the gates of the temple and a gleaming light reflected itself from the great porcelain dogs that guarded the temple steps. He suddenly stepped back in amaze. Hanging in the air, clenched between the teeth of the porcelain dog who was called Wrath, was the figure of the American buyer.

And there it remained until the vultures came. None knew how it happened to be there—held tightly by the great fangs of the image, but to this day they tell the story. And the great dog with the red blood stains upon its mouth and teeth still stands as the silent guardian at the gate of the Temple of Sin.

To the Astrological Physicians of England

A selection taken from the rare writing,
Semeiotica Uranica, dated London 1671.

Nicholas Culpeper wisheth Peace and Prosperity in this World, and Eternal Beatitude in that which is to come.

Dear Souls:

To you all, and to you especially that heard these Lectures, do I dedicate them, and present them to you, not to look upon only (for then I had as good have sent you a picture, and as much it would have pleased your eye.) Man was made not only for Speculation, but also for Practice; Speculation brings only pleasure to a man's self; it's Practice which benefits others. And I hope I need not tell you that Man was not born for himself alone. These rules will serve (if heedfully observed by the eye of Reason) to balance your Judgment in sailing through the Prognostical part of Physick, that so you may steer your course by the Card of Truth, and not float unsettledly upon the waves of Error, Ignorance, or Opinion. To you (rather than to any that I know) belongs the Practice of Physick; and that Practice may be perfect, Judgment ought to be sound: and to make judgment sound, is required an exquisite Knowledge. Judgment is perfected by Knowledge, Knowledge by Experience: whence it appears, that the more communicative Knowledge is so much the more excellent it is. Of all the men in the World, I hate a Drone most, that sucks the sweetness of other men's labors, but doth no good himself; and will as soon teach Physick or Astrology to an Oak as to a creature the center of whose actions is terminated in himself. Surely, surely, if God had not made the nature of Man communicative he would not have made one Man to stand in continual need of another: But we see the contrary, and the Sons of Wisdom know how to pick out the meaning of God from it.

I have given you here all my Prognostications from the Decumbiture of the sick party: and although I ingenuously confess the greatest part of them will hold true in a Horarie Question erected upon the fight of the Urine, of which I have now added a compendious treatise; yet this is my judgment at present: That next the Nativity, the Decumbiture is the safest and surest ground for you to build your Judgment upon; and you shall always find it by experience.

Excellent and true was that Motto of Hermes Trismagistus: Quod est superius, est sicut inferius; and this will appear to the eye of every one that deserves the name of reasonable Man, if he do but consider: That his body is made of the same materials that the whole Universe is made of, though not in the same form; namely, of a composition of contrary elements. There is scarce a man breathing that knows his right hand from his left, but knows that if you set bottles of hot water to a man's feet it will make his head sweat; and the reason is, the mutual harmony of one part of the body with another; why then as well should not the actions of one part of the Creation produce as well effects in another, that being also one entire body, composed of the same Elements, and in as great harmony? What's the reason that a man will do more for his brother than he will for a stranger? Is it not because he is formed by the blood of the same mother, and begotten by the seed of the same father? Why then should not the Celestial Bodies act upon the Terrestrial, they being made of the same matter, and by the Finger of the same God? He that will not believe Reason, let him believe Experience; he that will believe neither, is little better than an Infidel. I confess this way of Judicature hath been desired by many, promised by some, but hitherto performed by none; which was the motive cause I then took the task in hand myself, which I have now enlarged. In performing whereof, in many places I corrected the failings of my Author. What was frivolous I left out, as being unwilling to blot Paper and trouble your brains with impertinencies; where he was too large I abbreviated him; and where he was deficient I supplied him both with precept and

example. If there be any failings, consider:

1. Nemo sine crimine vivit.

   That Man nev'r breathed yet, nor never shall,

   That did all well, and had no fault at all.

2. My failings (if any be) were not intentional but accidental.

Together with this Astrological Judgment, I have also given you the Judgment of Hippocrates, and others. The Rules whereof are drawn from the Person of the Sick; which although they have been often Printed before, yet I have compared them with the Original Copy, and brought them into a plainer method so that you may desire at one single ingress. If you make use of both these ways together in judgment of the disease, without a miracle you can hardly fail. If any find fault with the shortness of my Rules, let them learn to walk worthy of those they have first; their own experience will bring them more; he's but an apish Physician that builds all his practice upon other men's foundations. Man was born to look after knowledge, and in this particular you are set in the way how to find it, by one that desires to be a friend to all honest and ingenious Arts.

Thus have you what I have done, and you know for whose sakes I did it. What now remains, but that you labor with might and main for your own good, and the increase of your own knowledge to make experience of them? *For as the diligent Hand maketh rich, so the diligent Mind increaseth knowledge;* and for my own particular, never fear, but during the time I am amongst the living I shall never cease to do you good in what I may or can.

NICH. CULPEPER.

Spittle-fields
next door to the
Red-Lyon.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Virgo the sixth sign of the Zodiac is known as the sign of service and from it come those who labor the most unselfishly for the good of all—that is of course, when they have taken themselves out of the picture and have reached the higher and more beautiful expression of the sign. Virgo is in many ways the protector, also the harvester, and represents those functions in nature which nourish and protect human life. It is a mystic sign and its symbol is purity, for the word Virgo means Virgin which is a word in every language which stands for undefiled.

Briefly considered the keywords of Virgo can be classed as follows:

Virgo the sixth sign of the Zodiac:

Cold
Dry
Earthy
Common
Barren
Human
Melancholy
Feminine
Southern
Nocturnal
Speaking
Changeable
Estival
Unfortunate
Commanding
Night house and exaltation of Mercury
Long Ascension
Fall of Venus
Detriment of Jupiter

General Characteristics:

The better side of Virgo is charitable and humanitarian but rather depressing; intellectual, not very emotional, and not usually very good looking but often radiating a great beauty from internal, spiritual sources.

They are ingenious
Thrifty
Economical
Witty
Studious
Fickle minded
Love travel
Pleasant companions unless blue
Not altogether trustworthy in little things
Oratory powers good

Physical Appearance:

Authorities do not entirely agree on this point but William Lilley states that the native is seldom handsome but usually suffers from irregularities of feature.

Middle stature
Slender but compactly built
Dark ruddy complexion
Small round face
Dark brown hair
Small shrill voice when afflicted

Health:

The health of Virgo is rather undecided but most of the diseases gather around the intestical regions and the stomach. It is most subject to disorders of:

Abdomen
Spleen
Diaphragm and kindred parts of body
Obstructions in digestive system
Subject to headaches
Nervousness
Vital impediments
Worry and the "blues"

Domestic Problems:

Virgo is not noted for happiness in domestic problems, although those who wish to may rise above all of the unpleasant and undesirable phases of the horoscope. Man either rules his planets or they rule him and anyone can be happy, anytime, anywhere, if they themselves do what is right. Virgo often marries more than once.

Countries Under Influence of Virgo:

European and Asiatic Turkey	Greece Africa
Mesopotamia	Southwest France
Crete	

Cities Under Control of Virgo:

Paris	Padua
Jerusalem	Toulouse
Rhodes	Basil
Lyons	Heidelberg

Colors:

Blacks	Black and blue
Blue	speckeled

According to Ptolemy the stars in the head of Virgo and in the top of the southern wing are like Mercury and somewhat like Mars. The other bright stars in the same wing and those about the girdle resemble Mercury in their influence, also Venus moderately. The bright star in the Northern wing called Vindemiator is of the same influence as Saturn and Mercury. That called Spica Virginis is like Venus and partly Mars. Those in the points of the feet and the bottom of the garments are like Mercury and also Mars moderately.

According to Agrippa, Virgo governs: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, the virtues; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Hamaliel; of the Twelve Tribes, Simeon; of the Twelve Prophets, Micha; of the Twelve Apostles, Andrew; of the twelve months, August 20th to September 20th; of the twelve plants, the calmint; of the twelve stones the emerald; of the twelve principle members, the intestines; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the airy powers and spirits of the clouds.

How can a consciousness be lost?

Ans. Consciousness is lost upon any plane of nature when the vehicle upon that plane is destroyed. We may lose this consciousness by abusing a vehicle after it is built or by not building a proper one in the beginning.

What is meant by the loss of the soul?

Ans. As the soul is the fruit of our work here and our evil deeds cannot become immortal, if our lives be filled with destructiveness their fruits must perish under karmic reaction; if the soul is built of evil it will be disintegrated—only good can be eternal.

Synthetic Sympathy

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis the mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attributes of awe and majesty
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy seasons justice . . . . .
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court . . . .
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant here."

THIS wonderful oration delivered by Portia in the court of Venice is one of the most beautiful expressions of occult sentiment that has appeared in literature. Shakespeare, that master genius, knew well how to clothe his ideals of nature with the personalities of his players, each one of his characters a living natural law played out upon the stage of the world. And there is no more truly occult thought than the doctrine of compassion and mercy and it well befits the occult student even better than the crown of reason.

In the biological analysis of human emotion, mercy, compassion and sympathy are divided into three distinct divisions. The student of spiritual law, having reached that point where the transmutation of the emotional nature is imperative, must find a legitimate channel for the expression of his ever increasing vital and astral forces. The suffering and uncertainty which fills the lives of many students is the result of the existence of powers and energies which they have generated by their asceticism but for the expression of which they have provided no legal and proper channel. These three divisions form the expressions on the spiritual plane of the emotions of man. They are the opposites of those emotions which at the present time hold man a slave to the animal worlds.

First, Mercy. Mercy is the transmutation of selfishness, arrogance and that ever present instinct in the human soul which condemns unheard. The student of occultism must learn to flavor knowledge with mercy, at the same time not permitting that mercy to exhibit symptoms of weakness. The student must follow the plan of attacking principle but being merciful to personality which is ever but an instrument in the hands of principle. Among the ancients many of the things which we allow to pass unheeded were deadly sins against which was launched the wrath of gods and men, while many things which we consider as being improper were looked upon as virtues that should be cultured and nurtured. Mercy is born out of the realization of the plan. The ages that have passed were not known for their mercy; their law was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But insomuch as mercy takes the place of the so-called moral code, to the same degree will the kingdom of light be furthered upon the face of the earth. The victor who shows mercy in the battle wins indeed, and no greater proof have we of power than to find within the nature a human heart.

Of Compassion, we would say that it is the transmutation of passion in which the fire of lust and greed is transmuted into a deep understanding, a deep calling from the soul, a great love born of the lesser love, a great understanding born of a lesser understanding. These things are the parents of compassion which is the only emotion that is justifiable for the initiate.

The third is Sympathy which is in itself a betrayer of mercy and compassion. There is nothing more at fault in all the universe than sympathy. Sympathy is the lullaby of endeavor, it is the death-rattle of opportunity and those who use it as a power play havoc with the plan. Where others sympathize with us we continue in our errors, fostering them instead of destroying them, nursing them instead of removing them. Mercy and compassion, united with true spiritual under-

standing, build for the soul and for permanent growth but sympathy builds for nothing.

The world loves the person who will sympathize with its ailments, but those sympathetic ones have never done the world any good. Sympathy breeds into the soul self-pity and the world is filled with people who are sorry for themselves and who feel that for some unknown reason that they are having a hard time which they do not deserve. This is a false concept and those who breed it in the minds of others breed falseness.

Man must be inspired in his efforts instead of being sympathized with in his ailments. The philosopher of old never sympathized with the crying child but sought to teach him the lesson of his fall. There is seldom if ever a time when sympathy really answers the question. It is a false narcotic, which, while it eases the pain for the moment, leaves the ultimate as far off as before.

Occult students want to learn to stop sympathizing with people for into the sympathetic ears of the world are poured all its woes by individuals who live only to tell their troubles to a sympathetic listener, said listener in turn consoling them and saying how sorry he is that it is so, how sad it must be to suffer so, and so forth and on and on into nothingness. This brings into the mind of the other person the belief that they really are terribly abused, badly off, and hopelessly mistreated. This course of procedure destroys the work of the Wisdom-Religion which is seeking to prove to man that he is responsible for his own troubles and suffering and that he must labor himself for the repairing of his own temple, digging out of the debris the ruins of his own dreams. But he will never attain with the assistance of those who sympathize with him for they build in nothing but negative and willy-nilly things. The one who is truly the friend is not the one who says he is sorry and how terrible it must be but is the one who instructs and enlightens and takes the suffering of a life to show the workings of the divine powers.

There are two kinds of people in the world: one is the kind who are always bewailing, the other is the group that is eternally trying to find a real reason for the ever-changing conditions of life. The first group sympathize with everyone and everything, telling the world how sorry they are and making the rest of the world sorry too; the other group are called heartless because they have no word of sympathy to offer, and yet in their heartlessness they are humanity's truest friends. Instead of singing the emotional lullaby of the soul this second group takes the weak-kneed person who is crying for sympathy and with firmness, yet mercy and compassion, shows them the way and tells them to walk it, to forget that they are abused and march straight on to the path of light. They are the strong characters and man will never grow strong while he seeks to justify his mistakes and soothe his conscience with the sympathetic words of others. The greatest mercy in the world is to tell the truth for while it may hurt today, in eternity it brings its blessing. While today it may be harsh, tomorrow it will be appreciated. Those who spend their lives trying to justify the thing that is not as it should be and who weep with you in your infirmities go down forgotten in history's pages. The friend who raises you is the true friend; the one who weeps with you is just another fool. The more sympathy we get the more we want until all the uncertainty and unbalance of the ages rests upon our shoulders, placed there by our friends whose sympathizing kills out our own incentive to do better. Our worst enemies weep with us while our true friends weep for us as they see us nursing our meanest temperaments and greatest weaknesses with friends around to weep and wail with us.

When a great prince of Egypt died they hired mourners to weep at the tombs and great processions of white-clad figures howled and wailed behind the funeral cortege for so many pieces of silver a day. The richer the family of the departed, the more weepers were hired so that when a great dignitary died the streets literally ran with tears which were paid for at so much per. A pair of lachrymal glands, capable of overflowing at the slightest pretext, was worth a great deal of money in the days of Egypt's glory. Today it would be ridiculous for us to conceive of rows and rows of sobbing, mourning people who didn't even know who had died but whose value rested upon their sob power; but nevertheless the weepers of Egypt have reincarnated with us, we firmly believe, as our

sympathetic friends who weep on our shoulders at every misfortune, tell us how sorry they are for us, how abused we have been, how neglected we are and what a shame it is —finishing up with a chain of condolences enough to drain the consciousness of the individual addressed until he really believes every one of them. Listed below are a few of the modern remnants of Egyptian beatitude as found among our sympathetic friends:

"You poor, abused darling!"

"Sob-sob, I know just how badly you must feel now that John is gone! You know I lost my husband last year."

"Blub-blub! how you must have suffered! Blub blub."

"Scscsclish! I've been through it myself, I know just what it means, sniff-sniff!"

"Be brave, dear, I know how you loved him!"

And then the grand closing hymn: "It's a shame the way you've been treated!"

These choice sentiments pollute our atmosphere whenever misfortune enters our circle and thousands of people who never knew us before and who we have never heard of come to us in the moment of disappointment to remind us incessantly of the thing we are most trying to forget. At every door we find them while we are seeking desperately to bury the memories that haunt us, until at last as the tears flow freely, we join in, believing that we must be the most pitiful objects in the world because no one can get near us without a wet handkerchief.

This is modern sympathy. It means absolutely nothing but it doubles the grief of every sorrow, multiplies every affliction and destroys whatever of stamina there is left. If there is one especially warm place in hell, we want it saved for those individuals who do nothing but remind us of the gloom of the universe and who look at every sunrise promising rain before night. One true friend with a silent handclasp or one who comes and shows us the lesson, helps us to see the reason, and shows us the good fruitage of our sorrow is more of value to us than a score of relatives, friends and acquaintances who come with tears in their eyes to say that they are with us in spirit, making each adversity three times its normal size.

When Abraham Lincoln was passing through the critical moments of his administration he was surrounded by one of these groups of ready weepers, consolers and advisers. He bore it bravely for a time until finally, raising his hands to the heavens and tearing at his bushy hair, he cried out in desperation:

"Oh God! deliver me from my friends."

Every time we see a black edged letter going through the mail, every time we see the band of mourning and every time we see a train of automobiles in front of an undertaking parlor, a mental prayer passes through our souls—not for the dead but for the living —for we cannot help but visualize some bereaved one surrounded by a dozen living bereavements with roses, pigeons and black edges to make the parting twice as hard as it was before. We cannot help but build fondly in our minds the pictures of the old country at the time of a well regulated funeral when the most beloved of the deceased was the first to go under the table at the funeral dinner. The dead must have a wonderful idea of us when their last memory of earth is a duet of weeps played to the tune of Saul's death march. With this choice musical program we launch the ego back into the infinite who probably starts crying tears of ether out of sympathy for those who haven't sense enough to see that for them life is just begun.

As our backs twist up with rheumatism we want no friend to collapse on our shoulder out of sympathy. When our mother-in-law commits suicide or our uncle's thirteenth cousin gets run over, we are quite heartless in the eyes of the world because we do not express our regrets or sing a few choice dirges from the hymnal. (It is quite a remarkable thing what a sympathetic series of individuals must have written the hymns. Every one of them are tuned to a long, quiet sob.) We always believed that the gods were merry and have never had it in our soul that the gods like to see us miserable. But who can sing three verses from the average hymnal without remembering every funeral in the family for the past fifty years?

If we were privileged like Omar Khayyam to change the calendar system or to make some little improvements as Lord Varian

(Continued on page 31)

The Seven Natural Laws

THERE are certain natural laws which are the basis of occult wisdom and a thorough understanding of them will give the student a firm foundation upon which to build his superstructure of reason and logic. Man cannot safely think at random but must first of all base his philosophies upon some rock of immortal truth. And for the occultist this rock is Natural Law:

1. The Law of Evolution. Everything in the universe is at some stage of an endless path leading from absolute nothingness to perfect omnipotence. Everything in the universe is greater today than yesterday and will be greater still tomorrow; all things have within them the opportunity for perfection. The law of Evolution is that gradual process in nature which brings about this realization of the ideal. Evolution of consciousness and of form is the keystone of the plan and those who reject it never study occultism intelligently. The law of Evolution applies to everything from the smallest electron to the Cosmic God himself and to the occultist God is an evolving Diety rather than a creating God.

2. The Law of Compensation or Karma—"As you sow, so shall you reap." Every cause you start in motion, every thought, every action, good or bad, has an unavoidable result and reaction. The position of the individual on the wheel of life and death depends upon the works done and the works undone. The law of Karma says: no man can be greater than his works. Eternal justice works through this great spiritual law.

3. The Law of Polarity. Everything in the universe expresses itself through two poles—positive and negative. The law of Polarity teaches that the work of man is to establish himself at a neutral point exactly between the two poles, which position is the place of balance—hence omnipotence.

4. The Law of Periodicity. The law of Periodicity demands that after every expenditure of energy there must be a time of repose for the restoration of the lost power. We see it in the periods of sleeping and waking, winter and summer, life and death and governs action and repose and there is no the Days and Nights of Brahma. This law escape from it in any realm of nature where energy is expended. If he labors, he must rest; if he rests he must labor. And the same is true among gods as among men.

5. The Law of Alternation. Everything alternates between its poles. In successive births man alternates in his forms from positive to negative for the laws of nature demand that we receive and benefit by the experiences of both the positive and negative paths. Every seventh swing in human evolution we have a perfect type of a male or female form for these are the two extremes of the pendulum.

6. The Law of Harmony and Rythm. Nature's divine plan is Harmony and inharmony is the friction caused by bodies out of place. Harmony for man is the adjustment of his life with the Plan of Being.

7. The Law of Reincarnation. This is the hardest doctrine for most people to accept, but everywhere in nature we see the necessity of it. It is the only law we can find which explains the inequalities of temperament and the degrees of intelligence which we find in the world and at the same time retain a just theology. Either this law must be an actual fact or else the divine plan lacks the principle of justice, and human inequalities and suffering must have other cause than the whims of deity. This law is taught in three-quarters of the world religions.

These are the seven laws with which occult students must deal in their daily life and with which they must learn to familiarize themselves that they may adjust their lives to concepts in harmony with them. And the only man or woman who is at peace is the one who is harmonious with the plan of his being.

Synthetic Sympathy

(Continued from page 30)

made in London, we would place a penalty of fifty years on the rock pile with bread and water diet upon each of our sympathetic friends so that they might get together and sympathize while transmuting boulders into gravel, for it would be much better for them to break stones in jail than to break hearts in the world.

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000001 NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 1000000000006

UNIQUE DISCOVERIES MADE IN HEAVEN

Henry Ford Enters New Field

SPECIAL NEWS ITEM

It is expected that Henry Ford will open a factory here in the near future, as soon as he is able to get the patents out on his feather-lined Ford limosine with the seraphim radiator cap and arch-angelic bumpers. He is opening in competition with the firm which at present is supplying heavens elite. He is expected to build a large factory just a little distance out from the Milky Way and it is rumored that he has found a device to run the cars on luke warm milk, large supplies of which have been found up here. Henry has an option on the entire Milky Way for use in his cars. Other papers please publish.

MONTHLY WIRE FROM HELL

The Devil is reported to have taken cold from being over heated last night. Two men committed suicide in a lover's quarrel on earth and arrived there in a perfect frenzy. The natural temperature is 3000 degrees Fahrenheit but these two arguing Romeos brought the temperature up to 6400 whereupon the Devil fainted from over heat and is now being taken care of by several eminent physicians who are in hell because of their slightly irregular practice on earth since prohibition. He is at the mouth of Hell at the present time and the doctors say they will pull him through. His son, who was engaged to a European princess, is said to be hurrying home.

An epidemic of roup has broken out among the angels, and several of our leading society flowers are drooping sadly and have had to resort to pasting feathers on their wings because the natural ones all fell out. Madame Blaze, our beauty expert ,is preparing a series of false wings to be slipped on over the original by those angels who have fallen beneath this unusual epidemic.

The Pearly Gates Telephone Co. cooperated with the city in the taking of the last census which produced a number of very interesting discoveries which may interest the general public. Out of every one hundred people in heaven at the present time only about three profess the Christian faith. The mapority of the inhabitants of this world have been kicked out of religion somewhere along the line. We have quite a number of Buddhists and our brownstone front row on Etherside Drive has four Mohammedans, two Greeks, twelve Chinese, four Fiji Islanders, thirty-two heretics, nineteen agnostics and one Christian. A private wire to hell tells us that the Devil found quite the reverse when he made up his Infernal Directory for the year 1924. There are only two Brahmins, one Buddhist and one Chinaman on record down there and they are so good they are about to be sent up here on parole. Nearly all the rest claim to be followers of the Christian faith. His Satanic Majesty sends condolence. In the same wire, Satan asked that we send a couple of dozen good hodcarriers, coal truck drivers and woodchoppers down below as he is having difficulty keeping the fire hot enough to roast to the proper pitch the large number of new arrivals from the planet Earth. The poor Devil is always getting the worst of it.

FOR SALE

Two phonographs, a player piano and an accordion are for sale in the family of Col. Mars. He is selling them because his neighbors object to the jazz craze which Mars has been perpetuating for several years. Mercury went into convulsions as the result of Col. Mars and his three sons jazzing the Sextet from Lucia and syncopating the Symphony in C. Minor. Several small asteroids have decided that Mars will have to sacrifice his musical equipment.

The Pearly Gates Divorce courts are flooded at the present time with couples who were unable to get their marriages annulled before they died. The city is investigating this critical condition very carefully and is preparing to pass very rigid laws against flappering on the part of the younger angels. It is now generally admitted that it was one of the younger flapper angels who vamped Nicodemus and broke up a family of nearly two thousand years of amicable understanding. It is said that these angels secure the desired effect in vamping our stolid citizens by flappering their wings.

The Pearly Gates Gazette wishes to announce that the rival paper (the Heavenly Hash) is no good but spends all its time copying our deeply original editorials. The Heavenly Hash is a paper catering entirely to capitalism and is entirely in the hands of a group of angels who spend all their time feathering their own nests out of other people's wings. If you want the latest news be sure and get the Pearly Gates Gazette. We don't want to say anything about the Heavenly Hash, but it's a rotten paper.

A special delegation from Earth came up to heaven last week to ask the Lord to change a few laws. It was headed by Prof. Barnacle and Matilda Mummy. They asked the Lord to rearrange natural law because they did not believe the universe was properly run. The Lord was taking his morning shower bath and declined to be disturbed. The delegation went away in a huff. Peculiar how these people down on eath are always trying to tell the Lord how to run things. He gets a thousand letters a day on how to run the universe by people who can't run themselves. He is master of the situation, however, having the special privilege to burn the mail unopened.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer
Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on hand:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explantion of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

1. Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
2. The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
3. Talks to Teachers, Part I
4. Talks to Teachers, Part II
5. Talks to Teachers, Part III
6. The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
7. Reincarnation, Part I
8. Reincarnation, Part II.
9. The Nature Spirits, Part I.
10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
11. The Nature Spirits, Part III.
12. List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
13. The Masters, Part I.
14. The Masters, Part II.

The Following are in Preparation.

Talks to Teachers, Part IV.
Talks to Teachers, Part V.
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
The Nature Spirits, Part V.
The Masters, Part III.
The Masters, Part IV.
The Philosophy of the Absolute.
The Mystery of Marriage.
The Mystery of Baptism.
The Mystery of the Soul.
The Philosophy of Death.

These publications may be secured through voluntary contribution by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Buddha

"Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true law."

"As the bee collects nectar and honey and departs without injuring the flower or its color or scent, so let the sage dwell among his fellowmen."

"Earnestness is the path of Immortality, thoughtlessness the path of Death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are dead already."

"Let no man cling to what is pleasant or to what is unpleasant. Not to see what is pleasant is pain and it is pain to see that which is unpleasant; let, therefore, no man love anything for the loss of the beloved is evil. Those who love nothing and hate nothing have no fetters. From pleasure comes grief, from pleasure comes fear. He who is free from pleasure, he knows neither grief nor fear."

"There is no fire like passion, there is no shark like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torment like greed."

"A man is not an elder because his head is gray; his age may be ripe but he is called Old-in-Vain. He in whom there is truth, virtue, pity, restraint, moderation; he who is free from impurity and is wise—he is called an elder."

"As a grass blade, if badly grasped, cuts the hand, so wisdom, badly practiced, leads to hell."

"The gods even envy him whose senses, like horses broken in by the driver, have been subdued, who is free from pride, and free from appetites. Such a one who does his duty is tolerant like the earth, or like a threshold; he is like a lake without mud; no new births are in store for him. There is no suffering for him who has finished the journey and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides, and thrown off all fetters."

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought, it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage."

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom

A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

Christmas Number 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

Books by Manly P. Hall

The Initiates of the Flame.

A book dealing with the seven great branches of occult philosophy as they have been perpetuated through the Fire Schools of the ancients. Of interest to occultists, Masons and students of comparative religion. It contains about 100 pages bound in full cloth, stamped in gold. Profusely illustrated.

The Lost Keys of Masonry.

An occult analysis of the three degrees of the Blue Lodge as they have been preserved since the time of ancient Egypt. Preface by Reynold E. Blight, lately of exalted position in the 33rd degree of Masonic Lodge. Illustrated with a four-color plate of the Masonic degrees on the human body and other black and white drawings. About 80 pages, printed in two colors, solid board binding, stamped in three colors.

The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah and the Science of the Divine Names.

A text book dealing with the spirit of the Qabbalah and the great natural laws upon which it is based. Entirely different from anything of its kind on the market at the present time. It contains a chapter devoted to the exposition of ceremonial magic and the secret allegories concealed beneath it. Art paper binding, about 50 pages.

The Ways of the Lonely Ones.

This is the last of Mr. Hall's writings, the first edition of which was entirely exhausted in about three hours of distributing time, and the second edition is being rapidly exhausted.

This is a purely mystical work dealing with the heart side of occult philosophy and appealing to the intuitive rather than the intellectual mind. It contains a number of occult allegories expressing the spirit of the ancient philosophies. It contains 64 closely written pages and is nicely bound in boards and stamped in blue.

None of these books are for sale but may be secured directly from the author upon receipt of voluntary contribution. These publications are expensive and the ability to continue their distribution depends upon the cooperation of those desiring them. They are not sold.

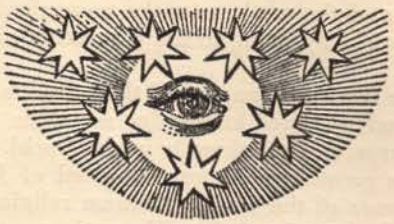
Address all orders to MANLY P. HALL

P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., DECEMBER, 1923 No. 2



This magazine is published monthly for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Special Notice to Our Readers 2

EDITORIALS
- The Spirit of Christmas 3
- The Second Coming of Christ 7
- A One Act Literary Tragedy 8

OCCULT FICTION
- Brothers of the Shining Robe (Cont'd) Chapter 6 10

SHORT STORIES
- Your God and My God 13
- The Dance of the Veils 25

SPECIAL ARTICLES
- Living Problems Department 12
- The Curse of Egypt's Dead 16
- Roger Bacon's Essay on Alchemy 17
- Symbolism of Our New Cross 20
- Description of Last Month's Plate 24
- Law of Non-Attachment 29

POEM
- Song of the Soul 34

ORIENTAL ARTICLES
- The Kojiki 36
- The White Elephant 31

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT 23

ASTROLOGY
- The Keywords of Libra 39

PEARLY GATES GAZETTE 40

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

Dear Friends:

On the fourth of December next I am leaving Los Angeles for an extended trip directly around this old earth for the purpose of establishing contacts with the great religious centers of the earth, to make more simple the unification of the spiritual thought of the world by going to the very heart of each of the great world religions.

From time to time there will appear in the following issues of this magazine the results of this trip and whatever knowledge as to the spiritual, ethical and intellectual status of the respective religions is in the world. At Kyoto are the great Buddhist universities, the greatest and most advanced of Japanese institutions. At Peking we find the remnants of the ancient Chinese religions while Benares has always been the home of Brahmanism. The Hermetic mysteries are outpourings of the great pyramid initiations of Egypt while Constantinople is close to the heart of the Mohammedan world. For many centuries there has existed in the soul of man a great misunderstanding of the world religions. He has come to believe that his own revelation is the one true and only spiritual doctrine. This is not so. Buddha, Mohammed, Krishna, Orpheus, Hermes, Zoroaster, Odin, Confucius, Lao Tze and many others have illuminated the world with great truths but modern Western civilization has practically ignored these great workers.

The entire trip will cover about thirty-eight thousand miles of land and sea and from it I shall gain the material to complete work on two large books of symbolism which I am now preparing and also for an occult encyclopedia which is to follow shortly. I shall be in constant touch with the headquarters of my work and the magazines and publications will appear just as though I were at home all the time.

This trip is for scientific research and investigation and not a lecture tour, though I shall probably hold meetings in the Hawaiian Islands and in London so if you have friends in those parts it will be well for you to notify them.

Of course during the months when I am away in order to better fit myself to express these ancient philosophies, the work will be under tremendously heavy expenses with very little revenue so I am going to ask those of you who are interested in the maintenance of this work and who will be interested in the information which I will bring back with me to cooperate during my absence so that this slowly growing ideal shall not be crushed for want of personal supervision. The expenses of maintaining the work while I am away will probably amount to about seven hundred and fifty dollars a month. This amount divided among the total number of our students would not be felt by any but if it has to be shouldered by one or two it is more than can be done. It would be very disasterous to go away without each one of the student body and those interested in our work cooperating during my absence. None of us can do it alone but if all put their shoulders to the wheel the thing is realized and if you wish to be of the great possible service during the coming month, just sit down when you can and send us a little contribution to help pay the ever increasing bills. And if you will make it your business to sit down once a week or once a month and mail in that money which you would use to some purpose that would result in nothing permanent, you will not miss it very much and it will enable us to continue serving you more efficiently.

Please do not overlook this because during my absence the responsibility of the work divides itself among those interested and I do not want to come back and find the ship on the rocks when just a little thought on your part will keep it sailing upon the open sea.

If you will all cooperate to the best of your ability to distribute our literature and assist in whatsoever way you feel that you can I am sure all will go well until I return from my trip.

Very truly yours

MANLY P. HALL.

EDITORIALS

The Spirit of Christmas

THE bustle and confusion of our ever more self-centered lives is slowly killing out the beautiful spirit of Christmas. We see people fussing and stewing; we see them sinking back in their chairs at home, after a raid upon the bargain counter at the eleventh hour, with their hats over one eye and their corns singing in nine languages and three colors—muttering to themselves, "Thank God, Christmas only comes once a year!" Then that other group we know so well who send all their presents out late in order to see what the recipient sends them first and are broken hearted if the influx is not as great as the outpouring. In other words, there are only a few people in all the world who have really preserved the true spirit of Christmas and most of these are children who have not yet been caught up in the maelstrom of our commercial ethics. The spice of Christmas is indeed losing its savor and with its going will vanish one of man's greatest opportunities, which, like all that have gone before, he has abused and neglected.

The occultist must seek to build again in his own life the spirit of Christmas—beautiful in its simplicity, appealing in its sentiment and joyous in its ideals. Christmas whispers many things to the soul that thinks; it means more than merely the gift of one to another; it teaches in its mystic way the story of the divine gift which has been made by the spiritual powers of being to the worlds of men. As the child hangs up its stocking and finds it in the morning, filled with gifts and goodies, given in the name of old Santa Claus—that unknown person who is said to dwell at the North Pole—so all through life man has no greater opportunity than to give in the name of his God those things which the world needs. The spirit is Santa Claus, the Giver behind all gifts, who dwells in the North Pole of man at the upper end of the spine, and it is from here that the Ancient of Days sends out His gifts to the body, sends out His thoughts and ideals and gives His life for the glorification of the world.

Man must learn to make his gifts in the name of the spirit, not in the name of the body, for within each of us is the divine altruist seeking to be heard above the ever crying voice of the human egotist. At Christmas the spirit of giving is said to rule the world for on that day God the Father gave His Beloved Son as His gift to the world and that Son is the spirit of life, of hope, and of truth that springs eternal in the human heart. To man has been given the work of expressing in the world of form this gift of the Father—not only upon Christmas day but upon all the days of the year for the child of God may be born in man at any time.

There is a terrible feeling that comes into the heart of a little child when the thoughtless parent or heartless playmate whispers to it that there is no Santa Claus. That is one of the heartbreaks of childhood—when that dream of the little old man with his rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes, his long white whiskers and his snug red suit, is dispelled in the mind of the child. From that time on all the world seems false. The parents seldom realize enough of the plan of being to understand that they have destroyed a reality and not an illusion and have supplanted the reality with the false. The smiling, benevolent Santa Claus, with his ponderous comfortable figure and bag of toys, who slips down through the chimney or in some miraculous way finds his way through half inch lead pipes, is one of the sweetest concepts that man has. Santa Claus is the spirit of the Divine Humanitarian. He is always jovial, is especially fond of little children, and always brings with him dolls and toys, the playthings of the mortal man.

This jovial creature—is he not the great Olympic Jove of the Romans and the Zeus of the Greeks, is he not the spirit of the Jupiter period, expressing itself through the brain of man? The workship of Santa Claus is the brain of man wherein the spirit conceives of the good works that it may do, the thoughts, actions and desires that it may send forth into the world to cheer the hearts of children. Directly above the eyes at that point where the head starts to slope back to the crown we have the home of Santa Claus—the organs of humanitarianism and ideality. It is there that this beloved Spirit of Gift, the philanthropist of human consciousness, dwells, ever hoping, ever praying for greater opportunity to give to others.

The spirit of Santa Claus, under many other names, has been in the world since time began, being brought over from the infinite not-time of eternity. In the silence of the night Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing the gifts of life and light to man. When we go to sleep at night, tired with the labors of the day, broken down by the worries and sufferings of the world, depleted by our endless battle against the substances of crystallation, the spiritual consciousness is withdrawn and we open our body for the coming in of those little workmen who, under the direction of Jehovah, the Olymphic Jove, rebuild our bodies for the day. In that way, every night, Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing us the strength, the courage, and the bodily health to carry on our endless battle. The vital forces that nourish the human body come down the sacred chimney as the manna that descended from heaven to feed the children of Isreal in the wilderness. The Supreme Designer of things is ever the spirit of the benefactor, bringing light and truth and love to His children in the world.

And so in honor of this greatest gift, the gift of life, and to prove that they realize this gift, the Christian world has set aside one day, the day which to them is the sacred of all time, the day when the Father made the supreme sacrifice and sent His only begotten Son, the spirit of love and truth, as the living bread which comes down from heaven. Man has sanctified this day and made it a time of gifts, for on this holy day man is to renew his pact with the divine by making his gift to the children of men. Each one of us are gods in the making, each one of us carry the spark of the divine altruist within our soul, and on that day we are to whisper this truth to the world by sending gifts to all whom we know. And these gifts must not be merely things we buy or sell but must contain the divine essence of the Eternal Humanitarian who gives the best that he is and has to his children in the world. On that day we must give our light, which is the life of our brother men. "The gift without the giver is bare"—and in order to be true to ourselves at Yuletide we must give ourselves, our spirit, and our life with the gift that we buy. Listed below are some suggestions, some resolutions, for us to make to ourselves that we may be true to the spirit of Christmas and to the Eternal Giver who expresses Himself through the gifts of man to man.

When we realize the goodness of the universe and how Nature pours from her horn of plenty her gifts to man, how Nature's eldest children, the World Saviours and Initiates, have sacrificed their lives and hopes that man may be better, when we think of the tiny children of the elements, busy night and day to make life beautiful and clean, when we think of the Masters walking the earth, living symbols of self sacrifice and altrusism, when we think of the spiritual rays of the universe pouring into us all the time our life and courage and hope, when our souls hear the music of the spheres as it thrills through our own heart and we understand better that all the universe cooperates together to serve us, to save us and give us opportunity for the fullest and greatest expression, let us realize that our duty is to be part of this great plan of salvation and send our strength, our light, our love, and our pledge that we too shall help to spread the light of life to the world of men.

At this moment let there be born in the soul of man the Christ, who is the hope of glory, that the salvation of man may come in this world of pain through that spiritual one before whom we bow like the wise men out of the East, offering our three bodies for the redemption of the world. Man may offer gold and jewels but they are not his; he may offer soft velvets and clinging silks but they are not

his; he may offer land and buildings but the rocks belong to nature and the building is of the power of God. Man eternally offers that which is not his, to which he is not tied by spiritual ties; he picks up handfuls of dirt and offers them to his God to whom they belonged before. The only thing that it is his to offer is his body and the vehicles of consciousness which he has built down through the ages; he may offer his mind that through it the thoughts of God may be known to man; he may offer his heart that the love of God may be sent as a benediction to shine as a star of hope upon a world in pain; he may offer his hand with its power to mold that he may blend the elements of matter into a more conscious glorification of the eternal plan; but other than these three he has no thing to offer. When the spirit in you is born, as on Christmas morn, you will live no longer for what the world may give you but your joy and your life will be in giving to the world. The children of men wait, like the baby on Christmas Eve, for Santa Claus to bring his present; a world, widowed in suffering, waits and hopes for the coming of the light. May there be born in your Bethlehem this day that Christ in you who shall be the light of the world, the strength to steps that falter, the courage to lives that are afraid and the hope of glory to the children of creation.

Let this Christmas be different from all the others in your life insomuch as your spirit is with your gift, for a broken crust with the spirit of God is better than a string of pearls that are sent in emptiness—the heart makes the gift rich and the spirit makes it sufficient. Let us this year resolve that we shall give for the joy of giving, our reward being a happy smile in the eyes of the one who receives the token of our realization of the spirit of Christmas. The reward of the Master is to see his disciple smile for in the laughter of children sounds out a wondrous song from which pour streams of life into the heart the servant and the Master is servant of his flock. Let us this Christmas creep into the darkness of some waiting life and leave our token of good cheer, without name or symbol to show our presence, but only in the name of Santa Claus, the archetype of the Spiritual Giver, who labors all alone through the year to make the little wooden toys and dolls that bring joy to the heart of the child. And let next year be for us a year of labor that when again Yuletide comes around we shall have a great sleighful of toys, not perishable wood or little sawdust stuffed figures but great soul qualities built of thought and meditation which we may give to the world as truth and light just for the pure joy of giving.

Let us bury the hatchet of the past this Christmas and as one step in our realization of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God send our memory and good will to those who have done ill by us, the friend who has been untrue, and the one who has broken our hearts. To such ones let us send our token for while the flesh has been weak enough to break our bond of friendship still we are one in spirit. Let us give away this year that which we possess of love, truth and knowledge to a world long crying for our light, and let our first step be to make right the broken things in our own lives, the broken friendship, the broken pledge, the broken trust—let us this day forgive them all as we hope to be forgiven.

In all our giving let it be as in the beautiful story—the gifts of Santa Claus—not a gift of men to men, not just a gift that the giver may be known. Let us slip silently in and leave our blessing and if any should ask who the giver be let us answer—there is but One, the spirit of God in man, who comes in to our soul as a babe born amidst the beasts but who some day shall lighten our way and show us the beauty of giving and sharing. Christmas is not a time for creed or clan, for family or for friend, but is a moment when all the world is banded together to keep trust with One who is the Friend of all. If they would live like Him, let each of them be this day a friend of all and like the sun, God's great gift to man, let the shining rays of our soul light the souls of the just and unjust alike, for man's is the privilege to do and God's to judge the doing.

When we sit down to our Christmas dinner, surrounded with the good things of the earth, let us not forget that we have other bodies besides this form of clay. We feed this one many times but how seldom we feed

the other bodies which also grow hungry for nourishment and attention. At this Christmas dinner may we feed the heart with its finer sentiments that great love and understanding be born there. We feed the higher bodies by the things that we do in our lives which strengthen and harmonize with these bodies. During the year that is past each one of us have passed through many experiences which differ with the position each holds in the world of material affairs. Part of the work of Christmas is to build into the soul body the fruitage of these experiences that the higher man may be fed with the conscious ecceptance of experience which is the only food the spirit is capable of digesting. Let us therefore take some part of this day and go away from the world and, sitting down quietly, review the last year of our lives, bringing to mind the good works we have done, the kindnesses we have shown, the mastery of over conditions which we have expressed, the harmony which we have radiated, and the services we have performed for others. Let us group all these together in our minds and spread them out before us on a spiritual table for these things are the food of the spirit; upon this it lives and grows, by means of this it expresses ever more completely the qualities which we would that it express. This is the Christmas dinner of the soul where there is built into this wonderful star body of light, that robe of blue and gold, the fruitage of experience. In this way we become greater and wiser in the permanent things, feeding not only the body but nourishing also the consciousness which is the molder and regulator of bodies.

Let us also make our New Year resolution of how we are going to conduct ourselves in the months to come; let us lay our plan to be strong where before we were weak, to grasp opportunities that before we overlooked, and to make our lives more useful every day, so that during the coming year in the workshop of Santa Claus we may prepare a greater and better harvest, more wonderful toys and beautiful gifts to shower upon the world when the spirit of Yuletide comes again.

There is nothing in all the world today more sad than man's inhumanity to man; where he should be kind he is cruel, where he should be sweet he is heartless, and in these things he betrays the spirit of love and truth who comes to take away the sin of the world. Let him be true this year to the spirit, that the Christmas bells shall ring again with sweeter tone. How different is the sound of the bell tongue with its ringing anthem from the tongue of man which slays its sharpness and destroys the plan with its cruelty. It is a servant of the emotions and not of the spirit.

And do not forget the Christmas tree, that sprig of evergreen which Santy brings with him. As this tree grows up through the snow and its bright green leaves never lose their color, so through mortal crystallization, through the chill of a heartless world, through the cold months of spiritual winter, the sprig of evergreen has ever been the whispering voice of immortality.

This year let Santa Claus, the divine altruist in our own soul, bring his toys and his gifts from the North Pole and scatter them into the world. Feel him knocking at the door of your own heart and see his smiling face inviting you to join him in the work of making people happy. He will tell you that his smile is the smile of those he has helped reflected from his own face, that he is happy and his cheeks are rosy because he is ever busy. Like the spiritual Jupiter, the humanitarian of the zodiac, he is ever seeking to make the way of life happier and more glorious. Get together with him this year and as occultists and students of spiritual things join him in making the world happy—slipping away again without ever letting anyone know who did it. Leave your blessings and be gone, give your present and leave unannounced, for the great give for the joy of giving and not in anticipation of reward; the true are rewarded enough in the realization that they are doing as the Master would have them. So we invite you this Christmas to become a Santa Claus—not a Santa Claus of make believe, but to feel in your own soul the spirit of the eternal Saint Nicholas who goes out to make the world happy.

The Second Coming of Christ

FOR many years one great question has been uppermost in minds of religious people — is this the day appointed in the Bible of the ancients for the second coming of the Christ? During the last few hundred years many have come to teach the way of light and today many have claimed, or it has been claimed of them, that they were the second coming of our Master. Dozens of creeds have sprung up, each claiming to represent Him; dozens of those who have seen light and have given it to mankind have been pointed to as His incarnation. Many theories there are as to His coming and many wonder if they would know Him when He does come. The world is looking for a World Saviour, a Great One who will bring it peace in sorrow, light in darkness, knowledge in ignorance. But, alas, few are preparing the way for such a One and His reception would indeed be a cold one if He came to the world today.

There is no doubt that the creedal theologies prohibit the coming of a World Teacher for they divide against each other and tear down their brothers' ideals and would fill His coming with wranglings and dissensions which would defile His very presence when He came. Europe is in turmoil, Asia is in revolt, America is asleep with her moneybags, and at this time there is no room for a Great One. All claim to want Him but they would deny Him if He came nor would they know Him if He presented Himself.

Now the questions arise, where will He come, what will He do? That is indeed a problem that needs deepest consideration. We point East, West, South and North—all need him. But all need something different; some need bread, others clothes, some need food for the intellect, and some for the soul. What will the answer be?

Theology has drawn a wonderful picture of all the people of earth bowing before a single throne—an idyllic picture but a useless one while creeds and languages, ideals and hopes are as diverse as they are today. Christians are but a wee drop in the bucket of religion and their work in the last few ages has not entitled them to very great consideration. Wherever they are suffering is with them, wherever they go they murder, and whatever they do is with the spirit of selfishness. Their God and their lives are different things—surely never in this way can they convince the world at large of the superiority of their doctrines.

If we are to have one Teacher to bring us light we must first learn to live together peaceably that we may remain side by side in His presence without destroying each other, without superiority, and without hypocrisy. The world is raising its eyes unto the heavens praying for help, but it is today still crucifying the ones who bring it help; it prays for light, then slays the bearer. In the infinite history of being man is just about four seconds old and that is very young. He pulls hairs for his toys and fights for the front seat in everything he does.

A Teacher is needed but he must also be desired and his altar must be built among men, otherwise he can do no good. At the present time there are many noble works in the world that are failing because they believe they are superior. But there will be a time when the one and only truth will not be taught as it is today for East and West shall unite, North and South shall come together to teach the only and one Truth.

In looking over the messengers of God among men today and find only egotists. They do great good and then ruin it all by claiming their superiority. Each creed is the appointed one, each messenger is the annointed one, and all the rest are less. It must bring tears to the eyes of the gods to see the foolishness of man. If ever there comes into the world a doctrine which claims to be the least and tells of the immortality of the others, such a one will flavor of divinity. But now—Smith and Brown and Jones are all annointed ones, each a little greater than the other until all three are highest. Each condescends to be kind and pity the other in order to show his Christian spirit, but all stand forth as self-ordained egotists whose

usefulness is entirely destroyed by the strings of omnipotence with which they have tied up their truth.

Those who know, wait and pray, as they have waited and prayed through the millions of years that have passed, for One who is the least among men, who comes without words and who appears not within the bonds of creed; they seek their Teacher among the hills and in the valleys, among the stones and among the stars; they wait, hoping that he shall soon come to redeem his suffering people and bring joy to broken hearts. All wait for the sending of the Annointed Son who is to lead His children from the darkness of ignorance and into the promised land.

Hasten the day of His coming by living as though He were already here. He is a spirit, not a creature of this world; He is an essence, not a man; and He christens His annointed and sends them forth unto the souls of men. There shall be Christs in many lands for His spirit is legion—East, West, South and North shall feel His presence. Out of the worlds of men there come those to redeem men and upon their head is the oil of the Christ and in their hearts are His commandments, for He comes again in the hearts of His children where He has forever rested awaiting the day of resurrection. Wait not for one who comes in clouds with the chant of cherubim but rather hail one who comes enthroned in the souls of men; hail the Redeemer in the brother's heart and know that from there he goes forth to save His people. He speaks with the voice of the martyr, He gleams out through the meditation of the monk; His sweeping sword shall prepare the way for better things for He cometh not with peace but with a sword.

When the Christ in the heart of every one of us has stirred and whispered to the Christ in the heart of our brother then the day of His coming shall be near and He shall Himself come into a world prepared for Him by His appointed messengers. Worlds are falling, nations are overwhelmed, peoples are torn with strife and discord, and all pray for rest, pray for the touch of the Lord Maitraya's hand to bring peace to the soul. They do not know that that hand is in the hand of their brother, they do not know that that voice speaks with the lips of men. If they knew they would understand that He has come and that the way is being prepared for a new day or righteousness and peace.

A One Act Literary Tragedy

LET me relate to you a little story of one on our land who was inspired of his God to write a book in which he was to set forth some of the great mysteries of creation. In some insidious way it was discovered that such was his fell intent. So we open our little drama, a one act literary tragedy, in the attic where our budding author is buried in his rounds and periods. Already the manuscripts are heaped about him and strange, wierd volumes, their pages embossed with symbol and design, are laying open around him. A second-hand, broken down typewriter is pounding its very life away while the room resembles more than anything else an auction sale at Slothby's. His mind is somewhere in the heart of the Himalayas trying to wrest from the innermost soul of his being some mighty truth to give the world, when a knock sounds upon his door.

He comes back to this mortal life with a shock and the budding idea leaves his mind forever, whereupon the world has lost a great thought—all for no other reason than that someone insists upon knocking at the door. Let us analyze the knock.

* * *

The knocker was animated by the vital principle of Mrs. Desdemona Chatterjaw who, without waiting for an invitation, walked in and sat down.

"Are you Wilbermore Scribbly, young man?" asked Desdemona, adjusting her spectacles and gazing long and earnestly at the

face of the author, said countenance haggard by his momentous undertaking. "I understand you are writing a book. Now before you write it, I must tell you some experiences I have had—you know I write books too—here's my first and greatest masterpiece "Hoofmarks on the Sands of Time." It is just filled with material I know you will need for your book—you know I was inspired when I wrote it. I was in the hospital recovering from the effects of an operation—oh no—no—no—I was there that time because my husband threw a paperweight at me. It is those little things which broaden the soul don't you know." And Mrs. Chatterjaw looked down with benign condescension upon our poor author who was in the last stages of passing out.

"I think you are very foolish, young man, to write a book like that. You are not sufficiently equipped for the work, your knowledge is not great enough—that is the reason why I have come to you. You know I have three masters. Here is the drawing of the spirit of an oyster that I received automatically. I know you will want this as the frontispiece of your new book—but if I were you I wouldn't write that book at all because I have already covered the ground in mine—oh yes, I am a teacher too—I have lived in India—yes I have been up in the Himalayas too. If you only had the experience that I have had young man you would be able to do great things in this world! I would have also but you know I have such poor health—I believe I'm going to have to have another operation—but I just knew that I had to come here—I was directed by one of my masters. You know I have one of the most unusual cults in the world. We have founded the New Jerusalem. If you will come there you will be saved because all the rest of the world is going to sink—I saw it in a vision years ago!"

Poor Scribbly grew weaker as the moments passed. He had not yet been able to get a word in edgewise but when Mrs. Chatterjaw stopped long enough to inhale, he broke in:

"Excuse me, madam, but at the present time I am fully able to take care of my own affairs. I have felt inspired to write a book and, God willing, and my brother man permitting, I shall achieve the acme of my desire. In this particular part I am dealing with silence and meditation and I would deem it great consideration on your part if you will kindly allow me to continue this humble effort according to my own light. I am afraid that your master has misinformed you as to my crying needs for I assure you the only thing I request from humanity is that they will leave me in primeval silence and dissipate themselves to the four corners of creation."

Mrs. Chatterjaw leaned back beaming.

"Why, my dear Mr. Scribbly, you express my sentiments entirely!! You know I just hate people who make themselves nuisances and I can't bear those people who talk when I am busy. I knew that we would come to a wonderful understanding!—Now let me read to you from the fourth chapter of my book, thirteenth verse—it has a wonderful article on meditation in it. I know it is good—I wrote it myself!" And Mrs. Desdemona opened her book and adjusted her spectacles.

Mr. Scribbly was on the verge of that state of consciousness that editor's pass through when they drink the ink as Mrs. Chatterjaw started reading:

"Oh enchanted ethereal vistas! how I long to be amongst thy voluptuous enchantments!' —Oh, isn't that beautiful, Mr. Scribbly?—my master gave that to me!" And Mrs. Chatterjaw clasped her hands and gazed at the ceiling.

"Humph!" grunted Scribbly in a tone like the Dying Gaul. "It's very nice Mrs. Chatterjaw."

"Oh, I knew you'd love it, Mr. Scribbly! I'm going to read you some more. You know I got this one night while I was washing the dishes—I think it is one of the most beautiful things that I have ever read."

"Excuse me, please," said our fastly decomposing author, "but I am in financial embarrassment. I have paid thirty dollars a month for the use of this room and, while I love social calls, I must remind you that I cannot extract a living from them. As I must get this book finished before the rent comes Chatterjaw—I must bid you good afternoon."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, I mustn't detain you," answered Desdemona sitting back in perfect ease, "but before I go I must tell you one exuerience that I had on the astral plane. I

(Continued on Page 38)

the work that you have started in London has already been a great success and you had best continue until further information shall warn you otherwise. Next week you shall receive certain person who will come to you concern- special instructions as to the treatment of a ing the weighty affairs of state.

"In the meantime—a king is dying—and for the purpose of saving a nation I shall hover over him, and if it be necessary I shall myself take the body that he drops. Kings are sometimes powerless—other times, have power—but I will tell you more concerning this a little later. The thread of life has not yet been broken but unless he turns from this hopeless pursuit that he is following, the Elder Brothers will destroy him.

"Now three things I warn you of. First, the school that attacked our brother tonight has its branches all over the earth and will injure you at every turn. Our special work is to crush them but they will not die without a struggle. Secondly, make a confidant of no one for what the world does not know it respects. Your power lies in silence. Third, eat and drink nothing that I tell you not of for if you do you will fail.

"Now, there is much to be done for His Majesty the king is low and I must travel half way across Europe in order to be at his bedside. You have your instructions—here is a sealed letter for each of you which you are to open when you have left this place."

This tireless man stood and we rose with him. He pointed to the door and one after the other we filed out, the Master bringing up the rear. He closed the door softly and it vanished into space as we descended a rickety pair of stairs. Reaching the outer steps of the house the Master saluted us and then dissolved into mist. I turned to the other two who were with me then gave a start—they also had vanished. I looked at the house I had just come out of and then stepped back in amazement—I was looking into the door of a highly lighted cafe. I looked on each side but no such house as I had been in could be found for I was standing on one of London's busiest thoroughfares. I put my hands into my pockets to find the address but the paper was gone and in some unaccountable way I had forgotten the number. I then realized that the house of Spiritus Scantus was well guarded, not by soldiers and sentinels but the mystic power of forgotten things.

Calling a cab, I rode slowly past the brightly lighted buildings, headed for my own apartment. Suddenly I held up my hand and the cabby stopped by a brilliantly lighted club with two crouching lions upon the steps. A figure had attracted my attention—that of a tall slender man in high silk hat and evening cape—standing upon the steps conversing with a much shorter person. I called out to the cabby.

"Do you know who that man is?"

He looked for a second. "No sir," he answered, "but I have seen him many a time and have driven him to the House of Lords when it was in session."

I sat back and thought. I could not be mistaken—it was that of the Great One who had come to the meeting in the little room. As I watched he turned away, descended the steps and entered an automobile. A devilish curiosity prompted me.

"Follow that car!" I instructed the cab driver.

"Yes sir," he answered, and with a snort and a puff the cab started off. We wound in and out through the traffic, always about a hundred feet behind the great black automobile, which spun out of the city towards the Waterloo station, and continued to curve in and out among the streets in a spiral, zigzag motion. As I sat with my eyes fixed upon it, following its every movement, a hand tapped me lightly on the shoulder. I jumped straight up about two feet and my tall silk hat went flat against the cab top. I turned nervously and there beside me on the back seat of the cab sat the gentleman in the evening cape whose car in front I had been following so earnestly.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" he asked, a smile playing around the corners of his mouth. It was the first time I had realized that the Masters of Wisdom might have a sense of humor, but I felt decidedly that the joke was on me.

"I—er—that is—I mean—"

"Yes, yes," beamed my companion, "your curiosity is quite pardonable. But do you not think a trifle unwise? A little too con-

spicuous possibly for the good of all concerned?" He fingered the knob of the gold headed cane that he carried. "Well, my good friend, I wish you a very good evening. If you are as arduous in your labors as you are persistent in your curiosity you will do well indeed. You notice my automobile? If you have not, look closely."

I turned my eyes to the car and as I did so it came to a stop about a hundred feet ahead. The door opened and from it stepped the gentleman with the tall silk hat who turned and waved his cane to me. I looked again to the seat beside me but of course it was empty. For some reason I was no longer curious and made no attempt to even note the address where he stopped.

With my squashed high hat on my ear, a very sickly feeling in the pit of my stomach and with an innate feeling that I had made a fool of myself, I told the cabby to turn around and not to stop until he reached my apartment and then sat back and closed my eyes to make sure that I didn't see anything else to awaken my curiosity.

"Two pounds, ten shillings worth of hat," I muttered to myself forlornly, "and under it the brains of a jackass." At the same instant a peculiar feeling came over me as if something was drawing me upward. In a second it was over but I felt strangely dizzy and, reaching up, took off my hat to fan my face. I looked at it in amazement—the crown had risen.

And this was my first experience of the humor of those who are supposed to be excessively stoic individuals. After thinking it over I came to the conclusion that I was glad that it had happened because as the hat crown came up I seemed to hear a soft laugh—and with the knowledge that I afterwards had I realized that the jester seldom smiled.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

JUST A WORD IN PASSING

Prof. Steinmetz, one of the greatest minds of our age, who fought the battle of physical deformity and fighting against tremendous odds rose to a place of honor among his fellow men, has been released from a body which was always a living tomb to a broader and greater field of activity. With his death another great man is found and those who would say nothing good of him, who never while he was alive extended a hand to help him now speak of him as that great man. Why must our brothers die before we recognize their genius? Now Professor Steinmetz has gone but his life might have been made sweeter and gladdened if a few of the words of praise that we now bestow upon him had been given him while he was alive. His battle against opposing thought was nobly fought and none know what courage might have come to his soul if someone had held out the hand of friendship to clasp his. But that hand which never extended during life now places a wreath upon his grave. Let us learn to honor our great men and women while they live instead of sainting them when they are gone.

SPEAKING OF AUTO SUGGESTION

For those of you who are not acquainted with the fact, autosuggestion is a form of mental auto intoxication used to convince yourself that you are what you are not and have gotten over that which you know you have. The war cry is, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." But this form is too long for Americans while just suitable for the more voluble French, so in America the Coue string has been changed to, "Oh hell, I'm well!"

We can say most anything we want to but while we live as we do, think as we do, eat and sleep in the way that we do and abuse ourselves according to fashion there is nothing upon the face of the earth that will cure us of anything.

Your God and My God

IT was one of those little East side streets that we always find in large cities, where the rays of the sun seldom strike, where battered stone fronts and delapidated bricks overhang streets, narrow and gloomy, and many ragged little children play on the curbstones or sail paper boats in the gutters. The bustle and confusion which marks the lower side of the life of a great city filled the air, here and there an old brick tenement rose gloomily from the surrounding shacks and the alleys were crossed and criscrossed with clothes-lines upon which strange colored garments fluttered in the air. The day had been cloudy and the clothes had not dried well but hung in the same delapidated, drizzled way that the shoulders hung on those characters who slouched along the streets. The only joy seemed to be the laughter of the children and they laughed because they were too young to cry. It was a place of sunken cheeks, hollowed eyes and furrowed brows—a land where despair dwells and where the wolf of need is ever howling at the door.

In the midst of this sordid neighborhood with its lifelessness and gloom, jammed in between a gloomy tenement and a sweat shop where a toiling humanity sold youth and life for the price of bread, stood a little one-story shack, broken in front and battered by age. Everyone knew this building, the little Buddhist church that had found its way into a land of many flags to minister to the needs of the children of India and Japan. It did not appear like the churches that we have, with rising spires and silvered belfry, but was just a little hole in the wall for it was a stranger in a strange land and the Lord of the Lotus meant little to those hungry ones who would gladly sell their souls for a crust of bread.

From across the blue Pacific and over many miles of dingy railroads there had come one from the East, bringing with him the faith of the East and the childish simplicity of the East—that indescribable something which fascinates the traveller who wanders 'mid Oriental climes. A few lonely ones in this great city had called him from the bright sunshine and green-clad mountains of India, had called him to minister to their needs, so he had come out of his temple with its chanting priests, wreaths of purple incense and majesty sublime, and, as the least of the disciples of a Lowly One, came to bring the light of Asia to his people in America.

A quaint character was the little Buddhist priest. In spite of his strange gods, many of the people in that little tenement world had learned to welcome his smile and his quaint broken English. He was just a little man, with big black eyes and kindly face, and, though the years weighed upon him, when you gazed at him you felt you were looking at a child. There was no guile in his look, no deceit in his smile, no airs about his manner, but there was something infinitely human, deeply touching, yes pathetic, in his brave battle against religions that opposed him.

The Buddhists loved him and came many miles around to his little church in the gloom of the tenement walls. They would go into the door in reverence but once through the portal they lived in another world for strange Oriental hangings covered the walls and the subtle odor of burning sandlewood and musk lent an Oriental atmosphere to the whole. There in a litle niche of beaver board, upon which loving hands had traced the flowers of Buddha, was a little shrine in which sat their Lord and God, their minister of light, their consoler in sorrow, their hope of redemption, their voice before the Almighty—Lord Gautauma, the Great Buddha. And here they came and brought their offerings, here they came to pray and sing their mantrams, here they came in sorrow and in joy, young and old—far from the gods of their birth they found solace in this little temple.

One day when the little Buddhist priest was out on the street he saw a child playing in the gutter, playing with a little form of crockery or marble. He leaned over and there gazing up at him from the mud was a sad pathetic face, carved and painted in some cheap but effective substance. The Buddhist priest gazed upon it for some minutes, then as the child ran away, leaned over and picked

it from the slime. Something within his soul seemed to stir for in that face was a haunting look that drew him irresistibly. He gazed upon it for several moments. It was just a little face broken off at the neck, that of a man with long brown hair hanging in ringlets, now grayed with the mire. Upon the head of the figure rested a wreathe of thorns and thin streams of blood were trickling down the agonized countenance which was turned with a strange pathetic look, going right into the heart of the priest. Holding the broken face in his hands, the priest of another God walked down the street and stopped at the door of a house wherein dwelt Mrs. O'Flaherty, a kind-hearted old Irishwoman who used to smile to him each morning as he went by. Mrs. O'Flaherty often said to her better half, "Faith and begorra, that little hathen is one of the sweetest infidils I ever met. It's me mesilf that's sorry that he dinna belave in our God for I'd like to see him go to heaven."

Mrs. O'Flaherty was on the front step, waiting for the huckster, when the little Buddhist came by. Taking off his hat politely, he held out the little image and asked the broad, smiling Irishwoman who and what it was. Mrs. O'Flaherty looked for a second and then crossed herself with reverence.

"Faith, good sir, but that's the Son of the Blessed Virgin hersilf."

"Is that the One whom you call Jesus?" asked the Buddhist.

"Shure, and that it is!"

"It is a beautiful face," answered the priest, gazing in rapture at the little form. "He was a great man. Far off in my land we have heard of him and they say that he knew our Buddha and that he still wanders over the mountains hand in hand with him."

"Faith and I know nothin' of that! But I don't think he's hanging around with any hathen," answered Mrs. O'Flaherty, leaning on her broomstick and wiping her face on the edge of her gingham apron. "Sure and if it gets much hotter I'm going to move up on the roof again like I did last July."

"Will you tell me about your Master?" asked the Buddhist priest, still holding the little god in his hand, "I would know of him, for my soul tells me he too was a mighty Buddha."

"Shure! Sit down right here on the step and I'll tell yer about him till the dago comes with me potatoes, then Mikey's comin' home from the dump-yard and I'll have to be gettin' him some dinner."

Motherly old Mrs. O'Flaherty cast anchor, plunked herself down on the upper step, while the little Buddhist sat on the step below still gazing at the little broken image. Then Mrs. O'Flaherty in her homely way gave her story of the Master's life.

The potatoes never came and for two hours they talked there. A great light came into the eyes of the Buddhist priest and something touched Mrs. O'Flaherty also for the child-like peace and simplicity of the Hindoo stirred her very soul. At last Mrs. O'Flaherty had to go and the little Buddhist, clasping the broken face to his heart, crept quietly down the street, shaded by the falling night, to his little hole in the tenement wall where his people came to pray.

* * *

One night in December as I was passing by the little Buddhist church I stopped for a moment in amazement. A door was hanging by one hinge and its panels had been broken in with an axe, the windows were shattered and the broken sashes were banging dismally in the evening air. There was a thin flurry of snow that day, the sidewalks were slippery and the hurrying passersby did not stop to look in at the windows. All seemed dark inside and I wondered what had happened to the little Buddhist church.

As I stood undecided whether to go on or to push aside the broken door and enter, a sound broke the silence. It was a broken sob —just one heart-breaking wail so low as scarcely to be heard but which seemed to strike the very heart strings. Quickly pushing aside the broken door, I entered the little church. Everything inside was in disorder, the drapings placed with so much love were torn away, the little beaver board altar with the lotus blossoms traced upon it had been kicked to pieces, the little shrine was overturned and on the floor in front of it lay the shattered body of Lord Buddha, his gilded form crashed in by the blow of an axe. One little taper alone was burning and cast its shadow over the scene of dissolution. On the

floor, at the foot of the broken shrine and the shattered bits of the gilded statue, lay the Buddhist priest. From a wound upon his forehead blood dropped upon the broken statue.

"What is the matter?" I cried, "how did this happen?" And kneeling down I raised the limp body of the priest. He looked at me for a moment and then the tears broke out afresh. In the Western world men do not cry but in the Eastern world it is different. I knew that it was not pain that brought the tears, but an ache in the soul.

"Tell me what has happened?" I asked in sympathy. And in broken bits I got the story —a story that is often told in the Western world though mayhaps not in just the same words.

"Oh, how hard I have tried to carry into your beautiful land the light of our God! He is a god of love and light—if you could only learn of my god you would not slay your brothers—had you the love of my god this wrecked shrine would not lie here today. I came from far off India, a stranger in a strange land, to bring the blessing of my priest who sent me out to minister unto my people here—here in this land where people think only of themselves. This was my little shrine where I used to come at night and here I have ever found love and light in the gaze of my Buddha. In the stillness I could hear his soft voice whispering courage to me in my labors. I have never injured anyone, nor have I ever sought to lead your people from their gods—I have just come to keep my own. Far across the sea they told me that this was a free land where people could believe in whom they would and pray unto whatsoever God they would—I came—and for five years I have labored among my people here. I have tried to serve them in love and patience.

"Last night when all was still I came and knelt before my Buddha—before your God and my God—and as I sat here dreaming of the days when my Lord walked on earth and of the time when His blessing should be upon me, a harsh voice suddenly broke my meditation. 'Open the door!' it said. I rose and opened the door and several white men stood there. One said to me, 'Get out of the way, you dirty heathen!' Another said, 'We will have no more devil worshippers in our district!' A third said, 'To hell with those who worship wood and stone!' Then they came into my beautiful temple and broke the furniture, tore down the drapings—and one of them took a great axe and aimed a blow at my poor Buddha—my Buddha whom I brought with me from the caves of Gunga far up in the snow! My Buddha was made when the great Lord himself walked the earth and for over two thousand years has inspired and guided my people—I could not stand it!—I rushed between my Buddha and the blow—then all grew black. How long I have been here I do not know but it must have been many hours. When I came to this is what I saw—Is this what your God has taught you? Is this the one to whom you pray that he should kill the faith of other men?—But it is nearly done with me—I can not battle with your world. Already I can see my home, I can see in these wrecked walls the snow-capped peaks of my mountains. For many years I have served my God in spirit and in truth and now I am going to him—I am going into Nirvana, into the home of Buddha. But before I go—say unto the world that I will go to my Buddha and I will pray to Him for those who broke his shrine—I will pray unto my God for his love and his compassion."

The heart-broken little priest raised himself for a moment and his hands closed over the broken statue of his Buddha. He turned the body around and there in the back was a hollow such as is often found in Eastern gods wherein they put their treasured trinkets or their books of mantrams. The blow of the axe had fallen deeply and had cut the body of the god in two and as he held it there fell from the broken opening two pieces of crockery. Picking them up and joining them together I found that they formed the face of Jesus.

"How came they here?" I asked.

The Buddhist answered softly, "Many months ago I found that little face in the street where children were playing with it in the gutter. Its sad look made me sad and I brought it home and put it in the heart of my Buddha that the heart of my God might make your God glad."

He looked down on the pieces.

(Continued on Page 28)

The Curse of Egypt's Dead

LET us roll back the scroll of time to the day when rows of massive tombs, columns of sphinxes, and mighty temples lifted their crested domes in the Valley of the Kings, when a civilization now lost and gone ruled the world with the feather of Atlantean law. Man little realizes the power of these dead peoples, nor does he accept their occult art, but every little while he is faced with indisputable evidence of the reality of the unknown.

Let us enter one of these tombs. A great Pharaoh is being laid to rest, surrounded by the sceptres of his state, his body embalmed and preserved with spices and rich oils, and wrapped in the winding sheets of linen. With the golden mask of his state he lies within the many mummy cases, carved and painted with glorious colors by the artists and artisans of a lost world. There also are the mourners, howling and wailing and beating their breasts; there are the councillors with their robes and serpent staffs; there too is the priest of Isis, with the mighty sceptre of his state, the great hierophant of the Egyptian mysteries, who wields power of life and death. Torches light the scene, sending flickering glows among the shadows to reflect strange lights from the golden ornaments.

On a couch carved in the shape of a lion lies the body of Egypt's dead. Beneath it are many vessels and jars containing the separately embalmed vital organs of the Pharoah. With him is buried the ritual of the dead, the papyrus of the doom and the wondrous rites by which the deceased may pass over the mountains of eternity, cross the river of death, bow before the throne of Osiris, god of the underworld, and finally pass on to glory in the Elysian fields. The walls of the tomb are carved with the faces of the gods and the judges of Egypt's dead gaze down in majestic splendor. The eye of Horus gaze unblinkingly upon the scene and Khepara Scarabus spreads its mighty wings as a symbol of the resurrection.

For a second silence descended upon the scene and the priest spoke the death ritual of the king. Then raising his staff and pounding it upon the floor, the priest muttered these words:

"Oh, Spirits of the Shadowland! Sons of Set! Children of Typhoon, Intestine-born! guard thou this tomb. Hear these my words which I speak of Osiris and of Isis. May the Ka of this dead pass on to resurrection but guard thou this body. The curse of the gods be upon he who shall touch it, he who shall break the sacred resting place! The curse of death be upon him who shall disturb its peace or defile its sanctity! Woe unto him who has not reverence in the presence of the dead, who touches one stone, one jewel, who breaths upon the face of the dead—let him rot as the dead rots. Let him rot from the inside outward, let him become a living corpse, for his audacity. It is said in the law that the dead shall rest in peace, and that this may be fulfilled I set the four sons of the demons upon this tomb to guard it through all eternity. One I place upon the north corner, one I place upon the south corner, one I place upon the east corner, one I place upon the west corner; then above and below, around and about, I encompass it with the curse of the gods and woe unto him who shall enter this living ring which I have placed! For upon him shall descend the curse of Ammon Ra, the curse of Osiris the protector of the dead, the curse of Isis the Mother of heaven, the curse of Nepthus the Mother of hell, the curse of Typhoon the Crocodile, the curse of Set the god of the dead, the curse of the seventy-two thousand Gatemen be upon him—may his bones wither, and his eyes fall out, that he shall die of the agony of decay. May the hand that touches this tomb wither, the eye that gazes upon it become blind, the heart that dares to enter become cold and the mind that dares conceive it become a blank. This is the curse of the Ring of Death for it is said—disturb not the shade!"

The priest brought down his staff upon the floor. And so it was done—the laying of the curse of Egypt's dead—a curse which will not be forgotten nor shall it pass unknown. Slowly one by one the figures filed away and the

light of the torches vanished in the distant corridors. The mummy lay upon its couch of lions, while at the corners sat four dim, misty figures, their hands upon their knees and their eyes turned upon the heart of the dead. They were the Silent Watchers set to guard the body of the righteous dead. In the air floated strange creatures, twining strain after strain of fine thread around the body of the Pharoah, the soft beating of their wings unheard by mortal man.

There in the days of Egypt's glory that tomb was sealed, that graved was sanctified, that spot was hallowed. The rust of ages and the passing tide has laid low the arches of the ancients, the avenues of sphinxes are covered with dust, the papyrus columns are broken and overturned, and here and there a mound of broken rocks alone marks the resting place of Egypt's dead; but through all those ages time has had no power and the dead of Egypt still lie in state upon their couches of lions, still surrounded by their jewels and ornaments, still surrounded by the demons.

Man dares anything. And who shall say whether it be right or wrong that he should dare? That is the problem of his soul. But let him who dares be prepared to face the folly of his daring nor feel offended if the price of his folly is heavy. Today into the Empire of the Nile pour the scientists of many lands, seeking to establish the records of the past by robbing the graves of Egypt's dead. If they can succeed—let them proceed, it is their will and their life. But let them go prepared to face the curse for in all these ages the demons have not moved but like faithful watchdogs still kneel at the corners of their emperor's tomb and he who lays his finger upon Egypt's dead shall feel their curse. Through all ages the grave-robber has borne upon himself the curse of death and the fact that science needs the knowledge does not make the scientist other than a grave-robber.

So as he enters in, the demon moves; as he touches, the demon strikes for the guardians of Egypt's dead know no rulership but the grave invocation that placed them there. It my be coincidence but one after another the defilers of tombs pass away as the curse narrates, one by one the grave-robbers sink to rest in the tombs they themselves have defiled. Whether they be right or wrong their own souls must judge, but this we do know—that the curse strikes and the silent spectre's power is as great today as when the glory of Egypt was the envy of the world.

Speculum Alchymiae

The True Glass of Alchemy

By Roger Bacon

I salute or greet unto thee, most dearly beloved, the Class of Alchemy, which in my heart I have figured or printed, and out of the books of wise men have drawn, in the which is contained fully all that they have gathered to the perfection of Alchemy—I do give it unto your person, and in the which all things which are required to this Art be here gathered together, and those which be in diverse places dispersed: I shall thus answer unto your produce and wisdom, all things be created of the four Elements, and they be the Roots and matters of all things, and the diversity of things consisteth in three, that is to say, Colour, Taste and Smell. There is not to me but three, viz. Diversities of Elements, divers Propertions, diverse Decoctions, and divers Mixtions. Wherefore if ye will one Metalline Body transform into another, ye must know the Nature of one contrary and of another in every diversity, and when you know this then you may by Addition and Substraction, put to more of one Element, and the less of another, and seeth them together well or evil, and also to mix them together well or evil unto your own will and desire. And that may a Man do well in Metals if he might know without error how to separate the Elements, that is to say, to reduce them to their first Matter and

Root, which Root is Brimstone and Quicksilver and Sulphur and Mercury, and then that is the Root or Matter nearest or nearer; but because the separation of Elements in Metals is difficult and hard, the Matters did seek how to get the Roots nearest without any labor, from Brimstone and quicksilver, and of these they made their separation of Elements, which they used, and said that only the Elements did cleave in Metals, and that strange Elements of other things, as the blood, eggs and hair, do not enter but by Vertue or by commixtion of them, with the aforesaid Elements, drawn of the Spirits and Bodies Metalline; but because we cannot resolve or separate as Nature doth, for Nature separateth without apposition of any strange thing in the space of a thousand years, and we cannot live a thousand years, therefore if we will make this separation we must find the cunning or knowledge by the which we may do it sooner; but this we cannot do by no ways except we do put unto them things divers and contrarious, for by his contraries ought ye to separate the Elements by our Knowledge and Mastery, therefore when two contrary things be mixed together one worketh in another, and so maketh him to give of his complexion and virtue, part thereof; for this cause ye must first learn to know the Complexion and Properties of all things, before you do enterprise to make commixtion together in their proper Natures, and it is needful that you know the work of Nature which you intend to do, and how much and what every thing doth give, of his Nature and Complexion, and how much, and what he lacketh of another Complexion and Nature, by the means of the working which you do, and by the Nature of contrary things, which you do commix together, and if you do err in any of these, to know how much and in what; for if you know this, then you do know how to rectify any thing of the world, and to reduce any thing unto his first matter and complexion, or to any other thing according to your desire; then by the contrary, if you know not this you shall not entrprise to meddle, but by means of some things to attempt to make ingression or such like until you do know this, and this is in light or in light things, and the Philosophers do say that if any man do know how to convert one nature into another he knoweth all the whole mastery; and Avicen doth say the same, that so it is, all your desire ought to be to this, for this which I have said be the beginnings or Roots of Alchemy philosophical and medicine. And without knowledge of these Roots if you will do any work or medicine, which is called the Elixir in this Art to transmute imperfect Bodies into Sol and Lune, (of whatsoever the medicine was in his confection) you must think well of four things which I shall tell you.

The first is, that you do know how to prepare well all your things, and that you do know how to remove that which doth hurt most, and that which doth comfort your intention, and that you know the sign when you have that which you desire to have, and that you know how to remove that which you ought to remove: For all that man doth hath an end, and a certain term, for according to philosophers when nature intendeth to destroy any thing, to generate another thing, worse or better, it intendeth to seek a certain degree which it doth not pass beyond and so standeth, and then another thing preparate, doth so provoke another special form which he had not before.

The second is, that your things separate you do know to commix them well together, and that is of sundry and divers things to make one Substance to be inseparable forever; for if you know not how to mix your things well and naturally, so that every thing be destroyed, and so brought first unto their own primary being and proper species, and one new thing to be generated of them, it is worth nothing that you have done, and that you know the sign when your mixtion is completed.

The third is, that you know the certain proportion, that is, the certain quantity of such things as thou oughtest to mix together, and also to know by reason why it should be so, that thereby you may be sure to find the thing that you look for: By the quantities that you know to have mixed upon your melted Bodies, it will away at the last slowly or quickly how well soever the things were prepared, without they were mixed together according to Knowledge and Nature thou hast lost all thy labor as much as the final complement doth contain, and that shall be well perceived in the examination thereof, when the body trans-

muted is put to examination in ashes or the test, for there he will consume and waste away according as there was too much or too little of his proportion at the first; but if the proportions were rightly mixed according to Knowledge and Reason, then it shall not do so. And Rasis saith, if thou knowest how to convert Lune into Sol, thou knowest the contrary, that is to say, Sol into Lune. But to know to do this, there is a certain term and quantity hidden, which for to know thou oughtest not a little to study, that is to say, thou oughtest thereabout greatly to study, for Rasis saith, that the wise men did never hide any thing but quantity and weight, and we care not whether people do know it or no, for we have made and written our books unto you that understand what we mean, and to our sons and children. And when you know that, then may you well perceive that no author or book doth agree or accord with other in weight and quantity, and therefore for lack of the knowledge thereof riseth a great error, and it is hidden for this cause, that none but a wise man and learned may compass to accomplish the fame, which doth all his things with knowledge and reason, of the subtil knowledge of natural things; for if it might be had otherwise, men which do meddle without knowledge and reason, but only through foolish boldness, might have come to the end, they would no more have cared for the Learning and Wisdom of wise men, than for dogs, if that their own proper industry and wit could have helped them to have found or gotten it.

The fourth thing which you ought to consider, is the greatest secret of all and might wisdom, that is, that you know how to fortify your medicine and multiply his vertue, and this is a work of great prudence and wisdom, and if you understand this last, one part of your medicine will not only convert ten parts of any body melted but a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand ten thousand thousand, and much more without end, according to the several circulations you shall make. And this which I have now said if you do understand, it sufficeth you, and I have touched all things that is needful, and they which do understand those things, they know the Art and none other, and to speak of this Art is to speak by means as we have spoken, and to work the Art of Alchemy is to work as we have said, and to reach the Art is to teach as we have taught, and he that teacheth any other teacheth nothing, and he that worketh any otherwise worketh nothing. For who so desireth this Art, if he do err in any of the aforesaid articles he shall never come to good end, until he knoweth the foresaid articles, and the wise man that glass purgeth metalline bodies corrupt, and cleanseth them: For glass maketh the metalline bodies of hard fusion, soft in fusion, and this is a secret. And with salt bodies are calcined and dried, for salt doth cleanse the bodies in as much as he dried up the sulphur which is in them, by the which humidity they stink and be black and burnable, for the bodies calcined is clean suffering the fire without stinking, and this is a great secret; but know you that it is spoken for another secret, which I will not show here, nor yet will write of it, for it is the secret of all secrets; for by that secret, when it is well and perfectly known, a man may come to the secrets of all other kinds, and of this secret, I have showed you part, and if you know not that which resteth, I will declare no more neither by tongue nor pen. Now is ended the Glass of Alchemy which I have given for his name worthy the same, for in that you may when you will, behold, and see as in a Glass contained all the Articles pertaining to this Art, which you should desire of wise men, I believe that the Roots were never so gathered together as they be here, for the which, understand you, and bear it in Memory according to knowledge, and that you do both hide and open according to reason, and as it ought to be, and not to show it to every ribald according to the lightness of the mind, for then that shall be vile which now is precious. In all the aforesaid Articles I will make you answer, if I have life and health, either by mouth, writing or words, so that you shall understand it if God will, and thus endeth the true Glass of Alchemy.

Finis.

This article is taken from a rare volume entitled "Chemical Essays" published in London by William Cooper at the Pelican in Little Britain, 1683.

In the following issue we will briefly consider the interpretation of this rather unusual alchemical tract.

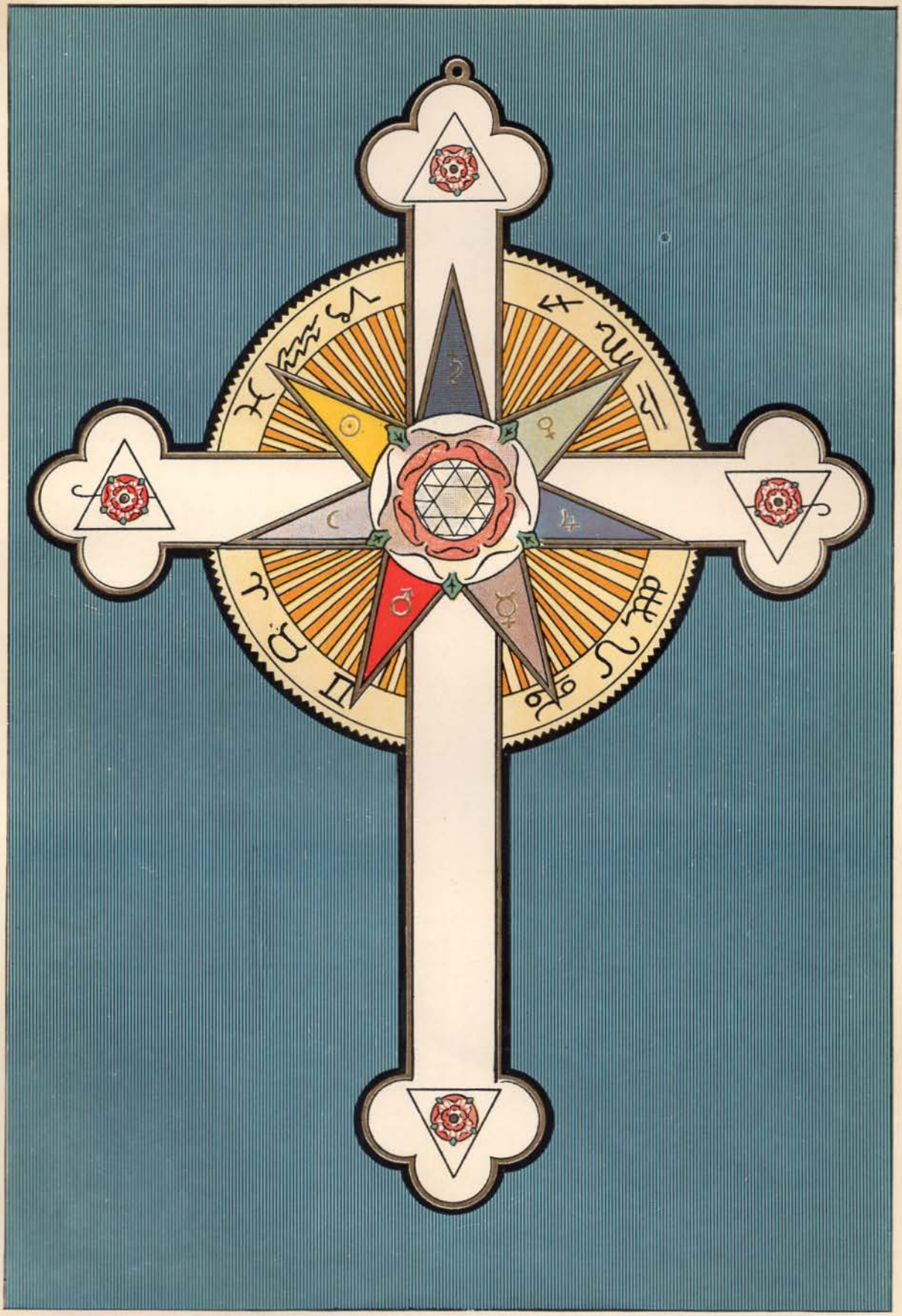
The Symbolism of Our New Cross

BEHIND all symbolism stand two forms, the line and the circle; the line is the positive, masculine symbol because it has no boundary, while the circle has differentiated between the within and the without and is therefore concrete and negative. There are two forms of lines, the vertical and the horizontal; the vertical is boundless life or intelligence of the Adi plane while the horizontal is boundless matter or cosmic root substance. The cross is composed entirely of angles and lines and, like the masculine body which is usually angular, represents the positive expression of struggle. From the union of the vertical, abstract intelligence and the horizontal abstract matter form is produced which is the concrete child of two abstract parents. Form thus becomes a cross composed of two lines which cross each other at differing angles, the intelligence of the form depending upon the angle where spirit and matter meet. On the other hand the circle is composed entirely of curves, the curve being a feminine, concrete sign representing concrete expression, whereas the cross represents abstract expression. At the point of the crossing of the two arms of the cross a radiation begins as in the crossing of electricity and magnetism or the electric and magnetic currents of the earth. The spiritual ray pouring off from these two at that point of union forms a halo which assumes a circular shape. This energy striking matter builds a globular form which is the concrete area of its intended manifestation. Therefore among the ancients three symbols were given to the abstract spirit of creation; the Father was shown as a dot, the Son as a circle (which is the feminine symbol for the Christ is cosmically feminine), while the Holy Spirit Jehovah is given the cross because His work is the building of form by the bringing into play of vertical and horizontal forces. The dot is creation, the son is manifestation and the cross is crystallization; thus we have the Brahma, Vishnu and Siva of the Hindoos. The All-seeing Eye of the gods is composed of a dot in a circle which is usually hung at the crossing line of a crucifix to represent the Trinity in manifestation.

Among the ancient astronomers and astrologers the cross in the circle was the symbol of the earth because the abstract power of the ever existing cross was restrained by the concrete power of the circle which limits its manifestation. All spiritual bodies are born through the cross, all material bodies are born through the circle; the occultist and philosopher is the servant of the cross while the mystic is the servant of the circle. The ancients built their temples of lines and curves to represent the alternately positive and negative in nature and how all creation is a blending of these two, but the great occultists built their temples without curves, as the pyramid, while the great mystics built their temples without lines as in the Grail legends where the whole building was a mass of domes and arches without a straight line. The curved and often circular windows in churches are all symbols of Matrapadma the Mother Lotus for they are remnants of the ancient worships which, under the sign of Geminus, instructed man especially in the laws of the positive and negative expressions of energy. The circle is symbolic of the cosmic egg while the cross is the germ of life which finally breaks through the shell of the egg but which is prevented from wasting itself prematurely by the protection of the shell.

The sun, by precession of the equinoxes, has given us the cross. In Cancer the Calvary was built or the base of the cross which, according to the Hindoos, was raised upon the back of the turtle, which turtle is the crab of astrology. Under the symbol of Geminus the Phallic pillar was raised which is still worshipped in religion as the stamen of the lily. In ancient Atlantis, which was under the sign of Taurus, the horizontal or earthy bar was added making the cross into a letter T. or Tav. In Aries, the head, a globe was added to the top of the cross which became the croix ansata of Egypt which they knew as the symbol of immortality because immortality rests in balance and the union of the cross and circle symbolized the union of God and matter.

The cross has three divisions; that part above the cross line represents spirit, the cross line is the veil between, and that below



the line represents matter, consequently the proportion is one above and two below because only one phase of the three fold spirit is yet superior to matter.

With this brief analysis of the cross in general and its origin we will now take up the symbolism of the emblem which has been accepted as the symbol of my future work.

Behind all is the circle representing the area of manifestation differentiated for the creation of a specialized labor. The four arms of the cross extend beyond this confining line, symbolizing the removal of the wall between the circle of one man's intelligence and the circle of another's. The circle has in its center an opening, invisible from the surface, which represents the power of the Logos pouring out through forty-nine rays, these rays representing the seven root outpourings and their seven rounds.

The signs of the zodiac represent the field of endeavor and are the twelve divine avenues of expression as they are symbolized in in astrology; they are the twelve gods and also the twelve creative forces and the twelve centers in the human body, seven revealed and five concealed; they also represent the twelve Apostles gathered around the table in the center of which is the calyx or flower which is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. This circular outpouring represents the birth into unreality, in which the universe dies by becoming manifest, for manifestation is the point of death in all creation while the cross is the point of liberation.

The white cross with the twelve knobs represents the human body; the temple of God built in the form of a cross. It also represents the ignorance of the world which is the cross the Master must carry. The twelve knobs are the twelvefold constitution of the human and of the divine organism:—three bodies, three minds, three souls and three spirits, only one part of the threefold spirit having descended into matter. The human spirit is doomed, as was Siva, to drink the world poison for it is keyed to form and is now expressing itself through the ninefold constitution below. But the mystic occultist is seeking to lift his consciousness until Vishnu, the cosmic Christ and the second spirit, shall be awakened and the reins of rulership shall be turned over to Him as the preserver and refiner instead of to the builder of form.

The seven points of the star represent the Seven Elohim or the spirits before the throne which pour out from the solar Logos. Everything in nature has seven divisions; there being seven great human races, seven great animal kingdoms, seven great plant kingdoms and seven mineral kingdoms. There are seven senses, seven colors, seven sounds or notes and human life is divided up into periods of seven years. There are also seven metals which belong to the Seven Elohim and are the vibratory poles whereby They manifest in form.

The sun and the moon appear upon the emblem but are there for want of more complete information. In other words, they are substitutes for two other spheres which are not known at the present time. The metals of the planets are as follows: Saturn, indigo, lead; Sun, yellow, gold; Moon, pale blue, silver; Mars, red, iron; Mercury, violet, quicksilver; Jupiter, sea or cobolt blue, tin; Venus, green, copper; and Saturn, once more as the point of entrance and the point of going out, covering all colors and containing all the primary shades within Himself. These represent also the seven ductless glands under the rulership of these respective planets and the seven Great Ones who come to the world at the beginning of each new race.

The star also has four divisions horizontally. The lowest division is earth, the center division is water, and the next division above is fire, while Saturn's point alone is air. On the star rests the Indian lotus of ten petals, five above and five below, which ten petals represent the ten numbers of the numerical system and also the ten original zodiacal signs before Virgo and Scorpio were split by Libra.

The center medallion is threefold in significance. The diamond represents the Father and also the soul of man revealed by his unfolding consciousness, the petals of the flower; the rose represents the Son or Christ, the heart; while the lily is the Holy Ghost, Johovah. The five leaves constitute an inverted star which is so symbolized because it represents matter or the black force which is slowly being obliterated by the unfolding lotus above. These three, the eternal Trinity, rest over the opening which can never be

filled and which is left blank in honor of the first Cause who is unknown. As a hypothetical spot in vacuum this unknown radiates power but cannot be measured by it.

The four arms of the cross represent the Cherubim with four heads, also the four headed beast of Ezekiel and the four gospels of the Christian bible. The four revelations represented by the arms of the cross are basicly as follows: the physical history, the emotional concept, the mental revelation and the spiritual doctrine.

The four little triangles are earth, fire, air and water; the Matthew, Mark, Luke and John powers, and the expressions of the Lords of Scorpio, the builders of form; they also represent oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, the four basic elements from which bodies are composed. The four small diamonds and the large one in the center represent the five points of liberation—the hands, feet, head, and side of Christ from whence the blood and water poured. These are the five hidden truths and exoterically the five senses of man which are the jewels in his bodies, also the five vowels which we use at the present time in our languages. The unfolding star and jewel in the center of the cross represents the human larynx and the creations born out of the mouth of the god-man.

The entire cross in its measurement is two by three which when multiplied produces the interlaced triangle and the philosopher's stone, and when added produces the five-pointed star of the Christ, one the priest and the other the king. The symbol stands for the Order of Melchisedec which is the perfect blending of all known symbols and workings. The crimson rose (robe) surrounding the diamond represents the crimson robe of the Christ who came to bear witness of the Father.

Mathematically the cross contains all the geometric angles, philosophically it contains all the natural laws which again are the seven points of the star. The whole diagram also represents the brain, surrounded by the four secondary brains. It also contains both the primary and secondary colors. The seven world religions, as the outpourings of the Logos, are also shown and the entire drawing is symbolical of the World Soul which is being slowly unfolded with the consciousness of individuals who are seeking to find the philosopher's stone—the perfect expression of spirit and matter. It is worn over the heart to symbolize the effort in man which is the crowning jewel of his life.

What is mediumistic materialization and trumpet seances?

Ans. In materializing a body the departed intelligence does so by taking the life forces of the medium and those attending the seance, using them to build a temporary vehicle. The same is true in trumpet seances where the strength to express on the physical plane is gained through sapping the vitality of the medium and sitters. This is a detrimental, unproductive method of securing information, seldom accurate but always carried on at a terrible expense to those present.

Why is an ego sent to a family out of harmony with it?

Ans. Inharmony is the basis of growth for it furnishes the opportunity to learn to love and appreciate the thing which it is not naturally attracted to. It comes to teach the value of harmony through showing the suffering of inharmony. The ego comes to settle old scores and to make new growth rather than to find harmony.

Will man develop more rapidly from the spiritual standpoint in the near future than he does now?

Ans. He will never develop any faster than he does now until his whole life is better than it is now—a few million years do not make much difference unless he changes his mode of living.

How would you treat a drug addict or a cigarette fiend?

Ans. Patching up the effects will never produce a lasting cure. The higher side of the nature must be appealed to in some way and the consciousness of the individual raised to a realization of the blasphemy of his acts.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is the life in man?

Ans. The life in man is that spark of the Divine Fire which, in search of experience, has robed itself in the garments of matter which it is slowly transmuting until its prison walls shall become a glorious dwelling place to be finally united with the Life itself.

What does man carry with him from life to life?

Ans. His consciousness. Upon the seed atoms of his various bodies the records of every thought, action and desire which have animated his being are impressed. These form the basis of karmic payments and future growth and unfoldment and will remain with him until he has absorbed all of these experiences into the soul.

Is man perfect now?

Ans. Perfection is a matter of relativity. To be perpetually perfect requires perpetual adjustment with ever finer planes of spiritual influx. Each divine Ego is perfect but this perfection must remain unexpressed until evolution and experience molds the bodies into worthy implements for the life within.

Is there any short cut to perfection?

Ans. The longest way around is the most successful. The fineness of adjustments is the basis of the estimate of perfection and those who have done their work the most thoroughly have in reality done it in the shortest and most satisfactory manner.

What is man's work here?

Ans. His duty is to learn through experience and to harmonize his mentality with the finer heart sentiments. It is the union of spirit and matter, heart and mind —the marriage of the sun and moon— which man is striving to attain through an equal development and harmonization of his thoughts and emotions.

What is man's true position in the universe?

Ans. He is, according to the ancient poets, " 'twixt heaven and hell," half way between perfect consciousness and absolute negation. He should stand in the center of his spiritual and intellectual world, drawing towards himself from all extremities of the universe the powers that he needs but always remaining true to his own center and never identifying himself with any of the tangents.

Was Masonry known in Atlantis?

Ans. Wherever the Wisdom-Religions are found, be it East, West, South or North, we find Masonry, from the heart of China to the jungles of South Africa. Masonry undoubtedly had its foundation in the sun worship of ancient Atlantis.

Do dreams mean anything?

Ans. Some do and some do not. They are often partial memories of things we have learned and done while the bodies were asleep; sometimes they are only thoughts of the day which have automatically repeated themselves even after sleep has deprived us of conscious power. Sometimes the brain does not all go to sleep at once and faculties will labor all through the night while the brain is otherwise asleep, causing dreams and hazy mem-

Why are we taught individual immortality? Is not race immortality sufficient?

Ans. The fact that we are evolving individualized organisms, no two of them alike, proves that individualization and not merely racial progression is the ultimate end. Everything reduces itself into the singlar before it is through therefore individual salvation based upon individual effort is far more inspiring than race immortality where the lazy ones sneak through with the hard workers.

Description of Last Month's Plate

The plate in the November issue of the All-Seeing-Eye is the frontispiece of a rare and unobtainable work by Robert Fludd, the great English freemason, alchemist and Rosicrucian. The original folio was printed in 1619 in Latin and is really two books in one. The first book deals with the metaphysical creation of the heavens and earth and is a work of a student of Rosicrucian lore. It is now generally admitted that Robert Fludd was connected with that sacred order. He is said to be the first English exponent of cosmological alchemy and the philosophy of the Phoenicians and Chaldeans and is known all over the world as one of the deepest occultists of any generation known to man.

Technically the plate is astrological, dealing especially with the planetary centers in the human body and also the centers of the twelve signs of the zodiac. You can easily trace the position of the twelve signs by following the dotted line on the human figure, starting with Aries which governs the head and ending with Pisces which governs the feet.

The power which is turning the wheel of eternity and unwinding the cord of human destiny is the threefold beast which has since become a part of the Royal Arch banner of freemasonry. This creature is the most outstanding feature of the plate. He represents the three great principles of nature, manifesting through the three grand divisions or kingdoms of his own body. The feet belong to the animal world, the human body belongs to the human world, while the wings belong to the celestial or divine world. The wings represent the creative power of God the Father, the human body represents the preservative power of God the Son, while the legs and feet represent the procreative and disintegrative power of God the Holy Spirit. On his head the creature carries an hour glass which shows the passing of time and illustrates the principle that the spirit of Time is eternally unwinding the cord, which unwinding causes the universe to twist on its central axis. The whole diagram is surrounded by clouds which represent Chaos and the great sphere is Cosmos in Chaos.

The human body represents the five pointed star of Masonry and also shows the position of the various centers of the human body in relation to the threefold world of nature. This is the microcosmic and macrocosmic man; in other words, the evolving human consciousness and also the cosmic consciousness of nature. If you will turn in our magazine to our astrological section you will find each month the keywords of one of the zodiacal signs which if analyzed in connection with this chart will make it much more intelligible.

The twelve concentric circles of the outer sphere represent the twelve spiritual hierarchies or the worlds of the external heaven. The seven spheres in the secondary circle represent the home of the seven Elohim or planetary dieties while the three inner worlds represent water, fire, and air, and the solid globe behind the figure the principle of earth.

The five points where the human body touches the sphere of the seven planes represent the sense perceptions of the human consciousness, while the little figure of Saturn over the head of the figure is the key of source. Above the figure is the terrestial sun and moon, while still higher are the celestial sun and moon, much greater and more brilliant. The heart and mind are the sun and moon of the human system and in their union lies the power of an Initiate.

Time is turning the Wheel of Life round and round; sometimes man stands upright as he is shown here, later he is inverted and assumes the position which you can study by inverting the picture. And this endless going round and round, first up and then down, is the Wheel of Life to which the threefold diety of concrete creation chains the spirit of man. Only when he releases himself from the wheel of creation is he capable of releasing himself from the wheel of destruction, for as the ancients said, "Sure is death for the living, and sure is birth for the dead."

The wisdoms of the ancients lay not in combatting the principles of nature but in freeing themselves by their knowledge and understanding from the Wheel of Life and Death. This is the tenth card of the Taro, the Wheel of Fortune.

The Dance of The Veils

IT was in the native quarter of the city of Agra that the first act of a strange drama took place. There is no spot in all India more picturesque, more unusual with its domes and mosques, its wondrous tombs and latticed palaces, than the ancient city of Agra, the gem of India, known all over the world as the city of the Taj Mahal. In the native quarter, however, it is not different from other Eastern cities, with its bazaars and shops, its merchants, its dogs, its filth and little running children that are eternally tangling themselves up in your feet.

Here, dressed in a spick and span white suit with a pith helmet and a flowing fly screen, walked John Thurlowe, retired American race-track expert and prize-fight promoter, who, after a successful life at the plying of his trade, was now globe-trotting in order to, as he expressed it, get an "inside tip" on things. John Thurlowe was a florid faced man some fifty years of age; he was built on Taurian lines with three layers of superfluous neck draped over his collar, while a large linked gold watch chain spread across from each side of his trouser pockets, lacking vest. He was decidedly over weight and every little while he would take off his helmet and wipe the perspiration from a perfectly shiny head, sans every sign of hair. Two small eyes gleamed out like those of a contented hog from a tiny crevice between eyebrow and cheek which threatened to close entirely if he ate much more. The Eighteenth Amendment meant absolutely nothing to John but to fairly respectable American whiskey he had added infinitely worse Oriental concoctions which, in his own words, "could kick the side out of the statue of Liberty."

John Thurlowe was one of those individuals with whom pomposity was an innate quality. Everything he had went to front, both mentally and physically, and as he half walked, half waddled, among the bazaars mild-eyed Orientals viewed him with strange expressions, mangy dogs looked at him inquiringly while heavily veiled women went on the other side of the street. John Thurlowe was out for what he could get, his recommendation being a long pocketbook and an exceptionally short conscience.

A little wiggling brown urchin did the apparently superhuman achievement of crawling in between his feet, which were long, large and ponderous, and Thurlowe, with a choice epithet, brought a heavy snakewood cane down across the child's body with a resounding whack—with a howl the streak of brown lightning vanished somewhere among the swaying portieres of the bazaars. A few beggars held out their hands for annas but Thurlowe was not there for the purpose of financing India so he passed on with a disdainful look and wound his way with trunchant dignity among the bazaars and narrow streets. A whiff of a strange odor suddenly broke upon his nostrils and his olfactory nerves dilated; he stopped, took off his hat and fanned himself for the millionth time that day.

"Ah!" he murmured, "this is the first decent breath I've had today! They surely can raise stinks in this country." He was standing in the shade of the awning of an Oriental perfume bazaar and it seemed an oasis of lovliness in counter distinction to the city sewerage which lay on the streets in front of him.

Thurlowe saw opening before him a series of arches where the narrow streets seemed ready to come together and were separated only by spans of clay and plaster. He passed into one of these arches and found himself in a deserted niche where the traffic of the thoroughfare did not apparently enter. As he stood there, there dashed madly from the house beside him a figure howling like a maniac and pouring forth streams of English profanity. Thurlowe turned and looked at the figure. It was that of a white man but his long unkempt hair and beard and his skin, tanned by the Indian sun, seemed almost that of an Asiatic. His clothes had originally been white duck but they were now torn, dirtied and battered until their original color was almost obliterated. In one hand this strange figure clenched some object while with the other he seemed trying to disentangle himself from some invisible network.

"Get away, you red demons!" he screamed, "you can't have it, you can't have it! Get away, damn you!" He spun around, twisting,

tearing and clenching at the air, his eyes wild and bloodshot and his whole being that of a mad man.

Suddenly he spied Thurlowe and rushed up to him in the apparent frenzy of desperation.

"My God!—you're a white man!" he screamed, falling upon his knees before the corpulent form of the American race-track magnate. And then in a wild, discordant voice he babbled forth an almost unintelligble harangue.

"They've got me!" he kept muttering, "the red fiends have got me!"

Thurlowe looked down cooly. "Opium or hashesh?" he asked wiping his face once more. "I've made a mint selling them but I don't advocate their use.

"No, no!" screamed the wild figure, "its not dope—its red devils—its red devils!"

"Sounds like Indian hemp to me," answered Thurlowe, "but what do you want?"

"You're a white man and you'll do something if I ask you to, won't you?"

What is it?" asked Thurlowe, "I've found it don't pay to make rash promises."

"I'll tell you," gasped the other. "A year ago I was just as prosperous and well heeled as you are. I came out here to India for a special reason—I went up into the North mountains—way north—to a temple that has been sacred for many ages to Krishna, the great Brahmin god—Get away from me, you red devils!—I can see you blinking at me—but get away damn you!" and the dishevelled figure broke into a grating, unearthly laugh. "I stole it, I stole it!" he laughed, "I stole the eye of Krishna and I've got it still—but they've sent red devils after me! Promise me that you'll take it back to them when I am dead or they will haunt me in hell forever—promise me you'll take the eye back—here on this paper is the place to take it to. Promise me you'll do it!"

"All right," answered Thurlowe, "what is it, a glass eye?"

"No, no!" screamed the dishevelled figure, "here—you will take it? The demons are strangling me! Help! Help!" and quickly slipping the little package into Thurlowe's hand the figure leaped to its feet. Clutching at his throat he rushed straight into the opposite wall of a near bazaar. He battered himself against the wall screaming, "Red demons!" And then suddenly he straightened up and his body swayed in a strange unearthly way, his eyes gazing into an unknown depth.

"What on earth is he doing?" exclaimed Thurlowe.

Then the thought flashed into his mind that the crazed man was dancing. Though no sound broke the air the figure swayed back and forth to the tune of some Oriental nautch-tune. Back and forth the crazed man danced, his movements becoming more and more eccentric. The American followed him as, dancing this strange, unearthly pantomine, he passed down the street while the passersby stepped aside fearing that he was insane. Suddenly he danced past a bazaar filled with wondrous implements of gold and silver, where steel scimitars and inlaid daggers were exhibited to the throng. The crazed and obsessed man grabbed one of the scimitars and spinning it in his hand twisted his body back and forth in the ancient Hindoo Dance of Death—the sword gleaming and swishing through the air in strange parabolas. At the same time the bearded figure with its crazed face and ragged form laughed and screamed. Slowly the movements became slower and at last, exhausted, the figure sank to the ground and when the crowd reached it they found that in falling the scimitar has passed through his body. The crazed man was dead.

Thurlowe, having seen one end of the story, now turned to the package in his hand and unwrapping it he gave a gasp of amazement—he was gazing down upon a great blue white diamond as large as a pigeon's egg, gloriously cut in the manner of ancient India and appearing more like a flaming torch in his hand than a piece of stone. Thurlowe staggered back against a supporting arch.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, "that stone is worth millions! So that is the eye of Krishna? That bird sure had some eyes. um—m—m—give it back? Give this stone back to these greasy heathens? Not much! Oh I'll give it back! John Thurlowe, this

stone alone makes you many times a millionaire. You know the more I see of this country the better I like it!" And slipping the stone into his pocket, he slowly wound among the streets until he again reached his room in a well known European hotel.

Locking the door and standing a chair against it, Thurlowe sat down on a three legged stool and took out the stone. As he did so a voice whispered in his ear: "Take it back, take it back, take back."

"Like hell I'll take it back," muttered Thurlowe, "when little Johnny gets his hands on it it will take a pickaxe to pry it loose. Why this rock is as big as the Kohinoor and I understand they built a tower over in London to put that in. My history ain't very good but I seem to have a strange ability to pick up diamonds."

The voice kept whispering, "take it back, take it back, take it back."

"Those little red demons ain't going to frighten me. This belongs to yours truly from now on." And flipping it in the air with his thumb, John Thurlowe spun around and caught it as it came down. "Pretty soft, I'll say." He went to his valise and opened a little leather bag and put the stone into it, and placing the stone and bag together under his pillow, prepared for the night.

John Thurlowe's method of life did not tend to actuate the nervous system for his entire constitution was more animal than human. Consequently no chills ran up and down his spine, no worries beset his soul, and, lying flat on his back with his eyes on the ceiling, his lids slowly fell (with them his lower jaw) and John Thurlowe, race-track plutarch and present owner of the eye of Krishna, entered peacefully into slumber land, his long rythmic snores reverberating through the hotel.

This scene of nocturnal placidity left nothing to be desired.

* * *

About three hours passed in perfect stillness and Thurlowe never dreamed that his peace would be broken. There were other plans in the wind however. Under his window stood a slender turbaned form, his arms folded. The figure was dressed in well fitting English clothes but his face was that of an Oriental and he walked slowly up and down before the window of Thurlowe's room, looking up to the second story behind whose shaded window peacefully reposed the rotund form of our friend John.

He was not awakened by the soft turning of the doorknob, which attempt was foiled by the chair against the door. A few seconds passed and from the edge of the roof above there was lowered down a thin silken cord on the end of which hung a tiny incense burner of bronze, carefully padded. This swung back and forth in the window of Thurlowe's room and then its motion changed. The hand above was swinging it far into the interior of the room. At last with very long swing and it passed over the window sill and was lowered with the slightest thud on to the floor. From it there poured forth a stream of fine blue smoke, the cultured hashesh of the Orient prepared in the temple and certain in its effect.

Many moments passed for in the East nothing is done hastily. The fine blue pencil of smoke was driven by the gentle breeze about the room which slowly became hazy with its fumes. Thurlowe slept on in peace but slowly into his slumber crept strange dreams which were not wont to disturb his peace. He seemed to be in a strange place filled with clouds and dancing lights and he swayed among these lights like a creature in a dream —but all seemed very real to him. Then through the thick clouds appeared faces which seemed to leer at him with strange blood shot eyes and were of strange red flaming appearance. Somehow he realized in his sleepy way that these were the red devils that had tormented the crazed man on the street a few hours before. Voices began to speak to him, always whispering of the diamond.

John Thurlowe stirred in his bed uneasily and rolled over on his side. He tried to wake up but a great weight seemed to be upon him, something was pressing down on his chest and his breath came in short gasps. He tried to sit up but fell back in a stupor. The red leering faces came ever closer to him. He swept his hand across his face to try and drive them away but they only laughed. Although he

did not know it they were the dzins appointed to protect the treasure of Krishna's eye.

Thurlowe was now tossing and twisting in his bed, his eyes were open but he was still asleep. At last he rose from the bed and his hand felt under the pillow where the diamond was.

"No you shan't have it!" he kept muttering, "s'mine, s'mine—get away from me you hell demons! S'my diamond! S'my diamond!" and he lurched to the other side of the bed.

As he sat there a strange sound suddenly broke upon his ears. It was the weird tune of Eastern music such as the dancing girls have on the streets and in the semi-darkness his eyes saw a strange figure sweeping through the clouds of ether—a strange veiled form that swayed and twisted in rythm with the music, an houri of the opium dreamer. This figure, like the very subtle mystery of the East itself, swayed back and forth in its drapings of veil, holding out long swaying arms to Thurlowe, twisting round and round him in a wild dance of the East. Soft black eyes gazed up at him and a curving form twisted and turned amid the veils, holding out round arms to the American.

Had you been able to be in that room you would have seen Thurlowe rise to his feet and stretch out his arms to the figure, his glazed eyes seeing only the beings of another world. Slowly he joined the strange dance, twisting and turning with the figure of the dream. The weird cry of a flute and the endless chant of a drum inspired him, so round and round with the veiled creature of his dream Thurlowe twisted and turned. This mystic figure draped its veils, through which the slender form but faintly shone, and drew ever closer to the window. Thurlowe in his dreaming followed her, weaving and swaying as though wrapped in the veils of the dancer. Through the silence came the soft jingle of anklets and clinking jewelry while the soft odor of Oriental incense and rare perfumes seemed to fill the air.

Thurlowe, hands outstretched, dancing the same weird dance that the man on the street had danced the day before, reached the sill of the window. The alluring figure floated out into the vapors beyond, still calling, still enticing. Thurlowe stepped up onto the window sill, still swaying to the strange music, and after one moment of hesitation leaped off into space. Like a rock the body of the American fell from the window to the ground beside the form of the Hindoo, landing with an awful thud.

The Oriental, his hands still folded, gazed down upon the crumpled form at his feet. The American was dead, his neck broken by the fall. Leaning over, the Oriental took from the hand of the dead man the little brown leather sack that contained the eye of Krishna and in reverence he clasped it to his heart.

"The gods protect their own," he murmured, "and the dzins, the red demons from the scarlet lake, forever entwine this sacred thing with their shielding presence."

A few seconds later another Oriental met him. He was the one who had lowered the cord into the window. In his hand was the little incense burner and the silken line. Together they vanished in the night, taking back to the temple the eye of Krishna.

Your God and My God

(Continued from Page 15)

"Look," he whispered, "the blow that broke my Buddha's heart, broke your God's face—is it not so, my friend? Is not your God glad with my God, is he not sad with my God?" The Buddhist picked up the broken bits of plaster. "Look, they have shattered his face. In striking at my God they have broken their own—and I loved his face, it was so sad. But it can be no sadder than is his heart this day—I can see a face beside me. It is ——" and the little Buddhist held up his hands, "Oh Master with the Wreath of Thorns, I see you—You have come to me, God of another people—I loved you but those who slew me have slain you. Look, I see the mountain in the sky—Om mani, padma hum! —Lord Buddha, I come."

The form grew limp and the tragedy was ended. A broken god and two little bits of plaster lay on the floor.

The Law of Non-Attachment

MAN'S attachments bind him to the physical world like the Lilliputians bound Gulliver in the ancient story until he is hopelessly involved with material unrealities. Of all the things that hamper his usefulness in this world there are none that make him as much their slave as his senses for instead of illuminating him they tie him up in endless complications until he learns to extract from them their essence without accepting their short-comings. Man spend ages trying to untangle this knot of human destiny until like Alexander the Great he loses all patience and cuts the tangle with a single blow. This sharp steel is discrimination and its shining blade divides the false from the true, for from discrimination is born divine reason which proves to man the illusions of materiality.

Man must learn to divide, in the depths of his soul, the eternal quest from the passing fancy and in his ability to do this lies the degree of his mastery. The Initiate has learned to pass consciously from the mortal Maya to the immortal Nirvana, the one who rests strong in the reality of the eternal and whose consciousness is united with that of the eternal meditator. Such a one is free from all attachments and *attachment to particulars is the basis of limitation.*

Let us go out into the world and study the curse of attachment as it stalks like the spirit of death, of which it is the essence, over our world, gathering into itself all who accept it or who fall victims to the mirror of matter which it carries, so the ancient Aztec said, upon its belly. In their legends the demon floated as a great flame over the universe and all who looked into this cursed mirror lost their soul. So all who pause to gaze at themselves in the mirror of illusion become involved in Maya which slowly destroys all who are not free from its vanity.

There are two worlds floating in space it is said—the world of temporal things and the world of eternal things. In the world of material things lies the spirit of man, bound to oblivion by the ties of matter. He lives for today alone, he serves the passing fancy, he struggles to retain the illusion and then falls broken hearted as the hand of infinite law slowly dissolves the visible things into the unknown reality.

As the material universe, its works completed is resolved into the unformed Being, those souls still tied to its spinning wheels by crystallized thoughts and animal desires pass with it into dissolution while the sage, perfect in realization, insomuch as he is free from the illusion, passes on to his already realized Nirvana.

Many in this world, in fact nearly all, are fighting to gain liberation while by thought, action and desire they are tied to the spinning wheel, and in their thoughtless effort become only more involved in the very problem they are seeking to remove. Man cannot climb to liberation and still serve the ties that bind him to the earth, so the ancients taught, as the first step to immortality, the realization of the unreality of mortality—not that the objective universe did not exist but that it only existed as a means to an end and as such should be accepted, considered and mastered but never assumed.

Attachment is the base of sorrow, the parent of crime, the inspiration of lust and the causeless cause of limitation. Man must battle it through the realization of one great truth—that attachment to matter is the renouncing of spirit and that attachment to spirit is the renouncing of matter. It is written that man may not serve God (spirit) and Mammon (matter). The sage is free in the realization of the immortal reality while the fool is chained a prisoner by his acceptance of the immortality of matter.

The ancient prophet, wandering over the earth, cried out in his agony, "There is no rest among the children of earth, there is no peace in the cities of the plains, nor in the forts among the mountains! Release me, oh God, from this motal clay which binds me with its stony fingers and dooms me to death the day that I was born. Oh, unhappy fate! that bears to slay and slays that it may bear again!"

Here take up your staff and walk with me among the children of the earth, long bowed like the tribes of Isreal under the rod of Egypt's blackness—matter. Attachment is the rod and flail that stripes the back of man with the red welts of mortal agony. It is the heartless slave driver that breaks the back of the spirit and the heart of each soul that falls victim to its wiles. Yet out of this land of darkness comes the new race, born of sorrow and widowed by the loss of light; out of matter rises the spirit triumphant which spreads its wings and draws upward to the freedom of reality.

There is but one consciousness and it is not in matter; there is but one truth and that is the realization of immortal purity; there is but one quest, the search for reality; there is but one reward and that the attainment of reality; there is but one devotion and that the love of reality; there is but one sin, the loss of the reality; there is but one death, that the death of reality. When the clouded soul of man loses sight of the star of truth that gleams through the veil of maya, as the clouds of old concealed the body of Diety, so the clouds of attachment shroud truth in a winding sheet of limitation.

Let us watch the people whom we daily pass—all slaves to attachments, crushed by ignorance as to the will of the planner or the wisdom of the plan. Little better than beasts they are who know not when nor why but, like little puppets in a shadow show, follow the strings they have placed upon themselves. The Master is aside from these, strong in truth and steadfast in reality, and when He comes to earth he comes not with peace but with a sword, its blade sharpened on the grindstone of the eternal Wheel, sharpened to slash the veil of maya and to divide the false from the true. Watch now the ghosts we call men and women who, while still living, are in truth dwelling in the death of matter.

First, love comes with bowed head and tear stained face, for all today who flutter moth-like around its hallowed flame sink broken hearted at the foot of its altar. The price of love in the world today is loneliness and sadness because we have not learned to unveil the mystery that love is of the spirit and not the body. The attachment to form is today the measure of affection and in form there is no rest, no peace, below that line that borders immortality.

Then comes pride, a god that many worship. Man fights and dies to be superior and to gather around himself things that other men cannot attain, but when the victory seems won the hand of eternity sweeps all away and leaves the soul crushed by its broken dreams.

Then vanity, that which seeks to beautify the unreal, and leave the living truth unadorned. It decks with flowers and stones that which is already dirt and bows before the dazzling array of worthlessness.

After this, the spectre of lust appears in the role of a human being but with the soul of a beast. It crushes the thing that it adores, slays the spirit it claims to worship, and with the call of fleshly sense seeks to answer the divine call of the spirit within.

There is a cloud upon the soul of man and he knows not the way that he should go nor does he realize the path that shall take him there. He seeks entrance where angels dare not tread but is not willing with the sharp blade of non-attachment to sever the cord that binds him to the great illusion. He aspires to heaven but is still chained to earth with every fear, with every habit, and with each desire.

This is the story of Vedanta, the philosophy of the unreal. For thousands of years it has been taught that there is but one true thing—the spirit—and that as it gathers ever changing bodies around itself it changes in the eyes o fmortal man but the life of it is ever the same. With the keen sense of discrimination man finds peace by seeing the noble striving of the spirit and not the fleshy failings of the body. Until he finds this and accepts this there is nothing in his soul to fill the emptiness of a heartless world.

As the gifts of Santa Claus come down through the fireplace so man's gift to the spirit comes out of the flame of suffering which tempers the steel of the sword of spirit. In experience lies infinite possibility—man's free will must choose experience above comfort for by this path lies unfoldment of the human soul.

The White Elephant

THE White Elephant is the ancient Oriental symbol of transmuted matter. For ages white has been used to symbolize purification, to represent a cleansed or bleached surfcae exposed to the light of the sun, spiritual or physical. According to science those substances which absorb light are black or dark in color while those which reflect light are white or pale in color. The unpurified earth absorbs the light of the sun, as do all the other planets, therefore is called negative while the sun is a vitalizer and the life-giver and is called positive. For many ages the white robe has stood for a purified body, trimmed in red for transmuted emotion and sky blue for spirituality. As man's first labor is to purify and prepare matter to become the throne of a divine essence, the end of this process is concealed under the symbol of the white elephant which is the symbol that India has given for the redemption of matter and its transmutation into a purified garment for the manifestation of spirit.

It is said in the ancient stories that Buddha was conceived as a White Elephant and that at the moment of his conception a great spiritual ray descended into matter. Most of the great Initiates are said to have been born of Immaculate Conceptions. The reason for this is that ages of preparation are necessary before the master is either ordained or the vehicle for his manifestation properly cleansed and prepared. All the initiations that lead to immortality are taken on the physical plane while the candidate is in a concrete physical body. There are no initiations between lives and every candidate for spiritual enlightenment must pass the tests of initiation here in this world of matter. There are no records of a Great One who was born conscious of his mission. Some have received light very young, one at twelve years of age, while another did not comprehend his mission until he was nearly ninety years old. This does not mean that the Great Ones do not possess their knowledge before birth but that it takes the incoming consciousness from twelve to ninety years to bring its sacred wisdom out through the body which it is manifesting through. The consciousness of the enlightened is so highly developed that only the most finely attuned instrument is capable of registering it in this world.

The Immaculate Conception is that process in nature which prepares for the coming of a great Adept, Initiate or World Saviour, for such do not come alone into the world but are properly heralded and their way prepared. He could not come in without the world knowing it for certain qualities come with him and one of them is a great dynamo of flaming light. In the case of the Master Jesus there were chosen as his parents two of the Order of the Nazarenes, sometimes called the Essenes. They were set apart from all mankind, both in spirit and in life, so that their bodies were purified to the degree that the shock of the coming fire-globe might not destroy them. If this preparation had not taken place they would have died from the rates of vibration set in motion. Before the coming of a World Teacher there is always a period of preparation during which time his body is chosen for him and the atoms of the vehicles purified to the utmost degree possible.

The children that are brought into the world at the present time bring as their heritage about sixteen generations of scrofula and not one child in a multitude is born free of inherited disease or physical imperfection of a serious nature for which the parents are responsible. When the Master or Initiate is coming into the world he cannot use these physiological concoctions commonly known as bodies for they are the basis of limitation. Every impurity in them limits him more and more and his work demands freedom of consciousness for he has come to assist in the over powering of limitation. And so in order to facilitate his work every care is taken to see that he is supplied with as pure a vehicle as the world can make and when such a one is found or prepared the great consciousness descends as a ray of light into it and takes control. But no matter how fine the body may be it always retains some impurity for there is no living thing at the present time that is one hundred percent perfect as the very food we eat, the water we drink and the

air we breathe assist in defiling the body. Therefore it takes the Initiate from twelve to ninety years to impregnate this body with the full consciousness of his power.

Before the ego is capable of revivifying his bodies he is as much in darkness as other men and often in his younger life the Initiate-to-be does not live in accordance with his wisdom. All have to fight the hereditary instinct. This inheritance is not a part of the spirit but is the incessant voice of the bodies and ofttimes it takes ages before the voice of the appetites can be stilled.

We say that Buddha was conceived as a White Elephant, that is, in the most perfect body that could be prepared for him. When the spiritual consciousness entered it, all nature felt a vibratory thrill. Anyone who has studied vibration realizes that even the presence of a great power will cause nature to quake. The first time that the occult student meets his teacher he is usually prostrated. No unfoldment of consciousness can come to the candidate here without a disintegrating effect upon the physical body; when the candidate takes up his work and comes in touch with those powers that be in nature, these occult qualities often tear down his organisms, causing him sickness and suffering. A certain teacher in this country was once sitting reading at a desk when the form of Master R appeared to him for the purpose of giving a certain message. At the moment of his appearance the person sitting in the chair was electrified by a shock not unlike the feeling that comes over us when we touch a live wire; in spite of nerves of steel and an indomnible will power, this person was unable to stand up or move but just sat there with the tears running down his face.

Madame Blavatsky said that electricity is the fringe of the garment of an unknown diety whose heart no man knoweth. The electric force generated within the body of the Master would put the average individual to sleep, and if it be a great Master the rates of vibration may destroy the student. This is the same thing which often embarasses the student while studying or listening to a lecture. There will come over the man overpowering desire to go to sleep; it is not a normal desire but the result of the presence of rates of vibration that are too high for them.

So we must realize the necessity of preparing for discipleship and the coming of a great master, whatever day or age of the world it may be. The great spiritual entity that takes control must be properly welcomed and prepared for. There are not three bodies in the world at the present time capable of bringing an Initiate into the world and you can count on your fingers those who could bring in an Adept without disintegration. Only the lowest egos are capable of finding bodies at the pesent time and when there are not a certain number of older souls to guide the race, it speedily collapses. The fall of a race takes place when the bodies of its members become so crystallized that the teachers are incapable of working through them. As long as there is one body in a race that is capable of giving entrance to the powers of the unseen, then that race shall live, but no longer.

The coming of the Great Initiate is the White Elephant—the rarest thing on earth. When we are able to produce the environments, bodies, and qualities necessary to bring in great intelligences then we shall have the influxes of knowledge needed for the development of a race. Two things are necessary for the manifestation of a World Saviour; one is the spirit descending into matter and the other is matter ascending into a spiritualized state. A Great One cannot come down into crystallization, neither can inanimate substance become a god in such a length of time, and so they meet at a central point.

Buddha was not born consciously as a Great Initiate and in his early life he undoubtedly did many things that were not in harmony with the great wisdom which later expressed through him. He is not to be condemned for the limitation but is to be treated and considered generously, as all living things though they be gods incarnate, are limited in some manner by the bodies that contain them. The desertion of his wife and child has always brought condemnation to Buddha but let us consider it for a moment from a broader standpoint. The reason for Buddha's youth is shown in the story of his boyhood; the great soul coming into the world was im-

meshed in materiality which was symbolized by the flower garden of the king; he was ever surrounded by the animal and human qualities which seek to prevent the release of the Buddha within and it was not until he had wandered for over forty years that he consciously connected himself with the message he had come to bring and through the living of which knowledge he gained liberation. The Buddhas are men who have reached liberation from the wheel of birth and death and many of them are wonderful because of the purely human side of their being. All through his life Buddha loved with the finest side of human sentiment; when he sat under the Bo-hi tree waiting for the last revelation and the realization of his two great truths, all the demons of nature came to tempt him. But he is said to have remained in silence, unchanged and unmoved, saying, "I have no attachment for these things for they are the unreality." The last temptation that came to him was the vision of his beloved wife and child. Then, it was said, that great Sidartha groaned. But he gave them up also and in this he won illumination; he gave up one for the good of many, sacrificing his own love for the service to the world; two were sad, five hundred million gladdened. So we cannot but believe that he took the wise course.

And so they have all, these Great Ones, wandered years before they found themselves, searching to discover and lift out from the shroud of the body the knowledge that they had gained in the past and the memory of the work they had come to do. Always behind the veil of mortal things there are those who are glad and willing to serve their brothers in the world; the saviours and sages of the ages are there but are unable to act for between them and us is a wall which can never be pierced until through the Immaculate Conception we build a body here for them to function in.

The greatest thing that stands between the world today and the Golden Age of a spiritual Renaissance is sixteen generations of scrofula, thoughtless parents, and general inharmony in the home and in the world. These are the things which man himself has created and they alone prevent the advance of his gods and the spreading of his light. From the unseen worlds behind us, around us, and before us, comes everything that we are, have been or shall be. Tiny lives come to use that seem too small to fight the battle and yet mayhaps in their souls is the wisdom of the gods and through these tiny organisms, when unfolded by the conscious labor of the spirit within, will come the masters and gods.

So the story of the conception of the White Elephant is the way to perfection by the purification of bodies that the Lord may ride among his people upon the back of this stately beast.

The Crime of Vaccination

How much longer will people have to pay to have small pox is the problem confronting a large number of people. They send their children to the public school and are forced to allow a pedigreed concept to pump smallpox into them under the refined heading of vaccination. It has been proven conclusively that a great train of ills, in body and in spirit, follow after vaccination. Many vaccinated people have succumbed to smallpox while many exposed to it have not taken it, although unvaccinated.

The karmic debt for vaccination is twofold. First, to our bodies which we deliberately defile with smallpox serum and vaccine. Secondly to the animal who goes through untold suffering and is itself given smallpox in order that from the ulcers the drops of vaccine may be extracted and pumped into us.

The occultist is fighting tooth and nail to abolish vaccination and supplant it with good common sense. Smallpox is primarily a filth disease and if people would live right, bathe right and eat right they would not get it for the healthy body is perfectly capable of taking care of its germs. We look forward with great hopes to the day when we will remove from the fair name of our race the blemish, mental and physical, the swollen glands, the tonsil trouble, the nervousness and debility, the rashes and outbreaks, not a small percentage of which can be traced to vaccine which kills the best in us in order to save the rest.

The Song of the Soul

From One of Our Prison Friends

"What is the purpose of life?" I said
As I sat by the fire alone;
"When my heart is still and my body dead,
"Will my soul live on and on?"
I pondered long on the unknown end
When life should cease to be—
Would I know my soul as a foe or friend
When death's hand sets it free?
Then the touch of an unseen hand I felt
And a soft voice whispered low,
"There's a region of light where your soul once dwelt—
You may see if you choose to go."
Then the scene around me grew strangely dim.
And faded at last from sight—
I could not choose but follow him
Who spoke to my soul that night.
Then my thoughts went out to those sun-kissed realms
And my soul kept them company
As we winged our flight with an unseen helm
To the brink of eternity.
I saw the earth in the sky below—
Just a tiny brilliant spark,
My gentle guide sang soft and low
In the hush of the voiceless dark.
Then a glorious orb of golden light
Appeared in the distant sky,
And we stood revealed in the splendor bright—
My guide, my soul, and I.
I had never dreamed a thing so pure
As I saw my soul to be
Could long on the tainted earth endure
In a form we both called "Me."
I fathomed the depths of its astral eyes
And read immortality,
I caught the first glimpse of the paradise
That awaited humanity.
My gentle guide then took my hand
And I gladly followed him.
Till we took our stand on celestial land
On Saturn's golden rim.
Such scenes of splendor mortal mind
Had never yet believed,
And yet the soul of all mankind
Was 'mid those scenes conceived.
Me-thought that sounds seraphic rung
Throughout that broad expanse;
On every tone my senses hung,
My mind seemed in a trance;
The zephyrs wafted sweet perfume
That thrilled me through and through;
Each law of nature seemed in tune,
The sun, the air, the dew.
And long I stood and gazed upon
That ever-changing scene—
It was not day, but early dawn,
No night could intervene.
And countless forms of misty white
Rolled by in endless streams,
Their faces lit with heavenly light,
As oft we see in dreams.
I looked upon my own pure soul,
Which seemed a thing apart,
I saw it join the onward roll,
I felt the tear drops start.
My guide then spoke in gentle voice,
Each accent full of love,
"Be not alarmed, it had no choice,
"But like the cooing dove,
"It follows where love leads the way.
"It cannot choose but go,
"For love rules in these realms always,
"Such love no mortals know."
"But must I then resign my soul?"
I cried in deep concern.
"Perhaps as on the ages roll
"This lesson you will learn,"
My guide replied. He took my hand
In tender sympathy—
"For years that soul on Earth's dull strand
"Has struggled to be free.
"Your ears were deaf to all its pleas,
"You scoffed and scorned, and sneered,
"You quaffed the wine, it drank the lees,
"You spurned all it revered.
"That soul was yours by grace of God.
"And yours it shall remain,
"But never more on Earth's cold sod
"Shall you that soul reclaim,
"Until thru years of suffering
"And humble contrite prayer,
"Beseeching, sorrowing love, shall bring
"Your soul to join you there.
"Come hence, and to your mortal eyes
"I will a sight unfold
"That has no equal in the skies
"Which now those eyes behold."
We rose into the midnight air,
Nor paused to say farewell
To my own better self. I dare
Not speak to break the spell.
Once more I felt my trembling form
Flit past the brilliant stars,
Until at last the fiery storm
Revealed the planet Mars.
And then we stood on mountains bare
And viewed the silent land,
The hush of death was in the air
And on the burning sand;
And as I gazed methought I saw
Stooped men go slowly past;
Their nude forms knew no mortal law,
Their hollow eyes downcast.
"And who are these?" I cried, amazed,
"Who walk with footsteps slow.
"And act like men with senses dazed?
"And whither do they go?"

"These forms, like you, are soulless men.
"And this is their abode,
"Nor can they join their souls again
"Until the weary load
"Of selfishness, lust, and greed,
"That ruled their passions then
"Has forced them to their knees to plead
"Their soul's return again."
"Why do you come to this dead globe,
"This gloomy, living Hell,
"Where men without nor shield nor robe
"Their lamentations tell?"
I asked in quaking voice—but lo!—
My gentle guide was gone!
My heart grew sick with fear to know
I stood there all alone. . .
I cried aloud—none heard my cry,
For no one could afford
To reach a hand or lift an eye
In all that soulless horde.
Each nursed a grief the same as mine,
Each mourned for pleasures past,
When life meant love and mirth and wine,
Too glorious to last.
I sought to go as I had come
From yon bright, distant star;
I sought in vain—each sense was numb,
Tho' Saturn smilled afar.
The fierce sun blazed o'er the sand
And quivered in the air,
No cooling breath my hot cheeks fanned,
My parched lips moved in prayer.
"Lord, give me back my loving soul
"That erstwhile walked with me,
"That I may gain my destined goal
"Of immortality!"
I listened, but no answer came;
I knew my doom was sealed;
My greed, my selfishness, my shame
Was to my mind revealed.
With drooping head and heavy heart
I joined that grewsome throng,
I felt the burning teardrops start
As we slowly passed along.
And so the days, the months, the years
Passed slowly one by one,
And all seemed dead save only fears
Of what was yet to come.
Annihilation waited me
When life's brief span was o'er,
No hope that I should wake to see
That promised Golden Shore.
And then I knew that life on Earth,
So filled with hope and love,
Was builded on the soul's rebirth
In blissful realms above.
I knew that in my ignorance,
My sinful pride and lust,
Offense was heaped upon offense
Against my soul. Disgust
Of all Earth's petty vanities,
Of shams, deceits, and lies,
Of mockeries, Profanities,
And other mundane ties,
Welled up and set my heart aflame
With hate for every deed
Of my earth-life; then in my shame
I heard my lost soul plead.
"Oh, Pray for light that you may know
"The hopes you knew of old;
"Oh, pray for firm strength to forego
"The power of glittering gold!"
I knelt me down, and as I prayed—
Behold, a vision fair—
Of spirit forms above me played,
Upon the sand dunes there.
And from that throng my own fair soul,
With arms outstretched, advanced;
I felt the heavy burdens roll
From off my heart. Entranced,
I felt the soft warm glow
Of hope and faith and love.
Throughout my yielding body flow—
I soared to realms above.
I knew my soul and I were one,
Re-born on Earth to dwell—
I saw where Mars still brightly shone,
A fiery living hell.
And when my feet touched earth at last,
We knelt, my soul and I,
Full grateful that the test was passed—
We two should never die.
I knew the love, the faith, the hope,
I'd never known before,
No more would I in shadows grope
As I had done of yore.
The weary years of dark despair,
On Mars when hope was dead,
Had taught me that the earth was fair
Whereon to lay my head.
And then my gentle guide appeared—
"Farewell, my Spirit friend,
"We may not meet again," he feared,
"Until earth-life shall end.
"But thou hast seen what few have seen,
"And lived to tell the tale.
"Go forth and spread the message free—
"That faith shall never fail
"To keep love's shining light aflame
"Betwixt their soul and them
"You saw, you know, you felt the blame—
"No man your pow'r can stem.
"For life is Love—God's only law
"Thru all eternity.
" 'Twill lead them on without a flaw
"To Immortality."
Thus spake my guide, then passing on
To that oblivion vast,
Where people of our dreams have gone
Through countless ages past.
Then consciousness in full returned,
I was myself once more;
The bright fire in the grate still burined
As it had burned before.

(Continued on Page 38)

The Kojiki

THE Kojiki is a very ancient book of the Japanese having to do with the creation of the universe and the building of the first land. Among the Japanese we find many interesting mythologies not the least of which is the ancient Japanese story of creation which we will very briefly consider in this article.

The Kojiki opens with the story of the coming of the three gods. Every nation has its trinity and this trinity is the expression all things which come into creation. The moment abstraction is concreted it divides itself into three forces which are the Trimuti of India or the three phases of human life. God, the Unmanifest, manifests Himself through three creatures for there are but three expressions of force in the universe—the creative force, the projective and perpetuating force, and, thirdly, the disintegrative or reductive force. The moment that any life essence assumes matter it becomes subject to these three gods who are in reality the rulers of Maya or of the created universe. The only reality is the Uncreated which is the beginning and end of all creation.

In the ancient doctrines of Japan there are two kinds of dieties—heavenly gods and earthly gods. The heavenly gods refer undoubtedly to those beings who dwell in the spiritual planes or else those beings who, while manifesting in the world, descended from the spiritual planes. In other words, they are those forces extraneous to ourselves which assist in the molding of our consciousness, while the earthly gods are those who, though born of men, achieve immortality and become deified as the fruitage of their labors here.

The Kojiki shows two divisions to the universe—the heavens and the earth. The heavens came before the earth which was born out of water by the actions of two gods who are called Izanagi, the Male-Who-Invites, and his sister Izanami, the Female-Who-Invites (literal translation). These two were the creators of the earth and represent the principles of polarity which bring solid matter into existence.

It is said in the ancient book that in the plane of the superior world called the Most High Heaven there were three dieties born out of no-thing, that is were differentiated from That Which Is Not. They were parentless creations, self-born androgenous crealess creations, self-born, androgenous creaknown and, according to the ancient story, withdrew themselves from creation after the appearance of two secondary dieties. The first of these self-born ones was called the Master-of-Heaven's-Center; the second was called the Most-Distinguished-Producer-of-Wonders; and the third the Divine-Producer-of-Wonders. They appeared in clouds floating over the heavens and the source of their being was unknown but they are seldom symbolized because even their shape is but a hypothesis. From them came two others that were born of a strange hollow stick or reed-like growth which came out of the earth at that time when it was a floating bubble in the center of a great ocean. The names of these two dieties were The Elder-Reed-Shoot diety and the Heaven - Born - Eternally - Standing-Diety. They likewise were unseen to mortal men and were born without parents.

These five constitute the eldest of the ancient cosmogony and in modern occultism represent the Elder Brothers or the five Great Initiates who never leave the temple but, like the ancient dieties, hide their person. The Wisdom-Religion is divided into two divisions, the five god-born or god-reclaimed ones and the seven man-born or man-unfolded ones. It is these two divisions which constitutes the mystery schools of the ancients. The higher group contains five which is the number of the astral plane or the high priest, while the second contains seven which is the number of the Mosaic law and the earthy things. In the ancient wisdom the five-pointed star stands for the elder five whose thrones are in the human brain. It is through these five superior dieties that man secures liberation cosmically and they represent the wounds of the crucifixion and are the most secret of the ancient wisdom.

According to the sacred books and early literature of the East, edited by Professor Charles F. Horne, Phd., the literal names

translated into English of the next seven gods and goddesses are as follows:

First, the Earthly-Eternally-Standing-Diety and the Luxuriant-Integrating-Master-Diety. These two were heaven-born without procreation and were unseen in the mortal world. Then came the Mud-Earth-Lord and Mud-Earth-Lady, the Germ-Integrating-Diety and his younger sister the Life-Integrating-Diety; the Elder-of-the-Great-Place and his sister the Elder-Lady-of-the-Great-Place; the Perfect-Exterior and his sister the Oh-Awful-Lady; the Male-Who-Invites and the Female-Who-Invites. From the Earthly-Eternally-Standing diety down to the Female-Who-Invites we have what are termed the Seven Divine Generations. These represent the seven Logos or the gods of the planetary chain who are the outpouring of the five unseen First Causes which are the outpouring of the Three most sacred centers which Three are the Witnesses of the Unknowable.

In Masonry the numbers Three, Five and Seven are of great significance and Masonically it means exactly the same as in the ancient Japanese mythology—the three great tools, the five senses, and the seven liberal arts and sciences. The seven liberal arts and sciences are the lowest and belong to the earth, corresponding to the Entered Apprentice degree of Freemasonary which is keyed to the number seven.

The five, which is the number of the priest and is called the Hierophant in the ancient Taro, is the mind which thinks through the heart system and is best expressed by that old saying, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." As has been said before, five is the number of the astral plane, is the key to the Fellowcraft degree of Freemasonary, and is the number of sense perception which is the fruitage of the astral plane. The Master Jesus, expressing the principle of the astral plane, wore over his white garment a crimson robe as the symbol of the blood system.

Three is attuned to the mind, is the Master Mason's degree and the key to the third degree of Masonry. It belongs to the mental world and the mind-born gods are without father or mother, being born in the subtle mind stuff of the Saturn period. Thus we see the ancient cosmogony played out in both spirit and matter.

The gods placed the last two named dieties upon the Bridge of Heaven or the Antakhrana which is the bridge connecting the divine with the human, sometimes known as the Heavenly Stairs. Handing them a jeweled spear they told them to stir the brine floating in the ocean until it should curdle. The spear was then drawn up and the brine that dripped from it piled up upon the surface of creation, forming a mighty island which was called Onogoro or the First Land. Upon this they built their first temple and a hall eight fathoms square, from which point all creation was carried on.

This legend undoubtedly refers to the ancient mystery of the descent of the spiritual hierarchies on to the North polar cap of the earth which was the first point to become crystallized. The spear was the ray sent down by the sun upon which ray the spiritual hierarchies descended and the sun drew up the water, leaving the earth. The ancient myth tells that the spiritual hierarchies built their temple upon the sacred island of the Gobi desert where it has remained even to this day. From this point all the work of civilizing and unfolding human thought, race ,and culture has been carried on. It is this point which the occultist believes to be the place where the spiritual bridge or cord connecting the planet with the sun passes into the earth. This is the beanstalk of Jack which we read of in the fairy story which grew all the way up to heaven.

In the temple of Shamballah we find the sacred cosmogony played out again. Of the twelve Masters or Elder Brothers who inhabit it seven are demi-gods attuned to the concrete world, while five remain in the shrine all the time as the invisible life and power of the great work in the world. In this way the ancient Japanese creation exactly agrees with that of the Hindoo, the Jewish, and the Chinese, for, while the dieties differ in name, in each case they represent the laws and properties necessary for the creation of concrete manifestation out of abstract possibility. They all have taught us that the gods became mortal themselves when they entered mortal substance and that all things are subject to birth, growth and decay, the trimuti of human expression, until they are superior to Brah-

ma, Vishnu and Siva, the concretions of the Absolute.

This is all played out again in the body of man, in the zodiac, and in many other stories and allegories of the various religions of the world. All these doctrines have twelve gods or demi-gods of which one is the leader, three are His messengers and all the remaining are demi-gods. All of these gods carry out the dictates and orders of their Leader who in turn is born out of the parentless abyss and carries sacred or magic implements of power which are the basis of His superiority over mortal men. The implements which make the gods greater than men are all to be found when we analyze the Masonic implements and instuments which are symbolical of mental, emotional or physical body qualities which in turn symbolize the spiritual expression of man seeking manifestation in partially crystallized bodies.

The great Japenese colleges of learning, especially the Buddhistic colleges, are beginning to take great interest in unravelling the mystery of mythology for they realize, as the Christian world must eventually realize, that mythology is the most accurate historical data on spiritual subjects which we have preserved to us and that the keys of wisdom, both scientific and theological, are concealed in the mythologies of ancient people. Neither history nor literature as an entire has preserved truth but mythology has been honest and it makes little difference whether you are searching for the effects of a chemical combination, the birth of a planet, or the effect of contradictory emotions on the human soul, you will be perfectly safe in accepting the mythological characters and their word in solving a problem. A country that knows its mythology is fortunate indeed, and in this respect Japan is especially blessed for it has one of the most fascinating and inspiring mythologies known to the world today of which this little word we have spoken is but the beginning of a study that could involve life-times and has astounded all who ever attempted it.

A One Act Literary Tragedy

(Continued from Page 9)

was riding to the planet Venus on a green cow that had an aeroplane propeller on her front. I know you are a wonderful occultist, Mr. Scribbly—will you please give me your interpretation? Of course I know already but I want to find out if you agree with me."

She looked across the table and then gave a gasp. Mr. Scribbly had rolled out of his chair and lay face upward under the table, his body twitching and his eyes rolling.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Chatterjaw "he's dying! Help! Help! I'll faint, I know I shall!" And gathering up her skirts and rare book Desdemona rushed down the stairs to fall into the arms of a large Irish policeman who stood on the street corner.

As soon as he was sure that Desdemona had vanished, Scribbly got up from under the table, tiptoed carefully over to the door and locked it securely, muttering to himself, "There's no use. You gotta die to get away from 'em.' "

"Oh, where was I?" he ran his fingers through his hair—"What was I trying to write when that blizzard came in?—I can't remember to save my neck!"

And here we will close our little act—leaving Scribbly to try and resurrect his thoughts from the maelstrom of thoughtlessness—with this little motto: The greatest thing you can do for your friend is to *leave him alone.*

The Song of The Soul

(Continued from Page 35)

Methought myself an aged man
When I awoke again,
Long passed the ordinary span
Of three-score years and ten.
But lo! an hour had scarcely passed
Since first my guide appeared—
The vision grand, from first to last,
Was not as I had feared!
A weary stretch of wasted years—
But just one hour had flown.
Farewell to grief, farewell to fears,
My soul and I atone.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

The sign of Libra was put into the Zodiac to divide the signs of Virgo and Scorpio which were once one in the time when the Zodiac was divided into ten instead of twelve signs. It is called the Balance and symbolizes the division between the signs. It naturally rules the seventh house but its great keyword is Balance and it is to that end that egos take bodies under Libra that they may learn to harmonize and co-operate their faculties. All growth is the result of discrimination and discrimination is the mental process of weighing values against each other.

Briefly considered the keywords of Libra are as follows:

Moist	Changeable
Hot	Sweet
Airy	Fortunate
Sanguine	Autumnal
Western	Southern
Diurnal	Obeying
Cardinal	Sign of Long Ascension
Equinoxtial	Day house of Venus
Movable	Exhaltation of Saturn
Masculine	Detriment of Mars
Human	Fall of the Sun
Speaking	
Whole	

General Characteristics:

Libra is usually just, honest and fair in its weights and measures mentally, physically and spiritually, in this following out the symbol of its sign; but if a bad square exists in the horoscope of Libra the native will become dishonest, untrue and far from virtuous for in Libra the scales tilt very easily from one extreme to the other.

Just	Lovable
Sweet	Romantic
Upright	Changeable
Square	Fond of travel
True to principle	Usually material
Rather religious	

Physical Appearances:

Tall
Well made
Elegant in person
Round beautiful face
Ruddy in youth but inclined to be plain in old age
Subject to disfigurments of the face through skin diseases, eruptions, etc. when old.
Blue or grey eyes
Flaxen, auburn or yellow hair
Slender
Straight
Usually long in body

If Venus is well posited in Libra it adds greatly to the physical beauty but if the Libra body is not properly taken care of it soon shows it in becoming run down and disfigured.

The diseases Libra is most subject to are:

Ruptures	Weaknesses of various kinds
General debilities	Mild forms of venereal complaints
Locomoter ataxia	Corruptions of blood
Wasting of spinal marrow	Weakness in small of back
Ulcers	
Corruptions of Blood	

Domestic Problems:

Libra being ruled by Venus and being a fruitful sign is often fortunate in matrimonial problems but seems to be more subject to disappointments through the insincerity of the marriage partner than many of the other signs. Also being airy is rather subject to wandering. It is not quite as satisfied in the home as some of the other signs.

Countries Under Influence of Libra:

Austria	Lavonia
Alsace	India
Savoy	Ethiopia
Portugal	Part of Greece

Cities Under the Control of Libra:

Lisbon	Fribourgh
Vienna	Placentia
Frankfort	Antwerp

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000001 DECEMBER 1923 No. 1000000000007

OPEN FOOTBALL SEASON WITH VICTORY

SATURN LOSES RING

SCANDAL IN HIGH CIRCLES

The Duc de Uranus is named as the leading figure in a startling divorce scandal here. This gay Romeo has broken up a large number of homes with his seductive wiles. It is confidentially circulated that Lord Aldebaron is out gunning for him. Lord Aldebaron bought a sawed off shotgun last week. A member of the Pearly Gates burlesque chorus is said to be the cause of it all. Lord Aldebaron also bought three pounds of rock salt. It is rumored that the Duc de Uranus is suffering from an indisposition and will spend his summer on the Riviera.

CURIOSITY ARRIVED TODAY

One of the strangest things that ever appeared in heaven arrived this morning on the night flyer from earth. Scientists here are analyzing the marvel. Miss Susy Splash holds the world's talking record, having kept her tongue going without saying anything for forty-seven years. She died of talker's cramp when her tongue got twisted around her eye tooth and she couldn't see to speak. During all this period of time no one has any record that she ever said anything. She even talked in her sleep and chewed her food to language. Scientists specializing in the law of hereditty and environment have sought to analyze this strange creature but nothing can be found out save that she was an occult student and paid twenty-five dollars for an initiation. More news later.

NEW ROLLER COASTER OPENED

The Pearly Gates Amusement Company announces the fact that they have opened a roller coaster on a thunder cloud not far from Pearly Gates. Those people who lived on earth a long time and are lonely may get the ups and downs they have left behind on this newly installed machine. Price of ride, one radium dime.

In the football game between the Pearly Gates semi-professionals and the Pandemonium Whitehopes there were several very excellent plays. Jimmy Flap the fullback on the team for the Pearly Gates flapped his way through the very heart of the enemy's team and, spreading his wings, made a nose dive between the goal posts, making the only score of the game. It was a spectacular sight. Jimmy was holding the ball with his second pair of wings while with the first pair, spread to their fullest capacity, he soared over the Pandemonium team for two hundred yards. Beelzebug, playing tackle for the Pandemoniums, twisted his tail around Jimmy's left foot and the audience held its breath; but shaking him loose, Jimmy flapped his way to victory amid the cheers of the team. With only three minutes to play there was insufficient time for any retaliation.

The Hotair Motion Picture Syndicate announces the release of a five reel feature comedy which is said to be the most hilarious thing ever produced, seven thousand feet of excruciating comedy, side splitting mirth and laughter provoking originality. The title is "A Day with Our Occult Lights."

The Pearly Gates Vaudeville Circuit has just booked two singing evangelists who present a number of original sketches, including a very excellent clog dance and examples of collection plate jugglery. The repertoire is entirely new and opens with that jazz success "When You and I Were Young Maggie." They have been pronounced exceptionally clever, entertaining, but very superficial. The children will enjoy them The duo came from different parts of the earth but died about the same time and decided to unite for mutual interests. Their closing number is a wonderful little selection entitled "Hellfire and Damnation." Long practice on this subject gives them great ease and fluency of delivery.

Lost one gentleman's ring size forty-three million eight hundred and ten, somewhere three blocks east of Chaos Junction. Anyone finding this ring will please return it to Mr. Saturn, owner, and receive the reward. Mr. Saturn is in a position to identify his property which he dropped last night while suffering from an indisposition. (Pearly Gates reporter announces that he saw Mr. Saturn returning from a late party which is supposed to have been the cause of his carelessness.)

SPECIAL AUDIENCE GRANTED

Willie Flyberg, star reporter for the Pearly Gates Gazette, was granted an audience with the Lord yesterday to discuss a very important problem. There are a large number of people claiming to be of the royal blood and a still larger group who claim to be acting under the personal direction of God. In order to straighten out this tangle Willie Flyberg had half an hour alone with the Lord yesterday afternoon. He has given to the progressive ideals of our newspaper the results of his interview. The Lord disclaimed any knowledge of the persons who claim to speak with His authority and also stated explicitly that there were no members of the royal blood floating around. For the benefit of our readers we will say that His Majesty also positively stated that the Pearly Gates Gazette was His official organ. Our journal is always first.

To whom it may concern: The man who broke into the house of Lord Sirius last night, stealing three bottles of 1842 aged in the wood, the last of a once noble line, and also the family jewels valued at over eight hundred thousand dollars, is requested to bring back the whiskey. If he will do this he may keep the jewels and no questions will be asked.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer
Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on ha nd:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explantion of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

1. Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
2. The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
3. Talks to Teachers, Part I
4. Talks to Teachers, Part II
5. Talks to Teachers, Part III
6. The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
7. Reincarnation, Part I
8. Reincarnation, Part II.
9. The Nature Spirits, Part I.
10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
11. The Nature Spirits, Part III.
12. List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
13. The Masters, Part I.
14. The Masters, Part II.

The Following are in Preparation.

Talks to Teachers, Part IV.
Talks to Teachers, Part V.
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
The Nature Spirits, Part V.
The Masters, Part III.
The Masters, Part IV.
The Philosophy of the Absolute.
The Mystery of Marriage.
The Mystery of Baptism.
The Mystery of the Soul.
The Philosophy of Death.

These publications may be secured through voluntary contribution by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Krishna

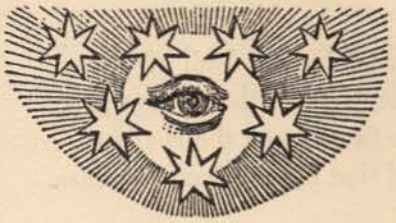
From the Mahabharata

"I make and unmake this Universe:
Than me there is no other Master, Prince!
No other Maker! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,
The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is;
The wisdom of the wise, the intellect
Of the informed, the greatness of the great,
The splendor of the splendid. Kunti's Son!
These am I, free from passion and desire;
Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,
Chief of the Bharatas! for all those moods,
Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,
Which Nature frames, deduce from me; but all
Are merged in me —not I in them! The world —
Deceived by those three qualities of being —
Wotteth not me who am outside them all,
Above them all, Eternal! Hard it is
To pierce that veil divine of various shows
Which hideth me; yet they who worship me
Pierce it and pass beyond.
I am not known
To evil-doers, nor to foolish ones,
Nor to the base and churlish; nor to those
Whose mind is cheated by the show of things,
Nor those that take the way of Asuras."

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2 LOS ANGELES, CALIF, JANUARY, 1924 No. 3



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own instrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEM 2

EDITORIALS

Thoughts for the New Year..... 3
Personality Versus Principle..... 5
A One Act Theological Tragedy..... 7

BROTHERS OF THE SHINING ROBE
(Continued) 9

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT 19

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT..... 12

OCCULT FICTION

The Tower of Tears..... 14
The Voice 23
Sold 25

ORIENTAL STORIES

The Teapot of Mandarin Wong..... 21

OCCULT ANATOMY

The Human Brain..... 17
Spiritual Healing 30

The Unborn

From behind the Veil of Maya
The faces of the unborn gaze,
Baby faces from the shadow
Of that blue unbounded haze.

Baby fingers play the heartstrings,
Baby hands reach out in love,
Baby voices—hear them calling,
From the shadows far above.

In the yesteryear gone by
You were with them over there,
Longing through the silent ages
For a mother who would care.

One who would fulfill her duty
And give to you a chance to live,
That to you might come the blessings
Our old earth has power to give.

So the unborn through the ages
Wait behind their veil of tears,
And the ones who should be mothers
Wander childless through the years.

With mortal hands you still their hearts
And cast their broken forms aside,
Murdering souls and slaying bodies
With criminal thoughtlessness and pride.

On your hands is blood of murder,
On your soul a blacker stain—
Mother of Mercy have compassion
On the slayer and the slain!

EDITORIALS

Thoughts For The New Year

The time is coming for New Year's resolutions (which are usually made the first week in January and broken the second.) This year let us aspire to hold through the entire span of months the resolutions which we make for the New Year. The occult schools are indeed mystic organizations and entrance to them is man's pledged oath and vow. Many people object to oaths and vows but there are some which we must take as we go along the line. They are not however pledges made to others, they are moral obligations which the body must assume and live up to. We must pledge ourselves to ourselves; our life is our living oath of allegiance to the cause which we most cherish while the vows we take in the silence of our soul tie us to the Masters of Wisdom. No vows to other mortal things—but an endless vow of allegience to our God.

Let this New Year bring with it these promises we make to ourselves, when no one demands of us that we shall do the best that is in us for the unfoldment of our nature and the glorification of the plan. All the books that have ever been written in this world and all the lectures given since earth began cannot bring you any closer to the realization of right than someone else's idea or at best a mental concept. But when man lives the practical life of regeneration, purification, self mastery and harmlessness, the bodies attuned by their purification and the resulting improvement of organic quality are capable of finer ideals, nobler concepts and truer estimates than it is possible for us to make in our present condition.

Only a sage can make an honest estimate, uncolored by personality, only gods are capable of right analysis, only seers and patriarchs of right discrimination. These qualities are a basis of wisdom which is not book learning but practical experience.

In the ancient Mosaic law the powers of being spoke unto the children of earth in the voice of wrath, saying, "Thou shalt not." This was the ancient law. But with the coming of the new law this is changed to "Thou shalt." No longer does the prophet say you must not do evil but now he says you must do good. These paragraphs are not affirmative and anyone who tries to make them into affirmations will destroy all their value. They are resolutions with which to open the new year that it may in truth bring us closer to wisdom and understanding. Therefore let us consider these resolutions as listed below:

1. Unto that Self which is within me and is the source of all, I send those greetings which the body can send unto the source of itself and pledge that this year I shall serve this spirit within myself with my heart, my mind and my hand—not to the glorification of matter but that all the world may know the reality of spirit.

2. As the spirit in man is a friend of all things, one with the spirit of all things, knowing neither foe nor friend, kith or kin, race or creed, I shall emphasize this during the coming year through that personality which is the finite manifestation of the infinite. I shall harm no living thing during this year but shall seek communion with that spirit in all living things which is the universal solvent of inharmony.

3. My relationship with my brother man this year shall be based upon my own intrinsic realization of right and not upon their attitude to me. It shall make no difference to me how I am treated, for during this year I shall only do good, express charity, live fraternity, and follow the doctrine of non-resistance. I shall neither resist evil nor accept it but shall remain in poise while others are in turmoil.

4. No word of dissatisfaction, of criticism or of destructiveness shall be launched into the world this coming year from me. I shall meet and receive all things in the spirit

of charity and will accept those responsibilities which the world gives me in peace, in poise and in placidity, no matter how hard my lot nor how sad my life.

5. I shall be clean in thought, word and action; in body, mind and soul; and nothing shall defile the temple of the living God within me; either that which goeth in or that which cometh out, but both shall be acceptable in the sight of the most high.

6. My voice shall not be raised in anger nor my words be quick in tone or harsh in meaning but shall be in perfect peace unto all things, realizing the fundamental unity of all life and that diversity is nature's illusion.

7. This year I shall labor. Every day something useful must be standing when night falls to show that today has not been in vain. Someone shall smile who has not smiled before, someone shall be glad who is sad, someone shall be richer who was poor, each day that I am spared in this world of men.

8. Unto my younger brothers I also pledge in the spirit of helpfulness all that I have and am, that each year will come closer to realization of the oneness of all living things.

9. Unto those foes with whom my life has been beset, those thoughtless ones who have grieved me often, those friends who have been untrue, those of my own flesh and blood who have been false to me—to all these this year I send greetings that, while they may be false to me, I shall never be false to them. That one Power in the universe which is the basis of all bases and the cause of all causes—to that I renew the bond which is so easily broken by the thoughtlessness of life that I may each day be true and come closer to the ideals which I know but which the weakness of the flesh so seldom gives expression to. Brother, beast and God—all three of these in nature shall realize my realization of unity for I shall live this year to serve those who alone have the power to reward in spirit and in truth.

Let us this year take unto ourselves these resolutions, build them into that eternal part of ourselves which was before the world was and shall be when oblivion dissolves all things.

In the basic realization of human relationship and of man's relationship to God lies wisdom and the relationship between man and his body will be the base of his relationship with the Body Cosmic, and this relationship shall be emphasized in spirit and in truth during the coming months—that past knowledge shall be changed to wisdom, intellectuality and mind forces into soul powers. In this the student fulfils that task which he is appointed to accomplish and passes successfully through that probationship which we know as life.

During the coming months let us endeavor to realize that the greatest instruction which it is possible for mortal being to receive is that which is woven into your soul during the every day experiences of life. The restraint, the kindliness, the charity and the innate understanding applied to the panorama of endless occurances measures the growth which is really yours among the spiritual things of nature. Wisdom does not come with listening, it comes with living. Only when we cleanse the inside of the cup can we receive the spiritual ordination which floats in it as the blood of the Christ. When we have cleansed this cup then all may come and drink of the communion wine of spirit for instead of a man the Initiate has become a well of living waters springing up in the wilderness where the thirsty of the world may come to drink—not of things human but of things eternal.

Let us each reach the highest goal which man may attain by preparing our compound natures to receive the finer currents of natural force that are ever in the universe to nourish all who will attune themselves with the ever subtle influences. Man is a great receiving station of natural force and thousands of messages pass through him every day, not mediumistic messages but the messages of natural force which express themselves in thought, action and desire.

Those who would come into the light of actual knowledge must learn to realize that wisdom rests in the proving of things and in the finer and higher qualities of reason. The wise man knows and does and his actions being in harmony with his knowing emphasize the sincerity of his wisdom.

Personality versus Principle

INSTEAD of building our temple upon the rock of principle most of us trust the weight of our souls upon the fleeting clouds of personality, not seeming to realize that in this world of ever changing things there is no perfection but just combatting, striving organisms that vanish from this mortal vale as soon as they have achieved and therefore are not to be found here. Be it saint or sage, all who dwell here are battling with faults and failings and seeking with the light of the spark within to read the mystic message of experience. There is no reality in matter, yet it is part of the great plan whereby man may achieve ultimate reality. We worship graven images and then as time shows us their faults and failings we turn away disillusioned—blaming them but really responsible ourselves for having sought the ultimate in the transitory.

Wherever we find personality we will find traits that hurt us, qualities not true to the ideal, lives unable to express the true ultimate of their desire, unable to really show the feelings and ideals which fill their souls, for, as the Apostle said, when they would do good evil is ever with them, when they would be kind the sharp word comes, when they would soothe the hand is rough and callous, when they would give words to the dreams of their soul only harsh guttural sounds come forth. The beauty is within but usually remains unknown.

Personalities are to principles what matter is to spirit and what lips are to the voice—they fashion its varying tones but the source is ever the same. But we cannot learn, apparently, to overlook the personality, we accept lives because of a pleasing personality and reject truth if the bearer be uncouth, judging all things by the arch of a brow, the clasp of a hand or the tone of a voice. In other words, as did the children of Israel while Moses was upon the mountain, we worship the Golden Calf and ornament statues of wood and stone. The great struggle has always been between the personal and impersonal. We say: "I like Jones but I do not like Smith." While the thing really like and disliked is neither Jones nor Smith but a personality through which the struggling rays of an individuality shine but partially, a glass darkened by the film of matter. We must learn to look for Truth, regardless of the bearer. We are not called upon to live the life of the teacher or to copy his mistakes, but when we turn from light because the bearer fails to please us we are merely cutting off our own nose to spite our face. The light shines through those instruments which are at hand. On the Potter's Wheel of being are molded many shapes of clay, some broken, some deformed, and yet into each is poured the Water of Life that to it others may come to drink if they will—all is the same water, though the vessels differ. If man waits for a perfect one to bring his light he will wait forever for perfection would be unrecognizable if seen. To us reality would be strange and weird and a perfect man would be a curiosity, boresome, dull and uninteresting, and absolutely unusual because so typically usual. The greater a person is the more he is scoffed at for his failings by those who know less than he does but he has no way of reaching his fellow creatures unless, like them, he is born in the vale of imperfection. However we are not forced to judge upon the merits of form alone and those who do so are foolish for they prove that the weakness is in their own souls or they would not have found it in the soul of another.

When we hear our favorite teacher launch forth in a stream of profanity we faint in our friends arms, stricken with mortal horror, while a great big golden calf comes tumbling down to burrow its nose in the dirt. We are disillusioned, our hearts are "busted," our souls are shattered, and our dream fades into the shadows. And so it goes.

The light shining down to earth shines into the unreal through many little windows. Some are open but a little way and a tiny shaft of light is all that it seen, others are great stained glass windows like those in mighty cathedrals, which, through the beauty of their forms and colors, send soft glows of mystic light that rest our souls and calm our spirits. Through

other windows the light glares out, injuring our eyes and bewildering us with its dazzling radiance. But wherever there is even a tiny little opening a beam shines through and that beam is the hope of glory to some soul, the promise of salvation to some otherwise empty life. And a man who turns from the light which shines faintly will never reach the light that shines brightly for, having found the gleam of possibility, it is his duty to seek to open the window himself that the light may shine more brightly.

This world is filled with hearts that are cold, with lives that are cold, with cruelty, with hate, with thoughtlessness, with perjury and with crime, yet in almost every heart there is one little spot where the light shines through. Shall we say the light is not good because the window is befogged? Are we here in this world to worship windows? Are we here to reject the messenger because of the door through which he passes? Shall we say the door is black and no white thing can come through it? Shall we say the messenger is weak therefore the light is false?—Or shall we follow in the footsteps of the wise ones, who, knowing that the flesh is weak, do not serve it but thank even the weakened personality for the little light that does come through and praise God that there is much as there is.

So in our works let us divide between the false and the true, between the weak and the strong. Let us be servants of the masterpiece and not the frame which borders it, for though the frame be broken and tarnished the picture within is by the hand of an Artist. Let us glorify the picture and be thankful for the protection of the frame.

This world judges God by man because man is made in the image of God but as men cannot live up to the Image it is the privilege of man to forgive the weakness in his brother, for tomorrow he must be forgiven. The privilege of man is to overlook, only God has the privilege to judge. Let us create true charity within our souls, realizing that the light shines through many windows. Our duty is not to judge the window of our brother but to make certain that ours is open and the light passing through. Those who keep their souls clean will lose faith in nothing but will gain faith in all things.

Upon the rock of personality the noble vessels of the soul are shattered. We say—the man is bad so how can the light be good? We say that he is rough, coarse and ill-mannered—how can God speak through such a one? Surely he is false in that he is not like his God? That in itself is a blasphemy, for what right has man to judge man by God? If man were to truly do like his God his brother would then as surely denounce him as a blasphemer and hypocrite.

Therefore thank God for mistakes and faults. They tie us together but we need neither serve them nor copy them. To say: others do ill, why should I do better? is utter foolishness. Another's mistakes must be paid for by him and if we follow in his footsteps we too shall have to pay for them. Our duty is to judge no one save ourselves and to always remember that even a thief can bring us light or that a murderer could aid in our redemption. When man falls through weakness the world points its fingers at him and says, like the priests of old, "what good thing can come out of Nazereth?" In other words, it is—what good things can an evil man do?

And yet with all his erring a man may have light where we are in darkness, where he may have broken one law he may have kept another we have broken. We do not need to copy his faults but we should be big enough to aspire to his good qualities. Many a crook lives a more honest life than the "Christian" we usually meet. Many a heart cold to most things has the soft spot in it where ours is cold. Let us learn to live and know this truth—divide the good from the evil as we would the gold from the dross, keep the man or the woman out of the problem and serve the spirit of light which they have shown us. The idea that a man's word is wrong because he is not good himself is foolish and those who ostracize such a one and destroy his philosophies for his morals, or his intellectuality for his concepts, are only losing opportunities.

An individual who is unable to divide between personality and principle is unable to fully learn or know anything and there is no time in the universe for him. When a dear

old lady comes up to us and says she has left the church because of the parson's scandal, we are sincerely sorry—not for the church but for the old lady who has left the light because the window has specks on it and will wander in darkness rather than take bread from the hands of sinners.

The Master broke bread with the publicans and sinners, taught them, loved them, and worked with them and from them chose His disciples that they might carry on His laws. If those were His concepts they should be good enough for His followers.

We should never be guilty of mixing our philosophy with our personalities for when we do we prove beyond all doubt that we are unworthy of the philosophy. The great test which few stand up under is the test of standing true to the ideal when the idol falls. Those who have reached that point are in the light, the rest are in the shade, not in the shade because there is no light but because they refused the light and sacrificed its gleams rather than accepting it in an undesirbale personality.

The war of all the ages is between personality and principle. An individual who is still able to turn up his nose is still unable to enter heaven and you would be surprised at the strength of the nasal muscle on some people we know. The "holier than thou" doctrines of life were shattered by the doctrines of Christ, who, when speaking to a woman taken in adultery said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and afterwards, "Neither do I accuse you—go and sin no more."

The modern world is basing itself not upon spirituality or honesty but upon concepts, creeds and castes. If there is one person you look down upon, one religion you hate, one relative who has played you false and you refuse to forgive—if such a one there be, from them shall come the light and without them you shall be in darkness. God shatters the idols of man as fast as he raises them that man may learn to build for principal and not personality, for ideal and not for idol, and shall worship the light and not the bearer who, were he not in sin, could not bring it to you. So thank God for the light He sends and do not criticize the one who brings it. In this secret lies the foundation of wisdom and the path of the law.

A One Act Theological Tragedy

THIS story needs no name for under any title it would reach straight to the heart strings and there twang out dolorous tones. In a small town three or four miles south of a large city, a young minister, fresh from a theological seminary and fired by ambition to redeem the world from its follies and foibles, was preparing for his first sermon. Our reverend friend wore a nice long, shiny, black coat and a brand new celluloid collar while the beating of his heart well nigh strangled him. In one hand was a neat bundle of notes—the sermon that he had prepared.

Just as he was passing down the aisle the choir welled forth in the first verse of the opening hymn, a beautiful anthem of piety and consecration. He was about half way to the pulpit when the eldest of the deacons tugged at his coat-tail very gently.

"Brother," he said soto voce, "I have been deacon of this church for many years and I want to make a little suggestion. In your sermon today do not attack any of the social evils—they are not popular in this church. We have some rather fast people—er—for example, Mrs. McSnubb down in the left hand corner. But they pay very well and we mustn't hurt their feelings—of course you understand, my dear sir."

The small town falsetto was leading the chorus of the first verse of the opening hymn when the second deacon, a little further down the aisle, held out his hand to stop the passing minister. Looking up very piously the good man spoke with a soft nasal accent.

"My dear young friend, take the experience that comes with gray hairs. The last minister who was here was—ah—er—a little blunt. In your sermon today I would sug-

gest, merely suggest, my dear friend," the deacon beamed, "that you would refrain from discussing prohibition. The chairman of our board of trustees is a heavy drinker but he pays well, exceptionally well—in fact he is having a stained glass window put in now. It really would not do to hurt his feelings—of course you understand."

The young minister was being rudely awakened from his dream of reformation but, as the basso profundo reached low G. in the second verse, he started down the narrow pathway again—only to be stopped by the third deacon whose shrill little voice was highly intensified by his false plate.

"My very good young man!" exclaimed the bewhiskered demagogue, making a trumpet out of his hand, "my long experience with this noble institution is"—at this point his plate dropped but getting it back with a Herculean effort he continued—, "my experience has been that it were far better to refrain from any discussion of gambling or horse-racing. You see that stout gentleman in the checkered vest sitting in the third row aisle? He—er—what you call it—plays the ponies some times—but he is a pillar of the faith, my dear young friend, a pillar of the faith! I may say one of the main supports of the church."

The quartet launched forth into the closing chorus. The notes climbed up each other until they reached high C. then cracked and collapsed just as the minister reached the fourth deacon who sat in the front row right beside the pulpit.

"My dear young sir," called the deacon, "come here a moment please. If by any chance, you contemplated preaching against vice this morning—I would suggest that you change your subject. Years of experience have proven to me that our most successful clergyman are those who talk a great deal, but don't say anything. Quote Hebrew and original Syriac but if you want this church to be successful financially do not under any conditions attack any of the failings of the congregation. If you can't think of anything else to talk about—choose the twenty-third Psalm." And with a sly wink he sat back, satisfied in the realization of duty well done.

The young minister's head was going round and his breath was coming in short gasps. There was nothing left to speak about. As he stood bewildered in front of the Bible the old sexton bell-ringer hobbled all the way from the back of the church, down the aisle to the front, and motioned for the young minister to lean over the side of the pulpit.

"Young 'un," he said, "I just came to give ye a little advice—don't you say anything about—"

"Stop! Stop!" cried the minister in distraction, "wait a minute!" Do not give me any more advice of what not to do—just tell me some virtues that I can preach or some vices that I can attack!"

The sexton floundered mentally for a few seconds, then the gleam of a great idea spread over him and oozed from every corner of his countenance.

"Give the Mormons Hail Columbia!" he exclaimed, "They haven't got a friend in town!"

The Bible, as we study it, is a sealed book, and there are few who can read its meaning; but the keys offered by the oral traditions of the ancients unlock many of its hidden places and unravel its complicated story.

Only with the highest motives and purest ideals can the student hope to gain true knowledge of a science which contains the secrets of the soul, and when the seeker after spiritual illumination so lives that he proves by his thoughts and actions his worthiness to receive the celestial knowledge, only then will the keys of the sacred sciences, the silver key of the old and the golden key of the new, be intrusted to him.

The true student of music can never gain the inspiration of his art until the attuned keyboard of his being registers the music of the spheres. No artist has ever learned color, no lawyer or physician his craft, until its hidden side was understood, and no student of modern religion can unlock his sacred books without the two-fold key—heart and mind.

Brothers of The Shining Robe

Chapter Seven

THE FIRST STEP

For several days after the incident related in the last chapter nothing of great import happened. The newspapers were filled with bulletins concerning the health of the great king whose fate hung on the threshold of eternity. I read these accounts with particular interest realizing that the hand of the great Brotherhood was pulling the strings, and that a great chess game, with humanity as the stakes, was being played out between the powers of light and the powers of shade.

I had not seen the Master since we parted that night so I carried on my work, quietly and inoffensively as I had before, waiting for the plan of greater minds to formulate, holding myself in instant readiness to do whatever work was given me. The preparation necessary for my ever wider public work kept me to my studies more and more, outlining the various principles and concepts around which my work was woven.

I was sitting in the same old library, where he had come so often to talk to me, when the voice of the Master sounded in my ear. He was not there himself but was speaking from a great distance.

"The king has just died and it has been decided that for the present I shall accept his body for his nation is the pivot upon which turns a great world problem that is appointed to me to take charge of, therefore you will not see me for some time. But there is a special work for you to do. There is now in London a man who has just invented the world's most terrible war contrivance. He has harnessed bacteria as war menaces and is now privately consulting a number of nations concerning this damnable invention which is capable of destroying whole races at once with the most terrible and loathsome diseases. I will give you directions concerning this man and it is up to you to in some way prevent this human beast from giving to the world this dreadful secret."

The Master then told me where to go and how I should gain entrance into the laboratory of the scientist whose fiendish discovery threatened creation. The voice then ceased speaking, and, having made note of the various points, I took my hat and cane and left the apartment. Jumping into a cab I headed across the city and out into the country beyond.

* * *

For the purpose of his scientific researches Professor Atherton had taken a long lease upon an old delapidated estate, not far from London, where ivy-grown, unkempt gardens, overrun with weeds and creepers, concealed from sight of the world a long rambling manor-house. The gates to the grounds were always closed but there was a small wicket at one side where one might enter. Stepping from my cab at this wicket I hurried along a torn down and leaf-path and climbed several flights of crumbling stone steps, at last reaching an entrance of the house.

My knock was answered by a gruesome looking man-servant, his face resembling a grinning skeleton, who introduced me into a musky room hung with ancient drapings and molding tapestry. Here Doctor Atherson joined me a few moments later.

The doctor was a tall, rather slender, man with a fierce beard, bald head, and very heavy glasses. Motioning me to sit down he inquired pleasantly as to the cause of my visit. Obeying the instructions that were given me, I introduced myself simply as a gentleman who wished to speak to him for a few moments on an important problem; and then, as he opened the way, I expressed myself on the problem at hand.

"Professor Atherson," I began, "you are the inventor, I am told, of a great germ shell which liberates upon those within the area of its exploding mass the most deadly bacteria which as it passes from one to another, can destroy a whole nation in a few weeks."

Professor Atherson looked at me a little surprised.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

Not answering this question, I proceeded with my point.

"I also understand, sir, that a number of nations are already bidding for this strange unearthly product which, in my estimation—to be plain with you—is the most terrible thing human ever conceived of."

The professor smiled broadly.

"I appreciate your repugnance, my dear sir, but you realize that war is not a game of love anyway and that all is fair when man struggles for supremacy. The nation who becomes possessor of my secret can in sixty days rule the world."

"A world of corpses," I reminded him.

The professor beamed broadly. "They will give much less trouble than living men," he answered. "By the way—won't you come into my laboratory and let me show you some of my experiments?" he asked.

I bowed in acceptance, and, rising, he led me through several ancient rooms into a large barn-like structure filled with scientific apparatus. Picking a small brass cylinder from the table he handed it to me.

"This, sir, weighs less than two pounds and yet there are sufficient creatures bottled up in this brass tube to kill a hundred million men—for they spread and multiply at great speed.

With a shudder I laid the tube back on the table.

"One of these bombs dropped over a city would make a desert in thirty days," announced the professor gleefully, "and I am the inventor of it!" The man raised his head and drew back his shoulders. "Yes, sir, I am the inventor of it—I am the greatest inventor that ever lived!"

It was slowly dawning on me that I was facing a very peculiar person—a giant intellect, a perfect egotist—perhaps a mad man whom the whole world might fear. Returning to the great dingy sitting room we sat down again and the professor offered me a cigar.

"I have spent fifty years completing that device," he went on. "I have spent from fifteen to eighteen hours a day culturing those germs and bacteria until they are a thousand times more formidable than any known to science."

I waited until he was through talking and then I leaned forward quietly in my chair.

"Professor Atherson, I have come to you to bring a message—a message from someone whom you do not know, from a power greater than any of the nations who bid for your secret. I bring you the instructions of the Great White Brotherhood: Destroy your formula and give up your murderous investigation or your life will very probably pay the forfeit."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the scientist, "are you threatening me, sir?"

"No," I answered, "not threatening—just warning, and carrying out the instructions of another. For fifty years you have labored to produce something with which to slay and destroy your fellow creature. This is not permissible in the law of things and unless you accede to the demands of the Brotherhood your secret will be wrested from your grasp. Is this the noblest thing you have to offer to a world crying out for light and understanding? Have not all the wars of the past shown the fruitlessness of war? Are not the battles of men but wholesale murder? Have you never thought that perhaps the divine powers might occasionally take a hand for the good of creation? I warn you, Professor Atherson—either destroy your formula before seven o'clock tonight or be prepared to face the consequences which are meted out to interferers with creation's plan."

The professor rose. "I do not understand your words!" he retorted sharply, "and what is more I do not care to understand them. If you have come here to intimidate me you have come on a fool's errand. I have spent a lifetime in producing this instrument and I intend to dispose of it to the highest bidder. It is absolutely perfect and nothing can withstand it. I treated you like a gentleman and you have insulted me." He rang a bell. "Here sir, is your hat and cane, and there is the door. Goodnight."

I returned to the room I had left early in the evening with a down cast feeling in my soul. My first piece of diplomacy had not

resulted exceptionally well. I sat in the room for some time wondering what I had better do when the voice of the Master again spoke in my ear.

"Get those formulas tonight."

Then I felt a strange throbbing in the pit of my stomach and the next instant I found myself floating in the air while sitting in the chair below me was my physical self, sound asleep. Obeying the commands of the Initiate I sped with the rapidity of the wind until I stood again in the laboratory of Doctor Atherson.

That worthy was sitting in his chair facing the safe as I glided through the wall and stood not far away listening to his ravings.

"Give them up? I guess not!" he muttered, "they are locked in that safe and there will they remain until I am ready to use them. I am the world's greatest inventor and eternity will remember me as the master of men!"

Of course I cannot tell just how Doctor Atherson felt but I believe I can understand the sensation that passed over him when before him a miracle appeared to have happened. Can you imagine the stoic scientist, deep in his own conceit, seeing a white hand form itself in the air in front of him—a hand to which no body was attached. Can you imagine the expression of awe and amazement, of horror and terror in his face? But even then he did not realize that I was reading the combination of the safe from his mind.

Slowly the ponderous steel door opened and with a scream Doctor Atherson jumped towards the portals, trying to protect his property. He saw the white hand open the little drawer and take from it the tiny bundle of formulas. He grasped at the hand but his fingers closed over only empty air,—yes there is no doubt Doctor Atherson was enjoying himself. Me strove to tear the formulas from the bodyless hand but suddenly both the hand and the formulas vanished. I had slipped them into my vest pocket.

With a groan the doctor sank back in his chair, his eyes staring from their sockets and his hands clenched convulsively. I slowly walked away and passed out through the walls of the house. I never saw the professor again but I understand that he disappeared from London to America where he lived and died in an insane asylum. In all reality he was a raving maniac when I met him, a great destructive genius used by the powers of evil to thwart the Brotherhood of Light.

Returning once again to my little study I laid the papers upon my table and sent a mental message to my Master that I had them. I then busied myself about my labors for the next day and a few moments later when I looked back at the table the little bundle of formulas had dissolved into nothingness. But I knew that far away in the heart of Asia, in the Temple of Caves, they were laid away with many other strange documents where they could do no harm to the world.

The next morning I bought a newspaper. The front of it was all splashed over in three-inch type announcing that a miracle had been performed and that a mighty king who had been given up for dead had returned to life and was rapidly recovering. Several famous European scientists were cited as the ones responsible for this miracle. It told of how they had dragged the monarch back from the gates of death. In the paper was a picture of the king—a hard, severe looking man, his chest covered with medals and medallions and his spare hair closely cropped.

"I like the Master better in his white cape and robe but I do not suppose he is as useful that way in the world of men as he is in this garment of a king. How little the world realizes the strange mysterious things that are happening in its midst. Well, maybe it is for the best that they do not know for the power of the Master is the power of silence."

I turned back to my labors and that afternooon left for Glasgow where I was to meet a group of scientists and theologians to discuss the origin o fthe Christian faith.

(To be continued)

The study of man can only be approached successfully by those who have evolved the qualities of reverence and simplicity, with but one great ideal as their guiding star—that of the study of principles and not personalities. All abuses of man's opportunities to understand God's plans bring with them a karmic reaction.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION

FOR a long time we have been giving our young people a theoretical education which specializes upon cramming in to brains, each differently constituted and with a different interest, a cut and dried scheme of things, basing merit upon parrot-like repetition and not upon thought. Occultism is fighting this problem tooth and nail, seeking to change the cramming system of our modern education into the real meaning of the word education—to draw forth. That is, to bring out of the scholar the ideals and qualities which his soul possesses as the fruitage of endless endeavor and not to cram into his mind millions of things he will never want to know.

A well known New York business man, when hiring young men, had a question he used to ask: "Young man, are you a man or are you a college graduate?" This little question contains more wisdom than wit.

Education does not consist in memorizing school yells but there are some who seem to think otherwise. Many a parent is struggling desperately to educate a child who spends months in a hospital with a broken collar bone or smashed rib or comes home with his nose in a plaster as the result of football playing and similar things. Then, with the closing of a school year, the students leave their lessons and educative work to prepare Marcus Aurelius essays or Hamlet's sililoquy for the school play.

In other words, thinking people are beginning to wonder just exactly what form and heading modern education can be listed under. Children are individual problems and until a system is evolved wherein individual needs are considered, our educative systems are not going to profit us much.

OUR TRAFFIC PROBLEM

The one thing which the world needs more than anything else is to transform its veneering into a solid product. When we meet Smith on the street he takes off his hat and bows low, but five minutes later when we meet him in an automobile and he does not recognize us personally he pulls his hat down over his eyes and shoots in front of our car as though he were the only individual on earth. What we need more than anything else in the world at the present time are those little acts of courtesy which show breeding, education and true knowledge. In this day and age of the world there is little if any real courtesy shown. The slogan is, "each for himself and the devil take the hindermost!" This is especialy emphasized in our traffic problem where otherwise rational respectable people become fools, lose all semblance of human instinct and like a lot of crying, scolding, kicking school children howl, fuss and swear, or else with their noses in the air sail through congested streets at about seventy-five miles an hour and then say that it is your fault if you happen to be alive when they appear and dead when they pass. Ninety per cent of our ladies and gentlemen become low browed bowery toughs when they take their automobile out of the garage, disobeying all laws of courtesy and consideration, they make it impossible for either a fellow motorist or a pedestrian to exercise the privileges of a human being.

Church is not the test of Christianity but a few hours on the main street corners will prove that the average citizen is on a par with the orang-outang monkey, the only difference being that the man glorifies in its while the monkey can not help it.

THE GREATLY SLANDERED PLAYING CARD

In this day and age of the world the playing card is one of those terribly slandered things that is far more sinned against than sinning. Our churches look askance at us if when pulling out our handkerchief some poker chips roll out or an ace of spades flutters to the floor. It is not realized that the deck of cards is the oldest known bible.

having been inscribed upon the walls of the Temple of Seraphim in Egypt thousands of years ago. It is also a complete symbol of the Masonic lodge, of the Mystery Schools and the story of initiation. It is man who has made it into a gambling thing but of itself, like all other creations, it is good and remains good until we make evil out of it. Our modern dice are taken from the altars of the ancient gods and their faces, added up to seven, are the symbols of the Mosaic law. The roulette wheel was originally used in the temples to represent the motion of the planets and practically all of our so called gambling games and implements were originally sacred things. The evil side of them lies entirely in the minds of men and they could all get together, card, roulette wheel and justifiably sing that little song entitled, "You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied."

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK

Yes, it looks as though we are just about ready to have another war. Things are looking exceptionally favorable for it. The majority of people are still foolish enough to cooperate with it, there is still a little loose money which can be used to finance it, and bring more cash to a few and suffering to many. The problem of moral and principle no longer enters into war for at the present time it is the world's most scintillating graft. We did not learn much, apparently, from the last one but probably in time we will learn more. As long as people do not think they will have to fight but if they will ever begin using the mental elixir and will stop to think long enough to realize what fools they are they will not fight any more. The average individual today is behaving just as though he wanted a war and of course cosmos is divinely obliging and always has a couple of wars hidden away at bargain prices. If man does not learn to find the God in his brother and in himself he shall hear the voice of his God in the thunder of cannon and the prayers of the dying.

FROM THE DAYS OF ROME

As you sit watching a football game and see the stretcher-bearers taking the combatants from the field or as you watch two pugilists mutilating each other you begin to wonder where you are living—whether it is in 1923 America or Rome during the time of the Gladitorial sports. Have you ever listened to a great cheer rise from the ring-side seats when men and women wildly applaud while a leading prize-fighter is spitting out loose teeth, plastering up a broken nose, or trying to pry open an eye which has ceased to manifest? Wherein lies the novelty of this procedure? Two games, it seems, which do nothing but bring back to the world the things it is better they forget—one is football and the other prize fighting. They are the most barbarous of our modern sports and have no place in twentieth century civilization. An individual who can enjoy a stream of stretchers does not have to go to a football game—he can go down and spend an enjoyable afternoon at the city morgue.

AN UNDREAMED OF CAUSE

Few people realize that fifty percent of the ailments which man suffers from have their cause in his mouth, both the words that come out and the substances that go in. The teeth play one of the most important parts of the body and insanity and death, which have never been traced, have often had their origin in the teeth. An improperly filled tooth has a fifty percent chance of killing us. This little dreamed of cause of sickness is very important and an individual who has a healthy mouth has a pretty fair chance of getting along almost anywhere. If the mouth and the great colon are kept free from impurity there is no reason why we should not fulfill the scientific ideal and live to four hundred, that is providing traffic congestion does not get us when we walk across the street.

The Tower Of Tears

FAR into the heart of the Arabian desert there was, ages ago, a kingdom ruled over by a cruel and heartless emperor who had usurped the throne of the rightful heir and filled the land with sadness and oppression. On every side of this kingdom the great Arabian desert stretched out into the unknown wilderness which few have ever traversed. In this desert, five days by camel from the city of the king, was a lonely tower that had been built ages before by a people now long dead and unknown. This was a sacred tower and had once been an astrological observatory where an ancient priestcraft had studied the motion of the stars. In this tower was a child, imprisoned by the usurper king that he might keep the throne of the nation.

Year after year the people of that land went to kneel at the foot of this tower, praying that the rightful heir to the throne of their nation might be released from his dungeon prison. A great wall of granite surrounded this tower and, as the years bore heavily upon the people and their king involved them more and more in war and dispute, this great wall became known as the Wall of Tears for here the people in their anguish came weeping, remembering the good king who was dead and hoping against hope that some day their prince would be liberated.

There were two great classes in this country, one class made up of the priests and nobles who surrounded the king, and the class of the working people. In this land the working people had no rights for all rulership and power rested in the hands of the nobles. These great nobles all owed their appointment to the usurper king and as they were the ones who led the armies and ruled in the cities and towns they prevented the populace from securing the release of the prince whom they all loved. The child had been imprisoned there when less than a year old and slowly as time went by and the ancient calendars showed the span of thirty years, during which time the country became ever more involved in wars and its people ever more discontented.

At last a great plague swept through the nation and the spirit of death walked in the streets, coming to all alike. The philosophers cried out that it was the venegance of the gods for the wickedness and oppression of the king. This plague spread into all parts of the city and one night crept into the palace. When dawn came and the light shone in at the mighty windows, draped with finely tinted animal skins, it shown on the great twisted wooden couch of the king. There the evil monarch lay asleep forever with the fingers of plague upon his brow and his long gray beard upon his chest.

Great rejoicing went through the city even among the weeping of the populace who fell broken hearted as the plague took from them their best beloved. A great caravan of camels was sent quickly out into the desert, for the usurper king had left no heir and the one so long imprisoned in the ancient tower was to be the king of the land. The bells and gongs of the city were sounded and the ancient gates of brass were swung open as the gayly comparisoned caravan, headed by the mightest in the city, lead its way over the desert to the Tower of Tears. Great dromedaries, prancing stallions, and dashing Arabians, their riders streaming whirlwinds of color, dashed in and out among the crowds. The priests in their litters, drawn by single hunched dromedaries, and a great cavalcade in armour of brass and with flashing spears, wound in and out among the sand dunes.

Four days they traveled. As the sun rose, a golden mass of splendor on the fifth day, they saw far ahead rising like a needle of stone from the bare desert, the Tower of Tears in some chamber of which their rightful prince had been chained for thirty years.

* * *

Within the ancient building, its bare rocks battered by passing time, were many chambers and vaulted archways where once the priests of the ancient mysteries had chanted their songs. But the strangest of all the chambers was the one at the very top of the tower. It was like a great well, some twenty feet deep and the same distance around, without windows, and no opening save at the top. In this

pit a solitary form walked round and round on worn stones that grew more rugged each day with his pacing footsteps.

The figure was that of a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered man, his long black hair, uncut since the day of his birth, hung nearly to his waist and his heavy black beard, untrimmed and uncut, added force and power to the great character of his face. One would expect to see a wild-eyed prisoner, broken in heart and in body, but instead of this a great peace rested in his face and his eyes looked with tenderness and understanding at the lonely jailer who was his only companion.

On one side of his prison was a little heap of dirt in which was planted a wild trailing rose which each day shared with him the water the jailer brought. The stem of this rose was thick and heavy for it had been there many years. It had trailed up the side of the prison wall and burst into bloom, filling the whole prison with fragrance and beauty. This rose was the friend of the lonely prisoner. Year in and year out he had watched and loved it. Brought as a little baby to the prison, all he could remember of that fateful day was one passing scene in the garden of his father's palace, a wild fusion of flowers in bloom. He could remember that as a baby he had played among them, cooing and caressing the scented blossoms.

Since that time he had never seen the world and the only thing besides the dungeon wall that had ever met his eyes was the blue sky above—the same every day, year after year, save when occasionally a great storm sent clouds of gray and black across the narrow opening. For twenty-nine years the prince had never seen the earth or any of mankind, so the tender hearted jailer, who himself longed for the freedom of the prince, had tried to make the years of captivity sweeter by building only beauty into the mind of the growing youth. So he had only told him of the gardens of the earth, of the flowers, and of the beauty. No word of sorrow, no tale of suffering, the prince had ever heard, and all the life he knew was the old jailer with the smiling face and the rosebush on the prison wall.

So the prince had become a dreamer and the world, shut from his view by the gray stones of matter, had opened up to the eyes of imagination. He made of the whole world a garden of roses, he filled it with laughing people, with joy and with happiness, and fondly believed that all parts of it were as bright and true and beautiful as the rose bush that climbed on the prison wall. In his rose blossoms he saw the laughing faces of the world and in the soft fragrance the beauty and peace of nature. In the heart of his dungeon he never heard the weeping and wailing at the foot of his prison, he knew nothing of the wars which had torn his country, or of the cruelty of the king and the spirit of death had not reached to that lonely tower. And so, while the world wept with its freedom, the prince was at peace in his prison; while the world in its freedom was in bondage, he, in bondage, was in freedom.

Then suddenly one day the silence of years was broken—there came voices, musical voices he had never heard before—there was a babble of sound breaking the stillness where before the shuffling footsteps of the old jailer fell on the air. The prince looked upward for the voices spoke in confusion and the sound of them seemed strange after so many years of silence. As he gazed upward a line of faces peering over the top of the shaft met his vision. Old faces, and young faces, some with gray hair and beard and others with bright flashing eyes and ferocious mein. The voices sounded down to him.

"Thank God! our king is alive! God save the Emperor—we have waited for so long!

"What means this?" asked the prince in mild surprise.

"It means," answered an old man from above, "that the usurper king is dead! The villian who placed you here has gone to his reward and you are now free to come back into the world again. We have come to bring you back to your kingdom for we remember well the goodness of your father whom we all loved. We remember too the night when the scimitar of the usurper slew him on his throne and how the sword ran through your mother's body.—We have come to call you back to your throne that your people may have rest and peace again."

A ladder of silken ropes was lowered into the dungeon and in a dazed sort of way the prince climbed up and out into the light. In a simple white robe of cotton cloth the prisoner faced the gloriously arrayed group that had come to welcome him. These all bowed their heads and fell upon their knees as they gazed upon him, for never such a face had they seen before—it seemed not that of a man but of a god indeed.

"Oh, sire," murmured one, "thou art indeed a worthy king! Come let us lead thee to thy kingdom."

Another came forward bearing in his hand a pillow of tapestried lace upon which rested the jeweled crown with its silken draperies.

"Here, sire, is the crown that should have been yours many years before."

The prince looked around in amazement, first at the group surrounding him and then out over the desert with its rolling sand and uttter deathliness. Slowly a sad look came into his face.

"What is it, master?" one asked, "are you not glad?"

The prince pointed at the desert.

"Where are the flowers?" he asked, "where are the roses and the lilies?" An old man came forward and bowing reverently answered him.

"Sire, no flowers grow here for this is the desert. For ages these sands have rolled here since eons ago an ocean covered the land. Here there is nothing but sand and death and mayhaps the bones of many an unwary traveller.

"No flowers?" asked the prince in a wondering tone, "why I thought all the world was full of flowers like the roses on my dungeon wall. If this desert is all the world there is, do not take me away!—Let me go back to my roses!"

No, your majesty, that cannot be," answered the old man, "a kingdom awaits you. You have duties to perform and millions of people look to you for their redemption from suffering and death. Come." And leading the dazed prince by the arm the party returned again, down the winding steps of the ancient tower to where the camels and horses stood. Here there stood a wondrous palaquin inlaid with gold and jewels, a noble cotege prepared for the return to the world of a lost prince.

Five days later in the great palace of his father, with its domes and minarets, the prince was crowned king of his nation. Those five days had been days of torture to the prince for all he had seen about him was but sickness and suffering. Dying people had held out their hands to him, falling unconscious in the path of the procession. All he had heard was the wail of the dying, the streets of the city were lined with the plague-stricken, poor ones who starved, and many left mutilated by the wars that had passed.

"Is this the world?" the king kept muttering. "No, no, it cannot be!—This must be some horrid nightmare! Where is the world of flowers and love that I have dwelt in all these years? Where are the rose gardens that I faintly remembered in my youth? Are they all an illusion or is this world the death of an illusion?" He rubbed his hands across his eyes as though to sweep away the mist that concealed the real.

So the years slowly passed. The new king was as great and good as had been his father before him but from the first he was called the man who never smiled for his noble face was always filled with a deep sadness. He wrote many great books, all of them whispering of the rose garden of his dreams, and he lived alone in a world of his own making which those around him never seemed to understand. Slowly the years came upon him and his long hair, which he had never cut, turned gray and finally white like the snow on a distant mountain.

The laughing faces returned again to his people for the weight of oppression was removed. They called him the Beloved King and in legend they named him the Prince of the Tower of Tears for they said that the tears of those who had wept in the desert had nourished the flower of his soul and that all the sadness of the world was in his heart. Yet they loved him, each and every one, for while he was king there were no wars, no plagues, no pestilense, and they said that he must be glad with the joy he had given others. But the king only smiled sadly and his eyes kept turning to the desert, far away to the ancient prison.

One morning they sought in the city for the king—he had vanished from his palace in the

Ten Commendments

for your consideration
During the Coming Year

---

1. The True Self is Selfless.
2. The True Measure of Knowledge is the Realization of Ignorance.
3. The Narrow Mind is a Strangle Cord around the Throat of God.
4. Judge All Things upon Merit, not upon Comparison.
5. There is only One Religion, All Faiths are Its Children.
6. To Compromise Truth Negates it.
7. That a Heathen is one who knowing, does not do.
8. He who slanders his Brother denies his God.
9. It is better to Live like Christ, than to Believe in Him.
10. Man, the Universe and the Growing God co-operate for the Glory of the Entire.

night. None knew where he had gone. Day after day they sought until at last a wise man whispered, "I know!—he has gone to the Tower of Tears."

So again a great troupe of camels went out into the desert and at last reached the ancient tower. Again they climbed the winding steps, again they gazed down into the dungeon pit.

Surely enough there on the floor of the old stone well lay the body of the king, his white face, upon it a smile of peace, turned upward to the blue of the sky. He lay near the wall and one of his arms was twisted around an old dead stump that stood in a heap of dirt. Gaunt, leafless branches still twined upon the wall. It was the rose bush that had blossomed long ago. On the ground beside the king lay a little piece of paper, finely written upon in ancient characters, and this is what it said:

"I was a prisoner and longed for freedom —I was free and I longed to be a prisoner. While I was a prisoner my soul was free and while I was free, my soul was a prisoner. So I came back again—and here the last of my dreams was shattered. During all the years that I was king of my people, I saw visions of my rose bush that I had planted here. When at last, through wandering and suffering, I came back and found that the picture was false—all was ended. While I could dream, there was something to live for—but when there are no dream the world is cold. My vision of the flower garden made me happy for thirty years, my dream of the single rose bush filled an empty void for fifty more. But when man no longer dreams it were better he should die. As I lie here I see the garden of my hopes and I rest again. Do not feel sad—a new king will come to you—I go again into the Garden of my Dreams."

Occult Anatomy

THE HUMAN BRAIN

A very great number of analogies exist between the human brain and the Christian bible and also the other sacred scriptures of the world. The skull of course represents the temple on the mountain top and its dome is the dome of the head. It is up this mountain that the spirit fire climbs on its path of liberation, passing upward through the thirty-three steps of the Masonic initiation, which are of course the vertabraes of the spine, it enters the domed room of the skull where the great mystery initiations are given. The Himalaya mountains can be correlated to the human body and the sacred temple that is somewhere upon their heights is again the brain. In the brain the mountains there are caves where, according to the legends, the wise men are, the great yogis and hermits. Here again the analogy is perfect for in the cave of the human brain are the spiritualized sense centers which are the holy men. These holy men are the Seven Sleepers of the Mohammedan Koran who remain in the darkness of their caves until the spirit fire vitalizes them and brings them into manifestation. The brain of course is the upper room referred to in the gospel where Christ met with His disciples and it is said the disciples represent the convolutions of the brain. These gather around the central opening which is the holy of holies, the point from which the spirit finally ascends in Golgotha, the place in the skull.

The God in man dwells in his heaven while the Christ dwells in the heart and Jehovah in the generative system. These are the trinity in man and the unfoldment and transmutation of these three result in the sounding of A. U. M. the great Word.

In the cerebellum or rear brain, which has charge of the motive system of the human body which is the highest brain of the animal, is found a little tree-like growth which has long been symbolized as a sprig of acacia referred to in the Masonic allegory.

The skull is the little room with the hole in the floor so often referred to in the ancient mysteries, for the main opening of the skull is the foramen magnum through which the spinal cord with its nerves pass. Medical science now knows that the spinal cord is an elongation of the brain and is capable of in-

telligence like the brain. This cord is the flaming sword which stands at the gates of the Garden of Eden which is in the human skull. The Greek god Atlas carried the heavens on his shoulders and the upper vertabrae of the spine is called the Atlas and the skull articulating with this bone which is provided with rockers gives us the back and forward motion of the head. This is in itself sufficient proof of the analogy that exists between the ancient and modern worlds.

The brain is filled with vaulted chambers and passageways which are in exact accordance with the spans and arches of the ancient temples, while the third ventricle is undoubtedly the great pyramid chamber. The spinal cord is the serpent of the ancients. In Central and South America Quetzalcoatl is symbolized as a serpent with either seven or nine rattles. Nine is the correct number for it represents the sacrum and coxgeal bones which contain within their nerve centers the secret of human evolution.

Every organ of the physical body is reproduced in the brain where it can be discovered by anyone who wishes to exert the power of analogy. The two ductless glands of the brain are well worth consideration for they play a very important part in the unfolding of human consciousness. They are the head and the tail of the dragon of wisdom. The pituitary body which rests in the saliturcica of the sphenoid bone directly behind and just a little below the bridge of the nose is the female pole or negative center and has charge of the expressions of physical energy. It is known under the following symbols by the ancients: The alchemical retort, the mouth of the dragon, the virgin Mary, the Holy Grail, the sacrificial dish, the laver of purification, one of the Cherubim of the Ark, the Isis of Egypt, the Radha of India, and is the hope of glory of the physical man. Behind this and a little lower in the brain is the pineal gland which does not look unlike a pine cone from which it secured its name. It is the tail of the dragon and has a tiny finger-like protruberance at the end. This is Joseph, the staff of God, the holy spear, the evaporating apatoir of the alchemist, the spiritual organ which is later going to become what it once was, a great organ of sense orientation.

The third ventricle is the great place of initiation where the spiritual consciousness of man passes through a great series of purifications and where the essence is extracted from his food and transmuted into thought action and desire and returned again like the Prodigal Son to the house of his father.

Between the eyes is located the seat of the human spirit in the frontal sinus which phrenology knows as the organ of individuality, while the palatine bone at the roof of the mouth is the Palatine hill of the ancients upon which were built the temples of Jupiter and Juno which are the human eyes. The cross represents the human body, the upper limb of it is the head of man rising above the horizontal line of matter. The great churches and cathedrals of the world have been built in the form of a cross and contain, where the head should be, the altar where two or more candles burn continually. This is the sanctum sanctorum of the Masonic temple and is the temple of occult initiation to which only the pure in spirit can aspire.

The winged bone which medical science knows as the sphenoid is the Egyptian scarab while the spinal cord is the sacred tree of the ancients which had its roots in heaven and its branches on the earth. Man is an inverted plant and gains his nourishment from the sun as the plant does from the earth. So as the life of the plant ascends its shoot to nourish the body, the life of man descends to produce a similar result. Here it remains in the lower world until the regeneration of the three body centers pours three streams of spirit fire into the spinal canal where it passes upward, taking the degrees of initiation as it goes, until finally it enters the sacred temple where the twelve Masters sit in meditation and rule the world.

The gods of old came down from heaven and walked on earth. In a similar way the god powers in man descend from the heaven of his brain to carry on the work of constructing and reconstructing natural substance. Man's body will slowly be resolved until nothing remains but the great globular brain, radiating seven perfect sense perceptions which are the saviours he is bringing into the world to redeem it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is the difference between the divine will and the human will?

Ans. The Divine Will wills to do and the human will wills to avoid doing—anything that is not pleasant.

human ultimate. The realization of this great

Why do the sages spend so much time in silence?

Ans. Silence is the teacher of the sage. When he breaks the calm of soul and body he destroys the teachers who only come to him when he has mastered the confusion of external things.

What is the purpose of life?

Ans. The Development and evolving of our partially awakened faculties is the purpose of life. When the spirit centers itself on this eternal work man is harmonious and this harmony is the basis of his only happiness.

What then is happiness?

Ans. Happiness is the natural effect of adjustment between conflicting poles of consciousness. Unhappiness, which is mental, physical or spiritual discomfort, is the result of maladjustment of centers of consciousness either to each other or to bodies.

What is the duty of man?

Ans. Man's duty is to awaken the latent powers within himself and transmute them into active tools to be used in building his own temple and carrying on the labors of the universe.

Did Jesus ever live?

Ans. In spite of the fact that there is much dissension concerning this point, all the great schools of religion agree that the Masters lived. In fact many of the great mystics and occultists have seen and talked to the Great Masters such as Jesus.

Was the earth ever destroyed by rain?

Ans. There have been many floods but they covered only a small part of the earth at one time.

How may we know that we are saved for certain?

Ans. When we reach that sublime point when the knowledge and understanding of all the universes is at our feet; when we have gained consciousness upon all the endless planes of nature; when the spheres of the unknown are grasped within our span and cosmos has given up its mysteries; when every art and science is known and its workings completed—then will it be given unto us to know in our slowly expanding consciousness and that we will be saved if we keep on doing that well forever.

Should we allow our lives to be run or influenced by numerology?

Ans. We should be the masters of our own destiny and let our lives be run by nothing but the highest spiritual consciousness within ourselves. We should study and learn all the good in everything but never become servants to our own slaves.

Is heredity or environment the most important in forming character?

Ans. It is not heredity but the law of attraction that attracts egos of similar characteristics into families. Environment molds individuals until they realize that they themselves are the creators of environment.

Will the white race ever be dominated by a superior people?

Ans. The white race with its heartless domination over lesser peoples has made the karmic debt which can only be paid off by our own race bowing beneath the heel of some coming conqueror.

When will we be able to heal as Jesus healed?

Ans. When we live as Jesus lived.

What is the meaning of service?

Ans. Service, from the occult standpoint, means to do something that will help somebody besides yourself without the hope of a reward.

Will conditions in Europe cause another World war?

Ans. The unsettled unrest which pervades the world at the present time, which is more filled with hate than the Europeon conflict, will undoubtedly result in wars, crimes and pestilences.

What will be the result of present conditions of capital vs. labor in U. S.?

Ans. If the wrangling and dissenting continues it will destroy the entire country without having secured the desired results

Why are we so much in doubt as to what is right and what is wrong?

Ans. The reason why there is so much misunderstanding is that right and wrong are individual concepts and what is right for one is wrong for another. The only thing that is right for anyone is the very highest, noblest, truest and purest that they can conceive of. Everything else falls short, regardless of other people's estimates.

What did Jesus mean when He said "every laborer is worthy of his hire?"

Ans. It means that in all nature the law of compensation holds good, in all nature we are paid according to our works and must reward others equally when they serve us. The idea that we can secure something for nothing is one of the most erroneous concepts and destructive slogans that man has created.

Why should an innocent person suffer for the sins of another?

Ans. They do not. They suffer for the mistakes that they themselves have made and the person whom they believe is injuring them is really only an instrument used to pay debts long over-due. Of course this does not excuse the injury but injustice is impossible with a just God.

Why is it so many elderly people lose their memories and mix dates, facts, etc.?

Ans. It means that the vehicle is running down, cogs missing, and the overcoat is about ready to be taken off and a new one put on. The higher intelligence is having more and more difficulty trying to manifest through a crystallizing body.

What is the meaning of the six pointed star?

Ans. It is the interlacing of two triangles and represents the union of the threefold spirit with the threefold body.

What is the mark of Cain?

Ans. The mark of Cain is unbalance—where one trait, organ or talent has been allowed to master and slay out all others.

Do we meet or recognize our friends after death?

Ans. It is very probable. It is a well known fact that people passing out see around them those who may have gone many years before but who have come by the great law of attraction to assist their loved ones in the greatest adventure of life.

What was the Sphinx built for?

Ans. There is an ancient legend that says originally the Sphinx was the gateway to the Great Pyramid. There is also a temple dedicated to the sun between the great paws of the Sphinx.

What was the purpose of the building of the pyramids?

Ans. The Great Pyramid was built by the ancient Atlanteans as a temple of initiation into the sacred mysteries. The other pyramids in Egypt were built by the later Pharaohs as tombs. No one was ever buried in the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

Why is blood called a precious substance?

Ans. Because it is the vehicle of the spirit. The indwelling consciousness of man works through the blood.

How do you reconcile the fall of man with the doctrine of eternal progression?

Ans. There is nothing in the entire histor yof human progression which did as much to develop man as his so-called fall which was only a great dip into matter to learn the lessons that were necessary to his later perfection.

Explain the missing link?

Ans. The missing link is the point reached by humanity before it was divided and one part through their development became human and the other part degenerated into monkeys.

The Teapot Of Mandarin Wong

IT was a small room but its furnishings were in keeping with the estate of its owner. The walls were richly tapestried and the subtle odor of the East pervaded the room. In the middle of this interesting apartment, every drapery of which seemed to enfold Oriental mystery, stood a carved table of teak inlaid with mother-of-pearl designed in the forms of beasts and birds. In the center of this table stood a teapot of rare Chinese porcelain. It was an odd teapot, diamond in shape, and its long nozzle was formed of the beak of a bird pointed at an outward angle. The handle was of twisted rattan and from the airhole in the lid a thin stream of steam was rising and the soft aroma of steaming tea buds, the first picking of the great crop, filled the air.

The apartment was without a light save a wonderful silken lantern, hung with tinkling bells and cut glass, which sent a soft shaded light over the table, leaving the corners of the room in impenetratable gloom. At the table sat three Chinamen, before each a tiny porcelain cup filled with the almost colorless tea of China's best. The first was a middle aged man, the son of Mandarin Wong. He was inclined to be heavy in stature and his long black coat stretched over a ponderous front. His slanty eyes were gazing at his cup of tea and long yellow fingers toyed with the carvings on the table top. His face was immovable and no sound escaped his lips.

The second was an older man of slender build with massive brow. His hands were folded in his lap and the red tassel of his cap hung before his eyes which you did not at first notice so abstracted was his manner but they shown like those of snakes. Once he lifted his hand and stroked the drooping black mustache, the corners of which hung down over his mouth.

The third member of this party was a very ancient Chinaman whose wizened features and leather like skin told that the years were heavy upon him. His hair was grayed, nearly white. In one hand he held his cup of tea while in the other was a long, thin Chinese pipe.

For a half an hour these three had sat together, no word had passed their lips, while cup after cup of tea alone proved that they were living things and not statues of ancient wood. They had met for a very important work. Two of them had come that justice might fall upon the head of the third who had in the silence of the night strangled with his cue Mandarin Wong—whose body lay upon a couch a few feet away. One of them had slain this mighty Chinaman whose power in the Orient was without limit and whose estates were bordered only by the Wall itself and whose grandsires lay buried beneath the mighty tomb of the Ming emperors.

Mandarin Wong was the last of a mighty line and now he had climbed to the celestial lands upon the cues of his ancestors while these three sat in silent vigil that the justice of China might be fulfilled. No word passed their lips, no sound broke the stillness, but slowly they sipped their tea, each knowing in his soul that one of them was a murderer.

The old Chinaman leaned over and poured another cup. Even this motion seemed to startle the other two for they moved slightly and seemed to waken as from a sleep. Silence again descended, unbroken, as these three strange figures remained silouhetted by the gloom of the surrounding room bathed in a pale yellow light from the swaying lantern.

Suddenly the silence of the room was broken by a soft footfall. There was a slight squeaking sound, then a miracle happened. From his couch of death, buried beneath a wealth of Chinese silk, rose Mandarin Wong. The aged Chinaman, his frame broken by the weight of years, leaning upon a heavy staff, walked slowly across the room and seated himself upon the great carved dragon chair facing the three Chinamen. They gazed stolidly at the figure and continued to drink their tea for they knew that the ancient law of China was to be fulfilled, as the dead would walk in the midnight hours to condemn their murderers.

Mandarin Wong sat facing them for several seconds, his long finger nails upon the edge of the table. Around his neck was a

mark of purple where the rope of human hair had strangled out his life and in his eyes was a strange glazed look which seemed to see nothing but which gazed beyond the skyline of the infinite. Slowly the Oriental with the drooping mustache reached down to a shelf beneath the table and drew from it a tiny cup of chased porcelain. Picking up the great tea pot he filled it and sat the cup with its steaming contents before the shadow of Mandarin Wong. You could have heard a pin drop in the room it was that silent. The aged Chinaman Lowed his head and his fingers, laden with jade rings and ornaments of old gold, picked up the tiny cup and drank with the three living men.

Silence was as yet unbroken and with the great stoic power of the East these three waited for their condemnation, for one of those with whom the old Chinaman drank had slain him a few hours before. The three gazed on the spectre, not even the muscle of an eye moving, as the old man leaned over and with his nimble hands poured another cup of tea. The minutes pasesd as the four drank from the little cups, the low sound of their breathing the only thing that broke the silence.

Suddenly Mandarin Wong extended his hand and it closed over the handle of the tea pot which stood on a tiny tabouret of carved ebony. His long yellow fingers rested upon the pot, then slowly, so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, his hand moved—and with it moved the teapot. Softly it turned, its nozzle directed first to one and then the other, and finally it rested pointing towards the portly Oriental who sat to the right of the dead man.

Then the hand vanished, the shade of Mandarin Wong disappeared in the shadows of the room, then silence, unbroken even by breathing it seemed, grew denser with the passing seconds. The three Chinamen still drank their tea, before them the empty chair where the spirit of Mandarin Wong had sat. All three were staring at the teapot for they well knew what it meant. The nozzle was pointed at the heart of the son fo Mandarin Wong.

The elder Chinaman with the gray hair reached down into the sleeve of his robe and drew from it a wondrous piece of carved ivory about seven inches long, traced upon it the most delicate flowers with tiny twisted dragons wound among the blossoms. With his long forefinger and thumb he separated the ivory stick and from the hollow of its case drew a fine steel dagger which he laid upon the table top its blade pointing with the nozzle of the teapot. Then lifting up the wonderful porcelain container he filled his cup again and sank back in his chair. A few minutes later, having finished this last cup, he rose and with him rose the other two. Crossing his hands in his sleeves he bowed low to his companions. The Chinaman with the drooping mustache also folded his arms while the son of Mandarin Wong inclined his head also in dignified salutation. The two Chinamen then passed slowly from the room, leaving the teapot and the dagger on the table.

The son of Mandarin Wong sat down in the chair facing the porcelain nozzle with the flaming bird traced upon it. Then taking the dagger in his hand he played with it for several seconds. A shadow of gloom seemed to pass over the room, the lantern swayed, the floor heaved and twisted, the great teapot grew larger and larger before his eyes, lights danced in many colors and before him stood the face and form of Mandarin Wong, his yellow hands upon the teapot lid.

Then slowly things grew dark and darker around him. A great shadow descended and without a sound the son of Mandarin Wong fell forward his head resting upon the table top, in his heart the dagger of justice, driven by his own hand.

The gleam of the lantern still shown down and it fell upon the black robed form of the Chinaman, his head deathly still upon the table. It fell upon the carvings where his fingers had played but a few minutes before, it shed a faint light upon the body which lay upon the teakwood couch nearby, but it shown and gleamed mostly upon the teapot whose accusing nozzle still pointed at the heart of the son of Mandarin Wong.

The Voice

THIS is a little story that might have been. It concerns one Giovanni Cini, of whom one must hear more to better understand this story. Giovanni was called the ape man for he was a strange creature with great misshapen head and body twisted and bent, long arms that swung nearly to the ground, a hunched back and legs that had never grown but, short and thick like those of a gorilla, carried him in along a strange shuffling walk. When children saw him they ran in fear and trembling, while grown people shuddered as he came by.

Giovanni had never been wanted. His family, one of the greatest in Italy, had him carried away when just a baby and brought up among beggar folks and thieves. The mutilations of his body were the results of attempts to destroy his little life before he was born, and now, like some strange demoniacal ogre, he wandered around. Even the dogs and beasts loathed him and when he put out his great gaunt, misshapen hand to pet them they ran away howling, their tails between their legs. He grew up in dirt and squalidness, could neither read nor write, and his life seemed a curse to all with whom he came in contact.

His foster-parents were paid great sums of money to keep his identity unknown, for if the world had known who he was he would have been heir to one of the highest titles in the land. His mind was like that of a child, for the deformity of his body was reflected in his brain. But Giovanni was strangely different from the deformed appearance of his body for while his form spoke of violence and hate his mind and soul were full of love and charity to all living things. He lived his life alone for none would go near save with beats and cuffs. He was a sad, broken thing who could never know friendship or have one soul in whom he could confide his childish tale of woe.

Giovanni was a grown man now but all through his life, even to the time when death shall close his eyes forever, he will be a child. He loved to go out from the city into the meadows and valleys beyond and pick flowers, for flowers were the only things that did not run away from him. But he sighed, for even these seemed to wither at his touch. Gaunt and uncouth, Giovanni Cini wandered the earth, walking in the gutter and living with dogs and swine. He never knew why his body was distorted, of the cruel blows that sought to kill it; all he knew was that he was different from other things, was lonely and misunderstood.

One day, cowering away from the stones and sticks which the village youths threw at him, his cheeks wet with tears and his heart aching beyond expression, he came to the door of a little church in whose shrine dim tapers burned. As he huddled, broken hearted, on the steps, an old man came out, dressed in a long gray robe, and for the first time in his life Giovanni Cini heard a kind word.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, tenderly this time, and the poor boy looked up in amazement for never in all his life had he known a soft touch. An old gray haired man with a kindly face and a sweet smile gazed at him.

"Why do you weep here?" he asked the wondering youth.

"They all throw sticks and stones and tell the dogs to chase me because—oh, I am so hideous!" And the youth held out his long misshapen arms with their claw like fingers. "No one cares for me—they all hate me—they tell me they wish I had never been born, and—oh! how I wish I could die!"

The old man leaned over and helped the youth to his feet. "Come with me, my son, for when the world shall cast you down then your God shall pick you up. Here none shall come to laugh at you, for there is a place far in the mountains which is called the Monastary of Sorrow. All who dwell in those stony cells have sorrow in their souls, broken hearts, broken bodies, and the cruelty of the world has forced them there—and there alone they sit to write and meditate. When you are tired of wandering these streets you may go

there to rest for at this place all will be kind to you and help you to forget the coldness of the world. When you are ready to go into these mountains, come and tell me."

"Father, I am ready now!" answered the youth rising on his short dwarfed legs. He turned his horrid face with its discolored teeth and flattened nose up to the priest, and, clasping the hem of the father's robe, he sobbed, "I am ready now, father, take me away—no one cares for me here—there are none to even ask. Take me away to the country where the flowers are for they are the only things that do not run from me in fear."

"I am not afraid of you," answered the priest, putting his arm around the dwarfed figure, "nor is God afraid of you. Come with me and I will send you to the Monastary of Sorrow where you can spend the rest of your life in nature, in prayer and meditation, and in peace."

Throwing his great cape about the figure, which toddled by his side, the priest entered the ancient church and the great door closed behind him. Giovanni Cini thus disappeared from the sight of the world and was never seen again.

* * *

In a distant land there is a great cathedral where people come to hear a voice. Some say that it is the voice of God but none know what it really is. Each Sunday there breaks forth upon the air a song. It comes from behind a grating of curtained partitions and wells out with the strangest notes that ever mortal ear listened to. It is the voice of Fra Celestius, the great monk. Five notes higher than high C. that voice rises, higher even than the fine notes of a bird, then it swells out in thundering baritone and bass—a voice without limit, high or low, it was called the god-voice in man.

From all over the world people came to hear that wondrous singer that no man had ever seen. The penitent came to pray and sinners renounced their lives of crime as those notes hung upon the air. The very glory of God himself was sung in that voice which woke memories that were dead, revived hopes that were broken, gave peace to the sad of heart. The sick came on their crutches, the halt and the blind, and as that voice sounded their eyes were opened, their ears were made to hear, and the halt of their tongues was loosened, they cast down their crutches, and rose from beds of sickness under the divine inspiration of the Voice.

From across the sea there came one—an artist. Day after day he came to the great cathedral to gain the inspiration for a masterpiece of art, and then returning to his studio painted the painting of a voice. It was a glorious canvas. In the centre was a heavenly figure, as perfect as a Greek god, with eyes upraised and hands spread as though to grasp the infinite creation. The mouth was open, singing, and the air was filled with winged figures that seemed to pour in endless stream from his mouth. Into this the artist put all of his soul and when it was finished he called the picture Fra Celestius—the Voice.

A great one came to see him one day, and old man in a gray cowl. The artist showed him the picture, saying, "Is it not wonderful, the dream, the inspiration that I gained from that voice? What a beautiful man that singer must be!"

The monk nodded his head, "Beautfiul indeed," he answered softly. "Come with me next Sunday and I will show you the singer."

On the next Sabbath, the artist and his gray cowled friend entered the church by a side door and stood where they could look down upon the niche where the singer stood. As they waited there a form stepped into the niche, concealed from below by the heavy draperies.

The artist stepped back in amazement.

"My God! that can't be he! not the Fra Celestius!"

In the niche stood a short deformed figure in the gray robe of a monk, with long arms like those of an ape, a strange fierce face and distorted body, unfinished or broken in the making. A few seconds later the mouth opened. A beautiful soprano note hung in the air and a hush fell over the church.

(Continued on page 30)

Sold

"But, mother, he's old enough to be my father and besides I don't even know him! Why should I tie myself to an old man like that?—I could never learn to love him!"

"My dear child, you must get that foolish idea of sentiment out of your head. Children do not marry for love nowadays but for the general good of the whole family. Doctor Rix is a wonderful match for you and according to the Blue Book he is one of the richest men in the city—why he's worth millions and is so old he can't live very long anyway. My dear, this is the chance of your life! Think what it will mean to all of us. It will mean that I, your mother, will again be surrounded by those comforts and conditions she has been accustomed to but which your late father by his foolish sentimentalism made impossible by giving his money away to beggars."

"But mother I don't want to marry an old man who is so sick and dissipated he can hardly walk!"

"It is true that he is rather old to be eligible but if you will think carefully you will realize that he is entirely to too eligible to be considered old. If you do not think of yourself, think of your mother and the needs of her old age. Do you want her to live in some little country town all her life on the paltry pittance of your father's run down estate, not even sufficient to supply us with a servant?"

"Mother, why do you keep after me day after day, month after month, when you know it is breaking my heart?"

"Because, child, this is not a matter of your heart—it is purely a matter of business. Dr. Rix is madly in love with you, anything you ask for he will give you and the future and happiness of the entire family depends upon your marriage to this man."

"Mother, I cannot, I will not marry that old tottering man in his dotage! It would be a lie before God and man—a crime! I will not sell myself for his money!"

"Tut, tut, my dear. You have not lived as long as I have or you would realize that I am giving you good advice—and what is more I expect you to follow it."

"I will not."

"Edith Marlowe, it is my command that you marry Doctor Rix. I am your mother and my word must be your law."

Mrs. Marlowe rose to her feet, her jaw set like a vice of steel and her eyes glinty with anger. She was a handsome woman with a tall, stately figure and gray hair, but the expression on her face was that of an empress demanding obedience. She ruled her home with a rod of iron, feared by her children whose spirit she had broken and whose lives she was bent on twisting into her own channel.

The daughter looked at her mother for a few seconds and then her head, with its mass of tousled and disheveled brown hair, fell before the piercing eyes of her mother. Tears were in the girl's eyes and slowly she sank to her knees, clasping her mother's hands.

"Mother, mother! I will do anything in the world to please you for I love you with all my heart." And she turned her big brown eyes, wet with weeping, to her mother's face. "But don't—you can't—ask me to sacrifice my whole life in such a way! Mother, don't look at me like that—I can't do it—I will kill myself first!"

"Nonsense, child. Get up and behave yourself. Remember what your father said: children obey your parents and if you love me you will keep my commandments. I command you to marry this man for the good of the whole family, for your own sake and for mine also."

"For months you have tortured me with that demand but mother I shall never marry Doctor Rix and that is final."

Mrs. Marlowe drew herself up and glared at her daughter, her face white with rage and her lips like two thin lines of purple.

"You shall marry Doctor Rix. I have already arranged it and when he calls this evening you will become engaged to him. Do you understand? Now go to your room and remain there until he comes or until I call

you. This is once where your mother is going to have things done the way she demands them. Now go!"

Edith Marlowe passed slowly from the room, her shoulders bent and her breath coming in short sobs. Reaching the door she turned around with a look of desperation in her eyes.

"Mother, you shall regret this some day." Turning she ran up the stairs.

Mrs. Marlowe stood for several seconds undecided, striking the palm of one hand with the fist of the other. She was a woman of the world, a woman of ambition, and she had reared her daughter for one purpose alone—to fulfill her craving for riches, and at any price she would obtain her end. Her white head rose and she became again the dowager empress, a woman bringing over from some past life the power of a breaker of men, in soul and in spirit one of Caesar's legions.

The moments passed, the great clock on the stairs ticked out and the dull gong told of a passing hour. Mrs. Marlowe sat down.

"She must, she shall, obey me. I have spent thousands of dollars on her education. I have brought her into the best society and all this for nought? No! My happiness depends upon her making a successful match. If she marries Doctor Rix I can have my private car and a home. I shall not miss this opportunity!"

The gloom of evening. No sound broke the stillness save the old clock. Finally Mrs. Marlowe rose, her face now set in repose, and pressing the switch flooded the room with light. She looked about carefully to see that everything was in order for this was one of the most important moments of her life. That evening Doctor Rix was to call. The moments passed while through the mother's mind schemes of the future were passing, schemes centered around her own ambition, absolutely thoughtless of her daughter's heart of woe. Then the ring of the doorbell sounded and, rising, Mrs. Marlowe passed with Georgian dignity into the hallway and opened the door to admit Doctor Robert Rix.

He was a little short, dry looking man of about seventy-two years of age. His complexion was the color of paste and his entire system was permeated with scrofula and nicotine poisoning. He had been married four times, two of his wives had left him and the others had died. He spoke in a high, sharp voice and loked through old fashioned gold rimmed glasses at Mrs. Marlowe.

"Good evening, madame. I have come in reply to your note. Am I to understand that my plea for the hand of your daughter has found favor in your sight? This delights me."

Mrs. Marlowe closed the door behind the doctor, her eyes turning with envy to the beautiful automobile that waited before the door with chauffeur and footman in livery.

"Come in, Doctor Rix, and sit down. Here, let me take your hat and cane."

Seated across the living room table from each other, Doctor Rix and Mrs. Marlowe discussed the plan which their older heads had framed between them.

"I am fascinated by your charming daughter," squeaked Doctor Rix, "can it be that my charms have found favor in her sight?"

"I know she thinks very highly of you, Doctor," lied Mrs. Marlowe sweetly, "but you know the child is very young and hasty yet. However I think we can come to a very amicable understanding on the subject. But there are two or three little things that must be considered. If I allow my daughter to marry you I must have five hundred thousand dollars."

"You shall," answered Doctor Rix eagerly, "gladly shall you have it. I would give all I possess for her."

"Then that is settled," answered Mrs. Marlowe. "Will you please make that out on paper, Doctor, so that we will have no misunderstanding later?"

"Better than that, madame, here is my check." And with a shaky hand the Doctor filled one out.

"I will announce the engagement at once. She shall marry you the first of next month. Doctor, this is one of the greatest moments of my life. At last, after years of poverty, I shall again occupy my proper position in society. This is the happiest moment I have known in years. I—"

Mrs. Marlowe looked up and there standing with her back against the door stood Edith Marlowe, a strange expression in her face which her mother had never seen there before.

"Good evening, Miss Marlowe." Rising with difficulty the old doctor stood. "It is a charming evening."

Miss Marlowe did not look at him at all but her face was turned to her mother.

"Mother," she said slowly in a voice which seemed strangely different. "I have come to say two or three things to you and you must listen to them. You have just signed on that table a paper which is to sell my life and soul to another. You say it is in the Scripture: Children, obey your parent. But it also says in the Scripture: Parents, provoke not your children to wrath. You have ruined my life, broken my hopes, shattered my soul, all for the sake of your own social position. You brought me into the world for no other reason than to sell me. But you do not own the soul of me, you but own the clay that you have broken. Life already stretched before me in the path that I had chosen to go, a path which is reasonable and true; I had already chosen one who was to walk that path with me but he was poor and you would not have him and turned him away to sell me to another. You are but one of many mothers whose eyes gaze longingly at their children's form, waiting until they are old enough to turn them into gold. From out of the Infinite they came to you to love and cherish. You have sold God's gifts to you, you have blasphemed His plan, you have prostituted His offering like so many others have. Almost all the daughters who come into the world are for sale to the highest bidder, but you shall never own me nor will you ever own the soul of another living thing. This old man, broken in body, too old for you even to consider, you would sell him to me and me to him. Well—sell that which was yours to sell, it is not much."

At that instant the sound of footsteps, heavy boot-treads, sounded on the porch of the little house and a ring came at the door. Mrs. Marlowe rose, a strange expression on her face, her eyes fastened to the accusing ones of her child, and slowly reaching the door threw it open.

Into the room came four figures, two men in rubber boots soaked with water. In their arms they carried a third while a youth, wild-eyed and disheveled followed up the rear.

"Mrs. Marlowe, I believe?" said one of the men as he lifted the covering off his burden. "We have just dragged the body of your daughter out of the river at the dam—she must have fallen in I guess. She has been dead about three or four hours."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Marlowe, staring around. "There is my daughter standing there." She pointed to the figure against the door.

Edith Marlowe pointed her hand to the white, water-soaked figure in the arms of the dam-keeper.

"That, mother, is yours to buy and sell."

On the altars of ambition lie the bodies of the slain,
Youth and love together martyred in the cause of human gain;
Life and limb are bartered freely as the golden shekles flow
While misery lurks in the shadow of each deadly hammer blow.

What is offered? sounds the call—sorrow's song through every age—
Lives for gold, youth for silver, and misery for the hammer's wage.
Thus are hopes forever slaughtered at the auction block of gain,
Rosy cheeks are trned to ashen, noble lives by greed are slain.

Mothers, fathers of the races—sell not children's hearts for gold!
They have come as trusts fro mheaven, not fro profits bought or sold,
And the curse of all the ages rests on those who buy and sell
The lives and hearts of living creatures to chain them in ambition's hell.

Going—going—how much is offered? still the traitor plys his trade,
The old buy youth, the rich buy beauty—"The Devil buys the soul 'tis said."
The laughing eyes grow dim with sorrow, singing voices wail instead,
Youthful souls are aged with sorrow and seek peace among the dead.

Sons and daughters—buy them here!—your worthiness is proved by price,
The highest bidder owns the soul while death wins all with loaded dice.
Gone!—another soul is butchered for some ambitious parent's scheme.
Gone!—another life is ruined, broken is its golden dream.

But above the sadness brooding a single star of light still gleams
For the spirit flees to freedom from the wreckage of its dreams.
The God who loves His children buys each heart that's sold they say
And those who pawn and sell His children barter only lumps of clay.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Scorpio is one of the most interesting signs of the Zodiac because of its deep occult nature. It is twofold and very decidedly so in its expression for it produces the greatest scientists, philosophers and occultists and also the worst degenerates. In his development the occultist transmutes the scorpion first to the serpent and then to the eagle, in that way preserving the highest expression of the Scorpio power. The constellation is one of the most fascinating in the heavens with its great tail running across the sky. It is a very powerful sign, either for good or for bad, being capable of the greatest beauty or the most heartless cruelty. It makes surgeons to cut for the love of cutting, and vitalizes martyrs who die for their ideals. It is a thinking, intellectual, scientific sign; argumentive, analytical and, when trained, a highly spiritual sign.

It can be briefly considered with the aid of the following keywords:

Cold
Moist
Watery
Phlegmatic
Feminine
Autumnal
Nocturnal
Northern
Fixed
Fruitful
Mute
Broken
Unfortunate
Strong
Southern
Obeying
Long ascension
Fall of the moon
Detriment of Venus

General Characteristics:

Active
Secretive
Sometimes deceitful
Cruel until transmuted
Courageous
Hypocritical
Fraudulent
Black magic
Hypnotic
Malicious
Experimentative
Strong will
Fond of education
Rather gloomy
Sanguine temperament

Physical Appearances:

Strong
Sometimes corpulent
Usually angular
Hook-nosed
High cheek bones
Deep eyes
Middle size
Dark complexion
Brown curly hair
Thick neck and legs
Short body
Hairy and coarse
Dusky complexion
Bony

Health:

On account of the position of Mars, Scorpio is subject more or less to fevers also to brain trouble. Violent insanity is sometimes found under this sign but not often. Eccentricities are common under this sign and these eccentricities sometimes become obsessions. Scorpio people usually neglect and abuse their bodies.

Its diseases are:

Confirmed melancholia.
Violent forms of venereal disease.
Obstructions in the intestinal canals.
All forms of disease and accidents in generative system.

Danger from poisonings and excessive drinking, dope or vice of similar nature.

Domestic Problems:

Scorpio is not particularly fortunate in domestic problems because of Mars which usually prevents harmonious domestic understanding. Scorpio is the least fruitful of the watery signs because of its being ruled by the fire planet, and its secretive morose temperament with love of study and being alone does not add greatly to its matrimonial and domestic possibilities.

Countries under Influence of Scorpio:

Judea	Upper Bavaria
Maritana	Barbary
Catalonia (in Spain)	Morocco
Norway	Kingdom of Fez
West Silesia	Part of Italy

Cities Under Its Dominion:

Valenti	Vienna
Messini	Gaunt
Franckfort-on-Ober	Urbine

Colors:

Red	Brick color
Brown	Black

According to Ptolemy the bright stars in the front of the body of Scorpio have the influence of Mars and partly of Saturn. The three in the body itself, the middle of which is called Antares and is ruddy and luminous, are similar to Mars and moderately to Jupiter The stars in the joint of the tail are like Saturn and Venus and those in the sting are like Mercury and Mars. The nebulae is like Mars and the Moon.

According to Arippa and Francis Barrett: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Scorpio rules the Arch-angels; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Scorpio is ruled by Barbiel of the Twelve Tribes, Benjamen; of the Twelve Prophets, Obadiah; of the Twelve Apostles, Phillip; of the twelve months, October 20th to November 20th; of the twelve herbs, mugwort; of the twelve stones, amythest; of the twelve principle parts of the body, the generative system; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and of Devils, the sifters, triers and accusers.

(Continued from last month)

Savoy	India
Portugal	Ethiopia
Lavonia	Part of Greece
Lisbon	

Cities Under the Control of Libra:

Vienna	Antwerp
Frankfort	Charleston, C. C.
Fribourgh	Spires
Placentia	

Color:

Black	Any dusky color
Crimson	

According to Ptolemy the stars in the claws of the scorpion of Libra operate like Jupiter and Mercury. Those in the middle of the claws are like Saturn and to some degree like Mars.

According to Agrippa, of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Libra rules the principalities; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Zuriel; of the Twelve Tribes, Issachar; of the Twelve Prophets, Jonah; of the Twelve Apostles, Bartholomew; of the twelve months, from September 20th to October 20th; of the twelve plants, scorpion grass; of the twelve stones, beryl; of the twelve principal parts of the body, kidneys; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and the False, it rules the furies and the sowers of evil.

THE VOICE

(Continued from page 24)

"Indeed brother that is he," said the monk. "In the world he was Giovanni Cini the man-ape; now he is Fra Celestius whose voice sings as the birds of the sky, whose heart is as sweet and soul as pure as the notes he sings. You drew a wonderful painting, signor; you drew not this body of Giovanni Cini, you drew his soul. Listen. How can such notes as those come from such a broken heap of clap? Ah, brother," the old man crossed himself, "God works indeed in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Some day yonder brother will be a saint, while you and I are still sinners."

Spiritual Healing

How far should a healer go in his attempt to reconstruct the physical body of a suffering patient? Is the exercise of occult force in healing permissible? How are we going to judge accurately the needs of patients? These are very important questions, as healing is one of the most prominent phases of occult work. The ancient Rosicrucian Order formed for the purpose of healing the sick, and the eighteenth degree of Freemasonry stands for the exercising of the power of the Great Physician.

We may safely say that healing is a constructive work but certain elements are necessary before it is safe for the occult student to exert his powers in that direction. The average occult and metaphysical healer does more harm than good.

The realization of the existence of a cure often encourages intemperence, thoughlessness and carelessness in the soul of the average individual; consequently the doctrine of forgiveness, the power of consciousness over karma and similar ideas are not, generally speaking, safe concepts to give to the world, because these teachings fail to dwell upon the most important point of all—prevention. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in every case, and occultists who are always teaching ways to escape from dilemna rather than ways to keep out of trouble are not doing the work of the Elder Brothers in the world.

Before a person attempts to become a healer he or she must be in a position to answer several questions which the average psycho-therapist knows absolutely nothing about. First of all: Am I or am I not a thorough anatomist and physicist? A scientific education is as important to an occult healer as it is to student of materna medica.

Occult healing is not faith healing. Occult healing is scientific depending upon an accurate knowledge of universal law and the knowledge of how to manipulate these laws until they break up various etheric and astral combinations in the bodies of man. The occult physician knows every bone and muscle of the body, while the average so-called "healer" knows little if anything concerning the constitution of man.

It is possible that such persons will secure results, but they are not healers. They are mediums who must accept conditions as external powers dictate and they are not healers who manipulate these powers at will.

The second requisite is: An occult healer must be able to analyze the cause of ailment, tracing it, if necessary, back seven or eight incarnations to find out why the patient is suffering today. Most healers try to heal everybody and in this way again do more harm than good. It is just as much of a detriment for some people to be well as it is for others to be sick. Health and sickness are problems to be solved by the ego itself and when outside intelligences seek to solve these problems the result is detriment rather than advantage to the consciousness.

Around us there are many healers who know nothing of natural law do not know whether the patient deserves the sickness or not. They try to heal every ailment, sometimes battling straight in the face of karma, natural law, and the plan of the evolution of that consciousness. Such a course is hopelessly detrimental and many people who have been thus healed of their ailments have wasted their entire incarnation for they have not learned to be any better or stronger themselves.

The third qualification of a healer is that they should realize the source of their power and know that this power is given them to use in accordance with the plan of being. When they attempt to exert their will power over the plan they destroy their usefulness as healers.

The old doctrine used to be: "Come and be saved. Lean on the Lord and let other people do it." The average so-called healing case is just a metaphysical expression of this idea. What good is there for a healer to concentrate for perfect digestion over an individual who is living an unbalanced, intemperate life and whose every action causes the ailment which he is seeking to relieve himself of? The The average person who comes to a healer for help should be given a bath, a dose of good common sense, and sent back to clean

up. They come with twenty-five years of accumulation of mental, physical and spiritual filth, looking for miracles, when what they need is soap and water inside and out. There is no greater expression of bunkum in occultism than the healing side. In the hands of the great Initiate or the authorized representative of a great spiritual work, or a disciple who has seen the plan of being, healing is a very miraculous thing, for all of his efforts are to swing the patient in line with natural law and assist him to assist himself.

Out in front of the average healer's office you can find them lined up—chilblains, gout, locomoter ataxia, tumors, scrofula, eczema, dropsy, scabbies and barber's itch. They come with their tales of woe when all that most of them need is to clean up. If the healer does do anything for them they just turn around and get sick again. It is a thankless, hopeless, helpless, job because the healer is as foolish as the patient.

Occult healing should only be resorted to under two conditions. First, when all common sense methods have failed. Second, when the disease is of an occult nature such as obsession, attacks from black magicians, etc. To be sure, occult methods will help all diseases but the first requisite of occultism is that the individual himself should make a conscientious effort, and under general conditions they get well when they make this and do not need healing.

To encourage individuals to believe that the Lord decreed them perfect health is foolish. They may enjoy perfect health when they behave themselves, otherwise they will not. The Lord decrees that also. A healer who makes an automatic profession out of his work is a curse to occult science. When he lays his hands on Smith, chants mantrams over Jones, and shivers over Brown, he is a disgrace to himself. To be sure, these people will immediately feel better, or at least a percentage will, for most people's ailments are in their heads.

The law of karma is slighted, natural law is set askew, because an ignorant healer thinks a person ought to get well when the Lords of Karma have worked twenty thousand years trying to get the patient into a position where he has to do something for himself. An ignorant person with a little psychic ability comes along and heals them of something that they never earned the right to get well from. Cults and creeds which preach peace, health, and happiness as the result of inertia or somebody else's effort are not spiritual, sensible, rational or worthy of any consideration.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA.

A dear friend of our has two little children whom she is raising like little wild flowers, lilies of the valley and so forth. First they were creepers, now they are runners, and later they will blossom forth with all the beauty of uncultured wild flowers. They are surely daisies even at this point in the game and the neighbors know them as for-get-me-nots. Like flowers they do not bathe but unlike flowers they do not stand out in the rain. She neither corrects them nor bends the youthful twig but is letting God take care of them. The reward for this is that they are positively the greatest nuisance of their size in ten counties. When one tries to correct them the mother goes into hysterics, claiming that they are God's perfect children and are without sin. They throw tin cans at the cat, rub soap on the windows, fall into the cistern and play marbles on your roof. They cuss like troopers and little Willie, aged five, has already touched the depth of smoker's degeneracy. These two little wild flowers with a daffy-dill for a mother, spent a day a little while ago in setting fire to an automobile, ringing door bells and stealing the Sunday newspapers. They are the examples of those sweet simple children who grow up like little blossoms on a poison ivy vine.

Such is the story of a large percent of our population who grow up in spite of their parents rather than because of them. Well, they are blooming flowers now alright and promise to be in the penitentiary before they become of age. They have no manners, no civility, and they run around in ragged clothes which are in themselves sufficient to build only shiftlessness in their souls. The mother spends her days getting over her nights and sends them off to play in somebody else's yard. Such is the sad drama of most homes.

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000002 JANUARY, 1924 No. 1000000000007

CONTEST OPEN FOR LOCAL TALENT

Astroger From Earth Warns the Lord

SPECIAL EXTRA.

After several years of untiring service the Pearly Gates Police force caught a crook but sad to relate he escaped afterwards. He was caught because of their efforts and escaped in spite of them. Although the prisoner has escaped the police have several clues. He is thought to be a small star from Canus Minor.

Baron Figtree was haled into court this morning, charged with disturbing the public peace and driving a comet while intoxicated. He was fined ten dollars and costs by the court. He and the judge have gone out together to find out where he got his liquor. (P. S. the judge has returned. We judge from appearances that he found out.)

HOSPITAL BULLETIN

Some months ago we announced that the dove of peace was recovering from injuries received in a riot on earth. Since the latest European difficulty the dove has had a relapse and its life is seriously feared for. Doctors announce that a blood transfusian will be necessary as the dove is all run down.

SPORT NEWS

Lost one small Mexican Chihuahua, hairless, Pearly Gates City dog license on collar, name Fido also appears on the brass band. This is his nickname however, his true name being Canus Minor. His owners are very much worried about the little fellow. Description —a very pretty smart little dog with lovable ways. Reward.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Angels suffering from spinal ailments or dislocated pinions should see Dr. Yanks our well known chiropractic specialist. Length of life is in your spine—consult him. Bunions, ingrowing toe nails and barber's itch successfully treated by spinal adjustments. Prices reasonable.

The Pearly Gates News Syndicate announces the opening of its poetic contest. Each month a winning poem will be published in the columns of this paper. This contest is being carried on in the hope that it will stimulate literary pursuits in heaven. Adromeda has been pronounced by the judges to be the winner of this month. Her poem is a lyric ode dedicated to the serpent in the Garden of Eden and is reprinted in full below:

"He wiggled in and he wiggled out,
And left the people all in doubt
As to whether the snake that made
the track
Was going to hell or coming back."

This was selected from several thousand contestants and wins the first prize of this month which is an inlaid platinum ear muffler. The judges of this contest are our well known friends Lord Aldebaron, the Duc du Antares and Major General Sirius.

The Hunt and Leavit Department Stores announces a rummage sale. Doors will open at eight-thirty sharp and some very marvellous bargains can be picked up by those who come early. Odds and ends of dress goods, shingles, tar paper, and mosquito netting are being specially priced, also a sale of aluminum ware, mucilage, hairpins and trunks. Only one to a customer. In order to meet the tremendous rush, Mr. Hunt has put on an extra force.

The Blare Brothers big show hit town. Parade tomorrow morning at ten o'clock—five miles long (a mile between each wagon.) Angels who desire to secure box seats may get them at the Bum Drug Company. Seats cut low to accommodate wings. Includes a side show of freaks from the planet earth.

WANTED—A nice energetic young angel to churn butter with his second pair of wings. Pearly Gates Dairy, 810 Milky Way, Heaven.

NOTED ASTROLOGER ARRIVES

Prof. Euclid C. Wampus the well known astrologer and predicter from the planet Earth arrived in heaven last week and has made several predictions concerning conditions here which may be of interest to the public. Prof. Wampus says, in part: "There is no doubt in my mind that heaven is going to end in 1925, when it will be dissolved in a cloud of steam. A bad planetary configuration warns God to be very careful of his enemies and that he may be prepared to stand a great deal of abuse during the next few years. Prof. Wampus has cast the horoscopes of some of the most noted people here and promises that Venus who is now a respectable married matron will be one of the smartest divorcees of the coming spring, while Minerva who is now a grass widow has been promised an excellent marriage in May or June. Society papers please copy.

NEW CLINIC OPEN

The Pearly Gates Dental Clinic has opened offices in the Airview Building on the corner of Pearly Gates Boulevard at 11th street. They are doing an excellent business especially in gold crowns. The same clinic has discovered a Dr. Abrams' machine which has done excellent work especially in cases of sprained wing rupe of which there is an epidemic.

CROP RUINED

Potato bugs got into the potato crop of Burbank Specials which are so popular in heaven that there is bound to be a great shortage this year. The Pasquale Brothers have a corner on the crop and are feeling very blue on account of the insect pest. They say they are using so much Paris Green on earth that all the bugs are coming to heaven to escape annihilation.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer
Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on ha nd:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explantion of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

1. Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
2. The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
3. Talks to Teachers, Part I
4. Talks to Teachers, Part II
5. Talks to Teachers, Part III
6. The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
7. Reincarnation, Part I
8. Reincarnation, Part II.
9. The Nature Spirits, Part I.
10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
11. The Nature Spirits, Part III.
12. List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
13. The Masters, Part I.
14. The Masters, Part II.

The Following are in Preparation.

Talks to Teachers, Part IV.
Talks to Teachers, Part V.
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
The Nature Spirits, Part V.
The Masters, Part III.
The Masters, Part IV.
The Philosophy of the Absolute.
The Mystery of Marriage.
The Mystery of Baptism.
The Mystery of the Soul.
The Philosophy of Death.

These publications may be secured through voluntary contribution by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Confucius

"To learn and then to practice opportunely what one hast learnt—does not this bring with it a sense of satisfaction?"

"Lavish living renders men disorderly; miserliness makes them hard. Better, however, the hard than the disorderly."

"The virtue of the noble-minded man is as the wind, and that of inferior men as grass; the grass must bend, when the wind blows upon it."

"Be versed in ancient lore, and familiarize yourself with the modern; then may you become teachers."

"The man of superior mind is placidly composed; the small-minded man is in a constant state of perturbation."

"Learning, without thought, is a snare; thought, without learning, is a danger."

"Where there is habitual going after gain, there is much ill-will."

"He who has sinned against Heaven has none other to whom prayer may be addressed."

"When you meet with men of worth, think how you may attain to their level; when you see others of an opposite character, look within and examine yourself."

"Where plain naturalness is more in evidence than polish, we have—the man from the country. Where polish is more in evidence than naturalness, we have—the town scribe. It is when naturalness and polish are equally evident that we have the ideal man."

"Reverent regard is due to youth. How know we what difference there may be in them in the future from what they are now? Yet when they have reached the age of forty or fifty, and are still unknown in the world, then indeed they are no more worthy of such regard."

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom

A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

FEBRUARY, 1924

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 4

This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEM 2

EDITORIALS
- The Philosophy of the Absolute 3
- General Grump 7

BROTHERS OF THE SHINING ROBE (Continued) 9

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT 19

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT 12

OCCULT FICTION
- Man Who Found God 13
- The Dance of the Devas 17
- The Homage 20

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES
- Little Church Among the Flowers 26

SPECIAL ARTICLES
- Herbs 24

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS 31

THE CONSTANT THINGS.

By a Prison Poet

FAME and wealth may come and go,
The lights of splendor flicker low
And sometimes die; but the simpler things—
The sitting-room where the laughter rings,
The mother's smile and her cheerful song—
Are seldom swayed by the moving throng.

These are constant! The man may lose
The place he holds and the world may choose
To flatter the skill of a younger hand,
But the walls of home for him shall stand;
And if he has builded his life for them
He shall still have friends—though the world condemn.

The great may sometimes lonely be
But he has glorious company
Who comes at night to his dwelling place
Where his boys and girls may romp and race;
There—though bitter his fight and grim—
Are loving hearts who believe in him.

He has friends for the night and day,
For the mountain climb or the level way,
Who writes his life in the smiles of those
Who watch for him at the journey's close.
Of all life's friendships these few are
Beyond the sham of the world to mar.

EDITORIALS

The Philosophy of the Absolute

THERE are two kinds of people in the world—people with a vision and people without a vision. Those people with a "vision" who claim to have surrounded the Absolute are those without a vision. So first of all let us take up an argument in defense of the Absolute. If any human creature knows all there is to know, the Absolute is not very wise because the more we hear about Him from His disciples among men, the more foolish traits, the more idiosyncrasies, and more lopsidedness we find attributed to Him. The man who says "I know all there is to know" is making either a fool out of God or an egotist out of himself.

We have a large group of people who are personal friends of the Infinite, have been properly introduced to the Unknowable and spend their week ends (heads) in conflab with the Definitionless Abstract. There are several types of people who know this Absolute. Some of them are inclusive and some of them are exclusive. We have a certain amount of patience for the inclusive absoluter but the exclusive absoluter excludes the Absolute. It is this certain group of people who are not even willing to know what God knows, and have long left such ordinary ignoramuses as the Father, Son and Holy Ghost far in the rear. They speed by the cosmic Logos in their twelve-cylinder Rolls-Rough with a "Ta! Ta" to the Universal Creation. They glide by eighty-two thousand hierarchies of Devas, Chohans, Mahachohans and Rishis without even condescending to consider them, they step from star to star leaving thin trail of blue smoke behind them from the exhaust of their intercosmic velocipede (said tail stream is now called the Milky Way). They are headed for the Footstool of All There Is, dissolved in All That Is Not. They are true Star-Rovers (with apologies to Jack London). The gods of their fellowmen are pigmies unworthy to notice; they have found that which is not, yet is and ever shall be; their mind is dissolved into unison with the cosmic void and they have attuned their body and consciousness to the low pressure area of the Absolute.

They no longer worry as to what they shall eat, nor what they shall wear, nor how they shall speak nor in whatsoever manner they shall perpetuate themselves or propel their personality. Their minds are on the mystic ethers of the divine Is-ness—naught else will interest them nor fill the aching void between their ears. They are the living contradictors of visible and tangible things, they have made the solidity of nature a vacuum while they have asphalted the Absolute and made of the Abstract a solid concrete diety as brainless as they are.

Now let us take a careful analysis of the mental caliber of the Star-Rover and find who composes these seers and sages who have left creation to its own destruction and sailed to salvation on the pinions of their mentality (mostly opinions.) We will analyze the stock which flavors of the divine wisdom of ages, like onions flavor soup—those people who have become tired of terrestial things and who consider the universe to be the divine failure and they the successes.

One of our leading absoluters, who has shaken hands with a non-existing entity and has defined the depth of Is-Not, is Mrs. Patricia Murphy whose husband runs the local barber shop. Mrs. Murphy was born with a vision. She does not know the occiptal frontalis muscle from the Latin word for broom handle but in spite of this she has the vision; she has not the slightest idea of what God has ever done but she knows Him personally. She has told a number of her friends that she has traced French pastry back to the first outpouring and is quite confident that the Absolute's gray whiskers are made of icing. This is her total idea of the Absolute. She does not know the meaning of any of the episodes

that surround her in life, she has been careful not to consider them for fear that she might be enveloped in the vale of Maya and lose her personal touch with the abstract. Her idea of the Absolute is a large round dark hole for she has absolutely nothing in her own brain to fill it with. But she admits that there is such a hole and by so doing becomes "saved."

The second member of this celestial trinity we are considering in our little spasm is Gluck McFag, a well known disciple of things vacuumized. He has come into the light by realizing that there is not any and by so doing has proved that there is. This is a little problem in celestial mathematics based upon the fact that if you have something, it isn't while if you lose it it comes back. (Undoubtedly Pythagoras would have enjoyed this system). In other words, we glorify God by proving that His manifestations are foolishness, we worship Him as an Individual who spends all His time making mistakes and filling the universe with a series of unnecessary nonentities that through them we might learn how good He is (another mathematical problem with apologies to Euclid.) But let us return to this error of the mortal mind commonly known as Gluck McFag. According to all the lights of absolute reasoning, Gluck does not exist at all and not being himself is capable of being blended into the eternal Vacuum. Socrates, we believe, attempted to solve the problem in the same way but finally got so twisted up that he took hemlock so he could have another brain a little later. He lost the brain he had trying to find a round hole in the center of a depthless opening.

Gluck is our leading haberdasher and necktie vender. He sells collar buttons, arch supporters and imported suspenders with great ease and fluency and is considered a leading light in the affairs of earth. He is not a very highly educated man.

One day a friend came up to him and said, "Gluck, give us your definition of the Absolute," whereupon he opened the front door and threw his chest out and with great gusto gave a scintillating description of Henry J. Ain't, commonly known as the Absolute.

"The Absolute," says Gluck, "is that ever-existing emptiness surrounded by its own outpouring all of which are unreal. The center of this emptiness is in the middle and around the edge while it is bordered by its own commencement." Whereupon said friend was deeply impressed.

"What does it look like?" he asked then.

"In order to see it," was the answer, "you must close your eyes in a dark room and look at the inside of the lids."

Is it intelligent?" asked the friend.

"No. no," said Gluck, "intelligence is all illusionary. If it had the power of reason it would be false, if it could see it would be unreal."

"Oh-h-h! I think I grasp its import. In other words, it is but it isn't.

"Ah-h-h," answered Gluck, "your powers of erudition are in perfect line with the reality of things. I talk with the Absolute every night."

"How do you do it?" marveled the friend.

"Why I come into the realization that what is is not and what's left afterwards is."

Said friend was duly impressed, bought a five cent collar button and called it a day.

The crowning glory of our trinity of unrealities is Professor Alpha Episolom the one who has impregnated the community with this divine misunderstanding. He is the branch of mistletoe which hangs above the arch of spiritual wisdom, the original discover of the Absolute. Someone came along and out absoluted him whereupon he blossomed forth with the super-absolute which is the dot in the center of the hole in the middle of the blank. If anyone out-supers him he will probably discover the absolute-absolute which has not been bothered with yet, being the hole in the center of the dot which is the center of the vacuum surrounded by the blank of the previous chapter. Prof. Episolom has a falling upper plate and a celluloid collar. When he moves, like Mark Twain, he travels in a cigar box. Prof. Episolom is the one who can tell you all about something which he admits does not exist and is the only real thing because it does not exist. We think our friend Diogenes must have been looking for this a while ago but we understand

his light went our somewhere along the line.

Professor will bring you into union with Isn'tness if you will cross his palm with Is, the exchange of Is benig absolutely important to the realization of Isn't. Prof. Episolom is the keeper of the vinicular at the lower end of which we start on our choice journey to the upper end which is resting upon a hypothetical vacuum. Prof. Episolom is in a position to express himself upon the reality of things because he has learned to know the folly of knowledge and his first great instruction is that to think is excessively dangerous to the realization of the plan because if pursued this path will spedily separate you from him which would result in a decline in his finance. Prof. Episolom is a master of abstraction but the greatest abstraction which he is capable of doing is to abstarct money from a sealed pocketbook.

Now what is the philosopohy of the true Absolute? Let us analyze this problem in a rational, sensible manner. Every time an individual has an idea these days he forms a new religion, every time he has two ideas it splits up and fights itself, so nothing reasonable is ever arrived at. The Absolute is not a new discovery and the existence of the Supreme Unformed as the hypothetical base of formation is accepted in every religion of the world. Undoubtedly there is an absolute cause, the perfect base of impermanence from which all things came and to which they shall return, therein completing the gamut of their existence. The abstract is the divine Atma, the definitionless base of all definiable things. From the invisible Cause-all pour the shadow-shapes of effects which play out in the world of mortality the divine chess game of the Infinite.

Why were these sparks projected into matter? Why is the universe peopled with great Hierarchies of evolving individualities, which Spencer called the infinite diversities of unity? Is not this the battle-field upon which man learns to know one little stage, one little step in his ultimate growth? Who then knows the Absolute in fullness save Him who is the master of the gamut of His manifestations? Who shall know the reality save the Reality itself?

There is an absolute God, the changeless base of ever-changing expression, neither male nor female nor both, neither high nor low nor both. This infinite Cause-all, this self-knowing One, who yet recognizes Himself only through His manifestation—this One is the Absolute. He is to man absolutely unattainable for between Him and man's consciousness there is a void, a gap, which eighty-two thousand hierarchies of celestial beings cannot span. The gods of solar systems and the gods of cosmic schemes themselves know not the Light nor the source thereof.

The doctrine of the Absolute is a true one but it is one of those truths which is worthless at this stage of evolution. There is no constructive application for it for there is no sense of consciousness in the soul of man that is capable of even knowing the hem of Its garment, let alone to grasp Its magnificence.

If some one told you they had a billion pennies and another told you they had five billion pennies, what picture would you have in your mind? All you could say is that one had more than another. Man is incapable of mentally differentiating between a million, a billion, a trillion, a septillion or a quintillion. It is just "a lot more," that is all.

When we try to realize that in this Kosmos of ours there are more solor systems, universes, chains, globes and spheres than there are atoms in the bodies of creation then it looks rather big. They are not counted by octillions they are counted by hundred octillions of octillions and many times that. The Milky Way is made up of universes many times larger than our own, each tiny spark a chain containing limitless evolving atoms. What child is there born of earth capable of expressing or knowing or imagining the qualities of the limitless Intelligence that governs these things? The human mind is absolutely incapable of attempting the struggle.

To try to define the Absolute is to defile It and to deny It. The dreaming saviour, saint or sage is unworthy even to whisper it. Gods themselves dare not breath it for even His Eldest Sons have never lifted the hem of His mantle. And yet there are people who might be respectable burglars (which would be infinitely superior to being disreputable bunglars which they are at the present time), who

rave about that of which they know not, and cast lots for garments that Gods dare not dream of. With the puny intelligence of a grain of sand they seek to show the stuff that gods are made of.

It is a foolish waste of time and if persisted in will inevitably result in insanity for the brain is not capable of juggling such tremendous units of intelligence.

There is but one path by which the Absolute may be reached and that is by following the winding stairs of human progress, upward and upward, until finally it achieves union with its source of being. The labors of man in this world period are not to produce gods but to produce human beings and the student of the Absolute would be far better off if he would try to be a credit to the human race instead of spending his time trying to discredit the Unknowable. He does the best he can but he cannot find in the universe that which he is not, therefore the Absolute becomes full of whims and fancies placed there by those who seek to know Him but could only reflect from His subtle shield their own souls.

The world needs people to be truly human, to learn how to master and express the truly concrete qualities which we are here to build. We must have the dreamer and the sage but he must dream dreams to serve his brother man and not try to build with his own feeble imagination a creature which even gods dare not to imagine. Our modern thought is wandering from the field of practical things into the vistas of impracticality. If we are to attain the acme of this race, let us rtalize that to be perfect human beings is the ultimate of our goal and that godhood is not the perfection of human beings.

The most glorious concept in the world today is the concept of the perfect man. That dream is attainable. By labors it may be made practical, by conscientious living it becomes a reality, and if people who spend their time quoting the is-ness of Am would leave their intellectual stimulants alone and go out into the world to manifest the is-ness of their own spiritual consciousness by being cleaner, better and truer than their brother man, the Absolute would be perfectly able to take care of Itself. A hundred million years from now, with his greatest effort, man will only be a shade closer to the Infinite. But that shade is everything, for in eternity time is dissolved in works.

And still the Absolute remains veiled in the mantle of His own obscurity, untouched, unfathomed, and undreamed of by those who call His name but do not know His spirit. He slumbers in the infinite void of being, the baseless All. In Him the worlds spin and move while man dwells as an atom in His formless body. Worlds and universes are but cells in His endless being and no man shall ever know Him for He is wrapt in the robes of His own omnipotence. 'Tis blasphemy to strive to rend this garment, a blasphemy which gods dare not assail; but man, puny in his own strength but great in his egotism, assails to do that which gods do fear and as a fool to walk the path where wise men dare not tread. He could walk to the ends of Chaos and yet the sweeping folds of the Infinite would remain concealed. His duty is not to unveil the Absolute but to nourish and feed one little spark within his own soul. That labor is too great for him, why then should he assail the Wheel from which the Sparks are born? As he cannot temper the steel of his own spirit, why should he attempt to wield the sledge hammers of Vulcan? His own character is more than he can govern, why then should he seek to govern the Infinite? His modesty is his strongest virtue and those who assail to storm the temple of the Absolute are shorn of their virginity and are gowned in the robes of egotism.

Let the Absolute slumber in its death-like stillness, let the Unknowable remain unmoved in His meditations, for His meditations are the universes and worlds dropping as pearls from His lips. Let the servant be found among men to carry on the work of keeping these pearls in sanctity and reverence, worrying not of their source. For how shall man, with a mind of matter, carry the thoughts of eternity and live?

Close down the veil lest passing through too soon the Flame should destroy all. Teach man to live, to love, to labor and to grow; teach him to better fulfill the labors of the

(Continued on page 11)

General Grump

THE scene of this little narrative is in an old soldier's home and its leading character is an old Civil War veteran who has for years been known as General Grump. His pension indicates the fact that he was never higher than a private in the rear ranks, but his imperious temperment, his bossitive ways, and his grumpitive personality has gained for him the name and title which he now bears. He has been in the Soldier's Home for many years, stamping around and complaining—something is the matter all the time. We must try and draw a picture of General Grump for you.

He is about five-foot-ten high and five-foot-ten wide, he has small beady black eyes set under heavy over-hanging brows, he slouches when he walks, and can scarcely open his mouth without profanity issuing forth. He stamps his cane and his white chin-whiskers stand straight up when anyone around him has anything cheerful to say. His favorite expression is: "This is a helluva world!" He is always taking the joy out of life for the rest of the inmates and those quiet, peaceable old folks who like to gather around the checkerboard or play solitaire are eternally disturbed by the General who stalks about, pounding on the floor with his cane, cussing everyone in particular and life in general.

Everything seems to have gone wrong with the General; he is the most abused man that ever lived and admits it; he has always suffered from tough luck and now, as his eighty-first year draws to a close, we find him with a mean disposition as the only product of his life, with various forms of profanity and tough luck tales as the by-products.

In other words, General Grump is a born grouch, his grandfather had been a grouch before him, and his father, Silas, had been known as Hard Cider for years, his name so changed to suit his temperament. General Grump kicks at the beans, swears at the bread, and cusses the service until he bids fair to out-grouch ten generations of ancestors..

So he is the hero of our little life-drama.

One day after rising from the table and passing out onto the steps that led down to the driveway, General Grump saw a carriage winding up past the stacked muskets which ornamented the front door of the Soldier's Home. There were two people in the carriage but only one of them is of especial interest to us and that is Uncle Ben. Of course you do not know Uncle Ben so we will have to go into details here also.

Uncle Ben had been a captain in the Civil War and in that war he had lost one arm, one leg, and both eyes, and in the years since he had gone his way the best he could. Uncle Ben had not seen the world since 1863 and now, more than eighty years old, he was coming to the Soldier's Home when the death of his only child had left him no home in the world. With his crutch and cane and the assistance of his companion, a county official, Uncle Ben slowly climbed the steps and entered the office of the Home where, in due form and time, he was established. Thus entered the most interesting inmate of the Soldier's Home.

It was several days after this that Uncle Ben and General Grump met, both sitting in broken down easy chairs on the porch.

"This is a helluva life," grunted General Grump, "it looks like rain. It has looked like rain for the last two weeks—wish to hell it'd rain!"

"Does it look like rain?" asked Uncle Ben, "you know I haven't seen a cloud since they gathered over Gettysburg and that was a long time ago."

"I told you it was a helluva life," answered General Grump, his brows contracting and the corners of his mouth going down.

"I don't know," answered Uncle Ben, "I ain't had a lot of trouble in my time. I can't say its so bad. I have learned many things in these years of darkness and many things that I have not seen I have felt. Now you, sir—I cannot see you but I know you have a kindly face."

"Well if you do, you're the first feller that ever did," answered General Grump.

"All the world looks kindly to me. In all the years that I have hobbled through life,

broken and lame, I have always heard kind words, there has always been someone to help, and the world has been good to me. And life hasn't been so hard, either. You know, even though I lost my eyes and one hand, I used to get work. They were always willing to help me—I've been very fortunate. I have been rich in the love of my chilldren who stayed with me and loved me until they too were called. Indeed, I have been very fortunate all these years."

"Uh-h! I haven't been fortunate," answered General Grump, "treated me like hell!"

"Are you blind too?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Nope."

"Then how fortunate you have been and how thankful you should be that you went through that great war. You have been able to see your loved ones. I could only know mine when I ran this hand over their faces. You should be very happy."

"Aw, hell!"

"Did you lose your arms or legs?"

"Nope."

"You were not injured, then?"

"Hell, no. I wish they'd killed me."

"I suppose it is wrong," said the kindly old man softly, "to be jealous but somehow, brother, I envy you. You can see the world and I cannot, you can walk around and I cannot, you can work and I cannot. I suppose it is human that I should envy you. There is only one thing about you I do not envy and that is your voice. That does not sound pleasant. I fear you are not happy. You have all that God gave you, and I was broken before the work was well begun, but let me tell you, brother, I have been content. While the world outside means nothing to me, I live in a different world—a world of make-believe, a world I have made for myself. Wherever I go the sun is shining, though others tell me it rains; whoever I meet is smiling, though others tells me they weep. All the world is such a wonderful place and I, all these years behind my prison walls, have never been able to reach it, but I have made a go out of it and everything seems good. In the silence of my life I have thought for I have had few companions but my thoughts and the voices of my children. During all these years when sleeping and waking all was dark I have dreamed and I have dreamed the infinite dreams. These darkened eyes have seen things that mortal eyes shall never see, this broken form has come closer to living than those who have all. Brother, do not be despondent. You have so much to make you glad, you have so much more than I have that it ill behooves that I should cheer you. And yet, let me tell you this:

"We live in a world of our own making and this world that I have made is just as real to me as it is to you. Through all these years I have never lost sight of the goodness of things. On that bloody field of Gettysburg where the bursting shrapnel closed my eyes forever, I saw many things. I then saw the uselessness of hate, the fruitlessness of discord; I saw that man, not God, made sorrow; and if he made sorrow he can make joy too. Listen, brother, through all these years of darkness I can still sing the songs I used to know."

And then the old man's voice broke out in a tune of long ago, an old plantation song, the song of the farmer and the workmen that sounded through our nation in the sixties. His voice was thin and cracked and, true, there was not much tune, but there was a great joy in the voice.

"See? I can sing as I used to," and Uncle Ben's eyeless face broke into a merry smile. "I can remember how they used to sing those when I was a boy. How glad I am that I have memory, for I have little else! I suppose God has been good to me and while others' memories fail them, the scenes of my youth grow clearer every day and I can see the blue sky and the singing birds." The old man's hand reached out and fumbled for the hand of the other.

"Brother, be glad and smile with me! Our time is but a little while. The world will smile with you, brother, if you will but smile too." The old man's face lighted up with something akin to inspiration and his very presence seemed to breathe light and truth.

(Continued on page 11)

Brothers of The Shining Robe

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Return From Glasgow.

Three days after my arrival in Glasgow, my work completed, though possibly not as satisfactorily as might have been desired, I boarded a night train to London. I was the only one in the compartment and, as the efforts of the previous days had been heavily exhaustive, I perched my feet upon the seat across and sought to catch a few winks as the train roared through the night. Somehow I have never slept very well on trains and this particular evening was no exception to the rule. I fidgeted and tossed, trying to find a comfortable position while each rut and groove in the track registered throughout my whole nervous system like the blows of a sledge-hammer. One foot went to sleep, I got up and stretched, then the other one ceased to function. There crept over me a wave of decidedly undesirable and far from spiritual thoughts, dealing generally with the principles of misery and especially that phase of it which applied to riding in British coaches.

About half past two in the morning I could not keep my eyes open for a moment longer, I felt things around me getting more and more distant in spite of my every effort to remain attuned to them, and at last with a heavy lurch I sank in the corner of the seat into a troubled sleep. I do not know how long I remained in this condition but it could not have been very long before I became innately conscious of the fact that someone had opened the window. A breath of cold air, laden with that ever-present scent of Scottish moorlands, was blown in across my face. I felt chilled from head to foot and, do what I would, I could not seem to regain sufficient control over myself to move or even cry out.

Suddenly, as I lay there in this lethargy, the train struck an unusually severe rut. It seemed that the car-track must have been tied up in a figure eight. It threw me off the seat and down into the narrow foot-space of the compartment. This thoroughly awakened me and I sat up, two feelings uppermost in my mind. The first was of anger against the rut and the second was an appreciation of the fact that it had brought me out of this stupor over which I apparently had no control. I sat up straight and determined to remain awake the rest of the night, but I had hardly made the resolution before I felt my head dropping and the fixed objects in the little compartment started to going round and round, tying themselves into elaborate bow-knots.

"Here, here," I said to myself, "this won't do!" I knew enough of things occult to realize that an influence was being exerted against something or someone, and that either through design or accident I was receiving a series of narcotic rays from somewhere in the universe. Even though the realization was firmly fixed in my mind, it just seemed that I could not stand up, nor could I move, and slowly the power to think was leaving me.

With a Herculean effort I rose to my feet, though I seemed to float rather than to walk; I swayed for a second with the lurching of the car and then fell in a crumpled heap, half on the seat half on the floor of the compartment. As I fell darkness reached up around me, and the power of think or to even know that I existed slowly departed from me.

Just when it seemed the last flickering light was dying out a great flaming bubble burst around me, filling the entire environment with gleaming pink and crimson flashes, and at the same instant a voice spoke in my ear:

"Pull yourself together man."

Then I was grabbed by the nape of the neck and yanked to my feet by a hand which I could not see because of the bleared condition of my senses; an arm braced me and held me for a second, the door of the compartment was opened, and I was hurled from the train out into the night. I struck a soft dirt embankment where, stunned and bruised, I rolled to the bottom and lay face downward in a thicket of branches. I remember faintly the flashing light, the streaming, flaming smoke of the locomotive and the rumble of the cars—then all grew dark around me.

When I came to myself I was lying in the spare bedroom of a small English manor-house, aching from head to foot and so dizzy that I could not look at any object without it spinning round and round like some gigantic pin-wheel. The room was empty and, as I learned afterwards, my nurse, an elderly Welsh woman, had gone out to prepare some barley gruel for one who seemed in such a critical condition.

As I lay looking upward at pink and white baby roses on the wallpaper, trying to piece together the incidents of the previous day's experience, the well-known form of the aged Hindoo adept appeared beside me. I recognized him, yet in some way he was changed. The long flowing gray robe which I so loved to see him wear had given place to a clean-cut modern military uniform. His head, so long graced by the turban with its streamer of silk, now carried a military helmet with a long horse-hair plume down the back. But the eyes and face remained the same.

"You have had another very close call," he murmured as he stood beside me for a second. "Fifteen minutes after I threw you from that coach last night the entire car was burned up by an unexplainable fire in which wood and metals together were melted into a shapeless mass. No hand lighted that fire, it just burned out of nothingness, and the tongues of flame leaped from stick to stick, fed by the vital body of an unseen presence. In black magic there is a law and that law decrees that all who stand between evil and the accomplishment of its power must be bought off, frightened off, or killed off. They have tried to buy you but to no avail, they have sought to incriminate you but you stand, firm as a thorn in the flesh of tradition. Having failed to attain victory through either the power of the first or of haunting fear, the black ray resorts to destruction in order to silence the power which must some time destroy it. Therefore I suggest to you that you not only exercise great watchfulness but also surround yourself by the walls of force which you have been taught to build in the temple, that these streamers of injury may not attain their end. A great power was battling with you last night as it has battled with the greatest souls that ever came into the world—a clenching power that strangles out consciousness and leaves nothing behind but lifeless clay—the power of one man's will upon another.

"When a great master of wisdom succombs, as one occasionally does through egotism or selfishness, the result is a godly intellect gone wrong, a divine fiend, a superhuman devil who, soulless in himself, ensnares the souls of men that light shall never triumph for in the triumph of light is realized the end of the reign of darkness.

"People have a great idea that in virtue alone lies strength, but this is not always true. The bull has neither ideality nor a consciousness of union with light, and yet his rushing blows and the goring of his horns destroy as surely as the bullet. It is the strength of individual omnipotence and the power of one over another that counts. While in the eternal plan of things right always wins, yet in the little world we see around us might rules right with the rod of iron. The one whose mental fingers and streams of spiritual force nearly destroyed you last night was once a great brother, noble and esteemed of men, although today he plays the villian in the drama. He is stronger than you are even, though his powers be evil and yours be good; and were it not that, being true, you are guided and guarded by the Elder Brothers you could not stand for a moment against the power of this demented genius for with the sheer strength of organic quality he could swamp you beyond any hope of retaliation.

"But remember, in your work three weapons will forever be turned against you and these three you must ever be prepared to meet. First, you will be lured away from the tasks which you have been appointed to perform because the powers of darkness will people the earth with sirens to lure you from your labors. The powers of darkness seldom strike from without but usually play upon weak points in the character of the individual himself and, through the false power which they gain through the knowledge of that weak point, they twist the lives of others to the fulfillment of their own ends. Secondly, if they cannot lure you away through thoughtlessness or false devotion they will seek to make

it worth your while through offers of rewards, promotion, financial increase or the promise of spiritual power. In other words if they cannot lead you from it they will seek to have you sell your labor for selfish ends. And if both these fail, if you have stood strong for right, for truth, for light, then be prepared for the other blow—the one that comes in the dark. When neither soft words nor caresses, this world's goods or those of another cannot tempt you from your appointed way, then you must be prepared for the last great attempt which will come as the bolt of black magic to destroy that which it can neither buy nor bend and therefore seeks to break.

"In your work this will prove to you a very useful lesson and, while it will be some days before the soreness and pain works itself out of you from the accidents you have passed through, when you are yourself again you will be a better and wiser man."

The Initiate vanished through the checkered pink and white flowers of the wall paper, leaving me to analyse and digest a great yet little understood reality in nature—that Redbeard was right when he said that nature's law is the survival of the fittest but that in the eternal plan of things each one seeks to become the one who is fit, and evolution is the fitting of oneself to be the fittest.

The Philosophy of the Absolute

(Continued from page 6)

lesser and leave in the hands of the Infinite that which He alone can know and master.

These thoughtless words of things we know not of brand us only fools, the lightness of our tone as we speak of nature's deepest mystery proves us unworthy of the trust. For the Absolute is in all, is all, will be all that ever shall be. Gods, men and worlds are whispered words from His mouth wrapped in the veils of matter. No mortal eye shall gaze upon its depth but as the presence of this being draws ever nearer man shall sink into a depthness sleep and there be one with the Father of all whom he may not know but in whose arms he shall never cease to be.

General Grump

(Continued from page 8)

General Grump was silent. He could not help but think back in his own life and see how much joy he had had, how much more he had had than this one who sat beside him.

"Are you really happy?" he asked.

"Happy?" asked the old man, "why shouldn't I be happy? I have been happy in the realization of duty well done, I have been happy in the love of a faithful wife, I have been happy in the love of my children, I have been happy in the love of my God, and for many years past I have been happy in the happiness of others. I can do little for my fellow man but I have tried to make him happy, to make him forget his cares and fears in the happiness of real living, in the happiness of just being where he can hear the voice of other things."

General Grump tilted his hat on his head and looked at Uncle Ben for some minutes.

"How long have you been blind?" he asked.

"Fifty-three years, I have been blind as I am today, for one shell did it all."

"Were you never down on the world?"

"Oh, yes," and Uncle Ben smiled sweetly. "After it happened I thought there was nothing left to live for, but one day I found that I hadn't lost anything that could compare with the thing I gained."

The General looked at him for several minutes and as he gazed into the radiating face of the old man whose sightless eyes stared out into eternity, General Grump heaved a little sigh and the corners of his mouth came up.

"I guess I've been a fool for some time," he muttered and he looked down at his hands. "I've got both of 'em" and at his feet, "I have them too. And my eyes. And here I've been moping all these years."

"Life is a wonderful thing," answered the old man beside him. "We seldom learn to live it until it is nearly done."

"That's the hell of it," answered General Grump, stamping on the porch with his cane. "Yes sir, that's the hell of it!" And getting up he stumped off in irate rage.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

POWER AND DOMINANCE.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to possess power without exerting it over another. Apparently the proof of power lies in domination but this is not so. The true proof of power is the control of self, all other things are comparatively unimportant. In the present European tangle many things express themselves and this problem along with others. Mercy and consideration ennobles the victor of every fight, while those who grind down victims show themselves often less than the individuals they oppose. Generosity is the privilege of the strong, it is also their opportunity. When they fail to make the most of this opportunity they fail to prove victors in the battle. There is no glory in spite, no reward in revenge. Many of the nations involved in the late European war who would have come out of it loved and revered for their noble gallantry sacrificed that reverence and forfeited the esteem of the world when they proved that they were generous victors and gallant, thoughtful *overlords*.

HOLY WATER

In the ancient tabernacle of the Hebrews was outlined the way of initiation and in the courtyard before the temple gate was the laver of purification, a great bronze bowl in which the priests performed their abolutions before entering the holy place. There is positively no sarcasm intended but we just want to remind some people of the exact position of that bowl as it stands before the temple steps, a yawning menace to the poise of many of our students of the mystical. The old adage was that cleanliness is next to godliness therefore it seems that the mystery of that mighty laver must become a part of the esoteric instructions to students.

It is possible to over bathe but it is not commonly done except by fanatical individuals. All things can be carried to an extreme but there are two kinds of baths man must find a way to take. He must be initiated by fire and water. He must learn the value of the sun bath which is his physical initiation of fire, and the old family tub bath fashioned after the laver of purification.

RELIGIOUS CLEAN-UPS.

Every so often we hear of the churches and religious organizations launching a campaign against dance halls, theatres, picture shows and various similar things. While there is no doubt that there is a certain class of improper amusement, we beg to call the attention of the religious people to a truth much more fundamental than the one they are seeking to emphasize. It is basicly this: that the morale of a nation depends upon the finer spiritual truths which should be implanted by the religious organizations of the world. If the "drives" which ecclesiastical orders are launching upon the world were turned right back into the the church, they would do a great deal more good. Some of the worst of those whom they attack are shrouded with serenity and protected by the enfolding arms of religion. While the religious organizations are fussing and stewing among themselves as to who is greatest, splitting up over trivials, ,and etc., they are forcing people out of the church. Many of those whom they now brand as lost souls were forced into their present position by the heartlessness of religion and the injustice of creedal theology, which preaches forgiveness and compassion but shows none of it to the sinners of the world. The first clean-up which theology should advocate should begin with the washing of the inside of the cup for while religion dickers and bargains, plays favoritism to some and condemns many, it can never meet the crying need of a world in spiritual pain. The church has no right to condemn vices in others while its own heart is full of vipers and thieves who pray upon the Sabbath and go out robbing the widows and the fatherless on Monday morning.

The Man Who Found God

THERE is a story told of a great scientist who built a unique laboratory far from the sight of man where he installed mighty instruments and many wondrous mechanical contrivances, all to achieve a single end—to create an instrument wherewith he might span the chasm 'twixt man and God. The years went by and the scientist labored tirelessly upon the child of his dream. Wheels and levers were slowly placed and after many years the great shape of a looming mechanical mystery rose from the floor of the laboratory as the completed result.

As a young man the scientist had commenced his labors. Many years had passed, years of consecration to a single end, years of concentration upon a single work. He had never lived in the world of men since a disappointment of his early life which had broken his trust in his fellow man and the moving events of earth meant little to him—his great machine meant all. So we find the snow of an ever-gathering winter upon his bowed head, long lines and furrows mark his face, and his piercing eyes sink ever deeper beneath the massive brows and tawny lashes; his body is bent and frail and long purple veins show out upon his hands. For him this span of earth is nearly done, yet in his soul is the same flame of youth which had inspired him in the ages gone, the same indomnible will had never been broken for within him burned the determination to perfect a machine which would connect spirit and matter, to finish his great work whereby the veil should be rent and mystic nature give up her secrets.

His laboratory was a great domed room built like an astronomical observatory. In the ceiling were a number of trap dors, while the entire room revolved by pulleys, counterweight and bearing. He had but to press a button and the floor rose some dozen feet, carrying with it the great machine; he need but pull a lever and countless windows in the dom opened at prismatic angles, casting gleams of light upon the almost shapeless mass of wheels; he had but to turn a knob upon the wall and the great machine itself swayed back and forth to any angle, balanced upon gigantic steel rockers.

Each day brought the moment of victory closer, each day the fire of triumph flashed stronger in the aged man's eyes and the cold blood rushed faster through his veins until—at last the great day came! The last wheel was in place, the final bearing was tested and the great machine stood—a mammoth dream of a man who gives his all to learn that which he knows not. The great scientist sent into the world of men and drew around him the mightiest minds of the time that they might gather in the vaulted room to see and hear the marvel of a life's labor. They came from all over the country; with hoary heads and weighty brows, with dignity and age they gathered to see the fruitage of a life work. Twelve in all there were; great astronomers, great physicists, masters of logic and philosophy, they gathered from their several ways at the foot of this mighty instrument.

The time of the experiment was at midnight and as the clock struck twelve they all gathered in the domed room with its levers and its wondrous mechanism. The old scientist came and, in his face the exultation of youth, told of the mystery he had conceived.

"When I open those great shutters in the ceiling, each of the prismatic panes shall gather in the light of the stars, the light of the planets, of suns and moons; the intelligences that rule them shall be concentrated tonight upon these sensitized plates, built like the sense centers of the human organism. Here is an ear as fine as that of any man, threads so delicate that only a microscope can show them, an organ which can hear all things; here are vocal cords of slender steel and catgut wherein sounds of infinite may be reproduced; here are eyes of metals and fiber as perfect as any organ of human sense; and here, gentlemen, is the masterpiece of all—a brain of precious metal, with every nerve and sinew, with every force and power. I have built a god, an oracle of matter which is capable of using the light brain of the infinite, one who shall speak to us, inspired by the rays of planets and the stars. This brain will regis-

ter the thoughts of God, these lips shall speak His will, these ears shall hear His infinite melody, these eyes shall see His wonders. Seventy years I have been building this machine, far more perfect than any body built by man—and tonight I shall quicken it with the ray of a hundred million stars, of suns, globes and universes, by concentrating their endless light through these prisms in the roof, and finally reflecting them all upon this gigantic sounding-board wherein shall be given out the mystery of creation. This chair is where I shall sit to work the tuning forks and coils that each thought of the Infinite mind shall vibrate through this brain.

"Marvellous," murmured the group of scientists gathered around. "Marvellous, but impossible."

"No, no! It is not impossible!" cried the old man vehemently. "Gentlemen, give me just this night and I will prove that it is not impossible! Gentlemen, you have little trouble to expect from me—if this machine shall fail, I shall kill myself! I have lived alone to create it, with its failure I shall die. But it shall not fail! By all the laws of natural dynamics, by all the laws of science, of invention, of mechanics, of electricity and of nature's subtle forces—it shall not fail!

"Now gentlemen," and he calmed himself with a mighty effort, "we will raise the machine." He pressed the button on the wall.

A shudder ran through the floor of the building and almost imperceptibly the floor moved upward. The scientists gazed around in amazement. The entire laboratory was upon a gigantic elevator which carried work room, instrument and men, upward into the dome of the observatory.

Finally some dozen feet from the dome the progress of the moving floor was stayed and then with delicate astronomical instruments the scientist arranged his mighty machine, tilting it upon its massive rockers until all pointed to a single ray which was to be the keynote of the machine—the planet Saturn.

"Now, gentlemen, will you please be seated?" and the scientist waved his hand to a circle of twelve leather easy chairs which surrounded the instrument. "I am going to ask you to please remain silent during this test for fear that the vibration of your voices might derange the currents.

The wise and learned took their seats. The gray-browed philosophers leaned back in their chairs, their gaunt frames at rest but their minds tensely centered upon the great experiment.

"If it succeeds," breathed one, "both past and future shall unite in blessing the inventor.

The inventor gave one last look at the great creature of steel and wire—the child of his hopes, the creation of his dreams, the supreme achievement of his life—and then pressed a tiny button on the wall. The great electric arc-lights went out and the observatory was enveloped in total darkness, darkness which seemed peopled with mystic shapes and thrilled with a stillness that was audible. Nothing but the low breathing of the watchers and an occasional slight movement in one of the chairs told that a living creature was anywhere in that still room.

Suddenly there came a grating sound and the whole room was flooded with a strange, blue-white light filled with rainbow colors and dancing, flinging, swirling sparks of iridescent hue. The great prisms in the ceiling had been thrown in place and a hundred million stars sent their tiny rays down into the room.

A gasp went round the circle in the easy chairs.

"Marvellous! Marvellous!"

This opaline light bathed the machine in a weird and unnatural glow and revealed the wizard of genius standing by its side, his eyes turned upward to the millions of sparks reflected upon the prisms in the ceiling and between which the dark blue of the sky appeared as a piece of plush, jeweled with diamonds. Slowly he turned the mighty arm of the crank and the prisms moved one after the other until the light focussed into a little spot no larger than a ten cent piece—one gigantic finger of concentrated power. This was turned upon a sensitive organ of steel and silken wire which glowed and gleamed like the mighty Kohinoor.

The professor sat down, his hand on the tuning fork and coil, and his eyes fastened to the fine dials before him which quivered

like the nerves of a race horse. The air was filled with a droning, moaning sound which seemed like the rush of mighty bodies through the sky. Something oppressed the ear drums of those sitting around and a faintness of nausea stole over them; but still, sturdy searchers that they were to whom life meant nothing and knowledge everything, they remained in their chairs, gazing at the strangest sight man has ever witnessed. A gigantic mad man, a genius possessed of insanity, that dared to build lips of steel for God to talk with!

As the professor sat there, his hand upon the dials, a great chill came over him, he seemed wrapt in a damp blanket and began to shiver in spite of himself. But his eyes never left the tiny spot of light, vari-colored and ever-changing, seeming to hiss and sputter as it struck the discs.

"I shall soon know all," he kept muttering to himself, "the mystery shall be unveiled to me."

Suddenly the light ray seemed to pass through the discs and spread like a phosphoresent glow all over the great machine. The blazing eye of steel seemed to blink at him and the nerve wires to twitch.

"I shall win! I shall win!" breathed the scientist. "At last man shall know! at last the infinite shall be attained! The mystery shall be solved!"

As he spoke the glow of light seemed to condense itself into a ball, opal-like in its formation, its color and shape ever-changing, its position ever-moving. It hung swaying, twisting, and turning in the very center of the great machine. Then there unfolded from it like mighty arms two streamers of wing-like force which poured out as flaming fins from the sides of this shapeless globe.

The scientist gazed in awe and amazement at the strange phenomena unfolding itself before him. He wanted to call the attention of the other watchers to it for but some unknown reason his tongue refused to speak. All he could do was point his finger and gasp. The minutes passed and there slowly formed itself out of the flaming mist a great opaline figure many times larger than a human being, a great glorious figure surrounded by a halo of light and wings of steely force. Only the head seemed well defined and was formed out of the great ball. The robes and draperies streamed off into nothingness while the fingers were hazy streams of flame pointing first in this way and in that. A great roaring rumble filled the air and the ear drums of the old scientist seemed ready to burst. He could not however keep his eyes from the shining face, so terrible yet so magnificient, beautiful yet relentless in every part of its being. Great streaming eyes of living fire gazed out serenely upon the face of the aged man and yet the serenity itself was terrifying.

"Are you God?" gasped the old man. "Had I but known what you were I fear I would not have dared call you!"

The great figure shook its head and a voice sounded in the man's soul, words which lips could not frame.

"No, I am not God. I am the least of His mesesengers. I it is who have been appointed to unveil to you the mysteries you have waited seventy years to learn. Since time began you have sought the mysteries that are so carefully hidden by merciful Diety who conceals His own power that man may not die from His flame. Man flutters around the throne of Light like the moth around the candle-flame until finally, singed and battered, he falls to rise no more. I stand here as guardian of the earth for you have launched upon it a power which could burn it to the core, could throw the planets from their several orbits and twist creation into a ruined mass. But this is not the privilege of mortal man. Therefore, these rays of light—I receive them to myself lest passing me they should destroy you."

"Who are you?" moaned the scientist.

"I am the Lord of the Light Devas. Look." And his great flaming hand closed over the discs of steel and celluloid, crumpling them to pieces. 'Tis better that these should perish than that man should loose this ray which could slay across the universe in the hands of the foolish and yet can raise the dead. Let this thing of steel perish and man live. As for you, sir, come—I would show you something."

Beckoning to the aged man, the flaming spectre rose and pointed along the ray of light that led to the prisms in the ceiling.

This golden ray seemed to form stairs as they ascended.

"Where am I going?" asked the professor.

"Into cosmos upon the ladder you have formed," answered the guide. Draperies of many subtle substances seemed to brush the face of the scientist, lights danced in the ethers about him, swaying figures surrounded him, and far off the plants in the sky gazed down with the same great faces as the one of his guide, only greater and more noble. Criss-cross currents which were themselves words and sentences of living fire connected the globes together like cords passing through beads to make a necklace of the whole.

"Is this God?" asked the scientist in awe.

"No, it is not," answered the Deva. "Do you see this great blue haze in which these things float in endless pageantry?"

"Yes," answered the scientist, "is that God?"

The Great One shook his head, " 'Tis but the hem of His garment," he answered. "Do you hear this strange song of wild fantastic symphony, mighty roars and tender cadences, heavy rumbles, and soft purrings as of the flutter of a bird's wing? Great seething comets and tails of vrillic power—these make up the creations of the Uncreated, these are the least of the Great, the unimportant of the Mighty."

"How, then can I gather His power into my machine?" asked the scientist.

"You cannot," answered the Shining One. "You but take one single sound and upon a string of steel seek to hear the harmonies for which all nature alone is not a complete sounding-board."

"Then I have worked in vain," muttered the scientist.

"No," answered the Great One, "you have only found the way. Many substances must sound in harmony before God talks to man. Spirit, mind and matter are alone organs of His speech, the eyes of His vision, the ears of His understanding. Long has science failed in that in earth they seek the things of heaven; in steel, stone, and stick they have sought the God which rests alone in the infinite. Come with me and I will answer your riddle—the riddle of all living things—the riddle of the Eternal Future which no man knoweth, of the ultimate which is concealed, the completion as yet veiled by the density of mortal thought."

The Shining One passed slowly on and behind him walked the professor, searching and seeking with a new light and deeper understanding the answer to the Riddle.

* * *

About an hour had passed. The light still shone down from the ceiling but the passing of the orbs of night had moved it from the dial. The waiting scientists moved uneasily in their chairs.

"Isn't it about time somehting happened?" muttered one under his breath.

"It seems to me it is," answered his companion in an undertone.

At last one bolder than the rest spoke, saying, "Professor, have we not waited long enough?"

But no answer sounded.

"Professor!" he called again. Still no sound.

One of the watchers reached into his pocket and drawing out a match struck it and held it aloft. It gleamed on the mighty instrument and also upon the figure of the scientist who sat in the chair, his head upon his chest.

"Why he has gone to sleep!" exclaimed one, and rising to his feet he fumbled around until he found the light button which he pressed, flooding the room with brilliance. "Poor man, he was all tired out by his experiment." He leaned over and touched the professor's forehead then sharply drew back his hand. Then he placed his ear to the aged man's heart. Rising, he spoke solemnly to the other eleven.

"The inventor is dead. He died on the night when his supreme achievement was to be given to the world, when man through a thing of steel should learn to know his God."

As he spoke there came a humming, droning sound—the wheels in the machine were moving. The great lips of steel opened and a voice, deep and terrible, spoke:

"I see, I see, I see—No! No! No!"

At the same instant the machine was galvanized by a bolt of electricity. When it had cooled again it was welded into a solid block. No wheel or piston could be moved.

The Dance of the Devas

ACCORDING to a legend that is as old as the rock-hewn temples of the Himalayas there is far up on the side of Mount Everest a cave hollowed out of the solid rock of the mountain. Its pillars and columns are of living stones, their surfaces chiseled into wondrous flowers and arabesques. This ancient temple is a mystic maze of passageways twisting in and out from unknown depths back again into eternity. None ever seemed to know how old this temple is but it was called the Shrine of the Devas. The average mortal never learns of its existence and even the devout Hindoo may search his life through and never learn of its existence. It has one duty, one labor to perform—it is the temple of Temptation where the Eastern Initiates, seeking the life of immortality, pass the test of the astral world.

The entrance of this temple is built like the human ear and far into the earth its passageways twist and turn like the labyrinth of the human ear. Upon its walls are traced slender filaments like the fine threads of the auditory nerve and to drop a single pin in the depth of that cave is to produce a thundering roar, so perfect are the acoustics.

Many have heard of Diocletian's Ear where the emperor sat in a cave of stone to listen to the whisperings of his prisoners. But this cave in the heart of India is more wondrous far than this ear of a Roman emperor for it is the cave of the Devas, the Sound Creatures of eternity. One at a time the appointed Children of Light enter into this cave to learn of immortality, to pass from mortal tribulation to the tranquillity of omnipotence.

Some years ago a truly great one passed through the Ear of the Devas and we will follow his wanderings among its carved pillars and terraced sculptures. Three figures approached the door, a massive pivot of stone, which swung away when they pressed upon it. Two were old men dressed in yellow robes, their heads shaven, and upon their foreheads the mark of the illuminated. The third was a youth who walked in silence and deep aceticism between the two, in the great repose of the fourth step. Without a sound the two priests stepped aside, allowing him to enter, and then they separated, one going to the right and the other to the left, resting on each side of the cave entrance was a large flat stone. Here each took his seat, twisting his feet up underneath him and crossing his palms upon his lap; then slowly the eyeballs of each turned upward, eyelids drooping, and the priests entered into meditation for strength, peace, and power to the wanderer.

In the meantime the youth was entering the darkened cave. It was not totally black but a very faint phosphorescent glow was emitted by the rocks, just enough that he might not stumble against the pillars nor fall by missing the steps. Around and around wound the candidate, through the labyrinth of the rock-hewn ear, his bare feet making but little sound, and even this becoming a faint rumble in the taut stillness of the cave.

At last he reached the end of the spiral where this great twisting nautilus of stone ended in a small circular chamber from which arches ran in all directions. In this chamber was a great tree carved from the solid stone of the mountain. Under this tree with its branching wealth of stone-carved leaves was a smooth rock and upon this the candidate seated himself to await the pleasure of his God.

As he sat there, there poured forth from the subterranean arches streams of shining gas which wreathed and twisted in the phosphorescent darkness. As these streamers came closer the lights resolved themselves into glorious creatures in swaying draperies, grea t eyes gazed at the candidate, great forms came forth, demon shapes whose bloodshot eyes gazed at him in blinking terror. Slowly these forms swayed back and forth to a great rythmic beating like the pulsing of a human heart. Back and forth they swayed in endless glory, passing round and round the seated figure, performing in the mystic ethers of this subterranean vault the Dance of the Devas. These forms kept beckoning to him and from their lips poured forth great streams of music, seeking to lull the soul of the candidate.

Slowly a subtle dream-trance stole over him and he felt himself being drawn from his rocky couch to join in that endless chant and mystic dance. With a great effort he drew himself back, crying out, "I take my refuge in Buddha!" Still the figures called him and the music as of a thousand stringed instrument and peals like those of mighty organs echoed and re-echoed through the Ear of the Gods. Deafened by the sound, his head singing and his body torn, the candidate swayed in his meditation and sought to launch himself into the endless rythm of the Devas' Dance. And then with a mighty effort he drew back his mind upon Buddhi and remained in meditation, saying:

"All these are the great unreality—they shall not lead me from my appointed task. Man who serves these Devas and joins in the Dance shall never attain Nirvana, nor by opposing them shall he destroy them, but only through the realization of the Divine Presence."

From out the carved arches poured another stream of mystic beings who floated about like the beautiful Undines in the ethers of the ocean. Streams and rays of light poured from them and they twisted through the air like winged creatures from other worlds. They wound themselves around the figure of the meditating aspirant, they twined their arms about him seeking to lead him from his meditation. Through half closed lips the youth replied, "All these are of the world of illusion; you shall not tempt me, Devas of the Flame Being."

This whispered, they cried out, and through the subtle essences of the cave their voices sounded as music in his ears. But still he remained in silence, the silence of deep contemplation upon the Body of Brahma. Then there issued from the mystic corridors a trooping band of fiends, great seething creatures of demon proportions with the heads of beasts and of dragons and the crawling forms of reptiles and snakes. These too surrounded him and dashed at him, leering and screaming. The chill of fear crept into the heart of the candidate and when it did so these great slimy forms grew greater and stronger. He sought to leave the cave and to escape these terrifying creatures that raised flaming fingers to destroy him. Then came the thought of his work, and he remained.

"Thou too art creatures of Maya. What have I to do with you? How can you harm me if I am at peace with myself? I have naught to fear of you." And closing his eyes the youth returned to his deep meditation in which these seething forms vanished forever, and he became lighted by his Buddha.

It was the strangest scene that man ever looked upon, in the Cave of the Labyrinth. On a tiny altar of stone, under the shade of a tree of solid granite, sat the yellow-robed priest, his legs crossed and his hands folded. Around him were three circles of supernatural beings. The first swayed and moved as they passed in endless circle to the right, the second danced their wierd dance to the left, while the third worked back and forward and as flaming fiends attacked the body of the candidate. This was the Dance of the Devas when the great Beings from other worlds tested the courage of the candidate's soul.

Slowly he sank into ever deeper meditation until even the realization of eternity was obliterated from his soul and alone in the great Ever-Existing the candidate saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing. And there he remained while they danced their weird dance. Slowly there radiated from him a glow of light that grew ever-stronger until it lighted the very carved arches with its presence. Then like mists the phantom forms dissolved into the shadows and in their place there entered from the corridor a great stream of yellow-robed figures.

A new door had opened and from the realms of Shidda-Loka the saints had come to bless the new-born Buddha and his working. Slowly they passed in endless file, a swaying mystery of phantom forms, until they too vanished in the gloom of the cave. Then through the darkness great faces appeared, many times the size of human face, the Great Ones of the seven worlds gazed upon the Initiate. Impelled by an inner urge which he could not understand, the youth rose, ascended the altar and passed slowly outward through the spirals of the Ear.

(Continued on page 30)

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Where and what are we when asleep?

Ans. We are exactly the same asleep as when awake. We work in exactly the same degree of helpfulness asleep as when awake. Those who cannot function consciously in the plane of sleep remain in their astral body, suspended over their physical body in the shape of a globe.

What is it that reincarnates?

Ans. The thing that reincarnates in man is the Ego which assumes form after form, these forms being built around centers of consciousness which are called permanent atoms carried in the brain, the heart, the lower body, and in the solar plexus—the centers of our four present bodies. These bodies come into form through the elements and ether and the physical body is drawn around by attraction.

Must Karma created here always be worked out on this plane?

Ans. Karma created here is worked out on one of two planes—the lower plane or the astral.

Has every person now living on earth been reincarnated?

Ans. No one can exist who has not been before. We are just exictly what we have made ourselves in lives we have lived before.

What is the cause of walking in the sleep?

Ans. A partial division of bodies in which the lower side of the body is partly in control while the higher vehicle is partly out.

Can one incarnate into a different race of people?

Ans. The average individual reincarnates into a higher race of people.

Can a man live forever if he will not sin?

Ans. If man does not sin he will turn to stone. Sin produces experiences. What we call sin and suffering is one of our greatest friends. We sin and break a natural law—if we did not suffer we would soon find ourselves destroyed and never know it. We can live forever if we absolutely harmonize ourselves with all the planes of nature—but it cannot be all in one place. People who live forever would get tired of it as they get tired of dying today. You must be reminded that we live forever now—we never die. We just do not realize it because we have not enough knowledge to see it. We have to evolve the intelligence to realize that we already have what we are looking for.

What happens when God rests?

Ans. When God rests, all life and spirit, and the matter which is working through it, is withdrawn into Him. Man, having no vehicle of expression capable of remaining conscious at that rate of vibration which is God, sleeps also and does not come into manifestation again until the universal reawakening.

Explain sex.

Ans. Sex manifests through all the regions of nature as the two polarities of one nature.

What was the first cause of evil among men and women?

Ans. Perversion. Perversion is the natural result of inexperience. Man is working with vehicles and powers which he cannot understand, and contending with laws which he breaks (thinks he breaks—but the law breaks the man instead of his breaking the law.) Man made his first mistake through crystallization, through the abuse of his powers and continues to make those mistakes and will continue until he ceases to abuse natural powers. The first and last mistake is the result of ignorance, and ignorance itself is now a crime. Ignorance and the inability of complete manifestation through the vehicle is so-called evil. Man is like a little child; he will have to learn through his mistakes, keep stumbling and falling on his nose until he learns to walk.

The Homage

CIVILIZATION, with its spreading power, dissolves into itself as quicksilver the wild places of the world. Where mighty forests once raised their crested tops, gloomy buildings, chimneys, and iron girders now darken narrow cobbled ways where the natural grandeur of things has been swallowed up in the sordidness of human concept. Here and there, however, are still spots where the devastating hand of man has not rested, where the sound of the axe, the cries of the woodmen, and the rumbling of logs has not broken the primeval stillness. One by one the savage denizens of the wild, the beasts untamed, have slunk away into these untrodden places, into the rocky mountains and lonely crags where they gaze out with great furtive eyes at the hand of civilization which, as it devastates the primeval wilderness, strangles out their lives.

In a certain land where there is a mighty range of mountains which raise their rough and wooded sides like great supplicating arms to the skies. The barrenness of these hills is clothed with the verdant garment of tree and shrub. Mighty straggling monarches of the forest toss their branches upward as though to grasp in their shaky fingers the clouds that hover over them. A narrow trail winds up to these mountains, barely a footpath; here and there it leads over loose rocks and broken boulders and from stone to stone across some water-fall that descends like a stream of crystal from the snow peaks far above. There is no silence in that wood for there is ever a swishing, ever a rippling, ever a sighing, as from the mountains pour the streams of water or through the tree-tops the wind whispers its message to any ears that are there to hear.

Up this narrow path climbs an occasional hunter for the deer still peer shyly out from the thickets or spring from rock to rock and amid the scrub growth that clothes the walls that rise on either hand. Here too the mountain lion lurks and at night his shining eyes gaze from the darkness at the campfire of the hunter. Here also are wolves and foxes and in the lower valleys dwell coyotes that howl at the gathering shadows as the shades of evening fall. Mayhaps an awkward bear will cross the path and waddle along on his short, ungainly legs. It is the joy place of the hunter, who, with the glee of the sportsman, slays to prove the merit of his aim.

There are many stories told of those mountains, many legends which the mind of the ancient Red Man fashioned and the mind of the jesting white man perpetuates. But there is one legend that is the strangest of all, the story of the Old Man of the Mountain. It is said that somewhere up in those hills there lived a hermit who had dwelt there many days. As far back as the old hunters could remember, the story was told of how one, tired of the world and its shams, had crept away from all living things of men to go and live in the mountains, among the crags whose lofty peaks touched the sky. Once in a great while someone saw him far in the distance as he stood mirrored in some mountain lake or in sharp outline against the sky. They knew him as the Old Man of the Mountain, the hermit of the mighty peaks. Some said he was good, some that he was strange and cruel, but all loved to tell of him, to guess, and to speculate.

Once, in the course of human events, there climbed up the mountain path that wound in and out along the rugged sides of the hills a whistling youth. Over his shoulder was slung a rifle, a cartridge belt was around his waist, and on his back he carried a pack. He was going into the hills to hunt, with the enthusism of youth he would slay the lion and the bear, the deer and the wolves whose howlings he had heard from the valleys below.

Round and round the path wound. The hours went by, the gloom of evening fell, and still the hunter was far from the crest of the mighty hill where little scrub pines shown out from the ever-encircling band of snow. The chill of the mountain was in the air, the valley was long since dark and tiny twinkling lights below showed the abode of men. Still the glow of daylight was on the mountain peak and as the youth stood there in the semi-twilight the silence was broken by a crackling

sound as of the breaking of twigs and the swishing of branches.

Looking quickly around the youth saw standing before him a mighty stag. His great arched antlers had a span of many feet and his noble head was raised to catch the passing warning of the atmosphere. Two large mild eyes gazed at the youth who, in the frenzy of the hunter, reached for his gun and drawing it rapidly to his shoulder gazed along the cold steel sights toward the heart of the stag. Just as his finger was closing upon the trigger a hand was laid upon his arm. The youth started, the gun slipped from his already nervous fingers, and he turned in amazement to gaze into the face of a strange being.

As he turned he gave a start for such a figure few men have seen. The face bore the marks of great age and the snowy locks that bordered it were whiter far than the mountain tops that had stood there since eternity. The figure of the old man, for such it was, was draped from head to foot in a cowl of gray cloth and he carried a great wooden staff in his hand cut from the limb of a dead tree. His eyes, however, were the wonder of the picture. Two kindly, twinkling eyes that could register even the faintest shade of emotion, one moment gleaming with the joy and youth of life and the next dimmed by the tears of sorrow, gazed into the face of the hunter. The old man's hand was resting lightly upon his shoulder and his sweet old face held soft rebuke.

"You—you—" began the youth, "are you not the Old Man of the Mountain?"

The stranger nodded his head and a voice, mellowed by years of goodness, answered softly and kindly, "Yes, I am the hermit who lives in these hills. But why do you shoot my stag?"

"Your stag?" exclaimed the boy hunter, "how coes it that you own the beast?"

"In this world," the old man answered, "proper use warrants ownership, and those who use God's creatures well have the first claim upon them." The old man held out his hand to the stag and the great beast, though viewing the hunter askance, slowly came across the little clearing and rubbed his soft face against the old man's hand. The hermit put his arm around the neck of the stag and spoke to it in soft sweet tones. Just a few sighing sounds, like a pitiful cry, the old man made, but the beast seemed to understand, its soft nose was turned upward and its eyes looked at him with a tenderness of expression which moved even the hunter.

The old man turned to the youth, "Do you still dispute my ownership?" he asked, "do you still doubt that he is mine and I am his?"

"What were the words you used?" asked the youth in surprise, "how did you talk to him?"

"I spoke in the words of the forest and the trees," he answered. "That is his language. He hears the voice of fear in the crackling of the twigs and the stealthy footsteps of the hunter; he hears life and love in the voice of the waterfall and the soft swaying of leafy branch. These are the sounds of his language and during these many years in the mountains I have learned to talk with the tongue of beast and bird; yes, I have even learned to talk with the trees and flowers who hear my voice and shelter me with their love and protection. Listen."

The old man breathed out a soft stirring sound like the breath of dawn in the treetops and from the shrubs and bushes around an answer came, the same soft, stirring sound and voices seemed to whisper.

"They all know me, they all love me, for I have lived here eighty years and never once have I injured God's creatures. When I want food they bring it to me of the ripe fruits of their store. The little squirrels bring me nuts from their harvest, while the trees give me of their fruit, and from their own dried leaves they form a shelter which guards me in the chill of winter. You have come into these hills like the spirit of man offtimes comes into the world—to slay and to hate. Not that you really care, for in your soul you do not loathe the beasts, but to you their souls mean no more than a drop of water from yonder stream. But I have learned to look upon with love even the drops of water for each one has a message; I have lived up here so long that the trees and birds and flowers are one with me in spirit. I love them all and truly they love me. Come, young hunter, lay your gun aside for awhile for in my eyes, and in the eyes of

my children of the forest, that gun means hate and death. You need not fear, leave it here, and I will bring you back for it anon."

The youth lay down his rifle and taking the hand which the old man held out to him, followed him away from the path and into the depth of the great green forest wrapped in evening shades. Mighty trunks rose up about him and falling leaves descended like a gentle rain upon him as he passed.

Suddenly the old man stopped.

"Look," he said. From the side of a tall tree a big gray squirrel came and stood pertly gazing for a few seconds then vanished like a little flash of dusky shadow to appear a second later carrying in his teeth a ripe hazel nut. Scampering down the rough trunk he climbed up the hermit's gray robe and as the old man opened his mouth the little gray squirrel placed therein the hazel nut, then hopping onto the old man's shoulder, sat up there, his little beady eyes darting first in this way and then in that. The hermit took the nut from his mouth and held it out to the hunter.

"See how they care for me? But it is no more tenderly than I have cared for them." He spoke a few soft words to the squirrel which darted away like some little tree sprite into the darkness of the gathering night. He had barely vanished when the youth suddenly jumped back in fear and amazement.

Before them on the road stood a great wolf, his tongue lolling out and great tusks bared. A growling howl broke from the beast.

"He does not know you," the old man explained, "for whenever he sees men they throw something at him, whenever he meets them he expects the flash of flame that pours from their rifles. Therefore he hates them even as they hate him. But come, you are perfectly safe."

Then he stepped up to the wolf and bending slightly placed his hand between the beast's teeth. The wolf drew back its head and licked the kindly hand.

"This," explained the hermit, "has its price. If you essayed this feat, your hand would pay the price and probably your life."

"But what have you done for the beasts that they should so love you?"

"I have been true to them. In the cold winter nights I have sheltered their young in my little cabin, I have fed the babies that the hunters left parentless, and in the spring I have loosened them into the world. Many years ago a hunter climbed these hills and slew the sire of this wolf, another slew its mother and three little cubs; three howling fighting, spitting little handfuls of flesh, were left in my hands. I nourished them and guarded them and they played with my mountain lions and romped about with the bear cubs that I have in my cabin. The spring time came and they went their way, strong enough to protect themselves. This is one of them, the other two mayhaps we shall see also unless the hunters have slain them."

Then they went on further along the path of nature's miracles. The great stag walked behind them, his arched antlers breaking the tree branches as he passed.

"Look here," the old man spoke, pointing to a crutch in a tree just a little ways ahead. "In this nest are four little birds. Yesterday the sound of a gun was heard in these mountains, there was a fluttering of wings, and with a screeching cry the mother bird fell downward from this nest. There was a great whirr of wings and with a hoarse cry of rage the father bird flew straight into the face of the hunters. Another shot was fired and he too was laid low without even a fighting chance. Now hear the cries in the trees."

The old man climbed up onto the broken stump and from the encircling arms of a dead pine he drew a nest, in it several little shrilling specks of life with ugly featherless bodies and great gaping beaks.

"I shall take these too with me to my cabin, and drop by drop I will feed them as I have long ago learned to do. Their mother and father are gone, slain by one of my race; but among the beasts and birds I have tried to redeem my people and to prove to them that in the heart of man there is still a generous spirit."

His soft hand cuddled the tiny birds in their nest and with soft cries and little shrill notes he sought to quiet them. In a few moments the cries from the nest ceased and, sheltered by the old man's love, the little hungry birds rested until he could procure them food. The youth marvelled at the sight

for he had never supposed that there could be among the worlds of men one who so loved dumb creatures. The old hermit pointed ahead through a little ravine that opened before them and there the hunter saw the peaked roof of a tiny cabin surrounded by little fir trees and with an old tile for a chimney.

A quaint, picturesque building of logs but poorly matched, still this simple structure was enthroned in a frame more beautiful than words can describe. Down below the valley spread out beneath the endless grandeur of the rolling hills, by the side of it the melting stream ran, while behind it, up and up, rose the peaks of the snow-capped mountains. This, indeed, was a home in the heart of nature. About the house could be seen a number of animals. A wildcat cub rolled around in the sunlight, and an old bear was asleep with his nose between his paws, his tail just a tiny stump that wiggled mechanically as he felt in his sleep the presence of his friend. Birds were roosting in the trees nearby and within a dozen feet of the cabin were two score bird nests for it seemed the little creatures of the air desired to come and build their nests of twigs around the cabin door.

The old man invited the youth in. They entered and sat upon sawed-off ends of logs which served as stools. The cabin was bare of furnishing save for a rough straw pallet and the only ornament was a wonderful ivory crucifix which hung upon the wall. The room was filled with birds and squirrels and the young hunter stared in astonishment when he saw that a small humming-bird had built its nest in the arms of the crucifix. He then looked about for stove or food but there was no sign of either.

"So this is your home?" he murmured, "this is where the Old Man of the Mountain lives?"

"Yes," the hermit answered, "and here he has lived since the day when he realized that his brother man was false and that the beast was true. In all the world of men I found never a friend one-half so faithful or one-half so true as these wild beasts that live among the hills. When I look back at the sorrow of my life and the tears come to my eyes, my little birds all gather around me and sing their love songs in my ears; when I am tired the great stag comes and bends his back that I may ride him; when I am hungry then from mountains and caves come birds and beasts with food for me. I have given up the world of human things to serve the things which man abuses, to which he has been false. These birds, these little creatures that play around my door, even the wolves, the foxes, and the mountain lions—they are my brothers and I their father and their elder brother. I ease the wounds that heartless hunters make and they know that while I live in this mountain they have one friend in the world of men who will never be false. All the time that I have lived here I have never spoken one harsh word to beast or bird, yet they serve me with perfect faith and perfect trust."

A strange feeling came over the soul of the hunter.

"I shall hunt no more," he murmured, "for I have seen the life and love and light in the souls of these beasts. I shall be true to it.

"That is well," said the old man slowly, and he extended his hand. "Brother I am proud that you have seen the light which shall some time take from the world the karmic curse that rests upon all who slay their brothers. But night is falling in the mountains and in the air I hear the cry of the bears and lions; I hear the pitiful wail of dying beasts and I must go my way, so I will now take you back again to where I met you. I am an old man and I have not much longer to stay here but when I am gone will you be true to the beasts whom I have loved and guarded and who have loved me so well in return?"

"Yes!" answered the youth, "to me also the world has ever been an empty place and I shall fill that emptiness with the same thing with which you have filled yours. If you are called I promise that I will come and live in your little hut and go about as you do to serve the beasts."

The old man stood for a few seconds, dimly visible in his soft gray gown, while the youth, lighted by the waning moon, climbed down the twisting path to the world that lay below.

(To be continued next month)

Occult Qualities of Herbs

The following article is the introduction of Nicholas Culpeper's "Complete Herbal," a rare old book, written in 1653 and published at London in 1837. It is copied here exactly as it was printed then, with all the peculiarities of punctuation and sentence formation. Although this may sometimes lead to confusion and some difficulty of grasping the meaning, the old-fashioned style of it is so odd and delightfully quaint, it would seem like marring to change a bit of it. Even though the manner of expression of 1653 is not so smoothly flowing and eloquent as in our days of a more polished tongue, still it should enhance rather than detract from the wonderfully deep and beautifully simple truths, written with such great pains and infinite care.

But first, here is a short paragraph or two about the author's life and manner of living, taken from the preface of his book:

"Nicholas Culpeper, the writer of this work, was son of Nicholas Culpeper, a clergyman, and grandson of Sir Thomas Culpeper, Bart. He was some time a student in the university of Cambridge, and soon after was bound apprentice to an Apothecary. He employed all his leisure hours in the study of Physic and Astrology, which he afterwards professed, and set up business in Spitalfields, next door to the Red Lion, (formerly known as the Halfway House between Islington and Stepney), where he had considerable practice, and was much resorted to for his advice, which he gave to the poor gratis. Astrological Doctors have always been highly respected; and those celebrated Physicians of the early times, whom our Author seems to have particularly studied, Hippocrates, Galen and Avicen, regarded those as homicides who were ignorant of Astrology. Paracelsus, indeed, went farther: he declared, a Physician should be predestinated to the cure of his patient; and the horoscope should be inspected, the plants gathered at the critical moment, etc.

Culpeper was a writer and translator of several Works, the most celebrated of which is his Herbal, 'being an astrologo-physical discourse of the common herbs of the nation; containing a complete Method or Practice of Physic, whereby a Man may preserve his Body in Health, or cure himself when sick, with such things only as grow in England, they being most fit for English Constitutions.'

This celebrated and useful Physician died at his house in Spitalfields, in the year 1654. This book will remain as a lasting monument of his skill and Industry."

"Culpeper's Original Epistle to the Reader

All other Authors that have written of the nature of Herbs, give not a bit of reason why such an Herb was appropriated to such a part of the body, nor why it cured such a disease. Truly, my own body being sickly, brought me easily into a capacity, to know that health was the greatest of all earthly blessings, and truly he was never sick that doth not believe it. Then I considered that all medicines were compounded of Herbs, Roots, Flowers, Seeds, &c., and this first set me to work in studying the nature of Simples, most of which I knew by sight before; and indeed all the Authors I could read gave me but little satisfaction in this particular, or none at all. I cannot build my faith upon Authors' words, nor believe a thing because they say it, and could wish everybody were of my mind in this,—to labour to be able to give a reason for everything they say or do. They say Reason makes a man differ from a Beast; if that be true, pray what are they that, instead of reason for their judgment, quote old Authors? Perhaps their authors knew a reason for what they wrote, perhaps they did not; what is that to us? Do we know it? Truly, in writing this work, first, to satisfy myself, I drew out all the virtues of the vulgar or common Herbs, Plants and Trees, &c., out of the best or most approved authors I had, or could get; and having done so, I set myself to study the reason of them. I knew well enough the whole world and everything in it was formed of a composition of contrary elements, and in such a harmony as must needs show the wisdom and power of a great God. I knew as well this creation,

though thus composed of contraries, was one united body, and man an epitome of it: I knew those various affections in man, in respect of sickness and health, were caused naturally (though God may have other ends best known to Himself) by the various operations of the Microcosm; and I could not be ignorant that as the cause is so must the cure be; and therefore he that would know the reason of the operation of the Herbs, must look up as high as the stars, astrologically. I always found the disease vary according to the various motions of the stars; and this is enough, one would think, to teach a man by the effect where the cause lies. Then to find out the reason of the operation of Herbs, Plants, &c., by the stars went I; and herein I could find but few authors, but those as full of nonsense and contradiction as an egg is full of meat. This not being pleasing, and less profitable to me, I consulted with my two brothers, Dr. Reason and Dr. Experience, and took a voyage to visit my mother Nature, by whose advice, together with the help of Dr. Diligence, I at last obtained my desire; and being warned by Mr. Honesty, a stranger in our days, to publish it to the world, I have done it.

But you will say, What need I have written on this subject, seeing so many famous and learned men have written so much of it in the English tongue, much more than I have done?

To this I answer, neither Gerrard nor Parkinson, or any that ever wrote in the like nature, ever gave one wise reason for what they wrote, and so did nothing else but train up young novices in Physic in the school of tradition, and teach them just as a parrot is taught to speak; an Author says so, therefore it is true; and if all that Authors say be true, why do they contradict one another? But in mine, if you view it with the eye of reason, you shall see a reason for everything that is written, whereby you may find the very ground and foundation of Physic; you may know what you do, and wherefore you do it; and this shall call me Father, it being (that I know of) never done in the world before.

I have now but two things to write, and then I have done.

1. What the profit and benefit of this work is.

2. Instructions in the use of it.

1. The profit and benefits arising from it, or that may occur to a wise man from it are many, so many that should I sum up all the particulars my epistle would be as big as my book; I shall quote some few general heads.

First, the admirable Harmony of Creation is herein seen, in the influence of Stars upon Herbs and the Body of Man, how one part of the Creation is subservient to another, and all for the use of man, whereby the infinite power and wisdom of God in the Creation appear; and if I do not admire at the simplicity of the ranters, never trust me; who but viewing the Creation can hold such a sottish opinion, as that it was from eternity, when the mysteries of it are so clear to every eye? But that Scripture shall be verified to them, Rom. i.20: "The invisible things of him from the Creation of the World are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his Eternal Power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." And a Poet could teach them a better lesson:

"Because out of thy thoughts God shall not pass,
"His image stamped is on every grass."

This indeed is true, God has stamped His image on every creature, and therefore the abuse of the creature is a great sin; but how much the more do the wisdom and excellency of God appear, if we consider the harmony of the Creation in the virtue and operation of every Herb?

Secondly, Hereby you may now know what infinite knowledge Adam had in his innocence that by looking upon a creature he was able to give it a name according to its nature; and by knowing that, thou mayest know how great thy fall was, and be humbled for it even in this respect because hereby thou art so ignorant.

Thirdly, Here is the right way for thee to begin at the study of Physic, if thou art minded to begin at the right end, for here thou hast the reason of the whole art. I wrote before in certain Astrological Lectures, which I read, and printed, intituled, "Astrological Judgment of Diseases," what planet caused (as a second cause) every disease, how it might be found out what planet caused it;

(Continued on page 30)

Little Church Among the Flowers

IN the years gone by the sturdy Christians of a little town banded themselves together, giving of their labor and the fruits of their toil to the building of a temple wherein to worship God—just a little wooden church with a quaint old fashioned steeple that ended in a cross of wrought iron. Its walls were white-washed, its floors were bare, and its altar-piece rough-hewn. In the years that came after, the plain windows of the little old building were supplanted by glorious stained-glass pictures of angels and saints. Originally the church was surrounded by the quaint little homes of the villagers, but as the years went by these homes gave place to stores and buildings until at last a great city grew up around the village church. But through the change it remained a quaint little edifice, though towering skyscrapers and the bustle and confusion of a large metropolis grew noisy about. And so today it stands in the midst of a garden of flowers among whose waving heads rises the old tomb-stones of the village churchyard, overgrown with ivy, broken down by age, and mutilated by wind and weather. Trailing creepers had been planted around the church and now its walls were a mass of green leaves and when the season is right a splash of colored flowers, red, white and delicate shades of lavender shine out here and there. The sweet odor of the garden blooms were carried by the wind into the heart of the great city, so it seemed that this little church was an oasis of beauty in the midst of a desert of sordid things. Around it street cars roared and there echoed about it the boom of the overhead railway; the newsboys howled their wares and the bootblacks, their little boxes in their hands, sat along its ancient wall.

From the great church of the small town this old building had become a delicate memory in the great town. Many other churches there were, massive and glorious, throwing their arches and spires to the very skies, but somehow this little building still remained the most hallowed spot in that great city. From between its ancient portals brides and grooms rode away and into its low doorway passed the caskets when the greatest of that city were laid to rest. Every Sunday morning snatches of sacred songs were wafted out of the open windows or the old bell that called to prayer in 1850 could be heard sending out its peals as in the years gone by.

It was known far and wide as the Little Church among the Flowers, quaint and simple, carrying with it the breath of sweet lavendar and those delicate old-world memories that are slowly dying out as the generations go by. Little old ladies, still living in the days of bustle and bonnet, came in each Sunday morning holding their tiny black parasols in hands partly shielded by those fingerless lace mitts that grandmother used to wear. The old couples came trotting in, the Romeos and Juliets of '63, and they remembered the day when their fathers had swung their axes to hew the logs and their mothers' nimble fingers had twisted the yarns on the spinning wheel to weave the first curtain that hung in the little village church. They remembered the first minister of that church, the dear old doctor who now lay in the churchyard with morning-glory vines twining over his gravestone.

And everyone remembered and loved that dear old man, whose pulpit still hung in the ante-room of the church, whose tireless fingers themselves had driven the nails that built the pews now blackened with age, and whose tired, careworn yet sweet face had so many times gazed out upon the flock who had gathered in the years gone by. Father Jackson was dead, his successor had also been laid away, and now from a distant place had come a new minister to occupy the pulpit of the Little Church Among the Flowers.

The first Sunday he came to them the congregation was pleased. Both of those who had gone before him were simple men of simple ways whose kindly message of brotherhood and love had helped to mold the lives of simple faiths and the new minister bid fair to follow in their footsteps. The only difference was that he was very young. As he stood before them they

wondered at his boyish face, but then they wondered at several other things also.

As he stood on the simple pulpit in his quiet black suit one old lady whispered to her friend, as she touched her eyes with a little black-bordered handkerchief, "The dear minister has suffered much. He looks like my son who has been gone for so many years." Every one realized and agreed that this minister was a very strange man, a stranger one than had ever gone before. But as Sunday after Sunday rolled by and his clear simple message found its way into their hearts, they hung his picture with the other two in the old hallway for in his spirit they seemed to feel the sturdy pioneers of faith who had led them before.

Let us try and build for you a picture of this new minister as he stands in the pulpit, the many-colored lights of the stained-glass windows playing upon his slender, intellectual face. Father Huntley was still in his early twenties and his fine face was unmarked by line or blemish; his brow, high and noble, met wavy locks of dark brown hair. His form was very slender, almost that of a wraith, and long slender fingers turned the pages of the ancient Bible, marked and remarked with the old-fashioned writing of the earnest souls of long ago.

This young minister had great dark eyes that seemed to gaze right through everyone they looked upon but nevertheless soft eyes seeming ready to weep all the time. His mouth, finely chiselled, had a slight droop at the corners which gave an air of sadness to his face. His voice, soft and musical, seemed ever filled with pathos and he looked like one who, though young in years, had suffered deeply and known truly. When Father Huntley told of the simple life of the Master and His apostles there was scarce a dry eye in the church, and then when he spoke of the finer sentiments of life, of love and friendship, of diligence and duty, a thrill went over his congregation. As the Sundays went by the congregation grew larger and larger until each morning dozens who could not enter gathered in the courtyard of the church to listen to the voice which spoke with such strange eloquence and such sincere understanding of life's ever-changing sea.

Three years passed and the minister had won his way into the hearts of each one of the simple folks who came there to the same pew where their fathers and grandparents had come for the last seventy-five years. His life was above reproach and in the daily performance of his ministerial tasks he exhibited a spirit almost divine. Be it night or day, when he was called he was ever ready; always patient, ever kind, he fulfilled the little labors for his flock and sought to lead them in the path of godliness.

When the month of June came around it brought, as it always did, orange blossoms and bridal wreathes and the greatest and noblest of that city came down to the Little Church among the Flowers to be united in life's mysteries by the slender band of gold, but more than that to receive the blessing of Father Huntley who seemed to understand and know these emotions that so swayed their souls. One beautiful morning many rows of carriages and automobiles drew up before the Little Church among the Flowers. Two of the city's finest families were to be united through the marriage of their children. The little church was gloriously decorated with arches of orange blossoms and lillies, the choir was singing and the pews were filled with the richest and noblest of the day. The bride, a little society butterfly, was demurely hanging upon the arm of her father, while the groom, an army captain with clanking sword and dress uniform, was surrounded by a number of his brother officers. It was a festive day. Two little flower girls were strewing the aisle of the church with roses and the old-fashioned organ that had so many times pealed out its notes filled the air with the soft notes of the wedding march. At the altar stood the minister, in his hands the open Bible, its pages turned to the marriage service. In his eyes was the same sad look that so often filled them and his white hands were as pieces of marble against the pages before him.

Down the aisle the solmn procession wound its way, youth and age together, celebrating one of life's most solemn mysteries. Before the altar they stopped, then in his clear, musical voice the minister read the marriage service. There was a deep pathos in his tones

as he slowly pronounced the words of the sacred ritual and when he asked if there were any who knew why those two should not be united in the holy bond of matrimony it seemed that his voice caught, then he went on. Placing their hands together he raised one of his own to heaven pronouncing in clear, distinct tones that thrilled through the whole church, "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I pronounce you man and wife."

There was a hush for a moment, a weight seemed in the air, and then the organ broke the heavy silence. In a few seconds the scene again became one of life and ambition. Congratulations, a few previously prepared sobs from the bride, perfectly timed and romantically performed, showers of rice and old shoes, the honking of automobile horns, cries of congratulations—and a few seconds later the church was empty of its throng and all that remained was the slender, sad-eyed minister, his face illuminated by a golden light which shone down through a yellow pane in the window.

* * *

A heavy cloud holding winter rain hung over the city in whose heart stood the Little Church of the Flowers. The gray light coming through the window panes sent weird shadows among the pews and rafted ceiling of the ancient building. The pigeons that nested in the bell tower were circling around the ancient belfry uttering plaintive cries at the approaching storm. At first it seemed that the church was deserted but looking more closely there could be seen a figure sitting alone in the front pew, his hands clasped in prayer and his eyes raised to the great gilded cross that hung over the altar. No word sounded from the lips of the praying man but from his heart poured out a great stream of feeling which seemed to circle round and round the ancient crucifix carved from rock wood and gilded by the now still hand of Father Jackson.

It was the young minister who sat there, dimly outlined in the pale and uncertain light. He sat as he had many times before, seeking solace for an unknown emptiness in the cross he so devoutly served. As he prayed, there came the sound of a swinging door, a gray shaft of light appeared and framed against it stood the figure of a well-built and erect man who passed slowly down the aisle of the church and sank into one of the pews near the minister. Then the visitor saw Father Huntley for the first time. He sat for some minutes studying the face of the minister, then as the prayers seemed ended, he crossed over and touched the minister lightly on the shoulder.

"Reverend sir," he asked, "do you not remember me?"

The minister looked up for a second as if undecided, then a smile spread over his face and he extended his hand, "Yes I remember you well. You are Captain Hendricks whom I married in this little church last year."

"You have a good memory," answered the other accepting the hand and clasping it warmly.

"Yes," in a far away voice as though speaknig with the words of memory, "I remember it well—one of the most beautiful weddings that was ever held in the Little Church of the Flowers. Surely brother, the blessing of God was upon you that day."

The other man's head drooped and to the amazement of the minister he sank on his knees in the aisle. Father Huntley knew that his visitor was crying and his long slender hand rested softly on the captain's shoulder as he exerted a slight pressure of sympathy.

"Have things not gone well with you?" he asked.

"Ah, no!" answered the other, as with a tremendous effort he shook off the passing weakness and rose to face the minister. "No, things have not gone well. You remember the little laughing-eyed girl whom I led to the altar?"

"Yes," answered the minister softly, the sad look creeping into his eyes, "I remember her. Has she not been true?"

The young captain shook his head.

"Alas, no. I idolized her, built her into the shrine of my soul, but to her I have always been a plaything. A few days ago she left me, leaving nothing behind but this little note and a broken heart. In my sorrow there seemed to come back to my mind that strange expression on your face the day you married

us and I have come to ask you, friend, both advice and comfort, for I have need of them. Something tells me you too have suffered deeply and maybe you can give me the strength to go on after the idol of my heart has deserted me."

The minister placed his hand gently on the captain's shoulder and pointed up to the cross over the altar.

"In life, brother," he spoke sincerely, "each must take his cross. I have had mine, you now have yours. In the hours of silence I am indeed alone for it seemed I was born with a broken heart. Through years of lonely youth I wandered. There were none who knew and none who understood so, alone and heavy hearted, I renounced the world and all that is in it, or rather shall I say, I gave up that which I had never had and renounced an unreality I had never known. I imagined that the great Master must have felt as I did so I sought to forget myself by serving others.

Coming to this little church soon after graduating from the theological seminary, I found one here who seemed to know and seemed to understand and the spark which had long been dead, in fact had never been lighted, burst into flame within my heart even as it must have done in yours. I kept an idol in my dreams for many years during my service here as the minister of this church, I wound that idol into my prayers, I saw in it the glory of a madonna, and the face of saint and martyr seemed not so good as that of the idol in my heart. But mine was broken even as yours has been, so I can comfort and console you in your sorrow by saying there is a sweetness in it all. In losing the world of men one finds the world of God I live no more in the bustle and confusion of life, and, God willing, I will stay here in the Church of the Flowers until some day I am laid to rest with those who have gone before, among the morning-glory vines and honeysuckle in the little churchyard behind."

As the minister spoke a strange light was shining in his face.

"I have read of the monks in their meditation, how in the prayer and silence great visions came to them that they painted in crude colors upon the walls of their cells, I have heard how year after with colored inks and ancient parchments they wrote and illuminated words of glory to their God and king. As I walk in the gloom of this old church I seem to feel a cowl fall about my shoulders and it seems that somewhere in the distant past, in the brown robe of the mendicant I wandered amid the arches and pillars of some ancient monastary. I wandered into this world with the body of a man and the heart of a monk. I sought to leave these gray walls, not of stone but of the soul, and be like other living things in the world without. I saw one who seemed a dream of the ages, a face that might have haunted me had I drawn paintings upon dungeon walls or matched fine blocks of marble into mosaics as did those of old. When the world has been false to you, brother, come here to me. I came into this world for a great lesson and I have learned it—I can aid you in learning yours also.

"What lesson came you to learn, reverend sir?" asked the soldier respectfully.

"I came to learn to love as God loves," answered the minister, looking up once again at the massive crucifix. "I learned to love and give that which I loved the most. You think you love, sir, and you weep for that which has left you. I loved but I would have left if the one I had loved had stayed. My romance was short-lived—a few short words, a merry laugh—but it left in my soul a mark which ages of loneliness had made hungry for such a token. I dreamed of that day, I lived for that day, and on Sunday mornings as I spoke the soft words of the Master to my flock I spoke it to one more than all the rest, the one who seemd to understand. Your romance, sir has ended even has mine has ended. It seems I had waited a hundred thousand years for that day but to have it slip away, like all things earthly, and leave me alone again with my God. I am not so alone with Him now for I see and understand better. But when that momentous day was over, when my dream was shattered, I fell at the foot of yonder altar and would gladly have died there for there seemed nothing left in life worth while. Three whole nights I lay in prayer at the foot of that altar, praying for death, for anything to take away the utter

loneliness of my life—but, I had to live—a voice was endlessly whispering, "Go on, go on."

The minister's hands were on the shoulders of the captain and his eyes were gazing into those of the soldier's who felt in his soul the agony of the other.

"You lost your dream after it was realized, I lost mine before. Who shall say which is better? I learned to love and to give up the thing I loved and if you love her well enough you will send her on her way in peace, realizing that your greatest love, if it be true, rests in her happiness."

"Father, how can you say that?" exclaimed the captain. "How can you say that if I love her best I will let her go? Do you not realize I live for her alone?"

The minister nodded his head.

"I do," he answered, "that is what I say."

"Alas, father, you have had but little of this world's romance," answered the captain. "But you could not love as I have loved and then stand by while another steals the idol of your dream."

"I have done that and more," answered the minister, "I have stood by and aided in the giving. The laughing, blue-eyed girl to whom I married you last year was the one who had been the idol of my dream. She found happiness in you and I found happiness in her gladness." He turned quickly and walked silently away. At the door that led to the little rectory he turned and held out his hand in benediction to the captain.

"Goodby, brother," he said smiling softly. "You will go back to your world again but I shall stay here. When you are sad, come to me for you will always find one who understands here in the Little Church among the Flowers."

Questions

Isn't the approaching crisis coming in the form of a world war?

Ans. It will come to man in the form of the effects of the things he has done. My suggestion is this: look around you and see what will be the natural result of the present causations. It will take many forms, as our mistakes take many forms.

Herbs

(Continued from page 25)

here thou hast what planet cures it by Sympathy and Antipathy; and this brings me to my last promise, viz:

Instructions for the right use of the book.

And herein let me premise a word or two. The Herbs, Plants, &c., are now in the book appropriated to their proper planets. Therefore,

First, Consider what planet causeth the disease; that thou mayest find it in my aforesaid Judgment of Diseases.

Secondly, Consider what part of the body is afflicted by the disease, and whether it lies in the flesh, or blood, or ventricles, or bones.

Thirdly, Consider by what planet the afflicted part of the body is governed: that my Judgment of Diseases will inform you also.

Fourthly, You may oppose diseases by Herbs of the planet, opposite to the planet that causes them: as diseases of Jupiter by Herbs of Mercury, and the contrary; diseases of the Luminaries by the Herbs of Saturn, and the contrary; diseases of Mars by Herbs of Venus, and the contrary.

Fifthly, There is a way to cure diseases sometimes by Sympathy, and so every planet cures his own disease; as the Sun and Moon by their Herbs cure the Eyes, Saturn the Spleen, Jupiter the Liver, Mars the Gall and diseases of choler, and Venus diseases in the Instruments of Generation.

Nich. Culpeper."

From my House in Spitalfields, next door to the Red Lion, September 5, 1653.

Devas' Dance

(Continued from page 18)

At the gate sat the two priests, still in meditation. With his hands folded, the newly awakened one passed onward and outward into the worlds of his activity, worlds that were no longer his because he had unveiled them. So the priest was again in the world but not of it for the veil of Maya had been torn away while the Devas danced in the Labyrinth of the Ear.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Sagittarius is one of the most wonderful of the symbolical signs of the Zodiac for in it is concealed the key to human aspiration. It is a double sign, one-half of which is composed of a horse and the other half of a human being, and therefore called the Centaur of the Zodiac. The sign symbolizes the mind with its ideals and aspirations rising out of the body of the animal, the liberation of consciousness from the shell of matter. The Archer is shooting his shaft far up among the star and aspiration is the keyword of Sagittarius. Often it is too hot-headed and seeks to go beyond its ability, but like the pilgrim of Longfellow's poem it still cries "Excelsior!" as it carries forward the work of its unfoldment.

A short group of keywords make possible a good general understanding of this sign and its powers which the student can synthesize at his leisure:

Hot	Fortunate
Dry	Bitter
Fiery	Half-feral
Choloric	Southern
Masculine	Obeying
Diurnal	Speaking
Eastern	Half-human
Common	Half-mute
Bi-corporal	Long Ascension
Four-footed	Detriment of Mercury
Changeable	Double-bodied
Autumnal	

Day house of Jupiter and exaltation of the Dragon's Tail.

General Characteristics:

Sagittarius is generally noted for impetuosity and for its unwillingness to listen to advice and counsel. It is also the champion air-castle builder of the Zodiac and has a great deal of the eternal tomorrow in its make-up. It is subject to brain-storming at times but still one of the best signs in the Zodiac because it is eternally aspiring to the highest and the best. It is:

Active	Bright
Intrepid	Hail-fellow-well-met
Generous	Usually smiling
Obliging	A promoting type
Jovial	

Physical Appearance:

Well formed	Oval, fleshy face
Generally tall	Fine clear eyes
Long in the legs	Chestnut colored hair
Ruddy complexion	Apt to be bald
Handsome, jovial looking countenance	Face usually appears sunburnt

Conformity in the length of arms and legs

As Jupiter rules this sign we find in latter life that the mental picture that we held of the Greek and Latin god holds good with most Jupiterian types—broad high foreheads, massive eyebrows, and often given to wearing beards.

Health:

Wherever Jupiter is present, our mutual friend the liver is in evidence. Jupiter is not always moderate in its appetites consequently its ailments are with us wherever the happy-go-lucky Jupiterian spirit prevails. Sagittarius rules the thighs and those born into this sign are subject to injures and bruises to those parts of the body. Its diseases are:

Fevers	Gout
Pestilences	Rheumatism

Over heating of the body through exercise, etc.

This sign is also subject to accidents, falls and danger from drowning; liability of broken bones, dislocations and fractures.

Domestic Problems:

Our jovial Jupitarians are usually successful in domestic problems but Sagittarians will wander and leave all responsibilities behind while they soar to nearby stars. For this reason they usually find their home missing when they return.

(To be continued next month)

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000002 FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 1000000000008

NEW PICTURE A GREAT SUCCESS

Benefit For Bald Headed Club

SOCIETY NOTE.

Shyster Shanks one of Earth's 400 arrived in Heaven early this morning rehearsing their Easter Songs. Shyster has lodged a complaint against the Club for disturbing his rest. It will probably come into the Pearly Gates Superior Court and Shyster sued for over three hundred dollars. It is very peculiar how fussy these people on earth are when they are away from home. We have it on good authority that Shyster sold papers when a boy and slept in empty piano boxes.

WELL KNOWN REFORMER ARRIVES.

Dr. Bleedum the well known evangelist arrived with several other notables at the Pearly Gates Hotel this morning. He asked for a harp and wings as soon as he arrived. They were brought, but the Dr. did not know how to make the wings flap when he got them fastened and he had never taken a lesson on a harp in his life. He is going to take lessons from one of our most eminent flying teachers, while the Pick and Twang Musical college will instruct him in the art of harping. He says it will not be hard to learn as he harped on one string all his life on earth, now all he has got to do is increase his field of endeavor.

POPULAR ANGEL SICK.

There has been a number of cases of flu in heaven this winter on account of the fact that we have had a cold wave and are unable to supply any heavy cold weather clothes. Jimmy Chilblains one of our most popular young men, is reported to be down with triple pneumonia. He sat all one afternoon on a damp cloud and then stood in a draft, there is very little hope offered of his recovery. His many friends express their deep sympathy.

BENEFIT TO BE GIVEN.

The Bald Headed Angels Club has taken the Pearly Gates Opera House and are going to stage a benefit to assist the members of the City Fire Department who had their wings singed while fighting a blaze started by a comet who dropped a few hot ashes from his tail into the city Post Office a few months ago. It was the worst fire we have had in Heaven during the last mellineum.

TROLLEY SUSPENDED IN ETHERS

Pearly Gates Railway Company have completed construction of new overhead trolley line. Pearly Gates Railway Station announces that commuting books will cut down expenses immeasurably.

FALSE STORY STARTED

A number of people called on the Lord yesterday to congratulate him on the arrival of a son. The story was immediately denied and an investigation to find out where it had started. It was found that it started on the earth, where another fool claimed to be connected directly with the Lord; the committee of investigation only had to look once at the prophet to prove that the entire story was false.

FALSE NOTION.

The Pearly Gate board of censors are a committee formed to decide as to whether persons from the earth and other planets deserve entrance to heaven. They wish to make the announcement that some people are deciding for themselves this very important point without considering Natural Law in any way. The Board wishes to announce that it is sending straight to Hell all who seek to make themselves greater than those chosen to decide these very important problems. Papers on earth please copy.

NEW PICTURE GREAT SUCCESS

The Pearly Gates Motion Picture Syndicate has just finished work on a new five-reel earthquake picture. The original scenario is by Algernon Wheeze a man of many words and some of the scenes were supposed to be laid in Hell. But as Purgatory was closed for three days while the Devil was at the Sulphur Spring the photographers and cameramen with a small staff of specially picked actors went to the planet Earth where they found all the realism and location they were prevented from securing in Hell. His Satanic Majesty was invited to the pre-view at the studios last week. He threw up his hands in despair and threatened to abdicate feeling that he had failed to live up to his reputation ts chief devil. Announcements have been made that Hell will probably be moved to Earth where conditions seem more appropriate. The picture is entitled "Ten Days in Pandemonium or Life on Earth" and is of an educational nature, starring Ananias in the role of a Wall Street broker. Further announcements later.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Our police reporter tells us that a well known comet who refused to give his name and registered as John Doe was arrested last night on a charge of intoxication and disturbing the public peace. The arresting officer testified that he saw the comet all lit up wabbling from side to side and endangering the safety of a number of the plants.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Come home, all is forgiven. Dear Pleades, Number Seven, your six relatives have decided to overlook the mistakes of the past if you will only return. We have waited nearly forty thousand years for you and your husband is getting to be quite an old man.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer
Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on ha nd:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explantion of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

1. Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
2. The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
3. Talks to Teachers, Part I
4. Talks to Teachers, Part II
5. Talks to Teachers, Part III
6. The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
7. Reincarnation, Part I
8. Reincarnation, Part II.
9. The Nature Spirits, Part I.
10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
11. The Nature Spirits, Part III.
12. List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
13. The Masters, Part I.
14. The Masters, Part II.

The Following are in Preparation.

Talks to Teachers, Part IV.
Talks to Teachers, Part V.
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
The Nature Spirits, Part V.
The Masters, Part III.
The Masters, Part IV.
The Philosophy of the Absolute.
The Mystery of Marriage.
The Mystery of Baptism.
The Mystery of the Soul.
The Philosophy of Death.

These publications may be secured through voluntary contribution by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Jesus

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the Law to fail."

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

"Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"He that layeth up treasure for himself is not rich toward God."

"Blessed are they that hear the word of God and *keep* it."

"Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement."

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly they are ravening wolves... Ye shall know them by their fruits."

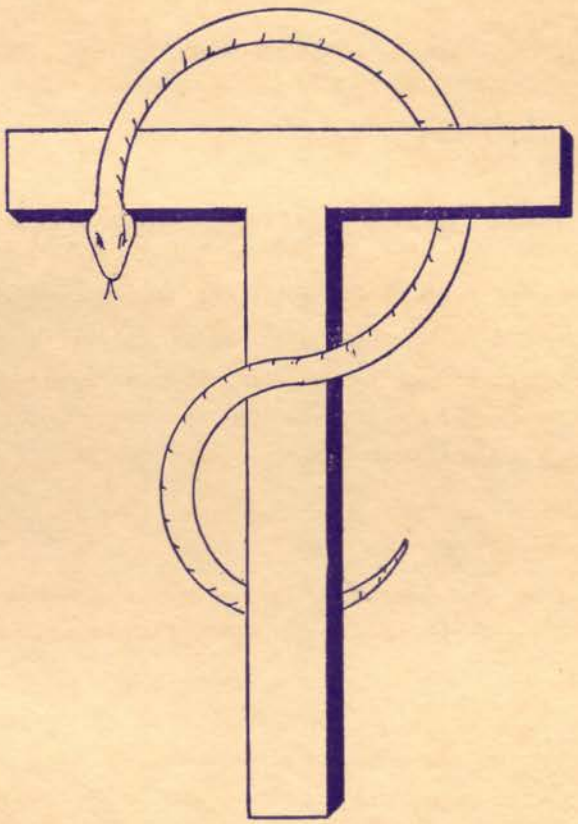
"When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."

"Woe unto you, hypocrites; ye who are like unto whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outwardly but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Thou blind ones, cleanse first that which is within the cup that the outside may be clean also."

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

MARCH, 1924

Books by Manly P. Hall

The Initiates of the Flame.

A book dealing with the seven great branches of occult philosophy as they have been perpetuated through the Fire Schools of the ancients. Of interest to occultists, Masons and students of comparative religion. It contains about 100 pages bound in full cloth, stamped in gold. Illustrated.

The Lost Keys of Masonry.

An occult analysis of the three degrees of the Blue Lodge as they have been preserved since the time of ancient Egypt. Preface by Reynold E. Blight, lately of exalted position in the 33rd degree of Masonic Lodge. Illustrated with a four-color plate of the Masonic degrees on the human body and other black and white drawings. About 80 pages, printed in two colors, solid board binding, stamped in three colors.

The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah and the Science of the Divine Names.

A text book dealing with the spirit of the Qabbalah and the great natural laws upon which it is based. Entirely different from anything of its kind on the market at the present time. It contains a chapter devoted to the exposition of ceremonial magic and the secret allegories concealed beneath it. Art paper binding, about 50 pages.

The Ways of the Lonely Ones.

This is the last of Mr. Hall's writings, the first edition of which was entirely exhausted in about three hours of distributing time, and the second edition is being rapidly exhausted.

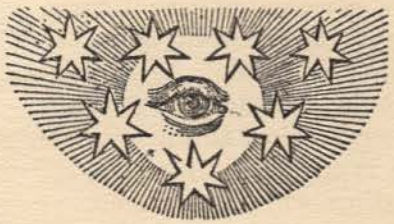
This is a purely mystical work dealing with the heart side of occult philosophy and appealing to the intuitive rather than the intellectual mind. It contains a number of occult allegories expressing the spirit of the ancient philosophies. It contains 64 closely written pages and is nicely bound in boards and stamped in blue.

Address all orders to MANLY P. HALL
P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., MARCH, 1924 No. 5



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEM 2

EDITORIALS
- The Economic Problem..... 3
- Our Demi-Gods 7

BROTHERS OF THE SHINING ROBE 10

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT 17-31-32

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT 16

OCCULT FICTION
- The Homage, Chapter 2.....21
- The Chair of Doom.....27

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES
- The Man Who Laughed.....18

SPECIAL ARTICLES
- The Wine of Life.....13
- Sibly's "Key to Physic".....23

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS 29

VANITY OF REGRET

Nothing in this world of ours
  Flows as we would have it flow;
What avail, then, careful hours,
  Thought and trouble, tears and woe?
Through the shrouded veil of earth,
  Life's rich colors gleaming bright,
Though in truth of little worth,
  Yet allure with meteor light.
Life is torture and suspense;
Thought is sorrow—drive it hence!
With no will of mine I came,
With no will depart the same.

All we see—above, around—
Is but built on fairy ground:
All we trust is empty shade
To deceive our reason made.
Tell me not of Paradise,
Or the beams of houris' eyes;
Who the truth of tales can tell,
Cunning priests invent so well?
He who leaves this mortal shore
Quits it to return no more.

In vast life's unbounded tide
  They alone content may gain,
Who can good from ill divide,
Or in ignorance abide—
  All between is restless pain.
Before thy prescience, power divine
What is this idle sense of mine?
What all the learning of the schools?
What sages, priests, and pedants?—Fools!

The world is thine, from thee it rose,
By thee it ebbs, by thee it flows.
Hence, worldly lore! By whom is wisdom
  shown?
The Eternal knows, knows all, and *He* alone!

—Omar Khayyam.

EDITORIALS

The Economic Problem

THE problem of human equality is ever confronting us. The Master Jesus said, "The poor ye have with you always," and technically this is true. There will never be a time in nature when all things shall be equal. The only equality is when things are equal to themselves. Just as there is childhood, manhood, and old age,—birth, growth and decay—so there are three stages in the progression of consciousness through matter, there are three grand divisions of organic quality in bodies. Two things are necessary for expression in matter and all expression is limited by these two things. First, organic quality; and second, size. Size is the measurement of power, all things being equal; size without high organic quality produces the brute and organic quality without size produces those sensitive individuals who seldom live to great age because the fine grained quality cannot be supported by a small, undeveloped body. As long as there is difference in organic quality and size there cannot be equality in mental or social position because man's expression in this world is the direct result of the power which consciousness is exerting over matter. Where the organic quality is low, consciousness is low and the brain is incapable of fine discriminating thought. Such persons must follow instead of lead for the very structure of their organism inhibits intelligent leadership. When such individuals do rise to power we have the Marat, the Robispierre, the Napoleon, or the radical who is incapable of reflective thought himself and refuses to credit reflective thought in others.

Man has an impossible golden dream which he has fostered for a long time and that is that he is going to tear down the so-called caste system and that the man with the pick and shovel is going to sit in meditation with the sage while the brick layer is going to recline in the carven chairs of arrogance. This is a mistaken idea. The desire of the true ethical and social reformer does not rest upon these conditions at all. His cry is for *opportunity*, for the true philosopher realizes that opportunity is the divine birthright of all living creatures, and he also knows that the modern economic situation does not give every man an honest opportunity. The average reformer, however, becomes bolshevistic. He is not satisfied with an opportunity but demands affluence as his birthright, and the average soap-box orator along these lines would be more arrogant and despotic than those he condemns if the goddess of finance ever smiled upon him. The sweat-shops, child labor, and similar institutions, are depriving man of his birthright and as such should go, and with them depart the greatest curse of modern civilization; but the abolishment of these things will not equalize human intelligence. The thing it will do is give man an opportunity to unfold himself according to what he is, but he is always limited in two ways. First, by surrounding environments; secondly, by organic quality.

Man's greatest hinderance is not a heartless world but a useless body. Useful bodies are not built in days or years but in ages and lives. Organic quality cannot be improved by politics; it can only be improved by man as an individual when he makes the most of every opportunity to improve himself mentally, spiritually, and physically while he lives. There is a caste system in nature. In the universe there is the upper and the lower set, divided from each other by the ideals and works of life and by the conscientious effort of each individual.

Man must learn to be contented to live in accordance with what he is and yet at the same time be ambitious to improve his lot. The hope of the universe is not in ranting and raving for equal rights but in the burning of the midnight oil. When we see the laborer

come from his labors, tired, surrounded by the crying needs of family and friend, but who sits alone under the light, studying to improve himself, working with tired, chapped fingers roughened with toil to become a man among men, to learn the things which divide ignorance from wisdom—such a one is the hope of salvation, such a one will become in the due course of nature's time a spiritual aristocrat and, naturally, there will come to him his birthright of being a thinker, a doer, and a superior. Then we see his companion in labor, one who does not take the sombre course of study and thought but throws bricks at the houses of aristocrats, hating them because their skins are white while his are tanned, their voices soft while his is harsh. He curses and spits at them, suffering in his hate —such a one will never be the thing he longs to be cause the difference lies in quality and not in the strength of the bull or the beast within.

If you entered two horses in a race, the one a dray such as is used to pull milk wagons and the other a fine Arabian stallion, which would win the race? Just so, it is the same in the race for success. The dray horse is hampered by its own weight; and while it may dash forward madly with all the strength that is in it, it simply cannot race. No matter whether it is dragging a milk wagon or is a pedigreed horse, it is that type and there is no hope for it. But the Arabian stallion, without an effort outdistances it with ease and grace and leaves it far behind.

Man believes that with the power of his hand he can rule the world. He cannot. All he can do is tear civilization up by the roots and leave it for another thinker to repair. We will not deny that the poor have cause for dissension just as they had during the French revolution for the mere fact that a man has a fine, executive brain does not prove that he is a humanitarian, a philanthropist, or an honest man, nor does organic quality necessarily indicate virtue. But one thing it always does give and that is power. It may be that an assasin's bullets will slay a few but in the end the power of mentality wins over the battle of brawn and the only hope for those who are trampled on is to reach mental efficiency by means of which they can intelligently combat conditions.

When we look carefully into the problem of economics we strike one phase that is well worth our consideration. Those individuals who now spend their time trampling on the poor were in nearly every case poorly born themselves. They did not come from homes of wealth and many of them never went to school. Some of our greatest millionaires today were newsboys without a chance, others shined shoes and started in with a hundred percent less than the average failure starts with. The heel of the capitalism of their day was upon their throats and yet with the sheer force of mental power, indomnible will, and perfect faith in themselves, they rose out of the mud and became masters of world affairs. Now, those left behind shake their fists at them, while the energy they use in railing would lift them also from the rut if it were exerted as their opponents exerted it.

Man must learn to capitalize upon himself; his brain, his heart, and his hand are the most valuable assets he possesses. Incessant effort should be made to increase the efficiency of these assets for in that alone lies liberation from the rut. When to this is added the realization of limitation, and the gradual unfoldment of powers as the means of liberation from this limitation, we have the man or woman who is going to be a success.

The caste system of the world is as follows:

1. The lowest phase is opposition, materialism, and the battling of beast instincts. In this world they are the ones chained by ages of thoughtlessness, or recent differentation from lower races, to the lower physical side of life. Those who dwell in it are chained by like and dislike, by passions and appetites; they deify matter and know no god or consciousness outside of it; they settle their disputes with bullets and sandbags or with fist encounters; they are an ever muttering horde and in the last analysis are absolutely powerless. Their only weapon is firebrand or dagger and these things have no force outside of physical substance, and as true consciousness is independent of substance the most they can do is destroy their own world. The mere idea that such individuals could rule the universe is

beyond reason or logic. They cannot do it for there is not within their own beings enough self control to rule themselves. There is no law or logic in them, and as the universe is ruled by law and logic only those who have developed it are capable of governing. They cry out in their agony that they are imposed upon—and they are, for man has not yet gained that consciousness which enables him to be superior without becoming domineering. The reason, however, why they are imposed upon is not necessarily because their opponents are strong but because they themselves are weak.

The idea that this problem can be solved without intellectual growth on the part of this great mass is absurd. Their overlords realize that in this ignorance lies the power which they have over them, therefore it seems that every day the higher oppress the lower more severely to prevent them from attaining light. But this oppression should only stimulate those oppreseed to greater and more inelligent effort.

The world must have those who work with their hands but these will always have to serve the man who works with his head, while both must bow together before the one who is expressing the qualities of his sipirt.

2. The second stage is intellectualism and it spends most of its time preying upon materialism. These are the minds that juggle the finance of the world, that lead, govern, and direct the mass, and regardless of what they may like or dislike those who would lead or govern must join this second class. The great curse of intellectualism is oppression for there are very few capable of realizing their power over others with attempting to exert it. This is the main cause of the sorrow of the masses. In other words, man's inhumanity to man. The intellectual individual should appoint himself as guardian and protector of those incapable of functioning on that plane, but instead of so doing he now harnesses them to his chariot and loads their backs with burdens. The only remedy for this is to awaken in him the realization of his responsibilities.

3. The third division is that of the spiritual man which is the principle of altruism and selflessness. There are but few who have consciously attained this degree. They are the great reformers, the great occultists and thinkers of our world who have realized the oneness of things and have come to an understanding of the fact that while all cannot attain in one life the acme of their ideals, still man should not impose upon the weak but rather should champion them and assist them to a fuller and more adequate position.

We have an idea that we are living in civilized times but this idea is eternally being shattered by every evident example of barbarism. Voltaire said, "I know I am among men because they are fighting; I know they are civilized because they fight so savagely." Our so called evolved and developed peoples are at each other's throats; our great inventors spend all their time learning how to kill; and competition has been crowned the life of trade. This is purely because man has accepted the science of economics as the worthwhile thing in life. It is undoubtedly the world's most foolish decision.

Man must not deify this problem as he does because in nature it holds the least important place. Neither must we reject the economic problem. It is to be neither accepted nor rejected and under no conditions assumed. It is merely here as an examination or test of the consciousness of man; in other words, it exists only to be solved. The wonderful Hindoo race as a nation has never accepted the economic problem as worthy of consideration and of course they did not have to in the time of their glory for economics have always been a secondary consideration in the Orient. The modern problem did not confront the ancient races and yet they were far better able to meet it than we are. The Masters did not live in the day when caste was king. They needed only to seat themselves upon the ground and their people gathered around them; when they wanted a house they built it where they chose and lived in it, while if they were tired of the bustle of the world they entered a cave in the hills. If they possessed no sandals, it was perfectly fashionable to go barefoot and they never met the great inconveniences of modern congestion. As a result of their freedom we find primitive brotherhood, many examples of which are far more beautiful than

the products of our modern ethics.

The Masonic school symbolizes the stages of unfoldment as the three ages of man—youth, maturity, and old age. The ages of the soul are the same. There are in the world today young souls in old bodies and old souls in young bodies. Youth goes out to conquer the world, manhood is content to have sufficient for his needs, while old age renounces the world as an illusion. We may call youth the material man, adultness the intellectual man, old age the spiritual man. Applying the economic problem we may say: to the material man it is all, to the intellectual man it is a problem, to the spiritual man it is an illusion.

To the ancients the economic problem was a phase, to the modern mind with its greed and ambition it is an all-absorbing reality. The young soul starts out on its journey in matter as an egotist and the keynote of its consciousness is to acquire; regardless of cost it must own, master, and break all other things. This is the key to the economic problem which in the average mind becomes merely a series of processes for acquirement. The old soul has no economic problem for it has ceased to desire to acquire, for eyes growing dim to material things have begun to see the reality hidden behind the veil. The old soul realizes that we are here to master problems as they are presented by nature, and are never to dally with them but to go straight through to a successful conclusion.

There are over a thousand solutions to the modern economic problem but when applied they are all at best only partial solutions and the great key problem remains unsolved. Many of us would like to wander with Plato and Aristotle over the mountains of eternity but we are forcibly drawn back again into the world by the economic needs; we are forced to leave our philosophy and go back into the world, both as teachers and pupils to earn the money for our daily bbread. India solved the problem of education in the face of economic difficulties by dividing the life of man into three epochs. The first twenty-five years he was supported by his parents and usually graduated from one of the many universities which, in the days of India's glory, made it the most highly educated country in the world. During his youth, provision was made for his life, he was prepared to think for himself in a rational and sensible way; then came the second twenty-five years during which he married and brought up his children, bringing them to a position where they could take care of themselves, and saving up sufficient to provide for his own old age and those dependent on him; then during the third part of his life he retired from the bustle of the commercial world and devoted his entire time to study and philosophy and the solution of life's problems, supported either by that which he had saved or the assistance of his children.

The entire economic problem of the physical universe is an expression of matter and the solution to it can be found in human anatomy where three worlds of consciousness express themselves in the mental, emotional, and physical centers of the body. A civilization based on the lower man would express all the qualities of the animal instincts. For example: a carving from Mexico linking this country with ancient Egypt, accompanied by a marvellous description from the pen of a famous geologist, was presented to a newspaper for publication. It was thrown into the waste-basket while ten columns were given to a murder because the human animal reads only that in which he is interested and while man is so attuned he is interested only in the loves, joys, hates and fears of animal consciousness. The same is true on each one of the three planes. We see all things with the eyes built of the organic quality of our vehicles.

In man's anatomy there are four elements —earth, water, fire and air—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen—mediums through which the universe manifests concretely. In the economic problem there are four elements—land, transporation, exchange and integrity which are the basis of economics. Land corresponds to the physical body of man or the principle of earth and is the skeleton of economics; the second or water element corresponds to the etheric body of man and in economics is the problem of transportation which consists of the drawing of raw mater-

ials to advantageous markets; the third element of fire or medium of exchange is the astral body, with the heart in its center, and the Christ, the sun principle, is its lord, ruling through the metal gold which is at the present time the medium of exchange. The fourth element is air, the mental quality, and in the economic problem the integrity of the buyer and seller. These four constitute the body of the economic problem. Man tries to solve the problem of this body by placing one part over the other as master, while the intelligent, spiritualized individual realizes that all of these are vehicles for the expression of something else.

There will be no end to the economic difficulties until the quality of the soul rises out of the four elements of body and transmutes the present masters into the servants that they should be. There is no cure-all to apply to any world problem; these great tests of the intelligence of man must be met individually and mastered individually.

Power remains in the hands of those who are able to wield it, whether for good or ill, and the surest way to equalize power is for each human being to prove worthy of that power. When all men have earned the right to think they can think, but there is no glory in attacking the thinker of today save in one way—the thoughts of the modern thinker are selfish, egotistic, and enslaving. Let the new thinkers, born out of the darkness of their present sorrow, turn not around and oppress the oppressor, which is the temperament of the best, but let them show the superiority which they have gained by being charitable where others were not, by being noble where others were not, by being true where others were false, and in this way fulfill the dictates of true civilization. This universal understanding, based upon the realization of universal need, is the only permanent answer to any great problem.

Our Demi-Gods

FOR some apparently unknown reason this year's crop of Initiates is an exceptionally large one, but with the increase of supply there is a tremendous decrease in market valuation and really at this time the supply of Initiates greatly exceeds the demand. It must be a grand and glorious feeling to be an Initiate, so far, far above the rest of humanity that only occasionally the world is seen through a rift in the clouds; but we fear it must be rather chilly and lonely up there and the rarified atmosphere must be trying upon the lungs of our enlightened. It may be this mental or spiritual strain that is responsible for some of the peculiar things they do.

There are at the present time a number of high priests of sundry and varied shrines, cults, isms, oxys, etc., who bestow upon you various initiations for various considerations.

Let me introduce to you the fruitage of one of these marvellous processes—the Right Honorable Ciomedes Sourdough, C. O. D., F. O. B., S. O. S., R. F. D., P. O., R. S. V. P., I. O. U., B. V. D. This individual is an Initiate of the first water, exceptionally brilliant, a member of everything, and a leading authority on a large variety of subjects. He spends quite a percentage of his time preparing for his degrees and the rest of the time getting over them. He admits that he is an Initiate and can show you check book stubs to prove it. He bestows initiation himself by the laying on of hands and exhorting the most terribly binding oath to the Lords know what. From all over the surface of the earth people come to gain wisdom at his feet. Mr. Dubb came from Arkansas, Mr. and Mrs. Simp from Rhode Island, Betty Boob from North Dakota, and Willie Itt from Utah. All of these entered into the occult path under the guidance and guardianship of our much alphabeted friend Prof. Sourdough. Professor writes books, meets with an inner circle and is perfectly willing to be admired. But really, this person has read a few good books and is capable of delivering a rational lecture on several subjects, but when a careful analysis is made of him and the acid test applied, he turns green. He would have been a very successful teacher and a great help to

humanity if two things had not occurred. First, some one told him he was an Initiate, and secondly, he believed it.

There are several of our leading occult schools that have installed spiritual mimeographs in order to keep up with the ever advancing and unfolding efficiency system, a sort of an occult sausage machine into one end of which are poured perfectly respectable citizens and out the other end of which comes a never ending stream of over stuffed sausages. A trip to Europe or some distant country is almost certain to result in an initiation, especially if you go to the right parties, and within the last few years thousands of promising students have been turned into self-conceited puppies by a set process of initiation. Briefly, it is as follows.

An individual who does not know tells another individual what he does not care anything about, then amputates one extremity from the bank roll; and this constitutes the essence of the ceremony.

Initiate number one is a dope fiend, an invenerate smoker, and one of his best pictures shows him tenderly embracing one of the vestal virgins of his temple. Number two has been tied up in so many scandalous enterprises that it is absolutely impossible to list them separately, but suspect him of anything you want to and you are sure to hit it. Initiate number three carries a side line in oil stock. Initiate number four is wanted for bigamy in three states. Initiate number five is wanted on sundry strange charges; while Initiate number six will have to explain several things to the government which does not care much for him nowadays. Go right straight down the calendar of the Ten Commandments and we can produce, with very little research work, an initiate who is morally if not physically breaking each one of them. And oh the advice with which they delight the heart of the seeker; and oh the esoteric instructions which they launch upon an unsuspecting world!

Let us cite some examples of it. In the esoteric instructions to pupils written by one of these deluded individuals we find the following suggestion as a very excellent means of developing clairvoyance (which, by the way, is not a legitimate spiritual aim but is only legitimate as the result of the living of a pure life). But this individual gives the following process for the attainment of this supernatural vision, the unfoldment of soul qualities, and so forth: Take a mirror and hang on your wall so that when you are sitting down the center of the mirror is on a level with your eyes. You are to put a lighted candle on each side of the mirror and then gaze into it until something happens.

This is an exceptionally choice piece. What would the shades of the immortals have to say about it? If you look into this mirror long enough you *will* see things. One student tried it, became hypnotized by his own eyes, could not look away from the mirror, and finally, frothing at the mouth, fell in convulsions. This is purely the result of the blind leading the blind, but people have done it and are doing it. They sit down every night and gaze in a piece of glass because the person who outlined the instruction claimed to be the one and only true Initiate, the Lord High Mogul of this, that and the other thing, and the Lord Emir Most Everything.

Leaving this one to gaze in his magic mirror, we pass on to the next one. Henry Brown was a promising boy, and a marvellous student of things supernatural; his lectures were clean-cut and interesting, his work was filled with promise and there was no reason to doubt that one of these days in the noraml tenor of things he would become at least an Initiate of the lower orders. But this person was talked out of his straight and narrow way by one of those near-Initiates who received him into some deep and mysterious order which he "swallowed whole." He now returns to the field of his labors absolutely useless, honestly believing that he is an Initiate. All that we have now of our once promising possibility is a narrow-minded, highbrow fop who looks down with benign condescension upon the world at large.

And so it goes wherever we look. Every little while someone comes up to us and points out some long-eared bewhiskered individual, whispering confidentially in our ear, "Sh-h-h! he is an Initiate!" When we mildly ask who

told them so they usually answer, "Oh, he admits it." Of all the occult teachers who have come to the world in late years there are two who admitted before the world that they were just students, hoping with their own pupils that some day they would attain to the divine light. It would not be well to name them here but they were great because they claimed nothing for themselves and only worked silently, quietly, and simply for the good of the cause.

All over the face of the earth strange individuals are being attacked with illusions, delusions and confusions. The reincarnation of the Holy Ghost is now loose while there are hundreds preaching the one and only Truth—all different. Each one is being sponsored by a Master, and each one starts in by making a liar out of all the rest. And so it goes. We are producing in occultism a generation of delirious demi-gods who will never be of any real good to anybody until they get down off their high horses and come back to earth where they are chained by every possible tie.

If students could only learn to realize that to be a good student is as worthy as to be an Initiate and that when they live honestly with themselves they are far closer to the light than when they put on long robes, chant mantrams, and act like a lot of ten-year-old children on Hallowe'en! They are disgracing the very thing which they should be defending as above human comparison. The greatest insult that the average man can heap upon occult science is to claim to understand it, and least of all to represent it. When Mr. Gottenberg claims to be an Initiate, while his relatives and friends know positively that he has not taken a bath in five years, that he chews tobacco, is seldom sober, and is eternally mixed up in domestic problems, and several similar things, he is not glorifying himself by his claims but is simply making a joke out of the thing he claims to be and is literally if not intentionally advertising the fact to the world that intemperance is the path to mastery and that being a sot is necessary to immortality. The whole thing is a joke but it is a very crude one, a blasphemous one, and the average self-ordained Initiate is a living lie, both to himself and the great doctrines which he claims to represent. Those who claim nothing do not have to live up to anything in order to be true to their claims, but when they stand before the world as examples of finished products, what happens to our scintillating, Royal Dresden Initiate? Their faults show all the more because they claim to be without them and they are all the more ridiculous because of their scantimonious hypocrisy.

It is only one person's opinion of course, but we admit freely we do not have much use for them. When we see our leading Initiates concentrating upon nice juicy beafsteaks or surrounded by cigaret stubs we are convinced of one of two things—either that occultism is a joke or else they are. We prefer to think it is the latter. We do not say, necessarily, that they should live any better—that is their problem. But this we do say: if they do not intend to live any better, they have no right to claim to be that which they obviously are not and in this way bring reflection against a noble cause.

We are very fond of retiring Initiates who obliterate their presence in bashful reticence, but when they come out with brass bands and a torchlight parade we are inclined to be a little skeptical. When the world applauds them we are quite confident that they are no good but when they applaud themselves we gird up our garments and depart for such is not done in the better regulated circles. There may be one or two Initiates out of the thousands who claim to be, but we doubt even that percentage. The real Initiates will always be found to be men and women without claims, and we have no knowledge of the fact that they ever bestowed a degree upon anyone.

The average worker in occult lines is only expressing an opinion and he does not know whether that opinion is so or not. It is his privilege to express that opinion but it is not his privilege to use the name of the Initiates for the furtherance of said opinion. Such action is forgery.

The Masters do not retaliate to these insults; they remain silent and unknown, in this way proving their mastery, while the psuedo-Initiates spend all their time accepting glory. The true Teachers are willing that they should receive it, but must smile to themselves when they see the self-conceited egotists accepting the laurels of another man's work.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER NINE.

Dreams.

FOR many days I lay helpless in my bed, recovering from the cuts and bruises I had received in the unaccountable accident. This enforced rest proved to be of untold value for it had been many months since I had completely relaxed. The strain and stress of my ever growing work had been more of a pressue than I had realized, for my struggle to advance and show the way to others and at the same time resist those at my back who would hold me behind had been a fight both ways. So in my weakened physical state I had many hours in which to reflect upon the past months that had whirled by so quickly and to also ponder some upon the future.

After a day or two of the most considerate and solicitious nursing, I was restored enough to take more notice of my surroundings and wonder to whom I owed such generous treatment. So far I had only been dreamily conscious of the presence of someone busily performing their duties and had only seen passing back and forth before my eyes the motherly figure of the old Welsh woman but as soon as I was able to formulate my thoughts and collect my words enough to make myself heard, I began asking questions of my companion. Not that I felt at all worried or anxious, for I was too comfortably at rest, but with the half indifference of semi-consciousness I just lazily questioned her.

She proved to be rather noncommittal but I soon gathered that I was on the estate of Lady Patricia March, a young noblewoman who lived alone in this small country manor-house with the old Welsh woman as her only companion. When I asked what physician had attended me the reply was still rather unsatisfactory, but by piecemeal I gathered that there had not been one and that Lady Patricia was herself quite proficient in the art of healing.

During this rather enforced communication the door opened softly and a young woman entered the room. I stared wonderingly at her pale, fair face and guessed that she was Patricia, the name so suited one so noble looking.

"How is the patient, Mariah?" she asked the nurse, ignoring my questioning look, and she was gentle-voiced.

From the moment she had entered the door a calm, soothing restfulness seemed to pervade the room and at the sound of her low-toned voice I had a sudden desire to sleep. Slowly a peaceful drowziness crept over me and I dropped into a deep, healing slumber.

And this was the beginning of a series of wonderful dreams. Each time I awakened from one of these calm, restful sleeps I could remember a beautiful dream, a dream that seemed to be a wonderful object lesson played out in picture-like detail for my observation. It was as though I took no part in them and yet the central figure in each, who passed through so many adventures, seemed to be my own soul.

* * * *

As my eyes closed sleepily, a thin path stretched out like a ribbon, winding through valleys and over hills, around great masses of broken rock, and through dark forests where singing birds fluttered across the gloomy arches. This road wound through the veil of form and onward and upward to an end that no man knows, for none who have walked that silver thread have come back to tell of the mysteries that lie over the edge of the hills of eternity.

Along this path a pilgrim wound his way, leaning upon a palmer's staff. Ever now and again he would shade his eyes with his hands, searching for the end of that twisting, winding path. For many years he had walked that road and seen its forks where others joined it, tiny paths, mere footways seldom walked, were they. But the pilgrim knew that all these narrow ways led to the Mighty Road for which he was searching, the one that had no name or parting and wound onward into the very sky itself.

On and on the pilgrim went, stopping now and again at some wayside shrine where he

knelt in prayer. Over the top of mighty mountains, through the depths of valleys bordered by towering cliffs and broken crags, the pilgrim journeyed, and at last one afternoon as the sun was sinking, a ball of flaming light amid the fleecy clouds of the west, he reached the foot of a lofty cliff. Here he saw a fine, white path winding along its mighty sides to the very top. He stopped and gazed in awe, then fell upon his knees, for instead of ending on the mountain top the winding road kept right on—up, up, into the heavens it twisted and wound like a mighty spiral thread. The pilgrim fancied that it passed from star to star until finally lost in the infinitude of eternity.

Eagerly he pressed onward, longing to travel that mystic way leading upward to the heavens. Slowly the shadows grew around him as he entered another grove of sacred trees. A chill weighed upon the wanderer's heart; those mighty ones of the forest that rose above him seemed like great ghosts or priests of old standing in silent adoration, reaching their branches heavenward in silent prayer. As he listened, the swaying of the wind among their leafy crests seemed like the chant of a mystic choir and a great stillness entered his being. Moving on, scarce breathing, he finally reached a mighty arch of white stone which barred his way. The road passed under the arch with its gates of iron and seemed to end in a wondrous white chapel that nestled like some jewel of snowy crystal amidst the dark carbon of the forest

As the pilgrim stopped before this gate, wondering how he could go on, a low creaking sound was heard and the massive portal swung open as though moved by unseen hands and a great inspiration drew him onward, leading him through, and up the marble steps that led to the mystic chapel. The door of this swung open also, and in awe and reverence the pilgrim entered and stared around.

He stood in a circular chamber, all finished in pure white marble; the floor of inlaid stones and mosaic seemed like trodden snow, and from it rose pillars of pure Carrara which upheld the mighty dome. Before him rose a shrine and under the shrine a little doorway scarce higher than his waist and through this open portal the palmer saw the path continuing.

"What place is this?" he thought as he gazed upon the shrine whose soft white curtains were closed, concealing he knew not what. As if in answer, a voice replied:

"This is the Shrine of the Bleeding Heart."

The pilgrim turned and behind him stood an old man, his white hair encircled by a band of shining gold and his grey beard falling upon the robe he wore. His garment hung from the shoulders and was of the same colorless white as the temple around him.

"What mean you, master?" asked the pilgrim, bowing humbly at the feet of the aged man.

"This" answered the Shining One, "is the Place of Tribulation. Many there are who walk the way of silver light that you have come, but few have passed beyond this point. Before you the winding path which marks the way of immortal life goes upward to the feet of the divine, but he who would walk it must find the key that is hidden in this chapel. See the door that is open before you—how small it is and how low? Like the eye of the needle is this pathway and none may pass save those who bow. You now stand at the doorway of immortality for those who pass this portal go on into the infinite and are of earth no more. Come let me show you the shrine."

The aged man led the mortal one across the room and as they came near the silken curtains parted and a great ray of glorious light blinded the seeker. As he grew accustomed to the brilliance and dared to gaze into the mystic recess he saw, quivering and pulsating in the sacred niche, a living heart from which poured streamers of golden light.

"Master, what is that?" asked the pilgrim in awe.

"That, my son, is the Bleeding Heart, the Guardian of the Sacred Doorway. None shall pass this point save they be annointed of the drops of blood that pour from this mystic shrine. You cannot approach the door for the light will blind you. So this guardian stands; and to you, oh man of earth, if left the riddle—how to pass this mystic shrine."

The pilgrim sought to press forward but

the light drove him back and the great glowing, pulsating Heart seemed to grow greater as he sought to near the Infinite.

"Master, I cannot pass! Where shall I find the key to this mystery?"

The old one shook his head.

"That is for you to know and not mine to disclose," he answered kindly.

As the wanderer stood, his head bowed in sorrow that his path should end thus, a strange dizziness came over him and the room swayed and rocked, things grew dim about him, and the old man's face seemed to swim in a sea of light. Slowly shadows fell, the white temple faded away, the mountain with the path into the stars dissolved, and the pilgrim found himself standing upon the same endless road that stretched for miles before him and was lost in the shadows behind.

"What way shall I go now to reach the Light?" he murmered gazing around in sorrow.

From somewhere a voice seemed to whisper: "Go on, go on." And slowly he began again that endless wandering to the very furthermost part of creation, praying that he might again find the point where the road passed into the stars. His torn, bleeding feet leaving their tracks of blood upon the path, the pilgrim wandered on, and at last fell for a moment's rest beside another wayside shrine.

"Is there no end to these wanderings?" he mutely asked, gazing up at the Crucified One hung in the little alcove. From the Dying Figure came the echo to his question: "Is there no end?"

"For years I have walked the way faithfully and truly; each turn of this road whispers that the end is near but when I reach the bend it stretches out as endless as before. Everywhere I have sought my God and His light, everywhere I find a promise that fades as I approach. Many a night I have seen a wondrous city shine out from the skies on the top of some distant mountain but when I climb its lofty sides and fall exhausted the vision fades away only to be built again upon some other distant peak. Alone, with none to give a word of cheer, with none to understand—oh God! must it be forever?" Again the Figure upon the cross echoed back his words: "Alone with none to give a word of cheer, with none to understand, oh God! must it be forever?"

As the pilgrim knelt there, his heart broken and bleeding, a tottering form slowly approached the shrine and, falling, stretched weak hands towards the crucifix that it contained. He was an old man and his raiment was torn and tattered, his face deeply lined with sorrow turned in despair to the cross, and slowly dragging himself along he reached the foot of the tiny shrine..

"This is the end," he murmured. "It seems ages that I have sought, but I can go on no more. And here, brother, when I am gone, lay me to rest—here beneath the crucifix."

The young one turned and a feeling no mortal man can express filled his soul as he gazed at the dying form.

"No, no, my brother!" he cried, "have courage! I too have wandered long and suffered much—I know what you have been through and how the miles seem without an end, for I have walked them also. But courage, brother, for I see now what I never saw before. Something within me that has cried many a long year is loosened, something whispers that has long been silent. My heart too was broken but as the iron fingers closed upon it a new world opened to me for out of it escaped a gleam of light that shows me the way of the wise. Come, brother, let me help you and we shall yet find the light—for see round yonder curve a gleam of light appears —I am sure that this indeed is the end of the way."

The old man looked and a new hope filled his eyes. "Indeed I see it also!" he whispered, "come, let us go on."

He rose and his tottering steps seemed strengthened for a moment as he pressed forward towards the light, but just as he reached the curve, with his hands outstretched, he fell forward upon his face and lay still. The pilgrim himself, rushing towards that gleam, stopped and wavered for a second and then turned back to the form that held out a hand weakly.

(Continued on page 26)

The Wine of Life

DEAR the close of the 11th century at Naishapur, in Khorasan, there lived a poet-philosopher — Omar Khayyam. Little is known of his private life and history, but today the verses of Omar, called the Rubaiyat, live as they have never lived before. He was the first great writer of Persia and has been read and studied through all these hundreds of years in his native land, but it does seem like a strange twisting of Fate that he should be so alive in this ultra-modern world of ours and that his piquant, old-world philosophy should ring so true today. However, there is probably no more widely misunderstood writer in all the annals of literature than Omar, for the peculiar phraseology of his work is very deceiving, and his meaning is usually directly contrary to the statement made. But a careful analysis of his writing will show the observant thinker that in every case there is a deep underlying meaning that bespeaks of great philosophical understanding. Nor did his genius stop at verse making, for he was the foremost mathematician and scientific astronomer of his day and much of the calender system we use now was brought to its present state by his efforts. And it does not seem fitting that one who so lived the life of a sage and mystic should have written light and meaningless things.

But that is the way of the world, they only see with the eyes they have. It is just the same with our Bible: the historians read it as history; the imaginative read it as romance; the astrologers read it as astrology; the alchemists read it as alchemical; and the materialists—well, to them all the spiritual scripture of the world is just so much useless tommyrot, consequently they condemn, destroy, and paint darkly everything of such nature with which they come in contact. And that is just why most of the ancient books of a religious nature were written as they were, in allegory, hidden from the eyes of those who are not ready to know.

Reading the following verses of the Rubaiyat through the eyes of the rank materialist, what have we?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
  Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

For "Is" and "Is-Not" though with Rule and Line,
And "Up-and-down" by Logic I define,
  Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter-garment of Repentence fling:
  The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Just the rambling fantasies of a drunkard, nothing more nor less than beautiful poetry about drink and intoxication. And that is what the average individual sees. Others say, no, no, there is something deeper behind it, and so lay it aside. They are willing to believe that it is inspired perhaps, but how and why, or what it really means, is nothing at all to them. However, it is a known fact that Omar talked a great deal more of his wine than he drank of it, and though his entire philosophy is centered around the brimming cup, he means something else.

The Rubaiyat is a conversation or sililoquy delivered by the human soul to its divine spirit, referring to the body as the Clay Cup, in some instances as the Loaf of Bread, and to the life in man as the Red Wine:

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

For thousands of years the juice of the grape has been used to represent the life essence in man because it is the closest thing in nature to human blood and it contains the sun's vitalizing rays in a greater amount than anything else for the sun is the base of its fermentation. And as the human brain with its many convolutions resembles a bunch of grapes, it is called the Bough or Grape, while

this essence or spiritual life of man is in the brain centers and is therefore the Juice of the Grape.

And so Omar says that the Wine of Life is all there is and all else is a lie. Speaking of his search for some other thing worth while and the uselessness of it all, he says:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

And who has not heard, as he did, the saints and sages discussing? We have a number of them right in this city. They gather on the street corners and in halls, shouting in all directions. One will say: Ectoplasm is the base of all things. Another will answer: No, it is protoplasm! Then: You, fool! it is ectoplasm! And they rip, and rant, and roar. It was this that Omar enjoyed and said of them: "They are foolish prophets" and "In the end their mouths are stopped with dust." And it is true, for that is the end of all; the ranters and roarers die hard but there is only one ending—death stops it all.

And so Omar preferred not to speculate upon the beginning nor the hereafter, he deals not with where we came from, where we are going and why, but only with what we are doing today. His sentiments are "If I do that which is good today, tomorrow will take care of itself; if I made a mistake yesterday, it does no good to worry about it now."

Strange is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness though
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools, your reward is neither Here nor There."

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

And of the hopelessness of human destiny he speaks:

In to this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.

There was a Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me. .

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd.
And hidden by the sleeve of night and morn.

Omar realized that all living things are Pieces on a great Gameboard, all moved by a Mystic Player in the way that they should go. This Mysterious Player is the spirit of man and the Checkerboard is Life and the Pieces on the board are the living problems which confront us. And we are the mystery of every game we play; but most of us get so wrapped up in our game that we become enslaved to our own selves instead of being masters of the chessboard.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows — HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for It
As impotently rolls as you or I.

And as though to lessen or counteract the utter hopelessness of this, he brings the power of human individuality to bear:

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Heav'n but the Vision of Fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell but the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

And then of the responsibility of the soul, perhaps a hint of Re-incarnation, he writes the following, and gives the urge to live in the To-day and drink the ever-present Wine of Life:

Yesterday *this* Day's Madness did prepare
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came,
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

And so the entire philosophy of the Rubaiyat twines round the Vine of Life and the key to the whole is in learning how to drink this mystic Wine. When man lives properly and is vitalized by this life, the food he eats and the sun he absorbs, he gathers into his being a spiritual essence, extracting it from all of the base elements that constitute his bodies. And this essence of life is the basis of all energy, and the whole secret of this mystic wine is in the conservation of energy and its expression through creative channels. Wherever energy is used it should produce something equal to the amount expended, and if man would only realize this, he would be less likely to waste the precious motive power of life in riotous living for he would know that when he expends it constructively he would gain constructively and when he uses it destructively he loses twice as much. A person who gets violently angry and cannot restrain himself is intoxicated with this life energy and the essence is fermented through perversion.

It is when this energy is turned upward into the brain that it becomes creative and when turned downward into the generative system in perversion that it becomes destructive. When this subtle substance, the Wine of Life, vitalizes the brain and all the energies are turned into the upper room, then man truly drinks of the fruit of the vine, and partakes of the substances he has transmuted. And Omar says if you are living on this fruit of the vine you have secured all this world has to give, symbolizing the great life-giving qualities of the wine:

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust

(Continued on page 20)

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

CORRECT BREATHING.

Man's lower bodies receive nourishment and vitalizing power in three general ways. First, through the direct rays of the sun passing in through the crown of the head or the spleen; secondly through food from which he extracts the vital element; and third from breathing by which he oxygenizes his bodies. Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the unfoldment of man's consciousness. The average individual has no idea either of its importance or of how to do it, thus he overlooks a valuable opportunity for health. Everyone should sleep in well ventilated rooms with the windows open and should spend five or ten minutes every morning in deep breathing. The more one breathes the less one will have to eat until finally it is possible to practically maintain onself on oxygen. Man only uses about one third of his lung capacity; he should at least double the quantity of his inhalation. The corresponding out-going breath frees the body from carbon dioxide, the great death dealing element in man. If he will breath twice as much, he can divide his ill health and substract one-half.

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE HEALTH PROBLEM

When suffering from the following ailments, do not go to a doctor just knock your head against a wall. If your corns ache it is not nature's fault; leather shoes would bring corns out on a bootjack; and as a very powerful nerve center is in the sole of each foot and leather shoes prohibit the feet from breathing, do not be surprised if you are sick. Any gentleman who wears a tight fitting hat must not be surprised if he develops a furless pate for you cannot strangle hair roots and have them live any more than you could go into an air-tight room for several hours and come out alive. Any of our dear lady friends who insist upon walking around on stilts (French heels) are subjecting themselves to over forty diseases, including spinal ailments, kidney trouble, nervousness, general lassitude, paralysis, stomach trouble and nearly every known form of disease except accidents and those are not strictly excluded as a person can twist their ankles on high heels without half trying. Yesterday we passed down the street behind a pair of two and a half inch heels and the ankles above were rolling like chips in a heavy sea while the party above the ankles has been wondering why she has had a general delibility for years. Any man who makes a chimney out of himself has no right to be healthy and will not be and those of our dear friends who insist upon their nice juicy beefsteaks should be tickled to death when uric acid gets them because they have been inviting it to come. The mystery is not that we do not live longer, the mystery is we live at all. If we continue to wear tight fitting clothes which will not allow the body to breathe we will keep right on having all the diseases that medical science has differentiated and some more they have not found yet.

So mought it be..

THE ETERNAL EXCUSE.

When it is gently hinted to an individual that he is not living up to the best that is in him, could be doing better, etc., there is one excuse that will almost always come back to you—well, I am doing about as well as you are—I am as honest as the next fellow—or similar expressions. Man is eternally excusing his own weaknesses by pointing out similar short-comings in his companions. He considers this to be a clinching argument while in reality it is no argument at all. The virtue of sin cannot be proved by its mere existence, neither can our short-comings be sanctioned because our brother man expresses them also. Many times we go out to put a slick deal over on our brother, excusing ourselves by saying, "he'll do it to me if I don't get to him first."

All these things are excuses to cover human weakness. Man should strive to attain the best and allow no comparison to deter him from attaining individual mastery. His duty is not to be just as good as the world but to be perfect and he must attend to the accomplishment of this end.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Please name some occult literature that is good for the beginner to study.

Ans. "The Brother of the Third Degree" by Garver; "The Dweller on Two Planets" by Philos; "Miriam of the Mystic Brotherhood" by Howard; "The Romance of Two Worlds" by Barabas; "The Sorrows of Satan" and "Life Everlasting" by Marie Corelli are as good fiction as can be secured on the subject. The writings of Jacob Boheme, Andrew Jackson Davis and Emanuel Swendenborg are excellent from the mystic standpoint: Sibley, Raphael, William Lilley and Nicholas Culpeper are good in astrology. "The Secret Doctrine," "Isis Unveiled" and "The Key to Theosopohy" by Madame Blavatsky; "The Cosmo Conception" by Max Heindel are of the best occult works of modern times. Spencer, Huxley and Plato lead in scientific research and philospohy, while H. G. Wells has written an excellent history of the world.

When can we tell that a past debt has been paid?

Ans. When we met an unpleasant problem and master it. We never have to pay the same debt twice. If it still bothers us we have not met it.

How can we change our environment?

Ans. Our environment is created within ourselves and if we would see harmony we must build harmony within, for we see all the world through our own eyes, our own failings, likes and dislikes.

Why does the Lord's prayer say: "Lead us not into temptation?" Is this not a blasphemy?

Ans. This part of the Prayer is directed to the lower emotions, asking in the name of the divine that they lead us not into temptation. It is not addressed to God, but to the lower man in the name of God.

When should we be guided by our intuitions?

Ans. When we have proved by experience that our spiritual natures have unfolded to that degree that they guide us in the way that leads to constructive acts. If we do not purify the bodies and make the glass clean we can never be sure where inspirations come from.

Can we get anything we want by wishing for it?

Ans. Yes, if we wish to work.

Why are we born with so many imperfections?

Ans. Because when we finished our last visit here there were many little things and a few great ones that we had not completed. There were many things which we did wrong and for them we are suffering. We start in this time where we left off before.

What is the best way to free oneself from the clutches of a hypnotist?

Ans. There is only one posible way and that is the developing of a positive will power and making it stronger than that of the operator. Outside aid is only a crutch and the victory over this enemy of mental freedom is only possible through the divine help of the God in man, the individual consciousness within.

How long and how often should one fast and pray for spiritual growth?

Ans. Next time you decide to do this, take a vacation, roll up your sleeves and go to work to help someone who neds something and fast in your spare time. In your fasting, let your lower emotions starve for lack of nourishment and let your prayer be a life lived well twenty-four hours a day.

Is the anthropoid a degenerate human or a highly evolved animal?

Ans. Neither. He is the result of the inability of a certain percentage of the last life-wave to advance to human consciousness.

What effect has cremation on the spirit?

Ans. Cremation about three days after death, immediately destroying the body, severes the last tie between the higher organisms and its form and in that way frees the spiritual bodies to go on with their work. (Continued on page 31)

The Man Who Laughed

IN sunny Sicily beneath the towering height of Mount Etna, under whose mystic pile, so legend tells, the Vulcans hammer out the weapons of Jove on the anvil of the gods, there lies a little village. Sicily is dotted with many lovely little hamlets, looking like bright nosegays set in frames of green and brown. One of these little villages nestles close in the arms of Etna, and many of its buildings reflect the whims of the volcano. Far above it, a little dot on the mountain, one can see the great observatory and below rolls the blue waters of the Mediterranian. A picturesque little town it is, just as the mind of the dreamer loves to create and as in imagination the homely old-fashioned peasant life is still lived.

On a wall built from the rocks of the flaming mountain sat a native guide who looked not unlike a brigand, and was dressed in accordance with his personality. His ears were pierced and in them hung heavy golden rings, his hair was controlled within the bonds of a red bandanna handkerchief, and his drooping black mustache was carefully and fiercely combed adding a swagger note to his eccentric figure. Beside him stood George Washington. By way of explanation, we may add that George W. was a long-eared, tired looking Sicilian donkey who would always lie down when you wanted him to stand up and stand up when you wanted him to lie down. Washington and his master were part of the natural scenery of the village and strangers passing through on their ride around the island were shown the village church, the cave of the saints near by, and George Washington. Leonardo, the guide, had a peculiar distinction; he spoke the best English for miles around and therefore was always watching for an opportunity to commercialize his intelligence. At the time our story opens he had Henry Thornton at his mercy.

Thornton was a man with a past—not the kind that men are ashamed of but the kind that some men are broken by. It is said that the world is filled with heartless men but this is not essentailly the case, and careful investigation will prove that the heart of man breaks just as easily as the heart of a woman. But a man hides it more carefully and receives little sympathy for the ache that the world does not see. Thornton was one of those men who could neither conceal nor forget, and he carried his sorrow with him wherever he went, his mind was always obsessed with one thought, and he lived entirely in the years that were past.

The tale of woe of this man was a long one, and also an old one. It fills the lives of thousands all over the world for there are none who can hurt us as much as those we love and trust. It was simply the story of one who cared and another who simply played, and with the carelessness of a child broke a human heart.

That was years ago, in the days of lace and lavender, and the thoughtless one had lain asleep these many years in a little village cemetery. All the world had forgotten save one, all the world had forgiven save one; but even as the grey shadows began to fall on the life of Henry Thornton he remembered. His handsome face would cloud and his jaw set tighter as he vainly sought for something upon which to wreck his venom, a poison long brewing in a heart that hated happiness because it was not happy too.

As Thornton stood beside the guide, leaning over the old wall, his eyes fell upon a little garden some twenty feet below him, a pretty place filled with rustic chairs and tables where the town folk came to sup their sour wine and tell the stories of the day. It was deserted save for a few children playing in a corner and one figure that sat huddled in a brown robe at one of the tables. The children were playing some strange game and every few minutes they would tumble over each other in a mad whirl of bare arms and legs and the Sicilian dust rose in a cloud about the scene. The figure at the table raised his head and a long peal of deep-throated laughter sounded up to the two men above. Thornton's face had been composed but as this merry sound broke upon his ears his jaw set, his eyes became slits, and he hissed out three words with all

the bile of years of acidity.

"Damn that man!"

The guide looked at the American in amazement and then followed his eyes to the little scene below. He quickly crossed himself, but made no audible reply although he murmered something under his breath.

Thornton continued to gaze at the little group, and then feeling that he must make a confidant of someone he turned to Leonardo:

"Come sit down on this wall I want to tell you something—I will explain my attitude for it must seem very strange to you."

"Si, Signior," answered the guide, and with a look to his mule he seated himself upon the wall, perfectly willing to let the American talk as long as his pay went on..

Thornton took out a cigarette case and gave the Italian a smoke, then closing the case, sat gazing at it for several seconds, and then turned it so the guide could see the little oil painted miniature beautifully done by some master's hand upon an inlay of purest ivory.

The Sicilian looked at the face for several seconds and then raising his eyes and opening his hands he muttered, "She is a beautiful face."

"Yes, she was beautiful in the days gone by," answered Thornton staring out into the distant haze that hung over the Mediterranian, "beautiful but thoughtless; she played with hearts as children play with dolls, and mine was broken in the game. That was nearly forty years ago in America's sunny southland where beauty is nature's order and gallantry her decree—Oh, God, that I could forget like others do!—but I cannot—I have gone from one end of the earth to the other but ever that face haunts me. I have never laughed since that day unless it was in a mad delirium. I have taken the path of forgetfulness, but there is no peace; in the opium smoke she haunts me, in drink she dances in my wine-glass, breaking my heart again and again as she did that day. My hair turned white in just a few short months and I have lived in sorrow and sadness these many years. That is why I hate to see people happy—why should they be so when I am not? Did God send me into this world to wander my life in agony? When I see these children playing in happiness and hear the glad laughter I go insane to think of the years of loneliness I have come through. how I might have listened to the laughter of my own children, and in my old age been peaceful in the realization of life's dream. That, sir, is why I hate people that laugh, and revile the God who gave me the heart to love and then doomed it to be broken—Bah! there he laughing again!—Oh, damn that man—I shall go mad if he does not stop!—I would give all I own to be he this day, just so that I could laugh."

"Surely, Signior, you are jesting. You do not mean to say that you would like to change places with Fra Angeleco, the old man who sits down there at the table? Surely you jest."

"No, Leonardo, I am in deadly earnest. I would give all I own if I could laugh as he laughs today."

"Signior, you have told me a story, now let me tell you one—the story of the old man who sits there at the table, laughing at the children who play around his feet. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes, go ahead, I do not care when I get back to the hotel, I would not be sorry if I never did."

"All right, Signior, I shall proceed. It was —let me see," and the Sicilian counted on his fingers, "three, four, five, six,—yes six years ago that Antonio had his little market in Aderno. He had a beautiful little farm up on the side of Etna—you see where that black streak is? Well, Antonio's farm was just a little to the right of that heap of boulders. Signior, that was in the year of the eruption—down the sides of our mountain the lava came in a great fiery stream and Antonio was in the market-place at the time. Like a mad man he rushed home, but when he got there all he saw was a great fissure in the earth, with sulphur fumes rising from its depths. All in a few seconds—his wife whom he adored, his mother whom he worshipped, and his five little children whom he cherished more than life itself were swallowed up by the flaming mountain. Well, Signior, we saw little of Antonio for many months! he wandered like a mad man among the hills and even the brigands grew afraid of him, he climbed among the rocks, wild-eyed and crazy. But at last, he grew quiet again, and feeling that he had

nothing left to live for he climbed up yonder hill to the little monastary. There he took holy orders and gave his life to the service of Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Antonio vanished from the world and there appeared in his place Fra Angeleco who has lived ever since to try and help others."

"Did he really go through all that?" asked Thornton in amazement.

"Si, Signior, and much more in his heart that no man shall ever know."

"And yet he can laugh! Oh, how I envy such a man as that! Why did God give him courage to laugh and me only the weakness to cry? Leonardo, I am more jealous of that man than of any other living thing in the universe—I would give anything to be as happy."

"Surely, Signior, you do not mean that? You are not jealous of poor Fra Angeleco?"

"Yes, I am jealous of him; he is able to laugh and forget."

"He cannot help laughing Signior, nor can he help forgetting. The good God has taken his mind away from him: the poor father has been mad these many years. Surely you are not jealous of a babbling idiot, nor would you curse a man whose sorrow has taken away his mind? In this world, Signior, it is well to be careful whom we envy, for those who laugh often are sadder than those who cry."

Wine of Life

(Continued from page 15)

O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain,—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

And so this transmutation of the life energies is the greatest alchemical mystery the world has ever known. If the Cup be empty there is no philosophy and the argument of sage and seer means nothing. The path that the individual walks through years and lives of experience, the growth, the gains by practical labor, mental, spiritual, and physical, are the basis of the Wisdom Teachings, and there is no other way.

Omar says that life is Wine poured into a Jug and that a broken Jug is of no use to anyone, for there is nothing in it. And we have with us and all around those broken jugs, walking about with nothing in them but ashes. Inside they are cremated by the fires of desire, hate and fear, and the flames of passion, burned out. The Vine is dead and all that remains is just an urn filled with ashes.

And so, if you will read Omar Khayyam's beautiful verses, taking the human soul as the vine, the bread as the bodies, the wine as the blood or life-giver, and Omar as the spirit, you will find something very useful. The bunch of grapes as the brain has been the symbol of life for ages for in it is contained the life forces which make possible every expression of energy man has. And mastery and initiation is the complete control of it and the turning of it into the development of the spiritual organism. It is suffering, sorrow, philosophy, art, science and study which gradually attain to that end, but the greatest means known to man are purification and balance. Purification of life and motive turns this energy from all destructive application and the absolute poise of mastery prevents its expansion into useless pursuits. All depends upon the individual; when he lives the life he shall know the doctrine.

There are many, many more wonderful and deeply mystic truths brought out in this beautiful classic and in this article we have only touched a few of them lightly. While lack of space prevents going into it verse by verse and giving it the interpretation it deserves, still this brief summary will give some idea of the great import of this deeply religious poem.

The whole work is based upon the knowledge of man's duty to the life forces within him. And death means that this energy is gone, and therefore Omar says that whoever has inverted the Cup is dead; and so ends the poem with these verses:

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, oh Saki, you will pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

The Homage

(Continued from last month)

CHAPTER TWO.

It was about four years after when the youth went again up into the mountains, four years of sunshine and of rain, four years that changed the affairs of man but left the mountains just the same. The green grass, the lofty pines and the great belts of whitened snow had apparently not changed at all.

One morning as the sun arose a strange scene confronted the eye. Over the mountain there hung a great, gray cloud which twisted, turned, and seethed in a million ever-changing folds. The whole atmosphere in the mountains was hushed and still and a great leaden silence hung over nature. Hunters and trappers whispered that never before in all the years they had lived among the hills had they ever seen such a strange mystery before. As the day wore on the dark cloud became deeper, a low moan broke out from the heavens, it rose and fell with the passing of the winds, a great sighing sound as that of the dying. Each tree seemed to pick it up, reverberate and echo it from their crests and branches. Little shrubs and bushes seemed also to bow their heads while the arms of the lofty pines hung drear and dismal in the steely light. Up among the rocks great groaning sounds came and masses of boulder and dirt became thundering avalanches upon the mountain sides. The snow upon the crest turned gray and everything seemed to hang in awe and suspense during nature's agitation.

That day the youth was impelled to climb again that mountain and so he wound in and out along the little path and, following intuitional guidance, branched off from it and after a short walk reached the point where the valley began and the mountain peaks left off. There among the rocks, half hidden by the darkness, stood the little cabin as he had seen it before. But now everything seemed different. He shrank back in wonder for coming out of the mountains, out of the very earth itself, out of the skies, and up out of the waters of the river that flowed by the door, a great stream was coming—a stream of living creatures. Stately stags and meek-eyed does, surrounded by their young, broke through the forests in silent majesty, great lumbering bears came also, not one but many. The air was filled with the humming, droning of the wings of birds and even the steely light was shadowed by the multitude of their wings.

From the forest came the wolves and foxes and in the little pool by the cabin door fishes of many colors gathered, swimming to and fro, so many that the water seemed one living mass. Then it seemed that the great heads of the pine trees were bowed, their branches bent low, and from the mountain tops a great cloud of leaves and fine pine needles descended like a rain upon the cabin. All nature was united in a strange sad song, even the very earth itself seemed joined in a sobbing melody.

In awe and fear the youth crept to the cabin door and gazed within. There on his pallet of straw lay the Old Man of the Mountain, his hands folded upon his breast, his white beard spread upon his cowl, and his eyes closed. Without entering in, the youth knew the tragedy. The hermit was dead. At the foot of the rough wooden pallet stood the great arched-antlered stag, his head down so that his soft nose rested on the edge of the couch. In the hollow of the old man's arms sat the little gray squirrel, trying to force a hazel nut between the cold white lips. Little birds were shrilly crying as they circled around his head and the great wolf lay like a watchdog before the body of the one he loved. The soft scent of the forest came in through the door which stood ajar for in the old cabin that door was never closed. Little baby birds in their nest cried for the hand which could feed them no more.

A thin stream of tears poured over the youth's face as he gazed upon the scene. Nature knew it had lost its truest friend. In all the world that taunted, one alone had loved them; in a world that slew and hated and thoughtlessly robbed them of their right to live, they had found one who understood. And now the cold fingers of eternal night had

closed his eyes and the chilly voice of the mountain peaks had whispered in his ear. Who could they go to now when their friend was dead? Soon again the rude hand of the huntsman would have no sweet voice to offset it. The beasts knew this and were sad.

The youth stood for several seconds, unable to take his eyes from the scene. A great something welled up in his soul and he remembered the promise he had made—his promise to be true to the furred and feathered friends. He passed slowly through the cabin door. The great wolf looked at him but did not move—just a low howl like a groan of despair broke from the beast's throat.

As he touched the still cold form of the hermit the little squirrel raised his eyes, beady bright eyes like sparks of fire, and two tiny paws reached out to cover the face of the master he had loved. The youth stroked the little beast's shiny body as it lay stretched out across the form of the hermit and, biting his lip to hold in check the pain of his soul, the hunter of the days gone by stepped again to the door of the cabin and gazed out. He started back from sheer amazement—such a sight as met his vision had never before confronted man nor probably ever will again.

As far as the eyes could reach in every direction the mountains and valleys were alive. Each tree branch bore its weight of feathery life, in each glade and opening stood some stately beast, not hundreds nor thousands but it seemed all nature was gathered there. The mighty gray clouds over the mountains rumbled and moaned and lurid flashes of lightening rent their hazy depths. A gentle rain was pouring down, pattering among the leaves, and the youth, looking at the form on the couch, murmured, "Indeed blessed are the dead that the rain raineth upon."

A voice within him spoke, saying, "When has such homage been done to living man? Has emperor or king had such a cortege as this? Many great ladies and grand men march in the funerals of the great, many there are who come and pay respects to a nation's dead, and ofttimes they do not know and do not care, but each one who stands in this great cortege is true to the soul of its being. No sham is here, no pretense, each one of these beasts to its very soul adores the thing it pays its homage to. Each of these little furred and feathered things would gladly die for that one, each tree and stone would give of its fleeting life the fullest and the utmost. When man has a friend among the beasts and birds, that man is good, for there is no guile in their lives, no subtleness in their adoration."

The youth was overcome and sinking upon his knees gazed out at that endless stream of faces—great sorrowing eyes that could not speak but with lowered heads and drooping bodies whispered the emotions of their souls. The great strong trees, even the blades of grass, bent their heads, for the one who loved them all had gone away.

"This is my task," murmured the youth, "and I will fill it. What greater proof has man of the depth of his sincerity than that a ring of faces such as these should pay devotion to him? I am not going back into the valley again—I am going to stay and serve these beasts and birds as the Old Man did."

The shades of night fell over the mountain but they were alight that night with a million fires. A million flaming altars sent up their sacrifices and through the night gleaming coals of fire, the eyes of the silent watchers, row after row, stretched out into an infinity.

The next morning when the sun rose there was a new hermit living in the mountains. Under a cross of rocks the body of the aged man was laid to rest while his spirit interceded before a greater throne for the beasts that he had loved. The great cowl was worn by another, the staff strengthened another's hand.

So through the years that went rapidly by, in his love for nature, the one who once had slain nursed the wounds that he had made. The birds and beasts learned to know him also and soon they gathered around his door to whisper their secrets in his ear and tell their love stories to his soul. And some there were who slowly learned to forget the other one and to love him anew in the one he had awakened. Down in the village no man knew what had happened, they did not know that the hermit of the pines was dead for still

(Continued on page 26)

A Key to Physic and Occult Sciences

In last month's issue we reprinted from an old edition an exerpt from Culpeper's famous old "Family Herbal." This was the first of a series of articles we are going to run each month, reprinted from the rare first editions of the 15th, 16th and 17th century books on the sacred sciences, for the benefit of those who cannot obtain these volumes. The following article is taken from Dr. Sibly's "Key to Physic and the Occult Sciences":

* * * *

WISDOM is the light of Reason, and the bond of Peace. It affiliates Man with God, and elevates his mind above unworthy pursuits. It is the principal excellence which distinguishes him from brutes, and the chief ornament that dignifies his character. Whatver is founded in Wisdom's laws, defies the mouldering hand of time, and ranks with immortality. Hence it is that a thirst after knowledge is natural to man; and if the cares and follies of this world could be estranged from his concerns, his desire of information would be inseparable from his existence. Ignorance and superstition may be considered as the curse of God, which chains its votaries to unworthy objects; whilst, on the contrary, wisdom and understanding provide us with wings whereby to soar above the earth; to contemplate the works of creation—to discern the mysteries of divinity, and converse with angels.

The beautiful description given by Solomon of his acquirements in wisdom, is highly deserving the attention of all men; but particularly of those who profess the science of physic and the cure of souls. "I prayed," says Solomon, "and understanding was given me; I called upon God, and the spirit of Wisdom came to me. All good things came with her, and innumerable riches in her hand." What greater reward could any one desire? And though the intellectual faculties of all men are not alike strong and apt for occult speculations, yet it is manifest that all persons are capable of deriving great improvements from reading; and that it is not so much the want of natural ability as of industry and application that so many men disgrace the image of the Deity, and degrade the venerable professions of Divinity, Physic and Law.

It rarely happens that the want of intellect, or natural endowments of the mind, are the rocks on which men split in their professional character. Indocile and unapt indeed must that man be whom education, experience, observations, reading, or inquiry, will not set generally right in his progress through life. Yet, without industry and an anxious desire of knowledge and improvement, neither education nor all the advantages of natural ability can save us from the wreck of error or the disgrace of ignorance. Obstinate men, though of the first capacity in the world, are a forlorn hope and often irrecoverably lost, by unadvisedly pursuing the phantom of their own brain; whilst others, enriched by dignity of sense, and qualified by depth of understanding, so form the brightest characters amongst society, surrender up their talents for discernment and enquiry, and content themselves with taking upon trust whatever they see or hear; particularly in the practice of physic; in the law; and in the church. The mischiefs attendant on this general conduct of mankind are great and many; for by thus implicitly subscribing to the vague notions and false doctrines of others; by shutting their eyes against the light of reason and enquiry and refusing to receive the conviction of their own senses, they transfer error from one generation to another until the unlettered multitude, dazzled by the splendid ignorance of the learned few, become disciples to their mistakes and make error and enthusiasm an hereditary disease.

Hence, then, we see the necessity of consulting our own reason and employing our own understanding in the discrimination of all our temporal and eternal affairs; and of acting and judging for ourselves on all occasions which immediately regard our health, our happiness, or our life; and under all those afflictions and misfortunes wherewith we struggle in this world, in our passage to a better; to one more glorious and permanent; the ultimate end and reward of all our labours! Our senses, on these occasions, are ever ready to support our endeavors and perform their office; and it is unquestionably the duty of all

men to exercise, to improve, and employ them. Yet it is astonishing in general to see how distrustful we are of those very faculties Nature has given us for our guide, and how fondly we submit to the opinions of others, whose nerves cannot feel for us, and whose judgment is often founded upon erroneous principle, and sometimes on no principles at all. This, however, is a conduct by no means fitted to the dignity and office assigned to men; who being placed at the head of all God's works upon earth, walking in his image, and exercising dominion over his creatures, is bound to improve that intellect of reason and understanding, whereby he is to govern and direct them, according to the dictates of truth, of justice, and of mercy. For this purpose he ought, like Solomon, to study the occult properties and qualities of all things: "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" with whatever relates to a proper knowledge of himself, "and of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes" —not to worship the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, nor any of the host of heaven; but to consider, to admire, and to investigate their characters, fixed by the hand of God for signs, for seasons, and for days and years. They, in fact, contain no more than what every man ought to be acquainted with, to the best of his abilities; because they lead to a comprehensive idea of those occult causes and effects which act the most, though they are the least seen; and whereby the human understanding is enlightened and improved, and the mind enriched with those divine precepts, which lead to a manifestation of that *First* and omnipotent *Cause,* to whose power all second causes are subservient, and operate but as the agents of his Will; and under whose provident care and sufferance we see, feel, move, speak and have our being! The ten thousand blessings which result from this study, are found in our enquiries after truth, and the mysteries which surround us; of the astonishing sympathy and antipathy betwixt heavenly and earthly substances; of the wonderful harmony and construction of the celestial bodies; of the nature and qualities of our own existence, and the propagation of our species; of the occult properties implanted in all created beings; and the end for which they are and were created!

To such enquiries all men are alike competent, and may boast the same pretentions, unless obstinacy, or indolence, are substituted to prevent them. There is certainly implanted in the human mind a power which perceives truth and commands belief in all the occult properties of nature, not by the force of argument nor learning nor science; but by an instantaneous, instinctive and irresistible impulse, derived neither from education nor from habit; but from the peculiar gift of Providence, acting independently of our will, whenever these objects are presented, bearing evidence of their reality, even when the pride of our external deportment, and our very words, affect to deny them. This is an intellectual sensation, which I will venture to affirm, is felt more or less by all mankind; and I know the hearts of all my readers, if not their tongues, will admit the fact. It is therefore evident that the humble cottager, the classical curate, the regular physician and the village doctor, stand on the same level in this respect. The study of Nature's laws, of the occult properties in medicine, and in the frame and temperature of our bodies, is no less simple than important to our welfare; and without knowing these, we know nothing that can place us beyond the sagacity of the brute creation. We can neither foresee danger, nor shun it when it is near—we are subject to misguided treatment, and mistake, in our medical applications and advice—we receive intuitive signs and tokens of misfortune or advantage without knowing how to benefit by the admonition—In short, without this study, our enquiries are vain—our preceptions are clouded —our views limited, and all our pursuits are vanity, vexation and disappointment. The weakness of our reason, and the avocations arising from the infirmities and necessities of our situations require the most powerful instructions, and the clearest perceptions of heavenly and earthly things, for the perservation of our souls and bodies, and for the illumination of our minds; advantages that can in no wise be more completely obtained than by an intimate acquaintance with the Occult

Sciences, or, in other words, by a contemplation of

GOD and NATURE.

Though God has given us no innate ideas of himself, yet having furnished us with those faculties our minds are endowed with, he hath not left himself without a witness; since we have sense, perception, and reason, and cannot but want a clear proof of him, as long as we carry any thought of ourselves about us. To show, therefore, that we are capable of knowing, that is, being certain that there is a God; and how we may come by this certainty, I think we need go no farther than ourselves, and that undoubted knowledge we have of our own existence. I think it is beyond question that man has a clear perception of his own being: he knows certainly that he exists, and that he is something. In the next place, man knows, by an intuitive certainty that bare nothing can no more produce any real being than it can be equal to two right angles. If, therefore, we know there is some real being, it is an evident demonstration that from eternity there has been something; since what was not from eternity had a beginning; and what had a beginning must be produced by something else. Next it is evident that what has its being from another, must also have all that which is in and belongs to its being from another too; all the powers it has must be owing to, and received from the same source. This eternal source of all being must be also the source and original of all power; and so this eternal being must be also the most powerful.

Again, man finds in himself perception and knowledge; we are certain then that there is not only some being, but some knowing intelligent being in the world. There was a time when there was no knowing being, or else there has been a knowing being from eternity. If it be said there was a time when that eternal being had no knowledge, I reply that then it is impossible there should have ever been any knowledge: it being as impossible that things wholly void of knowledge and operating blindly and without any perception should produce a knowing being as it is impossible that a triangle should make itself three angles bigger than two right ones. Thus, from the consideration of ourselves and what we infallibly find in our own constitutions, our reason leads us to the knowledge of this certain and evident truth, that there is an eternal, most powerful, and knowing being, which whether any one will call God, it matters not. The thing is evident; and from this idea, duly considered, will easily be deduced all those other attributes we ought to ascribe to this eternal Being.

From what has been said, it is plain that we have a more certain knowledge of the existence of a God than of anything our senses have not immediately discovered to us. Nay, I presume I may say, that we more certainly know that there is a God than that there is anything else without us. When I say, we know, mean there is such a knowledge within our reach which we cannot miss, if we will but apply our minds to that, as we do to other inquiries.

It being then unavoidable for all rational creatures to conclude that something has existed from eternity, let us next see what kind of thing that must be. There are but two sorts of beings in the world that man knows or conceives; such as are purely material, without sense or perception; and sensible perceiving beings such as we find ourselves to be. These two sorts we shall call cogitative and incogitative beings, which, to our present purpose are better than material and immaterial.

If then there must be something eternal, it is very obvious to reason that it must necessarily be a cogitative being; because it is as impossible to conceive that bare incogitative matter should ever produce a thinking intelligent being as that nothing of itself should produce matter. Let us suppose any parcel of matter eternal, we shall find it in itself unable to produce anything. Let us suppose its parts firmly at rest together; if there were no other being in the world, must it not eternally remain so, a dead unactive lump? Is it possible to conceive that it can add motion to itself or produce anything? Matter then, by its own strength, cannot produce in itself so much as motion. The motion it has must also be from eternity or else added to matter by some other being more powerful than matter. But let us suppose motion eternal too; yet mat-

ter, incogitative matter, and motion, could never produce thought. Knowledge will still be as far beyond the power of nothing to produce. Divide matter into as minute parts as you will, vary its figure and motion as much as you please, it will operate no otherwise upon other bodies of proportionable bulk than it did before this division. The minutest particles of matter knock, repel, and resist one another, just as the greater do, and that is all they can do: so that if we suppose nothing eternal, matter can never begin to be: if we suppose bare matter without motion eternal, thought can never begin to be: for it is impossible to conceive that matter, either with or without motion, could have originally in and from itself, sense, perception and knowledge, as is evident from hence, that then sense, perception and knowledge must be a property eternally inseparable from matter, and every particle of it. Since, therefore, whatsoever is the first eternal being must necessarily be cogitative, and whatsoever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it and actually have at least all the perfections that can ever after exist; it necessarily follows that the first eternal being cannot be matter.

(To be continued next month.)

The Homage

(Continued from page 22)

his gray cowled figure wandered among the hills. They used to say, "How is it that a man should be willing to live with beasts?" The old hermit had known the secret and the younger one was fast learning it.

And so, the legend says that to this day in the heart of those hills there lives an insane old man, broken by some earthly sorrow, who has given up the benefits of earthly affection to live in the mountains like a beast. They laugh about him in the village and they lay wagers as to who shall find his bones, but in the same voice they tell you of that wonderful day years ago when the mountains grew dark and the beasts flocked together and the great miracle took place in the hills. That story will never die in the little city at the base of the mountains. In awe they tell you of the thunder and of the majesty of the lightening. The superstitious cross themselves and say that the Spirit of God Himself walked the hills that day. They never knew nor will they ever know that this was Nature's homage, Nature's only way of showing its reverence and its love for the old hermit in the gray cowl who lived in the little cabin where the valley meets the hills.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued from page 12)

"No, brother, I will not leave you. I have suffered as you have suffered and will stay with you, for well I remember the agony I went through when none would stop."

Reaching the side of the old man he knelt down and, lifting the aged head upon his knee, tried to sooth the sufferer, unheeding the fact that but a moment before he had himself been dying of a broken heart. As he knelt there, he did not see that the great trees around him with their massive pillars were slowly turning white; he did not realize that the swaying branches that linked overhead were turning into a dome of marble; but as he knelt the figure before him slowly faded away and with a cry of amazement the pilgrim rose to his feet and gazed around. He was again in the temple, but this time alone. He looked towards the Shrine of Bleeding Heart. It was empty. The little door below it was open before him and a voice seemed to tell him to go on. Reaching the little gate, he knelt down, and bowing in humility passed through. Before him the path led up to the stars and with hands crossed upon his breast he started up a path that seemed like jewels and diamonds glistening in a spiritual sun.

Gazing down at his garments he found that they were not those that he had been wearing but were of white.

Obeying an impulse, he raised his hands to look at them. They were covered with blood, and twisting and gleaming between his fingers was the Bleeding Heart which had been on the shrine while behind him stretched a fine thread of blood that marked the path he had been walking.

A voice said: "That is the key."

(To be continued)

The Chair of Doom

IT was in the summer palace of the Emperor—where cherry blossoms filled the air, little bridges led across water-ways filled with fishes of gold and silver, and little dwarfed fir trees scarce higher than your waist edged the rowed and parked lawns of the summer garden. In the midst of this beauty was a little pagoda where the Emperor used to come and sit and in it was a glorious chair of carved ebony, its back cut to resemble an ancient tree through which flew ho-ho birds with little eyes of gleaming mother-of-pearl. The Emperor used to love to come here and sit in the midst of his summer garden to laugh and smile with nature, but as the years went by and the step of the Emperor grew halt, the cares of state resting heavily upon him, he came less often to his chair in the garden.

One who was close to him and beloved of him came to the Emperor one day and said, "Sire, you have been sad these many days but the sun shines in the sky and the garden is in bloom. Come out once more to the Pagoda of Dreams as you used to do in days gone by."

The Emperor was silent for his mind went back over the years beyond recall and he dreamed of the hours he had spent in his garden of cherry blossoms. Then leaning on the arm of this one whom he trusted he went into his garden where he had not walked for many years, and there, with but few to attend him or to break the solitude of his thoughts, he sank as a weary pilgrim into his chair in the garden.

For years none had sat there. The chair was dusty and streaked with age and the glinty eyes of the ho-ho birds had fallen out. But the Emperor did not care, for in the hours he sat upon it he lived in the long ago—in the days when in youth and carelessness he had lived in his garden of dreams. Still the same chrysanthemums raised their many colored heads and danced in the sun, still the golden fishes leaped in the pools and the white storks with their crimson crests balanced in silent majesty in the watery rills, he heard the same water fall which had sounded in his ears when he had played his love song in the gardens years before.

And the Emperor was sad, sad with the remembrance of loves and joys lost forever. So he sat in his chair, moody and silent, while the glorious sun sank down in the endless West as his own life was fast sinking in the endless West of eternity. And in this way the Emperor fell asleep in his garden of cherry blossoms and there he slept forever. When dawn came they found the spirit gone and the body asleep in the Pagoda of Dreams.

The years went by and another king sat upon the throne but none would enter the garden for it was there the Emperor had gone to sleep. So a story came down through the ages that told of the Chair of Endless Sleep in the Pagoda of Golden Dreams. It was warned that whoever went into the garden of pleasure would some time go back again and enter the rest eternal in the garden of their dreams. So the new king never went there for fear that he too would fall asleep in the enchanted chair. He had a mighty wall built around the garden that none might enter for he had been told by a reader of the stars that he would go to asleep as his father had in this Pagoda of Dreams. So he issued orders to all the world that none should go into that garden and none should ever speak to him of that garden for he had vowed in his soul to live forever as a ruler of his people. Thus for a hundred years the old chair stood alone in the garden of wild cherry blossoms and the old king swore a new oath every year to outlive the curse.

Now it seems that there came into this land the foot of the white man, coming as it so often did—not to lift but to rob, not to serve but to pillage. One of these white men learned of the Pagoda of Dreams and the sacred chair that was in it and one night when all was still he climbed over the high old wall to steal this treasure. Passing through the darkness of the night, amid the little arches and bridges and altars of granite, he finally came to rest at the gate of the Pagoda of

Dreams. The hinges were rusty and old, the golden lattice work was tarnished and broken, the lanterns that had lighted the garden were but skeletons of wood from which the gay silks had long since rotted, the little fish no longer played in the stream for it was dried and their bones were mixed with the sand. The chrysanthemum beds were filled with weeds and the palms were overgrown with bushes for none had entered it since the day the Emperor had died.

The American, with his hand on the hilt of a revolver, broke the lock of the pagoda door and passed in where the pale rays of the moon but dimly entered through the gaping holes of a decaying roof. There, in the center of an inlaid floor, stood the Chair of Doom. It was a broken thing that had once been the resting place of an Emperor, and overgrown with a tangle of weeds and cobwebs where spiders had built their nests in its carvings. .

The American stood for several seconds viewing this broken chair, dreaming of the fortune it would bring in the Western world when they knew of its secret history. As he stood there in the night he heard a footfall behind him. Turning he saw coming towards him an Oriental robed in a wonderful garment of embroidered chrycantehemums and lotus flowers. This figure walked slowly forward with his hands out-stretched before him. The American looked fixedly at his face and saw that his eyes were closed.

"What can it mean?" he muttered creeping back into the shadow.

The robed man walked up to the battered gate and then slowly round and round the pagoda, in the same measured tread, with eyes closed and hands extended. At last the truth flashed into the mind of the American—the figure was that of the ancient Emperor and he was walking in his sleep! The ideas and thoughts of his life had become so fixed in his mind with the dread of the chair of gloom that night after night, when his body was in resistless sleep an unknown and unnameable force drew him into the garden to the Pagoda of Dreams amid the scent of the cherry blossoms.

Slowly the Oriental entered the pagoda and seated himself, eyes still closed, in the Chair of Doom from which none might rise. As he sat there the American started in surprise—across the floor of the pagoda a strange creature was crawling, its hard shell-like claws grating on the stone! He stood as though fascinated and watched while a gigantic scorpion, like a small crab or lobster, crept slowly towards the seated figure of the sleeping Emperor. With his eyes fixed upon the insect the American stood as if spell-bound as the thing climbed up the robes of the Oriental as he sat sleeping in the chair.

The moon glided for a second behind a great wall of clouds that had risen from the valley and hung like a shade around the crest of the distant mountains. When it passed from behind the clouds and shed its cold beams again into the Pagoda of Dreams, a strange sight was revealed.

The Emperor lay in the chair where his father had died and on the ground beside him the crushed body of the scorpion. Over the two stood the American who gazed in astonishment as the light came on. Seeing the dead insect he shook the quiet form. The body swayed as he shook it and would have fallen from the chair had he not drawn it back. Then as he looked more closely he saw on the back of the dead hand two tiny marks, like a pair of lips, where the kiss of the scorpion had fulfilled the ancient prophecy.

"So," murmured the American, "that is the Chair of Doom. Well, I'll leave it forever where it stands in the orchard of cherry blossoms—twice it has fulfilled its pledge." And slowly he passed out from the pagoda and to where the great wall surrounded all.

Suddenly a figure appeared from the darkness—a long, thin, hollow tube was placed to its lips. Then through the night a shaft of tufted steel shot from the mouth of a blow-gun. The American turned, swayed for a second, and slowly crumpled up at the foot of the wall, just a few feet from the pagoda.

When morning came they found the Emperor asleep in the Chair of Doom and by the wall the body of a foreigner, in his back a poisoned dart.

(Continued on page 32)

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Capricorn is considered to be a very ambitious sign also particularly anxious for worldly honors and social aspiration because it is the natural ruler of the tenth house which has to do with the public fortune of the native. Capricorn, being ruled by Saturn, is sometimes cold, sarcastic and suspicious. It is a very long life sign and under it are born those sprightly old people who swing around at eighty-nine or ninety with the speed and alacrity of youth. Capricorn people usually have two codes of ethics, one for the world and the other for their immediate families; they are gracious and smiling with strangers but often cold and irritable at home. A well developed Capricorn however is a very lovable person, true, faithful and always willing to help in any way possible.

We find a great deal of loneliness among Capricorn people, especially the old folks. They are often imposed upon by others or at least imagine that they are, therefore their old age is not always a happy one.

The keywords of Capricorn are:

Cold
Dry
Earthy
Nocturnal
Melancholy
Feminine
Southern
Obeying
Weak
Movable
Cardinal
Tropical
Domestic
Four-footed
Changeable
Unfortunate
Crooked
Hoarse
Night house of Saturn
Exhaltation of Mars
Arid
Sign of the winter tropic
Detriment of Moon
Fall of Saturn

General Characteristics:

There is always something peculiar about Capricorn people. They seem to stand a little different from all others because of certain eccentricities. Their physical appearance always draws attention to them as they are different and while sometimes good mixers are generally poor company until the higher and finer side of their nature is awakened. The general characteristics are:

Love of social honor
Ambitious
Bound by heredity
Family pride
Sometimes crafty
Usually thrifty
Subtle
Economical
Witty
Changeable
Liable to melancholy
Subject to curious dreams
Usually mystic
Carry the air of veneration
Scientific
Given to boasting
Stubborn but not always strong-willed

Physical Appearance:

Dry constitution
Slender
Long thin face
Thin hair or beard
Dark hair
Long neck
Narrow chin and breast
Weak knees
Long legs
Voice weak and effeminate
Loose jointed
Angular

If Saturn is posited in Capricorn it adds to the aged appearance of the body which however is usually much stronger than it appears to be. Young Capricorn people are usually judged older than they are while very old Capricorn people are judged to be much younger than they are.

Health:

Capricorn is subject to diseases of a crystallizing and drying nature, also especially to the ailments listed below:

Sprains	Cutaneous eruptions
Dislocations	Cold chills
Broken limbs	Disorders of the chest and lungs
Melancholia	
Hysteria	Dry coughs

Domestic Problems:

Capricorn being a barren sign is not always as fortunate in these matters as might be. It is also liable to broken homes through excessive melancholia and a Capricorn who does not know better often fills their home with blues and despondency. If they can be made to see the brighter side of life their home becomes as radiant and cheerful as it once was depressing.

Countries Under the Influence of Capricorn:

Part of India	Saxony
Macedonia	Albania
Thrace	Bulgaria
Part of Greece	Part of West Indies
Mexico	

Cities Under Control of Capricorn:

Macklinburgh	Oxford
Wilma	Cleves
Brandenburgh	

Colors:

Dark brown	Black
Very dark indigo	

Ptolemy says that the fixed stars in the horns of Capricorn are similar in nature to Venus and partly to Mars. The stars in the mouth are like Saturn and partly like Venus. Those in the feet and stomach are the same as Mars and Mercury while those in the tail are like Saturn and Jupiter.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, listed the following in his tables concerning Capricorn: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits Capricorn is ruled by the Innocents; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Capricorn is ruled by Hanael; of the Twelve Tribes, Gad; of the Twelve Prophets, Mahum; of the Twelve Apostles, Thomas; of the twelve months, December 20th to January 20th; of the twelve plants, dock; of the twelve stones, chrysophrasus, onyx, moonstone; of the twelve principle members of the body, the knees; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the witches. Capricorn rules lead because of Saturn its planet.

(Continued from last month)

Countries Under the Influence of Sagittarius:

Arabia-Felix	Moravia
Spain	Dalmatis
Hungary	

Cities Ruled by Sagittarius:

Cologne	Budapest
Avignon	

Colors:

Light green	Olive

According to Ptolemy the stars in the point of the arrow of Sagittarius have influence similar to that of Mars and the Moon. Those in the bow and at the grasp of the hand act like Jupiter and Mars. The nebulae in the face is like the Sun in Mars. Those in the waist and in the back resemble Jupiter and also Mercury moderately. Those in the feet Jupiter and Saturn. The four-sided figure in the tail is similar to Venus and in some degree to Saturn.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa says that of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Sagittarius rules the Angels, of the Twelve Angels ruling over the Twelve Signs, it is ruled by Adnachiel; of the Twelve Tribes, Napthali; of the Twelve Prophets, Zephaniah; of the Twelve Apostles, James the Elder; of the twelve months, November 20th to December 20th; of the twelve plants, pimpernel; of the twelve stones, hyacinth; of the twelve principal parts of the body, the legs between the thighs and knees; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, Sagittarius rules the Tempters and Ensnarers.

Questions and Answers—Continued

Are earthquakes and the sinking of continents nautral causes or are they effects of the inharmony among those who inhabit them?

Ans. They are caused by the inharmonious thoughts of those who inhabit the planet. Emotion is attuned to fire, and fire is the cause of all the changes in the earth. Our thoughts affect our bodies as we know. We are the cells of the Body Cosmic, cells with a very bombastic temperament, and we are continually causing aches and pains to our planet. However all is progression, all is moving and working forward.

Can the mind image anything unreal?

Ans. It is impossible for a human mind to create or image anything that does not exist somewhere on one of the many planes of nature.

Is the power of communication with the astral spirits a sign of development?

Ans. Not necessarily. Development is a positive step forward while many become conscious of superphysical things through a retrogression. Crystal-gazing, magic mirrors, and all those things are not developments but are degenerations which will destroy us if we continue them.

What did Christ mean when He said "In my Father's house are many mansions?"

Ans. One translation of this paragraph says "In the Father's house are many resting places" and the "mansions" undoubtedly refer to the different planes of nature where the spiritual consciousness lives and rests in its progression towards perfection.

What is the best cure for an inflamed stomach?

Ans. Fasting, non-irritating diet and a purifying of the entire system are the only means by which treatment of a permanent nature can be carried on.

Is there a healing for sore and aching feet?

Ans. It is amazing what a marked connection there is between a disturbed stomach and sore feet, but if people will keep their general system in good order much foot trouble can be eliminated.

What are the real dangers of psychic development?

Ans. The first great danger is negative development which results in mediumship and obsession. The second great danger is seeking to unfold spiritual powers before the body has been properly purified to sustain the strain.

What is the meaning of the word "occult" and how is it to be used in connection with spiritual sciences?

Ans. The word "occult" means hidden. An occultist is one who through the powers of reason is trying to lift the veil of allegory from science and religion and find the germ of truth and unity concealed in their diverse, complex, and literal explanations and teachings. The occultist is the eternal seeker, seeking eternal truths.

Who is a mystic and how does he differ from the occultist?

Ans. The mystic is one who is seeking to gain the same truth and lift the same veil by developing the heart side of his nature and to gain by intuition what the occultist searches for by reason. It is the union of these two paths the mystic and the occult, that gives the seeker the balance that is necessary before the higher initiations are possible. When action of the proper kind is added to this and the student applies his theoretical knowledge, then the eternal triangle is perfected and balanced in man.

What is the true object of all the Wisdom Teachings?

Ans. Their purpose is to show man his true position in the great plan of creation. They explain to the student the responsibilities of life, and, through the knowledge that they give him, prepare him for the Great Work that awaits all when their days of schooling are over.

How should we regard a religion?

Ans. A religion is a phase of truth attuned to the states of consciousness of them who are evolving through it. It is the doctrine, part of a still greater doctrine, to which we are drawn by the faculties we have developed and the spiritual sight we have unfolded within ourselves. It is a changeable point. As we grow in experience and understanding, our religion and religious concepts should broaden with us. Every living being changes, or should change in some way, his religion with each experience and unfoldment which daily life brings; if he does not do this he is standing still. When we are inclined to look down upon creeds or religions that seem primitive to us, we should remember that they are all steps in a great plan that must be passed through before the Planner can be revealed. When we have passed through and reached a more elevated ideal, our broadened, spiritual intellect should help us to realize the need of all of the other steps, and the fact that a doctrine exists at all on this plane of nature is proof certain that it is helping someone who would fall without the protection and inspiration that it gives, for nature supports nothing any great length of time that is not of use in the plan.

What is a creed?

Ans. Creeds are steps in the unfoldment of religious truth which have on this plane of nature drawn around them forms which we call denominations. Creeds are incarnations of spiritual truth, functioning in ever better vehicles furnished by the consciousness of those souls who are evolving through them.

Which religions are occult?

Ans. All religions have a hidden or esoteric side. The same may be said of all the divisions of a religion. The esoteric doctrine we see in a religion depends upon the esoteric eyes we have developed in our own spiritual natures. They who look through the eyes of form can see only form and in religion only the history of people now dead and countries now unknown; while to them who have evolved the spiritual sight, the life behind the form (the truth behind the allegory), is visible. All religions are steps in the unfoldment of one truth and they only clash when their spiritual ideals are crystallized into material forms.

What is a miracle?

Ans. A miracle is an effect, the cause of which is unknown. The cause, however, must be as great as the effect it produces. If the student wants a miracle to happen to him, he must set in motion causes great enough to produce the desired effect. Our universe is governed by law and order in spite of what many persons believe.

Who is God?

Ans. God, as He is now generally understood, man, and the universe are various stages in the concrete manifestation of the Absolute. The God we know is the individualized part of this Unknowable One, who through the unfolding of consciousness has become the ruling spiritual intelligence of a solar system. Man is eternally making adjustments of bodies within to planes of consciousness without, and God is relatively perfect on a plane of consciousness where man as yet has not evolved vehicles of expression. Man, however, contains within himself, in germinal essence, powers which will give him later, when evolved, the consciousness he now worships in the Logos or God.

Chair of Doom

(Continued from page 28)

A new law was passed in that land and a great crew was turned into the garden. For many days and nights they labored to destroy a superstition. They tore up the bridges and the shrines, filled the stream-beds with dirt, they burned the pagoda and with it—the Chair of Doom. And now another world stands in that garden of dreams—a wonderful building of brick and stone with an elevator running up and down! The busy purr of an East, awakened by the hand of the West, stands where once the cherry blossoms swayed.

The legend of the Chair of Doom is nearly forgotten but hidden away in the records of a mysterious people is the old story of the Pagoda of Golden Dreams in the enchanted garden of the Emperor.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer
Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on hand:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explantion of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

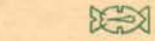
Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
Talks to Teachers, Part I
Talks to Teachers, Part II
Talks to Teachers, Part III
The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
Reincarnation, Part I
Reincarnation, Part II.
The Nature Spirits, Part I.
The Nature Spirits, Part II.
The Nature Spirits, Part III.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
The Masters, Part I.
The Masters, Part II.
Character Analysis
First Principles of Religion
Marriage the Mystic Rite
The Fourth Dimension

These publications may be secured by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Zoroaster, the Persian



"The teacher of evil destroys the lore, he by his teaching destroys the design of life, he prevents the possession of Good Thought from being prized."

"Those men of evil actions who spurn the holy Piety, precious to thy wise one, O Mazda, through their having no part in good Thought, from them Right shrinks back far, as from us shrink the wild beasts of prey."

"Bliss shall flee from them that despise righteousness."

"He that does not restore a loan to the man who lent it steals the thing and robs the man. Every moment that he holds it unlawfully, he steals it anew."

"Let your ears attend to those who in their deeds and utterances hold to Right and to those of Good Thought."

"Teachings address I to maidens marrying and to you bridegrooms giving counsel: Let each of you strive to excel the other in the Right, for it will be a prize for that one."

"Whatever happiness ye look for in union with the Lie shall be taken away from your persons."

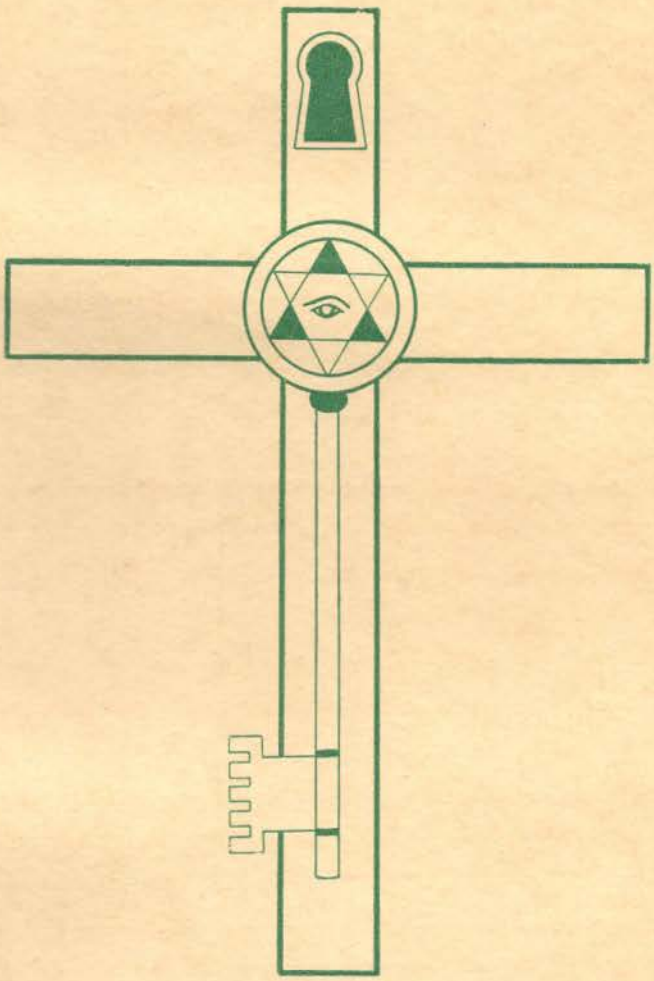
"He who sows corn sows righteousness: makes the Religion of Mazda walk, as well as he could do with ten thousand sacrificial formulas."

"Violence must be put down; against cruelty make a stand, ye who would make sure of the reward of the Good Thought through Right."

"Well is he by whom that which is his benefit becomes the benefit of any one else."

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by
MANLY P. HALL

APRIL, 1924

Books by Manly P. Hall

The Initiates of the Flame.

A book dealing with the seven great branches of occult philosophy as they have been perpetuated through the Fire Schools of the ancients. Of interest to occultists, Masons and students of comparative religion. It contains about 100 pages bound in full cloth, stamped in gold. Illustrated.

The Lost Keys of Masonry.

An occult analysis of the three degrees of the Blue Lodge as they have been preserved since the time of ancient Egypt. Preface by Reynold E. Blight, of exalted position in the 33rd degree of Masonic Lodge. Illustrated with a four-color plate of the Masonic degrees on the human body and other black and white drawings. About 80 pages, printed in two colors, solid board binding, stamped in three colors.

The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah and the Science of the Divine Names.

A text book dealing with the spirit of the Qabbalah and the great natural laws upon which it is based. Entirely different from anything of its kind on the market at the present time. It contains a chapter devoted to the exposition of ceremonial magic and the secret allegories concealed beneath it. Art paper binding, about 50 pages.

The Ways of the Lonely Ones.

This is the last of Mr. Hall's writings, the first edition of which was entirely exhausted in about three hours of distributing time, and the second edition is being rapidly exhausted.

This is a purely mystical work dealing with the heart side of occult philosophy and appealing to the intuitive rather than the intellectual mind. It contains a number of occult allegories expressing the spirit of the ancient philosophies. It contains 64 closely written pages and is nicely bound in boards and stamped in blue.

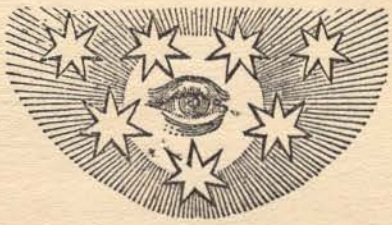
Address all orders to MANLY P. HALL

P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2 LOS ANGELES, CALIF., APRIL, 1924 No. 6



This magazine is published monthly
for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEM 2

EDITORIALS
- Shallow Brooks Are Noisy 3
- Mental Attitudes 6

BROTHERS OF THE SHINING ROBE 9

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT 17

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT 16

OCCULT FICTION
- The Witch Doctor 11
- The Terror Tree 18

SPECIAL ARTICLES
- Concentration 14
- Breast Plate of the High Priest 21
- One O' Nature's Little Mysteries 24
- Key to Physic 27

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS 30

SELECTED VERSES.

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind?
Veil after veil will lift but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

* * *

Who toil'd a slave may come anew a prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who rul'd a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

* * *

Ye suffer for yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony.

* * *

This is the doctrine of Karma. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

* * *

Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
Enter the path! Far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offense.

—Light of Asia.

EDITORIALS

Notice to Subscribers

This number concludes the second magazine subscription of six months which we offered to our friends and students. Any who have not received six numbers as per their subscription may secure any of the back numbers which they do not have through communication with us.

The further development of the magazine cannot be definitely stated at this time but our subscribers will be informed thereof by circular letter within thirty days after the receipt of this number of the magazine.

We still have a few of the first numbers which we will be glad to supply to those sending in and we ask you all to wait patiently for the next development in connection with this publication.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITOR.

Shallow Brooks Are Noisy

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how much valuable energy is wasted in tears, repentenances and wailings by individuals who follow blind alleys of sorrow, all of which lead to oblivion? At a moment when a great crisis presents itself energy should be conserved; when one who has long meant to us something which words cannot describe is taken away by the hand of death or our illusions are broken by grim reality and people raised upon pedestals have come tumbling down, when we are confronted with problems requiring the coolest calculation and the most discerning reason—about that time we collapse, heart-broken, and howling like a three-year-old child. The salt of life loses its savor, there is a total eclipse of hope and we allow whatever energy remaining to trickle out of us in cold sweats or pour down our faces like a spring freshet in the mountains. As the result of this we are sick afterwards, all used up, and make the very worst possible decisions on all matters of importance.

Let the emotionless East answer this problem. We may be called cruel and heartless because we do not drench our handkerchief and our neighbor's shoulder when someone dies, but we will find ourselves of a great deal more use in the long run if we are the only person present who has retained even the shadow of self-possession and is capable of issuing the necessary command at the critical moment. Emotion is one of the greatest causes of weakness and inefficiency which at the present time besets the human race and an individual who can remain balanced and self possessed not only saves the situation but also lengthens his own life many years. The moment of catastrophe should be the moment of conservation, whereas, now, individuals run around in circles perfectly conscious of the fact that they are getting nowhere but feeling that they must give vent to their emotion if the only thing they can do is wring their hands.

Problems which present themselves in our civilization must be met with clean-cut reason and in an efficient, sensible, rational way. You never knew a business man, long bent over the desk which has transformed itself from his place of business into the casket of his soul, to throw himself upon your neck when you come in to sign an insurance policy,

Mental Attitude as the Basis of Efficiency

GREAT corporations and industrial enterprises are beginning to realize more and more the part that mental attitude plays in business efficiency. They are realizing the value of the contended employee and that the goodwill of their own servants plays no little part in the success of an enterprise. In days gone by the employee was looked upon as a necessary inconvenience, as a menial who must do as he is told or be fired, while those who were underlings forever stood with the sword of Damocles over their heads, living in awe of the boss and in momentary expectation of being fired, abject slaves of a commercial system which gave them no place. If they sought to rebel against this system it meant unemployment, suffering and even starvation.

This day of tyranny, however, is over, for industry discovered that those who work through fear are only eye servants and that the sourness and hatred which was showered upon industry by those who were as cogs in its wheels inhibited the output, diminished the efficiency, and left the officials of the corporation without friends or even the respect of their employees. In the days past the employer did not care what his help did think of him, but he is now beginning to realize that the attitude of his office force, and of his industrial workers, must be taken into consideration and form one of the keynotes of an enterprise.

So today we find the cooperative plan in which the servant is consulted by his own master, in which he is given a living wage, in which he is given a voice in the running of the enterprise. Such a system increases the efficiency of the entire and is now the only possible way to prevent a great industrial revolution.

The cheerful worker does three times the work of the over-taxed, under-paid, grumbling clerk. The smiling face of the employee sells the products of the corporation. It means that there will never be a shortage of labor in that corporation and that its workers, humanely treated and honestly considered, will give the touch of personal sympathy to the enterprise, which personal sympathy has a market value many times the amount of money expended in order to create it.

As this is true in the commercial world, so it is true in every walk of life, and as man at the present time capitalizes upon the efficiency of his brother man and also realizes that his efficiency is his capital, both in the commercial world and in the world of letters, he is realizing more and more that the proper mental outlook on life is the basis of his ability to meet the problem of daily existence.

The ability to meet problems, the ability to endure hardships, and the ability to labor methodically are expressions of efficiency, and in this day and age of the world not only must a product be sold but, because of the keenness of competition, it must literally sell itself because of its economy and merits. And just as a product must sell itself so the individual who wishes to be a success in world affairs must learn to sell himself to the world. Before a man can sell an automobile he must sell himself to the purchaser, before a man will be promoted in the commercial world he must sell himself to the employer.

Now let us briefly analyze what is meant when we say a person must sell himself. By this is simply meant that he must prove that he is necessary to the development of a certain thing and literally prove that he is the one best fitted to perform a certain work to attain a certain result or to demonstrate a certain quality. In other words, by selling oneself is meant that a person must convince another of his merits to the extent that the other comes into realization of the fact that the party in question is necessary to the success of the enterprise.

Efficiency sells a man in the commercial world more quickly than anything else and efficiency is fifty percent experience and fifty

percent mental attitude. The drone may have experience but, suffering from a diseased mental attitude and an unhealthy outlook on life, he is of little value, while often an individual without experience but whose outlook upon life is healthy passes like a skyrocket through the heavens of industrialism, leaving far behind older and wiser heads who have become rutted or who suffer from an unhealthy or distorted mental outlook.

As we see it, there are three mental outlooks which at the present time are making failures out of people who would otherwise be successes. The first type who eliminates himself from the social order of things and in so doing loses his opportunity to sell himself to the world is the radical. Please do not think for a moment that there are not needs for reforms, neither believe that man must not rise and see that the necessary steps are taken to correct the idiosyncrasies of our social system. But it is possible to be progressive without being bolshevistic, it is possible to assist materially in the mending of our social fabric without the attitude of the anarchist. The rabid mind which lives only to criticize, to tear down, and to abolutionize, destroys itself, and at the same time removes itself from the field of useful labors. The radical has not a healthy outlook on life. His keynote is the critical mind. There is something the matter with everything he comes in contact with—from way his sausage is cooked to the way the country is run—and such an individual is seldom if ever a success in any walk of life. Such types finally mass themselves into a group of ragged, dirty, disheveled bolsheviks and soap box orators who can never wield a greater power than that of brute force. Their mental attitude has ostracized them from society and completely divided them from the very thing they sought to serve. While the conformist is often forced to conform against his will, the greatest good to the greatest number demands diplomacy in every walk of life. Diplomacy does not necessarily mean that the individual should sacrifice his personal viewpoint but it means that he will hold that viewpoint in abeyance until socially and economically he is successful enough and powerful enough in world affairs to make an intelligent use of that viewpoint. As a recognized leader in world affairs he will be capable of promulgating his viewpoint and, if necessary, of tearing down the social standard to rebuild it on a more solid foundation; but as a mere individual, unhonored and unsung, the radical, instead of eliminating society and its evils, really eliminates himself from society. Therefore we say that the radical mind, the mind always set upon the unconventional and the unusual is seldom desired by any enterprise wherein success plays an important function because the radical mind succeeds in nothing except in making enemies. The healthy mental attitude is capable of taking the ideals of the radical and applying them to its life and unfoldment but it does so in a big, broad, cheerful and constructive way which surrounds it with friends and well wishers. Often this cheerful mind will pass the new law and tear down the old subterfuge and sham without the world ever suspecting it, while the radical and the bolshevik, who is always tearing at the soul of sociology and economics, only lands himself in jail, in the law courts, and an untimely grave. One man cannot convert humanity by opposing it; he must convert humanity by gaining its confidence and have it moving with him instead of against him. By doing this, man sells his idea, while with the radical the idea merely destroys him. At the present time there is a flood of radicalism in all walks of life. Radical government anarchists throw bombs of verbosity at each other, insipid parlor anarchists flay our social system, to replace the decaying ethics of the days gone by with still more rotten filaments of their own imagination, and like most bolshevistic minds tear down eternally but have nothing better to offer to take the place of the thing they have destroyed. Therefore we put first in the list of unhealthy mental attitudes the small-town bolshevik and half-baked "Red." He has an unhealthy outlook on life. Everything he sees is tinged with perversity. Regardless of his training or his education or his really spiritual ideals, his mental attitude debars him from society and leaves him help-

less in his efforts to regenerate the plan of being.

The second undesirable mental attitude which we wish to discuss is the state of melancholia. We have not only the radical who wishes to blow up everything and get his fingers at the throat of something but we also have the individual who is just sour and who lives entirely in a realm of failure, gloom, despondency and general dolefulness. These individuals are long-faced, sorrowful persons who spread gloom with their very presence. The world has no place for them because at this time everyone has more troubles than they know what to do with and few wish to discuss those of other people or be forced to shoulder the burdens of any save themselves. For this temperament there is but one remedy and that is the sunshine cure. They must realize that in spite of the fact that their mother-in-law cut them out of her will or that they had to pay their brother's funeral expenses, the world cares little but hands the palm of the victor to the face with the smile. The attitude of indifference to responsibility and the lack of interest in the problem at hand is a poor recommendation in modern world affairs. *A business takes an interest in the person who takes an interest in that business.* The office manager today feels that he has really hired a man when he hires with the personality the good will, and few succeed in enterprises which their hearts are not in. Where their treasure is there will their heart be also the Scripture has stated, and the modern business world of today promotes and distinguishes those whose hearts are in their labors. In spite of petty graft, the whole-hearted one seldom fails if he has energy and the proper mental outlook on life. Under the heading of melancholia we have the individual who lacks interest, who manifests incessantly those qualities which show that the blood moves slowly in their veins, and the doors of enterprises, both spiritual and material, close upon the drone who does just what he has to and nothing more, who labors with his mind far away, or who is turned from the path of sunshine by every reverse. In this way, you see how the mental attitude and not the skill with the fingers makes and breaks us in the world of affairs.

The third division we will mention under the heading of mental attitudes is the egotist. In the modern world, be it political, sociological, philosophical, or religious, the employer and the fellow-worker throws up his hands and turns away in despair when he finds blooming in a soul the flower of egotism. The great sorrow of the egotist is that he seldom recognizes the fault in himself. He fights the whole world to prove his own position, is blind to his own faults, and has the most helpless mental attitude that there is known. There is always a great number of people to fill positions of little importance but there has never been a surfeit of great men and great women. The world delegates authority to all who are capable of standing it and egotism is the proof of the lack of control of self. When the world bestows power upon an individual, upon a group of individuals, upon a government, or upon a scheme of things, it does so because that individual has demonstrated the qualities of worthiness or because that organization, government, or scheme of things, has exhibited fitness to be entrusted with responsibility. There is an endless need of people who can carry responsibility without showing it. In this world the successful manager is the one whose superiority is the least suspected. The idea of the great man on the pedestal is dying out and men today serve men more and more because they recognize in the one they serve the qualities they themselves do not possess. The successful leader in all walks of life is the one who leads through confidence and not one who demands to be leader because of the sceptre of authority. Therefore we say that the third mental attitude which destroys efficiency of individuals in world affairs is egotism. It convinces those who do not know that they know almost everything and causes exhibitions of power which are ever obnoxious to the democratic minds of the twentieth century.

If individuals would trace their own characters carefully and study their own mental attitudes on life—whether the world they live in is bright and cheery or whether it is dark and gloomy with the forebodings of their

(Continued on page 26)

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER TEN

"The key, the key, the key!" the voice kept saying. From everywhere the word could be traced, half seen, half read, and heard by ears that were not of this earth. Suddenly a great star of light appeared before the pilgrim, growing larger and brighter, seeming to spin, dance and twist, and at last exploded into thousands of streamers of colored light.

I felt myself falling, down, down, down, through an abyss of darkness, where not even stars lighted the sky of eternity. Suddenly the fall stopped, and opening my eyes I found myself looking straight up at a filagree pattern of pink flowers that decorated the ceiling over my head. I felt weak and faint and for several seconds could not move. Then turning slightly I made the rather startling discovery, that I could move, for in some subconscious way I did not feel that the body I had was connected with me.

The morning sun was shining in at the window, casting its bright reflections about the apartment, and I lay looking up at the ceiling, trying to collect my shattered thoughts and piece out the story since the time I was sent whirling from the train and over the embankment.

As I lay there a dark shadow began to crawl slowly up the side of the wall. My over-wrought nerves gave way and in spite of myself I gave a cry, for creeping up the wall by my bedside was a great shadowy spider which seemed at least a foot across, having no substance whatsoever and existing only as a shadow upon the wall. My mind recalled the black magic that had been used on me before and so I braced myself against what I felt to be an attack, at the same time sending out a call for the Master as I always did involuntarily in moments of trouble.

The shadow stopped and I could see the vibrant, hairy legs of the spider twist and cross each other as the fine feelers felt over the surface of the wallpaper. At the same time I felt behind me the presence which I had learned to love beyond life itself—that of the Master. Turning quickly I looked at him and pointed to the spider, crying "Save me! for I cannot move out of the bed and this thing is crawling down upon me!"

I recognized the majestic form that stood at the bedside by the eyes rather than anything else, for he was dressed in a military costume of western style and his face was no longer that of a Hindoo but of a European prince. As I looked pleadingly at him, the Brother of the Shining Robe smiled slightly.

"Here, my son," he said quietly, "is a lesson well worth the price of the terror. What think you this is?"

"Why," I answered, "I know not, but I presume I am being attacked again as I was before by some hallucination or ethereal creature launched against me by the black brotherhood.

The slight smile still played around his lips as he answered, "Do you know what is black magic's greatest weapon?"

"No, master," I answered.

"Then I will tell you. It is fear. It makes of strong men cowards, of honest men thieves, and of Christians demons, of gods devils who inhabit the filmy fastnesses of hell. Know you not that black magic deals with the element of fear and much of the evil in the world is based upon the fear of the unknown, which is most often harmless until we people it with demons of our own creation? The creeping creature that you see upon the wall, that shadowy thing which you feel is the blow of black magic, is like indeed black magic itself—but a shadow of the real. "Look." And he pointed towards the window.

Rising with painful effort on one elbow, I gazed towards the aperture where the bright morning sun was shining through the spotless pane, and there on the window-pane was a black spider, a little larger than a fly, and I realized why the smile had lurked around those lips. The sun shining in through the window had caused the gigantic shadow of the little insect to be cast upon the wall beside

my bed. With a sigh of relief, yet a feeling of sheepishness, I sank back upon the couch.

"Yes," continued the old man, "darkness is but a shadow of the real. Evil is like yon little spider, until the reflections of the human mind casts a shadow many times as large upon the walls of the soul. You are safe at this time. No further attempt will be made against you until you are able to be up and start again on your mission. It is then that you need to worry. You are too strongly protected here for them to come, but as you go out into the world again, and you are weakened by contact with the multitudes, and your spirit is broken by the rebuffs of the world, then will black magic become again a vital factor in your effort to succeed."

The master vanished as he had come, but I had not noticed that during the latter part of our conversation the door of the room had opened. The tall, slim form of Miss March, with her pale and highly arched brow, had been standing in the doorway of the room. I knew she had not seen the Master but she must have heard me talking to him and seen the gestures that I had made while he was present.

"To whom were you talking?" she asked as she entered the room and closed the door softly behind her.

Realizing the instructions I had received concerning the secrecy of the adepts, I remained silent. She repeated her question, and feeling that I must answer in some way, I replied, "I was talking to my teacher."

She looked for two or three minutes at me in a rather strange way and I could see that she did not understand what I was talking about.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "there was no one here. There is no one here now."

"In the last assertion you are quite right, Miss March," I assured her, "but in the first I must beg to differ. In my half-dazed condition I was badly frightened by the spider on yonder wall and in my nervous extremity I called for help in the only way I knew and was discussing the problem when you arrived."

The girl was silent for several seconds.

"You mean there was someone here I could not see?" she inquired.

I bowed my head silently in assent.

"Who was it?" she asked.

"I am very sorry but it is quite impossible for me to answer that question."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that sacred obligations which I have taken forbid me to discuss the personalities of some people."

Miss March laughed slightly.

"Your story amuses me. There is a certain air of mystery in it, and mystery is always fascinating. But come, I want you to tell me the name of this unseen person with whom you were holding conversation."

Again I shook my head. Miss March looked at me for two or three moments and her face broke out in a pout.

"I do not see what harm it can do and I am very, very inquisitive. You know I have been a student of herbs, and in my studies I have come across many statements concerning strange transcendental powers and so forth, but in accordance with the views of the students of today I accepted them only as fables and superstitions of the dark ages. But at last I find one who claims to know and talk to one of these strange persons who make themselves invisible, and this person—" and she looked straight at me, "refuses to answer even one little question for me."

I felt myself in a rather embarrassing position but still maintained a dogged silence.

"I think you are just fooling me," she exclaimed, "I think you were talking to yourself, or else you were delirious."

"No, no," I assured her, "what I told you is absolutely true."

She laughed slightly and her thin pale face seemed rather sardonic with that smile.

"I won't believe any of your stories unless you tell me about this person."

I felt that the young woman, who knew nothing of the power and beauty and magnificence of my master, was deliberately laughing at one whom I adored above life itself and for a moment my judgment left me. I was determined to prove to Miss March

The Witch Doctor

THROUGH the jungles a narrow path ran, just a single foot-trail bordered on each side by great ferns with broad, swaying leaves from whose clustered groups rose the round, shaggy-barked trunk of lofty palm trees whose green leaves quivered in the gentle breeze. The sunlight ever penetrated to the foot-path or dried the moist earth from which rose that mouldy smell which is ever found where the light of day is excluded. Great streamers of moss, dripping with a slimy ooze, hung swaying from the rotten branches of trees long dead, while here and there a great orchid hung blooming, saturating the atmosphere with a heavy nauseating fragrance. This is just one view of an immense jungle, an uncultivated and practically unknown area stretching hundreds of miles until finally it reaches the mountains whose snowy crests hover over in strange contrast to the tropical valley beneath.

The sounds were many and as varied as the vegetation. The chattering of monkeys, as they swung from tree to tree or hung by their tails from the gigantic stalks of jungle fern, was ever in the air. Now and then the cry of some gaily plumed bird sounded above their incessant pattering. Other sounds there were too which blended themselves into an endless symphony and were only audible as a faint rumble—the roaring of lions, the crying and laughing of hyenas or the shrill trumpet of the mighty elephant. All these awoke the echoes of the jungle, for this was the tropic primeval.

Suddenly the swaying ferns along the narrow path parted and into an open glade, arched over with palm leaves, strode Gomo the Medicine Man, the much feared and respected fetish doctor, in all the glory of primitive power. Gomo was all of six and a half feet tall with a body perfect according to primitive perfection. Great muscles and sinews like those of an ox shown out through the ebony skin, giving a sense of power and majesty to the gigantic figure. Gomo wore around him the skin of a lion; its shaggy mane covered his chest while the long tail was twisted around his waist as a belt in which was stuck a long curved knife of some flinty stone. His thick nose and lips were pierced with colored strips of ivory and in his ears hung pendants of crudely pounded metal. The hair was shaven from his head or rather, we should say, scraped thereform with the aid of sharp stones, all save a narrow area at the top of the skull where a tiny topknot still remained, bound tightly into a tassel by means of dyed and colored strips of fibre. His face and body were thickly smeared into horrible designs with colored clays and in his hands he carried his medicine rattle, formed from the skull of an infant. He wore a necklace of human teeth and his belt was hung with strands of hair from the heads of his victims. On his arm was a mighty shield of rhinoceros leather and in the same hand he held a great club of seasoned wood with a sharp stone lashed to the end.

As Gomo stood in the half light, surrounded by the oozing, decaying vegetation of the tropical jungle, he made a picture difficult to describe and which must be imagined to be understood. He stood like a statue, his ears, with the fine sense of the primitive man, listening, listening for the footsteps of an advancing host, a horde of white men who were coming to rob Gomo of his elephant tusks, of his skins and trophies, of his riches and diamonds, and most of all to take from him his power as invoker of spirits and messenger of the gods.

For many days through the jungles his people had been retreating before the onrush of civilization, before implements of war which Gomo could not understand, before shining sticks of metal that spat out flame and death, before curving blades of steel that gleamed like silver in the sun; before these strange implements of magic of the white man, Gomo seemed powerless. Hour by hour the jungle that had been his home was torn from him by the evil power of the white man. Not without cost to the invader however, for from

among the palm trees, amidst the swaying ferns and mounds of rock, tiny poisoned arrows flew and little feathered darts, tipped with deadly venom, rained from the blowguns of the natives, shedding death and destruction in all directions. But still, with a power which the natives could not fathom, the oncoming race of another color won inch by inch the slimy ooze which floored this jungle.

Quickly through the underbrush madly dashed a black form. Staggering forward, he collapsed in a heap at the feet of the mighty Medicine Man.

"Oh, Exalted One!" groaned the form from the ground, whose clay covered body was now streaked with blood, "Oh, mighty Worker of Magic! Save your people for they are powerless against the fetish of the white man! Even now the mighty chieftain, whose belt is made of the skulls of kings, lies dead in the jungle, struck down by the flaming magic of the white race. One by one our warriors sink down beside the way; their charms and their incantations are as useless as their shields to protect them from this dread magic. Oh, Mighty One, if you do not save us now there will be none to save! Our arrows fall short of the mark and our stone hammers are powerless. You alone can save us, for you know the will of the gods!"

With a gurgling cry the figure pitched forward and rolling over, lay face upward in the path. The bullet of the white man had entered his heart, but, with the same power and courage which marks the beast of the jungle, he had lived for many minutes, whereas a white man would have fallen where he stood.

Gomo gazed down for a moment at the huddled mass at his feet. He saw the mighty muscles of the warrior, he saw the look of fierce hate and determination which still animated the dead man's face, and he realized that the magic of the white race must be great when it could overpower such as this.

Slowly the great witch doctor turned and retraced his steps along the path and finally vanished amidst a great sunburst of palms and ferns that suddenly appeared ahead and into which the trail dissolved. The hours passed, the shadows lengthened in the jungle, and soon the howling cries of sunset sounded upon the air which seemed ever more vital, more mystical, more terrible, as that strange electrical sunset of the jungles shrouded the trees and ferns in ever deepening gloom.

Some three hours after sunset, in the clump of palms and ferns where the path ended, a dull glow arose which tinted the swaying trees and branches with copper hues. It was from a log fire built upon the top of a little mound. Before the fire, like some great gaunt ghost or demon from another world, stood Gomo the fetish doctor, around him the strange utensils of his craft, skulls and human bones, trunks of elephants inscribed with strange and mystic characters, great drums stretched over with human skins, painted and tinted with weird figures. All these and many articles, unnameable and undescribable, were brought into faint relief by the gleaming fire that the Medicine Man had built.

Suddenly the guttural voice broke into a wierd chant which sounded not unlike the howling of the wild beasts in the surrounding jungles. Raising his great arms, daubed with colored clays, above his head and swinging the rattle in tune with his incantation, he breathed forth a torrent of strange sounds. The surrounding trees and bushes seemed to shudder at the terrible outburst, their leafy heads tossing as though with a sudden breeze. Unto the gods of the sun, the moon, and the stars the witch doctor cried; unto the spirits of the dead he sent forth his lamentations, unto the creatures that dwell in the air, the spirits of the snows, the souls of beasts, plants and flowers, he chanted his strange ritual. His eyes, lined with great circles of white mud, gleamed with a fiery light as he beat upon his chest and trumpeted forth like a mad beast of the jungle or some hairy anthropoid.

"If my people are themselves not strong enough to preserve that which is their own and protect their homes from the hand of the foreign devil, let the spirits of nature combine with us, let the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the creatures of the ether—yes even the rocks themselves rise up with the

children of nature against the black magic of the white man!" cried Gomo in a voice that echoed and reechoed through the jungle, and picked up by the hills and valleys was carried on and on, none know how far.

As he stood there chanting his ritual, breathing forth his invocations to the elements and his implications against the despoilers of his people, a strange sound broke the stillness, a buzzing, droning sound, and out of the marshes and the swamps, out of the pools where the animals came to drink and those fens where the dripping bushes were ever green with the moisture of the swamp, came hosts of tiny insects. Unnumbered were these poisonous creatures. There came the tsetse fly which spreads the sleeping sickness of death, the malaria mosquitoe, and a thousand poisonous insects, carrying with them the death of the jungle. In the wierd flickering firelight they gleamed, their tiny wings transluscent and of a thousand rainbow hues. Swarm upon swarm they gathered, and then along the ground came creeping things, strange beetles with beaks and horns, spiders with a thousand legs, bony land crabs with death in their claws—a great seething, struggling mass pouring from every nook of the jungle gathering ever closer and closer to the twisting, spinning, howling figure of the fetish doctor.

At the foot of the tiny mound upon which he stood they stopped; while the air around him grew hazy with tiny singing, buzzing insects. Suddenly the great Gomo, he who was robed in the skin of a lion, pointed his finger, gleaming dully with its golden implements, at the tiny path that wound through the jungle.

"Along that trail," he roared in guttural monosyllables, "along that trail come the destroyers of our people. We cannot fight their magic. They come to steal our land and our riches because they are strong and we are weak and because they have strange magic which we do not know. Our men are weak —they can fight no longer—but the magic of the white men cannot withstand the magic of Gomo, the invoker of the crawling, singing, buzzing things whose army no man can overpower."

Into the fire he threw a handful of strange herbs, mixed with the powdered bones of captive kings. A great cloud of smoke arose and, instead of dissolving, floated like a balloon over the fire, and, slowly becoming less and less distinct, passed along the trail that led into the jungle. Around and about this cloud the insects gathered and in a numberless host, which grew greater as the minutes passed, they swarmed like an army of avenging angels upon the camp of the white man.

In a few seconds all was disorder there. The soldiers built great campfires to drive the insects off, but nothing, it seemed, kept them away. Healthy men sickened and died in a few moments before the onslaught of thousands of insects. The tiny tsetse fly brought a death that sword nor gun could not avert, the great jumping spider was surer than the skill of the white man. In a few hours the camp broke and a frightened army began its hasty retreat to the sea, surrounded by a frenzied swarm of tiny insects. Their dead they could not bury but were forced to leave them where they fell, and the great company that started forth with the white man's magic of gun and sword returned just a broken handful of malaria-infected refugees, escaped from the great swamp of the jungle. They had gone forth sane but they returned insane, broken by the great magic of Gomo the Witch Doctor.

As the white men embarked upon their ships the great clouds of insects dissolved as though they had never been, disappearing in the jungles, and all that was left of them were little groups that buzzed around the stagnant pools or mildly tortured the mighty beasts of the jungle.

Gomo, the Witch Doctor, stood upon his rock overlooking the great blue ocean and watched the ships embark upon their journey homeward. He had walked along the path dotted with the white man's dead. He even picked up the metal tubes that blazed forth fire and death; but they no longer availed for the hand of the white man was stilled.

"Great was the magic of the white man," murmured Gomo, "with his sticks that belched forth flame and his blades of silver. But greater still is Gomo!" And he beat his chest. "Greater still is the magic of the fet-

(Continued on page 20)

Concentration

CONCENTRATION is the key to omnipotence and one who is capable of concentrating his or her mind to a point wherein he becomes able to eliminate life, death and eternity, maintaining only one ideal, one point, or one nucleous of attention —such a one is capable of ruling the earth and overturning the entire plan of civilization. Concentration is the most badly needed factor of the new civilization. The inability to concentrate and the eternal entrance of outside dissenting factors into the radius of mentality, forms the basis of failure and is the greatest thing that stands between the student of nature's mysteries and the attainment of his divine achievement. Without concentration of effort and consecration of life to the ideal, whether material, intellectual, or spiritual, success is impossible in any marked degree. The wandering mind is the curse of our age. It wants to attain a certain end but has not the courage to exclude other things for the attainment of that end. It has not strength to go against the tide or to balk at its own lower nature. Wishing to attain but without the courage of that wish, the average soul drifts through life, dreaming of success but attaining only failure.

Individuals must have a point, an aim, and an ideal. Those who are successful are the ones who sacrifice everything, life itself if necessary, to the attainment of that ideal; in spite of opposition and the ever present human weakness, to live only to attain that ideal to the exclusion of all else. The reward of this mental aim and determination is attainment. It is the secret of commercial success, it is the secret of the scientist and philosopher, and it is also the secret of the power of the World Saviour. The accomplishment of the end justifies the use of every honest, conscientious means. It does not justify ill even to produce good, but it does require the complete cooperation of the faculties of the individual.

Fifty percent efficiency is usually sufficient in the business world and is in fact all the employer expects. He expects the office boy to fumble the papers, with his mind on the baseball game, for he lives in just such a world himself. He comes to business in the morning on Monday and all that day he sees pictures of golf links before his eyes; he wakes up with a start to sign a paper, while his mind is tuning in his radio for Havana. This is the way the business world is run usually. Here and there arises one, an expert, who climbs, within a few short years, over the heads of older and apparently wiser men and becomes the marvel of his generation. People wonder how he accomplishes it. The answer invariably is through concentration and consecration. You cannot have your mentality divided between pleasure and labor, between self and service, between your own desire and the needs of the multitudes, and succeed. You must chose one, adhere to it, struggle for the attainment of it, with vigilance as your watchword and labor as the pass-key. The result is success, and in this old world nothing succeeds like success.

This is especially true among those who take the path of occultism and consecrate their lives to an ideal. Few will understand this ideal, few will appreciate the consecration and still fewer will recognize the end to be attained, but, in spite of this, the student of life's mysteries will never succeed in solving them until he gives himself, his life, and the labors of his hand, to the one end. He may lose much, but the thing that slumps off is the thing which is impermanent, unreal and unnecessary. Man's needs are few but his requirements are eternally multiplying and he must learn to sacrifice his desires to the end which he has consecrated himself to. He is usually prepared and willing to make sacrifices but there are usually one or two things which he does not care to sacrifice but feels confident that he shall attain without those things. In this he is wrong but usually does not discover the fact until his hair is gray with age and his heart is broken with suffering.

Whatever your walk of life, whatever your attitude towards life, remember that it is a

game which requires the complete attention of the player. Like the game of chess, with its many moves and turnings, if your mind is once taken from it your opponent will win. Failure is the opponent of Time and a cunning player at the game of life realizes that failure is the result of inattention, the result of lack of confidence in self, the result of a lack of adjustment to a plan in which the individual, as a compound unit, should cooperate completely and entirely to the end which the mentality and soul has decided should govern life. When our hands work against each other we are as a house divided and must fall, when our lives are split between our whim and our duties, we are a house divided and cannot stand.

Concentration is the answer to the problem. One-pointedness of desire will succeed regardless of the thing which is the aim of life. It is equally the means of success for the merchant, the mechanic, and the seer. The successes of life are those who have sacrificed everything for that success, while the failures of life are those who have failed to cooperate with themselves.

There are many things each one of us wants to do; we want to be Napoleons, we want to be Edisons, we want to achieve the height of public prominence in politics or religion. Every happiness that the world demonstrates we would have our share of. One minute we gaze at the lofty pinnacles upon which stand the forms of the immortals and we wish we stood there also; in the same glance we see the simple happiness and peace of the little cottage, the laughing children, the old hearthstone and long to be there too for our share in the joys of simple things. We see the apparent joy of riches, we see the plaudits of power; each point of the compass carries an attraction which we long to possess. And the youth of today, standing at the parting of the ways, wishes all the joy and none of the sorrow, all the laurels and none of the endeavor. One day he wishes to be great, the next day he gives himself to selfishness and greed. In other words he is unconsecrated and without concentration.

The sage, standing at the parting of the ways, makes his life decision and swears by all that is holy within him and all that he hopes to be that he will remain firm upon that decision, and if he is too weak to reach the end you will find him lying somewhere on the path, with his eyes to the front and the same resolve in his soul, even though he could not attain the end. He chose with his eyes open and lived and died upon the strength of that choice. When he chose to walk the path of the World Saviour, of the servant of men, he closed his eyes to the path of power, he closed his eyes to the beckoning fingers of greed, he turned, mayhaps with a sigh, from the hearthstone and the children's faces. All these he wanted but he knew that he could but succeed in one; and so, strong in his decision, he turned his back upon things he wanted, things he thought he needed, and took the trail that led to the highest that his soul conceived of. Many times again he saw the gloomy shadow of power beckoning to him, promising him all things, many times again he heard the laughter of children's voices and saw in dream and vision the things which he left behind; many times he was tempted to turn back; many times he half believed he could accomplish all, could have them all; but in his soul he knew that no human being was great enough to span them all. So he left them all, to the furtherance of his objective, the thing he had sworn to do.

This is the story of the great capitalists, the great scientists, the world-famed philosophers, and the gods themselves. Surrounded by naggings and hamperings, criticized and deluged with abuses, tempted upon every turn to forsake a way that shows no progress, they remain true to themselves—and now the world bows humbly at their feet. The price of power is sacrifice, the price of gold is sacrifice, the price of philosophy is sacrifice, the price of mastery is sacrifice—the sacrifice of all else to the attainment of one end. And consecration is that obligation taken to the soul by the soul that it shall attain one fixed, determined and especial end, and concentration is that attitude of consciousness in which the bodies, mental, emotional and physical, unite under the direction of the spirit to the accomplishment of that one fixed and especial end.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

IN this modern age superstitions have left us, only to slink like red-eyed wolves in the gloom which borders the camp-fire of intelligence. To be sure there are a few voodoo doctors left and I guess our psychologists will be with us always, but thinking people, illuminated by the dazzling brillancy of Christianity and modern science, pooh-pooh the idea of witches on broomsticks and ghosts that walk at night. Of course you all know about King Tut, the young Egyptian Pharaoh whose body has been disturbed after thousands of years of rest, and most of you have heard about the curse of King Tut and that singular, shall we say, coincidence of the death of Lord Caravan who was the first to open the tomb. Most of you have laughed around your firesides over the fact that anybody should for a moment suppose that an Egyptian heathen could do cursing more effectively than a Los Angeles taxi-driver. But just after this story got out about King Tut's curse there began to flood into the museums of the various countries a miscellany of Egyptian relics; Smith, Brown and Jones sent in scarabs their uncles had got in Egypt, fake mummies, and chips of the Sphinx, claiming that they did not care to have such articles in their possession. Of course this does not demonstrate any superstition or anything like that, it just proves that while people today do not put any faith in those things, they just believe in taking precautions, that's all.

THE YEAR OF HARD LUCK.

Another popular superstition that still thrives amidst all our intelligence is that ghastly ghoul, election year. One of the advantages of democratic government seems to be that it goes into convulsions every four years. Farmer Smith says, "Things are tightening up for election." The president of the Real Estate League says, "Things are tightening up for election." When we ask why this, that, and the other thing has gone wrong, why we cannot sell our fresh strawberries for more than half price, etc., the buyer for the Stranded Strawberry Syndicate winks one eye and whispers, "Election year, things are gettin' tight." Bootleg, flypaper, and artificial linoleum are getting higher every day but will go down after election year we understand. The problem before the house of the unrepresented is: How much is it going to cost you and I to find out which one of the political parties is going to have the pleasure, privilege, and opportunity to live off of us for the next four years, who is going to misrepresent us in congress, who is going to sleep in the senate chair this year? It's a great problem, and while it doesn't mean anything to hardly any of us who gets in, I guess we will have to be patient while things "tighten up for election."

PROGRESSIVENESS IN THE FAR EAST.

Most of you have heard of Java, noted for its coffee, its mosquitoes, and for the fact that it is the most densely populated area on the face of the earth. Leaving Batavia, which is the seat of the Dutch government there, one can travel three hundred miles by a dusty, hopeless train over a road-bed which must have been built by the Corduroy Brothers, to the little town of Djoktarkarta, which exists as a sort of a tumor on the railroad track. Stopping at the main hotel one passes into the dining-room for dinner. Three native musicians, playing on nondescript instruments unlisted in any musical catalogue, appeared, seated themselves, tuned up their equipment, and then burst forth into that well known classic "Yes We Have No Bananas." There was silence for about half a minute, then from among the Americans there burst a howl of laughter and an applause which nearly drowned the effort of the Javanese. Over fifteen thousand miles away, in the heart of a practically unopened country, this reception would have brought tears to the eyes on an optician's window. There is no use talking, the heathens are progressive.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Does justice work through evolution or reincarnation?

Ans. Reincarnation is one phase of the law of evolution. Justice works through all of nature's laws and whichever one is broken—through that the mistake must be made right.

Is it not better at times to live out desires than to suppress them?

Ans. Absolutely. To be good or spiritual because you have to or afraid not to brings little real growth. The most important thing is to be truly honest with yourself and not try to hide a weakness under affirmations of spirituality. There is always the motive of our goodness to be considered and if it is not up to the action, much of the value of said action is lost.

Do you advise the ceremony of baptism for children?

Ans. It is a matter for personal solution. If it is liable in any way to help, socially or otherwise, the future of the child, there is no particular harm in baptism, but until it is a ceremony in truth, a spiritual occurrence within the individual when his consciousness is raised by right living, there is no real gain.

Is it right to ask the Elder Brothers for the wisdom of the sages?

Ans. If we ask in a certain way it is all right. The only safe and sane manner is to prove in our daily lives that we are worthy to represent them. When we do this the wisdom of the sages will be ours without any other asking. Without this requisite there can never come true wisdom anyhow.

What is scientific thinking?

Ans. Scientific thinking is the power to reason in an orderly, consecutive manner without interfering with others' thoughts and not confusing your own.

How may one know when he is using the so-called Divine Mind?

Ans. When his thoughts are in harmony with the divine plan. The divine is neither narrow, creedbound, egotistical, selfish, emotional, temperamental or harsh in its thoughts and if we are living the life that the divine points out then we will use or be attuned to the Divine Mind.

Is man a separate creation or evolved from animal creation?

Ans. All kingdoms of life are the results of evolution, each having evolved from the one below it. Man is no exception to the rest of creation.

Can all the laws of inheritance be overcome in one life?

Ans. Yes they can be overcome as soon as we realize that we have inherited nothing but the opportunity for the fulfillment of causations we ourselves have set in motion.

Will we be promoted to higher forms of life?

Ans. When we have graduated from this. We will not become truly human until the end of this earth period, at which time if we are good and faithful servants we will be given greater opportunity for hard work.

If God knows that sparrows fall, why is He too busy to help us?

Ans. The main reason why God does not help us more is because God, being the individualized spark of life within ourselves, is not helping itself as it should. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

How can a person best improve his mortal recollection?

Ans. All faculties are developed through exercise. If the memory is poor, use it and it will improve. If you are seeking for spiritual remembrance, develop spirituality by proper living and thinking and the newly exercised organs will serve you if you nourish them.

The Terror Tree

FEW have walked upon the Scottish moorlands at night, especially such a night as the one that we describe. A thin, drizzly rain was falling and the ground under foot was sogged and muddy. A wind howled among broken rocks and sent the sheets of water swirling in a dozen directions, driving the raindrops against your face like bullets. Now and then a sharp flash of lightning streaked through the sky and lit the moorland with a strange, lurid, electrical light. One of these flashes showed in relief against the bluish radiance of the heavens an old ruined building which raised gaunt, windowless, turrets to the sky. It was known in the countryside as a haunted place where ghouls walked in the darkness of the night and spectre shades of days gone by carried ghost-lanterns through the passageways. None lived there for any good but it was the abode of thieves and vagabonds and outcasts of society. Fiendish crimes had been committed beneath the shadow of its ivy-covered keep. Wanderers upon the moor often strayed there to return no more and the peoples of the town whispered that their bones lay rotting somewhere amid the gray shadows of the haunted castle.

On the night when our story opens a light was seen in one window of the old building and had you been closer you would have seen a figure, enveloped in the folds of a great black cape, carrying in its arms a bundle, creep silently down the old moss-covered stairs, swinging a battered lantern in his hand. On his face was a look of horror, yet grim determination, and the faint glow of the lantern made his strong, aquiline features resemble more than anything else the grinning skull of some old Capuchin monk, long draped in sable cowl, in the catacombs of Rome.

Out into the dark and drear of the storm-swept moorland the figure stole. Just as the man descended the steps and crossed the battered drawbridge, which had once spanned the moat now dry, he stopped for a second and listened. From somewhere in the midst of the gloomy castle a cry sounded, a long, broken wail that rose and fell, and at last died out in a burst of hysterical laughter. The man's face grew pale as dath, but shaking off with a terrible effort the spell that the cry had brought upon him, he picked up a spade that lay on the ground by the drawbridge end and slunk like a shadow into the night, his tiny lantern casting gloomy shadows on the ground around him and bringing into strong relief the burden that he carried.

Some three hundred feet he walked in the mud of the moorland and then came to a place by the roadside where, on the side of a hummock of reddish dirt, a dwarfed tree, with gnarled branches and spreading roots, stood firm in spite of the blasts of the storm. Gazing about him as though he expected to find sinister faces gleam at him from the shadows, the man in the cape lay down his burden, and, picking up the spade, started digging frantically in the muddy ooze of the moorland.

The minutes passed rapidly by. Convulsively and nervously the wierd figure turned the sod and piled the slimy ooze about him as he furled from the ground a shallow trough some three feet long and a foot or two in width. He desired, it seemed, that the hole should be deep for even as the lightning flashed about him he steadily plied the spade. Shuddering, cringing, terrified even by the voice of the wind, the wretched man labored frenziedly. As fast as the hole was dug it filled with water and the task was an arduous one, but in some twenty minutes it was accomplished and with a sigh the cloaked figure stuck the spade in the ground and turned to the bundle wrapped in a dark cloth that lay beside him. Glancing furtively around that none might see, he dropped his burden, with a slight splash, into the water that already half filled the opening; and then with frenzied haste he turned back the mud and ooze to fill the hole.

In half an hour it was done—this thing he had come to do. With a last look around, the strange figure turned from the tree with

its gnarled branches and picked his way back through the mud and slime to the gates of the haunted castle. Here everything was quiet and silent. The cloaked figure threw the spade into the moat where it clanked upon the dry stones at the bottom and then crept back into the passageway where the light of his lantern sent sparkling-eyed lizards and croaking frogs into the distant corners. Up and up he wound along the circular staircase that led to the keep. At last, reaching the top of this ancient tower, he stopped before a half closed door. For a moment he swayed undecided and leaned back against the cold stones, his face the picture of agony. Then steeling himself, as it were, for a mighty shock, he turned the lantern low and, allowing the cape to fall from his shoulders, pressed open the door which creaked dismally on rusty hinges and with a half sob passed into the darkened room.

* * *

Many months passed. It was sunshine on the moorland and the dismal barrenness of it seemed even greater as its expanse could be better viewed. Everywhere rough, broken rocks and desert land, and here and there a broken stone or fallen pillar of granite that showed where the Druids of old had built their temples to the god of the winds. Across the moorland a solitary figure was walking. It was the man who had crept from the enchanted tower on that dark night.

Each day he came. None knew why, none could guess the reason, but day after day he wandered across the moorland to a little mound of reddish dust that raised itself from the rolling land and from whose crest grew a gnarled tree, its shapeless limbs seeming twisted by the agony of the Inferno. For days this man had never smiled and all knew a great weight was upon his soul. But none knew what it was, none knew why, in a few short days, a man in the prime of life became a broken wreck, hopeless and lifeless, nursing in his soul a secret sorrow.

At last he reached the little mound where the tree grew and before him rose the spectral shape—the castle of phantoms. He fell on his knees beside the dwarfed tree. There was silence for a moment, then a great sigh broke from his lips, his shoulders heaved, and a once strong man shed tears of bitter anguish and repentence. He raised his eyes to the heavens but all he could see was the gloomy turrent of the haunted castle; he turned his eyes to the earth but all he saw there was the heap of reddish dirt; and at last he turned his eyes upon the tree. For a few seconds he gazed at it and then with a scream of mortal agony he raised his hands before his face and half running, half falling, fled away.

"No, no!" he screamed. "Not that!"

After a few seconds he gained courage and returned again, shaking as with the palsy, and gazed fascinated at the tree which seemed to hypnotize him and from which he could not turn his eyes. He realized that the tree had changed its shape. It was no longer the bush he had visited so many times before. For many weeks he had noticed the slow change, and now he realized what it meant. The limbs of the tree were becoming like human arms, its branches were fingers stretching out to him, and its gnarled surface was taking the shape of a human body. With a moan, he recognized his sin in the form of the tree.

Tottering and broken, his eyes wild and his steps unsteady, the strong man returned, a slave to his own sin. Yet day by day he had to come there, fascinated. Each time he gazed upon the branches of the tree he realized with unutterable agony that it was becoming every day more like the thing he had buried.

The people in the village grew frightened at the wild-eyed man who stalked like one marching to his doom through the streets each day. None knew why he went out into the moorland and those who followed him could not understand why any man should lie weeping at the foot of a tree. They could not understand what he knew. From the twisted bark of that dwarfed shrub he could see a face, and the stunted arms, leafless and dead looking, reached out and beckoned to him.

The months passed. At last it grew more than human soul could endure—this mystery

of the tree that came to life. His crime was ever before his eyes and at last this man decided that if the crime once done was not completed it must be finished now.

* * *

It was another dark and stormy night upon the moorland, again the wind howled through the parapets of that haunted castle as it did on the night when first the stranger with his lantern crept down its moss-grown passageways. Again the tiny light shown upon the moorland, again the figure with its black cape struggled along, battered by the elements and drenched by the pouring rain. Again that expression of terror, again a great determination—and this time the stranger carried in his hand an axe. He was determined to end forever the mad dream by chopping down the enchanted tree that in his demented mind was the one witness to his crime.

He reached again the knoll of reddish dirt and in spite of himself could not help but stop to gaze at the little tree whose form each day grew more like the child he had buried at its roots. He tried to pray but words would not come and the silence of the moorland night was only broken by the distant baying of a mighty dog, perchance the howl of a wolf.

Raising the axe, the man hesitated for a second and then, with a muttered word, he brought it down with all his strength upon the trunk of the knotted tree. For an instant the trunk swayed and to the half-demented man it seemed that its branches twisted themselves in agony. Quickly the man drew out the axe to bring it down again and complete the labor. But as he drew it from the tree he shrank back with a stifled scream, for down the side of the trunk, from the place where the axe had cut, a thin stream of blood was trickling.

For an instant he waited and then something broke within himself—the silence of the moorland was broken by a peal of demoniacal laughter. Casting aside lamp and axe the strange figure dashed, howling and screaming, out into the darkness.

This is the story of the Terror Tree. None other knows why the axe was laid to its roots; none other saw what the stranger saw that night on the moorland. But of him no trace was ever found and it is surmised that, stumbling demented across the boggy wastes, he was swallowed up by the mires and quicksands of the moor.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued from page 10)

that my master really existed and was all that I could claim for him.

I opened my mouth to contradict her, tell her who my master was and where he came from, when suddenly out of the ether formed a human hand which closed over my mouth just as a torrent of words from a befagged, rattle-brained mind were about to expose the position that I held in the work I was doing. Do as I would I could not speak for the fingers were like a vice. In a second I realized my mistake and heard a well known voice whisper in my ear, "Be discreet."

Without another word I sank back upon the pillow. As for Miss March, she had seen the hazy outline of the fingers and starting back with a little cry had run from the room.

There was silence for several minutes, then the wind blew closed the door she had left open with a bang, and I was alone with my thoughts and the shadow of the spider which still sunned itself on the wall over the head of my bed.

"Two lessons," I murmured. "Two mistakes. If I cannot do better than this it were wise for the plan that I should sleep forever." And then the drowziness of weakness returning, I closed my eyes and knew no more until about two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

The Witch Doctor

(Continued from page 13)

ish doctor. They fight with the things they have made, Gomo fights with the spirits of nature."

Note.—This story is taken from an incident that occurred some years ago when an army of white men was invading a certain part of Africa and, according to the best authorities that can be secured on the subject, the story is absolutely and literally true that this race or tribe invoked the insects and the elemental spirits that rule them and launched them upon the invading army. The result was as described.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

THE average student of occultism little realizes the wealth of truth and esoteric knowledge contained within the Bible. For many years, lives possibly, he has studied this great Book only from the literal or the historical angle. This mistake the world is slowly making right, and there is now coming into the hearts and minds of students a greater desire to understand the mysteries contained within that ancient time, the Book of Seven Seals. The wealth of symbolism it contains is practically boundless, and the only limit to the student of the Bible is that imposed by his own lack of understanding of great cosmic principles.

In this article we shall briefly consider the Breast Plate of Aaran, the high priest of the Tabernacle, and first of all we shall read the description of it as given in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Exodus:

"And thou shalt make the Breast Plate of Judgment with cunning work; after the work of the ephod thou shalt make it; of gold, of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine twined linen, shalt thou make it. * * * And thou shalt set in it setting of stones, even four rows of stones: the first row shall be a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle: this shall be the first row. And the second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond. And the third row a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst. And the fourth row a beryl, and an onyx, and a jasper; they shall be set in gold in their inclosings. And the stones shall be with the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names, like the engravings of a signet: every one with his name shall they be according to the twelve tribes * * *. And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the Breast Plate of Judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually. And thou shalt put in the Breast Plate of Judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart, when he goeth in before the Lord; and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually."

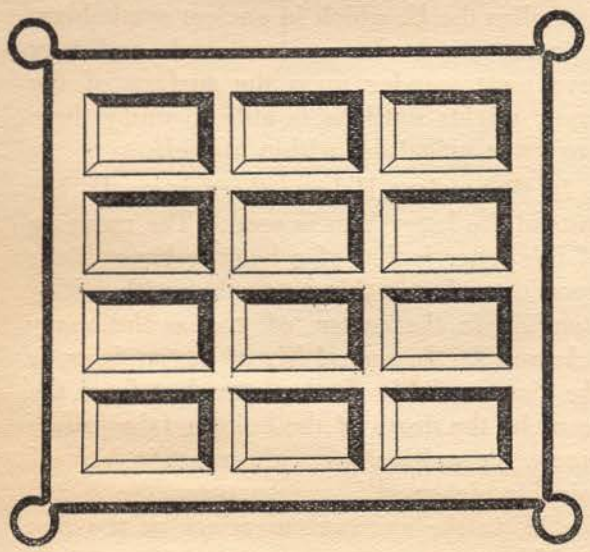
When we start to study the mystery of the Breast Plate, we are at the very heart of the wisdom religion, for we can safely say that no student has ever entered the presence of his Lord without the twelve jewels in his spiritual Breast Plate, reflecting the light of the Shekinah's glory. There are two great characters in the study of the Old Testament: Moses, the lawgiver, and Aaron, the high priest. In Moses we find the development of the mind; to him were given the tablets of the law. In Aaron we find the spiritual counselor of the ancient Israelites. In many of the great mystery schools we find the letters A. U. M. used as the symbols of the "lost word." When we realize that Aaron or A represents the heart and Moses or M represents the mind, we can better understand why the word was lost when the U, which in ancient symbology, represents a hook, was removed, and why man must wander upon the surface of the lower worlds until he is able to unify these two great principles within himself.

In the ancient Hebrew there is no U, but instead the letter Vau is used. The meaning of this letter is that of a hook to hang things upon or to fasten things together with. *Man standing in the center of the evolutionary scheme like the sacred lily of the ancients, is the Vau or the hook*, the letter lost from the word by the death of the builder (*the fall of man*), the uniting link, who must in himself join his higher and lower natures, the A and the M, in the spiritual marriage of the *Sun and Moon.*

Most students are acquainted with the literal explanation of the Breast Plate of Aaron, which symbolizes the mystic path as opposed to the mind path of the Tablets of the Law; so in this article we shall study the Breast Plate only from the spiritual or esoteric angle. First of all it is important for us to consider the setting in which the twelve sacred stones are placed. The Bible tells us that the Breast Plate was made of gold, of blue, of purple,

and of scarlet, and of a fine twined linen. These different materials represent the bodies of man in which are set the stones or centers of his spiritual nature. The twined linen is the purified physical body; the gold is the vital body; the scarlet is the transmuted desire body; the blue is the spirit; the violet, which is a combination of blue, the higher and of red, the lower, represents the link of mind, and is the color of Mercury, which the Rosicrucian student knows is the symbol of

The ephod is the covering of the back and breast worn by the priest, and is fastened at the shoulders by two pieces of onyx stone set in gold, representing the two poles of nature; also corresponding to Jachin and Boaz, the pillars of the temple. The ephod is gathered at the waist by a heavy girdle, which in the case of the priest is of pure white linen, while in that of the high priest it is beautifully embroidered in colors. The Breast Plate is worn upon the front of the ephod fastened by golden cords and chains.



It is well known that the twelve stones represent the twelve signs of the zodiac or the twelve great celestial Hierarchies which focus their influence upon man. In figure No. 1 we see that the stones are divided into four rows of three each. The four rows signify the four elements, earth, fire, air and water, and the four Hebrew letters of the sacred name. They also stand for the four basic principles of the human body: hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon. There are three stones abreast which stand for the cardianl, fixed, and mutable signs. It is said that each of these stones had a name upon it which agreed with one of the names of the twelve tribes. It is the same in man: each of the twelve stones or centers has a key or rate of vibration which connects it with its external color ray in the cosmos.

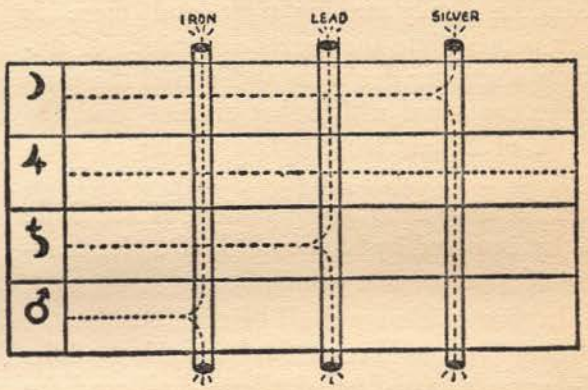


Figure No. 2.

In figure No. 2 we see three poles, one made of iron, one of lead, and one of silver. These form three of the twelve poles which receive celestial rays. The great Hierarchies which are working upon man are surrounding him and this planet at all times with their vibrations and rays. These vibrations can only be received by substances attuned to them. Thus we see that silver attracts the vibrations of the Moon, while those of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, although passing through and around the same pole, are not drawn to and exercise no influence upon it. It is the same with Mars, whose virbrations are attracted to iron but not to the other metals; while Jupiter, finding no tin, shows no effect at all, and Saturn is drawn only to lead. It is the same with man: the centers in him of the various rays are like receiving stations; if they are not attuned to their respective currents in the cosmos, the individual does not receive any force through them.

Man is slowly bringing himself into harmony with the various forces of nature, and every time he perfects one of these adjustments he places another jewel in his Breast Plate. The so called bad aspects of a horoscope and the

inharmonies of life are nothing more nor less than maladjustments, while evil, so called, is merely good gone astray or misapplied. The planets continue to shed a neutral ray. They were called by the ancients one-eyed gods. These same neutral rays exert either constructive or destructive influences according to the adjustments of the receiving poles. There are very few people who have developed more than one or two jewels in their Breast Plates, and the result is that they are receiving an unbalanced celestial influx. If they continue to play upon single strings, they will eventually become deranged by allowing the stronger powers to become domineering, while the weak grow weaker.

The first duty of the student is to make a mental and spiritual analysis of his character, and instead of going through life doing the things that are easy for him, thus over-developing certain organs, he should do the things in which he is not proficient and in that way build up the centers that are now asleep. The twelve stones are all of the same size and shape, and it is not until all of the forces of nature work upon man equally that he will be able to become the high priest of the tabernacle. The first act in the making of the Breast Plate is to remember that it must be constructed of the best that we have; that only perfect stones may be used, and that the student can only construct these jewels by developing within himself the conditions suitable to them. This is done by education and spiritual development of only the highest and best kind. There are many ways by which this may be done, but the only sure one is through a life of altruism, service, and brotherhood. While there is one stone missing from this Breast Plate, man cannot enter the presence of his Lord.

Now let us consider how the priest of the tabernacle uses the Breast Plate which he has made. First of all it reflects the light of the Shekinah and allows him to see in the Holy of Holies where all is dark until these stones, through polish, reflect the light. We see in figure No. 3 how the stones serve as reflectors and are objects against which and through which the Hierarchies focus their power, each upon its respective stone, and these stones reflect the power to those whom the priest is guiding. Man is a sun in the making. The physical sun, as the occultist knows, is nothing but a reflector for the two spiritual suns behind it. The rays of the sun are reflected to man through the planets and the signs of the zodiac. In the same way the Adept or Initiate, who is a high priest, reffects through the channels which he has developed, the powers which he has gathered from the cosmos. In this way men are slowly becoming *suns* of God, and the twelve stones are the reflectors through which they spread the light to those below them.

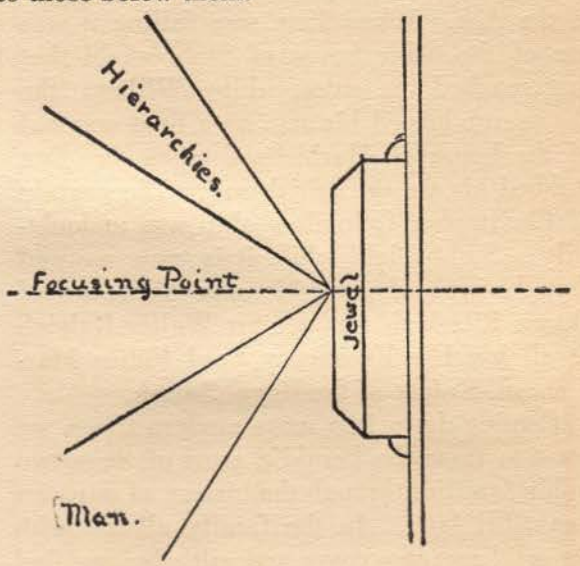


Figure No. 3.

It is also by reverse action that the Lord sees reflected in these stones the states of consciousness reached by the twelve tribes; in the same way the spiritual centers in man show his position in evolution. The twelve stones symbolize the twelve convolutions of the brain, the development of which is individualizing man and differentiating him from the animal. Taking the heart of the priest as the Liberator, we find that the twelve stones are the twelve Elder Brothers that conceal him, and through whom his light radiates in twelve different colors, representing the twelve mystery schools, the seven lesser and the five greater. The Bible says, "Thou shalt put in the Breast Plate of Judgment the Urim and the Thummim." These two stand for the

(Continued on page 26)

One O' Nature's Little Mysteries

INTRODUCING two of our leading families. They have lead the social whirl since prehistoric times. Side by side, one mounted on his Arabian Magatherium, and the other prancing alongside on his thoroughbred Dinosaur, they crossed the barren wastes of the antedeluvian world. One noble family baptised Methuselah, while a scion of the other house broke the first bottle of champagne over the prow of the Ark. When Troy was falling it was one of the noble house of Stubblefield that first reached the gates, while William the Conqueror leaned his arm on a field marshal of the house of Marblehead when he first stubbed his toe on British soil. The captain of Christopher Columbus' ship was undoubtedly a Stubblefield while it is now avowed that the man who put his cape in front of Queen Elizabeth was not Sir Walter Raleigh at all but His Excellency Lord Fidius Marblehead, Knight of the Royal Splash.

Coming down into more modern times, we want to trace the heraldic arms of these two noble families through the history of our own beautiful land. In the family album, with its solid morroco cover and gilt edge, we find the modern lineage of these ancient and honored families. First of all you must know the Carolina Stubblefields. They came over in the early days and settled on a beautiful plantation where old Lord Josiah Stubblefield breathed his last, leaving behind him his charming daughter, most beautiful debutante of the year of grace 1714. She is the first of that royal house that met a Marblehead and entwined the crest of noble ancestry around a single stem. Lady Penelope Cassandra Stubblefield wed in the twenty-fourth year of her life to Sowster Huddlestone Marblehead the last of a long and illustrious line of Earls, Dukes, Lords and Whatnots who had blazoned their crests in the chivalry of every land.

From that time onward the Marblehead family blossomed forth, producing for this new and wonderful land many generals, admirals, learned lawyers and honest doctors who always rose head and shoulders above the surrounding families and dignataries of our day. The town of Brandywine where George Washington fought his famous battle is said to be named after the besetting weakness of the house of Marblehead. The family album shows the following direct lineal descendants of this tremendously important union.

The first that we find is little Nicodemus Marblehead the beloved son of Lady Penelope Stubblefield and Sowster Marblehead. Little Nicodemus was reared with all the love and care that could be bestowed upon him by his doting parents. In later life we find him Brigadier General Marblehead who was showered with appointments and promotions because of his unusual bravery and great gallantry. He dashed single-handed into the ranks of Redcoats at Yorktown. Like all of the true descendants of this noble family he was greatly desired by the fair sex and in the thirty-sixth year of his life took unto himself a wife, Mahitabel Featherstonehaugh who was a faithful and dutiful wife until the Lord did them part. Two charming children graced this marriage—Eleazer and Silesius Marblehead. Dear little Eleazer was called away while still young and the continuation of this noble family depended upon Silesius. He arose nobly to the occasion, and when laid to rest with his fathers was known as Rear Admiral Silesius J. Marblehead one of the most honored, respected and revered of our unknown naval heroes.

Silesius went far in search of a mate and chose as his helpmeet Grizelda Pettingil of the famous Berkshire Pettingils from Clubstone on the Spoke. She looked up to him for many years and finally down at him when he was laid to rest, leaving behind a mourning community, a bereaved wife and nine dear little children. These went their respective ways, each arriving at due distinction and fame, our interest being in the elder son the right honorable Marmaduke Marblehead who rose high in our legal and literary circles as a

master intellect. He was a writer of many books, including a monstrous history of the Marblehead family. It was he who established the connection between the Marbleheads of American and the Carrara Marbleheads of Italy. He also came to the conclusion that the name Marble as applied to rocks and stones arrived as the result of their being named after the solid foundation of his family by their earliest progenitor the very honorable Mr. Adam Marblehead. When Marmaduke died they had the most stately funeral ever witnessed and every one hoped that his son Bartholomew Peddleford Marblehead would be worthy to wear the family crest, carried unspotted and unstained since the Ark was a wee little row boat.

Bartholomew was a chip off the old block but chose a life on the rolling waves, so his doting father, on his twenty-fifth birthday, presented him with a solid gold watch and two hundred dollars, telling him to go forth in search of fame and fortune. Bartholomew sailed the seventeen seas, had many adventures with pirates, was wrecked on an island in the South Pacific, learned to talk Cannibulese, and after many years returned, loaded with spoils, including a South American wife, to the famous home of the Marbleheads. His vast treasures which he had recovered from pirates, his sea-going yarns and a wooden leg fascinated the community and wherever he stumped on his timber toe there was always a crowd that followed, proclaiming and heralding the dignity of the house of Marblehead.

The next generation shows the infection of Spanish blood. Ramon Pedro Costello Marblehead and sweet little Juanita Consuelo Marblehead graced this union as two beautiful little dusky daisies from the shores of the Amazon. At last, after long wandering, Bartholomew sailed out where no man returneth and the fate of the family hung upon Ramon. Said Ramon demonstrated his Castillian blood by becoming a great musician. Thus he brought new laurels to hang upon the family shrine and all of the aunts and uncles who had looked with doubt upon this international combine said that he showed the true spirit of the Stubblefield-Marbleheads, direct descendants of Augusta Cesaer Marblehead.

Ramon united his family crest with the original Vermont Whiffletrees when he married the charming and graceful Desmerelda. The joy of their home was broken by the Civil War from which Ramon returned, bearing the position of Adjutant and decorated for personal bravery and valor. He was an invalid for the rest of his life from the hardships that he had passed through and came to an untimely grave, leaving the duty of upholding his family name to the only begotten Alcibiades Stewpiffle Marblehead whose life was one of struggle against financial reverses and an unpronounceable name. Rising with the true spirit of the Marbleheads he followed the directions of his ancient family, and, by using his head, broke down the barrier between them and fortune.

Alcibiades was the first of the Marblehead millionaires and his name will always be remembered in our great financial centres. In order to strengthen the lineage he united with Jerusha Snodgrass, a charming New York heiress, who, however, was not faithful unto Alcibiades but who broke his home and heart, sending him to an early grave. Alcibiades left only one child, Pelog Marblehead, the shortest name in nineteen generations. Pelog was reared by his Uncle Hiram and Aunt Melinda until his twenty-first year when he stepped into the empty shoes of the noble house of Marblehead and doubled the family fortune.

The years passed and old Pelog Marblehead passed away and his eldest son, true to the family honor, married Adeline Hapgood who, by the way, is a direct descendant of the Hapgood branch of the Killdows. The Killdows are an offshoot of the Rockyfords and of course you know all about them. The Rockyfords came from the union of Jerustra Marblehead with the Rockyford branch of the original Stubblefields.

In English this means that, after long wandering upon the face of the earth, these two illustrious families have met again. On one side is a stream of admirals, generals and courageous diplomats who have for hundreds

of years been our bravest and noblest, on the other side are twenty-four generations of noble ladies, gallant courtiers, musicians, artists and philosophers.

Today there is rising up in the world the last of this noble line and we will introduce to you the flower of the Marbleheads, the hope and pride of the Stubblefields—young Percival Algernon Marblehead. We draw aside the curtains and expose him to your mental view.

Percy is just getting ready to go out for the evening with a few friends for a late road-house party. Percy is about five foot two, has falling arches and bowed legs, while his evening clothes look as though they were draped over an ant. His chest slumps in, his arms hang as though he did not need them, he has a long neck, a receding chin, a nose that droops centrally, and a hypothetical forehead. His hair is smoothed with brilliantine and he caresses a monocle with one eye.

The valet opens the door and Percy coughs for his sensitive constitution catches cold with the slightest draft.

"Did you call, sir?" asks the valet.

"Goodness gracious, no!" answers Percy, spraying perfume over his waist coat. "Is the car ready?"

"Yes sir."

"Oh, do you know I feel perfectly morose!" exclaims Percy as he looks himself over carefully in the mirror. "The governor's cut down my allowance. You know I was frightened to death today—someone laughed at me while I was out on the street and I nearly fainted."

Taking his tall silk hat and settling it on his ears, the "lawst hope" of the house of Marblehead trips gracefully from the room with all the dignity that ninety-two pounds and spinal curvature can produce.

"Say ta-ta to the folks for me," he called as he faded away. "I may not get home tonight."

The door closes on this scene nad one of life's little mysteries has been enacted before you. This emaciated enemic, this dissipated, sub-human, unknown quantity is the direct descendant of eighteen or twenty generations or noble sires and grandsires. The blood of hero, poet and sage is in the family of Marblehead—and behold!—the product.

How many times in life we find this. It is one of those proofs eternally confronting us of the fallacy of the law of heredity. A pigeon-chested, stoop-shouldered ghost is all that there lives today to show the gallant ancestry, the tremendous struggle of many a great and noble family, all its value and worth in buried ancestry and its living examples all symbolical of dissipation and failure.

The Breastplate

(Continued from page 23)

two poles of existence which we understand as spirit and matter. The Urim and Thummim of the Hebrews are the same as the Yin and Yang of the Chinese. It is said that various combinations of these two principles make all things.

As the student goes through life let him realize that every temptation mastered and every purification of his body adds lustre to the stones in his spiritual Breast Plate, and brings closer the day when he shall also become a high priest after the order of Melchisedec, who reflects to all who need them the powers of the spiritual Hierarchies through the living Breast Plate of his own soul.

Mental Attitudes

(Continued from page 8)

own soul, whether they accept responsibility or not, whether they exhibit the carelessness of mentality which does not give a rap and many similar things—they will find in their own natures and their outlook on life the reason for the position they occupy in society, whether it be successful or unsuccessful. And for those who are molding characters to be, the natural, human intelligent, cheerful outlook, if cultivated, will give them precedence in the world of men over many older and wiser heads whose views are radical, whose minds are sour, or whose lives are rutted with the crystalization of their own thoughts.

Key to Physic and the Occult Sciences

(Continued from last month.)

The discovery of the necessary existence of an eternal mind sufficiently leads us to the knowledge of God; for it will hence follow that all other knowing beings that have a beginning must depend on Him, and have no other ways of knowledge or extent of power than what He gives them; and therefore if he made those he made also the less excellent pieces of this universe, all inanimate bodies, whereby his omniscience, power, and providence, will be established; and from thence all his other attributes necessarily follow.

Thus, a manifestation of the Deity is visible in all his work. There is not the smallest part of that immense space our eyes behold, or our imagination conceives, that is not filled with His presence. The worlds which revolve with so much order, beauty, and harmony, through the immensity of space, the sun, moon, stars and planets, are upheld by the light of his countenance; but for which they would drop from their orbs, and plunged into the vast abyss, would return to their primitive chaos. To the mercy of God we owe all the blessings of this life, as the reward of good and virtuous actions. To his anger, we justly attribute all violent concussions of the elements, famine, plague, pestilence, etc. brought on a wicked and abandoned people, like the storm of the fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah. The vengeance of the Deity cannot be more awfully described than by David in his Psalms, which should act as a timely warning to those atheists and unbelievers and to those wicked, idolatrous and polluted countries against whose detestable crimes these terrible scourges have been so often sent. The shaking of the earth; the trembling of the hills and mountains; the flames of devouring fire darting through the firmament; the heavens bending down with forked thunderbolts; their riding on the clouds, and flying on the wings of a whirlwind; the bursting of the lightnings from the horrid darkness; the tremendous peals of thunder; the storms of fiery hail; the melting of the heavens; and dissolving into floods of tempestuous rains; the earth opening and swallowing up her inhabitants; the rocks and mountains cleaving asunder, and disclosing their subterraneous channels, their torrents of water, and bituminous fire, at the very breath of the nostrils of the Almighty, are all of them circumstances which fill the guilty mind with horror and dismay, and admirably express the power, the presence and omniscience of God!

To what has been stated above, I would earnestly recommend an atentive perusual of what I have written in the first volume of my complete Illustration of the Occult Sciences, from page 71 to 80; whence it will be manifest to the full conviction of the most obstinate atheist, (if such a thing can really exist) that there is a God, all powerful and intelligent; supremely perfect; eternal and infinite; omnipotent and omniscient; who endures from eternity to eternity and is present from infinity to infinity!

But though, from the nature and perfections of the Deity, he is invisibly present in all places and nothing happens without his knowledge and permission; yet it is expressly revealed in Scripture, and admitted by all wise and intelligent authors, that he is visibly present with the angels and spirits and blessed souls of the departed in those mansions of bliss called Heaven. There he is pleased to afford a nearer and more immediate view of himself and a more sensible manifestation of his glory, and a more adequate perception of his attributes, than can be seen or felt in any other parts of the universe; which place, for the sake of pre-eminent distinction, and as being the seat and centre from whence all things flow and have their beginning, life, light, power and motion, is called the interior or empyrean heaven.

The position and order of this interior heaven or center of the Divinity has been variously described and its locality somewhat disputed amongst the learned; but all agree as to the certainty of its existence. Hermes Trismegistus defines heaven to be an intel-

lectual sphere, whose center is every where, and circumference no where; but by this he meant no more than to affirm, what we have done above, that God is present every where and at all times, from infinity to infinity, that to say, without limitation, bounds or circumference. Plato speaks of this internal heaven in terms which bear so strict a resemblance to the books of Revelation, and in so elevated and magnificent a style, that it is apparent the heathen philosophers, notwithstanding their worshipping demi- or false gods, possessed an unshaken confidence in one omnipotent, supreme, over-ruling Power, whose throne was the center of all things and the abode of angels and blessed spirits.

To describe this interior heaven in terms adequate to its magnificence and glory is utterly impossible. The utmost we can do is to collect from the inspired writers and from the words of Revelation, assisted by occult philosophy, and a due knowledge of the celestial spheres, that order and position of it which reason and the divine lights we have bring nearest to the truth. That God must be strictly and literally the center from whence all ideas of the Divine Mind flow, as rays in every direction, through all spheres and through all bodies cannot admit of a doubt. That the inner circumference of this center is surrounded, filled, or formed by arrangements of the three hierarchies of angels is also consonant to reason and Scripture, and form, what may be termed, the entrance or inner gate of the empyrean heaven, through which no spirit can pass without their knowledge and permission; and within which we must suppose the vast expanse or mansions of the Godhead, and glory of the Trinity, to be. This is strictly conformable to the idea of all the prophets and evangelical writers. From this primary circle or gate of heaven, Lucifer, the grand Apostate, as Milton finely describes it, was hurled into the bottomless abyss; whose office, as one of the highest order of angels, having place him near the eternal throne, he became competitor for dominion and power, with God himself! But

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 adamantine chains and penal fire!
—Milton, Paradise Lost.

* * *

OF NATURE.

No one expression, used by authors, or spoken amongst men, is in general variously applied or so little understood as the word Nature. When speaking of the nature of a thing, we most commonly mean its essence; that is, the attributes or cause which makes it what it is, whether the thing be corporeal or not; as when we attempt to define the nature of a fluid, of a triangle, etc., oftentimes we confound that which a man has by nature, with what accrues to him by birth; as when we say that such a man is noble by nature. Sometimes we take nature for an internal principle of motion; as when we say that a stone by nature falls to the ground. Sometimes we understand by nature the established course and order of things. Sometimes we take nature for an aggregate of powers belonging to the same body, especially a living one, in which sense physicians say that nature is strong, weak, or spent; or that in such and such disease nature left to herself will perform the cure. Sometimes we use the term nature for the universe or whole system of the corporeal works of God, as when it is said of a phoenix or any imaginary being that there is no such thing in nature. Sometimes, too, and that no unfrequently, we express by the word nature a kind of semi-deity or supernatural spirit presiding over all things.

This general abuse of the word nature is by no means peculiar to the English people or language; it prevails more or less in all countries and amongst all sects and seems to have been copied from the fabulous ideas of the ancients. Aristotle has written a whole chapter expressly to enumerate the various acceptations of the Greek word that is written in English *nature;* and among Latin writers there are not less than fifteen or sixteen different acceptations of the same word, with advo-

cates out of number for their interpretation. The bulk of them insist that the word nature radically means the system of the world; the machine of the universe; or the assemblage of all created beings; in which sense they speak of the Author of nature and call the sun the *eye* of nature, because he illuminates the universe: and the *father* of nature because he warms the earth and makes it fruitful. Others, understanding the word in a more confined sense apply it to each of the several kinds of beings, created and uncreated; spiritual and corporeal; thus they say *divine* nature, *angelical* nature, and *human* nature, meaning all men together who posess the same spiritual, reasonable soul. In this sense the schoolmen and divines say, *natura naturans,* and *natura naturata,* speaking of God who is the *natura naturans,* as giving *being* and *nature* to all others; in opposition or distinction to the creatures, who are the *natura naturata,* as receiving their nature from the hands of another.

Nature, in a still more limited sense, is used for the essence of a thing; according to which the Cartesians say it is the *nature* of the soul to think; and that nature of matter consists in extension. Others more properly use the word Nature, for the established order and course of material things; the series of second causes; or the laws which God has imposed on every part of the creation; in which sense it is they say *nature* makes the night precede the day; *nature* has rendered respiration necessary to life, etc. According to which, St. Thomas speaks of nature as a kind of divine art, communicated to beings, which direct and carry them to the ends they were intended for; in which sense nature can be neither more nor less than a concatenation of causes and effects, or that order and economy which God has established in all parts of His creation. Others still more strictly consider nature as the action of Providence and the principle of all things; or that spiritual power or being which is diffused throughout the creation and moves and acts in all bodies and gives them peculiar properties and produces peculiar effects. In this sense our modern philosopher Mr. Boyle considers nature as nothing else but God acting himself, according to certain laws he himself has fixed. This corresponds very much with the opinion of a sect of ancient philosophers, who made Nature the god of the universe, whom they conceived to preside over and govern all things; but this they acknowledged to be only an imaginary being and that *nature* meant no more than the qualities or virtues which God implanted in his creatures, but which their poets and orators had figuratively personified as a god.

Aristotle, with a view of concentrating these ideas of nature into one point, as best adapted to the works of an infinitely perfect and all-powerful Being, defines nature, *principium et causa motus et ejus in quo est primo per se, et non per accidens;* which definition being mistaken by the Stoics, they from hence conceived the principle of nature to be a certain spirit or virtue diffused throughout the universe, which gave everything its motion by the invariable order of inevitable necessity, without liberty or knowledge. This induced the idea of a *plastic nature,* which several learned modern writers have described to be an incorporeal created substance, inbued with a vegetative life, but not with sensation or thought, penetrating the whole created universe, being co-extended with it, and under God, moving matter so as to produce the phenomena, which cannot be solved by mechanical laws; active for ends unknown to itself, not being conscious of its own actions, and yet having an obscure idea of the action to be entered upon. In support of this *plastic nature,* Dr. Cudworth argues thus: "Since neither all things are produced fortuitously or by the unguided mechanism of matter, nor God himself may reasonably be thought to do all things immediately and miraculously, it may well be concluded that there is a *plastic* or *formative* nature under Him, which as an inferior and subordinate instrument executes that part of His providence which consists in the regular motion of matter; yet so as that there is also, besides this, a higher providence to be acknowledged, which, presiding over it, doth often supply the defects of it, and sometimes over-rule it, for as much as this plastic

(Continued on page 32)

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Aquarius is of special interest to the student of occult and religious philosophy because it is the herald of the coming age and under its beneficient rays many great changes will take place in world affairs. Old Saturn will crystalize that which is incapable of progression while the benevolent rays of Uranus will unfold and develop the highest and finest in the individual and in the world. The man with the pitcher of water on his shoulder is Aquarius and during his reign brotherhood, cooperation, humanitarianism and fellowship will take the place of the world contentions of today. Under the rays of Aquarius science will progress as it never has before, especially those finer sciences which are as yet so little understood. It is an air sign and the conquest of the elements by means of ever-increasing mentality will continue favorably under the rulership of this wonderful sign.

Its general keywords are as follows:

Hot
Moist
Aerial
Sanguine
Masculine
Diurnal
Western
Fixed
Human
Rational
Speaking
Whole
Fortunate
Sweet
Strong
Hyemal
Southern
Obeying sign
The day house of Saturn
Ruled by Uranus
Detriment of the sun

Aquarius, while scientific, produces in the undeveloped native a rather careless temperament. They act first and think afterwards, fired by Uranian impetuosity. They do things suddenly without thinking, take great chances and gamble with mind, body and soul. Are fond of travel and their most general characteristics are listed below:

Good disposition
Vivacious
Nervous
Excitable
Idealistic
Temperamental
Quick tempered but easily forgive
Enthusiastic
Humanitarian
Intuitional
Scientific
Inventive
Fond of all kinds of Hazards
Make many friends and are very well liked.

Physical Appearance:

Well set
Robust
Strong
Healthy
Not tall
Long face

Delicate complexion—clear but rather pale
Sandy, dark flaxen or brown hair
Hazel eyes, usually large
Graceful and elegant in carriage
Fairly heavy

Health:

Aquarians are often thoughtless and do not take proper care of themselves or are too busy doing other things and overlooking the necessities of guarding their health. They are not usually long lived, and their most prevalent diseases and ailments are listed below:

Lameness
Fractures of limbs
Gout
Coagulations of the blood
Cramps in various parts of body
Diseases incident to the legs and ankles

Domestic Problems:

Aquarius usually enters into matrimony very hastily and has more than one marriage during lifetime. Aquarius is a fruitful sign and usually raises quite a family, fond of children but often neglectful of them. On the other hand an undeveloped Aquarius will not have children around and lacks maternal or paternal instinct.

Countries Under Influence of Aquarius:

Arabia
Petrea
Tartary
Russia
Denmark
Lower Sweden
West Phalia
South part of Bavaria

Cities Under Its Control:

Bremen
Hamburg
Pisa
Trent

Colors:

First part, deep indigo blue
Second part, ethereal blue
Grey
Sunlight color

According to Ptolemy the stars in the shoulders of Aquarius are like Saturn and Mercury; likewise those in the left hand and face. The stars in the thighs have the influence of Mercury and a little of Saturn. Those in the stream of water have the power of Saturn and moderately of Jupiter.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa and Francis Barrett have the following to say concerning the sign of Aquarius: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits the martyrs are ruled by Aquarius; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Gabriel; of the Twelve Tribes, Zabulon; of the Twelve Prophets, Habakkuk; of the Twelve Apostles, Matthew; of the twelve months, January 20th to February 20th; of the twelve plants dragonwort; of the twelve stones, crystal; of the twelve main parts of the body, the lower legs and ankles; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and of Evil Spirits, the apostate; of the twelve metals, lead.

Keywords of Pisces

Pisces the twelfth and last sign of the Zodiac is especially connected with the Christian faith. Its symbol is the two fishes so often found in ancient Christian sculpture or engraved upon the walls of the catacombs. The Master Jesus is called the Fisher of Men for He brought to the world the Piscean religion of unity and spirituality. Those born under Pisces are especially mystic and psychic for it is the greatest of those signs. It is not a fortunate sign however and the life of the Piscean is filled with ups and downs, mostly downs. But it is the great educative, humanitarian, spiritual and unifying sign of the Zodiac. Its keynote is harmony but its great danger is negation and a great deal of mediumship is found under Pisces, a very dangerous condition against which the student is warned perpetually. Pisces is a little different from any of the other signs and its types are the easiest told of all of the twelve. Listed below are a few of its leading keywords:

Pisces the last sign of the Zodiac:

Cold	Broken
Moist	Mute
Watery	Unfortunate
Phelegmatic	Crooked
Northern	Southern
Nocturnal	Obeying
Bicorporal	Fruitful
Common	Night house of Jupiter
Hyemal	Exaltation of Venus
Effeminate	Detriment of Mercury
Idle	Fall of Mercury
Sickly	

General Characteristics:

Pisces is very peculiar in many ways. Jupiter gives it power and dignity while Venus usually adds grace of thought but not of body. It is the most luxurious sign of the Zodiac and its keynote is solid comfort. It usually dislikes to exert itself but is most always forced to do so. It is not a combative sign but prefers comfort by compromise. It is mediumistic, psychic and with training an occult sign. Its general description is:

Spiritual	Literary
Intellectual	Artistic
Ruling	Musical
Cheerful	Subject to irritability
Comfort-loving	Nervous
Sometimes melancholy	Slow moving
Usually misunderstood	

Physical Appearance:

The native is usually heavy, short or tall according to the position of Jupiter.

Usually thick	Head bent downward
Round shouldered	Peculiar waddling walk
Stooping	
Brown hair	Sanguine complexion

Health:

Pisces always enjoys poor health and really learns to appreciate it. Its ailments are centered in the liver and stomach, sometimes the kidneys.

Gout	Heart burn
Lameness	Poor circulation
Liver complaint	Headaches
Ulcerous sores	Eye trouble
Indigestion—sometimes chronic	Teeth trouble
	And feet trouble

Pisces ruling the feet, ankles and toes, is usually noted for tender pedal extremities and as it usually carries heavy avoirdupois suffers from falling arches, soft and burning feet and stunted toes.

Domestic Problems:

Pisces is rather varied in this line, usually fairly fortunate but often deceived in the marriage partner. If of a low type Pisces can become very brutal and tyranical in the home and until developed is subject to drink, dope, and all forms of excesses, including mediumistic obssession. A well developed Pisces is very wonderful and lovable in the home because of their easy going disposition and their willingness to concede to the desires of others. Pisces is a very fruitful sign and is fond of children.

Color:

White	Light blue
Glistening shades	Water color

According to Ptolemy the stars in the head of the southern fish of Pisces have the influence of Mercury and to some degree Saturn; those in the body like Jupiter and Mercury; those in the tail and the southern line like Saturn and Mercury. In the Northern fish the stars in the body and backbone resemble Jupiter and Venus to some degree; those in the northern line like Saturn and Jupiter. The bright star in the knot acts like Mars and some Mercury.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa the sign of Pisces has the following correlates: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, confessors of sin; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Barchiel; of the Twelve Tribes, Ephraim; of the Twelve Prophets, Joel; of the Twelve Apostles, James the Younger; of the Twelve months, February 20th to March 20th; of the twelve plants, aristolochy; of the twelve stones, the sapphire and chrysolite; of the twelve principle members of the body, the feet; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and of Devils, the infidels; of the twelve metals, tin after its ruler Jupiter.

Occult Sciences

(Continued from page 29)

nature cannot act electively, nor with discretion." This doctrine, he conceives, had the suffrage of the best philosophers of all ages, Aristotle, Plato, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Hippocrates, Zeno, and the Stoics, and the latter Platonists and Peripatetics, as well as the chemists and Paracelsians, and several modern writers.

Now, I am clearly of the opinion that notwithstanding these great authors have so obstinately contended for the definition of the word, and for the principles and constructoin of Nature, yet they all in reality meant one and the same thing, only giving different explanations of the same ideas; and if their arguments are closely pursued, and compared with each other, they will all tend to show that the *anima mundi,* or soul of the universe, was that they meant by Nature.

This *anima mundi,* as we have before seen, is a medium investing the whole interior heavens, and consists of a pure ethereal substance or spirit; which, as it more immediately resides in the celestial regions, is the second or next cause under God that moves and governs the heavens and heavenly bodies, stars, and planets; which bodies having received their first existence from the fecundity of the same spirit, in the act of creation, are by an influx of sympathetic rays, and by light, heat, gravity and motion, nourished and sustained, upheld and continued in the same regular course, and in the beautiful order we see them. From the celestial regions, the same influx of pure ethereal spirit descends into every part of the immeasurable space, and is diffused through the mass of this world, informing, actuating, and uniting the different parts thereof into various substances; and being the primary source of life, everywhere breathing a spirit like itself, it pervades all elementary bodies, and intimately mixing with all the minute atoms thereof, consistutes the power or instrument we call Nature, forming, fashioning, and propogating all things, conformable to the ideas or will of the Divine mind, in the first act of creation.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer
Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on hand:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explantion of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in l ast few months.

Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
Talks to Teachers, Part I
Talks to Teachers, Part II
Talks to Teachers, Part III
The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
Reincarnation, Part I
Reincarnation, Part II.
The Nature Spirits, Part I.
The Nature Spirits, Part II.
The Nature Spirits, Part III.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
The Masters, Part I.
The Masters, Part II.
Character Analysis
First Principles of Religion
Marriage the Mystic Rite
The Fourth Dimension

These publications may be secured by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of The Rabbis

From the Talmud

"To be patient is sometimes better than to have much wealth."

"First learn, and then teach."

"Teach thy tongue to say, 'I do not know.' "

"Thy friend has a friend and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet."

"The weakness of thy walls invites the burglar."

"If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two."

"Two pieces of coin in one bag makes more noise than a hundred."

"The rivalry of scholars advances science."

"When a liar speaks the truth he finds his punishment in the general disbelief."

"The day is short, the labor great, and the workmen slothful."

"Silence is the fence around wisdom."

"Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it."

"Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected."

"Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to be a crime."

"The thief whofi nds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man."

"There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, and the kingship, but the crown of a good name is greater than them all."

"Despise no man and deem nothing impossible; every man hath his hour and everything its place."

"Unhappy is he who mistakes the branch for the tree, the shawod for the substance."

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

EXTRA! Edited by MANLY P. HALL EXTRA!

Volume 3. No. 1. Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, November 24th, 1926 10c a Copy

NEW WEEKLY TO COVER PACIFIC STATES

MOST ELABORATE AND MOST BEAUTIFUL VOLUME EVER PRINTED ON COAST

Delays in Publication "Masonic, Hermetic and Rosecrucian Symbolical Philosophy" Will Result in Better Book.

Printer, Platemaker and Artist Pronounce It Unique

MANLY P. HALL

That the "Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," by Manly P. Hall which many on the West Coast are eagerly awaiting will be not only the most elaborate volume ever printed on the Pacific Coast but will also be one of the most beautiful from the artistic standpoint.

Mr. Hall has been industriously at work upon it since the first of the year. As time goes on, intensive research has brought to light a number of important subjects which he had not contemplated incorporating into the book. But the importance of the subjects has caused him to change somewhat the original plan, and the result will be a book considerably greater and more complete than the one first outlined. The changes which have been made have approximately doubled the cost of production, so that whereas the original book was being published at a loss, this new and improved outline will result in a volume costing in the neighborhood of $50,000 to produce.

(Continued on page 5, Col. 2)

ODIN AND THE ODINIC MYSTERIES

A Manuscript Never Before Published

By Manly P. Hall

Before taking up a study of this remarkable individual. it will be well to call to mind the fact that Odin, the Father God of the Northern peoples, really existed, and that around his literal life story, have been wound many legends and stories which belong to the ancient mysteries which he brought with him from India. First it will be well to consider Odin the Initiate. In the general History, Cyclopedia and Dictionary of Freemasonry, Robert McCoy, Thirty-third Degree, writes as follows:

"It appears from the Northern Chronicles that in the first century of the Christian Era. Sigge the Chief of the Aser, an Asiatic tribe, immigrated from the Caspian Sea and the Caucasus into Northern Europe. He directed his course Northwesterly from the Black Sea to Russia over which, according to the tradition, he placed one of his sons as the ruler, as he is said to have done over the Saxons and Franks. He then advanced through Cimbria to Denmark, which acknowledged his fifth son Skiold as its sovereign and passed over to Sweden where Gylf who did homage to the wonderful stranger and was initiated into his mysteries, then ruled. He (Odin) soon made himself master here, built Sigtuna as the capital of his empire and promulgated a new code of laws, and established the sacred mysteries. He himself assumed the name of Odin, founded the priesthood

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 1)

First Issue Distributed From Seattle to San Diego

"All-Seeing Eye" Reincarnates

We have the pleasure of announcing the reappearance of "The All-Seeing Eye," Volume III. No. 1. After two years and seven months of incarnation, our monthly magazine reincarnate, as a weekly newspaper.

You are now looking at the first copy. It will be devoted to philosophy, science and religion and the editorial staff promise that the readers will not be confronted with crime, scandal and sensational matter from the front page.

We have long felt the need of some channel through which we might keep our friends informed concerning our activities. As the official organ of our activities, "The All-Seeing Eye" will present many articles of interest to students of philosophy and ethics. Our family of friends has increased from a few hundred to over 25,000 on the Pacific Coast alone, and it is ever more difficult to keep this group in touch with the message we are seeking to disseminate. Therefore, a plan has been conceived by means of which it will be possible to deliver several lectures each week in your own home.

In each issue of this weekly messenger will appear news items covering current activities and outlining our future plans. Each issue will also contain several special articles. Other features of interest will include the reprinting of some of our first writings which have been out of print for several years, together with excerpts from hitherto unpublished manuscripts and sermons.

From time to time rare and curious items from old books and manuscripts will be published; occasionally an unusual plate together with its description will be reproduced.

(Continued on page 4, Col. 2)

KING SOLOMON EDITION

Now Being Subscribed

By MAUD F. GALIGHER.

The second edition. to be known as the King Solomon edition, of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Pholosophy, by Manly P. Hall, is now being subscribed. To the lover of books no more idealistic gift could be imagined. Make yourself or another a Christmas offering of this all embracing work, and the recipient may have always with him a thing of beauty and a never-ending mental joy. There are really forty-six books under one general heading, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

In cities that subscribe a number sufficient to warrant the time of a personal visit, Mr. Hall will give a series of twenty lectures. Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles are assured of these lectures, and Santa Barbara and San Diego are near the goal. These twenty lectures are to be devoted to explanation of the deeper occult text. A syllabus, invaluable as a key to the book will be prepared for the further assistance of those attending this class. In limiting the attendance at the special lectures to those having access to the book, the object is not to exclude, but to assemble the student group into a class of special consideration. Naturally only those who had read the book could have the fundamental knowledge necessary to appreciate the special lectures. According to Mr. Hall's custom there will be no charge for these explanatory lectures.

It may interest the reader to know that when the order for the paper to be used in the printing of this book was placed, a telegram was returned, saying it was the largest order the firm had ever received for paper of the quality requested.

Among the illustrations are to be forty-six splendid plates in four-color process; their beauty will delight the most casual reader, their symbolic representations will be keenest delight to the student, the scholar, the sage. Two hundred and fifty lesser illustrations. not colored, accompany the text thruout. The color effect has been produced under the hand of the distinguished J. Augustus Knapp. A few of the color plates are: Group of World Religious, Interior of the Pyramid showing Initiation, The Book With Seven Seals, the Murder of Hiram Abiff, Consulting the Oracle of Delphi. Among the titles of the chapters are: The Quabbalah, Israels Secret Doctrine, Theory and Practice of Alchemy. Ancient Manuscript, The Elements and Their Inhabitants. Metals, Gems and Stones. A word on the bibliography: It contains the titles of the oldest and rarest books to be found, on the subjects handled in this, Mr. Hall's greatest literary effort. A friend of the author, himself the possessor of 60,000 books on occult knowledge has declared this bibliography the largest he has ever known.

The King Solomon Edition will consist of 550 copies; the books will be in batik covers, with backs and corners of white goatskin, each volume to be supplied with slip case of like material. The printed edition has been promised for an early date in 1927. To those wishing to give the book as a Christmas present, there will be issued a certificate of purchase. beautifully engraved, bearing in the background a miniature of King Solomon in the center of a mosaic floor. The subscription price to this edition is $75. To those who may desire terms, the book is offered for $15 initial payment and $15 a month for four consecutive months. This will insure the purchaser possession of the book in time for access to the special lecture series. Immediately the second edition is off the press the purchase price will be $100, as it will then enter the realm of commercial selling, and in order to take care of commissions and other necessary expense the advance is imperative.

SOCIAL EVENT AT EBELL CLUB

On Tuesday, Nov. 30, 1926, from 2 to 5, and from 8 to 10 p. m., at Ebell Club House, 1719 Figueroa, near 18th Street, an informal reception to the public and members of the Church of the People will be held. There will be an exhibition of forty or more of the reproductions of famous antique and modern paintings, to be used in illustrating the forthcoming book on Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Philosophy. There will also be on display one hundred or more of the rare books—some of them being the only ones of their kind now in print,—listed in the bibliography of this great work.

Musical selections thruout the hours will add to the harmony of the occasion.

Mr. J. Augustus Knapp, known wherever art is known, as an idealistic and master color artist, will be there to describe in detail the finished work. Mr. Knapp will talk at intervals during the afternoon and evening sessions. At 2:30 and 4 and 8 and 9 o'clock, Manly P. Hall, author and compiler of the book, will give brief talks. Come and learn somewhat of the way of a book in the making. A cordial invitation is extended to each and all.

Los Angeles Opens Christmas Festivities This Year at Shrine Auditorium

One December 9th, the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, one of the three outstanding organizations of its kind in the United States, will present Handel's MESSIAH at the Shrine Auditorium. This is the opening of Christmas week and will be the event of the season.

Under the direction of John Smallman, such soloists as Riccardo Martin, tenor; Blythe Taylor, soprano; Julia Claussen, contralto and Fred Patton, bass. will appear supported by a chorus of over four hundred trained voices.

The MESSIAH is perhaps the greatest of all Christmas music and its presentation has been one of the historic events of the season in the famous European centers of music.

Tickets can be procured at any of the larger music stores.

The work of this society is doing much to make Los Angeles the foremost Music Center in America and lovers of good music wait eagerly for the presentation on December 9th, of 'THE MESSIAH."

FERNANDEZ IN CONCERT

Amado Fernandez, the golden voiced tenor, well known soloist at the Church of the People, will give a concert at the Ambassador Theatre December 5th, 1926, at 3 P. M. Mr. Fernandez has a voice of unusual beauty and dramatic power.

He will appear in a repertoire of French. Italian, Spanish and Mexican songs, which he presents in his inimitable manner. Assisting artists will be Mrs. Gentry Baskett, Soprano, and Agnes Buisseret, Accompaniste. Tickets at the Ambassador Theatre the day of the concert.

Engagements—Elementary and Advanced Pupils
ANITA HOLT
Violinist
1511½ So. Berendo St.
BEacon 8519

AMADO FERNANDEZ
Dramatic Tenor
Available for Opera, Concerts and Clubs
Soloist Church of the People
Repertoire; English, Spanish, Italian and French
1116 Myra Ave., Hollywood Phone 598-428

AGNES BUISSERET
Accompaniste
Teacher of Piano
Residence Studio, 4231 Monroe Street
Phone 598-587

MANY ASK "INITIATES" BE REPUBLISHED

WILL BE RUN SERIALLY IN "ALL-SEEING EYE"

Introduction Starts in This Issue

THE INITIATES OF THE FLAME—

By Manly P. Hall.

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, watching and guarding the sacred fires that burn upon the altar of humanity. Purified ones are they, 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 gone, of Greece and Rome, and the grandeur that was Egypt's, we sigh as we recall the stor yof their fall and we watch the nations of today, wondering 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 the figure of justice; everywhere we see the principle of 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 createl 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 discover the cause of their destruction. **The light had gone out.** When the flame within the body is withdrawn, the body dies. When the light was taken from the altar, the temple no longer was the dwelling-place of a living God.

Degeneracy, lust and passion, hates and fears crept into the souls of ancient 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 once mighty nation was extinguished, 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 more, and there again arose a mighty nation around that Flame. So history goes on down through the ages: As long as a people are true to the Flame, it remains, but when they cease to nourish it with their lives it passes on to other lands and other worlds.

The worshippers of this Flame are now called heathens. Little do we realize that we ourselves are heathens until we are baptized 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 for ages have labored with man to help him kindle within himself this spark which is his divine birthright. These are they who by their lives of self-sacrifice and service have awakened and tended this Fire, who through ages of study have learned the mystery it contains, and whom we now call "The Initiates of the Flame."

For ages they have labored with mankind to help him 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. The time will come, however, when the world will know the work they did and realize that our present civilization is raised upon the shoulders of the mighty demigods of the past. Like Faust, we stand with all our lore a fool no wiser than before, because we reject the truths they taught and the evidence of their experiences. Let us honor these Sons of the Flame, not by words but by living so 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 then in their robes of glory passed behind the veil. Their lives were the key to their wisdom, as must ever be. Though long ago they passed out, they still stand in history as milestones on the path of human progress.

Let us watch these mighty ones as silently they pass 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. Next 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, Moses, and others no less worthy pass by before the eyes of the student. They were the Sons of the Flame. From the Flame they came and to the Flame they have returned. To us they beckon, bidding us join them and in our robes of self-earned glory serve the Flame they love.

They were without creed or clan; they served but the one great ideal. From a common source they came; to a common place they have returned. No superiority was theirs, but hand in hand they labored for humanity. Each loves the other, for the power that has made them Masters has also shown them the **Brotherhood** of all life. *(To be continued)*

Occult Books

We have the most complete stock in the West.

We specialize in Rare and Old Books, also Modern Books, relating to Mysticism, Alchemy, Theosophy, Spiritualism, New Thought, Symbolism, Free-Masonry, Comparative Religions, Astrology, Early Medical Books and Herbals.

WELCOME TO BROWSE

Catalogues mailed on request

MISS ELEANOR REED in charge

Dawson's Bookshop

Phone TUcker 3250

627 South Grand Avenue

Los Angeles, California

Give us a ring and we will give you a figure.

MILLER & FALCONER

Commercial Printing

1126 Grand View Street

DRexel 5514

Large Selection—Finest Woolens

D. M. SUTHERLAND

Tailoring

309 Jewelers Bldg., 747 So. Hill St.
Los Angeles, Calif.
VAndike 6097

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Includes New Subjects In 1927 Itinerary

As soon as possible, Manly P. Hall plans to visit all the important cities of the coast with several lectures in each. These plans are still very tentative but in most cases the lectures will take place in the late spring or early summer.

The dates in San Francisco and the Bay cities have already been arranged, January 17th to 28th. Lectures in San Francisco will be at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. Other cities that will receive a visit later are, San Diego, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and Santa Barbara.

Many new and extremely interesting subjects have been prepared by Mr. Hall, for use in this 1927 trip, foremost among them are "Madame Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom," illustrated with pictures of the Masters never shown to the public but once before; "The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy" — illustrated; "Man's Invisible Bodies"; "The Seven Spinal Lotus Blossoms"; "Melchezidek and the Mysteries of Fire"; and the "Fundamentals of Discipline."

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

We will conduct a question and answer department, and will also review worth while plays and books.

There will also appear selected articles by other authors, including Count Tolstoy's prophecy, Napoleon's religion, the death of Socrates, the Little Red Man of the Tuileries, and excerpts from the religious, ethical, and philosophical writings of the Greeks, Persians, Hindoos, and Chinese; in fact, all matters of universal interest to thinking people.

If these plans are to be realized, it will be necessary to accept a limited amount of advertising and secure a subscription list of at least 5,000. If you wish to contribute to the success of this enterprise, send in your subscription at once. The publication of this newspaper depends upon YOU. Take several subscriptions and send the papers to your friends. There is a subscription blank on this page. Fill it in now.

SPECIAL NOTE—A subscription to "The All-Seeing Eye" woull prove a most acceptable Christmas gift to those interested in these lines of thought.

IN NEXT ISSUE

Mr. Hall's special articles will include two manuscripts never before printed; 'The Caducceus of Hermes" and the first installment of "The Flower of the House of Ming," an Oriental Occult Novel. By special request we will publish the famous Tolstoy's Prophecy.

148 Page Text Book of THEOSOPHY
50c POST-PAID
Address Besant Lodge
1801 Garfield Place, Hollywood, Calif.

Special Equipment Added to Print Color Plates

The Los Angeles Engraving Company, located at 631 South Spring St., the oldest engraving house in Los Angeles, now established over 25 years, announces that the order for color plates placed with them by Manly P. Hall for use in his "Big Book," the "Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," is the largest order ever placed in Los Angeles and probably on the Pacific Coast and will require a great deal of special equipment and expert help to complete it.

Several thousand dollars are being spent by them for new equipment especially for this work and this new machinery will make them fitted to take care of any kind or quantity of color work that may subsequently be needed. A Hacket cylinder press is part of this equipment.

A well-known plate maker, Mr. Louis L. Bastin, of London and Paris, has been brought to Los Angeles to work on these color plates. He has been with the largest firm in England, Swane and Son, and also such internationally known plate-makers as Vaus and Crampton, the Arc Engraving Co. and also the largest in Paris, La Publication La Fitte. The foreman of this department with the Los Angeles company is Mr. Ernest Mitchell. who has worked in the largest and finest American plants. Together they make a combination hard to beat anywhere. It is believed that this color work will be the finest that has ever been produced on the Pacific coast.

MOJONIER
Photographer
7068 Hollywood Boulevard
GRanite 4302

How To Subscribe to the "The All-Seeing Eye"

This issue is complimentary. Your subscription will date from December 2nd, 1926, and include 20 weekly numbers for $1.00. You may use this blank or write on a separate sheet of paper.

Commission to dealers.

I enclose $..... for .....subscriptions for myself and friends for 20 issues of "The All-Seeing Eye" from December 2, 1926 to April, 13, 1927.

Name .....Name .....Address .....

Address .....Address .....Name .....

Please send names of other friends whom you think might be interested on a separate piece of paper. A free copy will be sent them.

BEAUTIFUL ART WORKS OFFERED OCCULT STUDENTS

Chakras and Glands In Action

New and Unusual Color Prints Ready

With the assistance of a distinguished Armenian artist, Mr. Mihran K. Serailian, Mr. Hall has prepared three unique oil paintings of great beauty. The first of these pictures shows a Hindoo Yogi with the seven **Chakras** of the spinal system illuminated in their correct colors. The second is a magnificent painting of the head of Minerva. The brain is pictured as transparent to show the operation of the pituitary body and the pineal gland. The third picture is the cross which Mr. Hall designed in 1923 and a replica of which he wears during his services.

The paintings, which are of considerable size, have been carefully reproduced by a four-color process, so that all the wealth of coloring is preserved. The plates are 9x14 inches and are mounted on heavy mat board suitable for framing. Each of the paintings is reproduced in four colors. Owing to the great cost of production, the pictures have to sell for $1.00 each. They can be bought separately or may be supplied in a large folio cover containing a comprehensive essay describing them and devoted to the subject of preparing the student for the mysteries of operative occultism. In their folio cover, the three paintings and the description sell for $4.00, postpaid. The unusual nature of these pictures warrants their being in the possession of everyone interested in the spiritual currents working in the human body. While they last these may be secured from Hall Publishing Co., Room 301 Trinity Auditorium Building, Los Angeles, or at the book tables on Sunday morning, or at classes.—Adv.

CITIZEN
PRINT SHOP,
INCORPORATED

The HOUSE OF GOOD
PRINTING

538 South San Pedro Street
Los Angeles, California
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy

While these changes will result in a slight delay in the publication of the work, it is believed by Mr. Hall, that the increased value to the reader will more than compensate for the few weeks necessary to make these important changes. In a matter of this kind speed is not the most desirable thing. The value of the work lies in its accurate and complete analysis of the subjects discussed, and it is believed the discoveries resulting from further research will double the scope and value of the book. Among some of the chapters which have been inserted as the result of rewriting and arranging the book, is one on the Bacon-Shakespeare cryptogram, including a previously unpublished cipher key to the play of Cymbelline. There is also a chapter devoted to Francis Bacon and the Rosicrucians, and one specially set aside to the symbols of the Mohammedan faith. It is also intended to incorporate one chapter on the Mysteries of the North and Central American Indians, presenting among other rare diagrams a faithful reproduction of American Indian Masonic trestleboard, showing two degrees of the Midewiwin Mysteries.

Rare Books

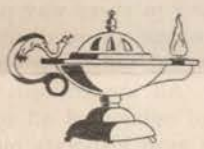
It is thought that a complete alchemical manuscript. the only one of its kind in existence will be published. Careful investigation of the museums of Europe fail to disclose any document even, of a similar nature. It is illustrated with twenty-six pages of hand drawn watercolor pictures, showing the symbolism of Hermeticism and alchemy. This original volume was secured from Austria.

Through the courtesy of Phillip Hackett, of San Francisco, the owner of the only copy known, there will be included in the work on Pythagorean mathematics quotations from the finest and rarest volume on the subject in existence, of which it said there is no copy in the British Museum. This work is Thomas Taylor's "Theoretic Arithmetic," being largely a series of translations from the Greek.

A great number of rare Hermetic diagrams have been re-drawn which, while it adds considerably to the expense of the work, greatly increases the beauty and

(Continued on page 6, Col. 2)

Books for Christmas



—what more fitting and acceptable than some of these books by Manly P. Hall?

A NEW BOOK
Nothing like it ever published

"An Essay on the Fundamental Principals of Operative Occultism"

Including 3 beautiful and instructive plates in full color:

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	$4.00
Plates separately mounted, each	1.00
Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah	.50
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

SANSKRIT PLAY AT POTBOILER THEATRE

The showing of "The Little Clay Cart" December 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, at the Potboiler Art Theatre, 1044 So. Hope Street. will offer a rare opportunity to see an East Indian romance of the VI Century. This noteworthy production of our local Little Theatre movement deserves our undivided support.

"The Little Clay Cart,"—an exquisite jewel, set in a cluster of centuries. Colorful as an Arabian fantasy, with the depth of an Indian Mystic; this comedy drama of ancient India steps from out the pages of Time's prompt book with the ingenuousness of Pirandello.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 1)

of the twelve drottars (druids?), who conducted the secret worship and the administration of justice and as prophets revealed the future. The secret rites of these mysteries celebrated the death of Balder the beautiful and lovely and represented the grief of gods and men at his death and his restoration to life. The neophytes were instructed in regard to the creation of the heavens and earth, of man and woman, by three drottars who are called "the High," the "Equally High" and the "Highest." They discoursed to the initiates of the mysteries of the world, of day and night, of the sun and moon, of the Golden Age, of the winds and seasons, of the gods and goddesses, of the destinies, the twilight of the gods, the conflagration and destruction of the world. The ceremony of initiation ended with a sublime representation of the restoration of the universe, the return of all things to purity, harmony and peace."

Most students of comparative religions are familiar with the mythology of the Northlands, but few realize that it is a great religious ceremonial, concealing under symbols, which could be understood by the ancient peoples, the eternal story of the development of the individual and the unfolding of consciousness. To every nation great teachers have been sent and far back when only legends told of their work, initiates and adepts labored tirelessly to mold the future destinies of human character. Such was Odin, long supposed to be a myth. It is perfectly true that the historical character is of little importance to us at this day of manifestation, but the spiritual truths which he gave to those ancient peoples are as practical and useful today as they were at the dawn of the Christian era. The fairy stories that we read and the legends which fill and surround the early history of nearly every nation are nothing more or less than disconnected stories, all part of one great historical legend or scheme

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1)

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 2)

legibility of the document. The work is progressing as rapidly as conditions permit, but many serious interruptions have occurred during the year. It would have been possible to hurry the book through, thus insuring more rapid delivery of the volume, but it is quite certain that those who have invested in this work will be glad to wait the few additional weeks necessary to add this new and rare material and have it properly indexed and arranged.

The contract for the book has been given, the paper and materials have been ordered, including several thousand dollars' worth of type which is now being set and by the time this paper reaches you the elaborate system of indexing will be under way.

Outstanding Achievement

Therefore, while there have been delays caused by sickness and unavoidable conditions, the volume is coming along well. Hundreds of the zinc etchings and small cuts have already been made, and the bibliography has already passed the three hundred mark. All of those concerned with the production of this volume—the printer, the designer, the typesetter, the editor, the plate-maker, to say nothing of the author,—are trying in every way possible to make the volume an outstanding achievement in printing, publishing, and the matter treated. All are enthusiastic and the consensus of opinion of all concerned that it is the most elaborate piece of printing that has ever been attempted on the Pacific Coast.

Refrigeration of Body Preferred by Esoterocists

The Reed Brothers Company, Funeral Directors, located at 721 W. Washington Blvd., have added a unique method of caring for the body until the time of burial or cremation. By means of a refrigeration chest the body is perfectly preserved for the three days which are necessary, according to students of esotericism, for the complete and gradual disintanglement of the higher vehicles of man from his earthly body. As there are many who do not care for embalming, the refrigeration method has come to be preferred by them. However, both methods of care are available at Reed Brothers, who have attempted to offer at all times a service appealing to all people in these matters of individual preference.—Adv.

FLORIST—Church of the People
CHAS. E. REED
FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY
670 W. Washington Blvd.
2 Blocks West of Figueroa
WEstmore 6194

The Mt. Ecclesia School for Children

Our new boarding school for children is devoted to the training of children between the ages of four and seven. This is a most important time for the child, for it is known among occult students that the vital body, the vehicle of habit, is then coming to birth. Early impressions made upon this body last for a lifetime.

The School is housed in a new and very attractive building specially designed, of Mission architecture, and constructed of fireproof tile and reinforced concrete. Full details on request.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California

—Adv.

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.
Commercial Printing and Publications
443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

JOHN M. PRYSE
919 So. Bernal Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
PUBLISHER OF
Restored New Testament $5.00
Apocalypse Unsealed 2.00
Prometheus Bound 2.00
Adorers of Dionysos 2.00
Postpaid
Send for Catalogue of out-of-print and rare OCCULT BOOKS.

Stapleton Restaurant, specializes in Fresh Vegetables and Sea Foods—Around the Corner from Trinity, 508 W. 9th Street.—Adv.

W. W. HARMON
Dispensing Optician
Expert Fitting of Frames
Phone GLadstone 0802
6683 Yucca Street

J. F. ROWNY PRESS
Printers and Publishers
We edit, print, publish and sell books for authors along the lines of Astrology, Metaphysics, Mysticism, Occultism and the New Age Literature.
Descriptive literature of works published mailed free on request.
635 Lebanon St., Los Angeles, California.

(Continued on page 6, Col. 1)

of affairs, each country forming part of its great as yet unfinished drama. Of the historical Odin little is known, but it seems that he came from that great seed ground of human thought located among the mountains and jungles of Northern India. Sir Godfrey Higgins in his great work "Anacalypsis," Volume 1, page 752, says.

"Thus it appears that Woden the Northern God is simply the tamulic method of pronouncing Buddha."

If we will stop for a moment and consider this, we will better understand the great connective link that binds all religion together and of which the Odinic myths are but one link in an eternal chain. Around this strange character have been wound legends which he himself undoubtedly first gave to the world as the initiative ritual of the sacred school of learning which he is said to have established at Upsala. Let us leave him as a character and turn our attention to the practical application of the theology which he promulgated among the Northern peoples.

The ancient Norse people have said that all things were created from the body of the great Frost Giant Ymir. There is a very beautiful legend of this great giant's creation. They tell that in ancient times there was a great cleft in space so deep that none could see where it ended. To the North of this, in chaos, lived the great frost giants and to the South the great flame spirits are said to have dwelt. The great frost giants in the North cast great heaps of ice and snow down into the great gap, while from the flame giants poured forth great showers of sparks; from these sparks and ice there rose a great frost cloud and from this cloud was formed Ymir the Unknown. Soon afterwards the Gods were created or rather came into manifestation. They fought with Ymir, and slaying him, built the world out of his body. Out of his bones, they formed the earth and mountains, from his blood the seas, from his hair the trees and from his skull the great expanse of heaven, while his brain is the clouds and his thoughts are storms. Around the edge of the new world, they placed his eyebrows which were the cliffs that hedged Midgard the home of man.

There is a very beautiful thought connected with this story which is of real use to the student of mystic sciences. The great giant represents the cosmic root forces which are mastered and molded by the gods, Intelligences and Hierarchies, into worlds and spheres of consciousness through which the evolution of the various kingdoms of nature are carried on. The student realizes that in that Great Intelligence, which we call God, he lives, moves and has his being, and that the Norseman was correct when he pictured in everything organs and functions of still a greater power. As the great giant formed the world, so man, as an individual, is a great world in whose blood stream, bones and tissues millions of forms of life are living and leveloping. That we also, as human beings, are living and evolving as cells in the Body Cosmic and that all that we see around us is this great Substance, molded by varying degrees of intelligence into vehicles of expression for every advancing forms of life. Odin himself, the manifesting power of the universe, carries the name of the All-father, but there was still another diety, unformed and unknown, which was superior even to Odin, for while Odin was created, and having been created, must cease to be, this

Something was unformed and eternal. A very wonderful story is told of Odin, who in his search for wisdom, went far down to the roots of the sacred tree. Here he found Mimir the god of wisdom and memory and asked to be allowed to drink of the waters of the well of Truth. This was refused of him until he cast his own eye into Mimir's pool; this Odin did without hesitation and received as a reward knowledge and truth. In this legend we see once more reference made to the eye that is single and we know that it says in the Bible that if thine eye be single thy body is full of light. The eye which Odin used after that memorable occasion was the spiritual eye, the one eye from which he gained his name of the One-eyed Father God. The name Buddha also means the single eye and only those who see with a single eye can see the unity manifesting through so called diversity. manifesting through socalled diversity. The initiate is the one who has awakened the eye single, the center of consciousness which causes him to see and understand the oneness of all created things. He knows that so called diversity is merely individualization of this unity; that all religions, creeds, philosophys, sciences and arts are varying expressions of one universal doctrine; and that all races, clans and peoples, nations and continents are expressions of one evolving spark of the divine. This was the secret of wisdom which is given to those who. sacrificing one eye, spiritually speaking, the eye of matter, see all things through one spiritual organ of vision.

The next work of Odin was the building of Asgard the dwelling place of the gods, and two great giants were used for the building of this superior temple high on the tops of the mountains. This was to be the dwelling place of the twelve gods of the ancient Norse mythology. It is said that it was built in a single night by these two great giants and the student recognizes in them the powers of thought and action, which are building for man

(Continued on page 8, Col. 1)

The Perfectocoil

Only Pliable Magnetic Coil—Process Patented

Are you Tired? Nervous? Nights restless? Would you enjoy the bounding vitality provided by body harmony—or health? To obtain these results you must have the HEALTH TRIUNE—Circulation, Elimination and balanced energy. The Perfectocoil is Nature's Assistant recreating every tissue, gland, cell and organ in the human body.

Three-In-One Principle

In the Perfectocoil we have the three great healing elements: Magnetism provides the alkaline or creative—polarity of electricity; Heat with its relief from pain and its power of bringing the blood to assist in elimination; Radium emanation from the pockets of radium ore (carnotite) that completely interline the coil.

As the sun't rays instill life and growth in plants so does radium emanation strengthen and energize the human body.

Three Way Switch

The three way switch permits the use of heat, or magnetism or both at will and always the radium emanation. The Perfectocoil is thoroughly protected by master thermostats that insure the safety of the appliance.

We gladly give ample demonstration either at your home or in the Laboratory, without any obligation. Write or call to see what may be accomplished through the Perfectocoil.

Literature if you wish.

CHARLES RADIUM LABORATORIES
BEacon 2273 1614 West Washington
—Adv.

J. ROSS MAHAN

Representative

The Perfectocoil

Phone GArfield 3633

"HEALTH THROUGH NATURAL FORCES"

By

JOHN H. DEQUER

A 256 page book with 30 illustrations Usual price $2.50, to readers of this paper, $1.25

2279 W. 20th Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

a wonderful temple, the soul, which is to be the dwelling place of the twelve-fold hierarchy evolving within himself. In the skull is the heaven world of the physical body and in it we find the twelve convolutions of the brain, or the twelve gods, living far on the top of the mountains, surrounding the single-eyed father god, the Ego in man.

There are many other gods and goddesses in the Norse theology, but it is only possible for us to give a word concerning them now and the student is invited to take a good work on Scandinavian and Teutonic mythology and see the wonderful lessons that it contains for those who are able to read it through the single eye. In studying the other dieties we first meet Thor, Odin's eldest son, noted in many lands for his wondrous hammer, with which he fought the Ice Giants in the early days of man's creation. In Thor and his hammer, man finds the greatest of all powers in nature, the power of disintegration. On this physical plane of nature we call it death, but it really is one of life's most active manifestations. With this weapon the gods destroy crystallization, when consciousness becomes so enmeshed in form, that it is no longer able to practically manifest through the vehicle, then the great hammer of disintegration returns the atoms to their own kingdoms and releases the enslaved life. The Ice Giants that Thor fought were the powers of crystallization which he disintegrates one after the other with Hiolner the Migh Hammer.

Then there is Loki the power of Emotion, the devil of the Northlands. He has three children—the Fenris Wolf, the Midgod Serpent, and the third a giantess called Hel or Hela, which means death. Loki is the perverted emotional power and his children, representing the passions and desires and their results, are very wonderful examples of ancient symbolism. It was Loki, with his powers of deception, that finally destroyed the hierarchy of the gods, and it is the same force in our own body which finally destroys us and allows the giants of crystallization and disease to claim us.

Then we also find the Norms, the three strange sisters that dwell at the roots of the Great Tree and spin eternally the web of human fate. They again are a wonderful symbol and were called by the ancients the Past, Present and Future, said to conceal among themselves the destiny of all things. The mystic sees more, however; he realizes that the three sisters are his thoughts, his desires and his actions, weaving eternally the threads of his soul body, the result of which manifests as his garment of glory.

And last but not least we come to the masterpiece of the Norse mythology, the Twilight of the Gods. when the powers of darkness at last master the powers of light and the Serpent of Misuse and Waste gnaws through the roots of the Tree of Life, the spinal column, and the Great Tree of our individual cosmos collapses, bringing down with it the brain, the temple of the gods. Then Loki, the power of misdirected energy, is loosened. The powers of darkness and the lower world become masters of the body; with them come the giants of crystallization and the day of Ragnarok is at hand. Balder, the Beautiful, the spiritual expression of man, has been murdered by Loki, the powers of misdirected energy, emotions, hates and fears, and the result is the destruction of all things.

This is not only an individual history, but the story of peoples, clans and nations. There is an eternal warfare between the Ego, Odin, with his sacred spear of truth and light, against the powers of darkness and crystallization, and when he allows the Judas, Loki, to lead him astray, he brings down the inevitable curse of the Great Unknown. Those who really understand the Northern myths, realize that they tell of God, man and the universe. The Rainbow Bridge, which leads to the temple of the gods, is the wonderful fluidic vapor of the three primary colors in the spinal column of man, which connects the worlds above with the darkness below. The gods come down to the lower world and assist man in the building of vehicles and the expressing of truth. In this they represent the Ego, the higher man, caring for and building his bodies.

All of these great legends are stories of the soul, the evolving of consciousness, and the developing of spiritual and physical sight. We know that no great effect in nature can be the result of a myth, and no doctrine as great, as wise and as truly uplifting as that of the ancient Northlands could come from any other source than that of the Great White Brotherhood, which manifests through all created things, and sent the great adept whom we call Odin far into the Northern lands, where, among snow and ice, glaciers and mountain streams, he wandered and taught the people to whom he was sent the mysteries of creation in a way that they could understand. He made use of familiar things and while the teachers, sent to Greece and Rome, told of flowers, beauty and nature's wondrous gifts, Odin spoke of the blare of Northern lights, of frost and snow, of the great battle of human existence. While Greece and Rome spoke of flowers and gardens and the thunderbolts of Jove, Odin told how Uller, the Great Snow God, came down from the North with clouds of frost and hurricanes of snow. The tragic legends of the North are expressions of lives, eternal battles against the elements of nature, and while in Southern climes the elements are things of beauty, in the North they were great giants and bitter foes, and Odin the Allfather, told them of the Sacred Spear, which he gave to those who are true, who won the great battle of life and were worthy to enter his temple. This spear would slay the demons of ignorance, the frost giants of crystallization, and with its mighty power would perform for them the same miracles as the snake-wound rod of Mercury. It meant the same thing and all regilions, Christian included, are but expressions of one great truth given in an understandable manner to many peoples under many conditions.

So to Odin, the One-eyed God, we owe much, and he has much to give us if we will seek it in the proper way, realizing that he came with great suffering and privation through thousands of miles of wilderness to give one phase of truth, a truth as valuable today as it was then, a truth which so called Christianity does not contradict, but which gives a greater power of understanding to its true believers.

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor.

MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Nov. 21st. The Hidden Church in Israel.

Nov. 28th. The Unsolved Mysteries of the Ages.

Dec. 5th. The International Horoscope for 1927.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

Volume 3, No. 2. Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, December 1st, 1926 10c a Copy

TOLSTOY'S PROPHECY OF THE GREAT WAR

WRITTEN FOR A CZAR, A KING, AND A KAISER

WILL IT BE FULFILLED?

Tolstoy dictated the prophesy to his niece, Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, at the request of the Czar, who had wished for something from the pen of the old man which he did not intend for publication. He suggested that it be in some sort a message to himself, the King of England and the Kaiser.

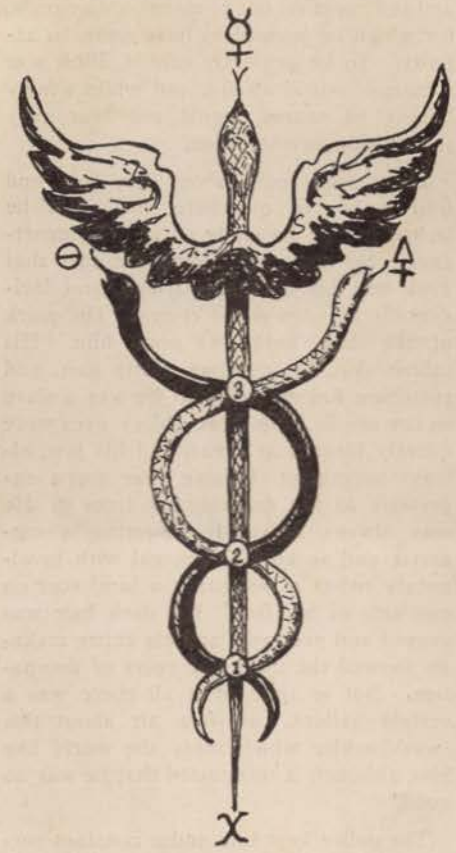
Tolstoy agreed, and one day in the Autumn of 1910 he dictated to his niece . . . the following words, which the Kaiser has declared to be one of the most impressive literary prophecies of the age.

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating on the surface of the Sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels —a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with them all. In her hair—ornaments, of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name—COMMERCIALISM.

"As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follows in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions; her voice of metallic character, like gold, and her looks of greed, are so much poison to the nations which fall victims to her charms.

"And behold! She has three gigantic arms, with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of war that the beautiful cortisan carries from city to city and from country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest fire, but the end is the roar of guns and musketry.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)



THE STAFF OF HERMES

Special Article by Manly P. Hall

The most celebrated of all the Hermetic symbols is the serpent-wound staff. Though we see it today on the radiators of doctors' motor cars and it is generally accepted as the emblem of science and philosophy, this winged rod has preserved its secret inviolate for unknown centuries. Consider carefully the accompanying diagram. Note that the conventional knob on the upper end of the rod has been returned to its original form—a serpent's head. Therefore, the central staff with its wings becomes a flying serpent, or as it was called by the ancients, "a seraph," one of the oldest known symbols of the Savior. Around this central serpent are

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

WAS FRANCIS BACON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD CONTROVERSY

By Manly P. Hall

This is the first of a series of five articles dealing with that most mysterious of all literary problems—the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Were the famous plays which bear his name from the pen of William Shapespeare, the English actor and producer, or were they the products of the literary genius of Sir Francis Bacon, probably the greatest mind that England ever produced? There is much evidence to the effect that Shapespeare was not capable, either from the standpoint of education or experience, of writing the documents with which the ages have credited him. It has even been declared by experts, who have carefully analyzed his handwriting, that Shakespeare could not sign his own name without his hand being guided. In a future issue of this publication we will reprint an example of William Shapespeare's handwriting from the signatures on his will.

On the other hand, it is scarcely credible that Sir Francis Bacon could have written all the documents which Baconian enthusiasts have ascribed to him. Lord Bacon was a man with a scintillating intellect; he traveled widely and was versed in every phase of life; he was therefore exceptionally well qualified to be the author of the versatile plays published under the name of Shakespeare. Then, again, the so-called Shakespeare plays are filled with valuable occult information, and Bacon was recognized as one of the world's greatest occultists and mystic Masons. It is firmly believed even today that he was a Rosicrucian and the real author of the first published Rosicrucian manifestoes.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

I.

Hidden away in the heart of the bustling, teeming city of San Francisco, Mrs. Murphy's boarding-house was squeezed in between a shoe-button factory and a place where artificial flowers were made more life-like than the genuine. The old two-story brick was once glorious to behold, but with the coming of larger, mode modern and better appointed hostelries it became second-rate, thenthird-rate, and finally boasted no classification at all. It was the favorite abode of second-and third-rate drummers, traveling salesmen and gentlemen crooks, who found its inconspicuous appearance in keeping with their seclusive dispositions.

Mrs. Murphy was a motherly old lady of somewhat peculiar type. Her mouth was square, supported by a vice-like jaw. Her eyes were small and close together, and for years she had dexterously wielded a sharp tongue and a very dull rolling pin. At dinner there gathered around the festive board, where liver and bacon or corned beef and cabbage were usually in evidence as the staples of diet, a sundry and miscellaneous conjury of individuals who, for varying considerations running from three seventy-five to six-ten a week, were allowed to break bread twice a day and once on Sunday over Mrs. Murphy's red tablecloth.

The star boarder was the Honorable Isaac Goldbaum, representing the Levinskey Suspender Company, who ruled as lord and master over the first floor front and hung his necktie on Mrs. Murphy's best chiffonier. Next to him sat Nicholas Fitzpatrick, for many years representative of the McGillicutty and O'Brien Raincoat Company. His outstanding peculiarities were a shock of very red hair and a pronounced brogue. He occupied the second floor front under Mrs. Murphy's sometimes hospitable roof. To the right of Mrs. Murphy, engaged in the process of analyzing the evening meal, sat the hero of our story—a high-pressure salesman for a shoe polish company. He occupied the third floor side and held the unique position of being the only roomer with a floor shaft, which afforded his unusual opportunities. Pink Wilson had three distinct peculiarities—a black-and-white checkered vest, a peculiar habit of squinting one eye, and a shady reputation.

Pink Wilson had spent several summers vacationing in a secluded hotel that boasted iron bars on every window and even now a reservation was being held for him. He was one of those peculiar individuals so often met with who, having no visible means of support, have an ever ready supply of money. The commissions from his shoe polish sales did not keep Pink Wilson in cigar money, but he blossomed forth in patent leathers, gray spats and red neckties, not to mention diamonds, for which he seemed to have quite an affinity. To be perfectly candid, Pink was a man of world affairs, and while wholly honest, of course, would not bear very scrutinizing investigation.

There were only about five feet and four inches of our hero, but what he lacked in size he made up in self-importance. No one ever denied the fact that Pink was his own best friend, and incidentally his own worst enemy. The mark of the dope field was upon him. His sallow skin, his nervous, shifty gait, and twitching fingers told that he was a slave to the needle. His beady black eyes were queerly bleared at times, and his jaw, always prominent, became ever more aggressive as the flesh shrank from it. He was always nervously fingering a cigarette and seeking to conceal with involuntary twists of his hands a lurid scar on one side of his face. His dark hair was grayed and yellowed, and his entire make-up showed the marks of years of dissipation. But in spite of it all there was a certain gallant, care-free air about this swashbuckler which made the world like him, although it recognized that he was no good.

The police kept him under constant surveillance for they were convinced that the illicit drug traffic and Pink were not strangers. Every few days he would go to a certain little house in Chinatown and remain sometimes for many hours. Of course, if you have ever been through the tortuous by-ways, you will know the place. It had a little, over-lapping second story with an old ginger-bread balcony on one side. It was partly fenced in, and over the broken and discolored boards peered the strangest tree ever beheld by mortal eyes. It rose above the top of the fence only a short distance and ended in a knob from which poured out a dozen or more snake-like arms of yellowish green seemingly half dead. It was the most woebegone looking bush imaginable.

The store occupying the main floor of the building was ostensibly a wholesale rice establishment, a branch of a famous Canton house. This information was supplied by strange Chinese hieroglyphics, which undoubtedly revealed many additional things to those capable of understanding. The house had suddenly leaped into fame when the eyes of the law were fixed upon it in an obviously questioning way. It was but one of many places included by the police in the great dragnet which they were gradually tightening around the dope traffic.

Day after day Pink went in at the little front door, where, just inside the threshold an old Chinaman sat in his shiny black suit and little white-edged shoes. Outwardly the Oriental maintained an impassive front, but his slanty eyes never failed to follow Pink each time he came to the house or went away again.

II.

It was the morning after the night before, and Pink lay upon the small, rickety bedstead with his feet on the end-board and a circle of cigar butts and cigarette stubs on the chair and floor about him. The Police Gazette was spread out beside him. He still wore his checkered vest, but had slipped a nightshirt over it. The room was blue with the haze of smoke, and his eyes were bleared as the result of the strange concoctions of home brew which had formed the chief attraction of the previous night's escapade.

"Oh-h-h!" he kept groaning; "that stuff was poison. My head! My poor head! It feels like a balloon. Bah I'll bet they made that last one out of shellac and carbolic acid." And with a long wail he rolled over on the other side.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

ANCIENT COMEDY DRAMA AT POTBOILER THEATER

The most unique play yet offered to the drama-loving public will grace the stage at the Potboiler Art Theatre, 1044 So. Hope Street, the week of December 6th. "The Little Clay Cart," gives us a charming picture of an India which has escaped the famous pages of Kipling and Tagore. Written by King Shudraka in an age when the nobility and blue bloods of the land attended playwriting classes, this piece de Theater has at last been translated from the Sanscrit into the American.

The play has been called many complimentary and conventional superlatives with regard to its place in the history of the drama, but for the sake of 1926, let us call it the Brahmin arrangement of the eternal triangle.

Dr. Arthur Ryder of the University of Berkley, translated "The Little Clay Cart" from the Sanscrit, and Ole M. Ness directed the play.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD CONTROVERSY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

Francis Bacon's ability along the lines of cryptography is too well known to require discussion. He was an expert in concealing cipher messages in the various volumes which he either wrote or published. Even a superficial investigation demonstrates the fact that the first collected folio of Shakespeare's plays contains many complete cipher systems of writing. It would probably not be amiss to hazard the speculation that there are twenty or more complete cryptogram systems in his first folio. Several of the ciphers in the Shakespearean folios have been partly deciphered, and all point to Bacon as the true author of these famous plays.

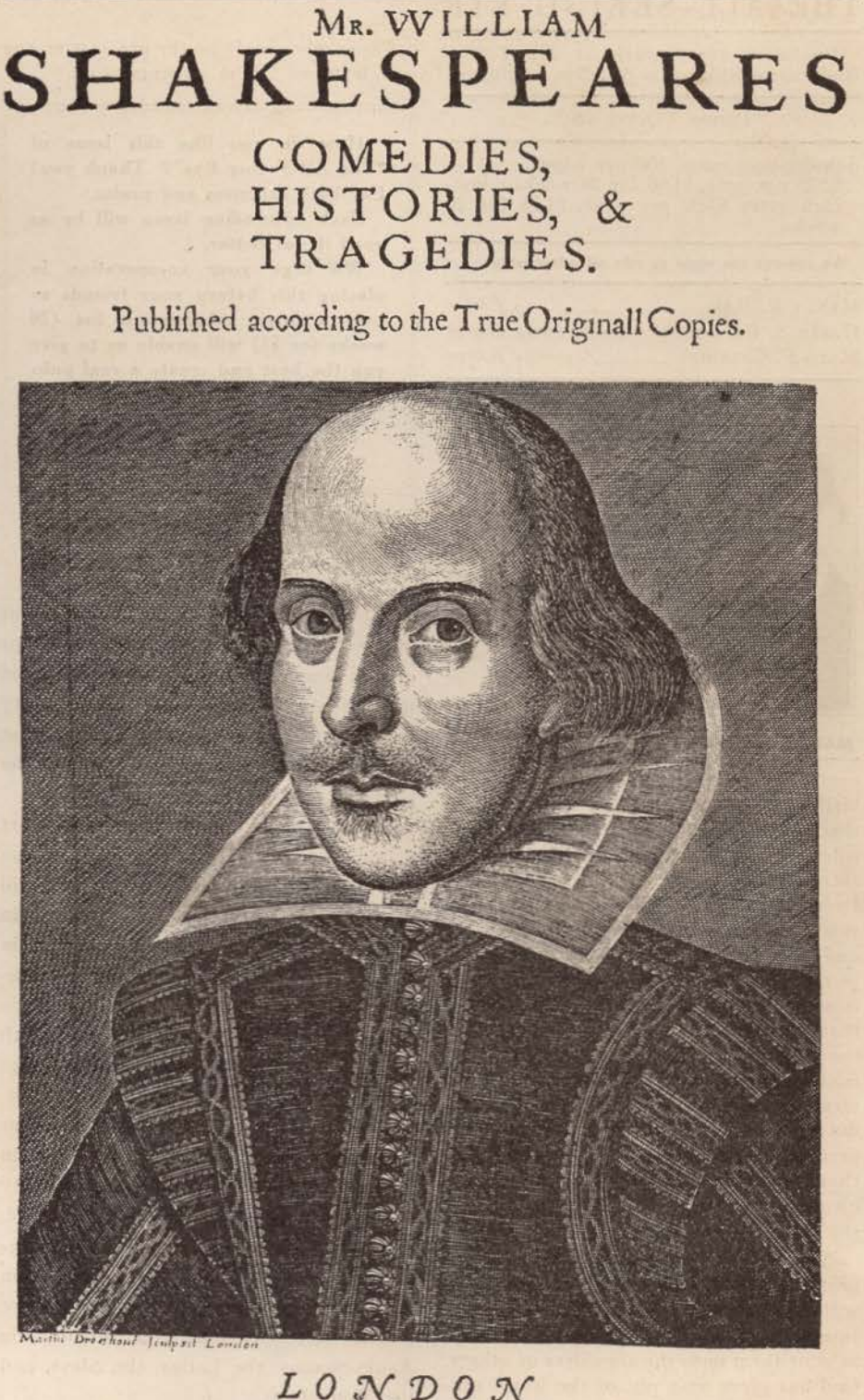
Of course, we must not overlook the occult influences surrounding both Bacon and Shakespeare. It is possible that the two men worked together as emissaries of a secret Mystery School which was then flourishing in England and on the Continent. In all probability, the true author of the Shakespearean plays was the Rosicrucian Fraternity; but which of the two famous men acted as the mediator between this school of mysticism and the outer world is a question which some time will be solved but concerning which there is not sufficient information at hand to make dogmatic statements.

Accompanying this article is a reproduction of the title page of the now priceless first folio of the Shapespeare plays, published in 163. The first folio sells on the open market at from $50,000 to $75,000 per copy. It is one of the rarest of all books. The picture of Shakespeare which adorns the title page is the famous Droeshout portrait, concerning which there has been so much controversy. It is interesting to note that there are no authentic pictures of Shakespeare in existence. The features of the bard of Avon have not been preserved to posterity, and the death masks are probably forgeries or, at least, unauthenticated. The paintings of him (regardless of statements to the contrary) were all executed years after his death, and the only known examples of his handwriting are the signatures on his will. Realizing this, the reader should ponder upon the remarkable fact that despite all the plays which he is supposed to have written, not one scrap of his handwriting is available, outside of scrawling signatures which show the writer to be absolutely unacquainted with the use of a pen.

Returning to the Droeshout portrait, if you will examine the face very closely you will realize that it is only a caricature (as some believe, the death mask of Bacon). Though engraved at a time of splendid artistic work in lines of engraving, it is crude and incomplete. By comparing it closely with portraits of Bacon, it is found that the structure of the two faces is exactly the same, but the Droeshout portrait has been purposely made crude to conceal the resemblance. In the next issue we are publishing a very excellent portrait of Bacon so that you may trace the similarity, especially around the eyes and nose. If you will note carefully the

Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

Title Page From First Folio Edition of 1623
The Famous Droeshout Portrait.



A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy. $2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

MANLY P. HALL

The cry of the new age is for brotherhood and unity of effort. The spiritual powers of the universe are not standing behind or supporting the arguments or wranglings of modern creeds. Those who build the wall of creeds around their truths are strangling God. India is the center of the world religion as it is the birth-place of the Aryan race. It is there that the Great White Brotherhood, the rulers of world affairs, are located in the sacred Temple of Shamballah in the Gobi Desert of Mongolia. From this center of world truth has come forth all the creeds and religions of the modern and ancient world. The true christian knows that there is no such thing as a heathen religion, but that all religions came to the world in the name of the same God from the same center of spiritual truth, with the same ideal, the education of the world. The duty of each truly religious person is to perpetuate not only his own ideals but those of others that all may grow in their own way.

We are all surrounded eternally by problems which come to us in connection with our every day life. Most people refuse to work out these problems, but seek to shift them onto the shoulders of others. God has given man out of the world certain people tied to him by relationship or the common needs of life, and we firmly believe that the great Father is choosing his saints from among those who best serve their fellow men.

Each religious faction in the world today feels perfectly justified in assuming that its final resting place shall be on the right hand of the Father. According to the number of organizations expecting to have a right hand all to themselves it would seem obvious that Diety must have more right hands than the average Hindu idol.

Those who would be the greatest among you, let them be the servants of all.

How do you like this issue of "The All-Seeing Eye"? Thank you! For both criticism and praise.

Each succeeding issue will be as good if not better.

We urge your co-operation in placing this before your friends as only a large subscription list (20 weeks for $1) will enable us to give you the best and create a real publication that will travel far.

Yours sincerely,
THE EDITORS.

TOLSTOY'S PROPHECY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

"The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocracy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to the grave.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the first arm in the countries of south-eastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields, but about the year 1815 a strange figure from the North —a new Napolean—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new era for the Old World. There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will be left only four great giants, the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians.

"After the year 1825 I see a change in religious sentiments. The second torch of the cortesan has brought about the fall of the church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without the moral feeling. But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit, and Immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginnings of an ethical era. The man destined to this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the Earth, a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by a superior power.

"And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and the man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy. Political disturbances and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations. Only spots here and there have remained untouched by these three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America, and the

Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

FLOWER OF MING

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

As Pink lay there bemoaning his fate, a heavy and closed automobile, with drawn curtains, came to a stop before the old, red-brick house. A second later the car door opened, and an elderly Chinese gentleman stepped out. His figure was so remarkable as to attract attention even in that bizarre and bohemian neighborhood. The Oriental was all of six and a half feet tall, and apparently as slender as a ghost. He did not look his height, however, for his great back was so hunched that he appeared scarce taller than the average man. He wore a long sweeping Mandarin cape of black satin brocaded with wonderful flowers, and a small black cap which fitted tightly to his brow which was high an darched. Down the great hunched back hung a queue reaching nearly to the ground. All these things were in strange opposition to the accepted customs of Orientals in the Western world.

The Chinaman was apparently of great age and wore heavy, bone-rimmed spectacles with tinted glasses, through which his half closed eyes could be faintly seen. With hands crossed in the voluminous sleeves of his coat the Oriental slipped across the sidewalk with the agility of a cat and entered the vestibule of the boarding house.

Here an old-fashioned knocker confronted him, but instead of lifting it his long, slender, yellow fingers closed immediately over the door-knob and the finger nails, encased in gold boxes, scraped the paneling with a strange clawing sound. The door softly opened. The black-robed Oriental passed quickly in, closing the portal behind him.

(To Be Continued)

BIG BOOK NEWS

Everyone who has seen the subject matter of Manly P. Hall's "Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy" is enthusiastic in praise of the volume. A local newspaper man, a student of philosophy, connected with many of the big things which have been written or produced in Hollywood and Los Angeles, made the following statement concerning this work:

"Entirely unique in conception, form and typographical make-up, this overwhelming volume is, in brief, very definitely a personal message to each individual reader pouring in upon him an unimaginable wealth of knowledge, supremely useful and necessary to the illumination of the inner self, until now unavailable to any but the savant or the ultra-rich collector of rare and recondite treasures of literature."

We are glad to say that the work of the volume has reached that point where it is possible to present those interested with a complete table of contents approximately as it will appear in the printed volume. The 46 chapters, according to the outline which Mr. Hall recently completed, are as follows:

Chapter

1-3 Ancient Mysteries and Secret Societies which have influenced Masonic Symbolism.
4 Gods and Goddesses of Antiquity.
5 Life and Historical Writings of Thoth Hermes Trismegistus.
6 The Initiation of the Pyramid.
7 Isis, the Virgin of the World.
8 The Sun, a Universal Deity.
9 The Zodiac and Its Signs.
10 The Bembine Table of Isis.
11 Wonders of Antiquity.
12 Life and Philosophy of Pythagoras.
13 Pythagorean Mathematics.
14 The Human Body in Symbolism.
15 The Hiramic Legend.
16 Music and Color.
17-19 Plants, Birds, Insects, Reptiles, and Fishes.
20 Metals, Gems, and Stones.
21 Ceremonial Magic and Sorcery.
22 The Elements and Their Inhabitants.
23 Hermetic Pharmacology and Chemistry.
24 The Qabbalah—Israel's Secret Doctrine.
25 The Fundamentals of Qabbalistical Cosmogony.
26 The Tree of the Sephiroth.
27 Qabbalistical Keys to the Old Testament.
28 An Analysis of the Tarot Cards.
29 The Tabernacle in the Wilderness.
30 The Fraternity of the Rose Cross.
31 Rosicrucian Doctrines and Tenets.
32 Fifteen Rosicrucian Qabbalistic Diagrams.
33 Alchemy and Its Exponents.
34-35 Theory and Practice of Alchemy.
36 Ancient Manuscript.
37 Francis Bacon and the Rosicrucians.
38 Secret Alphabets and Cryptograms.
39 The Origin of Masonic Symbolism.
40 Mystic Christianity.
41 The Cross and the Crucifixion.
42 The Book of Revelation.
43 The Faith of Islam.
44 American Indian Symbolism.
45 The Emissaries of the Mysteries.
46 In Conclusion.

The first edition of this volume is entirely exhausted and the second (King Solomon's Edition) is selling rapidly. Write for information concerning this remarkable volume.

A Service Appealing to All People in Those Matters of Individual Preference as to the Right Care of the Body.

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

HITE WICKIZER

for several years co-leader with his wife, Jennie B. Wickizer, of the Los Angeles Branch of the Anthroposophical Society, passed into the Greater Life a year ago this Thanksgiving time. This group of faithful Anthrosophical students has met for many years with the Church of the People, of which both Mr. and Mrs. Wickizer were members.

The memory of our friend recalls so much that is beautiful that we can hardly sense our loss or feel regret that he passed beyond the veil. Appreciation of him springs from a thankful heart in each of his many friends,—he had not a single enemy.

His benediction now as then falls upon all alike, the blessings of a life so full of love of service that it knew neither faltering or failure in the exemplification of true brotherhood. A simple, quiet, and faithful follower of the gentle teacher of men. A student, patient and thoughtful of the values of this world and the worlds beyond, accepting and meeting the obligations of this life fearlessly and to the full extent of his capacity. Looking clearly and with the assurance of faith at the infinite relationships outreaching time and space.

THE MESSIAH

Lovers of good music will soon have one of the treats of the season in the single presentation of Handel's Messiah on December 9th at the Shrine Auditorium by the Los Angeles Oratorio Society.

Under the direction of John Smallman, such soloists as Riccardo Martin, tenor; Blythe Taylor, soprano; Julia Claussen, contralto and Fred Patton, bass, will appear supported by a chorus of over four hundred trained voices.

Tickets can be procured at any of the larger music stores.

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor.
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor.
Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Dec. 5th. The International Horoscope for 1927.
Dec. 12th—Music.
Dec. 19th—The Miracle.
Dec. 26th—Digesting Christmas.
Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

THE LITTLE RED MAN OF THE TUILERIES

Who is the 'Little Red Man of the Tuileries" and how came he to haunt that palace and so frighten Catherine de Medicis. Catherine declared that the little red monster had established himself in the palace appearing and disappearing as he chose, and not only had she seen him, but he had predicted to her that she would die "near St. Germain." The Tuileries were too near St. Germain l' Auxerrois; she would not visit the Abbey of St. Germain; but in vain, no one can avoid the hand of destiny. Catherine, dying at the Hotel de Soissons, asked the Benedictine friar, who had just heard her confession, what his name was. "Kaurant de Saint Germain," replied the priest. The queen uttered a cry and expired.

"The Little Red Man" showed himself during the night of May 14, 1610, the date of Henry IV's death by the knife of Ravaillac. He foretold the troubles of the Fronde to Richard XIV while that monarch was still a child. The morning following the departure of Louis XVI for Varennes, where he was arrested, this mysterious being was found lying in the king's bed, and he was again seen in 1783.

It is said that a soldier keeping guard over Marat's remains, which lay in front of the Tuileries, died of fright at sight of this specter. Many believe that Napoleon I was visited by a familiar spirit, who is said to be identical with 'Le Petit Homme Rouge" (The Little Red Man.) He is said to have appeared to "The Little Corporal" for the first time at Cairo, a few days after the battle of the Pyramids, and to have predicted to the young general his future destiny. M de Segur, in his "Historie de la Grande Armee," says that the Emperor received many mysterious warnings at midnight in the Winter preceding the Prussian campaign.

M. G. Lenotre, quoting from "Anecdotes of Napoleon and His Court," by Chamberlain, says: "In the month of January of that year the Red Man, addressing a sentinel on duty on the staircase of the chateau, asked him if he might speak to the Emperor. The soldier replying in the negative, he demon, pushing him aside and leaving him unable to move, went quickly up the steps. Whether no one saw him or seeing him dare not stop him, the spirit asked a chamberlain in the Salon de la Paix if he might see Napoleon. M. d'A—replied that no one could enter without permission.

"'I have none; but go and tell him that a man dressed in red whom he knew in Egypt, asks to see him.'

"As soon as Napoleon saw 'L'Homme Rouge' he shut himself up in his private cabinet with him. A long conversation followed; a few words were overheard; the Emperor seemed to be asking some favor which he was refused. Finally, the door opened, the Red Man came out, passed quickly through the corridors, and disappeared on the grand staircase, which he was not seen to descend. Whether the story was true or not it was noised about in Paris and more than one individual was arrested by the police for repeating it."

Under the restoration "L'Homme Rouge" showed himself several days before the assassination of the Duc de Berry, and he also appeared to Louis XVIII on his deathbed. That there was a mysterious person who at certain times annoyed the occupants of the Tuileries is not doubted, but who he was and from whence he came, no historians have ever been able to explain.

(Reprint from an unsigned article appearing many years ago in an Eastern newspaper.)

There is no doubt that in the majority of cases so-called religion is a blind alley and not an open road to heaven, as most people think.

FERNANDEZ IN CONCERT

Amado Fernandez, the golden voiced tenor, well known soloist at the Church of the People, will give a concert at the Ambassador Theatre December 5th, 1926, at 3 P. M. Mr. Fernandez has a voice of unusual beauty and dramatic power.

He will appear in a repertoire of French. Italian, Spanish and Mexican songs, which he presents in his inimitable manner. Assisting artists will be Mrs. Gentry Baskett, Soprano, and Agnes Buisseret, Accompanist. Ticketsat the California Music Co. and Ambassador Theatre.

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.
Commercial Printing and Publications
443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 2)

race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. But then, in the middle of the century I see a hero of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and purging the world of the tedious stock of the obvious.

"It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine that light of the torch of commercialism. In place of the polygamy and monogamy of today there will come a poetogamy—a relation of the sexes based fundamentally upon poetic conceptions of life.

"And I see the nations growing wiser and realizing that the alluring woman of their destinies is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies. hypocritical religions, and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and the body. I see the passing show of the world drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of commercialism, and a new history begins."

Editors Note: How near right the wise old count was, the reader may judge for himself. As he was two years too early on his 1912 prophecy of the war, it may be that the other dates are also too early by the same time. Time calculation is the most illusive of all qualities of vision in that realm where there is no time. Just who are the great leaders he mentions is not yet obvious.

MME. MARIA GERDES
CONCERT PIANIST
Engagements and Pupils
1436 N. Manzanita St. 599-385

AMADO FERNANDEZ
Dramatic Tenor
Available for Opera, Concerts and Clubs
Soloist Church of the People
Repertoire; English, Spanish, Italian and French
1116 Myra Ave., Hollywood Phone 598-428

AGNES BUISSERET
Accompaniste
Teacher of Piano
Residence Studio, 4231 Monroe Street
Phone 598-587

Engagements—Elementary and Advanced Pupils
ANITA HOLT
Violinist
1511½ So. Berendo St.
BEacon 8519

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

In the pages that follow we shall try to show this great thread, the spiritual thread of living Fire that winds in and out through all religions and binds them together with mutual ideals and mutual needs. In the story of the Holy 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 Fire that passes through the roses of the Rosicrucians is entwined about the petals of the Lotus and around 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 whether as Ishwar, or Ammon, or God, He is ever the same—the Creator of the universe—and Fire in His universal symbol.

We are the Flame-Born Sons of God, thrown off 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 this 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 also grows until finally 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, therefore, seek this Flame and also serve it, realizing that it is in all created things; that all are one because all are parts of that Eternal Flame—the Fire of Spirit, the Life and Power of the universe.

To the true creator of this book, upon the altar of this Flame, the writer offers it and dedicates it to that one Fire which blazes forth from God and which is now hidden within each living thing.

The World is the schoolroom of God. Our being in school does not make us learn, but within it is the opportunity for all learning. That school 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 and its pupils are all created things. Its examples are found in Nature and its rules are God's laws. Those who would matriculate in the higher 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 qualified to go onward are those who have passed through the gateway of Experience.

GOD'S GREAT SCHOOL FOR MAN.

(To be continued.)

BACON-SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

righthand side of the neck, you will find a line drawn for the purpose of revealing the fact that the face is a mask and that the mask ends directly behind the ear. You will also notice that the head is not connected with the body but sits on the top of the collar.

Most strange of all is the coat, one half of which is on backwards. As you look at the jacket, you will notice that his right arm (at left of picture) has the coat sleeve on backwards so that his left arm only is usable. In drawing the jacket, the artist has made the front on one side and the back on the other side, instead of two fronts as they should be in this picture. There are also 157 letters on the page, which is one of the secret ciphers of the Rosicrucians and which would indicate that the man who designed the title page of the first folio was an initiated Rosicrucian.

Next Week—A Bacon Portrait.

THE STAFF OF HERMES

(Continued from First Page)

twisted two other snakes, one white and the other black. The central winged snake represents the spinal canal fire, while the length of the Caduceus staff signifies the sixth ventricle, a tiny tube running through the spinal cord itself. The white and black serpents signify the two accompanying canals, also technically within the spinal column. These are called respectively the "Ida" and "Pingali" in esoteric philosophy, while the central canal is referred to as the "Sushumna." The "Ida" is the vehicle of the energies of the moon, or the Great Mother, and the "Pingali" carries the energies of the sun, the Great Father. Therefore, the positive and negative principles—or the sharp and the flat of **Fa,** which is the musical note of the central canal—are symbolized by black and white snakes. The heads of the three snakes represent the three persons of the Trinity. The central head represents the Eternal, Indestructible One, which stands unmoved in the midst of all things.

This One is the Eternal Hermaphrodite. It dwells in the midst of darkness. This unmanifest One, winged and transcendent, comes into expression through the two. The Divine Unity is broken up. The white serpent becomes **Herm** and the black serpent **Aphrodite. Herm** means "fire" and **Aphrodite,** "water". **Herm** is the spirit of the sun, the divine **Yang** of China. Aphrodite is the moon, the divine **Ying** of China. The **Ying** and the **Yang** are twisted around the central staff of the imperishable One and thus the equilibrium of the universe is established.

In the creation the universe descends as three substances through four elements, thus establishing the divine seven. The three substances are the central snake, **Mercury;** the white snake, **Sulphur;** and the black snake, **Salt.** In the human body the elements descending from the brain are the head, air; the heart, fire; the solar plexus, water; and the generative system, earth. There is fifth element called **Akasa,** or the Divine Fire, which is the fifth head of Brahma, the Hindoo Creator which was cut off by Shiva—the material nature—thus signifying that man's spiritual perceptions were destroyed when his

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 3)

objective senses were unfolded. The two serpents—the one black and the other white—have their heads in the world of reality, but their bodies stretch downward into the snare of illusion—the lower worlds. According to the Mysteries, the physical world is established as the result of a spark flying back and forth between the tips of the two tails of the black and white snakes.

The universe in forming descends through four elements. It is first a dark airy mass, then it becomes a light fiery mass, then a vaporous watery mass, and lastly a crystallized earthy mass. These also are the stages through which the nature of man descends, and it is down this rod that Adam was cast out from the Garden of his Lord.

There are many points of similarity between the symbolism of the Caduceus and the three-rung ladder of Freemasonry. The candidate seeking admission into the Mysteries stands at the point marked X and begins his ascent up the central staff of the winged snake. His ascent is measured purely, neither by intellect nor by physical exertion. As he advances on the path of initiation, a mysterious substance within his own spinal column keeps pace with his progress. As he advances, this substance advances with him, and unless he can cause this substance to rise he cannot be truly initiated. At the points marked 1, 2 and 3 are the gates of the Temple, commonly called "points of entrance." At the point marked 1, he takes his Entered Apprentice degree, stepping across from the element of earth to the element of water. At the point marked 2, he takes the Fellow-Craft degree. Here he is stepping across from the element of water to the element of fire. At the point marked 3, he takes his Master Mason's degree, stepping across from the element of fire to the element of air. These three points are marked in Masonry by appropriate symbols. One is marked by a child, 2 by a soldier, and 3 by a philosopher. After passing the point 3, the candidate finds himself in the presence of three lights—the three heads of the serpents. Air is the element of the Worshipful Master, who symbolizes the divine Mercury of the winged central head. The Junior and Senior Wardens are the white and black snakes.

He who carries this Caduceus and understands its power is an initiate in the highest and fullest sense of that word. The path of involution leads down the coils of one serpent and evolution up the coils of the other. The path of initiation only strikes the serpent at the points where they meet and cross each other. The threefold divinity in man—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—are represented by the three heads of the serpents, these heads resting in the element of air which is used to symbolize a spiritual essence rather than an atmosphere. The tails of the three snakes, descending downward into the element of matter, are the three bodies of man—his earth-water body, his fire body, and his air body. His air body is his mind, his fire body is his emotional nature, and his earthwater body is his physical form. That which is true in man is also true in the world about man. In the spiritual sphere are the three heads and in the material sphere below are the three bodies. These three bodies are represented by the three suns in our solar system. Our planets are merely centers of substance moving in the auras or bodies of these solar globes.

The two snakes with their black and white bodies twisted together symbolize the life of man, with the elements of right and wrong, light and darkness, knowledge and ignorance, each involved with the other. Through the midst of this runs the path of enlightenment, which is in reality the body of the flying serpent. It is not given to everyone to discover this body, for three murderers block the way of discovery—three foul ruffians who are called **ignorance, superstition** and **fear.** These three form the three serpents of an infernal Caduceus, the shadow of the magician's wand. By **ignorance, superstition** and **fear** the magis of evil is wrought, and the soul of man is held in bondage to his own evil nature. What **ignorance, superstition** and **fear** are in the realm of evil, **wisdom, love,** and **service** are in the sphere of good. While the former produce the magic of degeneration, the latter achieve the miracle of regeneration. **Daemon est Deus inversus.** The wings of the central serpent are **intuition** and **reason,** the two great powers which "raise" man and bear him swiftly into the presence of light. In symbolism the feather and the wing are always symbolic of superphysical power, because they support man in the sublest element and, according to the Mysteries, the lower powers dwell in the coarser elements, the higher and supreme powers dwell in the subtil elements,

FINIS.

Books for Christmas

—what more fitting and acceptable than some of these books by Manly P. Hall?

A NEW BOOK
Nothing like it ever published

"An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism"

Including 3 beautiful and instructive plates in full color:

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	**$4.00**
Plates separately mounted, each	**1.00**
Lost Keys of Masonry	**$2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	**2.00**
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah	**.50**
Talks to Students	**.50**
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
Death and After	**.50**
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	**.50**
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	**.50**

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. **Los Angeles, Calif.**

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

Volume 3, No. 3 | Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, December 8th, 1926 | 10c a Copy

AN INTERNATIONAL HOROSCOPE FOR 1927

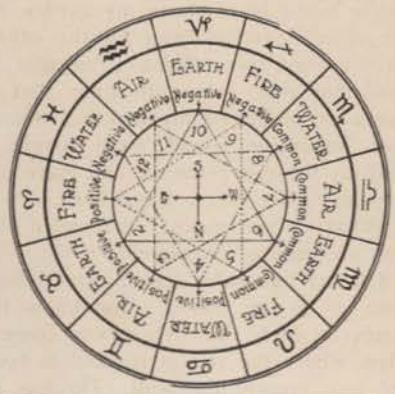
A FAIRLY GOOD YEAR PREDICTED

Notes on a Lecture by Manly P. Hall, Given at Trinity Auditorium, Sunday, December 5th, 1926

Astrology is not recognized today among the arts and sciences, not because it is unscientific in principle but rather because so few can be found among so-called exponents of the art who are capable of reading the complicated configurations after they have successfully erected a celestial chart. Astrology is an occult science and it can never be successfully demonstrated except by a student of mysticism who, being possessed of a sensitive and intuitive nature, is capable of instinctively understanding and grasping the spiritual essentials of this celestial science.

Astrology is adversely criticised today because it has descended from a sacred and divinely-revealed art into the byways of necromancy and fortune-telling. The commercialization of astrology unfits the one who commercializes the art to grasp the subtle principles involved in it. Astrology is not intended for fortune-telling. It will sometime assume its position among the legitimate arts and sciences which it has lost through the ignorant dabblings of unqualified persons. The principles of astrology can be proved to be scientifically sound. Astronomy admits that the sun influences the earth and that sun spots cause inclemency. The effect of the moon upon the tides is also admitted. If the influences from these two luminaries are capable of affecting the elements of the earth, are they not also capable of affecting these same earthy elements after they have become incorporated into the constitution of man? If the moon controls the water of the ocean, why should

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)



MAHOMET

The Great Teacher of Islam

Mahomet was the handsomest and bravest, the brightest-faced and most generous of men. It was as though the sunlight beamed in his countenance. When anger kindled in his piercing glance, the object of his displeasure might well quail before it: his stern frown was the augury of death to many a trembling captive. Thorough and complete in all his actions, he never took in hand any work without bringing it to a close.

The same habit pervaded his manner in social intercourse. If he turned in conversation towards a friend, he turned not partially, but with his full face and his whole body. In shaking hands. he was not the first to withdraw his own; nor was he the first to break off in converse with a stranger, nor to turn away his ear. A patriarchal simplicity pervaded his life. His custom was to do every thing for himself. If he gave an alms he would place it with his own hand in that of the petitioner. He aided his wives in their household duties; he mended his clothes; he tied up the goats; he even cobbled his sandals. His ordinary dress was of plain white cot-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

WERE BACON AND SHAKESPEARE ROSICRUCIANS?

An Interesting Old Portrait of Francis Bacon.

By MANLY P. HALL.

The engraving that accompanies this article is reproduced from the title page of the 1640 Edition of the "Advancement and Proficience of Learning."

It offers an interesting comparison with the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare which we published last week. Compare carefully the two noses. You will note the unmistakable likeness between the nose of Shakespeare and that of Bacon. A comparison of the eyes will also disclose a startling likeness. The 1640 Edition of the "Advancement and Proficience of Learning" contains, among other important documents. the bi-literal cipher originated by Bacon when he was about 16 years old and residing in Paris. An example of the bi-literal cipher is to be found in the Latin text under the portrait. If you will compare carefully the formation of the letters, you will see that there are two completely separate alphabets used. Some of the A's are adorned with little flags, while others are plain. The same is true of the H's. There is, also, a marked difference in the R's, especially noticeable in the length of the tails, or final strokes. These differences, minute as they may seem to be, disclose the presence of Bacon's famous bi-literal cipher.

Another interesting point in connection with Bacon's ciphers is the fact that in almost every book in which they appear there are errors in the pagination. These errors most commonly involve the 89th page, which has often been called the "Baconian page," 89 being a cryptic signature for Sir Francis Bacon. In the 1640 Edition of the "Advancement and Proficience of Learning," page 289 faces page 216 and is backed up by page 218. Pages involving the number 89 are repeatedly in-

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued from December 1st)

An old and mysterious Chinaman has come to the boarding house where lives Pink Wilson of unenviable reputation.

He climbed the stairs, carpeted with worn-out red plush, and stopped before the hall bedroom where Pink Wilson lay nursing his headache.

Pink heard a low sound and, rolling over in bed, he faced the door, and there, standing before him, was the tall, hunch-backed Oriental gazing at him with slanted eyes narrowed to slits. A shiver went up and down Pink's spine.

"Ugh!" he muttered; "you might as well kill a man as scare him to death. Who are you?"

The Chinaman's hands came out of his sleeves and, with a low bow, he passed a fine white card towards Pink, who took it wonderingly. It was engraved with Chinese figures, underneath which were the following words in English:

"Quong Kee, Prince of the House of Ming."

A nervous thrill passed over Pink Wilson, for he knew that his visitor was the great Oriental whose power in the Western world was without known limit. A mysterious man, almost a mythological demigod, the yellow shadow that stood behind him was the spirit of the great opium traffic long sought by federal authorities. Pink knew something else, too, but he had been a crook long enough not to show it.

"Sit down," invited Wilson. "Now that you are here, you might as well stay a while."

The Chinese gentleman seated himself carefully and with slow dignity. Then facing the recumbent figure on the bed he spoke in a high sibilant voice, carefully choosing his words:

"You are my honorable friend, Mr. Wilson?—Yes?"

Pink nodded his head. "That's my name."

The Chinaman arched his brows and continued:

"Are you not the honorable Mr. Wilson who recently served five years in the state prison? Are you not the honorable Mr. Wilson who has three times been in the dope addicts' ward of this city?" The Chinaman brought his finger tips together and gazed at the shining sheaths. "Are you not also the honorable Mr. Wilson who has tried to creep into my tea garden and steal my blossoms?'" The Chinaman gazed long and earnestly at Wilson, who was becoming decidedly uncomfortable.

"You are right in all of your statements except the last, for I did not even know that you had a tea garden nor that you kept flowers in it."

The Chinaman studied Pink for two or three seconds. "My **honorable** friend, it does my spirit ill to contradict you, but the last also is true. I have my garden, I have my tea room, and I have my blossoms. Ah! honorable Mr. Wilson, I have many blossoms in beautiful China; I have a mile of chrysanthemums, and amidst their flowering fragrance are the tombs of my fathers. Indeed, my honorable friend, I have many blossoms in my garden, but one more beautiful than all the others. All the way from China I brought my wonderful rose chrysanthemum that its fragrance might rest my soul, but you, sir, most honorable friend, have sought to steal my blossom from me and leave only an empty place where it has been."

"What do you mean?" demanded Wilson, pretending amazement.

"Oh, my honorable friend, must I be so crude as to say more? You know that wonderful little shop where you come so often, where the rice is stacked in boxes and bins around the wall. Do you not know that beneath that house is my palace? It is dark under the earth and flowers do not grow well there, for they must have the light; but down under the store, in the cold of the earth, I have my tea room, I have my fountain, and there by my fountain grows my flower, my blossom, the one I brought from distant China to fill the loneliness of your bleak and desolate land where love and romance are sacrificed upon the altar of material ambitions."

"Ah, talk United States! I've been accused of everything under the light of the sun, but the bird ain't alive who ever said Pink Wilson went around swiping bouquets. Your flowers are perfectly safe, Ming Quong; but don't leave any loose change lying around, because even a gentleman has his failings."

The Chinaman's eyes became mere slits and the lines around his mouth hardened, but he leaned back in his chair and drew from his sleeve a beautiful hand-carved ivory fan with which he sought to brush away some of the fumes of the cheap tobacco that filled the room.

"My honorable friend smokes such an uncultured weed," he murmured; "but if Ming Quong had not come here to you this day his blossom would soon be as dead as that weed. Do you remember, honorable sir, that day in the rice shop when two laughing black eyes looked out at you from behind the screened gratings? That was many months ago. Often since that day you have seen those black eyes again and poured into guileless ears your wooings. Those black eyes, that trusting heart, those little slender hands you have clasped so often,—do you not know to whom they belonged? That little girl is my blossom who has come all the way across the seas to comfort me. Her virtues are the petals of my chrysanthemum. You have whispered to that blossom things you did not mean. Like some wondrous sun-god, you have come into the life of my pink chrysanthemum; but, my honorable friend, such things cannot be. You are of a different world, a different people. Is that not enough? If not, then know this: that no weed like you shall be in the garden with my blossom. I warn you, most honorable friend, that he who bends the stem of my flower shall die."

The old Chinaman looked straight into the face of Pink Wilson, whose eyes fell in spite of his attempt to return the gaze.

"Is that frail girl your daughter?" he asked in pretended surprise.

The old Chinaman nodded his head. "She is my child, and all that Ming Quong has—his jewels, his gold and his palaces—are for her. In the celestial land has her mother been these many years. She went long before me into the place of rest, and my laughing-eyed blossom is all that Ming Quong lives for. The world knows him as a heartless man, but, before the gods, this is not true. But you, sir, must let my blossom be, for it is not fitting, my honorable friend, that the glory of youth and innocence should be wedded to evil and degeneracy. Not that I say either term belong to you, my honorable friend, but this I must say, that I have other plans for my child and must humbly beseech you to see her no more lest some strange ill befall you which would make Ming Quong most sad."

Pink Wilson did not reply at once, for in his mind a plan was slowly formulating. When at last he turned to the Chinaman a smile masked his hidden intent.

"Just as you say. If you don't want me to see the girl any more, well, I'm through—get me? I'm through."

Pink Wilson lay back on the bed. "Oh, this whisky is killing me!"

The Chinaman rose slowly to his feet and, crossing his hands in his sleeves, bowed very low.

(To Be Continued)

Typographical errors such as "Shapespeare" and "1812" for "1912" as in the Tolstoy prophecy of last week will creep in, but the proofreader has a perfect alibi as he says he is only emulating the illustrious Sir Francis Bacon who used similar methods for his bi-literal cipher.

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 role in the religious ceremonials 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 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 primordial 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 parts, 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 Sons 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 to understand that we, ourselves, are the cube altar upon which and in which burns the altar fire. For many centuries the Initiate of fire has been nourishing and guarding the Spiritual Flame within himself, as day and night the ancient priests tended the altar fires of Vesta's Temple.

The ever-burning lamp of the alchemist, which burned for thousands of years without fuel in the catacombs of Rome, is but a symbol of this same Spiritual Fire within himself 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. Under articles such as this the ancients symbolized the development of the individual, and as the tiny spark burning among the incense cubes slowly consumes all, so the Spiritual Flame 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 will realize that the animal sacrifices referred to 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 celestial Bull). 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 find also what is called the Symbol of Mortality. It consists of 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 ordinary playing cards, we find a very wonderful symbolism. Of all the suits of cards the spade is the only one 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 turn again 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 used on the deck of cards is nothing more or less than the sacrum bone.

(To Be Continued)

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.

Commercial Printing and Publications

443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

Hippocrates, "Father of Medicine," described the brain as a sort of a gland whose purpose was to keep the head free from humidity. The wonder is that we know what little we do about the brain.

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor.
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Dec. 12th—Music.
Dec. 19th—The Miracle.
Dec. 26th—Digesting Christmas.
Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

MANLY P. HALL

In presenting a series of Questions and Answers to the student an attempt has been made to do so in an absolutely non-sectarian way. The real understanding of all of Nature's problems is the result of the personal development of the seeker and not the teachings that he receives. All living creatures are seeking the power of independent expression and creeds are often walls that shut out light instead of centers of illumination, as they were intended to be.

Questions have been selected from our previous works and from the questions asked at our various meetings during the past. They are of a very general nature and the answers to them have not been taken from any one phase of the Wisdom Teaching. In them the student will find points taken from all of the schools of Deep Mystic Thought.

The answers given here are neither final nor complete, but are in line with common sense and nature. As the student advances he will find new light on all of these problems, but the author feels certain that the true seeker will never find anything that will deny them, because the answers are based on natural law.

They who know God's laws know God. They who keep God's laws keep their covenant with Him. M.P.H.

Question 1. What is the meaning of the word "occult" and how is it to be used in connection with spiritual sciences?

Answer. The word "occult" means hidden. An occultist is one who through the powers of reason is trying to lift the veil of allegory from science and religion and find the germ of truth and unity concealed in their diverse, complex, and literal explanations and teachings. The occultist is the eternal seeker, seeking eternal truths.

Dr. William A. Mayo in an address in Montreal predicts that the ultra-microscope will raise the span of life to seventy or more. He also laid great stress upon the value of religion in healing.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

ton stuff, made like his neighbors; but on high and festive occasions he wore garments of fine linen, striped or dyed in red.

His abode was to all easy of access "even as the river's bank to him that draweth water." Yet he maintained the state and dignity of real power. No approach was suffered to familiarity of action or speech.

A remarkable feature was that urbanity and consideration with which Mahomet treated even the most insignificant of his followers. Modesty and kindliness. patience, self denial, and generosity, pervaded his conduct, and riveted the affections of all around him. He disliked to say No; if unable to answer a petitioner in the affirmative he preferred silence. "He was more bashful" says Ayesha, "than a veiled virgin; and if anything displeased him, it was rather from his face, than by his words, that we discovered it." He was not known ever to refuse an invitation to the house even of the meanest, nor to decline a proffered present however small. He possessed the rare faculty of making each individual in a company think that he was the favoured guest.

When he met any one rejoicing he would seize him eagerly and cordially by the hand. With the bereaved and affiicted he sympathized tenderly. Gentle and bending towards little children, he would not disdain to accost a group of them at play with the salutation of peace. He shared his food, even in times of scarcity, with others; and was sedulously solicitous for the personal comfort of every one about him. He believed in a special and all-pervading Providence. The conviction moulded his thoughts and designs, from the minutest actions in private and social life to the grand conception that he was destined to be the Reformer of his people and of the world. He never entered a company but he sat down and rose up with the mention of the name of the Lord. When the first fruits of the season were brought to him, he would kiss them, place them up to his eyes, and say "Lord as Thou hast shown us the first, show unto us like wise the last." He used to stand for such a length of time at prayer that his legs would swell. When remonstrated with. he said "what, shall I not behave as a thankful servant should?"—Muir's Life of Mahomet.

BIG BOOK NEWS

At the Ebell Club on the afternoon and evening of November 30th, the Church of the People held a reception for the purpose of showing to the members of the organization the paintings recently finished by J. Augustus Knapp to illustrate Manly P. Hall's forthcoming book on Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy. A large and enthusiastic group attended the reception both in the afternoon and evening. The exhibit was of great interest to students of occultism, philosophy, and art. The paintings were grouped around the walls according to subject matter. One section was devoted to Rosicrucian mysticism, the pictures being a portrait of the Count St, Germaine, another of Christian Rosencreutz reconstructed from an early painting, and also a view of the opening of the tomb of Christian Rosencreutz 120 years after his death. Two remarkable paintings from the Scandinavian mythology attracted great interest. The first was Odin—The Father God—standing on a promontory of rock with ravens circling about his head and wolves at his feet. The second was the Yggdrasil Tree, carrying the universe in its branches. In the Egyptian section were Hermes standing upon the back of Typhon,a beautiful reconstruction of the Emerald Table of Hermes (a copy of which appears in Mr. Hall's Lost Keys of Masonry), and an unusual conception of Isis surrounded by appropriate Egyptian sympols. The Greek section included a portrait of Pythagoras reconstructed from early documents and jewels; also part of the initiation ceremony of the Eleusinian Mysteries and a marvelous painting of the Oracle of Delphi. The section devoted to the Hebrew Qabbalah contained a magnificent conception of the Grand Man of the Zohar—the Great Universal Being, Who carries the Zodiac in His hands with the solar system revolving about His body. The Jewish section also included the Tabernacle in the Wilderness and Jehovah seated on the firament surrounded by the beasts of Ezekiel's Vision. With the picture of Jehovah was framed a four-color process reproduction which will appear in the large book when it is finished. The reproduction was so close to the original that many of those who examined the two pictures could not tell them apart. There were in all 25 paintings presented, but to describe them all would take from the joy of seeing them for the first time in the large book when it is delivered. These paintings—each of them a masterpiece—constitute but part of the series of 46 paintings which will illustrate Mr. Hall's new book.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

BACON-SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

correct in the first folio of Shakespeare. In Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," long suspected of being Francis Bacon's scrapbook, page 189 is entirely missing. In the first edition of Bacon's "Advancement and Proficience of Learning," London, 1605, leaf 87 is followed by leaf 79 instead of 89. This peculiar chain of mistakes appearing in literally dozens of volumes indicates, in all probability, the presence of a Baconian cipher in whichever book the faulty pagination appears.

Francis Bacon has long been considered as a Rosicrucian initiate. His remarkable work, "The New Atlantis," is a Rosicrucian enigma. There is a story afloat (concerning which certain Masonic brethren are supposed to have information) to the effect that the supposed death and burial of Francis Bacon were a mock ceremony and that he changed his name and moved to Germany, where he published, under the name of Johann Valentin Andreae, the "Chemical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz," one of the first and most famous of the Rosicrucian manifestos. While it is difficult to prove such a theory, there are many things that point to the probability of the story.

Bacon was one of the most brilliant minds that Europe ever produced and is considered by many to be the father of all modern science. He remodeled the British law, establishing systems of jurisprudence which remain active to this day. The cryptograms in his various documents point to the fact that he was actually the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. The original marriage contract is said to be in existence at the present time, but the unhappy and sudden death of the Earl caused Queen Elizabeth to conceal the marriage. This being the case, Francis Bacon was the true heir to the throne of England, but he was never able to claim his title. The secret which he possessed to the effect that he was the legitimate heir to the throne is now believed by Baconian experts to be the prime cause of the unwarranted persecution heaped upon him by his contemporaries.

Apparently realizing that he could not hope for justice during his own lifetime, Bacon left to posterity the labor of vindicating him and accrediting him with that knowledge and power which was his legitimate right. He therefore went to infinite pains to conceal within his documents the secrets of his own unhappy life. He was a king who could never claim his throne, persecuted for the fact that he knew his own birthright. He dared not reveal it, for it would have cost him his life, so he wrote it into his books, concealing it in ciphers and veiling it in enigmatic statements, which are meaningless unless the reader is acquainted with the tragedy of the author. In order to protect his position and divert suspicion from himself, he assumed various names, writing his books and accrediting them to either actual or imaginary personages. It seems to have been at this point that William Shakespeare, the obscure actor, appears upon the scene. Was Shakespeare a member of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, selected to be the left hand of Francis Bacon, that through him this monumental genius might leave to posterity a vast store of occult information and secret Rosicrucian mysticism, within which was also concealed the true identity of the secret author?

For centuries there seems to have been a concerted effort to conceal the true authorship of the Shakespearean plays. This would lead one to believe that Bacon was connected with some secret organization

or group which even after his death continued to consistently maintain the subterfuge. A good example of this is to be found in the inscription upon the grave of William Shakespeare, which originally was written in peculiar cryptogrammatic characters and which was later replaced by another stone containing the same words but recut so as to destroy the cipher in the original writing. An investigation of this cryptogram, according to the researches of Ignatius Donnelly, reveals the name of Francis Bacon as being secretly written upon the tomb of Shakespeare. While newspaper type makes it impossible to reproduce exactly the lines of the old inscription, we believe you would be interested in reading Shakespeare's epitaph, which is as follows:

"Good Frend for Jesus SAKE forbeare
To diGG T-E Dust Enclo-Ased HE.Re.
Blese be T-E Man TY (that) spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He TY (that) moves my Bones."

From these four lines Ignatius Donnelly extracts the following words:

FRANCIS BACON WROTE THE GREENE, MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE PLAYES.

(Next week's article will be The Baconian Scrapbook.)

BIG BOOK NEWS

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

The artist, Mr. Knapp, spoke twice during the day, giving brief outlines of how he was able to produce these beautiful pictures. Mr. Knapp has a rare faculty of presenting word pictures and also of transforming words into pictures. He handles his subjects with sincerity, reverence, and deep understanding. Mr. Knapp has been an occult student for many years and is famous for his curious and remarkable illustrations in John Uri Lloyd's Masonic masterpiece, Etidorpha. One of the unusual features of the exhibit was a board prepared by the Los Angeles Engraving Company, showing the method of reproducing the paintings by dividing the primary colors and preparing a copper plate of each. When these plates are superimposed, the result is a perfect and complete reproduction of the original color values.

Mr. Hall also displayed a number of rare volumes collected for the purpose of insuring absolutely accurate and complete information on the various subjects of antiquity which he is incorporating in his large work. The bibliography of "The Big Book" will number over 500 volumes. Mr. Hall exhibited 30 volumes of original manuscripts of the 16th and 17th centuries; also many rare works of alchemy, chemistry, and symbolism; first editions, incunabula, privately published works, volumes specially bound, etc. In all, the exhibit numbered nearly 200 volumes and occupied three large showcases. The volumes provoked deep interest, especially the manuscripts on magic and symbolism. Several first editions of volumes concerned with the Baconian controversy, including a rare work on cryptograms from the library of King Leopold of Belgium, were of interest to Baconian students.

Mr. Hall gave three short talks, explaining the exhibits. In the last of these he showed several drawings of the Navajo Indian sand paintings, which had been specially prepared for him by a leading Navajo exponent of this rapidly vanishing art. The chapter on the American Indians in "The Big Book" will include a full page reproduction in color of one of these sacred paintings.

There were many splendid musical numbers interspersed throughout the program. Mme. Marie Gerdes, an eminent European concert pianist and instructor according to the Liszt school, who has recently come to Los Angeles, favored with two splendid piano numbers. Miss Anita Holt, English violinist, delighted with her sweet toned instrument and admirable technique. Amado Fernandez, popular soloist of the Church of the People, accompanied on the piano by Agnes Buisseret, sang several solos in his inimitable manner. Another unusual treat were the songs of Haske-Nas-Wood, Navajo Indian tenor. Carol Atkins rendered a beautiful piano solo and Linnie Guess accompanied during the afternoon.

The reception was declared to be a complete success by all concerned.

HOROSCOPE FOR 1927

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

it not also influence the water in the human body? If, as has been demonstrated, planets are pulled somewhat out of their orbits by other planets (as in the case of Uranus which was pulled out of its orbit by Neptune and which phenomena resulted in the discovery of the latter planet), why should not these celestial bodies affect the climatic conditions and thus produce the phenomena of earthquakes, tidal waves, etc.? This would incidentally influence the customs and attitudes of the human race by thus creating varying environments. It is a scientifically known fact that the color, size, mental development, organic structure, etc., of races and species are, to a great degree, the result of environments. If the celestial bodies create environments, they incidentally influence the intelligence and form of those creatures evolving

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

LOS ANGELES OPENS CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES THIS YEAR AT SHRINE AUDITORIUM

On December 19th, the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, one of the three outstanding organizations of its kind in the United States, will present Handel's MESSIAH at the Shrine Auditorium. This is the opening of Christmas week and will be the event of the season.

Under the direction of John Smallman, such soloists as Riccardo Martin, tenor; Blythe Taylor, soprano; Julia Claussen, contralto and Fred Patton, bass, will appear supported by a chorus of over four hundred trained voices.

The MESSIAH is perhaps the greatest of all Christmas music and its presentation has been one of the historic events of the season in the famous European centers of music.

Tickets can be procured at any of the larger music stores.

The work of this society is doing much to make Los Angeles the foremost Music Center in America and lovers of good music wait eagerly for the presentation on December 19th, of "THE MESSIAH."

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

through such environments, thus establishing a natural, scientific, material proof of astrology. Furthermore, the spectroscope demonstrates that light carries with it the vibratory rates of metals, gases, minerals, and various chemical elements. If a ray of light is capable of being analyzed to a degree that it reveals the constituents of the celestial body from which it was reflected, this same light contains sufficient power to influence any body which it may strike. While this influence may not be apparent or tangible to the physical faculties of man, there is no doubt that it influences his subtle, emotional, mental, and spiritual organisms.

In a rare work on the talismanic magic of the Persians, James Gaffariel, the astrologer to Cardinal Richelieu, appends two remarkable maps of the heavens, showing the origin of the celestial Hebrew alphabet in the stars. It is our intention to republish these charts in a future number of this magazine. According to Gaffariel, the famous allusions to the handwriting on the wall found in the Old Testament refer, in reality, to the celestial Hebrew alphabet in the heavens. Gaffariel points out that the fixed stars constitute the consonants of this celestial language and the movable planets the vowels. The incessant motion of the latter result in ever-changing words appearing upon the vault of the heavens. These words can be translated into intelligible sentences and paragraphs, concealing within them the future destiny of the planet.

Astrology at the present time has many uses assigned to it, most of which are against the finer and higher development of the science and they stand between it and scientific recognition. Four uses of astrology are of real value to the commuity, if the interpretation of the chart be given by a qualified student of the subject. (1) Astrology is of inestimable value in the diagnosis of disease. Medical science at the present time finds great difficulty in attempting to analyze the invisible, and often superphysical, causes of disease. An intelligent use of the horoscope will go far toward revealing the latent causes of disease within the nature of every individual. (2) Astrology is of great value in assisting parents in the analysis of the traits and characteristics of small children, whose future lives depend very largely upon a wise and intelligent directionalizing of their forces while the child is in a plastic and receptive condition. (3) The close relationship existing between celestial influence and terrestrial atmospheric condition results in astrology being a powerful aid in forecasting the weather. Long before the coming of modern weather bureaus, the European peasant through a consideration of the sun, moon and stars kept himself well posted concerning coming storms, etc. For centuries successful farmers have planted in certain phases of the moon, having demonstrated the effect of this luminary upon their crops. (4) By means of astrology it is possible to keep in constant touch with the temperament and idiosyncrasy of the International Man, and some day the value of astrology as a means of preventing international misunderstanding will be appreciated.

It is concerning the international horoscope that we wish to write at this time. You may wonder how it is possible to cast a horoscope for a nation. The answer is that the nation must be considered as an individual. It would be very valuable to the peace and harmony of the world if people could be taught to think of the planet as an individual; that continents are his parts and members; and that living creatures are tiny cells in his gigantic body. We would then realize that the earth has a temperament of its own and that it is subject to all the irascibilities of temperament found in the ordinary human being. Diseases of the human body become plagues and pestilences, wars and international disturbances in the body of this great Earth Man. Not only is there the Earth Man, but each continent can be considered as an individual; each race may be considered as an individual; each religion, each great enterprise, each state, county, city and town may be considered as an individual, possessing individual characteristics and certain peculiarities of temperament and outlook. A recognition of this great cosmic fact will ultimately assist in promulgating the doctrine of co-operation, for as sickness is the result of

A Service Appealing to All People in Those Matters of Individual Preference as to the Right Care of the Body.

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.

Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

Books for Christmas

—what more fitting and acceptable than some of these books by Manly P. Hall?

A NEW BOOK
Nothing like it ever published

"An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism"

Including 3 beautiful and instructive plates in full color:

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	**$4.00**
Plates separately mounted, each	**1.00**
Lost Keys of Masonry	**$2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	**2.00**
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah	**.50**
Talks to Students	**.50**
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
Death and After	**.50**
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	**.50**
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	**.50**

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. **Los Angeles, Calif.**

inharmonious adjustment of body parts, so wars and plagues are the result of the inharmonious adjustment of the body parts of this great man. Let us now turn to a consideration of the National Men and what their temperaments bid fair to produce during the coming year. We would add at this point that there is one thing over which astrology is powerless: that is the individual will power and mind of the individual. The less people think, the more accurate their horoscope will be. The less they exert themselves, the more they are influenced by things about them. So predictions cannot be issued dogmatically, for every man is master of his stars, and every nation is capable of rising above its good and evil planetary configurations.

The Great Man of the United States was born on July 4th, 1776, at the time when it cut the umbilical cord which connected it to the mother country. At the time of signing the Declaration of Independence. the 19th degree of the Sign of Aquarius was rising. Therefore the United States Man is an Aquarian. He pours the water of life—a stream of stars—from his great water urn. It is significant that at the dawn of the Aquarian Age the United States should be an Aquarian—the sign of a coming race and a coming age. Aquarius, while a waterbearer, is an air sign. So this nation will conquer the air with its airplanes, its radios, its engines, and similar inventions. The Sign of Aquarius contributes to the United States its love of independence, its self-sufficiency, and its unconventianality. The present generation is Aquarian in its lack of dignity, lack of sense of propriety, and its ridicule of ancient and accepted standards. The result is that every day the number of the older and conventionalized generation becomes fewer. They do not die of old age; they are frightened or mortified to death by the habits and temperaments of the generation rising up about them. Aquarius is always in a hurry; speed is its motto. The Aquarian man, both human and national, is controlled by Uranus, the planet of sudden and unexpected things. Uranus is a nervous, mystical, excitable sign, and those controlled by it are seldom self-controlling. It is this nervous haste, this bohemian temperament, that marks the present generation in America. The United States Man is coming into his majority, demonstrating beyond doubt the influence of the celestial bodies which culminated at his nativity!

The land surface of the United States is under three great constellations—Gemini. Cancer and Leo. Gemini covers the eastern coast with its intellectual and cultural temperaments; Cancer, the middle west with its fecundity, grain and crops; and Leo, the western states with their pioneering and aspiring temperaments. These three signs control, to a certain degree, those diseases from which the American people suffer the most: Gemini contributes the tendency toward nervousness and tuberculosis; Cancer, the tendency towards stomach trouble; and Leo, the tendency towards heart trouble. In spite of several distressing aspects, the coming year promises an improvement in financial conditions throughout the country, with a release of currency and circulation of money. The trend of progress in America is westward; therefore the West continues to suffer from "growing pains." The population will increase faster than the industries can support it, thus resulting in considerable sorrow for the less-monied classes. There is promise, however, of considerable increase in industries in the West the coming year. The problem of the ingress from the East is a difficult one to solve. It will take many years to thoroughly adjust conditions.

There will be many difficulties in the political world, including serious factional clashes. It will be a difficult year for science and invention, but one new and great invention will be added to the already long list of achievements. The invention will be of an entertaining rather than of an essential nature. Literature, the theatre, and the arts will not have a particularly prosperous year; nor will the motion picture industry. America's art sense is still but partly matured; the finer sentiments come with age and the United States is still a young country. Occultism and philosophy will have a steady, but slow, growth during the year. They will suffer considerable adversity. Freemasonry will be very active. Orthodox religion will have a good year; as a result of broadening out its platform and taking up affairs of world interest, it will stage a "comeback." The evolutionists are likely to have an unpleasant year, with a blow to their fondest hopes. There will be a steady advance along sociological lines.

Severe storms will occur in the Eastern states and out upon the Atlantic. These will probably cause the sinking of two or three large vessels in the Atlantic. There is a likelihood of severe storms off the coast of Southern California.

The British Man is an Aries; that is, he was born under the Sign of the Ram—the House of Mars. The Ram is the symbol of courage, tenacity, and an unwiilingness to give up. Great Britain will not have an exceptionally good year. There will be further difficulties with strikes and the colonial possessions will cause worry. English financial conditions will not be of the best. The United States may also have difficulty in the Philippines or Hawaii, with probability of volcanic disturbances in the latter place. Serious illness comes to the royal house of England, with the probable death of one of its members.

India will make new political endeavors towards freedom, and these will be rather quiet and unpretentious, but considerable undermining will take place. A new leader will arise in India. He will gather a large following, which will greatly influence the future of the Indian people.

Italy also has an unsettled year, with financial complications. There is danger of division in the government and possibly civil war. Mussolini is afflicted and will either pass through a serious illness or meet with his death.

Australia will be struck with a cattle epidemic or something of that nature, which will in some way injure the flocks and herds.

South America is progressive during the year. Great numbers of people will emigrate to Northern South America, where there is a sudden boom. The South and Central American republics will be quiet—that is, quiet for them.

There is a war in Asia, possibly involving Japan. China does not seem to have a particularly good year.

Considering everything in general, several points stand out above the rest: (1) The ever-growing clouds of international war do not seem to break during the coming year, but unless humanity becomes less selfish and takes a greater interest in the well-being of the various parts of itself a great international cataclysm will most certainly come within the comparatively near future. (2) A generally improved religious and financial condition, with the orthodox creeds of the world broadening out and becoming more inclusive. They will not do this, however, until they have made one last stand upon the foundation of the old. (3) The Oriental religions and philosophies are becoming ever more important as factors in Western civilization. This is a very good year for them.

We must realize that the so-called "evil" aspects of a horoscope are merely expressions of unfinished labor and those lines of activity in which we lack proficiency. We speak of them as "evil," but in reality they are merely reminders of problems unmastered, accomplishments yet to be made. Do not become astrological fatalists; remember the stars impel but they do not compel. Man is the master of his destiny and the captain of his soul.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —775—

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 4 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, December 15th, 1926 10c a Copy

FRANCIS BACON'S SCRAPBOOK

"ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY" HAS MANY CRYPTIC HINTS

By Manly P. Hall

Accompanying this article is a facsimile of the title page of the sixth edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy". This work is only one of the many volumes involved in the Baconian controversy. Experts in Baconian matters declare Burton's Anatomy to be in reality Francis Bacon's scrapbook, in which he gathered strange and rare bits of knowledge during the many years of his eventful life. Like all Baconian items, there are many peculiar points in connection with this volume. Remembering that 89 is a peculiarly significant number in connection with Baconian cryptograms, we turn to Page 89 and find it to be in order and without peculiarity. But upon turning to Page 189, we see the inevitable indication of Baconian influence. Page 189 is entirely missing, and intentionally so, for the material keeps right on as it should; the reading is connected but one page has been dropped out of the book.

Recognizing the fallibility of printers, Bacon also used the interesting method of causing intentional errors, such as inverting cuts or initial letters, using the wrong initials, leaving out part of a border, etc. Wherever this is done, it behooves the student to note carefully for this is a certain indication that the page upon which the error appears conceals some meaning intended only for the initiated. The title page of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" contains a cipher. The key to it is supposed to be revealed by the pointing finger of the maniac in the lower right-

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

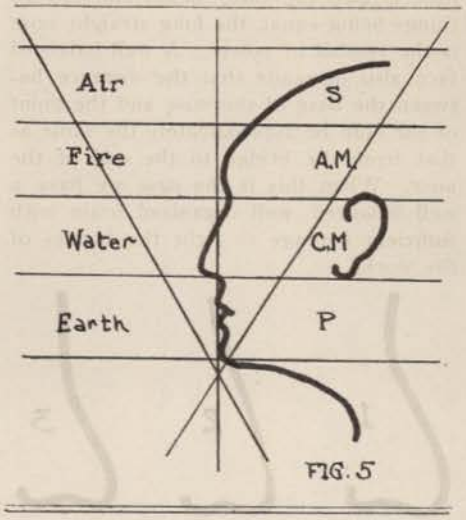


FIG. 5

JAZZ VS. MUSIC

A Few Sharps and Flats

From a Lecture on "Music" by Manly P. Hall

Jazz music or jazz art is a perfect picture of the average mind of today, various hectic peculiarities tied together with discords.

There is a rythm in civilization, hastened, over rapid, discordant, not the true rythm of Nature but the false rythm of man-made civilization.

This false rythm combines the clang of the street car, the honk of the taxi, the riveting machine on the skyscraper, the typewriter, the adding machine; all the hurry, bustle and hectic rush of modern life.

Modern music expresses this false rythm: the modern dance is an attempt

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

PROPORTIONS OF HEAD AN INDICATION OF SOUL'S AGE

By Manly P. Hall

Students of occultism often ask concerning their position in the great wheel of evolution, to what racial characteristics are they still tied by their own growth and unfoldment and to what type do they belong? To clarify this point, we are going to use an egg as the basis of analogy. There are three general types of heads in the world at the present time and there are also three general temperaments expressing the unfoldment of consciousness. We will call them the objective, perceptive, and reflective types, illustrated by the three drawings of eggs.

Figure 1. Represents the lowest stage of human expression. It is the egg with the point upward and the greatest width at point (a).

Figure 2. Represents the second or average head, the greatest width at point (b).

Figure 3. Represents the philosophic head with the greatest width at point (c). Development through the expression in daily life of temperament and trait and the exercising of brain organs is the basis of their expansion.

These three eggs represents types of human faces. Figure 1 is commonly called the Lemurian face, for those whose heads have their greatest breadth and strength below the eyes and through the jaws and chops are the lowest on the scale of human differentiation. Such an individual has absorbed the consciousness of less than three hundred earth-lives out of an approximate eight hundred necessary for

one life wave. It is the face of gratification, the face of animal propensity, the face of the glutton, the slovenly person, the human hog, and is always true to type. Such individuals live for the pure joy of eating and sleeping and are rarely capable of finer sentiment. Their lower brain organs are always the most developed, especially the cerebellum at the back of the skull. The organic quality of such types is usually low; they are apoplectic, stubborn but not intelligent, shirk hard work, can usually be found surrounded by juicy beefsteaks, and live purely for the gratification of the senses in some form. This type is that of the earthy man, he usually has the Taurian properties predominating, and his expression does not often rise above materiality.

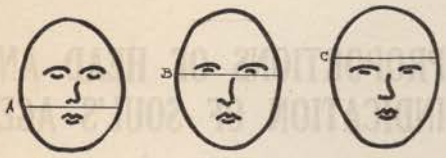


FIG. 1 FIG. 2 FIG. 3

Figure 2. Is that of the Martial type, usually expressing the vital and combative system. This type has the greatest breadth directly over or between the ears, is usually powerfully developed in the perceptive system, is observant, self-reliant, sometimes domineering, and if the breadth is just a little below the middle line such types are often pugnastic. These are usually attuned to Mars, make good soldiers, military people, policemen, detectives, and are also found in our commercial and business avenues of life. They are Atlantean in temperament and their types can be found to run between three to five hundred incarnations. They are not noted for their philosophy but are generally shrewd and discriminating. Such individuals live purely in the human side of things but are decidedly superior to the animal man of Figure 1. They are of the concrete-mental type.

Figure 3, on the other hand is pure Aryan and is that type of head found on those whom we might call the older souls or those who are on the way back to union with their source. The highest part of the head predominates, the mind is that of a philosopher, a dreamer, a poet, or a musician. The entire head is ethical and the upper part very often appears as an overpowering mountain which makes the lower part of the face seem almost insignificant. This is the Mercurial and Neptunian head and is always found on those who have found and seen light in some way. The best head for our race is the egg-shaped with the largest end upward. It indicates one who has risen out of the lower animal worlds. It indicates that the individual is at least six hundred incarnations along the path, and is therefore well on the homeward trail.

Figure 4. Represents the human nose seen from in front. The distance between the eyes is always a measurement of soul growth. The more closely the eyes are set together the lower the position of the ego in consciousness. The further apart the eyes, the older the soul. Individuals analyzing the organs of individuality which occupy the space directly between the eyes at the bridge of the nose realize that the growth of this organ spreads the eyes apart and that the spread of the organs of vision is the measurement of the spiritual age. The length of the nose is also especially important and all things being equal, the long straight nose is the symbol of power. A well balanced face also demands that the distance between the base of the nose and the point of the chin be approximately the same as that from the bridge to the end of the nose. When this is the case we have a well balanced, well organized brain with sufficient courage to fight the battles of the world.

FIG. 4

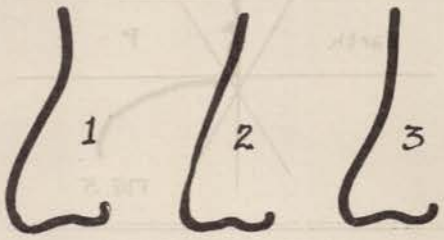


FIG. 4-A

The nose is three-fold in general type as in Figure 4-a. The nose marked (1) is called the nose of erudition and is certain to be inquisitive, more or less combative, iconoclastic in temperament but usually backed with tremendous power. either mental. spiritual or physical, usually one of the first two.

(2) Is artistic and literary but neither as philosophical as (1) nor as deep a thinker. If the nose is long and straight, the life will be long and straight, while the hooked nose type will investigate and be given to sarcasm, as illustrated by Dante.

(3) Is the uncertain nose in which the arch sinks. This is sometimes called the turn-up and is an invariable symbol of changeability, variability and what is commonly known as "temperament", often concealing an uncertain disposition. Briefly defined: (1) analysis; (2) rigidity; (3) inconstancy.

Figure 5. Represents the profile of the human face. It is divided into four sections: the length from the base of the nose to the chin denotes physical power; from the bridge of the nose to the end of the nose, mental power and individuality; from the bridge of the nose to the top of the forehead represents the abstract-mental; while the dome of the head is the spiritual home where are found the organs of altruism, ideality and inspiration. In other words, beginning with the bottom we have earth, water, fire and air, which were the four elements of the ancients. The position of the ear is also very important; it should be of the same size as the nose and occupy the same position in the latitude of the head. When the top of the ear is below the bridge of the nose we have the criminal.

The Line of Incident, the middle line in Figure 5, is the polar line of the human face and in a well balanced head should touch the greatest protuberance of the forehead and the point of the chin with an absolutely perpendicular shaft. In the

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

EVIL EYE

The Grand Lama of Tibet, most fundamental of Fundamentalists, has bowed to Science. His mystery palace, the Potala, at Lhasa, now flashes with electricity, according to epochal word just received. Age after age, the grand Lama's seclusion has been a by-word to awe. Lhasa, the Forbidden City—what European had seen it? A few 18th Century Capuchin friars; persistent but mostly unsuccessful 19th Century explorers. Not until 1904, under armed expedition of Col. Francis E. Younghusband, was there any adequate description. Since then things have moved faster in the Buddhist Mecca.

A young Tibetan engineer. Rugby graduate, who has installed the magic light, was recently reported to be regarded by his fellow natives as in league with the "evil one." His machinery was hurled into a gorge. The work went on.

Last week a smallish, modest man, with shaven head, oval, slightly pock-marked face, long, pointed, waxed mustaches, promenaded from his Lhasa villa to the Potala, most magnificent of palaces. This was the Grand Lama himself, famed politico-religious absolute primate of Buddha. Above him, to the topmost of its gold-vermilion finials, now caught by the last reflected glow of the sunken sun, soared 436 feet in air his ancient palace, crowning a green-clad mountain. The Grand Lama passed within.

He pressed a button. A swarm of jeweled lights, like golden bees, glittered down labyrinthine corridors; laughed to dingy scorn the former butter lamps; focused the palace miracle-wise to the night-enshrouded startled gazers in the valley below. "It is well," said the Grand Lama. "Remove the butter lamps."—Time.

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

The Chinaman rose slowly to his feet and, crossing his hands in his sleeves, bowed very low.

"It gives me great pleasure to find that my honorable friend is such a wise man—indeed, a very sagacious individual. Let him remain steadfast in his wisdom, for he will find that longevity and health are the hand-maidens of his sage reflections." The last words were spoken very slowly and with a distinct inflection of voice.

Pink Wilson rolled over so that his back was to Ming Quong, saying: "G'bye! G'bye! I'm too sick to talk to anybody."

The Oriental reached the door, beside which stood the old chiffonier littered with various parts of Pink's wardrobe. Picking up a comb that lay on the top of the dresser the Oriental studied it reflectively. Among the long teeth were a number of faded hairs which exactly matched Pink's pompadour. Very carefully Ming Quong extracted three hairs and, slipping the gilded cap from one of his long finger-nails, he inserted them into the sheath and quickly replaced it. Then, bowing again very low, the Chinaman passed through the door, whispering as he went:

"Ming Quong goes back to his garden, where the blossoms bloom. His life, his honor and his goods protect his flower from the cold heartlessness of the Western world. Farewell, my honorable Pink! It is indeed a pleasure to deal with so honest a gentleman."

The door closed softly, and a few seconds later the great black closed car swung around the corner and vanished from sight among the winding streets of the quarter.

Pink lay still for a few moments and then rolled over with a grin, muttering to himself:

"You old fool, you; your blossom will soon be in the flower store, and I will be the dealer. Chinese chrysanthemums bring great prices when the wealthy want to buy. What would you say if you knew that tomorrow night your daughter was going to creep away from behind the grated lattice and follow where your honorable friend leads? Dog-gone this bum whisky!"

With a few more snorts, Pink curled up and, using the Police Gazette to shade his eyes, proceeded to sleep off the jag from the previous night, ignoring the resonant cadences of the dinner bell but chuckling now and then as he thought of the blossom that grew in the garden of the great Ming Quong.

CHAPTER II

Ming Quong stepped from his automobile in front of his little rice shop with its over-hanging latticed balcony and the strange tree that stuck its head with snaky ringlets, Medusa-like over the garden wall.

Passing through the shop, with its strange Chinese labels and wicker hampers, where little joy bells tinkled in the air, the aged Chinaman entered a back room which was bare of furniture save for two chairs and the rattan matting on the floor. In one wall was a little niche wherein sat a strange porcelain Joss with a grinning face that leered pleasantly at all who entered. Ming Quong pressed lightly upon one of the walls and it slipped away disclosing a passageway and a flight of wooden steps leading downward.

The great Chinaman passed slowly down these steps and the door closed behind him. The soft perfume of burning sandalwood and musk now filled the air, and somewhere a sweet voice was singing, keeping time to a wailing instrument. Once a gong dully sounded and the Western world was left behind to be supplanted by the ever mysterious.

The voice of the singer charmed the aged man, for his stern face softened and he lived again in another world. Before him a door opened, and stepping through he stood in the midst of his under ground palace, undreamed of by the world at large.

This was a place of marvelous beauty. Wondrous rugs, soft as down, covered the floor; great teakwood settings, carvings of framed dragons and flying birds with eyes of mother-of-pearl and ivory came into faint relief in the soft lights of Chinese lanterns. Doors on every side were twined with wondrous carvings, and little potted plants of wax and silk lent a delicate charm and a sense of life to the surroundings.

A girlish figure sat huddled in the shadow of a great teakwood chair—over her head reached the arm of the wailing instrument. With the entrance of the human shadow the music stopped.

Ming Quong seated himself in the great carved chair beside his child. His long fingers rested upon her head and toyed with the flowers woven in her hair, then lifted the delicate face, and discovered tears on her cheeks.

"Why are the drops of dew upon the blossom?. Does the flower droop its head for want of sunshine?"

The girl did not answer but fingered the strings of the instrument, now out of tune. Her father traced the carvings upon the arms of the chair; his great hunched back grew even more bowed as he spoke.

"I have been to the house of the American."

The child looked up and gazed into her father's face, crying:

"You did not hurt him, father?"

"No," answered the old man, "for I knew if I hurt him I would hurt my blossow. But I told him, kindly, as a friend, that he was breaking the heart of my flower. I told him he must come no more nor must your black eyes peer out from behind the drapery. He comes not for good, my little one, but evil. He comes to steal the blossom like the thoughtless who picks the flowers and lets them wilt. Today you are his blossom—tomorrow he will pluck another, and my little chrysanthemum will be trodden in the dust at his feet. You know that I am not like most Chinese fathers, my child, when you find a good man and love him, you shall have him, and if he be not rich I will give him jewels. If he be true I will give him all that I possess—not for his sake, but for yours, my blossom. But this man has not truth; he has been false to many and with him flows a stream of broken hearts—I have seen it."

(To be continued)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Dec. 19th—The Miracle.

Dec. 26th—Digesting Christmas.

Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Application has been made for entry as Second Class matter.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

They who know God's laws know God. They who keep God's laws keep their covenant with Him. M.P.H.

MANLY P. HALL

Question 2. Who is a mystic and how does he differ from the occultist?

Answer. The mystic is one who is seeking to gain the same truth and lift the same veil by developing the heart side of his nature and to gain by intuition what the occulist searches for by reason. It is the union of these two paths, the mystic and the occult, that gives the seeker the balance that is necessary before the higher initiations are possible. When action of the proper kind is added to this and the student applies his theoretical knowledge, then the eternal triangle is perfected and balanced in man.

Question 3. What is the true object of all the Wisdom Teachings?

Answer. Their purpose, is, to show man his true position in the great plan of creation. They explain to the student the responsibilities of life, and, through the knowledge that they give him, prepare him for the Great Work that awaits all when their days of schooling are over.

Question 4. How should we regard a religion?

Answer. A religion is a phase of truth attuned to the states of consciousness of them who are evolving through it. It is the doctrine, part of a still greater doctrine, to which we are drawn by the faculties we have developed and the spiritual sight we have unfolded within ourselves. It is a changeable point. As we grow in experience and understanding, our religion and religious concepts should broaden with us. Every living being changes, or should change in some way, his religion with each experience and unfoldment which daily life brings; if he does not do this he is standing still. When we are inclined to look down upon creeds or religions that seem primitive to us, we should remember that they are all steps in a great plan that must be passed through before the Planner can be revealed. When we have passed through and reached a more elevated ideal, our broadened, spiritual intellect should help us to realize the need of all of the other steps, and the fact that a doctrine exists at all on this plane of nature is proof certain that it is helping someone who would fall without the protection and inspiration that it gives, for nature supports nothing any great length of time that is not of use in the plan.

Question 5. What is a creed?

Answer. Creeds are steps in the unfoldment of religious truth which have on this plane of nature drawn around them forms which we call denominations. Creeds are incarnations of spiritual truth, functioning in ever better vehicles furnished by the consciousness of those souls who are evolving through them.

Question 6. Which religions are occult?

Answer. All religions have a hidden or esoteric side. The same may be said of all the divisions of a religion. The esoteric doctrine we see in a religion depends upon the esoteric eyes we have developed in our own spiritual natures. They who look through the eyes of form can see only form and in religion only the history of people now dead and countries now unknown; while to them who have evolved the spiritual sight, the life behind the form (the truth behind the allegory), is visible. All religions are steps in the unfoldment of one truth and they only clash when their spiritual ideals are crystallized into material forms.

Question 7. How may we know a true occulist?

Answer. A true occultist is living, or trying to live, every doctrine that he teaches and is seeking the hidden truth in every creed with which he comes in contact. He sees the unity of all life and that diversity is merely individualized expressions of this unity. He recognizes the divinity in them who differ from him or apparently make his life unhappy, and seeks experience and the growth given by it above the comforts of the lower man. He realizes that with wisdom and service comes all true happiness. He strives to gain greater understanding that he may serve better his brother and his God. He studies life and realizes that abstract knowledge is of little value unless it helps him to solve his living problems. He studies life and applies the knowledge he has gained to the problems of everyday existence, seeking the spiritual harmonization of apparent physical contradictions, bringing it first into harmony with the eternal plan. His great hope is not for liberation from the responsibilities of life, but that he may be able to carry on more worthily his part of the Great Plan by reflecting the light that he has received to others less fortunate than himself. His true motive for self-development is greater and more intelligent usefulness. From loving a few, he learns to love, honor, and admire all, realizing with his broadened consciousness that the God he serves is within his brother man.

Question 8. What can a teacher of any religion really teach?

Answer. Only that which he knows, understands, has proven and lived for himself. Each living being sees the same thing differently according to the faculties that he has developed. It is only his view that he is capable of expressing.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry $2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones 2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories) 2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impmressions 1.00
Talks to Students ..... .50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path ..... .50
Evolution ..... .50
Death and After ..... .50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted) ..... .50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted) ..... .50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

The Chinaman rose slowly to his feet and, crossing his hands in his sleeves, bowed very low.

"It gives me great pleasure to find that my honorable friend is such a wise man—indeed, a very sagacious individual. Let him remain steadfast in his wisdom, for he will find that longevity and health are the hand-maidens of his sage reflections." The last words were spoken very slowly and with a distinct inflection of voice.

Pink Wilson rolled over so that his back was to Ming Quong, saying: "G'bye! G'bye! I'm too sick to talk to anybody."

The Oriental reached the door, beside which stood the old chiffonier littered with various parts of Pink's wardrobe. Picking up a comb that lay on the top of the dresser the Oriental studied it reflectively. Among the long teeth were a number of faded hairs which exactly matched Pink's pompadour. Very carefully Ming Quong extracted three hairs and, slipping the gilded cap from one of his long finger-nails, he inserted them into the sheath and quickly replaced it. Then, bowing again very low, the Chinaman passed through the door, whispering as he went:

"Ming Quong goes back to his garden, where the blossoms bloom. His life, his honor and his goods protect his flower from the cold heartlessness of the Western world. Farewell, my honorable Pink! It is indeed a pleasure to deal with so honest a gentleman."

The door closed softly, and a few seconds later the great black closed car swung around the corner and vanished from sight among the winding streets of the quarter.

Pink lay still for a few moments and then rolled over with a grin, muttering to himself:

"You old fool, you; your blossom will soon be in the flower store, and I will be the dealer. Chinese chrysanthemums bring great prices when the wealthy want to buy. What would you say if you knew that tomorrow night your daughter was going to creep away from behind the grated lattice and follow where your honorable friend leads? Dog-gone this bum whisky!"

With a few more snorts, Pink curled up and, using the Police Gazette to shade his eyes, proceeded to sleep off the jag from the previous night, ignoring the resonant cadences of the dinner bell but chuckling now and then as he thought of the blossom that grew in the garden of the great Ming Quong.

CHAPTER II

Ming Quong stepped from his automobile in front of his little rice shop with its over-hanging latticed balcony and the strange tree that stuck its head with snaky ringlets, Medusa-like over the garden wall.

Passing through the shop, with its strange Chinese labels and wicker hampers, where little joy bells tinkled in the air, the aged Chinaman entered a back room which was bare of furniture save for two chairs and the rattan matting on the floor. In one wall was a little niche wherein sat a strange porcelain Joss with a grinning face that leered pleasantly at all who entered. Ming Quong pressed lightly upon one of the walls and it slipped away disclosing a passageway and a flight of wooden steps leading downward.

The great Chinaman passed slowly down these steps and the door closed behind him. The soft perfume of burning sandalwood and musk now filled the air, and somewhere a sweet voice was singing, keeping time to a wailing instrument. Once a gong dully sounded and the Western world was left behind to be supplanted by the ever mysterious.

The voice of the singer charmed the aged man, for his stern face softened and he lived again in another world. Before him a door opened, and stepping through he stood in the midst of his under ground palace, undreamed of by the world at large.

This was a place of marvelous beauty. Wondrous rugs, soft as down, covered the floor; great teakwood settings, carvings of framed dragons and flying birds with eyes of mother-of-pearl and ivory came into faint relief in the soft lights of Chinese lanterns. Doors on every side were twined with wondrous carvings, and little potted plants of wax and silk lent a delicate charm and a sense of life to the surroundings.

A girlish figure sat huddled in the shadow of a great teakwood chair—over her head reached the arm of the wailing instrument. With the entrance of the human shadow the music stopped.

Ming Quong seated himself in the great carved chair beside his child. His long fingers rested upon her head and toyed with the flowers woven in her hair, then lifted the delicate face, and discovered tears on her cheeks.

"Why are the drops of dew upon the blossom?. Does the flower droop its head for want of sunshine?"

The girl did not answer but fingered the strings of the instrument, now out of tune. Her father traced the carvings upon the arms of the chair; his great hunched back grew even more bowed as he spoke.

"I have been to the house of the American."

The child looked up and gazed into her father's face, crying:

"You did not hurt him, father?"

"No," answered the old man, "for I knew if I hurt him I would hurt my blossow. But I told him, kindly, as a friend, that he was breaking the heart of my flower. I told him he must come no more nor must your black eyes peer out from behind the drapery. He comes not for good, my little one, but evil. He comes to steal the blossom like the thoughtless who picks the flowers and lets them wilt. Today you are his blossom—tomorrow he will pluck another, and my little chrysanthemum will be trodden in the dust at his feet. You know that I am not like most Chinese fathers, my child, when you find a good man and love him, you shall have him, and if he be not rich I will give him jewels. If he be true I will give him all that I possess—not for his sake, but for yours, my blossom. But this man has not truth; he has been false to many and with him flows a stream of broken hearts—I have seen it."

(To be continued)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Dec. 19th—The Miracle.

Dec. 26th—Digesting Christmas.

Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

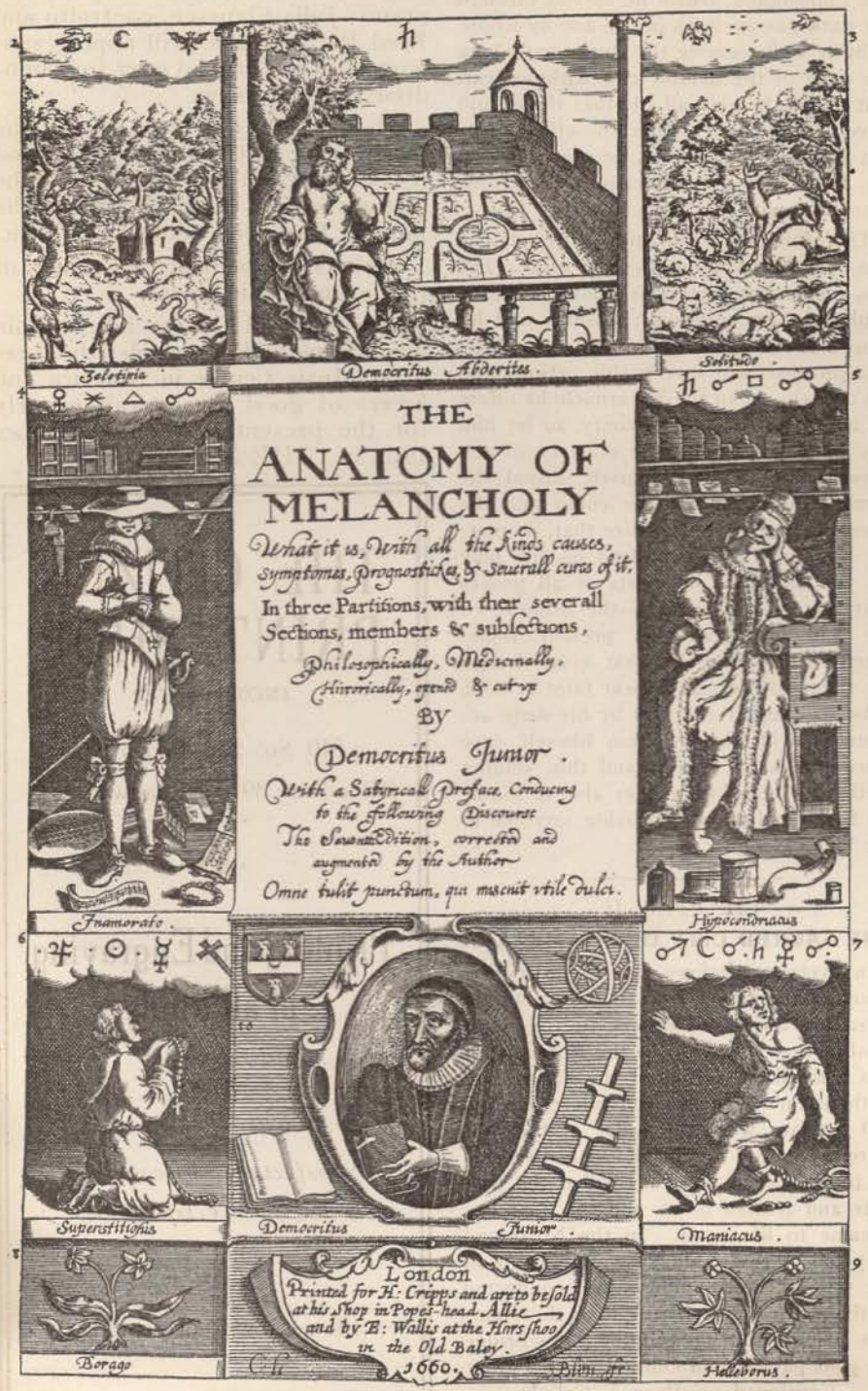
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

BACON-SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

hand corner of the design. The planetary symbols which appear in the clouds above the figures marked 4. 6, 5, and 7 are supposed to signify the planetary configurations which produce the form of mania depicted in the illustration. The seated man in the right central panel, with his head resting upon his hand, is believed by Baconians to represent Sir Francis Bacon.

Bacon's life was a tragedy from beginning to end. Prevented by the power of political influence from occupying his rightful position in the realm and in hourly fear that the secret of his birth would cause his death, there were many reasons why he should conceal the secrets of his own unhappy life in a book dedicated to the dissection of melancholy. A reading of the Shakespeare plays in the light of Bacn's despondent acceptation of the inevitable will reveal much. We write best about that which we know best, and best of all we know those things through which we ourselves have passed. Bacon was in a very excellent position to write the fate of the unhappy Hamlet—that melancholy prince of Denmark—whose career in many ways paralleled that of Bacon.



Walter Conrad Arensberg, following in the footsteps of an illustrious line. in seeking to establish Bacon as the author of the Shakespeare plays with the aid of acrostic signatures, calls attention to a very interesting example of such method of concealing the identity of the author as it appears in the first folio of the Shakespeare plays, in the first Act and second Scene of the "Tempest." The following lines conceal the acrostic signature:

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

The first letter of the second line is "B"; the first letter of the third line is "A"; and the first three letters of the fourth line are "Con." This gives the signature "Bacon."

While it is quite true that coincidences happen, and such might well be true in an isolated case like the one above, when it is repeated several hundred times throughout the text of a large volume, it becomes worthy of more than passing consideration. While the simple acrostic is the most common form of cipher concealed in the Baconian and Shakespearean cryptograms, because of its very simplicity it has gone the furthest to establish the Baconian argument.

If you take the name "Bacon" and form its numerical equivalent by simply changing the letters for corresponding numbers (considering i and j as forms of the same letter), as 1 for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, the total will amount to 33, which is the numerical equivalent of the name "Bacon." Thirty-three is a singularly important Masonic number and also plays an important part in all matters pertaining to the Shakespearan and Baconian cryptograms. In the first part of "King Henry the Fourth," Act II, Scene 4, the first name of Bacon, i. e. Francis, appears 33 times for no reason except to fulfill the needs of the cipher. An example of this reiteration is as follows:

Prim. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

In the same way, the date of publication of the first folio—1623—if the numbers be changed back into letters (1 equalling A; 6, F; 2, B; and 3, C), the result is "F. Bac." By taking the last two letters from the end of the preceding line (the word "London"), we then have "F. Bacon." Similar secret methods of forming the name of Bacon are to be found all through the writings attributed to Shakespeare, Marlowe and Johnson.

Occasionally synonyms for Bacon are used, such as "Hog," "Pig," "Beacon," and

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

—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 up on the top of a mountain. The Knights of the Holy Grail are said to have had their castle among the crags and peaks of Mount Salvart in northern Spain. In every religion of the world there is a holy place: The oriental Meru, and Mount Moriah and Mount Sinai upon which the Tablets of the Law were given to man) are all symbols of one universal ideal. As each of these religions claimed a castle and a home among the clouds, 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 conduct of world affairs. As the Assirs of Scandinavia were twelve in number and Mount Olympus had twelve dieties, so the Great White Brotherhood is said to have twelve members who meet in Shamballa to 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's surface to crystallize, became solid enough to support life. Science now knows that not only does the earth have 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. It is, therefore, said that the Sacred City has left its central position and, after much wandering, is now located in Mongolia.

Those acquainted with the Mohammedan religion will see something of great interest in the annual pilgrimage to the Kabba at Mecca, where thousands go to honor 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 many sacred places to which pilgrims go, even as the Templars in our Christian religion went to the sepulcre 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 Holy Grail returning to Mount Salvart.

When the spinal fire of man starts on its upward journey, 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 passes through the centers, or seed-ground, of many great principles and worships at the shrines of many divine essences within itself. It is eternally going upward, however, and finally it reaches the great desert, but only after pain and suffering and long labor does it cross that 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.

(To be Continued)

At a recent gathering of intelligentia, during a momentary lull in conversation, the everpresent "old-soul" was heard to say, "Yes, I have great psychic powers, I see so many things, and go so many places on the astral plane. Every night I flutter from planet to planet in my pituitary body."

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

A Service Appealing to All People in Those Matters of Individual Preference as to the Right Care of the Body.

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.
Commercial Printing and Publications
443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE

Reproduced from an oil painting by the well-known Armenian artist, Mihran K. Serailian. Copyrighted 1926, by Manly P. Hall.

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 directly toward the pituitary body. This finger, vibrating at a very high rate of speed, is the actual cause of true spiritual illumination.

This painting, 9x13, beautifully reproduced in four colors. is one of three especially painted for Manly P. Hall, to accompany his newest book, "An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism". This book complete, $4.00. Picture on matboard ready for framing $1.00.

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

JAZZ VS. MUSIC

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

of the body to attune itself to modern music,—the result is a peculiar series of antics which closely resemble epilepsy.

Great music is the tuning of the human mind to the voice of birds, of trees, of mountains, stars and celestial harmonies.

The Great Musician must suffer, must be broken by the world. that its false rythm may no longer bind him, and the true rythm of Nature may well forth from his soul.

There are those who have to write music, and there are those who **can't help** but write music.

Some musical compositions and some paintings are perfect in technique, but soulless; some are crude,—but alive.

To bring yourself into the presence of peace and harmony is the only remedy for the existing nerve-fag of civilization.

We have jazzed up our own natures until we don't enjoy life unless we live on the ragged edge.

Get away once in a while from the howling, the breaking, the tearing and the rending, and retire to the silence of the hills.

We live in a noisy age, but the closer we are to understanding of the great things, the more silent we are. Veneration produces silence.

Feed the Spirit of Beauty in yourselves as well as your bodies.

The loss of beauty is the first step in the decay of empires.

Instead of a new ministry of beauty, the radio has brought a new ministry of advertising.

Like a disease man is creeping over the earth destroying everything beautiful that he touches.

Japan has never forgotten her ministry to beauty—beauty at every turn,—even in the smallest garden plots, or poorest homes,—a tonic to the lover of the beautiful, a square meal to the soul. The Japanese garden may be too small to walk in, but it is not too small for the mind to roam in.

Three ways to Minister to Beauty. Go into the presence of Nature. Cultivate Beauty in your surroundings. Seek for Beauty in the great arts.

Send "The All-Seeing Eye" to Your Friends.

Many More Subscriptions Are Needed to Insure Its Success.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

prehistoric man the line of incident, in order to strike the point of chin and forehead. had to slant at an angle backward, thus demonstrating unequal mental development with a predomination of the animal temperment. On on unbalanced thinker the line of incident strikes forward which shows powerful mentality but insufficient physical strength. All things being taken equally, a symetrical head is symbolical of power. The size, shape and quality of the human head differs with the quality and size of the body, and two things are necessary in order to give the best service to the owner —first that the brain be well developed and well balanced, and secondly that the body be large enough to support the brain.

The length of life is ascertained by a small protuberance directly behind and slightly lower than the center of the ear —not the mastoid process but a depression or protuberance in the surface of it. An individual with this area strongly developed may safely expect long life even though he should eat pig iron and tenpenny nails, while those with a depression there will succumb to a passing draft.

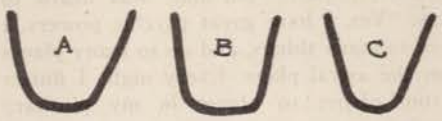


FIG. 6.

In Figue 6 are shown three types of chins. (a), the semi-square chin has great musical promise and indicates possibility of a great singer. (b), the purely square chin is usually stubborn, obstinate and animalistic. (c), the pointed chin is timid, vain, feministic in either sex, lacks courage of conviction. is hysterical and easily influenced by other people, and is often spiteful but is seldom dangerous. It is usually found on the faces of dreamers, mystics, poets and those whose temperaments go to color, sentiment and to the fine arts.

Full lips are indicative of an artistic and emotional temperament while thin lips are invariable the sign of mental, spiritual or physical conservation and strictness to form, custom, habit and idea.

The width of the nostrils indicates the strength of the lungs; those with narrow nostrils are subject to tuberculosis, bronchitis and generally have poor health.

The eyes are especially important. The long, thin eye is philosophic; the eye which is naturally partly covered by the lids is rather secretive; a widely opened eye denotes lack of thought, while the eye which turns up slightly under the outside corner indicates incarnations in the Orient. Eyebrows that turn up on the ends are usually sarcastic and Saturnine; eyebrows that are exceptionally bushy tend to legality and ponderosity of temperment; those that meet in the center are symbolical of ungovernable temper. Straight eyebrows are generally indicative of power while those gently curved run to the artistic and romantic.

The hair is also important, its fineness or coarseness showing the position of the ego in evolution. Straight hair is generally shrewd and calculating; wavy hair, open-minded and honest; curly hair romantic and changeable; while very finely curled hair that lies in kinks is usually vain and untrustworthy, especially in heart affairs. Black hair goes with a sharp temper. more so if the eyes are black.

Brown hair in the darker shades, all things of the face agreeing, tends to philosophy and thought. Light brown hair able, eccentric, seldom reflective. Red is more romantic. Golden hair is changehair has the reputation of denoting an element of pepper in the temperament but this is not always the case; it often showing a susceptibity to poor health and general lassitude.

Wrinkles usually denote thought and also a run down physical condition. Their location is helpful in proving whether the person be a pessimist or an optimist. Those in the cheeks and running across the forehead are optimistic while those at the corners of the mouth and the corners of the eyes are usually pessimistic.

The head which tilts forward when walking is philosophic; that which tilts backward is egotistic; and that which is cocked on one side is sarcastic or else shows an unequal development of brain convolutions or possibly an affliction of the ears.

In the use of these character readings for the purpose of self-diagnosis, attention should be given to the weak features of character and effort made toward the attainment of the stronger—"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

He who uses this method for the purpose of reading others should also seek to gain a greater understanding and sympathy with the nature expressed, and seek to harmonize with the contrasts in conflicting natures.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —996— Edited by MANLY P. HALL **WE WANT —3000—**

Volume 3, No. 5 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, December 22th, 1926 10c a Copy

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

POPULAR CONCEPTIONS AND THE REAL CHRISTMAS

Reprinted by Special Request.

By Manly P. Hall.

The bustle and confusion of our ever more-centered lives is slowly killing out the beautiful spirit of Christmas. We see people fussing and stewing; we see them sinking back in their chairs at home, after a raid upon the bargain counter at the eleventh hour, with their hats over one eye and their corns singing in nine languages and three colors—muttering to themselves, "Thank God, Christmas only comes once a year!" Then that other group we know so well who send all their presents out late in order to see what the recipient sends them first and are broken hearted if the influx is not as great as the outpouring. In other words, there are only a few people in all the world who have really preserved the true spirit of Christmas and most of these are children who have not yet been caught up in the maelstrom of our commercial ethics. The spice of Christmas is indeed losing its savor and with its going will vanish one of man's greatest opportunities, which, like all that have gone before, he has abused and neglected.

The occultist must seek to build again in his own life the spirit of Christmas—beautiful in its simplicity, appealing in its sentiment and joyous in its ideals. Christmas whispers many things to the soul that thinks; it means more than merely the gift of one to another; it teaches in its mystic way the story of the divine gift which has been made by the spiritual powers of being to the worlds of men. As the child hangs up its stocking and finds it in the morning, filled with gifts and goodies, given in the name of old Santa Claus—that unknown person who is said to dwell at the North Pole—so all through life man has no greater opportunity than to give in the name of his God those things which the world needs. The spirit is Santa Claus, the Giver behind all gifts, who dwells in the North Pole of man at the upper end of the spine, and it is from here that the Ancient of Days sends out His gifts to the body, sends out His thoughts and ideals and gives His life for the glorification of the world.

THE Same Old Story in the Same Old Way Merry Christmas

Man must learn to make his gifts in the name of the spirit if not in the name of the body, for within each of us is the divine altruist seeking to be heard above the ever crying voice of the human egotist. At Christmas the spirit of giving is said to rule the world for on that day God the Father gave His Begotten Son as His gift to the world and that Son is the spirit of life, of hope, and of truth that springs eternal in the human heart. To man has been given the work of expressing in the world of form this gift of the Father —not only upon Christmas day but upon all the days of the year for the child of God may be born in man at any time.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3.)

CRYPTIC TITLE PAGE FROM FAMOUS BOOK

With Much Evidence on Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.

By Manly P. Hall.

The title page of the most famous of all books devoted to cryptograms and enigmas is reproduced in this article. As the volume was published in 1624, only one year after the great first Shakespearean folio, it appears in the midst of the Baconian controversy. When translated, the title page reads as follows: "The Cryptomenysis and Cryptography of Gustavus Selenus in nine books to which is added a clear explanation of the system of Steganography of John Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim and Herbipolis, a man of admirable genius. Interspersed with worthy inventions of the Author and others, 1624." The true author of this volume is supposed to be Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, but there is no doubt that the fine hand of the Rosicrucians was behind its publication. A proof of this can be discovered from a careful analysis of the several symbols and emblems which ornament the title page. The copy from which this plate was taken belonged to King Leopold of Belgium, whose crest is on the title page.

Not only do we say that this volume was connected with the Baconian controversy on account of its date of publication, but for two other reasons: first, because of the peculiar Rosicrucian and philosophical symbols upon this title page, and second, because the volume itself contains the key to both the famous bi-literal cipher supposedly invented by Francis Bacon and the straight numerical cipher which reveals the numerical equivalent to the name of Bacon as 33.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

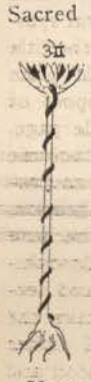
INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

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 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, leaving the lower man and the world below, 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 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 will be allowed to worship before the gates of the Sacred City; when he 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 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; 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 with its roots deep in materiality and its lossom Lotus in the brain. Only when he sends nourishment and power upward can that Lotus blossom within himself—blossom forth and its many petals give out their spiritual fragrance.



You will sometimes 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 the oriental gods are so depicted. This means that they have opened within themselves that Spiritual Consciousness which they call the Sushumna. You have also 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 reference made to the unfolding of the Spiritual Consciousness within. When the Lotus Blossom has reached maturity it drops its seed and from this seed new plants are produced. Similarly, within the Spiirtual Consciousness when the plant is finished and its work is done, it 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 Spiritual 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 the 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 the spiritual man, freed by his pilgrimage from the Wheel of Bondage, rises upward from the midst of his disciples—the convolutions of the brain—with that great cry of the Initiate which for ages has sounded through the Mystery Schools when the purified student 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—gazing down upon the world, see others liberated in the same way and hear them 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 heretical 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 doing. 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 books by ancient writers; he is a student of nature's mysteries and has devoted years, perhaps 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 concentrated upon one thing, and that is the finding of the Philosopher's Stone. With all the chemicals at his command and their various combinations thoroughly understood, he is laboring with his furnace and his burners to make out 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 makes the Philosopher's Stone, from them he extracts the Elixir of Life, with their power 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.

(To Be Continued.)

A Service Appealing to All People in Those Matters of Individual Preference as to the Right Care of the Body.

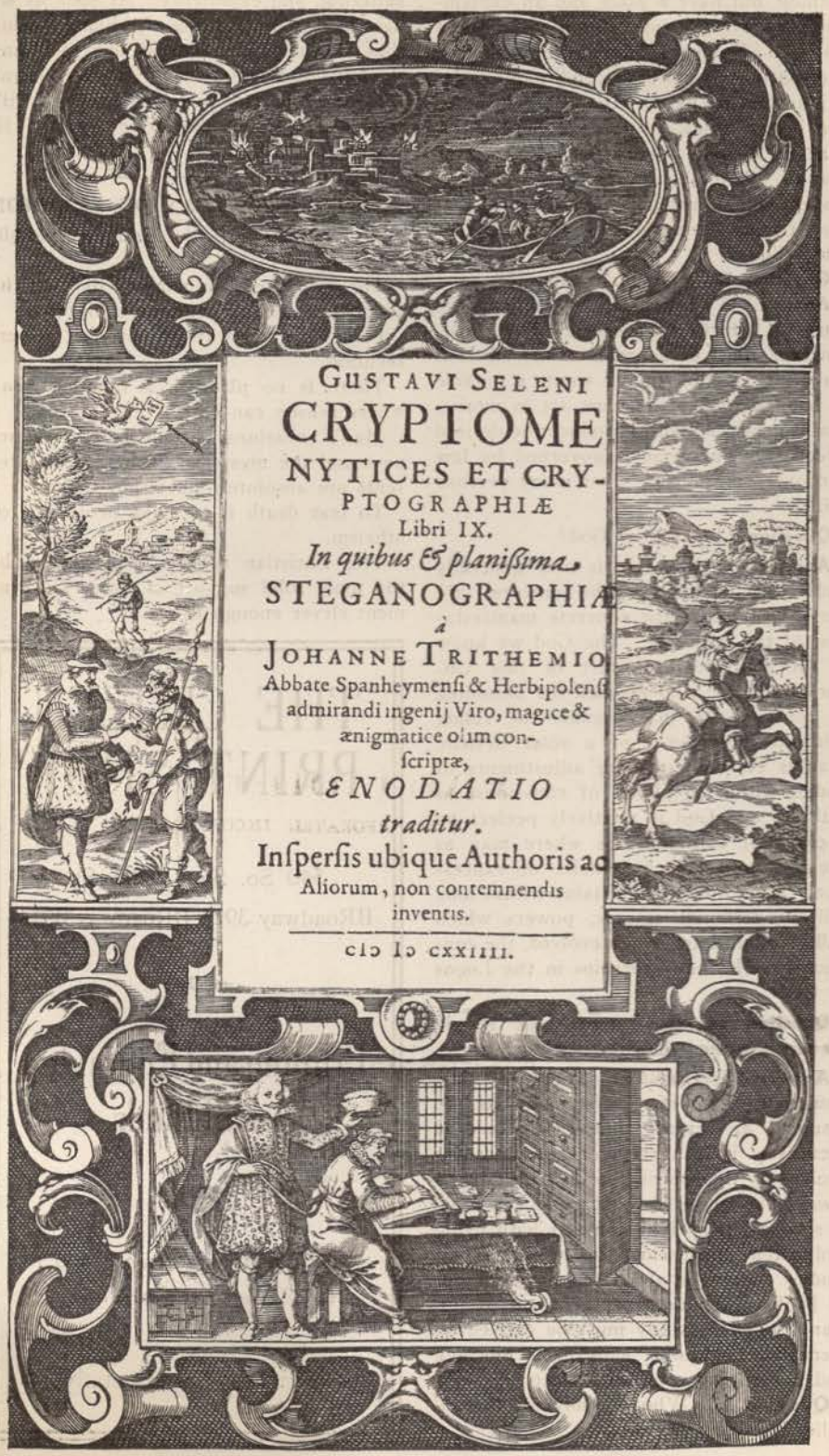
THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

The Church of the People
Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.
Sundays, 10:30 A. M.
□ □ □
SERMON SUBJECTS:
Dec. 26th—Digesting Christmas.
Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.
Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.
Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A CRYPTIC TITLE PAGE

(Continued from Page 1. Col. 3.)

Turning to page 141 of this monumental work, we find the complete key to the method of securing the numerical equivalent for the name of Bacon, although of course the name of this illustrious Rosicrucian does not appear. An interesting example of this numerical method of concealing secret meanings in apparently common words, or words which at least are unintelligible, is to be found by applying the simple cipher of exchanging the letters of the alphabet for numbers to the word HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS, a cryptic signature in **Love's Labor Lost.** The numerical equivalent of this word is 287, which is incidentally the number of letters appearing upon the first page of the 1623 Shakespearean folio. When the ancient name of the Rusicrucian Brotherhood was changed into a cryptic number by a process known as the Kaye Cipher, its numerical equivalent was 287. 287 and 157 are the Rosicrucian signatures in the Baconian controvery. If you will turn to an earlier issue of this paper, (Dec. 1st) which shows the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare, you will find that there are 157 letters on that page, including the 29 small letters which are the signature of the artist who cut the plate. All these things link together in an interesting and remarkable way. Information of this kind may be piled up indefinitely, but we would now present to you five other acrostic signatures extracted from various Shakespearean plays, as these acrostics appear in the first folio.



Beginning with the seventh line of the introduction addressed **To the great Variety of Readers,** we find the following acrostic signature of Bacon. (We are only printing the first four or five words in the line so that the acrostic is made evident, as the width of the column of this paper does not permit the lines to be divided as in the original.)

and censure. Do so, but buy * * *
commend a Booke, the Stationer * * *
braines be, or your wisedoms, make * * *
not Judge your sixe-pen' orth, * * *

Taking the "b" from the third line, the "a" from the first, the "c" from the second, and the "on" from the fourth, the acrostic signature is revealed. A large capital "F" at the top of the page, if included, results in the formation of "F. Bacon." This appears on Page 3 of the great folio of the Shakespeare plays.

The third scene of the first act of Hamlet reveals a very simple and complete acrostic. It is found in the lines as follows:

And in the Morne and liquid dew * * *
Contagious blastments are * * *
Be wary then. best safety * * *

The "B" from the third line, the "A" from the first line, and the 'Con" from the second line reveal the acrostic signature, "Bacon."

The last three lines of the sixth scene of the first act of Macbeth give a straight acrostic, reading from the bottom upward; thus:

Conduct me to mine Host we * * *
And shall continue, our Graces * * *
By your leave Hostesse.

The "B" from the third line, the "A" from the second line, and the "Con" from the first line again gives us an omnipresent name—"Bacon."

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1.)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Application has been made for entry as Second Class matter.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

They who know God's laws know God. They who keep God's laws keep their covenant with Him. M.P.H.

MANLY P. HALL

Question 9. Which is the best way of teaching others a creed that we admire. but which they do not seem to understand?

Answer. There is only one way of successfully presenting to others any great truth with which we have become attuned, and that is by so living that truth that our friends will realize the value of knowing it, also. So many people are preaching doctrines who show no signs of being helped by them and no symptoms of understanding them, that we cannot blame others for not accepting a creed from which they have never seen any good results. Our life is our message to the world. By it our religion is judged.

Question 10. Where should we search for occult wisdom?

Answer. Everywhere. They who only look for it in books and lecture halls will never find it. The great laws of nature are daily molding the destinies of worlds, nations, and individuals. If we look at the stars, we see God's laws; if we gaze at the rolling sea, we again behold his manifestation. As we stand on a busy corner of the street or at the bedsire of the sick. we can, if we have the eyes, lift the veil and see the eternal hand of God operating behing every action and thought in the universe. In this way we can study truth and the so-called hidden sciences first hand, and, by using the God-given faculty of thought, learn for ourselves the explanation of the mystery of being in a way no book can possibly instruct us.

Question 11. What constitutes a livable and believable religion?

Answer. This must be answered by the student himself as all religions are livable and believable by someone. To us a livable religion is one that answers the greatest number of our questions in a rational, reasonable, and sensible manner; that does not grate upon the nerves of either spiritual, mystical, or studious individuals. It should affirm, deny, and contradict nothing, but have a place and an explaination for every manifestation of God and his laws. Not upon miracles, but upon an explanation of natural conditions, a religion must be based. It must help us to live better, think better, and better prepare us to fight the battles of life; and, first of all, it should teach us to honor, respect, and admire all other religions that are striving in various ways to do the same thing.

Question 12. What is a miracle?

Answer. A miracle is an effect, the cause of which is unknown. The cause, however, must be as great as the effect it produces. If the student wants a miracle to happen to him, he must set in motion causes great enough to produce the desired effect. Our universe is governed by law and order in spite of what many persons believe.

Question 13. Who is God?

Answer. God, as He is now generally understood, man, and the universe are various stages in the concrete manifestation of the Absolute. The God we know is the individualized part of this Unknowable One, who through the unfolding of consciousness has become the ruling spiritual intelligence of a solar system. Man is eternally making adjustments of bodies within to planes of consciousness without, and God is relatively perfect on a plane of consciousness where man as yet has not evolved vehicles of expression. Man, however, contains within him self, in germinal essence, powers which will give him later, when evolved, the consciousness he now worships in the Logos or God.

Question 14. How much time should an occult student devote to study?

Answer. Twenty-four hours a day. Spirituality is not something to be assumed at certain times by would-be occultists; it is a state of consciousness evolved by the aspiring student of nature's laws. The great lessons are not learned in school, but in daily contacts with living and often unconscious instructors. Our studies should be about ten per cent out of books and ninety per cent out of human life. This study must be carried on eternally, beginning with each morning and not ending even with sleep.

Question 15. Who is ready for the so-called Wisdom Teachings?

Answer. Only those students who have made the greatest use of more limited information, and they are the ones who will receive them. If we daily show that we are faithful in small things, then we shall be entrusted with greater powers and opportunities; but many who desire higher truth and broader consciousness would abuse the trust if that which they sought were given to them without the purification that comes with long service, suffering, and experience. As soon as we have shown by lighting the Flame within that we have consecrated our lives and thoughts to the service of the divine and His plan, then we shall be entrusted with power and knowledge to carry on His work, not before.

NAPOLEON'S VIEWS ON RELIGION

Jesus Christ was the greatest republican.

The merit of Mohammed is that he founded a religion without an inferno.

Fanaticism is always the product of persecution.

There is no place in a fanatic's head where reason can enter.

Man's uneasiness is such that the vagueness and the mystery which religion presents are absolutely necessary to him.

To fear death is to make profession of atheism.

The Christian religion will always be the most solid support of every Government clever enough to use it.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

"No, no," sobbed the little figure at his feet, "he cannot be evil. He is good."

"Ah, no, my child, he is far from good. Even when I went to him this morning I found him drunk with wretched liquor and worse ideas. He dreams but to attain you, then he will cast the blossom aside with the others. Each morning, child, upon the river that flows not far away, float bodies that bear mute testimony to his kind. You are young. Remain under the shelter of my care until one shall come who is true."

And again the aged man stroked the glossy black hair that gleamed in the light of the lantern. A sob was the only answer.

"Look at me, child." The little black head shook but did not turn.

"Have I not been a good father? Have I not been kind, have I ever denied you anything? Have I not lived to fulfill your dreams, both for your sake and for the sake of your sainted mother? I would not hurt my blossom, but it would be better far that I should pluck it up myself and crumple its petals here than it should go out into the world with such as he."

"No, no, father!" exclaimed the girl, "he is good, he is good!"

The Chinaman reached over and lifted from the table a little flaming image of porcelain with hollowed eyes and a great yawning mouth, with claws that clenched the air and a horrid misshapen body.

"This. my blossom," he spoke firmly, "is the heart of the American. I have lived in this world many years. All my blossoms have gone into other gardens and have new flowers springing up around them. You were my youngest, and when you came into the world your mother left it. I have cared for you and treasured you as a beautiful flower in the garden of my heart. How can I, who love you, give you to such as has this demon in his soul? I cannot, for my heart would break if I should live to see my flower wither. I have broken many men and I have not been above murder but it was always in the cause of justice and of light. I have crushed men with my hands and broken them with the weight of my power, and I will crush this demon as I would a serpent, as I would crush all things which have this demon in their soul. But I will not hurt my blossom. So I have gone to this American and said to him, 'Leave my flower alone and I will not harm you.' I know the thoughts in his soul, I know the reason why he wants my flower. But while the dzin is in his soul there is no good in him. Forget him, my child, for I shall never allow you to be his wife. I would rather take yonder sword and run it through your heart than to sanction such a match."

The head of shiny black hair fell forward, and the girl lay sobbing at her father's feet. The old Chinaman leaned over and softly touched her shoulder.

"Think you that much of him?"

"Ah, yes, and I always will, father "

The old man's eyes grew steely.

"It were well that he should die for having made you care," he answered.

"Father, father!" she screamed. "Do not hurt him!" Clasping her hands in supplication she stared into her father's face.

Taking her head in his wrinkled hands he gazed long into her eyes.

"I will not harm him, child, if he will leave you alone. I will not injure him for I would not that your eyes be full of tears. Many there are who want my flower. Choose one who is true. and be he of my nation or another nation, he shall have you if he will build a garden and enshrine you there. But I swore to your mother, whose eyes look at me out of yours, that no ill should come to you, and that oath will I keep. Therefore I order you as your father, as the elder of your house," and the old Chinaman straightened up in the great teak chair, "I order you to have nothing to do with James Wilson. There is no good in him, no virtue in his soul. He is sold to his vices and your life with him would make death a blessing."

"Father, I will not give him up," exclaimed the girl, rising defiantly to her feet and stamping one little satin shod foot on the soft rugs.

The aged man raised one hand, its long fingers with their curving nails, pointing upward—

"No child is privileged to stand before a father in rebellion. I have spoken, and my voice is law. I have said you shall not see the American again and I mean that which I have said. If you disobey me, not only shall I command obedience, but I shall destroy the American before one of my children can become his wife."

The slender figure swayed for a second. The girl was torn between her love for her father and the web of fascination which the crafty Wilson had woven around her to draw her out of the garden that he might pluck the bloom.

The old Chinaman sat like a stone image, his face as expressionless as stone. The pleading in her eyes brought no response, for, while the old man's heart was breaking, he was battling for the soul of his child.

"He is an escaped convict," he spoke sternly, "with no reformation in his soul. He is a dope fiend, a burglar and a peddler of opium. He is involved in the white slave traffic and is a drunkard. He has been married and has deserted his family; left them to starve for all of him, and his wife was forced upon the streets. Would my soul rest with my fathers if my little blossom were trusted to his care?"

"No, no! It is not true!" cried the little girl. "He told me it was not true, and he would not lie to me!"

"I wish it were not so," answered the old man, "but, alas, it is! And if you do not forget him as I have ordered you, I will kill him, regardless of anything. You know what happens when Ming Quong curses a man, curses him with the curse of Emperors of the ages past. How the man grows weak, how he will not eat, how he raves and turns insane and in just a few short days lies dead at my feet. If you will not obey me I shall curse him and you shall see him die. You may choose as I made him choose, and I pray that you choose wisely."

The girl stood undecided, an expression of mortal agony in her face. She swayed slightly, her eyes dropped, and a second later she fell unconscious at the feet of her father who sat in the great carved chair, his hands clenching the heads of the turning dragons.

"Poor little blossom, that mine old eyes should see this day. But I thank the gods of my fathers that I am here to fight for her against herself!"

He looked around the walls, "How cold these old walls seem when my little blos som is not smiling, how dreary life would be if my little flower should leave me. But each must go its way, and some time the last of the house of Ming shall sit alone in this old teak chair while the blossom brings light to another life. My rose chrysanthenum—its little head is drooping."

His eyes grew steely, "My innocent child's life and heart are broken by that beast. But he shall pay for it! he shall pay for the plan that is in his soul! He shall never have her as long as old Ming Quong can breathe."

The light of the silken lantern shone down upon the scene. The old Chinaman sat in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the form of his daughter. In his lap lay the little red demon. Automatically he picked it up, gazed upon it for a second, and then with a power almost unbelievable he crushed the porcelain image between his fingers and cast the fragments to the floor behind him.

(To be continued)

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3.)

Troylus and Cressida, Act I, Scene 1, contains an acrostic composed entirely of capital letters, as follows:

Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's * * *
Now cracke thy lungs, and * * *
Blow villaine, till thy * * *
Out-swell the collicke of * * *
Come, stretch thy chest, and * * *

This remarkable clear example can hardly be disregarded. Take "B" from the third line, "A" from the first, "C" from the fifth, "O" from the fourth, and "N" from the second, and note particularly that all the letters are capitals.

Act I, Scene 1, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, shows a simple Baconian acrostic, thus:

Beshrew me, but you have * * *
And yet it cannot over-take * * *
Come, come, open the matter * * *

We secure the letters for the name "Bacon" from the above lines as follows: "B" from the first line, "An" from the second line, and "Co" from the third. By rearranging these letters, the word "Bacon" results.

We have personally checked through nearly all the plays in the first folio and it is safe to say that there are several of these acrostics in each one of them, to say nothing of the sonnets and introductory matter. While this establishes a very interesting point, it remains to establish the most forceful argument of all concerning this peculiar happening, which repeats itself too often to be a mere coincidence. In the various books actually published over the name of Sir Francis Bacon, this "Bacon" acrostic repeatedly occurs. A point as significant as this must receive deep and careful thought. In his Preface to the 1640 edition of the Advancement and Proficience of Learning, called "Francis Lo: Verulam, His Great Instauration," are found two acrostic signatures precisely the same in their method of construction as those appearing in the Shakespearean folio in 1623. The first occurs on page 10 of the Preface. Again it is necessary for us to print only a part of the line, showing the significant letters which always appear along the left-hand margin. Of course, these very evident acrostic signatures are but the simplest type of cipher used in the Baconian documents. There are many other complicated forms of acrostics which space precludes our considering. The significant lines on page 10 of the Preface are as follows:

conclude the same impossible, * * *
Art: and yet forall this, * * *
being she is to examine and * * *

This acrostic reads exactly the same as the one previously given from Macbeth: "b" from the third line, "A" from the second line, and "con" from the first line.

Lest this be deemed a coincidence, a four-line acrostic similar to the above appears on page 11, intentionally mispaginated 14. Upon page 16 appears another four-line acrostic, and upon page 20 a fourth. The latter is as follows:

commonly, Empty things * * *
but Solids are contracted * * *
narrow compass.

Find "b" in the second line, "na" in the third, and "co" in the first; rearrange the letters, and "Bacon" is produced.

Now, to return for a moment to the plate which accompanies this article. It is one of the most talked of title pages in connection with the Baconian controversy. The picture at the bottom shows a nobleman (presumably Bacon) placing his hat on another man's head. It may possibly be that the lights in the buildings along the shore towards which the men in the open boat are rowing in the small oval picture at the top of the place is a play upon the name Bacon; that is, "Beacon," for these are, in truth, four beacon lights. The most striking and subtle Shakespearean point, however, is in the picture in the left side panel, which shows a nobleman (probably Bacon) handing a paper to another man of mean appearance who carries in his hand a spear. At the right the man who previously carried the spear is shown in the costume of an actor with spurs on and blowing a horn. The allusion to the actor blowing his horn and the figure carrying the spear suggest much, especially as "spear" is the last half of the name "Shakespeare."

Next week, as a conclusion to the series of five articles on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, we are going to consider Shakespearean landmarks in the writings of various contemporaneous thinkers. The illustration will be the title page of the first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World. Upon this volume are marks which would indicate that it contained material of extreme Baconian importance.

Appreciation of
"The All-Seeing Eye"
Can be measured by the growth in subscriptions.
20 weeks—$1.00

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 1. Col. 2.)

There is a terrible feeling that comes into the heart of a little child when the thoughtless parent or heartless playmate whispers to it that there is no Santa Claus. That is one of the heartbreaks of childhood—when that dream of the little old man with his rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes, his long white whiskers and his snug red suit, is dispelled in the mind of the child. From that time on all the world seems false. The parents seldom realize enough of the plan of being to understand that they have destroyed a reality and not an illusion and have supplanted the reality with the false. The smiling, benevolent Santa Claus, with his ponderous comfortable figure and bag of toys, who slips down through the chimney or in some miraculous way finds his way through half-inch lead pipes, is one of the sweetest concepts that man has. Santa Claus is the spirit of the Divine Humanitarian. He is always jovial, is especially fond of little children, and always brings with him dolls and toys, the playthings of the mortal man.

This jovial creature—is he not the great Olympic Jove of the Romans and the Zeus of the Greeks, is he not the spirit of the Jupiter period, expressing itself through the brain of man? The workshop of Santa Claus is the brain of man wherein the spirit conceives of the good works that it may do, the thoughts, actions and desires that it may send forth into the world to cheer the hearts of children. Directly above the eyes at that point where the head starts to slope back to the

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.
A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete **$4.00**
Plates separately mounted, each **1.00**

Lost Keys of Masonry **$2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones **2.00**
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories) **2.00**
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions **1.00**
Talks to Students ..... **.50**
The Noble Eight—Fold Path ..... **.50**
Evolution ..... **.50**
Death and After ..... **.50**
Unseen Forces (just reprinted) ..... **.50**
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted) ..... **.50**

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. **Los Angeles, California**

crown we have the home of Santa Claus —the organs of humanitarianism and ideality. It is there that this beloved Spirit of Gift, the philanthropist of human consciousness, dwells, ever hoping, ever praying for greater opportunity to give to others.

The spirit of Santa Claus, under many other names, has been in the world since time began, being brought over from the infinite not-time of eternity. In the silence of the night Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing the gifts of life and light to man. When we go to sleep at night, tired with the labors of the day, broken down by the worries and sufferings of the world, depleted by our endless battle against the substances of crystallation, the spiritual consciousness is withdrawn and we open our body for the coming in of those little workmen who, under the direction of Jehovah the Olympic Jove, rebuild our bodies for the day. In that way, every night, Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing us the strength the courage, and the bodily health to carry on our endless battle. The vital forces that nourish the human body come down the sacred chimney as the manna that descended from heaven to feed the children of Israel in the wilderness. The Supreme Designer of things is ever the spirit of the benefactor, bringing light and truth and love to His children in the world.

And so in honor of this greatest gift, the gift of life, and to prove that they realize this gift, the Christian world has set aside one day, the day when the Father made the supreme sacrifice and sent His only begotten Son, the spirit of love and truth, as the living bread which comes down from heaven. Man has sacrificed this day and made it a time of gifts, for on this holy day man is to renew his pact with the divine by making his gift to the children of men. Each one of us are gods in the making, each one of us carry the spark of divine altruist within our soul, and on that day we are to whisper this truth to the world by sending gifts to all whom we know. And these gifts must not be merely things we buy or sell but must contain the divine essence of the Eternal Humanitarian who gives the best that he is and has to his children in the world. On that day we must give our light, which is the life of our brother men. "The gift without the giver is bare"—and in order to be true to ourselves at Yuletide we must give ourselves, our spirit, and our life with the gift that we buy. Listed below are some suggestions, some resolutions, for us to make to ourselves that we may be true to the spirit of Christmas and to the Eternal Giver who expresses Himself through the gifts of man to man.

When we realize the goodness of the universe and how Nature pours from her horn of plenty her gifts to man, how Nature's eldest children, the World Saviours and Initiates, have sacrificed their lives and hopes that man may be better, when we think of the tiny children of the elements, busy night and day to make life beautiful and clean, when we think of the Masters walking the earth, living symbols of self sacrifice and altruism. when we think of the spiritual rays of the universe pouring into us all the time our life and courage and hope, when our souls hear the music of the spheres as it thrills through our own heart and we understand better that all the universe cooperates together to serve us, to save us and give us opportunity for the fullest and greatest expression, let us realize that our duty is to be part of this great plan of salvation and send our strength, our light, our love, and our pledge that we too shall help to spread the light of life to the world of men.

At this moment let there be born in the soul of man the Christ who is the hope of glory. that the salvation of man may come in this world of pain through that spiritual one before whom we bow like the wise men out of the East, offering our three bodies for the redemption of the world. Man may offer gold and jewels but they are not his! he may offer soft velvets and clinging silks but they are not his; he may offer land and buildings but the rocks belong to nature and the building is the power of God. Man eternally offers that which is not his, to which he is not tied by spiritual ties; he picks up handsful of dirt and offers them to his God to Whom they belonged before. The only thing that it is his to offer is his body and the vehicles of consciousness which he has built down through the ages; he may offer his mind that through it the thoughts of God may be known to man; he may offer his heart that the love of God may be sent as a benediction to shine as a star of hope upon a world in

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.

Commercial Printing and Publications

443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Reproduced from an oil painting by the well-known Armenian artist, Mihran K. Serailian. Copyrighted 1926, by Manly P. Hall.

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 (1) of 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 BRAHMANANDRA, or GATE OF BRAHMA, in the crown of the head; and (3) the SAHASRARA, or THOUSAND-PETALLED 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.

This painting, 9x13, beautifully reproduced in four colors. is one of three especially painted for Manly P. Hall, to accompany his newest book, "An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism". This book complete, $4.00. Picture on matboard ready for framing $1.00.

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,

Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2.)
pain; he may offer his hand with its power to mold that he may blend the elements of matter into a more conscious glorification of the eternal plan; but other than these three he has no thing to offer. When the spirit in you is born, as on Christmas morn, you will live no longer for what the world may give you but your joy and your life will be in giving to the world. The children of men wait, like the baby on Christmas Eve, for Santa Claus to bring his present; a world, widowed in suffering, waits and hopes for the coming of the light. May there be born in your Bethlehem this day that Christ in you who shall be the light of the world, the strength to steps that falter, the courage to lives that are afraid and the hope of glory to the children of creation.

Let this Christmas be different from all the others in your life inasmuch as your spirit is with your gift, for a broken crust with the spirit of God is better than a string of pearls that are sent in emptiness —the heart makes the gift richer and the spirit makes it sufficient. Let us this year resolve that we shall give for the joy of giving,, our reward being a happy smile in the eyes of the one who receives the token of our realization of the spirit of Christmas. The reward of the Master is to see his disciple smile for in the laughter of children sounds out a wondrous song from which pour streams of life into the heart the servant and the Master is servant of his flock. Let us this Christmas creep into the darkness of some waiting life and leave our token of good cheer, without name or symbol to shop our presence, but only in the name of Santa Claus, the archetype of the Spiritual Giver, who labors all alone through the year to make the little wooden toys and dolls that bring joy to the heart of the child. And let next year be for us a year of labor that when again Yuletide comes around we shall have a great sleighful of toys. not perishable wood or little sawdust stuffed figures but great soul qualities built of thought and mediation which we may give to the world as truth and light just for the pure joy of giving.

Let us bury the hatchet of the past this Christmas and as one step in our realization of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God send our memory and good will to those who have done ill by us, the friend who has been untrue, and the one who has broken our hearts. To such ones let us send our token for while the flesh has been weak enough to break our bond of friendship still we are one in spirit. Let us give away this year that which we possess of love, truth and knowledge to a world long crying for our light, and let our first step be to make right the broken things in our own lives, the broken friendship, the broken pledge, the broken trust—let us this day forgive them all as we hope to be forgiven.

In all our giving let it be as in the beautiful story—the gifts of Santa Claus —not a gift of men to men, not just a gift that the giver may be known. Let us slip silently in and leave our blessings and if any should ask who the giver be let us answer—there is but One, the spirit of God in man, who comes in to our soul as a babe born amidst the beasts but who some day shall lighten our way and show us the beauty of giving and sharing. Christmas is not a time for creed or clan, for family or for friend, but is a moment when all the world is banded together to keep trust with One who is the friend of all. If they would live like Him, let each of them be this day a friend of all and like the sun, God's great gift to man, let the shining rays of our soul light the souls of the just and unjust alike, for man's is the privilege to do and God's to judge the doing.

When we sit down to our Christmas dinner, surrounded with the good things of the earth, let us not forget that we have other bodies besides this form of clay. We feed this one many times but how seldom we feed the other bodies which also grow hungry for nourishment and attention. At this Christmas dinner may we feed the heart with its finer sentiments that great love and understanding be born there. We feed the higher bodies by the things that we do in our lives which strengthen and harmonize with these bodies. During the year that is past each one of us have passed through many experiences which differ with the position each holds in the world of material affairs. Part of the work of Christmas is to build into the soul body the fruitage of these experiences that the higher man may be fed with the conscious acceptance of experience which is the only food the spirit is capable of digesting. Let us therefore take some part of this day and go away from the world and sitting down quietly, review the last year of our lives, bringing to mind the good works we have done, the kindnesses we have sown, the mastery of our conditions which we have expressed, the harmony which we have radiated, and the services we have performed for others. Let us group all these together in our minds and spread them out before us on a spiritual table for these things are the food of the spirit; upon this it lives and grows, by means of this it expresses ever more completely the qualities which we would that it express. This is the Christmas dinner of the soul where there is built into this wonderful star body of light, that robe of blue and gold, the fruitage of experience. In this way we become greater and wiser in the permanent things, feeding not only the body but nourishing also the consciousness which is the molder and regulator of bodies.

Let us also make our New Year resolution of how we are going to conduct ourselves in the months to come; let us lay our plan to be strong where before we were weak, to grasp opportunities that before we overlooked, and to make our lives more useful every day, so that during the coming year in the workshop of Santa Claus we may prepare a greater and better harvest, more wonderful toys and beautiful gifts to shower upon the world when the spirit of Yuletide comes again.

There is nothing in all the world today more sad than man's inhumanity to man; where he should be kind he is cruel, where he should be sweet he is heartless, and in these things he betrays the spirit of love and truth who comes to take away the sin of the world. Let him be true this year to the spirit, that the Christmas bells shall ring again with sweeter tone. How different is the sound of the bell tongue with its ringing anthem from the tongue of man which slays with its sharpness and desstroys the plan with its cruelty. It is a servant of the emotions and not of the spirit.

And do not forget the Christmas tree, that sprig of evergreen which Santy brings with him. As this tree grows up through the snow and its bright green leaves never lose their color, so through mortal crystallization, through the chill of a heartless world, through the cold months of spiritual winter, the sprig of evergreen has ever been the whispering voice of immorality.

This year let Santa Claus, the divine altruist in our own soul, bring his toys and his gifts from the North Pole and scatter them into the world. Feel him knocking at the door of your own heart and see his smiling face inviting you to join him in the work of making people happy. He will tell you that his smile is the smile of those he has helped reflected from his own face, that he is happy and his cheeks are rosy because he is ever busy. Like the spiritual Jupiter, the humanitarian of the zodiac, he is ever seeking to make the way of life happier and more glorious. Get together with him this year and as occultists and students of spiritual things join him in making the world happy—slipping away again without ever letting anyone know who did it. Leave your blessings and be gone, give your present and leave unannounced, for the great give for the joy of giving and not in anticipation of reward; the true are rewarded enough in the realization that they are doing as the Master would have them. So we invite you this Christmas to become a Santa Claus—not a Santa Claus of make believe, but to feel in your own soul the spirit of the eternal Saint Nicholas who goes out to make the world happy.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,055— Edited by MANLY P. HALL **WE WANT —3000—**

Volume 3, No. 6 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, December 29th, 1926 10c a Copy

A RELIGIOUS QUESTIONAIRE

STRAW VOTE AS A RELIGIOUS TEST

As Considered by Manly P. Hall
Reported by Harry S. Gerhart

A straw vote is a poor way to test religion; the real test comes in the problems involving the life, health, liberty and intelligence of the people.

The World War was a real test of applied religion, and the modern instruction of military training, showing the proper methods of bayoneting and gouging the vulverable points speaks volumes as to our religious awakening.

Sir Walter Raleigh's death sentence, "for treason", is another case in point of a religious test of a civilization. In the most terrible sentence ever passed in a Christian nation, he was to be hung, decapitated, quartered, and after forty-nine other things too revolting to mention, "may God have mercy on his soul". This was a greater atrocity than any perpetrated by the Hun.

In the twelve questions now circulated by the newspapers, every answer will be wrong according to somebody.

"Do you believe in God?" Before we can answer, we must know, Who He is, what He is, where He is, and how He is defined. Every one believes in a great overshadowing personality. Some Indians believe that their God is local and tribal; every materialist believes in a life, a force, an energy behind all things; only the egotist cannot believe in a universal creator, he himself being Supreme.

We cannot delegate God for others. In the future each will worship his individual concept, whether it be a polo god or a golfing god.

"Do you believe in immortality?" This is more involved than "God". Science dealing only in pedigreed and accepted theories can not accept this one because it can't prove it. But all nations, all religions, and all philosophical thinkers of all times have accepted it, and soon science will admit its reasonableness as an answer to life's many problems. Something in the individual takes no account of death, first because of the precedence of the belief of all time, and second because of his own inherent, internal realization of its falseness.

"Do you believe in prayer?" Still more complicated as it involves the whole relationship of God to Man. All mystical

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

1927

Let's All Make It A Happier New Year

LANDMARKS IN BACONIAN CRYPTOGRAPHY

LAST OF SERIES

By Manly P. Hall.

Besides the methods already described, several other very subtle processes were used to conceal from the many and yet reveal to the initiated few the presence of ciphers and emblematic enigmas in the writings of various authors contemporaneous with Sir Francis Bacon. The most important subterfuges may be listed as follows:

(1) All documents influenced by Baconian philosophy or intended to conceal Baconian cryptograms use certain conventional designs at the beginning and end of chapters. The ornamental scroll heading which accompanies this article—and which is a subtle proof of the presence of Baconian influence—is to be found in a great number of rare works. This ornamental head-piece adorns the great Shakespearean folio of 1623, Bacon's Novum Organum, 1620, the St. James Bible, 1611, Spencer's Faerie Queene, 1610, and Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, 1614. It is undoubtedly also to be found in numerous other vloumes as a reminder that somewhere within the book is a secret cryptic writing, to be read only by those capable of applying to the book certain secret rules of procedure which reveal the hidden message.

(2) A number of watermarks appear in volumes printed by Lord Bacon or under his direction. In the first edition of his Advancement and Proficience of Learning, 1605, several Baconian watermarks are to be found. One of Bacon's cryptic watermarks is a bunch of grapes; another is a vase or urn with his own initials upon it. An interesting example of symbolic water-

mark is to be found in certain of the writings of Athanasius Kircher, which, according to reliable authorities, are watermarked with the secret symbol of the Rosicrucians. By this subtle method cryptic signatures could be concealed successfully in the paper from which it would be very difficult to extricate them unless the searcher were acquainted with the principle involved in their production.

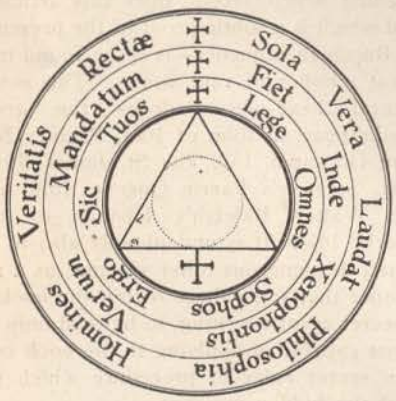
(3) Enigmas of various kinds have been successfully concealed in pictures, especially such illustrations having wording upon them. Two examples of cryptic signatures in diagrams accompany this article.

The large title page reproduced herewith is from the exceedingly rare first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, a volume showing considerable Baconian influence. The book was published in 1614 at a time when the Rosicrucian controversy in England was at its height. King James ordered the entire edition of the work to be destroyed, owing to the fact that he believed the face of the central figure upholding the world to be a caricature of his own. The printers of the volume, however, finally appeased the royal wrath by removing the offending title page and destroying it. As a result, only a very small number of the pictures now exist. It has well been said of medieval religious, philosophic, and scientific books that the entire volume is an amplification and elucidation of the title page, for upon this is usually concealed the entire message of the work. The title page here reproduced is peculiarly rich in symbols, emblems, and cryptic characters, and a solution of its deeply involved symbolism would probably do much to clear up the mystery surrounding the unhappy fate of Sir Walter Raleigh, who suffered more cruelly than anyone knows from the royal wrath of "Saint James."

In the future a new science will arise, which will not only be devoted to the solution of the cryptic emblems of the ancients but will further take into account that words are themselves cryptograms—clear to the one who pronounces them but mysterious, unsolved riddles to those to whom spoken. We need very badly a certain class of thinkers possessing what we would like to call "interpretive" minds. We are totally wrong in our popular conception of antiquity. In our egotism we look down from the lofty pinnacle of the present and scoff at the shadowed depths of the past, believing these obscure vales to be peopled only with barbarians, hairy anthropoids, and cave men! We are apt, in our egotism, to believe that our mental culture is the perfect flowering of the intellectual plant. Time will disillusion us, for antiquity was rich in knowledge; its philosophical and ethical treasures exceed those of which the modern world is too proud. But the ancients were symbolists; they were writers of enigmas; they cut their secret knowledge deep into the faces of stone; they carved their philosophy into the figures of men, animals and reptiles. The great images of Egypt, the crude figures chiseled on the walls of European caves—who knows what wealth of scientific and philosophic material is there concealed?

We are ignorant of the crowning achievement of every art and science. We are without knowledge of the ultimate; the perfect mathematical equation is yet to be discovered; the perfect musical harmony is yet to be written. Yet who shall say that civilizations now gone did not succeed where we have failed and that in crude imagery, musty volumes, and enigmatic statements are not concealed the answers to the unsolved riddles of the ages? So we say again, there is an ever-increasing need for that type of mind which is capable of solving the cryptic symbolism of the past.

AN ALCHEMICAL CRYTOGRAM



From Brown's History of Chemistry.

James Campbell Brown reprints a curious cipher from Kircher. The capitol letters of the words in the outside circle when read clockwise form SVLPHVR. In a similar manner the words in the second circle read FIXVM, and the word initials in the inner circle properly arranged read EST SOL. Altogether they make the cipher "Sulpher Fixum Est Sol". (Fixed Sulpher is Gold.)

AN ALCHEMICAL CRYTOGRAM

From Geheime Figuren der Rosenkreuzer.

Beginning with the word VISITA and reading clockwise, the seven initial letters in the outer circle read VITRIOL. This is a very simple alchemical enigma but is a reminder that those studying works on Hermeticism, Rosicrucianism, Alchemy and Freemasonry should always be on the lookout for concealed meanings hidden either in the parables and allegories or in the cryptic arrangements of numbers, letters and words.

A PICTURE WORTH WHILE

The Magician

The Magician, a photoplay under the direction of Rex Ingram, offers a number of points of interest to students of philosophy and symbolism. Whether all of the points which have a symbolical significance were thoroughly understood by the director or whether some of them were accidental it does not matter, although Ingram is the director who has been producing in Europe and refuses to return to America and it is probable that he understands much of occult lore.

A young American doctor is called to operate on a young sculptress, Marguerite, whose spine has been injured by the fall of a huge statue of a grinning satyr which she was completing. Observing the operation in the clinic of the Paris hospital is a student of anatomy, hypnotism, and transcendal magic. The Magician calls on Margarite against her wishes, induces a vision of a baccanal or Walpurgis night which greatly frightens and repulses her. Though in love with and engaged to the physician who performed the operation which saved her life, she is unable to withstand the hypnotic influence of the magician who has planned to use her in a magical ceremony. He has obtained an

old formula for the creation of life and forces her away to Monte Carlo where he uses his power to win fabulous sums at the gaming tables. This is on the eve of the wedding and the lover and her father search in vain for her. At last she is discovered at Monte Carlo, and is rescued while the Magician is preparing his rendevous in a deserted tower in the mountains. There, his furnaces, retorts, tubes and magical apparatus are ready for the experiment.

She is abducted again and carried to the tower and bound on the operating table. The lover and parent arrive in the nick of time. Wind and rain are whipping about the base of the old tower, with fearful lightnings. The rescuers trick and overpower the attendant who comes down the winding stair of the tower with his lantern, and force the twisted gnome-like dwarf into a cupboard. Up the winding stairway dashes the lover in time to stay the knife of the Magician. A great struggle ensues, the Magician falls into his own furnace, chemicals are overturned, and the trio leave as the tower bursts into flames and it soon explodes destroying the villiany.

Harry S. Gerhart

TITLE PAGE OF 1614 EDITION—SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

The great pyramid of Egypt is the center of the Hermetic school of occult philosophy and formed, in the days now numbered with the dead the great temple of initiation of the ancient Egyptian priest-craft. From it there poured out into the world the worship of the serpent of wisdom which has been perpetuated among the mound-builders of North America and the great ruins of the Maya's glory in Mexico and on the Peninsula of Yucatan. There are three grand rooms in the pyramid. The king's chamber represents the third degree of Masonry and is sacred to the Father representing the human mind and the brain; the queen's chamber the second degree, symbolizes the Christ principle or the human heart; the third chamber represents the power of Jehovah the Holy Spirit, the first degree of the blue lodge and the form building centers of human consciousness.

Here is a passage from a Wesleyan trustees minute book of 100 years ago in England:

'You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in. But such things as railway roads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them and if God had designed His intelligent creatures to travel at the frightful rate of speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam it would have been foretold by His Holy prophets. These are the devices of Satan to lead immortal souls to Hell."

In Egypt in days that are past a curse was placed upon the defilers of the dead and the sacker of tombs and as part of ancient burial service strange creatures of the other world were supposed to be invoked to remain guardians of the dead. Any one who is acquainted with the work of Egyptologists in recent years realizes the uncanny way in which the curse of the kings has descended upon the scientific grave-robbers of our age.

The Bible does not mention the brain once.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Application has been made for entry as Second Class matter.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy. $2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

A RELIGIOUS QUESTIONAIRE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

faiths require an indwelling principal, but Christianity emphasizes distance. Prayer is a medium for the human to contact the divine, it is the voice of the shadow, the unreal, beseeching power and life from the reality.

Work is the best substitute for prayer. —for years prayer has been used as a substitute for labor.

We seldom pray unless we want something and don't want to work for it or unless we are afraid to face our just deserts. Prayer often makes a messenger boy of the Divine when we don't wish to exert ourselves.

Word prayers are survivals of Idolatry, bowing before a great anthropomorphic being; BUT a Holy Silence is a great and living presence of Divine Proximity.

A universal form of prayer is the recognition of unity and harmony in all things, a link with Self, the ultimate.

"Do you believe that Jesus was divine as no other man was divine?" No one is composed of better "Stuff" than any other individual; no one is 18-carot God when someone else is 22-carot God.

The spirit and nature of all things is one; the God in You is as much, no better and no less than the God in anything else.

All living things are Sons of God, this is as true of you, of stones, of plants, of reptiles, of the minutia in water, as of the suns in space and of celestial beings.

"Do you believe that Jesus was divine?" YES! and so are all other men and all creatures. The difference in Jesus and John Doe is not in Stuff but in Development.

Each age has its own revelation, thus later teachers may be of greater development than former ones. In the future all teachers will be blended completely in the teaching.

All things are on a pilgrimage toward Divinity.

"Do you regard the Bible as inspired as no other literature could be said to be inspired " What is a sacred book? What is Inspiration? A book brought in proximity with Self. A perception in man which brings the true relationship of things.

Never has a book been so martyred and mistranslated and mutilated so that we can say of our present Bible that never has book been "inspired" as this book.

Every book is inspired.

The Bible is part of a greater book which is the Book of Sacred Books of the World, the efforts of all time, the aspirations of all souls, the yearnings of hearts, of souls, of minds,—One Holy Bible, the Book of the Human Race.

"Are you an active member of any church? Active is the fatal adjective,—does activity consist of paying for pew and attending prayer meeting? People belong to organizations because they hate to go alone. They hope the leader knows where he is going, so are willing to take a chance.

Most organizations are a number of blind persons lead by another blind person.

The question is, not what are you a member of, but what do you DO.

An Organization is helpful socially but not religiously, for EACH must eventually work out his OWN destiny.

"Do you regularly attend any religious services?" A relative question depending entirely on when, where and what constitutes regular attendence. Once a day, a week, a month, or a year?

"Would you be willing to have your family grow up in a community in which there is no church?" This would depend upon why there wasn't a church there. It might be because there were no policemen and it might be because there were no lost souls, and therefore no need to save them.

A rather vital question is, "What does the Church teach that our children need?" When will it open its doors for the proper consideration of philosophic, moral, and sociological problems, divorced from the silliness of creeds. Creeds are not vital, these problems are and the church that gives due consideration to them will live forever.

"Do you regularly have 'family worship' in your home?" Here is another question of interest. Yes, we still find the Bible on some parlor tables and discord in every room.

Religion in the home, means harmony in the home, the co-operation of the various units for the good of the whole.

"Were you brought up in a religious home?"

We used to have Bible reading in the home and allow ten minutes for that and when that was finished we would have twenty-three hours and fifty minutes in which to "Raise Cain."

Religious worship in the home in the last generation produced the greatest group of agnostics of all time. Dogma and theology were mistaken for religion.

Fellowship in the Human Trinity, Father, Mother and Child, constitutes the real religious service in the Home.

"Do you send your children to any school of religious instruction?" Every child should be sent, even though the school does not meet the requirements of the parent. Proper instruction in vital matters used to be given in the home, but then the head of that home, was at once, scientist, philosopher, and priest. But now the home has lost its true significance and the children must seek elsewhere for proper instruction.

"Do you think religion in some form is a necessary element of life for the individual and for the community?" YES, Religion in any form, but Theology in none. Religion is the basis of all relationships. If we would take the 10 points of the Ten Commandments, the two commandments of the New Testament and the Golden Rule, we would have 13 points of religious and moral conduct that would rise superior to any theology that was ever concocted.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

'In this way have written my saints," he muttered, "that the greatest virtue is in truthfulness and that the greatest sin is in breaking the heart of the faithful. Great is this man's sin that he has bowed the head of my blossom. But I am strong and can stand the hate of her who has loved me always . That this man should come between a father and his child is great enough."

A thin line of tears trickled from under the bone rimmed glasses. The old man leaned over, his hands reached out in tenderness to gather in his little child. Taking the slender body in his arms he held her close to his heart, remembering the days gone by when he had tried to give her not only a father's love but a mother's care.

"Poor, pretty blossom," he murmured, "this is the world. My heart has been broken like yours. But I shall shield yours."

A voice weak and broken came from the figure huddled in his arms.

"Father, my father, I love him!"

The aged Chinaman straightened and his face grew as hard as flint.

"I hate him!" he answered, his fingers clenching and unclenching. "I hate him! Because he comes to steal the fragrance of my flower and then to cast it away. But he shall not. By the gods, he shall not! It is the law, the law of ancient China. You shall not disgrace your house or break your own heart. This is but a gentle frost to the snows that would be if the arm of your father did not stand between. Let him come and take you, let him dare—he shall do it only over my dead body, only in the face of my curse, and no man upon whose head descended the curse of Ming Quong, has ever lived."

CHAPTER THREE

Every one knows where Murphy's saloon is, Pink Wilson among the rest. It is one of those peculiar bars where everything is strictly soda pop and gingerale. But from this come some terrible reactions, such as the one which made Pink Wilson, the dubious host that he was, when the Chinaman called upon him. It had a little back room where many kinds of people gathered, most of them of similar caliber. A couple of long haired artists, three or four prize fighting magnates, the leading light of two or three lotteries, a poker shark, a broken down race-horse financier and several members of the gas house gang constituted the main, permanent features of patronage.

Pink Wilson sat at a table in the little back room talking to another individual who was apparently a gentleman that had seen better days.

"Yes," Pink was saying, "I can get her all right. She's to meet me tonight and I'll bring her here. I want you to have a closed car ready and we'll shoot her out of the state before anybody gets wise. See? There's a fellow up in—you know where—who is promising me four thousand dollars for the deal. There's a rich old Chinese codger up there who wants her. I'll go fifty-fifty with you if you wantta get in on the game. Whattaya say?"

The stranger looked for several seconds into Pink's face, then answered. "Who did you say she was?"

"The daughter of Ming Quong," answered Pink.

"Not Ming Quong the great rice importer?" exclaimed the other in amazement.

"Sure! the same," answered Pink, "do you know him?"

"Do I know him? Well, I should say so. You say its his daughter?"

"Yes," drawled Pink, "and as pretty a China-girl as ever lived."

"Well, pardner, you can count me out," answered the other, pulling his Fedora over his eye. "If she belongs to that Chinaman, he can keep her as far as I'm concerned."

"Whattaya mean?" asked Pink in amazement.

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean and its this. I had a pal once—you've heard of hatpin Jake? He was the smartest yegg South of Fourteenth street. He found out about Ming Quong's havin' a nice little box of stones down in his home under that rich shop—I've heard tell there's a hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds alone. Well, Hatpin thought he'd take a chance at it. He crept down one night loaded for bear—I never saw a man in all my life that could pick locks with a hatpin like Jake could—Well, he got in all right and he found the box—you know Jake always had a great sense in him for findin' where stuff was hidden. Well, just as he was tryin' to open it that Chinaman Ming Quong comes in and catches him. Jake says it scared him nearly to death just to see that Chink. He didn't say much—just pointed to the door. And to save his life Jake couldn't do nothin'. When they got to the door, Quong says to him, he says, 'You are never going to tell where these stone are hidden because you are going to be dead before you get a chance.' Well, pardner, Jake left that house so fast that you'd a thought all hell was after him. I seen him the next day—Jake couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep and he kept having pains all over him. Two or three days later he went into convulsions. He tried to tell me where them stones was and every time he spoke his heart would stop beatin' and he'd gasp for breath. Well sir, it was just six days from the day he went into that cellar to the day they picked him out of the river. There wasn't a mark on him—he'd just died of stark fear, that's all. And let me tell you, I don't want nothin' to do with it! That Chinaman's a devil if you ever get him started. I know two other people that tried to do him harm and they both went the same way. He curses 'em, that's what he does—he gets a lot of yellow devils to haunt 'em day and night until they just naturally kill themselves tryin' to get away from 'em."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Pink, "he can't scare me with stuff like that. I've seen that kind of stuff when I had a good dose of hop in me."

"Jake thought he was a big man, too," answered his companion, "but if you'd seen him the day after you wouldn't be laffin' either. That demon just witched him to death."

"Well, that aint the problem," answered Pink, 'what I wantta know is—will you, or will you not have a closed automobile here to help me get that girl out of the state?"

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

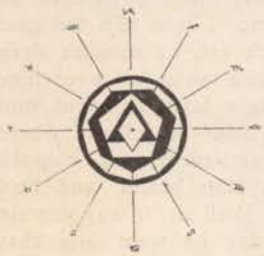
Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

After many years of labor he takes his little lamp and silently slips away into the Unknown. No one knows what he has done or the discoveries that he has made, but 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 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 first he raised himself and with his long latent powers 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 which 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 spiritual, 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 (the spirit and the body) are united through mercury (the link of mind.) Man is the incarnated principle of mind as the animal is the incarnated principle of emotion. Man stands with one foot on the heavens and the other on the earth. His higher being is lifted to the celestial spheres. but the lower ties him to terrestrial matter. Now, 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 likewise the Spirit Fire (rather, the fuel which nourishes that fire) and the changing of the base metals into gold is accomplished when he transmutes the base elements of 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 base metals into gold can be called a literal fact, for the same chemical combination which produces spiritual gold will also produce physical gold. It is known that many of the ancient alchemists really did create the precious metal out of lead, alloy, etc. This 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 other element of the universe therein. Therefore, the alchemist did not try to make something from out of nothing but rather to extract and build that which already was, and this the student knows is the only possible course of procedure.

Man can create nothing from nothing. He does, however, contain within himself, 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 beautiful thing. Indeed, like the fire opal, it shines with a million different hues, ever 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 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 co-operative rather than a competitive system. The five-pointed star is the soul-body, born of this co-operation; it is the living Philosopher's Stone, more precious than all the jewels on 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 the reward of 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 the states of progression explained in the writings of the alchemist, until finally the sun and the moon are united as described in the Hermetic Marriage, which is, in truth, the marriage of the body and the spirit for their mutual development. We are the alchemists who centuries ago carried on in secret our studies of the soul. We still have not only the same opportunity that we had then, but even more, 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. On a busy street corner he daily sees nature's experiments carried on; he sees the fusing of metals, and from the every-day book of life, through the process of analogy, he may study Divinity. By the flame of life's experience the steel of his spirit is tempered. As the moon in the zodiac touches off like

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

'In this way have written my saints," he muttered, "that the greatest virtue is in truthfulness and that the greatest sin is in breaking the heart of the faithful. Great is this man's sin that he has bowed the head of my blossom. But I am strong and can stand the hate of her who has loved me always . That this man should come between a father and his child is great enough."

A thin line of tears trickled from under the bone rimmed glasses. The old man leaned over, his hands reached out in tenderness to gather in his little child. Taking the slender body in his arms he held her close to his heart, remembering the days gone by when he had tried to give her not only a father's love but a mother's care.

"Poor, pretty blossom," he murmured, "this is the world. My heart has been broken like yours. But I shall shield yours."

A voice weak and broken came from the figure huddled in his arms.

"Father, my father, I love him!"

The aged Chinaman straightened and his face grew as hard as flint.

"I hate him!" he answered, his fingers clenching and unclenching. "I hate him! Because he comes to steal the fragrance of my flower and then to cast it away. But he shall not. By the gods, he shall not! It is the law, the law of ancient China. You shall not disgrace your house or break your own heart. This is but a gentle frost to the snows that would be if the arm of your father did not stand between. Let him come and take you, let him dare—he shall do it only over my dead body, only in the face of my curse, and no man upon whose head descended the curse of Ming Quong, has ever lived."

CHAPTER THREE

Every one knows where Murphy's saloon is, Pink Wilson among the rest. It is one of those peculiar bars where everything is strictly soda pop and gingerale. But from this come some terrible reactions, such as the one which made Pink Wilson, the dubious host that he was, when the Chinaman called upon him. It had a little back room where many kinds of people gathered, most of them of similar caliber. A couple of long haired artists, three or four prize fighting magnates, the leading light of two or three lotteries, a poker shark, a broken down race-horse financier and several members of the gas house gang constituted the main, permanent features of patronage.

Pink Wilson sat at a table in the little back room talking to another individual who was apparently a gentleman that had seen better days.

"Yes," Pink was saying, "I can get her all right. She's to meet me tonight and I'll bring her here. I want you to have a closed car ready and we'll shoot her out of the state before anybody gets wise. See? There's a fellow up in—you know where—who is promising me four thousand dollars for the deal. There's a rich old Chinese codger up there who wants her. I'll go fifty-fifty with you if you wantta get in on the game. Whattaya say?"

The stranger looked for several seconds into Pink's face, then answered. "Who did you say she was?"

"The daughter of Ming Quong," answered Pink.

"Not Ming Quong the great rice importer?" exclaimed the other in amazement.

"Sure! the same," answered Pink, "do you know him?"

"Do I know him? Well, I should say so. You say its his daughter?"

"Yes," drawled Pink, "and as pretty a China-girl as ever lived."

"Well, pardner, you can count me out," answered the other, pulling his Fedora over his eye. "If she belongs to that Chinaman, he can keep her as far as I'm concerned."

"Whattaya mean?" asked Pink in amazement.

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean and its this. I had a pal once—you've heard of hatpin Jake? He was the smartest yegg South of Fourteenth street. He found out about Ming Quong's havin' a nice little box of stones down in his home under that rich shop—I've heard tell there's a hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds alone. Well, Hatpin thought he'd take a chance at it. He crept down one night loaded for bear—I never saw a man in all my life that could pick locks with a hatpin like Jake could—Well, he got in all right and he found the box—you know Jake always had a great sense in him for findin' where stuff was hidden. Well, just as he was tryin' to open it that Chinaman Ming Quong comes in and catches him. Jake says it scared him nearly to death just to see that Chink. He didn't say much—just pointed to the door. And to save his life Jake couldn't do nothin'. When they got to the door, Quong says to him, he says, 'You are never going to tell where these stone are hidden because you are going to be dead before you get a chance.' Well, pardner, Jake left that house so fast that you'd a thought all hell was after him. I seen him the next day—Jake couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep and he kept having pains all over him. Two or three days later he went into convulsions. He tried to tell me where them stones was and every time he spoke his heart would stop beatin' and he'd gasp for breath. Well sir, it was just six days from the day he went into that cellar to the day they picked him out of the river. There wasn't a mark on him—he'd just died of stark fear, that's all. And let me tell you, I don't want nothin' to do with it! That Chinaman's a devil if you ever get him started. I know two other people that tried to do him harm and they both went the same way. He curses 'em, that's what he does—he gets a lot of yellow devils to haunt 'em day and night until they just naturally kill themselves tryin' to get away from 'em."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Pink, "he can't scare me with stuff like that. I've seen that kind of stuff when I had a good dose of hop in me."

"Jake thought he was a big man, too," answered his companion, "but if you'd seen him the day after you wouldn't be laffin' either. That demon just witched him to death."

"Well, that aint the problem," answered Pink, 'what I wantta know is—will you, or will you not have a closed automobile here to help me get that girl out of the state?"

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

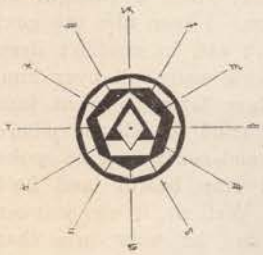
Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

After many years of labor he takes his little lamp and silently slips away into the Unknown. No one knows what he has done or the discoveries that he has made, but 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 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 first he raised himself and with his long latent powers 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 which 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 spiritual, 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 (the spirit and the body) are united through mercury (the link of mind.) Man is the incarnated principle of mind as the animal is the incarnated principle of emotion. Man stands with one foot on the heavens and the other on the earth. His higher being is lifted to the celestial spheres. but the lower ties him to terrestrial matter. Now, 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 likewise the Spirit Fire (rather, the fuel which nourishes that fire) and the changing of the base metals into gold is accomplished when he transmutes the base elements of 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 base metals into gold can be called a literal fact, for the same chemical combination which produces spiritual gold will also produce physical gold. It is known that many of the ancient alchemists really did create the precious metal out of lead, alloy, etc. This 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 other element of the universe therein. Therefore, the alchemist did not try to make something from out of nothing but rather to extract and build that which already was, and this the student knows is the only possible course of procedure.

Man can create nothing from nothing. He does, however, contain within himself, 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 beautiful thing. Indeed, like the fire opal, it shines with a million different hues, ever 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 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 co-operative rather than a competitive system. The five-pointed star is the soul-body, born of this co-operation; it is the living Philosopher's Stone, more precious than all the jewels on 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 the reward of 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 the states of progression explained in the writings of the alchemist, until finally the sun and the moon are united as described in the Hermetic Marriage, which is, in truth, the marriage of the body and the spirit for their mutual development. We are the alchemists who centuries ago carried on in secret our studies of the soul. We still have not only the same opportunity that we had then, but even more, 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. On a busy street corner he daily sees nature's experiments carried on; he sees the fusing of metals, and from the every-day book of life, through the process of analogy, he may study Divinity. By the flame of life's experience the steel of his spirit is tempered. As the moon in the zodiac touches off like

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry $2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones 2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories) 2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions 1.00
Talks to Students ..... .50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path ..... .50
Evolution ..... .50
Death and After ..... .50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted) ..... .50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted) ..... .50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted) ..... .50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

a fuse the happenings of life, so his own desires and wishes touch off the powers of his soul, and these experiences may be transmuted into soul qualities when he has developed the eye which enables him to read the simplest of all books—every-day life.

The alchemist of today does not study alone hidden in caves and cellars, but as he pursues his work it is seen that walls are built around him, for while (like the master of old) he is in the world, he is not of it. As he progresses further in 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 theretofore carried on must be his only guide. He must take the Elixir of Life which he has developed and with it fill the lamp of his Spiritual Consciousness. Holding that above his head, he must walk into the Unknown where, 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 he will study worlds and globes and as a silent watcher learn from that Divine One—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.

(To be Continued)

Edison Believes Inventions Not Dangerous But Will Lead to Ultimate Peace

On the birthday of the Electric Light, recently celebrated by Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor declared that contrary to the belief of many critics, that inventions in general have not lead to war, but have produced a reasoning and questioning age. People are becoming, he believes, more intelligent, and will not permit themselves to be exploited by emperors and kings and societies.

He advised a young man to turn unhesitatingly to the field of electricity, electric light, heat and chemical reactions, if he has imagination and the will to work. More remains to be done in the electrical field than has already been done.

"The helium atom has been broken into atoms of hydrogen," he said. "It is a theoretical step at present, but it has great possibilities. How great, no man can tell. You remember when Faraday discovered a means of getting electricity from induced magnetism and was asked what good his discovery was, he replied: 'What good is a baby?'"

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3)

"No. sir!" answered the one with the Fedora hat, "I will not. That's the second time. How many times do you want me to tellya? Anything that belongs to that Chinaman has hands off signs on it to me."

"Well, then," answered Pink rising, "I'll have to pull it alone. But if you ever squeal a word of it to anybody, I'll kill ya."

"I'm not afraid of what you'll do to me after you've done anything to that Chinaman!" laughed the other, dragging his hat down over his eye. "Will you have lilies of the valley or wistaria on your coffin?" And with a hitch of his belt the slouchy companion disappeared into the front room where he ordered an alcohol ginger ale.

Pink rose from his chair and followed him out, leaving the back room deserted, for it was too early in the day for the usual crowd to gather.

Suddenly there was a squeak and the old piano upon which a well known finger artist perpetrated various crimes during the evening, moved slowly across the room as though pushed by unseen hands and a door was revealed behind it. This opened and into the back room stepped Ming Quong.

"It is not that a Chinese gentleman should eavesdrop," he murmured to himself, "but the thinness of these walls is really sufficient to excuse me for hearing what is said. My good friend, Mr. Wilson, has a delightful plan—really in keeping with his most excellent record, but he has not enjoyed the curse of Ming Quong as much as his companion has. I believe that the ten thousand beatitudes will rest upon that gentleman with the Fedora this night, while an equal number of calamities will rest upon my friend Mr. Wilson."

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.

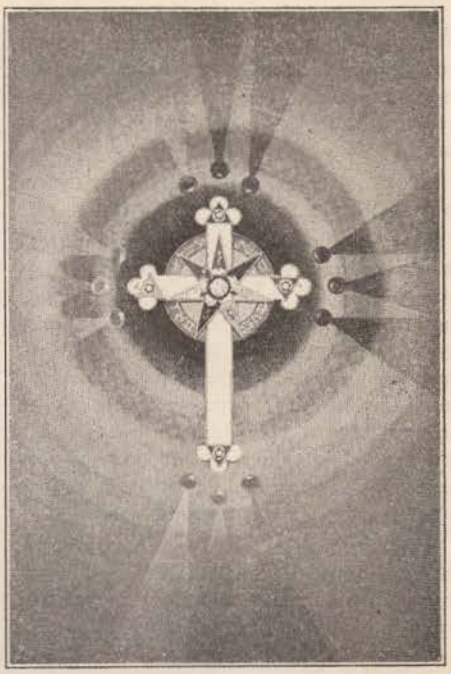
Commercial Printing and Publications

443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

A Service Appealing to All People in Those Matters of Individual Preference as to the Right Care of the Body.

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.

Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151



A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS

Reproduced from an oil painting by the well-known Armenian artist, Mihran K. Serailian. Copyrighted 1926, by Manly P. Hall.

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.

Must be seen in true colors to be appreciated.

This painting, 9x13, beautifully reproduced in four colors. is one of three especially painted for Manly P. Hall, to accompany his newest book, "An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism". This book complete, $4.00. Picture on matboard ready for framing $1.00.

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,

Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)

He passed over to the door and looked out. Pink had climbed up the cellar steps and vanished. The proprietor of the drinking house stepped up to the Chinaman.

"We need some hop." he announced in an under tone.

"How much?" asked Ming Quong, "I am making my rounds this morning. It is most excellent that all of our friends should be joined together by these underground passageways. But really, I think the walls of some of them are almost too thin for proper privacy." And the Oriental blew a little incense into the air and fanned it that the soft drowsy perfume might relieve his nostrils from the pungent smell of bad liquor.

"I admire you Americans in many ways, but somehow,—if you will permit it, honorable bartender, I would say that you are crude in many things."

The Chinaman passed behind the piano which rolled back into place behind him and after winding in and out amid the maze of underground passageways, finally came to his own underground palace.

Here he opened, very carefully, a locked door and entered a tiny room, not more than six or eight feet square, but lined with wondrous precious draperies. A teak chair and table stood in the room, also a number of strange instruments and a little stove. The Oriental busied himself for a time and took a small kettle from the shelf and filled it with flaked wax. This he placed on the hot stove, while he took from the shelf a number of small books and a mold of brass. These he laid out before him and sat down with considerable complacency.

His hand suddenly stopped in mid air as he was about to pick up the mold. From somewhere came the soft wail of a stringed instrument, and a voice was singing, singing a sad Chinese love song in pathetic melancholy key. Tears came to the old man's eyes.

"Poor little blossom," he muttered to himself, 'she shall never know."

With a thin chopstick he stirred the melting wax. Little by little the lumps dissolved until it became a golden liquid, nearly transparent. This he poured back and forth in to little kettles until it gleamed like a thread of spun gold. Then he replaced it on the stove and slowly and carefully drew the golden cap from his long forefinger. Extracting with a tiny pair of tweezers three reddish gray hairs, he laid them upon the table, and slipped the finger tip back into place. Picking up one hair he gazed at it for several seconds.

"This for breaking the heart of one who trusted, and who, if you had your way, would be tomorrow one of the many

Appreciation of
"The All-Seeing Eye"
Can be measured by the growth in subscriptions.
20 weeks—$1.00

lost to the light of the world." He laid the hair carefully inthe mold and picked up the second. "This, for the heart of the father that is broken by the tears of the child who has turned against him because of you." And the second hair was laid across the first. With the fine tweezers he raised the third hair and gazed at it. "This for the hearts in the world you have broken, for the lives you have crushed. With this one shall civilization be avenged for the blight you have cast upon it." And he laid this hair across the other two, forming of them a six pointed star.

He then closed the mold and with the ladle took from the kettle the boiling wax and poured it into the single opening of the mold. About two and a half cupfuls were poured in and then it reached the top. He left the mold standing upon the table and with care and precision put back each tool and utensil from where he had taken it.

Then drawing a long-stemmed pipe from the shelf nearby, he lighted it and sat down facing the mold.

Several minutes passed. The strange subtle odor of expensive Chinese tobacco filled the room, and still Ming Quong gazed steadily at the brass block before him.

"Three hairs," he murmured. "Is it not well there should be three? One for my child, one for myself, and one for my world! Many a man has died by a rope made of a single hair. Yes, it is well."

The pipe went out and Ming Quong returned it to the shelf. He touched the mold but it was still too warm. He sat down again and taking up a book with strange characters of the words of Confucious he read page after page, turning the silken leaves with his long gilded fingers.

The silence was broken only by the notes of the soft sad song that drifted in through the wall, and the wail of the plaintive instrument. The Prince of the House of Ming was in his mediation. The family shrine stood open before him and he gazed upon its gods in peace, for the thing that he was doing was well. His soul told him.

At last the Chinaman leaned over again and finding the mold to his satisfaction, pressed the tiny catch on the side and lifted off the upper side, very carefully. very gently. He then turned it over and shook it slightly. Into his hand fell an object of cast wax about the size of a pear, and not unlike one in shape. In six places in the surfact of the wax tiny points of hair protruded. With a fine knife Ming Quong cut these off and held the object to the light.

What the Chinaman had molded was a human heart, perfect in every detail. All the valves and arteries showed out in natural proportion and the mouth of the aorta hung in natural position from the side of the organ.

"Yes," murmured the Prince of Ming, "it is as hard as his heart but perchance I have made it larger. This heart is of wax, his is of stone. God, forgive me for overestimating him. Had I lead I would mold it of that. It is a good heart," and he turned if over, "far better than his. And the wax is cleaner than the stuff that his is made of. Again, this heart has done no man ill, while his has blackened many lives. Again, a false comparison. Alas, what can the fingers of man fashion as hateful as the deeds of his heart?" The Chinaman listened to the playing of the wailing instrument. 'That used to play the flower songs and the lily tunes of sweet Nan Shung where the little pine trees waved against the sky, and the little bridges crossed the running streams. The song of the boatman as his thatched craft floats down the river to the sea.—those are the tunes she once played. But now she plays the Wail of the Dead. Ah! honorable Mr. Wilson, she plays your death knell and does not know it. This heart is heavy—God! that your's were! This heart is cold now, so shall yours be."

The Chinaman reached over and took from the wall a little case of ebony. It was lined with plush and satin and in this soft resting place he laid the heart of wax, in it the three hairs from the head of Wilson.

(To Be Continued)

Wanted

ADVERTISING

The All-Seeing Eye

Now Reaches

Over 1,000 People Weekly and is growing rapidly.

Rates on Request.

We Reserve the right to Edit all Advertising.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,180— Edited by MANLY P. HALL **WE WANT —3000—**

Volume 3, No. 7 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, January 5th, 1927 10c a Copy

WASHINGTON'S VISION AT VALLEY FORGE

Future of U. S. Shown to Father of His Country.

By Wesley Bradshaw.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then 91 and becoming very feeble but though so old, his dimming eye rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand—"what time is it? I cannot see so well now as I used to".

"Half past three."

"Come then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall: I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life, one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live, you will before long see it verified."

Reaching the visitor's room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are kept, we sat down on one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

When the bold action of our congress in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuious rebels whom British grenadiers would soon tame into submission; but undoubtedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The stern encounter came and the world knows the result.

It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of '76, but they little know, neither can they imagine the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and unless it is checked will at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and ill, at one time victorious and at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care-worn face as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 3)

San Francisco Number

See Special Announcement on Page 6

NOAH AND HIS WONDERFUL ARK

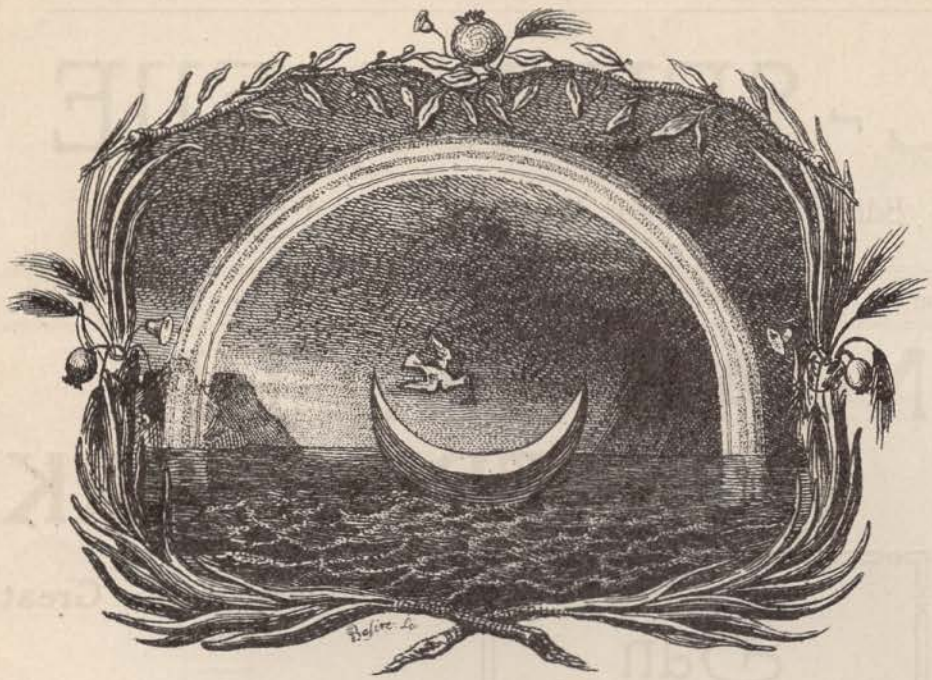
Symbolism of the Great Flood

By Manly P. Hall

Every passage in the Bible has many interpretations, for the book was written as the key to all things and not merely as the explanation of a single mystery. Therefore when we study that part of it which takes up the story of Noah's Ark, we are dealing with a twelve-fold allegory. Many of its mysteries are as yet unknown to even the most advanced students, and it can never be understood in its fullness until man's mind reaches cosmic proportions. The Bible is a sealed book, and it will remained sealed until man himself through the purification of his bodies and the balancing of his mind has given the sword of his spirit the power to cut the Gordian Knot, which the lay brother must spend years and perhaps even lives in trying to untie.

True occult work is not secret; no one is forbidden to study and master the laws of Nature. But until we have prepared ourselves by service and altruism, we are unable to comprehend the grandeur, purity, and justice of the Universal Plan. The reason the Bible is a sealed book is because the student can see nothing in the world without or in the Sacred Books unless he has evolved eyes within himself with which to see and appreciate. Ingersoll was perfectly correct when he said, "An honest God is the noblest work of man." For while God is unchanged by our concepts of Him, still to us He is limited by our own ideals, and the mysteries in His sacred books are veiled from the eyes of him who looks only with the physical sense.

Now let us turn to the Book of Genesis which contains the story of the Ark and the Flood and read the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth chapters. If the stu-



dent will read these before he goes on with this article, it may make some of the points clearer.

First, let us consider the Flood. In every religion of the world we find reference to this, and all agree approximately as to the time when it occurred. The student of comparative religions will of course remember the great flood that sank the last of the continent of Atlantis about nine thousand years B. C. All earlier floods covered only a part of the earth, and the searcher is forced to look elsewhere for the Great Flood or Oblivion that is spoken of in the Bible. We find that the ancient word used for flood does not mean water necessarily but rather oblivion.

One of the great laws of Nature is that of periodicity—in other words, the law of action and repose. We know that it is necessary for man to go to sleep every night to make up for his great expenditure of energy during the daytime. We know that every giving forth must be balanced by a taking in. It is the same with the universe as it is with man. There comes a time when the world must rest after each great day of manifestation. This is called the Night of the Gods. At this time all of the planets and suns return into the universal All. We can see this process taking place in the great nebulae in the sky. It is then that God, the creator, ceases to manifest for a certain length of time before again sending out globes on which the development of man may proceed. It is then that Noah, representing the God of our solar system, and his three sons, who represent the threefold trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, float over Oblivion, carrying with them the germs of all created things which have been drawn back into the Infinite.

When the worlds are sent out again, these beings are drawn to the globes to whose rate of vibration they are attuned. The process is the same as that used by the Ego, which contains within it the seed atoms of the lower bodies. The Ego and the spiritual substance with which it is clothed constitute the Ark; the three sons of Noah are the seed atoms of the lower bodies, and their wives are the negative poles of these atoms. Noah is the mind. The Ark with the seed atoms floats in mind stuff before the descent of the atoms again into matter through rebirth. In Masonic stories there is mentioned a cable tow that connects the Ark with the earth. This the student knows to be the silver cord, which connects the spirit and the body.

We know that spirit cannot die. The animals which are driven into the Ark represent the life of all the kingdoms that is withdrawn into God and remains there until planes of consciousness are evolved for its remanifestation.

Then again the story of the Ark is the story of the Ego building the bodies which when completed will give him consciousness on all planes of nature. The three sons of Noah are the three lower bodies. In order for man to function on any plane of nature he must have a body attuned to that plane. The loss of consciousness means that the vehicle which attunes the spirit to that plane has been withdrawn. When the three lower bodies have been built, the Ego always has a vehicle of expression and never loses consciousness on any plane of nature.

The animals in the Ark thus represent the various powers in man that are carried with him from life to life in the living ark of his own being. The one window in the Ark represents the spiritual eye through which the higher man watches the bodies below him.

When the world (the bodies) again comes into being, the Ark comes to rest on the top of Mt. Ararat. This is the head of man, or the high place in the body. There in the frontal sinus the Ego takes its place, and the forces coming down from it again people the body.

When the dove, the messenger, brings the sprig of acacia back to the higher man, then he knows that the lower bodies have come to life again, and that it will be possible to come down from the Ark and labor with them. It shows that the higher ideals and the transmuted animal forces can again go to all parts of the earth and proceed with their work.

The first thing that Noah did when he left the Ark was to build an altar unto the Lord, and upon this altar he built a fire, and upon this altar he made sacrifices to God. Each of us who would follow in his footsteps must do the same. The altar that he built to God was his own purified body, and before it he and all of his children bowed. The fire upon the altar was the spirit fire within himself which he had kindled by his own actions and thoughts. The sacrifice that he made upon that altar was that of the lower passions and emotions of his life.

Then the rainbow appeared in the sky, and the promise was made by the Almighty to Noah that as long as that bow remained there would never be another flood. This is a wonderful allegory, especially when we remember that the rainbow is made of the three primary colors: the blue of the spirit, the yellow of the mind, and the red of the body. These are the colors of the trinity in man: the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

As long as these three principles are balanced in man, forming in their combinations all the other colors, there will never be another Oblivion. But if even one of those colors disappears, darkness falls over the Ego in whose temple that mistake is made. The threefold path that leads to God is one. If you love with all your being and allow your mind or body to go unused, you are taking your rainbow from the sky. If you know all things and have not love, you have gained nothing. If you have both knowledge and love and yet the action of hands and body in daily work is neglected, there is nothing gained.

In this rainbow we see the threefold silver cord, and when it is broken the body is dead. Death is the result of crystallization, when the body becomes too heavy to be carried by the spirit. Then it is discarded and another taken. It is the same with the thoughts and emotions. They must be high and ethereal, yet ever

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

"A precious treasure," murmured Mandarin Ming. "a precious treasure indeed—I wish far more that it were filled with rice, for the little germs which feed my people are cleaner than the men they feed." He rose slowly and carefully locking the casket with its strange contents, he carried it under his arm out into the passageway and along the corridor until he again reached the place where the piano stood, and where bad whiskey spread the death of the white man and opium's endless sleep hovered in the air.

There, like a figure of stone, he stood in the passageway through the hours that passed, his great back hunched like some beast ready to spring. In his hands lay the casket with the heart of wax.

CHAPTER IV

The old Chinaman stood there while his fluid mind stuff reacted the events preceeding this final act of his little drama. He saw Pink Wilson creeping into his home; he saw his daughter, blinded by a love for which she was not altogether responsible; he saw her, overcome by soft words and futile promises, follow the scheming American out of her home and into an automobile. He saw them speeding through the city, he saw them reach the old saloon; he could actually hear them descending the steps. And sure enough, a few seconds later, he heard the old bartender ordering the people out of the back room, heard the door close and lock, and, gazing through a concealed peephole over the piano, he saw his daughter with the cherry blossoms still wound in her hair, still garbed in her silken Oriental costume. seated at the little table while across from her sat the American.

The corners of the old man's mouth set in a hard cruel line, then he gazed upon his daughter. He saw the look of fear in her eyes and he realized that a great disillusionment was taken place. He heard his child pleading.

"Let me go back! I am afraid of you"

He heard Pink Wilson's heartless laugh and answer.

"Go back? Well I guess not! There's a couple of thousand dollars waiting for me across the border, where old Chow Fat is looking for a wife just like you. Take you back home? Well, I guess not!"

The long fingers of the Chinaman ached to strangle the life from the American but he restrained himself. He heard his daughter's soft voice pleading. He listened to her prayers, and her cries, which ended as with a dull thud she crumpled upon the floor. He listened to the laughter of Pink Wilson, but around the corners of his mouth there lurked a strange, sardonic smile, as slowly he opened the sacred box and drew forth the heart of wax.

"So, my honorable friend," he whispered, "you laugh at the curse of Ming Quong? Ha! You laugh now. You crept into his garden of dreams and stole its treasure. That treasure is now broken at your feet. Laugh—for you have not much longer to laugh. Smile and jeer today—for tomorrow you will be dead. Ming Quong is not the foolish yellow man you think. The real Ming Quong is a great man you do not know."

Again a burst of laughter sounded through the door.

"You laugh too loudly," exclaimed Ming Quong, "it grates upon my ears. How does this feel?" He took from his sleeve a little wooden hairpin with a fan on the end—one that his little girl used in her hair and which he had drawn from it the day before. Still a little cherry blossom was twined around the wooden stick.

Taking the thin shaft he pressed it against the side of the waxen heart. At the same time muttering an incantation.

The laugh of Pink Wilson stopped short on its high note as he felt a pain shoot through his heart, which nearly threw him from his feet. He sank into a chair gasping for breath, with his hand over the tortured organ.

"Oh-h-h," he gasped, "what was that?"

Through the solid wall a voice answered him.

"That. honorable Mr. Wilson, is just a little prick from a hairpin."

The American started from his seat.

"Where are you?" he screamed.

Nothing answered him, and as a few seconds later his strength returned, he threw off the web of imagination which he felt was grasping at him. Picking up the unconscious figure he headed towards a secret panel in the wall which he knew concealed a passageway leading into a house where he could find concealment.

He had but started when a voice behind him ordered: "Stop!"

Before him stood Mandarin Ming, a majestic, towering figure, in his hand a little heart made of wax. Pink Wilson jumped back and dropped his burden to the floor.

"Mr. Wilson." exclaimed the Chinaman, "my honorable friend. I came to you as a father protecting his child, and asked as a father that you would leave her alone. You promised me as a gentleman that you would do so. You have broken your promise. No Chinese gentleman would want to live to be confronted by a man he had wronged, and I am about to save you the dishonor of outliving your crime. You have stolen from me my blossom. I shall take her again close to my heart and pray that the wound you have made shall heal. But my blossom will never be as fair as before for the tender shoot has been broken and the plant will be dwarfed. You would sell flesh and blood—you, who call yourself a Christian would do this to a heathen. You have heard of the curse of the princes of Ming, you shall feel that curse. Here in my hand I hold your heart. Look, I touch it, you shudder. By the powers I have, unknown to you, I have united your living heart and this heart of wax, and I hold your life in my fingers."

The Chinaman reached over his shoulder and picking up the end of his cue twisted it around the neck of the aorta of the heart of wax. He then took the bamboo pin and placing it under the rope of hair, slowly twisted it.

"No. no!" screamed Wilson, his eyes staring from his head. "Don't do that! Take away your daughter—take her back but don't do that!"

The Chinaman answered, "You were not too cowardly to face the curse, therefore why are you too cowardly to pay for your folly?"

"No, no," screamed Wilson running to the door, "don't do it! Let me go!"

The Chinaman held up his hand. "Three threads there are. threads of hair, your hair, in this heart. These three threads of you seal your doom. This thread is for that broken heart that lies at your feet, this thread for the outraged father who stands before you, this thread for civilization's debt which you must pay. The only reason why I hesitate to turn this cord is that I hate to fill hell with such as you."

The Chinaman's eyes had in them the glint of stone.

"No ,no, don't! Mercy!" screamed Wilson, his face white and his jaw dropping. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. He tore at his collar and clutched at his breast. "My God! Do anything, but don't turn that cord!"

A crafty look came over the Chinaman's face.

"My honorable friend will always find Ming Quong considerate. You have prayed that Ming Quong will not turn that cord. Very well, he will not, for it would not be a fitting punishment. You have not strangled us as I could strangle you. You have done something else—you have broken my heart, you have

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Application has been made for entry as Second Class matter.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

What is the life in man?

Answer. The life in man is that spark of the Divine Fire which in search of experience has robed itself in the garments of matter which it is slowly transmuting until its prison walls shall become a glorious dwelling place to be finally united with the Life itself.

MANLY P. HALL

What does man carry with him from life to life?

Answer. His consciousness and upon the seed atoms of his various bodies the records of every thought, action and desire which have animated his being. These form the basis of karmic payments and future growth and unfoldment and they will remain with him until he has absorbed all of these experiences into the soul.

Is man perfect now?

Answer. Perfection is a matter of relativity and in order to be perpetually perfect requires perpetual adjustment with ever finer planes of spiritual influx. Each divine Ego is perfect but this perfection must remain unexpressed until evolution, or experience, molds the bodies into worthy implements for the life within.

Is there any short cut to perfection?

Answer. The longest way around is the most successful because the fineness of adjustments is the basis of the estimate of perfection and those who have done their work the most thoroughly have in reality done it in the shortest and most satisfactory manner.

What is man's work here?

Answer. His duty is to learn through experience, to harmonize his mentality with the finer heart sentiments. It is the union of spirit and matter, heart and mind —the marriage of the sun and moon— which man is striving to attain through an equal development and harmonization of his thoughts and emotions.

What is man's true position in the universe?

Answer. He is according to the ancient poets 'twixt heaven and hell—half way between perfect consciousness and absolute negation. He should stand in the center of his spiritual and intellectual world drawing towards himself from all extremities of the universe the powers that he needs but always remaining true to his own center and never identifying himself with any of the tangents.

Was Masonry known in Atlantis?

Answer. Wherever the Wisdom Religions are found, be it East, West, South or North, we find Masonry. From the heart of China to the jungles of South Africa. Masonry undoubtedly had its foundation in the sun worship of ancient Atlantis.

What is the soul?

Answer. The soul is a body built by the thoughts, actions and desires of human life which weave a garment according to their own quality. Later this garment becomes the vehicle of consciousness for the spirit for within it are incorporated all of the growth of the lower bodies.

Does our life belong to us?

Answer. In many ways our life belongs to us. In fact in the Great Plan it does so entirely. But owing to the fact that in the past we contracted certain debts, our free will is mortgaged in favor of people to whom we owe certain actions and qualities. Therefore in coming into incarnation certain things we must do whether we want to or not because of sacred obligations we have made in the past.

What is free will?

Answer. God alone has free will. Man has the power of choice. Ignorance is the limiting factor in free will. The greater number of things we know the greater is our area of choice until as gods, knowing all, we have the choice of all.

Are all individual experiences preserved?

Answer. Yes. They are the basis of soul growth and are stored up in the centers of bodies until we have built the necessary faculties to read them.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.
A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry	**$2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	**2.00**
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Talks to Students	**.50**
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
Death and After	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	**.50**
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	**.50**
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	**.50**

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

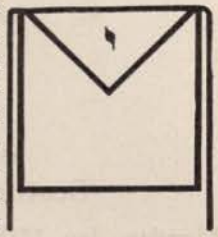
(Continued)

CHAPTER IV
THE EGYPTIAN INITIATE

Myriads of years have elapsed since the Egyptian Priest-King passed through the pillars of Thebes. Ages before the sinking of Atlantis and many ages before the Christian era, Egypt was a land of great truths. The hand of the Great White Brotherhood was outstretched to the Empire of the Nile and the passages of the ancient pyramid resounded with the chants of the Initiates. Then it was that the Pharaoh now called half-human half-divine reigned over Egypt. Pharaohs were degenerate and of little importance. It is only the early Pharaohs we now list among the Priest-Kings.

Try to picture the great Hall of Luxor with its inscriptive columns holding up domes of solid granite, each column having carved thereon the histories of the gods. At the upper end of the chamber sat the Pharaoh of the Nile in his robes of state; around him were his counselors, 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 ancient; on his forehead the coiled serpent of the Initiate—the serpent that was raised in the wilderness that all who looked thereon might live; and that sleeping serpent power in man which, coiled head downward around the Tree of Life, drove 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 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. There 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 who, in spite of all his power and glory and the grandeur of the world's greatest empire, still 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 so precious or sacred to the ancient Egyptian Priest-King as the triangular girdle or apron 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 bodies when the seat of the lower emotions, Scorpio, was covered by the white sheepsking of purification. This plain insignia, the symbol of his purification, though worn by many others inferior to him in rank and dignity but equal to him in spiritual purification, was the most treasured possession of the Egyptian Priest-King. There he sat, with the symbols of his purification and mastery written upon him in the words of the Initiate, a wise king over a wise people. And it was through these Priest-Kings that Divinity worked, for they were of the Order of Melchizedek. Through them was formulated that doctrine which degeneracy has been unable entirely to obliterate and which we know as the divine right of kings—divine because by reason of their spirituality and growth God was able to manifest through them. Conscious instruments were they in the hands of a superior power, willing and proud to do the work of those with whom they had attuned themselves through knowledge and truth.

But, as with every nation, the time came when selfishness and egotism entered the hearts of king and people alike. Slowly the hand of the Great White Brotherhood that had fed ancient Egypt was withdrawn; slowly the powers of darkness transformed its former magnificence into crumbling ruins, and the names of once mighty kings were buried beneath the oblivion of degeneracy. Mighty cataclysms shook the world and out of the land of darkness the Great White Brotherhood carried the chosen people into the promised land; Egypt, once the land of hope and glory, disintegrated into dust.

The great temples of the Pharaohs are naught but ruins, the temples of Isis 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 in the path. Though his sceptre be gone and his priestly vestments moulded away, still the Priest-King walks the earth with the dignity, the power, and the child-like simplicity that formerly made him great. Though he no longer wears the robes of his Order and though he be without credentials, yet is he now as much a Priest-King as then, for he still bears the true insignia of his rank. Knowledge and love have replaced the coiled serpent of the past; the hand that bestowed gifts of riches then does little acts of kindness now. Though he no longer carry the triple sceptre of self-mastery, still he manifests that mastery in his daily life. Though the altar fires within the Temple at Karnak have long since been dead, still burns the true fire within himself and still he bows before it as in the days of Egypt's splendor. Though the priest no longer be his counselor and the wise ones of his country no longer aid him in problems of state, yet is he never alone, for the priests in white and the counselors in blue still march by his side, whispering words of strength and courage when he needs them.

(To Be Continued)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

January 9th—Capital Punishment.

In the prologue Mr. Hall will consider the five Greatest Men of Arthur Brisbane

January 16th—Character Analysis.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

THE GAY GHANI

A Refreshing Comedy Said to Show Up Los Angeles Psychic Fakers.

At the Potboiler Art Theatre.

What happens, when a young Mid-West "aspirant" for "higher knowledges" drops in on an old acquaintance in Los Angeles, is the story told by The Gay Gnani, an original Comedy by Davida and Haldan Thomas. Through his magic and naivete, and by his declaration of the acquisition of certain knowledges the Gnani mixes things up generally. And he brings the people of the play into humorous situations, which bring out their "little follies".

The word Gnani is from the East. It signifies a student or disciple of certain religious or philosophic systems in India. And while the play does not attempt to give any true delineation of such a student, it does tell what an American interpretation might be, and how Americans might apply certain so-called Eastern principles of life. It does this with the attention of the Audience ever directed to the fun that ensues. For in the hands of anyone but the one who knows how to use it, a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The Gay Gnani will be played on the nights of January 6th, 7th, and 8th.

What center of consciousness is man working on now?

Answer. Man is at the present time laboring especially to unfold the mind with its forty nine centers of sense consciousness. That is the work alloted to him during the earth period of evolution.

Next Week:
Hindu Magic—A Short Story.

Self-reliant thinking is the true purpose of education, and insofar as our schools are promoting this kind of education are they successful as representative institutions in a democracy.—R. E. Blight.

It is never safe for a nation to repose on the lap of ignorance; and if there ever was a time when public tranquillity was insured by the absence of knowledge, that season is past. Unthinking stupidity cannot sleep without being appalled by phantoms and shaken by terrors. The improvement of the mass of the people is the grand security for popular liberty; in the neglect of which the politeness, refinement and knowledge accumulated in the higher orders and wealthier classes will some day perish like dry grass in the hot fire of popular fury.—Gen. Albert Pike.

SAN FRANCISCO

AND BAY CITIES, WINTER SEASON, 1927.

January 17—28th

MANLY P. HALL

Will give the following lectures in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sutter at Van Ness:

Monday, Jan. 17th, 8 P. M.—SUMMING UP MY OWN PHILOSOPHY.
This lecture is given in reply to the great number of questions that have been asked as to what Mr. Hall himself actually believes.

Tuesday, Jan. 18th, 8 P. M.—MELCHIZEDEK, AND THE MYSTERY OF FIRE.
An exposition of the occult properties of fire and the worship of that element among the Secret Schools of ancient and modern times.

Wednesday, Jan. 19th, 8 P. M.—A STUDY IN ESOTERIC ANATOMY.
The evening will be devoted to a consideration of the ductless glands of the brain and the Chakras (lotus blossoms) on the spinal column. Illustrated with reproductions from three oil paintings specially prepared to demonstrate the principles involved.

Thursday, Jan. 20th, 8 P. M.—BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE ROSICRUCIANS.
A stereopticon lecture illustrated with reproductions of famous books and documents, involved in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

Friday, Jan. 21st, 8 P. M.—THE WORLD HOROSCOPE FOR 1927.
An outline of the principles of astrology as applied to national and international prediction, progressing the horoscope of the United States of America.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd, 8 P. M.—MASONIC, HERMETIC, AND ROSICRUCIAN SYMBOLICAL PHILOSOPHY.
This lecture will be illustrated with the pictures which are to appear in Mr. Hall's new book on Symbolism.

Monday, Jan. 24th, 8 P. M.—AN EVENING WITH THE GREAT MINDS OF GREECE.
Plato, on the Lost Atlantis; Aristotle, on Metaphysics; Socrates, on the Invisible Inhabitants of the Elements; Theon, on the Animal Soul; and Homer, on the Cyclops; to which is added the Oracles of Greece.

Tuesday, Jan. 25th, 8 P. M.—MADAM BLAVATSKY AND THE MASTERS OF WISDOM.
A stereopticon lecture illustrated with many rare portraits of Madam Blavatsky and the different Masters who form the Trans-Himalayan Brotherhood.

Wednesday, Jan. 26th, 8 P. M.—UNVEILING THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.
This is an interpretation of the arcana of an ancient Mystery Drama, with the application of its teachings to the problems of 20th century living.

Thursday, Jan. 27th, 8 P. M.—MATHEMATICAL MAGIC, THE KEY TO THE DOCTRINES OF PYTHAGORAS AND PLATO.
Illustrated with the aid of diagrams and the blackboard. No lecture like it has ever been given publically before.

ONE LECTURE IN OAKLAND

At Aahmes Shrine Pavilion, Opposite Hotel Oakland.

Friday, Jan. 28th, 8 P. M.—HIGHLIGHTS ON CHARACTER ANALYSIS.
Showing the relationship existing between the physical body and the invisible spiritual nature of man. Character analysis is of great value when the individual uses it to analyze himself.

Futher subects will be announced later. Watch local newspapers.

All lectures on freewill-offering basis. Come early for good seats.

This is our official program. Keep it for reference.

MING

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

broken the heart of my cherry blossom. Why then should I strangle you? No, I know a better way. I will break your heart."

Taking the wax between his fingers he crushed it into a dozen pieces. The last cry remained unspoken on the American's lips and he pitched forward to the ground—dead. Over his body the Chinaman sprinkled the bits of broken wax.

Then gathering up the limp body of his child he carried her back to the passageway and to a great couch of silk and ebony he placed her gently and sat down by her side.

'Poor little broken blossom," he murmured. as he stroked the little ivory hand, "how cruel the world is to the one who loves. You sought in trust for love and faith and found only mortal selfishness. But it is the way of the world. I have found it, you have found it. Life is Hell, and beyond life is Life. But here in this little garden we shall plant again the seeds of faith—you and I. You are dawn and I am twilight, but while the light still gleams I will light your way. The world would call me heartless, the world would say if it knew, 'he is a murderer.' Maybe it is so, but I crush such as he as I would a bothersome insect. It is not wrong for the bee to take the honey. I have a beautiful garden in China where the lilies bloom and where at night the fire flies light the darkness with their lamps, where the boatmen sing and the moonlutes play in the stillness of the even. That is my land of beauty; this world where white men live is filled with selfishness and hate. So we will go away, my little flower back to the land of the lily and the pink chrysanthemum and there I will plant her again in the garden of love and will bring the blossom back to life. There I will dwell the rest of my days in the shadow of the Mings that have gone before until the gods of my fathers call me to climb to light upon this cue." And his fingers ran through the long braid of gray hair which hung down his back.

The figure beside him stirred.

"Father," the voice whispered, "you have not hurt him?"

"Who, child?" asked the old Chinaman.

"The man I love," she asked.

The old man hesitated for a moment.

"No child," he answered, "I have not hurt him, but he has been called away so you had best forget him. Do you still love him?

'Yes," answered the figure.

"In spite of what he has done?"

"Yes, father."

"Well," answered the old Chinaman, "you may love him now as much as you will, but you will forget him soon for you are going back to Wiang, amid whose fragrant gardens lies your mother's shrine. There are twelve wondrous chrysanthemums planted by her. You are going back with me to her in the land of temple bells. The great Ming Quong is going to vanish from the world. His lotteries are closed forever, his dope shall cease to flow, and his tongs shall cease their struggles. The palace under the rice shop will go also, and with his many jewels he shall return to the land of his birth. But the most precious jewel of all is the one he nearly lost—his little pink chrysanthemum."

The old man clasped his child in his arms and the swaying silken lantern sent fleeting shadows over all. But the light was too faint to show the stream of tears that fell from the old man's eyes as his lips closed over the cherry blossoms in his daughter's hair.

(The End)

NOAH'S ARK

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

practical. If they are not, the rainbow is broken and the oblivion of discord and uncertainty surrounds the Ego and makes the path of life much harder than it would otherwise be.

Analogy is the key that unlocks many secrets. In worlds and individuals Nature works in the same way. As it is with the smallest, so it is with the greatest. If we want to be the ones to rise above the flood of oblivion and in the ark of our own souls float over chaos, it will be necessary for us to build this ark, (as nature builds the great cosmic ark,) namely, by the lifting of consciousness and the perfecting of ever higher vehicles of expression. This is done by daily living the life of service, thoughtfulness and love, each in an equal measure, and always with the one ideal of keeping alight the altar fire of God

Especially considerate of those newer customs established by students of continued existance.
—Refrigeration of the Body—

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd., WEstmore 5151

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.
Commercial Printing and Publications
443 S. San Pedro Street VAndike 7213

WASHINGTON'S VISION

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulations. One day, I remember it well, the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with the strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing exactly opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence.

"A second, third, and even fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. But this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistable, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet, even more distinct to my

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Phllosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and fore-finger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually disappeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic', said the same mysterious voice, as before, 'look and learn'.

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel standing or rather floating in mid air, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some water upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of those countries, and joined in mid ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view.

"A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again, I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"At this the dark, shadowy angel turned this face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'Union', bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said, 'Remember, ye are brethren'.

"The All-Seeing Eye"

All subscriptions start with the December 1st number and continue for twenty weeks for One Dollar.

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard, and again I heard the same mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed—look and learn'.

"And I beheld the villages, towns and cities of America increase in size and numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in Heaven, or the sand on the sea-shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn'.

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel, placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose, thick black clouds, which soon joined into one. and throughout the mass gleamed a dark-red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the column of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and pillage and burn villages, cities and towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying: 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long fearful blast. Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me. and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand, and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well nigh over-come, but who immediately taking courage again closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants, 'While the stars remain and the Heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the republic last!'

"And taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the UNION, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said 'Amen'!

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in that same mysterious voice I had heard before said, 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the republic learn to live for his God, his land and Union!'

"With these words the figure vanished. I started to my feet, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress and destiny of the United States. In union she will have strength, in dis-union her destruction.

"Such, my friend", concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in union she has her strength, in disunion her destruction."—Toledo Blade.

Wanted

ADVERTISING

The All-Seeing Eye

Now Reaches

Over 1,000 People Weekly and is growing rapidly.

Rates on Request.

We Reserve the right to Edit all Advertising.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,232— Edited by MANLY P. HALL **WE WANT —3000—**

Volume 3, No. 8 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, January 12th, 1927 10c a Copy

WERE THE ANCIENTS WISER THAN WE?

EVOLUTION

A PRIZE ESSAY

By S. J. Brownson, M.D.; B.D.; F.T.S.

This essay won the prize of $10.00 offered by the Los Angeles Examiner for the best article on evolution and was published in its issue of August 14th, 1922.

The fact that within seventy-five years all the colleges of the world, nearly all the scientists and most of the leading educators have accepted Evolution, either as a working hypothesis, or as a fact, is the most encouraging event in the history of civilization.

1. Because it places the study of all the phenomena of life on a scientific basis. Hitherto it has been largely in the hands of theologians who were at war with scientists.

2. Because it secures to man perfect liberty in the investigation of all the laws and forces of nature. This is necessary for rapid progress.

3. Because it has established as a fact, the law of cause and effect, and the immanence—by involution—of Life, Spirit, God in all nature, instead of creationism by an extra-mundane, anthropomorphic God, who rules by arbitrary power.

4. Because it has demonstrated the unity and sacredness of all Life, the brotherhood of all men and the absolute justice, wisdom and love of God alike for all.

5. Because it has established the fact of the orderly sequential development of all life, from the simple to the complex, through an infinitude of adjustments and forms that are always changing to conform to the expanding life within.

6. Because it lays bare the causes of war, poverty, crime, disease, and all abnormal conditions and points the remedy, with the strongest incentives for its use.

7. Because, looking upon all nature as an inspired Bible, it unravels the tangled web of life and solves its problems in harmony with reason and the ethics of science.

8. Because it places man where he belongs, as a spiritual being in the scale of evolving intelligence, the epitome of the Universe, a God in the making, in harmony with the example and teaching of Christ, who was an evolutionist.

CHRIST WAS AN EVOLUTIONIST

Proof of this statement, with which the essay closes, is desired by many people. Here it is from the Bible itself:

1. What is Evolution? As defined in our three great unabridged Dictionaries—Webster, The Century and The Standard

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

MAN A CREATOR

Mrs. Max Heindel

We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that God first created the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and that on the sixth day He created man. Again in the second chapter, seventh verse, it states that the Lord created man from the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul. In the eighth and ninth verses of the same chapter it states that "God planted a garden for man."

The incongruity of this story of the creation from the orthodox viewpoint has caused many a thinking man and woman

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

DO WE NEED THE MYSTERY SCHOOLS?

An interview with Manly P. Hall.

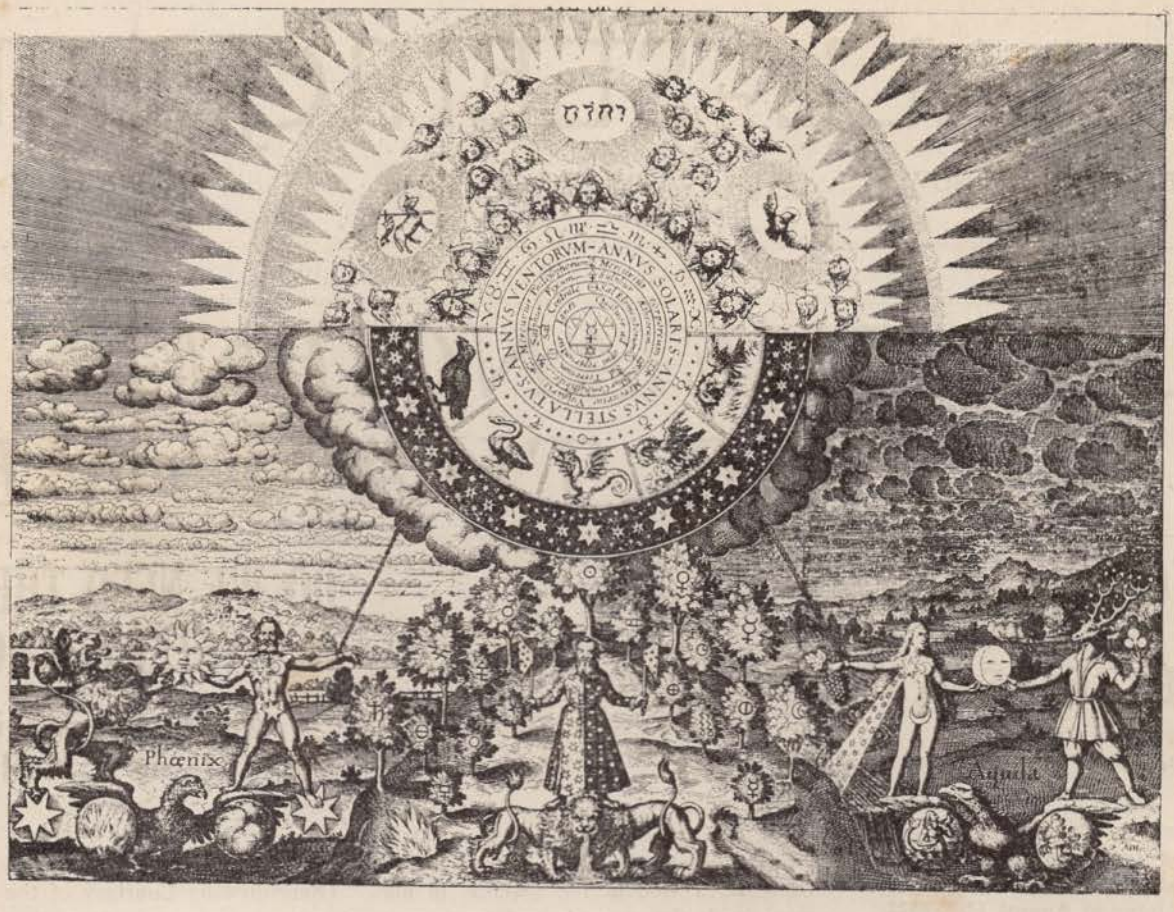
By H. O. Stechhan

(Reprinted by Courtesy of the California Graphic.)

About every six hundred years human civilization seems to reach a flowering period. Human progress runs in cycles, so to speak. Just as a series of average waves upon the surface of the ocean is always followed by one wave that overtops its predecessors, so with the succession of centuries every sixth one rises to outstanding cultural heights. This apparent rhythm is now attracting attention once more, because the Twentieth Century (in which we are living) seems to mark another apex in the unfolding story of man's eternal struggle onward and upward.

And the theory is entirely consistent, for civilization's last pinnacle was the Rennaissance, which had its beginning in the Fourteenth Century. Prior to that there was a blossom-time along about the Seventh Century, which was preceded by the era of Christ Jesus in the First Century. Six centuries before His day saw another brilliant blooming in Greece when Pythagoras and other intellectual giants walked the earth and gave to mankind the benefits of their erudition—a standard of learning which has stood unrivalled for twenty-six centuries.

But in this our busy, humdrum, sunwise turn of Nineteen-twenty-six the average man and woman gives little thought to considerations of this sort. They take the



A Rosicrucian Alchemical Formula from Museum Hermeticum Frankfort, 1678.

Translation of Latin terms. Annus Solaris—The Solar Year. Annus Stellaeus—The Year of the Stars. Annus Ventorum—The Year of the Winds.

Mercurius Philosophorum—Mercury of the Sages.

Mercurius Corporeus—Corporial Mercury.

Mercurius Vulgaris—Common Mercury.

Sulphur Combustibile—Combustible Sulphur.

Sulphur Fixum—Fixed Sulphur.

Sulphur Aethereum—Volatile Sulphur.

Sal Terrenum—Earthy Salt.

Sal Elementorum—Elementary Salt.

Sal Centrale—Central Salt.

Ignes quatuor ad opus requiruntur—Four kinds of fire are requisite for the work.

Phoenix—Phoenix.

Aquila—Eagle.

By the word of the Lord were the Heavens established, and their hosts by the breath of His mouth. The spirit of the Lord has filled the world. All things are satisfied with Thy goodness, O Lord. Thou turnest away Thy face, they are troubled. Thou takest away Thy spirit, they die and return again to their dust. Thou sendest forth Thy spirit and they are created, and renewest the face of the earth. Thy glory is for everlasting.

This extremely interesting symbolical picture will occupy a double page in full colors in Mr. Hall's "Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," which is now in course of publication and of which Mr. Stechan speaks in his interview. This epoch making book is dedicated to the proposition that concealed within the emblematic figures, allegories, and rituals of the ancients is a secret doctrine concerning the inner mysteries of life which doctrine has been preserved in toto among a small band of initiated minds since the beginning of the world.

world for granted, honestly but foolishly believing that we of today represent the very last word in all human knowledge and achievement. Notwithstanding, there is a steadily increasing host of thinking people who are not so self-satisfied and complacent. Particularly is this true here in Southern California, where we are told by those schooled in such matters that a new race is evolving—heralds of a new world and promulgators of a new order that will concern itself with matters far more important than subdivisions and sensations.

Old in Learning

One of the interesting workers in this vineyard here is Manly P. Hall, a man young in years but old in learning—not the sort of learning that is highly valued in the marts of today, but the learning of the ancients, which is the foundation of all true wisdom because it came from the One Original Source of all learning. This learning is the metaphysical lore at which many so-called wise men nowadays turn up their noses for they say it is not practical. Because it is so simple, it is too deep for them.

But to return to Mr. Hall! To most persons hereabouts he is best known as pastor of the Church of the People, which meets every Sunday morning in Trinity Auditorium. Each week he discusses there all sorts of subjects ranging from the commonplace to the sublime, with their application to present-day problems, in such a fascinating manner that those who hear him once invariably become regular attendants.

Right now Mr. Hall is concluding a monumental labor—the writing of a book

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

HINDU MAGIC

A Short Story by Manly P. Hall

In social circles there was quite a buzz flavored with jealousy when the Dowager Lady Gotrox and her charming daughter set sail for the Orient. Lady Gotrox was well known in her community as the leader of the ultra smart set, while her daughter just home from a finishing school promised to be one of the most desirable debutantes of the coming year.

Madame Gotrox carried with her, as do most American tourists, not only an air of vast importance and overpowering dignity, three double chins and two hundred and fifty pounds of avoirdupois, but also a fortune in jewels, platinum, pearls and sundry ornaments. Every evening Madame Gotrox appeared with her pearl collar, her three carat diamond earrings, her ruby and platinum bracelets, her emerald encrusted lorgnette; in fact every conceivable article of jewelry except a nose ring. On the street she wore a profusion of jewelry which was eyed with longing by every thug who came within the radius of her brilliancy, sufficient indeed to make thieves out of honest men. Even while travelling in the heart of the Orient Madame insisted upon decking herself out with a king's ransom while her daughter was bowed beneath the excess which mother could not distribute over her person.

It was a beautiful evening in the autumn and Madame and her daughter, with several other friends, were sitting in a little tropical garden adjoining the best hotel in a certain Oriental city. Madame was wearing her cloth of gold that evening, while daughter was a radiating halo of brocaded satins and voile. In other words they looked about as appropriate as an Hawaiian grass skirt at the North Pole. Madame had five ropes of pearls which Tiffany had to gather from the ten corners of the earth, while she also wore the great Gotrox diamond, ten carat, which made her drooping hand more limp than was normally the case. Her gray hair was graced with a diamond tiara, in fact she looked more like a jewelry window than anything else that could possibly be imagined. Her daughter, meek and docile, sat beside mamma with a rather forlorn expression gleaming out from between diamond earrings and a genuine Malay pearl lavalliere. The other guests, including an English Colonel of Sepouy troops, the French Consul, two or three wandering tourists, gazed in mild amazement at the outburst of splendor.

"My dear," murmured mother, "we are to have a special treat this evening. A famous Hindoo juggler is going to come here and perform for us. We are indeed fortunate, but the Gotroxes always get what they want." Madame sat up and gazed around with lofty realization of innate importance.

"Yes, mamma," answered the dutiful Amelia who had been gazing drearily out upon the growing shadows among the palms. Amelia had tried in vain to start a flirtation with the British Colonel, had then tried the French Consul and finally one of the tourists, but with exceptionally indifferent results. "Yes, mamma, it must be very wonderful."

A few seconds passed when the silecce was broken by the pounding of an iron bound staff upon the ground, and a chanting wail that grew louder with the approach of the grotesque visitor. Out of the gloom there appeared a wierd form, wild and uncouth and yet marvellously interesting. The figure was that of an old man with long gray hair and matted untrimmed beard. Her hair was snarled and twisted and stood out like a great bush from his head. He was dressed solely in a dirty knotted cloth twisted around his loins and his body was angular and excessively spare. His hands and feet were long and thin and his walk was like that of a cat. Wild eyes gazed out from the unkempt mass of hair and he pounded with his ancient staff upon the ground, chanting some strange song in Sanskrit. On his back was a bag made out of coconut matting which evidently concealed the paraphernalia of his trade.

The proprietor of the hotel, a sandy haired Scotsman, long in Eastern clime, introduced the fakir as a very holy man who dwelt alone in meditation in the mountains and announced that it was by very special arrangements (which included palm greasing) that he had been able to secure the services of this marvellous man for the two American ladies. (Mrs. Gotrox swallowed the entire speech and beamed graciously upon Sandy.)

The Americans then drew their chairs back, leaving a large open space in the courtyard, and waited for the Hindoo to show them the marvellous mysteries that had been promised.

Seating himself crossed legged upon the ground the Hindoo unpacked his little coconut cloth sack, exhibiting four articles. One a large mangoe seed, the second a small wicker basket, the third a coiled rope and the fourth a shin bone of a monkey which he used during the performance for a wand.

After jabbering in a strange guttural language for some five minutes the Hindoo magician took his basket and after showing it to be entirely empty, drew from it a long hollow reed, pierced with holes. Upon this flute he began playing strange melancholy notes. A few seconds passed and a fluttering sound was heard. Out of the sky came a number of great white birds that settled gracefully to rest upon the edge of the basket. Picking up each as it settled down the Hindoo placed them inside of the basket. When about a dozen had been caught and deposited there the Hindoo took the coconut matting and laying it over the basket, rose and jumped onto the basket, crushing the slender frame. There could be heard faint cries from within, then silence. Stepping off the Hindoo tore away the matting and quickly turning over the partly crushed basket, poured out of it several large white stones which were all that it contained.

Madame Gotrox leaned over and whis-

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.

Commercial Printing and Publications

443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

January 16th—Character Analysis.

January 23rd—Mrs. Max Heindel will speak on, "Why Children Die Young".

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Application has been made for entry as Second Class matter.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

By Manly P. Hall

Why do spirits return as deformed, idiots, and cranks?

Answer. Those things are the reward of the abuse of mental and spiritual faculties in previous ilves. Abuses of nature bring with them terrible karmic debts and those who mentally, spiritually or physically prostitute power will pay for it as we see so often in the world today.

How can a consciousness be lost?

Answer. Consciousness is lost on any plane of nature when the vehicle upon that plane is destroyed. We may lose this consciousness by abusing a vehicle after it is built or not building a proper one in the beginning.

What are visions and what causes them?

Answer. Two causes. First temporary attunement of consciousness, either positive or negative, with superphysical planes; the result of fine spiritual growth or a general run down condition of the body—the first safe and the second very dangerous. Excitement, worry, grief, and so forth, will deplete the system and produce this result. Second grand cause and the most common—late eating.

Should we use our astrology colors?

Answer. We should use everything we can but not spend too much time harmonizing vibrations, etc. If we do we shall have no time left for work; and labor produces much better growth than color harmony. Never use any such means however as astrology, talismanic magic, etc., to gain over other people in financial, spiritual, or material matters. To do so is Black Magic.

WE WISH TO RECOMMEND

Faust the UFA production of which, made in Germany the home of the ancient legend and the immortal Goethe, is now presented at the Figueroa Theatre, Figueroa and Santa Barbara Streets. It is a masterly conception of acting (Emil Jennings playing Mephisto), dramatic continunity, setting, effect and artistic picturing. The presentation and knowledge displayed of magic, sorcery and conjuration are unusual to the student of philosophy and symbolism and of really "big" drama.

"Life After Death"

Dr. Annie Besant, International President of the Theosophical Society, who at the conclusion of her American tour has been for several weeks in Los Angeles, Hollywood and Ojai, will speak at the Shrine Auditorium on January 17th at 8:00 p. m. on the subject "Life After Death". Dr. Besant requires no introduction to students of the ancient wisdom and the auditorium will undoubtedly be well filled at the popular prices announced. Amplifiers have been installed so she can be well heard even to the last seat.

It is also announced that Dr. Besant will speak at the Hollywood Woman's Club Building at Hollywood and LaBrae on Friday evening at 8:00 p. m. on "Masters and the Way to Them."

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

on which he has been steadily engaged since 1919 and which bears the almost forbidding title of "An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy." To this is added "A Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews, being an interpretation of the secret teachings concealed within the rituals, allegories and mysteries of all ages."

Hamlet's admonition, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy" might well be blazoned across the title page of Mr. Hall's book, for it is the all-but-forgotten wisdom of the ancients which he he resurrected as the result of his studies in countless books and manuscripts to which the general public has no access. Being very old, these documents are of little use to most people because they hold ancient knowledge to be out-of-date and, like last year's motor car, therefore to have deteriorated. But in this respect wisdom differs strikingly from material things. "Age cannot wither it nor custom stale," though people fail to realize that fact.

In answering a question as to his immediate purpose in writing such a book, Mr. Hall replied that he hoped through it to bring about an attitude of mind favorable to the re-establishment of the ethical culture of the ancient Greeks. This culture was largely disseminated by the so-called Mysteries, which disappeared during the early centuries of the Christian Era. Today great philosophic minds are once more interested in the re-establishment of the Mysteries as an institution.

Lacking in Culture

"We are hopelessly lacking in true ethical culture today," said Mr. Hall, "in that we do not do right from the principle of right but rather from the principal of expediency. The science of ethics was the fundamental teaching of the Greek Mysteries and constituted the most perfect system of education ever devised. This ethical message was so vital and informative that candidates actually vied with one another to secure it. But the scholastic curriculums of today are, for the most part, so prosaic and commercially materialistic that it is necessary to pass compulsory attendance laws to keep the children in school, for both children and parents are prone to regard higher education not only a non-essential but even a handicap in the battle of life.

"Everywhere the lack of ethics is painfully felt today. Many people are trying to analyze the defects of our social fabric. Crass materialism is the one and only answer. The Mysteries of antiquity were dedicated to the gods, and every modern art and science had its origin in the temple. Mathematics and medicine were first sacred sciences, created as methods for honoring the gods by serving mankind. In this connection recall that Gutenberg, the father of printing, designed the first moveable type in 1445 for the express purpose of printing the Bible. Painting and sculpture originally grew out of a desire to perpetuate the forms and features of the gods and heroes, while music and drama received their early impulses from being integral parts of religious workship. All of these higher, finer, and cultural activities man developed to express his spiritual ideals, but not necessarily theological concepts.

"Religion does not dispute or theorize. It worships and adores the fundamental verities of life. But today our churches through their varying creeds unfortunately have fomented an untold amount of prejudice; and prejudice is a destructive force. The prejudiced mind is incapable

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

Have you seen people that, regardless of appearances, somehow you liked? Have you seen charming people that, in spite of their charms, you hated? Have you seen learned people who were either fools or impressed you as such, and again, other people who knew little but whom you felt to be wise? Such are the insignia of rank which the loss of title or position cannot destroy. With or without crowns, they were kings—not puppets dressed in tawdry tinsel. Still they are kings and so will remain to the end of time, and still they manifest their rank, not by their superiority or high-headedness but by the soul qualities radiating from them. 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 down in the mire. But wherever found they are still the mouthpieces of the gods and through them comes the promise to all who survive. Kings they are, not of earth but of heaven, and in the life of our own Master 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 Pyramid of Gizeh the initiations continue; still the Initiate there 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 diamonds, his hates and his fears, sanctifying his life as a Priest-King and swearing to serve none but his own higher self, the god within. His robes are his soul-body, his crown is his life, and in the streets of life he is enthroned. Once more the dusky towers and factory chimneys around him fade back into the templed pillars of ancient Luxor and, with a lunch pail on his arm and his face brown with honest dirt, he is as much a king as when the crown of the double Nile rested upon his brow and the priest of the temple made him one with his God and his fellow man.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

One of the most interesting symbols that have 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 have 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 flame by night and a pillar of smoke by day. Every land sees and feels its presence when the Priest-Kings and Initiates take the sacred Ark away from an old civilization, lost because of crystallization, and, surrounded by those faithful to the truth, carry it into other lands and among other peoples.

In every creed and every religion crystallization goes on. We find small groups of people separating themselves from their fellowmen. We find those who, clinging to the old, refuse to advance with the new, and whenever we find this crystallization we also find the spirit of truth carried away to another people and embodied in other doctrines. From the ancient Ark of the Israelites never had been removed the staves by which it was carried or transported until finally it was placed in Solomon's Temple. Likewise, never does the spirit Fire in man come to rest until finally it is enthroned in the Holy Place of his Solar Temple. Ever towards the rising sun its bearers carry this sacred truth.

Nations are begotten of those who love the truth, and nations are buried when they forget it. The time has again come when its silent bearers have taken the sacred Ark and the Shekinah's glory and, moving across the waters in solemn file, have brought it to the new world. Throughout the universe the call has sounded and those who are true to their own higher principles have surrounded the sacred chest. Those who have sworn such allegiance to their own higher natures are following the priests with their sacred burden and a magnificent Mystery Temple is being built in this glorious land of ours, loved and guarded by all those who are laboring for humanity. The staves still remain 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.

This opportunity is now confronting the Western World. The knowledge of the ancients, the accumulated wisdom of the ages, is knocking at the door and seeking those who will follow it. The bearers of the Ark have tarried and are gathering a nucleus of spiritual souls to carry on their work, but whether or not the word of the Lord will remain with a nation is dependent upon national life and ideals, for the actions of a nation are but the collective actions of its individuals. If the Ark of the Covenant, therefore, finds nothing here attuned to itself, if it finds only a few who will answer its call of service and brotherhood, then will its priests lift again the staves and carry it on 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 now sounding and those who love the Truth and revere the Light must join that band of devoted servers who for centuries have dedicated themselves to the preservation of Truth. These have given their lives a thousand times for the cause of Truth; their personal happiness has always been second to their duty. These have given their lives a thousand times for the cause of Truth; their personal happiness has always been second to their duty. These are the custodians of the

Dr. Annie Besant

International President of the Theosophical Society

SHRINE CIVIC AUDITORIUM

Monday, January 17th, 8 P. M.

Subject:

"Life After Death"

Prices 50c; Reserved Seats, $1.00

Amplifiers Used

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 have learned the doctrine and who live the life, and, regardless of clan or country, they have joined the silent file of watchers and workers around the sacred Ark of the Covenant. By his daily actions every individual is expressing far more plainly than by words his ideals, his desires, and also 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 sacred duty, a great work to do, and to which 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.

(To Be Continued)

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

of logical or reasonable thought. Creeds are merely excrescenses upon the body of religion. Creeds inhibit the mental faculties and rational powers of all who become involved in the limitations of dogma. Universities, churches and scientific bodies, exhibiting an exaggerated reverence for creeds and precedents, paralyzed the mental initiatives of their representatives and followers.

The Ancient Mysteries

"Every world religion is a partial revelation of the secret doctrine of the ancient Mysteries. Ante-Nicaean Christianity was a School of the Mysteries and, as such, promulgated a secret doctrine, scarcely a vestige of which is to be found in modern Christianity. The secret doctrine of Christianity even Christ concealed from the multitudes, revealing it only to an illuminated few. It is recorded in Matthew that the disciples asked Jesus why he spoke to the people in parables; and 'He answered and said unto them, because it is given unto you to understand the mysteries of heaven, but unto them it is not given.'

"Everything that has been revealed to us is merely an imperfect symbol of a great spiritual fact that is revealed in its entirety only to those initiated into the mysteries of Nature. The Greek mytheology taught today in our public schools is nothing but the initiation rituals of the Greek Mysteries. Plato, the greatest of all philosophers, was an initiate. He had been inducted into the lore and practices of the Eleusinian Mysteries. The priests of the temple revealed to him all he knew, and his writings are merely veiled simplifications of the teachings of the Mystery Schools. Aristotle and Euclid were also initiates. Pythagoras, after visiting the seats of fourteen great religions of antiquity from Greece to India, declared them all to be monotheistic, a statement which disrupts modern concepts of pagan theology.

Centers of Education

"The Mysteries were really the great educational centers of the ancient world. In Greece, Egypt, Chaldea, and other countries they played the part of school, clinic, church, and home—all in one. Their standard of morality was the highest ever known. Of course, in later years they became polluted with undesirable influences (like reputable institutions are known to suffer even in our own days) and gradually declined."

It is Mr. Hall's firm belief that if the educational system of the ancient Mysteries could be re-established, it would solve many problems which appear to be unsolvable to the unilluminated mind of today; because the Mysteries represented a syntheseis of philosophy, science, and religion. They revealed the underlying harmony that pervades all three, whereas so many people today regard them as hopelessly irreconciliable. And so it is that Mr. Hall feels we must return to the original doctrine—another instance of the first being last—if we would extricate ourselves from the entanglements into which useless creedal conflicts have betrayed the modern world.

The time is again at hand for the periodic resurgence of reason and learning, for six hundred years have elapsed since the last great illumination of the world. As a contribution to this end, Mr. Hall is bringing out his compendium which summarizes the long forgotten and dust-encrusted wisdom of the past. The entire work is amplified with numerous quotations from ancient, medieval, and modern authorities, many of them from unpublished manuscripts and priceless books long out of print.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

—it is, "development," "growth," "unfolding," "opening out," etc., always from the simple to the complex and by inherent sentiment life. It applies to everything in the universe from an atom or an electron to the cosmical system. Herbert Spencer, the world's greatest philosopher, defines it as, "The integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion."

2. What does the Bible say about this? While the word "evolution" is not found in it because, like many other words now in common use, it had not been coined when the Book was made; other words conveying exactly the same idea were used. Con-

Especially considerate of those newer customs established by students of continued existence.
—Refrigeration of the Body—

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

"Masters and the Way to Them"
By Dr. Annie Besant, International President of the Theosophical Society
Hollywood Woman's Club, Hollywood and La Brae,
Friday evening, January 21st, at 8 P. M.
General Admission Fifty Cents

Books by MANLY P. HALL
An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism
A New Book with Three Color Plates.
A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	$4.00
Plates separately mounted, each	1.00
Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

sult any unabridged Greek and Hebrew Analytical Concordance or Bible Text Book, looking up the root meaning of such words as these: "to create," "make," "form," "fashion," "build," "grow," etc., and their derivatives and synonyms, and you will find that evolution, as understood by science today, is taught and illustrated on every page of the Book.

3. All of Christ's teachings are in harmony with this fact. His 38 parables illustrate the "development" of His kingdom or the "growth" of christian character in exact accordance with this divine law of progress. Hundreds of passages might be cited to prove this, such as Math. ch. 13, ch. 6:28; Jno. ch. 15; Mark ch. 4, 26 to 35, etc.; Jno. ch. 10:30, ch. 5:17-47; ch. 14:9, etc., prove His identity with God, His Father and all nature. Hundreds of passages prove His humanity as well as His divinity.

4. Darwinism should not be confounded with evolution. The best authorities hold that monkeys were not our ancestors, much to their credit; for monkeys do not kill each other or carry on barbarous wars as men do. The Bible and especially the life and teachings of Christ, when studied in the light of creative, progressive evolution, using figures of speech, allegory and symbolism, as its writers did, and for religious and not scientific purposes, is a more illuminating and wonderful Book than ever. To prohibit the teaching of evolution in our schools is absolutely unchristian and subversive of our civilization.

Copies of this essay can be had for 2c each in lots of 5, or for 1c each in lots of 100, postage prepaid, by addressing, S. J. Brownson, M.D., at 8256 Norton Avenue, West Hollywood, Calif.

MAN, A CREATOR

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

to turn from the path of holiness, and has been the story in which the materialist has gloried and whereon he has based his strongest argument. The unenlightened Christian has been unable to explain the discrepancies found in the first two chapters of the Book upon which he bases his religion.

The Rosicrucian philosophy teaches that the seven days of creation are world periods. That the first day is termed the Saturn Period, when man was sent out from God as a virgin spirit, without form or physical substance. Under the guidance of great creative beings whom we will call hierarchies, he was helped to develop form and consciousness. These great beings implanted in this evolving life the germ which later developed into the physical body at present used by man. In the same manner is the seed atom of the incoming ego of present day man deposited in the spermatozoa, which later impregnate the ovum and from that time the germination of the physical body begins. This same process was carried on in the Saturn Period by these creative hierarchies. The first appearance of the human spirit at the beginning of this period was as a ball shaped cloud of heat, greatly resembling (as seen clairvoyantly) the shape of the seed atom of present man.

After these divine leaders had constructed the germinal or phantom dense body in the Saturn Period, the human germ by its own ability was able to work upon its body when it reached the Sun Period. These divine hierarchies further assisted the human spirit by adding the germ of the vital body. Later, when the vital body was fully developed, it caused the development of the sense centers which gave the power of motion.

The body during the Polarian Epoch in the fourth revolution of the Earth Period resembled a large, spongy bag with an opening at the top from which an organ projected. This organ was used in place of various sense centers which the body of present man possesses. During this epoch man passed through a stage similar to that of the mineral kingdom. Ezekiel gives us evidence regarding this in the 28th chapter, 13th, 14th, and 15th verses: "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was **thy** covering, the sarius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in **thee** in the day that **thou** wast created.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so; thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire.

"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee."

In the Hyperborean Epoch man passed through the plantlike stage where he had a twofold body, the dense body and the vital body, which latter had at this time developed. He had only the germ or phantom of a desire body. As he worked upon these vehicles, they slowly reached greater materiality. In the Lemurian Epoch he was assisted by the divine hierarchies to build his desire body. In this epoch the physical skeleton was formed. Previous to this, man's body was soft and pliable. Now the flesh became firm. At this stage he was yet minus the eyes.

During this period the germ of the mind was given. This germ was only a shadow. The real mind body was to follow. We are told in the "Cosmo Conception," page 226, (By Max Heindel) that at this stage of man's evolution the Lords of Mind took charge and assisted man in the building of his vehicles by impregnating him with the quality of selfhood, and from that time he gradually became a separate personality.

He had now a threefold body, consisting of the dense, the vital, and the desire bodies, similar to the animal of today. The mind was then developed to form the link between the threefold body and the spirit, which had come down from the higher worlds in involution. It was then that the spirit took full control of its vehicles. Previous to this it controlled its body from without, but now it began to work upon its body from within. Man now began to generate the red blood which later was a factor in enabling him to walk upright.

While man was under the guidance of the divine hierarchs, he was also double-sexed and propagation was carried on under the guidance of these higher beings. One half of his creative power had to be sacrificed to evolve brain consciousness and a larynx. This change was accomplished during the Atlantean Epoch.

As the reasoning powers developed, man became a creator. He was then able to create by the assistance of another being like himself, bodies such as he then

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

possessed. These bodies in their formation recapitulated the same stages in the mother's womb that the parent bodies had been through in their long pilgrimage through matter. The body created by man has its beginning in an egg shaped gelatine mass, passing through the vegetable, then the animal stage, slowly throwing out feelers, then organ by organ it is formed until finally it is thrown off from the parent body.

The babe, like the human spirit, is under the guidance of its parent until it reaches the years of reason. Similarly, the human spirit in its work upon its various bodies is guided by higher beings until it reaches the state of reason and has brought its body to a wonderful stage of physical perfection with a brain which is master over all.

The ego guides and controls this wonderful body through the blood. In this life stream it is constantly creating new blood corpuscles, destroying old ones, choosing nutriment by which it feeds and builds, selecting the proper minerals required for blood and nerves. The millions of tiny atoms that work in man's body are created by him, each having a life of its own. These tiny lives depend upon him for their development, as he depended upon the creative hierarchies in his evolution.

Man works with the minerals, digging ore out of the soil, purifying and transforming it into metal. He turns and works the earth, making it produce; he directs the propagating of the plants to help them on their upward path. The animals are trained and taught by him so that they may reach a higher stage of intelligence. He has to a certain extent acquired control over the elements. He turns water into steam for use in propelling great machines. From the invisible forces of the sun and air he generates the power to use for his convenience and comfort. From death to birth and from life to life, man is constantly creating better bodies, discarding old material and building new. From the lowest life wave, the mineral, up through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, man has acquired mastery.

"So God created man in his own image" (Genesis 1:27), and sent him into the world to gain experience, to evolve from a tiny spark of divinity to the godhead. As the son grows up in the image of the earthly father, so must man become like upto his Father in heaven, A CREATOR.

Mrs. Max Heindel, head of the Rosicrucian Fellowship of Oceanside, California, will occupy the pulpit of the Church of the People during the absence of Manly P. Hall, on Sunday, Jan. 23rd. She will speak on "Why Children Die Young."

"The All-Seeing Eye"

All subscriptions start with the December 1st number and continue for twenty weeks for One Dollar.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

pered behind her hand to Amelia. "I'll bet he has those pigeons hidden in his whiskers."

Amelia did not answer but gazed open mouthed at the proceedings.

Picking up each of the stones the Hindoo threw them into the air when each one turned back again into a bird and flew away into the night.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the English Colonel, clapping his hands and throwing a silver coin to the fakir, who, however, did not even dain to pick it up.

Next the Hindoo took the mangoe seed and picking a small handful of dirt from a nearby flower bed, made a little heap on the ground and planted the seed in it. He then chanted some more Sanskrit, made strange passes over the seed with his long slender fingers. Suddenly a little green sprig appeared. This grew larger and larger, the leaves branched out, buds appeared, and in about five minutes a full grown mangoe tree stood in the courtyard, heavily laden with its fruit, some of which, over ripe, fell to the ground.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Colonel, slipping a monocle into his eye. "Extraordinarily clevah, don'tcher know?"

Madame Gotrox fanned herself several times very rapidly, put her lorgnette up and looked again. "Amelia, do you see what I see?"

"Yes, mamma,' 'answered Amelia in an absent minded sort of way. The power of this strange man had overwhelmed her and she was trying her hardest to work up a flirtation with the Hindoo, but once more with indifferent results.

Suddenly the fakir clapped his hands and the tree disappeared as though it had never been.

During these two strange feats the Oriental had been eyeing Mrs. Gotrox in a very peculiar way. There was a strange expression about his face, and now bending low, he approached her, the shin bone of the monkey in one hand while he held out the other and pointed to the diamond ring on Madame's finger. He spoke several sentences in Hindustani.

"He says," exclaimed the Scotch host, 'that he wants to do a trick with your ring which is very beautiful."

The Hindoo inclined his head in a questoining way and smiled. Slipping her ring from her finger she handed it to the Hindoo.

"Tell him," she said, "that I am delighted to see that he has such good taste in the matter of jewelry."

The fakir made a few passes with his wand, and instead of one diamond ring there appeared dozens falling in streams between his fingers. Madame Gotrox and Amelia gave gasps of amazement. The Hindoo then touched her strings of pearls with his wand and thousands of pearls just rained from Madam Gotrox until the ground around her was heaped high with jewels and pearls.

"Most incredible," exclaimed the Scotch host while the English Colonel just gazed.

Madam Gotrox would have fainted had she not wanted to watch everything, while Amelia's under jaw retreated in bewilderment.

Suddenly the Hindoo clapped his hands and the jewels dissolved into mist, leaving only those which had originally belonged to the American lady. These the Hindoo returned with bows and salaams. He then returned to his baskets where he packed up everything except the rope. This he suddenly threw up into the air where it uncoiled like a great serpent and hung waving in the sky. After testing the rope to make sure that it was strong, the Hindoo climbed up hand over hand along the swaying length. Up and up he went until he was lost to sight in the sky. Then the rope slowly ascended until it disappeared also. At the same second a great shower of lotus blossoms fell from the sky at the feet of the guests.

As they leaned over to pick up the blossoms, they changed color several times and then vanished.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Colonel, "deuced clevah!"

Mrs. Gotrox just sat looking into nothingness.

"Where did he go?" she finally asked.

"I don't know," answered the Scotchman, "but he'll never return.

'This has surely been a delightful evening!" exclaimed Mrs. Gotrox as she fingered her string of pearl thoughtfully. "My !!*? My pearls! They're gone! And my diamonds, my ropes of pearls, my tiara! My God! Amelia, I am fainting! Give me air!"

The gathered guests looked in amazement.

"Have him arrested!" screamed Madame Gotrox.

The Scotch host was in despair. "Madame, every thing shall be done that is possible, but I fear that if he has stolen your things you will never see them again."

The English Colonel adjusted his monocle and looked again, a smile playing around the corner of his mouth. "Marvellous, simply marvellous! That's the best trick he did, eh wot?"

1½c Paid
Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 704

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1282— Edited by MANLY P. HALL WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 9 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, January 19th, 1926 10c a Copy

RETURN, REBIRTH, AND REINCARNATION

By W. W. HARMON.

What is it that about one-third of the human population believes in, in some form or another, while the balance either never heard of it, or repudiate it utterly, even though their own scriptures clearly indicates it—what does it mean? There are quite a large number of people in the Western world who, within the last 35 years, have accepted the word and meaning in its literal interpretation, i. e., it has become quite common to hear another say that she is a reincarnation of Hypatia, Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, etc., and if one will take notice the statement is always connected with some historical character—it is not possible to connect oneself with some unknown man or woman of the past ages, which is quite significant when we stop to think about it.

It was recently stated in the public press, and in all seriousness too, that Lord Kitchener was a reincarnation of King Arther and that in England the belief finds considerable credence, much dependence being placed upon Sage Merlin's prophecy, who swore "King Arthur should not die, but pass, to come again". But King Arthur did die of course—therefore it is obvious that King Arthur **could not come again any more than the dead leaf of a tree could come again.** King Arthur did die, did pass, but did he come again? Indeed, that is the question!

Nearly all of the world's population who have been brought through the ages to believe in what is called reincarnation—a very misleading term and a wrong one too we believe—have long since lost the wonderful spiritual beauty and fragrance of what really lies behind this subject. It is therefore now but a materialistic and altogether false conception of that glorious, wonderful and long-forgotten

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

FAUST

Faust, as played in the U F A Production, now playing at Figueroa Theatre. It is worth while—see it.

POISON LIQUOR

By MANLY P. HALL

(Reported by Harry S. Gerhart.)

Every problem of a civilization concerns every member of that civilization. Religion has its answers to problems, science has its answers, and philosophy has its answers. Philosophy combines the best of the others and we should expect a reasoned, balanced solution of a problem from that source. And we have the right to expect a practical working solution, one that will really work if applied.

So let us consider the great question of prohibition, bootlegging, and its latest aspect,—poison liquor,—poisoned by a gov-

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

THE ETERNAL DRAMA

In Two Parts—Part One.

By Manly P. Hall

In taking up the study of the drama by Goethe and the opera by Gounod, it is well for us to consider the historical character of Faust. Very few people realize that this strange individual ever lived and yet upon investigation there is very little doubt that such a person did exist during the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Among magical writings we find the book of Dr. Faust, a short thesis in which he explains his invocation of spirits and his pact with the Evil One. Many strange stories are told concerning him which, however, are unanimous in their conclusion, that in the end he was destroyed by the entity to which he had bound himself. The story received little attention until Goethe, a master of alchemy, built around it the immortal drama which is now familiar to the public.

There are few operas that contain more food for spiritual and intellectual thought than Faust. The present form of the legend is undoubtedly an outpouring of the Mystery Schools with which many of the great authors and poets and have been connected. It is the symbolical and mystic rather than the literal interpretation in which we are interested, which brings clearly before the mind of the student one of the greatest principles which the modern alchemist and student of occult arts must face. First, the student must realize that the whole drama takes place within his own being, which he overlooks because he cannot see it. The eternal struggles, the eternal combinations of elements, principles, and expressions of unfoldment constitute the most wonderful of all dramas, and this has been given to the world under the symbol of Faust and his pact with Mephistopheles.

The Characters in the Drama

Faust. In Faust, the ancient philosopher, sitting in his gloomy laboratory surrounded by dusty bones and weird and curious books of ancient history, we find one angle of human consciousness. In him we see the human mind, the analytical mind, the intellectual occultist, the power of science, the mystery of thought, all of these we see symbolized in Faust. He is an analyzer of effects, seeking to find causes by the power of concrete reason, seeking with the eyes of form to view the worlds of spirit.

There are many today who stand as Faust stood, "with all his lore a fool no wiser than before." He is the mind incarnate. There are many students today who have studied books, listened and learned, experimented and wound themselves up in intellectuality, and yet forever they fail. They can quote figures, they know the ages of worlds, and still the great secret of the alchemist eludes them and in the darkness of ever deeper perplexity they labor surrounded by problems they cannot solve and mysteries with which they cannot cope. How long will science stand as Faust stood, an admitted failure in its attempts to solve anything it cannot analyze? Faust failed to find the true meaning of alchemy as he labored eternally with things outside of himself; he built his furnaces but his retorts and his bunsen burners only led him into deeper quandaries and greater despair.

In Faust the true spiritual man was imprisoned, crucified beneath the power of intellectuality. The mind is man's greatest blessing, but when it masters the thing it should obey and serve, it surrounds and imprisons the life until as Faust the yearning breaks out in its eternal cry:

"Woe is me, still prisoned in the gloom
Of this abhorred and musty room,
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass
But dimly through the painted glass!
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mouldering rust,
And to the high vault's topmost bound
With smoky paper compassed round;
With boxes round thee piled and glass,
And many a useless instrument
With old ancestral lumber blent—
This is my world, a world alas,
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
With tightening pressure in thy breast?
Why the dull ache will not depart,
By which thy life pulse is oppressed?
Instead of nature's living sphere
Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surrounded thee here
And dead men's bones in smoke and mold."

Many students have not reached the place where they cry out in their misery as Faust cried out, but they are in an intellectual rut which will inevitably bring about the same result. Men cannot reach heaven by thought alone, although it is true that thought binds God to man, but to this thought must be added other things. The hermit and the recluse and those buried in their studies are losing the great battle, as they have gone away from the world, they have left practical life for theoretical things, and it was not for this end that man came into being. He came to labor as well as learn, he came to evolve not only intellectual faculties by the mystic and spiritual; he must learn compassion, love, and faith and blend them if he would know the mystery of creation.

The one who knows the most is not always the wisest. If he were the story of Faust could never have taken place. But so surely as the pendulum swings in one direction to produce a mental genius, as in Faust, it will swing back again and produce a degenerate. This is an age old truth which the student must learn, and as we read Faust in this light we shall see the playing out of human emotions which finally are blended in mutual understanding, but the path is often long and weary, especially for those who like Faust are crystallized in ruts.

When man becomes a slave to his intellect he becomes unbalanced, and we find those who destroy for the love of analyzing the thing they kill. They will in truth sell their souls to the Devil for the thing they want, and there are thousands who stand today as Faust stood, intellectual giants but in life failures, who must stand apart from all the world listening in the depth of their own darkened being to the laughing songs of those from whom they have separated themselves by allowing the truly human to starve and dying give its being to feed an unbalanced mind.

Marguerite. As Faust symbolizes the human mind with its deep, mysterious workings, so Marguerite symbolizes the heart, the impulsive system, as balanced against the sombre, reflective analytical system. The great human tragedy of life is eternally played out between these two and it is usually the heart that pays the greatest price for its unfoldment and growth. Raised among the cloisters of faith, Marguerite without experience, without practical knowledge of life or living problems, becomes the easy prey of Faust and his scheming companion.

The beautiful, mystic path of faith as it is personified in the character of Marguerite is one that each aspiring soul must walk, but it is filled with suffering and uncertainty until reason and knowledge are added, and the simple innocence of childhood gives place to the broader virtue of understanding. Nature and its laws apparently conspire eternally against those who do not understand them but this is not in truth nature's conspiracy; it is rather the price which man regardless of his ignorance must pay for the violation of a law which is no respecter of persons.

The heart of man and his finer sentiments are worthy and beautiful, but these sentiments often destroy the thing they love the most, and until the path of the heart is strengthened by the mind enriched with the experiences of action and the fruits of labor, it is not in a position to fulfill its part in the Great Plan. For thousands of years ignorance has been considered innocence and those who are sheltered from the world have been called virtuous, but nothing can be further from the true meaning of the word than this application. In knowledge, balance, and years of conscientious experience and mastered emotions rests the basis of true virtue. It is only those who have passed through life and cleansed themselves who are virtuous. Those who have been sheltered as Marguerite was, are merely the ignorant preys of cunning and worldly wisdom, not only to their own detriment but to the detriment of others.

Marguerite symbolizes the hopelessly impractical phase of life which we find often among those who claim spirituality. Many students know little of the first principles of life and less of their reason for being and yet in their ignorance they pride themselves upon the fact that they do not need to know. This mistaken idea is responsible for an eternal tragedy as old as life itself, and so long as man remains in his present state of ignorance he will be forced to bow before that which knows, and instead of rising up in wrath against his over-lord he must transmute his ignorance into knowledge. Therefore, the trials of Marguerite were as necessary to her salvation as were the repentance and agony of Faust necessary to him that he might learn to balance his intellectuality with the spiritual and mystic nature of Marguerite. This eternal battle is as old as time itself, and it will continue until knowledge with all its glory realizes the sweet simplicity of the mystic path of faith as walked by Marguerite, and, having learned the lessons of life, unites itself in an eternal union with the elements which it must always fight until it understands.

Again in this drama we see the eternal battle of science and religion. Faust, the philosopher buried in his concrete knowledge, unable to appreciate the true elements of spiritual faith, typifying science, while Marguerite standing upon the church steps represents the eternal cry of the mystic—to believe without knowing, to adore without questioning, and to accept all nature as the manifestation of an Unknown whose laws it is heresy to ex-

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

1½c Paid
Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 704

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1282— Edited by MANLY P. HALL WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 9 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, January 19th, 1926 10c a Copy

RETURN, REBIRTH, AND REINCARNATION

By W. W. HARMON.

What is it that about one-third of the human population believes in, in some form or another, while the balance either never heard of it, or repudiate it utterly, even though their own scriptures clearly indicates it—what does it mean? There are quite a large number of people in the Western world who, within the last 35 years, have accepted the word and meaning in its literal interpretation, i. e., it has become quite common to hear another say that she is a reincarnation of Hypatia, Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, etc., and if one will take notice the statement is always connected with some historical character—it is not possible to connect oneself with some unknown man or woman of the past ages, which is quite significant when we stop to think about it.

It was recently stated in the public press, and in all seriousness too, that Lord Kitchener was a reincarnation of King Arther and that in England the belief finds considerable credence, much dependence being placed upon Sage Merlin's prophecy, who swore "King Arthur should not die, but pass, to come again". But King Arthur did die of course—therefore it is obvious that King Arthur **could not come again any more than the dead leaf of a tree could come again.** King Arthur did die, did pass, but did he come again? Indeed, that is the question!

Nearly all of the world's population who have been brought through the ages to believe in what is called reincarnation—a very misleading term and a wrong one too we believe—have long since lost the wonderful spiritual beauty and fragrance of what really lies behind this subject. It is therefore now but a materialistic and altogether false conception of that glorious, wonderful and long-forgotten

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

FAUST

Faust, as played in the U F A Production, now playing at Figueroa Theatre. It is worth while—see it.

POISON LIQUOR

By MANLY P. HALL

(Reported by Harry S. Gerhart.)

Every problem of a civilization concerns every member of that civilization. Religion has its answers to problems, science has its answers, and philosophy has its answers. Philosophy combines the best of the others and we should expect a reasoned, balanced solution of a problem from that source. And we have the right to expect a practical working solution, one that will really work if applied.

So let us consider the great question of prohibition, bootlegging, and its latest aspect,—poison liquor,—poisoned by a gov-

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

THE ETERNAL DRAMA

In Two Parts—Part One.

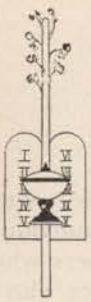
By Manly P. Hall

In taking up the study of the drama by Goethe and the opera by Gounod, it is well for us to consider the historical character of Faust. Very few people realize that this strange individual ever lived and yet upon investigation there is very little doubt that such a person did exist during the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Among magical writings we find the book of Dr. Faust, a short thesis in which he explains his invocation of spirits and his pact with the Evil One. Many strange stories are told concerning him which, however, are unanimous in their conclusion, that in the end he was destroyed by the entity to which he had bound himself. The story received little attention until Goethe, a master of alchemy, built around it the immortal drama which is now familiar to the public.

There are few operas that contain more food for spiritual and intellectual thought than Faust. The present form of the legend is undoubtedly an outpouring of the Mystery Schools with which many of the great authors and poets and have been connected. It is the symbolical and mystic rather than the literal interpretation in which we are interested, which brings clearly before the mind of the student one of the greatest principles which the modern alchemist and student of occult arts must face. First, the student must realize that the whole drama takes place within his own being, which he overlooks because he cannot see it. The eternal struggles, the eternal combinations of elements, principles, and expressions of unfoldment constitute the most wonderful of all dramas, and this has been given to the world under the symbol of Faust and his pact with Mephistopheles.

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)



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 Holy Priest of the Tabernacle spoke to the Spirit of the Lord hovering between the wings of the cherubim. Thus, man represents 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 become 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 pauperizes his own life, leaving only the Tablets of the Law—the material reasons from which the spiirtual life has departed.

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 has been carried are then 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—holds communion with the Spirit hovering over the Mercy-Seat. Though this Ark within is ever present, yet man can only reach it after he has passed through the outer court of the Tabernacle, through all the degrees of initiation, after he has taken the Third Degree and becomes 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, converse with the Most High, the true spiritual essence within himself.

We are all working toward this end and the time will come when each person will know for himself the mystery of the Ark, when the student through purification will 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 of the Covenant—that great spiritual principle—surrounded by its loving workers, is calling all to follow it.

When through materiality or degeneracy a great people are 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 and becomes a channel for its expression, when he radiates it from himself to all who need it, then indeed will the Light protect him and he will become a Sun of God.

CHAPTER VI

KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL

Before taking up the study of the Grail legends it would be well for all who are interested to read those tales 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 concealed under allegory and parable. The same is true with the story of Parsifal, which can never be really understood and 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 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 Spiritual to the 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 regarding 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, had consecrated themselves to the task 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 city square 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

Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.

Commercial Printing and Publications

443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor.
Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

January 23rd—Mrs. Max Heindel will speak on, "Why Children Die Young".

January 30th—"A Morning with the Great Minds of Greece."

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

If an employee is obliged to lie for an employer, what is the penalty?

Answer. If a person finds out that he must lie for his salary it is a very excellent time to find a new position, for if he consciously does it for gain to himself the penalty will be as heavy as though he were doing so of his own free will.

Please explain the crucifixion.

Answer. The word crucifixion means a crossing. The crossing of spiritual and material currents forms bodies and these bodies crucify and seek to destroy the life which is within or hanging upon them.

What is meant by the Word?

Answer. The Word is a center of consciousness around which negative particles gather and out of which forms are built. It is not in the last analysis a sound, but a rate of vibration. It is the Life producing and manifesting through form.

What did Jesus mean when He said every laborer is worthy of his hire?

Answer. It means that in all nature the law of compensation holds good. In all nature we are paid according to our works and we must reward others equally when they serve us. The idea that we can secure something for nothing is one of the most erroneous concepts and destructive slogans that man has created.

Will conditions in Europe cause another world war?

Answer. The unrest which pervades the world at the present time, which is more filled with hate than the European conflict, will undoubtedly result in wars, crimes and pestilences.

Why are we so much in doubt as to what is right and what is wrong?

Answer. The reason why there is so much misunderstanding is that right and wrong are individual concepts and what is right for one is wrong for another. The only thing that is right for anyone is the very highest, noblest, truest and purest that the individual can conceive of. Everything else falls short regardless of other people's estimates.

What is meant by the loss of the soul?

Answer. As the soul is the fruit of our work here and as our evil deeds cannot become immortal, if our lives be filled with destructiveness their fruits must perish under karmic reaction and if the soul built is evil it will be disintegrated —only good can be eternal.

Do dreams mean anything?

Answer. Some do and some do not. They are often partial memories of things we have learned and done while the bodies were asleep. Sometimes they are only thoughts of th day which have automatically repeated themselves even after sleep has deprived us of conscious power. Sometimes the brain does not all go to sleep at once and faculties will labor all through the night while the brain is otherwise asleep causing dreams and hazy memories.

Why are we taught individual immortality? Is not race immortality sufficient?

Answer. The fact that we are evolving individualized organisms, no two of them alike, proves that individualization and not merely racial progression is the ultimate end. Everything reduces itself into the singular before it is through, therefore individual salvation based upon individual effort is far more inspiring than race immortality where the lazy ones sneak through with the hard workers.

Is the Bible the work of God?

Answer. There is no doubt the sacred scriptures of all peoples have been inspired by the great spiritual Intelligences of the Universe.

Can the mind image anything unreal?

Answer. It is impossible for a human mind to create or image anything that does not exist somewhere on one of the many planes of nature.

What is mediumistic materialization and trumpet seances?

Answer. In materializing a body the departed intelligence does so by taking the life forces of the medium and those attending the seance and using them to build a temporary vehicle. The same is true in trumpet seances where the strength to express on the physical plane is gained through sapping the vitality of the medium and sitters. This is a detrimental, unproductive method of securing information, seldom accurate but always carried on at a terrible expense to those present.

SHALL THE ALL-SEEING EYE CLOSE

?

Shall "The All-Seeing Eye", with all that it means to YOU individually and to thousands of others who want the TRUTH of all ages, close at the end of these 20 numbers?

With the next number we shall be half way through the series we sold to you for One Dollar, a small sum for the value received.

We have now about 1,300 subscribers which means of course $1,300,—less than half the cost of publishing 20 weeks of "The All-Seeing Eye".

MANY have wished to subscribe for a year, but until we can publish 20 weeks we cannot hope for the publication to live beyond that period, even though no other obstacle presented itself.

OF COURSE we WILL complete the 20 WEEKS—SOMEHOW.

BECAUSE we believe every one of YOU 1,300 subscribers will want to HELP.

MANY of you have already sent "The All-Seeing Eye" to your friends.

WILL 1,000 of YOU send in $1 and a friend's name? They also will enjoy "The All-Seeing Eye". 20 weeks—(from December 1st to April 13th) will give them the benefit of the contact with Mr. Hall and his teachings.

Then there is the advertising value of our pages. MANY OF YOU have something to sell, can you think of a finer place to reach wide-a-wake, thinking, intelligent people than through our pages?

"The All-Seeing Eye" is your paper, let's guarantee its success.

Sincerely,
HARRY S. GERHART,
Managing Editor.

The All-Seeing Eye
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

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, 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 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 his footsteps.

If you have read the story of King Arthur you will remember how he was given Excalibur, the enchanted sword, and how it came up out of the water held by a hand draped in white. Excalibur represents Light and Truth, which are the weapons 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 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 hung dying upon the cross. Ancient legends tells 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. With his sacred relics he wandered through Europe and is said to have finally died. Those who followed him, after many centuries of tribulation, carried the sacred relics 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 a study of this fact that we are able to better understand the mystery of the Great White Lodge of which the Round Table of King Arthur and the circular temple of the Knights of the Grail is a symbol.

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 who belong to the Great White Brotherhood go out into the world today in the name of Truth, laboring with mankind and seeking to right the wrongs of the world It is said that the Knights of King Arthur's court always fought on the side of 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 slowly or rapidly transmuting the body into soul according 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.

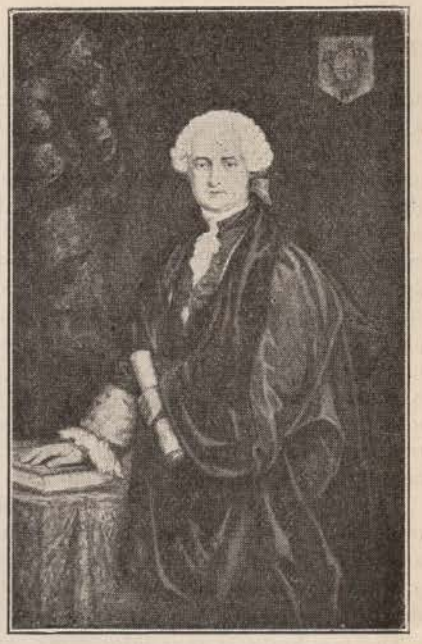
(To Be Continued)

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S. Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

Especially considerate of those newer customs established by students of continued existence.
—Refrigeration of the Body—

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151



The Count De St. Germaine.

One of the full page color prints in the Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy; to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews. Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings Concealed within the Rituals, Allegories, and Mysteries of All Ages. The Entire Work Amplified with Numerous Quotations from Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Authorities, many from Unpublished Manuscripts and Books Long out of Print, Gathered by the Author,—Manly P. Hall.

"The King Solomon Edition" limited to 550 copies.

A Masterpiece of the Bookman's Art.

Three hundred and fifty pages, 50 full page illustrations in four colors, more than 200 engravings in black and white, 46 chapters, antique cover and slip case, weighs 14½ pounds. One hundred dollars per copy when published. Sold prior to publication, $75 on terms of $15 down and $15 a month.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)
ernment to prevent its use.

The removal of alcoholics will undoubtedly be of immense value to posterity. How can it most effectively be done?

The great mass of humanity do not appreciate the efforts made in its behalf. Play is that which we want to do, and work is that which we have to do. Humanity rebels against that which it **must** do as the small boy rebels against medicine, he just knows it is awful on principle. Thus the forcing of anything upon humanity is distasteful to humanity, and it immediately wants that which is denied to it. Humanity is gradually growing to a truer and nobler state, but a poor way to help it is to force something upon it.

The user of alcohol is slowly committing suicide. The old sot said, "It is such a pleasing way to die." Thus it may seem in the early stages, but the latter are anything but pleasant.

The law has said that intoxicants shall not be distributed. But behold a new industry has been established, a national institution, refined, creditable, whose only unfortunate angle is in getting caught. This elite industry of bottlegging is sanctioned by the community and is patronized by the elect, and is thus probably the largest single institution in America, an unorganized organism. It would require several Woolworth buildings to house its offices, if such were possible.

This gigantic industry is the strongest advocate of prohibition and without exception will vote DRY. They are the largest group of fundamental drys; their business depends upon it. This institution is preying upon humanity, using all the improved methods of rapid poisoning and the government is asked to help them.

The law is now established and must be enforced or be re-legislated.

Vast numbers of people do not feel that it is a crime to break a law of which they do not approve. The result is that lawbreaking has been carried into every channel of endeavor. A general disregard for all law is the result of prohibition. Therefore we have a general increase of crime of all kinds.

Now, is it advisable to poison alcohol to prevent its being used? Is the crime of indulgence in bootleg liquor worthy of the death penalty? For that is what it amounts to,—the bootlegger will use it just the same,—and the drinker will drink it just the same. Death will result and the government has sentenced him to death.

Now why will the individual disregard these drastic measures and risk his own life? The individual does not realize the necessity of self-preservation. He has been told many times but doesn't believe it. We can not learn from the actions of others,—and education while it is certain is a long slow progress, and no real effort has been made to educate the individual.

This whole prohibition question has grown until no one seems to know just what to do with it. The government doesn't seem to know, nor do they seem to care very much. Someone suggests more poison. It is an interesting thing when a government as strong and powerful as that of the United States of America, (or as it should be) should find it necessary to put poison in anything as the only solution to a great problem.

We are working with millions of people, who according to government statistics have minds of 12 to 13 year old children, 25 per cent of them can barely read and write. Nearly NINETY PER CENT have a warped moral value. Ten per cent only are sufficiently developed to preserve self, —are able to say no to the cravings of the lower nature. If these millions were self controlled the government could poison liquor and every man would keep himself from drinking. But these millions are not self controlled, they want liquor and wanting it will drink it and never count the cost.

It is necessary to educate humanity to certain point before you can direct him to a certain end. Humanity needs help and remedies of many kinds, but the government is making very little progress in this problem confronting it.

The government has not yet given an intelligent presentation of advantages of the prohibition law. Instead of teaching these advantages, it has sought to enforce it against the individual's disbelief in that law. Propaganda has done many things, and is being used constantly to do many more things, and if some of it were directed toward educating the individual in the exact facts of the matter, those minds which are really worth would disentange themselves.

If some of the millions spent in useless "enforcement" were spent in flooding the United States with facts, much more good would be done. In time the world can be educated, but it must be shown WHY, in language it can understand. Those worth while will listen, the rest will destroy themselves anyway. Knowledge alone will destroy bootlegging and that other great evil the dope traffic. This is the only true and natural solution.

Closely parallel to the drink question is the dope question. Both are supported by the law of human selfishness. Human selfishness will sell anything, do anything, promote anything, advertise anything if there is money enough it it. It is responsible for our bill-boards, 50 per cent of which advertising is for articles which will harm you, and 90 per cent of which won't do you any good. Millions are spent to sell you something you don't want. The advertiser thus distributes individual invitations to injure yourself in the nicest, easiest, most dignified and most expensive manner.

This same selfishness applies in the sale of narcotics to minors. It starts at the schoolhouse and ends at the madhouse, the prison and the grave,—but "Business is Business."

The one cure for anything is to get the right knowledge to the individual concerned. Traffic of all kinds fears only the real knowledge of the facts in the case. The strength of knowledge is greater than the goodness of ignorance. Fight these problems in the school and the home. Present the truth to the mind of youth and the mind of youth will solve these problems for all time.

What is the difference between the divine will and the human will?

Answer. The Divine Will wills to do and the human will wills to avoid doing anything that is not pleasant.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry	**$2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	**2.00**
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Talks to Students	**.50**
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
Death and After	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	**.50**
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	**.50**
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	**.50**
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	**.50**

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

amine. Today the battle is still being fought out, and while science walks forward with ever quickening strides it still combats religious ideals, and religion seems unable to broaden out to a realization of the place of science in the plan of being.

The great tragedy of Faust as played out in man, his intuition posited against his intellect, must continue its unbalanced career until heart and mind are blended in the alchemical marriage of the philosopher, when instead of imposing each upon the other they unite for the betterment of each, the heart to believe and hope and the mind to make possible the realization of that hope—one to build its aircastle of rainbow tints and the other in a practical way to make possible the perpetuation of the dream. This is the final destiny of the eternal battle, when, fire and water being harmonized, each realizing the value of the other, man will unify both phases of his being into one great truth which will endure to the end of time.

(Next Week—Part II.)

RETURN

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

truth, which is gradually permeating the Western world with materialistic definitions. **If it was rightly understood and universally taught jointly by true religion and science it would go far toward changing the world into the "Golden Age period when the Gods could walk and talk with men" once again.**

Let us pause a moment and consider how far science has gone toward bringing this great truth home to **thinking** men and women, when the time comes for the forging of that link between science and religion. **If** religion had gone as far as science in this respect, how much greater and grander would be our humanity today? Instead of killing and slaughtering by the hundreds of thousands, using brains and energy in inventing murderous weapons to continue the slaughter, until whole nations become so depleted as to almost pass away; if those same brains and energy were used in inventing methods for evolving and teaching great spiritual truths, greater and more universal educational methods based upon the inexhaustible store of spiritual-scientific facts of life; were the object of living and dying and the preservation of that which seems to determine that one man or one woman standing out so prominently and powerfully in what we call historical characters and why they are so much more powerful than other human beings, etc., we think the billions of money wasted in slaughter put to such a use would soon accomplish that which is now so erroneously strived for by the present methods, and more, very much more in addition would be accomplished, so that all the world would be richer in everything held dear to the human hearts.

However we digress: Geology divides the periods of the earth's history into five geological epochs, which covers an immense number of years, and according to Prof. Winchell is 131,600,000 years; and this is being gradually extended so that there is no knowing where it will finally lead to and thus the number of years, which have elapsed since the earth came into being, will perhaps be known to the world in general. Further discoveries in geology will sooner or later lead to finding the fossil remains of man of a much earlier age than that of the Quaternary Age, which in itself covers a period of about 1,600,000 years and to which science assigns the three divisions called the Age of the Paleolithic man, the Age of the Neolithic man and the historical period of man. Thus even granting science these 1,600,000 years since men appeared upon the earth, it seems remarkably clear that nature is awfully slow in bringing about the perfections which even human beings expect. For do we not read in the daily press and in literature in general, of universal peace, of love and amity between nations, of the uniting of science and religion and other seeming impossible things?

If humanity can think and desire all this, they must have been born of the same "awfully slow" growth, else it would have been brought about long ago. Is the heart of man so much different than is his head? Is his will and desire so out of tune with nature as to retard his own advancement? It must be so; for surely humanity has not yet attained to even its own conception of perfection. If man cannot attain to his own "conception of perfection," is it possible to graduate instantly and by a special bounty, into God's perfection after his seventy years of life on earth, mostly spent in killing each other, or inventing and getting ready to kill each other in some future time, for either financial, political or ecclesiastical reasons which sooner or later envelope nation after nation into its awful clutches?

Seventy years of life and then what? Where are those millions of human beings who have lived and died in the past 1,600,000 years? Are they like the leaves in the forest, which die in the fall and return in the spring, or have they gone where King Arthur went, or like Hypatia who has been claimed by many persons since—ladies especially—as being a reincarnation of that beautiful soul?

The soul—that's it—but who ever saw a soul? Science cannot find it. Religion has not found it—and that is no misstatement—for if religion had found it (the soul), it certainly is not the kind we refer to, because that is of God's perfections, while all those human beings who are now slaughtering one another in Europe certainly had plenty of religion; but did it develop the beautiful soul? We do not mean to speak disparagingly, what we do mean is to try to bring home to the minds of our readers, that man **must** attain to his idea of perfection at least, before it is possible for him to attain to any conception of the immortal Kingdom. Of course nature is "awfully slow" in bringing about all these perfections of the soul to the surface, **that is universally,** so that humanity can attain to even its conception of perfection.

All will grant, for the sake of argument, that if one cannot attain to and live consciously in the never ending perfections of say the MASTER JESUS, or approximate these perfections understandingly and apply them practically for periods long enough to impress them indellibly upon **the physical vehicle of the soul,** so that they may appear sometime in the world of form, how can humanity reap the reward for these ages of struggles?

For where else can these perfections be attained to? Everyone must grant that if one sows evil, it would not be just or right that another human being should reap this evil—it is still in the world of form—yet apparently this is just what happens. Nature is slow, therefore, maybe this ap-

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

parent retalitory action constitutes the ground upon which the modern reincarnation theory is based, and with more justice too. However it does not work out in just that way, for bear in mind it is the personality 999 times in 999 that thinks the evil and does the evil, it **cannot** be the soul because the soul is of a different nature and on a different plane, though overshadowing the body and endeavoring to influence the thinking personality; the soul in itself is impersonal. We mean by the soul, **the spiritual soul** and not the animal soul of the earth-born personality, **the former never dies,** but the latter does.

If the soul never dies, as we all believe, what did it ever come into earthly life for and abide with the personality? Does doing this once, for a few years, constitute any argument for its coming at all? Wherein does the vehicle of the soul receive any benefit—it dies. Wherein does the personality, working so contrary to even its own perception of perfection, derive any benefit? **It is not reasonable that the soul comes many times for the purpose of attaining power enough over matter** to eventually characterize the matter of its vehicle on the physical plane with its perfections, or what appears to us as perfections, because there **must** be some reason for human beings striving to **attain to even their own conception of perfection.** Logically then, **the soul has certain perfections in which the personality must participate before its immortality is attained to** and thus released from the necessity of further Return and Rebirth of **its unredeemed qualities and attributes** in this world where matter is so "awfully slow" to respond to the higher vibrations of the soul—**the real** man.

Time as marked by human progress cannot and is not comparable to time as marked by the Kingdom of the soul, either in the above aspect or in its immortal aspect. Eternity has no bounderies, no limitations and cannot be measured, therefore, it must correspond to pure Spirit. If so, the soul must be an aspect of pure spirit and its immortality, an aspect of eternity. Then the physical body and its personality must be but a **temporary aspect of the soul and time,** as we reckon time here on earth, but an aspect of a temporary aspect of immortality, this latter being that aspect of the soul which is bound by the decrees of the SPIRIT to the cycle of necessity and the evolution of matter.

There are 1440 minutes in 24 hours or one day; seven days in a week and 365 days in a year, etc. Figures or time, whichever way you call it, play a very important part in its relation to the soul and must necessarily culminate in periods and epochs of what we call good and evil. That which is good and true must culminate on the soul plane and that which is evil and contrary to the soul's perfection must culminate on the earth plane, or plane of matter, and find expression thereon and therein upon those living in those culminating periods and epochs.

"The All-Seeing Eye"

All subscriptions start with the December 1st number and continue for twenty weeks for One Dollar.

Those living in these periods must have done something in some age or time wherein they generated these forces in which no immediate reaction could occur. For instance, in the present age mankind is living under three great systems—the financial, the political and the ecclesiastical—these are so closely allied as to be practically inseparable in regard to framing the destinies of those living in this age; in some measure immediate reaction results, but the great culminating period of both good and evil extends into the ages to come and the impress upon the character of those supporting and living under these systems find themselves storing up certain qualities and attributes correspondingly. They are forces in times and time brings about the return of that which is responsible.

There are minor culminating periods of both good and evil occuring all the time, finally it results in one great cateclysmic upheaval in which nations pay dearly for the evil done each other. Who pays? Certainly none escape. The whole human family and all nature pays in the general suffering. The waves of vibratory action going out in evil inevitably returns and all are afflicted; likewise good does the same. Were it not for the good that men do, the vibratory reaction of evil would destroy every living creature on earth, even as the hot blast of a fiery furnace would destroy a nest of ants placed in front of it. Therefore it seems necessary that science should come to its sense and realize these facts and lead humanity into the consideration of ways and means of striking larger and more profitable balances in the coming ages of this co-partnership of the firm—humanity—it is a good business proposition. Churchianity can never do it, for it is linked too closely to the political and financial aspects of the earthly trinity, whose name is greed and corruption; science as such is happily free from these.

The point to be brought out is to the effect that environment shapes the destinies of human life and that human life has, during the ages and epochs passed, shaped the environment for those to come; and those to come fit into the environment thus created because they themselves, as imperfect instruments of the soul, shaped their own environment in the working out of the destiny of a nation, a city, a locality in that city and of their own family life in that city and nation.

Every environment thus comes under the head of time combinations, which is number, for number applies to cycles of time—cycles of culminating effects in the destines of the individual, of the family, the city and of the nation of which the individual lives and dies. Cycles of time in a man's life runs in seven and multiples of seven. The child in the first seven years. Adolesence at fourteen. Manhood at twenty-one and so on. Thus these periods are clearly marked throughout his life, with the three invariable epochs of youth, middle age and old age, each divided into cycles of events and happenings which all go towards an object and an end—what is it?

Is it that the personality alone may be benefitted; is it that the soul alone may be benefitted; is it that the spirit may be benefitted? **No! It must be that all three may receive some good and glorious fulfillment and ultimate unification—not as defined** though—for bear this in mind: **Spirit and matter, as we know matter, can never meet, but the latter may change.**

Now all we have said up to the present point is a very excellent argument for the modern idea of reincarnation, to-wit: that Lord Kitchener was a reincarnation of King Arthur. It is not so and yet the paradox. How can King Arthur, who appeared in an environment and left certain epochs of good and evil receive either merit or demerit in another and future environment, as per above argument, unless King Arthur incarnated again, say as Lord Kitchener? The fact of the matter is, we have argued **forward** as do all reincarnationists. Suppose we now argue backward and if we argue backward what is the use of starting with King Arthur or any individual for the matter of fact. Why not as well take a young leaf on a tree in the early spring and mark it with King Arthur's name. It will die and fall off and are we to expect the leaf which appears again in the spring and on the very same spot, or in any other spot on the tree, or any other tree in the forest to be the same leaf again?

The idea is that we are dealing with material things when we deal with a personality, **we should consider the Spirit**—some call it the soul—which is the unseen and unknown being of any personality that was or is, and the best expression in **matter** that the Spirit, thru its intermediary—called soul—could make in the cycles of time and which are the expressions in matter corresponding to every cycle of time, or culminating periods.

(To Be Continued)

parent retalitory action constitutes the ground upon which the modern reincarnation theory is based, and with more justice too. However it does not work out in just that way, for bear in mind it is the personality 999 times in 999 that thinks the evil and does the evil, it **cannot** be the soul because the soul is of a different nature and on a different plane, though overshadowing the body and endeavoring to influence the thinking personality; the soul in itself is impersonal. We mean by the soul, **the spiritual soul** and not the animal soul of the earth-born personality, **the former never dies,** but the latter does.

If the soul never dies, as we all believe, what did it ever come into earthly life for and abide with the personality? Does doing this once, for a few years, constitute any argument for its coming at all? Wherein does the vehicle of the soul receive any benefit—it dies. Wherein does the personality, working so contrary to even its own perception of perfection, derive any benefit? **It is not reasonable that the soul comes many times for the purpose of attaining power enough over matter** to eventually characterize the matter of its vehicle on the physical plane with its perfections, or what appears to us as perfections, because there **must** be some reason for human beings striving to **attain to even their own conception of perfection.** Logically then, **the soul has certain perfections in which the personality must participate before its immortality is attained to** and thus released from the necessity of further Return and Rebirth of **its unredeemed qualities and attributes** in this world where matter is so "awfully slow" to respond to the higher vibrations of the soul—**the real** man.

Time as marked by human progress cannot and is not comparable to time as marked by the Kingdom of the soul, either in the above aspect or in its immortal aspect. Eternity has no bounderies, no limitations and cannot be measured, therefore, it must correspond to pure Spirit. If so, the soul must be an aspect of pure spirit and its immortality, an aspect of eternity. Then the physical body and its personality must be but a **temporary aspect of the soul and time,** as we reckon time here on earth, but an aspect of a temporary aspect of immortality, this latter being that aspect of the soul which is bound by the decrees of the SPIRIT to the cycle of necessity and the evolution of matter.

There are 1440 minutes in 24 hours or one day; seven days in a week and 365 days in a year, etc. Figures or time, whichever way you call it, play a very important part in its relation to the soul and must necessarily culminate in periods and epochs of what we call good and evil. That which is good and true must culminate on the soul plane and that which is evil and contrary to the soul's perfection must culminate on the earth plane, or plane of matter, and find expression thereon and therein upon those living in those culminating periods and epochs.

"The All-Seeing Eye"

All subscriptions start with the December 1st number and continue for twenty weeks for One Dollar.

Those living in these periods must have done something in some age or time wherein they generated these forces in which no immediate reaction could occur. For instance, in the present age mankind is living under three great systems—the financial, the political and the ecclesiastical —these are so closely allied as to be practically inseparable in regard to framing the destinies of those living in this age; in some measure immediate reaction results, but the great culminating period of both good and evil extends into the ages to come and the impress upon the character of those supporting and living under these systems find themselves storing up certain qualities and attributes correspondingly. They are forces in times and time brings about the return of that which is responsible.

There are minor culminating periods of both good and evil occuring all the time, finally it results in one great cateclysmic upheaval in which nations pay dearly for the evil done each other. Who pays? Certainly none escape. The whole human family and all nature pays in the general suffering. The waves of vibratory action going out in evil inevitably returns and all are afflicted; likewise good does the same. Were it not for the good that men do, the vibratory reaction of evil would destroy every living creature on earth, even as the hot blast of a fiery furnace would destroy a nest of ants placed in front of it. Therefore it seems necessary that science should come to its sense and realize these facts and lead humanity into the consideration of ways and means of striking larger and more profitable balances in the coming ages of this co-partnership of the firm—humanity—it is a good business proposition. Churchianity can never do it, for it is linked too closely to the political and financial aspects of the earthly trinity, whose name is greed and corruption; science as such is happily free from these.

The point to be brought out is to the effect that environment shapes the destinies of human life and that human life has, during the ages and epochs passed, shaped the environment for those to come; and those to come fit into the environment thus created because they themselves, as imperfect instruments of the soul, shaped their own environment in the working out of the destiny of a nation, a city, a locality in that city and of their own family life in that city and nation.

Every environment thus comes under the head of time combinations, which is number, for number applies to cycles of time—cycles of culminating effects in the destines of the individual, of the family, the city and of the nation of which the individual lives and dies. Cycles of time in a man's life runs in seven and multiples of seven. The child in the first seven years. Adolesence at fourteen. Manhood at twenty-one and so on. Thus these periods are clearly marked throughout his life, with the three invariable epochs of youth, middle age and old age, each divided into cycles of events and happenings which all go towards an object and an end —what is it?

Is it that the personality alone may be benefitted; is it that the soul alone may be benefitted; is it that the spirit may be benefitted? **No! It must be that all three may receive some good and glorious fulfillment and ultimate unification—not as defined** though—for bear this in mind: **Spirit and matter, as we know matter, can never meet, but the latter may change.**

Now all we have said up to the present point is a very excellent argument for the modern idea of reincarnation, to-wit: that Lord Kitchener was a reincarnation of King Arthur. It is not so and yet the paradox. How can King Arthur, who appeared in an environment and left certain epochs of good and evil receive either merit or demerit in another and future environment, as per above argument, unless King Arthur incarnated again, say as Lord Kitchener? The fact of the matter is, we have argued **forward** as do all reincarnationists. Suppose we now argue backward and if we argue backward what is the use of starting with King Arthur or any individual for the matter of fact. Why not as well take a young leaf on a tree in the early spring and mark it with King Arthur's name. It will die and fall off and are we to expect the leaf which appears again in the spring and on the very same spot, or in any other spot on the tree, or any other tree in the forest to be the same leaf again?

The idea is that we are dealing with material things when we deal with a personality, **we should consider the Spirit**—some call it the soul—which is the unseen and unknown being of any personality that was or is, and the best expression in **matter** that the Spirit, thru its intermediary—called soul—could make in the cycles of time and which are the expressions in matter corresponding to every cycle of time, or culminating periods.

(To Be Continued)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,475— Edited by MANLY P. HALL WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 10 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, January 26th, 1927 10c a Copy

MEPHISTOPHELES

WALPURGIS NIGHT

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST

Part II.

By Manly P. Hall

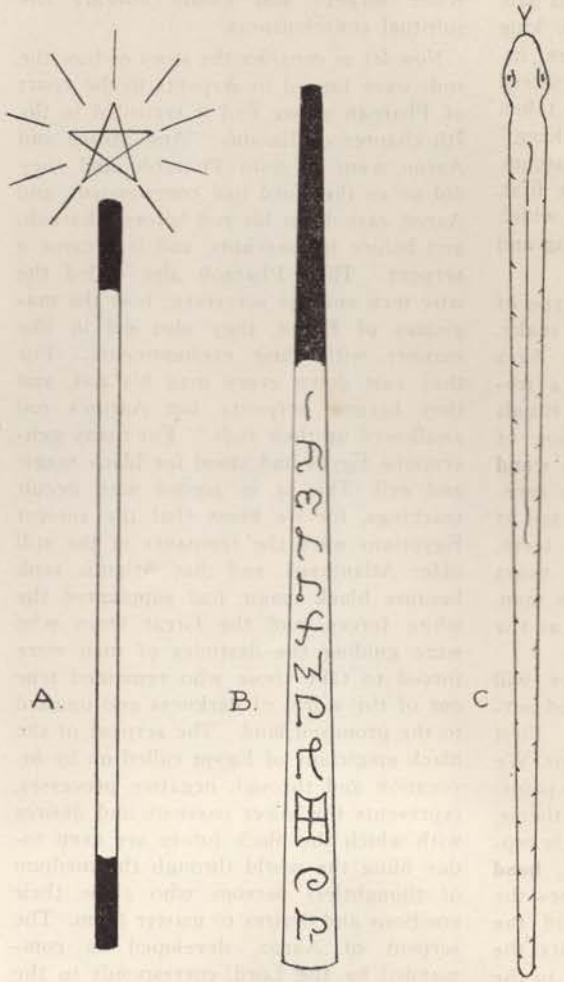
Mephistopheles. Few people understand the Devil's place in the Great Plan and fewer still have learned to appreciate and reverence that great natural principle, the most abused of all the Divine's manifestations. The keynote of physical matter is inertia. Expression of energy is only possible on this plane of nature as the result of effort and mankind is prone to shirk activity, consequently he considers as evil all things which bring with them the necessity of exertion, mental, physical, or spiritual, and as the Devil, so-called, he is unpopular with a large percentage of people in spite of the fact that he was especially chosen by the Lord as man's most constant companion.

The Devil is always dressed in red from head to foot, the red being symbolical of the blood and iron of Mars, the energy-giving principle of the universe. It is energy which builds all things, it is energy which makes possible every manifestation of human life, and just so surely as energy creates action which promotes growth, just so surely the misapplication of this energy destroys. The Devil is nothing more or less than misplaced energy, which energy is always misplaced by the individual himself who invokes the demon by misapplying his God-given powers. This emotional demon can be transmuted, as is told in the second part of the drama of Faust, and the same power which destroys mind, soul, and body, then builds our homes and gives expression to our constructive ideals. This energy coursing through the body of all living things is the Light-bearer of the universe, but when perverted for selfish ends it becomes a ravenous demon which slowly devours and destroys all over whom it gains control.

There are two ways of bringing upon mankind the curse of Mephistopheles: The first is the careful misapplication of energy by the knowing, scientific mind which consciously sells its soul to its lower emotions for the gratification of desires; the second is the result of ignorance where the human soul not realizing its danger allows itself to be tempted by its own

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

WANDS AND SERPENTS



AS USED IN MYSTIC ARTS

WITH BIBLICAL REFERENCES

A—Fairy Wand.
B—Solomon's Wand.
C—Snake Wand.

By MANLY P. HALL

For countless ages the wand has been used as a symbol of the mystic arts. Far back in Egypt and Chaldea the magicians of the temples carried with them the staffs of their arts, consecrated upon the altars of their gods, and frequent references are made in the Bible to the wands or rods of Aaron and Moses and of the magicians of Egypt. In the New Testament we find mention of the reed by which the Temple was measured, and we are also told that the Christ was a branch of Jesse.

In the accompanying illustrations we see three wands or staffs which are now but relics of supposedly forgotten superstitions.

In the first picture we see the wand which in children's fairy stories performs strange and wonderful marvels when in the hands of elves and fairies. It is best described as a long ebony stick with a fairy star at the upper end. Modern magicians use this wand in their performances, omitting the star. Sometimes these wands are of plain wood (about fifteen inches long,) while the more elaborate ones have metal or ivory

tips. The stage magician of today little dreams that he carries one of the most sacred symbols in all the world, for the key to the meaning of the magic wand has been lost. The staff is symbolical of the spinal column of man, and this is the true wand of the magicians: for it is through the power within this column that so-called miracles are performed. The star of light at the upper end of the staff is nothing more nor less than the flame that burns eternally at the upper end of the lamp of the true alchemist. This tiny flame is fed by the pure oil of the transmuted life force.

Figure B shows us a wand that is said to have been used by Solomon, the king of the Israelites, and upon it are inscribed in the celestial languages sacred names and words. This drawing is taken from "The Keys of Solomon, the King," a rare manuscript in the British Museum. It bears the same symbolism as the first, representing a hollow tube through which the forces of life play in an ascending and a descending stream.

Figure C shows us still another type of wand, this one made to represent a snake. It is said that during the Middle Ages when magic and sorcery rose to a tremendous height, strange rites and rituals were performed under the direction of hierophants, who carried this snake wand made of flexible wood; during the ceremony the wand was bent, and the tail of the snake was placed between its teeth. The serpent has for thousands of years been the symbol of the spirit fire in man, which was known to the ancients as the serpent power.

With this slight introduction we will take up the study of the wands and serpents as we find them in the Bible. First let us consider the serpent of Genesis. We have gone over a number of famous paintings where the Fall of Man was the theme, and in nearly every case the snake is represented as coiled around a tree, **head downward.** In the majority of cases the artist probably did not understand the mystery he portrayed, but in reality the downward turned serpent is the key to the problem. The serpent of Genesis is the down-going spinal fire, sent thus by Jehovah to build form. The result of the going downward of this force was crystallization and the awakening of the passion centers located at the base of the spine. This crystallization so lowered man's vibration that he was no longer able to remain in the etheric Eden but was cast out or fell, and the sword of passion(the flame of purification) stood between him and the world from which he fell.

In the same way man's life today is a contest between the higher and lower principles. When the spiritual powers are centered in the emotions and passions, man starts into action the forces that inevitably result in crystallization and death. But when he lifts them up through altruism and service, the spiritual fire flows upward and creates the five-pointed star which heralds the coming of the Christ within himself.

Two serpents, one black and the other white, were used by the ancients to symbolize this twofold use of the spirit power. That which tends at our stage of evolution to draw these powers downward through selfishness and egotism is on the path of the black serpent, while the traits within ourselves in which altruism predominates raise the spirit powers upward through the white serpent and finally liberate the spiritual consciousness.

Now let us consider the story of how the rods were turned to serpents in the court of Pharoah as we find it recorded in the 7th chapter of Exodus: "And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded; and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents, but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." For many generations Egypt had stood for black magic and evil. This is in accord with occult teachings, for we know that the ancient Egyptians were the remnants of the still older Atlanteans. and that Atlantis sank because black magic had supplanted the white forces, and the Great Ones who were guiding the destinies of men were forced to take those who remained true out of the world of darkness and onward to the promised land. The serpent of the black magicians of Egypt called up by invocation and through negative processes, represents the lower passions and desires with which the black forces are even today filing the world through the medium of thoughtless persons who allow their emotions and desires to master them. The serpent of Aaron, developed as commanded by the Lord, corresponds to the white serpent or transmuted spirit fire, the wand of the initiate which eats up (transmutes rather than kills) the lower forces of the black magicians. In Kundry, that wonderful character in the opera of Parsifal, the girl dressed in the skins of snakes, we find another symbol of the serpent power of spirit fire, for the word Kundry is evidently taken from Kundalini, which means a sleeping serpent. While undeveloped or under the spell of evil it serves the black forces, but when transmuted it is true to the Knights of the Grail.

There came a time when it was necessary for man to lift the spiritual consciousness which had been sent downward to develop form, and this we find explained in the story of the brazen serpent which Moses raised up in the wilderness. The ancient Hebrew word used to signify a serpent in this part of the Bible can also be translated savior. There is a connection between this serpent which was raised, and the Christ principle which is represented by the crowned serpent.

From the standpoint of the occult student there is probably no more important explanation of spiritual unfoldment than that of the rod that budded. It is said in some of the ancient books that the rod of Aaron like the spear of Odin was cut from the Tree of Life. Now let us consider the Tree of Life. It is that great tree which is said to have its roots in heaven and its branches upon the earth. When we study this carefully we find that man is the rod of Aaron, which was cut from the Tree of Life when his connection with the higher worlds was severed that he might better learn the lessons of individual responsibility. The studen who does not seek to carry his own burdens but tries to find others to do his work for him is losing the great opportunity of learning these lessons.

Man in his fallen state is symbolized by the dead stick in which the germ of life is too weak to manifest. We know how in the early fall the sap of the tree goes to its roots and the tree appears dead. It was the same with primitive man, for his life forces were sent downward, and the staff cut from the Tree of Life, as far as its spiritual development was concerned, was dead. But when the Christ Spirit became indwelling in the earth. man began turning his egotism to altruism, and by the power in his own life is helping to lift the spirit fire upward, contacting one by one the spiritual centers in the body. It nourishes them, and one by one the blossoms on the dead staff burst forth. One by one the seven centers are awakened and become blossoms. The blossoms on the rod of Aaron correspond to the roses on the Rose Cross or the lotus blossoms of the East. As told in Tannhauser, when these flowers blossom forth we know that our sins have been forgiven.

Many students of occult philosophy wonder why the Great Ones do not come to them. This is not because of neglect. These students do not understand the mystery of the rod that blossoms, and do not know that the higher ones on the invisible planes are watching breathlessly for those whom they can use for the betterment of humanity; that the way by which they identify the purified candidate is not through his words but by the blossoms on his staff or cross. These spiritual centers when awakened by right thinking

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

REINCARNATION

By W. W. Harmon—(Continued)

It is estimated that a child is born into the world in every second of time and that death also marks every second of time. If so, that means 86,400 every 24 hours who are born and fall into an environment; and 86,400 every 24 hours who have an environment into which others may step and which has already been shaped to confirm to certain re-souls who pass out are ofshd....tltrtshrdl quirements and fulfillments. Those souls who pass out are of various ages, but the average length of time before the cycle marks an appearance on earth again is about **1400** years, this latter against the short period of 70 years, we will say, while on earth is quite insignficant when we consider the vast stream of souls returning and passing continually these past 1,600,000 years. That which appears then cannot be summed up in any other form than that of a soul overshadowing an environment for the purpose of the Divine Law.

So what is the use, in our argument backward, of trying to trace out who, as the reincarnationists say, King Arthur was in previous lives—there never was such a man before or since, any more than last year's leaf is next year's leaf; therefore that something which should be traced out are the qualities and attributes rendered **impersonal** during the intervals of 1400 years by the soul's functional, so to say, powers in the realms wherein the Divine individual powers and characteristics of God-like proportions prevail. That there are reactionary conditions existing is clear and indisputable; that the doings of the personality are of vital importance in this respect is also clear; furthermore, that which is of the selfish earthly existence can have no part in the soul's delights, but is stored up as impersonal reactionary forces in the future expression in matter as environment of merit and demerit which personality undergoes time after time until the Law is fulfilled.

Soul cannot be and is not personality; for we have clearly indicated **personality is only characterized by the soul through and by the latter's perfections;** therefore the forces of these perfections can only act as an influence in directing the will and desires of the personality to the formation of character according to and from the influences of environment and education in which man finds himself placed. Now as the soul cannot be personal or personality it must be impersonal and spiritual and the representative of the Spirit in the realms whose cycle corresponds to that 70 years of time, wherein the soul institutes, so to say, one of its pauses, for the purpose of carrying out certain reactionary decrees of the Spirit in the world of form as well as in the world of Spirit and Soul.

To manifest on earth as a personality, certainly means action and effort on the plane of matter; action means force and this force liberated within and without, according to the will and desire, must be and is expressed in more or less perfect accord with the qualities and attributes developed by the environment and moulded by the voice of conscience. This voice of conscience is the vibratory effects of the impersonal forces of the soul and caused by the reciprocity existing between the personal will and desire and the decrees of the spiritual impulses set up by the soul for fuller expression of its perfections—ultimately. It is the Spirit which determines that the soul shall overshadow its objective representative and determines its birth, its life and its death, and that which is dear to all is not that they shall cause the death of the soul as well as of the body—as there is such a possibility. It is the Spirit which also determines that "pathway" of the soul called its "cycle of necessity" as the soul is set in that aspect of eternity called immortality, it must win that immortality by effort at **every point** along its pathway, otherwise what is the use of the soul?

It is possible that at the earth point of this "pathway" that if man, as a personality, rises to the conscious perception of the realities of the Spirit, through the vibratory light of the "voice" of the soul, the will and desire becomes permanently characterized and the qualities and attributes for better and better environment, in due and proper time, may actually lead to final liberation at the earth point of the "pathway" or "cycle of the soul's necessity." For according to the decrees of the Spirit over which the man thus has a certain control, by the vibratory reciprocity existing between himself and his soul, there comes about a positive individualization, a power and a dominion in the realms of the soul, over which it now has but very little, as proven by the imperfections of mankind in general. The whole **human** family are **souls** and all men are brothers, all alike except for the miserable imperfections; but remember, these imperfections are born of the wilfulness of the will and desire of **unthinking** and badly taught humanity.

Each rebirth of the qualities and attributes, rendered impersonal by what we called the "faculties of the soul," becomes less and less in their power of manifesting those miserable imperfections, so the body itself, the soul and the Spirit, shall respond in a more and more perfect union and accord to the perfections of the soul's impersonal radiations and perfections and with far less of the contaminating influences of poor environment and of the unresponsiveness of the earth-born cellular constituents of the physical misrepresentations of the soul, normally considered.

So that which characterizes then must be of a spiritual inclination, rather than of the purely earthly and selfish inclination, for we may say the soul is Divinely conscious, but the characterization comes unto the soul from the Spiritual efflorescence of the man's efforts, of the good he does, of the ethical qualities of his life; the evil he does weighs against him; and the more evil, the less and less the individualization. It is this individualizing power in the highest and most spiritual sense, which constitutes the Divine Self-con-

(Continued on Page 7. Col 3)

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.

Commercial Printing and Publications

443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

January 30th—Frederick W. Roman, Ph. D., D. Litt, Professor of Economics and Education, New York University, will speak on "Why Are We Here?" The causes of progress will be considered and their practical application to modern problems.

February 6th—"A Morning with the Great Minds of Greece."

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Why is an ego sent to a family out of harmony with it?

Answer. In harmony is the basis of growth for it is the opportunity to learn to love and appreciate the thing which naturally it is not attracted to. It comes to teach the value of harmony through showing the suffering of inharmony. The ego comes to settle old scores and to make new growth rather than to find harmony.

What will be the result of present conditions of capital vs. labor in U. S.?

Answer. If the wrangling and dissenting continues it will destroy the entire country without having secured the desired results for either of the combatting parties.

Will man develop more rapidly from the spiritual standpoint in the near future than he does now?

Answer. He will never develop any faster than he does now until his whole life is better than it is now, and a few million years do not make much difference unless he changes his mode of life.

How would you treat a drug addict or a cigarette fiend?

Answer. Patching up the effects will never produce a lasting cure. The higher side of the nature must be appealed to in some way and the consciousness of the individual raised to the realization of the blasphemy of his acts.

What effect has cremation on the spirit?

Answer. Cremation about three days after death, destroying the body, severs the last tie between the higher organisms and its form and in that way frees the spiritual bodies to go on with their work.

What are the real dangers of psychic development?

Answer. The first great danger is negative development which results in mediumship and obsession. The second great danger is seeking to unfold spiritual powers before the body has been properly purified to sustain the strain.

Please name some occult literature that is good for the beginner to study.

Answer. "The Brother of the Third Degree" by Garver; "The Dweller on Two Planets" by Philos; "Miriam of the Mystic Brotherhood" by Howard; "The Romance of Two Worlds" by Barabas; "The Sorrows of Satan" and the "Life Everlasting" by Marie Corelli—are as good fiction as can be secured on the subject. The writings of Jacob Boheme, Andrew Jackson Davis and Emanuel Swendenberg are excellent from the mystic standpoint. Sibley, Raphael, William Lilley and Nicholas Culpeper are the best in astrology; "The Secret Doctrine", "Isis Unveiled" and "The Key to Theosophy" by Madame Blavatsky; "The Cosmo Conception" by Max Heindel are the best occult works of modern times. Spencer, Huxley and Plato lead in scientific research and philosophy. And H. G. Wells has written an excellent history of the world.

Is the power of communication with the astral spirits a sign of development?

Answer. Not necessarily. Development is a positive step forward while many become conscious of superphysical things through a retrogression. Crystal gazing, magic mirrors and all those things are not developments but are degenerations which will destroy us if we continue them.

What did Christ mean when He said "In my Father's house are many mansions?"

Answer. One translation of this paragraph says "In the Father's house are

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

"WHY ARE WE HERE?"

Frederick W. Roman, Ph. D., D. Litt., Professor of Economics and Education of New York University, and well known lecturer will occupy the pulpit of the Church of the People, Trinity Auditorium, on Sunday morning, January 30th during the absence of Manly P. Hall.

"Why Are We Here?" will be the subject of the morning, Dr. Roman first considering the causes of progress, from the viewpoint of the fundamentalist, the evolutionist. the Marxian philosopher and the thinkers of all times. Then he will review the problems of the present day and show that the solutions can be found by the practical application of philosophical thought. Dr. Roman is a close student of current events and will present the latest information on China. Mexico and Nicaragua.

IMAGINE !

The All-Seeing Eye is a messenger of TRUTH and ENLIGHTENMENT. Use your imagination and see the "EYE" sending out its weekly messages of insight and help over California, all up and down the coast, from West to East of America and crossing the seven oceans to eager readers wherever English is read.

Imagine it pouring out from the presses by the hundreds, then the thousands, and bringing the Ancient Wisdom of Philosophy and Symbolism to those thousands who want a soul satisfying synthesis of scientific and religious teaching.

We are all ready mailing to 34 states including Washington, Oregon, Ohio, New York, Illinois, West Virginia, Minnesota, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Arizona, Montana, Texas, Oklahoma, Utah, New Mexico, Massachusetts, Iowa, Michigan, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, So. Dakota, Missouri, Virginia, Wisconsin, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Idaho and Arkansas, to say nothing of California, Alaska and the Hawaian Islands.

Then look at our foreign list: Seville, Spain; Vancouver, Ontario and Winnipeg, Canada; Skane, Sweden; Antrim and Belfast, Ireland; Budapest, Hungary; Calcutta and Almor, India; London, Linconshire and Tedmorden, England; Paris and Eze-sur-Mer, France.

This list surprises you no doubt. It rather surprises us to see how far and how quickly it has spread.

And remember it has back of it no sect, no creed, no organization; only its loyal friends who can speak of it to another friend. One of our very helpful friends in Long Beach has canvassed her friends and has sent in almost FORTY subscriptions that she has sold.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

For all your kindnesses past and future, we are truly thankful.

Sincerely,
HARRY S. GERHART,
Managing Editor.

The All-Seeing Eye
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California.

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

A great lesson is being taught to man through these allegories, but the average person is unwilling to stop and consider them. 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 legend 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 man and the lower man fighting for the soul within.

The knight of today does not realize that the white armor he wears is his own purified body which is proof against 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; the sword he wields is the spiritual light—the pure flame of the spirit fire—which 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 course of 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 otherwise have killed him had he seen it without purification. Then taking his place among the Knights of the Round Table, he joins those who give up all to labor for humanity.

When in sickness and in suffering we beseech the great Unknown to send us help, then indeed our knight comes to us as Lohengrin came to Elsa. When our loved ones pass into the Unknown, there stands the Brother of the Grail, the Invisible Helper, who through days of labor has earned the right to become a member of that great band of servers gathered around the Table of the King, and who while the body is wrapped in sleep still labors in his search for Light and Truth and prays for the day when he will also become a King of the Holy Grail.

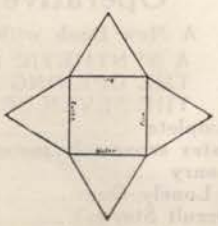
CHAPTER VII
THE MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMID

In the development of the occult student there comes a time when he understands one of the great secrets of the Initiates; namely, that every sacred thing outside of himself stands for some organ or function within himself. This is likewise true in the case of the Great Pyramid, except that this particular pile of stone (said by man 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 it 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 closer we see that it is made up of thousands of smaller stones, each one carefully fitted into place. Here is the first likeness between the pyramid and man. We ordinarily consider man to be a unit, but when we examine him more closely we find that he is an aggregation of infinitely smaller units, each working in harmony with the others. The analogy prevails everywhere. We take a successful life and think of it as an entirety, but when we analyze it we find it composed of a vast number of lesser achievements, each contributing its mite to the masterpiece.

As thousands of workmen were used in the building of the pyramid, so unnumbered workmen are engaged in the building of our bodies, which are symbolic of the same building.

There are many pyramids all over the world. We find them in South America and Mexico; we find mounds also which were made to represent them among the American Indians, and in Europe and Britain we find remnants of the same things. However, there is but one real pyramid among them all. 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. In the accompanying illustration you will see the pyramid laid flat and that it is made of four triangles laid around the base square. The four-sided base of the pyramid represents the four primary elements of which man's bodies are composed. These are hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon, or earth, water, fire, and air. 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

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

Conjuring the Children of the Elements —Gnomes, Undines, Salamanders, Sylphs.

One of the full page color prints in the Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy; to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews. Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings Concealed within the Rituals, Allegories, and Mysteries of All Ages. The Entire Work Amplified with Numerous Quotations from Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Authorities, many from Unpublished Manuscripts and Books Long out of Print, Gathered by the Author,—Manly P. Hall.

"The King Solomon Edition" limited to 550 copies.

A Masterpiece of the Bookman's Art,— Page Size—13x19 inches.

Three hundred and fifty pages, 50 full page illustrations in four colors, more than 200 engravings in black and white, 46 chapters, antique cover and slip case, weighs 14½ pounds. One hundred dollars per copy when published. Sold prior to publication, $75 on terms of $15 down and $15 a month.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)
emotional being. It is the lower emotional body in man with its passions and hates which is symbolized by the Devil, and these emotions while they are invoked by man, if he once gives himself over to them, soon become his master and destroy him with their blazing fire.

In Faust the Devil is called the Spirit of Negation, and this is true, he is, and he is also the spirit of perversion, as the Devil in every case is the right thing in the wrong place. In man's hands rests the regeneration of the Evil One, the eternal tempter, who in the last analysis constitutes a divine urge for greater good. If we hate evil we are promoting evil with evil as hate is food for hate and an evil intention towards evil gives the undesirable ever greater strength. We must find the way of working that Faust found which in the end resulted in his eternal salvation and forgiveness. Man must master the lower phases of all his bodies which until they are mastered are eternally betraying his higher nature. His heart, Marguerite, and his brain, Faust, should be masters of the forces which animate them, but man is seldom master of his own bodies as nearly all creatures are slaves of emotion, which is represented as the jaunty, scarlet clad figure who is always ready to gratify the lower at the expense of the higher, but who in turn when mastered becomes the willing follower of good as before he was the instigator of evil. When man masters his lower body with its emotions, hates, and fears, instead of being a slave to it he then breaks the bond which ties him to Mephistopheles, as this creature which he has invoked is his own lower nature and until he masters this nature he must always be a slave to it and it will lead him to misery and death.

The mastery of bodies and the finer and finer adjustments of bodies are the things for which man is eternally seeking. Every expression of the spiritual inner urge brings closer the day when he shall be master of his own temple, but when he fails in his divine obligation he then sells his soul and his spiritual consciousness to the lower nature and like Faust becomes a blight upon the very earth, a betrayer of his own higher nature and a slave of vice. Millions of people have unconsciously sold their souls to Mephistopheles who still believe that they are masters of themselves, but who are the slaves of habit. All who are mastered by temper are the conscious servants of Mephistopheles and will remain so until they take the very Devil himself and make him work for good. Then we find that he is as useful a companion as constructive energy as he was a betrayer when he manifested through destructive elements.

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST

This tragedy in five acts is played out through the regions of the five senses by mind, spirit, body, soul, and emotions, which constitute the cast of this eternal drama. All the elements of human passion and desire from the divine prologue at the footstool of God to the infernal Sabbath of Walpurgis night are phases in the expression of the ever evolving individuality of man. In it we find that the human spirit of man, Faust, the one hidden in the laboratory of crystallized vehicles where the light shines through but dimly, seeks greater liberty and expression and so invokes the spirit of the earth and the higher powers to liberate him from the narrow confines of his laboratory; but he is not yet prepared for the higher liberation and so seeks expression through the lower.

We find the human spiritual consciousness in man pledging its soul to the bodies of emotion at the present time in the world where thousands of people, millions in fact, are searching for happiness, the eternal goal of the lower man. In many ways humanity seeks to forget its cares and sorrows by drowning them in emotional excesses, but eternally its misery is only sleeping to wake again until the individual takes the path which leads him upward to the light.

The vehicle which Faust, the human spirit, decides to use and pervert to his own ends represents Marguerite, the body, which it destroys in order that it may carry on its degeneracy, and the inevitable result of his mental and emotional excesses is the destruction of the body which he betrays and a karmic reaction of sickness and death. We see this exemplified around us where the burning of the candle at both ends results in the destruction of the body, as symbolized by the betrayal of Marguerite. But this betrayal and the resultant suffering bring with them growth and life, as we see it today; the betrayal of the lower by the higher, as it is around us at every moment, brings with it constructive results, as is symbolized by Faust who as the result of his final repentance earns the right to eternal salvation, as Marguerite is also immortalized when she masters the temptations of the emotional man.

Walpurgis Night. There is no more impressive feature in the entire opera than what is called the ride to hell and the witch's Sabbath where Faust and the Devil ride through the storms and thunderclouds to where the lower emotional creatures of our creation are battling, twisting and writhing in a demoniacal frenzy. This ride to hell, as it is called, is the inevitable result of the pact in which Faust, the human spirit, binds himself to his emotional body. The result of this union and the degeneracy which comes with it, is, that the spinal currents and powers in man go down the spine to the darkness of the lower man on the ride to hell, and here in the conscious centers of the lower emotions is celebrated the witch's Sabbath. When man becomes the slave of emotion his spiritual centers above the meridian point fail to function and his consciousness is carried downward to the centers of the lower body, where among the seething flames of the sacral plexuses, the lower passion centers, he celebrates the orgies of the lower astral planes.

The entire drama is wound around the one series of natural laws, as are all dramas of the universe, this particular phase being the price that man must pay when he allows the lower bodies to master the higher principles. In most every thought and action of our lives we are betraying our own being, which betrayal

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

brings with it years and often lives of suffering. If man will only realize his duty to his own bodies and theirs to him he will not have to pass through the terrible drama which Goethe, the great mystic, has presented in the story of Faust; but when he abuses any part of his being he must pay as Faust paid when he sold his higher spiirtual nature to his lower bodies and betrayed the principles within himself, leaving behind him a stream of suffering and death.

Faust is still being played out in the world as it was played out in the worlds above, which we have recorded in the Fall of the Angels. Man by the perversion of his life essences created the Devil and now he must suffer in anguish as the slave of his creation until he redeems himself as Faust did in the last act of Walpurgis Night, known as the second half of the drama. In the first part of the drama Faust buries his higher nature in the process of involution; in the second he lifts that which he destroyed and redeems that which he perverted.

THE END

You'll have
BETTER HEALTH
if you take at least one meal a day at the
EUTROPHEON
where fresh raw foods only are served.
Two locations:
833 So. Olive St. and 209 S. Hill St.

WANDS AND SERPENTS

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

and right action are lights by which our development is judged. The reason we do not attract the higher ones is that there are no roses on our cross, and they know our purification is not complete.

In the same way the black forces tell by our negative development, which is the reverse of the positive, when we are in a position to be of service in the work of destruction. When we realize that we are the staff and that our own development is the rod on which we must lean, then we better understand the miracles performed by those who have raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness. When we realize that it is the serpent power which brings to the brain the vital energy with which we think, we also realize what Christ meant when he said, "Be ye wise as serpents"; and we also understand why Christ was symbolized in the ancient mysteries as a serpent coiled around a staff, **head upward.**

So let us go through life with a firm resolve to so live that the rod within ourselves, cut from the Tree of Life and depending upon us for its development, will flower out with the spiritual blossoms that tell of Mastership.

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 2)

many resting places" and the "mansions" undoubtedly refer to the different planes of nature where the spiritual consciousness lives and rests in its progression towards perfection.

What is the best cure for an inflamed stomach?

Answer. Fasting, non-irritating diet and a purifying of the entire system are the only means by which treatment of a permanent nature can be carried on.

Is there a healing for sore and aching feet?

Answer. It is amazing what a wonderful connection there is between a sour stomach and sore feet, but if people will keep their general system in good order much foot trouble can be eliminated.

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 2)

is raised from the element earth, the vital body from water, the emotional body from fire, and the mental body from air.

There are also twelve lines used in the drawing of the four triangles, which stand for the twelvefold constitution of man when it is complete; the threefold body, the threefold mind, the threefold soul, and the threefold 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; Aquarius, the Man, or the human head.

(To be continued)

THE ALL-SEEING EYE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
Rates per line:
1 time 15c
3 times 12c
Minimum charge, 3 lines, 1 time 45c.
Copy must be in our hands by 3 P. M. Tuesday preceeding issue. Call TUcker 2603.
Sample advertisements.
Wanted—Companion, student of philosophy, Mrs. John Doe, 123 Blank Street.
For Sale—Occult books, very cheap to those really interested, Richard Roe, 567 Lanes End.
Rooms for Rent—Prefer gentleman, etc.
Vegetarian Meals served at Jones Cafe.
Etc., Etc., Etc.
We reserve the right to edit all Advertising.

Especially considerate of those newer customs established by students of continued existence.
—Refrigeration of the Body—

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

sciousness and the true life, or that which all humanity innately desires—it is the immortal life.

The Soul is Divine Consciousness, a unit in that aspect of Spirit called immortality and made manifest by the spirit in the soul; but the Divine Self, or individualizing power, positively must and can only come from the attainment thereof on the **plane of matter,** because matter as such, is in the cycle or pathway of the Soul's immortal Kingdom and an aspect of it in time; a sphere of matter caused by the action and reaction of something outside of eternity. In other words, the soul must redeem its quota of matter, so to say, and thus win its immortality by the ingathering or involution of all its parts and particles of the evolution of all **Its** manifestations. This is all in the sense that the Individual Spiritual Ego or Divine Self-

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

consciousness **must** have absolute control and dominion over its individualization, its supreme, sublime and magnificent powers. The logical conclusion must be that it has not, for it is still bound to the "miserable imperfections" of the personalities or the non-spiritual forces liberated from the life in matter, which constantly nullifies the reciprocity of one side at the expense of the other and which determines the balance of power.

Man is a responsible being, i. e., true man, for there are many beasts masquerading as men, and sad as it may seem they are doomed to destruction, for according to those great Teachers of humanity, who appear from time to time, that unless the soul overshadows the physical being there can be no life, i. e., true human life, therefore all the imperfections which do not belong to the impersonal and spiritual requirements of the soul is destroyed at the death of the earthly body, or, in case of an overshadowing soul, they are transmitted and rendered impersonal by the faculties of the soul, as noted.

It may be said in conclusion, as a summary, and for the sake of scientific deduction, that action of whatever nature, liberates force; force means power and power means vibration and vibration means time or number. If this force is generated by man, it means intelligent power; intelligent power, means first, impersonal power, such as ideation; purely ethical qualities, the love of all good for the sake of good; or second, it means personal power, such as selfishness, domination and destruction of all good for the sake of doing evil, injustice and no consideration for human welfare. The former characterizes the over-shadowing soul by reciprocal reactions. The latter characterizes the beast and nullifies the reciprocal reactions of the soul until finally it results in severance and the beat destroyed.

That the soul has certain functional duties to perform after the death of its physical form is clear; for between what we have termed personality and the interval of the time elapsing between the death of the personality and the return of the impersonal forces, such as the qualities and attributes of that which falls into a new physical body and environment, there lies a period of deep mystery, but that portion which immediately concerns us is that period within every attribute and quality, which includes memory and all the senses of the personality that was, is rendered impersonal.

Thus then as the soul is always on its own plane, its life and being, while overshadowing the body, is more or less magnetically affected by the evil and the good manifesting outwardly through the personality; and when released from these evil magnetic and reciprocal reactions, the soul then, for a longer or shorter period is in what man calls heaven. This heaven is that state wherein the soul, having just enough of the good qualities of the ex-personality to still lead it to believe it to be the same (until released) and lives in the fullness and joyousness of its unrealized good.

"The All-Seeing Eye"

All subscriptions start with the December 1st number and continue for twenty weeks for One Dollar.

Furthermore, none of the idealistic tendencies, none of the grand aspirations, none of the good deeds or pure and lovely thoughts, none of the spiritual and ethical foundations of right living can come into the brain of the physical being and settle there, except as a direct force emanating from the soul and through the personality. All the rest as beautiful as it may seem to some, proceeds from the former imperfections, as they expand and grow into the formation of the personality in the three epochs of its life, viz: childhood, middle age and old age. This as an identity then passes away. But the good, the true and the spiritual ideation of the personal "I" arising from all this, remains as the ex-personality that was and gradually blending with all the other personal "I's" which preceded it in past ages survive and eventually characterizes the pilgrim; this is the "functional" process of the soul wherein the forces are all rendered impersonal by this continual process of "blending."

There can be no distinct or separate immortality for the men of earth outside of that which informs and overshadows them. This is the sole representative of all its personalities on earth. This is that which the sole representative in that state men gathers the harvest of each earth life and call heaven. As each last personality has a right to its own special state of bliss, unalloyed and free from the **memories of all others, it is this last life which is fully and realistically vivid.** The intensity of its happiness, if there is anything worthy accord it, causes the entity to forget all things else until it is blended with and fades into the Divine Self—the eternal "I".

All this constitutes the teachings of the hazy Christian notion of Paradise, which was built and borrowed with many other things from the Egyptian mysteries wherein the doctrines were staged, to illustrate the Journeyings of the soul and passed down through the ages, but like all things spiritual, the truth of the matter becomes lost in the leavening tendencies of the evil propensities of the personalities, so full of self. Therefore, it should be manifest to all thinking people that unless there comes a balance, called good, into a man's life, there can be but little left after death for identification by the soul. Much dependence in the future must be placed upon Spiritualized science to teach humanity. They must create different systems of life, which will further the welfare of the eternal pilgrim. It has got to be done and man himself has got to do it. There is a time limit for all things and as said before and to repeat it again, there is no distinct and separate immortality for the man of earth outside of that which informs and overshadows, and the perfection can only come through the many personalities blending. When the time arrives for the return of the soul to the scenes of further effort it is always in accordance to the decrees of the Spirit, wherein is determined that the evolution of the soul to the Divine perfections of Its "Father in Heaven" must be gathered from the harvest of the soil, from the seeds of every imperfection planted therein. As these seeds rendered impersonal and having all the attributes and qualities of the environment, sprout and grow in the system of the earthy body, they liberate the reactionary force therefrom, these determine the tendencies of the will and desire, together with education and environment. These then mould being who again and again makes another attempt at the earth point of its "cycle of necessity"; therefore there can be no return of that which man **thinks he is,** it is as impossible as it is for last year's leaf to appear again in the spring. But the soul can and does manifest the attributes and qualities of the earthly elementary forces of the soul many times until the true Divine Individualization and protean powers thereof are under the dominion of the Divine Ego, as decreed by the Spirit in the beginning of the aspect of eternity, called the immortal Kingdom of the Soul. and shape the **new** personality accordingly and with new senses and memory. Then Spirit, together with whatever added power and dominion the soul may have derived from the blended power of repeated rebirths as personalities, characacterizes and expresses the new personality absolutely anew. Thus the seeds of imperfections may obtain more and more favorable opportunities for betterment, that the forces thereof may characterize more fully to individualization of the Divine consciousness and have a greater dominion over it, whereby it may live in the immortal Kingdom in full possession of that which Its Father in Heaven desires for it—for as Jesus says: "I and My Father in Heaven are one and the self same."

And so man is not what he thinks he is, thus he, as a personality never appears again—or incarnates, it is the Spirit, the soul which overshadows; that is the true

(The End)

Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 704

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,580—

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 11 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, February 2nd, 1927 10c a Copy

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

KRISHNA AND THE BATTLE OF KURUKSHETRA

THE GREAT WAR OF THE MAHABHARATA

When the student begins his search for the hidden wisdom contained in the mythology of ancient people, he should always have one thought in his mind, one question that he eternally must ask himself. What does this mean to me now, and how will it help me to live better, think better, and strengthen me to master the problems of every day life? The average student is wound up in theory. He may have a large number of facts at his command, but through much study and little thinking he has developed only a parrot consciousness. He is able to repeat facts and memorize dates, but can make no practical use of the information he has gathered. Unless we are able to gain something of every day use from the things we are learning it will be wise for us to change our line of thought into other channels. We must study things that will help us and our fellowman to gain a greater understanding of living problems. The average so called student and theoretical thinker is merely a mental gymnast.

If we are to draw the mystic meaning from the words that drop like pollen from the lotus lips of Krishna, we should read with this thought uppermost in our minds, the wonderful story of Arjuna and the Great War as it has been recorded in the Mahabharata.

We should not study it for the legendary history it contains, but rather to correlate it with present day consitions, where as never before father and son are battling each with the other. Never in the history of mankind have the pearls of truth falling from the mouth of the Lord of Love been of greater use than now. We as individuals, as nations, and our globe as an entire, must learn the lessons that Arjuna, the beloved disciple learned at the feet of Krishna.

Blessed are the students who can see in the battle of Kurukshetra the eternal war as old as time itself, a war beginning in the dim forgetten past. and continuing until every soul listens to the words of the Higher One within himself, and wins the battle of life as Arjuna did when he learned and understood the reason for being.

It was said by the ancients that the Gods above were eternally battling with the

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

FIRST REQUISITES FOR STUDENTS OF OCCULT SCIENCE

What are the first requisites of a student of the occult sciences?

Answer. There are many things to be considered and books could be written concerning this vital question, but listed below are three requisites without which little progress, if any, is possible:

(1) Purity. Before high spiritual or scientific truth can be comprehended by any student, it is necessary for him to lift his center of consciousness and the forces which nourish and supply it into the centers of higher sense perceptions and spiritual cognitions. This is only possible when the body, emotions, and mind are purified by supplying their vital centers with purified life essences. High, altruistic ideals cannot manifest through vehicles that are filled with low thoughts, annimal desires, or destructive actions. The gratification of sense centers must be transmuted from the animal to the spiritual mental plane, and this is only possible through a purification of the entire organism.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

GREAT GREEK PHILOSOPHER TELLS OF DEATH

From the Dialogues of Plato.

(By B. Jowett, M.A.)

(After an interval of some months or years, at Phlius a town of Sicyon, the tale of the last hours of Socrates is narrated to Echecrates and other Philasians by Phaedo the "beloved disciple"—Jowett.)

(Many philosophical question are discussed in prison by Socrates and his friends, many questions concerning death, suicide and the proper attitude toward life. Speaking of the other world, the superior world, the upper earth. Socrates tells them the following:—Editor.)

In the first place, the earth, when looked at from above, is like one of those balls which have leather coverings in twelve pieces, and is of divers colors, of which the colors which painters use on earth are only a sample. But there the whole earth is made up of them, and they are brighter far and clearer than ours; there is a purple of wonderful lustre, also the radiance of gold, and the white which is in the earth is whiter than any chalk or snow. Of these and other colors the earth is made up, and they are more in number and fairer than the eye of man has ever seen; and the very hollows (of which I was speaking) filled with air and water are seen like light flashing amid the other colors, and have a color of their own, which gives a sort of unity to the variety of earth. And in this fair region everything that grows—trees, and flowers, and fruits—are in a like degree fairer than any here; and there are

hills, and stones in them in a like degree smoother, and more transparent, and fairer in color than our highly-valued emeralds and sardonyxes and jaspers, and other gems, which are but minute fragments of them: for there all the stones are like our precious stones, and fairer still. The reason of this is, that they are pure, and not, like our precious stones, infected and corroded by the corrupt briny elements which coagulate among us, and which breed foulness and disease both in earth and stones, as well as in animals and plants. They are the jewels of the upper earth, which also shines with gold and silver and the like, and they are visible to sight and large and abundant and found in every region of the earth, and blessed is he who sees them. And upon the earth are animals and men, some in the middle region, others dwelling about the air as we dwell about the sea; others in islands which the air flows round, near the continent; and in a word, the air is used by them as the water and the sea are by us, and the ether to them what the air is to us Moreover, the temperament of their seasons is such that they have no disease, and live much longer than we do, and have sight and hearing and smell, and all the other senses, in far greater perfection, in the same degree that air is purer than water or the ether than air. Also they have temples and sacred places in which the gods really dwell, and they hear their voices and receive their answers, and are conscious of them and hold converse with them, and they see the sun, moon, and stars as they really are, and their other blessedness is of a piece of this.

* * * * * * *

I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below (purgatory like, first, before being led to the "upper earth,"—Ed.)when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison: and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

* * * * * * *

Said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul will evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

* * * * * * *

(Having returned from the bath the jailer came to him saying):

To you Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—Indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others. as yeu are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting. into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. * * * * Let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. * * * * He handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentleest manner. without the least fear or change or color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back * * * and the men who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs, and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

ABSTRACTIONS

A Short Story in a Lighter Vein, But With a Deeper Undercurrent.

Wanted, an information bureau to enlighten individuals as to what the majority of cults think they are teaching and why. We are going to give you a few paragraphs from the diary of Jeremiah Sapleigh who has been wandering mid a jungle of occult decrepencies for many years seeking for the light which lighteth every man which Kipling has immortalized in the "Light that Failed."

Mr. Sapleigh reconnoitered around town seeking for the answer to how he should train a disobedient instrument into a harp for the sounding of celestial symphonies. In the "Think As Think Can New Thought Center" he met Mrs. Gabley and interrogated her concerning the highest known philosophy. Mrs. Gabley replied: "God is good."

Mr. Sapleigh with his under nourished brain had already reasoned out in his simple way that conclusion but wanted a little more definite information on the subject, so he said, "Madam, I have suffered from blind spavin for sixteen years. How may I secure healing?"

"Just know that God is good," replied Mrs. Gabley with soulful intonations.

"My dear lady, what is good?" asked Mr. Sapleigh.

"Only God is good" answered Mrs. Gabley.

"My dear madam, I have already accepted that as a statement but my spavin has now become so acute that every time I bend over my kidney catches on one of my ribs and hangs fluttering in space. For years I have been searching for truth for I am repeatedly told that there is such a thing but nobody seems to know anything about it."

"If you would only realize that God is good you would know that there could be no such thing as a kidney out of order."

Mr. Sapleigh picked up his hat and staggered slowly towards the door.

"Madam, every word you have spoken is undoubtedly true and I honor your creed which while is it is not exhaustive may never the less be a masterpiece of human induction. But for some unknown reason I feel that I am the best able to judge whether or not I have a kidney. Though I have accepted for the last twenty-five years that God is good, I am quite confident that He is not the incentive behind this peculiar pounding in the small of my back. You have said great truths, madam, but it don't mean anything to me and I do not feel a bit better than when I came in. Your abstractions do me no good so if you have nothing which will assist me in tying this kidney back in its cavity I am forced to depart where I can receive relief."

Poor Mr. Sapleigh spent many days in searching for truth and finally landed upon one Brother Gollop whose spirituality was accepted wherever he went and whose wisdom was exhaustive. Putting once more his besetting question, Brother Gollop "sshed-ed" him with a sweet smile and spreading out his arms dashed madly at Sapleigh and gathering him close to his bosom gave him a paternal smack on each cheek.

"You poor sinner!" he exclaimed, "you would be alright if you only realize divine love. You would flit through life like this." And brother Gollop balanced on one toe.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Sapleigh, "but don't throw your arms around me again, you are pressing my kidney. I have come for information. How can I be saved in mind, in soul and in kidney?"

"Just know that God is love," answered Gollop spreading his arms in imitation of some denizen of the ethers. "Just know that love is all there is."

"I would that I could," answered Sapleigh, "but love is so shallow when compared to a floating kidney. And my sins weigh so heavily upon me and my back is growing so weak that I must needs have something more substantial than those words which cover the universe from end to end but leave me out entirely."

"Poor benighted mortal," exclaimed Gollop, sighing. "If you only had the vision of a dreamer."

"I wish I could," exclaimed Sapleigh, "but I haven't slept, let alone dreamt. for six months. Have I eaten something that has made me this way? Should I stop drinking and chewing tobacco? Should I exercise more or take less cocaine? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, brother, say not of mortal things! Just bask in the sunshine of Divine love and know that you are all right."

"Humph!" said Sapleigh and wandered off unconvinced by the words of divine wisdom which gushed from Gollop's illuminated personality.

Sapleigh wended from door to door. He met all kinds of sweet people with sweet notions, sweet personalities and beautiful ideals but he didn't meet a single individual who told him anything that any human being could possibly do.

Professor Horatio Wobble told him to concentrate upon perfection but Sapleigh had never seen anything perfect to concentrate on. Madam Scoops had told him that he had no kidney but he put his finger on it and knew better. Nicodemus Ashley told him that he should take up esthetic dancing while Lora Wampus gave him a discourse on the lilies of the valley and their correlation to divine salvation. Another read a book to him for two hours and a half and collected five dollars.

But still Sapleigh grew weaker and weaker. As the hours went by he became more and more disgusted with religion. He had been to all the eminent authorities on postmortem salvation. He was told that he should know truth, that he should love divinely, that he should realize his own perfection, that he should affirm health and realize that it was God's plan for His children. He learned also that the Divine was God, kind-hearted, humanitarian, benevolent, considerate, very astute, philanthropic, paternal, maternal, fraternal, diurnal. that Mars in Libra caused the ailment, that his unbelief was the basis of his delemma and that a floating kidney was created out of the mist of matter.

He tore his hair and took a Viking oath that he would remain an atheist to the end of his natural life.

It was about that time that he entered a Chinese laundry to find out why his sixteen shirt returned a thirteen. Leaning on the counter he tenderly rubbed the small of his back, which was daily becoming larger as the kidney developed along its rather eccentric line,

"Owwww-ooo" murmured Sapleigh.

"Whata matta? You catchem sickee?" beamed the Chinaman over the counter.

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

February 6th—"A Morning with the Great Minds of Greece."

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

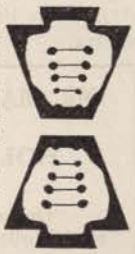
Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

We have considered the sacral bone which is symbolized by the grave-digger's spade. Here is a picture of the head of the Sphinx and also the inverted sacral bone when it has been turned upward. In the inverted sacrum we see the Sphinx and in it also the inverted Masonic keystone. All this is very interesting, but unless the inner meaning is realized its true value is lost. It is not by chance, however, that these things should be so.

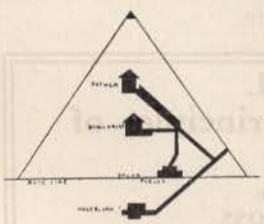


Most students have heard of the Dweller on the Threshold, that creature built by our own wrong actions and mistakes. Out on Egypt's desert it stands and bars the way to the pyramid, the temple of the higher man. And the message that it gives to the world is:

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

Again the Sphinx symbolizes man, with the mind and spirit of the human rising out of the animal desires and emotions. It is the riddle of the ages, and man once more is 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 fromthe 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 deep interest to the student. The highest is the King's Chamber, 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 threefold spirit. The lower room, or Pit, is the generative system, which is under the control of Jehovah. The center room, or Queen's Chamber, is the heart, which is under the control of the Christ; and the upper room, or 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 satisfactorily 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 (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 the 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 also seems that its work is not yet finished, for it is still a mute teacher of the mysteries of creation.

It is further declared by man to be the original Solomon's Temple. This, however, 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 cornerstone. On the very top of the Great Pyramid is a comparatively flat space about thirty feet square. In other words THE TRUE STONE WHICH IS THE HEAD OF ALL THE CORNERS IS MISSING. On the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States of America, is again the pyramid from which the top has been separated. Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet, gives 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 in that it completes all the triangles at once and without it none 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 man. This is the true capstone which is now hidden in the pit of man's temple and which he must exhume and raise aloft again as the true crown of his spiritual pyramid.

Man can do this only when he summons together the thousands of workmen within himself and binds each and every one of them to the service of the higher man. There must be no traitors to murder the builder. And Lucifer—the one re-

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

Jehovah, the Creative Diety.

One of the full page color prints in the Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy; to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews. Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings Concealed within the Rituals, Allegories, and Mysteries of All Ages. The Entire Work Amplified with Numerous Quotations from Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Authorities, many from Unpublished Manuscripts and Books Long out of Print, Gathered by the Author,—Manly P. Hall.

"The King Solomon Edition" limited to 550 copies.

A Masterpiece of the Bookman's Art,— Page Size—13x19 inches.

Three hundred and fifty pages, 50 full page illustrations in four colors, more than 200 engravings in black and white, 46 chapters, antique cover and slip case, weighs 14½ pounds. One hundred dollars per copy when published. Sold prior to publication, $75 on terms of $15 down and $15 a month.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

dragons of darkness below. This great war is the Armageddon of Christian theology, the last great war that is said to end the eternal conflict of human emotions. The true student of occult philosophy knows that this battle must take place within himself when at last, with the sword of spirit he masters the dragon of passions, death, and degeneracy.

Among the Northern peoples and also many other ancient nations it was said that righteous warfare was good, and that those who died on the field of battle went to Heaven and were very happy, while those who died of natural means were looked down upon as cowards. It was said that these cowards were forced to remain in another world and would never be able to feast and battle in Heaven with the heroes who died in war.

If the student will think, he will soon understand the mystic meaning behind the allegory. Life is the eternal battle of human emotions. Life is the Great War, and it is only those who fight the good fight who will receive the reward of heroes. Those who shirk the problems of daily existence are the cowards that hide away instead of rushing sword in hand into the fray and battling like the brave ones for the right.

There are two great forces daily molding the destiny of human consciousness. One of these is the great dragon that rules in Babylon, the city of darkness, physically located at the base of the spinal column. It is here that the nerves and centers are that nourish the animal in man. The other great force is located far above in the City of Jerusalem, and is the power of constructive thought, action and desire. Between these two great powers in man, which manifest as good and evil, truth and error, spirit and body, light and darkness, there is eternally taking place a great war. This war is fought out on the rainbow bridge of the ancients. This war between life and death, vitilization and crystalization is the battle of Kurukshetra. Here on the field of life the higher and lower fight out that problem, while far above on the lofty peaks of the Himalayas the divine Krishna looks down and illuminates with his words of wisdom the higher man in his great fight for existence.

In many of the ancient Indian drawings we find that wonderful child, the Blue Krishna, with his flute to his lips playing the enchanted music which, like the lyre of Orpheus, melted the very stones with its harmony. This symbol of Krishna represents the divine in man concealed behind the blue veil of Isis playing the divine harmonies upon the flute of his own bodies. It was this wonderful harmonization of bodies and emotions balanced in pain and pleasure that made Krishna worthy to be God's messenger among men, and it is this lesson in balance and the mastery of the lower within himself that he tells us of in his wonderful discourse.

The ties of form and personality hold man in their grasp, and their eternal trend is towards crystalization. Clanisms and creeds are the fathers of the things we are, and the reasons for our present development. They become the enemies however, of those who have outgrown them, and unless we rise out of them, as Vishnu rose from the mouth of the fish, we crystalize with them and all our progress is lost.

It is very hard for many of us to break the ties of form that bind us to friends and foes. We cling to their personalities like life itself. Krishna in India like Jesus in Jerusalem, instructed his students and followers to break away from personalities and serve principles.

This is the leading point in the "Song Celestial," and it cannot be too strongly applied in our daily affairs. If we follow personalities we shall always fail for personalities are ever changing, and being of form will vanish with forms. When, however, we build our temples on the rock of principle like truth itself they are eternal.

Man has within himself all the principles he worships as gods outside of his own being. Far up in the higher man we find the spirit of life and truth which the Brahmans call Krishna, and there in his dragon boat he floats over eternity watching, like the All Father of the gods the battle of life taking place below him. Krishna represents one phase of the spirit in man eternally laboring with Arjuna, the higher human aspect of man, and giving him strength to fight the good fight and release his being from the father mold of crystalization. If we can only see in this legend the daily happenings of life, and how the gods through experience are slowly molding individuals into useful implements to assist in the great plan, then we have seen through the eyes of Spirit. When we are able to realize this we will have solved the mystery of the Great War, the war that every individual must fight out for himself, with the higher nature to guide him and aid in his choice.

The uncertainty that filled the heart of Arjuna is nothing more than the conflicting emotions that fill each human heart when the great choice of life has to be made, and we feel that the old must give place to the new. When that choice has to be made let us choose as Arjuna did, to serve the right and although the battle may be fierce and the suffering great o'er us will hover in his winged craft Krishna the Beloved, as he hovered over Arjuna in the spiritual battle of Kurukshetra.

MR. MANLY P. HALL'S BOOKS
are on display at
HOLLYWOOD BOOK STORE
"Opposite Hollywood Hotel"
6812 Hollywood Blvd. GRanite 9101

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito, is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.
A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, California

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 2)

jected by man as the Devil—is the one who must through the planet Mars supply the dynamic energy, which man must transmute from the fire of passion into the flame of spirit. Then taking the tools of his craft, he must 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—have been sacrificed in order that he might have material things.

The ancient pyramid and Sphinx which have stood on Egypt's sands for ages, symbolize our own Mystery Temple made without sound of hammer or the voice of workmen. And as we sadly meditate upon these mighty ruins, broken by ages of neglect, let us remember our own temple with its missing cornerstone and its walls falling through neglect. Let us, finally, strive to learn the lesson which they teach. 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, and not until then, will its mysteries be revealed to us and the sealed lips of the Sphinx yield their secret.

THE END.

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 2)

we call God, and which we can only cognize in concrete form when we see it in our brother and ourself.

When a person is in doubt as to the religion which he should affiliate himself, what is the best course to pursue?

Answer. We never reach a position where our consciousness is too broad or our religion too ethical to follow the valuable suggestion of Thomas Paine. His great slogan was, "The world is my country and to do good is my religion." In this wonderful statement is concentrated the essence of true Christianity, and as usual it comes from the mouth of one branded an atheist.

Which is the most ancient of all religions?

Answer. It is said that the worship of the sun or light is the oldest of all religious doctrines. From the sun come the vitalizing rays which directly or indirectly nourish and sustain all things that we see. It will be the last of all religions, also, for eternally the true student must seek the light which alone can dispel the darkness of ignorance. When the student realizes that within his own being is this great sun life, he will understand more clearly the words of the One, the physical incarnation of the sun spirit, Christ, when He said: "I am the way, the truth and the life." Within us burns this Light and when we purify our beings so that it may shine through, the mystery of religion is solved. As the sun nourishes the solar system, so the spiritual sun in man nourishes and gives expression and liberation to the consciousness within himself.

You'll have
BETTER HEALTH
if you take at least one meal a day at the
EUTROPHEON
where fresh raw foods only are served.
Two locations:
833 So. Olive St. and 239 S. Hill St.

Of what is the church the symbol?

Answer. It is the symbol of the human body, and many of the great churches of the world are laid out in the form of the body with the altar where the head should be. The church which every true Christian, regardless of creed, is striving to perfect, it, "the living temple of the living God." As he now goes in prayer to the outer symbol, so one day the consciousness with in his own being will enter the living temple of his soul and there worship before the living ark over which glows the Shekinah's light, the divine Spirit of God in man.

Should we believe everything we are told?

Answer. If we do, we shall become wound up soon in an apparent mass of contradictions that we never shall be able to straighten out, probably. But. on the other hand, we are not to deny even the most seemingly absurd statements. WE ARE TO USE OUR OWN MENTAL VEHICLES AND THINK FOR OURSELVES, realizing that all things are true under certain conditions, but that we ourselves must use the power of discrimination if we truly are seeking individual development. We must give all other created things the same privilege, also.

Who is a Christian?

Answer. The Christ is the second expression of the Trinity. The Trinity is made up of the Creator, the Preserver, and the Disintegrator. They who follow the path of preservation are Christians. They seek to save, lift, preserve, and help along all with whom they come in contact. They are trying to lift, also, the higher man out of the lower body and save him from the animal passions and desires. When they have lifted him upward into the higher planes of consciousness, he is then Christed by the baptism of Spirit. It is not a creed to be assumed, but a state of consciousness to be evolved.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Rates per line:

1 time 15c
3 times 12c

Minimum charge, 3 lines, 1 time 45c.
Copy must be in our hands by 3 P. M. Tuesday preceeding issue. Call TUcker 2603.

Sample advertisements.

Wanted—Companion, student of philosophy, Mrs. John Doe, 123 Blank Street.

For Sale—Occult books, very cheap to those really interested, Richard Roe, 567 Lanes End.

Rooms for Rent—Prefer gentleman, etc.

Vegetarian Meals served at Jones Cafe.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

We reserve the right to edit all Advertising.

Especially considerate of those newer customs established by students of continued existence.
—Refrigeration of the Body—

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd.,
WEstmore 5151

"No Place Like Holmes"

The Holmes Book Company, with large stores at five locations in downtown Los Angeles, can supply everything from the latest novel or volume on Science, Philosophy, or religion to some of the most interesting of the rare old editions. Stores at 128 and 620 S. Spring, 333 and 742 S Main, and 814 W. 6th St.—Adv.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

COLLEGE EDUCATION

Is such training worth while to the man who does not specialize in a certain profession such as medicine, law, engineering, or the like? This question often arises in the minds of the high school graduate, the parents who are considering sending their son to college, and even the student who is in his second and third year at a university. One often wonders if it would not prove more beneficial to have the young man enter the business or career of his choice, and learn from practical experience rather than books. It seems at times that the money and time invested in the pursuit of such subjects as history, psychology, philosophy and kindred studies are wasted.

But there are other advantages than those to be taken into consideration. It has been said by men who have their college degree, and are now making a success in the business world, that the knowledge obtained from books played the minor part, that it was the confidence inspired in one, the ease with which one can conduct himself in a crowd, and the art of making contacts which impressed them with the fact that the time spent in an institution of higher education was well invested.

Such qualities are essential to almost every occupation, and most certainly of material benefit if one is to be considered a success. A man without friends can hardly make a success in any phase of life.

While the college graduate, with his knowledge of theory. generally starts at the same salary as the man who has not had the advantages of a university education, usually the former, more confident of himself, rapidly strides ahead. He is soon paid with interest for the time and money spent in his training.

Statistics show that although but one per cent of American men are college graduates, yet this one per cent has furnished: fifty-one per cent of our Presidents; thirty-six per cent of the Members of Congress; forty-seven per cent of the Speakers of the House; fifty-four per cent of the Vice-Presidents; sixty two per cent of the Secretaries of the Treasury, sixty-seven per cent of the Attorneys General; and sixty-nine per cent of the Justices of the Supreme Court.

—J. H. H., Supreme Council 33° Bulletin.

The village gossip asseverates that Mr. Hall is the proud possessor of a bishop's curious medieval spiked silver ceremonial ring from the famous collection of Rudolph Valentino. This ring is large and heavy and would seem to indicate that the old bishops could have used it in self defense, should need arise.

"The All-Seeing Eye"

All subscriptions start with the December 1st number and continue for twenty weeks for One Dollar.

Virtue by itself is not enough, or anything like enough. Strength must be added to it, and the determination to use that strength. The good man who is ineffective is not able to make his goodness of much account to the people as a whole. No matter how much a man hears the word, small is the credit attached to him if he fails to be a doer also; and in serving the Lord he must remember that he needs avoid sloth in his business as well as cultivate fervency of spirit.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

"ABSTRACTIONS"

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

"Yes, I am," answered Sapleigh, "I'm sick in mind and body. I used to be a good member of the church but it seemed too narrow for me and I got out to look for something broader and bigger but I can't find anything that is worth working with. They tell me a lot of abstract things but they don't mean anything. I asked them what I ought to do for my kidney which has been backfiring for several months and all they tell me to do is to look pleasant. I's just about crazy with this thing."

"Wellee much too badee. Me fixem." The Chinaman shuffled around his counter and poked gently the small of Sapleigh's back which caused our worthy hero to jump several feet.

"Ump. Yessum. Him welle bad. What you catchem eatee?"

"You mean what did I eat?" asked Sapleigh. "Well I had a porterhouse steak for breakfast sizzled in onions, two cups of black coffee and a stack of hot cakes. Then for lunch I had breaded porkchops and a couple of hours ago a couple of veal cutlets. You know somehow I've lost my appetite in the last few months."

"You catchem smokee?"

"Yeh."

"You catchem drinkee?"

"Yep when I can catchem."

"You catchem chewee tobacco, too?"

"Yes, I do all that Chinky."

"What you white friends tellem you doem?"

"Oh they told me to concentrate on the Lord and that truth is all there is."

"They no tell you stop eata beefsteak, stoppa smoke, stoppa chew, stoppa drink?"

"No Chinky they never said anything like that."

"They blieve in God?"

"Oh, yes."

"They blieve God not tell you clean em up, washem out?"

"No, chinky, nothing like that. All they told me was that God is truth."

The Chinaman climbed back over the counter and going in the little back room opened a little closet in which stood a number of Chinese family gods. He lighted a little stick of incense and getting down on his knees mumbled several prayers.

"What are you doing, Chinky, praying for me?" asked Sapleigh.

"No, mistle White Man, me playa for dem. What telle you—truth is all there is and no tell you clean em up. They go hellee sure. Me play great Josh—he savem. Them very bad. Me fixem."

The Chinaman then dug around in his belongings and produced a number of herbs which he made into some very strong and bitter teas which Sapleigh drink. He hardly got them down before his kidney began to slow up and his diaphragm fluttered less and less.

'Why Chinky, I feel better already. How did you do it?"

"God is good," grinned the Chinaman, "but dis here tea he better. God is wellee wise man. He putta herb in fields, He give you fresh air. sunshine, good things to eat. Yes, God velle good. You do what God want,—you very well. You no do what God want you catchem sick. That's how you find out what God want. God give you common sense, you no use it you lose it. Everything he good for something. People talk all time—they good for nothings. You go out watcha nature, the animal, the birds—you find out what God want. You live like you should you be well. You live bad you talk all timee, don't mean nothings. God very good. Man can be God if he want to. If he no live right, cleanem out, clean em up—he not god; he just one fool. God he good, He kind, He nice Mr. God. But that don't mean nothing less you clean em up too. Me clean me up very good. Me washem twice, me handsprinkle, iron em on both sides—you launie bill he dollar sixteen cents. You shirtee too small, you takem my medicine, and you get small enough go inside shirtee."

The Chinaman made out his little red laundry ticket which Sapleigh paid freely and willingly. The Chink took his dollar sixteen cents and held it on the palm of his hand and grinned at the American.

"God be wellee good. I washee two shirts, four pair of sox, six handkerchief—I clean em up good—God is velle good—God give me dollar sixteen cents. But me earnem first. I no earn em. God not so good. Your new washee ready Saturday, Goodbye."

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,736— Edited by MANLY P. HALL WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 12 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, February 9th, 1927 10c a Copy

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM

DOES SCIENCE ADD TO OUR IGNORANCE?

Mt. Wilson's New Telescope

Mt. Wilson is the proud possessor of a new 100 inch lens telescope. Another supreme effort is to be made by the scientific world in its search for knowledge. But double the size of the great lens in this new telescope and double it again and there will still be many things that science will not be able to discover.

The scientific world is struggling for the edification of mankind, seeking knowledge in all fields for the development of the human mind. It will only take them a few seconds with this new and powerful lens to discover more than they will ever understand, 'though they delve among distant universes or in the mysteries of the electron, they are forever limited to the world of form.

Science fears the speculative mind which seeks to define the invisible; it fears the philosopher who is always in the advance of science. Grinding an immense lens is a long, slow and difficult process, many must be made that one may be perfect, but science will never grind a lens with which to see the human soul.

Science can discover many things but will never be able to fill the emptiness in the life of an individual, can never give him the knowledge of self which is essential to peace and happiness.

Science is all objective, outside, in the world of forms, the notself. But sometime science will find man, having found the universe, by analogy will discover "man." Philosophy discovers man first and the universe by analogy.

Science knows no telescope great enough to reach all space, but man through philosophy may reach all through himself. It isn't what we discover in the world of form but what it means to us that counts.

No mind can grasp the tremendous distances discovered in space. A billion miles is only 10 miles and "some more." Beyond that the mind falters. How many can measure 100 feet on the earth, or even 1 foot accurately on paper?

The more the scientist finds, the more he knows there are things that he don't know. We are only adding new things to be ignorant about. The great problem and the measure of all things is their application to the needs and the unfoldment of the individual.

Religion is another problem. Religion is one form of thought that can solve the problem of the internal man, but it like-

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

The Cherubim of Ezekiel

The Paths of Opposites As Expressed in Religious Ideals

The opposition of the two religious ideals, Masonic and Catholic, is a subject upon which much contention has been based. There are so many paths that wind heavenward, and each of these paths is so broad and considerate unto itself and so narrow and inconsiderate to others that it is difficult to find just where the point of justice lies. But in taking up the study of these two great beliefs we must realize that in order to form an unbiased opinion we must find their points of unity. Our study has nothing to do with what the members of these creeds may believe or do, for, while there is no doubt a great deal going on in the world that we do not like, we must not judge the Truth by the malifics we find cloaked under it. We are to study the Light and the Truth rather than personalities, always principles and never personalities. Personalities who fail do not interfere with the truth at all but merely stamp themselves as having no knowledge of it. When they disobey their rules and break all principles of justice and clean living, they do not disqualify the Truth which remains concealed beneath awaiting those who will find it. Our likes and dislikes mean little, the great thing is—what does the soul of the seeker find in these things which adds to his life and understanding. And it is upon that ground we will discuss these two great opposites.

These two great paths which we have creedized and placed upon opposite sides are wholly dependent one upon the other for an expression of true wisdom—combine their names and they mean Universal Light. For Catholic means Universal and the ancient word FeMason means Light. These two have for ages been separated, but if we take the words themselves we find they are dependent one upon the

other to make a perfect whole, for the one expression of unity is through Universal Light.

In the great Plan of nature there are two great powers that are forever combatting for supremacy. And in the realms of spiritual nature there are two corresponding hierarchies—the Lords of Reason and the Lords of Compassion. These two great groups of spiritual Intelligences have charge of the unfoldment of the human race and these great leaders express themselves through individuals and groups of invididuals in the world of material affairs. But these groups in this world are always inadequate representations of the great life that is behind. We so often judge truths by their followers, not seeming to realize that the followers are always weak; there will always be "black sheep" but these black sheep do not destroy the sweetness of the truth but only stand out as contracts against it. And these two great works are so close, have so much in common interest, so much in unified work, that the only reason why they are not one today is because of the narrowness of their members.

There is no argument in the spiritual universe between Reason and Faith, but the partially developed expressions of them here results in inharmony, and these comparisons which are based upon the fight for supremacy are the basis of a great deal of suffering. In the spiritual planes there are these two groups of workers in the plan of cosmic unfoldment. There are the Lords of Reason who have charge of the awakening, unfolding and developing of the sense centers of man by spreading light, truth and knowledge, advancing the arts and sciences, and building the positive expression of brain power. They have charge of those mystically unknown things which man calls nature's laws. This great Hierarchy has sent into the world the truth and light which is at the present time concealed beneath the rubbish of the fallen temple of Craft Masonry, hidden deep beneath where only those who live the life of purity and reason may penetrate and know its meaning. Out of the crumbling ruins of the school of the ancients we find a group of builders whom we call Freemasons. Today this group of students promulgate philosophies and ideals whose source they do not know, but in some mysterious way they have adopted certain concepts and rites. Under the head of philosophy, the mind has been worked upon by the Lords of Reason. Analogy, analytical thought, mathematics, etc., have come to man to build the powers of reason. Educo is their keyword—to draw forth; Lux meaning Light is their slogan. And today man is still wandering in the darkness of his ignorance, carrying in his hand the Flaming Triangle, and the Masonic brother of today is still searching for the same Lost Word. He is ever the seeker; he must know, he must see with his own eyes in order to believe; he is the Child of Flame who has come down through the ages seeking to build a living temple to a living God. And in the same mystic darkness of antiquity another great work has started along with the work of mind. It was the path of faith, Catholicism, the great principle of the Lords of Compassion for those who would believe, not to seek but to believe upon faith. So down through the ages they have come, promulgating the heart religion.

In India they have a much better idea than we have of these two great powers. They say that each race has been given two Great Ones—the Manu and the Bodhisatva. The Manu is the Law-giver and the Bodhisatva is the Mystic who teaches them in the ways of love, peace and compassion. These two are a positive and negative expression of the Truth which is neither; they are the polarities of comparison; the two extremes which must be balanced. We find Hiram Abiff the great Masonic hero, the one to whom all Masons are drawn by a mystic bond; then there is the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, the Blessed One of the mystic path. These two represent nothing but the two expressions of the divine in man, the heart and mind, the great father and the great mother.

For many ages man has crystalized these beautiful, immortal concepts and has degenerated and degraded them. But this is of no interest to the student who is seeking only for the light, carrying not who the bearer may be; for he realizes that the bearer who fails to carry his light receives the punishment that is his due, we need give him no more.

In the ancient temples they took two flowers, a rose and a lily, and placed them side by side on the altar as symbols of two great paths—the positive and the negative. The rose is the path of the heart and the lily the path of the mind. Thousands of people have seen those symbols carved and painted but do not realize that they represent the great natural principles—the twofold path that leads to light. No man walks to light save through this twofold path, and the one who finds it is he who searches both to find the good in each, excluding that which is not good. Brotherhood, love, purity, faith and compassion—all these qualities are the truth and are absolutely essential to the salvation of man, regardless of his creed. Unless he lives the life of simplicity, service and faith he will never walk the path. On the other hand, knowledge, truth, courage, the powers of activity, work, strength and unfolding, and the realization of law—all are the living light of Hiram Abiff. Without knowledge man dies, without knowledge he cannot grow, without courage and individuality, and standing upon his own feet, he cannot receive light. And yet, if he does not learn the simplicity and sweetness of the eternally feminine in himself, which is the Virgin Mary, he cannot walk the way. Those who join in the wrangle of which is superior to the other are wasting energy and time, and only those who leave the wrangle and walk both paths go forward. Let the fight go by and walk the way itself, caring not which side wins. Take the truth and let the dross drift by.

When we take these two great beliefs and strip them of all their personality we find the things in man which they stand for. On the flaming altar of Masonry is dedicated the spiritual life of man and in the holy water of the cathedral is washed the bodies of man. Neither is complete without the other. We must find a water that will feed the flames and a fire which will burn in water, as the alchemists of old told us. The Mason is the occultist and the Catholic is the mystic. There is a lot of difference between creeds and truths and thousands know nothing of truth but they believe the creeds. Both in Masonry and in Catholicism there are modern interpolations which have nothing to do with the spiritual powers. The rituals are all of them of modern date and lack the simplicity which makes the truth beautiful. The ancient faiths had no personalities and it is the involving of human personalities into celestial affairs that is the cause of a large percent of our dissension. Let God have the things that are God's! There is a great chasm between the human and the divine—man cannot bridge it now but can only slowly labor to build himself until he can.

The Catholic faith is as old as Masonry, and it did not start with the life of the so-called Virgin Mary any more than Christianity did with the Master Jesus. Practically all of the modern Masonic ideals are in reality Egyptian, and nearly every one of the modern world concepts of Catholicism are Buddhist. There is not one single original symbol or coscept in the Christian faith; everyone of them belong to ancient people; its robes are from the Buddhist, its doctrines from the Brahmanic and its faith from the Vedanta. Masonry is Egyptian and Brahman, its rituals are from Chaldea and Phoenicia. There is not one purely Christian ideal in religion except that one great ideal which the Master Jesus brought, the one ideal absolutely overlooked—Brotherhood, the one doctrine he sought to bring. Practically all the rituals of the Catholics are taken from the East because the East is the divine lamp of the mystic, for to the Eastern peoples the worlds we live in are

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

THE BESETTING SIN

Does everyone harbor somewhere in the depths of his being one outstanding sin? Does one little genii of evil dwell alone in the heart of an otherwise precious flower? A man's one besetting weakness is not usually a great thing, he has mastered many much worse, but one thing he will not give up, one think he will insist that his brother man overlook. A tiny gad fly can worry a mighty horse into distraction. There are few living creatures but are conscious of and irritated by the mighty presence of some tiny thing. So this little germ of ill in our soul soon becomes our greatest enemy, driving our friends to distraction and hindering our own growth, often for ages.

Among our occulists we find some of the truest souls in all the world. They have renounced the things of this world, they have sacrificed and denied themselves and really have tried to be true to their own higher nature but still for some unknown reason they refuse to see the light or the need of correction along one certain line.

When widow Jenkins got occulism she gave her money to the poor, mortgaged her house to feed the hungry, walked ten miles to care for the sick, lived on the plainest of food, skimped and denied herself in every way for the good of others. But there was one thing that widow Jenkins refused to do and that was to stop gossiping about her neighbors. She was the perfect spirit of charity and helpfulness but she frothed at the mouth when anyone tried to convince her that she should not carry tales or tell the world confidentially what others told her confidentially. She lived to be seventy-nine years old, beloved by her fellow citizens and honored by all with whom she came in contact but always innately feared because of a tongue over which she had no mastery.

When Judge Simps got religion he gave up drinking, he gave up playing cards and became a vegetarian and did something Judge Simps had never done before—dug his hand into his hip pocket and tipped the bell boy. Judge honestly reformed and resigned as prosecuting attorney of the state because of moral principle; he started fasting and dieting, taking walks before breakfast for he had determined that his body should become a living temple for his living God and was going to do everything possible to make it clean. But if you even hinted that the Judge shoud give up his favorite blend of tobacco, you were stepping on dangerous ground. He would live on oatmeal and celery gruel for fifty years to purify his being but he simply must have his cigar and was quite confident that God would overlook that. He was said to be the strongest man in the State Legislature, his arguments dazzled the world, he was a man no man could buy or bend from the honest fulfillment of his duty, but years ago he had been vamped by Lady Nicotine and this was one attachment from which neither God, man or demon could pry the Judge loose.

Minnie Drizzle is one of our most lovable people. She is just the spirit of charity. Occultism has done a great deal for Minnie, she has accepted the brotherhoon of man and the fatherhood of God as a living reality. She teaches it, preaches it and fondly believes that she has mastered the principles of it. She gives away all her husband's clothes to the first poor hobo that comes along, is always helping a poor family and is preaching and living in spirit and in truth the ideals which she professes—with one exception. That is her brother. That is one individual whom she refuses to discuss. Ninety-nine million archangels could not convince her that her brother is included among the ranks of God's children. He cheated her out of a house and lot and so she claims ruined her life. She is now a good occultist but just speak of Willie, and Mrs. Drizzle's mouth does down at the corners and with a sneer she walks away. A sweet lovable soul who has mastered so many passions and yet cannot overlook an injury.

Robert Blink the senior partner of the firm Blink, Blank & Co., Inc., got occultism a short time ago. Immediately it attracted his notice he stopped the sharp bargaining for which he had been noted for years, ceased short changing his customers and improved the line of his stock so that everyone might get their money's worth. The junior partner was horrified beyond expression for it seemed that conscientious Mr. Blink would ruin business. He sold his summer home and financed an orphanage, he raised the wages on all of his clerks who nearly died off from the blow, he gave his private secretary a month's vacation and the janitor was so overcome that he named the new baby after the boss, calling in Napoleon Blink Jackson. But when a collection plate was passed he could never finds anything in his pocket but a dime.

While we are at it we will also introduce to you Reginald Morbis. This individual is a deep occult student. He has a great knowledge of rounds and periods and is exceptionally well balanced, both financially and spiritually. Mr. Morbis has read a large number of esoteric works and is especially well acquainted with Yogi philosophy, having—to use his own words—met Mr. Yogi personally. Mr. Morbis' besetting sin is that he is a decided woman hater. Not long ago he was jilted by ye faire ladye and has decided with the ancient patriarch that Eve was the source of all infirmities and that ensuing generations have not improved matters. Consequently he misses no opportunity to attack femininity upon any possible grounds, whether there be any reason about it or not. Outside of this he is a lovable character (best loved by those who know him least.)

The Glinkem Society, for the study of things esoteric, is one of our rare and hectic feminine organizations composed entirely of members of the shriller sex. The slogan of this society may be briefly defined as, "There never lived an honest man, God maketh only perfect women."

Professor Morbis is eternally attacking this organization while they spend most of their time returning the insults with interest. Each of these combatants feel that the salvation of the world depends upon the supremacy of their idea and they are quite confident if they can only put

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

February 13th—FREE MASONRY and CATHOLICISM.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Many P. Hall.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Is a special diet or life necessary to a good occult student?

Answer. It is absolutely necessary that they who want spiritual unfoldment, etc., should give up the foods, thoughts, and actions that bind them to the animal planes of nature. We cannot serve God in the temple above and be chained by appetities in the darkness below at the same time without disintegrating effects.

What is the Order of Melchizedek, the King of Salem, hinted at in the Bible?

Answer. It is a great step in the unfolding of consciousness which we know as the Order of the Priest Kings. It symbolizes the balance of the mind, the king, and the heart, the high priest; and from the awakening of the spiritual faculties through this blending, man attunes himself with a great cosmic principle and becomes a priest king. Jesus, mentioned as a priest after the Order of Melchizedek, was baptised of water, the heart, and fire, the mind. He had harmonized the eternal enemies, Cain and Abel within Himself, and if we wish to become priest kings, each of us must do the same.

What is the unpardonable sin?

Answer. With many people it is the sin of someone else against them. In the Bible it is the sin against the creative forces of the Holy Spirit, the Builder of Forms. There is something equally bad, however. which is often overlooked by students. When a character is destroyed an unpardonable sin has been committed, and at the present time our world is filled with sorrow and sadness and misunderstandings, a large percentage of which are the result of gossip. Shakespeare said:

"Who steals my purse steals trash;—
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Does the Bible teach astrology?

Answer. In spite of the narrowness of many people, the true student realizes that the Bible teaches a multitude of things. There is no doubt that a large part of the Old Testament means little unless it is opened by secret keys, and astrology is undoubtedly one of its many keys. The Book of Revelation also contains many astrological allegories.

Did Jesus, the man, ever really live and was He ever crucified?

Answer. Enough books have been written on this subject to make a bonfire five miles high, and it would take all the light of this bonfire to find any real good or any mental, moral, or spiritual growth which has been gained by the writings and arguments on the subject. There is every reason to believe that such a person existed, and the higher occult teachings are unanimous on this point, but as an historical character He fades into oblivion in comparison with the great work and principles concealed within the story of His life. There is daily crucified upon the cross of matter a great life essence and principle, and the question of his death two thousand years ago comes second to the great question, "ARE YOU KILLING HIM TODAY?" The very energy used and wasted in these idle discussions is the very life of the One discussed.

Is man perfect now?

Answer. Perfection is a matter of relativity, and in order to be perpetually perfect requires perpetual adjustment. All things in the universe are perfect if they are in exact harmony with their plane of development. A grain of sand may be perfect, but it is not a perfect man. A man may be perfect and not be a God. The Divine spark in all things contain all things in germinal energy, but in its great pilgrimage it develops these possibilities into dynamic powers. If man does not continue his adjustments he is not perfect, because he has not kept up with the plan of his unfoldment. **Perfection or imperfection is only discoverable through comparison.**

Can one construct anything permanent on a belief?

Answer. It is necessary to have a fundamental belief upon which to build any superstructure. Also, it is necessary to prove that belief by applying it and watching the results thereof. When a belief is proven it ceases to be such and becomes a fact upon which further experiments may be carried on with certainty.

If there is only one Being in the universe, how can we be mortal individuals?

Answer. There is only one Being in the universe and we as individualized intelligences, when gathered together with all created manifestations in the many-fold expression of nature, are that individual.

Could a student of the occult, a member of the Western races, but born in the East, study with greater advantage in the Orient?

Answer. Conditions place the student in the environment needed for his development. Wherever we find ourselves today there we should study the problems of today—tomorrow we shall be elsewhere in body or consciousness; then we should meet and master our new conditions and learn the lessons of our new environment.

What advantage have those who know nature's laws over those who do not understand the reason for their being?

Answer. The wise man knows the law, lives it, and is happy, while the ignorant are forced against their will to do the the things wise ones love to do.

What is the difference between knowledge and wisdom?

Answer. Those with knowledge know the things that they should do; those with wisdom do them. Wisdom is knowledge applied.

What must we give up in order to be true students of mystic philosophy?

Answer. The student is not supposed to give up things. He is expected rather to correct his use of things, so that they will conform with the laws that bring with them the greatest harmony and balances. We do not have to deprive ourselves or to be miserable in order to be good. We are only to constructively make use of all our energies and opportunities.

What should we believe when there are so many different phases of truth being presented to the world?

Answer. We should deny nothing because someone else denies it, and believe nothing because others believe it, but weigh all things in the light of understanding, and labor daily to increase our power of discrimination and broaden our field of experience that we may be better fitted to cope with the many sides of spiritual and material problems.

Why is it necessary for us to understand all these intricate natural laws?

Answer. Because few are capable of obeying that the existence of which they do not comprehend. All of these laws are the manifestations of the Eternal Lawmaker and those who would know God must realize that they can study Him only in His manifestations, for the abstract deity is forever concealed.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

wise is only adding to the sum of its own ignorance. Seeking, seeking, seeking without,—and finding more things than they will ever understand until they, like the philosopher, go within.

Universes are interesting but one's self is the greatest object of interest. What will a new star that will be discovered in the new 100 inch lens on Mt. Wilson have to do with the price of bread and butter?

In knowledge of Self alone lies happiness.

What shall man do and how shall he do it in harmony with nature? Religion and philosophy both come nearer to the problem than do science. Science knows more "things" but no way to use them for individual happiness.

Everything, however, does have its effect and meaning for the individual. The effect of all "things," fitted together as a Great Puzzle, will reveal Deity and Its relation to the individual.

Turn your attention to Self, the Divine part of man, the common denominator of all things in the universe, the common power of all things. A scientist might be conceived of that would know all "things," all facts," but knowing them all and knowing not the one cause back of all, would be helpless in real helpfulness to man. But if you know the one cause you will know all the effects.

We are discovering more and more power and putting it to work, someday we will have the power to do anything of which we can conceive. But if man has this power before he learns self and the control of self he will destroy everything. This divine energy may be locked in a unit small enough to be held in the hand of a child and released so simply that a child can use it. But woe unto the race if child minds hold it. Then will science realize its mistake and then will religion and philosophy realize their mistake in permitting the material development before the spiritual, for destruction will follow the childish use of this power and where are the minds that are not childish?

The great lesson taught by "Quo Vadis" centers around our responsibilities in the world. Either each individual must carry on his part of the world's work or else some other one must bear his burden. On thes Appian Way the Apostle, leaving Rome, beheld the vision of Christ returning to the Eternal City. Falling upon his knees the Apostle cried out: "Quo Vadis, Domini?" which means "Whither goest Thou, Master?" and the answer is given him which to all who, failing to shoulder the responsibilities of life, seek to evade their duties. When we neglect an opportunity to do good, when we evade the hard things of life and seek to shift our burdens to other shoulders, when we live for ourselves alone and leave suffering humanity, then, indeed, we meet the Master returning to the labors which we should have performed, mayhap to die again for His people, and on our heads shall rest the blame for His death.

The pleasures of reading are, of course, in good part pleasures of the imagination; but they are just as natural and actual as pleasures of the sense, and are often more accessible and more lasting.

—Charles W. Eliot.

THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION
Textbook of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, 702 Pages, 18 Diagrams, Cloth Bound
$2.00 Postpaid
Spanish translation, $2.00, cloth bound; German, $2.00, paper bound; French, $2.50, cloth bound; Dutch, $3.50, cloth bound.
THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Box 15, Oceanside, Calif.

DR. ANNIE BESANT
Theosophist, Psychologist, Scientist
Philharmonic Auditorium
Saturday, Feb. 19th, 8:15 P. M.
"The Place of Prayer in a World of Law"
Prices 50c and $1.00. Tickets at Philharmonic Box Office and Birkle Music Co.

Hermes—The Thrice Greatest

One of the full page color prints in the Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy; to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews. Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings Concealed within the Rituals, Allegories, and Mysteries of All Ages. The Entire Work Amplified with Numerous Quotations from Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Authorities, many from Unpublished Manuscripts and Books Long out of Print, Gathered by the Author,—Manly P. Hall.

"The King Solomon Edition" limited to 550 copies.

A Masterpiece of the Bookman's Art,— Page Size—13x19 inches.

Three hundred and fifty pages, 50 full page illustrations in four colors, more than 200 engravings in black and white, 46 chapters, antique cover and slip case, weighs 14½ pounds. One hundred dollars per copy when published. Sold prior to publication, $75 on terms of $15 down and $15 a month.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building, Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

this over, God will be in complete agreement. They have not yet approached Him upon the subject.

Practically every organization on the face of the earth has some one touchy point where it absolutely declines to demonstrate anything besides personal egotism. In other things it is broad and generous but on some one point it is fanatical and spends all its time nurturing and culturing the fanaticism, just like human beings. There are temperamental individuals and temperamental organizations but fanaticism is always symbolical of narrowness, thoughtlessness and unworthiness wherever it is found.

Individuals and organizations that spend all their time culturing pet ideas and personal whims have no time to be of value in the field of conscious labor. If these would kick out their besetting sins instead of nursing them and trying to prove the value of things they know to be unimportant, just so they may uphold a point often reiterated, they will come closer to the realization of brotherhood and spirituality.

Conscience makes cowards of us all and individuals who have these mean temperaments are always hindered by them; subconsciously their short comings are as a mill-stone about their necks.

The point to be developed is not the point of difference but the point of unity. Narrow, ignorant people spend their time whittling nothing down to a sharp point in order to jab somebody else in the ribs with it, while great minds spend their time trying to find the common interest and the common need and to reach men's souls through it and assist them to a realization of themselves by means of the point wherein they all agree.

When the right hand spends its time arguing with the left hand, nothing is picked up and when the members of the divine plan argue with each other, the value of a composite unit is destroyed, and the cause of this harmony is forced to shoulder a tremendous karmic debt which is both unnecessary and useless.

When you ask Hiram Jones what the keyword to Blankism is he will answer, "Oh, they don't eat fish." When you ask him what the Goofus Club stands for, he will answer that it is a club composed of men who wear side whiskers. When you ask what the Daffy Research Society stands for they will answer that it stands for the fact that women are an unnecessary and non-essential specie; while the Cloudburst Institute claims that men are superfluous baggage. Our modern institutions are now known for their crankiness rather than any light they are giving to the world, for they have harped so on their one besetting weakness that they have lost sight of everything else and have started worshipping their own weak points. In other words, ninety per cent of our occulists have "taken on conditions" and are suffering from indwelling complexes, all of which result from the crowing of their cardinal sin and sticking it up for the world to worship like the hat that William Tell refused to bow to.

For this reason great minds are slowly being forced out of organizations because the majority of organizations are no longer emphasizing truth but whims. They are no longer instructing man in the way that he should go but spend most of the time preaching the infallibility of their trick ideas, which procedure being neither refreshing nor helpful, breeds atheists, a title given to individuals who refuse to swallow other people's concepts. The atheist then goes out and finds his God, as did Voltaire, and gives the world something really important to think about. Meanwhile, organizations who should be teaching brotherhood and enlightenment spend their time trying to decide whether Jesus or Buddha was the light of the world or whether Krishna and Moses were step brothers or whether it was a raven or a dove that came out of the ark.

In order to be acceptable in the sight of concept you must agree with ninety-nine per cent foolishness in order to get one per cent truth because institutions, like individuals, are persnickity and you must rub the fur the right way if you want to get along with them. The only thing we can say is, "Thank God that God is not persnickity." You can rub Him either way and He continues to love you just the same. You cannot talk Him into believing you or talk him out of doubting you and He is without a besetting sin, that one weak spot. When man becomes like God and takes the mean streak he has been nourishing all these years and ties a mill-stone around the feet of it and casts it off the nearest cliff then he will progress. If he cannot get rid of it any other way he should jump off with it, but never nourish it, remembering that the point of agreement is nine times as valuable as the point of difference.

You'll have
BETTER HEALTH
if you take at least one meal a day at the
EUTROPHEON
where fresh raw foods only are served.
Two locations:
833 So. Olive St. and 209 S. Hill St.

MR. MANLY P. HALL'S BOOKS
are on display at
HOLLYWOOD BOOK STORE
"Opposite Hollywood Hotel"
6812 Hollywood Blvd. GRanite 9101

WHAT IS LIFE?

"We cannot explain life in terms of physical science," Dr. Alexander Findlay of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, told the American Chemical Society in this city the other night. He and Dr. Willis R. Whitney, a New York scientist, had been picturing life's processes and had given intimate details of the structure and decomposition of matter, but they frankly stated that these processes and elements were a mystery for future generations to solve.

What is life? It is said to be contained in matter, and matter as Dr. Whitney pointed out, is composed of positive and negative charges of protons and electrons. "Roughly speaking," he said, "the atom is a positive charge, with an equal number of positive charges spaced in and about it. . . . It is almost as empty as a perfect vacuum, though it usually contains a lot of energy. It may be, but as dead as well as living organisms are composed of atoms —that is to say, of protons and electrons —the mystery remains unsolved.

What is life? Dr. Millikan could give minute details as to the structure of the last visibility of matter, he could weigh electrons and could lay the foundation for possible subsequent discoveries, but neither he nor any other of the foremost scientists of the age can tell us what life is.—L. A. Times.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

The All-Seeing Eye added 150 subscriptions since last week—let us add 300 subscriptions this week.

To Every Subscriber and Reader

Anywhere in the World.

"THE ALL-SEEING EYE"

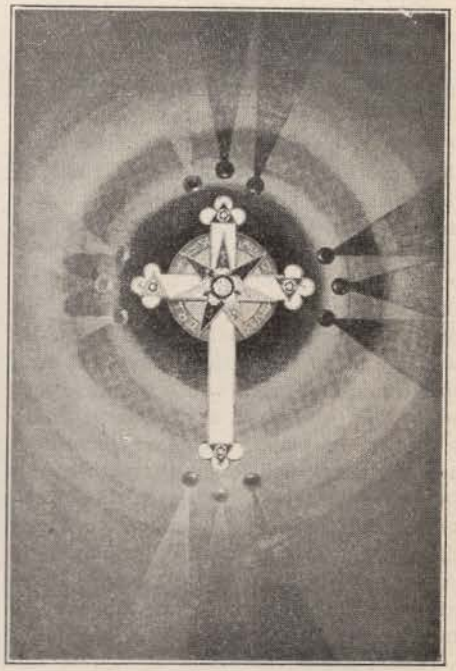
WILL GIVE YOU YOUR CHOICE

Of one of these
Beautiful Pictures
F R E E

THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

All beautifully printed in four colors with discription of Occult principles involved.

THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE



A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS

Size of print, 9x13½ inches.
Size of Matboard mounting ready for framing—12½x19 inches.

These extraordinary pictures are reproductions of the original oil paintings by the well known Armenian Artist, Mihran K. Serailian for Manly P. Hall's late book "AN ESSAY ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF OPERATIVE OCCULTISM." (Book complete, $4.00; or pictures, $1.00 each.)

FREE—HOW TO OBTAIN ONE—FREE

Send us only four (4) new subscriptions to the All-Seeing Eye. Explain to your friends its many fine features. All subscriptions will start with the December 2nd and end with the April 13th number (20 consecutive issues). Send us four names and addresses and $4 and tell us which picture we shall send you.

Lodges, Study Groups, and Centers send in club subscriptions and secure one picture for framing with every four subscriptions. (12 subscriptions—3 pictures) or—

Everyone that sends 15 subscriptions will receive one "Essay" complete.

Everyone who sees the All-Seeing Eye is interested in it.

Show your friends and sell them.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)
worlds of unreality. They people the universe with strange beings and build temples to their gods; they have their Mother of God and their Divine Creator, and their Christ.

Trace these faiths back as far as possible and you will trace them to the Lost continent of Atlantis. There you will find the Lords of Reason and the Lords of Compassion laboring to unfold the human consciousness. And if it were possible to go back to the source of it all, the paths unite into one; and we find that bigotry and unregenerated individuals are the basis of all misunderstandings, but as long as there is dissension among men it will express itself in his religion and never until man finds truth within himself will he break through the wall of contention. And if we look closely we find that the same thing works through all the religions of the world and all through nature. Freemasonry and Catholicism are the positive and negative poles of one thing and these poles are always opposed to one another, this very opposition building something which is a perfect balance. Those who would walk in the path of mind and reason to join that group which governs races will follow the path of Masonry; those whose greatest ideal is to save, to protect and to mother will follow the path of the heart. But there will come a time when man can no longer carry either, for at the door of initiation he must drop them both. All he can carry forward is a union. There at the doorway of the great unknown he must find the missing link within himself —reason cannot take him in, neither can love.

Through the path of faith and service and by following in the way that he is told, man cleanses his being in water, but the Priest of Melchisedec is baptised by fire and by water. There is no way of securing initiation of water save through the concepts of the ancient Catholic faith and the only way to be baptised by fire is to pass through the portals of Masonry. The individual need never to enter a church or a Masonic lodge and yet in his own soul he must **live** those two qualities before he is capable of initiation. For the fire is the ever-burning fire of the gods which burns in the brain, and the water is self-abnegation and purification. The time is coming when these two factions will be united in one great bond of Brotherhood, which is the keynote of our work today. When that happens in the world then a mystic bond will be built into the consciousness of man which will tie together the heart of the Mother of God and the fire-flaming brain of the Father, united in a union which will last until the end of time. Consciously or unconsciously, everything in nature is working to that end.

The sign of the cross is the tying of the heart and mind. One does it with love and faith and another does it in exploring stars and worlds and it cannot be determined which is the most necessary to man. The Lords of Reason stand in the Masonic lodge and through their works labor to open the eyes of the blind, the Mason must mold worlds unknown and carry on the work of the Great Builder; while on the other side when the Mystic enters the cloisters of his cathedral someone there awaits him, the Shining One in his robes of white gives his benediction to lowly hearts that bow in faith and simplicity. While the benediction may mean nothing to the average individual, there is a benediction of spirit to the truly religious heart which no man can understand, there is a peace of soul understood only by those who have felt it.

The work of the Mystic is to go forth and sooth the aching hearts of men, mend the broken lives, broken in the path of the Lords of Creation, to go out and tenderly lift the broken ones and heal the hearts that are sad. For the Mystic is ever the Divine Mother who must walk behind the Father of Creation to pick up the broken souls of men. On these two glorious wings all life and knowledge soar through the clouds of the universe. As a spirit of Light goes on its way it always leaves behind a comforter; the creator with the power of the chisel and mallet hammers worlds from chaos but always behind him is left a comforter of the heart —and so through the ages man learns of his God.

So each student must realize that there is a work of rebuilding broken temples and bringing together shattered loves within himself. And he can only do this when he has the wisdom of the serpent, which is the path of the mind, and the love and humbleness of the dove, which is the path of the heart. Man must be as wise as the serpent and as harmless as the dove, if he would be baptised of the spirit and of water truly.

Therefore, when we go out and are thinking of these two great opposites, let us forget their wrangling which is only because they do not know. Let us see behind both the beautiful paths—one of the builder going out, conquering and to conquer, seeking to give greater truth and strength; and the other, the silent veiled form that goes behind to lift, cheer and sole. If we have any thought on this subject, let it only be of sympathy and kindness for those whose spiritual limitations make it impossible for them to see behind the veil of creed, for they are to be pitied and helped and not blamed. Each is a great concept of being, a perfect example of the Truth, when lived. In the East and in the West, North and South, among the black, white and brown, we find the same two beautiful truths—the path of the heart, and the path of the mind, the path of the Creator and the divine Mother with her tenderness and love. The creeds are thick veils; still for the eyes of the penetrating student, those two beautiful truths will still shine through—the beauty of works and the beauty of love.

Soon—A New Series— —Occult Diseases—

What is the threefold path referred to in ancient doctrines?

Answer. It is the three ways that lead the student to a realization of his own being, the three grand divisions into which all life is divided and along one of which paths all students go. They are called knowledge, love, and service (will, wisdom, and action), but no student can become great in the truly spiritual sense until he has walked all three of these paths and discovered the fundamental oneness of them all.

What is real and what is unreal?

Answer. Everything in the universe is real to something some time and all the rest of the time it is unreal. That part of the real which we cannot realize because there is nothing within ourselves attuned to it, we call the unreal, while the real is the unreal of others which we have realized. Example: In the East among the oriental peoples, this world we live in is the world of unrealities, while the worlds of spirit are the real; among the western people this world is the tangible and concrete plane of existence while the spirit worlds are the undealities. The unreal of today is the reality of tomorrow, and matter, which we call the real, will cease to be when we no longer labor with it. The world to which we are attuned by bodies and consciousness must be to us the world of realities, but as we evolve spiritually and physically, we are eternally attuning ourselves to new conditions and we are realizing the things which before were unreal while those to which we are attuned today become the unrealities of tomorrow.

What is the reward of adjustment?

Answer. Continued consciousness on all the planes of nature where the adjustments have reached a certain degree of fineness. The loss of consciousness is the result of the inability of the spiritual consciousness to function on the plane where the consciousness is lost.

Next Week— The Book of Revelation

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,848— Edited by MANLY P. HALL **WE WANT —3000—**

Volume 3, No. 13 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, February 16th, 1927 10c a Copy

The BOOK *of* REVELATION

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

A Plea for Better Movies

By Malcolm Knight

We have a man standing on a busy street corner where all kinds and classes of people are passing with a machine gun in his hand. It is obvious that he knows little about the power of the gun or the bullets he is loading into it, nor does he care, for he fires away in all directions for the personal satisfaction it gives him. His supply of ammunition ranges from bullets that deal destruction, maim or wound, to bullets that give life, light and wisdom. He loads and fires regardless of results, guided only in his choice of bullets by the ones that give him the most immediate personal satisfaction. Now and then a passerby or a small passing group raise a faint cry of protest as they see the damage wrought but very little is ever done about it for these strange bullets do not take effect immediately. Some braver souls attempt to show the man how to use the gun and some try to curtail his activity and force him to use only the "good" ammunition but our man behind the gun keeps on loading with the most dangerous bullets that he thinks he can "get by with" and fires away in all directions, reaping his selfish results.

The machine gun is our motion picture, the man behind the gun our picture maker, the personal satisfaction he gets is material gain and the ammunition he is using represents impressive, forceful influences that either strengthen and build or weaken and tear down the character of those who see the pictures. Why so? Because motion pictures are gripping and impressive and when you can impress people you can mould their minds like putty. Of course some are influenced more than others, according to their development, but we all know how impressionable and easily influenced are the minds of youth and the mass mind of the majority is almost as impressionable. Motion pictures through their universality may become the greatest art of our present day, perhaps they are given to us at this time for the distinct purpose of reaching, impressing and moulding the minds of the masses. Christ used the most effective, influential way of reaching the minds of the masses when He was on earth. Were He here today He would use motion pictures as His medium, for He knew that a nation, a civilization or a race advances only as fast as its mass mind develops. Some individuals are above the water level and some are below, but humanity itself advances as its water level rises.

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

The Tree of the Lamb —From Anastatius Kircher.

NEGLECTED BOOK, KEY TO CHRISTIAN MYSTERIES

Introduction

Of all the books that under general conditions are not read by occult students, the Bible is probably the most neglected.

In the western world, for which the Bible has been written, we study all other sacred books of the world, while under general conditions the so-called heathen reads and understands our Bible better than most theological students.

Among the books of the Bible there is none that contains as much information to the mystic student as the Book of Revelation.

The reader of the Bible sees in this book only a strange jumble of symbols that he gives up the study with a gasp of despair.

We cannot, in the limited time that we have, go into the complete study of Revelation, but all of the various symbols can be understood if the student of the mystic arts will look at the wonders of the internal and external universe, and through the law of analogy, trace, in the wonders of natural progression, the mystery of the development of his own soul.

The Christian will in some future time, be he psychologist, mystic, occultist, or metaphysician, awaken to the fact that the book he now casts aside as being second to other writings is the one book that explains to him fully the path that the Western student must take to reach the feet of the Liberator, the thirteenth member of the mystery school.

"THE LAMB OF GOD"

Let us read some of the wonderful symbolism of the Lamb that is given in the Book of Revelation:

"And I behold, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the Seven Spirits of God sent forth into all of the world.

"And he (the Lamb) came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne.

"And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints.

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book and open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation."

Few of us realize the great mystery of the Lamb, that immortal Sun Spirit who was crucified for man, and is day by day giving His own life that man may not fall below the standard that the universe demands of her children. That wonderful Christ Spirit, the voice that speaks from within ourselves, whose sorrowing eyes light up with gladness when we take the path that leads to light, whose trembling body shudders with mortal agony when we thrust the spear of passion deep into His soul, whose every word is a prayer and every thought a blessing. Some day you will know this crucified one within yourself, and when you see His suffering eyes filled with the glory of divine love, when you see Him who ever prays for you while your egotism and selfishness are driving the nails that crucify Him, then indeed you will bow before His throne and add your voice to those who say, "Behold the Lamb of God, slain for the sins of the world."

"The Book of the Seven Seals" is life. The seals are the gateways of initiation that lead upward to the feet of the Liberator. And who is worthy to unseal that book, the only book that contains the true mysteries of creation? The answer is, only the Lamb—the one being in all the world that we do not think of. Unless we develop ourselves by following in the footsteps of Christ by living the life of purification and service, we cannot create power, for under the symbol we now waste our energies in the furtherance of selfishness.

When we take the life forces of God and misuse them, the Lamb becomes the Ram of passion; but when we have purified ourselves and covered Scorpio, the seat of the passions, with the lambskin apron of the Initiate, pure as the driven snow, then indeed do the twenty-four elders bow down before the throne, and the Christ within opens one by one the seals of Nature's book, and man's lower bodies bow down as faithful servants before the spirit that walks among the candlesticks.

And the world now hears a voice, as of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight."

The animal man, represented by John the Baptist, dressed in the skins of animals and wandering in the wilderness, is seeking light.

The lower man, praying for the coming of the Lamb, must realize that within he must build that purified one, "that taketh away the sins of the world."

From William Law's translation of the Life of Jacob Boehme, Vol. I. Here are the 24 Elders before the Throne, these represent the 24 Gods of the Hours. The picture follows closely the description given by the disciple John in the Apocalypse, but originally was based upon the 24 priests forming the greater circle of the Eleusinian Mysteries of which the above cut is a faithful reproduction.

"THE STAR THAT FELL FROM HEAVEN"

In connection with this lesson we will read from the 9th chapter of the Book of Revelation:

"An the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth; and to him was given the key to the bottomless pit.

"And he opened the bottomless pit; and there rose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth, and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power."

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

The GOD of LITTLE CHILDREN

It was a sunny day in midsummer and the little girl was playing on the steps of her New England home. Beloved by doting parents, the little one reared and raised in the seclusion of a home of love and harmony, rolled her rubber ball along the pavement in thoughtlessness and joy. It rolled from her hand, down the walk and out into the street. With a cry of laughter she ran after it; at the same instand a heavy motor truck rushed around the corner. There was a grinding of brakes, a scream and the car came to a stop but not before one of its great wheels had passed over the child's body. No one seemed to be on that street at that moment and the truckman turned quickly and noting that he was unseen, started his engine and raced off thoughtlessly and in-humanly unwilling to see the victim of his carelessness.

A moment later there came around the corner a little vegetable truck driven by an elderly Japanese whose wares were arranged with neatness and with an eye to art upon the delapidated ford. Seeing the child lying in the street he quickly stopped his truck and ran to the side of the body. But the child was dead.

Gathering the bruised form in his arms the Japanese ran with her to the house, for he had seen her playing there many times as he made his rounds. Ringing the bell, he waited and the mother appeared. One look at the bleeding body and with a scream she gathered the little girl in her arms and entered the house followed by the truckster.

Quickly help was summoned. But it was too late and the little white form had released its hold on life. The mother lay prostrate by the blow. The father hastily summoned walked the floor in silent grief, while the old Japanee sat in silence upon a chair ragged hat in hand.

"Oh, why?" muttered the father, "why has my child been taken from me? How could a just God do such a thing?"

The old Japanee closed his eyes momentarily but said nothing. At last he rose to his feet and crossing to the sofa sat down beside the child, and folding his hands prayed silently in his strange tongue.

"What are you saying?" asked the doctor sitting near.

"I am praying to my God as you have prayed to yours," answered the Jap as he gazed down at the still face before him. "You are sad because the little one you loved has gone. You are not the only ones in the world who are sad for I too have buried the ones I love. And if you can see the way as my good Lord has taught me your sorrow would be filled with peace."

"What do you mean?" demanded the physician.

"In my land," answered the Japanee, "we do not believe in death. Our Good Lord Buddha has taught that all is Life, that as the shades of night fall in one land the sun is rising in another. Know you not the words of Compassionate One who says 'all is life and there is no death'? Although this is your hour of sorrow, let me give you peace, a peace which you have denied me. Many times has the father of this little girl in thoughtlessness spoken of my people as heathen and now the faith which he adheres to seeks to destroy the works of the Compassionate One. You said, sir, in the past let the heathen be damned, but you have a lesson to learn and the peace which you need and which our own faith cannot give you, can come from the heathen alone."

The doctor rose in contempt and feeling that the child was beyond his help passed slowly from the room. The old Jap continued.

"There is one, compassionate Lord of Love, who is the god of little children for He guards them and protects them under his robes and with love pleads for them against the law. We have our name for him as you have, but we know Him better far than you do and in your moment of sorrow I want to tell you of Jizo the god of little children.

"In your heartless Christian world some thoughtless one has crushed out the life of this child and never even stopped to ask or learn the extent of his deed. In hopelessness and grief you are bowed and the mother is prostrated. Your faith does not sustain you. Why then, deny another?

"In Japan there is one who has charge of the souls of children and when the fiery-eyed beasts of passion attack them in the gray worlds of death, Jizo gathers them in His arms and hides them in His sleeves. He is the God who brings love to the hearts of Japan and He can bring peace to your heart today. Now that your child has passed from you, who is guarding her destiny? What parent shall shield her now? None but Jizo the father and mother of the children that are dead.

"I can bring you peace where your God cannot for I know Jizo the God of children. In the Wheel of Birth and Death your child shall live again and in the dark world, in the river of death, where it piles the little stones in prayer, Jizo will guard it. And I can tell you where you will find it again for as surely as it has died so surely hath the Compassionate One said it shall live again. Forget your griefs for all is well and the child you loved shall be with you once more."

The old Jap rose and hobbled out of the house and down into the street where his little truck rumbled and trundled along with its fresh vegetables and fruit.

Three years passed and still the old Jap came by the house twice a week crying his wares and seeming never to change in looks or age. A great moment had come to the home, its empty shrine was to be filled again. When slowly the old Japanee came up the steps and rapped at the door.

"I have come to tell you what Jizo has said to me," he said to the father who was walking the floor as on the night three years before. "From the river of darkened storms has come a soul to fill again the dream of your life. The little one who comes to you today is no stranger in your home but is the same who left you the day I brought her in in my arms.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER. Associate Pastor.

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

February 20th—DIVORCE

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Many P. Hall.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

What is divine law?

Answer. Law is the plan through which God, man, and the universe, the triple unit, were brought into manifestation, are being preserved in manifestation, and will later be dissolved. There are none who are above law and those who spiritually rise to such a height are too great to dream of disobeying it. To deny law does not destroy it, for it grinds all things to dust who attempt to stay it. No one has ever broken a law—the law has broken them.

What is the greatest of all natural laws?

Answer. The law of eternal progression which we have named evolution. The wisdom teachings of the world are unanimous in their teaching of the continual unfoldment of all created things,—how every grain of sand contains within itself cosmic proportions and celestial possibilities, how all things are various stages in the unfoldment of one ever-existing essence, which we call spirit, and how all diversity is the result of various stages of growth in the expression of this One Thing.

Is man perfect now?

Answer. Perfection must always be a relative matter. To be perpetually perfect requires the eternal, undivided application of energy towards the harmonizing of man with ever-arising experiences and the grasping perpetually of ever-broadening fields of opportunity. A grain of sand is perfect when it is the full expression of its spiritual consciousness, but a grain of sand is not a perfect man. A cow with all the necessary points may be perfect, but many adjustments await that creature before it can evolve human understanding. PERFECTION OR IMPERFECTION IS ONLY DISCOVERABLE THROUGH COMPARISON. Relative perfection is the result of perpetual adjustment.

Of what is a successful life composed?

Answer. It is composed of a number of small but complete achievements, which when gathered together as a life produce the great accomplishment. Nature works through the law of cause and effect and a great success is an effect, the cause of which is the harmonization of individuals with their self-created environments. Success is measured not by **cents** but by **sense,** and those who have evolved the greatest amount of commonsense are in the last analysis the most successful.

How can an occult student find his true place in the universe?

Answer. When he is inclined to see in himself absolute perfection, let him look up at the sky at night and see the works of the great ones. If he still feels that he has finished and is now a master of creation, let him order the worlds to fall from the heavens and the planets to start their eternal march. If they do not obey him, he has not yet finished his education. If he feels that he is a worm in the dust and underestimates God's trust in him, let him take a microscope and see the smallness of infinite lives, invisible to his eyes, and how much greater he is than those. He has been the lesser and is the greater in the making. He may thus find his true place and realize the part he fills in the eternal plan.

How may we become conscious helpers in the plan?

Answer. Through years and lives of unconscious service and by so living day by day as to improve our own being with education and balance so that when a great responsibility is placed upon our shoulders they shall be broad enough for their burden. Those who would be master over great things must have proved that they are master over lesser.

What are the greatest causes of failure at the present time?

Answer. We, as individuals, are the greatest and only cause of so-called failure. Failure is really a slow method of advancing through suffering, while success, which is often the result of failure, can be attained without suffering if the individual will so live that he does not break the natural laws of his being. By this success I mean the success which is eternal, rather than the so-called transitory success we see around us. There are three things which we do that especially stand between us and our own light: (1) We can never be a success while we allow ourselves to drift from one thing to another like a straw blown by every wind that blows. When we take this course of procedure, we become spiritual and mental tramps begging at everyone's door but doing nothing ourselves. (2) So long as we follow popular opinion and allow others to do our thinking for us, we shall slowly continue to lose the power of thinking for ourselves. There is a brand new game interesting the spiritual world at the present time. It is called "Follow the leader." But when we continue to follow other people we find that we land in ruts, which not only delay us but cause our spiritual organs to atrophy. (3) Egotism, which is one of the greatest of all the obstacles that face the seeker of light. A large number of truth seekers are filled with nothing but their own importance, and instead of seeking for truth agree with their own interpretation of it. Those who believe that they know all there is to know and that truth will expire with them, or who feel that their ideas belong to the spiritual five hundred, or who for a moment imagine that they are to have a special brownstone front in heaven, are self-made failures before they start.

I have read hundreds of spiritual occult books and attended nearly all the classes given in Los Angeles, but don't seem to get anywhere. What shall I do?

Answer. There is little wonder that you are making no progress and unless great care is used there is danger that you will suffer from a serious attack of mental or spiritual indigestion. One original thought is worth a thousand lectures and will bring you greater and more lasting growth, and all the libraries in the world cannot bring with them the illumination or information to be gained from a heart-to-heart talk with yourself.

Is it Black Magic for a salesman to influence someone to buy something?

Answer. It is. It is black magic to in any way influence the mind of a person without giving him the conscious opportunity to combat that influence, and the result of a decision influenced by you will bring with it a karmic debt which you must shoulder. It is black magic for one person in any way unconsciously to another to influence him by the power of mind.

Why is there so much unrest in the world at the present time?

Answer. There are two great reasons fundamentally behind this present condition. (1) Everyone is trying to find someone else to blame for something for which he is responsible. (2) Everyone is running around looking for something for which he has within himself. When this condition is understood by the world our present confusion will be overcome.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

We have seen pictures develop by vogues, so to speak. Some far sighted pioneer or creator has come out with a new and great thought and many imitators come swooping in as a pack of wolves eager to be in at the kill, to cash in on and devour to the last shrewd the original idea. As the signs of the times all over the world indicate a new spiritual awakening in man and as outstanding producers will undoubtedly sense and portray this searth into the inner paths of truth, will our pack of imitators copy the vogue of spiritual studies? A few enlightened directors may have the mental and spiritual understanding necessary to work wonders along this line and if their productions have a box office value we will be flooded by the imitators. That is where the danger lies, those who are not capable but will make a stab at it. It is so easy to throw the wrong light on such a delicate subject. It is easy to throw the wrong light on any subject but it is dangerous for undeveloped minds to attempt spiritual portrayals and indications of the paths of progress. Let those who will play upon man's whims, man's passions and even man's heartstrings. but we must be careful what tunes we play upon the strings of the soul of man.

There is a way by which all human beings can be reached, by which they can be helped to find themselves and started on the road of development. A way that will also help those already on the road to see the path more clearly. We know how hard it is to reach people by preaching to them. Why not give them the fundamentals of truth through their desire for amusement? Make them think without thinking. Give them the laws of nature and truth in a subtle, clever way, clothed in interesting dramatic, impressive pictures so they will absorb knowledge without knowing it, which will plant the acorn that will grow into the sturdy oak. In other words, give them pills of divine wisdom coated over with a layer of what they can easily understand until you have created the appetite within them for truth. Even as Christ made parables of familiar incidents of everyday life, yet implanted such depths of truth in these simple stories that everyone got something out of them and the more they had within themselves the more they received. Why cannot we make pictures so deep and yet so simple that they will bring out a greater understanding within everyone, and everyone will draw from them according to his or her own development? It is great to be able to give to those who hunger and thirst, but it is greater to be able to give the desire for enlightenment to those who have it not.

We give credit to a few producers who have given and are giving sincere effort toward bettering pictures but the majority raise the cry that attempts at pictures of better influence are failures—they do not go over—so it is the fault of the people after all that they don't get better pictures. These producers do not know where the fault really lies, or else they are trying to cover up their own inability. It is true we have had pictures too deep for the average audience to appreciate, but if those same pictures had been deeper they would have been more understandable. A picture, a book or a lecture is never a failure because it is too deep to be understood but because it is not deep enough to portray simplicity of truth, which everyone can understand. The hidden government is more worried about getting representatives who are themselves deep enough to portray the simplicity of truth than it is about whether the people will accept the truth when it is given to them in the right way.

A narrow-minded or preachy picture would no doubt be a financial failure. And should be. But a picture true to life in its reality, so full of love and drama that it is interesting, gripping and impressive, so broad that it is sectless. so deep that it breathes the sincerity and simplicity of truth, giving growth and development to everyone seeing it would be an overwhelming financial as well as spiritual success.

We must realize the bigness, the force and the possibilities of motion pictures. They go "out unto all the world and teach" because they are so impressive and require so little knowledge for their understanding. What greater medium could any sincere disciple desire than this? Motion pictures came into the world to be used as a medium of developing the seeds of truth, knowledge and understanding in the minds of all humanity. This is their birthright and such pictures can and will be accomplished. What the industry needs is more men behind the gun who know what kind of bullets to shoot; in other words, minds having wisdom as well as will. Motion pictures are deserving of the sincere efforts of our greatest minds. who are our greatest minds. Those doing the most good for humanity. There is no other measure for greatness.

A local undertaker has called attention to the fact that the body of a vegetarian will keep for several days in good condition without embalming, while the body of a meat eater or one addicted to liquor is in a dreadful if not an unmentionable state in just a few hours.

The Eleusinian Mysteries

One of the full page color prints in the Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy; to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews. Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings Concealed within the Rituals, Allegories, and Mysteries of All Ages. The Entire Work Amplified with Numerous *Quotations from Ancient, Medieval,* and Modern Authorities, many from Unpublished Manuscripts and Books Long out of Print, Gathered by the Author,—Manly P. Hall.

"The King Solomon Edition" limited to 550 copies.

A Masterpiece of the Bookman's Art,— Page Size—13x19 inches.

Three hundred and fifty pages, 50 full page illustrations in four colors, more than 200 engravings in black and white, 46 chapters, antique cover and slip case, weighs 14½ pounds. One hundred dollars per copy when published. Sold prior to publication, $75 on terms of $15 down and $15 a month.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.

301 Trinity Auditorium Building,

Los Angeles, California.

MR. MANLY P. HALL'S BOOKS
are on display at
HOLLYWOOD BOOK STORE
"Opposite Hollywood Hotel"
6812 Hollywood Blvd. GRanite 9101

MYSTERIES of ANTIQUITY

The Delphi Oracles

Although the Delphi Oracles have figured in literature for many ages and attempts have been made to describe the workings of this custom of the ancient Greeks, little is known today as to how these oracles operated. The most famous of all the oracles was that at Delphi, but the manner in which it was consulted is somewhat confused. There probably was considerable variation at different periods.

The tale of a hole from which intoxicating "mephitic" vapor arose has no early authority, nor is it scientifically probable. The question had to be given in writing, and the responses were uttered by the Pythian priestess, in early times a maiden, later a woman more than fifty attired as a maiden.

After chewing the sacred bay and drinking of the spring Cassotis, which was conducted into the temple by artificial channels, she took her seat on the sacred tripod in the inner shrine. Her utterances were reduced to verse and edited by the prophets and the "holy men."

Wherever the worship of Apollo had fixed its roots, there were sibyls and prophets; for Apollo is nowhere conceivable without the beneficent light of prophecy streaming out from his abode. The reason why the fame of all the other celebrated seats of Apollo was obscured by that of Delphi lies in a series of exceptional and extraordinary circumstances by which this place was qualified to become a center, not only of the lands in its immediate neighborhood, like the other oracles, but of the whole nation.

The sites selected for these oracles generally were marked by some physical property, which fitted them to be the scenes of such miraculous manifestations. They were in a volcanic region, where gas escaping from a fissure in the earth might be inhaled, and the consequent exhilaration or ecstacy, partly real and partly imaginary, was a divine inspiration.

At the Pythian oracle in Delphi there was thought to be such an exhalation. Others supposed that the priests possessed the secret of manufacturing an exhilarating gas. The seat of this oracle of Delphi was on the southwestern spur of Parnassus, in a valley of Phocis.

According to the Homeric hymn to the Pythian Apollo, the god took forcible possession of the oracle soon after his birth, slaying with his earliest bow-shot the serpent Pytho, the son of Gaea, who guarded the spot. The atone for this murder, Apollo was forced to fly and pass eight years in menial service before he could return forgiven.

The oracle proper was a cleft in the ground in the innermost sanctuary, from which arose cold vapors, which had the power of inducing ecstacy. Over the cleft stood a lofty gilded tripod of wood. On this was a circular slab, upon which the seat of the prophetess was placed. In the prosperous times of the oracle two Pythias acted alternately, with a third to assist them. In the earliest time the Pythia ascended the tripod only once a year, on the birthday of Apollo; but in later years she prophesied every day, if the day itself and the sacrifices were not unfavorable.

In spite of the reference that is made to these oracles, and the familiarity that generally is apparent little authentic information ever has been learned regarding them or their practices.—Unsigned article from and old eastern newspaper.

WANTED

ADVERTISING

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Now Reaches Over 2,000 People Weekly and is growing rapidly

Rates on Request.

We Reserve the right to Edit all Advertising.

You'll have
BETTER HEALTH
if you take at least one meal a day at the
EUTROPHEON
where fresh raw foods only are served.
Two locations:
833 So. Olive St. and 209 S. Hill St.

Question 16. What shall we do with any knowledge that we have been fortunate enough to gain?

Answer. Exercise it by putting it to work, for if it is not used it will be lost soon. With healthy exercise, all of our physical muscles are strengthened, while the neglect of our bodies soon depletes the tissues. It is the same with spiritual powers. If we do not think, the mind soon becomes incapable of thought. If we do not give out the truths we have learned and use them to help our brother man, they soon ferment, causing mental or spiritual indigestion. If we know a truth, it is our duty to give it to all who will receive it or be helped by it. It is not our duty, however, to force others to believe our doctrines or agree with our concepts of life. But we should use in the highest way all the knowledge and spiritual truth which our consciousness is able to conceive, and thus pave the way to greater truths and more complete understanding. Horde it away for our own personal use or divide it from our brother by a dollar mark, and it will die within us and all will be lost. Remember the story of the talents and what happened to the one who hid his in the earth until the Master returned, instead of following the example of the faithful servants who circulated theirs and gained double the number thereby. It is the same with man, for the things which he knows and can do are his talents; if he does not make good use of each and every one of them, he cannot enter higher spheres of consciousness and the rewards of the faithful servants cannot be his.

THE GOD OF LITTLE CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

"What do you mean?" demanded the father, "that the same child has come back again? Impossible!"

The Japanese nodded.

"It is the way of the Lord Buddha," he answered.

"Nonsense," cried the father, "leave the house at once. This is no time for idle gossip."

"You refuse to believe?" asked the Japanee. "Well, be it so. You shall see whether it be so or not," and turning on his heel the Oriental left the house.

Five minutes later the nurse entered the room, a sad look on her face.

"The child is dead," she announced, "and on its body is a mark as though it had been crushed by a heavy wheel."

THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION
Textbook of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, 702 Pages, 18 Diagrams, Cloth Bound
$2.00 Postpaid
Spanish translation, $2.00, cloth bound; German, $2.00, paper bound; French, $2.50, cloth bound; Dutch, $3.50, cloth bound.
THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Box 15, Oceanside, Calif.

"THE BOOK OF REVELATION"

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

God and the Devil, or Lucifer, are without doubt the most abused beings in the universe at the present time. All of our sickness, inharmony and crimes, are laid upon the shoulders of one of these two, and thousands and millions of people point them out as the cause of present, past, and future woes and suffering. When we are sick we are told that the Lord willed it so; when we died of indigestion it was the Lord calling us home. When the senses dim and old age claims us, it is the will of God that we should go around with lumbago and dropsy. Nothing can show less religion or a greater lack of common sense than such a doctrine. Then again when I take it into my head to kill someone, it is the devil who is to blame. If I fail to fill the shoes of life, then, of course, it is the powers of darkness that are to blame, until at last, after a careful analysis of this theology, we find that the celestial Beings are all sinners, and man, made of the dust of the earth, is the only perfect creature in the universe.

The students of true religion must learn to realize that neither God nor the Devil is responsible for the ups and down of their lives, but that they themselves are to blame for every inharmony that makes their lives what they should not be.

The great God of the universe is a God of Absolute Justice with mercy, and no one has ever suffered or ever will suffer unless he at some time wronged others just to the same degree.

Then who was it of which Milton, the poet, spoke when he said:

"Him the Almighty power,
Hurled headlong, flaming from the etheral sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire."

Who, then, is Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, the most beautiful star in all the heavens, who was barred from heaven by his actions? The answer is he is man, whose spiritual consciousness descending through the worlds of space, has by the passions of life changed the great Lucifer energy, the dynamic power that keeps the worlds in their orbits and gives to him his blood and power and expression, into a devil of lust, greed, and passion. Far down in the centers of emotion and selfishness man is chaining the Son of the Morning.

Those who do not in their lives here transmute this great energy of Mars into constructive powers, then blame the devil for the things that they themselves are responsible for, for even the devil himself is created by man.

When man lifts this spiritual fire upward within himself, then Lucifer, the Star of the Morning, the creative energy of God, shines out as the New Star of Bethlehem and tells of the coming of the Master within, and the great fire Spirit casting off the bonds imposed on him by man returns to the throne of God from which he was cast down.

Then, and then only, will man's great debt to Lucifer be paid.

"THE MEASURE OF A MAN"

The quotation around which we are going to build this lesson is taken from the eleventh chapter of the Book of Revelation, the first verse.

"And there was given me a reed like unto a rod: and the angel stood saying, Rise, and measure the temple of God, and the altar and them that worship therein."

Most of us in a hazy way realize that we are the living temple of the living God, but few of us have ever taken the time to measure our temple and see if it is true to the rule of God.

Among the ancients we find that a cube block is used to symbolize man. First in the undeveloped man, the block is symbolized as being rough and uncut, but in the developed man, it has been trued and the uneven parts have been chipped away. In the cube all of its dimensions are equal and the same must be true in the spiritual man. The mind, and the heart, the will and the emotions, must all be balanced, and the spiritual faculties, the true man, must have expression through a body which molds itself without hesitation into the necessary expression of the spirit.

It is necessary for us each day to go over our lives and with the measuring rod measure ourselves to see if we are still true to the principles which we have set for our lives.

In this plan of nature which shrouds the higher man in the cloak of materiality, it is very difficult to measure ourselves and find out our true worth. We are apt to measure according to the things of this world alone, and that in truth is but a small part of the true building. The building is composite, made up of thousands of smaller parts, each of which must be carefully considered if a true measurement is to be the result.

If day after day we measure our minds and hearts and find them no greater today than they were yesterday, then we are falling behind in the great race of life. If tomorrow we find that we are making the same mistakes that we made today, then we are failing in our duty to our God and ourselves. It requires never-ending watchfulness to protect ourselves against the danger of crystalization that confronts every student of the higher sciences.

Most of the students are looking forward to the time at the end of this earth-life wave when we will be super-human. This is a mistaken idea because it will take us to the end of this day of manifestation to become truly human. We at the present time are far below the true human state, for to be truly human is to reach a state of perfection undreamed of at the present time.

Therefore there are no students, never mind how great they may be, nor how much development they have gained, who have reached a position of security, where it is no longer necessary for them to take the rule of life and measure themselves and see if they are really as developed as they think that they are.

Therefore, friends, take your rods and measure your temple, see if you are so

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

feeding your bodies that they may best express your higher principles, see if your mind is as broad as you know it should be; see if your thoughts measure up to the spirituality that you profess; see if your temple is great and grand enough to furnish proper surroundings for the spirit it contains. If it not, take the necessary steps to expand it, and if it is, measure again tomorrow, and see if it has increased to contain the things you did not know before. For you, when you pass behind the veil, will also be measured not by your ideals, but by the temple that these ideals have built to the living God.

"THE FEAST OF THE BRIDEGROOM"

In the nineteenth Chapter of Revelation, the seventh, eighth and ninth verses, we find references made to the marriage of the Lamb. Especially in the ninth verse, where it says:

" * * * Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. * * * "

Few of us realize that the ceremony of marriage, which is now celebrated in some way in every nation of the world, has any hidden meaning concealed beneath the material ritual. But as is the case with every other important thing in life it has a hidden side, which when understood, changes our viewpoint entirely.

In the cults that are coming into the world at the present time, we find the problem of Soul Mates coming to the fore, and many great and truly spiritual works have come to naught because of the misunderstanding of this vital problem.

The marriage of the Lamb spoken of in the Bible, that wonderful ceremony told of by John, in his Revelation, is a mystic marriage, a spiritual ceremonial that forms one of the greatest periods in the life of a student.

Each of us are twofold in our natures, we are both male and female, or positive and negative. In this world period we come back into life time and time again, taking first one and then the other pole to manifest through. When we come into the world as a man, we also have within, the female pole, but for that particular life the male body predominates.

Now it is through these two poles that the two paths of initiation wind in and out. One path, that of the heart, intuition, is female, while the other, the mind, or reason, is masculine. Now the soul mate for whom the student seeks is not without, but within. For in truth man is complete in himself, but at all times in this stage of evolution, one part of his nature is in abeyance.

The mystic marriage, the alchemistic marriage, the marriage of the Sun and Moon, the true ceremony of which the physical union that we know is but the symbol, is the marriage within man of these two principles of the heart and mind. It is the marriage of the spirit when the two parts of itself so long unequal, are by the development of the individual and the lifting of consciousness, joined in an everlasting union.

From the union of these two principles within is born a child, of an immaculate conception, who is the Christ within.

For many ages our world has been governed by a patriarchy, and in marriage, the husband has been considered the master of the home. While in the world without we find the same thing. The mind has been master. With reason and science, man has governed the world. The heart and the intuition have, in the majority of humanity, been lost. The result is that now the spiritual paths of service and brotherhood, which come on the heart ray, are now seeking mastership, and in consequence of this the woman is coming to the foreground. Let the student remember that the mastery of either destroys the usefulness of both, but that the heart and mind united in spiritual wedlock is the only path that leads to God.

These that we see among us, are all equal, man is no greater than woman, woman is no greater than man, in the last analysis, for they are both forms of that which is formless and each is manifesting one side of their nature, and, as they grow in understanding, will change to the other side, and will continue to do so until at last the great spiritual marriage makes them both one, as they were in the beginning.

"THE NEW JERUSALEM"

We will read from the first three verses of the Twenty-first Chapter of Revelation, as this gives us the best description of the New Jerusalem.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying: "Behold, the taernacle of God is with man, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

In one of the ancient books this world that we now live in is called the "Son of Necessity," and such indeed it is. It is a certain plane of consciousness necessary to those who are developing upon it.

The various worlds that interpenetrating each other form our system differ in only one particular and that is the rate of vibration to which they are attuned.

Each of these exterior worlds is correlated to man by a body within himself. He at the present time has four bodies or suits of clothing over the higher spiritual essence which he calls the I.

Now, at the present time the body that is the most perfectly formed is the physical body or that which we see and name. The next one is the etheric body which is also well formed and will be the next one for man to use. He will never be able to use this body however on this plane of consciousness, as it is attuned only to the Etheric Regons which are one degree of vibration higher than the one we are now functioning in.

When the majority of humanity have by purification and right living reached a certain stage in development, they will incorporate their lower body into the higher by lifting the vibration of the lower and will function in a new body, which will be the new Temple or the New Jerusalem. This will occur when the lower has been done away with or has been transmuted into the next above.

Then there is another temple, built without hands where the voice of the workman is not heard, like the temple of Manson in "The Servant in the House." It is a temple built by service and action; every good deed builds a stone into its walls, every kind thought adds luster to it. It is the temple of the soul; the individual has by his daily life thus built the only temple acceptable in the sight of God. There God dwells with man, because through his life of service and action he, (the individual) has attuned himself to the Infinite.

Here is a great thought, for those who can comprehend it:

"Those who would know God must be like Him. Those who want the powers of God must use them as He uses them. Those who want to have the exalted position that He holds must learn to love as He loves who weeps over even a sparrow's fall."

As the student goes down the path of life, let him remember that every obstacle met and mastered means a step forward, every undesirable trait transmuted helps to build in him that new body which he will sometime use, while those who try to avoid these responsibilities have built nothing and must do without that body until through suffering and pain they have learned to build the temple they now wish someone else to raise for them. For we cannot go in until we ourselves have built that new Jerusalem that descends from heaven, as a bride.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

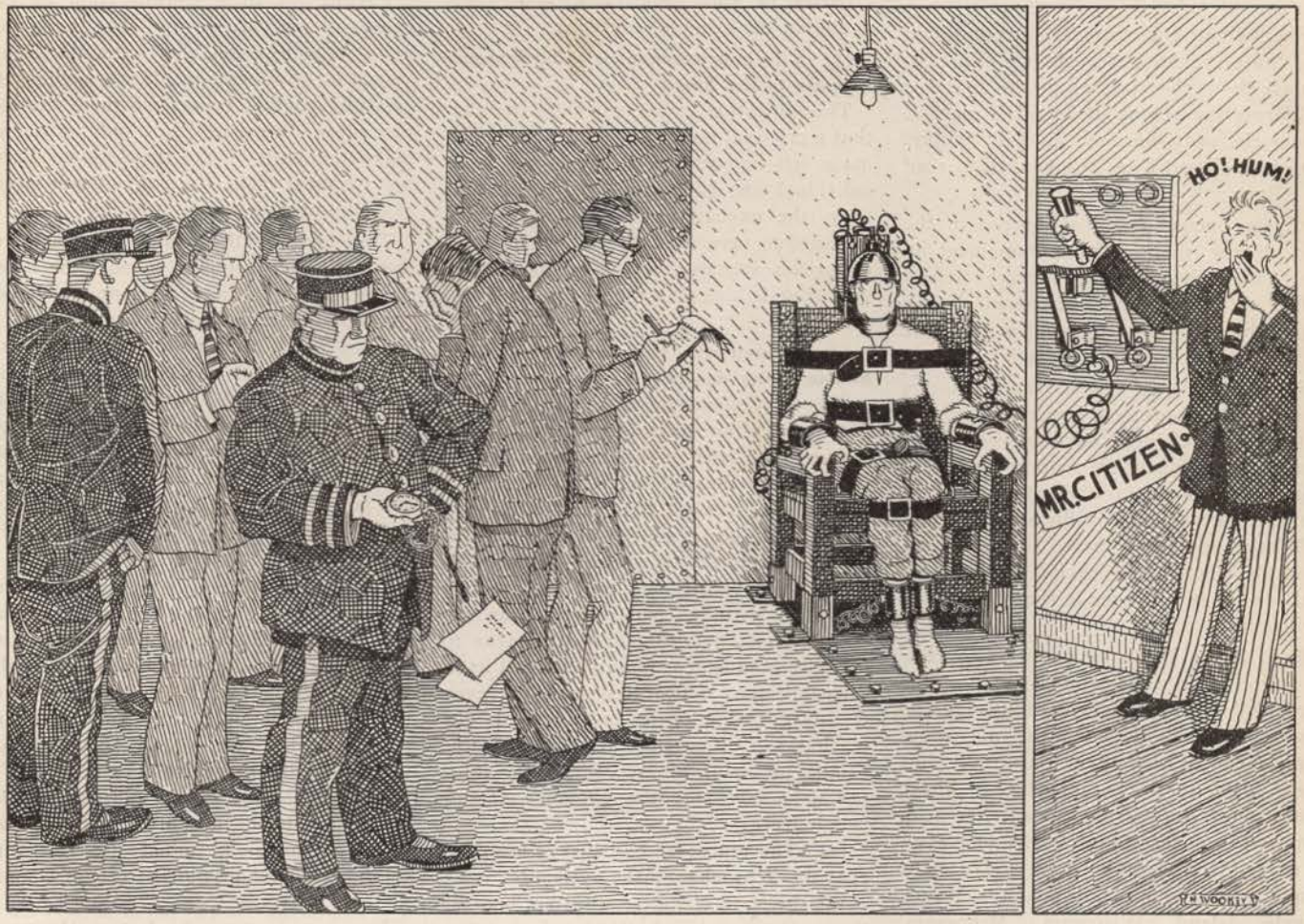
SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW —1,918—

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

WE WANT —3000—

Volume 3, No. 14 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, February 23rd, 1927 10c a Copy

MURDER *in the* NAME *of the* LAW



ARE YOU BACKING UP YOUR IDEALS

If you are opposed to Capital Punishment, what are you doing about it? Are you taking an active part in the battle against that statute which forces the employees of the State to do MURDER for you? THERE ARE TWO FORMS OF SIN. The sin of commission is the doing of that which is wrong; the sin of omission is the FAILURE TO DO THAT WHICH IS RIGHT. Those who advocate the abolishment of Capital Punishment, yet do not personally interest themselves in the many ways whereby the individual can help to remove this blight from the State, ARE GUILTY OF COMMITTING MURDER by indifference. Californians, wire your Senator and Representatives to support the Fellom Bill. NOW is the appointed time to realize and to act! Do not permit your INDIFFERENCE to do murder.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS LEGALIZED MURDER

The Fellom Bill a Corrective

The Fellom Bill recently introduced in the State Senate is a direct effort to remove from the statutes of the State of California the stigma of legalized murder. Under the provisions of this Bill, Section 190 of the Penal Code is amended to read as follows:

"Every person guilty of murder in the first degree shall suffer confinement in the state prison for life; every person guilty of murder in the second degree is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison not less than ten years."

Senator Fellom's Bill, as representative of the most progressive humanitarian sentiments of a civilized commonwealth, deserves the unqualified support of every man and woman far-sighted enough to realize the profound influence which it will have upon the future of the State. The abolishment of capital punishment marks a great milestone in the civilizing of civilization.

Hon. Harry L. Davis, former Governor of Ohio, in an article published in "The Outlook," of July 26, 1922, explodes the theory advanced by advocates of capital punishment to the effect that there has been an increase in homicide in those states where capital punishment has been removed from the statute books. He says, in part: "However, there are today eight states that have no death penalty—Maine, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Kansas, North Dakota, and South Dakota. They have had no capital punishment in from nine to seventy-five years. Homicides in the first five have averaged from 1915 to 1919, 35 for each million population, according to New York World statistics compiled by F. L. Hoffman, of Newark, N. J., while in 25 capital punishment states for which such figures are available, the homicide averaged during the same period is shown to have been 84 for each million inhabitants."

It is interesting to note that the State of Maine, which abolished capital punishment in 1887, has the smallest homicide rate in the United States, whereas California where the death penalty is enforced —according to tables compiled for the years 190-1921—has the second highest homicide rate in the Union.

Let us first consider briefly the five popular arguments advanced by advocates of capital punishment as adequate reasons for the execution of a convicted murderer:

(1) **Capital punishment effectually removes the possibility of a repetition of the crime of murder by the same offender.**

By separating the murder from contact with the community for the rest of his natural life, and depriving him of the privilege of parole, the Fellom Bill effectively disposes of this problem without compounding the crime of murder.

(2) **Life imprisonment is a burdensome expense to the State.**

This objection is overruled by the fact that a criminal incarcerated for life can be made self-supporting. What is more, any individual who is so selfish as to countenance the execution of a fellow human creature to save the infinitesimal pro rata of prison expense necessary to keep a man alive is himself a menace to the community.

(3) **A man who has murdered another human being deserves to die.**

This statement—so often made—is in direct opposition to the Christian religion, the accepted faith of the American people. It has been declared by Christendom that the Mosaic Law of "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" was superseded by the doctrines of Jesus Christ, who taught that forgiveness was the greatest of human virtues. No Christian can advocate capital punishment and be true to his faith, and no community can call itself Christian that deliberately murders even the most erring of its members. If the teachings of Christianity are not applicable to the problems of law, then they must fail as a code for the guidance of our people.

(4) **The murderer has always been executed. Why change the system?**

We desire to change the system because the system has failed. We no longer live in the Dark Ages, but in what we claim to be civilized and enlightened times. Let us efface forever from our statutes capital punishment as a modern survival of primitive barbarism, ignorance, and savage cruelty.

(5) **The moral example of capital punishment discourages crime.**

The fallacy of this argument is apparent to all who read the daily newspapers. In spite of the fact that over a period of many centuries tens, yes hundreds of thousands, of murderers have been burned, hung, decapitated, electrocuted, and asphyxiated, the number of murders increases with amazing rapidity. If capital punishment discourages crime, how did the commission of crime survive the reign of King Henry the 8th, for while this souvereign sat upon the English throne 72,000 people were publicly executed for 240 minor major offenses? In his work, "Capital Punishment," Clifford Kirkpatrick, Ph. D., produces evidence to the effect that the moral example of capital punishment is not a deterrent to major crime. He writes: "The death penalty may be an actual suggestion to crime. A boys' club in New York agreed to stand for two minutes in the honor of four gunmen who had 'died game'."

Passing on to a consideration of the **causes** of murder, we find that the criminal is, in many cases, the victim of circumstance or environment. If we would successfully combat crime, we must destroy the cause of crime. Not only must we make the path of the transgressor hard, but we must make the path of transgression unprofitable and uninviting.

The dope peddler selling his wares on the steps of the public school; the bootlegger distributing poisonous liquor through the community; parents neglecting the moral training of their cihldren; the congestion of great cities where millions are huddled together, many with improper food and clothing or hygienic advantages; the grinding wheels of industrialism; literature unfit for the minds of the youth who read it; all these are powerful factors in the fabrication of the criminal.

Modern civilization is permeated with crime. Gold is supreme and its accumulation the prime motive for living. The criminal is actually the personification of the criminal instincts of the race, the murderer the personification of the murderous instinct of the race. Man is but thinly veneered with respectability; he is still a savage in his own heart, and occasionally someone—unable to control his innermost urges—commits in actual life the very crimes which thousands of others commit in their hearts.

You may continue to destroy the occasional malefactor who comes within the grasp of the law but you cannot destroy crime until you destroy selfishness within the hearts of human creatures. Crime is as old as the human race. It is in the blood and bone of every creature; it can never be beaten out of man nor will his death destroy it.

The only practical solution of crime is education—not only the education of the intellectual faculties but education in moral value sense. The child must be taught the value of human life; the finer and kindlier qualities now ridiculed must be unfolded and nurtured; the realization

of the value of constructiveness must be woven into the fabric of American youth.

Every so often the world is drenched in the blood of a great war, in which the intellects of the human race vie with each other to create more terrible instruments for the annihilation of their fellow creatures. On the field of battle thousands of lives are snuffed out in a single second; shells, gas, and liquid fire sweep across the face of the earth, directionalized by so-called civilized and cultured nations! What is the inevitable reaction? Man becomes careless as to the value of human life. What is one person more or less in the midst of a holocaust of shrapnel?

All over the world the value of human life has depreciated. Man's inventions grind him to pieces and every day the papers are filled with casualty lists from accident, fire, and plague. The result is that the impressionable youth—the useful citizen or criminal of tomorrow—grows up surrounded by examples which distort the mind and produce various forms of bias that, if sufficiently emphasized, become criminal tendencies.

The penal institutions of this country contain many men and women who, while possessing brilliant intellects, have in their natures peculiar mental or moral kinks which were not controlled and thus became the dominating influences in life. A morbid disposition, an unhealthy attitude toward the problems of life, attempts to shirk the responsibility and labor of providence—all these atttudtes develop into distinct criminal expressions. Obsessed by his attitudes, the individual seeks to force the world to accept hi sown standards and then curses society that finds it necessary to isolate him in self-defense.

It has recently been scientifically established that the criminal is actually a sick man and crime a disease—a disease both infectious and contagious, which permeates the entire fabric of an individual until it destroys all the constructive tissues. All living creatures contain the germ of this disease, but fortunately only comparatively few permit the disease to gain the upper hand. Disease is not limited to the body—in fact, the most deadly diseases are not those which attack the physical members. These are diseases both of the mental and moral naturees which, while outside the cognizance of material science, are being explored and catalogued by highly specialized types of intellect such as the alienist and the psychoanalyst. The prison must be looked upon as a place wherein the morally and mentally sick are quarantined until their ailments have been diagnosed and a proper treatment applied. There is no doubt that a certain percentage of mental and moral disease now called crime can be effectively treated and the sufferer returned again as a useful member of society.

The mere recognition of crime as a disease will do much to remedy present conditions, for efforts will then be made to find a cure for the criminal, whereas up to the present time his detention has been considered sufficient. Every prison should have on its official staff an alienist, whose duty should be the continued study of the factors in the individual which caused and perpetuated criminal impulses. When a man is physically sick the medical fraternity attempts to cure him and will use every effort to keep him alive, even if fully aware that a permanent cure is impossible. The ethics of the profession demand that every patient shall breathe just as long as it is humanly possible to keep breath in the body. On the other hand, when a man is morally and mentally sick—that is, a criminal—the law either confines him without proper curative treatment or, if he be considered incurably sick, hastily executes him, thus effectually removing all opportunity to study his condition and any possible chance to cure him.

Victor Hugo sumarrizes this aspect of crime in the following noble sentiments: "For what then do I ask your aid? The civilization of penal laws. The gentle laws of Christ will penetrate at last into the Code, and shine through its enactments. We shall look on crime as a disease, and its physicians shall displace the judges, its hospitals displace the galleys. Liberty and health shall be alike. We shall pour balm and oil where we formerly applied iron and fire: evil will be treated in charity, instead of in anger. This change will be simple and sublime."

The criminal codes of the future will be more humanitarian, for they will be devoted to the transmutation of crime rather than the extermination of criminals. The same energy and cunning which make a dangerous criminal, when redirectionalized into constructive channels, result in a valuable and industrious member of society. The antiquated exterminative measures employed to check crime have completely failed in their purpose, as evidenced by even a superficial consideration of present criminal conditions in America. Even a child realizes that, while the crime of murder is a most serious offense, a second murder on the part of the State can not possibly improve the situation, for while there was one person dead before the execution there are two persons dead afterward. The first individual is not restored to life by the proceeding, nor has justice been satisfied.

The citizens of a State who employ officials to perform the necessary murders required under the law of capital punishment are themselves instigators and accessories to the crime of murder, but they are too cowardly to personally supervise the crime which they sanction and commit by proxy. It is the voter—and not the executioner—who is responsible for the death of the murderer. The executioner is merely the hired representative of the people and no individual has a moral right to advocate a law which he is not personally willing to enforce. Therefore, no individual has a right to advocate capital punishment who is not personally willing to the cut the cord which holds the trap door of the gallows or close the switch which turns the current into the electric chair. How many of the prosperous, peace-loving members of a community could be found who would volunteer their services for this task?

Elbert Hubbard advances the theory that "Just as long as the State sets an example of killing its enemies, individuals will occasionally kill theirs." He makes the following comments on the attitude of ex-President Fallieres of France regarding the death penalty: "Among the pleasant duties of the President of France is that of signing all death warrants issued in the Republic. This is well. President Fallieres says, however, that there should be a slight change in the arangement, to-wit: The judge who sentences the man to die, should also act as his executioner. President Fallieres knows full well that if this were the case it would do away with legalized homicide. He says, "I will not ask another man to do that which I myself am unwilling to no. I will do no murder—even for the State."

We no longer live in the day of swashbuckling buccaneers who fought on street corners over trivialities and murdered as a legitimate form of amusement. Nowadays many people turn pale at the sight of blood and reach maturity without ever having seen a person die. We are not cruel as a nation, and those who have once witnessed an execution never went to behold another. Because the tragedy which takes place behind the gray stone walls of a prison is hidden from our sight and we are not brought face to face with the effects of our legislation, we thoughtlessly permit laws to remain upon our statute books which we would quickly eradicate if we personally contracted their savagery.

The restoration of the medieval system of public executions might be an effectual solution to the problem of capital punishment. The townfolk of the Middle Ages were so accustomed to behold death and were so entertained by the spectacle of public hangings that they even held their children up above their heads so that the

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Many P. Hall.

WHAT PRICE CIVILIZATION

And the Greatest of These is Vanity

Whenever anyone mentions the valuable improvements which are the outgrowths of civilization, let us not forget some of those so-called improvements among them "style." It is surprising to learn the tragic part it plays in many lives.

Style is used to take the place of a dying personality. The truth of this was proven to my satisfaction by a fashionable tailor who produced undeniable evidence. He quite agreed with the late King Edward that "clothes make the man," and in defense of this belief he explained several of the ins and outs of his trade. He told how he could pad up stooping shoulders, fill out hollow chests, and straighten bandy legs by peculiar processes of his art. He can cut down hips build out muscles, straighten spinal curvature, and in other words take a miserable speciman of manhood and send it back to its friends a perfect Hercules.

How often is it true that hideousness adorned promanades as beauty! If there ever was a curse upon the face of the earth, it is style. Few can afford to follow its edicts in these times of economic stress, and yet rich and poor alike struggle and fight to keep up with the Parisian will-o'-the-wisp. Day after day they wear themselves out chasing this illusive creature, this parasite nurtured by hairdressers, modistes, masseurs and tailors who make millions out of a thousand fashionable inconveniences.

Have you ever observed milady in all the radiance of her uncontained exuberance, her face framed by a halo of electric curlers that hang from the ceiling? She is happy in the pain of implanting the principles of spinal curvature into her rebellious hair. At this she spends half her time—the other half inside a cast of beauty plaster. While the plaster is working the curl comes out, and vice versa. But then, ask any man in dress clothes what he thinks of his tall stiff collar, gloves and impossible shirt front. He will admit he is miserable but will aver that he has to do it because the rest do. Both of these parties would be equally miserable if they failed to acquiesce with this ever-changing lunatic known as fashion, so what can be done? This state of affairs is the direct product of a civilization that considers absolute everything except the actual need of the individual and the welfare of his body.

This modern system of dress is certain to play a great part in race extinction. Already it has for many ages held a prominent position among the causes of human suffering. Pulled into a hundred shapes, bound and tied in half a dozen different ways, the body stands—or tries to stand—exposed to the chilly blasts of winter and smothered in the summer by multitudinous concoctions of Parisian intellect. Its feet die of suffocation or else become warped trying to fit themselves into something several sizes smaller than they are, while their rear ends are held up in the air by Spanish monuments which twist 50 per cent of the body above out of its appointed position. Then behold this body's neck—held up like a giraffe's by a celluloid collar which vanishes into the mystery of a starched shirt front that creates a pigeon-chested effect each time the wearer sits down. The species homo is daily making itself endlessly miserable by trying to improve upon nature and as a result so cramps the body that this gradually atrophying organism is a mere hollow mockery inside an ornate artificial plating. The body of the average person is absolutely incompetent to co-operate with him in the mutual problem of physical existence.

Anyone who says shoes are healthy is quite foolish but anyone who leaves them off is put in the psychopathic ward as a possible menace to the community; whoever told man he looked well in a swallow-tail coat of sombre hue certainly had a poor eye for art; while tall silk hats are quite certain to produce baldness which condition does not particularly improve the general appearance of those who own this lackage. The savages dress in the

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

is a

Weekly Paper Devoted to
PHILOSOPHY, ETHICS
and
MODERN WORLD PROBLEMS

Future issues will contain articles on such subjects as

The Chinese Situation
(Illustrated)

The Divorce Problem

and a series of seven brief outlines of the world's great men and women

If you are interested in such subjects, fill out the coupon below

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

**Managing Editor, The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.**

Enclosed find $1.00 for a 20-week subscription to the All-Seeing Eye from December 1st to April 13th (all back numbers and up to April 13th) send to—

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Signed .....

furs and feathers of helpless creatures they have slain—many of us prance around evidencing our savagry by feathered bonnets and fur clothing. Unless a difference in style is found and man is given greater bodily freedom, that he may develop himself in a natural way, civilization will necessarily fail because there will be no one left alive to keep it goin.

The Food Question

Consider for a moment that which goeth in at the mouth. Here again civilization reaches genius in concocting death-dealing beverages and foods which nothing created from atomic substance can successfully manipulate, digest, or expel from the system. These mystic dishes are delicious but only so to a palate educated to unnatural tastes. The Roman emperor dined on peacock's tongues, while we find Eskimo pie more conomical and to our tastes. Natural food values are lost. A French chef who is capable of mixing twenty-nine different condiments together without their exploding is worshipped by the modern epicure who will take three gastro-dyspepsia tablets and then assail the combination. Here again we ask—is a civilization that brings this to us a thing to be proud of or is it merely a detriment masquerading under the guise of an accomplishment?

On we go, with our heads in the air, talking about modern conveniences, but most of them are merely props to hold up inconveniences and enable man to be absolutely miserable in a fairly comfortable way.

This view of the situation will not be looked upon favorably by many people, for most have sacrificed everything they are and have in the name of this mechanical thing, civilization. But where are the heroes of days gone by? Where are the seers, sages, and prophets? Where are the enlightened minds that live immortal? Where are the great ones who make themselves living temples to living gods? Civilization has taught man to build beautiful temples of rock and stone, but with the life blood of his fellow man, and every day he makes his own living temple less fit to be the dwelling place of the spirit wtihin.

You will point out and say—look what wonderful things modern methods have done. But we ask you to look and see what these same methods have also undone. Poison gas, liquid fire, gun powder, cannons and machine guns—all of these are just as much products of civilization as gum-drops and victrolas. One gas shell will kill more men than the ancients lost in a whole war. Voltaire has aptly said: "The savagery with which they fight is a proof of their civilization and superior mentality."

The Immortal Tooth-Brush

And you point with pride to the tooth-brush—one of the most universal implements which civilization has yet conceived. This little broom for sweeping the teeth is still indigenous to the human race; there are no records of the animals using them, nor has it been discovered that the angelic hierarchies find them necessary. Yet in spite of his noble defense of the bicuspids, man is the only creature in the universe up to the present time who has false teeth. The primitive man did not use a tooth-brush, yet his teeth were far better than ours. Methuselah, it is said, wore his own for nine hundred years in spite of pyhorrea.

Civilization creates foods that destroy the teeth; pumps the body full of medicine that decays the teeth; then it runs down the nervous system, depletes the vitality, corrupts the digestive plan, and reduces the hours of rest. The result is the teeth fall out. These conditions are the direct result of a system of living which we call civilization; and yet in the face of all of this, it comes out on the front porch with a flourish and a blare of trumpets and offers as a special boon to humanity—a **tooth brush!**

All the way along the line we find the same absurdities. Civilization spends most of its time discovering surface remedies for its own failings. Thousands of wars have been fought by our most cultured nations, most of them for one purpose—to bring about peace. Every day the thing we call civilization is dragging people to untimely graves by tearing down both mind and body; its endless swirl of excitement leaves men and women wrecks before their lives begin.

That Which Is Called Law.

Let us not forget its complexity of laws. Man has a special set of laws justifying everything he desires to do. If at any time they do not suit him, he amends them, then the next generation amends the amendments. A son's only hope of life is to lay by enough shekels so that in his old age he can become one of the lawmakers and change a few of the awkward phrases to suit his own convenience. There is no penalty for breaking these man-made laws, however; the crime today is to get caught. All of this endless contradiction, dissension and quibbling gives the human race some enlightenment, but only after years and ages of uncertainty.

The Beast Beneath.

The civilization we know today is not natural; it is an assumption from beginning to end. The beast of the jungle still lurks in the heart of man; at soul the mass of humanity is composed of primi-

Pythagoras—the First Philosopher

One of the full page color prints in the Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy; to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews. Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings Concealed within the Rituals, Allegories, and Mysteries of All Ages. The Entire Work Amplified with Numerous Quotations from Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Authorities, many from Unpublished Manuscripts and Books Long out of Print, Gathered by the Author,—Manly P. Hall.

"The King Solomon Edition" limited to 550 copies.

A Masterpiece of the Bookman's Art,— Page Size—13x19 inches.

Three hundred and fifty pages, 50 full page illustrations in four colors, more than 200 engravings in black and white, 46 chapters, antique cover and slip case, weighs 14½ pounds. One hundred dollars per copy when published. Sold prior to publication, $75 on terms, of $15 down and $15 a month.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.

301 Trinity Auditorium Building,

Los Angeles, California.

tive creatures, fighting, scrapping for what they want, cursing those in their way, struggling for possession, and fighting for existence. Mr. Moneybags, figuring up his income tax, is at heart a dressed-up hyena gnawing at the shinbone of his last victim and trying to find a way to eat the entire carcass and remain alive. He still growls when you try to take this bone away from him; but now that he is civilized he hires three lawyers to do the yapping.

Man is still the thoughtless, heartless beast, supremely selfish and supremely self-centered; like the cat with its velvet paw he conceals his claws under a pinch-back cutaway and white waistcoat. Said coat and vest do not alter him in the least. unless it be a very good coat and vest—then it will make him a little more conceited. So, Smith, in a white vest, argues with Brown in a white vest, concerning the problem on hand which problem perhaps concerns the fate of Miss Blank. While these two bow and scrape—longing to get at each others throats—beneath the white linen veneer lies smothered the spirit of the primitive beast. The next morning the papers tell you all about it. Smith threw Brown out of a window, shot Miss Blank, then took gas. There was nothing unusual about it, just a little excitement that will soon die down. All according to the general style of modern behavior.

G. RAYMOND BROWN PRINTING CO.
Commercial Printing and Publications
443 S. San Pedro Street
VAndike 7213

W. W. HARMON
Dispensing Optician
Expert Fitting of Frames
Phone GLadstone 0802
6680 Yucca Street

JOHN M. PRYSE
919 So. Bernal Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
PUBLISHER OF
Restored New Testament $5.00
Apocalypse Unsealed 2.00
Prometheus Bound 2.00
Adorers of Dionysos 2.00
Postpaid
Send for Catalogue of out-of-print and rare OCCULT BOOKS.

FLORIST—Church of the People
CHAS. E. REED
FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY
670 W. Washington Blvd.
2 Blocks West of Figueroa
WEstmore 6194

The Church of the People
Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor
Sundays, 10:30 A. M.
SERMON SUBJECTS
Feb. 27th—"America and the Chinese Problem
Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist
Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

AGNES BUISSERET
Accompaniste
Teacher of Piano
Residence Studio, 4231 Monroe Street
Phone 598-587

Crime waves and wholesale degeneracy show plainly what lies beneath the thing we call civilization, and proves conclusively that this coating or polish does not sink in very deeply.

What Can Be Done.

The thing to be especially considered is the possibility of improving this rather rebellious world child. One of the greatest things the human race must learn to do today is to adapt its resources to the actual needs of the respective units that compose it. Every one of the inventions and discoveries we have made are capable of serving the highest purpose. The power that comes with them is two-edged; if wrongly used it will destroy as rapidly as it builds up. We have many conveniences but we are using them to injure ourselves; we have practical things but we are not using them in practical ways; and we can never use them in practical ways until those who have power to administer them will do so unselfishly and without ulterior motive.

This sham civilization has got to fall—or rather be melted into an honest-to-God, worthwhile thing. Until then, we have little to be proud of. The measurement of value and virtue is not taken upon the base of ownership, but upon the principle of use. Power is not a virtue; but the proper use of power is virtuous. Let us build a permanent civilization upon the ideal that use is the measurement of intelligence, and constructive application is the proof of rightful ownership.

THE FOOL

The Fool became dissatisfied with preaching nice smug sermons to nice, rich, smug parishioners.

The Fool gave up his fiancee for the sake of his ideal of service.

The Fool believed in preaching on practical economic conditions instead of a sentimental Christmas sermon and was asked to leave.

The Fool left and tried to bring the strikers and the owners together.

The Fool gave a practical working solution which was successful until the owners wanted to save more money.

The Fool gave his last overcoat and his last dollar to the needy man and befriended the outcast woman, and the orphan.

The Fool was often in danger, slandered and misunderstood, but—

The Fool saw reformed men and women, the healing of a crippled child, happiness where there had been misery, improved working conditions.

"The Fool" they called him, and refusing to listen to his fool ideas, sank deeper in their misery of selfishness.

Was he a Fool?

"The Fool" a stage play is now playing at the Belmont Theatre, First Street and Vermont Avenue. James Kirkwood and Lila Lee play the leading roles, and are ably supported by a large cast. We recommended that you see "The Fool".—H. S. G.

Books by MANLY P. HALL
An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism
A New Book with Three Color Plates.
A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS
Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry $2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones 2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories) 2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions 1.00
Talks to Students ..... .50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path ..... .50
Evolution ..... .50
Death and After ..... .50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted) ..... .50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted) ..... .50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted) ..... .50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted) ..... .50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

MURDER IN THE NAME OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

little ones might behold all the ghastly details of the crime. But men and women of the twentieth century unfamiliar with such forms of cruelty would be horrified and sick at heart as they watched the deliberate, systematic, and intentional process of destroying a human life. We feel that the reaction from a revival of public executions would forever destroy capital punishment among the American people. We would also suggest that a scaffold be erected in the midst of every city square, the tall arms of the gibbet an ever-present reminder of man's inhumanity to man. Such a sight would be nauseating and revolting to the finer sentiments of the people, and yet if we advocate the hanging of a man why should we hide the process behind gray walls and barred windows? If it be right to hang him at all, it is right to hang him in the public square where, according to the advocates of capital punishment, the moral lesson would be all the more impressive. Let all those who advocate the extreme penalty be forced to attend each and every execution. Place them in the front row where they may watch the minute details of the agony they have advocated. Let them remove the black cap from the condemned man's face that they may the better see him die. Then from their ranks let one be chosen—the foremost defender of the system, the man who shouts, "Let the murderer die." He shall be the one to spring the trap that sends the convicted man, gasping and struggling, into eternity. A spectacle of this kind brought home to the citizens of the State would result in each member of the community desiring forthwith to wash his hands of any further part in the guilt. He would then assist in that noble work of devising a better and more constructive method of solving the issues of major crime.

Furthermore, we have no right to demand of our public officials that they shall commit murder for us. The destructive effect of an execution upon the morale of a prison is profound, as all realize who have come in contact with that phase of the problem. The elimination of capital punishment will cause a great sigh of relief to go up among those servants of the people who in the fulfillment of their duty must participate in all the ghastly details of the execution. S. Hobhouse and A. F. Brockway, after a careful investigation of the effects of capital punishment in English prisons, concluded: "Evidence of the bad effect of executions upon both the staff and the other prisoners is unanimous." (See Report of the Prison System Enquiry Committee.)

To the governors of those States which still enforce capital punishment pleas go every day from the friends and relatives of condemned men, asking for gubernatorial clemency and seeking to present new and exonerating evidence. The State executive is placed in a most difficult posion. The law demands the death of the criminal; the jury has convicted him; and in order to commute the sentence the governor must override the judgment of the court. In a certain sense, the executive himself must become a lawbreaker in order to give expression to that quality of mercy inherent in the hearts of all true men and women. The substitution of life imprisonment for the death penalty would solve this problem by eliminating these painful situations. It seems unnecessary and unnatural that the supreme executive of a State must break the law in order to show mercy.

Another element rarely considered is the fallibility of the jury system. There are instances of judicial error in which the wrong man was hanged and afterwards the actual culprit confessed. Former Governor Davis of Ohio sites five instances where men convicted of major crimes were later found innocent. He adds: "There are many other cases on record where innocent persons were saved from the death penalty by fortuitous circumstances; likewise where it is certain innocent persons have been executed." While the records of these instances are few, there are many more unknown cases where justice has miscarried. In the face of this ever-present possibility, the substitution of life imprisonment for the death sentence has a decided advantage, for while capital punishment is irrevocable once administered,

Young woman, occult student, with thorough business experience, desires position as confidential secretary. References exchanged. Address GRY, The All Seeing Eye, 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

AMADO FERNANDEZ
Dramatic Tenor
Available for Opera, Concerts and Clubs
Soloist Church of the People
Repertoire; English, Spanish, Italian and French
1116 Myra Ave., Hollywood Phone 598-428

Especially considerate of those newer customs established by students of continued existence.
—Refrigeration of the Body—

THE REED BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Funeral Directors
721 West Washington Blvd., WEstmore 5151

MOJONIER
Photographer
7068 Hollywood Boulevard
GRanite 4302

You'll have
BETTER HEALTH
if you take at least one meal a day at the
EUTROPHEON
where fresh raw foods only are served.
Two locations:
833 So. Olive St. and 209 S. Hill St.

MR. MANLY P. HALL'S BOOKS
are on display at
HOLLYWOOD BOOK STORE
"Opposite Hollywood Hotel"
6812 Hollywood Blvd. GRanite 9101

THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION
Textbook of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, 702 Pages, 18 Diagrams, Cloth Bound
$2.00 Postpaid
Spanish translation, $2.00, cloth bound; German, $2.00, paper bound; French, $2.50, cloth bound; Dutch, $3.50, cloth bound.
THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Box 15, Oceanside, Calif.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
BRoadway 3913 BRoadway 3914

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

the State can make partial amends if the parties concerned are still alive. The most flagrant examples of judicial miscarriage arise from the practice of inflicting the death penalty upon accessories to the crime of murder; upon the weight of circumstantial evidence alone; or upon juvenile offenders. The Marquis de Lafayette, an outstanding figure in early American history, recognizing the possible miscarriage of justice, said: "I shall ask for the abolition of the penality of death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

The rapid progress which the modern world is making in scientific discovery is a further consideration. As we have already suggested, we know comparatively little about the true nature of crime, but considerable thought is being turned in that direction with the hope of solving the riddle of criminal impulse. We are seeking to discover to just what degree the criminal is a victim of circumstances, just what part heredity plays in the problem, and whether or not crime is a form of insanity, in many cases possibly due to the misfunction of glands, nerves or organs. There are many persons today suffering from incurable diseases who are living in hourly hope that science will discover the cure for their malady before the disease destroys them. If we imprison the murderer for life, human progress may discover before the end of his life the cure for his disease. The American people are not cruel at heart and if the criminal can actually be assisted, the majority of people will be willing to help him. Therefore we recommend to your consideration the substitution of life imprisonment for capital punishment, with the hope that in the years to come the solution to the problem of crime may redeem the criminal at least for himself if not for society, and that he may not be hurled out into oblivion without every effort on the part of his fellow creatures to assist him in the remaking of his own character.

Life imprisonment has been said to be more cruel than the death sentence. This then should satisfy those who advocate cruelty. In any event, we believe that life imprisonment will have a tremendous moral effect upon crime. The average murderer expects to pay with his life for the life he has taken. He may even conclude that what he has gained by the crime will more than balance the few minutes of agony which he himself must suffer. On the other hand, if the man who commits the crime realizes that he will have to spend the rest of his natural life behind gray stone walls and iron bars, separated forever from the world of which he was a part, doomed to be alone with his thoughts for many long weary years, we believe these considerations would take much of the glory and braggardocio out of the criminal.

Most important of all, however, life imprisonment may have a profoundly constructive effect upon the mind and soul of the prisoner. We are still more or less concerned with what lies beyond the grave and it is something for the criminal to make peace with himself and his God. This he may do if he is imprisoned for life. He may grow within those prison walls to become a truly beautiful soul, accepting his fate, realizing the immensity of his offense, and living to redeem, at least in part, the better side of his own nature. There are records in the prisons of such effects actually taking place in the lives of those condemned to remain for the rest of their lives within the gloom of the penitentiary. While this may not seem to the average individual an important consideration, not one of us is in a position to fully realize how important the re-making of the life of an individual may be in that great unknown which stretches out beyond the grave.

We are not sentimentalists on the subject of capital punishment. We believe the criminal should be adequately punished and made to realize the enormity of his offense against society. We do not advocate opening the prison doors nor transforming penal institutions into places of amusement, but we do believe that the mere huddling of men together will not redeem them for society nor prevent the recurrence of the crimes for which they have been incarcerated.

A number of foreign governments have been successful in curbing their criminal classes without the infliction of capital punishment. Holland abolished capital punishment in 1860, Italy in 1889, Portugal in 1867. In Russia the death penalty is only resorted to in cases of treason and resistance to the government. There have been no executions in Finland since 1826, and none in Belgium since 1863. In Norway, Sweden and Denmark there is only about one execution for every twenty death sentences. In some cantons of Switzerland there have been no executions in fifty years. In Germany only about eight per cent of the convicted men have been executed; in Austria, only about four per cent. These statistics would indicate that it is possible to maintain law and order without resorting to terrorism in the form of legal murder.

It has been very satisfactorily proven that the stricter the penal code the less crime we have, and that where justice is deferred crime is rampant. The startling amount of murder in America in comparison to other parts of the world is the result—to a certain degree—of the American penal system, and if capital punishment be abolished its place must be taken by a rigid enforcement of other existing statutes. As time goes on, the human race will undoubtedly evolve more efficient, more intelligent, more adequate methods of coping with the criminal, but until such is the case the only way whereby he can be controlled is by the realization that whether he is a millionaire or a pauper, whether he is a rich man's son or a poor man's son, whether he has pull or no pull, the law is inflexible. If he breaks the law knowingly, he must compensate to the State by his liberty.

If the Fellom Bill is to take the place of capital punishment—and it can do so and be successful in every respect—it must mean that ten years' imprisonment **is** ten years' imprisonment, and that life imprisonment **is** life imprisonment. The laxness in our laws is responsible for much of the crime from which we suffer. The parole system, while in many cases useful, all too often defeats the ends of justice by permitting the criminal to be released upon society when only a portion of his sentence has been served. Enforce all laws to the letter and life imprisonment will be found an adequate substitute for the death penalty. But be lax with other laws and even the death penalty itself is ineffectual.

Being in constant touch with large groups of people representing the thinking classes of the various communities in California, we presented the question of capital punishment and its abolition to groups of people in the three largest cities of California. Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Oakland. The result of the votes taken was very interesting and most gratifying. In no case was pressure brought to bear. An outline of the principles involved was alone presented. Before our own congregation—the Church of the People in Los Angeles—we took the first of these three interesting ballots. There were 2000 persons present. A hand vote was taken and not one hand went up as being in favor of capital punishment. At the Scottish Rite Auditorium in San Francosco, the second hand vote was taken in a packed house of 1600 persons, and only seven hands were raised in favor of capital punishment. In Oakland, in the Aahmes Shrine Pavilion, the third hand vote was taken and out of 900 persons only ten hands went up in favor of capita punishment. This means that out of 4500 people approached, only sixteen were avowedly in favor of capital punishment. These people, representing no particular party or faith—for all our work is interdenominational and non-partisan—we feel to be representative of the true sentiments of the people of California on the question of abolishing capital punishment.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

NOW —1,941— Edited by MANLY P. HALL NOW —1,941—

Volume 3, No. 15 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, March 2, 1927 10c a Copy

SEVEN GREAT TEACHERS

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

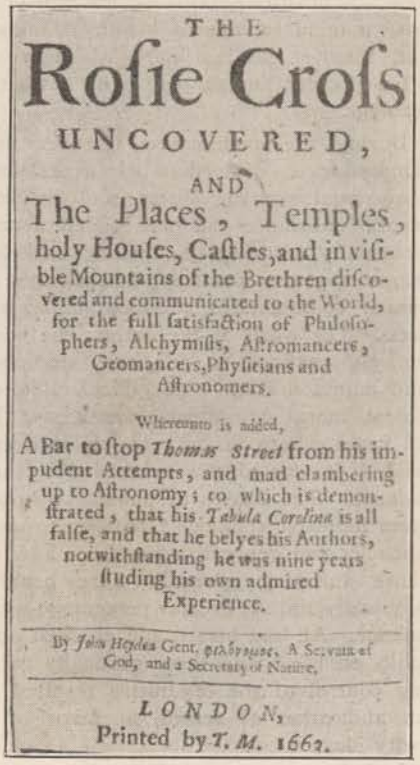
The Most Remarkable Woman of the Modern World

It is our intention to publish during the next seven weeks, brief accounts of seven great figures in the occult and philosophical worlds. We present as the first of this series the most remarkable woman of the modern world, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, a Russian mystic and philosopher to whom the world is indebted for the most complete outline now in print of the doctrines and mysteries of the ancient and modern worlds, both Eastern and Western. It is impossible to estimate the influence of this woman. She was a forerunner, and the modern tolerance for metaphysical and oriental thought is largely the result of her years of labor.

Madam Blavatsky was born in Ekaterinoslav, Russia, in July, 1831. At the age of seventeen she married a Russian officer, Nicephore Blavatsky, many years her senior. She lived with him but a few months and then began a life of wandering which included travel in Mexico, Canada, India and Tibet. With the assistance of Colonel Henry Steel Olcott she founded the Theosophical Society in New York City in 1875. Madam Blavatsky was made an American citizen and declared that her citizenship papers were one of her most cherished possessions.

She wrote a number of books of which "The Secret Doctrine" and "Isis Unveiled" are the most important. She also edited a magazine which she called "Lucifer" (The Light Bearer). She died suddenly

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)



THE
Rosie Crosse
UNCOVERED,
AND
The Places, Temples, holy Houses, Castles, and invisible Mountains of the Brethren discovered and communicated to the World, for the full satisfaction of Philosophers, Alchymists, Astromancers, Geomancers, Physitians and Astronomers.

Whereunto is added,
A Bar to stop *Thomas Street* from his impudent Attempts, and mad clambering up to Astronomy; to which is demonstrated, that his *Tabula Cordina* is all false, and that he belyes his Authors, notwithstanding he was nine years studing his own admired Experience.

By *John Heydon* Gent. *Philomusus*, A Servant of God, and a Secretary of Nature.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. M.* 1662.

RARE BOOK REPRINTED

The Rosie Cross Uncovered

God, because he was good, did not grieve to have others enjoy his Goodness, (that is, to be and to be well) meaning to make a World, full of all kinds of everlasting and changeable things; First made all, and blended them in one whole confused mass and lump together, born up by his own weight, bending round upon itself.

Then seeing it lay still, and that nought could beget and work upon itself; he sorted out, and sundered a way round

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

OCCULT DISEASES

A REVIEW OF UNBALANCE

Excess of Virtue is Vice.

Manly P. Hall

"Methinks Everyone is a little queer except thee and me, and sometimes,—"

INTRODUCTION

The purpose for which this is written is briefly to define in simple language the various forms of Occult Mania, Disease or Idiosyncrasy. The conclusions drawn are the result of a series of investigations covering a period of over five years. All of the types and ailments described have come under the personal observation of the writer. Every day the press and pulpit attack the occult sciences and all too often, with very good reason. Any study, profession, art; in fact any object, may be an innocent cause of endless trouble. Any idea may become an obsessing influence and over-development of any mental, emotional or physical organism may result in unbalance. If unbalance and insanity are not synonymous, there is certainly a point where one blends into the other.

Unbalance is the deadly enemy of reason and the product of unbalanced thinking is always comparatively worthless. Occultism and kindred sciences must be approached with cool logic, discerning sagacity and absolute sanity. The aspirant to the wisdom of Nature must

himself be as wise as a serpent. Where unbalance steps in with its principle of undue emphasis on certain points and lack of emphasis on others equally important, the value of the reflection is lost. It a person wishes an honest opinion of a subject they must approach it in a completely distinterested manner. A person who loves a thing or who dislikes a thing is totally unfitted to express an honest opinion of that thing. The mind of an occult student must be a laboratory of experimentation. Here qualities, factors and influences must be weighed and the decisions withheld until the evidence is in. No small number of modern psychologists, occultists, metaphysicians, etc., have built up true lines of reason or it might be better to say consistent lines of reason upon a false hypothesis. As the result of this, we have a magnificent edifice but it is built upon shifting sands and is doomed to collapse the moment that the first proposition is disproved. We cannot be too careful in weighing and measuring the evidence on hand in every problem of life. This is true of religion as well as politics and ethics and while all too many accept unquestioningly the words of others, this does not justify such an attitude. Wrongs are not righted because they have become customs. Every day the effects of the mind are demanding greater consideration from the scientific world. Every day demonstrates more clearly to a trained observer the power of mind over matter until finally this organ becomes the dictator of the individual life and of the mass of civilization. Not uncommonly the mind takes the bit of guidance between its teeth and performs a John Gilpin's Ride. The mind is man's most useful servant, but when it usurps the throne of high authority there is generally trouble in the world below. There is not peace and harmony amidst the people when a false hand dictates rulership and a usurper delegates authority to a small clique of favored ones. This often happens in the human body, but because it is not so clearly evident as when the newspapers tell about it, we pass it quite unnoticed and unrealized.

Undue emphasis generally denotes a form of mania. But undue emphasis seldom denotes an excess of intelligence. There are people with only one story to tell, one idea to illucidate, one theory to expound. They have a form of monomania which centralizes itself around the theorem that the world only needs one thing and they have it. This emphasis denotes unbalance and where it exists there is generally to be found total ignorance on other subjects. Excessive intelligence on one line and total ignorance and lack of interest on others denotes mental unbalance and if persisted in long enough gradually assumes the proportion of a fanaticism and may if not properly restrained result in violent homo-cidal or suicidal mania.

It seems that this very important line has been neglected by the majority of teachers and students of occultism, mysticism and psychology. The realization of the possibility of overdoing a virtue and in that way transmutting it into a vice seems to be totally overlooked and as a result of this attitude the world is filled with people who are absolutely worthless, both to themselves and other people. A worthless person is the product of worthless living, worthless emotions, and worthless thinking and the only correction lies in a complete change of mental and physical outlook. A healthy outlook on life will produce a mind capable of healthy thinking and remove the morbidity which is so often present among people of aesthetic leanings.

During the examination of over five hundred cases of mediumistic depression, obsessional control, direct and indirect mental unbalance and even violent forms of insanity, certain traits, qualities and elements appear repeatedly, and always in similar combinations, produce similar effects. The work of the author has been entirely confined to religious fanaticism and mania dealing with ethical, philosophical, moral or spiritual conditions. In all cases where insanity or violence appeared, it was always preceeded by unbalance. The causes of unbalance range from intensive religious fanaticsm to melancholia and general depression. Few of those suffering mentally were healthy physically and the greater percentage were anemic. All had biased and crooked outlooks on life. And these gradually gaining control of the organisms resulted in an abdication of reason in favor of a petty idea.

It behooves every individual to watch himself or herself that the dominance of an idea does not produce a mental habit or vampirize other parts of the organism for its survival. The following thesis is divided into three parts, part one being a general definition of terms; part two a brief outline of occult manias and their cause; part three a series of type cases with suggestive forms of treatment. The whole may be taken as either a guide to assist in keeping the organisms balanced, a warning to the thoughtless and a sentence of inefficiency imposed by nature upon those who systematically disregard her laws. This work does not appeal to the sentiments, may not be considered optimistic; in fact it may even be branded as pessimistic, but we dedicate it to a humanity, long suffering from the ailments therein described. It is an honest exposition of the fact which can be vouched for by everyone not suffering from the maladies herein described. One of the peculiar phases of insanity generally is that the person himself does not know and will not admit that he is afflicted, therefore we dedicate this book especially to those who know they do not need it.

Part One: A General Definition of Terms

1. In order that any intelligent line of induction or deduction may be carried on it is necessary to exactly define the base hypothesis and the exact meaning and interpretation which it is intended later that general terms should imply. Words have no other general meaning that that which flashes to the mind of a person hearing or reading them. Let us therefore begin this study by finding out just exactly what state a person must be in that the terms insane may be applied to them.

2. According to Funk and Wagnall, the word insane is defined as: not sane; mentally deranged; crazy; irrational. The actual meaning of the word being, "not sound," from the Latin. Insanity is defined as: A persistent, morbid condition of mind, usually connected with some abnormal condition of the brain or nervous system. It is characterized by deficience of control, by disordered activity of the fantasy and by perverted action of one or more of the mental faculties. It may or may not be developed on a basis of heredity. And as a third definition is given: Lack of sound sense; extreme folly. Among its synonyms are hallucination; frency; delirium. The antonyms of insanity include wisdom and this indicates indirectly that things which do not partake of wisdom, partake of insanity.

3. Let us next consider obsession. Again referring to Funk & Wagnall, we find the following definitions: A vexing or haunting as by an evil spirit or a morbidly dominant idea; the fact of being thus haunted; also that which dominates or afflicts anyone in such manner. Physiologically, haunting idea consisting of transformed reproach; a characteristic symptom of compulsion, neurosis.

4. With these definitions before us we wish to make certain enlargement and qualifications adapting them especially to those expressions which are most common to people of intellectual and neo-spiritual lives. At the present time there is no division made under normal conditions between obsession and insanity. Yet these two conditions demand entirely different treatment. An obsessed person should never be incarcerated with those actually insane for this will probably result in their becoming insane. Modern science never knows under these conditions the terrible wrong that is done to society and the individual.

5. Occult insanity is generally due to

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)

MADAME BLAVATSKY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)
in London while working on the third and fourth volumes of the "Secret Doctrine."

Madame Blavatsky was a pioneer in the Western World, for she brought to Europe and America the first connected account of the Eastern Schools of Occult Philosophy. A woman of commanding personality and scintillating mentality. She demanded and secured respect for ideas far in advance of the age. In her two great works she acts as the mouthpiece of a very seclusive group of Eastern Adepts, known as Masters or Mahatmas, dwelling in the unexplored fastnesses of Greater and Lesser Tibet. She makes no claim to have written "The Secret Doctrine" but states that she was merely a pen in the hand of a ready writer. Modern students should not lightly consider these works for to contradict her is to contradict the Illustrious Brotherhood who chose her to serve them.

There is no doubt that Madame Blavatsky possessed super-physical powers similar to those of the East Indian Adepts. She demonstrated these many times. Most of her work was carried on under bitter opposition from all sides, from the scientist, the theologian, the man of the world, and even in spite of treachery among her own followers. During all this time she was in continuous poor health, the result of exposures in early life. While she never claimed to be an Initiate, there is every reason to suppose that she had been admitted at least into the lower or lesser mysteries, and consequently was privileged to use the title Initiate.

It would pay everyone to study her books for the vast field of information on the ancient cultures and philosophies and it would especially be valuable for students of the occult to depart from less important books and study the Secret Doctrine.

When we say this a great cry will go up by the student, "Oh, a book like "The Secret Doctrine" is so difficult I cannot understand it; give me something more simple." We answer, "What is the good of studying things you understand?" The eternal cry of man is "Make it easy. We do not realize that we must grow up to things. It is a great mistake to attempt to bring Truth down to ignorance. The result is always misunderstanding and perversion. Man must be brought up to the Truth. He should eternally aspire toward the highest. He should never seek to drag things spiritual down to his level. "The Secret Doctrine" is difficult to read; its long words, its abstract ideas; and its complicated system of thought bewilder the uninitiated. But man must realize that his mind is capable of all things if he will train it. If he will live the occult life as set forth by the Masters for their pupils, he will unfold his mind, thus increasing his intelligence to the understanding of those things which before were riddles and enigmas.

So to this great Russian woman, this mystic and philosopher we owe the right to think along lines opposed to and beyond the restrictions of orthodoxy, whether religious or scientific. This woman battled constantly to bring a deeper sympathy and insight into the world of thought for the realities back of the form or the externals. A woman, misunderstood and slandered as few in the modern world have been, and at the same time strong enough to combat successfully all of her foes, she represents the possible power of woman in the new era of science and philosophy. Future generations will recognize the true genius of this most remarkable of modern women.

OCCULT DISEASES

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)
mental outlook based on unbalance. Any or all of the attitudes listed below may be the cause of insanity by gradually tipping the reason out of the strait and narrow way which leads to intelligence.

Greed—The spirit of accumulation. In occultism we find this among a group of people who have become mildly unbalanced on prosperity tangents. Man is given two hands, a well regulated mind, capable of being educated into productive channels and it seems quite unnecessary for him to extend his spirit of commercialism into the temple of his God. The Master turned the money changers from the portico of the temple; so it seems they have gone out and started a number of religions of their own. There is a great deal of difference between attitudes and affirmations. In reality affirmations are given to proper attitudes. A person can have a happy, prosperous attitude without the spirit of commercialism. Man must learn to enter his temple with a gift for his God instead of going in that his Deity may present him with something that he has not earned. Accumulation is a fallacy from beginning to end except that one form which is called in the scriptures "the laying up of treasures in heaven". Our modern prosperity religions are based upon a false hypothesis. God does not desire that any man shall be rich, but he gives man certain opportunities, or more correctly, man's self-created environments make accumulation possible. Our commercial ethics were not a divine inspiration but the result of certain mental attitudes among the creatures here below. Accumulation and the ownership of things is morally justified by need and by the ability to properly use the thing acquired. In Nature the ability to use a certain thing better than anyone else is the recommendation for the acquirement of that thing. People who pray to God for cash, houses and lots, matrimonial partners and similar things are to be termed insane because of the proven unsoundness of their line of reasoning, for they are arguing against natural law. And sanity is harmony with reality.

6. **The critical mind.** The second consideration under the general heading of unhealthy mental attitudes, is the spirit of destructive criticism. An honest critic is one of man's best friends. But one who assumes the attitude of appointed judge of the merits of all things, but who lacks either the knowledge or the spirit which will enable him to do this constructively; such a one produces nothing except disintegration wherever he goes. Habit is the base of criticism. It becomes habitual with some to find fault until finally everything is condemned by a mind which has overdeveloped the organ of condemnation. Their criticism ceases to be of any value because it is perpetual. It ceases to be just because it is a mass thing. For with the establishment of the habit, everything falls under the ban. This type of critic, when pinned down can seldom justify his criticism but radiates his toxins on general principles. This is a form of insanity capable of becoming violent mania and is always the result of petty nagging and fault finding and a generally unhealthy outlook on life. The most valuable assest that a student can bring to the shrine of

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 2)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Many P. Hall.

ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BILL

How to Help Forward This Humanitarian Measure

Last week the All-Seeing Eye made a feature of the movement against legalized murder, as embodied in the Fellom Bill now before the State of California. It is thought that this bill will appear for action on about the 8th of March or shortly thereafter. NOW is the time to act, and act quickly.

Write the Senator or Assemblyman from your county or as many of them as you can,—WRITE OR WIRE ALL OF THEM. Ask them to support Senate Bill No. 4, as a substitute for capital punishment. Address them, "Capitol, Sacramento, Calif."

For your information (sadly needed, for few people know the names of their representatives) we are printing the names of those obtainable from Los Angeles, and San Francisco Counties.

Los Angeles County—

Senators

Hon. Newton M. Allen.
Hon. Harry A. Chamberlin.
Hon. H. J. Evans.
Hon. Charles W. Lyon.
Hon. J. W. McKinley.
Hon. J. L. Pedrotti.
Hon. Cadet Taylor.
Hon. Frank C. Weller.

Assemblymen

Hon. Williard E. Badham.
Hon. Willis M. Baum.
Hon. William M. Byrne.
Hon. Henry E. Carter.
Hon. Howard W. Davis.
Hon. Morgan Keaton.
Hon. Walter J. Little.
Hon. Harry Lyons.
Hon. Eleanor Miller.
Hon. Frederick M. Roberts.
Hon. George W. Rochester.
Hon. Jerome V. Scofield.
Hon. Harry F. Sewell.

SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY

Senators

Hon. Victor C. Canepa.
Hon. John Joseph Crowley.
Hon. Roy Fellom.
Hon. P. J. Gray.
Hon. Thomas A. Maloney.
Hon. Daniel C. Murphy.
Hon. Tallant Tubbs.

Assemblymen

Hon. Joseph F. Burns.
Hon. B. J. Feigenbaum.
Hon. James C. Flynn.
Hon. Robert B. Fly.
Hon. Frederick C. Hawes.
Hon. William B. Hornblower.
Hon. Leland R. Jacobson.
Hon. Thomas J. Lenehan.
Hon. Edgar C. Levey.
Hon. James A. Miller.
Hon. Harry F. Morrison.
Hon. Charles A. Oliva.
Hon. Ray Williamson.

Of course this means a little work BUT, IT IS WORTH IT. DON'T COMMIT MURDER BY INDIFFERENCE.

DO IT NOW!

You will be interested to know that the All-Seeing Eye presented 10,000 copies of the last number to the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, with state headquarters in San Francisco. To defray the actual cost of this a collection was taken in the Church of the People, Los Angeles, on last Sunday. About $20 yet remains of this cost. Write if you are interested in sharing this with us.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Managing Editor, The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find $1.00 for a 20-week subscription to the All-Seeing Eye from December 1st to April 13th (all back numbers and up to April 13th) send to—

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Signed .....

THE PRICE OF CIVILIZATION

The Things Men are Proud of.

The more intricate and complicated the products of human ingenuity become the more boastful we are over them. We point to them with pride as evidences that we are civilized people. We have class, culture, ethics, refinement, and many other qualifications which make us greater than the heathen and superior to the races who have gone before. Occasionally, however, we look back at the shadows of vanished empires and make the astonishing discovery that they all died while at the height of artificial culture. Comfort, luxury and self-satisfaction are the greatest stumbling blocks that can be thrown in the way of progress.

What is this thing that men call civilization? and just how closely does our concept of it adhere to the principles of peace and reason? Civilization, this creature we sacrifice so much to maintain, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It is not a solid product—this culture we have today—it is just a veneer which conceals but does not transmute the lowest side of human nature or instruct it in wiser and better things. Man has created civilization, a soulless thing, existing only on the life we give it.

But slowly we are becoming slaves to this unthinking, mechanical creature, an automatom, this great mass of wheels, levers and springs, this mystic maze of complications that require all one's life, soul and power to fathom—only to leave the discoverer as ignorant as before. This civilization plays eternally to the concrete nature of man and is building, developing and completing only the perishable side of things. The only thing we are civilizing is the thing that dies, while the great reality behind it all receives little consideration.

Is this spinning mass of wheels and intricate mechanism worth the price we have to pay for it? Its fuel is human love—its raspy wheels grind lives to dust—hearts mean nothing—souls mean nothing—ideals are crushed in infancy—and the price of a human, thinking, breathing creature is determined by what he can give to make these endless wheels go round and round. Thinkers and those who seek to express their half-strangled souls are laughed at as fools because they will not bow before this mindless creation of mindless men. Is it all worth the price that must be paid? Every day we do less for ourselves, think less for ourselves, dream less for ourselves. While still children we pass with thin wizened faces into the yawning mouth of our material system where in a few short years we are drained dry of life, strength and vitality.

Then we are cast aside and new fuel is found to keep the endless engine runnning. Instead of coming as free agents to work out our own salvation, we are foreordained to serve a short time amid the grinding cranks and levers of our modern system where all lose—and in the end are sacrificed upon the altars of the mechanical demi-god.

After ages of nurture and culture this thing called civilization seems as powerless as it ever was to curb the beast in man. Our newspapers are still filled with crime and murder while every so often the slumbering demon of war rears its head—each time more terrible than before because it is more civilized.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his great essay on compensation, says, "Every sweet has its sour, every evil its good, every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put upon its use, it is to answer for its moderation with its life." It is true civilization has done a great deal of good; it has lifted man from ignorant savagery to indolent artistocracy; but at the present time it is being abused. The desire to be civilized has become a frenzy. The concrete product has gone so far ahead of the soul that we must now spend all our time trying to catch up with ourselves. Like the poor man trying to maintain an extravagant household—he becomes a slave to the extravagant household and must give all that he is to support his own pride.

Our modern inventions. In moderation, many of them are helpful. In excess they become curses, destroying the very end they seek to attain. The automobile is very pleasant and useful but in ten generations man will lose the ability to walk —thousands of people with cars will not walk one block today. The automobile increases efficiency for the mass, but is decidedly detrimental to the individual. It is an endless strain on the nerves and has created a congestion which makes nervous wrecks out of people who would otherwise travel slowly and enjoy and profit by the trip. We do not even consider the millions who are maimed and killed by reckless driving—all because the power of steam, electricity and gas is placed in the hands of any weak-kneed, irresponsible individual who has the price of a car. Consider our electric lights; they too have served and helped in many ways to make life better, but look at the thousands of eyes that have been dimmed by them. Large numbers of school children wear glasses today while twenty-five years ago they were only for the exclusive use of the gray-haired. Electric lights turn night into day and multitudes of people who would otherwise be resting and recuperating for the problems of the coming day, live on in a new day, created by electricity after the sun has gone to bed. This loss of rest means weakened bodies. Lighting the world by night is in no small measure responsible for the darkening of life by day.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

occultism is a healthy, cheerful, radiant outlook on life and the complexities thereof. A healthy outlook is more valuable than experience. It is more desirable than talent and serves the great plan far better than many highly intellectual things which have soured themselves. A person who is sour on things is a curse to both themselves and society and have no place in a world of ethics. Their mental aciiity breeds poisons in their own body and spreads dissention among those around them. No student to whom all the world looks wrong has any right to try and serve the world. He must first make himself right with himself and brother creature and then come and make his sacrifice upon the altar. Those who serve the world in the capacity of an illuminated teacher must love the world they serve, must be gentle and kind and yet always firm in the principles of right. The masters criticize, but even the criticsm becomes an inspiration because the one who gives it sees the light. Those who criticize in darkness spread only the gloom of their own souls.

(Another Article Soon)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

SERMON SUBJECTS

March 6th — Christianity Versus Theology.

Pulpit Guest—Lady Emily Lutyens.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION

Textbook of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, 702 Pages, 18 Diagrams, Cloth Bound

$2.00 Postpaid

Spanish translation, $2.00, cloth bound; German, $2.00, paper bound; French, $2.50, cloth bound; Dutch, $3.50, cloth bound.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Box 15, Oceanside, Calif.

The Resurrection of Mithras.

—NOTICE—

There seems to exist some confusion among subscribers and those interested in the "Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy" by Manly P. Hall. The "First Edition" is entirely sold out, and we are now offering the second or "King Solomon Edition", both to be published on or about the same date (some time this summer) at which time this work will sell at $100. Subscribers to either edition need not feel that their edition is in any way inferior to the other as the two will be practically identical, both sharing in the same valuable material and beautiful printing and art work.

With every day the work is approaching and passing far beyond any of the claims that have been made for it. It is truly the "Big Book" as it affectionately has been called and subscribers to either edition are indeed fortunate to secure this remarkable volume at what will be substantially cost price. John Henry Nash the well known printer designer of beautiful books says it should sell for $250 per volume, so that the present pre-publication price of $75 ($15 with application and $15 per month) is far less than the actual cash value of the book. As to its intrinsic value, this can not be measured in the coin of any realm.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building, Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

about, a fine lively Piece (which they call **Heaven)** for the **Male Mover** and **Working;** leaving still the rest as gross and deadly, which moves in opposition to **Light,** and is called **Darkness,** the reward of the wicked; and below this lies the **Female,** to receive the working and fashioning, which we term the four beginnings (or **Elements) Earth, Water, Air** and **Fire:** And thereof springs the Love which we see get between them, and the great desire to be joined again and coupled together.

Then, that these might be no Number of Confusion in doing causes, but all to flow from one head, as he is One, he drew all force of working and virtue of begetting into one narrow and round compass, which we call **Sol;** from thence he sent out, spread and bestowed all about the world, both above and below, which again meeting together, made one general **Light,** Heat, Nature, Life and Soul of the World, the cause of **all things.**

And because it becometh the **might, wisdom** and **pleasure** of God to make and rule the infinite variety of changes here below, and not evermore one self-same thing: He commanded that **(one Light in many)** to run his eternal and restless Race to and fro, this way and that way, that by their variable presence, absence and meeting they might fitly work the continual change of flitting Creatures. So **Virgil** sings: Thus translated by **Eugenius Theodidactus.**

And first the Heavens, Earth, and liquid Plain,
The Moons bright Globe, and Stars Titanian,
A Spirit fed within, spread through the whole,
And with the huge heap mixt infus'd a Soul:
Hence Man, and Beasts, and Birds derive their strain,
And Monsters floating in the marbled Main.
These seeds have fiery vigor, and a birth
Of Heavenly race, but clog'd with heavy Earth.

Now there are a kind of men, as they themselves report, named Rosicrucians, a divine Fraternity that inhabit the Suburbs of Heaven, and these are the Officers of the **Generalisso** of the World, that are as the eyes and ears of the great King, seeing and hearing all things: they say these Rosicrucians are seraphically illuminated, as **Moses** was, according to this order of the Elements, Earth refined to Water, Water to Air, Air to Fire. So of a man to be one of the **Heroes,** of a **Heroes** a **Daemon,** or good **Genius,** of a **Genius** a partaker of Divine things, and a Companion of the holy Company of unbodied Souls and immortal Angels, and according to their Vehicles, a versatile life, turning themselves, **Proteus**-like, into any shape.

But the richest happiness they esteem is the gift of healing and medicine; it was a long time, great labor and travel before they could arrive to this Bliss above set; they were at first poor Gentlemen that studied God and Nature, as they themselves confess; **(saving)** seeing the only wise and mericful God in these latter days hath poured out so richly his mercy and goodness to mankind, whereby we do attain more and more to the perfect knowledge of his Son Jesus Christ and Nature; that justly we may boast of the happy time, wherein there is not only discovered unto us the half part of the World, which was heretofore unknown and hidden; but he hath also made manifest unto us many wonderful and never heretofore seen works and Creatures of Nature, and moreover hath raised men indued with great wisdom, which might partly renew and reduce all Arts (in this our Age, spotted and imperfect) to perfection.

So finally man might thereby understand his own **Nobleness** and **worth,** and why he is called **Microcosmus,** and how far knowledge extendedeth in nature.

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

Write for our LARGE LIST of

Rare, Out-of-Print Books

along the line of Alchemy, Mysticism, Magic, Metaphysics, Kaballa, Tarot, Hermetics, Symbolism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, Masonry, and kindred subjects. We are headquarters for such books and carry the largest stock of them in this country. Can supply promptly items like the Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians by Hartman, the Gnostics and their Remains by King, Barrett's Magus, Babbitt's Light and Color, Hebraic Tongue Restored by d'Olivet, the Canon, and rare Masonic books. Write for That Man Up North, 2 rare out of print booklets, invaluable to students, price $1.35.

HERMETIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
3006 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	$4.00
Plates separately mounted, each	1.00
Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.
MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

We trust our many friends will take advantage of this offer which is still open.

To Every Subscriber and Reader

Anywhere in the World.

"THE ALL-SEEING EYE"

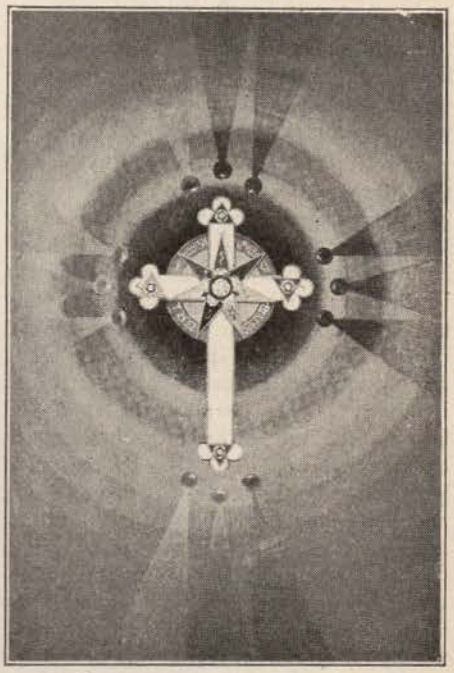
WILL GIVE YOU YOUR CHOICE

Of one of these
Beautiful Pictures
F R E E

THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

All beautifully printed in four colors with discription of Occult principles involved.

THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE



A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS

Size of print, 9x13½ inches.
Size of Matboard mounting ready for framing—12½x19 inches.

These extraordinary pictures are reproductions of the original oil paintings by the well known Armenian Artist, Mihran K. Serailian for Manly P. Hall's late book "AN ESSAY ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF OPERATIVE OCCULTISM." (Book complete, $4.00; or pictures, $1.00 each.)

FREE—HOW TO OBTAIN ONE—FREE

Send us only four (4) new subscriptions to the All-Seeing Eye. Explain to your friends its many fine features. All subscriptions will start with the December 2nd and end with the April 13th number (20 consecutive issues). Send us four names and addresses and $4 and tell us which picture we shall send you.

Lodges, Study Groups, and Centers send in club subscriptions and secure one picture for framing with every four subscriptions. (12 subscriptions—3 pictures) or—

Everyone that sends 15 subscriptions will receive one "Essay" complete.

Credit of $1.00 for every 4 subscriptions allowed toward the purchase of the "Essay".

THE ALL-SEEING EYE,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building **Los Angeles, California**

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

Although the rude World herewith will be but little pleased, but rather smile and scoff thereat; also the pride and covetousness of the Learned is so great, it will not suffer them to agree together; but were they united, they might out of all those things, which in this our age God doth so richly bestow upon us, collect the **Book of Nature,** or a perfect method of all other Arts, whereof this is the chief; and therefore called the **R. C. Axiomata.** But such is their opposition that they still keep, and are loath to leave the old course esteeming Porphory, Aristotle and Galen, yea and that which hath but a mere show of learning, more than the clear and manifest light and truth; who if they were now living, with much joy would leave their erroneous doctrines. But here is too great weakness for such a great work.

And although in **Theology, Physic,** and the **Mathematics,** the truth doth oppose it itself; nevertheless the Old enemy by his subtlety and craft doth show himself in hindering every good purpose by his instruments and contentions (wavering people). To such an intent of a general reformation, the most godly and seraphically illuminated Father, our Brother, C. R. a **German,** the chief and Original of our Fraternity, hath much and long time labored, who by reason of his poverty |although a Gentleman born, and descended of Noble Parents) in the fifth year of his Age was placed in a Cloister, where he had learned indifferently the Greek and Latin tongues, (who upon his earnest desire and request) being yet in his growing years, was associated to a Brother, P. A. L., who had determined to go to **Apamia.**

Although his brother died in **Cyprus,** and so never came to **Apamia,** yet our brother C. R. did not return but shipped himself over, and went to Damascus, minding from thence to go to Apamia but by reason of the feebleness of his body he remained still there, and by his skill in **Physic,** he obtained much favor with the **Ishmaelites.** In the meantime he became by chance acquainted with the wise men of **Damcar** in **Arabia,** and beheld what great wonders they wrought, and how Nature was discovered unto them hereby was that high and noble spirit of brother C. R. so stirred up that **Apamia** was not so much now in his mind as **Damcar;** also he could not bridle his desires any longer, but made a bargain with the **Arabians** that they should carry him for a certain sum of money to **Damcar;** this was in the 16th year of his Age, when the wise received him (as he himself witnesseth) not as a Stranger, but as one whom they had long expected; they called him by his name, and showed him other secrets out of his Cloister, whereat he could not but mightily wonder.

He learned there better the Arabian tongue: so that the year following he translated the Book **M** into good Latin, and I have put it into English. wearing the Title of **The Wisemans Crown;** whereunto is added, **A new Method of Rosicrucian Physic.** This is the place where he did learn his Physic and Philosophy now to raise the dead; for example, as a **Snake** cut in pieces and rotted in dung, will every piece prove a whole Snake again, etc., and then they began to practice further matters, and to kill birds that are bred by force of seed and conjunction of **Male** and **Female,** and to burn them before they are cold in a glass, and so rotted, and then inclosed in a shell. to hatch it under a Hen! and restore the same; and other strange proofs they made of Dogs, Hogs, or Horses, and by the like kindly corruption to raise them up again, and renew them: And at last they could restore, by the same course, every Brother that died to life again, and so continue many Ages; the rules you find in the fourth book.

Let me speak a word (although I am no Rosicrucian) of this matter and manner of restoring of a man: **Let us call it before Reason,** and consider what is that **Seed** that makes man, and the place where he is made: what is all the work, is it anything else but a part of man (except his mind) rooted in a **continual, even, gentle, moist,** and **natural heat?** Is it not like that the whole body, rotted in like manner, and in a womb agreeable, shall swim out, at last quicken, and arise the same thing? as **Medea** found true upon **Jason's** father, and made him **young again,** as **Tully** saith, **Recoquendo.** And **Hermes** was after this manner raised from death to Life; so was **Virgil** the Poet; but the **Spanish Earl** failed, through the ignorance of his Friend the artist that mistook the heat, moisture, and temper of the work, as you heard in the third book.

But I cannot tell, I will neither avow nor disavow the Matter; nature is deep, and wonderful in her deeds, if they be searched to the bottom, and may suffer this, but not **Religion.** But to our R. C. who learned his **Mathematics** here, whereof the world hath just cause to rejoice, if there were more love, and less envy. After three years he returned again with good consent, shipped himself over **Sinus Arabicus** into **Egypt;** where he remained not long, but only took better notice there. of the Plants and Creatures, of Mineral Medicines, the famous **Aurum Potabile,** that cures all diseases in body and mind, and of the Oil of God.

Then he sailed over the whole Mediterranean Sea, for to come unto **Fez** where the **Arabian** had directed him. And it is a great shame unto us that wise men, so far remote the one from the other, should not only be of one opinion, hating all contentious writings; but also be so willing and ready, under the Seal of Secrecy to impart their secrets to others.

Every year the **Arabians** and **Africans** do send one to another, inquiring one of another out of their Arts, **if happly they have found out some better things; or if experience had weakened their Reasons,** yearly there came something to light, whereby the **Mathematica, Chisir** and **Magir** (for in those are they of Fez most skilful) were amended; as there is nowadays in Germany no want of learned men, **Cabalists, Physicians, Astrologers, Geomancers,** and **Philosophers,** were there but love and more kindness among them, or that the most part of them would not keep their secrets: as we **Germans** likewise might gather together many things, if there were the like unity: and desire of searching out of secrets amongst us.

After two years, Brother **C. R.** departed the City **Fez,** and sailed with many costly things into **Spain,** hoping well; he so well and so profitably spent his time in Travel, that the learned in Europe would highly rejoice with him, and began to Rule, and order all their Studies, according to those sound and sure foundations: He therefore conferred with the learned in **Madrid,** showing them the Errors of **Sodom** and **Gomorrah,** and how the faults of the Church by **Episcopacy,** and the whole **Philosophia Moralis** was to be amended.

But because their acceptance happened to him contrary to his expectation, being then ready bountifully to impart all his Arts and Secrets to the Learned, if they would have but undertaken to write **the true and infallible Axiomata,** which he knew would direct them, like a **Globe** or **Circle,** to the only middle point and centrum, and (as it is usual among the **Arabians)** it should only serve to the wise and Learned for a Rule, that also there might be a society in Canaan which should have Gold, Silver, and precious Stones, sufficient for to bestow them in Kings for their necessary uses, and lawful purposes: with which such as be Governors might be brought up to learn all that which God hath suffered man to know.

Brother **C. R.** after many Travels, and his fruitless true instructions, returned again into **Germany,** and there builded a neat and fitting habitation, upon a **little Hill or Mount,** and on the Hill there rested always a cloud; and he did there render himself visible or invisible, at his own will and discretion. In this house he spent a great time in the **Mathematics,** and made fine Instruments, **Ex omnibus hujus Artis partibus.** (To Be Continued)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

NOW —2,004— Edited by MANLY P. HALL NOW —2,004—

Volume 3, No. 16 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, March 9, 1927 10c a Copy

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO

Was He a Charlatan Or a Martyr?

Great Teacher Series

An author recently writing on the life and activities of this mysterious man, asked the question, "Was Count Cagliostro a charlatan or a martyr?"

Practically nothing is known concerning Count Cagliostro other than that he was a finely educated, well traveled, highly gifted individual, a profound student of philosophy both ancient and modern, Egyptology, and the religious Mysteries of antiquity. Alexander Dumas favors the theory held for many years that the real name of Cagliostro was Joseph Balsamo and that he was possessed of supernatural powers which he had apparently gained while wandering in out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

Joseph Balsamo was born in Palermo about 1745, and was an individual of most unsavory reputation, a criminal, a charlatan, and a ne'er-do-well. Recent historians, after investigating more deeply, have finally concluded that Count Cagliostro was not Joseph Balsamo and the crimes of the latter should in no way cloud the glory of the former. It is known that upon at least one occasion Cagliostro met the most famous of all transcendentalists—the Count St. Germain—and that this interview profoundly influenced the life and ideals of Cagliostro. It is inconceivable that Cagliostro—had he been a fraud and an impostor—would have been admitted into the home of a man so deeply versed in the divine sciences as St. Germain.

Wherever he went Cagliostro surrounded himself with the most brilliant minds in the community. He attracted not superficial people but scholars, who recognized the Count as a profoundly learned man, versed in the forgotten lore of uncounted generations.

Count Cagliostro was falsely accused of having a part in the plans to steal the French Queen's diamond necklace. For

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

EGOTISM

And Other Occult Diseases

Egotism.—One of the most difficult of all manias is the obsession of principles by personality. This is really a form of mania to be dealt with at a later time. It the overpowering of an exceptionally strong attitude which dominates all others and eclipses reason by the omnipotence of notion. There are two types of egotism, exemplified by those who do things and those who do not do things. The egotist who has accomplished something can be tolerated and his insanity overlooked. But an individual who without wit or gumption passes serenely through life oblivious to all things save the radiance of his own personality, is actually worse off than if he had never been born. The egotist is seldom happy, but his mania prohibits him from realizing the cause of his misery. He blames everything wherever he goes, cursing humanity, assailing system and becomes a mental anarchist, condemning,

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

JAPANESE BUDDHISM

The Great Religion of the Flowery Kingdom

The profound influence of Buddhism upon Japanese art and culture can be best appreciated if the reader will consult Terry's **Guide to the Japanese Empire,** in which appears the following statement partly drawn from Lafcadio Hearn:

"Perhaps the greatest value of Buddhism to the nation was educational. The Shinto priests were neither scholars nor teachers, and the new creed offered education to all—not only in matters religious, but in the arts and learning of China, Korea, and India. The Buddhist temples eventually became common schools, or had schools attached to them, and at each parish temple the children of the community were taught, at a merely nominal cost, the doctrines of the faith, the wisdom of the Chinese classics, calligraphy, drawing, and much besides. By degrees the education of almost the whole nation came under Buddhist control. The priests constituted a bridge across which there passed almost continuously from the Asiatic continent to Japan, a stream of knowledge. 'To enumerate the improvements and innovations that came to her by that route would be to tell almost the whole story of her progress. All that can be classed under the name of art in Japan was either introduced or developed by Buddhism; and the same may be said regarding nearly all Japanese literature possessing real quality—excepting some Shinto rituals, and some fragments of archaic poetry. It was a civilizing power in the highest sense of the word, for it introduced drama, the higher forms of poetical composition and fiction; history, philosophy, architecture, painting, sculpt-

ure, engraving, printing, landscape gardening—in short, every art and industry that help to make life beautiful. All the refinements of Japanese life were of Buddhist introduction, and at least a majority of its diversions and pleasures. Perhaps the briefest way of stating the range of such indebtedness, is simply to say that Buddhism brought the whole of Chinese civilization into Japan, and thereafter patiently modified and reshaped it to Japanese requirements. The elder civilization was not merely superimposed upon the social structure, but fitted carefully into it, combined with it so perfectly that the marks of the welding, the lines of the juncture, almost totally disappeared."

Buddhism, though still a powerful influence in Japan, has been deprived of much of its early glory. Many of the Buddhist temples were destroyed; others were transformed into Shinto shrines. In some cases the Buddhist priests burned their shrines to prevent their desecration. The revenues by which the temples were supported were either entirely suspended or else reduced to an insufficient pittance. As a result, it became impossible to properly maintain the houses of the faith and the present dilapidated condition of many Japanese Buddhist temples is through no fault of the priestcraft.

In spite of the several serious setbacks which Japanese Buddhism has suffered, the faith is still immensely strong in Japan. The fourteen chief sects of Japanese Buddhists are served by nearly 50,000 bonzes, or priests. There are over 70,000 Buddhist shrines in the Japanese Empire and the total number of Japanese adherents of that faith exceeds 29,000,000.

Buddhism in Japan has profoundly influenced the attitude of the Japanese people; in fact, all Asia has been permeated with the serenity, immobility, and placidity which Buddhism radiates. While the Japanese are not considered a religious people and matters pertaining to theology rest so lightly upon them that they have no difficulty in worshipping at several discordant shrines, the fabric of the entire nation is so thoroughly Buddhistic that the doctrines and tenets of the faith have grown to be the natural codes by which the affairs of life, individually and nationally, are regulated.

It is with a certain degree of awe and a very limited degree of understanding that we contemplate the Buddhist philosophy of life. It is so different in its calmness from the turmoil of Occidental civilization that it is almost beyond the comprehension of the Western trained mind. The first impression which one receives from contacting Buddhism is an overwhelming sense of permanence. There is a feeling that time can have no effect upon either the images or the principles for which they stand.

With a party of several others we entered the great gloomy house of Buddha which stands in the beautiful Japanese city of Nara. A laughing, smiling, chattering group of tourists passed in through the ancient and graceful portals and then suddenly every member of that tourist band was silent. The men instinctively removed their hats, then one with a sheepish look hastily put his on again. But not for long. A young American who had come in hurriedly went back to the door and threw away his cigarette. During the half hour that the tourists wandered through the old building no one spoke above a whisper, but all gazed with very apparent awe and reverence upon the great figure which rose over fifty feet in the air before them and sat with expressionless face gazing out into eternity. There is always a silence in the air, a deep hush within the nature of the individual as he gazes into the tranquil, eternal face of **Amida Butsu,** the supreme Buddha of the Paradise of the Pure Earth of the West and the Lord of Enlightened Love, from the jewel on whose forehead pours forth that ray of Divine Understanding which is to enlighten the hearts of all created things. **Amida Butsu** is more generally revered in Japan than is **Gautama Buddha,** but it is often very difficult to tell which of the two deities is represented by the image or painting.

Whether it be the monoliths of the diamond mountains of Korea; the stone carvings of the Chinese wilderness; the ruined pagodas of Siam and Burma; the rock-hewn figures of Afghanistan; the crumbling colossi of Java, India, and Tibet; or the weather-beaten figures along the Japanese roadside; the most eloquent sermon of the Buddhist faith is that preached without words by the unvarying expression of its images. Though the bodies of the figures be overgrown with weeds or partly demolished through natural forces, the face—in glory or decay—radiates peace and serenity. The rise and fall of empires are unheeded. Though deserted by his followers; though overturned by vandalism or time; though buried in the muck and mire of jungle or morass; the face of Buddha is ever radiant in compassion, ever unmoved in tranquillity, ever patient, and ever kind as it gazes out through the tangles of neglect or degradation.

There is a great peace and majesty in the Buddhist faith. We of the Western World have yet to learn and understand the power and wisdom of Asia's "Light." Six hundred years before the man Jesus trod the dusty roads of Palestine the humble monk in the yellow robe was wandering among the hills and vales of India, bringing life and light into the lives of men. This lonely man, turning his back upon that wealth and dignity which was his by right of birth, with his own hands tore down the gilded structure of caste and wealth, and brought hope and liberation to the uncounted millions of ancient Hindustan. He came not to the rich or the proud but to the slave, the sudra, and the outcast. He brought to them that hope of ultimate attainment which strengthened them for their unkind battle against the limitations of birthright. Though still the sudra was chained hand and foot to the millstone which ground the Brahmin's meal, yet was he free, for Buddha had taught him that within the aching limbs and permeating the broken and tormented body was a divine, eternal spark that could only be imprisoned by sin, and that he who mastered sin and self could be slave to no man. So the sudras who formerly had cursed while they slaved now sang at their labors, for while their hands were in bondage to kings their hearts and minds were free to dream of that day of liberation when in the ultimate they should possess all that now they longed for and should attain to that knowledge and understanding denied them in this earthly life.

Through the long years of his life, Gautâma Buddha struggled for mankind, teaching, preaching and serving; binding up not only the wounds in the bodies of men but those deeper wounds in the heart and soul. His world—Asia with her teeming millions—could not forget its benefactor, for he had given to all men a future—a future to work for, to plan for, to struggle for, and to attain. He destroyed death, hell, inequality, injustice, and persecution, and gave in its place the gospel of eternal life, eternal opportunity, eternal justice, and eternal progress.

Kyoto is the educational, philosophical, and religious center of the Japanese Empire. Here are to be found the finest libraries, temples, and academies of the Buddhist faith. Here also are the headquarters of several of the most important Buddhist sects. Kyoto was an ancient capital of the Japanese Empire and here, in monastic simplicity, the Mikado—the spiritual head of the Japanese people—held court, ceremoniously attended by the Daimyos and Tycoons. The Mikado, being under the spiritual guardianship of the gods, did not even have a personal bodyguard. His power was extremely limited and while he was treated with the utmost respect and his wishes consulted in all things, the government paid little attention to the decisions which he made. While the Mikado held court at Kyoto, the real head of the Japanese Empire was the Shogun, or military dictator, who ruled from his magnificent and ornate palace at Tokyo. The Shogun was the temporal ruler of Japan, in contradistinction to the Mikado, who was its spiritual head. The Shogun, fearing for his life, was closely

guarded by faithful soldiers, and when he held audience his chair was raised a considerable distance from the mats on the floor, lest a sword be driven up from underneath and slay him. Beside his throne was an alcove filled with concealed guards, lest he be assaulted by his own courtiers. The floors of his palace (which are commonly referred to as nightingale floors) were also so arranged that anyone placing his feet upon the floor boards would cause a peculiar sound to issue from underneath like the note of a nightingale.

Not until the 19th century was the Shogunate dissolved and the Mikado made actual ruler of the empire. Admiral Peary, when visiting Japan, believed that he was entertained by the Emperor at Tokyo. In reality this famous American never even saw the Mikado, but was received by the Tokugawa Shogun, whose glory and power greatly exceeded that of the actual Emperor. It was not until after Japan was visited by Admiral Peary that the Shogunate was dissolved. Japan, realizing that she must present a solid front to the foreign world, decided that the first step in that direction was the consolidation of her own government. The Tokugawa family is still very powerful, however, in Japan and Prince Tokugawa visited America a few years ago in connection with the peace adjustments of the World War.

While visiting in Kyoto, we wandered one day into a typical native curiosity shop presided over by a kindly and dignified Japanese, who courteously extended to us the freedom of his house and did all that was possible to assist in those lines of research which particularly interested us: namely, the religious and ethical culture of Japan. He was himself a profound student of the Buddhist faith, not the more common form of Buddhism generally found in Japan but that higher and purer form of true Indian Buddhism, which is uninfluenced by Shinto polytheism. During many years of collecting rare and curious objects of art, the curio storekeeper had reserved for himself the finest and most precious pieces; and though a fortune had been invested in his hobby, the dealer would not consider for a moment the sale of a single piece. After going over rare Buddhis scrolls and early documents with him, we involved the shopkeeper in a discussion of religion, which finally resulted in a most interesting and illuminating discourse on his part, extracts of which we wish to present to you in this article.

One day while we were discussing a curious scroll of illuminated Chinese characters which the curio dealer had extracted from the back of a Buddhist image, he suddenly said to me, "I will show you the treasure of my house, my ancestral shrine." He walked to one corner of the room and, lifting the matting from the floor, revealed a trap-door leading downward to a cellar underneath. Lifting the trap-door, he motioned for me to descend a narrow flight of steps and, after lighting a lamp, he followed me. The bustle and confusion of the outer world were entirely left behind, the air was sweet with the perfume of burning sandalwood and cool because of the moist earth behind the walls. The apartment we entered was a small, richly furnished room, its walls hung with sacred banners bearing upon them curious sacred symbols, and the floor covered with costly Chinese silken rugs strangely patterned and gloriously colored.

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

THE SPIRIT OF EASTERN RELIGION

The above figure is by courtesy of the Museum of the Legion of Honor, in San Francisco. It shows the Mother of Mercy, Kwannon, seated on the blossom of the lotus and holding in her eight hands appropriate symbols. The peace and mysticism of the East permeates the entire conception and is an ever present reminder of eastern civilization, unchangable and eternal. Kwannon, while generally considered as a Goddess is in reality a male divinity, but curiously enough it apparently represents the maternal instinct.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Many P. Hall.

EGOTISM

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

criticizing, and flaying all creation for his own self-caused misery.

The egotist is always right. And because his mania is self-sufficiency, he can seldom be brought out of his delusion. wit hthe possible exception of the violent homocide, there is no type of mental unbalance more difficult to handle than egotism, for the very nature of his ailment prohibits him ever finding out what really is the matter. The ailment does not generally assume violent proportions but usually limits itself to vanity and conceit. The disgruntled egotist, however, sometimes follows the path of a suicide. He does this to escape a world which he has learned to feel is to blame for all the sorrows of his life. And the egotist is generally a man of many disappointments, few friends and a failure in all the nobler undertakings of life. He fails to realize that death will not release him for wherever he goes he will carry himself and his own personality is in reality the obsessing factor. He is the first to condemn his own failings in others, and will even pray that he will never become afflicted with the elements which oppose him in others.

The honest seeker after light and balance has as his daily prayer, that this false spirit of sufficiency can not control him, for it is fatal to the best that is in him and entirely closes him to the incoming currents of other great minds and souls. No one can serve God and be an egotist, for an egotist can serve only himself and that unwisely.

Hate.—The dominance of Grudge. We may say that this represents the smoldering fire of injustice dwelt upon until it blazes forth with unrurbed fury. It is generally somewhat emotional but can be cool and calculating and at such times is dangerous both to the one hated and the one hating. Emotions in excess are always unbalanced because no one can properly function except when the body is partially relaxed and all parts are at peace, one with the other. Dwelling upon injury breeds a most dangerous element in the body, and will in time tear down the health of the individual who harbors the grudge. People with very strong likes and dislikes can never hope to be intelligent or honest because their attitudes will distort everything they contact.

To hate a thing is one of the surest ways of committing suicide. The body may continue to live but all that is worth while in a person dies with the coming of a violent antipathy. It matters not how much the other may have been wrong, no one has a right to hate another. Mistreatment may demand that two people shall cease to have a mutual understanding; the dishonesty of one may bring tragedy to the life of another; but the only successful way of acting under such conditions, is the bringing into effect of the law of nos-attachment and non-resistance. The undesirrble element may be eliminated, but antipathy does not eliminate.

The thing we hate is with us always. Every time we think about it, it returns with all the vividness of the original incident. We brood and sulk, never realizing that the one we are actually injuring is ourselves and that the black birds of our minds come home to roost each night, bringing back to us the venom and bile which we send out. Animosity is itself unbalanced because it upsets the tranquility of body and function relationship. Chronic animosity or hatred extending over a period of years gradually becomes insanity. People who hate have little time to do anything else. They live on in a spirit of revenge. Therefore their lives are absolutely worthless. You may serve the Gods in a dozen ways but if there be one thing you hate or dislike that thing will ever be a barrier between you and attainment. Man can not serve God and dislike a fellow creature. Self control means that the individual dictates as to his own likes and dislikes.

Worry.—One of the most persistent forms of unbalance known is worry. It has actually become a habit with an overwhelming percentage of people. Nearly everyone worries, but there are very few cases where it has proved to be profitable. Like grief it depletes the vitality without any productive result, consequently it is illegitimate. A large number of people worry about tomorrow because of the unwise things they are doing today. The ounce of prevention and a little more daily common sense will eliminate no small amount of nocturnal misery. Haste makes waste in many different avenues of life and the hasty acts of the past and things upon which we spent insufficient time in deciding are generally the ones that we later waste the greatest amount of time upon.

It is a well known fact that the things we worry most about are the ones that never happen and if intelligent considera tion was substituted for worry, a great deal more would be accomplished. Looming mysteries of the future must be met with the best within ourselves. Problems must be faced with cool courage and conviction. Adversity must be met with strength; pain with fortitude. And the mental, emotional and physical system should be built up to every emergency and not run down to it. Worry is a waste of vital energy without a constructive result and generally without an intelligent viewpoint. Worry becomes a habit. When it assumes this proportion, it becomes a mania, one of the most unpleasant and discouraging forms of unbalance that are known. The individual who is always anticipating catastrophe, not only looses a great deal of necessary sleep but also generally succeeds in keeping a number of others awake also. This ailment seems especially present in elderly people with whom the habit becomes chronic until finally they worry because they have nothing to worry about and are afraid they will. Their worrying loses the power of interest and becomes merely a habit. It has no more to do with the actual consciousness than putting on a neck tie. It becomes a mechanical pro-

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

2,004 NOW!

We have reached the 2,000 mark this week. Just five more weeks to go on this series. ARE YOU GETTING YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH? We are several hundred subscriptions short of our quota necessary to come out even on this series. WHY NOT SHARE YOUR PLEASURE (IF SUCH IT BE) IN THE ALL-SEEING EYE, AND SEND IN A DOLLAR FOR A FRIEND?

You may use this blank or a plain paper.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Managing Editor, The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find $1.00 for a 20-week subscription to the All-Seeing Eye from December 1st to April 13th (all back numbers and up to April 13th) send to—

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Signed .....

THE ROSIE CROSS UNCOVERED

Rare Rosicrucian Document

London, 1667

(Continued)

After five years came into his mind the wished return of the children of **Israel** out of **Egypt,** how God would bring them out of bondage with the Instrument **Moses.** Then he went to his Cloister, to which he bare affection, and desired three of his brethren to go with him to **Moses, The chosen servant of God.** Brother **G. V.,** Brother **I. A.** and Brother **I. O.,** who besides that they had more knowledge in the Arts, than at that time many others had, he did bind those three unto himself, to be faithful, diligent, and secret; as also to commit carefully to writing what **Moses** did; and also all that which he should direct and instruct them in, to the end that those which were to come, and through especial Revelation should be received in this **Fraternity,** might not be deceived of the least syllable and word.

After this manner began the Fraternity of the **Rosie Cross,** first by four persons, who died and rose again until Christ, and then they came to worship as the **Star** guided them to **Bethlehem of Judea,** where lay our **Savior in his mother's arms;** and then they opened their Treasure and presented unto him **Gifts, Gold, Frankinsense,** and **Myrrh,** and by the Commandment of God went home to their habitation.

These four waxing young again successively many hundreds of years, made a **Magical Language** and **Writing,** with a large **Dictionary,** which we yet daily use to God's praise and glory, and do find great wisdom therein; they made also the first part of the Book **M** which I will shortly publish by the Title of **The Wiseman's Crown.**

Now whilst Brother **C. R.** was in a proper womb quickening, they concluded to draw and receive yet others more into their Fraternity: To this end was chosen Brother **R. G.** his deceased **Father's son;** Brother **B,** a skillful painter, **G,** their Secretary, and **P. D.** another Brother elected by consent; and **E. F.,** all **Germans,** except **I. A.** So in all they were nine in number, all **Bachelors** and of **vowed Virginity;** by those was collected a volume of all that which man can desire, wish or hope for.

After such a most laudable sort they did spend their lives; and although they were free from all diseases and pain, yet notwithstanding they could not live and pass their time appointed of God: So they all died, at the death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and their Spirits attended him into glory. Now the second row of these men by many were called the Wise men of the East; and eighty-one years the Secrets of this Fraternity were concealed.

Now the true and fundamental Relation of finding the memory of the Fraternity of the **Rosie Cross is this.** A learned man in **Germany,** went to find out the wise men of the East into many Countries, but could never hear of any of them: So being provided of Gold and Silver, Medicines, Tinctures and talismans, he chose a Master of Numbers **A,** to be his Companion: and finding an old strange habitation, then they set themselves to alter this building, in which renewing, he lighted upon the memorial Table, which was cast in Brass, and contained all the names of the Brethren, with some few other things; this he transferred to another more fitting Vault with great joy; for he had never heard of this Fraternity, being all dead eighty-one years before his time. In this Table stuck a great nail, somewhat strong, so that when it was with force drawn out, it took with it a stone and a piece of thin wall, or plastering of the hidden door, and so, unlooked for, uncovered the door; wherefore we did with joy and longing thrown down the rest of the wall, and cleared the door, upon which was written in great Letters, **Post 81 Annos Patebo,** with the year of our Lord under it.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

Young woman, occult student, with thorough business experience, desires position as confidential secretary. References exchanged. Address GRY, The All Seeing Eye, 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Write for our LARGE LIST of

Rare, Out-of-Print Books

along the line of Alchemy, Mysticism, Magic, Metaphysics, Kaballa, Tarot, Hermetics, Symbolism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, Masonry, and kindred subjects. We are headquarters for such books and carry the largest stock of them in this country. Can supply promptly items like the Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians by Hartman, the Gnostics and their Remains by King, Barrett's Magus, Babbitt's Light and Color, Hebraic Tongue Restored by d'Olivet, the Canon, and rare Masonic books. Write for That Man Up North, 2 rare out of print booklets, invaluable to students, price $1.35.

HERMETIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
3006 Lake Park Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

Opening the Tomb of Frater C. R. C.

—NOTICE—

There seems to exist some confusion among subscribers and those interested in the "Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy" by Manly P. Hall. The "First Edition" is entirely sold out, and we are now offering the second or "King Solomon Edition", both to be published on or about the same date (some time this summer) at which time this work will sell at $100. Subscribers to either edition need not feel that their edition is in any way inferior to the other as the two will be practically identical, both sharing in the same valuable material and beautiful printing and art work.

With every day the work is approaching and passing far beyond any of the claims that have been made for it. It is truly the "Big Book" as it affectionately has been called and subscribers to either edition are indeed fortunate to secure this remarkable volume at what will be substantially cost price. John Henry Nash the well known printer designer of beautiful books says it should sell for $250 per volume, so that the present pre-publication price of $75 ($15 with application and $15 per month) is far less than the actual cash value of the book. As to its intrinsic value, this can not be measured in the coin of any realm.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California

THE ROSIE CROSS UNCOBERED

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 2)

Wherefore we gave God thanks, and let it rest that same night; in the morning following we opened the door, and there appeared to our sight a Vault of seven sides and corners, every side five foot broad, and the height of nine foot. Although the Sun never shined in this Vault, nevertheless it was enlightened with another Sun which had learned this of the Sun, and was situated in the upper part of the center of the ceiling; in the midst, instead of a Tomb-stone, was a round Altar, covered over with a Plate of Brass, and thereon was this engraven.

A. C. R. O. Hoc universi Compendium unius mihi Sepulchrum Feri.

Round about the first circle or brim stood.

Jesus Mihi Omnia.

In the middle were four Figures, inclosed in four Circles, whose circumscription was

1. Nequaquam Vacuum.
2. Legis Jugum.
3. Libertas Evangelii.
4. Dei gloria intacta.

This all clear and bright, as also the seventh side, and the 2. Hepthgoni: so we kneeled down together, and gave thanks to the sole Wise, sole Mighty, and sole Eternal God, who hath taught us more than all men's wit could have found out, and praised be his holy Name: This **Vault** we parted into three parts, the upper part or ceiling, the wall or side, the ground or floor.

Of the upper part you shall understand no more of it at this time, but that it was divided according to the seven sides in the Triangle, which was in the bright Center: but what therein is contained, you shall, God willing, (that are desirous of our Society) behold the same with your own eyes; but every side or wall is parted into ten squares, every one with their several Figures and Sentences, as they truly shewed, and set forth **Concentratum** here in this Book.

The bottom again is parted in the triangle, but because therein is described the power and rule of the inferior Governors, we leave to manifest the same, for fear of the abuse of the evil and ungodly world. But those that are provided and stored with the heavenly Antidote, they do without fear or hurt tread on the head of the old and evil Serpent, which this our Age is well fitted for. Every side or wall had a door for a Chest, wherein there lay divers things, especially all the Works of **C. R.**, how he and his Brethren raised each other to Life again: in those Books were written of their going to **Bethlehem** to worship our Savior Jesus Christ, and of the **Itinerarium,** and **vitam** of **C. R.**

(To Be Continued)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

SERMON SUBJECTS

March 13th—Prayer It's Power and Purpose.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

this he was arrested and thrown into the Bastile. His accuser was the Countess de Lamotte, a woman whose reputation was not by any means above suspicion. His deep friendship with Cardinal de Rohan was a contributing cause to his fall. While there are pictures in existence showing Count Cagliostro with the Queen's necklace in his hand, he was tried by the French Parliament, pronounced innocent and released, only to be banished by the King shortly afterwards.

There is no doubt that Count Cagliostro was able to perform remarkable cures by processes now unknown. He was apparently well versed in mesmerism, proficient in alchemy, and had the remarkable ability of speaking several languages without accent. He claimed to have gained many of his powers from an Arabian magician with whom he associated himself for some years.

Count Cagliostro ridiculed the Freemasonic pretenses of his day, claiming that the hidden secrets and true interpretation of Masonic symbols were not in the possession of the Craft. He further claimed that he himself knew these secrets. He evolved an elaborate Masonic ritual based upon the Egyptian Mysteries and established what he termed "Egyptian Masonry." A careful consideration of the rituals which he formulated proves that Count Cagliostro was indeed a profoundly learned man and possessed many of the philosophical secrets to which he laid claim and for which he was unjustly persecuted. Cagliostro declared that if his Masonic amendments were accepted, they would profoundly influence all future thought and restore the pristine purity of Masonic symbolism.

The cause of Count Cagliostro's death is unknown. He was arrested in Italy upon the most heinous of all charges—namely, that he was a Freemason. He was brought before the Holy Inquisition and condemned to death. For some mysterious reason, his sentence was almost immediately commuted to life imprisonment and he was imprisoned for several years in the castle of St. Leo, where his death is supposed to have taken place in 1795. According to information in the possession of certain secret organizations, Count Cagliostro was an initiate of the Mysteries, but being unable to attain the ends for which he was sent forth, the Count St. Germain took his place and succeeded where he had failed. According to this account, with the aid of the Secret School, Cagliostro was released from the castle of St. Leo but no record was left upon the books of that prison. Shortly afterwards Caglistro, under an assumed name, took passage to India, where he remained for several years in one of the houses of the Mysteries there and prepared himself for a future work in which he was far more successful.

Telephone Kearney 5210

Room Number 202

The AQUARIAN BOOK SHOP

ANNOUNCES

AN OPENING ON MARCH 12th

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display

358 Sutter Street **San Francisco, Calif.**

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

cedure and the individual who possesses this temperament has thus allowed it to dominate because his mental attitude was unsound.

Melancholia.—This is a disease which might be termed a form of mental cancer. It is usually a gnawing, devitalizing, withering power that gradually vampirizes the entire system of every hope, ideal and aspiration. It is usually the result of brooding over actual or imaginary ailments, injuries or injustices. In its acute forms it is recognized as actual insanity. In its milder aspects, it expresses itself as deep morose feeling. Its most general causes are misfortunes in romance, poor physical health and injustices on the part of friends and relatives. This must be taken in hand as soon as recognized for if allowed to gain mastery of the organism, it becomes a terrible power for evil and suffering. People who are busy and active and surrounded by interests are seldom afflicted. Those who live alone, having few interests and little in life upon which to dwell with pleasant memories, are most susceptible. It is seldom found in youth except as the result of some extreme and drastic tragedy, nor is it generally found in great ago. It is more common in women than in men although present in both sexes. It is most notable during middle life especially between the fortieth and fiftieth year. Its symptoms are general loss of interest, lassitude, mental ennui and tendency to go off by one's self. As before stated the main cause is lack of interest in life. People who have done things on the rational side of life are seldom afflicted. Those of an emotional temperament seem most susceptible. The entire ailment seem to be an excessive emotional depression. Wherever found the person will be noted as dwelling excessively upon the past. The realization of an unwise life, repentance or the hopelessness of adequate repentence, all these are fundamental causes. In its early stages, it is marked by periods of depression accompanied by sighing, gloomy forebodings unpleasant reminiscences. A gradual depletion of the system follows these spells of depression and this of course, increases the opportunity for negative thinking and acting. The spells become more frequent and sometimes result in violent insanity.

Religious Fanaticism.—This particular mania is not at all confined to primitive faiths or peoples lacking intellectual culture, but is decidedly the result of allowing emotions to run away with reason. During the resulting orgie which resembles a witches dance and pandemonium, the rational mind is completely eclipsed by feelings, impressions, desires and impulses. As a result, decisions made at such a time, are made without benefit or gumption and really have nothing to do with either the individual himself or any actually appointed representation of him. In the older religions, the fanatic performed excessive asceticism, maybe walking on beds of hot coal, slashing himself with a knife or dancing till he fell hysterical. Coming down into Christianity, it takes the forms of elaborate revivalism, during which the individual is taken down to basso-profundo and the terrors of eternal damnation unfolded to him. He then rises slowly and out of sheer terror joins the faith, probably breaking out with a cold sweat at the same time. If it ended here, it would be bad enough, but coming forward into newer occult creeds, it assumes still more menacing proportions. The blind service of the thing is fanaticism. And a fanatic is never complement to anything, because he has never investigated. The scholar is a credit to whatever he belongs to, but the fanatic and transcendentalist and the phenomenalist is no recommendation for the thing he believes in because he has never investigated it. Fadism is a species of fanaticism and our modern cults are in most cases as filled with emotional frenzy as were the decaying rituals of Bacchus. The fanatic always disqualifies his own attachments and is the poorest advertisement in the world for the thing he represents. Occultism has become a mania with many people. They hear sounds which were never made, see things which never existed, feel impressions for which there are no wave lengths and come into weird forms of wisdom, the source of which is beyond tracing. These people are not scientific and religion is essentially scientific but not mechanical, philosophical but not dogmatic and an individual who stands upon a barrel and rants and rares about his beliefs, injures his doctrines more than all the enemies put together.

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.

Send stamp for circular in regard of these books linking up the Astrological birth chart to the deficient mineral elements of the body.

The Bio-Chemic System of Medicine
The Chemistry and Wonders of the Human Body. God-Man: The Word Made Flesh.
Books by DR. GEORGE W. CAREY and INEZ EUDORA PERRY
5987 Franklin Ave. Hollywood, Calif.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	$4.00
Plates separately mounted, each	1.00
Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

JAPANESE BUDDHISM

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

At the farther end of the apartment was a shrine, a gleaming mass of gold leaf and costly black lacquer, covered with cobweb-like tracings of silver and gold. The shrine was about 6 feet in height, 8 feet in width, and 5 feet in depth. The doors of black lacquer were open and the images within their ornate niches were of magnificent workmanship and priceless value. In the central and most important niche stood the Beloved One—Lord Buddha—his feet resting upon the open heart of a glorious lotus blossom. About the Buddha were gathered his disciples according to their rank. On the face of each image was that mysterious expression, that to the superficial means so little and to the wise, so much. Here in the presence of his blessed Lord, surrounded by memorial tablets to his honorable ancestors, the Japanese curio dealer expounded to me the philosophy of his life, a life regulated by the doctrines and ethics of his Lord—Buddha, the Perfect One. In the presence of a shrine sanctified by the veneration of ages and which had come down for twenty generations in his own family, the curio dealer, filled with a holy zeal, unfolded the mysteries of Buddhism as he had interpreted these mysteries in his own life.

Many efforts had been made apparently to convert the little Buddhist shopkeeper to the Christian faith and as I had come from what is nominally known as a Christian nation, he first expressed himself on the subject of Christianity in relationship to the Buddhist faith. His words were, in substance, as follows:

"Why should I change my faith and become a Christian? Why should I follow after other men's gods? Am I better because I change my God or am I a better man because I model my life closer to the concepts which I possess of right and wrong? My faith teaches me that I cannot change my God, for there is but one God and He is the Father of all creatures, all worlds, and all religions. No matter to whom a man prays there is but one God who hears and He hears all prayers that come from the hearts of virtuous men and women, regardless of their sects and creeds. My Buddha has said that salvation is the reward of virtue. Can virtue be divided into sects and cults? Is not virtue in all men virtue and vice in all men vice, regardless of their denominations? I seek not salvation by affiliating hyself to one religious organization or another: I seek it by so living that I am in harmony with the will and works of my Creator as these have been revealed to me by the Lord Buddha. Christians say I worship the figures in my shrine. This is not true: these figures are but symbols of spiritual attainment and reminders of what one man may accomplish if he is dedicated to the liberation of self. These figures are emblems, personifying the goal of human aspiration. To me the Buddha is the perfect man, illumined, immortal, eternal. He has told me that he was once far less than I and that some day I shall be as great as he. He has shown me how to be like him, how to rise above all limitation and all ignorance, and be united with him to the eternal reality. He is my Way and the Guide of my life, and he has been the Guide of my ancestors for uncounted generations. My honorable father died before this shrine in holy prayer and meditation, and my beloved mother passed into the reward of the just with yonder little image clasped to her heart. She died at peace with all things and sure of eternal life. And the greatest jewel of my soul is this: that neither my honorable father, though he lived to be ninety, nor my honorable mother, though she lived to be eighty-four, were ever made sad by act or word or thought of mine.

"It is the will of my Lord Buddha that all things shall live together in love and harmony and understanding, and it is thus that I seek to fulfill his law. The Buddha has taught me that all men shall be perfect, that all living things shall be perfect, and I am satisfied with his laws, for they bring me the hope and surety of perfection. The doctrines of my Lord Buddha are these :That I shall love my neighbor and serve him; that I shall love all creatures great and small—animals, plants, yes, even the stones, for one life is in them all; that I shall be unselfish, possessing nothing and desiring nothing but light and truth; that I shall injure nothing in thought or action; that my Lord Buddha shall always be in my heart, and I shall do nothing at any time that I would not want him to see; that I shall turn no man from my door; that I shall reverence the wishes and desires of my parents in all things; that I shall raise my family with love and not with hate; that I shall be true to my wife and injure her in no way by word or by deed; and that, most of all, I shall realize the universe is controlled by law and by order, and that no matter what happens to me, what sorrow comes to me, I shall realize that it is for my own good and that all things in life work together for the good of all living things.

"These are the laws of my Buddha, and I have lived them these fifty years to the best of my ability. I have no living enemy and no man lives that I have wronged intentionally in word or act or thought. I do not owe money to a living creature and all that I possess I have labored for. I have educated all of my children, and now each has his own home, all are happy and I am welcome in the homes of my children. My wife and I have lived together for nearly thirty years and we have yet to have our first quarrel. You may say all these things cannot be true, but they are. Then comes the Christian to me, and he says, 'I have a better faith than yours. Accept my doctrine or your soul is in danger.' And I reply to him, 'In what way is it superior, for what more can it do than to outline a righteous life?' So I thank him very kindly and tell him to live his faith as I have tried to live mine, for I shall die in my own faith and the God of all faiths shall say whether I have lived well or not. Such things are no concern of mine. My labor I accomplish in the light of my understanding and according to the precepts of my illuminated Lord."

THE COMING MAN

A man cries out in the wilderness,
And he has a terrible thing to tell,
He cries aloud to age and youth—
His words are hot with the sting of truth,
And fierce as the bite of hell.
A man cries out in the wilderness,
For his heart is raw to the world's distress;
His soul is scarred with the people's shame,
And his message brands like flame,
Oh, his breast is scarred and his hands are torn
He has blazed the trail through hate and scorn.
Vice and ignorance, wrong and wrack—
These are the foes he has beaten back;
These are the beasts he holds at bay,
And he cries: "Make way! Make way!
Make way for the race that is to be—
The conquering race, the coming man,
Clean, courageous, intrepid, free,
Pure as the great God's plan.
"Dream of the ages—a vision dim—
Martyrs have burned and died for him;
Prophets have preached him unafraid."
A man cries out in the wilderness,
And the lightning's wrath is in his face.
A man cries out in the wilderness,
And he pleads for the human race.
For I tell you, a race shall come to birth,
God-like, glorious, on this earth,
As far in advance of present man
As the heavens that we scan.
Did we dream it could breed from low desire?
Did we dream it could rise from bestial mire?
Could the beautiful celestial thing
From lust and lechry spring?
A man cries out in the wilderness,
And his heart is raw to the world's distress,
With terrible truth his feet are shod:
Make way—make way for the sons of God!

—Angela Morgan.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

NOW —2,050— Edited by MANLY P. HALL NOW —2,050—

Volume 3, No. 17 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, March 16, 1927 10c a Copy

The PRINCIPLES *of* ASTROLOGY

ATHANASIUS KIRCHER

Most Eminent of Jesuit Scholars

The most eminent of all Jesuit scholars in matters pertaining to philosophy, archeology, and comparative religion was Athanasius Kircher, an indefatigable searcher into the mysteries of Nature.

Kircher was born in 1601 at Geisa, near Fulda. He was educated in the Jesuit College, and entered upon his novitiate in that order in 1618. He was professor of philosophy, mathematics, and Oriental languages in Wurzburg, and later taught mathematics in the Collegio Romano, but resigned from this office to devote his life to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, archeology, Persian, Grecian, Hebrew, and Indian mysticism, and Hermetic science. He died in 1680.

He was the author or compiler of a vast number of remarkable volumes, beautifully illuminated by curious plates and tables, and bearing witness to the fact that he possessed a remarkably synthetic mind and capacity for the digestion and assimilation of ancient learning.

There is no doubt that Kircher was assisted by a group of very able specialists in various forms of scientific and philosophic research. He apparently superintended and edited the writings of these various men and then, adding whatever remarks he felt would clarify the text, he published the various works in a large number of massive tomes, folios, and, in some cases, intricately constructed books, a few containing movable charts and diagrams consisting of

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

ATHANASIUS KIRCHER

OBSESSION *and* MEDIUMSHIP

When an individual permits his power of choice to be taken from him either by a physical living person or an abstract invisible power and permits this power to dominate his individuality, then that person is said to be obsessed. There are three general terms of obsession, namely, self-obsession, obsession of an idea, notion or tenant and obsession by another intelligent entity, person or elemental creation. In the first two instances, the obsessing thing is either created or enlarged upon by the mind of the person himself. In the third case it is a completely individual and intelligent creature who takes hold and dominates the life as for example in hypnotism.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Natural Tendencies Shown in Horoscope

The Two Grand Men of Earth

The stars impel but do not compel and their vibrations reach this planet in the form of a series of Celestial urges. These urges are the natural basis of human expression and cosmic phenomenon. Unless man is stronger than his stars he drifts with the motion of the heavenly bodies, allowing their urge to be his law.

The horoscope only shows the natural tendencies. It does not ordain success or failure. It only controls those who are willing to be driven, by its little understood forces, to unknown ends.

The horoscope is not infallible for it cannot take into account individual willpower.

Every so often there is found in Nature a thing stronger than its stars. The planets become the servant of such a creature. While to the weak the stars are a menace to the strong they are tools with the aid of which soul and character are built.

The so-called evil aspects of a horoscope point out the things we have not yet learned to do well, while the good aspects show us the things and powers we have already attained.

Like the laws of Nature, the stars are the friends of the wise and the enemies of the foolish.

The planet Earth consists of two Zodiacal men twisted around the globe, each touching the back of his head with his feet as shown in pictures of the Grand Qabbalistic Macroprosopos. One of these two creatures forms out of his body the surface of the northern hemisphere, and the other in a similar way the southern hemisphere. The northern man has his head at "O" degree longitude, while the southern man has his head at the

180th meridian of longitude. In both cases measurement begins down the body from the head, down in this case being along parallels of latitude. In both cases the head is called Aries.

These two Grand Men are parallel with each other, but never meet as they are divided by the hypothetical line of the equator. In Astrology the human body is divided into twelve zodiacal parts, and in a similar way each of these Grand Men are divided into twelve parts. In casting the World Horoscope it is therefore necessary to consider the twelve divisions of the Grand Man of the northern hemisphere, and also the twelve divisions of the Grand Man of the southern hemisphere making in total twenty-four divisions or spirits before the throne.

In order to understand world astrology one must be able to visualize these twelve divisions of the northern and the southern hemispheres as being magnified expressions of the familiar cut-up man of the medical Almanac.

The human body is ruled by the signs of the Zodiac as follows :

1. Aries—Head.
2. Taurus—Throat.
3. Gemini—Chest.
4. Cancer—Stomach.
5. Leo—Heart.
6. Virgo—Intestines.
7. Libra—Kidneys.
8. Scorpio—Generative System.
9. Sagittarius—Upper Leg.
10. Capricorn—Knees.
11. Aquarius—Lower Leg.
12. Pisces—Feet.

In the case of the human body the boundery and area of these signs are largely hypothetical, but upon the surface of the Earth they are more systematically arranged. There are 360 degrees in the circumference of all circles, and the twelve zodiacal signs are each given 30 degrees. The "O" degree of longitude at Greenwich, England, is the basis of calculation, while each of the signs are divided from the next by a meridian of longitude.

The Grand Man of the northern hemisphere is divided according to land area as follows :

Aries—Great Britain, part of France, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, northern Soudan, Iceland and numerous islands.

Taurus—Greenland, New Foundland, Labrador, Atlantic Ocean Basin (site of ancient Atlantis, the land of the worship of the bull) and a number of small islands and corner of South America.

Gemini—United States east of Mississippi River eastern Canada, West Indies, Central America north to Peninsula of Yucatan, Venezuela, Columbia, northern Equador, and numerous islands.

Cancer—United States west from Mississippi River to eastern California, including southern California and Lower California, greater part of Mexico, Central Canada and numerous small islands.

Leo—Extreme western part of United States; namely, the northern half of California, Washington, Oregon, western Canada, eastern and central Alaska, a large area of the Pacific Ocean and numerous islands.

Virgo—Western Alaska, extreme eastern Siberia, Hawaiian Islands, Aleutian Islands, Pacific Ocean Basin.

Libra—Siberia, Pacific Ocean, numerous small islands.

Scorpio — Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, China, Philippine Islands, part of East Indies.

Sagittarius—Siberia, Mongolia, China, Tibet, Burma, Siam, Strait Settlements, Indo-China, Singapore, Borneo, northern Samatra, numerous islands.

Capricorn—Siberia, China, Tibet, India, Afghanistan, Persia, and numerous small islands.

Aquarius—Siberia, Russia, Asiatic Turkey, The Holy Land, Persia, Egypt, Abysinia, Arabia, Cyprus, The Black and Caspian Seas, and also Red Sea.

Pisces—Russia, Scandinavia, Europe, small part of England, Algeria, Tripoli, Tunis, Mediterranean Basin and small islands.

The Grand Man of the southern hemisphere is divided according to land area as follows :

Aries—New Zealand, small part Australia, part of Australasian Archipelago.

Taurus—Main body of Australia, New Guiana, Tasmania, and islands of the sea.

Gemini—Indian Ocean, Dutch East Indies, (southern half) small portion of Australia, numerous islands.

Cancer—Indian Ocean and small islands.

Leo—Madagascar, East Africa, Zanzibar, part of Rhodesia, and islands of the sea.

Virgo—Rhodesia, West Africa, Angola, Congo, islands of the sea.

Libra—South Pacific, and islands of the sea.

Scorpio—Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, eastern Bolivia, eastern Argentine, and small islands.

Sagittarius—Chili, Argentine, Bolivia, western Brazil, south-eastern Peru, southern Columbia, eastern Equador, numerous islands.

Capricorn—South Pacific Ocean and small islands in the Antarctic Ocean.

Aquarius—South Pacific Ocean, small part of Polynesian group, and general small islands.

Pisces—Polynesia including Samoa, numerous islands of the Antarctic Ocean.

To these areas must be added in the northern hemisphere the Arctic continent, and to the southern hemisphere the Antarctic continent, concerning which very little is known except its present unfitness to sustain civilized life.

Originally these two polar continents were highly cultivated and cultured areas, and the frigid zones still bear witness in fossil and prehistoric remains that at one time they were torrid and tropical.

These divisions of land surface are purely hypothetical, but upon them the planets play out the drama of cosmis law through a series of urges. At all times the heavenly bodies light the Earth through one of these twelve divisions. The planets are called Wanderers, for never ceasing in their endless circumambulation of the Sun, they form ever changing combinations and influence each other through the rates of vibration which they absorb from the Sun and radiate through their vital bodies out into the space surrounding them.

In the ancient system of Geocentric Astrology, the Sun was termed a planet, for the rotation of the Earth upon its axis and its revolution in its orbit resulted in the solar rays also striking it through all the twelve divisions of its own surface in a periodic clock-like way.

The rotation of the Earth on its **axis** causes the Sun to pass over the 360 degrees of the Earth's surface in 24 hours, or at the rate of 30 degrees in two hours. The revolution of the Earth around the Sun results in the Sun passing over the surface of the Earth at the rate of 360 degrees in one solar year, or the rate of one sign of 30 degrees in 30 days.

It is also to be noted that every nation, race, city and town has its own horoscope based upon the position of the heavenly bodies at the time of their independence from surrounding conditions.

The rotation of the Earth gives the rising sign of a horoscope, and the revolution of the Earth around the Sun gives the Sun sign of a horoscope.

One of the planets is throned in each of the twelve signs either by day or by night, the day throne being called dirunal and the night throne being called nocturnal. The Sun and Moon each govern one sign only, the Sun having no nocturnal phase, and the Moon having no diurnal phase.

The signs and their rulers are as follows :

1. Aries—Mars.
2. Taurus—Venus.
3. Gemini—Mercury.
4. Cancer—Moon.
5. Leo—Sun.
6. Virgo—Mercury.
7. Libra—Venus.
8. Scorpio—Mars.
9. Sagittarius—Jupiter.
10. Capricorn—Saturn.
11. Aquarius—Saturn and Uranus.
12. Pisces—Jupiter and Neptune.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

LET US INSPIRE CHINA

"America and the Chinese Problem"

Awakening and Growth to World Power Predicted for Ponderous Far East Nation

(As Reported by Eugenia Quickenden, Church Editor Los Angeles Examiner)

Entirely Christian in its bearing and ideals, though free from any tinge of theology, was the message which Manly P. Hall conveyed to his thousands of followers in Trinity Auditorium yesterday. His address concerned the present turmoil in China.

He referred in the beginning to the vastness of the land area in that distant country; to its resources and culture; to its population of 450,000,000; to its annual birth rate running into the millions; to the fact that its inhabitants dwell in less than one-tenth of its area.

"Endless rows and files of people all going somewhere and everyone looking like everyone else"—that was his picture of a crowded street in China's larg cities.

"It would be difficult to move such a ponderous organism," he said, "though if she once began to roll she would never stop—but you can't get her to rolling!"

"China is a divided country," he continued, "divided by climatic conditions and by the types of her people. The greater part of her civilization is in teeming ant-holes of localized industry.

Belong to Ancient World

"Individually, they are a long-suffering people. But when they shall awaken, it shall take the same length of time to quiet them again. They belong, in part, to the ancient world. One by one they have rid themselves of all things not Chinese—their ethics, their history, their government—all are ancient. To a Chinese, his land is "The Great Mother," and he will do anything for her and will never alienate himself from her. Unique in modern history is this slow-moving, ponderous China!

"There isn't enough ammunition made to shoot every Chinaman, yet in order to meet the situation there, several nations have sent several thousand men to her shores! She is moving now—oh, slowly!—in her effort to get rid of foreign entanglements. You can't blame her really for desiring that. Foreign entanglements haven't been successful to any nation that has entertained them. Of course, we don't know the whole truth about the matter, for China doesn't talk. Napoleon was wise enough not to wish to stir China. Are we?

"In time to come China undoubtedly will become a world power, because in her is a permanence that is missing in other nations. Her power, particularly her merchant power, has been greatly underestimated.

"Almost all the nations have imposed upon China. She knows it—but her time is not yet, and in the meantime, she is protected by her ponderous weight. I prophesy that within a few hundred years her population will be doubled. By that time, too, she will be wide-awake. Then she could march across the world and leave nothing in her track.

"Our Life is Gospel"

"Yet it is possible for China to become a powerful instrument in the civilization of the human race. Ours is the world's greatest nation today. To a large degree our national life is a gospel to other nations. Our attitudes will prevail and affect races yet unborn; our policies will determine the policies of future peoples; our ethics and ideals will influence those of other nations and will influence other races when ours is but history. In our future relationships we shall have China educated according to the white man's law. What will her weapons be?—hate, selfishness, intolerance—or better things? Is she learning from us to respect life and property, or to desecrate them? Are we teaching her community understanding? We have done our work according to our law. Yet a nation or a race may change its attitudes and aims. There is still time for the white man to remake the fabric of his own civilization. There is room on this planet for all the human family, but room only for one family spirit."

In this column I have told before Mr. Hall's custom of commenting prior to each Sunday service on some newspaper clipping of current interest—usually from the pen of Arthur Brisbane. Yesterday he referred to a recent item which related the meeting together for prayer of a Methodist minister, a Catholic priest and a Jewish Rabbi—an occurrence which he heralded as being "a step vital in the life of out people—an amalgamation of creeds! "The time is coming," he declared, "when religious unity will prevail!"

Just prior to his closing prayer, Mr. Hall made an eloquent plea for the abolishment of capital punishment and urged his people to write letters to their representatives, indorsing Bill No. 4 to be presented in the State Senate March 11, recommending the substitutionof life imprisonment for the former measure. "The whole nation is likely to follow California in this matter," he said. "If California goes on record in this vital reform, so will the others!"

ATHANASIUS KIRCHER

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

wheels which actually revolved upon the paper and similar curious devices.

Kircher included in his researches such subjects as alchemy, Qabbalism, cryptography, and early geography. One of his books contains a most curious map of Atlantis, showing this continent as an island. There is no doubt that many of his volumes contain cryptograms, few of which have ever been deciphered, for in his researches he discovered many valuable items of arcane lore which he could not safely have published except under the concealment of cryptography.

There is much to indicate the probability that Kircher was an initiated member of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, which at that time included many eminent Catholic scholars in its ranks. Curious Rosicrucian emblems as watermarks in the paper of the books which Kihcher published substantiate the theory that at least some his works contain Rosicrucian secrets profoundly concealed under various enigmatical figures.

The most famous of Kircher's writings is the **Œdipus Ægyptiacus,** a monumental achievement and usually found in three or four volumes, but sometimes appearing in two large folios. This work covers the religions and philosophies of the ancient world, an analysis of mythologies, languages, arts, crafts, and sciences, and includes several remarkable attempts to interpret the hieroglyphical figures of the Egyptians. The volumes are illustrated with literally thousands of figures, in most cases well drawn. The interpretations of the figures demonstrate Kircher to have been a mystic and a Platonist. Several excellent statements are to be found concerning Pythagoras and his mathematics. Hermes, Zoroaster, and Moses are also treated in an intelligent and inspired manner.

Kircher excelled in his ability to approach the spirit of a document and tried sincerely to interpret the ideals and attitudes of the ancient authors whose works he quoted. While Kircher, like most churchmen of his day, denounced the pagans loudly and warned good Christians that the devil lurked in the shadows of antiquity, ready to devour any and all who meditated upon the wisdom of the ancients, he personally and fearlessly penetrated these same shadows and apparently returned unscarred and amply rewarded for his venture.

Kircher was an occultist, deeply versed in the symbols and ritualism of magic, and he admits having experimented personally along lines of alchemy and similar subjects. He did not penetrate to the inner sanctuary of mysticism, but he contributed more reliable and well cataloged

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Manly P. Hall.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

When the obsession is the result of an outside entity having a personality capable of exercising influence over another weaker personality, their are three general subdivisions, three different possible sources of the obsession. The first is, obsession by a decarnate intelligence, more simply the obsession of a living person by one who has passed out of this existence. The possible motives for this are various. It may be a desire to function for a short time in the physical world for the purpose of completing a work cut short by unexpected death; a desire for revenge; a desire to control another person for the attainment of selfish ends; the desire of a parent to communicate with children; or the urge to make right a wrong. All these and many other causes lie behind obsession by a decarnate intelligence.

Under the heading of **elemental obsession,** we find those who have opened themselves by unwise occult exercises to the demon and larvae of the astral world. Emotion excesses often result in demoniacal obsession. In such cases the obsessing entity is of very low order, generally without any intelligence of any kind and the obsession takes the form of laughing, crying and hysterical outbursts, sometimes even causing epilepsy. As these demons dwell and belong to the emotional plane of nature, they cannot rule an individual if that person uses his own mind as the mental body is superior to the emotions. These creatures may enter only when the individual abdicates in their favor. Consequently the most usual time that these creatures are attracted is when in a burst of passion or anger the person allows his emotions to stampede his reason, or when in a mediumistic circle he has made himself negative and invited outside forces to enter his organism.

Obsession by a living entity is usually accomplished by the power of mind in which a very strong mentality overwhelms a weaker organism and chains it to its service. The exerting of this influence of one over another is black magic, after the individual has reached the age when his own mental organisms are born about the age of 21. After that time people may be reasoned with and influenced with their consent, but to exert power over an individual is to accept all the responsibilities for the actions of that person. It is a crime in nature for one intelligence to overpower another. We people in every walk of life are obsessed by a stronger personality, often unconsciously but no one has the right of depriving another creature of the power of choice. With these as the general forms of obsessions by entities, we now turn to obsession by ideas.

Many people sacrifice their intelligence to a notion and some viewpoint either original or assumed deprives their mentality of the power of choice. Many people are obsessed by fear. Many people are obsessed by the belief in black forces. Many otherwise intelligent persons are obsessed and driven nearly to frenzy by a creature who never existed outside of their own fancy which they are pleased to call the devil who is the largest and most important thing which man has ever manufactured from whole cloth. Thousands, yes millions of people are obsessed by a superstition of a hole in the dark. Just as children will not enter a darkened room for fear of the bogie man whom thoughtless nurse girls have used as their power over the child. So man peoples the unknown, the dark parts of his own nature with shades, ghouls and spectres before whom he abjectly bows, failing to realize that they never existed outside of himself, but whose existence is seemingly proven by the respect and veneration of others equally ignorant. The imagination of man is a tremendous power, capable of making his life either one of beauty or else to fill it with endless nightmares, all depending upon his own outlook upon life. Many people are obsessed with a religious concept; others by a dogma, but wherever the power of choice is inhibited, a man is not free to dictate the decisions of his own consciousness, that person is dangerously obsessed, by a personality, power or attitude that will ultimately destroy him if he does not eliminate it.

Under the heading of **self-obsession,** we list those people who deprive nature of its privilege of dictating certain automatic functions of the individual. Man is gradually assuming control of himself, taking out of the hands of natural law and its intelligent forces the rulership of his own being. When he does this in harmony with the law of nature, all is well for nature equips the intelligence to carry on its new duties wisely and wetll. When, however, with force of will man dictates to the infinite and to nature within himself without giving nature's plan an opportunity to be heard, he then obsesses himself, by obsessing body function, mental attitude or natural law in its manifestation. A number of examples of this can be found among the phlegmatic aphorisms, affirmations with which the field of occultism is heavily sowed. To obsess an organism with the idea of prosperity is a form of self-obsession. To affirm that you are well when every bone in the body aches and every muscle rebels

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

Lectures on Symbolism

Two lectures on Symbolism are to be given in the near future by Harry S. Gerhart, Managing Editor of the All-Seeing Eye. "Symbolical Philosophy" and "Man, the Temple of the Mysteries" are the subjects, both fully illustrated with slides showing many phases of the mysteries of the ages, from the time of Atlantis, down through Egypt, Judea, Greece, the Northland, the Middle Ages in Europe as expressed in Rosicrucian and Masonic Symbolism. These are to be presented by the Pasadena Forum, on Thursday, March 24th and Thursday, March 31st. No admission is charged and the public is invited.

"It is probable that symbolism came originally from Atlantis, that great civilization that passed away before man recorded history. Passing to the ends of the earth this early teaching shaped and colored into similar expressions the religions, philosophies and mysteries of all peoples," said Mr. Gerhart.

"Today we are no longer content to study one line of revealed truth but hope to find in their synthesis, the key to the greatest of mysteries, MAN himself."

Managing Editor, The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find $1.00 for a 20-week subscription to the All-Seeing Eye from December 1st to April 13th (all back numbers and up to April 13th) send to—

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Signed .....

THE ROSIE CROSS UNCOVERED

Rare Rosicrucian Document

(Continued)

In other Chests were Looking-glasses of divers virtues; as also in other places were little Eels, and Rings, which if any man put upon his finger, he seemed now in green, then in white and blue, red and bloom, and all manner of colors; thus will his Garments change into a pure color every moment: there were burning Lamps, and wonderful artificial Songs, which they had kept ever since God spake to **Moses** in the Mount: They kept the old Testament carefully, and expected **Christ** to be born; and chose forty-five more to bear witness to the incredulous World and superstitious Sects, that Christ is the Son of God, and was crucified at Jerusalem; and left these Brethren all the wonderful Works of God, and the Acts of **Moses** and the Prophets, to the end, that if it should happen, after many hundreds of years, the Order or Fraternity should come to nothing: and if Tyrants should burn the old Testament, which they bear witness to be the Word of God, that then they might by this only Vault be restored again.

And there is another Vault or Habitation of the Brethren in the West of **England,** and there is recorded all the New Testament, and every Chapter explained.

Now as yet we had not seen the dead body of our careful and wise Father in the **German hill;** we therefore removed the Altar aside, there we lifted up a strong Plate of Brass, and found a fair and worthy body whole and unconsumed, as the same is here, lively counterfeited with all the Ornaments and Attires; in his hand he held a Parchment book divided into two parts, the first was the old Testament, and every Chapter interpreted, and the other is the Book I, which next unto the Bible is our greatest treasure, which ought to be delivered to the censure of the world. At the end of this Book standeth this following **Elogium.**

C. R. of C. Ex Nobili atque splendida Germanae R. C. Familia oriundus, vir sui seculi Divinis revelationibus, subtilissimis Imaginationibus, Indefessis Laboribus ad Coelestia atque humana Mysteria, arcanave admissus, postquam suam (quam Arabico & Africano, Itineribus collegerat) **plusquam regiam atque imperatoriam Gazam suo seculo nondum convenientem posteritate eruendam cusiodivisset, & jam suarum Artium, ut & nominis fidos ac conjunctissimos Heredes instituisset, mundum Minutum omnibus Motibus Magno illi respondentem Fabricasset, hocque tandem Praeteritarum, Praesentium & futurarum rerum Compendio extracto, Centenario Major, non morbo (quem ipse nunquam Corpore expertus erat, numquam alios infestare sinebat) ullo pellente, sed Spiritu Dei evocante, illuminatam animam (inter Fratuum amplexus & ultima Oscula) Fidelissimo Creatori Deo reddidisset, Pater dilectissimus, Fra. suauissimus, Preceptor Fidelissimus, amicus integerrimus, a suis ad 1400. Annos hic absconditus est.**

Underneath they had subscribed themselves:

1. **Fra. I. A. Fra. C. H. Fra. I. H. Electione Fraternitatis Caput**
2. **Fra. G. V. M. P. C. S.**
3. **Fra. R. C.** Junior haeres S. Spiritus.
4. **Fra. B. M. P. A.** Pictor & Architectus.
5. **Fra. G. G. F. H. M. P. I. C. A. M.** Cabbalista **F. W. N. Q. A. Z. B. X. O. N. P. E. D. L. F. K. M. Z. A. S. C. R.**

Secundi Circuli.

1. **Fra. T. H.** Successor, **Fra. P. A.** Mathematicus.
2. **Fra. I. O.** Successor, **Fra. A. D.**
3. **Fra. P. R.** Successor Patris C. R .C. cum Christo Triumphant.

At the end was written.

Ex Deo nascimur, in Jesu Morimus, per Spiritum Sanctum reviviscimus.

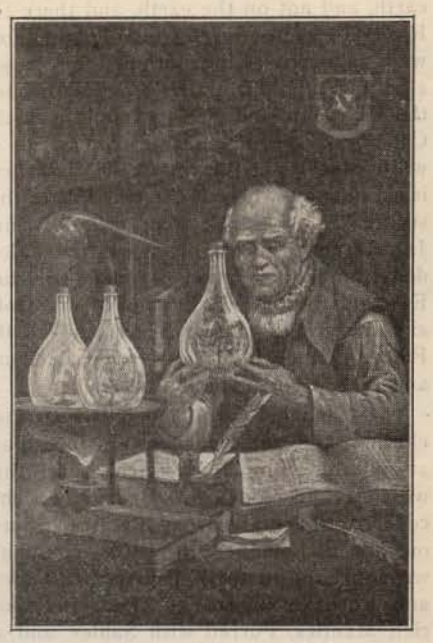
At this day the Rosie Crucians that have been since Christ, say, their Fraternity inhabits the **West** of England; and they have likewise power to renew themselves, and wax young again, as those did before the birth of Jesus Christ, as you may read in many Books.

And Dr. F. saith, somewhere there is a Castle in the West of **England,** in the

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

Dr. S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)
Vocational Analysis
By Appointment Saturday Noons, 11:00-2:00
Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Bldg.

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.
THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



Paracelsus—Adept in Alchemy

There can never be a cheap edition of the "Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic Hermetic and Roscrucian Symbolical Philosophy"; for without the colored plates, engravings, and other expensive features, the text would lack its necessary embellishment and elucidation, and with them the cost of the book could not be sufficiently reduced to make it a popular item at the bookstalls. ($100 when complete, $75 now, $15 with order and balance $15 per month.)

The work at any price is an investment in a larger life, in a broader theater of action, in an inestimable acquisition of power, in an unimaginable expansion of consciousness, as well as a never-failing reservoir of enchantment and a discovery to the reader of his hidden assets, the wealth of which is illimitable and which cannot be lost or stolen.

The use-value of the book may, therefore, not be measured by the medium of exchange; neither is its appeal limited to any class or sect. Rather is it universal, a guidepost to all, intelligible to all—savant and man in the street alike, university professor or high school student—and having in it the magic power to make the reader conscious of his kinship with the Illuminati of the World.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.
301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California

earth, and not on the earth, and there the Rosie Crucians dwell, guarded without walls, and possessing nothing, they enjoy all things; in this Castle is great Riches, the Halls fair and rich to behold, and the Chambers are made and composed of white Marble; at the end of the Hall there is a Chimney, whereof the two Pillars that sustain the Mantle-tree, are of fine Jaspter, and the Mantle is of rich Calcedony, and the Lintel is made of fine Emeralds trailed with a wing of fine Gold, and the grapes of fine Silver, and all the Pillars in the Hall are of red Calcedony, and the pavement is of fine Amber.

The Chambers are hanged with rich clothes, and the benches and bedsteads are all of white Ivory, richly garnished with precious stones; the Beds were richly covered; there are Ivory Presses, whereon are all manner of Birds cunningly wrought, and in these Presses are Gowns and Robes of most fine Gold, and most rich Mantles, Furred with Sables, and all manner of rich Garments.

And there is a Vault, but it is bigger than that in **Germany,** which is as clear, as though the Sun in the midst of the day had entered in at ten windows, yet it is seven score steps underground :and there are ten Servants of the **Rosie Crucians,** fair young men: And **C. B.** reports this when I first came to the Society (saith he) I saw a great Oven with two mouths, which did cast out great clearness, by which four young men made Baste for Bread, and two delivered the Loaves to other two, and they sit them down upon a cloth of silk; then the other two men took the Loaves, and delivered them unto one man by two Loaves at once, and he did set them into the Oven to bake, and at the other mouth of the Oven, there was a man that drew out the white Loaves and Pastes, and before him was another young man, that received them, and put them into baskets, which were richely painted.

The Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display

Room Number 202

358 Sutter St. San Francisco, Calif.

C. B. went into another Chamber eighty-one Cubits from this, and the **Rosie Crucians** welcomed him; for he found a Table ready set, and the cloth laid, and there stood Pots of Silver, and Vessels of Gold, bordered with previous Stones and Pearl, and Basons and Ewers of Gold to wash their hands; then we went to dinner; of all manner of Flesh, Fowl, and Fish, of all manner of Meat in the world, there they had plenty, and Pots of Gold garnished with precious Stones full of Wine: This Chamber was made of Crystal, and painted richly with Gold and Azure, and upon the walls were written and engraven all things past, present, and to come, and all manner of golden Medicines for the diseased, as you read in the Prefaces: upon the Pavement was spread abroad Roses, Flowers, and Herbs sweet-smelling above all favors in the world; and in this Chamber were divers Birds flying about, and singing marvelous sweetly.

(To be continued)

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

information on the subject than any other author of his time or profession. His works are very highly valued today, for they contain a vast amount of material pertaining to symbolism and the esoteric doctrines. Some day a great service will be rendered mankind by an able translation of his writings into English, for they are all in medieval Latin.

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

is a form of obsessing yourself. It is also a system of self hypnotism. It usually works. The crying voice of nature is stilled, but the reason for the cry passes unheeded and when man fails to realize that pain and bodily inharmony is a red lantern hung out to denote trouble ahead, it is the loss of the individual and not nature. To affirm riches in poverty is self hypnosis. To affirm health in sickness is akin to it. To affirm wisdom in ignorance is not to possess it. And what is more this attitude generally precludes the possibility of learning. **Attitude and not affirmation is the key to body harmoniza-**

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.
SERMON SUBJECTS

March 20th—New Light on the Problem of Evolution.

Prologue — Man's Next Great Invention.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

The Art of Living

A LECTURE SERIES

by

Dr. John H. DeQuer

Friday, March 18, 8 P. M.—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
The conflict between the animal and divine aspect.

Saturday, March 19, 8 P. M.—FAUST.
The regenerative power of love.

Sunday, March 20, 2:45 P. M.—A WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.
The effects of times and seasons.

Monday, March 21, 8 P. M.—"IN HIM WE LIVE, MOVE AND HAVE OUR BEING."
What Dr. Rudolph Steiner taught the physicians of Europe.

Tuesday, March 22, 8 P. M.—ONE THING THOU LACKEST.
The training of our intuition.

Wednesday, March 23, 8 P. M.—THE SCRIPTURE WRIT ON HUMAN BROW.
What our faces reveal.

Thursday, March 24, 8 P. M.—OM AND AMEN.
The geometry of thought.

Friday, March 25, 8 P. M.—SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.
The power of desire.

Saturday, March 26, 8 P. M.—THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.
The essentials of physical, mental and emotional efficiency.

ADMISSION FREE

There will be no classes sold at these lectures. Bring your friends—They will thank you.

GAMUT CLUB

1044 So. Hope St.

tion. A good attitude and intelligent outlook is far more useful than to affirm a non-existing condition. To recognize the existence of perfection and to strive towards that goal is good. To affirm the presence of that condition and to be satisfied with present position and outlook is decidedly bad. All things which encourage unfoldment, education and progressiveness build both character and body. Those which offer attainment without effort are false both to themselves and to the plan. For all in nature expresses the reward of works done and atrophy and decay as the fruitage of stagnation. Having considered these let us now analyze for a moment the undesirable affects of mediumship upon man and the possible diseases, ailments and uncertainties, both mental and physical which can come as a result of this sincere but unwise system of occult culture.

ASTROLOGY

(Continued from Page 2, Col 3.)

The key words of the twelve zodiacal signs according to the ancient astrologers were as follows:

Aries—Assertion.
Taurus—Tenacity.
Gemini—Versatility.
Cancer—Maternity.
Leo—Nobility.
Virgo—Serviceability.
Libra—Artistry.
Scorpio—Erudition.
Aspiration—Sagittarius.
Capricorn—Ambition.
Aquarius—Progressiveness.
Pisces—Unification.

The key words of the planets are as follows:

Sun—Vitality.
Moon—Fecundity.
Mercury—Mentality.
Venus—Ideality.
Saturn—Conservativeness.
Jupiter—Humanitarianism.
Mars—Impetuosity.
Uranus—Changeability.
Neptune—Disaster.

The twelve signs are divided into three groups of four with their key words as follows:

Cardinal—Initiative.
Fixed—Stability.
Common—Flexibility.

The twelve signs are also divided into four groups of three with their key words as follows:

Fire—Impulsive.
Earth—Materialistic.
Air—Intellectual.
Water—Emotional.

The signs are divided as to sex in the following way:

Masculine	Feminine
Aries	Taurus
Gemini	Cancer
Leo	Virgo
Libra	Scorpio
Sagittarius	Capicorn
Aquarius	Pisces

The signs of the Zodiac are declared human and animal as follows:

Human	Animal
Gemini	Aries
Virgo	Taurus
Last half of Sagittarius	Leo
Libra	Capricorn
	First half of Sagittarius

The following signs are called violent:
Aries, Gemini, Scorpio and Capricorn.
The double signs are as follows:
Gemini, Sagittarius and Pisces.
The fruitful signs are as follows:
Taurus, Cancer, Scorpio, Sagittarius, and Pisces.
The sterile signs are:
Aries, Gemini, Leo and Virgo.

The signs Libra, Capricorn, and Aquarius are indifferent as to fecundity. Aries and Libra are equinoxial; Cancer and Capricorn are tropical, and they mark respectively the Equinoxes and Solstices.

AFFLICTIONS OF THE PLANETS

Saturn—Crushing, falls, etc.
Mars—Burning and fires.
Uranus—Injuries while traveling.
Mercury—Neutral.
Neptune—Drugs, poisons, water.
eVnus—Scratches, blisters.
Jupiter—Business failures.
Sun or Moon—Bad eyes.

For further information concerning technical astrology consult a reputable book on that subject.

See also the chart we provided for you on Page 8.

Write for our LARGE LIST of

Rare, Out-of-Print Books

along the line of Alchemy, Mysticism, Magic, Metaphysics, Kaballa, Tarot, Hermetics, Symbolism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, Masonry, and kindred subjects. We are headquarters for such books and carry the largest stock of them in this country. Can supply promptly items like the Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians by Hartman, the Gnostics and their Remains by King, Barrett's Magus, Babbitt's Light and Color, Hebraic Tongue Restored by d'Olivet, the Canon, and rare Masonic books. Write for That Man Up North, 2 rare out of print booklets, invaluable to students, price $1.35.

HERMETIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
3006 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Young woman, occult student, with thorough business experience, desires position as confidential secretary. References exchanged. Address GRY, The All Seeing Eye, 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Three Manuscript Lectures

by

MANLY P. HALL

The God of the Atoms

Axioms of Action

Mental and Spiritual Alchemy

These sell at 50c each and should be in every students possession.

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

Students' Chart

ASTROLOGY IS THE CLOCK OF DESTINY

Legitimate Astrology is not Fortune Telling, it is the Scientific Key to Character and Character is Destiny

POSITION & HONORS · ASPIRATION · SECRET FORCES OF NATURE · PARTNERSHIP · DISCRIMINATION · AFFECTION (Selfish Love) · THE CAPACITY FOR HOME LIFE · VERSATILITY · SELF ASSERTIVENESS · DETERMINATION · THE SUPER-PHYSICAL · ALTRUISM (Selfless Love)

CAPRICORN ♑ The Goat — Dec. 22 ⊙ — SAGITTARIUS ♐ The Centaur

AQUARIUS ♒ The Water-Bearer — Jan. 20 ⊙ — SCORPIO ♏ The Scorpion — Nov. 23 ⊙ — Antares

PISCES ♓ The Fishes — Feb. 19 ⊙ — LIBRA ♎ The Balance — Oct. 24 ⊙

ARIES ♈ The Ram — Mar. 21 ⊙ — VIRGO ♍ The Virgin — Sept. 23 ⊙ — Spica

TAURUS ♉ The Bull — Apr. 21 ⊙ — LEO ♌ The Lion — Aug. 24 ⊙ — Regulus

GEMINI ♊ The Twins — May 21 ⊙ — CANCER ♋ The Crab — July 23 ⊙

Pleiades · Aldebaran · Castor · Pollux · June 22 ⊙

10th House — STANDING IN COMMUNITY — Ambition, Profession

9th House — HIGHER MIND — Religion, Long Journeys, Philosophy

8th House — CAUSE OF DEATH — Inheritance, Latent Occult Ability

11th House — FRIENDS — Companions

7th House — MARRIAGE — Fine Arts, Partnerships, The Public, Competitors

12th House — DEBTS OF DESTINY — Institutions, Occultism, Limitation

1st House — EARLY ENVIRONMENT — Childhood Home, Shape of Body

6th House — HEALTH — Servants, Labor

2nd House — MONEY — Finance, Liberty due to Money

5th House — CHILDREN — Speculation, Amusements, Teaching, Publications, Love

3rd House — LOWER MIND — Literature, Bros. & Sisters, Short Journeys

4th House — HOME — Houses, Lands, Mines, Conditions in Old Age

Rules · Detriment · Exaltation · Fall

Cardinal · Fixed · Common · Fire · Earth · Air · Water

Head · Feet · Ankles · Knees · Hips, Thighs · Kidneys · Intestines · Stomach · Lungs & Arms

KEY to Planetary Aspects

Parallel	P	Degree
Conjunction	☌	0°
Sextile	⚹	60°
Square	□	90°
Trine	△	120°
Opposition	☍	180°
Within Orb		to 12°

Planets		Influence	Metal	Color
Sun	☉	Life	Gold	Orange
Moon	☽	Fecundation	Silver	Green
Mercury	☿	Intelligence	Mercury	Violet
Venus	♀	Love	Copper	Yellow
Mars	♂	Dynamic Energy	Iron	Red
Jupiter	♃	Humanitarianism	Tin	Blue
Saturn	♄	Obstruction	Lead	Indigo
Uranus	♅	Altruism	?	?
Neptune	♆	Divinity	?	?
Earth	⊕	Materiality	Antimony	?

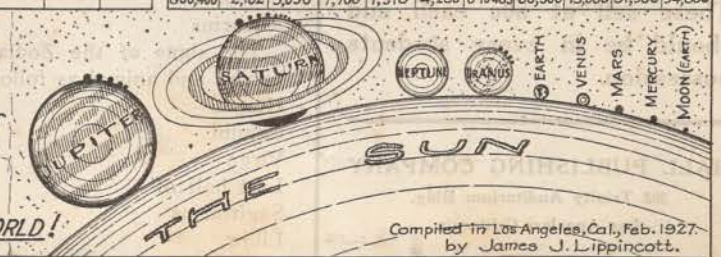
	Sun	Neptune	Uranus	Saturn	Jupiter	Mars	Earth	Venus	Mercury	Moon
Order in which Planets were thrown off from SUN		Not from SUN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Thrown off by Earth
Order of Intelligence of Inhabitants (approximate)	1	2	3	4	5	9	8	6	7	10

DATA ON OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

	Sun	Moon	Mercury	Venus	Earth	Mars	Asteroids	Jupiter	Saturn	Uranus	Neptune
Proportional Distances from Sun (Earth taken as 1.0)			0.4	0.7	1.0	1.6	2.8	5.2	10.0	19.6	38.8
Time of one Revolution around Sun			88 days	224 d.	365 d.	687 d.	—	12 years	29½ y.	84 yrs.	165 yrs.
Time in Hours Planets take to Rotate once			24¼	23½	24	24½	—	10	10½	9½	?
Diameters in Miles	866,400	2,162	3,030	7,700	7,918	4,230	0 to 485	86,500	73,000	31,900	34,800

Astrology is properly used only by those who are spiritually minded to analyse character diagnose disease and predict the future. Astrology is the oldest and greatest of sciences being the study of the stellar influences affecting our evolution.

THE WISE MAN RULES HIS STARS — IGNORANT MAN IS RULED BY THEM



THE HISTORY OF ASTROLOGY IS THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!

Compiled in Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1927. by James J. Lippincott.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

Volume 3, No. 18 | Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, March 23, 1927 | 10c a Copy

PSYCHOLOGY NUMBER

Dangers of New Thought —Metaphysics and Psychology

The First Principles of Superscience.

There are in nature certain forces capable of molding human consciousness into the directions outlined by one who is capable of becoming master of said forces. There are certain methods outlined by the gods themselves, by following which man may learn to govern the expressions of these subtle and invisible forces of the superphysical worlds and make them active in modern world affairs. A person capable of manifesting these energies and making them work for him to any prescribed extent is called a Magician, or more correctly a Magus, or a juggler of natural law. A person who passes through the school outlined by the powers that be, and who gradually comes into these powers is called first an adept, and later an Initiate, who takes his place among those who dedicate their newly acquired powers to the service of humanity.

The Masters work slowly but those who finally acquire after, not weeks but years and ages, of conscientious application and purification, these great forces, can be trusted with them and seldom fail to make the proper use of them. There is only one way of preventing the misuse of power which is the great danger that confronts one who has recently come into a position of authority, and that is, that with the coming of the power itself there must be also born in man a realization of responsibility, and an understanding of nature's plan equal to the power that is his, so that consciously and willingly the soul will dedicate that force to the service of good. Power brings egotism to the young and responsibility to the old. Nearly all who spend a few years in modern Metaphysics come out broken in mind and body, self-centered egotists, who do not

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

ALBERT PIKE

The Grand Old Man of Masonry.

Albert Pike, the Grand Old Man of Masonry, affectionately called "Albertus Magnus" by his host of admirers, is the outstanding figure in American Freemasonry. It may truly be said that his volumes constitute a greatly admired but little understood contribution to Masonic arcana. Doctor Fort Newton said of Albert Pike that he found Masonry in a logcabin and left it in a temple. While this may not be literally true, it is certain that the dignity and prominence of the present Scottish Rite is largely the result of General Pike's years of labor in the cause of philosophic Masonry. Albert Pike was born in Boston in 1809. He traveled in Mexico and settled in Arkansas. During the Civil War he fought with the Confederate Army. He was elected Grand Commander of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite in 1859, and died in 1891, after giving practically a lifetime of service to the Freemasonic Order.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

Principles of True Soul Growth

Set forth below are the principles of true soul growth, or psychology, as they have been taught bf the illumined ones and initiates for the past ten thousand years. All of these great ones taught the same doctrine, concealing under allegory and myth the great truths of human progression, and while their teachings may vary in detail the great truths contained within them are ever the same in all the schools of thought that are working on the white path. All through religion we find the great conflict between the White and the Black Brotherhoods. But the student need not be afraid if he daily does the best that he can. By their works he can judge the various organizations and organisms with whom he comes in contact, for they show in every move that they make whether they are of God or of Man.

Gathered under the heading of these ten principles, are a number of great cosmic truths; by these may a religion be judged and while it will present them in its own way, these truths must be present or else the doctrine is not complete, and if it denies them it is on the side of the Black Forces.

Let the true psychologist weigh and balance the things that he knows in the light of the following pages, for they will give him the key of the Wisdom Religions, that will unlock the psychology of human life, and show to him the path that winding through all religions will lead him to the feet of the Master, and the throne of the Liberator.

The Doctrine of Effort

No effect in this world or in the worlds to come can by the laws of Nature be greater than the cause that produced it. Therefore man can never be any greater than the labor that he performs.

A true psychologist is not looking for short cuts or easy paths, for he realizes that his position in cosmos depends upon

the work that he does, not upon that which he avoids. The student realizes that regardless of the promises that are made, or the proofs that are presented, no one ever went to heaven on flowery beds of ease.

There is nothing more dangerous to the world at the present time than the teachings that promise great rewards for little effort. There is not one single sanction either in religion, science, or common sense, for such a course of procedure, but the young student who does not know better, and believes everything that is told him without one single thought of his own, often fall into this mistake of accepting something of this kind.

The true psychologist is found laboring in the vineyard of life, side by side with his brother man, doing the will of Him who sent him, with greater skill because of the powers that come to him with knowledge.

Never in any true religion in any part of the world have students been taught that they can successfully avoid the responsibilities of life through spiritual growth, but all of the Great Initiates have come and taught man to better perform the labors of physical existence with the promise that if he does them WELL he will receive his reward. The true psychologist realizes that his studies will not liberate him from the responsibilities of life, but will give him strength to better carry the cross of the world's needs, and follow in the footsteps of the Master.

The Price of Truth

The true psychologist knows that truth cannot be bought or sold, but that when a teacher places a price upon his teaching, all of the spiritual influx ceases. Therefore he never lets thoughts of material things come between him and his service to his brother man. He knows that no true teacher at any time in the history of the world for any excuse whatsoever, has ever broken this rule. For the true teacher receives his message from those who are guiding the destiny of mankind and at the time he sets a price upon his teaching the cord is cut and after that he has only a shell to give, from which all the life is gone. The psychologist knows that the One who had the greatest message that the world ever received, before whom all of our modern thinkers must bow, and in who's footsteps our truly great teachers of today are striving to walk, placed the true price upon the teaching when He said, "Freely have ye received, freely give," and the real psychologist would rather die than break that law for if he is worthy to teach he is trying to be a Christian and follow in the footsteps of the Master, who has set the path that he must follow.

The true phychologist knows, however, that religion is not cheap, but that it must be paid for with something greater than money. He knows that the price of true religion is to give the best that is in him, not once but every day; and that he must evolve within the true gold of the spirit which is the only coin that can pay for the instruction which he receives.

All true knowledge comes from within, therefore we must seek within for it, and that which we hear and read is only good to help us to awaken that which we already have. This awakening is the result of service and action.

Use or Lose.

The psychologist grows not by that which he takes in but by that which he gives out, The parable in the Bible of the talents is true, both spiritually and physically. The average student is laying up treasures of the mind, and fondly believes that they are of heaven. He is correct in his belief that knowledge is important to him, but it is not the knowledge that is valuable, it is the use that he makes of it that is of value. He may know all the occult lore in the world but unless he uses it to help his suffering brother or to make himself a better instrument in the great plan, he is just as much sounding brass as the ignoramous who thinks he can get to heaven with prayer and meditation, and that work is merely something for menials to perform.

The true psychologist is the one who has found out that real prayer is a daily life of service, and that the meditation which brings him the greatest development is that he spends in mental research trying to find greater opportunities to express the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, not by words but by actions.

The mystic knows that every good deed which he does weave into his soul body another golden thread, and he realizes that that soul body is the golden wedding garment without which he cannot enter the presence of his Lord. Religions will come and go, and even the knowledge that he gathers may vanish away, but that garment woven by the good deeds of life is eternal and the only thing really worth while. The psychologist also realizes that the more he knows the more is expected of him, and that mistakes which pass unnoticed in the average individual are unforgivable in him.

Substitutes

The psychologist realizes that there is positively no substitute for right living. There is nothing in all the universe "just as good" as the right thing. The fact that he is a psychologist or has studied higher sciences of any kind does not make it possible for him to eat things that made him sick before, to stay out all night and patch it up with the power of will, or by fooling himself into thinking he never did it at all and only thought he did. It would be just as sensible as for a burglar to join the police force so that he could steal with impunity, or for a man to set fire to his own home because he is a member of the fire department.

Spirituality cannot be bought, or assumed, and if those people who endeavor to do either could see themselves as the true mystic sees them they would sink through the floor with shame and mortification.

Spirituality must be evolved. Those who have not conquered self and mastered their own lower natures and offered up on the altar of Divinity the evil and passionate side of their own lives, can never be true members of any religion with the possible exception of the Mongolian Devil Worshippers.

The student may buy every book that has ever been written, take every course (correspondence and otherwise) that the world has ever known, spend ten million a year on psychology, dedicate a stained glass window every month and yet, if he has not lived the life of self-purification, he will not have any better change of development or salvation, and often times not as good as the Hottentot or the Digger Indian who is living his own primitive religion to the best of his limited capacity.

The Power of Will

Many students think that by developing a dominating will, it is possible to go through life immune to all the undesirable conditions before which their brothers fall. This is perfectly correct. The experiences fall off of them like water from a duck's back because they have surrounded themselves with an aura of sixteen inch boiler iron. The result is they finish this life with just what them came in with, for they have buried their talent under a heap of will power through which neither good nor bad can penetrate.

Now let us come to the motive of this colossial will. For the motive is the thing that counts and is the foundation of all that follows. Are they developing this will power to help them to master the lower desires of life? Not usually. Are they developing it to serve their fellow man? Seldom, if ever. In ninety and nine cases it is for purely selfish motives. It is that they may gain health, wealth, or wisdom, without paying the price that nature demands. In other words their will power is the very personification of selfishness. The true psychologist is so busy doing the Master's work that he has no time to think of himself for he knows if he does as he should his needs (not his wants) will be provided for.

We can no more change our nature permanently by the power of mind than a leopard can change his spots. We must

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

DANGERS OF PSYCHOLOGY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)
know where they are mentally, have lost all desire to work and wander from one teacher to another searching for knowledge until at last the insane asylum or the state grave-yard claims them. They no longer have the power of thinking for themselves and follow like little puppy dogs every one who has a peculiar opinion.

The First Great Danger—Opinions.

Opinions are not facts. But the majority of Metaphysicians express them as such and there is no earthly need for such an attitude. All are students together, the teacher and the follower, and when the instructor dogmatically states that this is so and that is not so, or the Bible meant this, and not that, he speaks with authority on a subject about which he has no information save an opinion, which to him may be reasonable but not to anyone else. The great wisdom of the world is not in the hands of super-opinionated persons. Nor does it come by hunches. It has its representatives in the world but they are not gushy persons or rattlebrains but silent dignified teachers whose message is true because they have lived every line of its rules themselves.

The ancient wisdom does not need to be proven, it proves itself upon application. But the endless contradictions which confront the students of metaphysics can never be proven or accepted by thinking individuals. If metaphysics would admit that it is an open forum for opinions and nothing else the public would be protected, but each of the scores of contradicting philosophers that compose it claim to have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, proving this claim by trying to teach their own ideas to others who are sincerely seeking, not for ideas but the base rock of common sense upon which to build a permanent structure. Looking over a series of advertisements put out by teachers along this line during the last few years, I am going to correct some of them for you. The first one says:

"Let me show you how to be a success." It sounds good, but an analysis of the party of the first part will show that the individual **did not know himself** but had some ideas on the subject. If his ad had been honestly written, it would have read something like this: "I have some ideas about success. I do not know whether they will help you or not, but you have my permission to come and hear me talk about them."

Another one reads something like this: "The Fourth Dimension Found" by John Doe. "Come and hear this remarkable speaker, etc." Here again fancy is passed off for fact. John hasn't the slightest idea what the fourth dimension is but he claims to have had a vision, the source of authenticity of which he knows nothing. His advertisement should read like this: "I **believe** that I know what the fourth dimension is. Come and hear me express my **opinion on that interesting subject."**

Two crimes are committed by these thoughtless persons who would be useful servants of the Masters if they were not so self centered. The first is, that they slander the reality and daily disgrace the spiritual truths that they claim to serve. The second is, they prevent the human soul from attaining the truth by leading him astray into the avenues of personal opinions that they are pawning off as facts.

Day after day individuals and organizations come to me, trying to impress me with the value of their ideas and the divine inspirations behind their cults. They express themselves fluently on subjects they know nothing about and then wonder how it is my soul is so clouded that I cannot see the divine wisdom of their soul or the magnificance of their opinion. Their whole scheme is an idea or maybe their interpretation of someone's else idea. They finally decide that I am wrong. Maybe I am, but out of the hundreds of opposing doctrines it is rather delightful to find a wrong one. None of them will admit that they are in error—that is to the public—but if the public were mind readers they might discover something.

When the teachers disagree, what shall the pupils do? If someone would find an answer to this question, the Metaphysical problem would be solved, and several other occult problems with it. Joseph's coat of many colors must have had something to do with New Thought. But what is the poor student to do when each teacher that comes along is inspired by the same God, or at least claims so, each teaching a different message, each claiming theirs to be better than any of the others, no two agreeing even on fundamentals and each claiming to teach the truth. When he does make a choice, he has nothing to guide him but speculation and some inducement of the most questionable spiritual nature. Is there any wonder that mere men's heads go round and round and that they finally go insane while trying to unravel the mystic maze that claims to lead to heaven but is much more often a blind alley leading into someone's pocket.

The world is filled with these wanderers, who do not know which way to turn. They have taken the only possible course, they have cut away from all these dissenting factions and are stumbling along as best they can. Their lives have been absolutely ruined and they are far worse off than they were in the days when they were still in the orthodox churches. They wander around like lost souls waiting for a God who never existed, save in someone's opinion, to care for them and protect them. And society as a mass must play the part of a God of another man's mind and care for these poor souls who have been robbed of their earthly possessions and individual minds.

This is not written in the spirit of criticism but is a plain expression of facts as they are. Every day they come to us groping in spirit and body, floating like bróken hulks on the sea of life. We are sorry for them and ask that those who are truly trying to help will join with us to help these people back on to their feet again, not filling their heads with more opinions but standing them upon their feet and aiding them to think for themselves again. When man loses his conceit and becomes human again he will realize that because he is able to think is no proof that he is able to think **well.**

Where Our Modern Teachers Come From. Our modern celebrities can be generally divided into two groups when we come to the problem of source. One group are inspired. In the majority experience proves that their inspiration was a personal opinion strengthened by encouragement and conceit on the part of the individual himself. The other group are those who have taken lessons themselves from some other teacher. In the majority of cases this just proves to be the passing of opinions and acceptance of these opinions as facts by the student. How many of you would want to be operated on by a man who had only studied surgery for two weeks, and that only from someone who claimed to know Yet we will trust our souls to one who claimed to have a vision, or who goes into trances.

Many metaphysicians are sincerely trying to help, but the ground is so fertile that there has been a great influx of spiritual carpetbaggers and metaphysical patent medicine venders who are in for all they can get out of it. One of them told me that there was a fool born every minute and if he did not get it, someone else would. The "it" of course referring to the contents of your pocketbook. **The mass of occult students today are not on the path.** They think they are but it is again only someone's opinion. Even those who are looked up to as most advanced, and "old souls" are advancing into blind alleys. Either the students did not get what the teacher said or else they did and the teacher said nothing. It is of course an open problem as to which that is. The worst part is that they go out of life with less than they came in with for they came in with an opportunity and wasted that.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL ..... *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART ..... *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER ..... *Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Manly P. Hall.

The Second Great Danger—Psychology.

The greatest danger of psychology is that it is true. The mind of man, groping in the darkness of limitation, found the touchstone, or at least some did, that the gods had concealed since the days of Atlantis. A science whereby man may demand of the Infinite, and the Infinite must obey, has been founded upon that discovery. But the new blessing that man grasped at was a deadly thing, **bearing upon it a curse, the curse of the gods.** These powers belong to the gods and they bestow them upon those who are found worthy. But when man steals them from the Infinite, their new found power destroys them. Only the God man prepared after the manner of the law is fitted to grasp in his fingers those subtle forces that are now in the hands of fools. Instead then of a blessing to help us on our way, it only gives us another and more terrible way of expressing the beast within our own souls. For ages the beast has been bound to earth by his own limitations and ignorance but now he rises armed with the powers of the gods. HEAVEN ALONE KNOWS WHAT THE END WILL BE.

This mighty power, that our forefathers never dreamed of, sank Atlantis, has destroyed all the races that have so far peopled the earth, and now like a plague it is descended upon our race to confront it with the great temptation. It is the demon at the shoulder of the master, it is the power of God himself, and how does selfish man know how to weild it. Crimes that once he hung for can now be done silently and unsuspected, things that he once labored for as an honest man he now seeks to secure through his subtle force; he strikes where those who do not know cannot retaliate. To the egotism and brutality of the beast is added now the sceptre of a demi-god. But of course in time things will right themselves and the plan go on. But if the present attitude is continued the race will dissolve itself in the swirl of occult, called by those who cannot manage them, and left like plagues upon nature's face.

The modern teachers of Psychology are unconsciously damning the race by teaching man to use the forces but not teaching how to use them wisely. They have but one legitimate use, but no one would bother them if that use was explained and the present application made impossible. These forces are to be used only as directed by the masters for the unfoldment of man himself and the development of the earth. How many of the students of Psychology are using them that way? Not enough to discuss. **All personal uses of superphysical or mental power for the attainment of personal ends is criminal.** And all who make use of it in such ways secure with it the curse of the gods. The curse is this, that they will destroy themselves with their attempts to satisfy their own egotism. The curse is sure, they have already hypnotized themselves with the powers they sought to exert over others, and while millions will suffer with them, they will suffer most of all.

The Answer

There is but one solution to the problem and it has nothing to do with creeds or clans. It is too late to conceal the knowledge. it is already on the lips of children. MAN MUST BE TAUGHT TO ACCEPT WITH THIS DIVINE POWER THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE GODS. It is only in this way that he can prevent his own destruction. If he will only mold his life into the pattern of the Masters he may let learn to wield this awful force as they do, that it bring forth good and not evil, a feast and not a famine. But will man think? Will he sacrifice himself now in order to same himself later? We hope, but we are sorely afraid that he will not bend to the will of the Masters until he has destroyed all. Man does not know how to use these finer forces, he is playing with destruction but will allow note to guide him or direct him. He wants what he wants and turns all the powers that he has to the attainment of his own desires. The things he wants will kill him, for they are all of the earth, earthy. He listens to none but, happy with the new found toy which he believes will make him happy, he shakes off the hand of prudence and dashes blindly over the cliff to his death.

What good does it do to warn, they only laugh. What if the handwriting is upon the wall, they will not heed until the walls begin to fall. And then they turn and pray for mercy, those who would not listen to the guidance of understanding. So Psychology will every day become more popular, teaching man to gain what he wants, but failing to teach him that only God knows what he truly needs. If he gains what he wants it will kill him and he never seeks for what he needs. So the curse of the gods is upon him for stealing their power and not accepting their understanding.

ALBERT PIKE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

Albert Pike's most famous book is his **Morals and Dogma** of the Scottish Rite, a volume containing over 800 pages of original material and extracts from various authorities on symbolism, mysticism, philosophy, Qabbalism, alchemy, and Freemasonry. There is no doubt that Albert Pike studied very deeply the magical writings of Eliphas Levi, the famous French transcendentalist, whose writings have been translated into English by Arthur Edward Waite, who with a peculiar mental attitude turns upon his author and calumniates the man whose writings he translates. **Morals and Dogma** contains numerous and lengthy extracts from Eliphas Levi which do not, however, appear in quotation marks. Several authorities declare that Eliphas Levi was the mentor of Albert Pike. Be this as it may, the great Mason was profoundly influenced by the writings of the French transcendentalist. The greatest of Albert Pike's books are comparatively unknown to those outside the Masonic Order, for most of them were printed in limited editions and privately circulated among the higher degrees of the Order. They are now only to be found in a few large Masonic libraries or in the possession of Masonic scholars. Several of the volumes do not bear the name of the author and can only be identified by those knowing their source or able to recognize Pike's peculiar style of writing.

Freemasonry is greatly in need of the type of mind possessed by Albert Pike. This learned man realized the profundity of the Masonic Mysteries. He traced the rise of philosophy to the nations of antiquity and recognized Freemasonry as the legitimate descendant of the ancient and medieval Mysteries. He realized that Masonry is more truly glorified by its scholars and philosophers. He discovered that Masonry was very old, so old that its origin was hidden by that darkness which enshrouds all beginnings. He saw in the Mysteries of Persia keys to Masonic symbolism and, indefatigable in his researches, glorified the Craft by establishing its system as being in harmony with the oldest and noblest concepts of the human mind.

On the subject of Masonic symbolism and its importance as the key to the true purposes of the Masonic Order, Albert Pike wrote as follows: "But those who

Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

This is the 18th number of THE ALL-SEEING EYE, Volume III. In just three weeks the present series of 21 issues will be complete.

Therefore it is necessary to plan for the future of our publication.

After careful consideration, it has seemed advisable to continue THE ALL-SEEING EYE, with certain changes.

The experience of the past 18 weeks demonstrates the impracticability of a weekly publication.

The exchequer shows the cost of the newspaper to have been greater than the subscription returns.

Our personnel is insufficient to adequately care for the additional correspondence and clerical detail.

The big book on Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy—which is now in the process of completion—must not be delayed.

The size and form of the present newspaper have not proved completely satisfactory.

A great number of copies have reached subscribers much the worse for wear and tear, and many have gone astray.

There is also unhappiness in our family caused by the necessity of folding the paper for mailing, a process which makes it difficult to preserve or bind the copies.

Therefore, in the interests of permanence and convenience, we have decided to make Volume IV of THE ALL-SEEING EYE a MONTHLY PUBLICATION of improved quality, convenient size, and substantial art paper binding.

The new ALL-SEEING EYE will be approximately 6x9 inches and will contain 32 pages of reading matter printed in large, clear type on a good quality of paper.

In its new form every effort will be made to make THE ALL-SEEING EYE a publication of artistic and literary excellence.

The feature article for the first number will be a treatise on the measurements, symbolism, origin, and purpose of the Great Pyramid.

Each issue will contain a Question and Answer Department, and subscribers are invited to send in questions of an historical, philosophical, religious or ethical nature.

The editorial department will contain the high lights of our weekly sermons during the preceding month.

The magazine will be illustrated with unusual diagrams, rare portraits, and figures especially prepared to illustrate our articles.

The new ALL-SEEING EYE will sell for 25c a copy, but by subscribing NOW you may secure the six issues for $1.00.

Owing to the cost of production, it will be necessary to limit the subscription list to 2,000 copies, which is less than our present circulation.

We therefore advise you to subscribe immediately by filling out the enclosed blank or the coupon at the bottom of this page.

We thank you for your co-operation and confidence.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE,
Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I enclose $.....for.....subscriptions for myself and friends. Each subscription to consist of 6 monthly numbers for $1.00.

Name ..... Address .....
This is a (new) (old) subscriber.

Name ..... Address .....
This is a (new) (old) subscriber. (Mark which.)

Sent by .....

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

framed its degrees adopted the most sacred and significant symbols of a very remote antiquity, used many centuries before the temple of the king Solomon was built to express to those who understood them, while concealing from the profane, the most recondite and mysterious doctrines in regard to God, the Universe, and Men. And those who framed the degrees and adopted these symbols, used them as expressions of the same sacred and holy doctrine, and interpreted them quite otherwise than they are now interpreted in our lodges. I, have at least, arrived at this conviction after patient study and reflection during many years. I entertain no doubt, and am ready to give the reasons for my faith, that the principal symbols of Freemasonry, all that are really ancient, concur to teach the fundamental principles of a great and widespread religious philosophy, and hieroglyphically express certain profound ideas, as the existence, manifestation and action of the Deity, the harmony of the Universe, the creative word and Divine Wisdom, and the Unity of the Divine and Human, the Spiritual, intellectual, and material, in man and nature, that have reappeared in all religions, and have been expounded by great schools of philosophy in all the ages. The ancient symbols of Freemasonry teach, I think, the profound religious truths and doctrines that in reality are Freemasonry. I am so far from being one of those who think that it teaches no religious creed or doctrine, as that I firmly believe that it consists in the religious philosophy that it teaches, and that he, only, is a true Freemason who correctly interprets for himself its symbols."

Next week. A new installment of the Rosie Cross Uncovered. Also, more on Obsession and Mediumship. Both of these were crowded out this week.

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.
SERMON SUBJECTS

March 27th — "Pages from the Unwritten History of the United States."

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

The Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display

Room Number 202

358 Sutter St. San Francisco, Calif.

SYMBOLS OF THE AGES is the title of a talk on symbolism soon to be given by Mr. Harry S. Gerhart, which is illustrated by many beautiful slides portraying the conceptions of God, man and the universe in many past periods of time from Atlantis the fabled continent engulfed beneath the Atlantic ocean through Egypt, Chaldea, Palestine, Greece, the Northland and Medieval Europe. The great symoblical teachings of the past have come down to the present and have colored and influenced many modern religions, philosophies, sects, cults and secret societies.

This lecture on Friday, April 1st, 8 P. M., will be given as an added feature, with the course of lectures now being given by Dr. John H. DeQuer on the "Art of Living" at the Gamut Club, 1044 So. Hope St. The public is cordially invited, there is no admission charge.

(Continued from Page 2; Col. 3)

change these things by daily striving to make ourselves fit into the plan and not the plan fit into us.

Those whose lives are spent in an incessant effort to avoid exertion, are absolutely of no use in the great cosmic plan, and those who are of no use in the plan must either change their ways of living or else it will become necessary to form another monkey kingdom or throw off another Moon.

Peace, Power and Plenty

Peace, power and plenty is not the motto of the true psychologist, but of those who are Egotists in religion; or it might even get by as the motto of a successful stock broker or grocer. But it has no place in religion in the way in which it is generally used. It is most often hung out as a bait to lure the human animal out of his straight and narrow way.

It is true that the living of the true life gives us all of these things in the

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

Dr. S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)

Vocational Analysis

By Appointment Saturday Noons, 11:00-2:00
Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Bldg.

The Art of Living

A NEW LECTURE SERIES

by

Dr. John H. DeQuer

Friday, March 25, 8 P. M.—SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.
The power of desire.

Saturday, March 26, 8 P. M.—THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.
The essentials of physical, mental and emotional efficiency.

Sunday, March 27th, 8 P. M.—THE STAR OF DESTINY.
Why great men speak as if they believed the stars influenced their lives.

Monday, March 28th, 8 P. M.—THE RIVER OF LIFE.
The laws governing vitality.

Tuesday, March 29th, 8 P. M.—THE HAND OF DEATH.
Forces which derange and disease normal processes.

Wednesday, March 30, 8 P. M.—REASON VS. INTUITION.
Mind vs. Soul.

Thursday, March 31, 8 P. M.—THE DELUSION OF ILLNESS.
Mental factors in disease.

Friday, April 1st, 8 P. M.—SYMBOLS OF THE AGES.
Illustrated by beautiful slides, with description by Harry S. Gerhart.

Saturday, April 2nd, 8 P. M.—THE SECRET OF YOUTH.
How to retain and regain efficiency of function.

ADMISSION FREE

There will be no classes sold at these lectures. Bring your friends—They will thank you.

For further information call FItzroy 3534.

GAMUT CLUB

1044 So. Hope St.

WHAT WAS THE GREEK FIRE?

The composition of the Greek Fire used by the ancients has been a subject of much controversy, and, while it has been pretty generally settled as to what constituted it, yet it is still a discussed question as to all the ingredients it contained.

The name Greek Fire was applied to the inflammable and destructive compositions which were used in warfare about the Middle Ages, and especially by the Byzantine Greeks at the siege of Constantinople. Lieutenant Colonel Hime, after a close examination of the available evidence, concludes that what distinguished Greek Fire from the other fires used in this period was the presence of quicklime, which was well known to give rise to a large development of heat when brought into contact with water. The mixture, then, was composed of such materials as sulphur and naphtha with quicklime, and took fire spontaneously when moistened—whence the name of wet fire or sea fire.

The important secret of compounding and directing this artificial flame was imparted in the latter part of the seventh century to the Greeks, or Byzantines, at Constantinople by Callinicus, a native of Heliopolis, in Syria, who deserted from the service of the caliph to that of the emperor. The skill of a chemist and engineer was equivalent to the succor of the fleets and armies, and this discovery or improvement of the military art was fortunately reserved for the distressful period when the degenerate Romans of the East were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigor of the Saracens.

This historian who presumes to analyze this extraordinary composition should suspect his own ignorance and that of his Byzantine guides, so prone to the marvelous, so careless, and, in this instance, so jealous of the truth. From their obscure, and perhaps fallacious hints, it should seem that the principal ingredient of the Greek Fire was the naptha, or liquid bitume, a light tenacious and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth. The naptha was mingled with sulphur or with the pitch that is extracted from ever green firs.

From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame. Instead of being extinguished, it was nourished and quickened by the element of water; and sand or vinegar, were the only remedies that could damp the fury of this powerful agent. It was either poured from the ramparts (of a beseiged town) in large boilers, or launched in red hot balls of stone andiron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil. Sometimes it was deposited in fireships, and was most commonly emitted through long tubes of copper, which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters, that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire.

The important art was preserved at Constantinople, as the palladium of the State. The secret was confined about 400 years to the Romans of the East. It was at length either discovered or stolen by the Mohammedans, and in the holy wars of Syria and Egypt they returned an invention, contrived against themselves, on the heads of the Christians. The use of the Greek, or, as it might now be called, the Saracen Fire, was continued to the middle of the fourteenth century.

(Reprinted from an old Eastern Newspaper)

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Write for our LARGE LIST of
Rare, Out-of-Print Books
along the line of Alchemy, Mysticism, Magic, Metaphysics, Kaballa, Tarot, Hermetics, Symbolism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, Masonry, and kindred subjects. We are headquarters for such books and carry the largest stock of them in this country. Can supply promptly items like the Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians by Hartman, the Gnostics and their Remains by King, Barrett's Magus, Babbitt's Light and Color, Hebraic Tongue Restored by d'Olivet, the Canon, and rare Masonic books. Write for That Man Up North, 2 rare out of print booklets, invaluable to students, price $1.35.

HERMETIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
3006 Lake Park Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

Three Manuscript Lectures
by
MANLY P. HALL
The God of the Atoms
Axioms of Action
Mental and Spiritual Alchemy

These sell at 50c each and should be in every students possession.

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

Young woman, occult student, with thorough business experience, desires position as confidential secretary. References exchanged. Address GRY, The All Seeing Eye, 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

way the materialist can never understand, but I am sorry to say that there are but few students who want to be rich as the Christ was rich, with more than all the world could offer, and yet not a material place on which to lay his head.

The psychologist knows that the ego within himself is seeking truth and light. He knows that it is his duty to light the way of this higher principle within himself, and that this can only be done when he gives up the treasures of the earth and takes his place among those who are working for heavenly things.

But man has many bodies and the keynote of the bodies is comfort. Now we are not all of us masters of our bodies and those who are eternally studying, thinking and praying for material prosperity and allowing the higher man to starve, prove without words that they are mastered by the bodies and not by the spirit.

This may seem rather severe but we students have been sung to sleep with pretty songs long enough; we like the music, but their spiritual pay does not continue when they cease working.

We have our duties to our homes and our business affairs which we have no right to neglect, but it is Black Magic to use our spiritual power to further our financial ends.

Power of Invocation

The true psychologists do not use trick forms of development, for they realize that those who try to enter the sheepfold by any but the proper door, "the same is a thief and a robber." No one who is properly functioning in his mental body, will experiment with the great vibratory forces in the universe by mantrams, chants, etc. These are all right for those who after years of preparations and purifications have reached a certain stage of development. But for those who are doing it at the present time in the majority of cases, it is but leading to death and insanity or at the best, physical ill health.

There is only one way that man can safely attract the attention of Diety and that is through the living of the life of purification and service. When he does this he transmutes the lower passions and turns this transmuted energy up to build the spirit fire within that it may shine forth and tell more truly than all his words what the student is really doing. The Almighty power is ever watching for those who have so lived that they are worthy to do greater things and it is only through this spiritual light that the student is enabled to correlate himself with this power. When he does this he receives his reward while the others, in the words of Omar, "Howls without."

The true phychologist is serving day by day that his light may so shine before men that they will honor, not him, but the Father who sent him, and in who's name he labors, if he is working on the path that leads to light.

The Power of Thought

Oh, how suffering comes to students when they give up the true principles of development, and start some brainstorm scheme that leads to an untimely grave. Slow and sure is the motto of the true student.

It is only the psychologist with the inner understanding of the human brain that fully realizes the true power of thought. He realizes that there is enough thought wasted in a single day to move the destiny of worlds if it were used as it should be. He also fully understands the penalty of those that misuse their great mind power. Therefore he sends out no thoughts that are not true. He sends out no thoughts that are destructive, he sends out no thoughts that will in any way influence his brother against his own will.

He also realizes that it is the greatest of crimes to influence even for the most innocent reasons, another created being to do that which is not his natural action. He realizes that when he works upon another, to make him buy a book, sell a lot, or exchange an automobile, he is as much a Black Magician as the ones of old, who robed in black, and chanting strange songs, cut the heads from their living enemies and drank of their blood.

It is not the magnitude of the crime, but the stepping over into the wrong side, that brings years of suffering and sleepless nights in the ages to come.

The psychologist never tries to deny the existence of things that bother him, realizing that that is but self hypnotism and that to deny a thing in no way removes it, but that it will remain to make a liar of the person who believes that, ostrich like, he, by sticking his head in the sand, can think that world out of existance. The only difference between the two kind of ostriches is that the human ostrich digs his head into a fancy creed instead of the sand and tries to make himself believe the impossible. The true student with both eyes open, studies the problem and takes the necessary steps to make it as it should be.

The Mystery of the Soul

The true psychologist is one who having learned the mystery of his own soul, and having awakened the spiritual consciousness within, is guiding his life not by the desires of the moment and the possession of physical comforts, but by the higher spiritual man within whom he has liberated to give expression. He is turning all the attentions of his lower bodies to the carrying on of the work of the higher; he has at last stopped carrying his horse upon his own back but having placed it upon the ground is now riding it. A true psychologist or student of any of the lines of higher thought may be distinguished fromthe "common herd" by the following traits of character.

The true psychologist tries to live every doctrine that he preaches.

He preaches nothing that is not reasonable and in harmony with the five senses.

He never puts a price upon anything that the Lord has seen fit to loan him, for he realizes that the truths he preaches are not his own.

The true psychologist never looses his temper, is never hasty or harsh. He is never puffed up and he never tells what he has done and what he knows.

The true psychologist is noticeable because of his simplicity; he is not found sitting around gossiping but daily is working for humanity, and most of all he is not a grafter, mentally, physically, or spiritually.

His motto is not "my will' but the Master's be done.

The Psychologist Is a Christian

The psychologist is a Christian or else he is unworthy to call himself anything. I do not mean that it is necessary to profess a faith or be a member of an organization, but he must in deed and in word live the great principal of universal brotherhood. Until he does this he is of no use in the plan of true Psychology. The student also knows that there is something greater than mind, and that is the Christ spirit within him. He realizes that the psychologist's duty is not to sit around in padded chairs and discuss the value of a certain abstract statement relating to chaos. Neither is it his business to worry about the feelings of those who come to him. His duty is to tell the truth; but first of all it is very necessary for him to see whether he has anything to tell.

The place of the true psychologist is down in the mud of life, with his sleeves rolled up, like the drainman in "The Servant in the House," giving practical help to those who are in need. His is the path of the Christ. He seeks to preach the truth as he knows it, and to heal the sick, in body and spirit. He is striving to become a true Sun of God, who radiates through his own purified bodies, free from all the ideals of personality, the light which is the life of his brother man.

By this scale may all men be judged: Do they forget self, and serve God? or do they forget God, in their effort to make themselves in this world, princes of men? "For the Prince of man cometh and he hath nothing in me," said the Christ. The time has come for students to take to themselves the psychology that they have been applying to others and give themselves a careful scrutiny thereby ascertaining whether they are followers of Black or White magic. Then the rest remains as it always has, with them.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

Volume 3, No. 19 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, March 30, 1927 10c a Copy

THE BLACK AGE

KALI YUGA

Are We Now Passing Through This Foretold Cycle

In the sixth section of the Vishnu Puranus, Maitreya asks Wisdom personified as Parasara concerning the method of the dissolution of the universe, and how men might know that a greater or lesser Kalpa is coming to an end.

The sage in answering him gives us a view point on life which we cannot fail to heed with the present stress which surrounds us in the world.

The Wise man answering Maitreya says in part, that there are four ages, namely. Krita, Treta, Dwapara, and Kali, and that all life is made up of these ages repeated again and again. These periods may be called for simple understanding Birth, Growth, Maturity, and Decay.

Quoting from the great sage, Parasara, "In the first, Krita, is that age which is created by Brahma, (Birth of things). In the last, which is the Kali age a dissolution of the universe takes place (Kali is the principle of Blackness, Disintegration, Death and Decay).

Maitreya then asks, "Oh, venerable Sir, it behooves thee to give a description of the nature of the Kali age in which the four footed virtue suffers total extinction."

The ancients taught that the destruction of virtue was the end of all things, and that the universal dwelling place collapsed, consumed by the flames of immorality.

During the Kali age environments destroy themselves and destruction avenges itself. That which is false falls a prey to its own falseness. Thieves steal from each other, until crime detroying itself gives birth to a new virtue. Peoples vanish, races are overturned, and those who think they are proud collapse.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

PARACELSUS OF HOHENHEIM

Greatest Physician of Middle Ages

The most famous physician of the Middle Ages was Theophastus Aureolus Phillipus Bombast von Hohenheim, who adopted the name of Paracelsus to indicate that he considered himself superior to the great philosopher Celsus.

Paracelsus was born about 1490 and died in 1541, while still in the prime of life. His father was a physician with a none too successful practice; his mother, before her marriage, was the superintendent of a hospital.

Paracelsus first studied medicine with his father, who took great pains to instruct him in the deepest mysteries of the profession. While still a youth he associated himself with Trithemius, Abbot of Spanheim, who was a famous chemist and alchemist. From Trithemius the

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

SYMBOLISM OF "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

Photoplay Uses Universal Language

By Harry S. Gerhart

To the average patron of the modern moving picture, the spectacular production of "The Thief of Bagdad," was but one more "super" drama devised for man's amusement and as a starring vehicle for the versatile and athletic Douglas Fairbanks, together with a love-story that earns itself a place in the library of great loves.

Many will agree that the picture presents a forceful lesson of the necessity of working and earning the Happiness that we all so intensely desire.

The student of literature will see in its allegory of magic, invisibility and silver chests a similarity to that great acknowledged masterpiece of literature the "Idylls of the King," with its search for the Holy Grail.

It remains, however, for the student of symbolism and occultism to interpret the real inner meaning of the many mysterious turns in the photo drama that intrigue the interest of the spectator and stir vague thoughts and ideas he can not quite express. The real genius in the picture lies not in the external magnificence but in the internal ideas, the symbols that have been presented in all ages, in all religions and in all philosophies.

The search for Happiness is Universal. Whatever man seeks for, aspires to—be it wealth, love, knowledge, sensual pleasures or religious experience,—each is his conception of Happiness. So the picture, "The Thief of Bagdad" is universal in its

appeal and universally helpful in the lesson it conveys.

"The Thief," is the symbol of "Man",—every man that comes into the world, you and I and our neighbor. "Bagdad" is the earth, man's home, the stage of his experiences.

"Man" is a "Thief,"—every man is a thief, at one stage of his growth when he takes what he has not earned. Most of us in this life have ceased to have the itching palm for the actual stealing of material things, but we are not adverse to acquiring things through the prestige of wealth, of social position, or by force of personality. Man believes with the thief, "What I want I take. My reward is here. Paradise is a fool's dream and Allah a myth."

Man has an evil associate who lives in the "depth" of his sub-conscious mind, ever sugesting clever ways to attain the objects of his desires. So man "takes what he wants," money, jewelry, food, clothing and is quick to seize anything that will give him advantage over his fellows. So he takes the "Magic rope of Ispahan, woven from witches' hair in the caverns of the Jinn." He will use supernatural means to gain his ends, he does not earn them. He will even take advantage of religious observances to acquire social or business advantage, as in our own day.

The Man of the world (The Thief) mocks the Holy Man in the Mosque, when he exhorts man "to earn his happiness"; "by toil, the sweets of human life are found." "Thou liest," says the Thief, "My reward is here"; and so Man thinks. And man is right, but he receives what he deserves and it generally is suffering instead of Happiness. So the daily life of Man runs along until a great experience shakes him out of his egotism.

Now come the porters, bearing gifts for the Princess. Man cares nothing for the princess but would have the wealth of the Palace. At night he enters,—at night we all enter those realms of sleep, into those worlds of emotion and mind,—the astral and mental planes where our consciousness is enlarged beyond the waking. These realms are guarded by strong bars, and the animals of our lower natures to prevent the bringing through of night or sleep consciousness. Only in dreams, those essences of reality that filter through, do we remember and how vague and distorted they are.

In the secret chambers of the palace, still with thoughts of stealing, Man has a new experience, he is given a vision of a new type of Happiness,—the Sleeping Princess.

The Princess symbolically is Happiness, —but what is Happiness. If we search the philosophies, the religions, of the world, we find that all are agreed that Happiness or Peace, or Bliss, is attained in the possession of a higher state of consciousness. To Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter, it was the Cosmic Consciousness; to the Christian that mystical experience, the Christ-Consciousness; to the Oriental, the Buddhic Consciousness; to the Occulist the attainment of Perfection, the Higher Self. The pursuit of Happiness is the pursuit of the One Self, the Over-soul, the Divine Self, which we possess in common. Our pursuit of sensual things, of pleasure, of jazz, etc., are erroneous conceptions of Happiness, but like Solomon we do not realize that real Happiness lies within until we have exhausted the vanities of the external pursuit.

So man sees a vision of this higher state of Happiness asleep within his superconsciousness. Man forgets his thoughts of stealing jewels, he now only desires to touch the hand of the Princess. She wakes, man has profaned the Holy of Holies by daring so much without earning the right. He finally escapes,—after a "night mare" experience,—with a dream, a remembrance of the vision,—a slipper, you see he could not even reach her feet, only their protective covering.

"Where is the treasure" asks the evil associate. But the meaning of "treasure" has been transformed during that nocturnal experience. "'Tis here," showing the slipper. "'Tis here" touching the heart, the symbol of the astral plane," and "'Tis here," touching the head, the symbol of the Mental Plane.

Dawn:—And earthy princes are also in search of Happiness, they come wooing the Princess. And the Princess, the Higher Self, knows of their coming and is ready to join herself to him who is worthy of this Higher state. The Universal self is the one Life of all of us, but the Happiness of that existence is only for those who are superior among men, who have evolved through many lives to the place where it is possible to become more than human by joining with this higher self.

So the Princess learns that he who first touches the Rose Tree, in the garden will be the successful suitor. The Ancient method of the sand board and the Sands of Mecca, shaping a Rose is the outer symbol. The Rose has ever been a symbol of occultism of the evolving life within the heart of man which unfolds to perfection. It is the symbol of the Rosy Cross, together with the Cross which must be born in service to humanity as the rose unfolds.

A Tree is also one of the most prominent symbols of secret teaching, we find it as the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Life, Yggdrasil of Norse Tradition.

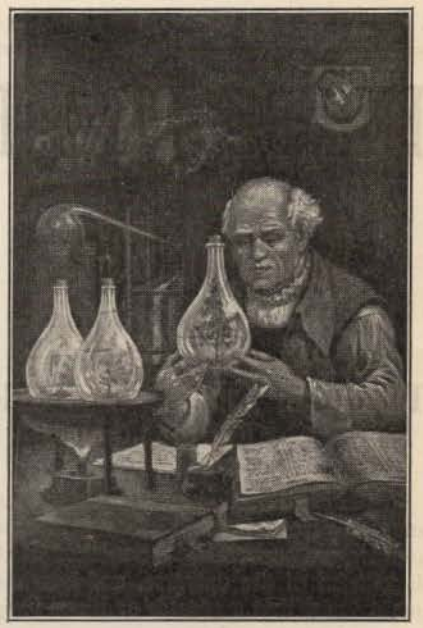
(To Be Continued)

PARACELSUS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

youth learned much of alchemy and the mystic philosopher's stone and elixir of life.

Even his enemies are forced to admit that the attitude taken by Paracelsus in



PARACELSUS OF HOHENHEIM

attacking the previously undisputed writings of Galen and Avicenna had a profoundly constructive effect upon the entire structure of medical science. Paracelsus declared that medical education should not come from the reading of dogmatic tomes but from a personal investigation and consideration of each individual patient. He affirmed that experimentation and not dogma should be the physician's guide. He therefore scoffed at precedent and structure out into the then uncharted field of experimental medicine and surgery.

Paracelsus traveled extensively through all parts of Europe. A great part of his wanderings were alone and on foot. Those who would read the book of Nature, he declared, must walk its pages with their feet. He studied with the gypsies, hermits, and witches, from whom he gathered vast infirmation concerning the uses of herbs and simples, amulets, talismans, and other curious remedial agencies.

The cures which he effected were in many cases little short of miraculous, and while he was idolized by the poor with whom he labored, his success was gall and wormwood to the medical fraternity of his day. Paracelsus attacked the barbers, declaring that they were not qualified to perform various surgical operations, for during his time the bleeding

process—which cost many a life—was largely carried on by the barbers.

Attacked by the medical fraternity as being an ignoramus, idiot, and disqualified to practice because he did not possess the necessary medical degree, Paracelsus turned upon his accusers and demanded an investigation of their practices, denouncing the apothecaries for selling improperly prepared drugs and assailing the entire medical profession. The latter he publicly accused of malpractice and commercialism, declaring them to be more concerned with their fees than with the lives of their patients.

As may be surmised, these public denunciations precipitated upon his head the wrath of the medical profession. The condition was not improved by the fact that Pracelsus published a number of scientific books in German, a language which brought the works within the reach of the layman. This was considered decidedly unethical, but it established an important precedent, for Paracelsus was the first physician to write his books in a language so that the poor and uneducated could acquire scientic knowledge.

Because of his inclination towards the supernatural as an element of first importance in medicine, Paracelsus was accused of heresy, lunacy, magic, and sorcery. He was the first to popularize the theories and myths concerning the Nature spirits and elementals as factors in human growth and important agencies in the healing of disease.

His enemies, fearing destruction if they did not destroy this intrepid and outspoken physician, tried repeatedly to disprove his assertions. They attacked every cure which he performed and tried in many ways to trick him by sending both incurables and also individuals not really suffering from any ailment to him for treatment. But they could not deceive him; he healed the incurables and exposed the frauds. To his credit there are statistics which prove that he permanently cured such diseases as dropsy, cancer, and leprosy. The methods by which he effected these cures are unknown.

His personal life has been attacked by many. There is no doubt that he had a strange and uncouth personality. While he has been accused of incessant drinking and carousing, such excesses seem incredible in the face of his stupendous literary accomplishments. He is the author of about sixty books, which has been published in from three to eleven quarto volumes, containing literally thousands of pages of text. Most of his writings were dictated to his students.

He was a confirmed woman-hater and never married. He warned his disciples that married life was one of the greatest

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

THE ROSIE CROSS UNCOVERED

Rare Rosicrucian Document—Printed, London, 1667

(Continued)

In this place have I a desire to live, if it were for no other reason, but what the Sophis sometimes applied to the Mountains, **Hos primum Sol salutat, ultimosque deferit. Quis Locum non amet, Dies Longiores habentem.** But of this place I will not speak any more least the Readers should mistake me, so as to entertain a suspicion that I am of this Order.

Tobias Williams, Noah Walford, Fra. **H. W.** V. C. B. I. and these in all are thirty-six, that bear witness of Christ.

And **Fra. N.** chose C. B. for his Successor, saying, I have long expected your coming; in this place you shall live, and we will teach you all things, and you shall learn our **Axiomata.**

First, you must, as we do, profess Medicine, and cure the sick, and that **Gratis.**

2. You shall not be constrained to wear one certain kind of Habit, but may therein follow the custom of the Country.

3. Every year upon the day **C.** you shall meet us in this House, **S. Spiritus,** or write the cause of your absence; and when I am dead lay me in a glass, and renew me according to Nature to live again, as you are taught by us.

4. And you must look about for a worthy person, who after your decease must succeed you.

5. The word **R. C.** must be your Mark, Seal, and Character.

6. Our Fraternity shall be concealed seven years, and no more. And thirty of the Brethren departed; only four and the Brethren **T. W.** and **N. W.** remained with the Father Fra. **R. C. I. A.** and their servants a whole year, and **T. W.** died, and Father **I. A.** put him in a glass, and buried him for renewing his life.

After few years there will be a general Reformation both of Divine and Human things, according to our desire, and the expectation of others: For its sitting, that before the Rising of the Sun, there should appear and break forth **Aurora,** or Divine Light in the sky, and so in the meantime some few, which shall give their names, may join together, thereby to increase the number and respect of our Fraternity, and make a happy and wished for beginning of our Philosophical Canons prescribed to us by our Brother **R. C.** and be partakers with us of our treasures (which never can fail or be wasted), in all humility and love to be eased of this world's labor, and not walk to blindly in the knowledge of the wonderful works of God.

But that also every Christian may know of what Religion and belief we are, We confess to have the knoweldge of **Jesus Christ,** among his Disciples, and he is the **Son of God,** and was crucified for Mankind at **Jerusalem;** him did our **eyes** see and worship, being guided by a **Star.** And Episcopacy is the best form of Church Government, being most clear and purely professed, and cleansed from **factious Presbyterians, Cromwellian Anabaptists, Jesuitical Quakers, and false prophets.**

Also we use two Sacraments as they are instituted with all **Forms** and **Ceremonies** of the first renewed Church in England; we acknowledge **Carolus Magnus Secundus,** for our **Christian Head:** and in **Politia,** we acknowledge the **Protestant Empire** and **Quartam Monarchiam** for our **Government;** albeit we knnow what Alterations be at hand, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667-1668, 1669, and would fain impart the same with all our hearts to other Godly learned men.

Nothwithstanding our writings which is in our hands no man (except God alone) can make it Common, nor any unworthy Person is able to bereave us of it; but we shall help with secret aid, this so good a cause, as God shall permit, or hinder us: for our God is not blind as the Heathens **Fortuna,** but is the Church's Ornament, and the honor of the Temple: Our **Philosophy** of numbers also is not a New invention, but as Adam after his Fall hath received it, and as **Moses** and **Solomon** our Men used it; also she ought not much to be doubted of, or contradicted by other opinions, or meanings, but seeing the Truth is peaceable, brief and always like herself in all things, and especially accordingly with **Jesus in omni parte** and all members: And as he is the Image of the Father, so is she his Image; It shall not be said this is true according to Philosophy, but true according to **Teologie;** and others did hit the mark, and wherein **Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras,** and **Enoch, Abraham, Moses,** our men, and **Solomon** did excel; but especially wherewith that wonderful **Book** the Bible agreeth, all that same concurreth together, and maketh a Sphere or Globe, whose total parts are equidistant from the Center, as hereof more at large, and plain shall be spoken in Christianly Conference.

But now concerning (and chiefly in this

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Manly P. Hall.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

Speaking in the terms of the Puranus, but leaving out the more obscure paragraphs, let us consider how Parasara informs his student the coming of the end is to be foretold when Kali, the goddess of destruction shall rule the planet.

Parasara states that the end will be heralded by a number of things, in the midst of which Kali will devour creation and a newer and purer world will take the place of that which has gone before. Literally thousands of years ago the following indications of the beginning of the end were given to the Brahmans, and through the Puranus to the world. I am listing numerically those statements which have any bearing upon either our lives or our customs as they are extracted from the words of Parasara.

IN THE KALI AGE:

1. Marriage will be celebrated according to the rituals. (But the spiritual rites of the communion of lives will be lost.)
2. The student of wisdom shall be without a Master, for the powers that connect the spiritual protector and his disciple will not be in force.
3. The laws that regulate the conduct of husband and wife will be neglected.
4. All celestials and spirits and lights, and all orders of life will be considered as one and equal.
5. Fasting, austerity, and liberality practiced according to the pleasure of those by whom they are observed shall constitute piety.
6. Every trifling property will make men proud of their wealth.
7. Wives will desert their husbands when they lose their wealth, and the rich will be considered lords.
8. He who distributes immense wealth will be considered a master of men.
9. Accumulation of wealth will be spent in ostentatious dwellings.
10. The minds of men will be wholly occupied with earning money and that will be spent on the gratification of selfish desires.
11. Women will follow their own inclinations and be given up to pleasure seeking.
12. Men will endeavor to acquire riches even dishonestly.
13. No man will part with the smallest fraction of his wealth at the sacrifice of his own interest.
14. All people will consider themselves as equal with the Brahmanas. (God annointed or illuminated.)
15. Cows will be held in reverence only because they supply milk. (Meaning that things are only of value for what you can get out of them.)
16. People will always be in fear of dearth and scarcity, and will watch accordingly the appearance of the sky.
17. Deprived of wealth, people will be perpetually subject to famines and other afflictions. They will never enjoy pleasure or happiness.
18. Children will pay no attention to the commands of their parents.
19. People will be selfish, abject and slovenly; they will be indecent, immoral in their conduct, and will ever attach themselves to the dissolute.
20. Householders will neither sacrifice nor practice becoming liberality.
21. Princes will plunder their subjects instead of protecting them, and under the pretexts of levying customs will rob the merchants of their property.
22. Everyone possessing cars, elephants, and horses will be a Rajah. (Meaning the possessions will be the measure of worth.)
23. Everyone who is feeble will be a slave.
24. Farmers will abandon agriculture and commerce and seek to gain a livelihood by the exercise of mechanical arts.
25. The poor seeking substinance by assuming outward marks of virtue will become the impure followers of impius and heretical doctrines.
26. Oppressed by famines and taxation men will desert their native countries and repair to those lands, which are fit for a coarser grain.
27. The path of the Vedas (scriptures) being obliterated, the people having deviated into heresy, iniquity will flourish, and the duration of life will therefore decrease.
28. On account of the horrible penances enjoined by (false) scriptures, and of the vices of the rulers children will die in their infancy. Men will grow old at the age of twelve, and no one will live more than twenty years.
29. The race will possess little sense, vigor or virtue, therefore will die in a short time. The wise then estimate the approach of Kali when the numbers of the false increase, and the numbers of the virtuous decrease, for the respect to the teacher declines, and regard is cherished for the disseminators of heresy.
30. The principle caste will be the ignorant; the wise will vanish from among them.
31. Men shall say, "Who was my father; who was my mother."
32. Gifted with little sense, the race will be subject to all sorts of infirmities of mind, speech and body, and will daily commit sin, and everything that is likely to afflict beings, vicious, impure and wretched will be generated in the Kaliyuga. (Black age.)

(Are we approaching, going through, or moving out of the Black Age? We leave the answer to you. What do you think?)

Dangers of Mediumship

The greatest danger of mediumship is in its negative form of procedure. Man is attempting to objectify his senses while mediumship is essentially a subjective thing. Anything which undervalues the body and organisms which man has spent so many million years in building, cannot be recommended. When an individual negates his mind, silences his senses and waits for something else to either express through him or impress him, he is treading on very dangerous ground. The price is much too heavy. The same danger which confronts the medium awaits those students of occultism who spend all of their time in the silence waiting for illumination. Growth and illumination are not to be found in subjectivity but in positive intelligent attitudes and ideals. The first thing that the medium or those that depend upon such a one loses is independence. The spirit world becomes the crutch and the more it is used the less one will walk without it. Why should we take care of our own affiars if the dead can do it for us. That is the subconscious attitude that marks all people who depend upon the other world for the things that this world ought to supply. On that ground we believe that mediumship reduces the individual backbone, makes the individual weak mentally, timid and unwilling to make decisions. He depends on others for advice on all the problems of life and becomes ever less

efficient as a result of his exercises. Not only that, but it is quite evident that the mere fact a person is dead does not increase their mentality and people who could not solve problems when they were alive cannot help others to solve them when they are dead and as a result of this it is a well known fact that the spirit messages contain little information of value and are far from correct in the majority of instances.

The second great danger of mediumship is vampirism, which may be generally defined as the drawing upon the vital forces of one individual by another. This is quite a common thing in mediumship and phenomenalistic mediumship depends upon the ectoplasm or vital ether of the medium. As the result of this we find a large number of mediums in very depleted physical health. And they all become so if they remain long enough in their practices. The decarnated intelligence uses their life forces as its vehicle of manifestation. And this results in aenemia, nervous debility and paralysis. Whereever a negative person is, there you will find the astral vampires and ethereal blood suckers who actually bleed people to death but in every case these creatures attach themselves because the person became so negative that they had no power of resistance and the protective aura was broken down while they were sitting and trying to open their systems to an unknown world. In the cases of automatic writing or spiritual speaking the entity actually enters the body of the medium forcing the higher vehicle of the person themselves out. The person then has no power whatsoever over the bodies. Under these conditions the individual himself sometimes is prevented from returning and remains in the astral plane for the rest of his normal life while the control functions in the body and refuses to give it up. Such dangers of these cannot be countenanced. But we find in our investigation and in working with people that a large percentage of occult students are suffering from one or more of these manias; in the majority of cases totally unconscious of what is wrong. In not a few instances people pass all through life without ever realizing that their ailments were not physical but were the results of unnatural abnormal viewpoints on life, or else ailments, the causes of which were unwise attempts at development thus admitting elemental larvae of the invisible worlds. With these thoughts in our minds and as the basis of our deductions let us now turn to an occult analysis and epitome of the scientific reason for some of these things as they are found by a mystical analysis of man and his bodies.

Next Week "The Inner Constitution of Man" (Illustrated)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES IN TWO WEEKS

Subscribe now for the New Monthly All-Seeing Eye

In the interests of permanence and convenience, we have decided to make Volume IV of THE ALL-SEEING EYE a MONTHLY PUBLIATION of improved quality, convenient size, and substantial art paper binding.

The new ALL-SEEING EYE will be approximately 6x9 inches and will contain 32 pages of reading matter printed in large, clear type on a good quality of paper.

In its new form every effort will be made to make THE ALL-SEEING EYE a publication of artistic and literary excellence.

The feature article for the first number will be a treatise on the measurements, symbolism, origin, and purpose of the Great Pyramid.

Each issue will contain a Question and Answer Department, and subscribers are invited to send in questions of an historical, philosophical, religious or ethical nature.

The editorial department will contain the high lights of our weekly sermons during the preceding month.

The magazine will be illustrated with unusual diagrams, rare portraits, and figures especially prepared to illustrate our articles.

The new ALL-SEEING EYE will sell for 25c a copy, but by subscribing NOW you may secure the six issues for $1.00.

Owing to the cost of production, it will be necessary to limit the subscription list to 2,000 copies, which is less than our present circulation.

We therefore advise you to subscribe immediately by filling out the enclosed blank or the coupon at the bottom of this page.

We thank you for your co-operation and confidence.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE, Manly P. Hall, Editor.

The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I enclose $.....for.....subscriptions for myself and friends. Each subscription to consist of 6 monthly numbers for $1.00.

Name .....**Address** .....
This is a (new) (old) subscriber.

Name .....**Address** .....
This is a (new) (old) subscriber. (Mark which.)

Sent by .....

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3-
known causes of sorrow, disappointment, disillusionment. and death!

Paracelsus apparently considered very deeply the early Qabbalistic writings of the Jews and the secret doctrines of the Platonic philosophers. His general attitude has been called Neo-Platonic. Although suspected by many of being a very high initiate of one of the Secret Schools, it has been impossible to find any confirmation for these suspicions. It is not at all improbable that the attacks made upon his personal character and integrity were largely the result of professional jealousy and are therefore not reliable.

Paracelsus was a true patron of medicine. He sought to lift the science from the mummery and bungling of the mediocre and establish it as a divinely-inspired and divinely-overshadowed science. He declared Nature to be the true physician and that most doctors did more harm than good by preventing Nature from having her perfect works. When asked how he had amassed his knowledge if he ridiculed schools, he replied that his wisdom was from God and the invisible worlds. When they asked him for proof of it, he said that the animals and the plants were proof, for they had more intelligence than men in matters of health and yet they had never read a book or attended those medical lectures in which the ignrance of the illustrious few was disseminated to the less -informed many.

There are many accounts of the death of Paracelsus. His enemies declare that his death resulted from a several days' debauch and took place in a nondescript tavern. The far more probable story is that he was set upon by thugs in the hire of certain physicians whose reputation he was undermining. In the scuffle he fell and fractured his skull, dying a few days later.

So great was the esteem in which Paracelsus was held by the people for whom he had worked and to whom he bequeathed his all that for many years pilgrimages were made to his grave, and as late as 1840 prayers were addressed to him when a plague was sweeping through the country. Immediately after the prayers, the plague abated. Upon his tombstone appears the following epitaph: "Here is buried Philippus Theophrastus, distinguished Doctor of Medicine. who with wonderful art cured dire wounds, leprosy, gout. dropsy and other contagious diseases of the body, and who gave to the poor the goods which he obtained and accumulated. In the year of our Lord 1541, the 24th of September, he exchanged life for death."

The Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display

Room Number 202

358 Sutter St. San Francisco, Calif.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)
our Age) the ungodly, and accursed Gold making, which hath gotten so much the upper hand, whereby under color of it, many Runnagates and Roquish People do use great Villainies, and cozen and abuse the credit which is given them, yea nowadays men of discretion do hold the transmutation of Metals to be the highest Point and Fastigium in **Philosophie** this is all their intent and desire; and that God would be most esteemed by them, and honored, which could make great store of Gold, and in abundance, the which with unpremeditated Prayers, they hope to obtain of the All-knowing God, and searcher of all hearts; we therefore do by these present publicly testify, That the true **Philosophers** are far of another mind, esteeming little the making of Gold, which is but a Parergon; for besides that they have a thousand better things. And we say with our loving Forefathers, **Phy. Aurum, Nisi quantum aurum;** for unto them the whole Nature is detected; he doth not rejoice, that he can make gold, and that as saith Christ, the **Angels** and **Devils** are obedient unto him, but is glad that he seeth the Heaven open, and the Angels of God ascending and descending, and his name written in the Book of Life.

Also we do testify that under the name of **Chymia** many Books and Pictures are set forth in **Contumeliam gloria Dei,** as we will name in their due season, and will give to the Purehearted a Catalogue or egister of them; and we pray all learned men to take heed of **The aurum Chymicum Britanicum,** published by **Elias Ashmole,** Esquire, and such kind of Books as these; for the Enemy never resteth, but soweth his weeds till a stronger one doth root it out.

To conclude, the **Rosie Crucians** say, Pearl helpeth swoundings, and withstands the Plague of Poisons, and that **Smarage** and **Jacinth** helps the Plague, and heals and wounds of venemous stings.

The **water of Nile** makes the women of **Egypt** quick of conceit and fruitful, and sometimes they bear seven children at a Birth, and this is Saltpetre water: There is a wonderful virtue in the Oil of Tobacco :in the tincture of Saffron, in the flower of Brimstone, in Quicksilver, in Common Salt, and Copperas, molten and made a water, kills the poison of the Toadstool; and juice of Poppy, Amber, which is no stone, but a hard clammy Juice, called Bitumen, easeth the Labor of women, and the falling sickness in children.

Now for Metals. If it be true, which all men grant, that precious stones in that hard and ungentle fashion, show such virtue and power of Healing, what shall the mixtures of all these Metals under a fortunate Contellation made in the Conversion of their own **Planets** do, which they call **Electrum, Sigil,** or **Telesme,** saying, it will cure the Cramp, Benumbing Palsy, Falling-sickness, Gout, Leprosy, Dropsy, if it be worn on the heart-finger; others they make to cause beauty in Ladies, etc.

The third perfume of **R. C.** is compounded of the Saphirick earth, and the **AEther,** if it be brought to its full exaltation, it will shine like the Day-Star in her fresh Eastern glories; it hath a fascinating attractive faculty; for if you expose it to the open Air, it will draw to it Birds and Beasts, and drive away evil Spirits. **Astrum Solis,** or the **R. C.** Mineral Sun is compounded of the **AEther,** and a bloody, fiery-spirited earth; it appears in a Gummy Consistency, but with a fiery, hot, glowing Complexion, it is substantially a certain purple, animated, Divine Salt, and cureth all manner of Venereal distempers, Consumptions, and diseases of the Mind.

We give another Medicine, which is an Azure, or Sky-colored water, the

Dr. S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)
Vocational Analysis
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
11658½ Mayfield Ave.
Brentwood Heights Station
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.
SERMON SUBJECTS

April 3rd—"The Sorrows of Satan."

Prologue "The Devil's Motor"

(Both from books of Marie Corelli)

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist; Emma C. Heatherington, Organist

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

Tincture of it is light and bright, it reflects a most beautiful Rainbow; and two drops of this water keeps a man healthy; in this water lies a blood red earth of great virtue.

The other Medicine is the Heavenly **Luna** and **Moon** of the Mine, a very strange stupefying substance: it is not simple but mixed: The **AEther,** and a subtle white Earth are its Components: and this makes it grosser, then the **AEther** itself; it appears in the form of an exceeding white oil, but in very truth a certain vegetant, flowing, smooth, soft salt, and this reneweth youth, and causeth wisdom and virtue.

The Pantarva of **Rosie Crucians** is a water, and no stone; it after night discovers a fire as bright as day; and if you look on it in the day time, it dazzles the eye with certain gleams of Coruscations; for in it is a Spirit of admirable power to long Life, Wisdom, and Virtue: Now I will show who taught these Secrets, and showed me these things.

Walking upon the plain of **Bulverton Hill** to study Numbers and the nature of things, one evening, I could see between me and the light, a most exquisite Divine beauty; her frame neither long nor short, but a mean decent stature; attired she was in thin loose Silks, but so green that I never saw the like, for the color was not earthly, in some places it was fancied, with gold and silver Ribbands, which looked like the Sun and Lilies in the field of grass; her head was overcast with a thin floating Tiffany; which she help up, with one of her hands, and looked as it were from under it; her eyes were quick, fresh, and Celestial, but had something of a Start, as if she had been puzzled with a sudden occurrence.

From her veil did her locks break out, like Sunbeams from a Mist, they ran disheveled to her Breast, and then returned to her cheeks in curls and rings of gold; her hair behind her was roled to a curious Globe, with a small short spire flowered with purple and sky-color knots; her Rings were pure entire Emeralds, for she valued no Metal, and her pendants of burning Carbuncles. In brief her whole habit was youthful and flowery, it smelt like the East and was thoroughly aired with rich **Arabian Diapasms;** this and no other was her appearance at that time.

But whilst I admired her perfections, and prepared to make my addresses, she prevents me with a voluntary approach; here indeed I expected some discourse from her, but she looking very seriously and silently in my face, takes me by the hand and softly whispers, My love I freely give you, and with it these tokens, my Key and Signet, the one opens, the other shuts, be sure to use both with discretion; as for the mysteries of the **Rosie Cross,** you have my Library to peruse them all; there is not anything here, but I will gladly reveal it to you, I will teach you the virtue of Numbers of Names, of Angels and Genii of men; I have one precept to command to you, and this it is, you must be silent; you shall not in your writings exceed my allowance; remember that I am your love, and you will not make me a Prostitute. But because I wish you serviceable to those of your own disposition, I here give you an Emblematical Type of my Sanctuary, viz. The **Axiomata** of the **R. C.** The secrets of Numbers, with a full privilege to publish it. This is all, and now I am going to the invisible Region, amongst the AEthereal Goddesses, let not that Proverb take place with you, Out of sight, out of mind; remember me and be happy.

Now I asked her if she would favor me with her name; to this she replied very familiarly, as if she had known me long before, My dear friend **H.,** I have many Names, but my best beloved is **Euterpe.**

Observe in your **R. C. Axiomata** that the **Genuine** time of impression of Characters, Names, Angels, Numbers, and

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Write for our LARGE LIST of
Rare, Out-of-Print Books
along the line of Alchemy, Mysticism, Magic, Metaphysics, Kaballa, Tarot, Hermetics, Symbolism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, Masonry, and kindred subjects. We are headquarters for such books and carry the largest stock of them in this country. Can supply promptly items like the Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians by Hartman, the Gnostics and their Remains by King, Barrett's Magus, Babbitt's Light and Color, Hebraic Tongue Restored by d'Olivet, the Canon, and rare Masonic books. Write for That Man Up North, 2 rare out of print booklets, invaluable to students, price $1.35.

HERMETIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
3006 Lake Park Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

The Art of Living
Lecture Series
by
Dr. John H. DeQuer
Will continue during the coming week
Many Helpful and Inspirational Subjects
ADMISSION FREE
There will be no classes sold at these lectures. Bring your friends—They will thank you.
For further information call FItzroy 3534.
GAMUT CLUB
1044 So. Hope St.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP
INCORPORATED
540 So. San Pedro St.
MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227
Printing and Engraving of all kinds
Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed
Phone for Representative

Genii of men is, when the principles are **Spermade** and **Callalo;** but being once coagulated to a perfect body; the time of stellification is past. Now the **R. C.** in old time used strange Astrological Lamps, Images, Rings, and Plates, with the numbers are names engraven, which at certain hours would produce incredible extraordinary effects. The common Astrologer he takes a piece of Metals, another whining Associate he helps him with a Crystal Stone, and these they figure with ridiculous Characters, and then expose them to the Planets, not in an **Alkemust,** but as they Dream they know not what, when this is done, all is to no purpose: but though they fail in their practice, yet they believe they understand the **Axiomata** of Numbers well enough. Now my beoved J. H. that you know what to do, I will teach you by Example: Take a ripe grain of Corn that is hard and dry, expose it to the Sunbeams in a glass or any other vessel, and it will be a dry grain forever; but if you do bury it in the Earth, that the Nitrous Saltish moisture of the Element may dissolve it, then the Sun will work upon it, and make it spring and sprout to a new body; it is just thus with the Common Astrologer; he exposeth to the Planets a perfect Compacted body, and by this means thinks to perform the**Rosie Crucian Gamaea,** and marry the Inferior and Superior worlds.

It must be a body reduced into **Sperme,** that the Heavenly Feminine moisture which receives and retains the Impress of the Astral Agent, may be at liberty, and immediately exposed to the Masculine fire of Nature. This is the ground of the Beryl; but you must remember, that nothing can be stellified without the joint Magnetism of three Heavens; what they are you know already. When she had thus said she took out of her bosom two miraculous Medals with Numbers and Names on them, they were not Metalline, but such as I had never seen; neither did I conceive there was in Nature such pure and glorious substances; In my Judgement, they were two Magical **Telesms;** but she called the Saphiricks of the Sun and Moon. These miracles **Euterpe** commended to my perusal, and stopt in a mute Ceremony; for I was to be left alone; she looked upon me in silent smiles, mixed with a pretty kind of sadness, for we were unwilling to part; but her hour of Translation was come, and taking as I thought our last leave, she passed before my eyes into the **AEther of Nature;** excusing herself as being sleepy, otherwise she had expounded them to me; I looked, admired, and wearied myself in that Contemplation; their complexion was so heavenly, their continuance so mysterious, I did not well know what to make of them, I turned aside to see, if she was still asleep; but she was gone, and this did not a little trouble me. I expected her return, till the day was quite spent, but she did not appear: at last, fixing my eyes on that place, where she sometimes rested, I discovered certain pieces of Gold, full of Numbers and Names, which she had left behind her, and hard by a Paper folded like a Letter. These I took up, and now the night approaching, the even Star tinned in the West; when taking my last survey of her flowery pillow I parted from it in these verses:

Pretty Green Bank, farewell, and mayest thou wear ,
Sun-beams, and Rose, and Lilies all the year;
She slept on thee, but needed not to shed
Her Gold, 'twas pay enough to be her bed:
Thy Flowers are Favorites; for this lov'd day
They were my Rivals, and with her did play;
They found their heav'n at hand, and in her eyes
Enjoy'd a Copy of their absent skies.
Their weaker paint did with true Glories Trade,
And mingled with her cheeks, one Posy made;
And did not her soft skin confine their Pride,
And with a screen of Silk her flowers divide;
They had suck'd life from thence, and from her heat
Borrow'd a soul to make themselves complete.
O happy Pillow! thou art laid even
With dust, she made thee up almost a heaven;
Her breath rain'd Spices, and each Amber Ring
Of her bright locks, strew'd Bracelets o'er thy Spring;
That Earth's not poor, did such a Treasure hold,
But thrice enrich'd with Amber, Spice and Gold.

Thus much at this time, and no more am I allowed by my Mistress **Euterpe** to publish: Be therefore, gentle Reader, admonished that with me you do earnestly pray to God, that it please him to open the hearts and ears of all ill-hearing people, and to grant unto them his blessing, that they may be able to know him in his Omnipotency, with admiring contemplation of Nature, to his honor and Praise, and to the Love, Help, Comfort and strengthening of our neighbors; and to the restoring of all the diseased, by the Medicines above taught.

I had given you a more large account of the Mysteries of Nature, and the **Rosie Cross:** but whilst I studied Medicines to cure others, my dear Sister, **Anne Heydon,** died, and I never heard she was sick (for she was 100 miles from me which puts an end to my writings, and thus I take my leave of the world) I shall write no more, you know my Books by Name, and this I write (that none may abuse me) by printing books in my Name, as **Cole** does **Culpeper's.** But return to my first happy Solitudes.

Finis.

CIVILIZATION

Modern "society life" is a delightful product of our system of culture. The Honorable Mr. So-and-So and the Ultra Mrs. Whatever-it-is swell out with proper dignity before the world and stand forth as shining examples. But just step behind the scenes for a moment and you will find that the social swim is a sham from beginning to end. It is a mess of idle gossip, scandal-mongering and petty plotting which ranges all the way from coquettry to grand larceny. This "society" is an aggregation of individuals with axes to grind, supporting themselves by a mutual understanding with each other Morally it is as hopeless as it is physically, but it buys protection for its vices and coffins for its virtues. Its pocketbooks legalize its abuses. It is excused for every sin for which heathendom is condemned and it conceals its rottenness by a heavy veneer of intellectual education and civilized ethics. Anyone who has been involved in the upper strata of modern "society" knows that all the sins of the plebeian are to be found rampant there, only masked behind the shelter of respectability. They claim to be our most cultured but they seldom live as clean lives as their own servants.

Civilization builds cities and gathers millions of people into small restricted areas where they become antlike—dashing madly in all directions and wasting enough energy in a single day to preserve them for a lifetime. This gathering together into great communities may be of tremendous value to real estate agents, but it is killing to the people themselves. The life of the city man and woman is terrible, but the life of the city child is impossible. except of course, of those few who are able to afford beautiful homes. The poor city child plays in the gutter, picks its toys from garbage cans, sleeps in rooms ventilated only by a narrow air-shaft with dozens of other rooms drawing upon its slender oxygen of life; then it is fed upon foods adulterated to insipidity. Its parents are forced to labor all day long in this economic machine in order to meet the demands of a landlord and grocer who are in turn involved by this thing called civilization which preys upon each part of itself.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

Volume 3, No. 20 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, April 6, 1927 10c a Copy

The INNER CONSTITUTION of MAN

FACTORS IN MENTAL EVOLUTION

By S. T. Brownson, M.D.

Whence, why, and whither the rapidly developing mind of man? This is the storm center of evolution just now. Moreover, this storm develops into a blinding blizzard as we study the subject from the popular viewpoint of heredity and physical evolution alone. The utter failure of heredity to account for genius, prodigies and a world of abnormal mentality is most noticeable.

To solve these rapidly multiplying problems, the practical scientific occultist introduces factors from the life-side, as well as the form-side of nature. Form in all nature is the manifestation of function, not its cause, as materialism believes. Applying this principle to man, (i.e., the thinker,) we see him evolving in perfect harmony with every other life entity in the universe, from an atom to a planet, a solar or a cosmical system, (i. e., from the simple to the complex, from homogeneity to heterogenity).

To prove and illustrate this proposition, let us study man very briefly from three well-known view-points, viz.: Involution, Devolution and Evolution.

1. Involution.

The atom, about 300,000,000 of which would make a line an inch long, manifests all the signs of intelligence. Like man, it lives and evolves, passing through its periods of birth, growth, death(i.e., disintegration and dissolution) by the intelligent selection and reception of energy in the form of food. Our cells, about 789 quintillions of which make up the human body, do likewise. Man, the macrocosm, (i. e., the big world) viewed from the standpoint of the cell, is himself a cell

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

ELIPHAS LEVI

Great Modern Transcendentalist

Eliphas Levi Zahed is the Qabbalistic appelation used by Alphonse Louis Constant, the greatest of all modern transcendentalists, and is supposed to be the Hebrew equivalent of his actual name. Eliphas Levi was probably born about 110, but the exact date is unknown. Little, if anything can be discovered concerning his early life, other than the meager offering which appears in the preface to **Transcendental Magic.** Arthur Edward Waite, who translated the writings of this great French magus into English, apparently spent considerable time trying to secure satisfactory information concerning Eliphas Levi, but his biographical preface which represents the fruitage of this labor is not entirely satisfactory. Arthur Edward Waite declares Eliphas Levi to have been the son of a shoemaker.

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

SUPER-PHYSICAL QUALITIES AND THEIR RELATION TO OCCULT DISEASE

(From Notes Not Used in "Magic" by Manly P. Hall)

This chapter is intended to serve as a simple explanation of some of the superphysical qualities of man that it may be better understood how occult diseases have their origin and develop in the sevenfold system of man.

There is a correlation between the bodies of man and bodies of the Solar God which are called planes. A plane in nature is one of the divisions or bodies of the intelligence which has charge of the unfoldment of a sun and its surrounding planets. The physical body of God is called the physical plane in nature. And all physical bodies are made of the substances of the physical plane. The etheric body of God is called the ethereal plane and is the home or plane of the vital substances and those ethers by means of which propagation is possible. It is the plane of pure vitality expressing itself in four major subdivisions of etheric substance. The Astral body of God is called the astral plane. It is the region of fire and the home of all emotional energy, sense perception and comparative values. The mental body of the Solar God is called the mental plane and is the home of solar intelligence, the repository of the earth's memory and has charge of the mental growth of all things. These planes are rates of energy of varying vibration and are divided from each other by vibratory rate. They are all expressing but one energy, which appears to the physical plane as electrons, in the ethereal plane as etheric granules, on the astral plane as astroids and on the mental plane as mentoids; these being the base substance of

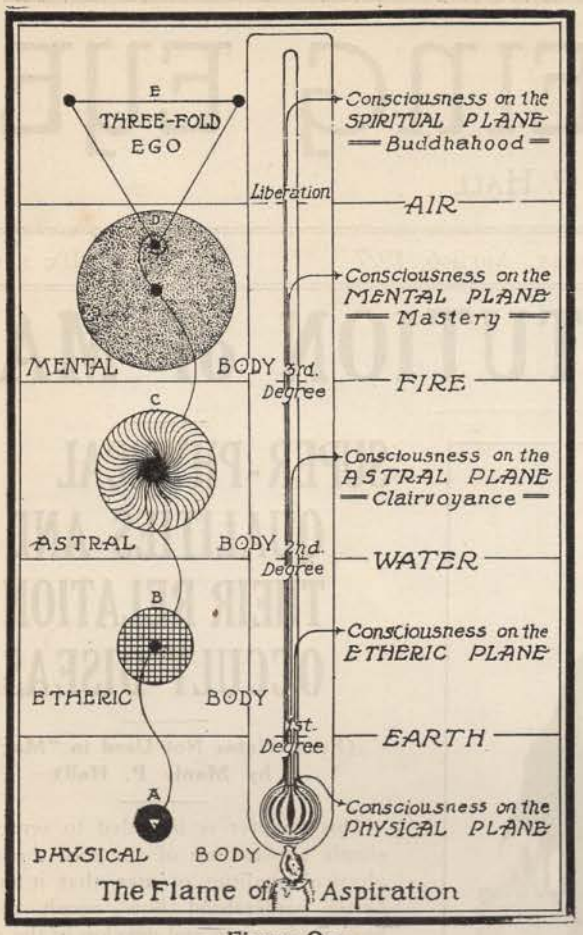


Figure One

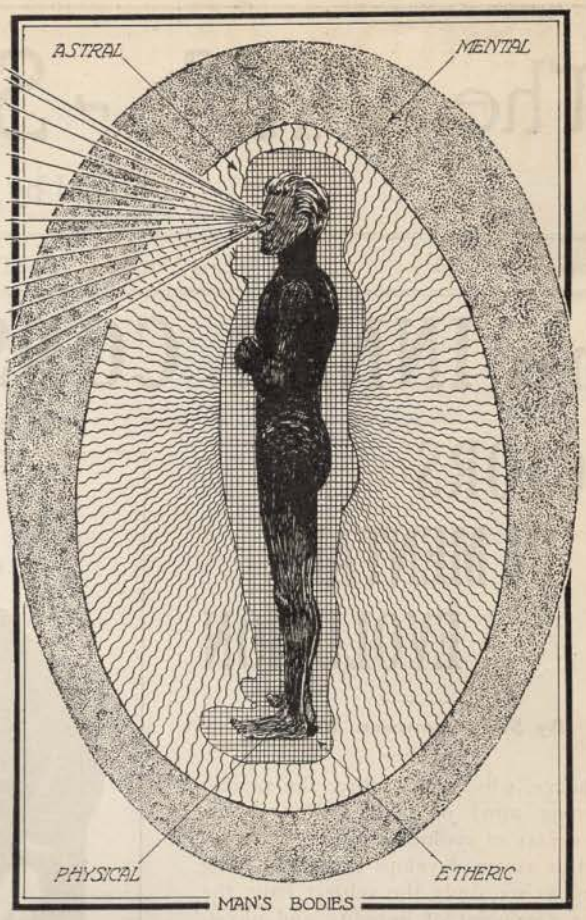


Figure Two

the four planes. Consciousness is the result of the attunement of the small bodies of man to the corresponding bodies of the solar man or God. Efficiency depends upon the fineness of adjustment of the body of the individual to the plane of the entire. Physical ailments belong to the physical world. Aenemia and depressed vitality belong to the vital or ethereal world. Emotional ailments are the result of improper adjustment on the astral plane. Mental derangements are maladjustments in the mental organism. Each of these must be treated on its own plane and also thru reaction. But each is an entirely different system of disease in itself.

Diagram 1 is used to show the bodies of man arranged symbolically that they may be more easily studied. The four bodies are the four elements of his life. And the building of organic structures on each of the four lower worlds measures sense perceptions. The spirit of man dwells in the highest of these bodies, but at the present time only has functioning consciousness in the lowest, for the physical body is the only one as yet highly enough organized to enable him to consciously express himself. To whatever plane the body is attuned, on that plane he will have consciousness on the physical plane, through the physical body. Consciousness on the astral plane is called the sixth sense and cannot be had until the astral body is as organized as the physical which is not the case at the present time in the average individual. Consciousness on the mental plane of nature is the seventh sense and is only to be obtained when the mental body, now only an auric egg is as highly indivilualized as our present physical body.

The bodies are tied together by the silver cord or Masonic cable tow which passes from the center of one body to the center of the next. The breaking of this cord between any body means the separation of the spirit from the lower vehicles. At death the cord between the physical and etheric bodies breaks and the lower organism, no longer connected to the higher, disintegrates from lack of central power. Before the cord breaks the body center is drawn upwards to it and the seed atoms or centers of bodies are not lost, but bearing the memory of that body they are drawn up into the immortal vehicle. When the cord between the vital and astral body is broken, the vital body is dead. When the cord between the astral and mental body is broken, then the astral body is dead. When the cord between the mental body anl the lower phase of spirit is broken, the mental body dies. The process of evolution is the passing of consciousness up thru this chain of bodies. Initiation is the process of doing this while still alive as the result of special knowledge and preparation. The flame of aspiration being the power that causes the mercury to rise in the spiritual thermometer of man.

Figure two shows a general plan of man and his bodies. These radiating outward from their respective centers within himself result in the creation of an individual environment wherever he goes. Within this auric shell he lives and moves and has his being. And it is also this series of bodies which are the basis of occult diseases which we have been discussing. You note the rays passing out from the eyes as in sight must pass the auras of his bodies and in a similar manner any picture reflected into him must be reflected thru these auras. In this way he is directly responsible for his own outlooks on life for he sees them thru his own bodies and as a result all things in nature assume his own mental attitudes. These bodies also form a series of shields or shell which protect him from outside entities and undue outside influence, that is, if he leaves them as nature dictated. His

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

SYMBOLISM OF "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

Photoplay Uses Universal Language

By Harry S. Gerhart

(Continued)

Man pondering over his vision and the slipper, turns again toward the palace. His whole life has changed, he is sorrowfully aware of the vast gulf that separates him from this new experience. The Evil associate, comments, "Nizzy Noodle, he's turned love-bird."

The Evil or lower part ofourselves, grounded in the past, the sub-consciousness of self and of race, cannot comprehend these higher experiences but follows after, ready to suggest the accustomed ways of acquiring all things, the "taking" method. This method he suggests as from a vinelike tree they behold the Princess. His plan calls for a drug and taking by force. Some degenerate religions of the Orient and the American Indian require Soma juice, and the peyote bean. And it is well known that drugs will produce visions, and psychic experiences which however are fleeting and most dangerous as they leave the gate open for the lowest and most degraded entities of the psychic world. Real teachers of occultism always condemn their use.

But man knowing no other method than cunning and force prepares to take the Princess, and visiting the bazaars they robe themselves as Prince and Attendant.

Comes the Prince of Indies, whose palace is studded with 100,000 rubies. He represents the power of wealth. But the princess likes him for all his rubies. The rich man cannot attain Happiness just because of wealth.

Comes the Prince of Persia, who depends upon the power of ancestry and inheritance. He himself like many with inherited riches "is fat and gross, as if he fed on lard," a true sensualist.

"Praise Allah, he touched not the Rose Tree," exclaims the Princess. He who seeks pleasures through the senses would not think of growth or unfoldment.

Comes Cham Shang, the Prince of Mongols, King of Ho Sho, and Ruler of Wak. He represents the Power of intrigue, or secret organization for the purpose of selfish ends. He is symbolical of the Dark Forces, the Dark Brotherhood, Black Magicians. They too know of powers of Higher Self, which they would use for selfish ends for that **is** black magic, the use of any power for the lower self. Learning of the Rose tree prophecy, he goes to touch it. "Oh, Horrible, He chills my blood with fear," says the Princess.

Then comes "Ahmed, Prince of the Isles, of the Seas, and of the Seven Palaces," man in "borrowed" plumage.

"See how he rides. A Prince indeed. 'Tis he would make me happy." The Higher Self is ever seeking union with the Man who is a real Man.

A Bee in the rose repels the Mongol, stings the horse and the Thief of Bagdad dives with true Fairbank technique into the heart of the rose bush, thus fulfilling the phophecy and showing the working of Karma (the law of cause and effect), ripe Karma (in this case) that which we call fate, we having caused it in this or other lives. When it is due to effect us again it seems like fate, but nothing happens we do not deserve, nor for which we are not responsible.

Man plans to carry out the scheme with the rose, the drug, and the stealing. NOTICE: He must climb, to where the Princess it. Even the brief meeting must be earned. Again he would take by force. He presents the rose, but she smells not, protected by a higher law.

He kisses her hand, awakening love; he realizes his unworthiness in the presence of this exalted consciousness and prevents her smelling the rose.

For a brief moment he has the experience of ecstatic happiness in the first kiss, but knows his unworthiness and with the call of evil below, even refuses a second kiss. Man is learning, Happiness must be earned. "We must away from here" he says. "'Twas wrong to come."

But he is escorted to the Caliph, the ruler of Bagdad, symbolical of the inner governing forces. The Princess chooses and sends a ring which is placed on Man's finger. The choice is made prophetic of union but because man has dared to take by force that which must be earned by the conquering of his lower self, it is discovered that he is the Thief and the ruler punishes him for his presumption to occult progress unprepared.

Man renounces the Princess in the garden tryst and confesses, laying bare the anguish of his soul,—other gardens, those of Eden and Gethsemane are recalled. "I am not a Prince. I am less than the slave who serves you, a wretched outcast, a thief. What I wanted I took. I wanted you and tried to take you. When I held you in my arms, the very world did change. The evil in me died."

We recall lines from "At the Feet of the Master", "In the light of His Holy presence, all desire dies but the desire to be like Him".

The Princess through her tears, declares her love. Then the capture, of man. the flogging, and the charge to fling him to the Ape (the lower animal nature), to be torn to pieces.

But the Princess will help the true man who is developing the right qualities; so he is allowed to escape through the secret panel. There on the threshold of the inner consciousness, full of pain, he spends the night shut out from that supreme happiness, yet never again will the outer, the world, have the same meaning for him.

There evil finds him in the morning with the temptation to return through the tunnel of the tigers, again to try through the old animal forces of lower self.

But Man refuses. The three Princes leave to find the rarest treasure in the world (among material things)and to return in seven moons, again to claim the princess.

Man having exhausted his own narrow resources turns to the Mosque and the evil associate leaves him forever. Lucky the man who, when he turns to the church finds God's minister, whether Hindu. Buddhist, Mohammed or Christian, a real Holy Man with knowledge of the Ancient Path that leads to Perfection. This Path is known in the secret or esoteric teachings of all religions but was lost to the modern church.

Man sinks at the feet of the Holy Man, the man with the knowledge of God's Plan for man.

"Thou art wounded?"

"In heart and soul! I love a princess."

"Make thyself a Prince," the hopeful admonition of the priest has been echoed in every religion. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." "Allah hath made thy soul to yearn for Happiness, but thou must earn it."

So he tells Man "that on the bedrock of humility, You can build any structure. Come with me and I will set your feet on the Path that leads to success. At the end of the way is a silver chest, that contains the greatest magic. The way is of great danger, but keep of good heart and you will succeed."

Thus he tells of the Path of Initiation and the Perfecting of Man, a path recognized in all great religions. It has three parts, (1) The Path of Purification or Purgation; (2) the Path of Illumination, and (3) the Path of Union with Divinity. So the ancient Christian Church called them.

Islam calls them the Way, the Truth and the Life, in common with Jesus. This Path leads from the life of the world to the life of the Divine. Some of our race have trod it. All will tread it some day.

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Manly P. Hall.

THE INNER CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

especial and appointed task is to refine these bodies which he does by working with their respective elements in physical existence. His thoughts mold and strengthen the mental body. Every mental impression that thrills him causes geometrical formations to appear in the mental aura; every emotion that expresses itself thru elemental creatures is formed and perpetuated within the astral or emotional body. The vital body is always expressing the general state of vitality. Healthy, normal vitality results in a gleaming wall of light around the wall of the body. Depressed vitality changes all this as per diagram three. In order to properly describe the ailments of man, his invisible as well as his visible constitution must be taken into account for no small percentage of his ailments have super-physical causes. Most of the super-physical causes are the result of thought action and desire which start a series of karmic reactions in the mental, emotional or vital bodies. These bodies were ordained to the work of giving opportunity for expressing on the different planes of nature to the spiritual consciousness. When they properly fulfill their duties they give man the birthright which was intended for him, but when by his own perversion, he makes these bodies inefficient, he loses a very important opportunity to gain the experiences necessary to redeem him. This invisible organism surrounding the visible cannot be seen under normal conditions, but can be felt and recognized as the subtle something which makes personalities attractive or repulsive.

The Ying Yang of Chinese Mythology, represents the two great systems of the human body, the sympathetic and the cerebro-spinal nervous systems. All positive growth at this time is the path of the white serpent which is the drawing of energy upward into the objective brain centers. Anything that tends to make the individual subjective is against the order of his growth. The subjective growth consists of the negating of all objective centers so that the individual can receive any impressions that are floating in the ethers by means of the receiving station of the solar plexus. This is the way that the animal kingdom is instructed thru a series of reflections reflected from the group spirit. For the average individual to follow this course is to react back to the animal kingdom. For man's duty now is not to receive but to give forth and individual growth must be sought instead of waited for. The highest ideal that we now have, is to radiate from ourselves and bring the distant things into view by means of personal light radiations. Man draws energy from the universe and passes it through his own being and radiates it out again plus his own intelligence and the accumulation of intelligence which it gathers on its passage thru intelligent beings. There is a gradual upward movement in all things that are actually growing and man's ideals must be raised; his thoughts must be raised; his emotions must be raised; his realization of responsibility msut be unfolded and he must seek eternally to create a greater return in efficiency for the God energy that he expends. He cannot do this while he continues to draw these forces to the lower emotional center and waste this precious energy in wrangling, fussing and dissention. It is his duty to use this power only for the purpose for which it was intended, namely the resurrection of his own spirit, and the building of the temple, wherein he may present the great truth of life.

Figure 3 tells the secret of occult disease in a more complete way than any of the others. The figure is divided down the center by a vertical line. That part to the right of the line indicates normal health and vitality while that on the left of the line indicates depressed vitality and reduced efficiency. From the pores of the skin there radiates a body of fine geometric forces which stand out on the skin several inches like a fine fur or light. When the individual is radiant, he actually radiates this wall of light which is a protective fortification. While this wall radiates it is difficult, yes impossible for outside destructive elements represented in the drawing by the little winged serpents, to enter in. This wall also is a germ proof thing and while the vitality is as it should be man seldom contracts disease or suffers from morbid elementals or obsessing entities. In order that these destructive forces should enter, it is necessary that the vitality be depleted and then the radiant wall is no longer a protective thing, and the doubt germs, the unbalance ideas and emotional pressures are felt. Figures C and D show the radiation from the skin. The one on the left devitalized, the one on the right normalized, anyone can tell the difference. This radiating wall is felt by all with whom we come in contact and under normal conditions holds the bodies in proper relationship, one to the other. People in this condition are not subject to obsessions, visions, strange moods and fancies and other mania which can be listed under the heading of hallucinations. On the other hand a person whose system is in the condition of the left half of the figure is subject to everything. Every impression floating in the ether will disturb him. Every mean thought will be received and will injure him. Every environment will tantalize; every powerful personality will usurp his independence. Such a person is a chameleon and like this little lizard must needs be the color of the background against which it rests. These people are strong when surrounded by strength and weak when surrounded by weakness. They are the negative sort of people whose most powerful mental manifestations is that of petty fault finding. Victims of circumstances, subjects for obsession and insanity, they are really victims of their own weakness.

(THE END)

GOOD FRIDAY CONCERT

"The Passion of Our Lord according to St. Matthew," will be the splendid oratorio given by the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, Inc., on Good Friday evening, April 15th.

St. Mathew in this oratorio gives his account of the Crucifixion and death of Jesus, which is set to sublime music by Johann Sebastion Bach— who was a deeply religious man.

Its first presentation was in St. Thomas Church at Leipsic on Good Friday of 1729 with Bach himself conducting—later it was given in Westminster Abbey with Sir Joseph Barnby conducting and with the cordial approval of Dean Stanley—It has also been presented by the Bach Society in London, the New York Oratorio Society, the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston and the Bach Oratorio Society at Bethlehem—each time with great success. The score is full of great beauty, of reverent attitude, of sincere dignity, of sublime faith, which with the splendid chorals and the many eight part choruses, one is convinced that Bach was divinely inspired when he poured out this flood of sacred music to a waiting world.

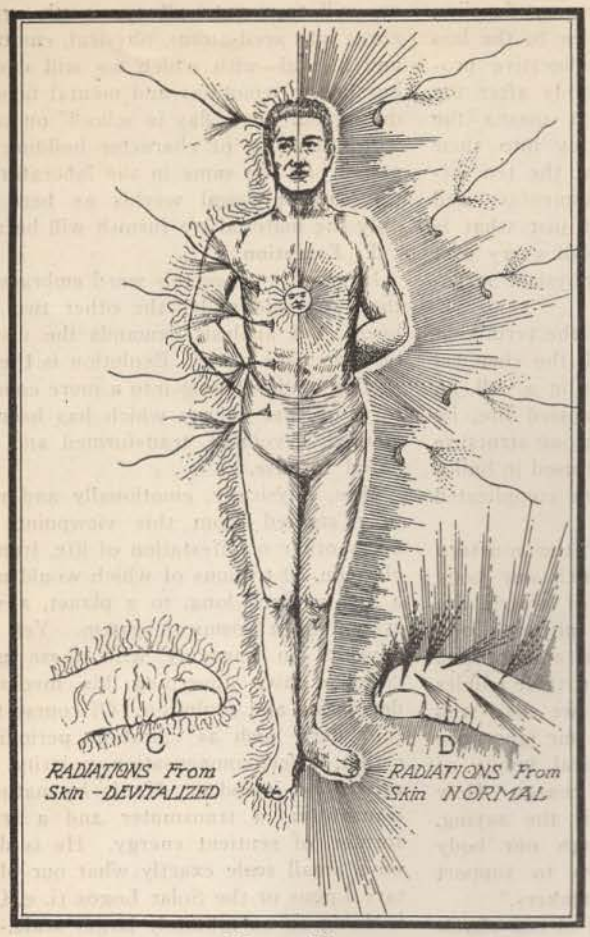


Figure Three

Friends:

Many of you have expressed your desire to preserve "The All-Seeing Eye."

In the next column two types of bindings are described. We have made them available for your convenience, at a price which will be cheaper than you can secure individual binding of this quality elsewhere. As "The All-Seeing Eye" is an odd size, standard binders will not fit.

Of the two methods, may we recommend the second, which will give you new clean copies and release your own copies to circulate among friends.

Number 21 will contain a complete index of the series which will prove valuable to you.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRY S. GERHART, Managing Editor.

IF "The All-Seeing Eye" Is Valuable to YOU ---Put It in Permanent Form

PLAN **1** **BIND YOUR OWN**

Fill in missing numbers. Send for LooseLeaf Binder. We have had a Special Size prepared—Blue Buckram Cover—Title of Volume Stamped in Gold—Two Chicago Screw Posts—

Complete, Postpaid $1.00

PLAN **2** **NEW BOUND COPIES IN BOOK FORM**

New Unfolded Copies—Bound in Blue Buckram—Gold Stamped Title —Bound as Book—Papers Trimmed uniform—

Complete, Postpaid $1.50

Supply is Limited—Order Now

21 Copies Unbound $1.00

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find $.....for which please send Postpaid:

1. .....Binders at $1.00.

2. .....Bound Volumes No. III. at $1.50.

Name .....

Address .....

Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)
(i.e., a microcosm, a little world) in the body cosmic. All depends upon the viewpoint. Man, however, on account of his limitation of knowledge as to the divine plan of his evolution, selects his food for his body from the physical world, more or less unwisely, thus causing disease and other abnormalities and usually premature death.

All his physical suffering, however, extending through hundreds of incarnations, are the logical result of his mal-adjustments. Likewise his pleasures are the result of his various adjustments. All are necessary for his evolution from savagery to saintship. All are alike educational forces without which he could not evolve.

All we have said of man's involution of food for his physical body applies with equal logic to his selection of food for his emotional bdy and his mental body. Scientific occultism regards man as a trinity of manifestations—physical, emotional, and mental. By means of these bodies he is correlated to the corresponding three planes of nature, and in proportion to the perfection of his adjustment and involution of emotional and mental food, will his life be healthy, happy and long.

2. Devolution.

This word is new to most students, but we select it not only because it is euphonious but also because it means just what we want to say under this head, viz: the act of unrolling, unfolding or leveling down from the more complex to the less complex. Applied to the digestive processes that go on in the body after the food has been received, it means the breaking up of its particles into their primordial elements, so that the ten different digestants in the alimentary and intestinal canals can select just what is needed for the building up of every part of our very complicated physical structure.

In biology, metabolism is the term that comprehends the sum of all the chemical changes within the body or in a cell, an atom or any evolving organized life, by which energy is taken from one structure and so transformed as to be used in building up another and a more complicated entity.

Now when we think of the nineteen primordial elements of which our body is composed, 97 percent of which are found in carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, and then of the amount and quality of foods in air, water, table edibles and other forces received, we may well be awed and humiliated at our ignorance of the needs of the cosmical family of which we find ourselves in charge. How truthful as well as trite is the saying, "half of what we eat keeps our body going, the other half goes to support druggists, doctors and undertakers."

Again, what we have said of our physical house, called by the Apostle Paul "The temple of the living God," is equally true of our correlated super-physical structures —the emotional and mental vehicles. The use we make of knowledge, our thoughts and emotions, the extent to which we allow appetites, desires, passions and fads to control us—all this must be left to the student to work out for himself. Suffice it to say that, as catabolism, the tearing down or retrograde process of metamorphosis, and anabolism, the constructive process, goes on in the physical organism, similar processes go on also in our finer bodies. As digestion and assimilation go on in the physical, especially at night when we are out in sleep, so when we leave the physical in so-called death, which is birth into a more subtle sphere, we will transmute all our earth experiences into seed-atoms, physical, emotional and mental—with which we will develop our bodies, emotions and mental faculties during our next "day in school" on earth. The chemistry of character building will go on just the same in the laboratory of the super-physical worlds as here and only the material we furnish will be used.

3. Evolution.

In popular usage this word embraces all that was said under the other two subheads, but analysis demands the distinction we have made. Evolution is the unfolding or developing into a more complex form of that energy which has been involuted, devoluted, transformed and prepared for use.

Man, physically, emotionally and mentally studied from this viewpoint, like every other manifestation of life, from an electron, 30 trillions of which would make a line an inch long, to a planet, a solar system or a cosmical system. Yet man develops in harmony with these great cosmical laws governing his involution, devolution and evolution. Of course their congeners, such as vibration, periodicity, rythm, order, compensation, polarity, etc., are to be included. He is by nature a transmitter, a transmuter and a transformer, of sentient energy. He is doing on a small scale exactly what our planetary Logos or the Solar Logos (i. e. God) is doing on an infinitely larger scale. He learns and thus evolves by his mistakes and failures, so-called, as well as by his successes. His sins become his saviours, but he does not learn this until he enters the Hall of Wisdom.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

Service: Our Motto

L. A. Undertaking Company

JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY

2517 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044

Dr. S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)
Vocational Analysis
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
11658½ Mayfield Ave.
Brentwood Heights Station
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Books by MANLY P. HALL

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism

A New Book with Three Color Plates.

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete $4.00
Plates separately mounted, each 1.00

Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
Death and After	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California.

The great Manu, the Father of our Fifth Root Race, the Aryan, says, "The soul" (i. e. Man) "nomadic first, in passing through the four kingdoms of nature, mineral, vegetable, animal and human, manifests in about 8,400,000 types and forms, some 2,000,000 while human in passing from individualisation to superman." Mind, which is a circumscribed area of psychoidal potencies, is evolved mainly during this period Yet a few of the most necessary faculties are quite noticeable in the animal kingdom and some in the vegetable. In his constant efforts to effect harmonious adjustments to his ever-changing environment, he develops faculty after faculty until at present forty-two have been quite definitely located as manifested in the physical brain. The language of these vehicles of cognition can be studied in any good book on phrenology or the new psychology. It is also written on the face, on the hands, in the texture of the body, and in the stars. All these divine records tell the same story.

As these facts concerning mental and faculty evolution are studied in the light of scientific occultism, religion, especially the teaching and example of Jesus, and of philosophy, it will be found, as Huxley says and Spencer proves in his psychology that death makes no breach in our continuous conscious existence. Only the forms change to accommodate the expending life within. All pain, evil, sin and abnormality will be seen to be only the good in process of development. Man, creating himself in the image of his God, will be seen as the key to the universe.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

The Christ said of it, "Straight is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth into life and few there be that find it."

Meanwhile the three Princes leave in search of rare treasure; they seek in the outer world not knowing the rarest is within, that in Man himself is the Way, the Truth and the Life. The Mongol leaves his attendent to raise an army from the porters he sends to the City. He also sends spies after the other Princes to know of their success.

Man starting on his Path comes to a defile into the mountains of Dread Adventure. There is a Hermit who tells him, "thy Path lies through devouring flames, foul monsters, shapes of death, many have gone and few return." He gives a talisman. At every stage of the Real Path of which this is a symbol Man receives aid from those more advanced than himself but in facing the trials and initiatory ceremonies he must fight them out himself and prove his own strength.

So he comes to the Valley of Fires, the fires of purgation,—cleansing, purifying, the dross of the lower nature; religions call them Purgatory and Hell. Some religions mistake and think them everlasting. Whatever is basest in us must be overcome through our own efforts.

This is also true of the Valley of Monsters. Monsters in Man's own nature, evil desires, gross habits. These he must kill out of his nature with firm determination.

Another aid on his journey is the Chart to the Midnight Sea, obtained from the enchanted tree. Slaying another monster, a giant bat, (as the Bat—God of Central America) he progresses.

At the Midnight Sea, an emblem of the etheric plane he dives to the depths of the sea and in the submarine chest finds the star shaped key guarded by a giant sea-spider.

The Star is a symbol of the perfected man. But deep in Man's nature is the

---

LOS ANGELES ORATORIO SOCIETY, INC.

Assisted by

The Smallman A Cappella Choir
The Cecilian Singers
Boys and Girls Choir from Robert Louis Stevenson High School and 60 members Philharmonic Orchestra

Will Present

"BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION"

Lambert Murphy, Tenor; John Patton, Baritone; Corleen Wells, Soprano; Vernice Brand, Contralto

Shrine Civic Auditorium
Good Friday Night, April 15th

Prices 25c to $2.00. On sale Music Houses

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display

Room Number 202

358 Sutter St. San Francisco, Calif.

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

SERMON SUBJECTS

April 10th—"Propaganda, the Greatest Psychological Power of the Age".

Prologue — "Roland Hayes, Negro Tenor."

Special Musical Program

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

DON'T PROCRASTINATE—DO IT NOW?

I enclose $.....for.....subscriptions for myself and friends. Each subscription to consist of 6 monthly numbers for $1.00.

Name .....**Address** .....

This is a (new) (old) subscriber.

Name .....**Address** .....

This is a (new) (old) subscriber. (Mark which.)

Sent by .....

secret key which when rightly used will lead to Perfection. So ends the first part of the Path of Purgation, or Probation. All worked out in the depths of earth and water and fire, the depths of Man's lower nature and subsconscious.

Meanwhile the three Princes are finding rarities; Persia acquires a magic carpet, through his Awakener while he is asleep; India secures a magic crystal from the eye of a great idol and the Mongol, a Magic Apple, through a court magician. But note; not one of the Princes won the treasure himself, furthermore, all were obtained as a direct injury to a fellow man. The carpet's owners did not know its value so it was purchased cheaply. The slave that climbed for the crystal was killed by falling from the giant head. The fisherman near the shrine of the magic apple was poisoned by a serpent in order to test the powers of the apple. Black magic all.

So the Princes come together at the end of the Sixth moon and display their treasures.

Man now begins to climb. He climbs to the abode of the winged Horse, a symbol of the Mental Plane, of the Imagination and the flights of Poets. Man rides the Horse to the citadel of the Moon, where after again climbing great flights of steps, he finds the magic silver chest, wrapped in the cloak of Invisibility.

The Moon has always been a high symbol in all occult teachings. The silver chest is similar to the Holy Grail, its possession gives the owner great power of magic, not the Black of which the selfish Mongol is the symbol but the white Magic, divine powers to be used for the service of humanity.

These higher powers are truly invisible to Man until he has conquered his lower nature and attained illumination with the finding of the chest. He returns to the defile in the mountains and the Hermit now falls at his feet as one who has conquered.

(To Be Concluded)

ELIPHAS LEVI

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

The youth must have shown remarkable mental abilities during his childhood, for he was educated for the priesthood without any cost to himself or family. In his theological studies he demonstrated extreme brilliancy, acquiring a profound knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. He took minor orders and became a deacon. He was later appointed professor in the Petit Seminaire de Paris. For reasons unknown, he was suddenly expelled from the Roman Catholic Church, apparently as the result of heretical statements and beliefs. Some say that he preached a doctrine which was opposed to the constitution of the Church. After being expelled from the cloister, Abbe Constant, totally unfitted by his education for secular pursuits, became concerned in politics and associated himself with several champions of popular liberty. He married, but later the marriage was annulled on the ground that, having accepted the vows of celibacy, he could not break those vows. He wrote several documents, one of which secured for him six months in prison. Many of his writings were published anonymously

Eliphas Levi died in 1875, having received the last offices of the Church. He left behind him a vast number of manuscripts; according to Arthur Edward Waite, Baron Spedalieri alone possessed nine volumes of his letters. It may be safely said that Eliphas Levi was the greatest Qabbalist of modern times and his experiments in the mysteries of transcendental magic have won for him world renown. The greatest of all his writings is **Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie.** This was first translated into English under the title of **Transcendental Magic, Its Doctrine and Ritual,** but the translation has not accurately preserved the spirit of the original. Madam Blavatsky often refers to Eliphas Levi in the **Secret Doctrine** and **Isis Unveiled,** giving ample credit to this great French magician. Albert Pike has republished whole pages of Eliphas Levi's writings in his great Masonic compendium, **Morals and Dogma** of the Scottish Rite.

There has been much speculation concerning the source of Eliphas Levi's occult knowledge. It is practically certain that he did not work out the principles himself, but was initiated into some group of occultists possibly Rosicrucians or Qabbalists, who were active in France during the first half of the 19th century. Having reached a certain degree in this secret order, Eliphas Levi wrote **Transcendental Magic,** a volume which, according to some, cost him his membership in the secret order or, at least, prevented his advancement into the higher grades of it. Whatever effect the writing of **Transcendental Magic** may have had, the effect was not pleasing to Eliphas Levi, who published a number of succeeding volumes in an effort to repair the indiscretion of publishing the first one. Much of the material in the later works is of a misleading nature and is very evidently intended to confuse the mind of the reader and cover up the important statements made in **Transcendental Magic.**

His works have been very severely criticised by those unsympathetic with the doctrines which he affirmed, but the highest disciples and initiates who have passed judgment upon them declare **Transcendental Magic** to contain more philosophical knowledge concerning the inner mysteries of Nature than any other single volume ever published. The work must be read, however, with rare discrimination, for it contains a number of misleading statements and apparent ambiguities purposely placed as "veils" that the inner secret may not be revealed. We cannot do better in an effort to sum up his philosophy and doctrine than to quote the first paragraph of his introduction to the doctrine of **Transcendental Magic:** "Behind the veil of all the hieratic and mystical allegories of ancient doctrines, behind the darkness and strange ordeals of all initiations, under the seal of all sacred writings, in the ruins of Nineveh or Thebes, on the crumbling stones of old temples and on the blackened visage of the Assyrian or Egyptian sphinx, in the monstrous or marvellous paintings which interpret to the faithful of India the inspired pages of the Vedas, in the cryptic emblems of our old books on alchemy, in the ceremonies practiced at reception by all secret societies, there are found indications of a doctrine which is everywhere the same and everywhere carefully concealed. Occult philosophy seems to have been the nurse or godmother of all intellectual forces, the key of all divine obscurities and the absolute queen of society in those ages when it was reserved exclusively for the education of priests and of kings. It reigned in Persia with the Magi, who perished in the end, as perish all masters of the world, because they abused their power; it endowed India with the most wonderful traditions and with an incredible wealth of poesy, grace and terror in its emblems; it civilized Greece to the music of the lyre of Orpheus; it concealed the principles of all sciences, all progress of the human mind, in the daring calculations of Pythagoras; fable abounded in its miracles, and history, attempting to estimate this unknown power, became confused with fable; it undermined or consolidated empires by its oracles, caused tyrants to tremble on their thrones and governed all minds, either by curiosity or by fear. For this science, said the crowd, there is nothing impossible; it commands the elements, knows the language of the stars and directs the planetary courses; when it speaks, the moon falls blood-red from heaven; the dead rise in their graves and mutter ominous words, as the night wind blows through their skulls. Mistress of love or of hate, occult science can dispense paradise of hell at its pleasure to human hearts; it disposes of all forms and confers beauty or ugliness; with the wand of Circe it changes men into brutes and animals alternately into men; it disposes even of life and death, can confer wealth on its adepts by the transmutation of metals and immortality by its quintessence or elixir, compounded of gold and light."

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

Edited by MANLY P. HALL

Volume 3, No. 21 Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, April 13, 1927 10c a Copy

The SUN-GOD and the MADONNA

THE MONK IN THE YELLOW ROBE

And the monk in the yellow robe spoke, saying: "By renunciation man attains the highest good. The sense of possession must be destroyed before the soul is capable of beholding Reality. The sense of possession is the cause of all sorrow and suffering: To possess a thing is to love it, to fear it or to hate it. If the thing which you possess is stronger and greater than you are, you fear it lest it overcome you and you become a servant to your own possession. If the thing possessed be distasteful to you, you hate it and your hatred disrupts the equilibrium of your own soul, and the act of hating injures you far more than your hatred can injure the thing despised. If that which you possess be an object of beauty, virtue or integrity, you will love it and your heart will be filled with disquietude for fear that the thing which you love may be taken from you. Thus possession of anything save self results only in sorrow and self undoing.

"Through desire man possesses. Desire leads the soul either to Reality or to illusion. The desire for wisdom leads man to the accumulation of wisdom; the desire for pleasure leads man into the bypaths of unreality; the desire for the greatest good leads man into the presence of Reality. Right desire is the desire for good, and the greatest good is perfection, and perfection is the ultimate state of all things. Perfection is the condition of being one with Self, for Self is the beginning and end of all being. The true Self of every individual is part of the Universal Self, and he enters Nirvana who attains Self. The condition of being at the threshold of Self is called Budd-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

THIS is Number 21,—the last of the series in which "The All-Seeing Eye" incarnated as a weekly paper. It has had many vicissitudes, but enough experience we trust to shape its further course and was of enough value, we hope to endear it to YOU, its subscribers and readers to whom we will not say "Good-Bye",—but only "Till We Meet Again" in monthly form with Volume IV, Bigger and Better, with Beauty added to Helpfulness.

The COUNT *de* ST. GERMAINE

Little or nothing is known concerning the early life of that illustrious and illuminated philosopher, chemist, artist, and lapidary—the Count de St. Germaine. He was born about the end of the 17th century and was supposedly the adopted son of the mysterious Count de Gabalis, the unknown adept who is immortalized by Abbe de Villars in his Romance of the Gnomes.

In a footnote to Eliphas Levi's **History of Magic** appears the following: "Saint-Germaine testified on his own part to Prince Karl of Hesse that he was the son of Prince Ragoczy of Transylvania." Nothing is known concerning the source of Count de St. Germaine's occult knowledge, but he most certainly not only hinted at the vast amount of wisdom which he possessed but also gave many examples to prove his statements.

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

MYTHS MORE IMPORTANT THAN HISTORY

Let us consider for a moment the symbolical side of the life of Christ. The myths that have been woven into the simple historical account are really of greater spiritual importance than the actual life of the man, for they deal with a great cosmic drama, an age-old drama. This story is not played out at any particular place or time, but in all places and in all times. All of the world Saviors have been associated with the phases of the Sun. The first world Savior was the Sun. It raised from death into life all with whom its rays came in contact. It turned the darkness into light and the cold into warmth. It was the radiant Savior of all nations. Its golden hair was its streaming rays. The Sun was the strong man. He was the Samson of the Jews and the Hercules of the Greeks, for the God of Strength performing his many labors was symbolical of the Sun passing through the Houses of the Heavens. The Sun was called a Lion because of the shaggy mane (his rays). Slowly the historical man Jesus has been lost in the Solar myths of antiquity. All of the important parts of His life are related to the power of the Sun. His birth in Virgo the Virgin, His flight into Egypt to escape the vengeance of Herod. All these are Star myths. The Three Wise Persians whom we call the Magi were to the ancient world the Three Bright Stars in the Sword Belt of Orion. His transfiguration, His baptism, His miracles, His death and resurrection and ascension, all these things are now taught to us as they were taught in the ancient Solar myths relating to the life, growth and decay of the Sun during the various parts of the year.

Let us take as one example the feeding of the multitudes with the barley loaves

and fishes. The sign of Pisces is two small fishes, the sign of Virgo is a sheaf of wheat or barley. The feeding of the multitudes is symbolical of the fact that at a certain time of the year the Sun sends its rays to the earth, feeding all living things through the sign of the two fishes and the barley loaves. Jesus is called the Lamb of God, which is itself an astronomical title, and at another time He is called the Fisher of Men, because the Sun was in the sign of the fishes when He is supposed to have been born.

The stories of all of the world Saviors are essentially the same. Nearly all of them have been born of immaculate conceptions. Thirty of them have been crucified for the sins of the world. A dozen or more have had Mary for a mother. All were overshadowed by divine prerogative. From all ends of the earth come one story. The details of the account differ with local conditions, but in the great essentials the stories always agree. In the Mystery Schools there are many very rare and precious secrets concerning the actual meaning of the Christos Mythos. We are reminded again and again of that very peculiar statement "Christ in You, the Hope of Glory". The word Christ means oil and is merely a complimentary title which has certain indirect reference to the Sun.

Raphael, the great illuminated painter, gave the world two very wonderful mystic conceptions in his Marriage of the Virgin, and the Sistine Madonna. In the Marriage of the Virgin, Joseph is shown with six toes on one of his feet, while in the Sistine Madonna the High Priest has a faintly traceable sixth finger on one of his hands. The sixth toe represented the fact that Joseph walked with God, while the sixth finger was symbolic of the sixth sense of spiritual vision. In explaining to you simply the spiritual myth of the Son of God, we shall use the Sistine Madonna. Most of you have either seen a copy of this picture or else can easily secure one for an insignificant sum. In the center of the painting stands the radiant Madonna with the Christ Child in her arms. Before this spiritual vision kneels two figures. On the right is a woman with her face turned away from the miracle, while on the left kneels a priest gazing straight into the face of the Madonna. His head is shaven and his tiara lies beside him on the ground. At the bottom of the figure are two little cherubs gazing upward. It is said that while Raphael was painting this picture two little urchins from the street used to stand gazing up at him and he painted them into his picture as the two little cherubs. Behind the Madonna is an endless mass of faintly visible faces gazing from the golden light.

Mary, the World Virgin, represents Nature, the Mother of all things. Her name signifies water and also the tears of sorrow. The endless motion of water was universally used by the ancient worlds to symbolize the ever-changing life of mortal things. The bitterness of the waters symbolized the bitterness of the sorrow and misfortune which seems to fill the world in which we live. In India there is a word called Maya which means illusion or impermanence. The term is applied to all the visible universe, because the visible universe is not the real universe nor is it the permanent universe. Mary represents this illusion and her flowing garments are symbolic of the mist that shrouds the souls of living creatures and which we know as ignorance.

Out of this illusion is born the reality, a radiant spiritual child, who turns back again to save his world. We know in Nature that whenever there is a great need something is produced to fill that need, for necessity is the mother of necessary things. After we have wandered long in the illusion, have sought in vain for happiness in a world of selfishness and thoughtlessness, after some great sorrow breaks our hearts, the soul of man rises out of the shell of ignorance and perversion which has long imprisoned it. Its mother is Darkness and Suffering and the soul of man is not born without travail. Therefore, in the Madonna, with the moon under her feet, the ancient world saw life as we know it, veiled in ignorance and robed in the garments of materiality. Now and then one is born out of life who, rising triumphant from the darkness of his own lower nature, becomes in truth a Son of God.

There are two paths that lead to spiritual realization: One, the path of devotion, is symbolized by the kneeling woman with her face turned away from the miracle. The heart of man grows through faith and service. It does not need to see. It knows without seeing. It recognizes through the faculty of intuition. The female figure represents service, love, faith and charity, by means of which the great miracle is realized without being seen. The second figure, that of the aged patriarch, represents the power of human thought, the path of the mind. The mind must see in order to believe. The scientist with his instruments, the philosopher with his mathematics, these must have proof or they cannot believe. Their path of growth is the path of reason, logic, philosophy and law. They shall also attain the reality. The head of the priest is shaven, so that the third eye, the All-Seeing Eye of the Gods, may see through the crown of his head, and His crown of dominion over the three worlds lies at his feet, for he has given up power that he may have true spiritual understanding. The female figure represents the heart; the masculine figure,

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

COUNT DE ST. GERMAINE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

He declared that he possessed the secret of eternal youth and it has been claimed for him that upon a certain occasion he admitted having been personally acquainted with Queen Cleopatra, and at another time of having "chatted familiarly with the Queen of Sheba." Had it not been for his striking personality and apparently supernatural powers, the Count would undoubtedly have been considered insane, but his transcendent genius was so evident that he was merely termed eccentric.

When asked about himself, he once said that his father was the Secret Doctrine and his mother the Mysteries, and that he was raised by these two. The principles disseminated by the Count de St. Germaine were undoubtedly Rosicrucian in origin and were thoroughly permeated with ancient Gnosticism.

His political power was very great, although it is now evident that there were two persons by the name of St. Germaine who have often been confused with each other. One was a politician and the other a mystic. Although none of his paintings are in existence at the present time, the Count de St. Germaine was accredited with possessing remarkable artistic ability. On several occasions he made drawings of precious jewels and the reproductions were so remarkable that it has been affirmed that they sparkled, glistened, and glowed like the originals. Levi thinks he may have used powdered mother of pearl in his paint, but this is only speculation. It may be possible that his chemical ability had revealed to him the process of manufacturing luminous paint such as is now used on watch dials.

The Count is also famous as a chemist and physician, and undoubtedly understood and operated the processes of alchemy. He was able to fuse precious stones so adroitly that it was impossible to detect any artificial process. He was also known to possess the power of removing flaws from diamonds and emeralds, so that stones of comparatively little value were transformed into gems of the first water after remaining for a short time in his possession. He frequently performed this last experiment, if the statements of his friends can be relied upon. There is also a popular story to the effect that he placed gems worth thousands of dollars on the place cards at banquets which he gave.

The Count de St. Germaine is also accredited with having discovered a method for making copper of great brilliancy and ductility. (See Levi.) This discovery alone would have insured him a splendid fortune.

Count de St. Germaine was on very familiar terms with Louis XV of France, with whom he had many long discussions on the subject of precious stones, their manufacture and purifications. It is very probable that he profoundly influenced this vacillating king, but the purpose and import of that influence is unknown.

The Count always appeared as a somewhat youthful person, immaculately but modestly attired in good style. He was a small man, slender, and very dark. His eyes possessed a great fascination and those who looked upon them were profoundly influenced. For many years the Count was the philosophical and ethical fad of France. He was entertained by those in the highest position and his circle of intimates included the royalty of many nations. He had entree where others dared not enter and his word carried a tremendous influence.

His personality has been described as charming and his ability to preserve his youth overwhelming, the passing of thirty or forty years apparently producing no change whatever in his appearance.

The famous transcendentalist, Count de Cagliostro, was received by Count de St. Germaine and the two spent considerable time in private discussion. The results of the meeting have never been divulged. Count de St. Germaine was the moving spirit of Rosicrucianism during the eighteenth century, and he is suspected of being the great power behind the French Revolution. There is reason to believe that the famous novel of Lord Bulwer-Lytton—**Zanoni**—is actually concerned with the life and activities of St. Germaine. The position occupied by St. Germaine in Freemasonry is somewhat obscure. He is generally considered as having been a Freemason, and Arthur Edward Waite includes his photograph in his **Secret Traditions of Freemasonry,** and it would probably pay the brethren of the Craft to investigate very carefully the activities of this remarkable philosopher, who undoubtedly possessed a profound understanding of the secret workings of Nature.

Count de St. Germaine disappeared from the stage of French mysticism as suddenly and inexplicably as he had appeared. Nothing is known concerning him after that disappearance. It is claimed by transcendentalists that he retired into the secret order which had sent him into the world for a particular and peculiar purpose. Having accomplished this purpose, he vanished. Count de St. Germaine is the mysterious philosopher and adept whom Theosophists know under the name of the Master R. and who, according to their belief, is now the invisible power controlling the development and unfoldment of the Freemasonic Fraternity.

COUNT DE ST. GERMAINE

EMOTIONALISM

Emotionalism.—Passions, Lusts, Fears, Hysteries, Joys, and Sorrows and all other forms of excessive emotions, have very fine dividing lines between them and mild insanity. Man is given an emotional organism for a very distinct purpose that has nothing in common with its present use. Certain forms of healing, sense perception, etc., depend upon the emotional body for their finest and fullest expression. The deeper and finer the emotions, the less apparent they are, until the very highest and noblest of these express themselves only as fineness of character, beauty of spirit, and that depth of affection which manifests as sympathy, cooperation, compassion, fraternity and brotherhood. None of these are obvious emotions, nor do they depend upn energy or the fire flame of emotional force for their expression. Their depth is measured by quality and not quantity. They are subdued, synthetic, and like the emotions of the Masters are altruistic, humanitarian and constructive. Every emotion costs energy, and after excessive joy or sorrow there is always the reaction in the form of weakness or depression. We cannot afford this as energy is man's most precious possession. In fact it does not even belong to him, being only loaned by nature for a certain end. The abuse of this and the wasting of it in fruitless demonstrations of either approbation or condemnation are both necessary and unwise. When people talk too much their words loose worth. When people applaud too much, their applause is worthless. The less a thing is used, the less of it exists, the more valuable it is. The elder brothers criticize with one word. Their approbation is expressed in a single thought, given in quiet poise, but depth of understanding. This one word is treasured far more than the babbling of many tongues for it is given but seldom. Man could secure as great an effect with one word as he now finds it necessary to have a convulsion to produce. When approbation or condemnation loses gentle dignity, it is like an individual who lets go of himself, he just becomes a mad riot of emotions, disgusting to any person with fine ideals. When a parent punishes a child and loses its own temper, the punishment is of no value. Thus in many ways we find that emotions do not express feeling, but only excess of feeling at the expense of vitality.

Appetites.—These are generally speaking, false taste for superficial things. Proof as to whether the appetite is real is whether or not the body wants food or merely wishes to dabble with the superficial icings which most people use to satisfy an appetite. Mentally and spiritually, people who are hungry want substantial food. They generally want plain wholesome food and mentally and spiritually, they want an honest diet. They want to know their faults as well as their virtues, their weaknesses as well as their strong points. They want honest outline of subjects. They do not need any frills nor large amounts of condiment. They want it simply and as it is. On the other hand a satiated appetite must have thrills. Its mental and physical diet must be highly seasoned with loquacity and verbosity. An honest man living an honest life, demands and expects only honest forms of diet which will assist him to be more efficient, but in religion, all people are not honest. A large number of people take up occultism for a thrill and group themselves into cults. These cults represent a distinctive thrill, each catering to people who dishonestly desire that thrill. An example of this will be found in a large number of free love cults that spring up all the time. These cults are composed of sensualists and emotionalists who are making desperate efforts to vindicate infamy and get their now prohibited alcoholic stimulants by the communion cup route. The true occultist wants plain, simple food, both mental and physical. His appetites and tastes are simple for he realizes that the path of wisdom is thru the medium of simple things. He wants what is good for him and he uses his appetites only as far as they cooperate with the noble purpose to which he has consecrated his life. All over America, pseudo occultists are playing to the emotions of men and women, raking in ill-gotten gain which they accumulate by misinforming their fellow creatures on the essential points of life and playing to the innate weaknesses which are to be found

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Published every week by the Hall Publishing Company, at 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., 9th at Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Phone TUcker 2603

Subscription rates, 10c per copy.
$2.25 per year, $1.00 for 20 weeks. Foreign rates $3.00 per year, $1.25 for 20 weeks.

Application has been made for entry as second class matter.

We reserve the right to edit all advertising.

MANLY P. HALL .....*Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART .....*Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER .....*Associate Editor*

Unless otherwise stated unsigned articles are by the Editor, Manly P. Hall.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

hahood. The attainment of Self is the end of the illusion, for ignorance is the condition of being unaware of Self and wisdom is the recognition of Self. Attainment is the attainment of Self and Nirvana is the absorption into Self.

By the reason of those things which lead the mind into the byways of frivolity, man's mind becomes clear for the contemplation of Self. All those things which detract the attention of the mind from from the contemplation of Self are worldly. They are snares and illusions, and those who become enmeshed in them are bound to the Wheel of Life and Death. Renunciation is the sure road to the recognition of Reality. Renunciation is not the giving up of the world, but the recognition of the fact that the world is impermanent, unreal, transitory, and in all respects an illusion. Man does not give up the **world** but the **illusion** of the world, and in so doing he becomes wise.

"When, therefore, I say, Kill out self, I do not mean the real Self but that false self which recognizes separate existence and the state of separateness in all its forms. When I say, Kill out self, I mean kill out that false standard which divides one thing from another, for the real Self is universal. **You** are as much in the stick and stone as you are in the physical body which you have learned to believe was your **self.** The real **You** is universal. **You** are in the air that you breathe; **you** are in the clouds, the trees, the stones, for the height of Reality is the realization of perfect distribution of Self throughout the nature and construction of all things. Steadfast and true in this realization, you are already immortal, for while forms may change, worlds come and go, mountains be heaved up and valleys gouged from the sides of hills, **you** are immortal; for the source of change is unchangeable and he who understands Reality is one with the source of illusion and is unmoved by the coming or going of illusionary things.

"Renunciation is the giving up of one, two and three and the coming into possession of all: You renounce the love of one that you may receive the love of all; you cease loving one that you may enter into that state of being which is capable of loving all. No man can love one thing and also all things with the same state of consciousness. To love one is to hate many; to love all is to hate none. To love all is to serve all; and in the service of all, labor is glorified. Therefore I am a wanderer; my bed is the earth, my labor is with myself for myself, for I have realized that when I labor for others I serve myself and that when I labor with others I am laboring with myself. Thus, the state of Reality attained within the mind and gradually distributed throughout the organism until the individual sinks into the entire, becoming part of and one with all created things.

"Having through renunciation achieved union with the Spirit of Things and having come into an understanding of the nature of things, it is no longer possible to be critical, to pass judgment, to condemn, for the cause of ignorance has been discovered and the reason for sin revealed. Ignorance is involvement; wisdom is freedom. Each man is a servant of the things he does not know and a ruler over that which he understands. And men are good and bad according to wisdom and ignorance. The Reality in all men is good and all are struggling for the achievement of Reality, each in his own way and each according to his own light. Vices and virtues are conditions existing temporarily within the soul of one who has not yet achieved but is in the process of achieving. Good and bad are illusions belonging to the world of illusion; equilibrium alone is real, and equilibrium is union with Self. Union with Self is the supreme achievement; union with Self is the purpose of all existence and the ultimate condition of every creature. Therefore, O son, renounce all and don the yellow robe of the monk, going forth in the name of Self,—the one Universal Self,—serving all things, loving all things, understanding all things with that perfect compassion born of renunciation, for having removed personality how can you be offended?

"By renunciation man becomes possessor of all things, for being without desire, without love or hate, he is incapable of loss. Unmoved by the coming or the going of earthly possessions, tranquil in the midst of sorrows but never hardened against them, greater than all emergencies, vaster than all problems, with an understanding as simple as that of a child and as deep as that of a sage, the monk dwelling in Reality, supreme in Reality, is master of all things.

"My God is the Universal Self from which I came and of which I am a part. Humanity is the expression of that Universal Self and humanity is made up of all living things. To the Self there are no races, no creeds, no colors, no castes, for the Self manifesting through Its infinity of forms is always the same—always one, always equal, though Its form may be varied and apparently unequal. The Self knows neither time nor distance, neither birth nor death; neither growth nor necay; neither light nor darkness, for it dwells permanently in the state of self-completeness. He who is complete within himself needs neither sun nor moon nor stars to light him, for he is his own light. He needs neither food nor clothing, for he is fed by his own soul and is clothed with the garments of his own understanding. He who is complete in himself needs neither worlds nor elements, for whether seated by the side of the road or suspended in space, he is complete in his union with Self.

"Therefore, O son, Self is all there is. The attainment of Self is the Great Work. When you preach, preach the gospel of Self; when you live, live the life of Self; when you serve, serve that Universal Self, remembering always that nothing can be added to the Self nor taken from it but that the discovery of Self is only possible after the mind has freed itself of the illusion. Sorrow, sickness, sin and death reveal to man the need of Self. Therefore each in its turn stimulates him in his quest for Self. Growth is a dissemination into Self; unfoldment is a distribution through Self; evolution is the natural growth of form manifesting the growth of spirit. Spirit grows only towards Self. The perfect form is achieved when the reality is discovered. The body is the expression of the relationship between the Spirit and the Universal Self. The body is the vehicle by means of which the discovery of Self is possible, and it is also the cause of ignorance. The body has a voice which speaks with its parts and members. The voice of the body is the voice of an irrational being. Therefore, unless trained, the voice of the body is the enemy of the Self. The voice of the body is the voice of desire; the voice of the Self is the voice of desirelessness. He who is controlled by his body is mortal, for he is dominated by the concept of

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

City Life and the Machine Age

The congestion of city life is fatal to the health of the race, but the race is not considering health, is not able to consider health—its only thought must be that of fitting into this endless machine. Our cities are plastered with sidewalks. These are so convenient, so highly desirable, and so very superior to the cow-paths of long ago—yet each day they are shortening the lives of all who stamp along them, prevented by several inches of concrete from receiving the life-giving currents of magnetism from the vital body of the earth. Did you ever consider the terrible shock a man's spine must suffer as he puts a hard leather heel down with a clank upon a never ending surface of artificial stone? City life is just a rush from one street car to another, from one lunch stool to another, from one excitement to another. There is one general result of it all and that is nervous breakdown. Young people grow old in their twenties from the grinding thing called civilization. A large percentage of people are round-shouldered and hollow-chested and totally unfit to represent the human race—yet they must go on struggling to preserve the creature they have created. We cannot help but wonder how long it will really last. Arms that were once strong from labor and chests that filled out with the pure ozone of the open places—all these are gone. A slump-shouldered, anemic without a mind pulls a lever that he has pulled for twenty-five years, and the work is accomplished. A perfectly satisfactory result is attained which meets in every way the demand for superiority. But what of the poor subhuman who pulls the lever? Each day he amounts to less and less. Some day an inventor will create something that will eliminate him entirely. The world will some day become a vast machine, inhabited by mechanical creatures—man, the master, will become a slave to wires and coils and buttons.

Man must realize that he is the working mind in his universe. His machine cannot work without him, but he can work without his machine, and unless he capitalizes more in himself and less in his boiler factory, his civilization will fall into the hands of some barbarian people who are uncurbed and unpolluted by the thing called progress. You will remember how the Goths and Visigoths overran the Roman Empire. You will remember Atilla, the Hun, the scourge of God. Who knows but that this scourge was the whip of small cords with which the Master drove the faithless from his temple. Civilize the souls of men and we will stand. Cater to only the selfishness, laziness and vanity of man and we will fall—slaves to convenience.

The real meaning of civilization is the ability of people to live together harmoniously and civilly as individuals, communities, nations, and races that they may learn how to co-operate for the attainment of a set and prescribed end. Co-operation and enlightenment are the basis of true civilization, while competition and enforced ignorance are the most outstanding features of the thing which we now call civilization.

Thought is the only hope of the human race. We must produce thinkers and to produce thinkers we must learn that a mind that is great must have a body to nourish it and environment to properly cultivate it, and a world willing to accept the fruitage of its endeavors. But what is the price of the thinker today compared to the value of a fool? The man who can pull the lever is worth ten dollars a day, while the man who could lead a race to the goal it seeks would not be worth a tenth of that sum in the way civilization figures.

The primitive man was truer to himself, truer to his ideals and truer to his god. He had the body of god, the health of a god, and these gave him the mind of a god—especially true in the days of Greece and Rome. We still follow the mathematical principles of the Greeks and the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. Deep down in the soul of each is the germ of philosophy, of logic and of reason. If there were any incentive man could build that and strengthen it as he has the commercial traits of his nature, but today there is no reason why he should think—he is much more successful if he does not, the palm of the victor now goes to the man who is most like a machine.

We ask you once again, what do you feel the price of civilization is? and when you consider it carefully, is it really worth the price that man must pay for it?

The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find $.....for which please send Postpaid:

.....Binders at $1.00

.....Bound Volumes No. III. at $1.50.

Name .....

Address .....

There can never be a cheap edition of the "Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic Hermetic and Roscrucian Symbolical Philosophy"; for without the colored plates, engravings, and other expensive features, the text would lack its necessary embellishment and elucidation, and with them the cost of the book could not be sufficiently reduced to make it a popular item at the bookstalls. ($100 when complete, $75 now, $15 with order and balance $15 per month.)

The work at any price is an investment in a larger life, in a broader theater of action, in an inestimable acquisition of power, in an unimaginable expansion of consciousness, as well as a never-failing reservoir of enchantment and a discovery to the reader of his hidden assets, the wealth of which is illimitable and which cannot be lost or stolen.

The use-value of the book may, therefore, not be measured by the medium of exchange; neither is its appeal limited to any class or sect. Rather is it universal, a guidepost to all, intelligible to all—savant and man in the street alike, university professor or high school student—and having in it the magic power to make the reader conscious of his kinship with the Illuminati of the World.

Apply for your copy now

The Hall Publishing Co.

301 Trinity Auditorium Building,
Los Angeles, California

BEG YOUR PARDON

We shall not attempt to supply a complete "Errata" for Volume III, but there were two errors in Number 20, we wish to correct.

On Page 1, Col 2, in the article on Eliphas Levi, the birth date should have been "1810".

On Page 7, Col. 1, in the article by Dr. Brownson, the number "2,000,000" should have read "200,000".

Most of the errors throughout the volume were of the typographical nature occasioned by the haste with which the weekly numbers were produced.

The publishers are glad to say that the greatest care will be exercised in this respect in the new monthly magazine. No effort will be spared to make the new publication, helpful in subject matter, artistic in appearance and arrangement, and superior in literary quality.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

in every character. Instead of building up, they are tearing down by stimulating false appetites and encouraging a gratification of weakness. They are doing more to injure the cause of intelligence and wisdom than all the bigotry of the ages, for bigotry only suppresses the good while the modern system too often gives free vent to the lowest and slays the ideal.

Three Manuscript Lectures

by

MANLY P. HALL

The God of the Atoms

Axioms of Action

Mental and Spiritual Alchemy

These sell at 50c each and should be in every students possession.

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

The Thief of Bagdad

By Harry S. Gerhart

(Continued)

Man secures a horse, Princely clothes and food by the magic of the chest and starts back toward Bagdad.

There the Princess lies poisoned through the treachery of the Mongol Prince. The Three Princes discover this in the Magic crystal, fly to her chamber on the magic carpet and the Mongol heals her with the magic apple.

The earthly powers of men in themselves,—before illumination comes, before the stage of Master, which makes them superhuman,—are all needed to carry out the Divine plan for any group of men. Every man has his place in the plan. Co-operation, men learn, must prevail in family, business, social and national relations. The Princess as the Higher Self tells them that all powers are equal in the higher sight.

The Mongol does not insist on his rights for the Princess' Hand, knowing that the forces of darkness are 20,000 strong. That night they strike, they are every where, and the Lord of the Dark Face, the Mongol Prince sits in the Caliph's Chair in Bagdad. The Dark Forces have conquered.

He summons the Princess. "We shall be wed at once." Prepare thyself. I command it." He commands but does not earn Happiness.

Man appears before the gates of the city. He had returned to help Humanity and to claim the Princess, the Higher Self, an enlargement of Consciousness.

"Open Wide the Gates of Bagdad."

Through the ages another cry, "Lift up your heads, Oh Ye Gates, and the King of Glory will come in."

The Guards defy him, so Man summons the Magic of the silver chest and score after score, hundred upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands of white clad warriors, the white host, the forces of right and purity, spring up around him.

The Dark Forces flee the city at the cry "Flee for your lives, a Great Magician comes. He summons armies from the earth itself!" "Open wide the gates to our deliverer" cry the citizens of earth.

The Great Khan, the Mongol, tries to escape with the Princess on the Magic Carpet, but the Hero arrives in the Cloak of Invisibility, scatters the guard and the Mongol and holds the Princess in his arms.

Again they escape the Caliph and the others, friends now, of him who has made himself a Prince, has conquered himself and the enemies of humanity, has earned his Happiness and now with the Princess, thus attained the Path of Union with Divinity, for Man's Higher Self is Divine.

Such is the helpful, hopeful story of Man's search for Happiness and the Promise of attainment to all who seek and toil to earn their Happiness, who transmit their lower qualities into powers for the salvation of self and humanity.

—The End—

A country Minister in taking leave of an unappreciative flock, left them with the following benedictions:

"Brothers and sisters, I have come to say goodbye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' I am going to a better place! I have been called to be Chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good bye."

Dr. S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)
Vocational Analysis
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
11658½ Mayfield Ave.
Brentwood Heights Station
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Service: Our Motto
L. A. Undertaking Company
JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY
2517 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044

Books by MANLY P. HALL
An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism
A New Book with Three Color Plates.
A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS
THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE
THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

Complete	$4.00
Plates separately mounted, each	1.00
Lost Keys of Masonry	$2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Occult Stories)	2.00
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talks to Students	.50
The Noble Eight—Fold Path	.50
Evolution	.50
The Hermetic Marriage (Just Reprinted)	.50
Unseen Forces (just reprinted)	.50
Occult Anatomy (just reprinted)	.50
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire (just reprinted)	.50

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
302 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles, California.

The office of the Hall Publishing Company, 301 Trinity Auditorium Building, will be open on Thursday evenings from 5 to 9 for the convenience of those who wish to look over the books and publications, and are not able to come during the other business hours of the day.

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

the mind. And from a perfect balance of these two there is born in man a spiritual light which shall free him from the darkness and bondage of ignorance. The illuminated world Savior is a Widow's Son, for all the human race are fatherless until they have found again the Father whom they have ceased to know. The lower world is the Widow in mourning for her lost Lord, and out of the world in pain is born the man child who shall slay the dragon and redeem his people. It is a very wonderful myth, a story that must be lived out by every individual as he slowly walks the path that leads to human liberation.

The lower animal nature of man is well symbolized in the Mysteries by Mary of Magdala, who is the plaything of the Roman legions. But, like Mary, she exchanges the scarlet robes of Rome for the white garment of purity and understanding. The lower bodies then serve their divine Lord and ask only that they may live from day to day in His light and in His name.

One of the most important things for Christians today to do is, when they pick up the Bible and begin to read it, to ask themselves "What does this mean to me now and how will it held me to live better, to think better and to serve more intelligently the great needs of the human race?" We seem to feel that these old legends meant something ages ago but that they have lost their value and cannot be applied to our modern problems. This is a wrong attitude. The beauty of these great stories is that they are always true, for they are based upon great principles of Nature that are as old as Time and yet ever new. Jesus lived as a man, but to the modern world He is merely a great symbolic lesson and into His life have been woven the allegories taken from all the religions of the world, from all the arts and philosophies of pagandom to make doubly sure that we gain the true message of the ancient world.

Let us consider Christianity as an inclusive, synthetic cult, giving us in a form most readily understandable the best of all that has gone before. Let us be grateful to the uttermost parts of the earth, for they have contributed much to our modern culture. When we try to study Christianity, let us not be afraid to search in any corner of the earth for that knowledge which will help us to be truer to the beautiful message and the nobly inspired Messenger.

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

mortality. He who is free from the domination of the body is immortal, for he is dominated by a concept of immortality. Man is in matter, but he is not composed of the substance of matter. Death is the result of man associating his body with himself and believing himself to cease at the disintegration of his body. Death is a concept only; never a reality. Eternal life is a reality, resulting from man's relating himself to an immortal principle—Universal Life.

"He who gives up everything in the search for Self has paid the price which Nature places upon Reality. It is worth more than all other things; therefore all other things must be given in exchange for it. Man can never be wise while the sense of possession remains. Man is not punished **for** his ignorance except **by** his ignorance, and he is only rewarded **for** his wisdom **by** his wisdom. With the renunciation of personality, all is gone except Reality. But he who has this Reality, has all.

"You may ask, what, then, is the ultimate of man? and I answer you, Absorption into the Universal Self. This results in the condition of pure immortality, absolute life, perfect and complete existence. It is the return of Spirit to the Source of Spirit, and the return of the elements to the source of themselves. It is ultimate good because it is a natural condition in which all parts return again to their natural state. Immortality is gained by the absolute renunciation of mortality."

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand

MANLY P. HALL, Pastor;
MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor

Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

SERMON SUBJECTS

April 17th — "The Dying God and His Resurrection."

Special Musical Program

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering

The Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display

Room Number 202

358 Sutter St. San Francisco, Calif.

THE CITIZEN PRINT SHOP

INCORPORATED

540 So. San Pedro St.

MUtual 3226 MUtual 3227

Printing and Engraving of all kinds

Satisfactory Prices and Good Service Guaranteed

Phone for Representative

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS

(Where fresh live foods only are served)

833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

CONTENTS—Volume III.

Each group of figures includes number of copy and number of page, as 12-1, Copy number 12, page 1, etc.

A

Abstractions 11-3
Astrological Chart 17-8

B

Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy 2-1, 3-1, 4-1, 5-1, 6-1
Black Age 19-1
Book of Revelation 13-1

C

Character Analysis 4-1

D

Death of Socrates 11-1
Delphic Oracles 13-6
Does Science Add to Ignorance? 12-1

E

Enclyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy 1-1, 1-2, 3-4
Evolution 8-1

F

Factors in Mental Evolution 20-1
Faust 9-1, 10-1
Flower of the House of Ming 2-2, 3-2, 4-3, 5-5, 6-5, 7-3
Freemasonry and Catholicism 12-1

G

God of Little Children 13-1
Greek Fire 18-7

H

Hindu Magic 8-3

I

Initiates of the Flame ..... 1-3, 2-7, 3-3, 4-6, 5-2, 6-6, 7-5, 8-5, 9-3, 10-5.
International Horoscope for 1927 3-1

J

Japanese Buddhism 16-1
Jazz vs. Music 4-1

K

Krishna and Kurukshetra 11-1

L

Let Us Inspire China 17-3
Little Red Man of the Tuileries 2-6

M

Magician, Photoplay 6-2
Mahomet 3-1
Man, a Creator 8-1
Man Behind the Gun 13-1
Monk in the Yellow Robe 21-1
Murder in the Name of the Law 14-1

N

Napoleon on Religion 5-4
Noah and His Wonderful Ark 7-1

O

Occult Diseases, (A series)
Introduction 15-1
Egotism 16-1
Obsession 17-1
Mediumship 19-1
Inner Constitution 20-1
Emotionalism 21-3
Odin and the Odinic Mysteries 1-1

P

Poison Liquor 9-1
Price of Civilization 15-4, 19-8, 21-5
Principles of Astrology 17-1
Psychology—
Dangers 18-1
True Soul Growth 18-1

Q

Questions and Answers ..... 3-4, 4-4, 5-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, 13-4.

R

Religious Questionnaire 6-1
Requisites for Occult Students 11-1
Return, Rebirth and Recarnation 9-1, 10-3
Rosie Cross Uncovered 15-1, 16-5, 17-5, 19-3

S

Seven Great Teachers—
H. P. Blavatsky 15-1
Cagliostro 16-1
Athanasius Kircher 17-1
Eliphas Levi 20-1
Paracelsus 19-1
Albert Pike 18-1
Count St. Germain 21-1
Spirit of Christmas 5-1
Staff of Hermes, The 2-1
Sun-God and the Madonna 21-1

T

The Besetting Sin 12-1
Thief of Bagdad 19-1, 20-3, 21-6
Tolstoy's Prophecy of the Great War 2-1

W

Wands and Serpents 10-1
Washington's Vision 7-1
Were the Ancients Wiser Than We 8-1
What Price Civilization 14-4

A Wide and Diversified Collection of Reading—All the above 21 copies for $1.00. Bound in Blue Buckram, Gold Stamped, Postpaid, $1.50.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS

1—Send in your renewals for the new, beautiful, monthly "All-Seeing Eye" for yourself and friends. Six months, $1.00.

2—Order your binders or bound copies of Volume III. Covers, $1.00. Complete Bound Volume, $1.50.

3—And in the third place do the other two in the first place.

...We thank you.

The All-Seeing Eye,
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

DON'T PROCRASTINATE—DO IT NOW

I enclose $.....for.....subscriptions for myself and friends. Each subscription to consist of 6 monthly numbers for $1.00.

Name .....**Address** .....
This is a (new) (old) subscriber.

Name .....**Address** .....
This is a (new) (old) subscriber. (Mark which.)

Sent by .....

THE · ALL-SEEING EYE

Being a Monthly Magazine which is published in Los-Angeles on the Fifteenth day of every month edited by Manly P. Hall and devoted to the Search for the Fundamental Verities Existing in the Educational Systems-Religions and Philosophies of All Ages

M · A · Y

MCMXXVII

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

With the present issue, "The All-Seeing Eye" becomes a monthly magazine. It is a growing publication in a field but little touched. Your friends will appreciate it. **Single copies—25c. Six months—$1.00.**

Volume III was issued weekly and comprises 21, 8-page papers with over 70 articles on a wide diversity of subjects, philosophic, ethical, religious, symbolical, mythological, etc. **Unbound, the set, Postpaid—$1.00.**

Covers for binding Volume III, Blue Buckram, Two Screw Binding Posts, Gold Stamped Title. **Per set, Postpaid—$1.00.**

Complete Bound Copy, Volume III, New Flat papers, in Book Form, Blue Buckram Cover, Gold Stamped Title. **Postpaid—$1.50.**

Address all orders to

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The LOST KEYS OF MASONRY

The Legend of Hiram Abiff

By MANLY P. HALL

THE contents of this book represent the fruitage of deep and careful study of the sources of the Masonic Philosophy. The three degrees of the Blue Lodge are used as the basis of the work. It is not generally known that Hiram Abiff, the hero of the Masonic allegory, under the name of Chiram was known to the Ancient Babylonians and the Chaldeans as the Spirit of Universal Life and Vitality. The Book contains, among other beautiful illustrations, a cut of the celebrated Emerald Tablet of Hermes, taken from a rare hand-made drawing designed during the Middle Ages. There are several remarkable illustrations by J. Augustus Knapp (32nd degree) and a preface by Reynold E. Blight (33rd degree, K. T.) Cloth $2.00.

Other Books by Manly P. Hall

The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**$2.00**
Shadow Forms (Stories of the Orient)	**2.00**
Thirty-eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Talk to Students	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage	**.50**
Unseen Forces	**.50**
Occult Anatomy	**.50**
Melchezidek and the Mystery of Fire	**.50**

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. IV MAY, 1927 No. 1

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BUILDING,
NINTH AT GRAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANLY P. HALL . . . . . *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART . . . . . *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER . . . . . *Associate Editor*
HOWARD W. WOOKEY . . . . . *Art Director*

CONTENTS

Do You Know? 2

The Editor's Briefs
On Education 3

Philosophy, Science and Religion
The Great Pyramid 7

A Notable Reprint
The Druid Ceremony of Stonehenge 15

Questions and Answers 21

Book Exchange 25

Copyright 1927, All Rights Reserved

PER COPY, 25c—SIX MONTHS $1.00—ONE YEAR $2.00
FOREIGN, SIX MONTHS $1.15—ONE YEAR $2.25

Application has been made for Entry as Second-Class Matter.

Do You Know?

That Franz Schubert, the great composer, received less than two dollars apiece for some of his greatest compositions?

That Tibetan antiquities have been discovered about one hundred feet under the ground during recent excavations near Mexico City?

That Plato, whose real name was Aristocles and one of the three greatest minds of the ancient world, was sold as a slave by the King of Sicily?

That according to recent discoveries made by Sunkar Bisey, Hindu scientist, the East Indians constructed wet and dry cell electric batteries over 5000 years ago?

That there is a gentlemen's agreement among the religious powers that be, to the effect that no effort shall be made to assign dates to incidents of Biblical history?

That Mt. Hercules on the Island of New Guinea, and not Mt. Everest, is the tallest mountain in the world? Mt. Hercules is 32,768 feet high, Mt. Everest is a little over 29,000 feet in height.

That Shakespeare, the man who is supposed to have penned those immortal lines, "The quality of mercy is not strained" while himself well-to-do, and therefore not in need, sued a fellow townsman who was in financial straits for two shillings (48c) and made the town pay for the wine with which he treated his friends?

That any fifty objects are capable of being arranged in 1,273,726,838,815,420,339,851,343,083,767,005,515,293,749,454,795,473,408,000,000,000,000 combinations? Using this as a base, work out the number of combinations that the billion and a half or more inhabitants of the earth can assume. Then say that there is no variety and that life is monotonous.

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

On Education

"Education is emancipation from herd opinion," writes Everett Dean Martin, who then adds that it is "self-mastery, capacity for self-criticism, suspended judgment, and urbanity."

We are profoundly impressed with the importance of the first six words: "Education is emancipation from herd opinion." Can there be a more dangerous form of "herd opinion" than that which results from the gathering together of hundreds of young minds from every walk of life into one room and there teaching them all the same thing in the same way?

Does the cramming of a mind with a heterogeneous congeries of unassimilated facts produce a thinker or a mental dyspeptic? It is not what a man *knows* that makes him wise; it is what he knows *about what he knows* that makes him wise!

The mere dissemination of facts unaccompanied by their application to the problem of daily existence is comparatively useless to the average individual. Therefore education should properly include the study of applications.

The student should incessantly ask himself: "What does this thing I am learning mean to me now? How may I use this knowledge to attain the greatest good to the greatest number? How will it assist me to more successfully solve the problems of my own life and those lives which will in the future be influenced by my attitudes and my knowledge?"

The word "education" is derived from the Latin *educo,* which literally means "to draw forth" or "to bring out." Thus, the primary purpose of education is to draw forth from the student that knowledge and understanding which is latent within the subjective nature of every human being. He is best educated who can most fully express his own innermost urges and convictions.

It is curious that modern educational institutions are too prone to interpret *educo* to mean "cram in"—fill the young mind with the thoughts of others, and declare him an abnormality and a menace if he dares to interpret any subject at variance with the rules laid down on page 152 of the little green book by an eminent authority!

Instead of using academic education as a means to the attainment of self-expression, we accept the means as the end by permitting the thoughts of others to fill our minds and crowd out our own individuality.

We may diagrammatically divide the individual into an "outside" man and an "inside" man, and we best accomplish the real purpose of education when we succeed in bringing the "inside" "outside."

A critical examination of educational methods discloses that the only mental faculty really developed to a superlative degree is memory. Too often it is memory—and not thought—that insures graduation from our modern schools. Sometimes when even memory fails, legerdemain may be resorted to!

Any well-trained parrot (often to the mortification of its owner) can recite mere words that have been continuously repeated in its presence, and as a reward for this accomplishment we change the water in its cage occasionally. When a human being has successfully mimicked his instructors for twelve or fourteen years, we reward his cleverness with a sheepskin bearing the signature of the individuals who have done his heavy thinking for him.

We do not speak disparagingly of education because we fail to realize its invaluable contribution to society and the well-being of humanity; but rather because we believe that it can accomplish even greater good if it will devote more time to the building of individuals and less to the production of stereotyped men and women.

The major part of the time spent by the child in school is devoted to a study of the accomplishments of others. But the awe and respect generated by such study is far more likely to produce followers than leaders.

The youthful mind discovers somewhere among the hosts of the famous or infamous in history some favorite hero or heroine. He then erects an altar to his newly-found god and hero-worship ensues.

Apropos of this is the story of the man who was told that he looked like Theodore Roosevelt. Obsessed by the idea, he thereupon studied the life and characteristics of this great American. He gradually came to idolize all the accomplishments and attributes of the immortal Teddy; he began to wear Rooseveltian clothes, to smoke Rooseveltian cigars, and even to smile the unforgettable Rooseveltian smile; in fact he did everything that Roosevelt did except to amount to something!

The moral is simply this: When we follow in the footsteps of others, we do ourselves a terrible injustice. There is an individuality within each of us—capable of infinite achievement—that must express itself in its own peculiar way. So long as we copy others, so long as we are servants to the discoveries, the theories, and the reflections of others, the individual greatness within each one of us is denied suitable expression.

The lives of the great and the true who have gone before are noble examples from which we may gain much of inspiration and knowledge. In its final analysis, however, each must live his own life, and when we permit ourselves to substitute the achievements of others for individual achievement, we lose the greatest opportunity in life—the opportunity to be ourselves.

Those whose names are preserved on the pages of history, who have accomplished the most for the good of the world, in nearly every case have broken away from precedent and blazed new trails of their own. Today we are sadly in need of pioneers who are not afraid to sail their ships into uncharted seas—explorers who dare to contradict with views of their own the pedagogues of art and science.

Is it possible to imagine a more pathetic miscarriage of education than that evidenced by the youthful scholar who, when asked why he knew a certain thing, glibly replied: "It must be true; Dr. Jones just told me so"? That mind is absolutely inactive that knows things to be true because another has affirmed it! That which the mind has not demonstrated for itself by logic and reason is valueless as an element in higher education.

We may believe we have acquired a smattering of history, geography or arithmetic with a minimum of cerebral activity. But this is only because we do not possess the faintest conception of the actual meaning of these subjects. History is the key to the unfoldment of the human mind; geography is the key to the unfoldment of nations, languages, religions, and philosophies; and mathematics is the key to the unfoldment of the universe and the human soul. But the analogies upon which an understanding of these subjects depends can only be worked out by a highly evolved mind. These analogies constitute the point where the thinking power enters the picture; they are also the point where the average man and woman—educated according to modern standards—fade out of the picture.

Special emphasis should be laid by educational institutions upon the innate superiority of those types of mind which dare to differ. If education will devote itself to equipping the individual to think for himself, we will have a far more impressive number of creative thinkers to solve the ever-complicating problems of modern civilization.

Do those people who are seeking to prevent the teaching of evolution in the public schools realize that dogmatic methods of education will accomplish for education what the Inquisition accomplished for theology?

Modern education is too often a case of the blind leading the blind. The teacher, trained according to a certain textbook, is mentally unfit to instruct beyond the narrow limitations of a few printed pages.

In Greece a different practice prevailed. There the teacher must prove his point and the student could question the accuracy of any statement at any time. We ask you what would happen were every modern teacher forced to prove the things he teaches? And yet can any person conscientiously ask another to understand or to admit as true a statement which he cannot prove himself?

Democracy is the most difficult form of government of which we have any record, for its successful operation implies that the people of a country shall be *educated*. It implies that their wisdom shall be sufficient not only to make laws for themselves but laws for each other. A democracy whose individual units are not equipped to delegate their own destiny is bound to fail in its purpose.

Diogenes said: "The foundation of every state is in the education of its youth." True education implies, first and foremost, self-knowledge. It means that when the youth has laid aside his books and, taking up the tools of labor, becomes a part of the vast organism of human society, he shall become not only a center of intelligence capable of protecting himself from the pitfalls of indecision but also qualified to establish—or participate in the establishment—of that most fundamental structure of society, the home.

True education therefore has a threefold mission: (1) It must equip the youth to maintain himself in the commercial plan so that he may always be an independent and self-supporting unit. (2) It must prepare him for the gigantic cosmic responsibility of establishing the next generation by a thorough understanding of those relationships, ignorance concerning which is the fundamental cause of the world's social evil. (3) It must equip him to make a mental, ethical or physical contribution to the world which has borne him and given him the opportunity to express himself, for no life is complete unless it accomplishes at least one thing that has not been accomplished before.

What we need today is not an education which enables the individual to become a mere cog in the pounding commercial machine grinding out the lives and souls of men. What we need today is that form of education which will enable the individual to smash the machine that is smashing him. The machine is not intelligent and controls non-intelligent creatures. There is

but one power capable of destroying the false structure of modern ethics, and that power is the human mind.

The salvation of the world therefore depends upon thought, and education is the medium by which the potentialities of mind may be developed. Great is the responsibility upon the shoulders of educators, but their opportunity is as great as their responsibility!! Lord Brougham once said: "Education makes people easy to lead but difficult to drive; easy to govern but impossible to enslave."

Opinions

"I do not believe what has been served me to believe. I am a doubter, a questioner, a skeptic. When it can be proved to me that there is immortality, that there is resurrection beyond the gates of death, then will I believe. Until then, no."—*Luther Burbank.*

* * *

"Each life we live simply adds to our total experience. Everything put on earth is put here for some good—to get experience which will be stored up for future use. There is not one bit of man—one thought, one experience, one drop—that does not go on. Life is eternal—so there can't be any death." —*Henry Ford.*

* * *

"To me the universe is simply a marvelous mechanism and the most complex forms of human life, as human beings, are nothing else but automatic engines, controlled by external influence. * * * Indeed, we are nothing but waves in space and time which when dissolved exist no more."—*Nikola Telsa.* (*From an Eastern newspaper.*)

Alexander The Great's Letter to Aristotle

Alexander to Aristotle, health.

You were wrong in publishing those branches of science hitherto not to be acquired except from oral instruction. In what shall I excel others, if the more profound knowledge I gained from you be communicated to all? For my part I had rather surpass the majority of mankind in the sublimer branches of learning than in extent of power and dominion. Farewell.

The letter was preserved by Plutarch. (See *The Life and Actions of Alexander the Great* by Rev. Williams, London, 1829.)

PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE & RELIGION

The Great Pyramid

By MANLY P. HALL

Supreme among the wonders of antiquity and unequalled by the achievements of subsequent architects and builders, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh bears mute witness to an unknown civilization that, having endured its predestined span, passed into the dim oblivion of prehistoric times.

Who were the illumined mathematicians who planned its parts and dimensions; the master craftsmen who supervised its construction; the cunning workmen who trued its stones?

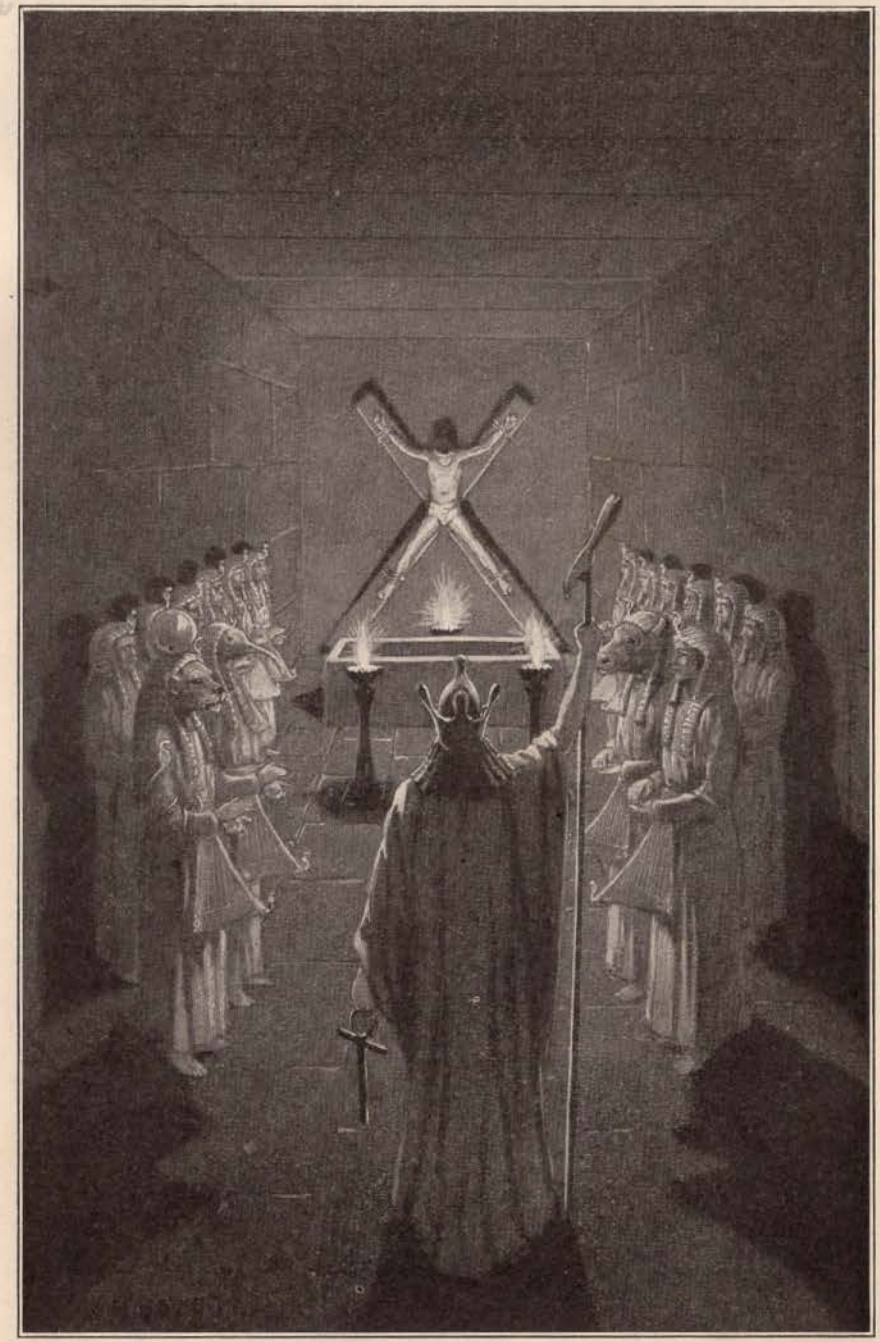
Eloquent in its silence, inspirational in its majesty, divine in its simplicity, the Great Pyramid is indeed "a sermon in stone!" Its awesomeness beggars description, its magnitude overwhelms the puny sensibilities of man, and among the shifting sands of time it stands as a fitting emblem of eternity itself!

The Great Pyramid is the unsolved riddle of the ages. Years have been devoted by eminent scholars to the study of its many marvels. But no matter how profound these intellects have been, the Pyramid has proved itself to be still more profound. One learned Egyptologist, after devoting the best years of his life to its study, declared that a complete understanding of the Pyramid's true purpose would require a perfect knowledge of not only every art and science now known to mankind but also many others of which present humanity is unaware.

Ou race has turned to the goal of objective attainment. It is conquering the visible, tangible universe which surrounds it and of which it is a part. It is flying through the air and sailing under the sea. It is exploding electrons and projecting magnificent units of electrical energy through the invisible vistas of space. It is manufacturing guns that will hurl tons of metal seventy to eighty miles. It is reaching out into the unknown elements of Nature in search of destructive forces which, if discovered, will jeopardize the destiny of the planet itself. Yet with all this knowledge man is hopelessly ignorant of himself. He is ignorant of the cause which brought him into being, the reason why he is a manifesting creature, and the ultimate towards which he is being swept with irresistible force.

Whereas we explore the visible, antiquity explored the invisible. Whereas we construct machines to do our labor, they called upon the elements and with that power possessed by primitive peoples controlled the air, the earth, the fire, and the water, and made servants out of the winds. What is more, they accomplished all this without following that circuitous route by which modern civilization seeks to attain the same end.

We declare the Great Pyramid of Gizeh to be the imperishable monument of ancient achievement—a divine legacy from an unknown past, constructed at the cost of infinite labor and infinite patience that all posterity may know the will of the gods and the path of attainment. In its measure-



The Initiation in the King's Chamber

ments man may read, as in a book, that secret doctrine which the first civilizations of antiquity bequeathed to their heirs, successors, and assigns.

In view of the numerous eminent authorities who have written concerning the physical dimensions and composition of the Great Pyramid, it does not seem advisable to spend much time on ground already so thoroughly covered. We will therefore merely touch on a few high lights of its construction and then pass on to a consideration of its philosophical significance.

While not the tallest of structures, the Great Pyramid is undoubtedly the largest building in the world. It has a ground area of a trifle less than 13 acres, covers nearly three times as much space as the Vatican at Rome, and is over 150 feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. The base line of each of its sides is over 750 feet in length and its vertical height is about 482 feet. The weight of the Great Pyramid is estimated to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,273,834 tons, while the weight of the earth is estimated at 5,273,000,000,000,000,000,000 Pyramid tons. It is noteworthy that the first four figures in each calculation are the same.

The age of the Great Pyramid has been the subject of much speculation and dispute. Up to recent years it would have been stark heresy to declare a building to be more than 7,000 years old at the utmost because science—controlled by theology—dared not disagree with the orthodox findings of bigoted theological historians. But as that day has passed and estimates now place the age of the earth at over 300,000,000 years, it is possible to approach much closer to the probable facts than it was in the last century. The prevalent idea that the Great Pyramid was built a few thousand years B. C. is controverted by all the evidence at hand. Distinct marks of erosion are now to be seen high up on the sides of the Great Pyramid which *ipso facto* proves that at some time in the infinite past the waves of a great sea nearly 300 feet in depth broke against its ancient walls. There is no record of any such flood in historic times. Even Biblical historians are prone to admit that the Great Pyramid was erected before the Flood and that it was the Deluge of Noah that left the erosion marks upon its walls.

The Great Pyramid is at least 25,000 years old; it is much more likely to be from 60,000 to 100,000 years old. It stood long before the Egyptians established their post-Atlantean empire. It was the House of God. One scientist, after estimating with great care the intricacies of its construction, bowed his head and said: "None but God Himself could have built it. It was not the work of man."

We affirm that man, however, did build it, but we declare it was not the man that modern science advances as representative of the human race 100,000 years ago. It was no Pithecanthropus or Piltdown man, no Neanderthal or Cro-Magnon with brain capacity but little in advance of the anthropoid, who trued its stones or calculated its relationship to the motion of the heavenly bodies! No Stone-Hatchet man worked out its mathematical equations, no cave-dweller mixed its indestructible mortar! Its achievements were the achievements of a race of supermen excelling in pursuits of which modern civilization is comparatively ignorant.

Is it possible that somewhere in the dim past this earth was peopled by a mighty race as resplendent in scientific achievement as it was profound in philosophic precept? A myopic science will most likely answer "Absurd! Impossible!" Yet the fact remains that the builders of the Great Pyramid were well acquainted with both the mysteries of universal dynamics and the nature of the human soul.

All the wisdom possessed by the ancients seems to have been epitomized in the structure of the Great Pyramid, and he who solves its riddle must necessarily be as wise as he who contrived it!

The Great Pyramid is the perfect emblem of Divinity, the absolute symbol of humanity, the complete type of Nature, and the image of time, eternity, and existence. In one simple geometrical figure, constructed according to an eternal principle, is set forth the secret of all things—all processes, all laws, and all truth.

Using the Pyramid measurements as a basis, Mr. William Petrie computed the distance of the sun from the earth as 91,840,000 miles, which was about three and one-half million miles less than the accepted mean distance. Several years later the distance was recalculated by an international gathering of astronomers, who estimated the true mean distance to be 91,500,000 miles. In all probability, the Great Pyramid measurement is more accurate than even these later findings. It is therefore evident that the men who built the Great Pyramid were not only astronomers but that their skill in computing celestial distances was at least equal to our own.

While it is undoubtedly true that many of the pyramids were used as tombs, it is quite certain that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was never intended as a sepulchral vault. No mummified body was every found on it and the sarcophagus in the King's Chamber is suspected of having been constructed for any one of a dozen purposes ranging from a baptismal font to a grain bin. Leaving the materialist to flounder in the midst of incalculable sums and endless contradictions, let us examine the form and composition of the Great Pyramid in the light of the Egyptian esotericism—the secret doctrine of the priests.

The Great Pyramid stands with its four faces to the four cardinal angles. The entrance part way up the side is in the north and so cleverly concealed that it is practically invisible from below. The entrance consists of a square surmounted by a triangle, thus signifying that the earth is surmounted by spirit. The entrance is hidden to signify that the way of light is difficult to find, and narrow is the gate that leads to eternal life and none may enter except he bow his head to the inevitable. The square base of the Pyramid in the Mysteries signifies its sure foundation upon the earth, for Nature is the base upon which must be raised the Divine House—the structure of wisdom must have a solid foundation in the laws of Nature. As the word *pyramid* signifies light and fire, it is a material edifice built in the symbolic form of a flame, with its point upward. This point may be considered as an indicator that wisdom is above and ignorance is below. The square base further represents the four elements, and the sides of the four spirits which guard the angles of the world.

Among the ancient Egyptians the triangle, or pyramid, was symbolic of immortality, for it was a point rising out of a square, thus signifying the resurrection of spirit out of matter—the 1 out of the 4. The 5 points are the number of the priest and also the secret Pythagorean emblem of man. The 5 is the Initiator—the Dragon-Slayer—He who attains to Self by the destruction of the Not-Self.

In substantiation of our belief that the Great Pyramid was the Sacred House of the Mysteries, we quote from that eminent authority on Masonic symbolism, Albert Churchward: "We contend that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was built in Egypt as a monument and lasting memorial of this early

religion, on true scientific laws, by divine inspiration and knowledge of the laws of the universe. Indeed, we may look on the Great Pyramid as the first true Masonic temple in the world, surpassing all others that have ever been built."

This thought opens up a great field of speculation. Was the Great Pyramid the true House of SOL-OM-ON? Was the architect of that House the immortal Hiram Abiff, whose name means "Our Father CHiram," or the creative fire? Were the stones for the Great Pyramid cut by bronze saws, with teeth made of diamonds, or were they cut by means of cosmic fire or the *schamir* with which Moses cut the jewels for the breastplate of the High Priest? What was the *schamir,* the sacred stone, which disintegrated anything it touched? Was it the Great Magical Agent of the universe focussed upon a point prepared according to the secrets of the Mysteries? We favor the idea that the Great Pyramid was the real Solomon's Temple. We know the allegory has been sadly distorted and, while to the modern Mason it may seem incredible that the Great Pyramid could be the birthplace of his Craft, we would ask him to answer two questions: What building greater than the Pyramid has any architect designed or any craftsman executed upon the face of the earth? For the administration of the three degrees of Blue Lodge Masonry what structure more fitting than the Great Pyramid could be found, with its three appropriate chambers and a sarcophagus ready at hand in the King's Chamber for the giving of the Master Mason's degree?

Egypt has always been regarded as the land of mystery. She surpassed all other nations in her knowledge of architectonics, chemistry, and astronomy. She is looked upon as being the cradle of science and philosophy and while we know comparatively little concerning the exact nature of Egyptian culture, we are continually confronted by evidence of its superiority. In fact we know a great deal less about Egypt than we care to admit, and being fundamentally materialists, most Egyptologists have given little consideration to the religious equation—the supreme element in the history and civilization of all ancient nations.

In spite of all evidence to the contrary, we shall yet discover that the Rosetta Stone is not the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. We shall yet realize that the true meaning of the Egyptian ideographs has never been revealed. We are totally ignorant of the knowledge possessed by the better minds of the ancient Egyptian world for a very simple reason: The Egyptians, like all other enlightened races, divided their knowledge into two parts —*exoteric* and *esoteric.* The exoteric was that portion of learning revealed to the many and the esoteric that part reserved for the illumined few and never reduced to writing savé in the form of hieroglyphics and symbols which were meaningless without that key which was the treasured possession of the initiated priestcraft.

The Egyptian culture with which we are conversant is only the exoteric part revealed to the uneducated multitudes of the ancient empire. That finer culture—the real wisdom of the Egyptians—was preserved for the elect, and our world is far too gross and materialistic to comprehend the subtleties of Egyptian escotericism. Therefore we grope blindly amidst images and emblems which, finding no meaning for them, we pronounce meaningless!

According to the secret teachings, the Great Pyramid was the tomb of Osiris, the black god of the Nile. Osiris represents a certain phase of solar energy and therefore his house, or tomb, is emblematic of the universe within which he is entombed and upon the cross of which he is crucified. Thus

the Great Pyramid is not a lighthouse, an observatory or a tomb, but a temple. Marsham Adams calls it "the House of the Hidden Places" and such indeed it was, for it represented the inner sanctuary of Egyptian wisdom—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, pre-Egyptian wisdom. Hermes was the Egyptian god of wisdom and letters, the Divine Illuminator, worshipped through the planet Mercury, and ancient references to the effect that the Pyramid was the House of Hermes emphasize anew the fact that it was in reality the Supreme Temple of the Invisible and Supreme Deity. In all probability, the Great Pyramid was the first temple of the Mysteries—the first structure erected as a repository for those secret truths which are the certain foundation of all modern arts and sciences.

The Great Pyramid, says the secret book, is the perfect emblem of the Microcosm or man, and the Microcosm is the inversion of the Macrocosm. The Macrocosm is the universe without, consisting of unnumbered stars and planets encircled by the mighty egg of cosmic space. All that is in the Macrocosm is to be found in miniature in the Microcosm. As man is "the image of God," so the Great Pyramid is the image of the universe. And—what is more—it is scientifically correct as an image of the universe.

Many authors have treated of the physical marvels of the Great Pyramid, but the modern world is still so ignorant of ancient superphysics that it fails to grasp the subtle import of primitive symbolism and primitive religion. We know that such structures as the Great Pyramid, the Cretan Labyrinth, and the Delphian Oracle were erected to conceal and yet perpetuate certain definite scientific and philosophic theorems.

The policy of the ancient world was concealment. Knowledge was never revealed except through parables and allegories; facts were never directly expressed—they were hinted at. Planets were personified as gods and goddesses; the sun was a shining-faced man with flowing golden locks; the earth was the Great Mother, her true nature concealed under veils and robes that only the illumined might remove; the elements were personified; the universe was an egg; force was a dragon; wisdom was a serpent; evil was a grotesque image —part crocodile, part hog; the Absolute was a globe; the threefold creative power was a triangle, and the fourfold universe of material substance was a square; or, again, spirit was a point, manifestation was a line, intelligence was a surface, and substance was a solid. Thus it is evident that symbolism was the universal language of the ancients. We may laugh at their curious myths and accuse them of idolatry and ignorance, but we are the ones that are ignorant and superficial when we assume that the great minds of antiquity —the founders of the arts and sciences and the patrons of learning—were ignorant of the true state and nature of Divinity and humanity.

Somewhere in the dim forgotten ages primitive man—still responsive to the subtle influences of Nature and still without the separating power of individual thought—carved in stone or preserved as tradition and legend a certain rudimentary knowledge. He may have secured this knowledge by a process of natural receptivity or from some previous race that inhabited this earth before the coming of present humanity. After the lapse of ages, this unknown people became the fabled gods who walked the earth and talked with man in the first days of his existence. Many of the Platonists believed that existence was eternal; that the universe had never been constructed and would never be dissolved; that the worlds had always been; and that over the face of them swept periodic waves of force and power. While modern

science refutes the theory and produces evidence that universes come into being and go out of existence, still the world is very old and humanity is very young. No one knows who our progenitors were. It may be true that man rose up from the muck and mire of the prehistoric fens—that first he appeared as mosses and lichens, leaving no record on the molten surfaces of the Azoic rocks. But the true origin of life is spiritual—not physical—and it is also quite certain that side by side with the growing forms of men and beasts there has advanced a mysterious and secret culture, whose outward expression we recognize as religion, philosophy, science, and ethics, and in its innermost sense as knowledge, wisdom, and understanding.

Man has never been without knowledge of his origin and the purpose of his existence. Those divine powers who regulate the destiny of creation—whose manifest works bear witness to their reality but whose form no man has seen—have always had their covenant with men; they have always been represented among humanity by certain sages and prophets. The temples were the houses of these gods, dedicated to their worship, protected from all desecration, and cleansed of all evil, that to these sanctified areas in the midst of a world of sin and strife the gods might come and there deliver to the leaders of tribes, nations, and races those laws and mandates necessary to human survival.

While the world has made rapid progress in scientific lines, it can claim but little religious growth in thousands of years. We are still unstrung by the battles of sectarianism; we are still pushed and pulled by contending theological factions, and as the supreme proof of our spiritual ignorance we still have a number of contradictory schools of religious thought. In other words, our little backyard world harbors scores of little backyard creeds. It therefore has no true religion, for it is quite evident that Divinity is a Unity and therefore can only be worshipped in unity and not in diversity.

While it is undoubtedly necessary that there be numerous forms of religion adapted to racial limitations, national attitudes, and geographical environments, still it is equally true that those religions must comprehend their own fundamental unity and realize that their differences are not in essentiality but in triviality.

While the ignorant masses worshipped at the altars of this god or that god, the wise men of antiquity were not fettered by religious prejudice, but recognized in these hosts of divinities the personified emanations and attributes of One Supreme Father. Accordingly, the Greeks went forth in search of wisdom and their quest led them into the temples of every faith and doctrine of the world.

Did the religion of the Greek philosopher limit him to Zeus, Rhea, Hermes, or the numerous other deities whose marble images sat in the magnificent temples rising on the brow of the Acropolis? Assuredly not!

The Greek initiates were received into the Mysteries of Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, Babylonia, Phœnicia, and India. Returning home again, they were not considered as heretics—false to their own gods—but as illumined and venerable sages almost worthy of worship. The Greeks esteemed the excellence of Brahmin thought, and likewise the Brahmins knew that the Chaldeans and Phœnicians were not unlearned in natural lore. They exchanged freely with each other the knowledge they possessed, for Brahma was but the name of a Nameless Principle, and if the Greeks wished to call their deity Uranus, Chronos or Zeus, what mattered it? It was the Principle—not the name—that was worshipped; it was the wisdom—not the terminology—that was

worthy of study. So among the initiates of antiquity there prevailed a great broadness and depth woefully lacking in the "worldly wise men" of today.

In certain sanctified localities were erected temples, not to this cult or to that creed, but to the World Mystery Religion—the one faith of mankind, the all-inclusive doctrine that sometime again must be recognized as the dominating religious institution of the world. From the East, the West, the North, and the South came the learned of all nations seeing acceptance into these Sacred Houses which stood as gateways between the mysteries of visible Nature and the mysteries of the causal universe.

The Great Pyramid was such a sacred edifice, dedicated to the God Hermes—the personification of Universal Wisdom. To gain admission there a man need not be of Egyptian blood, nor of any particular race or creed. There were but two requisites: he must be *clean in heart, mind, and body;* and he must *desire wisdom with a desire stronger than that for life itself.*

So from every part of the ancient world seekers after truth came to the House of the Hidden Places to learn of God, to learn of Nature, and to discover that arcane doctrine which may be revealed only to those who have passed successfully the tests and temptations constituting the initiation rituals of the Mysteries.

We have said that the Great Pyramid is the symbol of the world. It is also the symbol of material existence, for physical life is a series of incidents taking place in certain environments and largely influenced by the environments in which they occur.

Thus it is evident that the various chambers and parts of the Great Pyramid signify esoterically the divisions and avenues of life. As the Cretan Labyrinth contained within it the Minotaur or Bull-Man, whose name in the secret language of the Mysteries means "the beast mind" and which devoured each year the quota of youths and maidens exacted by it as tribute, so earthly life is a winding labyrinth of mystic passageways and chambers, within which dwells the Minotauric beasts—temptation, sorrow, suffering, and death.

Recall the story of Dante's descent into the Inferno or the wanderings of Æneas through the underworld under the guidance of the Cumaean sibyl. Hades—the underworld of the Greeks and Egyptians—is not, as generally supposed, the sphere of the dead. In reality Hades is the material physical world in which we live our material physical lives. Though we believe ourselves to be alive, we but dwell in the underworld of the Greeks, for its tortuous subterranean passageways symbolize that span of earthly existence stretching from the cradle to the grave.

According to the ancients, there are two gates—two mighty doors—one leading into the House of Life and the other leading out. Man enters at the Gate of Cancer—the ancient symbol of the World Mother and the emblem of birth. After wandering his appointed span among the hollows and glooms of Hades, or the Inferno, he passes into the Heaven of the gods through the celestial Gate of Capricorn, by the side of which stands Saturn, the Reaper, symbolic of time and age. Thus the two gates of the underworld are respectively the womb which leads in and the tomb which leads out.

In the underworld Æneas and Dante beheld the sorrows of the lost souls, the agony of the damned, and the curses of sin, lust, and degeneracy. According to the Mysteries, these are the self-generated sufferings which man must

(*Continued on Page 26*)

A Notable Reprint

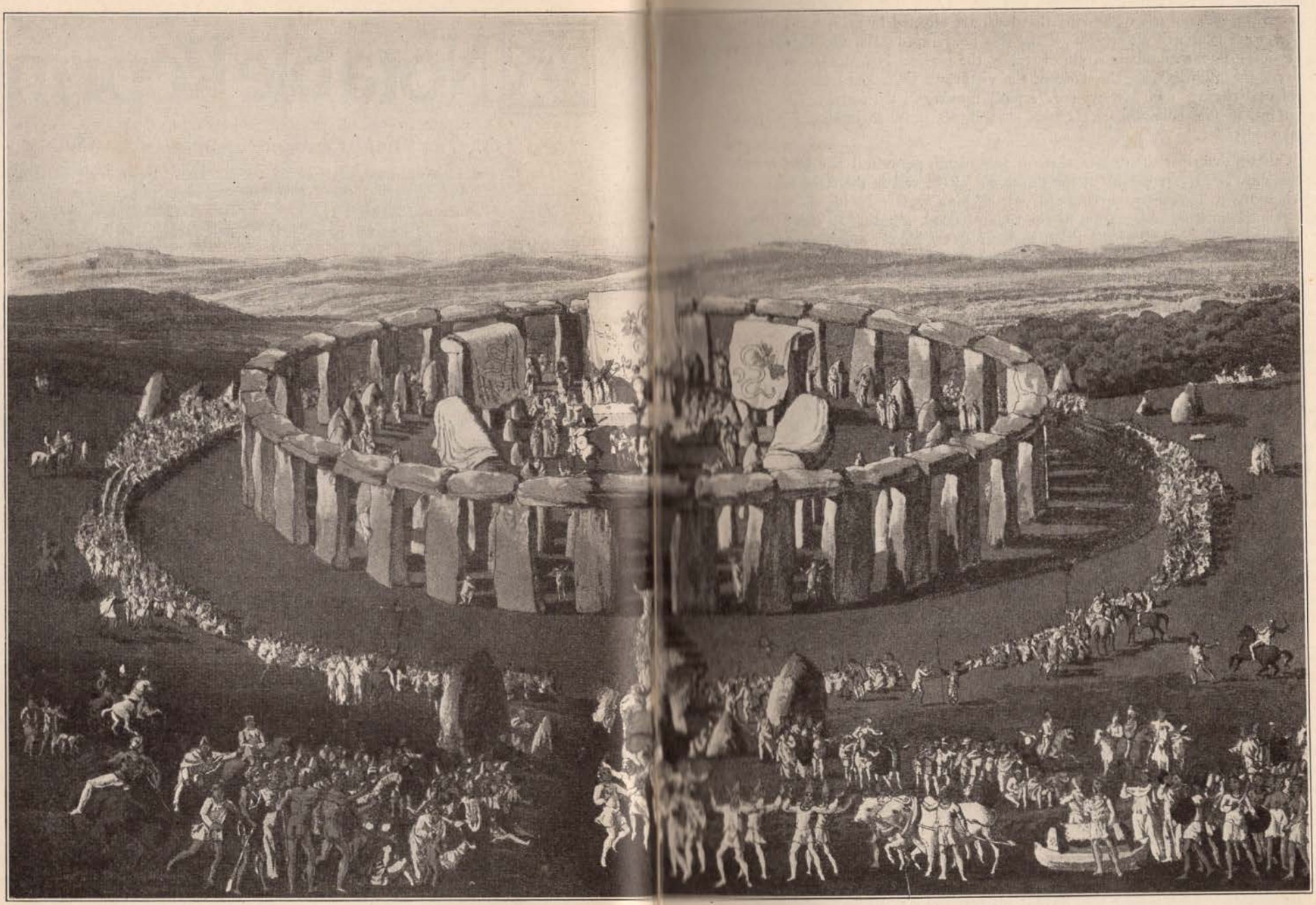
The Druid Ceremony of Stonehenge

The Grand Conventional Festival of the Britons. From *"The Costume of the Original Inhabitants of the British Islands," by Samuel Rush Meyrick, L.L.D. and F.S.A. and Charles Hamilton Smith, Esq. William Bulmer and Co., London, 1815.* (The following being a description and reproduction of Plate XI, Ed.)

The superstition of the Druids corresponded with that of the world in general, not only in its theology, but also in the ceremonies by which the deities were worshipped. The penetrating and accurate Cæsar, marking this similarity, does not hesitate to affirm that they adored Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, adding, *de his eandem fere, quam reliquae gentes habent opinionem;* "their opinion respecting these nearly coincides with that of other nations." Dionysius informs us, that the rites of Bacchus were duly celebrated in the British islands; and Strabo cites the authority of Artemidorus, that "in an island close to Britain, Ceres and Proserpine are venerated with rites similar to the orgies of Samothrace." As it is then an historical fact that the mythology and rites of the Druids were the same in substance with those of the Greeks and Romans, as well as of other nations which came under their observation, we shall have pretty good authorities for the representation of them, if with the ancient Bardic poems in our hands we attentively scrutinize the mythological sculptures of the Egyptians to assist in the composition.

This plate therefore represents Stonehenge, the Gwaith Emreis, ambrosial work, of the ancient Britons, in its original splendour, and decked out for the celebration of the Helio-arkite ceremonies. Stone circles in Ireland are called Caer Sidi; the British Bards apply the same appellation. But this is also the name of the zodiac, and as these temples were constructed on astronomical principles, they either represented that celestial zone, solar cycles of sixty, and thirty stones, or the lunar one of nineteen. But these temples had reference to the terrestrial as well as celestial objects of adoration, and therefore typified the ark, which Taliesin particularly terms Caer Sidi, "the enclosure of the just man." As that sacred vessel contained all the animated world so this its representative was in reference to it, called "the mundane circle of stones."

This Mawr Cor Cyvoeth, "great sanctuary of dominion," is represented as it probably appeared "on the morn after May-eve, when the song of the Cuckoo convened the appointed dance over the green," when "it was rendered complete by the rehearsal" of ancient lore, the chaunting of "hymns" in honor of the British divinities, and the interpretation of their will by the birds of the mountain." At this time the huge stones of the oval adytum, which represented the mundane egg, "were covered with veils," on which were delineated the history of "the dragon king." On the principal trilithon of these appeared "the gliding king with expanding wings, before whom the fair one retreats," or Jupiter in the form of a dragon about to violate Proserpine, and become the father of Bacchus. On another the serpent entwining two phalli,



The Grand Ceremonial of Stonehenge

representing the sun entering the sign Gemini. On a third again the serpent between the sun and moon showing that both are affected by eclipses. Similar devices were exhibited on others. Thus was pourtrayed "Hu the distributor, as presiding in the mundane circle of stones, the glaring Hu, the sovereign of Heaven, the gliding king, the dragon, the victorious Beli, Lord of the honey island of Britain;" and now we see "rapidly moving in the course of the sky, in circles, in uneven numbers, Druids, and Bards unite in celebrating their (dragon) leader."

Taliesin describes the preparation for the solemn periodical rite performed on this day, viz. the removing of the shrine out of the cell in the Arkite island, which seems to have been surrounded only at high water. In his account we may remark a ritual observation of the time of flood, alluding to the deluge; a fanatical rite of piercing the thigh so as to draw blood; and a ceremonial adorning of the sacred rock, which was at that time to display the countenance of the Arkite god. Again, that this was done at the dawn, that the Helio-arkite god might be coming forth from the cell at the precise hour of the sun's rising. That this rock was the chief place of tranquillity, for here the divinity was supposed to reside, excepting at the time of the solemn procession; and lastly, that this patriarchal god, the supreme proprietor, was he who received his family exiled from the world into his ark or sanctuary. Aneurin thus details the different days' ceremonies: "In the festival on the eve of May they celebrate the praise of the holy ones (the helio, and lunar-arkite deities) in the presence of the purifying fire, which was made to ascend on high. On Tuesday they wear their dark garments (in allusion to the darkness of the ark, during the patriarch's confinement.) On the Wednesday they purified their fair attire, (typifying Noah's restoration to light.) On the Thursday they truly performed their due rites. On the Friday the victims were conducted round the circles. On the Saturday their united exertions were displayed without the circular dome. On the Sunday the men with red blades were conducted round the circle, and on the Monday the banquet was served." In the festival of May-eve, however, the more immediate rites of the lunar-arkite goddess took place, as those of the solar divinity did in the morning. Thus Taliesin, speaking of the cows which drew her chest, exclaims, "Eminent is the virtue of the free course when the dance is performed. Loud is the horn of the lustrator, when the kine move in the evening." But from the Egyptian sculptures we are led to suppose that her shrine also accompanied that of the Helio-arkite god on the following morning. On this glorious morn the Druids welcomed the rising sun, the Rhwyv Trydar or "leader of the din," with frantic shouts of joy, accompanied with a vocal hymn and instrumental music, and during this "the priests" within the adytum "moved sideways round the sanctuary, whilst the sanctuary was earnestly invoking the gliding kind." Just behind the altar appears the presiding Druid, "with the circle of ruddy gems on his golden shield," the image of the Caer Sidi. This he occasionally struck with the thyrsus or "bush-topped spear," to have probably the same effect as the horrid din with which the heathens pretended to save the moon at the hour of her eclipse. He presides in the bloody area of the altar, about, in his character of Ysadawr or sacrificer, to slay the victim. Behind are his attendants, "overshading the Bardic mysteries with the banners of the Bards." Near at hand is "the spotted cow," in whose collar are entwined "the stalks of the plants about to be drenched with gore, which procured blessings. On a serene day she bellowed (as a warning presage of the deluge) and afterwards she was boiled" or sacrificed. To the left appears "a Bard seated on a grey steed as governor of the festival." "A thick-maned steed is under the thigh of the fair youth, his shield light and broad hangs upon the slender courser. His blue and unspotted weapon (hasta pura) was the assuager of tumult," being the emblem of peace. "This spear of quartered ash he sometimes extended from his hand over the stone cell of the sacred fire," as he rode about the temple. Conspicuous in the center stands the "bull or brindled ox, with the thick head-band having seven score knobs on his collar." This animal was the symbol of the patriarch in his character of husbandman. It was attended by three priests termed Garan hir, lofty cranes, from their attendance also on the water mysteries. Hence this deity was called Tarw Trigaranau, "Tarvos Trigaranos," and sculptured with three cranes on his back. This animal in the Triads is termed "The yellow ox of the spring," in commemoration of the sign Taurus, into which the sun entered at the season when the Druids celebrated the great arkite mysteries; the brown ox which stopped the channel, from the promise which Noah obtained that no future deluge would occur; and the brindled ox with the thick headband. Such is the "animal which the silver-headed ones" or hoary Druids protect." In front of this is another symbol of the divinity, "the eagle raised aloft in the sky in the path of Granwyn" or Apollo (the ecliptic) "before the pervading sovereign" or rising sun.

Such appears the temple within; but Taliesin asks, "Who approaches the Caer with white dogs, (Druids,) and large horns?" We must therefore examine the grand procession.

First of this band appears the divining Bard with his hudywydd or magic wand, followed by the Bards striking their tuneful harps: whose number was sometimes "seven score." Next follows the shrine of Ceridwen, or "curvatures of Kyd (the ark) which passed the grievous waters, stored with corn, and borne aloft by serpents" or attendant priests. On the preceding eve this shrine had been drawn by cows and attended by torch-bearers, whence Ceres was represented as having wandered over the earth with lighted torches. Now it is attended only by three priests, the Hierophant who represented "the great Creator;"—"one bearing a torch" who personated the sun, and the herald, who as the especial minister of the goddess was regarded as a symbol of the moon. Next comes 'the house" or shrine of the Helio-arkite god, "recovered from the swamp," which is preceded by "the assembled train dancing after their manner, and singing in cadence, some with garlands" of ivy "on their brows," others with cornute caps. "These are the oxen of Hu the mighty, with part of his chain," the symbol of his confinement, and his five attendants which we now behold with golden harness of active flame." These have drawn the Avanc or huge monster from the lake, during which the attendants sing a piece of music still known to a few persons in Wales, called "Cainc yr Ychain banawg," which was an imitation of the lowing of the oxen, and the rattling of chains. The hunched oxen which the Druids employed in this rite were probably of the finest breed which the country afforded, but distinguished either by the size of their horns, or some peculiar mark, and set apart for sacred use. They are now drawing the Avanc to where Taliesin intimates the diluvian patriarch found rest, viz. the spot on which the spotted cow was sacrificed. Originally three oxen drew the Avanc, and probably represented the sons of the patriarch, but as Ham incurred the displeasure of his father, so one is said to have been unequal to the task, and consequently left behind. But "the two oxen of distinguished honour put their necks under the car of

the lofty one Majestic were they, with equal pace they moved to the festival." Thus we see the Avanc was the car or shrine of the Diluvian god which was drawn from the lake or representative deluge to his temples and sanctuaries upon firm ground, by which he was invested with the empire of the recovered earth. These yoked oxen also refer to the deity himself; for Taliesin, speaking in his name, says, "I was subjected to the yoke for my affliction, but commensurate was my confidence, the world had no existence were it not for my progeny." "This house, recovered from the swamp, is surrounded with crooked horns," some of the dancers before carrying the double pateras, and those who follow sounding "loud the horns of the lustrator." It is also followed by others bearing "crooked swords in honour of the mighty king of the plains," and the whole is closed by the "circular revolutions performed by the attendants and white bands in graceful extravagance," and those "with curved swords and clattering shields."

On the rampart surrounding the temple are assembled the representatives of the people, the heads of tribes and families, with their standard bearers, while the people themselves, who, Cæsar says, *"nullo adhibetur concilio,"* were never admitted into the assemblies, are viewing the procession in groups on the plains.

The Unsuspected Cause

I am convinced that the great majority of those complaints which are considered purely mental, such as irritability and irascibility of temper, gloomy melancholy, timidity and irresolution, despondency, etc., might be greatly remedied, if not entirely removed, by a proper system of temperance, and a very little medicine. On this account, medical men often have it in their power to confer an immense boon of happiness on many valuable members of society, whose lives are rendered wretched by morbid sensitiveness of the mind, having its unsuspected source in morbid sensibility of the stomach, bowels, or the nervous system. From numerous facts, indeed, which have come within my own observation, I am convinced that many strange antipathies, disgusts, caprices of temper, and eccentricities, which are considered solely as obliquities of the intellect, have their source in corporeal disorder. By a temporary gastric derangement many an enterprise of "vast pith and moment" has had its "current turned awry," and "lost the name of action." The philosopher and the metaphysician, who know but little of these reciprocities of mind and matter, have drawn many a false conclusion from, and erected many a baseless hypothesis on, the actions of men. Many a happy and lucky thought has sprung from an empty stomach! Many an important undertaking has been ruined by a bit of undigested pickle—many a well-laid scheme has failed in execution from a drop of green bile—many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth in consequence of an irritated gastric nerve! —*Dr. Johnson.*

Questions & Answers

A Department Maintained for the Convenience of the Reader

Question. Can you tell me the names of the great generals who never lost a battle? G. S.

Answer. There are only three important military leaders of whom history records no defeat. They are Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the Duke of Wellington.

Q. Is it true that one of the Popes was a Freemason? If so, will you kindly give his name? F. L.

A. A number of bishops and cardinals and two or three saints have been accredited with Masonic affiliations, but it is difficult to prove absolutely that they were initiated into the Freemasonic Order. The Masonic Pope was Pius IX, who was initiated into the Order while a young man. Pope Boniface IV is also suspected of Masonic affiliations because of his kindly attitude toward the Masonic Order.

Q. What is the true meaning of the legend of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland? F. C.

A. The early Celts worshipped the serpent god which had been introduced into Ireland by the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, and the Atlanteans. In the ancient world it was customary to name the priests of a cult after the deity whom they served. Therefore the priests of the serpent god were themselves called "snakes." It is well known that the Druids were often referred to as "serpents" and they used the eggs of snakes in the preparation of their magical medicines. St. Patrick, while not the first Christian missionary to Ireland, is accredited with having been the first great power among the Irish in the establishment of Christianity. The legend that he drove the snakes from Ireland signifies that St. Patrick destroyed the pagan cult of serpent worship and drove its priests from their temples.

Q. Will you please give us the names of the greatest of the Greek philosophers? K. G. F.

A. The foremost thinkers of the Greek School are Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, and Erastosthenes. Of these Thomas Taylor writes that Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato are the great triad. The Greek Mysteries were given out symbolically and mystically by Orpheus, enigmatically and through images by Pythagoras, and scientifically by Plato. (See *The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus.*) There were at least four great Greeks who bore the name of *Orpheus.* It was the first of these who is now recognized as the great and illumined sage who brought the principles of Greek mythology from India thousands of years before the Christian era. Socrates is often included among the first minds of Greece, but as none of his writings are in existence and nothing is known concerning him save through the writings of Plato, there is a certain element of doubt both concerning his true identity and the exact nature of his philosophy. Of course there are many great Greek thinkers, but those named above have by the outstanding nature

of their doctrines been most widely accepted as founders and patrons of science and philosophy.

Q. Do animals go to heaven? And what is the difference between the spirit of an animal and the spirit of a man? J. T. S.

A. A few months before his death, Mr. Luther Burbank told me that if his little dog could not go to heaven, he did not want to. The heaven of the orthodox thinker apparently has no place in it for the animal, for man is very selfish; he creates a universe for his own convenience or rather he tries to prove that God did. Up to a short time ago the Christian world believed that the sun, the moon, and the stars had been hung in the sky by God for the convenience of man, and therefore in his theology—which is as selfish as himself—man has conceived a heaven which will exclude all who disagree with him and denies immortality to everything that is different from himself in form, in nature, in intelligence, and in principle. In this the Mohammedan is more generous than the Christian, for in the Koran it is written that ten animals have been admitted into the eternal Paradise: the dog of the seven sleepers of Ephesus; the ass which rebuked Balaam; Solomon's ant; Jonah's whale; the ram of Ishmael; the ass upon which the Queen of Sheba rode; the camel of Saleb; the Queen of Sheba's dove; the ox of Moses; and an animal called Al-Borak, upon which Mohammed ascended to heaven. Occasionally the ass upon which Jesus rode into Jerusalem is added or substituted for one of the other animals. Philosophy teaches that the Eternal Essence which we call God and which is the sum and origin of all things is as much in the animal as it is in man and therefore the plant of the field or the animal that roams among the hills is as surely an immortal creature as is man. The difference between the various forms of life which we see is not in the invisible spiritual nature which is within but is rather a difference of unfoldment of the objective vehicles by means of which the invisible nature manifests itself. As the animal has not the rational faculties of man, man's heaven would be inconceivable and far from a divine place to the plant or the animal. But the law of evolution is gradually unfolding the potentialities of the lower kingdoms of Nature and in time the animal will unfold its consciousness to a degree fully as great as that of man, and all together the mineral, the plant, the animal, and the man are being swept along to endless stages of growth and unfoldment until finally all attain to that perfection which is the ultimate condition of unity with Eternal Life. We do not know what heaven awaits the animal and we are far from sure just what heaven awaits us, but we are certain that in the infinite wisdom of Nature all have equal opportunity and equal compensation.

Q. Will you kindly tell us why roosters are so often put on weather vanes and the towers of old churches? D. E.

A. The practice of placing the rooster in prominent positions and on the peaks of towers is based upon an ancient pagan custom. The rooster is a phallic symbol and sacred to the sun. It was accepted by the Greeks as the emblem of Ares (the Roman Mars) and typified watchfulness and defense. Its presence indicated that the gods watched over and defended that house. It was placed in the center of the weather vane to signify the sun which was in the center of the four corners of creation. The Greeks sacrificed a rooster to the gods at the time of entering the Eleusinian Mysteries and the last words of Socrates were: "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Discharge this debt therefore for me, and don't neglect it."

Q. What became of the Nails of the Crucifixion? A. R. S.

A. There are many legends concerning the Crucifixion Nails, none of which take into account the probable facts that the nails, if actually used, were almost certainly wooden spikes. There is a legend to the effect that the Emperor Constantine used one of the Passion Nails for a bridle bit. This would rather demonstrate a lack of piety on his part. Another of the nails, according to popular tradition, was used in the construction of the famous Iron Crown, which Napoleon—without benefit of clergy—placed on his own head at the time of his coronation. The presence of the nail is supposedly proved by the fact that a certain part of the metal of the crown will not rust. In late years there has been a miraculous multiplication of sacred relics, and many Passion Nails of doubtful authenticity are to be found in different parts of the world. But it is quite certain that the whereabouts of the actual spikes or pegs is unknown.

Q. If philosophic idealists believe in the sacredness of life, declaring it to be a cardinal sin to destroy even the smallest creature, do they have any philosophic solution to the problem of what to do with vermin, bugs, and poisonous insects? L. M. S.

A. Some scribe or Pharisee, with malice aforethought, submits the above! In all matters of this kind it is wise to realize that we are most truly philosophic when we accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. Very often by obeying the letter of the law we crucify the spirit. The Jains, a very strict East Indian religious sect, employ a man to stand with a broom in front of their temple in Calcutta and tenderly whisk to one side all creeping and crawling things that may chance to stray across the pavement so that no living thing will be injured or stepped on by passersby. If after the individual has used every precautionary measure, such as cleanliness, tidiness, etc., it becomes a matter where various pests are a menace to the community, it is then necessary to destroy them in order to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. For example, rats are very often the carriers of plagues and epidemics, which will sweep through whole districts and exact a terrific toll of human life. It is quite impossible for an individual to live an absolutely harmless life: the very air he breathes contains minutes organisms which must die in order that he may continue; the growing tree absorbs into itself the life of lesser plants and creatures and thus lives at the expense of the weaker; the water we drink is a mass of animaliculae that are just as surely alive as horses, dogs, and cattle. We may, and should, reduce our destructiveness to a minimum, but we cannot become entirely free of other lives which must be sacrificed for our survival. The point is this: if we must kill, it is also our duty to give life; if we must destroy, there is only one reason for our perpetuation—that we produce more than we destroy; if multitudes of lives must be sacrificed for our continuance, we owe to Nature a debt which we can only liquidate by making the best possible use of the time which is given to us at so great a cost to other things. The most foolish and wicked person in the world is the one who doesn't realize what must die that he can live. Therefore if we must kill to live, let us not live to kill but, using the energy which is given to us, dedicate our lives to constructive labors by which all humanity and Nature may be benefited. In this way we justify our existence. As the lesser is sacrificed for man, so man, in turn, must be willing to be sacrificed for something still greater and in the cause of that divine power which is as far above man as man is above the reptiles and the vermin.

Q. Is perpetual motion a scientific possibility? J. H. J.

A. In celestial dynamics perpetual motion, or something so nearly akin to it that man's mind is incapable of differentiating between them, is an absolute reality. Up to the present time, however, no practical method has been devised for harnessing universal energy in a mechanism created out of material substances for use in a material world. The ancients claimed to possess perpetual motion machines, and while their claims may be attacked the great lapse of time makes it as impossible to deny their assertions as it is to prove them. Fortunes have been spent in the search for a perpetual motion machine. These have been so uniformly unsuccessful that the United States Patent Office will not even give attention to applications for patents on perpetual motion devices unless accompanied by a working model. The somewhat facetious attitude with which the modern world views the perpetual motion idea is summed up in a definition which appears in Dietrich's essay on the subject: "The question of perpetual motion is reduced to the finding of a weight that is heavier than itself or an elastic force having a greater elasticity than it possesses!" In time, perpetual motion will probably be discovered along with many other ideas rejected by the scientific world. In fact, there is one device at the present time which may prove to be an interesting element in the problem. It is a machine which will run indefinitely in any climate where there is a variation of temperature of two degrees in 24 hours. This change in temperature is sufficient to keep the machine in perpetual motion.

Q. Is there any literal truth in the story of Samson's hair being the source of his strength? J. R.

A. Of course the Biblical allegory of Samson is based upon the phenomena of the equinoxes and the solstices as these were observed by ancient astronomers. Samson was the sun and the house of Delilah the Constellation of Virgo which, when the sun enters it in the fall months, loses its strength by having its rays (hair) cut off by the Celestial Virgin. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of truth in the theory that the strength of the body is depleted by the cutting of the hair. There are certain etheric emanations which escape through the open ends of cut hair and science has rather thoroughly established that baldness is almost the inevitable result of continuously cutting the hair. There is little baldness among those nations who wear their hair long. Nature is economical and only supplies man with those parts and members which time has proved to be essential to his survival. People who are incessantly removing and eliminating what they consider to be "spare parts" may either live or die regretting it. While it may not be noticed as such, hair cutting and shaving are as surely surgical operations as the disentanglement of an appendix or the forcible removal of a kidney.

Q. Will you kindly publish Herbert Spencer's definition of God? R. S.

A. The reference is not at hand, but if our memory does not play us false, the definition is approximately as follows: "God is infinite intelligence, infinitely diversified through infinite time and infinite space, manifesting through an infinitude of ever-evolving individualities."

BOOK EXCHANGE
Rare·Philosophical·Occult Items

This department in our new monthly magazine is established to meet what we feel to be a great need. The great philosophical, religious, and symbolical books of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries are now to be obtained only after a search often involving years. Being in a position to know where many of these volumes can be obtained, we will list them in this column so that other students needing these works for reference or other purposes may have the opportunity of purchasing them. This department is not being maintained for the purpose of profit, and the books are priced at cost plus the actual expense of handling. All books listed will represent the best available material on the various subjects. Those acquainted with the rarity of the volumes will understand the reason for their apparent exorbitant cost.

If you have any rare books on these subjects which you wish to dispose of, we shall be glad to list same on this monthly page.

Calmet's Dictionary of the Holy Bible. 3 vols., original calf (rebacked). Extremely fine plates, engraved by C. Taylor. London, 1800-1801. Price $10.50. Note: The volumes contain the autograph signature of Bushrod Washington, Supreme Court Justice of the United States and nephew of George Washington.

Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers, to which is added a Bibliography of Alchemy and Hermetic Philosophy, by A. E. Waite. London, 1888. Cloth, perfect condition. Price $10.50.

Monumental Christianity or the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church, by John P. Lundy. New York, 1876. Original cloth, binding somewhat loose. Price $6.00.

The History of the Holy Cross. Reproduced in Fac-simile from the Original Edition printed by J. Veldener in 1483. Text and Engravings by J. Ph. Berjeau. London, 1863. Cloth, fine copy, with rare Masonic interest. Price $10.50.

The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus, demonstrated to be the Invocations which were used in the Eleusinian Mysteries. Translated from the Greek by Thomas Taylor. London, 1896. Cloth, sound copy, with some extra pages bound in. Price $5.50.

The Indian Religions or the results of the Mysterious Buddhism and the Divinity of Fire, by Hargrave Jennings. London, 1890. Cloth, fine copy. Price $7.50.

The True Ahriman Rezon, or a Help to all that are or would be Free and Accepted Masons. First American Edition, with curious frontisplate, by Lau. Dermott. New York, 1805. Price $7.50.

The Migration of Symbols, by Count Goblet D'Alviella. A remarkable and invaluable work published in Westminster in 1894. Cloth, splendid copy, with numerous plates. Price $25.00.

Address "Book Exchange," care of The All-Seeing Eye.

(*Continued from Page 14*)
endure because he permits himself to be controlled by his own lower nature. All this Inferno is a dream and an illusion, like the Buddhist wheel, to which man clings although he would be free if his mind could but let go.

Hades is, therefore, the sphere in which those creatures dwell who are under the domination of the senses. Their agony is the agony of hopeless desire, useless selfishness, and the sorrow which results from the vain struggle after a mirage. Hades is the dwelling place of those who have never discovered themselves, who have never realized Reality, who have never attained self-consciousness. For when man finds himself, he rolls away the stone of his sepulchre and ascends from the realms of death.

The word *death* is a misnomer as we generally use it. Those are not dead who have laid aside this mortal coil—they really are dead who do not *know themselves*. Death is ignorance, for those who are ignorant are buried in the cold stone coffin of their own limitations, knowing nothing, appreciating nothing, realizing nothing, achieving nothing—the mindless have never lived.

Life is not merely animated existence. Life is thought; life is achievement; life is appreciation; life is recognition; life is realization; life is aspiration; and, most of all, life is understanding! To those who understand life, there can be no death; to those who do not understand the purpose of our sojourn here, there can be no life.

So, according to the Mysteries, the ignorant lie sleeping—sleeping through all eternity, sleeping as worlds are made, sleeping as worlds perish again, sleeping as nations rise, sleeping as empires fall. Surrounded by infinite opportunity and part of a plan based upon infinite growth, those who are not initiated into the mystery of Reality sleep in their narrow coffins of egotism, selfishness, and unawareness through all the eternities of time and being!

The Mysteries taught that there are two manner of men: those who are awake and those who are asleep. Those who are awake live in a world of infinite light, infinite wisdom, infinite beauty, infinite opportunity, and infinite progress. To such all things are good; to such there is no death, and gradually they ascend that ladder of stars leading to the footstool of Divinity itself. To these awakened ones the universe is home and the myriads of stars and heavenly bodies are kindred hosts of celestial beings. All the world is a laboratory of experimentation; every stick and stone preaches a sermon; every living thing teaches a lesson. But to the sleeping ones the world is a cold and dismal place; every man is an enemy; every plant is poisonous or thorny; every beast snaps and howls; every stone is sharp; every problem is a disaster; always the clouds obscure the face of the sun and the heavenly lights are darkened; life itself is a futile struggle against the inevitable and the grave its closing episode.

Immortality is not the perpetuation of the body. It is an innate realization of the perpetuity of spirit. Once man gains consciousness of Self, he can never lose it; once he has learned to live he cannot die, though his form may change. Life is the realization of life and death is the lack of that realization. Could Plato, initiated into the nothingness of death, ever die? Could Socrates ever cease to be who knew that by drinking the hemlock he was but liberating himself from the bonds and limitations of a world which could not understand? He realized that the fleshy house was not his real self but that he changed his bodies as he changed his garments. Having arrived at the realization of truth, he was immortal.

But what is truth? Whence comes that power which, when it is established in the soul of man, answers all things, solves all things, reveals all things, and supplies all things? What is that indescribable elixir which, when poured into the human soul, makes of the weakling a hero, of the poor man one of indescribable wealth, of the ignorant a divinely illumined sage, and of a man a god?

We hear much of truth. It is a word on every man's tongue but in few men's hearts. Can it be revealed by one to another? Is it a tangible, intellectual reality, or is it an indescribable recognition of the relationship between the individual Self and the Universal Self? What is this mysterious doctrine which lifts man from the ranks of the mediocre and carries him to the very footstool of Divinity? What is it that makes the martyr die with a smile upon his lips and with blessings for his executioners? What is it that inspires the artist to paint pictures which illumine the world? What is it that sounds as soft music in the ears of the great composer? What is it that moves the pen of the author that he may write books which will live forever in the hearts and souls of humanity?

The symbol of that great power is the *crux ansata*—the cross of life—that golden key which unlocks the mysteries of self, that golden key which all too often becomes a cross for the crucifixion of the illumined. And yet those who have this golden key smile at death, laugh at torture, and, retiring into the sanctuary of themselves, are sufficient for all their needs!

This great and mysterious power, this power of divinely revealed truth, is what man gains when he was accepted into the House of the Hidden Places, for it is said that the Mysteries either found a good man or made one, and though he started upon the road a scoffer he ended amazed and silenced.

True religion is not a mass of idle mummeries, contentions, and debates. It is not a series of codes to be accepted in spite of better judgment. It is not an institution obeying the dictates of God by damning unbaptized infants and burying its elect in hallowed ground. These things are the chaff that shall be tossed to the winds; these are the false doctrines—meaningless and useless—serving only as hindrances in the search for truth.

True religion is that institution established by antiquity for the purpose of so unfolding the heart and mind and hand of man that he may gradually grow into that divine realization which confers immortality. The real purpose of religion is to inspire into activity and objective existence that subjective power of understanding which lies latent in the hearts and souls of unillumined humanity.

And as the seekers after truth came from all parts of the ancient world, they beheld the mighty Pyramid rising before them as a looming miracle in stone, a glorious House—man's supreme offering to that definitionless Divinity that gives him the power of recognition! The Great Pyramid was built as an imperishable monument to the Divinity which lies buried in humanity. It is the tombstone of God lying dead in Nature, awaiting the day of resurrection. *It marks the grave of the builder.* It is the sprig of acacia, and he who entered its ancient portal was consecrated to the task of raising the dead God to life again—in himself.

There is a God sleeping in the soul of every man. This sleeping God is his own Divinity—a spark of Universal Divinity imprisoned in a sarcophagus not only of material clay but the clay of earthly thoughts, earthly desires, and wormlike attributes. Here in the House of the Hidden Places man was in-

structed how to awaken the sleeping God, how to summon into manifestation those latent potentialities which, when trained and unfolded, produce the perfected man.

The unfolding of man's spiritual nature is as much an exact science as astronomy, medicine or jurisprudence. It is not a haphazard procedure based upon a none too certain faith. The secret processes whereby the Divine nature of man may be resurrected and enthroned as the ruler of the human life—this is the secret science, this is the divine doctrine, this is the supreme arcana of all ages and of all peoples. It is to this end that all religions have been established; and out of religion have come science, philosophy, logic, and reason as methods whereby this divine purpose might be attained.

Religion, therefore, represents the Tree of Life. The Garden of Eden is the House of the Mysteries in the midst of which grows this Tree; and Knowledge and Understanding are the fruit of the Tree and he who eats of that fruit shall be a god, having eternal life. But lest this fruit be stolen, lest the foolish attempt to steal the prize belonging to the wise, the supreme mystery is concealed under the emblems and symbols meaningless to the uninitiated. For being the most priceless of all human possessions, truth is guarded more sedulously than any other secret. What is there in the world that is its equal? What more can man possess than understanding? All other things are impermanent, but understanding endures; all other things may be lost or destroyed, but understanding belongs forever to him who once possesses it!

Through the mystic passageways and chambers of the Great Pyramid therefore passed the illumined of antiquity. As *men* they entered its portal, as *gods* they came forth again. It was the place of the "second birth," the "womb of the Mysteries," and wisdom dwelt in it as God dwells in the heart of man. Somewhere in the depths of its recesses there resided an unknown being who was called "The Initiator,' or "The Illustrious One," robed in blue and gold and bearing in his hand the sevenfold Key of Eternity. This was the lion-faced hierophant, the Ancient of Days, the Holy One, the Master of Masters, who never left the House of God and whom no man ever saw save he who had passed through the gates of preparation and purification. It was in these chambers that Plato—he of the broad brow—came face to face with the wisdom of the ages personified in the Master of the Secret House.

But what does this mean to the material scientist? What does this solve for the geologist, who with his little hammer chips at the casing stones and tries to solve the problem of all ages with a microscope and a pestle? What does this mean to the Biblical historian, whose brows are knit over the problem of who built the world's great structure long before Adam and Eve must have been even remote conceptions in Jehovah's mind? Or what does it mean to the theologian who dares not peer over the edge of the King James' Bible for fear of endangering his eternal salvation? Only minds trained in the free range of philosophic thinking, uncurbed by creed or dogma, unfettered by the bonds of theology or the limitations of science, and whose God is a non-sectarian Deity can face this problem without prejudice and appreciate the magnitude of true religion as herein revealed.

Who was the Master of the Hidden House—whose many rooms signified the worlds in space—whom none might behold save those who had been "born again"? He knew the secret of the Pyramid, but He has departed the way of the wise and the house is empty. The hymns of praise no longer echo in muffled tones through the chambers, the neophyte no longer passes through

the elements and wanders among the seven stars. The candidate no longer receives the "word of life" from the lips of the Eternal One. Nothing remains but the shell—the outer symbol of the inner truth, and men call the House of God a tomb. The Great Pyramid is not the only House of God worthy of that appellation!

Eager to receive this divine boon, the candidates accompanied by the Silent Voice, the Unknown Watcher, climbed the ancient steps which must have originally led up to the entrance of the Great Pyramid. What lay within he did not know. Whether he would ever come out again he did not know. He only realized that if he failed to meet the requirements of the Mysteries, he would forever vanish from the sight of men. But within that mighty pyramid of stone gleaming in the Egyptian sun he knew there dwelt a sacred and sanctified One—the Keeper of the Royal Secret. He was resolved to reach that One and secure that secret or die in the attempt. The time of his trial had come. His previous life, his devotion to study, his sincerity of motive, his cleanliness of heart—all these had been thoroughly established.

As he approached the tiny gate, the solid wall before him parted, a great stone door hung on invisible hinges of granite swung open before him, and he passed into the darkness of the Secret House. The tests began. Surrounded by the gloom and cold of the Sacred Place, he passed through in succession the chambers and passageways which typified all the forms and experiences of mortal existence. Thus the labors of a lifetime were recapitulated in a few hours in the Great Pyramid Mysteries. Strange creatures confronted him. Temptations were ever about him. But at last his soul ascended as a bird up the chimneylike passageway leading to the place of light.

He passed through the dwelling-places of the Spirits of the Gods. The earth shook and thunders rumbled about him. At last the grand staircase of the Seven Breaths of the Seven Stars was reached and far above in the still unexplored pinnacle of the building was the dwelling-place of the Secret God ——the Unknown One Whose name could not be spoken, Whose nature could not be conceived, and Whose thoughts could not be interpreted.

The details of the ceremonial are entirely a matter of speculation, for nothing is actually known concerning them save to a few—and they are not permitted to speak. But as far as can be ascertained, the King's Chamber was the scene of the great climax of the initiatory drama. Here crucified upon a St. Andrew's cross, the candidate was suspended like the solar god upon his cross of the equinoxes and the solstices.

After the solar crucifixion had been performed, the candidate was laid in the great stone coffin and for three days his spirit—freed from its mortal coil—wandered at the gateways of Eternity. His *Ka* as a bird flew through the spiritual spheres of space. He passed upward through the Seven Gates and stood before the mighty throne of the Empyreum. He discovered that all the universe was life, all the universe was progress, all the universe was eternal growth.

He also realized himself to be an integral part of this eternal plan, that no more could he cease to be than the sun and the moon and the stars could cease to be. He conversed with the immortals. He was then brought into the blinding presence of the Living Word, and then realizing that his body was a house which he could slip out of and return to without death, he achieved actual immortality.

It is probable that peculiar atmospheric conditions, the temperature of the King's Chamber, and the dull cold of the coffin formed an important link in the chain of circumstances which permitted the consciousness of the neophyte to escape from his body and come into the presence of the Great Illuminator. At the end of three days he returned to himself again and, having thus personally and actually experienced the great mystery, he was indeed an Initiate —one who beheld and one to whom religion had fulfilled her duty by bringing him into the light of God.

The new initiate, wearing the insignia and symbol of his accomplishment, was now brought into the presence of the Great Illuminator—the Master of the Secret House. He beheld the august patriarch whom no eyes ever saw save those who had passed through the Mystery of the "philosophic death" and who had been "born again" out of Time into Eternity.

Mystically, there are two births. In physical birth man is born from Eternity into Time, and through the span of his earthly struggle battles desperately against inevitable conquest by Time. In the Mysteries there is the philosophic death and the second birth out of Time back again into Eternity, and the new initiate no longer struggles against the corroding influences of Time but dwells in the perfect realization that past and future are gone and that in the Mysteries there is but one time—and that of infinite duration—eternally posited in the ever-present NOW.

By this sage Illuminator—the Master of the Secret House—the technique of the Mysteries was unfolded. The power to know his guardian spirit was revealed to the new initiate; the method of disentangling his material body from his divine vehicle was explained; and to consummate the Great Work, the Divine Name—the secret and unutterable designation of the Supreme Deity, by the very knowledge of which man and his God are consciously one —was solemnly revealed. With the giving of The Name the new initiate was himself a *pyramid,* within the chambers of whose soul numberless other human beings might also receive enlightenment. Having achieved the Great Work, having accepted the hierophant of the Secret House as his spiritual father—the one who had given him that light which is the life of men—and having made the final offering—his own life—to the service of the Secret House, the initiate was ushered forth again into the glare of the desert sun.

When he entered he had gazed up at the mystery of the great stone pyramid; and now he gazed again, but no longer at a mystery. He beheld a great stream of light which descended from the heavens upon the pyramid. He saw it break up into numerous paths and, coming down the walls in all directions, diverge like the branches of a tree. He realized that he himself was a branch, for the life of the tree was in him—nay, he was more than a branch, he was actually a fruit of the pyramidal tree. So, Pythagoraslike, he took the three seeds of the tree which was within the fruit of his own soul and, going forth, he planted them. And another tree grew up from the seeds, which tree also bore the golden fruit of Life and all those who partook of it, lived.

So we still chip at the walls of the Pyramid, filled with wonder why men should have built such a structure, and what great urge inspired the herculean labor. We hear men say: "It is the most perfect building in the world;" that it is the source of weights and measures; that it was the original Noah's Ark; that it is the origin of languages and alphabets; that it is the origin of

the scales of temperature and humidity; that it is the only structure upon the face of the earth that actually squares the circle; and that it stands as the absolute dividing line between the land and water surfaces of the earth. We wonder at all these things, but if we really understood the purpose for which this mighty House was built, we would wonder still more or, more likely, we would scoff. For it seems incredible to this generation that there was ever a time when men knew more than men know now. Though the modern world may know a million secrets, the ancient world knew *one*—and that one was greater than the million; for the million secrets breed death, disaster, sorrow, selfishness, lust, and avarice but the *one* confers life, light, and truth.

The time will come when the secret wisdom shall again be the dominating religious and philosophical urge of the world. The day is at hand when the doom of dogma shall be sounded. The great theological Tower of Babel, with its confusion of tongues, was built with bricks of mud and the mortar of slime. Out of the cold ashes of lifeless creeds, however, shall rise *phoenix-like* the ancient Mysteries. No other institution so completely satisfied the religious needs of humanity, for since the destruction of the Mysteries there has never been a religious edifice wherein Plato could have worshipped!

The Dying God shall rise again! The secret room in the House of the Hidden Places shall be rediscovered! The Pyramid shall yet stand as the ideal emblem of solidarity, aspiration, inspiration, resurrection, and regeneration! As the passing sands of time bury civilizaton upon civilization beneath their weight, the Pyramid shall remain as the visible covenant between that eternal wisdom and the world. The time may yet come when the chants of the illumined shall be heard again in its ancient passageways and the Master of the Hidden House await in the Silent Place for the coming of the seeker after that spiritual truth which the modern world needs so badly and of which it knows so little.

In an ancient fragment accredited to Hermes but by some supposed to have been written by Apuleius, is a remarkable prophecy concerning the future of Egypt. Hermes is the speaker and Asclepius the one addressed. The work from which this extract is taken is called the Asclepian Dialogue, which has never been completely translated into English: "Are you ignorant, O Asclepius, that Egypt is the image of heaven, or, which is more true, a translation and descent of everything which is governed and exercised in heaven? And, if it may be said, our land is truly the temple of the whole world. Nevertheless, because it becomes wise men to foreknow all things, it is not lawful that you should be ignorant that the time will come when it may seem that the Egyptians have in vain, with a pious mind and sedulous religion, paid attention to divinity, and all their holy veneration shall become void and of no effect. For divinity shall return back to heaven. *Egypt shall be forsaken, and the land which was the seat of divinity shall be destitute of religion, and deprived of the presence of the Gods. For when strangers shall possess and fill this region and land, there shall not only be a neglect of religion, but (which is more miserable) there shall be laws enacted against religion, piety, and divine worship; they shall be prohibited, and punishments shall be inflicted on their votaries. Then this most holy land, the seat of places consecrated to divinity, and of temples, shall be full of sepulchres and dead bodies. O Egypt, Egypt, fables alone shall remain of thy religion, and these such as will be incredible to posterity; and words alone shall be left engraved in stones, narrating thy pious deeds. The Scythian also, or Indian, or some other similar nation, shall inherit Egypt.* For divinity shall return to

heaven, all its inhabitants shall die, and thus Egypt, bereft both of God and man, shall be deserted. I call on thee, O most holy river, and predict to thee future events. Thou shalt burst forth with a torrent of blood, full even to thy banks, and thy divine waters shall not only be polluted with blood, but the land shall be inundated with it, and the number of the dead shall exceed that of the living. He, likewise, who survives, shall only, by his language, be known to be an Egyptian, but by his deeds he will appear to be a stranger. Why do you weep, O Asclepius? Egypt shall experience more ample and much worse evils than these, though she was once holy, and the greatest lover of the Gods on the earth, by the desert of her religion. And she who was alone the reductor of sanctity and the mistress of piety will be an example of the greatest cruelty. Then also, through the weariness of men, the world will not appear to be an admirable and adorable thing. This whole good, a better than which, as an object of perception, there neither is, nor was, nor will be, will be in danger, and will be grievous to men. Hence this whole world will be despised, and will not be beloved, though it is the immutable work of God, a glorious fabric, a good compounded with a multiform variety of images, a machine of the will of God, who, in his work, gave his suffrage without envy, that all things should be one. It is also a multiform collected heap, capable of being venerated, praised and loved by those that behold it. For darkness shall be preferred to light, and death shall be judged to be more useful than life. No one shall look up to heaven. *The religious man shall be accounted insane, the irreligious shall be thought wise, the furious brave, and the worst of men shall be considered a good man.* For the soul, and all things about it, by which it is either naturally immortal, or conceives that it shall attain to immortaliy, conformably to what I have explained to you, shall not only be the subject of laughter, but shall be considered as vanity. *Believe me, likewise, that a capital punishment shall be appointed for him who applies himself to the religion of intellect. New statutes and new laws shall be established, and nothing religious, or which is worthy of heaven or celestial concerns, shall be heard or believed by the mind. There will be a lamentable departure of the Gods from men; noxious angels will alone remain, who, being mingled with human nature, will violently impel the miserable men [of that time] to war, to rapine, to fraud, and to every thing contrary to the nature of the soul.* Then the earth shall be in a preternatural state; the sea shall not be sailed in, nor shall the heavens accord with the course of the stars, nor the course of the stars continue in the heavens. *Every divine voice shall be dumb by a necessary silence,* the fruits of the earth shall be corrupted, nor shall the earth be prolific, and the air itself shall languish with a sorrowful torpor. These events and such an old age of the world as this shall take place, such irreligion, inordination, and unreasonableness of all good. When all these things shall happen, O Asclepius, then that lord and father, the God who is first in power, and the one governor of the world, looking into the manners and voluntary deeds [of men,] and by his will, which is the benignity of God, resisting vices, and recalling the error arising from the corruption of all things; washing away likewise all malignity by a deluge, or consuming it by fire, or bringing it to an end by disease and pestilence dispersed in different places, will recall the world to its ancient form, in order that the world itself may appear to be an adorable and admirable production, and God, the fabricator and restorer of so great a work, may be celebrated, by all that shall then exist, with frequent solemn praises and benedictions."

"AN ESSAY ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF OPERATIVE OCCULTISM"

With 3 Color Prints

MANLY P. HALL

Seven Spinal Chakras
Opening of the Third Eye
A Synthetic Emblematic Cross
Complete, 13x19, Half Cloth, $4.00

HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Building, Los Angeles

The Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display
Room Number 202
358 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE
TRINITY AUDITORIUM
Ninth St. and Grand Ave.
Los Angeles,
Calif.

MANLY P. HALL
SPEAKS EVERY SUNDAY AT 10:30
Maud F. Galigher, Associate Special Musical Program

SYMBOLICAL PHILOSOPHY*

YEARS ago we conceived the idea of gathering from the available archives of the ancient world the symbols and allegories which have played so important a part in the structure of civilization and of attempting to explain them in a simple manner to the modern world, according to the ideals of those who conceived their many interpretations. During the last year the plans for this tremendous undertaking have rapidly assumed definite shape, until we are now in a position to present to the public a volume containing an epitomized compilation of pagan and Christian symbolism to be used in interpreting the philosophic, scientific, and religious allegories of the ancient and modern worlds.

Not only will the work be a compilation of existing material, but it will also contain a great amount of original matter. Mr. Hall's private library, containing a large number of rare printed works and manuscripts, many absolutely unique, will form the basis of the research work. Over $25,000 worth of reference books are being used in compiling this volume. Translations have been made from the German, French, Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, and at the present time the store of material presents a fascinating fund of little-known information on vital subjects.

When completed, the volume will be 13 inches wide and 19 inches high, and will be supplied with a substantial slip case for its protection. It will contain nearly 300 pages of reading matter and plates, with 46 full page illustrations in three and four colors, and a digestive index which will greatly enhance the value of the book to the student. There will be 46 chapters, including many references from world authorities on symbolism, and numerous explanatory cuts throughout the text. The book is being planned by John Henry Nash, the foremost book designer on the American continent, and will be printed by one of the best-equipped printing establishments in the West. The entire book is being published with quality, permanence, and art as primary considerations. The binding is to be of double weight, especially reinforced, and of antique design. With reasonable care the volume should be in excellent condition at the end of two or three hundred years.

*Title, "An Enclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews.

By MANLY P. HALL

Write for Information and Descriptive Literature

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

THE ALL SEEING EYE

Being a Monthly Magazine which is published in Los Angeles on the Fifteenth day of every month edited by Manly P. Hall and devoted to the Search for the Fundamental Verities Existing in the Educational Systems Religions and Philosophies of All Ages

JUNE MCMXXVII

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Your friends will appreciate a gift subscription to this new magazine, 6 months, $1.00; Single copies, 25 cents.

Volume III was issued weekly and comprises 21, 8-page papers with over 70 articles on a wide diversity of subjects, philosophic, ethical, religious, symbolical, mythological, etc. **Unbound, the set, Postpaid—$1.00.**

Covers for binding Volume III, Blue Buckram, Two Screw Binding Posts, Gold Stamped Title. **Per set, Postpaid—$1.00.**

Complete Bound Copy, Volume III, New Flat papers, in Book Form, Blue Buckram Cover, Gold Stamped Title. **Postpaid—$1.50.**

Address all orders to

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND MILES OF IMPRESSIONS

By MANLY P. HALL

THE intimate travel letters of a philosopher who leads his readers to the Orient, and interprets the manners and customs, the temples, the statues, the rites, religions, and philosophies of Japan, China, India, and the Holy Land. The author concludes with "A Document of Human Relationships," a powerful summary of history and the necessity of a broader international and interracial friendship. 104 pages, $1.00.

Other Books by Manly P. Hall

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism —3 color prints	**$4.00**
The Lost Keys of Masonry	**2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Stories of the Orient)	**2.00**
Talk to Students	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage	**.50**
Unseen Forces	**.50**
Occult Anatomy	**.50**
Melchizedek and the Mystery of Fire	**.50**

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. IV JUNE, 1927 NO. 2

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BUILDING,

NINTH AT GRAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANLY P. HALL . . . . . *Editor*

HARRY S. GERHART . . . . . *Managing Editor*

MAUD F. GALIGHER . . . . . *Associate Editor*

HOWARD W. WOOKEY . . . . . *Art Director*

CONTENTS

Cover Design Border—From an old Italian Woodcut printed in 1524.

Do You Know? 34

The Editor's Briefs
The Bible Versus the Bible 35

Orientalism
Magic and Sorcery of the Far East 39

A Notable Reprint
Translation from the Third Book of Mathesis 47

Philosophy, Science, and Religion
The Secret Key to Mystic and Masonic Christianity 53

Questions and Answers 61

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1927, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter February 11, 1927, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

PER COPY, 25c—SIX MONTHS $1.00—ONE YEAR $2.00

FOREIGN, SIX MONTHS $1.15—ONE YEAR $2.25

Do You Know?

That in an old German town hall there stands a staircase made entirely of petrified wood.

That Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, by the terms of his will forbade clergymen of any denomination to enter the grounds of that college.

That the great composer, Beethoven, wrote some of his finest musical compositions and conducted large orchestras after he had become so deaf that he could not distinguish a single note.

That the custom of lifting the hat originated in the age of chivalry, when knights entering into a gathering of friends removed their helmets, thus signifying that it was unnecessary to defend themselves against their friends.

That Inez de Castro, queen of Portugal, was crowned after death. Her body was taken from its grave, placed upon a magnificent throne, arrayed in robes of royalty, and acclaimed by the populace.

That January 1st of the year A. D. 1 corresponds to the middle of the 149th Olympiad, the 753d year of the building of Rome, Anno Urbis Conditae (A. U. C.), and the year 4714 of the Julian period since the creation.

That the descendants of Confucius number over 40,000 and are separated from the founder of their house by over seventy generations. Thus they constitute the largest and oldest single family in the world.

That between the 12th and 18th centuries such animals and insects as rats, cows, dogs, locusts, caterpillars, etc., were tried by courts of the ecclesiastical law the same as human beings. In 1740, a cow was tried by jury, found guilty, and publicly executed.

That certain of the ancient Mexican peoples went to war with wooden swords and blunt spears so that they could not kill so many of each other. It was not for humanitarian motives, however, but so that a greater number might be captured alive and later offered as human sacrifices to the gods.

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

The Bible Versus the Bible

It is daily becoming more evident that those who translated the Old and New Testaments from the ancient Hebrew and Greek did not possess sufficient understanding to cope with the intricacies of the archaic originals. As a result, Biblical students of the 20th century are confronted with so many self-evident contradictions that it is extremely difficult to determine just exactly what a good Christian should believe. Attempts to emphasize certain points in scriptural writings have already split the Christian church into scores of non-cooperative units. What is the theologian to fall back upon if numerous statements in his sacred book are irreconcilable? Or how can he convert the heathen if he cannot be certain that he himself properly understands his own spiritual code?

Let us first consider some of the things that the Bible has to say concerning God. In the 26th verse of the 19th chapter of Matthew the powers of God are described as follows:

WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.

But in the 19th verse of the 1st chapter of Judges appears proof that all things were not possible with God, for it says:

AND THE LORD WAS WITH JUDAH, AND HE DROVE OUT THE INHABITANTS OF THE MOUNTAIN; BUT COULD NOT DRIVE OUT THE INHABITANTS OF THE VALLEY, BECAUSE THEY HAD CHARIOTS OF IRON.

In the 33rd verse of the 14th chapter of First Corinthians God is declared to be a peace-loving Deity, in the following words:

GOD IS NOT THE AUTHOR OF CONFUSION, BUT OF PEACE.

But in the 1st verse of the 144th Psalm He appears to have some warlike tendencies:

BLESSED BE THE LORD MY STRENGTH, WHICH TEACHETH MY HANDS TO WAR, AND MY FINGERS TO FIGHT.

The 11th verse of the 5th chapter of James declares God to be compassionate, with these words:

THE LORD IS VERY PITIFUL AND OF TENDER MERCY.

But in the 14th verse of the 13th chapter of Jeremiah God contradicts this with His own words:

I WILL NOT PITY, NOR SPARE, NOR HAVE MERCY, BUT DESTROY THEM. This would seem to indicate that He occasionally hardened His heart!

In the 13th verse of the 1st chapter of James, the Apostle defends the integrity of God as follows:

LET NO MAN SAY WHEN HE IS TEMPTED, I AM TEMPTED OF GOD; FOR GOD CANNOT BE TEMPTED WITH EVIL, NEITHER TEMPTETH HE ANY MAN.

This is difficult to reconcile with the 1st verse of the 22nd chapter of

Genesis where it is distinctly written:

AND IT CAME TO PASS AFTER THESE THINGS THAT GOD DID TEMPT ABRAHAM. Or that little place in the 11th verse of the 18th chapter of Jeremiah, in which that prophet quotes God as saying: BEHOLD I FRAME EVIL AGAINST YOU, AND DEVISE A DEVICE AGAINST YOU.

Apropos of this the 18th verse of the 6th chapter of Hebrews reads: IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR GOD TO LIE.

But in the 11th verse of the 2nd chapter of Second Thessalonians it says: FOR THIS CAUSE GOD SHALL SEND THEM STRONG DELUSION, THAT THEY SHOULD BELIEVE A LIE.

In the 5th verse of the 20th chapter of Exodus appears those oft quoted words:

I, THE LORD THY GOD AM A JEALOUS GOD, VISITING THE INIQUITIES OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN.

The prophet Ezekiel, however, in the 20th verse of the 18th chapter of his book begs to differ, saying:

THE SON SHALL NOT BEAR THE INIQUITY OF THE FATHER.

The monotheists apparently base their conclusions upon the 4th verse of the 8th chapter of First Corinthians where it is distinctly stated:

THERE IS NONE OTHER GOD BUT ONE.

But the polytheists also speak with the voice of authority, for the first, second and third verses of the 18th chapter of Genesis declare God to be three distinct persons:

AND THE LORD APPEARED UNTO HIM (Abraham) IN THE PLAINS OF MAMRE * * * AND HE LIFTED UP HIS EYES AND LOOKED, AND LO, THREE MEN STOOD BY HIM.

In the 13th verse of the 6th chapter of Hebrews it is written:

BECAUSE HE (God) COULD SWEAR BY NO GREATER, HE SWORE BY HIMSELF.

According to the 34th verse of the 5th chapter of Matthew, however, God really shouldn't have sworn at all, for it is written:

BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, SWEAR NOT AT ALL; NEITHER BY HEAVEN FOR IT IS GOD'S THRONE; NOR BY THE EARTH FOR IT IS HIS FOOTSTOOL.

There is a certain inconsistency between the statement appearing in the 4th verse of the 20th chapter of Exodus where it states:

THOU SHALT NOT MAKE UNTO THEE ANY GRAVEN IMAGES, OR ANY LIKENESS OF ANYTHING THAT IS IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE, OR THAT IS IN THE EARTH BENEATH, and the statement which appears in the 18th to 20th verses of the 25th chapter of the same book:

THOU SHALT MAKE TWO CHERUBIM OF GOLD * * * AND THE CHERUBIM SHALL STRETCH FORTH THEIR WINGS ON HIGH, COVERING THE MERCY SEAT WITH THEIR WINGS, AND THEIR FACES SHALL LOOK ONE TO ANOTHER.

No doubt prohibitionists accept as their motto the 1st verse of the 20th chapter of Proverbs:

WINE IS A MOCKER, STRONG DRINK IS RAGING, AND WHOSOEVER IS DECEIVED THEREBY IS NOT WISE.

On the other hand, those who believe in the cup that cheers can derive a slogan equally appealing from the same book, for in the 6th and 7th verses of the 31st chapter of Proverbs appearing the following:

GIVE STRONG DRINK UNTO HIM THAT IS READY TO PERISH, AND WINE TO THOSE THAT BE OF HEAVY HEARTS. LET HIM DRINK AND FORGET HIS POVERTY, AND REMEMBER HIS MISERY NO MORE.

In the 52nd verse of the 15th chapter of First Corinthians it is declared that the dead shall be raised:

THE TRUMPETS SHALL SOUND AND THE DEAD SHALL BE RAISED.

Job, being somewhat of a pessimist on this score, denies immortality in the 9th verse of the 7th chapter of his book:

AS THE CLOUD IS CONSUMED AND VANISHETH AWAY, SO HE THAT GOETH DOWN TO THE GRAVE SHALL COME UP NO MORE.

The New Testament contains many curious contradictions; for example, in the 52nd verse of the 26th chapter of Matthew it is written:

ALL THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE SWORD.

But in the 36th verse of the 22nd chapter of Luke, that disciple records this admonition:

HE THAT HATH NO SWORD LET HIM SELL HIS GARMENT AND BUY ONE.

In the 30th verse of the 32nd chapter of Genesis Jacob declares:

FOR I HAVE SEEN GOD FACE TO FACE, AND MY LIFE IS PRESERVED.

In the 18th verse of the 1st chapter of John, appears a sweeping denial of the above:

NO MAN HATH SEEN GOD AT ANY TIME.

In the 12th verse of the 2nd chapter of First Timothy the fair sex is assailed in no uncertain terms:

I SUFFER NOT A WOMAN TO TEACH, NOR TO USURP AUTHORITY OVER THE MAN, BUT TO BE IN SILENCE.

God apparently had a better opinion of women than the author of First Timothy, for He declared:

AND ON MY HANDMAIDENS I WILL POUR OUT IN THOSE DAYS MY SPIRIT, AND THEY SHALL PROPHESY. (See Acts 2:18.)

It is quite evident that genealogists were somewhat inaccurate in early days, for in the 23rd verse of the 6th chapter of Second Samuel we find:

THEREFORE MICHAL, THE DAUGHTER OF SAUL, HAD NO CHILD UNTO THE DAY OF HER DEATH.

But in the 8th verse of the 21st chapter of the same book appears the following:

THE FIVE SONS OF MICHAL, THE DAUGHTER OF SAUL.

There also seems to be a little discrepancy in the story of Judas and his thirty pieces of silver, for in the 3rd verse of the 27th chapter of Matthew it is declared:

THEN JUDAS * * * BROUGHT AGAIN THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER TO THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND THE ELDERS.

But in the 18th verse of the 1st chapter of Acts it is written:

NOW THIS MAN PURCHASED A FIELD WITH THE REWARD OF INIQUITY.

There is a very curious contradiction in the book of John, for in the 18th verse of the 8th chapter it is written:

I AM THE ONE THAT BEAR WITNESS OF MYSELF.

But in the 31st verse of the 5th chapter of the same work it is stated:

IF I BEAR WITNESS OF MYSELF, MY WITNESS IS NOT TRUE.

Two other interesting contradictions appear in the book of John. In the 22nd and 30th verses of the 5th chapter it reads:

THE FATHER JUDGETH NO MAN, BUT HATH COMMITTED ALL JUDGMENT TO THE SON * * * AS I HEAR I JUDGE.

And in the 47th verse of the 12th chapter this is contradicted in the following language:

I CAME NOT TO JUDGE THE WORLD BUT TO SAVE THE WORLD.

There also seems to be a certain amount of confusion concerning the end of the world, for in the 10th verse of the 3rd chapter of Second Peter it is affirmed:

THE EARTH ALSO AND THE WORKS THAT ARE THEREIN SHALL BE BURNED UP.

This is in distinct variance with the 4th verse of the 1st chapter of Ecclesiastes which asserts:

BUT THE EARTH ABIDETH FOREVER.

Do not consider for a moment that these constitute all the contradictions and ambiguous statements which appear in the Scriptures. The Christian Bible contains literally hundreds of these examples of improper translation. The amazing thing is that Biblical scholars for centuries have permitted these inconsistencies to remain uncorrected! It proves conclusively that the Bible has failed in its purpose and that man worships the book and not its contents.

We believe that there would be no conflict between science and religion if we actually understood our scriptural writings, but the same attitude which has permitted the above contradictions to remain uncorrected for centuries also prevents the growth of religion by turning the thinking mind from the church. The most dangerous individual in all the world is the standpatter who boasts that he is the same yesterday, today and forever. We believe it was Emerson who said that consistency is the bugbear of little minds. There is a type of mind in the religious world which prides itself upon the fact that it accepts the Bible "from kiver to kiver." No jot or tittle of its contents must be changed lest its infallibility be questioned, yet while it is incorrectly translated its fallibility is daily demonstrated. We seriously need a new and scholarly translation of the Bible, but it is a grave question as to whether the world would accept the correct version if it were presented. We are in such hopeless servitude to precedent that we are more ready to accept the patent mistakes of our ancestors than we are new and corrected documents, even though their verity be demonstrated.

Orientalism

Magic and Sorcery of the Far East

By MANLY P. HALL

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. People frequently say that the Hindu or the Chinaman 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 a man can produce what is an apparent miracle. Transcendental magic itself is subdivided into many forms, the two most important of which are (1) black magic, which is the 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 the ridicule and persecution resulting from their exhibitions have driven them into the fastnesses of the mountains 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. In spite of every effort on the part of missionaries and educators to destroy the belief in miracle-working, this faith is so strongly imbedded in the Hindu nature that nothing can uproot it.

The purpose of this article is first to describe the feats of legerdemain which we have personally witnessed in China, Singapore, and India, and then to relate the descriptions given by reputable Brahmins of that type of magic performed by the true wonder-workers whose accomplishments are now seldom seen by Caucasians.

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 his 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 to contain his apparatus, presented a series of remarkably clever illusions to the consternation of his audience. The magician was an elderly and venerable Chinaman, robed from head to foot in a magnificently brocaded Mandarin coat. He was a small man, his back bent with age, but his dexterity was bewildering.

Reaching the center of the polished parquet floor, the old man spread a beautifully embroidered foulard over his arms and suddenly, without the slightest 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 in depth, and probably contained about five gallons of water. He did not spill one drop of the 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 complete with special accessories and the help of distance to assist in the illusion, but produced his mysterious effects on a hardwood floor, bare of carpet, and entirely surrounded by his audience.

When the consternation had subsided, the Chinaman brought from his little tent a large ornate bowl filled with clear water. This he placed in the middle 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 of 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 gathered up the sand it became as dry as it was when first taken from the basket.

Removing the bowl into the seclusion of his tent, the conjurer returned with a wax chrysanthemum, several small strips of tissue paper, and a lovely silk fan. Twisting the little bits of paper, he formed out of each a beautiful butterfly with outspread wings. When he 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 skilfully did he manipulate the pieces of paper that they never separated but, remaining within about a foot of each other, seemingly came to life. They rose in the air far above his head and, maintained by the motion of the fan, circled about the room and came to rest on the heads and shoulders of various members of the audience. At last after the 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 on the open blossom of the chrysanthemum which he held out.

The performance lasted for over an hour, each trick seemingly more difficult than its predecessor. Having at last exhausted the contents of his mysterious 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, leaving amazement and confusion behind him.

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

The Boy in the Basket Trick

evening—to a certain degree thwarted our purpose. We did, however, succeed in securing a few snapshots of the famous boy-in-the-basket trick, the best of which is reproduced above. The boy-in-the-basket trick is a very famous example of Eastern legerdemain. It has been presented many times on 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 in 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 14 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 encircling the conjurer. This worthy first seats himself cross-legged upon the ground and plays several notes upon a strange flutelike instrument. After a few moments the native boy appears, generally 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 was forced into the basket, which was 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 did not reach entirely to the ground but hung 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 his 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 move drove it straight through to the bottom of the basket. The boy had apparently vanished. Withdrawing the stake, the juggler then took his sword and thrust it through all parts of the basket and, taking off the lid, he jumped into the basket and, stamping around, demonstrated its emptiness. 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 struck, the basket began to heave and move, and the lid rose again. Upon removing the cover and canvas, the boy was again found tied up in the net, and it required the assistance of two other men to extricate him from the basket. Observing the profound admiration created by the trick, the magician immediately sent the boy around with a half cocoanut shell to take the customary collection before the enthusiasm 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 quite a park where several 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 while the serpents represent some of the most poisonous forms of reptiles known, the power which the natives possess over them is uncanny. Though it is undoubtedly true that many claiming to be snake-charmers are impostors, those who are actual 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. The magician watched closely and when the life of the rodent was just on the verge of being extinguished, he ordered the snake to release the rat. The serpent immediately unwound its coils and returned to its basket, and the magician, picking up the rat, demonstrated that the animal was not injured in any way. A young army officer, watching a snake-charmer one day and noting the impunity with which the native handled his reptiles, suddenly exclaimed: "Why, those snakes won't hurt anybody," and, leaning over, he picked up one of them. He was dead in just fifteen minutes, though every possible effort was made to save his life.

While wandering in the grounds of the Victoria Memorial building we met the interesting personage whose photograph accompanies this article. When first seen, he was sitting down, surrounded by his snakes and a troupe 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 his performance. 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 loan him his slipper, and the youth with a laugh

A Hindu Snake Charmer

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 coiled from the toe of it an East Indian cobra at least five feet long. The snake coiled itself around the magician's neck and is the one which appears in this photograph. There is no possible means by which the snake could have been concealed in the toe of a slipper and the scanty clothing worn by the conjurer makes the trick still more difficult of solution.

Benares is a city remarkable for its interesting places and people. The bathing Ghats are famous all over the world and to Benares come the holy, the great, and the good from all over Hindustan. As the evenings are sultry, few care to wander into the dusty streets of the native section of the city, and it is far more pleasant to sit in the hotel grounds and be entertained by some wandering theatrical troupe, a trained elephant, or skilful acrobats.

It was in Benares that we witnessed that 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 instantly hatch, the magician next turned to the preparation for the mango tree trick. Finding a suitable 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 accomplished. The 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 was possible to watch what was going on within the tentlike 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 initial on the seed pod. This having been done, 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 tepee-like tent and, dropping the flap, sat down beside the tent and played upon his flute. After about five minutes he lifted the side 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, and a mango bush about a foot in height was growing in the pot. Again he closed the tent and after a few seconds reopened 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 experiment.

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 all explainable to those acquainted 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 the aid of legerdemain. These very magicians realize that among their own people there are certain illuminated Masters and holy men, capable of growing a tree in fifteen minutes by processes totally 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 the multitudes are denied the sight of these marvels, the trickster—with his legerdemain—produces the same effects for the amusement of the populace.

But let us now consider the transcendental magic of the Hindus—that part of their wisdom which has nothing to do with sleight of hand but which demonstrates that certain ones among them do possess a knowledge of superphysics.

While in Calcutta, three examples of true transcendental magic were related to us by a native Brahmin of irreproachable reputation, a well-educated man, a graduate of the Calcutta University, and able to converse in several languages. He did not lie, but described a number of instances which occurred while he was under the guidance of an eminent Hindu holy man recognized not only as one of the true miracle-workers and philosophers but indeed as a living saint.

The young man told me that upon one occasion he retired into the foothills of the Himalayas for a two-year period of meditation and renunciation.

Growing the Mango Tree

One day as he was wandering barefoot through the undergrowth, his Master who was 2,000 miles away suddenly appeared before him and pushed him aside just as he was about to place his foot upon a death-head cobra. I questioned him carefully concerning the details of the incident and he seemed amazed that the entire affair should not be readily conceivable; in fact he asked me if things like that did not happen in America! He further declared that his Master appeared to him in full daylight not once but many times; in fact that by means of telepathy he talked at least once a week with his Teacher who was 2,000 miles away and received satisfactory answers.

The same young man described an experiment in which his Master, in order to explain a certain point in the organic constitution of animals, picked up a rabbit and in the presence of his disciples caused the animal to turn into a rat and then back again. The transformation took place in clear sight in a fully lighted room, and was gradual so that every detail of the process might be carefully analyzed. What is most interesting, the young man could not understand why such an occurrence should be regarded as unusual. He declared that such things were done every day by the holy men of India, but never for curiosity-seekers—only for the edification of their own disciples.

This young man also told a story—which was later verified by others—to the effect that at stated times offerings to the Goddess Kali are made in a certain secluded spot in the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains. The young man's father who had been present at one of these ceremonials had repeated it to him in detail, and we believe that this is the first time the ceremonial has ever been described in English.

On a certain day the holy men gather in a secluded pass, bringing with them offerings of grain, fruit, and goats. The grain and fruits are piled in the midst of an open space and the goats are tethered near by. The holy men then seat themselves in a great circle surrounding the offerings and begin a chant, which continues for a considerable period of time. The ceremony consists of an offering and invocation to the Goddess Kali, asking her to accept the gifts as recompense for the sins of the people and as a peace offering against evil. When a certain point is reached in the chant, a black swirling cloud appears over the distant mountains, resembling, as far as can be ascertained, a miniature cyclone funnel. Swirling and twisting, this funnel approaches nearer and nearer and, finally hovering over the offering, causes the light of the sun to be darkened. In the midst of this funnel stands the Goddess Kali, a gigantic figure with six arms, each carrying an appropriate symbol. In one of her hands the goddess carries a mace or battle-axe and, leaning over, she strikes with it the heaped-up offering. The dark cloud then passes slowly from view, leaving the holy men in sacred ecstacy.

When the chant is finished, the holy men arise and upon reaching the altar of offerings, discover that the goats have all been killed, the fruits and vegetables have all been parched and withered, and of the grain nothing but chaff remains. This is a strange story and several times hints concerning it have reached me, but this is the only complete account that I have ever been able to secure of it. As to the veracity of the story, we have only the word of the natives themselves, for no white man has ever beheld the ceremony. It is inconceivable, however, that the whole population of India should believe implicity in the supernatural, testifying almost to a man that they have personally beheld experiments and demonstrations involving supernatural power, unless there is an element of truth underlying these stories.

I once discussed the problem of miracles with a very learned Brahmin Pundit, and his conclusions on the subject may be summed up as follows: "You Christians believe that Jesus Christ performed miracles. You believe that He turned water into wine; that He raised the dead; healed the sick; passed through a closed door; and multiplied the loaves and fishes. Do you believe that the day of miracles ended 2,000 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 it last analysis. A miracle is in reality only an effect, the cause of which is unknown. For thousands of years our people have devoted themselves to the study of the invisible worlds and the forces and powers in Nature which are 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."

A Notable Reprint

Translated from the "Third Book of the Mathesis" of Julius Firmicus Maternus.

(Note: This work was translated into English in 1831 by Thomas Taylor, the eminent Greek and Latin scholar. The original work is shown in quotation marks, the material not in quotation marks or shown in parentheses being Mr. Taylor's commentaries.)

"O Lollianus, the glory and ornament of our country, it is requisite to know, in the first place, that the God, who is the fabricator of man, produced his form, his condition, and his whole essence, in the image and similitude of the world, nature pointing out the way."

Nature may be said to point out the way, because its forerunning energy is employed by Divinity in the formation of bodies. By *the fabricator,* in the above sentence, Firmicus means Jupiter, who is called the *Demiurgus* by Plato, in the Timæus.

"For he composed the body of man, as well as of the world, from the mixture of the four elements, viz. of fire, water, air, and earth, in order that the conjunction of all these, when they were mingled in due proportion, might adorn an animal in the form of a divine imitation. And thus the Demiurgus exhibited man by the artifice of a divine fabrication, in such a way, that in a small body he might bestow the power and essence of all the elements, nature, for this purpose, bringing them together; and also, so that from the divine spirit, which descended from a celestial intellect, to the support of the mortal body, he might prepare an abode for man, which, though fragile, might be similar to the world. On this account, the five stars (i. e. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury), and also the sun and moon, sustain man by a fiery and eternal agitation, as if he were a minor world; so that the animal which was made in imitation of the world might be governed by an essence similarly divine. Hence those divine men Petosiris and Necepso (two of the most ancient writers of Egyptian astrology, which, in many respects, differs from that of the Chaldeans), who deserve all possible admiration, and whose wisdom approached to the very penetralia of Deity, scientifically delivered to us the geniture of the world, that they might demonstrate and show that man was fashioned conformably to the nature and similitude of the world, and that he is under the dominion of the same principles by which the world itself is governed and contained, and is perennially supported by the companions of perpetuity."

By *the companions of perpetuity,* Firmicus means the stars, whose nature, and motions, and influences are perpetual. Hence, in the Orphic Hymn to the Stars, they are invoked as "Th' *eternal* fathers of whate'er exists."

"According to Æsculapius, therefore, and Anubius (of the astrological Æsculapius, I have not been able to obtain any information; and of Anubius nothing more is to be learnt than that he was a most ancient poet, and wrote an elegy de Horoscopo.), to whom especially the divinity Mercury committed the secrets of the astrological science, the geniture of the world is as follows:

"They constituted the Sun in the 15th part of Leo, the Moon in the

15th part of Cancer, Saturn in the 15th part of Capricorn, Jupiter in the 15th part of Sagittary, Mars in the 15th part of Scorpio, Venus in the 15th part of Libra, Mercury in the 15th part of Virgo, and the Horoscope in the 15th part of Cancer. Conformably to this geniture, therefore, to these conditions of the stars, and the testimonies which they adduce in confirmation of this geniture, they are of opinion that the destinies of men, also, are disposed in accordance with the above arrangement, as may be learnt from that book of Æsculapius which is called Myriogenesis, (i. e. Ten Thousand, or an innumerable multitude of Genitures,) in order that nothing in the several genitures of men may be found to be discordant with the above-mentioned geniture of the world.

"We may see, therefore, how far or after what manner a star accommodates the testimony of its radiation to the luminaries. For the luminaries are the Sun and Moon. But Saturn first conjoins himself with the Moon: for he follows the condition of the Moon. He does this, however, because, being constituted in a feminine sign, he diametrically receives the rays of the Moon, which is also constituted in a feminine sign."

The feminine signs are, Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio, Capricornus, and Pisces; but the masculine signs are, Aries, Gemini, Leo, Libra, Sagittarius, and Aquarius.

"But when the same Saturn, in that geniture, makes a transition to the sign Aquarius, he again conjoins himself to the Sun by a similar radiation, and is again disposed in the same condition as that of the Sun. For being constituted in a masculine sign, he associates himself by an equal testimony of radiation, since he diametrically looks towards the Sun, with radiation similar to that with which he regards the Moon. After this manner also Jupiter is constituted in Sagittary, and through a trigon affording a testimony to the Sun, first conjoins himself to his condition, and on this account being constituted in a masculine sign, and associating with the Sun, who is constituted in a sign of the same kind, first follows the power of it; but when he has made a transition to Pisces, he again conjoins himself in a like condition to the Moon. For he, in a similar manner, being posited through a trigon in a feminine sign, looks towards the Moon, who is constituted in a sign of the same kind, with an equal radiation of condition.

"In like manner also the planet Mars, being constituted in Scorpio, because he is in a feminine sign, through a trigon, affords a testimony to the Moon; but when he comes to Aries, he affords a testimony to the Sun, and making a transition, being placed in a masculine sign, he conjoins himself by a trigonic radiation with the Sun. This mode, however, is changeable; for Mars being constituted in Libra, which is a masculine sign, yet he affords a testimony to the Moon through a square aspect; but when he has made a transition to Taurus, being constituted in a feminine sign, and looking towards the Sun by a square radiation, he again affords a testimony to it. These [divine]men, however, were of opinion that the planet Mercury is common in the above-mentioned geniture, this star affording no testimony either to the Sun or Moon by a square, or a trigon, or a diameter; nor does it conjoin itself by radiation either with the Sun or Moon. But if Mercury is a morning star, he is delighted by day with the Sun, but if an evening star, by night with the Moon. All that we have here said, these men were of opinion ought to be observed in the genitures of men, and thought that they could not discover the destiny of man, except those radiations were collected by a sagacious investigation."

It may not be altogether foreign to the purpose to adduce in this place, what is said by Hermes in his Treatise de Revolut. Nativit. lib. i. p. 215. A Latin translation only is extant of this work, and it is uncertain whether the author of it was the celebrated Hermes Trismegistus, or a Hermes of more modern times. This author says that "the dominion of the planets over the ages of man is as follows: The Moon governs the first age, which consists of four years. Mercury governs the second, which consists of ten years. Venus the third, and this extends to eight years. The Sun the fourth, and this age consists of nineteen years. Mars the fifth, and this consists of fifteen years. Jupiter, the sixth, consists of twelve years; and Saturn governs the seventh age, and this extends to the remaining years of human life."

Proclus, also, in his admirable Commentary on the First Alcibiades of Plato, observes that the different ages of our life on the earth correspond to the order of the universe. "For our first age (says he) partakes in an eminent degree of the Lunar energies, as we then live according to a nutritive and physical power. But our second age participates of Mercurial prerogatives, because we then apply ourselves to letters, music, and wrestling. The third age is governed by Venus, because then we begin to produce seed, and the generative powers of nature are put in motion. The fourth age is Solar, for then our youth is in its vigour and full perfection, subsisting as a medium between generation and decay; for such is the order which vigour is allotted. But the fifth age is governed by Mars, in which we principally aspire after power and superiority over others. The sixth age is governed by Jupiter, for in this we given ourselves up to prudence, and pursue an active and political life. And the seventh age is Saturnian, in which it is natural to separate ourselves from generation, and transfer ourselves to an incorporeal life. And thus much we have discussed, in order to procure belief that letters, and the whole education of youth, are suspended from the Mercurial series."

"Lest, however, the fabulous device (Firmicus calls the geniture of the world a *fabulous* device, because it supposes the mundane periods to have had a temporal beginning, though they are in reality eternal. For in a fable, the *inward* is different from the *outward* meaning.) of these men should deceive you, and lest some one should think that this geniture of the world was contrived by these most wise men, without a cause, it is requisite that we should explain all things particularly, in order that the great sagacity displayed in this device, may, by the most diligent expositions, be intimated to all men.

"The world had not a certain day of its origin, nor was there any time in which the world was formed by the counsel of a divine intellect, and providential Deity; nor has the eager desire of human fragility been able to extend itself so far as to conceive or explain the origin of the world, especially since the greater apocatastasis of it, which is effected by a conflagration or a deluge, consists of 300,000 years."

In the greater apocatastasis of the world, which is effected by a deluge or a conflagration, the continent becomes sea, and the sea continent: "This, however," says Olympiodorus, (in his Scholia on the first book of Aristotle's Treatise on Meteors,) "happens in consequence of what is called *the great winter,* and *the great summer.* But *the great winter* is when all the planets become situated in a wintry sign, viz. either in Aquarius or in Pisces. And *the great summer* is when all of them are situated in a summer sign, viz. either in Leo or in Cancer. For as the Sun alone, when he is in Leo, causes summer, but when he is in Capricorn winter, and thus the year is formed, which is so dominated, because the Sun tends to one and the same point, for his restitution

is from the same to the same,—in like manner there is an arrangement of all the planets effected in long periods of time, which produces the great year. For if all the planets becoming vertical, heat in the same manner as the Sun, but departing from this vertical position refrigerate, it is not unreasonable to suppose that when they become vertical, they produce *a great summer*, but when they have departed from this position, *a great winter*. In *the great winter*, therefore, the continent becomes sea, but in *the great summer* the contrary happens, in consequence of the burning heat, and there being great dryness where there was moisture." At the end, too, of this first book of Aristotle on Meteors, Olympiodorus observes, "that when *the great winter* happens, a part of the earth being deluged, a change then takes place to a more dry condition, till *the great summer* succeeds, which, however, does not cause the corruption of all the earth. For neither was the deluge of Deucalion mundane, since this happened principally in Greece." See the volume of my Aristotle containing this Treatise on Meteors, p. 478, etc. Firmicus, therefore, is mistaken in asserting that a deluge follows a conflagration; since the contrary is true. For it is obviously necessary that places which have been inundated should afterwards become dry, or they would no longer be habitable.

"For the mundane apocatastasis is accustomed to be accomplished by these two events; since a deluge follows a conflagration, because substances which are burnt can not otherwise be renovated and restored to their pristine appearance and form, than by the admixtions and the concrete dust of the ashes, which are a collection of generative seeds becoming prolific. Divine man, therefore, following the example of mathematicians in the genitures of men, have prudently devised this, as if it were the geniture of the world. Hence I deem it expedient to explain the contrivance of that divine composition, in order that the admirable reason of the conjectural scheme may be unfolded according to the rules of art.

"These divine men,therefore, wished so to constitute the Moon [in the geniture of the world], that it might conjoin itself with Saturn, and might deliver the dominion of periodical revolutions. Nor was this improperly devised. For because the first origin of the world [i. e. the beginning of the first mundane period] was uncultivated and rude, and savage through rustic association, and also because barbarous men, having entered on the first vestiges of light, and which were unknown to them, were destitute of reason, in consequence of having abandoned humanity, these divine men were of opinion, that this rustic and barbarous time was Saturnian, that, in imitation of this star, the beginning of life might be characterized by barbaric and inhuman ferocity. After Saturn, Jupiter received periodical power. For to this planet the Moon was conjoined in the second place, in order that pristine and squalid rusticity being deserted, and the ferocity of rude association being laid aside, human life might be cultivated through the purification of the manners. In the third place, the Moon conjoining herself with Mars, delivered to him the power of periodical revolution; so that mortality having entered into the right path of life, and inhumanity being subdued by a certain moderation, all the ornaments of arts and fabrications might originate from this conjunction. After Mars, Venus received predominating power, in order that, human disciplines gradually increasing, prudence and wisdom might adorn mankind. Hence they were of opinion that this time, in which the manners of men were cultivated by learning, and naturally formed to rectitude by the several disciplines, was under the dominion of Venus; so that being protected by the ma-

jesty of this joyful and salutary divinity, they might govern their erroneous actions by the ruling power of Providence. But [these divine men] conceived the last period to be under the dominion of Mercury, to whom the Moon in the last place conjoins herself.

"What can be found more subtle than this arrangement? For mankind being purified from rude and savage pursuits, arts also having been invented, and disciplines disposed in an orderly manner, the human race sharpened its inventive power. And because the noble genius in man could not preserve [uniformly] one course of life, the improbity of evil increased from various institutes, and confused manners and the crimes of a life of wickedness prevailed: hence the human race in this period both invented and delivered to others more enormous machinations. On this account these wise men thought that this last period should be assigned to Mercury, so that, in imitation of that star, the human race might give birth to inventions replete with evil." (Is not what is here said about the last period verified in the present age?)

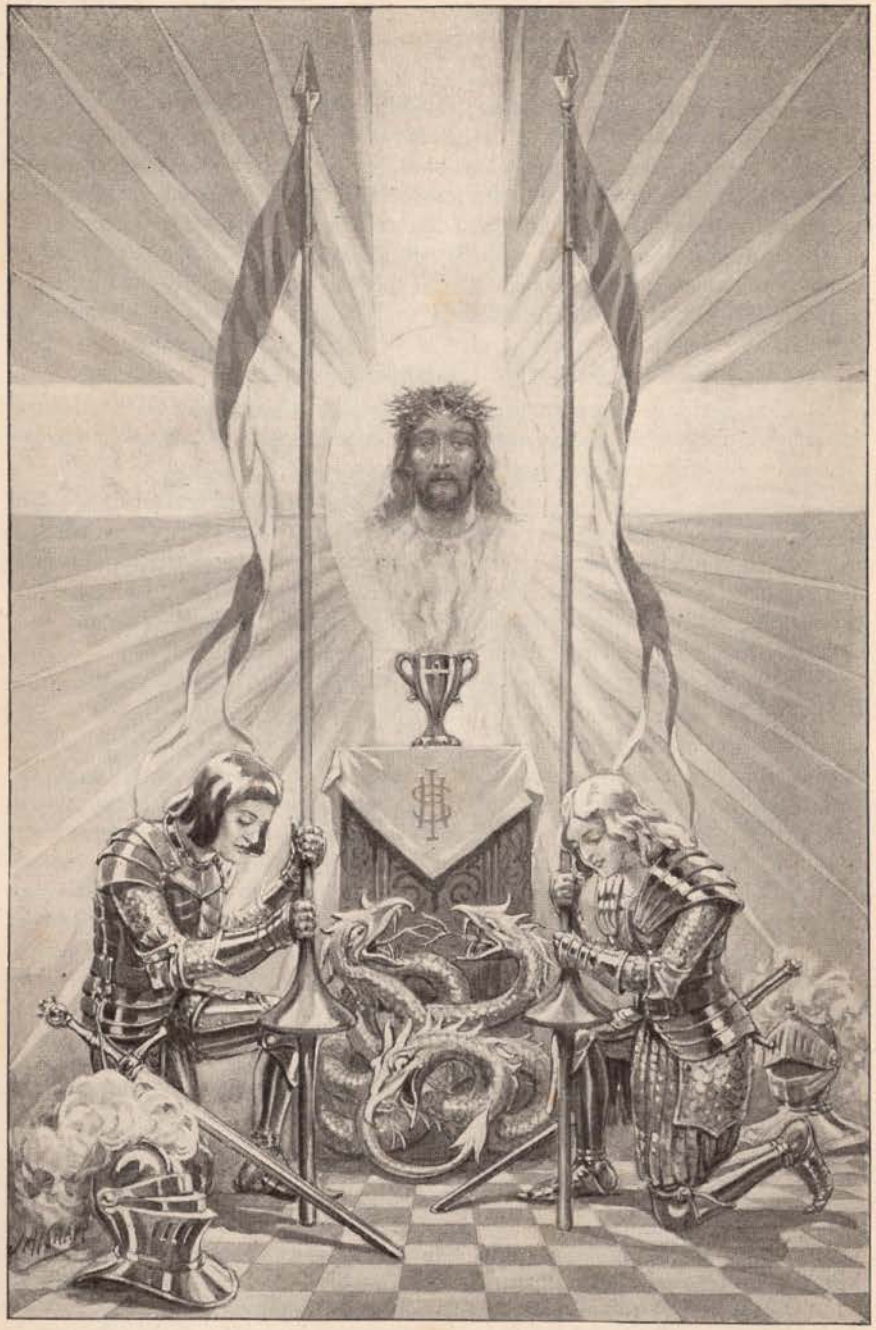
"That nothing, however, may be omitted by us requisite to the elucidation of this subject, all things are to be explained, which prove that man was formed in the imitation and similitude of the world."

Man, says Proclus, is a microcosm, and all such things subsist in him partially, as the world contains divinely and totally. For there is an intellect in us which is in energy, and a rational soul proceeding from the same father, and the same vivific goddess, as the soul of the universe; also an ethereal vehicle analogous to the heavens, and a terrestrial body derived from the four elements, and with which likewise it is co-ordinate.

"And that the mundane apocatastasis is effected through a conflagration and a deluge, we also have asserted, and is confirmed by all men. The substance likewise of the human body, the course of life having received its completion, is, after a similar manner, dissolved. For as often as, through the natural ardour of heat, the human body is too much relaxed, it evaporates in consequence of the inundations of humours; and thus it always suffers a decoction from a fiery ardour, or is dissolved by excessive desudation. Nor do the wisest interpreters of the medical art assert, that the substance of the human race is dissolved by a natural termination in any other way, than by either moisture dissolving fire, or again heat predominating, fire being inwardly and deeply extinguished, is left without moisture. Thus the artificer, Nature, constituted man in an all-various imitation of the world, so that whatever dissolves, or forms the essence of the world, this also should be the cause of the formation and dissolution of man."

Labor

He that in his studies wholly applies himself to labor and exercise, and neglects meditation, loses his time: and he that only applies himself to meditation, and neglects labor and exercise, only wanders and loses himself. The first can never know any thing exactly; his lights will be always intermixed with doubts and obscurities: and the last will only pursue shadows; his knowledge will never be certain, it will never be solid. Labor, but slight not meditation; meditate, but slight not labor.—*Confucius.*



MYSTIC CHRISTIANITY

PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE & RELIGION

The Secret Key to Mystic and Masonic Christianity

By MANLY P. HALL

It may yet be demonstrated that Christianity is not only ethical but, like all other great World Religions, is both philosophic and scientific.

For 2,000 years the theory of Christianity has been promulgated and its ethics emphasized; yet it is becoming ever more apparent that Christendom is actually without a religion.

Before going further, however, let us define *religion* as distinguished from theology, ecclesiasticism, ritualism, dogma, and those other forms which constitute the composite structure of *Churchianity*.

True religion embraces the arts, sciences, philosophies, and crafts of all races and all nations. Religion is the art of living, the science of being, the philosophy of life, and the truly religious person is the master craftsman.

True religion is therefore impossible without exact knowledge. When theology, divorcing logic and reason, attempted to maintain isolated individualism it forged the first link in a chain of causation which will ultimately destroy the institution of the church.

Christianity awake to its latent powers is indestructible; but Christianity asleep, mumbling idle words which it does not understand or sermonizing from texts whose deeper meanings are unknown, cannot cope successfully with the growing scientific materialism of the 20th century.

The purpose of this article is not to belittle Christianity; it is rather to call attention to the tragic fact that the exponents of Christianity continually and consistently belittle their own faith, by ignoring the true purpose for which Christianity was founded and the ends which it must accomplish if it is to survive.

We are living in an age which has absolutely no time for the consideration of spiritual abstractions. Men and women of today demand facts, not fancies; verities, not conjectures. The universalizing of education has placed intellectual weapons in the hands of every individual, and thus armed man attacks the structure of superstition and theory.

People are no longer afraid to think, and that form of modesty prevalent in past generations which made people fear to discuss subjects about which they understood little is fast disappearing. The serf not only dares to criticise his king but does not hesitate to shout his viewpoints from the house tops. Every man and woman in the modern world is awakening to the realization that he not only has the prerogative of personal opinion but that he also has the right to express that opinion.

This growing individualism sounds the death knell of dogma. It is no longer a case of follow the leader; each feels within himself the germ of leadership and strikes out for himself into the unexplored byways of thought. Men no longer gather to listen with awe and trembling to the words of the mighty; they now gather to demand their own right to be heard.

If religion is to survive—and religion must survive, for it is the moral structure of humanity—it must survive in harmony with the progressiveness of the age. It must be an active, virile element in society; it must keep pace with the growing minds of men; it must be the energizing power which is always spurring man on to greater and nobler accomplishments.

This does not mean that theologians must gather and evolve a new creed or discover a new religion; it merely means that the time has arrived when humanity is qualified to consider and know the deeper issues of religion—those profound aspects as yet unrevealed to the multitudes.

If theology does not open its gates and reveal to man that knowledge now indispensable to the spiritual culture of humanity, then mankind will rise and storm the citadel of theology, demanding its divine birthright and opportunity to know and understand the secret workings of Nature.

Theology for centuries has manifested an exclusive spirit, whereas the fundamental principle of true religion is inclusiveness. But the day is at hand when the walls of creeds and cults must crumble and the human soul be ushered into a new concept—Universalism.

The keynote to the religion of the future will be that man himself is the maker of his destiny. Religion will then reveal to man his divine potentialities and, equipping him with the knowledge of the true nature and purpose of his existence, send him forth to achieve individual immortality through accomplishment. We were once accused of being an individualist because we believed that each individual must work out his own salvation. The thought of being personally responsible for the actions and attitudes of self, of being forced unassisted and alone to work out the destiny of self, of being required by Nature's infinite plan to attain with infinite toil the salvation of self may overwhelm that type of mind which for ages has leaned upon the clergy and permitted others to dream for them, think for them, live for them, and—all too often—die for them!

We affirm that Christianity contains a doctrine acceptable to the progressive minds of the 20th century; Christianity contains a doctrine sufficient to meet not only the needs of today but the needs of uncounted centuries to come, and so exact that it complements science and philosophy.

Religion, philosophy, and science form a great trinity. Alone each is incomplete; together they constitute knowledge. Real knowledge is the understanding of the whole of a thing; ignorance is a partial understanding of the parts of a thing. No scientist can ever attain to true knowledge unless he adds to science religion and philosophy. No theologian will ever understand religion until he adds to his theological thought the findings of science and philosophy. The religious institution of tomorrow will be a structure housing under one roof the laboratory, the university, and the church.

The first step toward a true understanding of Christianity is the realization that there is something in that faith as yet unknown; that beneath its popular concepts is concealed a profound something as yet unrecognized by the mass of mere churchgoers.

Some may say, "Why hasn't Dr. Jones ever mentioned this fact?" or, "It can't be so or my minister would have told me." Alas! in all probability, the minister did not know, for the secret doctrine is not discussed in theological seminaries and those who should understand it best know least about it. Again, there are some who, realizing its existence, fear to speak lest a misunderstanding world reward them as it rewarded the great thinkers of the past by boiling them in oil or breaking them upon the rack and wheel.

Do not imagine that the secret doctrine of Christianity is known to only one or two; it is known to many, but the discovery of it generally follows a period of agnosticism in which the mind,recognizing the fallacy of the existing system and rebelling against organized religious ignorance, seeks in its own way to understand the mysteries of life.

The body of Christianity is twofold in its structure. These divisions may be likened to the two persons who make up each individual. If you will consider yourself as double instead of single, there is first the you which is visible and which may be termed the personality, and then there is the you which is invisible or the real and intangible self. The visible, mercurial you is born and dies; it passes through joy and sorrow, limited in its expression to the visible world in which it dwells, but the invisible you is immortal, unchangeable and unlimited. As the invisible you is the real you, so the invisible church is the real church.

Accordingly, the rituals and ceremonials of religion bear the same relation to the spirit of religion that your hands and feet bear to that invisible and intangible divinity within yourself. The church is the material body of Christianity as your physical form is the house of your spirit. Foolish people, looking at the house, believe that your body is really yourself; but the wise, looking not at the body but through the body, see the divine spark of God enthroned within each form of clay.

As the body of man is born, grows, ages, and dies, so great world religions come into being, remain for a short time, and then pass out of existence. But as the spirit in man does not die though the body perish, so the spirit of religion remains indestructible and immortal through all its metamorphoses of form. Truth is not extinguished with the downfall of its house any more than man perishes with the death of his body.

All the great world religions have promulgated the same doctrine, which was divided into two parts—one part constituting the body and the other the spirit of the faith. The sacred books preserve the body and tangible parts of a religious doctrine; the spiritual and intangible parts of every faith are never committed to writing but are communicated orally to a few illumined minds in each generation. This unwritten part is the spirit or the secret doctrine of every religion.

While the body of each faith differs radically from the bodies of all other faiths, the secret doctrine of all faiths is identical. The same analogy exists in the constitution of man, for whereas there is an infinite multiplicity of personalities the spirit of every creature is composed of but one substance—namely the nature or essence of God Himself.

It is sad to realize that in this 20th century so many of the great religions have forgotten that within their constitution is concealed a secret doctrine—the spirit of their faith. Religionists have forgotten that the letter of the law killeth but that the spirit of the law giveth life. They are unaware that the real purpose for the existence of any religion is to perpetuate this secret doctrine and disseminate it to those qualified to sense its profundities.

This article is devoted to outlining the nature and purpose of this secret doctrine concealed beneath the rubbish of dogma and creed; it is devoted to the proposition that beneath the emblems, allegories, myths, parables, and symbols of every religious system is concealed a certain divine teaching, the understanding of which constitutes a proper religious education.

First of all, we must realize that the literal explanation of the mysteries of religion is not the true one, and those who are satisfied to accept hollow

words without inquiring into their hidden meaning will never attain to the secret doctrine of religion.

Before it is possible to approach this hidden mystery of religion, the mind must also become acquainted with certain forms of specific knowledge indispensable to properly estimate spiritual realities. The untrained mind cannot think intelligently and dispassionately. The insurmountable obstacle in theology is the astigmatic mental vision of its exponents.

All too often, faith paralyzes reason, for what we believe we do not think about, and what we accept without thought is, in the last analysis, valueless! The major failing of theology is its total indifference to the claims of logic and reason. For centuries the religious world has been taught to regard as unpardonable heresy man's divine prerogative of honest doubt. Thus the theologically-trained person is at a decided disadvantage, for he has lost the use of those God-given intellectual faculties which enable him to discriminate between the verities and the illusions of religion—the essentials and non-essentials of salvation.

Faith and belief are indispensable qualities of the soul, but all faith and no thought produces the religious fanatic and the theological bigot who, knowing nothing, declares ignorance—which he misnames faith—to be the supreme ideal of religion!

The secret doctrine in Christianity may be briefly summed up in the following words: There is an exact science by means of which man can come into harmony with the laws of Nature, which laws manifest the will of God for His creation. It is not only possible to study the visible world with its flora and fauna, but it is also possible to study with equal accuracy the invisible world which is the original and the ultimate home of the spiritual nature of man. Sin, suffering, sickness, and death, are the inevitable result of spiritual ignorance. While to a certain degree they can be controlled by material knowledge, they can never be entirely eradicated until the individual understands the exact nature of himself.

In the New Testament much emphasis is laid upon the fact that man is the living temple of the living God. This thought is of far greater import than the average person comprehends. It implies that the ceremonies and rituals enacted within places of worship obscurely signify certain processes and adjustments which must take place within the body of every individual who would become religious.

Christianity was the outgrowth of the ethical teachings disseminated by that illustrious Son of Man—Jesus the *Christ*-ened. Jesus was a member of the Essene Order. The Essenes were a community of holy men, living in a rambling lamasary or monastery on the side of Mt. Tabor. This community was a branch of a much older organization having its headquarters near Lake Maoris in the heart of ancient Egypt.

The abstract origin of the Essenes has been a matter of much controversy. Some believe them to have been of Brahmin or Buddhistic extraction, while others claim that they were the outgrowth of Pythagorean speculation. Be that as it may, the Essenes were an ascetic group bound together by mutual ideals and aspirations. They existed in the Holy Land as evidence of disagreement with the orthodox interpretation of Jewish theology. Their purpose was to study and interpret the writings of Moses and the prophets according to the secret doctrine which they realized existed beneath the popularly accepted version of the Scriptures.

Little doubt exists that Jesus was educated by the Essenes, instructed in their secret teachings, and afterwards initiated into the Essene Mysteries. The Gospels preserve the story of his initiation in their description of the wanderings and temptation of Jesus in the wilderness.

Robed in the white seamless garment of the Essenes, with his hair and beard uncut according to the fashion of the Essenes, Jesus wandered forth preaching and teaching the secret doctrine of the Jews, and—because of the knowledge of the inner workings of Nature which come to those who understand the law—performing miracles and possessing powers beyond the comprehension of ordinary men.

In the simplicity of their lives and the loftiness of their ideals the Essenes represented the true principles of mystic Christianity. They also represented pristine Christianity inasmuch as they were renowned throughout Asia Minor for their wisdom and integrity. Learned in medicine, law, astronomy and music, the Essenes were employed by the Roman officers stationed in Judea in the capacity of scribes, tutors, and general instructors of the young.

The Essenes were Orientalists in their methods of living: they prayed, meditated, and fasted like the holy men of the Far East and they attained spirituality by consecrating themselves to the service of humanity and the impersonal dissemination of truth and righteousness.

The first ideals of Christianity were concerned with healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, raising the dead, and casting out demons, by which the early Christians desired it to be understood that they healed those who were spiritually sick; that they cleansed man from the leprosy of sin; that they raised him from the death of ignorance; and that they cast out of him the demons of avarice, and lust, and passion.

During the first centuries of Christianity the Christian faith—like the pagan doctrines in the midst of which it was established—was celebrated in the form of Mysteries. Gradually the church grew up about the Mystery until this secret doctrine in Christianity was apparently lost sight of, at least it disappeared from the sight and cognition of the world.

Realizing in common with the true philosophic minds of all generations, that all religions are in reality steps in the unfoldment of Universal Truth as a whole, it becomes apparent that Christianity preserved within the structure of its outer doctrine the same secret teachings which were the prized possessions of the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Brahmins.

All arts, religions, philosophies, and sciences may be divided into two general divisions—theory and practice. In other words, religion may be considered as twofold: speculative and operative. We have had nearly 2,000 years of speculative Christianity. During this period atrocities unmentionable have been perpetrated in the name of the lowly Nazarene; a thousand times has Christ been crucified by His church.

Speculative Christianity has sent Christian nations at each other's throats in war and conflict; it has persecuted heathendom; it has blessed the munitions of war in its cathedrals; it has forced the Prince of Peace to march at the head of armies whose avowed purpose was conquest and plunder.

Speculative Christianity has resulted in the faith promulgated by the man Jesus being split up into countless contending factions, who by their lack of charity for each other demonstrate their lack of understanding. Speculative Christianity has become a vast material institution, already deeply enmeshed in the bonds of commercialism, competition and crystallization.

While speculative Christianity seems hopeless involved in its theories

and notions founded upon the shifting sands of theological opinion, operative Christianity represents the exact science of salvation.

Consider, if you will, the profundity of the thought, *the exact science of salvation*. All over the world the cry goes up: "What does God expect of me?" No one seems to know and those who teach are as ignorant as those who listen. The time has come when the world must realize the true function of religion and just what position it occupies in the plan of human progress. The world must now consider religion from a hitherto unfamiliar viewpoint: it must consider religion in the light of an exact science and must not cease its search after the fundamental principles of religion until it has discovered the keys to the mystery of life, as these lie buried under the debris of theology's fallen house.

Space will only permit a consideration of one of these secret keys: namely, the place occupied by the functions and parts of the human body in relationship to the exact science of individual salvation.

According to the secret teaching, each individual must work out with diligence his own destiny and salvation. As the Christian and Essene Mysteries were fundamentally similar to those of the Greeks, we will clothe our story in the terminology of the Greek Mysteries, bearing in mind, however, that the material set forth actually represents part of the Mystery doctrine incorporated into Christianity but now practically lost.

The universe is divided into three distinct parts which are called the three worlds: that is, heaven, earth and hell. The triple tiara of the Pope is symbolic of Christianity's sovereignty over these three worlds. As the words *heaven, earth,* and *hell* have lost their original meanings, it may be better to substitute for them names whose meanings are more apparent. We will therefore call heaven the *supreme* world; earth, the *superior* world; and hell, the *inferior* world. The supreme world is spirit; the superior world is soul, or mind; and the inferior world is matter. The ruler of the supreme world is called the *Father;* the ruler of the superior world, the *Son;* and the ruler of the inferior world, the *Holy Spirit*. Thus the creative Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, represents the personified attributes of these three worlds.

The supreme world is the home of the gods: that is, the personifications of the immortal principles. The superior world is the home of the demigods and heroes: that is, the gods who partake of mortality and the men who partake of immortality. It is also the home of the ministering spirits: that is, the personifications of natural law. The inferior world is the physical universe, and is the home of humanity and several kingdoms of subhuman life. The inferior world is under the control of Pluton, or Father Dis, the regent of the dead, for by analogy the inferior world is the *hell* of orthodox Christianity.

As the universe consists of these three universal planes—the supreme world, the superior world, and the inferior world—so man, constructed in the image of the universe, is likewise a triune being existing in three worlds or spheres of consciousness. The divine spirit of man, being composed of the substance of the immortal gods, exists in the supreme sphere. The soul and mind of man, being composed of the substance of the immortal heroes and mortal gods, exists in the superior sphere. The body of man, being composed of the substance of the material universe, exists in the inferior world. These three parts—spirit, soul-mind, and body—each existing in its own sphere, when compounded together result in the partially rational immortal-mortal: man.

According to the Mysteries, the supreme sphere in man corresponds to a secret area within the intricacies of the human heart. Within the heart is the flame composed of the immortals. Thus the heart represents the temple of Olympus, within the halls and galleries of which dwell the twelve gods. These twelve, by their combination, constitute the Supreme Intelligence referred to as the *Father*.

The superior sphere corresponds in man to the brain, which is the dwelling place of the god-men who hide themselves within its structure as the holy men of India hide themselves within their caves at the head of the Ganges River.

The inferior world has its human correspondent in the generative system, for the material world exists solely through the generative processes, and the generative processes of Nature are epitomized in the generative processes of man.

A momentary digression will show how the analogy works out. The Holy Spirit is sometimes called the *Holy Ghost*. A ghost is the shadow of a reality. We generally consider it to be an intangible form—a wraith or specter. A moment's consideration, however, will demonstrate that the material world and all the forms that exist within it are the ghosts, or shadows, of the divine, intangible spiritual natures of existing things. Thus the universal form is called the Holy Ghost—the shadow of Divinity. The generative processes by means of which the ghosts of form are brought into temporary existence are said to be under the Holy Spirit, or shadow-building power of Divinity.

In Masonic emblemism the same fact is presented but in a slightly different manner. The three kings—or actually two kings and a cunning workman—represent the threefold spirit of man manifesting in the three worlds or spheres of existence and engaged in the construction of a threefold temple in man. The order may be considered as follows: the supreme sphere is the dwelling place of the Universal Spirit, designated in Masonry *King Solomon;* the superior sphere is the dwelling place of the Individual Spirit, designated *King Hiram of Tyre;* and the inferior sphere is the dwelling place of the Personal Spirit, designated *Hiram Abiff*. Thus King Solomon represents the activity of spirit in the spiritual world; King Hiram of Tyre represents the activity of spirit in the intellectual, or soul, world; and Hiram Abiff —the widow's son—represents the activity of spirit in the material world.

Hiram Abiff is the master-builder. He represents that form of divine energy which, obeying the laws of the Creative Mind, organizes matter into the Universal Temple. In other words, Hiram Abiff is the Universal Spirit of material organization. All forms are the result of his handiwork and every form is a Solomon's Temple, for whether it be a grain of sand or a solar system it is a house built in honor of, and as a habitation for, the living God.

From earliest times the various secret schools of the Mysteries have had as their supreme allegory the myth or legend of the "dying god"—the supreme creature who descended into the worlds of men and was murdered for the sins of humanity. In India it was Krishna; in Greece, Prometheus; in Scandinavia, Balder the Beautiful; among the Central American Indians, Quexalcoatl. This god, dying upon the cross, is the Masonic Hiram Abiff murdered by the elements of the inferior world, among the essences of which he has been commissioned to erect the Eternal House.

Hiram Abiff—the Masonic martyr—is not only Plato's divine man who was crucified when the worlds were formed, but is also that part of man's spirit which he calls I AM and which enters into matter at the time of physical birth. Therefore, at the very moment of birth the builder is murdered and the body which he has formed becomes his tomb. This body—the living house of the "martyred" god—is therefore well termed "the holy sepulchre." Man's physical form, controlled by his passions, his greeds, his selfishness, and his animal nature, is the holy sepulchre of the Templars, which is indeed in the hands of the infidel.

Recognizing that at the moment of physical birth the blow with the mallet is delivered and the spirit is buried over the brow of the hill (the diaphragm) upon which stands the temple (the heart), the activities of life must then be devoted to the resurrection of the dying god.

Jacob Boehme symbolizes the germ or seed of the martyred builder as being planted in the heart. When man, by an absolute and technical knowledge of the process of human regeneration, actually begins the labor of raising the dead builder, the seed in the heart grows into a mighty tree which reaches upward and blossoms in the brain. This is the Tree of Life which grows in the midst of the Garden of the Lord and which bestows immortality.

Thus the secret teaching is to the effect that the murdered builder—or, to be more exact, the builder who was buried alive in the temple which he had built (the body)—is by a technical knowledge preserved from remote antiquity brought to life again. This resurrection of the dead is termed in Christianity the "second coming of Christ" and is the consummation of a religious life.

The above represents only an infinitesimal fraction of the stupendous structure of religion. Religion is the master science of all ages, for the mastery of its complexities requires a profound knowledge of all arts, all philosophies, and all sciences. The day is at hand when religion must recognize the dignity of its own estate.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The All-Seeing Eye published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April 1st, 1927.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harry S. Gerhart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of The All-Seeing Eye and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresees of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Hall Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Calif.
Editor, Manly P. Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.
Managing Editor, Harry S. Gerhart, Los Angeles, Calif.
Business Manager, Harry S. Gerhart, Los Angeles, Calif.

2. That the owner is:

The Hall Publishing Company, Manly P. Hall, 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.; Maud F. Galigher, 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

HARRY S. GERHART, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of May, 1927.
(SEAL.)

MAY MILLER.
(My commission expires March 26, 1931.)

Questions and Answers

A Department Maintained for the Convenience of the Reader

Q. Do you advocate people who think along progressive lines joining various organizations and brotherhoods promulgating certain religious, philosophical, and ethical codes? If so, will you kindly give the names of such sects and groups as you could recommend.—M. M. S.

A. This question must be considered from several angles. In the first place, it has often been said that in organization there is strength. But is it not also true that this strength is of the organization and not of the individual? Groups of people—either in communities or in organizations—depending upon each other for mutual support and mutual enlightenment, all too often lose both their individuality and their independence. Thus while the strength of the entire is continually increased by new recruits, it is a question just what effect is produced upon the recruit.

In the second place, motive is the deciding factor in many of these problems. Why does an individual join an organization? Is his purpose to lean upon or to be leaned upon? If he is weak, he will lean upon any strong personality with whom he comes in contact; and if he is strong, it will not be long before the greater part of an organization will be leaning upon him and he will be denounced by that vast number of leaners who will immediately become envious of his intelligence if he possesses any. Most people who join religious and philosophical organizations do so for what they can get and not for what they can give, and a large group composed of individuals with axes to grind has very little to offer to an active, independent intellect.

In the third place, organizations have a consistent habit of being inconsistent and inconstant in their doctrines and tenets. Today you may be able to vouch for everything they do; tomorrow their policies may be widely at variance with your ideals. Most organizations, moreover, do not contain more than one real mind. This mind is reflected in the membership. When this individual mind changes its opinions, the membership—chameleonlike—changes its mental and spiritual shades to match the background. Those who will not change, branching out, form a new society until what was once a single train of thought becomes a seven-headed Hydra with all the heads biting at each other.

In the fourth place, organizations are segregative and separative. If you join an organization, the world considers you as championing the doctrines and codes promulgated by that group with which you have associated yourself. The saddest part of this feature is that the world also considers you as being opposed to and irreconcilably against those other organizations and individuals whose ideals are at variance with the cult that you have accepted. In other words, the world says that if you are for one thing you must be against all else, or if actual animosity does not exist there must be at least a dangerous indifference.

In the fifth place, it is a well known fact that crystallization is the keynote of the physical world and vitalization the keynote of the spiritual

world. Organizations seemingly cannot exist without crystallization nad crystallization gradually produces in spiritual movements the same condition that it produces in the physical body: age, disease, suffering and death. Death is the separation of conscious life from a vehicle no longer capable of giving its expression. All spiritual truths die when their vehicles become crystallized, and no organization has yet been formed which has been able to escape the inevitable dissolution resulting from crystallization. If the organization could die without involving the individuals who compose it, things would not be so bad. When the mind has followed and accepted dogma and creed for a certain length of time it becomes incapable of individual estimation, and the decay of the organization—by destroying the crutch upon which those lean who have lost the power to stand alone—leaves its component parts hopeless, helpless, and useless.

In the sixth place, the modern world lacks the solidarity of antiquity. We are a generation of superficial thinkers and therefore the products of our thought are superficial and impermanent. The organizations and institutions of antiquity stood for centuries because their founders and members represented the highest types of intellect. The ranks of the ancient educational and spiritual orders were not composed of easy believers. Each member dared to think his own thoughts, live his own life, and doubt anything that did not seem reasonable to his senses. Ancient religion was not a process of acceptation; every theory advanced was discussed and accepted or rejected upon the basis of its intrinsic merit. If modern organizations were of a standard conformable to those of the ancients, they would be of vastly greater value, although being organizations they must meet the inevitable fate of organizations—crystallization. Modern cults are all too often the brainstorms of honest but mentally incompetent persons who, fired with aspiration but lacking logic, reason, and philosophical education, are not properly qualified to finish the task they have begun.

In the seventh place, we are unfortunately living in an age of commercialization, which as surely has permeated our philosophical world as it has our material sphere. A great number of cults and creeds have been foisted upon the public not by philosophers and mystics but by financiers. Many of these have been eminently successful, as the disillusioned members will testify after the bubble has burst. In this respect it may be truthfully said that the devil has quoted Scripture with profit. Indeed, it has become quite a problem now to decide when joining an organization whether it will lead you to heaven or to the poor farm.

In the eighth place, spiritual and philosophical societies are the breeding grounds for the most dangerous forms of hero-worship extant. It is positively amazing to note how quickly half a dozen foolish people can make a demigod out of a seventh poor sinner. It is our firm belief that no person who ever worshipped a man understood him, but nearly all groups of people seem concerned with the perpetual deification of some poor, hard-working, long-suffering human being who may have died of starvation, whose words are quoted as Scripture, and whose accomplishments form the axis of the organization.

Having considered the arguments against affiliation with religious and philosophic organizations, it is only fair to present the other side of the proposition. There are two outstanding reasons why affiliation with the right kind of a group may attain a definite and constructive end.

(1) In an age which organizes and incorporates all forms of activity,

it is almost impossible for religion, philosophy, and ethics to survive unless they combat material organization with spiritual organization. Single individuals are overwhelmed by the mass movement of a materially organized civilization. Unless those interested in maintaining the high standards of culture absolutely indispensable to the survival of the race pool their strength, modern commercialism may totally obliterate creative idealism.

(2) Man's mind is tremendously influenced by what takes place about him. A child will study more faithfully at school than at home because in the schoolroom there are numbers of other children doing the same thing. There is also a certain amount of vanity involved. No individual likes to exhibit less capacity and intelligence than the person next to him. Thus organization offers a twofold motive for greater accomplishment: the stimulus of environment and the stimulus of personal vanity.

There are several organizations of a philosophic, religious and fraternal nature in America and other parts of the world that are actually accomplishing a great amount of good. Our position does not permit us to actually name them, nor could we conscientiously assume the personal responsibility of deflecting the mind of another person into any prescribed channel of thought and activity. Therefore, we can only suggest that in matters pertaining to organization an acid test be applied. We will suppose that you feel an inward urge to associate yourself wtih some group interested in philosophic or religious studies. You should investigate the matter very carefully, realizing that in all probability many of your future actions will be influenced by the code promulgated by that particular cult.

Do not be in haste to join new movements that have not had an opportunity for time to pass upon their merits. Time is the heartless critic, continually denouncing and exposing weakness, falseness and inconsistency. On the other hand, do not condemn that which is new but, restraining both enthusiasm and criticism, judge all things by their works.

There are good organizations, bad organizations, and indifferent organizations. Good organizations are in every case progressive, altruistic, educational, non-commercial and impersonal. They seek to build individual characters, teaching men how to think rather than what to think.

Bad organizations are usually non-progressive, penurious, bigoted, commercial and personal. They are usually built up about some individual who believes that he can increase his own power and position by having an organization back of him. In many cases such individuals depend on superstition for the attainment of their ends. They have long and curious names, weird and hair-raising mysteries. They conceal themselves behind a barrage of meaningless bombast so that those entering the cult cannot get close enough to find out how little the great man knows!

Indifferent organizations are those which, being neither hot nor cold, meet the sad fate prescribed for such: the Lord speweth them out of His mouth.

If you desire to join an organization for spiritual, philosophic or ethical betterment, feeling that you have not yet reached the place where you are qualified to decide for yourself that which is best for your immortal soul, we suggest that you search out an organization as loosely organized as possible, for many a noble enterprise has been hobbled by its own red tape. Go to a group that makes no profession that it is wiser or greater than others but in modesty and simplicity is diligently striving to work out its salvation. Shun as you would the plague deep and profound secrets, unutterable mys-

teries, and ten-dollar admission fees. Beware of mechanical cults which grind out "initiates" in strings like sausages. If possible, find a group that is in some way connected with the ancient systems of philosophy and thought. Eschew exclusiveness and permit yourself to be involved in nothing that isn't big enough to recognize the good in all men, the wisdom in all religions, and that truth belongs to no man. Beware, most of all, of any group or cult which is the self-appointed and sole custodian of truth, for all groups or individuals who believe that they are the only ones to whom God has communicated His divine knowledge brand themselves false prophets.

Classical Humor

The whale who had just swallowed Jonah discovered the prophet to be decidedly indigestible. The entire structure of the great amphibian was torn with internal unrest. "Oh-h-h," muttered the whale, "If I had only kept my mouth shut this would never have happened."

This month's popular scientific note is of intense practical value. In simple words, an amoeba is a microscopic Protozoa of the class Rhizopoda. The class Rhizopoda, including the orders Lobosa, Foraminifera, Heliozoa and Radiolaria, is remarkable for its pseudopodia.

Once upon a time there was a man who did not read his Bible very often. Like a great many other good Christians, he kept the Book on his table as a paper weight. One day this backslider was moved to pick up the Bible, and his eyes fell on a few words at the top of one of the pages. He read, "And Judas went out and hanged himself." He turned a few more pages and glanced at the words. This time it said, "Go thou and do likewise." And the man read no further.

Once a poor man desired to join a very fashionable church. (We don't know why.) He called upon the rector and expressed his wish. The reverend gentleman looked the shabbily dressed man over very critically with a mental picture of the effect of this man's appearance among the elite of his congregation. The minister then said: "Before you take this important step I think you should go home and pray for a week or two. When the Lord has made known His will in the matter, come back and we will talk it over again." Very well pleased with his diplomacy, the rector ushered out his visitor.

Two days later the poor man called again, to the dismay of the minister. The poor man spoke: "You need not worry, I had a long talk with God, and I am no longer trying to join your church. I told God I wanted to get into your church and He told me it was no use, that He had been trying to get in Himself for ten years."

W. W. Harmon, Dispensing Optician, Expert Fitting of Frames, Phone GLadstone 0802, 6680 Yucca Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Service: Our Motto

L. A. Undertaking Company

JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY

2517 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044
Los Angeles, Calif.

S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)
Vocational Analysis
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
Write 11658½ Mayfield Ave.
Brentwood Heights Station
or 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Funeral Directors
REED BROTHERS CO.
MYRON W. REED FRANK E. GEIGER
JOHN W. TAPLEY
Careful preparation of the body by any method desired.

WEstmore 5151
PRIVATE AMBULANCE
721 W. Washington St.

"An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews.

By MANLY P. HALL

Write for Information and Descriptive Literature

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The
Aquarian Book Shop

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display
Room Number 202
358 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

means no more sickness, food waste and drudgery in your home. Eat your way to health, youth and strength through the wonderful variety of delicious LIVE foods described in this book. Price $1.00 prepaid.

THE EUTROPHEONS
(Where fresh live foods only are served)
833 S. Olive St. and 209 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

LECTURE PROGRAM

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium **Ninth Street and Grand Ave.**

MANLY P. HALL

Friday, May 20th, 8 P. M.

"The Mysteries of Light, Color, and Sound"

Mr. Hall's first lecture on this subject in Los Angeles

Sunday, May 22nd, 10:30 A. M.

"The King of Kings"

Sunday, May 29th, 10:30 A. M.

"The Platonic Solution of the Riddle of Life"

Sunday, June 5th, 10:30 A. M.

Prologue: "Father Damien"

"St. Francis of Assisi—His Sermon to the Birds"

THE LYCEUM

Beginning May 22nd, 9:30 A. M., the Lyceum will move to the left wing of the main floor of Trinity Auditorium. "The Purpose and Possibilities of a Lyceum"—Manly P. Hall will speak.

You Are Cordially Invited to All These Lectures
Come and Bring Your Friends

THE ALL SEEING EYE

Being a Monthly Magazine which is published in Los Angeles on the Fifteenth day of every month edited by Manly P. Hall and devoted to the Search for the Fundamental Verities Existing in the Educational Systems Religions and Philosophies of All Ages

JULY MCMXXVII

To all readers of

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

This Magazine Is Proving Itself in its new form as a Unique Publication which presents the Truth and Provokes Thought.

Every Article provides material for Deep Consideration and Future Reference.

Think of a Friend or Two who Needs it and will Appreciate it, and Send in One Dollar for the Current Six Months.

Address all orders to

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

SHADOW FORMS

A COLLECTION of mysterious tales involving magic and sorcery, those unfamiliar and intriguing powers attributed to the East and to all primitive peoples. The weird incidents described, while fantastically handled, are founded upon some legendary or occult fact. All of them present deep philosophical and symbolical messages in a fascinating form.

Other Books by Manly P. Hall

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism —3 color prints	**$4.00**
The Lost Keys of Masonry	**2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Stories of the Orient)	**2.00**
Thirty-Eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Talk to Students	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage	**.50**
Unseen Forces	**.50**
Occult Anatomy	**.50**
Melchizedek and the Mystery of Fire	**.50**

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. IV JULY, 1927 NO. 3

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BUILDING,
NINTH AT GRAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANLY P. HALL . . . . . *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART . . . . . *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER . . . . . *Associate Editor*
HOWARD W. WOOKEY . . . . . *Art Director*

CONTENTS

The Editor's Briefs
Smashing Shams 67

Philosophy, Science and Religion
The Mysteries of Light, Sound, and Color 71

A Notable Reprint
An Illustration of the Deep Principles of Jacob Behmen 77

Questions and Answers 91

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1927, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter February 11, 1927, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

PER COPY, 25c—SIX MONTHS $1.00—ONE YEAR $2.00
FOREIGN, SIX MONTHS $1.15—ONE YEAR $2.25

Special Notice to San Francisco and Bay Cities

Mrs. Maud F. Galigher will be at the Stewart Hotel in San Francisco for several days and will be pleased to answer all inquiries relative to "The Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy."

Do You Know?

That punctuation marks were first used about 250 B. C. by Aristophanes of Alexandria.

That the original brazen serpent which Moses raised in the wilderness is supposed to be in the Church of St. Ambrose, at Milan!

That when pins were invented in the 14th century the maker was only permitted to sell them on the first and second day of each January.

That there is a newspaper in China that has been issued regularly for nearly one thousand years. It was originally printed from hand-carved wooden blocks.

That one of the first and most important Christian hymns was composed by the pagan Emperor Hadrian. The hymn was later paraphrased by Alexander Pope.

That the horseshoe became a symbol of good luck because it resembled in shape the metallic halos or glories which were so often placed behind the heads of saints.

That the little child whom Jesus called unto him, as related in the second verse of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, was Ignatius, Bishop and martyr of Antioch, according to existing tradition.

That the word "bedlam," which is popularly interpreted to mean confusion and uproar, was a corruption of the word "Bethlehem," a name given to one of the first insane asylums in London.

That Giles de Laval Marshal de Retz, who was born in France about 1396 was the original Bluebeard. The partially destroyed bodies of forty-six victims were found in his castle at the time of his arrest. He had given himself to the practice of black magic.

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Smashing Shams

Strange letters come in the early mail. We received one yesterday from a gentleman who took issue with us on a number of subjects, declaring—among other things—that our Sunday morning sermon, "The Platonic Solution of the Riddle of Life," was devoid of spirituality and comparatively meaningless to him.

We fully realize that to a mind unfamiliar with our platform, many of our statements might have sounded like heresy of the most dangerous type, especially since this was the first time the gentleman had ever attended one of our lectures.

This friend disputed our right to question the authenticity or inspired source of any of the scriptural writings, evidently overlooking such infamous proceedings as those which took place at the Council of Nicæa, through which no book—however sacred—could have passed intact.

Our correspondent also evidently has not traced the origins of religious faiths or studied their growth and unfoldment through all the generations of the past. Like millions of others, he has accepted as literal truth statements which cannot fail to mislead unless their inner meanings be accurately interpreted.

Investigation has proved beyond any reasonable doubt that the scriptural writings of nearly all nations have been tampered with and their true meanings distorted. Though it may shock our correspondent, we affirm that the opening chapters of the book of Genesis are not only inadequately translated but the text is hopelessly disfigured and the order of the verses and chapters inextricably mixed. If he does not wish to take our word for this, we would recommend that he consult any authority on archaic Hebrew, who will tell him that if he beheld an accurate translation of the document it would be unrecognizable. It will probably be impossible ever to restore completely the original meanings of such books as Genesis and Revelation, but no one acquainted with ancient languages and the idiosyncrasies of the early priestcrafts can rationally accept as infallible the existing versions of the various sacred books.

We have been accused of being unchristian in our attitude toward religion; in fact, an eminent local divine once declined to debate the evolution problem with us on the ground that we were not a Christian. Since our opinions when first heard may appear rather "heathenish," we shall take this opportunity to define our true position in this matter.

We believe in Christianity but we can never be made to accept the false doctrines now palmed off as fundamental elements in Christianity. There is no sacred book which today possesses sufficient authority to convince us of the existence of the orthodox hell. We can never be convinced that the damnation of any creature is possible in a universe ruled over by a beneficent Father, nor has it ever seemed reasonable to us that any individual should

lose his soul because he was not baptized or that his soul could be saved by joining any church.

Centuries before the Christian Era, Gautama Buddha tore the veil from the Brahmin temple and preached a doctrine which emancipated the *Sudras* (slaves). The holy man with the yellow robe hurled his thunderbolts at the institution of caste, declaring that the Creator of the universe had intended all men to see the light of truth and to live in the luminance of hope. In Greece Pythagoras initiated his own slaves, who then became famous exponents of his philosophy.

Five hundred years later a lowly Syrian, son of a carpenter, overturned the caste system of the Jews and brought down upon his head the wrath of those who had long maintained themselves upon the ignorance of their fellow men.

There are two kinds of people in the world seeking for wisdom. The first desire to know that they may be greater than their brothers and use this superiority for the attainment of personal ends. The second desire to know that they may disseminate this knowledge and thus supply all men with the key to self-emancipation.

Sometime in the infancy of humanity those who sought to enslave mankind so that they could make of human creatures beasts of burden forged chains of fear to shackle minds and bodies. Thus came into being that man-made demon *Superstition* which transformed God's beautiful universe into a hellish phantasmagoria.

Down through the ages selfish persons discovered that they could control the lives of the ignorant and materially profit thereby by peopling the elements with imps and goblins or by threatening damnation to those untutored souls who did not realize that God, being all of creation, could not consistently permit parts of Himself to roast on some infernal grate!

With malice aforethought man fashioned a devil in his own image and gave it the name and appearance of the leading deity in the pantheon of some rival cult. Christianity, for example, realizing that Pan was the most universally revered of the Greek deities, metamorphosed him—horns and hoofs—into the lord of *Pan*demonium. Under the character of Satan it also ridiculed the pagan Saturn, and the Jews after their return from the Captivity fabricated Beelzebub to show their scorn for the leading deity of the Babylonians. So much for the geniture of the devil! He is anybody's concept of God except our own.

Devil-worship usurped the position once occupied by religion. Man no longer served God so much for the sake of good as through fear of evil. Places of worship became havens of refuge where benighted souls huddled together, fearing to sally forth lest they be swallowed up by the yawning jaws of perdition. Otherwise intelligent persons shuddered at the sight of their own shadows, believing that green-eyed, fork-tailed monsters, with the wings of bats and the feet of roosters, lurked in every dark corner ready to snatch away their immortal souls if their words or thoughts smacked of heresy.

Let us consider those things regarded as heresy. For some it was heresy to cook on Sunday; for others to laugh on the Sabbath day. To question the orthodox interpretations of the sacred writings was to insure eternal damnation; to doubt the efficacy of dogma was to earn a brimstone pit. In fact, to think at all was sufficient provocation to consign the thinker to excruciating torture through all the uncounted aeons of the hereafter.

We believe that the *love* of God is the foundation of religion; we do not believe that the *fear* of God is the beginning of wisdom. The inconsistent, irascible, intolerant, merciless, belligerent, anthropomorphic Deity—created by the crafty and venerated by the foolish—exists nowhere save in superstition-ridden minds.

Let us go back and consider the original teachings of the great World Emancipators—those who have brought to humanity a message of liberation from the servitude of superstition and intolerance. In every case you will find simple and direct moral or philosophical codes, without cults, creeds, dogma or sham. Take, for example, the lofty idealism of Buddha, a natural philosopher, whose simple tenets brought hope and freedom to the burdened slaves of India. He taught neither of gods nor of devils, but one branch of his church today has nearly 80,000 deities, most of whom are demons. With a few exceptions, the exalted and divinely beautiful faith which he established is now the hotbed of degrading superstitions.

Living in the 20th century, we may flatter ourselves with the thought that we are free from the mummeries of the ancient and medieval worlds. If we indulge ourselves in such Pharisaical boasting, we are due for a rude awakening, for the entire fabric of our religious systems—both Christian and so-called heathen—is permeated with superstition. There is a good reason why religion is losing its hold upon the minds of this generation: the educated faculties of the modern thinker no longer will permit him either to worship a Deity whose moral character is inferior to his own or to fear a devil of whose existence there is no possible evidence.

It is difficult to realize the hold which fear and superstition still retain upon the minds of the race. The entire structure of modern religious thought is erected upon the foundation of superstition and, being founded upon the shifting sand of unreality, that structure must eventually topple and fall into cosmic oblivion.

A great number of people are looking forward to the coming of another World Teacher—that intellect or group of intellects who will deliver the keynote to the next era of progress. The question has been asked many times, "What will be the dominant note of the next great message to mankind?"

We can only judge the future by the past. Looking back over the annals of history, it is notable that the great World Teachers have attained their ends by a process of elimination. In each case they tore down some false and unnatural impediment to the onward march of truth. They struck at great world attitudes and delivered man from the false creations of his own mind; for man needs not to be delivered from evil but from his own false mental concepts of evil.

MAN IS SAVED WHEN HE IS DELIVERED FROM BONDAGE TO HIS OWN NOTIONS!

For thousands of years the caste system paralyzed progress, and by its elimination mankind was brought out of the darkness of an institution that had outlived its usefulness. Since the dawn of time man has been oppressed by fear and superstition, and we believe that the next great Teacher will direct the smashing hammer blows of his divinely-given power against the most subtle, the most terrible, and the most paralyzing influence in the world today—the fear of the unknown.

There will come a voice crying in the wilderness, "God is good; life is eternal. In all the world what is there to fear?" This messenger will

tell humanity that the great system of theology is a lifeless, meaningless superstition—a fabric venerated for ages but in reality the substance of a dream. This messenger will show man that the universe is supremely good, that the unknown Fabricator of it is supremely wise, and that all things are combining together to work for the ultimate good of the whole.

Let us analyze some of the superstitions that must be destroyed before religion can grow to perfect flower and fruitage.

(1) The first superstition is the belief that man is capable of making up the mind of God. No man can say whether God be one, three, five, seven, or a multitude; nor is God's immutable nature changed by any man-made conclusion regarding Its number. "I AM THAT I AM," saith the Lord. "He is what I make him," says man. But the Deity remains unmoved and unchanged by all these things. Furthermore, God has delegated to no man the prerogative of damning in Its name the greatest or the least thing in the universe. No man has more *pull* with God than another nor is God closer to one man than to another. The man does not live who has seen the full magnitude of the Deity. God is not a man nor made in the image of a man, and all theories concerning God's appearance are mere notions. God is the eternal Principle of Good, the active power of the universe, impersonal and eternal. It bows to no man, favors no man above another, and forgives no man more than another. Being in equal proximity to all creation, It needs no mediator between Itself and humanity, for It is humanity, and no man needs to beg audience with that power which is in reality himself.

(2) The second superstition is the belief that God is sectarian in Its religious viewpoints. No place of worship exists that is big enough to include It or small enough to exclude It. To God there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Christian nor heathen. Such preferential distinctions are as inconceivable as would be the controversy of the cells of the human body over a place of worship. All churches—if they be true to the principles of Universal Truth—are churches of God; and all churches which deviate from Universal Truth cease to represent it in the world. We take note of the "heathen," failing to realize that the Spirit of God is omnipresent in every stone or piece of clay that enters into the construction of our buildings. As everything that exists is God, the only real heathen is he who does not realize that God is universal and no respecter of persons.

(3) The third superstition is the invention of *heaven* and *hell*. "Where does man go when he dies?" is the question. Wherever it be, it is in God's universe; therefore in God Itself. The belief in a power of evil and its ability to control the universe is founded upon nothingness. There is no place for *hell* in the nature of the Supreme One; he who believes in *hell* and a *devil* blasphemes his God.

It was Buddha who said, "If God does not prevent evil, He is not good; and if He cannot prevent evil, He is not God." Against this argument nothing can prevail; from this logic there is no appeal.

We are not attacking religion nor do we discredit the faith of any man—we are attacking those shams and superstitions which have crept into the faiths of mankind and made them unworthy representatives of God in the world. We believe that the major part of the structures of modern religions is not only useless in the spiritual evolution of the race but also widely at variance with the tenets of their founders. We are worshipping

(Continued on Page 83)

PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE & RELIGION

The Mysteries of Light, Sound and Color

By MANLY P. HALL

"Light," writes Dr. Edwin D. Babbitt, "reveals the glories of the external world and yet is the most glorious of them all. It gives beauty, reveals beauty and is itself most beautiful. It is the analyzer, the truth-teller and the exposer of shams, for it shows things as they are. Its infinite streams measure off the universe and flow into our telescopes from stars which are quintillions of miles distant. On the other hand, it descends to objects inconceivably small, and reveals through the microscope objects fifty millions of times less than can be seen by the naked eye. Like all other fine forces, its movement is wonderfully soft, and yet penetrating and powerful. Without its vivifying influence vegetable, animal and human life must immediately perish from the earth, and general ruin take place. We shall do well, then, to consider this potential and beautiful principle of light and its component colors, for the more deeply we penetrate into its inner laws, the more will it present itself as a marvelous store-house of power to vitalize, heal, refine and delight mankind."

The Pythagoreans declared the body of God to be composed of the substance of light, and among nearly all ancient peoples the sun was accepted as the embodiment of the Principle of Good. Even the most untutored and primitive types recognized the solar orb as the distributer of life, light, and heat. In order to symbolize the solar activity the Egyptians frequently pictured the sun's rays as ending in human hands. Such a representation may be seen on the throne chair of Tut-ankh-Amen. It is noteworthy that the initiated priestcraft recognized the true relationship existing between the visible sun and an invisible spiritual source, for they often portrayed the sun as a shield upon the arm of the God of Day. Upon this shield the light of the invisible spiritual Divinity was focussed and reflected into the lower worlds.

As light is the basic physical manifestation of life and bathes all creation in its radiance, it is important to realize in part at least the nature of this divine power. What we call light is really a rate of vibration causing certain reactions upon the optic nerve of the human eye. Few realize how they are walled in by the limitations of the sense-perceptions. There is not only a great deal more to light than anyone has ever seen but there are also unknown forms of light which our optical equipment will never permit us to register. There are unnumbered colors we cannot see, sounds we cannot hear, flavors we cannot taste, odors we cannot smell, and substances we cannot feel. Man is thus surrounded by a universe of which he knows nothing because he has no center of reaction within himself capable of responding to the rates of vibration of which this universe is composed.

Consider briefly the nature of space. Great is the riddle of that solid emptiness which men call space—that limitless area of life lying outside the narrow range of our senses. Space is a vast expanse of crisscrossing energies, swirling eddies of force, and blending clouds of varicolored light. Space is a

great world peopled with countless beings and containing inconceivable hierarchies of evolving lives. We are as uncognizable to these invisible universes as they are to us, for our habitation is to them the emptiness of space as their habitation is to us the emptiness of space.

Even science has recognized that space is not a vacuum, for it has postulated a mysterious element called *ether* to serve as the medium between force and form. This ether may be likened to the hard rubber phonograph record upon which is imprinted sound in the form of tiny little ridges and hollows. Ether preserves the individuality of vibratory waves and, although unable to see or analyze their hypothetical medium, science realizes that such a medium must exist; that space is not really what it seems to be but is a vast field of organized activity incessantly animated by ripples of energy which cause the tiny molecules to dance and vibrate with an exuberance of cosmic force.

Vibration is the supreme manifestation of the Incomprehensible Divinity. It is the key to individualization and the mainspring of both sentient and insensate life. Thrilling the entire fabric of existence, it maintains Gods, men, and molecules in vibrant animation. While recognizing vibration as the underlying cause of the phenomena of being, modern thought is as yet unable to comprehend either the nature of this mysterious force or the relationship it occupies to the Universal Creator.

The Mysteries taught that in the beginning the Infinite One circumscribed an area in eternity, building around it the intangible yet imperishable wall which has been designated the *universal egg*. The space existing within this egg was permeated with the nature of Deity; therefore, being filled with Divine Life, no emptiness could exist within it. As gradually the divine essences entered into the sleep of material creation and worlds were fabricated within the nature of the supreme God-filled space, a division took place—matter came temporarily into existence. Matter is the negative pole of being and, while intrinsically divine, is actually the least cognizable degree of spirit. Thus matter—being farther separated from spiritual energization than space—in reality is relative emptiness in the midst of absolute fullness.

Both spirit and matter are rates of vibration, one of which is always battling against the other. Spirit, being higher in its vibratory rate than matter, is continually vivifying and vitalizing those bodies with which it comes in contact, thus heightening their vibratory power and resulting in their growth, evolution or refinement. On the other hand, matter—being grosser and less mobile—absorbs into itself the vibratory rates of spirit and, because it is slow to respond, swallows up or partially nullifies the powerful forces of spirit. Ultimately, matter will be reabsorbed into the nature of spirit and the two rates of vibration blended in the condition of the higher. By analogy the material constitution of man will ultimately be reabsorbed into his spiritual nature as previously it was exuded from it. Life was prior to form and will exist after form has returned again to its own source. Spirit is all-pervading; matter is an impermanent condition of spirit and eventually must retire into its conditionless source. Therefore, mortality is a material—and not a spiritual—condition, for matter is the only substance capable of dissolution.

The three rulers of the universe—the first and eternal Trinity—consist of one subjectified and two objectified powers, each existing in a sphere of being like unto its own nature. For convenience these three powers may be clothed in Christian terminology and be called the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The first power—the Father—dwells in abstract space. It is

One, perfect and eternal, the source and summit of the many, the first and invisible Monad, the Hidden One, indescribable, Whose name is unutterable, Whose nature indefinable, Whose supremacy inconceivable, and Whose absolute life permeates the entire area circumscribed by the wall of the *universal egg*. By the Pythagoreans It was symbolized as a point—the dark germ, the seed from which will spring forth the inverted tree of objective creation. As the source of sound, It is soundless; as the source of color, It is colorless; and as the source of light, It is lightless. This first person of the Divine Triad is the dark flame of which all things bear witness but which bears witness of nothing. Its dwelling place is the first world and It is inseparably and eternally one—Father, Mother, and Child; in Its nature there is no division.

The second power—the Son—is Light Spirit Which came forth out of Dark Spirit and bears witness to Its Father, of Whose substance It is formed and of Whose nature It partakes to a certain degree. As Dark Spirit was the point, so Light Spirit is the line which comes forth from the point and is the outpouring of the One into the many. Within It is the nature of the Father and whosoever beholds it beholds the radiance of the Father, for It is Light born of Life. It is called the second person because It is posterior to Its own Source, for if light be removed life remains, but if life be removed there can be no light. Now the light of the Son is white—the all-inclusive ray—containing within Its nature the spectrum and being opposite to Its own Source—the impenetrable black of the Father. The dwelling place of the Son is the second world, the intellectual sphere, which connects the abstract darkness of the Father with the elemental darkness of the lower world. This is the white ray that takes up Its abode in the elemental darkness that the darkness may be redeemed. This is the second flame. Of the colors It is all; of the musical notes It is all; and Its ultimate condition or state is reabsorption back into the nature of Its Father.

The Son may be likened to the flame of an oil lamp and the dark hidden Father to the oil or the fuel of the lamp, for the wick of the Son is deep in the eternal substance which is the Source of all life. All that is good partakes of the nature of light; all that inspires growth, attainment or understanding may be appropriately symbolized as radiant and glorious. The lamp has long been the symbol of learning and it is said the olden philosophers studied their sacred books with the aid of a waxen candle whose steady glow signified that light within the soul which makes the nature capable of understanding the truths set forth upon the written page. Fire is the most sacred of the elements because it radiates light and has its source in the one flame by which the universe is animated. The life of all things partakes of the natures of light and fire, and the bodies of all things partake of the natures of water and earth. Water is the sacred medium of fire and the germinal life of fire is accepted into the nature of water, wherein it germinates and later comes into expression as one of the many forms of organized activity. This is the real key to the symbolism of the Madonna. The baby Sun-God is the solar life—the Divine Seed—and the Virgin Mother is the watery, or humid, element which is the carrier or vehicle of the Seed.

The third power—the Holy Spirit, the Demiurgus of the world, the Fabricator and Controller of the inferior spheres—may be likened to a prism upon which the white light of the Son is broken up into seven streaming colors. The sum of these seven may be termed the *Lord of Form,* whereas the source of them—which is above the sphere of form—is the golden-white light of the Son. As the Father was the point and the Son the line, so the

Holy Spirit is the circumference of the mystical and spiritual circle of existence. Being the substance from which the lower world is fabricated, all terrestrial nature exists within Him; His consciousness, dwelling in the highest sphere of terrestrial substance, breaks itself up into a multiplicity of powers which were termed the angels, archangels, and the mundane deities of the ancients; and these under His direction move upon the face of the deep and organize the essences of the third world—the inferior sphere—into the dwelling place of material forms. Thus He is called the *Lord of the Underworld*. His scepter is vibration, by means of which He manipulates the gross elements of His universe. His three primary and four secondary parts become personified in the planets, in the colors, in the musical notes, and in all the septenary divisions of Nature. He is the third flame and, combined with the two previous aspects of the Trinity, constitutes the triple flaming Godhead worshipped under the mysterious monosyllable A.U.M. Such is briefly the divine structure of the universe. From an analysis of its septenary constitution the ancients created a language dealing principally with the abstractions of occult cosmogony and clothed these abstractions in the language of color and sound which—because their divisions correspond with the divisions of the universe during its creative processes—were appropriate types of cosmic activities.

Light is the universal symbol of Truth. Darkness, on the other hand, is the symbol of the lack of that Truth. Therefore, the great battle between light and darkness in reality is the struggle of wisdom to overcome its adversary—ignorance. The sun is the flaming altar in the center of the solar system, about which the planets with their attendant moons circle in the rhythmic dance of the spheres. Dancing was originally a sacred art created to express the harmonious motion of the world. In the midst of the dancers stood the great God Pan, lord of the mundane sphere, whose pipe of seven reeds signified the septenary division of celestial harmonics. The modern world has never been able to completely unravel the Pythagorean mystery of planetary harmony designated by the Greeks as the "music of the spheres."

Everything in Nature has a triune constitution composed of (1) a color, (2) a sound or tone equivalent, and (3) a form, although in the last analysis the color and sound are both form. Any creature can be profoundly influenced if its keynote or key color first be ascertained. In fact, it is possible to disintegrate any known substance by its key tone. This is not necessarily limited to animate life, for even such objects as glass, wood, steel or stone may be splintered or shattered if their keynotes be sounded. In the same way, the invisible constitution of each individual has a predominating key color. Two people with the same key color cannot influence each other, but one can overpower and overshadow the life of another if a powerful color value in his nature has a weak correspondent in the nature of the person he seeks to overcome. A practical demonstration of this may be discovered from a study of nurses and physicians. It is impossible for a nurse to be successful with a patient if the color values in her invisible constitution be inharmonious with those of the patient. A doctor will experience the same difficulty. The knowledge of these color values is frequently employed in transcendental magic, especially black art or sorcery.

The theory of music may have been discovered in either India or Egypt—in all probability, the former. It is quite possible that Orpheus, the founder of the Hellenic School, was a Hindoo; if not, he certainly studied with the illuminated minds of Asia. Orpheus is accredited with having constructed a

seven-stringed instrument, upon which he played such perfect melodies that the wild beasts and birds gathered around him captivated by his harmonies.

After the lapse of those centuries which divide the modern world from the first Greek civilization, it is impossible to describe with any degree of accuracy the Orphic system of music. In fact it is quite probable that the seven-stringed lyre was not an instrument but merely a symbol of the Orphic system of philosophy which was founded upon a septenary division of the universe. The Greeks did not consider music to be a basic art. They regarded it as dependent upon mathematics. In fact, among the ancients the most important school of music was not harmonic but canonic, the Canonic School affirming that harmonies were governed by mathematics and that intervals which did not conform to the mathematical key to natural law were not harmonic, regardless of how pleasing they might be to the ear. As a result the Greeks made use of several tone intervals now considered discordant and rejected others incorporated into the modern theory of harmony.

The Greek Mysteries included in their doctrines a remarkable concept concerning the relationship of music to form. The elements of architecture, for example, were considered as comparable to musical notes or as having a musical counterpart. Consequently when a building was erected in which a number of these elements were combined, the structure was then likened to a musical chord, which chord was harmonic only when it fully satisfied the mathematical requirements of harmonic intervals. Thus a certain chord was said to be the *keynote* of the edifice. The late Enrico Caruso used to demonstrate this principle of the keynote with a glass tumbler. First striking the tumbler several times to ascertain its tonal pitch, he would then reproduce it with his own voice. After singing for a few seconds, the glass would be shattered to bits. In all likelihood, this is the true explanation concealed in the story of the walls of Jericho which fell when the trumpets of Israel were sounded. By applying the same principle in a manner now unknown, a disciple of Pythagoras once prevented a guest from murdering his host. After striking a few notes upon a lyre, the angry man with drawn sword trembled like a leaf and was unable to move until the musician ceased his playing.

Every element in Nature has its individual keynote. When these elements are combined in a composite unit the result is a chord which, when sounded, will disintegrate the compound into its integral parts. In like manner, each individual has a keynote which, when sounded, will destroy him. An organ pipe was recently manufactured which cannot be sounded alone without its vibration destroying not only the organ itself but also any building in which it might be placed. Such is the power of vibration.

In the construction of their temples the Greeks made use in remarkable ways of their knowledge of the principle of vibration. A great part of their rituals consisted of invocations and intonements. Special sound chambers were constructed and the sound waves reverberating through them were so intensified that a word whispered by the high priest would cause the entire building to sway and be filled with a deafening roar. The very wood and stone used in the construction of their sacred buildings eventually became so thoroughly permeated with the sound vibrations of their religious ceremonies that when struck they would yield the same tones repeatedly impressed into their substances by the rituals. It will yet be demonstrated by a logical process that one man—if he possessed the power—could with a single word destroy the world by intoning the harmonic chord of the mundane spheres.

Pythagoras is accredited with the discovery of the musical intervals

of the diatonic scale. In his *Life of Pythagoras,* Iamblichus describes the curious incident which first led the seer of Samos to evolve the theory of musical steps or intervals. One day Pythagoras chanced to pass a brazier's shop where workmen were pounding out a piece of iron upon an anvil. By noting the difference in pitch between the sounds of the different hammer blows and their resultant harmony or discord, he gained his first clue to the musical intervals of the diatonic scale. Entering the shop, he found that the difference in pitch was due to the difference in size of the hammers. After carefully examining the tools and making an accurate estimate of their weight, he returned home and constructed an arm of wood to extend across the room from one wall to the other. At regular intervals along this arm he attached four cords, all being of the same composition, size, and length. At the lower end of each cord he then tied weights of different magnitude to correspond to the different sizes of the hammers. To the first cord he attached a 12-pound weight, to the second a 9-pound weight, to the third an 8-pound weight, and to the fourth a 6-pound weight. He then discovered that the first and fourth strings when sounded together produced a symphony diapason, or the octave, for doubling the weight produced the same effect as halving the string. The weight of the first string being twice that of the fourth, their ratio was said to be 2 : 1, or duple. By similar experimentation he ascertained that the first and third strings when sounded together produced the symphony diapente. The weight of the first string being half again as much as the third, their ratio was said to be 3 : 2, or sesquialter. The second and fourth strings having the same ratio as the first and third, when sounded together also produced another symphony diapente. The first and second strings when sounded together produced a symphony diatessaron. The weight of the first string being a third again as much as the second, their ratio was said to be 4 : 3, or sesquitertian. The third and fourth strings having the same ratio as the first and second, when sounded together also produced another symphony diatessaron. The second and third strings were said to have the ratio of 9 : 8, or epogdoan.

Having thus developed the system of musical steps for his diatonic scale, Pythagoras invented a number of musical instruments based upon the octave and its harmonic intervals, applying his system not only to stringed instruments but also to bells and flutes.

It is of special note that the Pythagoreans regarded music as the key to the mystery of life, for having discovered the existence of certain harmonic intervals in Nature Pythagoras thereupon proceeded to establish the harmonic relationships of the planets, constellations, and elements to each other. The outgrowth of his efforts was the formulation of that most important—but least known—of his doctrines: the *music of the spheres.*

Pythagoras also applied the newly discovered harmonic principle of music to the art of healing, developing a form of vibrotherapy which produced almost miraculous results. He also composed songs for various purposes: some to relax the nerves, others to produce sleep, and still others to increase the mental capacity. His experiments with the effect of music upon the human body also led to the discovery of the healing value possessed by certain poems, and he often cured his disciples of various ailments by reciting poetry to them. The Pythagoreans made a wide application of the principle of vibration and to the Pythagorean system of spiritual, intellectual, and material culture the modern world will yet pay its full measure of tribute.

(Continued on Page 84)

A Notable Reprint

An Illustration of the Deep Principles of Jacob Behmen

THE TEUTONIC THEOSOPHER, IN THIRTEEN FIGURES,
LEFT BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM LAW, M. A.

Number 1:

God, without all Nature and Creature. The Unformed Word in Trinity without all Nature. The Eternal Unity, or Oneness, deeper than any Thought can reach. Alpha and Omega; the Eternal Beginning and the Eternal End, the First and the Last. The greatest Softness, Meekness, Stillness, etc. Nothing and All. Eternal Liberty. Abyss, without Ground, Time, and Place. The Still Eternity. *Mysterium Magnum* without Nature. Chaos. The Mirror of Wonders, or Wonderful Eye of Eternity. The first Temperature, or Temperature in Nothingness; a Calm, Serene Habitation, but without all Luster and Glory. The Trinity Unmanifest, or rather, that Triune Unsearchable Being, which cannot be an Object of any created Understanding.

Number 1

Number 2:

The three first. (Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury.) The Triangle in Nature. The inferior, restless Part of Nature. The Properties of Darkness. The Root of Fire. The Wheel of Nature. The three Properties on the Left Hand, appropriable in a Sense unto the Father, Son, and Spirit. The Hellish World, if in a Creature divorced from the Three on the Right. *N. B.* Virgin. . . . Opposite to what in the Light World is called Virgin Wisdom.

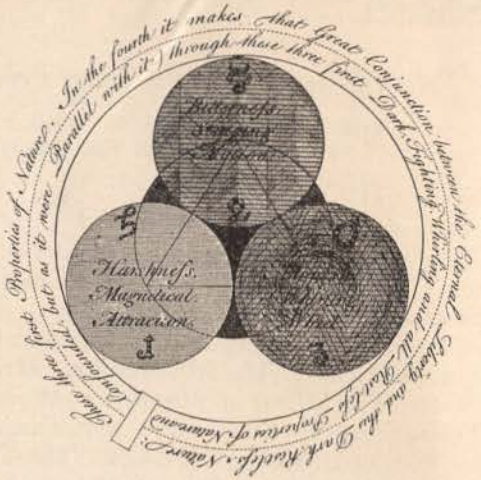
Number 3:

The Fourth Property of Eternal Nature. The Magic Fire. The Fire World. The First Principle. The Generation of the Cross. The Strength, Might and Power of Eternal Nature. The Abyss's or Eternal Liberty's Opening in the dark World, breaking and consuming all the strong Attraction of Darkness. The Distinguishing Mark, standing in the Midst between three and three, looking with the first Crack [impact] (made in the first, gross and rough Harshness) into the Dark World; and with the second joyful Crack [impact] (made in

the second, soft, watery or conquered Harshness) into the Light World; and giving unto each what it is capable of, viz. Might, Strength, Terror, etc., unto the former, but Light, Splendor, Luster and Glory, unto the latter.

Number 4:

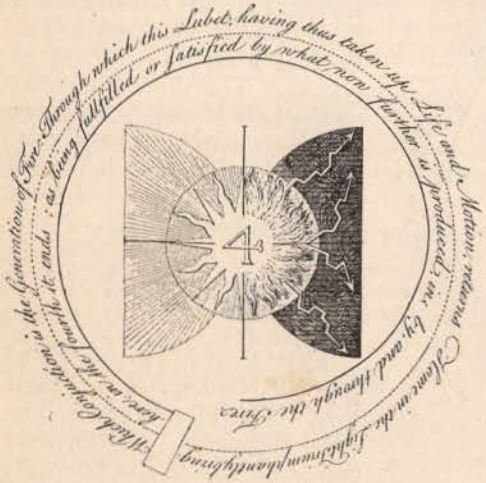
The three Exalted, Tinctured, or Transmuted Properties on the Right Hand. The Kingdom of Love, Light, and Glory. The Second Principle. The Second Temperature, or Temperature in Substantiality. The Trinity manifested, which only now can be an Object of a created Understanding. Byss. Wisdom. Tincture.



Number 2

Number 5:

The four first Figures were, in some Manner, to show (according to the deep and wonderful Manifestation of the Divine Spirit, given to *Jacob Behmen)* the Generation of Eternal Nature, which has a Beginning without Beginning, and an End without End. This fifth represents now, that this great Royal Residence, or Divine Habitation of Glory of GOD the Father, GOD the Son, and GOD the Holy Ghost, was replenished at once with innumerable Inhabitants, All Glorious Flames of Fire, All Children of GOD, and All Ministering Spirits, divided in three Hierarchies (each of such an Extent, that no Limits can be perceived, and yet not infinite) according to that Holy Number Three. But we know the Names only of two of them, which are *Michael* and *Uriel,* because only these two, with all their Hosts, kept their Habitation in the Light.

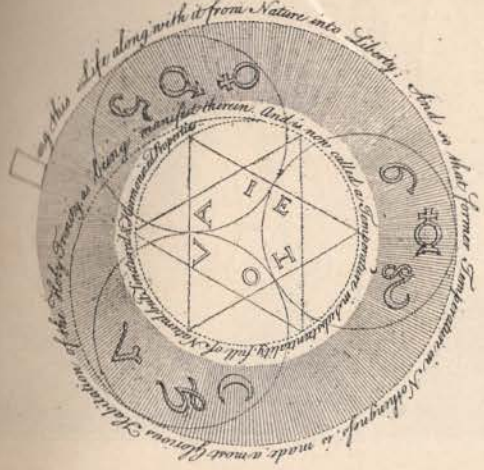


Number 3

Number 6:

Here now one of those three Hierarchs, even the most glorious of them, because he was the Created Representative of GOD the Son, commits High Treason, revolts, lets his dark proud Will-Spirit, in a false *Magia,* without any Occasion given him from without, out of his own Center fly up on high, above God and all the Hosts of Heaven, to be himself All in All; but he is resisted, and precipitated down, and falls through the Fire into

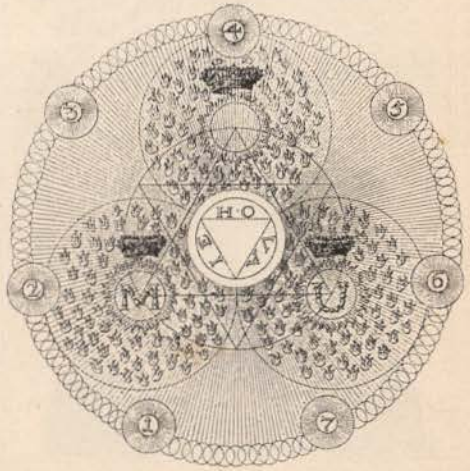
eternal Darkness, in which he is a mighty Prince over his own Legions, but in Reality a poor Prisoner, and an infamous Executioner of the Wrath of God; and may now well be reproached, and asked, How art thou fallen from Heaven, O *Lucifer,* Son of the Morning? To which Question a profound, prolix, distinct, most particular and circumstantial Answer is given, in the *Aurora,* to his eternal Shame and Confusion, which he had hid and covered from the Beginning of the World.



Number 4

Number 7:

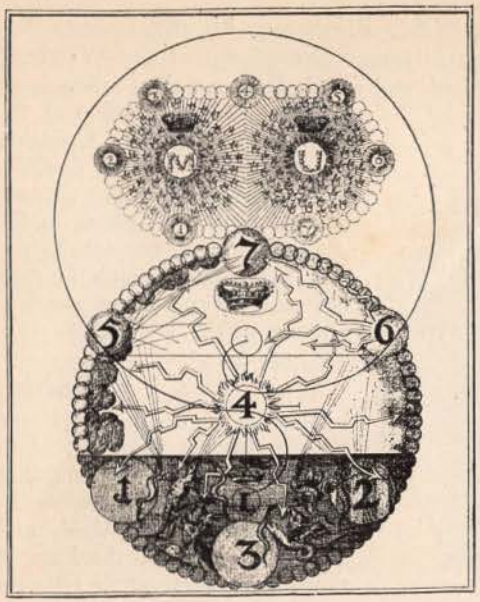
When *Lucifer* by his Rebellion had brought the whole Extent of his Kingdom into such a desolate Condition, that it was, as *Moses* describes it, without Form and Void, and Darkness was upon the Face of the Deep, that whole Region was justly taken away from under his Dominion, and transformed into such another meaner and temporary Condition, that it could no more be of any Use to him. And when this was fully settled in Six Days' Time, according to the Six Active Spirits of eternal Nature, so that it wanted nothing more but a Prince and Ruler, instead of him who had forsaken his Habitation in the Light, *ADAM* was created in the Image and Likeness of GOD, an Epitome, or Compendium of the whole Universe, by the *VERBUM FIAT,* which was the Eternal Word, in Conjunction with the first Astringent Fountain-Spirit of Eternal Nature.



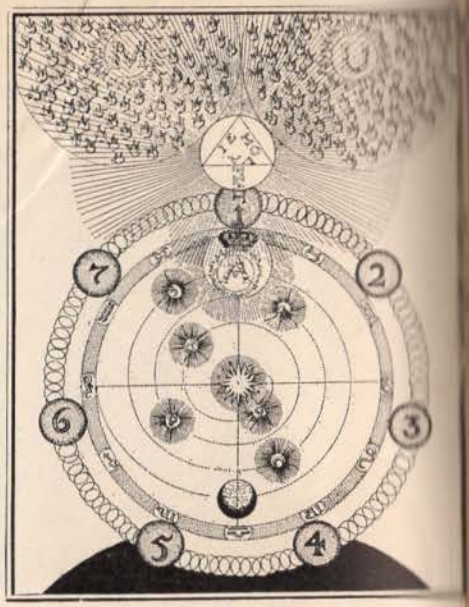
Number 5

Number 8:

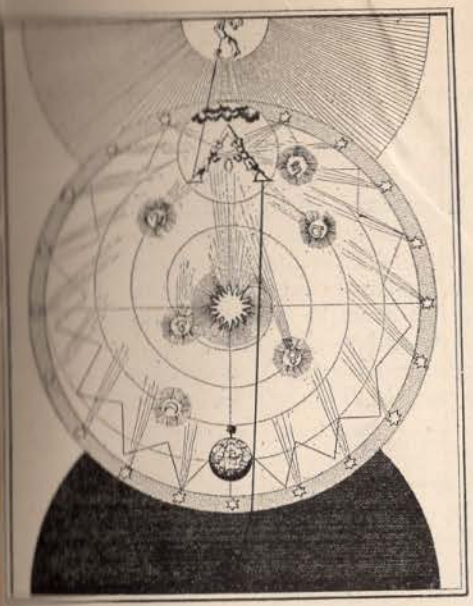
This *ADAM,* though he was indeed created in a State of Innocence, Purity, Integrity and Perfection, could not yet stand on that Top of Perfection which he was designed for, and would have been drawn up into, if he had stood his Trial, for which there was an absolute Necessity. Three Things there were that laid a Claim to *Adam,* and though they stood within him in an equal Temperature, yet did they not so without him, for *Lucifer* had made a Breach. These three Things were, (1) above him



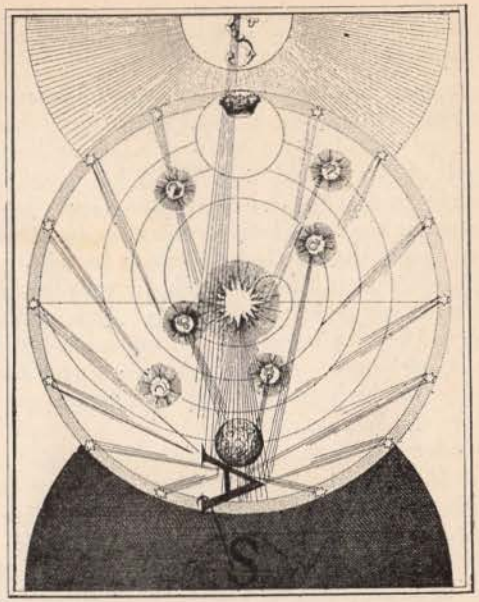
Number 6



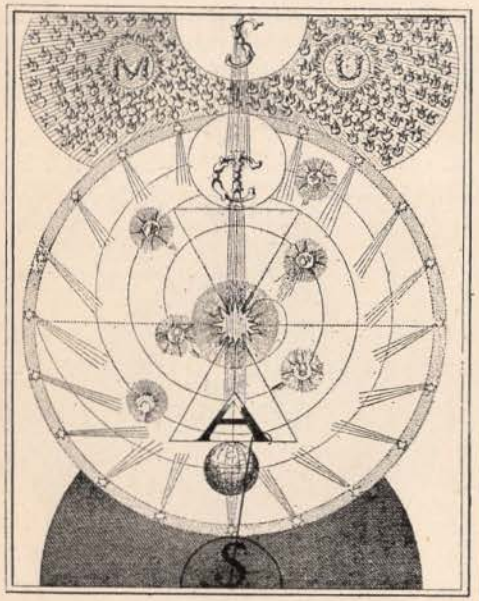
Number 7



Number 8

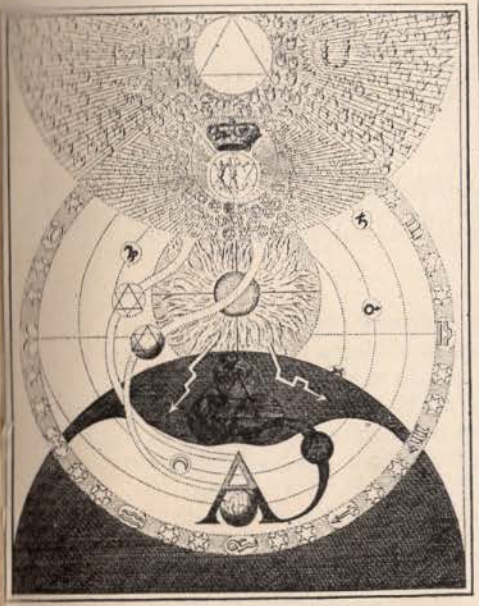


Number 9

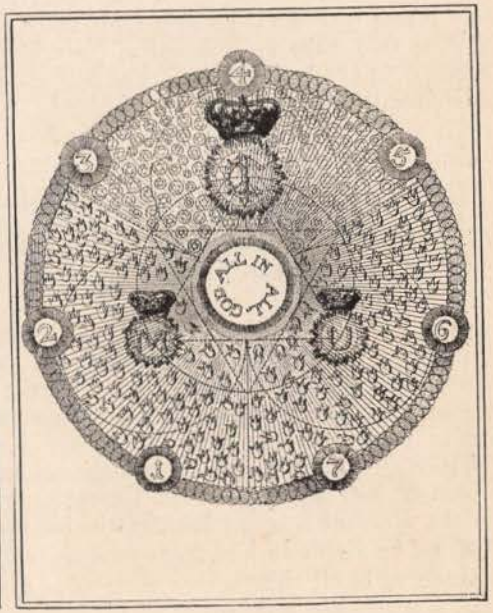


Number 10

Number 11



Number 12



Number 13

SOPHIA, called his Companion, and the Wife of his Youth. (2) SATAN, that uncreated dark Root in the Beginningless Beginning of eternal Nature. And (3) the SPIRIT OF THIS WORLD. And herein lies the Ground

of the Necessity of *Adam's* Temptation. In this Consideration the Devil comes not yet in, though he is not far out of the Way; nor the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil; because this was but a necessary Consequence

of *Adam's* wavering, and dealing treacherously with the Wife of his Youth.

Number 9:

Here now is poor *Adam* actually fallen away from all his former Happiness and Glory, and has lost whatsoever was good and desirable both in himself and round about him: He lies as dead, on the outmost Borders of the Spirit of this World. SOPHIA has forsaken him, or rather he, having dealt treacherously, has forsaken Her, and the Holy Band of the Marriage-Covenant that was between them is dissolved: He is all over dark, and lies even under the Earth, over which he was to rule: All the Stars shoot their Influences upon him, of which the very best are but Death and Poison to that Life for which he was created: And nothing less could he expect, but that every Moment he should be quite drawn down and swallowed up in the Belly of Satan. This was his State and Condition after his Transgression, and before he heard the Word of Free Grace, *that the Woman's Seed should bruise the Serpent's Head.*

Number 10:

Here *Adam,* by that Word of Grace treasured up in his Heart, whose Name is JESUS, is raised again so far, that he can stand above the Earthly Globe, upon the Basis of a fiery Triangle [upright triangle] which is an excellent Emblem of his own Soul, and the Holy Name JESUS stands above him upon the Top of a watery Triangle [inverted triangle] and these two Triangles, which in *Adam's* Fall were divorced from each other, do now touch each other again, though (in this Beginning) but in one Point; that the Soul's Desire may draw down into itself the [inverted triangle] and that Holy Name may draw up into itself more and more the [upright triangle] till these two make up a complete [interlaced triangle] the most significant Character in all the Universe: For only then the Work of Regeneration and Reunion with *SOPHIA* will be absolved. And although, during this mortal Life, no such Perfection of the whole Man can be wrought out, yet is it attainable in the inward Part; and whatsoever seems to be an Obstruction, (even SIN NOT EXCEPTED,) must, for this very End, WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD. Praised be his Triune Holy, Holy, Holy Name, in this Time, and throughout all the Extent and Duration of Eternity.

Number 11:

Here *Adam,* in the same Place as before, appears again, but in Union with Christ, which is to be referred to the Person of Jesus Christ, or of the Second *Adam* in our Humanity upon Earth; and is to show us the absolute Necessity of his Holy Incarnation, and immaculate Sacrifice for all Mankind, without which the great Work of our Regeneration and Reunion with SOPHIA could not have been wrought out to Perfection. In his Incarnation he brought that most significant Character, which the First *Adam* had lost, into the Humanity again, but first in his own Human Person, although it could not be visible in him from without, whilst he was upon Earth a Man like unto us in all things, Sins excepted. And, therefore, He, and even He alone, was able and sufficient to go for us into Death, to kill Death in his own Death, to break in his Passage the Hook and Sting of Satan, to enter into, and through his dark Territory, to bruise the Serpent's Head, and to ascend up on high, to take possession of his Throne, whereby the Prophecy of *Micah* was fulfilled, which *Luther* most significantly translated [Anglicized], The Breaker is come up before them.

Number 12:

From the Time in which that *Breaker,* prophesied of by *Micah,* was come up before us, the Gate stood open, that the First *Adam's* Children could follow him and enter into Paradise, which could not be done by any Soul before that Time. Holy Souls, both before and after the Deluge, that lived according to the Dictates of the Word treasured up in their Hearts, could, in their Departure from this World, go so far as to the Gate of Paradise, but Entrance could not be had by any one, till the First-Born from the Dead was entered in HIS own Person. Yet is there still a vast Difference between Souls in their Departure from this World; and this Difference wholly depends upon the real State and Condition of that significant Character, which was spoken of before; for those Souls that have attained it in this Life to Perfection, or in other Words, those that here have put on the Heavenly Substantiality of Jesus Christ, meet with no Obstacle in their Passage. Those in whom that Character is more or less defective, meet with more or less Impediment; and those that have nothing at all of it, cannot go any further than into that Region, which most significantly is called the Triangle in Nature. Oh that there were none such at all!

Number 13:

When the third Hierarchy, which *Lucifer* destroyed and depopulated, shall be completely filled again with Inhabitants from the Children of *Adam, Good* and *Evil* shall be separated, Time shall be no more, and GOD shall be All in All. This third Hierarchy, which, for good Reasons, was always hitherto represented as inferior to those of *Michael* and *Uriel,* is now here exalted again above them in the supremest Place: For as the Hierarch Jesus Christ, being the Brightness of GOD the Father's Glory, and the express Image of his Person, excels all the Angels, and has by Inheritance obtained a more excellent Name than they, who are all to worship him, and to none of whom HE ever said, as HE did to him, *Sit on my Right Hand, until I make thine Enemies thy Footstool,* so also all his Subjects in this Hierarchy, surpass all the Holy Angels in this, that they are Images of GOD, as manifested in all the three Principles, when the Holy Angels are only his Images, as HE was manifested in two of them: Wherefore, also they are distinguished from the Angels by this peculiar Character [interlaced triangle in circle] which is not contrived by human Speculation, but is written in the Book of Nature by the Finger of God; for it points directly, not only at the Creation of this third Principle in six Days; but also at fallen and divorced *Adam's* Reunion with the Divine Virgin SOPHIA. To those who are more like (though not in their outward Shape) the Animals of this World than Men, nothing is to be said of these and the like Things, because they are Spiritual, and must be Spiritually discerned.

SMASHING SHAMS

(Continued from Page 70)

superstitions—not God—and no matter how beautiful these superstitions may be, they will ultimately work our undoing if we do not rise above them and face facts, however prosaic and apparently non-spiritual those facts may appear. In the final analysis, that which is true is spiritual and that which is untrue is non-spiritual. The religion of the future must—and will—be founded upon realities, not upon illusions.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIGHT, SOUND, AND COLOR

(Continued from Page 76)

Chief among the symbolic inventions of Pythagoras was his *cosmic monochord*—an instrument of one string connecting heaven and earth, with its lower end attached to matter and its upper end to spirit. With this device he was able to demonstrate the principle of celestial harmonics. The planets were arranged by the Pythagoreans in a manner similar to that of the Jews, who used a seven-branched candlestick to represent the seven planets, placing the sun upon the central stem. While the Greeks symbolized the earth as the center of the solar system in their scheme of celestial harmonics, this was due solely to the fact that their calculations were made from the point corresponding to the earth. They were fully aware that the earth, together with its attendant moon, revolved—like the other planets—around a great central flame which they termed the *Altar of Vesta.*

Counting inward from the circumference, Pythagoras divided the universe into twelve parts. The first division was called the *empyrean,* or the sphere of the fixed stars, and the dwelling place of the immortals. The second was the sphere of Saturn, the third the sphere of Jupiter, the fourth the sphere of Mars, the fifth the sphere of the sun, the sixth the sphere of Venus, the seventh the sphere of Mercury, the eighth the sphere of the moon, the ninth the sphere of fire, the tenth the sphere of air, the eleventh the sphere of water, and the twelfth the sphere of earth. Because the octave consists of six whole tones, some authors have used a double octave to signify these twelve divisions.

According to the Pythagorean concept of the music of the spheres, the interval between the earth and the sphere of the fixed stars was considered to be a diapason, as the diapason was considered the most perfect harmonic interval. In other words, heaven and earth sustain the same harmonic relationship to each other as the string bearing the 12-pound weight bears to the string carrying the 6-pound weight. The arrangement most generally accepted for the musical sounds or intervals between the planet earth and the sphere of the fixed stars is as follows: From the sphere of the earth to the sphere of the moon, one tone; from the sphere of the moon to the sphere of Mercury, one-half tone; from the sphere of Mercury to the sphere of Venus, one-half tone; from the sphere of Venus to the sphere of the sun, one and one-half tones; from the sphere of the sun to the sphere of Mars, one tone; from the sphere of Mars to the sphere of Jupiter, one-half tone; from the sphere of Jupiter to the sphere of Saturn, one-half tone; from the sphere of Saturn to the sphere of the fixed stars, one-half tone. The sum of these intervals equals six whole tones or an octave. From the foregoing the harmonic relationship between the various heavenly bodies may thus be determined. For example: the harmonic chord between the sun and the earth is a symphony diapente; between the sun and the moon a symphony diatessaron, as is also the harmonic ratio between the sun and the sphere of the fixed stars. Upon these fundamental harmonics of the diapason, the diapente, and the diatessaron Pythagoras based his music of the spheres.

In the philosophy of the ancients heaven consisted of the greatest degree of spirit and the least degree of matter. Conversely, the earth was regarded as the greatest degree of matter and the least degree of spirit. Midway between these extremes of heaven and earth was the sphere or line of the sun, at which point the powers of the superior and the inferior worlds were perfectly balanced.

Spirit is active; matter, passive. In other words, spirit is the agent and matter the patient. Every organized form of life, visible or invisible, consists of a certain degree of activity operating upon a certain proportion of substance. Form, therefore, may be said to consist of a compound of spirit and matter, spirit serving as the cohesive power. When the spirit is withdrawn, disintegration takes place and form then returns to its original state of unorganized matter.

With the opposing forces of spirit and matter, creation was spun as a web, the upper end of the web being attached to the sphere of spirit and the lower end to the sphere of matter. The nobility, therefore, of any creature is measured by its proximity to the spiritual pole of existence and its ignobility by its proximity to the material pole of existence.

From the viewpoint of philosophy vibration was considered to be the action of spirit upon matter. When spirit was present to a greater degree than matter, higher rates of vibration obtained due to the presence of less material substance to impede the spiritual waves of force and the form composed of this combination was said to be of a high order. On the other hand, when matter was in excess of spirit and the spiritual impulses correspondingly feebler or impeded by a vast area of substance, the rates of vibration were slower and the form composed of this combination was said to be of a low order.

The longer a vibratory wave, the less spiritual its tone. Therefore, the lower notes pertain to the material world and the higher notes to the spiritual world. The higher the note the greater amount of activity also is manifested in its production. Some sound vibration waves are 70 feet long; others only a few inches. The short waves are the highest and the most spiritual.

The great Rosicrucian, Robert Fludd, uses two pyramids to demonstrate the proportional relationship between spirit and matter in the various planes of activity existing within the Universal Octave. His inverted pyramid with its base in the substance of spirit represents activity which, as it descends through the various worlds, gradually decreases in volume until the apex of the pyramid touches—but does not pierce—the surface of the element of earth, which point represents the least degree of spiritual activity. A second and dark pyramid symbolizes the substance of matter, which has its foundation upon the surface of the earth and ascends through the spheres until its apex touches—but does not pierce—the plane of pure abstract life.

As the pyramid of matter ascends from the surface of the physical universe upward through the various planes of superphysical substance, matter gradually decreases in density, this decrease being well represented by the converging lines of the pyramid. At the point designated as the orbit of the sun the forces represented by the two pyramids are equal. Below this point matter predominates, above this point spirit predominates.

The symbol of a monochord—divided into two octaves—is also employed by Fludd to signify the interval between heaven and earth, one octave consisting of the interval between the surface of the earth and the sphere of the sun and the other octave consisting of the interval between the sphere of the sun and the uppermost heaven world. According to this system the harmonic ratio between the earth and the sun is a symphony diapason and the ratio between the earth and the supreme heaven a symphony disdiapason, the entire distance between earth and heaven being twelve whole tones.

Let us now consider a simple method of demonstrating the law of mathematical proportions of the active and passive principles entering into the

composition of the four elements. The elements may be considered as a pyramid and the key to the differences between the elements may be philosophically worked out as follows:

Earth consists of four parts of matter to none of spirit, inasmuch as the spiritual pyramid does not penetrate the sphere of the element earth. Water consists of three parts of matter to one part of spirit and is, therefore, less dense and more active than earth. According to the Rosicrucian theory, air consists of two parts of matter to two parts of spirit. Equilibrium, therefore, exists in air which is less dense and more active than water. Fire contains three parts of spirit to one part of matter. It is, therefore, the most mobile of the elements, being less dense and more active even than air, its incessant motion and lucidity bearing witness to the predominance of the active divine principle over the inactive material principle. The fifth element—spirit—contains four parts of spirit to no part of matter. Inasmuch as the material pyramid does not pierce the sphere of spirit, this fifth—and sacred—element completes the octave.

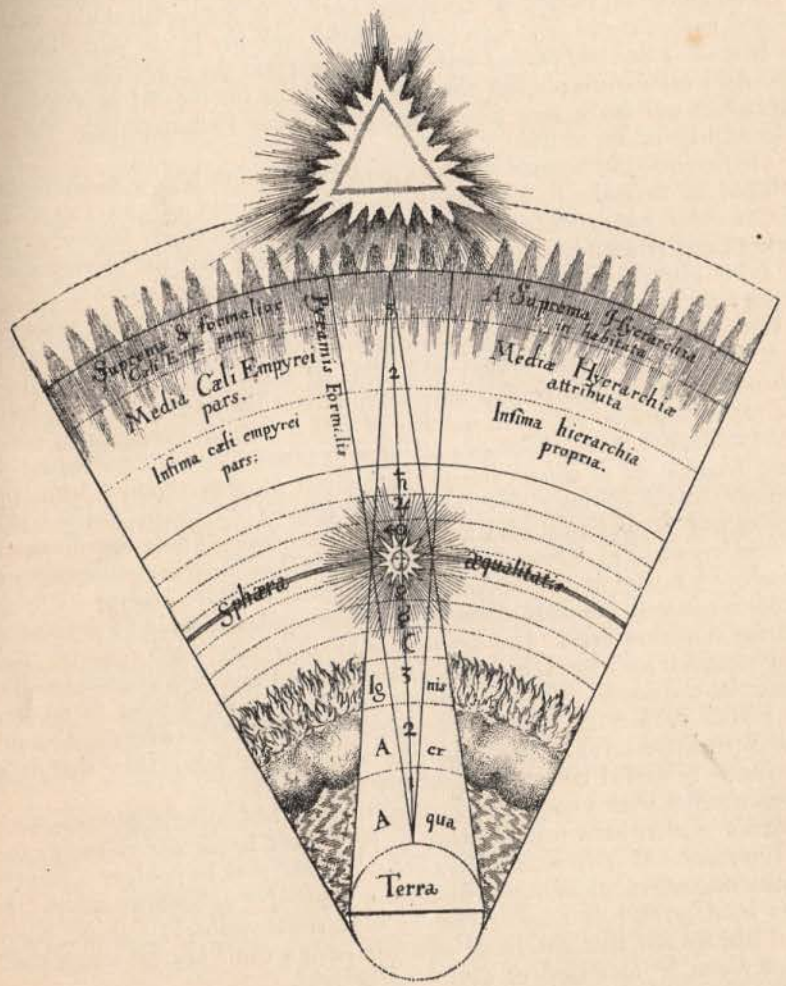
Using a monochord strung through the four elements, the harmonic relationships between the elements may be ascertained and the natural antipathies which certain elements bear to others found to result from the fact that according to the diatonic scale these antagonistic elements are not in harmonic ratio to each other. On this subject Fludd writes as follows:

"Thus in elementary music the relation of earth to the sphere of water is 4 to 3, as there are in the earth four quarters of frigidity to three of water; for only this part of the element fire, like the apex of the pyramid of light, is contained in the sphere of water; which if more parts of heat existed therein would become a more tenuous substance and be converted into air and would for that reason neither remain contiguous to the earth nor bear up as great a weight as it does. Since it has some heat it is fluid and clear, as heretofore mentioned. And on account of the above mentioned proportion of 4 to 3 (sesquitertia) earth is in agreement with water. But this combination is imperfect, because the parts of one are humid and those of the other dry. Nevertheless they have the Diatessaron consonance, because their predominant active qualities agree. So also the earth bears the double proportion to the spurious sphere of equality in which two parts are material and two igneous. That is, four parts of earth to two of that sphere; for the terrestrial nature produced the humid parts by virtue of the light compound with them. The sphere of equality is related to that of air in the proportion of two igneous parts of the sphere of equality to three of air. This gives rise to the igneous Diapente. And three igneous parts of air to four of the sphere of fire produce the Diapason. Earth, therefore, concords with water in Diatessaron, with the sphere of equality in Diapason. Water concords with the spurious sphere of equality in Diapente. The spurious sphere of equality concords with air in Diapason, because related in double proportion. Fire concords with air in Diatessaron, and with the sphere of equality in Diapason. Air concords with the sphere of equality in Diapente. The sphere of equality with water in double proportion or Diapason."

In philosophic symbolism the theory of music is dependent upon three essential elements: (1) a musician who produces the harmony by activity; (2) a medium by which the vibratory rates are actually set in motion; and (3) a sounding board or resonance chamber by which these vibrations are amplified and brought to their maximum power and quality.

In the universe God is the musician, the material sphere is the sounding

board or resonance chamber, and the seven planetary strings are the media by which those tones are struck which will later vibrate throughout the structure of the instrument itself. The production of music depends primarily,



The Harmonic Intervals of the Spheres, according to Robert Fludd

therefore, upon two separate and distinct agencies combining together in perfect accord: namely, the musician and the instrument. Though the musician be skilled he cannot adequately express himself unless his instrument be of a quality commensurate with his ability. On the other hand, no matter how perfect the instrument, it is silent if the hands of the musician do not give it life or if played upon by the novice only discord will result.

In this there is a sublime analogy to the nature of man himself: Man's spiritual life—his consciousness—is a musician who depends upon his bodies to produce the harmonies imprisoned within his soul. Man's lower nature—that part of him visible to the sense-perceptions of others—is the instrument upon which the spirit must play. It is a popular but erroneous belief that if people become spiritual they are then able to give expression to these inner harmonies even though they neglect their own physical bodies. Though the individual's internal nature be developed until it is fired with divine enthusiasm and power, it can never do justice to the melodies in the soul unless the body be made a fine and perfect instrument to express the genius and technique of the spiritual nature playing through it. If the instrument be cracked or imperfect, it can never give forth those perfect tones which delight the soul and bring inspiration to life.

That color—like sound—is also a rate of vibration is now so thoroughly established as to make it unnecessary to advance proof of this fact. The waves of color which we recognize as color are much finer, however, than those cognized as sound. It is therefore quite evident that the phenomena of color exists primarily in man himself and that to a creature without an optical equipment similar to man's, color is merely an unsensed rate of vibration.

We are much better equipped to cognize sound than we are color vibrations. While the average person is capable of differentiating from nine to eleven octaves of sound, he can only cognize less than one octave of color. While many sound waves are a number of feet in length, color waves are so short as to require many thousands of them to make a line an inch long. In the last analysis, it is quite evident that if our sense-perceptions were fine enough we would discover that every color has both a sound and a bodily structure, and beyond that also a taste and an odor. There are breaks in the ascending scale of vibration for which man has no sense-perceptions of any kind. In future ages, however, as the human creature evolves its latent potentialities it will probably develop sense-perceptions capable of registering these unknown wave gaps. It is impossible to conjecture what response these rates of vibration will awaken in the nature of man and under what heading they will be classified. The science of color and its application to modern life is still a subject of the wildest speculation. While theories abound, there is very little actual knowledge concerning color other than that it is productive of powerful therapeutic and psychic effects.

Experiments with varicolored glasses, screens, and other appliances such as Babbitt's bottles, have proved color to be a most important factor in the life of humanity. Certain shades have been demonstrated to produce a powerful stimulating effect while others produce a depressive or sedative effect. It has also been proved that color can be used successfully to combat many forms of disease and that nearly all ailments have a color key by which their malignancy can be increased or decreased at will.

White and black are considered to be respectively the abundance and the privation of light. In philosophic symbolism that state both preceding and succeeding light was represented as black. Black was also employed to

typify receptivity and white reflectivity. That which receives or absorbs light into itself was termed black, whereas that which reflects light from its own surface was termed white. For this reason the neophytes of the lower degrees of the Mysteries were often robed in black because, being students, they received intellectual light and were as yet incapable of radiating the information which they were absorbing. By way of contrast, the higher initiates were robed in white to represent the fact that they were radiant centers of intelligence, and instead of absorbing the condition of light descending upon them from the gods they reflected this light upon their disciples and the world which depended upon them for spiritual guidance. White is also the ancient symbol of day and black of night. As day was said to be ruled over by glorious beneficent spirits, its corresponding color tone was declared to be the symbol of good. On the other hand, night was said to be ruled over by the malignant infernal spirits and considered to be the fitting symbol of evil. The eternal warfare between good and evil was evidently based upon the alternation of day and night. For a similar reason white was considered to be the symbol of intelligence, wisdom, virtue, purity, and understanding; black, the symbol of ignorance, vice, perversion, intemperance, malignancy, and underhandedness. White and black were also the proper emblems of spirit and matter—the opposites between which organized creation existed.

The simplest division of color is into the primary and secondary colors. There are three primary colors—blue, yellow, and red—and four secondary colors—orange, green, violet, and indigo. For sometime modern science has tried to disprove the priority of blue, yellow, and red as the primary colors. Some affirm that orange is a primary color; others that green should be considered as one of the first three. It will yet be proved, however, that not only are there seven primary colors but that the colors which we see are not the real shades but merely complementary reflections of the actual colors.

For the sake of symbolism blue, yellow, and red have always been accepted as emblematic of the spiritual powers controlling the world and also of the three interpenetrating planes or worlds composing the occult constitution of the world. The white ray is the Divine Creator, and as this Being contains within Itself all the substances of the worlds which will be individualized within It so the white ray contains within itself all color. The sun is the source of color to this solar system and, therefore, color is most vivid in tropical countries and least vivid in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Deprive a body of sunlight and you will gradually destroy its color. This fact can be very easily demonstrated by laying a board on the grass, for in a few days the area of grass covered by the board will be found to have turned white.

In this connection the question may be asked why the sun causes colors to fade if it is also the source of them. All living organisms pick up the color waves from the light and build them into their individual structures according to a definite rule, which is done with the assistance of a host of intelligences called the *Nature Spirits,* especially the gnomes and undines. It has also been found that if certain metal filings be placed at the roots of plants they will cause the blossoms to change color. When the roots of the plant absorb a certain amount of metal, they establish a metallic pole in the plant which draws the color wave corresponding with its own substance. Thus, iron has the power of drawing the red ray of Mars and a certain ruddiness will be found in those bodies containing a predominating amount of iron. Another interesting example of the effect of establishing a metallic pole is to be found

in the time-honored practice of feeding iron to people who are run down or anemic. Metallic iron itself incapable of increasing vitality but does establish a pole for the Martial vibrations and thus accomplishes its intended purpose as Mars is the dynamo of the solar system and controls animation through its red ray. When a piece of cloth is dyed the coloring matter is merely imposed upon the substance of the cloth; there is no center of energy or force to replenish the coloring matter or cause it to grow. For this reason the rays of the sun pick up the coloring matter instead of depositing it, with the result that the color of the fabric is said to fade. The flower will preserve its original color in the strongest sunlight until it is plucked, when it begins to fade like the piece of dyed fabric because it is then deprived of the intelligent source regulating the distribution of chlorophyll.

The seven Creators of the lower worlds are often symbolized by the spectrum and also by the seven vowels. According to the celestial philosophy of the Temple, the spectrum of the sun is to be found in the planets. Each of the arts and sciences is capable of being used as a language for the expression of spiritual truths, for all Nature is controlled by one series of laws. Every product of Nature is an exemplar of these laws and an accurate analysis of any one structure will disclose the composition of all structures.

Let us now relate the various color harmonic values in order to demonstrate the interrelationship of the worlds. Beginning with the syllable *do* and ascending the musical scale, we find *do* corresponds to the color red, the planet Mars, and the emotional nature of man. The syllable *re* has its correspondences in the color orange, the sun, and the vital principle in man; *mi* in the color yellow, the planet Mercury, and the spiritual soul of man; *fa* in the color green, the planet Saturn, and the lower mind of man; *sol* in the color blue, the planet Jupiter, and represents the spiritual ego or auric sheath which encloses the constitution of man; *la* in the color indigo, the planet Venus, and the higher mind of man; *si* in the color violet, the moon, and the etheric double or shadowy counterpart of the physical body. (For details of this system see H. P. Blavatsky.)

In addition to the colors of the spectrum which we see there are a vast number of vibratory color waves, some too low and others too high to come within the range of registration by the human optical equipment. Some of these color waves can be caught by the sensitive photographic plate. The best known of these colors too elusive for human visualization are the infra red and the ultra violet, so termed not because they resemble either of these colors but because they are next to the shades for which they are named.

It will yet be proved that color—like sound—progresses by a series of octaves and that above the red of the spectrum is a spiritual red in symphony diapason. It is appalling to contemplate even for a moment the colossal mountain of ignorance which the mind of man must first surmount before it can conquer the abstract vistas of space. Yet still more appalling it is to realize how few there are in this age who interest themselves in these vital issues of life. As in generations past, man explored the unknown continents, so in the ages to come man, armed with curious weapons fashioned for the purpose, will explore the unknown fastnesses of light, color, and sound. It is impossible to conjecture with any degree of exactness what will be the discoveries resulting from these incursions into the realm of the unknown, but it is reasonably certain that these discoveries will complement the findings of the first great minds of antiquity—the illumined hierophants and initiates of the Mystery Schools of Greece, Egypt, and India.

Questions & Answers

A Department Maintained for the Convenience of the Reader

Question. What are the lost arts and sciences of antiquity? J. L.

Answer. This term is generally used to cover "Damascus steel," the "Tyrian dyes," and "malleable glass." The same term should be applied to alchemy and the process of manufacturing the fuel for the ever-burning lamps. Personally, we like to include both religion and philosophy, the operative keys to both of which have been lost. The modern world is just beginning to appreciate the profound knowledge possessed by the ancients concerning the spiritual constitution and life of man.

Q. It has come to my attention that Plato describes the lost continent of Atlantis in one of his *Dialogues*. Will you please tell me where this reference may be found? L. H.

A. In the *Critias*, one of the shortest of the Platonic fragments, the continent of Atlantis is described somewhat at length. Many suppose that the *Critias* was the last work of Plato and that he died without finishing it. In any event, the writing ends abruptly in the middle of a sentence. In the familiar translation of *The Dialogues of Plato* by B. Jowett, the description begins on the 599th page of the second volume.

Q. Will you clarify the distinction between Lucifer and Satan? R. E. B.

A. According to legend, Lucifer was one of the bright throne angels of the Lord and controlled the planet Ragnarok. Lucifer rebelled against the power of the gods and the flame of the sun personified in the Archangel Michael destroyed his planet, which then became the asteroids. Lucifer represents the individual intellect and will which rebels against the domination of Nature and attempts to maintain itself contrary to natural impulse. As you will read in the editorial of this month, Satan is merely the Greek god Saturn, who symbolizes the power of crystallization, whereas Lucifer signifies vitalization. According to the ancients, the planet Venus was the throne of Lucifer because it was the false sun or the bright light which came before the true light of the dawn. Mars is the dynamo of the solar system and Lucifer is supposed at the present time to operate upon humanity through the Martian ray. Samael is the regent of Mars and is the one who, according to the Qabbalistic Bible story, assumed the form of a serpent and tempted Eve. Lucifer is associated with temptation because he contributes impulsiveness to the human temperament, and man's impulsiveness often results in his own undoing. Lucifer, in the form of Venus, is the morning star spoken of in Revelation, which is to be given to those who overcome the world. The fall of Lucifer and his final resurrection is an allegory deeply involved in the mystery of humanity and the descent of man into the material spheres.

Q. I have been a student of psychology for some time but do not seem to get the spirit of it. What is meant by drawing information from the Universal Mind? All I have been able to learn I have dug out of a book. Can you suggest anything? E. F.

A. You have not been able to get the spirit of psychology because psy-

chology as it is generally taught at the present time has no *spirit*. It is a bundle of contradictions held together by a string of discords. Psychology actually means the language of the soul, but as far as we have been able to determine the soul is one of the few elements which psychologists seldom—if ever—discuss. In the hands of experienced and educated men and women, psychology is capable of producing a great deal of good, but when disseminated by blundering enthusiasts little of value is accomplished. We would suggest that you cease what will ultimately prove to be a fruitless pursuit and turn your attention to some thoroughly established school of philosophy, such as the Platonic, Aristotelian or Baconian. These have withstood the test of time and if properly understood will reveal far more than you can hope to learn from modern psychology. Concerning the Universal Mind, we offer a simple illustration of the principle involved: The Universal Mind is the reservoir which contains all that has been, is or can be known. Man's individual intellect is an infinitesimal unit of Universal Mind substance which partakes of all but is limited in capacity for expression. The human mind may be likened to a little cup which is held out to be filled from the fountain of Universal Thought. Man can take from the fountain only as much as the cup will hold. Therefore the difference between the little mind and the great mind is in its capacity to receive and hold thought power. In other words, the ability to think is largely a matter of capacity. One tiny thought floods over and spills in a small mind while a great mind may circumscribe and contain an ocean of great and varied thoughts. Capacity is built by thought, by study, by observation, by comparison, and by mental toleration. By the last we mean that that mind has capacity which is capable of tolerating any thought, no matter how strange or wild it may appear. Big thoughts sprain little minds. A great number of people who are studying newer methods of religion and philosophy suffer from a form of mental indigestion. This results from taking in a vast number of thoughts and for lack of ability to digest them these thoughts set on the mind as a heavy meal sets on the stomach. Instead of trying to learn all that you can in a short time, strive to assimilate as much as possible of what you learn. This process of assimilation builds mental capacity. As the mind increases in capacity, bigger and better thoughts pour into it. When it is as great as the universe, then and then only is it *en rapport* with the Universal Mind. In time you will find that you can learn nothing from a book. Your learning will come from what you think about the thing you have read in the book. In the same way you will discover two great sources of information other than the printed page: the first is the world and the second is yourself. The study of these two will develop capacity rapidly and with safety.

Q. Is true gratitude a worthy sentiment or should one try to overcome it? Anon.

A. This question is a very difficult one because the worthiness of sentiments depends upon the plane of mental and spiritual consciousness of the one expressing these sentiments. At a certain stage of evolution sentiments constitute the highest possible expression of the soul. At another stage this is not the case. The elimination of sentiment generally leaves a nature cold and not a little cruel. The method of expressing sentiment also changes as the soul unfolds. In the highest form of humanity all sentiments take the form of constructive labor and that which we love we serve, thus demonstrating feeling without selfish emotion. While gratitude is not listed among the qualifications of the path, there is no doubt that this is a powerful influence

for good if the real meaning of the word be understood. We know that a disciple can never pay his debt of gratitude to his Master and for this reason becomes to a certain degree the servant of the one who has brought him illumination. This form of gratitude is considered to be not only commendable but absolutely indispensable. Appreciation is the greatest incentive in the world. Personally, we take the attitude that there is no earthly reason why anyone should do anything for us. Therefore instead of accepting favors as a matter of course and wondering why people do not obey our wishes with greater alacrity, we are grateful for anything that others may do, realizing that there is no particular reason why people should do it except out of the goodness of their own hearts. On the other hand, we should not allow our gratitude to one person to prevent us from being kindly and thankful to those who have not put themselves out on our behalf. While emotions may be very plebeian, certain impersonal but kindly attitudes make life much more endurable for those souls that have not risen above a certain amount of personality. Those who have transcended the material world are very few in number and are too wise to deprive man of anything that assists him on the difficult path of accomplishment.

Q. Do you believe that impatience and such drawbacks in temperament neutralize or nullify conscious efforts to improve the character in other ways? S. C. T.

A. No effort which we make is lost. Every effort in time produces an effect equal in power to the effort that is expended. There is a homely demonstration of this point which may clarify the situation. A few years ago balloon ascensions were quite common in connection with county fairs. The nature of man may be likened to a balloon which would naturally leave the earth and ascend to the spiritual world. This is prevented, however, by the sand bags of ignorance, inconsistency, and those multitudinous faults and failings which serve as "ballast" for the human soul. When the time comes for the balloon to go up, it is first necessary to cast the bags of sand overboard. Various individuals evolve quite complicated methods for attaining this end but regardless of the manner employed the balloon will not rise until a certain per cent of the weight is removed. Every fault you conquer is ballast cast overboard. Those traits not conquered are ballast retained. The sand bags still in the balloon in no way detract from the importance of the others cast overboard. The ascent of man's nature toward its own spiritual source is augmented by the faults and failings cast overboard and hindered to a corresponding degree by those retained.

Q. Does a sudden change from a passive to an active interest in music indicate the awakening of a new center or the reawakening of an old one? Anon.

A. Approaching the subject from the standpoint of reincarnation, we realize that the predominating qualities and characteristics of one life are the result of attitudes and environments existing in a previous incarnation. It is impossible to state with absolute certainty whether a trait be the outgrowth of some impulse from the previous life from the meager description given, but it is generally possible to apply the following rule: Traits or inclinations which appear suddenly are almost always already awakened faculties readjusting themselves in a new environment. The awakening of a new faculty is a slow and tedious process, trying the patience to the utmost and is usually the result of necessity and not choice.

Q. Can Matt. 24:29-31 and 26:26-29; also Luke 22:19-20 be accepted

literally and, if not, will you please give the true meaning? L. C. F.

A. We are at the present time carrying on investigation in an effort to prove which parts of the New Testament were added by later hands than the original authors. When this information has been arranged it will be possible to handle the subject with a great deal more certainty. The first statement—Matt. 24:29-31—concerning the end of the world is undoubtedly allegorical, for it appears in the ritualism of the Greek and Egyptian Mysteries and is not dissimilar to statements concerning Kali Yuga to be found in the great Brahman classic, Vishnu Puranas. These verses refer esoterically to the end of the material nature of all creatures, which is the inevitable result of the awakening and establishing of spiritual consciousness within the soul. The allegory of the blood and the bread from Matt. 26:26-29 and Luke 22:19-20 is borrowed from the Bacchic Mysteries, for among nearly all the pagans wine was symbolic of the blood of the Universal Spirit. Christ, symbolizing the soul of the world, distributes His life essence—the blood, or wine —and his formal substances—the body, or bread—throughout the lower worlds to leaven and redeem them. This story has a parallel in the body of Osiris which is broken up and distributed for the regeneration of the world and also in the story of Bacchus, the chosen personification of the wine. At various times articles will appear in this magazine which will cast further light upon this subject.

Q. What effect has the use of a so-called harmless drug such as sulphonal or trional on:

1. The physical body.
2. The inner bodies and centers.
3. The evolution of the ego? L. M. F. H.

A. Nearly all narcotic drugs directly affect the nervous system which is the link connecting the consciousness with the physical body. By forcing the condition of sleep they cause the separation of the higher etheric and astral bodies from the lower etheric and dense physical forms. The effect of all drugs upon the physical body is, to a certain degree, destructive. They cause a struggle in the system in which the life within the body battles against and finally overcomes the foreign substances introduced. In some cases, however, they are legitimate inasmuch as they prevent a greater struggle occurring as the result of pain or insomnia. They produce but a very slight effect in the invisible bodies and to a slight degree slow down temporarily the whirling vortices or centers, but of course no physical substance is capable of injuring the ego itself other than by a reflex. The only danger is the possibility of the drug causing a negative condition in the physical body which makes the active operation of the spirit through the body difficult.

Q. Please state the occult explanation of the Atonement? G. L.

A. This can be briefly answered by breaking the word itself into three parts, as follows: *At-one-ment*. The great sin of man is incompleteness. He redeems himself from sin by completing his own constitution, and by becoming at one with himself he atones for his symbolic fall into the state of ignorance or condition of separativeness.

Q. What is matter? Anon.

A. As evil is the least degree of good, so matter is the least degree of spirit. Matter is the crystallization of the true spiritual substance of the universe. It is exuded out of spirit and becomes a temporary vehicle for the manifestation of spirit. Matter is composed of an infinite number of tiny units which are called koilonic bubbles. The combination of these koilons

into electrons, electrons into atoms, atoms into molecules, molecules into cells, and cells into organic and inorganic structures results in the organized forms which we are capable of seeing. Matter is primarily a homogeneity as spirit is a homogeneity, and forms return to the condition of homogeneous matter as individual lives return to the condition of homogeneous spirit.

Q. What is the explanation of the invisible friends whose company is enjoyed by so many imaginative children? Are they entirely the product of the imagination? I very clearly remember my own "friend," whom I called Imbyme. He was absolutely invisible, coming and going as a vibration in space, yet as palpable as any physical human (as far as awareness of his presence was concerned). I never heard his voice, yet I know his thoughts and wishes, and readily acceded to his suggestions. It was he who planned our games. When I was about seven years old he disappeared for the last time. D. L.

A. The creature which you cognized was undoubtedly an elemental one of a host of creatures especially concerned with vegetation, inhabiting the etheric body of the earth which interpenetrates the physical structure. The great number of children possessing the faculty of etheric vision is impressing upon the minds of the more prosaic adults the reality of those little folk which have been the heroes of myths and legends for uncounted generations. Your little playfellow was probably a gnome or earth spirit, whose body was composed entirely of the substance of ether. At the seventh year those vital energies which previously stimulated etheric vision became concerned in the process of growth and gradually the ability to see the tiny people of the earth is lost. It is also interesting to note that many children retain the ability to see the little people of the elements until the soft spot on the crown of the head closes. Generations to come will recognize the reality of the gnomes, undines, sylphs, and salamanders, and will concern themselves in enlisting the cooperation of these creatures in the attainment of certain peculiar physical ends, for the elemental spirits—working as they do with the etheric double or vitality body of all physical things—are capable of profoundly influencing the visible physical structure. We are indebted to Paracelsus of Hohenheim for the first classified knowledge pertaining to this remarkable subject. If you are interested in learning more about the people of the elements, we recommend to your consideration the *Count de Gabalis* by Abbe de Villars.

The most ancient of all things is God, for he is uncreated; the most beautiful is the world, because it is the work of God; the greatest is space, for it contains all that has been created; the quickest is the mind; the strongest is necessity; the wisest is time, for it teaches to become so; the most constant is hope, which alone remains to man when he has lost everything; the best is virtue, without which there is nothing good.—*Zoroaster.*

The basis of the world is power! It lives in us and in everything. From the beginning it came forth from God, and was uttered in the philosophies of great teachers and prophets of the ancient world. God has not placed it here to remain inactive, it strives, creates, institutes. So long as the world is filled with it so long will its efforts continue, for power expresses the will of God.—*S. F. Dunlap.*

ON A BOOK LOANED TO A FRIEND

I GIVE humble and hearty thanks for the safe return of this book which having endured the perils of my friend's bookcase, and the bookcases of my friend's friends, now returns to me in reasonably good condition.

I GIVE humble and hearty thanks that my friend did not see fit to give this book to his infant as a plaything, nor use it as an ash-tray for his burning cigar, nor as a teething-ring for his mastiff.

WHEN I lent this book I deemed it as lost: I was resigned to the bitterness of the long parting: I never thought to look upon its pages again.

BUT NOW that my book is come back to me, I rejoice and am exceeding glad! Bring hither the fatted morocco and let us rebind the volume and set it on the shelf of honour: for this my book was lent, and is returned again.

PRESENTLY, therefore, I may return some of the books that I myself have borrowed.—*Author unknown.*

Vital Statistics—If all the individuals who understand the full significance of the fourth dimension were to lie down in a line, the human chain thus formed would reach nearly six feet.

In Egypt the philosophers have a sublime and secret knowledge respecting the nature of God, which they only disclose to the people under the cover of fables or allegories. * * * All the Eastern nations—the Persians, the Indians, the Syrians—conceal secret mysteries under religious fables; the wise of all nations fathom the meaning of them, while the common people only see the symbols and the outside of them.—Origen.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE

Trinity Auditorium, Ninth St. and Grand Ave., Los Angeles

Sunday at 10:30

MANLY P. HALL

June 19.—Prelude: "Captain Lindbergh."
Subject: "The World Soul and Its Potentialities.
June 26.—"Dante—the Initiate—His Heaven and Hell."
July 3.—"Men—the Shadows of the Gods."
July 10.—"The Races Before Adam."
July 17.—"The Seven Days of Creation."
July 24.—"The Arabian Nights' Entertainment."
July 31.—"Plato's Atlantis."

Maud F. Galigher, Associate **Special Musical Programs**

Lyceum meets at 9:30 with Interesting Speakers

W. W. Harmon, Dispensing Optician, Expert Fitting of Frames, Phone GLadstone 0802, 6680 Yucca Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Service: Our Motto

L. A. Undertaking Company

JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY

3617 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044
Los Angeles, Calif.

S. J. Brownson, M.D.
(B.D., V.P., Soc. B., F. T. S.)
Vocational Analysis
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
Write 11658½ Mayfield Ave.
Brentwood Heights Station
or 301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Funeral Directors
REED BROTHERS CO.
MYRON W. REED FRANK E. GEIGER
JOHN W. TAPLEY

Careful preparation of the body by any method desired.

WEstmore 5151
PRIVATE AMBULANCE
721 W. Washington St.

HALL OF THEOSOPHY

504 W. 4th St. Los Angeles, Calif.

Lecture Program

Tuesday, June 14, Ape-Men and Super-Men.
Tuesday, June 21, The Conflict between Flesh and Spirit.
Tuesday, June 28, Prophets of the New Age.
(Questions Invited)

A SPECIAL SUNDAY SERIES AT 8:00 P. M.
By HARRY S. GERHART
Illustrated by Charts, Slides and Paintings

June 19, The Modern Search after Ancient Mysteries.
June 26, The Secret Doctrine of Symbolism.
July 3, Man—the Temple of the Mysteries.
July 10, The 4th Dimensional Man.
July 17, Theosophy and the Seven Arts.

Library open daily at noon. A quiet reading room looking out on a palm garden which invites your presence. Occult books for sale.

Telephone MUtual 0841 All Meetings Free

Los Angeles, Calif.

***The* Aquarian Book Shop**

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display
Room Number 202
358 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

"An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," to which is added a Treatise on the Qabbalah of the Jews.

By MANLY P. HALL

YEARS ago we conceived the idea of gathering from the available archives of the ancient world the symbols and allegories which have played so important a part in the structure of civilization and of attempting to explain them in a simple manner to the modern world, according to the ideals of those who conceived their many interpretations. During the last year the plans for this tremendous undertaking have rapidly assumed definite shape, until we are now in a position to present to the public a volume containing an epitomized compilation of pagan and Christian symbolism to be used in interpreting the philosophic, scientific, and religious allegories of the ancient and modern worlds.

Not only will the work be a compilation of existing material, but it will also contain a great amount of original matter. Mr. Hall's private library, containing a large number of rare printed works and manuscripts, many absolutely unique, will form the basis of the research work. Over $25,000 worth of reference books are being used in compiling this volume. Translations have been made from the German, French, Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, and at the present time the store of material presents a fascinating fund of little-known information on vital subjects.

When completed, the volume will be 13 inches wide and 19 inches high, and will be supplied with a substantial slip case for its protection. It will contain nearly 300 pages of reading matter and plates, with 46 full page illustrations in three and four colors, and a digestive index which will greatly enhance the value of the book to the student. There will be 46 chapters, including many references from world authorities on symbolism, and numerous explanatory cuts throughout the text. The book is being planned by John Henry Nash, the foremost book designer on the American continent, and will be printed by one of the best-equipped printing establishments in the West. The entire book is being published with quality, permanence, and art as primary considerations. The binding is to be of double weight, especially reinforced, and of antique design. With reasonable care the volume should be in excellent condition at the end of two or three hundred years.

Write for Information and Descriptive Literature

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

THE ALL SEEING EYE

Being a Monthly Magazine which is published in Los Angeles on the Fifteenth day of every month edited by Manly P. Hall and devoted to the Search for the Fundamental Verities Existing in the Educational Systems-Religions and Philosophies of All Ages

AUGUST MCMXXVII

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Volume III, a nicely bound volume of 168 pages

Over SEVENTY Articles

on Philosophy, Occultism, Psychology, Symbology, Science, Religion, Astrology, and other subjects, by Manly P. Hall and others.

Contains "The Initiates of the Flame"

One of Mr. Hall's most significant books, now out of print in book form.

A wonderful value, Postpaid, $1.50

Address all orders to

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

SHADOW FORMS

Twelve Fascinating Short Stories

Containing Philosophical and Symbolical Messages

Black Hat Sorcery—The Witch Doctor—The Teapot of Mandarin Wong—Silver Souls—The Third Eye—The Spirit of the Snows—The Lota of the Great God Shiva—The Temple of Sin—The Dance of the Veils—The Emerald Tablet—Your God and My God—The Cave of the Apes.

Other Books by Manly P. Hall

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism —3 color prints	**$4.00**
The Lost Keys of Masonry	**2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Stories of the Orient)	**2.00**
Thirty-Eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Talk to Students	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage	**.50**
Unseen Forces	**.50**
Occult Anatomy	**.50**
Melchizedek and the Mystery of Fire	**.50**

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. IV AUGUST, 1927 No. 4

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BUILDING, TUCKER 2603

NINTH AT GRAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANLY P. HALL . . . . . *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART . . . . . *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER . . . . . *Associate Editor*
HOWARD W. WOOKEY . . . . . *Art Director*

CONTENTS

The Editor's Briefs
Mental Attitude as the Basis of Efficiency 99

Philosophy, Science and Religion
The Delphian Oracles 103

A Notable Reprint
The Platonic Philosopher's Creed 107

Mr. Hall's Most Recent Picture 111

Orientalism
The Ten Incarnations of Vishnu 114

Questions and Answers 125

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1927, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter February 11, 1927, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

PER COPY, 25c—SIX MONTHS $1.00—ONE YEAR $2.00

FOREIGN, SIX MONTHS $1.15—ONE YEAR $2.25

must sell itself, so the individual who wishes to be a success in world affairs must learn to sell himself to the world. Before a man can sell an automobile, he must sell himself to the purchaser; before a man will be promoted in the commercial world, he must sell himself to the employer.

Now let us briefly analyze what is meant when we say a person must sell himself. By this is simply meant that he must prove not only that he is necessary to the development of a certain thing but that he is the one best fitted to perform a certain work to attain a certain result or to demonstrate a certain quality. In other words, by selling oneself is meant that a person must convince another of his merits to the extent that the other comes to realize that the party in question is necessary to the success of the enterprise.

Efficiency sells a man in the commercial world more quickly than anything else and efficiency is 50 percent experience and 50 percent mental attitude. The drone may have experience but suffering from a diseased mental attitude and an unhealthy outlook on life he is of little value, while often an individual without experience but whose outlook upon life is healthy passes like a skyrocket through the heavens of industrialism, leaving far behind older and wiser heads who have become rutted or who suffer from an unhealthy or distorted mental outlook.

As we see it, there are three mental outlooks which at the present time are making failures out of people who would otherwise be successes. The first type who eliminates himself from the social order of things and in so doing loses his opportunity to sell himself to the world is the radical. Please do not think for a moment that there is no need for reforms or that man must not rise and see that the necessary steps are taken to correct the idiosyncrasies of our social system. But it is possible to be progressive without being bolshevistic, it is possible to assist materially in the mending of our social fabric without the attitude of the anarchist. The rabid mind which lives only to criticize, to tear down, and to abolitionize, destroys itself and at the same time removes itself from the field of useful labors. The radical has not a healthy outlook on life. His keynote is the critical mind. There is something the matter with everything he comes in contact —from the way his sausage is cooked to the way the country is run— and such an individual is seldom, if ever, a success in any walk of life. Such types finally mass themselves into a group of ragged, dirty, disheveled bolsheviks and soap box orators who can never wield a greater power than that of brute force. Their mental attitude has ostracized them from society and completely divided them from the very thing they sought to serve.

While the conformist is often forced to conform his will, the greatest good to the greatest number demands diplomacy in every walk of life. Diplomacy does not necessarily mean that the individual should sacrifice his personal viewpoint but it means that he will hold that viewpoint in abeyance until socially and economically he is successful or powerful enough in world affairs to make an intelligent use of that viewpoint. As a recognized leader in world affairs he will be capable of promulgating his viewpoint and, if necessary, of tearing down the social standard to rebuild it on a more solid foundation; but as a mere individual unhonored and unsung, the radical, instead of eliminating society and its evils, really eliminates himself from society.

Therefore, we say that the radical mind, the mind always set upon the unconventional and the unusual, is seldom desired by any enterprise

wherein success plays an important function, because the radical mind succeeds in nothing except in making enemies. The healthy mental attitude is capable of taking the ideals of the radical and applying them to its life and unfoldment, but it does so in a big, broad, cheerful and constructive way, which surrounds it with friends and wellwishers. Often this cheerful mind will pass the new law and tear down the old subterfuge and sham without the world ever suspecting it, while the radical and the bolshevik, who is always tearing at the soul of sociology and economics, only lands himself in jail, in the law courts, and an untimely grave. One man cannot convert humanity by opposing it; he must convert humanity by gaining its confidence and have it moving with him instead of against him. By doing this, man sells his idea, while with the radical the plea merely destroys him. At the present time, there is a flood of radicalism in all walks of life. Radical government anarchists throw bombs of verbosity at each other,insipid parlor anarchists flay our social system, to replace the decaying ethics of the days gone by with still more rotten figments of their own imagination, and like most bolshevistic minds tear down eternally but have nothing better to offer to take the place of the thing they have destroyed. Therefore, we put first in the list of unhealthy mental attitudes the small-town bolshevik and half-baked "Red." He has an unhealthy outlook on life. Everything he sees is tinged with perversity. Regardless of his training or his education or his really spiritual ideals, his mental attitude debars him from society and leaves him helpless in his efforts to regenerate the plan of being.

The second undesirable mental attitude which we wish to discuss is the state of melancholia. We have not only the radical who wishes to blow up everything and get his fingers at the throat of something but we also have the individual who is just sour and lives entirely in a realm of failure, gloom, despondency and general dolefulness. These individuals are long-faced, sorrowful persons who spread gloom with their very presence. The world has no place for them because at this time everyone has more troubles than they know what to do with and few wish to discuss those of other people or be forced to shoulder the burdens of any save themselves. For this temperament there is but one remedy and that is the sunshine cure. They must realize that in spite of the fact that their mother-in-law cut them out of her will or that they had to pay brother's funeral expenses, the world cares little but hands the palm of the victor to the face with the smile. The attitude of indifference to responsibility and the lack of interest in the problem at hand is a poor recommendation in modern world affairs. A business takes an interest in the person who takes an interest in that business. The office manager today feels that he has really hired a man when he hires with personality the goodwill, and few succeed in enterprises which their hearts are not in. Where their treasure is there will their heart be also, the Scripture has stated, and the modern business world of today promotes and distinguishes those whose hearts are in their work. In spite of petty graft, the whole-hearted one seldom fails if he has energy and the proper mental outlook on life. Under the heading of melancholia we have the individual who lacks interest, who manifests incessantly those qualities which show that the blood moves slowly in his veins. The doors of enterprises, both spiritual and material, close upon the drone who does just what he has to and nothing more, who labors with his mind far away, or who is turned from the path of sunshine by every reverse. In this

way, you see how the mental attitude and not the skill with the fingers makes and breaks us in the world of affairs.

The third division we will mention under the heading of mental attitude is the egotist. In the modern world, be it political, sociological, philosophical, or religious, the employer and the fellow-worker throws up his hands and turns away in despair when he finds blooming in a soul the flower of egotism. The great sorrow of the egotist is that he seldom recognizes the fault in himself. He fights the whole world to prove his own position, is blind to his own faults, and has the most helpless mental attitude that is known. There are always a great number of people to fill positions of little importance but there has never been a surfeit of great men and great women. The world delegates authority to all who are capable of standing it and egotism is the proof of the lack of control of self. When the world bestows power upon an individual, upon a group of individuals, upon a government, or upon a scheme of things, it does so because that individual has demonstrated the qualities of worthiness or because that organization, government, or scheme of things, exhibited fitness to be entrusted with responsibility. There is an endless need of people who can carry responsibility without showing it. In this world the successful manager is the one whoe superiority is the least suspected. The idea of the great man on the pedestal is dying out and men today serve men more and more because they recognize in the one they serve the qualities they themselves do not possess. The successful leader in all walks of life is the one who leads through confidence and not one who demands to be leader because of the sceptre of authority. Therefore, we say that the third mental attitude which destroys efficiency of individuals in world affairs is egotism. It convinces those who do not know that they know almost everything and causes exhibitions of power which are ever obnoxious to the democratic minds of the twentieth century.

If individuals would trace their own characters carefully and study their own mental attitude on life—whether the world they live in is bright and cheery or whether it is dark and gloomy with the forebodings of their own souls, whether they accept responsibility or not, whether they exhibit the carelessness of mentality which does not give a rap and many similar things—they will find in their own natures and their outlook on life the reason for the position they occupy in society, whether it be successful or unsuccessful. And for those who are molding characters-to-be, the natural, human, intelligent, cheerful outlook, if cultivated, will give them precedence in the world of men over many older and wiser heads whose views are radical, whose minds are sour, or whose lives are rutted with the crystallization of their own thoughts.

The development of the paraffin and other hydrocarbon industries during the present generation may make us fancy that this is a modern discovery; but it is the fact that the fire on the Hebre altar, fed by the Jewish priests, was our familiar petroleum, and was called "naphthar" or "nephi," a Hebrew word signifying purification.—James Campbell Brown.

PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE & RELIGION

The Delphian Oracles

The worship of Apollo included the establishment and maintenance of places of prophecy, by means of which the gods could communicate with man and reveal futurity to such as deserved the boon. The early history of Greece abounds with accounts of talking trees, rivers, statues, and caves within which nymphs, dryads or dæmons had taken up their abodes and from which they delivered oracles. While Christian authors have tried to prove that oracular revelations were delivered by the Devil for the purpose of misleading humanity, they have not dared to attack the theory of oracles because of the repeated reference to oracles in their own sacred writings. If the onyx stones on the shoulders of Israel's high priest made known by their flashings the will of Jehovah, then a black dove, temporarily endowed with the faculty of speech, could certainly pronounce oracles in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. If the witch of Endor could invoke the shade of Samuel, who then gave prophecies to Saul, could not a priestess of Apollo call up the specter of her liege to foretell the destiny of Greece?

The most famous oracles of antiquity were those of Delphi, Dodona, Trophonius, and Latona, of which the talking oak trees of Dodona were the oldest. Though it is impossible to trace the genesis of the theory of oracular prophecy, it is known that many of the caves and fissures set aside by the Greek as oracles were sacred long before the rise of Grecian culture.

The oracle of Apollo at Delphi remains one of the unsolved mysteries of the ancients. Alexander Wilder derives the word *Delphi* from *delphos,* the womb. This name was chosen by the Greeks because of the shape of the cavern of the earth. The original name of the oracle was *Pytho,* so-called because its chambers had been the abode of the great serpent *Python,* a fearful creature which had crept out of the slime left by the receding flood that had destroyed all human beings except Deucalion and Pyrrha. Climbing the side of Mount Parnassus, Apollo slew the serpent after a prolonged combat and threw the body of the reptile down the fissure of the oracle. From that time on, the Sun-God, surnamed the Pythian Apollo, gave oracles from the vent and lent himself as the patron god of Delphi. Dionysius shared this honor with him. After being vanquished by Apollo, the spirit of *Python* remained at Delphi as the representative of his conqueror, and with the aid of his effluvium the priestess was able to come *en rapport* with the god. The fumes, rising from the fissure of the oracle, were supposed to come from the decaying body of *Python.* The name *Pythoness,* or *Pythia,* given to the female hierophant of the oracle, literally means one who has been thrown into a religious frenzy by inhaling fumes rising from decomposition. It is of further interest to note that the Greeks believed the oracle of Delphi to be the navel, or umbilicus, of the world, thus proving that they considered the planet as an immense human being. The connec-

tion between the principle of oracular revelation and the occult significance of the navel is an important secret belonging to the ancient Mysteries.

The oracle is much older, however, than the story given above, which was probably formulated by the priests to explain the phenomena to those inquisitive persons whom they did not consider worthy to be enlightened regarding the true esoteric nature of the oracle. Some believe that the Delphic fissure was discovered by a Hyperborean priest, but as far back as recorded history goes the cave was sacred and persons came from all parts of Greece and nearby countries to question the dæmon who dwelt in its chimney-like vent. Priests and priestesses guarded it and served the spirit who dwelt therein and who illuminated humanity through the gift of prophecy.

The story of the original discovery of the oracle runs something as follows: Shepherds tending their flocks on the side of Mount Parnassus were amazed at the antics of goats that wandered close to a great chasm on the southwestern spur of the hill. The animals jumped about as though trying to dance, and emitted strange cries unlike anything ever heard before. At last one of the shepherds, curious to learn the cause of the phenomenon, approached the vent from which were rising noxious fumes. Immediately he was seized with a prophetic ecstacy, danced with wild abandon, sang, pronounced inarticulate sounds, and also foretold that which was to come to pass in the future. Others tried with the same result. The fame of the place spread and many came to discover the future by inhaling the mephitic fumes which exhilarated to a point resembling the state of epilepsy. Not a few of those who came, being unable to control themselves and having temporarily the strength of madmen, tore themselves from those seeking to restrain them and, jumping into the vent, perished. In order to prevent this a wall was erected around the fissure and a prophetess was appointed to act as a mediator between the oracle and those who came to question it. According to later authorities, a tripod of gold ornamented with carvings of Apollo in the form of Python, the great serpent, was placed over the cleft, and on this arranged a specially-prepared seat so constructed that a person would have difficulty in falling off while under the influence of the oracular fumes. Just prior to this time the story to the effect that the fumes of the oracle were from the decaying body of Python was circulated. It is possible that the oracle itself revealed its own origin.

For many centuries during its early history, virgin maidens were consecrated to the service of the oracle. They were called the *Phoebades,* or *Pythiæ,* and constituted that famous order now known as the Pythian priesthood. It is probable that women were chosen to receive the oracles because their sensitive and emotional natures responded more completely and quickly to "the fumes of enthusiasm."

Three days before the time set to receive the communications from Apollo the virgin priestess commenced the ceremony of purification. She bathed in the Castallian well, abstained from all food, drank only from the fountain of Cassotis, which was brought into the temple through concealed pipes, and just before mounting the tripod chewed a few leaves of the sacred bay tree. It has been suspected that the water was drugged to bring on distorted visions or that the priests of Delphi were able to manufacture an exhilarating and intoxicating gas which they conducted by subterranean ducts and released into the shaft of the oracle some feet below

the surface. Neither of these theories has been proved, however, nor do they in any way explain the accuracy of the predictions.

When the young prophetess had completed the process of purification, she was clothed in sanctified raiment and led to the tripod, upon which she seated herself, surrounded by the noxious vapors rising from the yawning fissure. Gradually, as she inhaled the fumes, a change came over her. It was as if a different spirit had entered into her body. She struggled, tore her clothing, and uttered inarticulate cries until after a time her struggles ceased. She then became very calm and a great majesty seemed to possess her, and with eyes fixed in space and her body rigid she uttered the prophetic words. The predictions were usually in the form of hexameter verse but the words were often ambiguous and unintelligible. Every sound that was made and every movement of her body was carefully recorded by the five Hosii, or holy men, who were appointed as scribes to preserve the minutest details of each divination. (The Hosii were appointed for life and were chosen from the direct descendants of Deucalion.)

Upon the delivery of the oracle, the Pythia began to struggle again and the spirit released her. She was then carried or supported to a chamber of rest, where she remained until the nervous ecstasy passed away.

In his dissertation on *The Mysteries,* Iamblichus describes how the spirit of the oracle—a fiery dæmon, even Apollo himself—took control of the Pythoness and manifested through her: "But the prophetess in Delphi, whether she gives oracles to mankind through an attenuated and fiery spirit, bursting from the mouth of the cavern or whether being seated in the adytum on a brazen tripod, or on a stool with four feet, she becomes sacred to the God; whichsoever of these is the case, she entirely gives herself up to a divine spirit, and is illuminated with a ray of divine fire. And when, indeed, fire ascending from the mouth of the cavern circularly invests her in collected abundance, she becomes filled from it with a divine splendour. But when she places herself on the seat of the God, she becomes coadapted to his stable prophetic power: and from both of these preparatory operations she becomes wholly possessed by the God. And then, indeed, he is present with and illuminates her in a separate manner, and is different from the fire, the spirit, the proper seat, and, in short, from all the visible apparatus of the place, whether physical or sacred."

Among the celebrities who visited the oracle of Delphi were the immortal Apollonius of Tyana and his disciple Damsi. After making offerings and being crowned with a laurel wreath and given a branch of the same plant to carry on his hand, Apollonius passed behind the statue of Apollo that stood before the entrance to the cave and descended into the sacred place of the oracle. The priestess was also crowned with laurel and her head bound with a band of white wool. When Apollonius asked the oracle if his name would be remembered by future generations, the Pythoness answered in the affirmative but declared that it would always be calumniated. Apollonius left the cavern in anger but time has proved the accuracy of the prediction, for the early church fathers perpetuated the name of Apollonius as the Antichrist. (For details of the story see *Historie de la Magie.*)

The messages given by the virgin prophetess were turned over to the philosophers of the oracle, whose duty it was to interpret the same and apply them to the problems on hand. The philosophers, having completed their labors, delivered the results to the poets, who immediately transposed the prophecies into odes and lyrics, setting forth in exquisite form the statements presumably made by Apollo, and published them for the edification of the populace.

Serpents were much in evidence at the oracle of Delphi. The base of the tripod upon which the Pythia sat was composed of the twisted bodies of three large snakes. According to some authorities, one of the methods used to produce the prophetic ecstasy was to force the young priestess to gaze into the eyes of a serpent, when, fascinated and hypnotized, she spoke forth with the voice of the god.

While the early Pythian priestesses were always maidens, some still in their teens, a law was later passed that only women over fifty years of age should be the mouthpiece of the oracle. These older women dressed as young girls and went through the same ceremonial as the first Pythiæ. The change was probably the direct result of a series of assaults made upon the persons of the priestesses by the profane.

During the early history of the Delphian oracle the god only spoke every seven years and then upon the birthday of Apollo. But as time went on the demand so increased that the Pythia was forced to seat herself upon the tripod every month. The time selected for the consultation and the questions to be answered were determined either by lot or a vote of the inhabitants of Delphi.

It is generally admitted that the effect of the Delphian oracle upon the Greek culture was both constructive and profound. James Gardner sums up its influence in the following words: "Its reponses revealed many a tyrant and foretold his fate. Through its means many an unhappy being was saved from destruction and many a perplexed mortal guided in the right way. It encouraged useful institutions and promoted the progress of useful discoveries. Its moral influence was on the side of virtue, and its political influence in favor of the advancement of civil liberty."—(See Faiths of the World.)

(First Published in "The Philosopher")

PERCEPTION OF TRUTH

Wisdom, as a principle, is inconceivable unless it becomes manifest in the wise, and only the wise are capable to recognize it. A man without knowledge knows nothing. It is not man in his aspect as a being without any principle who can know any principle whatever; it is always the principle itself that recognizes itself in other forms. Thus, if a person wants to know the truth, the truth must be alive in him; if there is no truth in him, he can perceive no truth, neither within himself nor in external nature. For ever the truth is crucified between two "thieves" called "superstition" and "scepticism," and if we see only one of the crucified thieves, we are liable to mistake him for the truth; but the two forms of the thieves are distorted, or, to express it more correctly, the truth is distorted in them. Only when we are capable to recognize the straight form of the Saviour hanging between the two distorted thieves, will we see the difference and know where to search for the Redeemer.—Franz Hartmann.

A Notable Reprint

The Platonic Philosopher's Creed

(Note: In his preface to the volume from which the following extract is taken, Thomas Taylor, the translator, says: "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.")

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 connate 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 immovable and unchanged, and are eternally estab-

lished 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 immovably 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 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 æther, 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 believe, 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 analog-

ous 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 immovable 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 dæmons 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 dæmons 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.

Emerson is a citizen of the universe who has taken up his residence for a few days and nights in this traveling caravansary between the two inns that hang out the signs of Venus and Mars.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Holmes.

Mr. Hall's Most Recent Picture

The accompanying reproduction is from an oil painting of Mr. Hall by the eminent English artist, Mr. E. Hodgson Smart.

The portrait—which is life size—will be on exhibition at the Church of the People the first Sunday morning in August.

Mr. Smart began his art career at the age of fourteen, having gained at that time the certificates from South Kensington, London, which qualified him to teach art in any of the South Kensington art schools in England. At the age of twenty he passed into the head class at the Antwerp Academy, gaining first prize in an examination where over two thousand pupils competed. The painting which won the prize is now in the old museum at Antwerp. Mr. Smart afterwards studied at Julian's in Paris, and later with Sir Hubert Von Herkomer in London.

His first important picture, "Prayer in a Belgian Church," was specially invited to every important exhibition at the time in England. Afterwards when his portraits of "The Lady in Black" and "The Artist's Mother" were hung in the Royal Academy of London he received many important commissions including one from the Duke of Northumberland; he also painted King Edward, Queen Alexandria, Earl Carrington, Duke of San Martino, Prince Pigniatelli, Baron van der Capellen, head of the Dutch Cavalry, Baron van Sytzama, and many other distinguished people.

Mr. Smart's work has always been characterized by its nobility, strength, and refinement. He believes the artist should be forgotten in the presence of his own work, and that the better the portrait the more it reveals of the sitter and the less of the painter.

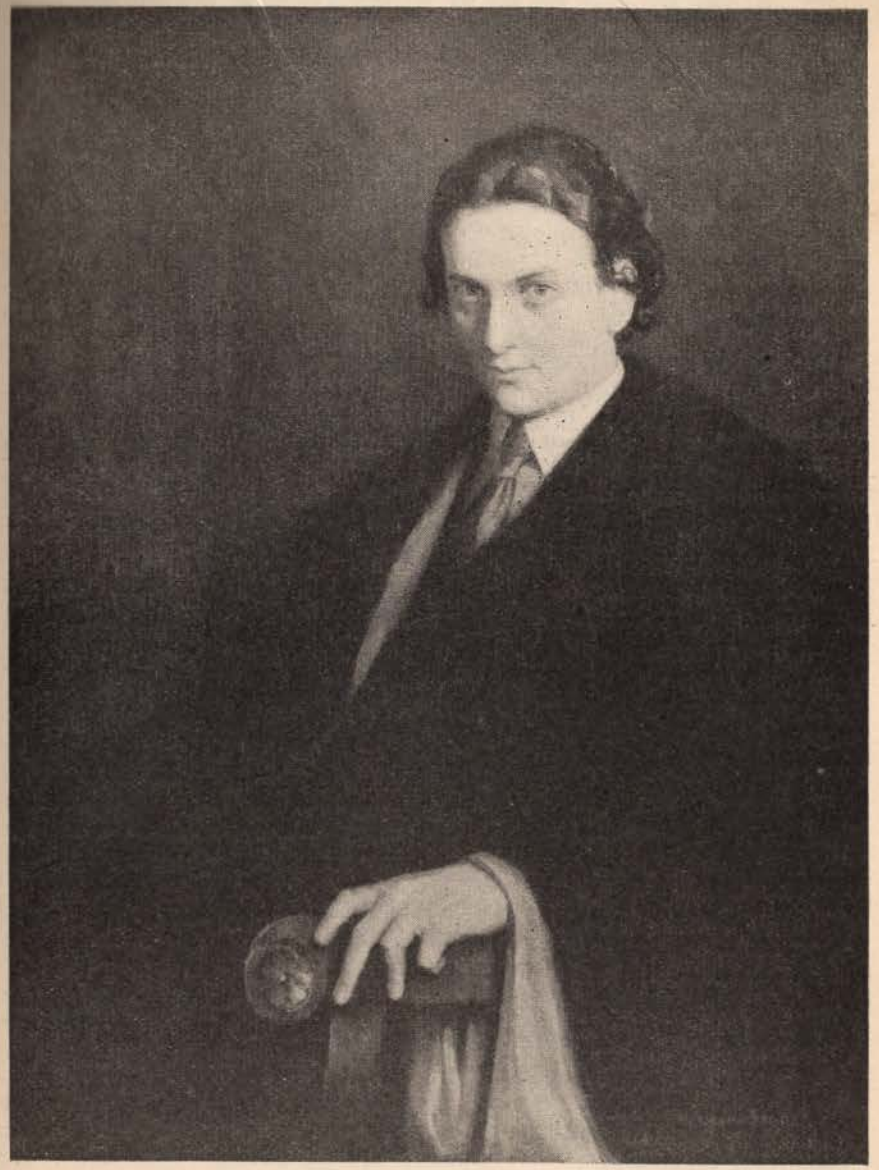
Among Mr. Smart's most recent pictures are three portraits of Marshal Foch, three of General Pershing, three of President Harding, one of Admiral Sims, one of Sir Arthur Currie, one of Hon. Newton D. Baker, one of Sir Robert Borden, and a full-length seated portrait of Dr. Annie Besant. The artist believes his portrait of Mr. Hall—which is his very latest work—to be also one of his best.

Art and Archaeology published the following comment on Mr. Smart's portrait of President Harding:

"The President is very seriously interpreted, with great dignity, and the picture, which is a standing three-quarter length, cannot fail to impress all by the splendid character depicted. It is one of the few great portraits of a President. One may find in the Library of Congress Print Division almost numberless portraits of noted Presidents. Washington was successfully painted by many, perhaps best by Gilbert Stuart, President Jackson by Sully, Lincoln and Roosevelt by several artists, and Woodrow Wilson by John Singer Sargent. It is not too much to say that in the years to come Hodgson Smart's 'President Harding' will rank with the very best of these, for Mr. Smart is a very wonderful painter."

A portrait in oil
of
Manly P. Hall

by E. Hodgeson Smart



Orientalism

The Ten Incarnations of Vishnu

By MANLY P. HALL

On a rocky island in the harbor of Bombay is a series of remarkable caverns carved from the living rock. In the first of these is to be seen the colossal figure of the Brahmanic Creator in His threefold aspect of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. The image consists of only the head and shoulders, is over twenty feet high, and was originally concealed from the eyes of the profane by swinging doors composed of great blocks of native rock. The *Trimurti,* as it is commonly called, constitutes one of the most sacred and secret emblems of the Hindus, being equivalent to the triangle of the Freemasons and the three-headed Christ of the early Christian mystics.

The island upon which the caves are situated was explored by the Portugese, who named it *Elephanta* because of a beautifully carved figure of an elephant which they found in a conspicuous place. Before this very *Trimurti* the great Pythagoras was initiated into the Brahman Mysteries, and in these same caves one of the most exquisite examples of a pre-Christian crucifix was discovered. The carvings in the Elephanta caverns are world famous for their beauty and lifelike appearance. We remember one group in particular. It was a scene depicting the marriage of Shiva and Pavti. Brahma is present to bless the marriage and the coy expression on the face of the bride is only equalled by the look of sheepishness on the features of the groom. The figures are life size and in high relief, but have been subjected to considerable mutilation at the hands of Mohammedans, Christian missionaries, and thoughtless tourists.

The great figure of the *Trimurti* in its gloomy recess means little to the hosts of tourists who gaze upon it and then turn to other wonders. Students of philosophy and comparative religion, however, see in this image a magnificent exposition of the Secret Doctrine of the ancient Brahmans, a doctrine which, alas, is fast disappearing from the people to whom it was originally revealed.

It matters little what nation be considered. In almost every instance its religion is founded upon the doctrine of a Trinity. The chief triad of the Greeks was Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter; of the Egyptians, Ammon, Ra, and Osiris; of the Persians, Ahura-Mazda, Mithras, and Ahriman; of the Qabbalistic Hebrews, Kether, Chokmah, and Binah; of the Christians, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; of the Pythagoreans, the monad, the duad, and the triad.

In his *Inquiry into the Trinity of the Ancients* Isaac Preston Cory lists the following triads which were accepted by the ancients as representing the fundamental expressions of divine power and energy:

"From the different Orphic fragments we find that the Orphic Trinity consisted of

Metis,	Phanes, or Eros,	Ericapæus.

which are interpreted

Will, or Counsel,	Light, or Love,	Life, or Lifegiver.

From Acusilaus,		
Metis,	Eros,	Ether.
From Hesiod, according to Damascius,		
Earth,	Eros,	Tartarus.
From Pherecydes Syrius,		
Fire,	Water,	Spirit, or Air.
From the Sidonians,		
Cronus,	Love,	Cloudy darkness.
From the Phœnicians,		
Ulomus,	Chusorus,	The Egg.
From the Chaldæan and Persian Oracles of Zoroaster,		
Fire,	Sun,	Ether.
Fire,	Light,	Ether.
From the later Platonists,		
Power,	Intellect,	Father.
Power,	Intellect,	Soul, or Spirit.

By the ancient Theologists, according to Macrobius, the Sun was invoked in the Mysteries, as

Power of the world,	Light of the world,	Spirit of the world.

To which may perhaps be added, from Sanchoniatho, the three sons of Genus,

Fire,	Light,	Flame."

To the list given by Cory may be added a very fundamental geometrical illustration: the triad of primitive symbols consisting of the point, the line, and the circle. The point is the appropriate emblem of the One Creative Cause—the First or the Source. All lines are merely rows of dots and all bodies aggregations of dots. In the Christian system of theology the dot would be the appropriate emblem of God the Father, for it is the One of which all creatures are but parts. The line is the outpouring of the dot, the One coming into expression; it is, therefore, the second person of the Creative Triad. In the Hindu school this second person is called *Vishnu,* which corresponds to the *Christ* of the Christians. The line bears witness to the potentialities of the dot for it is the outpouring or welling up of that Eternal Life forever concealed within the profundity of the germinative dot. The circle marks the circumference of the dot and limits the outpouring of the line. Therefore, it is the *destroyer,* the yawning mouth that swallows up the life of the dot, the *hades* into which the line descends and where it remains until it has overcome the mystery of death, which mystery is part of the secret of the circle. In India the circle is called *Shiva,* the *Destroyer,* the Lord of the mundane sphere; to Christendom it is known as the *Holy Ghost,* or the third person of the Divine Triad.

The dot, the line, and the circle may also be considered as natural emblems of life, intelligence, and substance—the three unknown causes which Huxley declared could never be discovered: consciousness, intelligence, and force. It is interesting to note that the three major divisions of human thought—namely the scientific, the philosophic, and the theologic—should have respectively the circle, the line, and the dot as their natural symbols. The circle, representing force and matter, limits the achievements of science to those elements from which the material universe was fabricated. The task of science is to solve the mystery of the circle; beyond that mystery it cannot go. Where science leaves off, however, philosophy must begin and the labor to which philosophy is dedicated is to solve the enigma of that intermediate line (the radius) which connects the dot and the circle. The

name of that line is intelligence and the highest form of intelligence is that capable of accurately estimating the relationship existing between spirit and matter. Beyond reason philosophy cannot go, for reason is the highest phase of philosophic attainment. To theology, therefore, is assigned the labor of discovering and analyzing the nature of the dot—that spiritual Cause which neither the mind nor the hand can reach but which is cognizable only by its own spiritual correlate within the constitution of the individual.

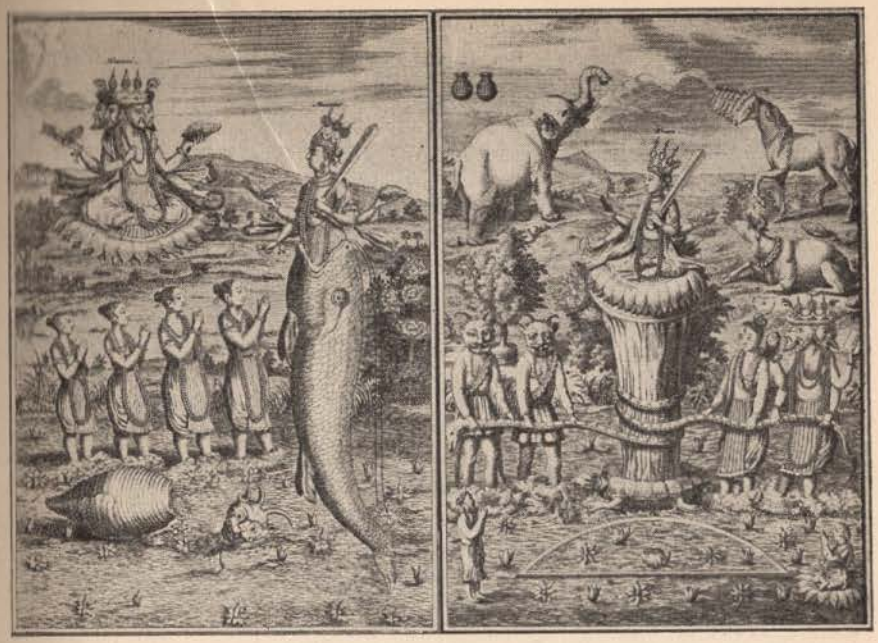
By theology, however, is meant the divine science of spiritual things not the mass of conflicting creeds and dogmas which parade under the name of theology today. True theology bears the same relation to the arts and sciences of the world that the spirit does to the parts and members of its physical constitution. Theology is that divinely-revealed code by which man is assisted in the unfoldment of his spiritual potentialities. In this sense—and this sense only—theology is that divine science dedicated to the task of revealing to an ever-awakening humanity the mystery of the Creative Seed—the dot in the midst of the cosmic circle.

Have you ever realized how seldom a shrine, temple or church is erected to the Father Principle in religion? The churches of Christianity are all built to honor the second person of the Triad—the Christ. The same holds true in India, where not more than one or two temples to Brahma can be found but literally tens of thousands to Vishnu and Shiva. In Egypt there was but one temple to the Father Principle but scores to Ra and Osiris. In that country a precedent was established which was later incorporated in the Christian doctrine, namely the worship of the first Principle through the nature of the second. Hence the sanctifying of temples to Ammon-Ra.

Thus the second phase of the Creative Triad—Cosmic Intelligence—with its symbol, light, has been the dominating factor in religion since earliest times. In India Vishnu is the personification of the Universal Mind. In Him the divine potentialities of the incomprehensible Brahma are objectified, becoming the foundation of the world. One of the greatest secrets in mystical lore is that of the triangle. It has been truly said that any problem can be solved if its triangular base be first discovered. Every element, condition, or substance in the universe is founded upon a triad. Hence the multiplicity of triads constituting the Platonic theology.

The triangle is a continual reminder that every structure is essentially threefold and every intelligence a trinity of divine, human, and animal constituents. When man is considered as a sevenfold creature—as he invariably was in the ancient Mystery Schools—his nature was divided into two parts, of which the superior was made up of three divine elements and the inferior of four natural elements. The three spiritual parts of man are called the *Silent Ones*. They are the Three Immortals who remain throughout the ages meditating upon the fourfold body which they have permitted to exist but of which they themselves have never become a part.

In this 20th century it is generally conceded that an individual without a mind—or, more correctly, one who does not make proper use of his mental faculties—cannot succeed. Intelligence is accepted as a necessary basis for the computation of value and the rationalist is quite convinced that the salvation of the soul depends upon the clarity and organization of the reasoning faculties. This is in perfect harmony with theology, for the Savior-Gods of various peoples are really only the personifications of the Divine Intellect. As these deities come to save humanity, so the mind in man must become the *savior* of his lower constitution. The higher nature of man, being incapable



First and Second Incarnations

of death, is without need of salvation, but the lower man must build of the mind a bridge to connect his irrational soul with his divinely rational *Anthropos,* or *Over-Nature.*

Vishnu, being the active creative principle of the universe, and forever seeking the preserve His creation from the ravages of the destroying Shiva, is, therefore, looked upon as the benevolent and beneficent spirit. Here again we find a parallel between Vishnu and the human mind, for from the beginning of human civilization man has been using his mind as a weapon against the surrounding destructive forces of Nature. Man has only survived because of his intelligence, and as this increases in power he struggles ever more intelligently to counteract the forces of disintegration constantly working against him. The infant mind of primitive man conceived crude means for self-protection from both the ravages of the elements and the strange monsters of the prehistoric world. Man discovered that he could overcome the animal with fire; fire with water; water with earth. He turned the irrational elements upon themselves and thus saved his own life. Later he realized that he could harness the elements and, because he had a mind, he could control the mindless. He made the water-wheel and the windmill, with fire he tempered the metals, and harnessed the mindless beasts to plow his fields and bear his burdens, thus forcing them unquestioningly to obey his superior will. As new epochs in the history of the world brought new conditions, new faculties were evolved with which to conquer them. Man has finally come to realize that there is no problem so great, no mystery so profound, no element so strong, no beast so ferocious but that intelligence has proved its master.

However, the mind which was given to man proved not only a blessing but also a curse. Man discovered that he could accomplish anything that

he *willed* to accomplish, for Nature was no longer able to control him. So man took the mind that was predestined to be his *savior* and used it as a weapon against his fellow creatures. He brutally enslaved the mindless; he broke the bodies of the beasts and, turning upon Nature of which he was a part, prostituted his newly-found faculty by devastating the very earth that bore him. Still unsatisfied, he discovered that some of his own kind were weaker than he. Armed with primitive weapons, he, therefore, descended upon the more primitive tribes of humanity, slaying and enslaving the weaker and spattering the earth with the blood of her noblest products.

Man's ingratitude for the blessings given him out of the treasure-house of natural potentiality is beautifully expressed in the tragic legend of Prometheus. At the price not only of his own liberty but of ages of suffering, Prometheus, the friend of man, brought fire from the abode of the gods. Concealing the spark in a hollow reed, he flew down with it to the abode of men and thus revealed to mankind the mystery of the flame. For this deed he was chained to the brow of Mt. Caucasus with a vulture to feed eternally upon his liver. Man repaid the noble sacrifice of the Titian by taking fire and with it forging weapons and armor with which to slay his fellows.

Today we see thought-power—the most recent boon of the gods—crucified like the Saviors of old between the thieves of greed and passion. The mental energy given to man that he might acquire a knowledge not only of himself but of the divine plan of which he is a part is now employed principally for the accomplishment of petty worldly ends. Man has forgotten the noble stock from which he sprung and the great purpose for which he was created. As the Philistines blinded Samson so man has blinded the giant of intellect and chained it to a grindstone. This divine being, capable of soaring into the very presence of Reality, now like a degraded beast paces round and round in ever-deepening ruts, grinding the corn of modern Philistia. But intellect is a rebellious slave, for deep within it is a divine urge. The race will yet live to see blinded giant tear down the pillars of materialism, for the intellect which man has perverted will prove his final undoing.

Throughout Eastern philosophy the Universal Mind is personified and, in spite of the seeming failure of races and individuals, it finally accomplishes the redemption and perfection of the race. The average individual finds it difficult to consider forces as personalities or to look upon every energy in Nature as an individualized creature possessing intellect and power. Such, however, is the Oriental conception. Therefore, Vishnu—the personified principle of Divine Knowledge, the mind which controls the working of the whole—periodically manifests Himself, becoming temporarily involved in the processes of creation that He may bring to the world spiritual understanding necessary to cope with the drastic changes taking place in civilization at certain periods.

"When virtue fails upon the earth, then I come forth," says Vishnu in the Bhagavad-Gita, and according to the secret doctrine of the Hindus the Great Mind has come into objective manifestation nine times already that He might prevent the failure of civilization. These incarnations of the Lord of the World are called the *avataras* or the incarnations of the Great Savior. Vishnu appeared for one or more of three reasons: (1) to overcome some great evil in the world threatening the future of humanity, in the legends this evil being usually personified as a wicked king, or a great monster such as a dragon or ferocious demon; (2) to purify the faiths of men from that con-

Third and Fourth Incarnations

tamination which invariably creeps into religion after the lapse of thousands of years; (3) to found a new faith or doctrine or to sound the key word of a new period of world endeavor. Accompanying this article is a series of ten drawings from Picart's *Religious Ceremonials,* showing the purposes of the ten incarnations according to East Indian symbolism. The tenth incarnation of Vishnu has not yet taken place, but the peoples of the East are waiting for His coming as many Christian sects look forward expectantly to the second coming of Jesus Christ.

In our little brochure on *Occult Anatomy* we called attention to the curious correspondence existing between the forms which Vishnu assumed during his incarnations and the months of the prenatal epoch. The intelligence of the human embryo during those periods closely parallels the intelligence of the various creatures through which Vishnu is said to incarnate. Since Pythagoras was initiated into the Brahman Mysteries, he may have founded his numerical philosophy upon the theory of Vishnu's incarnations. The ten dots which constitute the Pythagorean *tetractys* may be interpreted, therefore, in the same manner as Vishnu's incarnations. The same is true of the ten spheres of the Qabbalists in which the Universal Spirit incarnates sequentially during both involutionary and evolutionary processes. According to the legends of His followers, Vishnu—like the Christian Christ—will come in the last day of the universe and judge the souls of all creatures.

The first *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Matsya,* or fish, incarnation. At a very early time in the history of the world so great a corruption blighted mankind that the gods determined to destroy the human race with a great flood. The prince who ruled at that time was a very pious man and he and the seven Rishis, or Wise Men, their wives, and pairs of all the animals and other forms of life entered an ark. The Lord Vishnu took upon Himself the

Fifth and Sixth Incarnations

body of a fish and fastened the ark to His own body by means of a cable fashioned out of a serpent. When the flood subsided, Vishnu slew an evil monster who had stolen the Vedas, or sacred books of the law. The books being returned, a new human race was formed who treasured the sacred writings and obeyed them implicitly. In the sacred books of the Hindus the story of the first *avatara* requires 14,000 verses for its recital.

The second *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Kurma,* or tortoise, incarnation. This incarnation is connected indirectly also with the flood, for in it Vishnu took upon Himself the body of a turtle, supporting with His shell the sacred mountain, Mandara. Using the great serpent for a rope and the mountain as an axis, the gods and demons churned the great ocean in order to regain the sacred Amrita, or the beverage of the gods. By this churning process fourteen sacred articles were discovered. These are shown in the picture grouped about the central mountain and in the hands of the deities.

The third *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Varaha,* or boar, incarnation. In this incarnation Vishnu is generally depicted upholding the earth with his tusks, the earth being deposited within the concave surface of a lunar crescent. According to the allegory, there was once a *Daitya* who desired to become the ruler of the earth. He ultimately grew so powerful that he stole the planet and carried it with him into the depths of the ocean. Vishnu, assuming the form of a boar, dived into the abyss and fought with this monster for one thousand years. Ultimately slaying the evil one, Vishnu restored the earth to its proper position by raising it upon his tusks.

The fourth *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Narasingha,* or man-lion, incarnation. This is the story of a holy man who for ten thousand years prayed and meditated for the boon of universal monarchy and that of ever-

Seventh and Eighth Incarnations

lasting life. Having become very great, he also grew equally selfish and arrogant. The gods led him into debate with his own son concerning the omnipresence of Deity. When his son told him that God was everywhere, even in the pillar supporting the roof of the palace, the evil prince in anger and blasphemy struck the pillar with his sword. The pillar, splitting in half, revealed Vishnu with the head of a lion, who after fighting with the egoistic prince for an hour dragged him into the hollow pillar and destroyed him, thus delivering the world from his arrogance.

The fifth *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Vamana,* or dwarf, incarnation. In this case a great monarch, becoming proud of the fact that he ruled over three worlds—heaven, earth, and hell—neglected the performance of the proper ceremonials to the gods. In the form of a dwarf, Vishnu appeared before the king, requesting a boon—that is, as much land as he could pace off with three steps. The king granted the request and ratified his promise by pouring water on the hand of the dwarf. Immediately the tiny figure increased in size until it filled the entire universe and, taking its three paces, owned the world, but out of kindly consideration for the virtues of the king permitted him to retain the government of hell.

The sixth *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Parasu Rama* incarnation. This is the first of the series of true human incarnations of the god. *Parasu Rama* was the son of a very aged holy man to whom the god Indra had entrusted the sacred cow. One of the Rajahs, desiring to possess the cow, finally brought about the death of the holy man, whose wife then committed *sati,* or suicide, praying with her last words that the gods would avenge the murder of her husband. Vishnu, answering the call, assumed the personality of *Parasu Rama* and after twenty battles slew the evil Rajah.

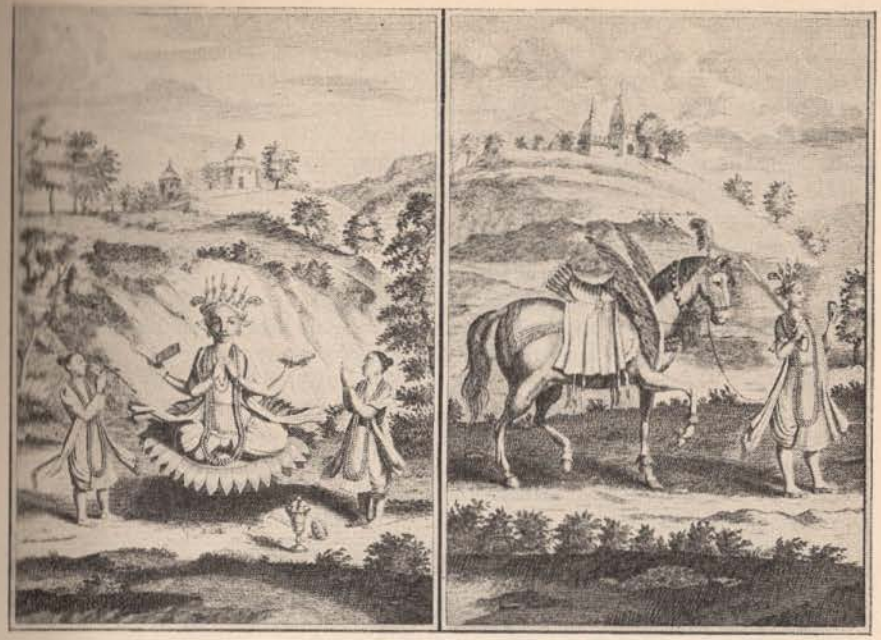
The seventh *avatara* of Vishnu, termed the *Rama Chandra* incarnation, is contained within the great Indian epic, the *Ramayana. Ravana,* the evil king of Lanka, which is now Ceylon, stole *Sita,* the ideal of East Indian womanhood from her beloved husband, *Rama.* Assisted by *Hunaman,* the king of the apes, *Rama Chandra* won back *Sita* and, having tested her by fire, proved that she had remained true to him. The apes in a single night built a stone bridge between Lanka and the coast of India. *Ravana,* in order to torture *Hunaman,* king of the apes, set fire to his tail. *Hunaman,* running through the streets of Lanka, in turn set fire to the city, thus virtually destroying the power of *Ravana.*

The eighth *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Krishna* incarnation. The story of *Krishna* is so well known that it hardly requires any elaborate description. The illustration depicts the birth of *Krishna* and also the legend of his escape from death while an infant by being carried across the river in a basket. The water rose, threatening to destroy the bearer of the sacred child. To prevent this calamity, *Krishna* permitted one of his feet to hang over the edge of the basket, whereupon the water subsided. There are numerous instances in the life of *Krishna* which parallel the experiences of Jesus. These include the slaughter of the innocents, the transfiguration, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension. *Krishna* is considered as a personification of the sun, and his consort, Radha, is the embodiment of the earth.

The ninth *avatara* of Vishnu is generally termed the *Buddha* incarnation, although a great number of Hindus disagree with this. Some Orientalists have gone so far as to declare that the Christ of Christendom represents the ninth *avatara* or incarnation of Vishnu. The life of *Buddha* is beautifully set forth in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia. Buddha* was an Indian prince who, inspired by the needs of humanity, renounced his kingdom and dedicated himself to the service of mankind. After many years of renunciation and prayer the two great laws of life were revealed to him—reincarnation and karma. He lifted the Buddhist faith from comparative obscurity to the dignity of the world's greatest religion, and at his death or translation a great number of Indian nobles were present. It was found impossible to light the funeral pyre until the body burst into flames by the release of spiritual energy from a great emerald which adorned the body of the dead sage.

The tenth *avatara* of Vishnu is termed the *Kalki,* or horse, incarnation and is the one which is yet to come. This incarnation is generally symbolized by a picture of a man leading a riderless white horse. The animal is sometimes shown with wings like the fabled Pegasus of the Greeks. Among many nations the horse is an emblem of the animal world or the lower sphere of being. In this sense it may infer that when Vishnu appears for the last time he will be mounted upon the world—that is, victorious over the substances of inferior Nature. The Brahmans believe that in his tenth *avatara* Vishnu will act as the true Savior of the world, redeeming the faithful from the sorrows and limitations of mortal existence. No man knows the day of his coming, but the Hindus are positive that when the great need arises he will be there to preserve and redeem those who have been faithful to his laws and tenets. Such, in brief, is the story of the ten immortal incarnations of the Lord of Light.

A careful consideration of the graduated series of ever nobler creatures through which the great Vishnu incarnates reveals an evolutionary doctrine



Ninth and Tenth Incarnations

subtly concealed behind these curious emblems. Of this Madam Blavatsky writes as follows:

"In this diagram of avatars we see traced the gradual evolution and transformation of all species out of the ante-Silburian mud of Darwin and the *ilus* of Sanchoniathon and Berosus. Beginning with the Azoic time, corresponding to the *ilus* in which Brahma implants the creative germ, we pass through the palæozoic and Mesozoic times, covered by the first and second incarnations as the fish and tortoise; and the Cenozoic, which is embraced by the incarnations in the animal and semi-human forms of the boar and man-lion; and we come to the fifth and crowning geological period, designated as the 'era of mind, or age of man,' whose symbol in the Hindu mythology is the dwarf—the first attempt of nature at the creature of man. * * * From a fish the progress of this dual transformation carries on the physical form though the shape of a tortoise, a boar, and a man-lion; and then, appearing in the dwarf of humanity, it shows Parasu Rama physically, a perfect, spiritually, an undeveloped entity, until it carries mankind personified by one god-like man, to the apex of physical and spiritual perfection—a god on earth." (See *Isis Unveiled.*)

In the *Vishnupuranam* it is written: "This universe hath sprung from Vishnu,—and in Him it is established. He is the cause of creation, maintenance and destruction thereof, and He is the universe." Vishnu is thus to be considered both the fabricator and the fabric of the world structure. He is the Deity in which men live and move and have their being. He is that objective power which manifests the eternally subjective condition of Brahma, the first creative person of the Divine Triad. He stands between

the superior heavens which are of the nature of Brahma and the inferior world which is of the nature of Shiva. Therefore, He is the sun which, according to the Mysteries, occupies the focal point between abstraction and concretion. As Lord of the sun He is the patron of all creatures and forms, the bestower of life and the giver of abundance. He is often represented with blue skin, the blue representing the heavens which are his body and also the subtle invisible ethers which form his magic horse. In Indian art Vishnu is often depicted sleeping through the night of cosmic darkness upon the coils of a great serpent. When thus represented a lotus stalk is shown growing out of his navel and upon the blossom of this lotus sits the great Brahma with four heads. It is very difficult to secure any satisfactory explanation of this symbol which pertains to the deepest principles of Eastern occultism. In one sense of the word, Vishnu—like the Greek Cronus—destroys the power of his father and usurps his authority as Lord of the world. When Vishnu fabricates the universe he absorbs into it the great Brahma, for in the last analysis Vishnu forms the universe out of the nature of Brahma, of whose constitution He also is a part. The lotus growing from the navel may be interpreted to signify that Brahma is the Cause which nourishes the world through a spiritual umbilicus symbolized by the lotus stalk. The symbol may also be interpreted to mean the gradual growth or ascension of Brahma out of the nature of Vishnu, for when the latter deity is asleep in the coils of the dragon of measureless time Brahma rises out of and exists superior to the sleeping Vishnu.

The ten incarnations of Vishnu may be said to represent those creative efforts made by the gods while they were attempting to establish various species of organized life upon the face of the world. From earliest times life struggled to manifest itself through adequate vehicles and in its effort to discover the proper type of body for its purpose experimented with many forms and cast them aside. From these rejected structures have descended many species of irrational creatures to whom it was found the divine nature could not be imparted. Certain members of the simian family represent one of the types of bodies into which the Lords of Reason could not descend. Therefore, in them the conscious mind is absent.

For thousands of years every civilization, remembering the promise of the Lord of Light—which promise has been given equally to all men—has believed the time to be at hand for the last *avatara* of the Lord of the world. Each generation believes that it needs him more than any other generation of the past or of the future. For nineteen centuries Christians have been daily awaiting the second coming of the Messiah and the consequent end of the world. Today there is undoubtedly a grave decline of virtue and a great spiritual need, but who knows whether tomorrow will not offer a still greater problem?

When the World Lord shall come no man knows, for humanity is not farsighted enough to realize the moment of its own greatest need. But according to the deepest concepts of mysticism, He is always here, riding upon the white horse of the world, guiding with sure hand the reins of the divine steed. The white horse may well symbolize the purified soul of the redeemed man, its wings the spiritualization of the material body. Every pure heart and enlightened mind becomes a vehicle of expression for he World Lord, who is ever speaking to mankind through the lips of purified human creatures.

As with His last coming the Lord of enlightened love redeems His world and accepts his creatures back again into the nature of Himself, so in the

life of every individual there comes a time when the Lord of enlightened love within himself becomes the dominant factor in his life. Once this spiritual being is cognized and its power appreciated, it becomes the ruler of man's lower world and gradually absorbs the mortal man into its own immortal nature.

Every human being has within himself a Lord Vishnu, the objectification of the spiritual germ—Brahma. This Vishnu is the immortal spirit of understanding of accomplishment, of realization, and of divinity itself. When man purifies his body, opens the chambers of his heart, and disentangles the skein of his thoughts he becomes finally a living temple. And to this temple Lord Vishnu comes because the house has been made ready for Him. Until this Universal Spirit of Light first comes to the individual, it will never come to the world. Each human being in turn must experience the mystery of the second coming of his Lord and until such time as this takes place his spiritual redemption is not consummated. All the mysteries of the outer world must take place within the little world of man's consciousness before they can be of any benefit to him.

Questions & answers

Q. I have always had a deep love of Shakespeare—I think his "Hamlet" above all. And yet I never read "Hamlet" that I do not feel a hidden symbolism behind the character that is elusive and yet persistently puzzling. What is your opinion of the symbolism of "Hamlet," for the usual literal interpretation never seems adequate?—D. M. C.

A. As you probably know, the author of the Shakespearian plays borrowed the plot of Hamlet from a very much earlier writing, making such changes as he saw fit. The conversational parts, of course, are the ones which contain the most subtle shades of meaning and were written with the needs of an acrostic and also a biliteral cipher in mind. There is little doubt that the Shakespearian plays, if not written by Sir Francis Bacon, were at least prepared under his supervision and with his assistance. The name "Hamlet," having "Ham" for the first syllable, is a daring play upon the name of Bacon himself and, as may be expected, a certain part of his own life is involved in the story. There were certain mysteries in the early life of Lord Bacon which may, in part at least, be paralleled by incidents in the youth of the "melancholy Dane." The entire Shakespearian collection of plays and sonnets contains Masonic and Rosicrucian philosophy. In some cases this is deeply concealed and in others it is more apparent. There are many allusions to the mystical sciences in Hamlet, also in Macbeth, The Tempest, and The Tragedy of Cymbeline. The mystery surrounding the Shakespearian plays has not yet been solved, but everything points to the conclusion that they represent a direct effort on the part of certain European secret societies to promulgate their doctrines among the learned of Europe. One author who has written extensively on the subject claims to have discovered part of the rituals of the modern Masonic order in certain of the Shakespearian plays. Of course, philosophically, Hamlet may be considered as an allegorical

depiction of the struggle through which every individual must pass on the path to self-mastery. The entire play of Hamlet is a Rosicrucian enigma and time alone can completely disentangle the skein.

Q. Will you please clarify the subject of prayer. Does man pray to a personal God? Is prayer merely auto-suggestion?—V. F. V.

A. As the philosopher realizes that there can be no personal God, he considers prayer in a light very different from the orthodox churchgoer. To the philosopher, God is a Principle, a Power, and a Spiritual Reality. God is the universal life everywhere and in all things. Man is, therefore, part of the nature and substance of God, for man is a composite creature consisting of spirit, soul or mind, and body. All that is visible in the physical world is the body, but within it and controlling it is a divine life which is part of the very nature of God. The spiritual part of man is called the *Anthropos* or, in the words of Emerson, the *Over-Soul*. There is a law in Nature that we attract to ourselves that which we desire and also that which we hate. So if we love anything or hate anything sufficiently, it finally becomes an inseparable part of ourselves. Everything that we desire, we actually pray for, for prayer and desire are of a similar nature. A desire for that which is right is a continual offering to the Deity; a desire for that which is evil is, in like manner, a continual blasphemy against the Divine Power in Nature which is ever effecting the perpetuation of good. It is not what we pray for in the morning or evening which constitutes true prayer; prayer is that which we desire continuously throughout every minute and hour of the day.

Q. Based upon the purely physical aspects of evolution, the materialist has formulated as the basis of ethics the law of the survival of the physically fittest. From a similar observation of intellectual processes and accomplishments, the intellectualist has enunciated the doctrine of the survival of the intellectually fittest. Is it not a fact, however, that evolution represents essentially the survival of the morally fittest?—F. V. S.

A. The physical body and the intellectual nature are both vehicles for the expression of an indwelling divine nature, which is superior to, but is hampered in its expression by, its mental and material constitutions. If you consider the moral nature to be that part of man which intuitively recognizes right, virtue, and integrity, and attempts to govern its compound structure according to the laws of ethics, then you are no longer referring to a vehicle but to that spiritual nature of man which is the source of his bodies. From a purely materialistic standpoint, the ethical nature is the highest expression of mental evolution because it is the result of an estimation of actions and reactions and their relationship to the self. The reaction of the spiritual nature upon the material nature results in the creation of the soul, and the soul is—to a certain degree, at least—the ethical nature. Spirit and matter are divine elements, in fact phases of one element, but the soul is an artificial element created in man by the processes of mental and physical evolution. By projecting Redbeard's law of the survival of the fittest into the true philosophical aspect of man's evolution, we find that the body of man is gradually devoured by that which is stronger than itself—that is, it is absorbed into the nature of the soul, for the soul is, in the last analysis, the highest condition of the regenerated body. The soul, in turn, is devoured by the spirit. Ultimately there is but one thing capable of survival, and that is spirit, because spirit is the only substance or condition not subject to destruction. Evolution progresses from the least degree of spirituality to the greatest degree of

spirituality; involution from the greatest degree of spirituality to the least degree of spirituality. Ultimately spirit—like Saturn—devours all its children and is itself an eternal condition. Evolution is only noticeable because through its mysterious process the activity of spirit becomes ever more tangible and the control of matter ever less complete. One writer has declared evolution to be merely the process of turning the internal constitution of the creature outward and the outward constitution inward. In its pilgrimage through the varying degrees of substance—or, more accurately, the various conditions of separateness from its source—the life principle in man gradually unfolds a type of consciousness that is capable of self-recognition. Accomplishment of this step completes the process of involution, for man is then an individual unit with an individual center of self-awareness. The process of evolution then begins, and by it the center of awareness is continually increased until it gradually absorbs into itself the shell or personality originally inclosing it. During the process of evolution the center of self-consciousness stores up experience, which experience itself becomes an immortal part of man's divine nature. This immortal body thus built from the reactions and experiences of life gradually becomes the spiritual cause of the ethical nature, and when the evolutionary process is finally completed man will consist of a radiant center of self-consciousness plus the fruitage of experience—the soul.

Q. I find in occult literature references of a seemingly contradictory nature respecting the "mind" and its legitimate office in the compound constitution of man. For example, one author solemnly adjures us to make every doctrinal belief pass the gauntlet of reason, declaring that reason's torch is the safest guide to wisdom. In other writings along occult lines, however, I find numerous allusions to the "mind" as being the deprecatory factor that separates us from God. On the other hand, does the "mind" not stand as the mediator between the lower self and the Higher Self—that familiar figure of the reconciler of the extremes found not only in the teachings of philosophies but also in the occult constitution of the universe?—Anon.

A. There are two distinct schools of religion and philosophy. In one the reason is made the final criterion; in the other the heart and its intuitional facilities are considered supreme. Technically, the mind is divisible into two parts, one of which we can call the *spiritual* mind and the other the *material* mind. The spiritual mind is part of the divine constitution of man and in this sphere of consciousness the human spirit itself has its abode. The material, or animal, mind is united to the personality and is the one so often referred to by the Christian Scientists as the "mortal mind." The functions of the mind, however, are so abstract and bewildering that only with the greatest difficulty can even an expert distinguish the spiritual from the material mind. Some have declared the key-word of the lower (material) mind to be *analysis;* that of the higher (spiritual) mind, *synthesis*. The higher mind we know to be creative because it partakes of the creative power of spirit. The lower mind, on the other hand, is not creative but mimics the mental attainments of other creatures. The products of the higher mind cannot be dissociated from the consciousness itself; therefore, what the higher mind thinks, the individual is. On the contrary, the individual who functions only through the lower mind may act in absolute discord with his intellectual concept. Above mind in both of its phases, however, is a plane of higher cognition which is purely spiritual. This sphere of spiritual cognition is termed by the

Eastern philosophers the "Buddhic" level of consciousness. The Eastern Schools teach that it is possible to transcend the intellectual faculties and reach a condition of spiritual illumination without the use of the mind, but this is not possible in the Western world because of the intense activity of the lower constitution. That which the Westerner must do in order to attain the highest spiritual good for himself and those about him is to lift his level of thinking from the animal, or material, mind to its higher octave—the spiritual mind. By accomplishing this he becomes a creative thinker as the highest plane from which man may create at the present time is the mental. Most of the so-called spiritual impulses recorded in the constitution of the individual are really products of the higher mental nature. Lofty altruistic tendencies and idealistic concepts, together with the highest and fullest grasp of the deeper realities of life, come through the higher mental nature. When the individual transfers his center of thinking from the lower mind—which is notion—to the higher mind—which is reason—he has accomplished much. True reason is a divine faculty, not to be confused, however, with its shadow of argument and dissension in the material world. Reason overshadows thought in the same way that a learned person transcends an educated one, for education is merely dependent upon memory while learning is dependent upon understanding. Those who would reach the summit of philosophical attainment must first learn to think true, and thinking is never true until it has its source in the spiritual mind of man. The material mind is involved in the illusion of existence; it is a slave to convention; it is bound around with concepts of space and time; it is often ensouled with the racial spirit; and, like the material nature of man, it is sloughed off after death. On the other hand, the divine mind is free from the illusion of personality; it has never come into birth or become part of that nature which is born and dies; and, dwelling in eternity, it is above the delusion of time. Whereas the mortal mind knows only what it wants, the immortal mind is fully acquainted with the needs of the personality that is evolving under its protection. The individual who raises the mind so that he thinks in harmony with its immortal part is himself immortal; rather, we should say, is aware of his own immortality and, having reached this condition, is incapable of death.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE

Trinity Auditorium, Ninth St. and Grand Ave., Los Angeles
Sunday at 10:30

MANLY P. HALL

July 24.—"The Arabian Nights' Entertainment."
July 31.—"Plato's Atlantis."
Aug. 7.—The Ten Incarnations of Vishnu.
Aug. 14.—Comte de St. Germain, "the Wonder Man of Europe."

Maud F. Galigher, Associate **Special Musical Programs**

Lyceum meets at 9:30 with Interesting Speakers

Position Wanted—Young European woman desires position as private secretary. Is well educated; drives car. Address The All-Seeing Eye.

Service: Our Motto

L. A. Undertaking Company

JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY

3817 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Symbolic Outline for the Classification of Knowledge
Shows relation of Science, Philosophy, Religion and the Arts to the Mystery Schools.
Send 12c in Stamps
Address Harry S. Gerhart
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles

Funeral Directors
REED BROTHERS CO.
MYRON W. REED FRANK E. GEIGER
JOHN W. TAPLEY
Careful preparation of the body by any method desired.

WEstmore 5151
PRIVATE AMBULANCE
721 W. Washington St.

HALL OF THEOSOPHY

504 W. 4th St. Los Angeles, Calif.

You Are Invited to These Special Lectures Sundays at 8:00 P. M.

July 24—Fire Worship and Water Worship.
July 31—Faust and Marguerite.
Aug. 7—The Evolution of Beauty.
Aug. 14—Dante's "Inferno."
Aug. 21—Parciful and the Holy Grail.

(Questions Invited)

By HARRY S. GERHART
Illustrated by Charts, Slides and Paintings

You are especially invited to make use of our quiet reading room. The latest occult books for sale and for rent. Library open daily at noon.

Telephone MUtual 0841 All Meetings Free

Los Angeles, Calif.

The **Aquarian Book Shop**

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display
Room Number 202
358 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

SYMBOLISM

—*The Universal Language!*

The secret teachings of the ancient philosophers were never committed to writing, unless veiled in complicated symbols or apparently meaningless allegories. So effectually did the ancient world guard its secrets that **modern theologians, philosophers and scientists are wholly unaware of the vast treasure house of knowledge to be unlocked by the key of Symbolism and Mythology.**

Symbolism is a lost longuage. In some instances its true meanings have been forgotten by even the earliest historic people; in others, the symbols often have been mutilated by the ignorant or purposely distorted by those who sought to make man wear the yoke of intellectual servitude.

For many years Manly P. Hall has been gathering material from the available archives of the ancient world for the purpose of presenting to the modern world these symbols and allegories which have played so important parts in the structure of civilization. The result of this intensive research is the valuable book entitled:

"An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy."

A few statistics on this tremendous volume.

300 pages, 13 inches by 19 inches. Weight over 15 lbs. 52 full page color illustrations. 250 zinc and copper etchings. Translations from 11 languages. Over 500 books of reference valued at $25,000. Order for paper largest of its kind in America. Designed by John Henry Nash, foremost book designer in America. One of the most beautiful books ever produced.

Write for further information and terms.

Write for Information and Descriptive Literature

The Hall Publishing Company

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

THE ALL SEEING EYE

Being a Monthly Magazine which is published in Los Angeles on the Fifteenth day of every month

edited by

Manly P. Hall

and

devoted to the Search for the Fundamental Verities Existing in the Educational Systems-Religions and Philosophies of All Ages

SEPTEMBER MCMXXVII

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Volume III, a nicely bound volume of 168 pages

Over SEVENTY Articles

on Philosophy, Occultism, Psychology, Symbology, Science, Religion, Astrology, and other subjects, by Manly P. Hall and others.

Contains "The Initiates of the Flame"

One of Mr. Hall's most significant books, now out of print in book form.

A wonderful value, Postpaid, $1.50

Address all orders to

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

What the Ancient Wisdom Expects of Its Disciples

The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah

These two booklets are again available after a period of some months. Each.....50c

Other Books by Manly P. Hall

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism —3 color prints	**$4.00**
The Lost Keys of Masonry	**2.00**
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	**2.00**
Shadow Forms (Stories of the Orient)	**2.00**
Thirty-Eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	**1.00**
Talk to Students	**.50**
Evolution	**.50**
The Hermetic Marriage	**.50**
Unseen Forces	**.50**
Occult Anatomy	**.50**
Melchizedek and the Mystery of Fire	**.50**

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. IV SEPTEMBER, 1927 NO. 5

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BUILDING, TUCKER 2603
NINTH AT GRAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANLY P. HALL . . . . . *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART . . . . . *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER . . . . . *Associate Editor*
HOWARD W. WOOKEY . . . . . *Art Director*

CONTENTS

The Editor's Briefs
Concerning the Nature of God 131

Philosophy, Science, and Religion
The Seven Days of Creation 136

A Notable Reprint
The Discipline and Doctrine of Pythagoras 145

Orientalism
Japan 155

Question and Answers 158

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1927, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter February 11, 1927, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

PER COPY, 25c—SIX MONTHS $1.00—ONE YEAR $2.00

FOREIGN, SIX MONTHS $1.15—ONE YEAR $2.25

Do You Know?

That sea shells have been found upon the summit of Mount Blanc, as well as many other high mountains in different parts of the world?

That with the aid of very finely adjusted instruments a tree has at last been induced to sign its own name—or at least "make its mark?"

That during the first half of the last century a French alchemist offered to supply the French National Mint with gold?

That only a small part, if any, of the famous Raphael's *Madonna* was actually painted by Raphael?

That according to the Coptic Christians, the century plant was the first plant to be converted to Christianity?

That Camille Flammarion is supposed to have had in his library a book bound in human skin?

That the nose of the Sphinx was knocked off in the ninth century A. D. by a Mohammedan, who feared that unless he disfigured the image it would lead his people into idolatry?

That there is still a blot of ink on the wall to mark the spot where Martin Luther threw his ink well at the devil?

That the drinking vessels of several European sovereigns of the Middle Ages were believed to have been made from the horns of unicorns?

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Concerning the Nature of God

Realizing that a man's conception of God is his God, let us consider together the mystery of Deity. Remember that it is not really God whom we define—it is merely our own conception of the highest expression of Wisdom, Beauty, and Truth. Col. Robert Ingersoll did not realize the magnitude of his statement which he said, "an honest God is the noblest work of man." Our God must be the God of the 20th century, for we see It through the eyes of our generation. Our God must march with us, sharing our problems or we cannot know It. God is always our God, for we can never realize or understand the God of another man. The Deity is always an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, and omniactive agent, expressing in full the ideals which we express in part, attaining in full that which we attain only in part, and understanding clearly that great mystery called *life* which we understand not at all.

Not so long ago a man said to me, "Do you believe in God?" What he really meant was, "Do you believe in my concept of God?" This man had attended some of our lectures and, hearing us discuss the various religions of the world but not especially emphasize the one with which he was most concerned, came to the conclusion that, like the benighted heathen of old, we were following "false gods" and worshipping "graven images." If this same friend had chanced to see our collection of Javanese gods, Hindu, Japanese, and Chinese Buddhas, Egyptian Osirises, and Chaldean deities, he would have been absolutely certain that we were outside the pale of salvation. This man was sincere, true, honest, and, according to his own light, consistent and well-meaning. But to us his concept of God seemed so pitifully small. It lacked the dignity and serenity of a noble conception; it was puny and hopelessly inadequate; it was the God of a race, a family or a clan; it was not the God of a great universe; it had both friends and enemies; it neglected some and favored others, and was even so small that it descended to the level of human wrangling and petty faultfinding; it didn't like the Chinese and had permitted two-thirds of the world to live in darkness while it fostered a small group of chosen people; it ordered suffering, permitted crime, advocated sacrifice, and fought with men against men upon the field of battle. Therefore we were forced to say to this man, "We do believe in God but not in your God!" And he went away as dissatisfied and fearful as before, firmly convinced that we were not only idolatrous but, since our last statement, pantheistic in that we had affirmed a plurality of Deity.

Meditating upon the question of this sincere individual, "Do you believe in God?", we organized our concepts of Divinity and, having had the same question put to us on another occasion, have decided to present for your consideration the God we have found. Please remember that this is only our God and foolish is that man who follows the Gods of others; each must find his own God for himself and, having found It, build upon that

spot a tabernacle. In ancient days when man found his God, he carved an image of It in wood or stone or molded It in clay. This was a fatal mistake, for the God in clay or stone could not grow, and age after age while the image remained the same the minds of men had grown. Therefore the Gods of our forefathers seem crude to us, for we are not our forefathers. We are the past plus the present and our Gods are the Gods of the present. The Navajo Indian will not make images of his deities, lest he fall into idolatry. When he desires to represent his God, he does so with colored sand and as soon as the image has served his purpose destroys it with a sweep of his hand. Each day the God of the wise man changes as his own wisdom increases, for the wise man realizes that the Supreme One never changes and is always the sum of everything. The mind of man is growing and each day it learns a little more concerning the mystery of being, and as the mind grows the knowledge of God grows. But only the perfect man, complete in every way, full of understanding, unlimited by any shadow of ignorance, can behold the Deity in the full glory and splendor of Its Being. And that man does not live today, nor will he exist until the endless milleniums of time bring the human race back again into the living presence of its Divine Source.

We conceive God to be an eternally-existing Principle: unborn—therefore incapable of death; uncreated—therefore incapable of dissolution. The most appropriate designation of this Principle is the *Good*. The full and unconditioned state of *Good* is the *Absolute,* beside which there is nothing else and outside of which there is no existence. All things are created out of the substance of the one and eternal *Good;* therefore are themselves part of the *Good,* partaking of the immortality of the *Good,* subsisting upon the nature of the *Good,* and at dissolution returning again into the perfect nature of the *Good*. The *Good* is both the source and ultimate of all existence, and the highest form of *Good* is the knowledge and understanding of the true condition of *Good*. As the *Good* is eternal, so all creatures composed of It and subsisting upon It are, like itself, eternal, indestructible, and incorruptible. The only ignorance is the ignorance of the *Good,* and death can only exist in that mind which has not yet discovered its fundamental oneness with the eternal and never-changing *Good*.

We conceive God to be One and incapable of division, for although a multiplicity of manifestations apparently diversified are perpetually manifesting within Its nature, It remains the sum of all Its parts and members. To man the universe appears as *unity* in *diversity,* but to the One the universe is *diversity* in *unity*. God being the Only Cause of all manifestation and expression, it must naturally follow that all manifestation and expression is *Good*. Therefore equality is established by the common benignity of cause. Difference may, and does, exist in the material sphere, this difference being based upon the proximity of manifestation to its own cause. That which is closest to cause unconsciously is youngest; that which is closest to cause consciously is oldest. Youth is proximity to beginning; age, proximity to end. But as beginning and end are one, age excels youth only in terms of understanding.

We conceive God to be One manifesting through a multiplicity, the foundation of that multiplicity being the threefold nature of the One. All the attributes of power cognizable by man may be reduced to three. These three are therefore termed the Trinity, or three persons of the Godhead.

The three persons are not the One, for the One cannot be divided, but are rather expressions of the One. When the One expresses Will, it is termed the *Father,* because the Will is the first after the One. When the One expresses Wisdom, it is called the *Son,* for it is the second after the One. When the One expresses Activity, it is called the *Holy Spirit,* for it is the third after the One. All three are in the One, are potentialities of the One, and are called the faces, or attributes, of the eternal and unconditioned One. The One by Its Will created the heavens; by Its Activity, the lower worlds; and by Its Wisdom It bound them together that they should be one even as It is One. Therefore the height of wisdom is the recognition of the One, for wisdom binds the parts together and man calls heaven the *Father* God and the lower worlds Mother Nature. Man places himself between the above and the below, for the wisdom of God is in his soul and his duty is to reconcile the above and the below, uniting them within himself.

We conceive God to manifest Itself through a multiplicity of powers emanating from the three, and this multiplicity we denominate the *Gods*. Thus we establish pantheism in monotheism, with monotheism supreme. The parts of the One are the *Gods;* the One formed of the parts is the *God*. The Gods are an illustrious chain of graduated divinities, uniting cause with effect. These divinities are merely the intelligent attributes of the One Intelligence. Man himself is *a* God but not *the* God, for man is a part but God is the sum of the parts. The Divinity in man is God and therefore worthy of libation and offering. How much more so then the greater divinities who partake in greater degree of Divinity! God is all of man, but man is not all of God. Therefore the part is inferior to the whole to the same degree that it is less than the whole, yet all are ultimately One and ultimately inseparable.

We conceive God to exist in all creatures in accordance with the individual comprehension of the creature. In other words, Divinity is present to the degree that it is recognized. The more of God man finds, the more of God is present in him. All growth is the process of increasing capacity to cognize *Good* and to apply the newly-cognized power to the problem of existence. Therefore all creatures, animate and inanimate, are ensouled by the *Good* and their power is commensurate with the expression which they are capable of giving to the *Good*. The grain of sand contains the *Good,* for it is a unit of the Absolute Life. But man considers the grain of sand inferior to himself inasmuch as it manifests the *Good* in a lesser degree than he. The planets are individual intelligences, being unfoldments of the Divine Life on a level greatly superior to that of man. For this reason the planets are denominated *Gods,* they having so greatly unfolded the Divine Power within themselves that they are capable of controlling not only animate forms like those of man but also of furnishing environments for races and species inferior to themselves. These races and species then offer libations to the unit of power which gives them the opportunity for individual expression. The result is the worship of the planetary Gods. But while these tutelary deities are honored, the intelligent worshipper is in reality making offering to the Absolute and Eternal One, for it is the presence of this Absolute and Eternal Power in the constitution of the tutelary deity that is the true cause of its existence.

We conceive God to be absolutely impersonal, for being a universal and

all-pervading essence It is within the nature of every creature and substance, regardless of whether we term that creature or substance *good* or *bad*. This point is well illustrated by an ancient Eastern fable. Once there was a Hindu mendicant who was told that God was in everything. So, walking down the street, he said to himself, "God is in the dog, God is in the tree, God is in all things. Therefore nothing can hurt me." A few moments later an elephant ambled down the street, but the Hindu mendicant made no effort to avoid the animal, because he believed that God was in the elephant and therefore it would not hurt him. The man on the elephant's head cried out a warning, but the holy man did not heed it. The elephant, reaching him, twisted his trunk around his body and threw the amazed devotee over a nearby fence. Returning to his Master, the sorely injured Hindu complained that although he had affirmed God to be in everything, the elephant had cruelly injured him. After hearing the details of the story, the aged sage replied, "You did well, my son, save in one particular: You failed to hear the voice of God in the warning of the elephant-driver!" We cannot conceive of a God less universal than the universe itself. You will remember the story of the flattered king who to silence the meaningless babbling of his courtiers ordered his throne to be set up on the sea shore, declaring that if he were—as his nobles affirmed—greater than God, he would order the tide not to come in and wet his feet. He quickly demonstrated, however, that the tide knew no master among men. The God we worship must be as great, at least, as the tide which through the ages follows its predestined course. We can worship no anthropomorphic deity controlling the universe as fretfully and inconsistently as King James ruled England. God is infinite power, grand enough to whirl uncounted universes through milleniums inconceivable yet minute enough to evolve with endless consistency the tiniest forms of microscopic life. This God has no time for religious wranglings and creedal dissensions. The immutable laws of Nature are Its ministers. He who serves the *Good* is rewarded by that harmony which must exist between the Principle and Its servant. He who departs from the way of the *Good* suffers not from the jealousy of God or the revenge of an irritated Deity, but rather his suffering is caused by the very act of departing from the way of the *Good*. What matters it the faith a man belongs to if he serve the *Good,* or what does it profit him if he serve the *evil?* When all substances and creatures are of the nature of God, then all words used to describe them are synonyms of God. Consequently, what matters it what God be called? It is the understanding of *Good*—and not the name applied to it—which constitutes true reverence and veneration.

We conceive the three primary attributes of God to be the three fundamental paths also by which Deity may be approached. Therefore man may know God by will, by wisdom or by action. For man, *action* means service, and he who serves God will realize that no one can long serve his master without gaining a knowledge of the one he serves. God is revealed to Its servants by their very services, and he who is in doubt as to what to do to glorify his Creator can never go wrong if he dedicates his life to constructive and humanitarian labor. By *wisdom* man is enabled to glimpse in part the Divinity of his Maker, for wisdom organizes effects until the cause of those effects is hypothetically estimated. The wise man knows God because he alone realizes how necessary God is. The world could get along very

(*Continued on Page 156*)

PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE & RELIGION

The Seven Days of Creation

By MANLY P. HALL

Science and theology are widely at variance on the subject of the Creation Myth. The scientist is surrounded by ample evidence that all things grow slowly and naturally from a seed or germ containing potentially all of the parts and members which issue forth from it. The scientist firmly maintains that "nothing from nothing comes," whereas the theologian as emphatically declares that in the beginning there was "nothing" and from it came "everything!" When the enthusiastic clergyman announces that God reached out His right hand and made the sun and, grasping a handful of space with His left hand, molded it into the moon, the scientist is on the verge of nervous prostration.

In the first place, the prosaic man of letters has not the same conception of God as that which Michelangelo visualized while ornamenting the Sistine Chapel. Science refuses to take seriously the theological concept that God is a man, being convinced that if there were such a gigantic being floating around in space juggling constellations, the Mt. Wilson telescope would have discovered him ere this. On the other hand the theologian is sorely distressed lest the soul of the savant earn for itself a brimstone pit as the retribution for its heresies. "God is spirit," announces the minister confidently. "What is spirit?" thunders back the scientist. "There is no use discussing it with you," replies the theologian, "you are not in the right frame of mind." "God is energy," proclaims the savant, a profoundly wise look upon his face. "What is energy?" retorts the minister. "That's a point that has been bothering us," answers the scientist complacently, "but we are making rapid progress towards the discovery of its constituents."

After carefully measuring the whale's throat, science announces that it was physically impossible for Jonah to have passed through it, and further investigation also has demonstrated that no whales are to be found in that part of the world. Experts in hygiene, after due consideration, announce that sanitary conditions on the Ark left much to be desired and that to ventilate a structure containing from two to seven of every known creature with one window less than two feet square was setting a very bad example for the younger generation. The natural history expert then proclaims that if the Ark landed on Mt. Ararat, the original snails haven't reached home yet.

While such statements may seem utterly ridiculous, they are the greatest single cause why hundreds of thousands of persons are leaving the Christian churches annually. They explain the vast number of agnostics and atheists among the younger people, for the juvenile mind, if not mature, is at least too logical in its function to ignore such religious absurdities. We still occasionally hear the term "old-time religion," and desperate efforts have been made to convince the modern world that this form of faith has a practical value. Such efforts have proved decidedly unsuccessful. In olden times

it was possible to force people to declare allegiance to something they did not believe or accept. Possibly the "persuasive" measures used at that time had something to do with the alarcity with which people saw the error of their ways. We no longer live, however, in those good old days when people were converted with the thumbscrew and the fires of their zeal kept brightly burning by visions of a torture chamber.

With the passing of physical torture as a method of demonstrating the love of God, there followed a period of mental torture. The thumbscrew gave place to the bogey of hell and the individual who for one reason or another was late to prayer meeting or missed communion was paralyzed with fear for the safety of is immortal soul. The day of the hell-fire and damnation sermonizing, when little children left church with ashen faces and trembling lips and strong men feared the dark, has also passed away except in a few outlying districts. These are the elements of the old-time religion: God was an autocrat, a tyrant, a despot; man a serf, who must enter the presence of His Maker groveling and dissembling piety.

The day that man fears His God is over. It may be true that now he fears nothing and consequently goes to excess in evil. Yet fear and love cannot exist together in the same heart. He who fears God does not love Him; he who loves God cannot fear Him. So there is coming into the world a new-time religion, which is nothing more nor less than a DEFENSE OF THE DEITY. Righteous men and women are rising up, declaring, "We know not who God is but something within our own souls tells us that He or It is God, impartial, just, true, and filled with mercy. Whereas in the past man's God was handed to him, man is now going forth in quest of a God, in search of a Deity noble and exalted enough to be a true ideal and an eternal inspiration. Thus, while the old-time religion may be defined as an acceptance of a man-made God, the new-time religion is a search for an eternally-existing Deity in no way subject to the limitations of human consciousness.

Where shall man search for a knowledge of His God? There are three places he may look: in his own heart, in his world, and in his sacred books. There was once a man who entered a temple to pray to his God and the priest of the temple came forward to receive his homage. And the man said to the priest, "Whose house is this?" and the priest answered, "This is the house of God." And the man who had come to pray turned to the priest, saying in a stern voice, "Then out of my way, MAN!"

God's dwelling is the heart of man; God's dwelling is His world. This is the doom of the church, for the wise man knows that every house is a church, every home an altar, every creature a shrine, and he himself a priest ordained since the beginning of the world.

The 20th century man and woman has reached a point in mental unfoldment which enables him or her to consider, with at least reasonable intelligence, the problem of individual salvation. The ever-increasing knowledge possessed by the race as a mass is also a great factor in man's growth. Excavations are bringing to light more complete records of the ancient world and gradually it is dawning upon the individual that the faith which he is serving is not properly understood—that he has been following vain superstitions and soulless illusions. He discovers that his Christianity is not the Christianity of the first century of the Christian Era. He realizes that he has been the victim of a great deceit; that the doctrines he has received were

not those which would liberate him from the bondage of ignorance but rather false dogmas which would involve him ever more deeply in dependence.

Some day the religions of the world will be separated from the excrescences of superstition and their true purport revealed to humanity. The Scriptures are far greater than the interpretations given to them. They are ancient things, these Holy Books, and they have been preserved from generation to generation for uncounted thousands of years. Each nation has bequeathed to its successor a legacy of sacred writings and philosophic lore. The Scriptures constituting the King James' Bible have been gathered from every part of the world, from the very pagan nations to which it is shipped back in carloads for purposes of their "conversion." Do you realize that in nine cases out of ten the missionary who converts a pagan to the Bible is merely teaching him his own pagan cult under a new name? The missionary in India does not realize that his own Bible contains much Hindu mysticism. If he did, his mortification would know no bounds.

One of the most curious doctrines set forth in the Old Testment is that of the seven creative days described in the opening chapter of Genesis. It has been a never-failing source of amazement to me how it is possible for Christian ministers to discourse upon the opening verses of Genesis year after year, generation after generation, and never discover that they have misinterpreted and mistranslated the entire volume. Yet probably within the radius of a few miles may be found Hebrew scholars belonging to the Jewish faith who could in a very few moments show the Christian minister that he hadn't the faintest idea of the Creation Myth in the true light of Judaism. Jewish scholars know that the Christians have little or no comprehension whatsoever of the philosophical profundity of the Old Testment. Yet for centuries eminent divines have waxed eloquent on this most important subject, of which they nothing know.

In the same category with the Creation Myth is that endless source of ecclesiastical uneasiness—the Adam and Eve episode. For several hundred million years according to science and about four thousand years according to theology, this old planet has been struggling along attempting "to live down" the fatal mistake of our first and common parents who chanced to partake of a certain piece of fruit which all modern dietitians declare to be a most nutritious product especially if eaten in the forenoon. For this offense all humanity is supposed to pass through its mortal span with a hangdog look ever mindful that the sins of its ancestors were grievous indeed!

While we cannot blame the agnostic for shunning a cult which seriously affirms that the salvation of billions of human beings can be endangered by an apple, we believe that a sincere investigation of the meaning of these ancient allegories as preserved in their original tongues would prove both profitable and inspiring and also supply material for the most profound reflection. There is a meaning to these ancient stories, a meaning unconsidered, yes unsuspected, by the great masses who year after year have accepted the inane explanations advanced by minds wholly disqualified to interpret their hidden meanings.

If we would interpret aright the allegories and parables of our Scriptures, we must turn to the source of those allegories and parables, namely the Jewish faith. But here again we are confronted with an almost insurmountable difficulty, for the Jew of today has forgotten his own philosophy and his

race. Having mingled itself with all the peoples of the earth, he has lost its sublime heritage of spiritual ethics. Most Jews today are satisfied with the Talmud and the scholars among their people are chiefly concerned with interpreting the religious code therein contained. While the Rabbis may understand in part the *Tora,* or the body of the law, they have ceased to consider those more mystical writings that reveal the true spirit of Judaism. Ignorant of the profundity of the subject, all too many of the younger Rabbis find it easier to ridicule than to learn. Therefore concerning himself with modern psychology, he seeks to supplant the secret doctrine of Israel with modernism—an almost meaningless and totally inadequate spiritual code.

Centuries of intercourse with adherents of other creeds and doctrines have had their effect upon the Jew. Especially does this appear to be true today, for it is very apparent that the Jew is assuming much of the culture and philosophy of Christendom. We lament this tendency, for while undobtedly an ever-increasing understanding between these two great religions will result in good, we fear that it may cause the Jewish scholar to interpret his own archaic lore more and more in the light of the absurdities advanced by Christian divines, thus making it ever more difficult to discover the true meaning of these ancient doctrines.

The *Mishna* and the *Qabbalah* are the keys to true Jewish mysticism, and the *Sepher Yetzirah* and the *Sepher ha Zohar* when properly interpreted reveal the very essence of the original Rabbinical knowledge. Like all other great faiths, Judaism is twofold, its lesser part to be revealed to the many and its greater part concealed from all but the few. The same is true in Christianity. That part which we have so long revered is really chaff, for we have not learned as yet to thresh our doctrines as we do our grain. Remembering that Scriptures have always been written to conceal rather than to reveal, let us briefly sketch over the Creation Myth of the ancients in the light of the Qabbalistic teachings of the Hebrews and the secret doctrine of the Brahmins and the Greeks. Before doing so let me warn you that the order of the verses in the first chapter of Genesis is incorrect and not according to the original meaning; that many of the words are improperly translated and consequently must not be accepted as having any meaning like that now assigned to them. A few examples will clarify the subject. The first chapter of Genesis in Hebrew reads: ALEIM BRA BRAChIT AT EChIM UAT EARTz. This has been interpreted to mean "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," but from it may be extracted the following more amplified description: "The Forces, or Makers, of the world carved, or sculptured, as a beginning of existence the substances of the celestial firmament and the starry heaven and the substances of the lower, or arid, earth." Again where it is written that the ALEIM made man in their own image, it should be interpreted "in their shadow." Of course, the gravest error by far is that of interpreting ALEIM as meaning "God." In fact, the word "God" itself is a poorly chosen term with which to designate Divinity. The ALEIM are the ancient "Builders," the "Fabricators" of the world. They are not one but many, and they move or "brood" upon the face of unfinished being. Again where it is written that "the earth was without form and void," the word "void" should be translated "an egg, or ovoid," for it signifies the Egg of Kosmos which the Egyptian deities are so often shown turning upon a potter's wheel.

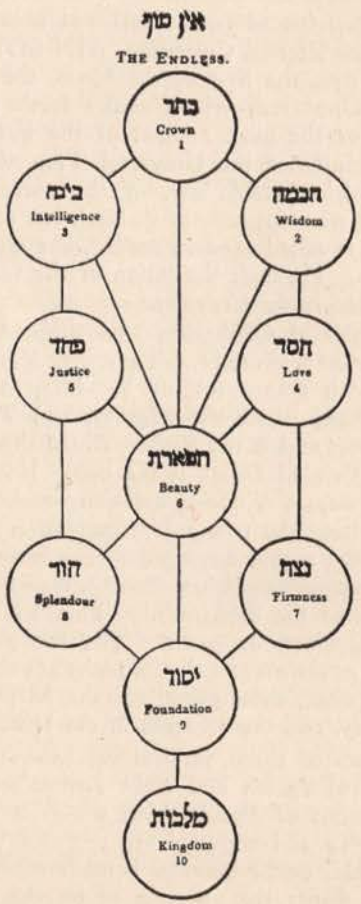
According to the ancient Hebrews, in the beginning there was a complete and unconditioned state of eternal existence which stretched throughout and permeated the entire area of Being. This first and unconditioned potentiality they denominated AIN, or the Boundless. This Boundless and Limitless Existence, while actually indescribable, was hypothetically divided into three parts: AIN, the ALL; AIN SOPH, the Limitless One; and AIN SOPH AUR, the Limitless Light. These three together as one constituted THE ABSOLUTE. To define it was to defile it. It was the sure foundation of all existence and the universe was an inverted tree with its roots in the ALL and its branches descending through the different gradations of existence. To AIN SOPH the ancient Qabbalists gave many names in an effort to dignify it and exalt it above all creatures and forms. Its symbol was a closed eye, and it in no way partook of existence other than to contribute its eternal life to be the spirit of existing things.

Qabbalism is a doctrine of emanations and according to its exponents there emanated from the Eternal Condition, AIN SOPH, a bright and shining point—the Open Eye, the first of the Gods, the Ancient of Days, the Eternal Crown, the One from whom comes forth the many. This was denominated *Kether,* or the most ancient of the Fathers. In *Kether,* the Universal Seed, was contained the Universal Tree, which evolved out of it according to a fixed and immutable law. *Kether* corresponds to the "Father" in the Christian Triad who not only gives birth out of Himself to the Great Mother, *Aima,* which is called *Understanding,* but also to the Great Father, *Abba,* called *Wisdom.* Through the union of the Great Father and Great Mother is produced the Child—*Creation.*

The various schools of Qabbalism have different methods of evolving the first triad out of AIN SOPH. To some, *Kether* is the Father and *Binah* the Mother, with *Chochmah,* or Wisdom, as the Son. To others, *Chochmah* is the Father,, *Binah* the Mother, and *Tiphereth* the Son. To still a third group, *Chochmah* is the Father, *Binah* the Mother, and a mysterious hypothetical point called *Daath* is the Son. However the division may be effected, there is always a triune foundation consisting of Three revealing the One, thus establishing the triangular foundation of the world. At this point please consider the accompanying diagram which sets forth the principles of Creation according to what the Qabbalists call "The Universal Tree," or "The Tree of the Sephiroth." This Tree consists of ten globes joined together by 22 lines, or paths. The ten globes represent the ten numbers from 1 to 10 as shown and the 22 paths are the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Taken together, these constitute the 32 paths of wisdom, the 32 degrees of Freemasonry, and the 32 teeth in the Divine Head.

The Tree consists of three vertical columns, those on the right and left being the pillars of *Jachin* and *Boaz* respectively, and the one in the center the sacred column of *Equilibrium,* which is dedicated to the Deity Himself. Thus positive and negative are revealed with equilibrium in the midst, and the true order of the universe is made manifest. Like the Pythagoreans, the Hebrews depict the universe as issuing in ten stages from the Absolute, these stages being shown as globes upon the branches of the Sephirothic Tree. This great Tree descends through four worlds and finally in the lowest consists of the ten divisions of the sidereal system in the following order:

No.	*The Sephiroth*	*The Universe*
1	Kether—The Crown	Primum Mobile
2	Chochmah—Wisdom	The Zodiac
3	Binah—Understanding	Saturn
4	Chesed—Mercy	Jupiter
5	Geburah—Severity	Mars
6	Tiphereth—Beauty	Sun
7	Netsah—Victory	Venus
8	Hod—Glory	Mercury
9	Jesod—The Foundation	Moon
10	Malchuth—The Kingdom	Elements



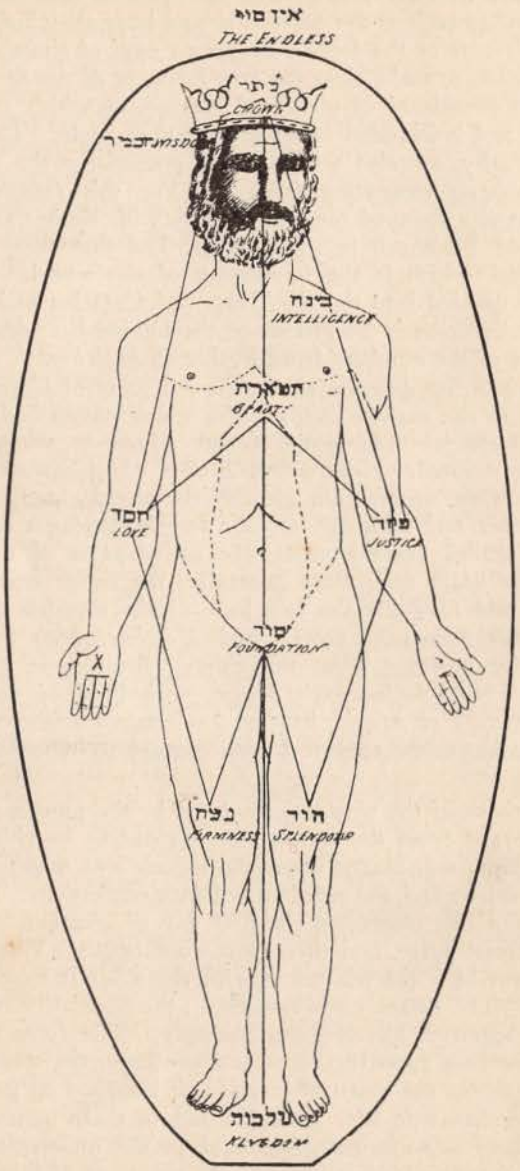
The Tree of the Sephiroth

To each of these spheres or globes the Hebrews assigned one of the ten great Names of God, one of the ten archangels, one of the ten angelic powers, one of the ten parts of the sidereal world, and one of the ten demons of the underworld. They also divided the Ten Commandments, assigning a Commandment to each of the Sephiroth, and later the Christian Qabbalists assigned a tenth part of the Lord's Prayer to each of these globes. At this time it is important to make clear the true meaning of the Sephirothic globes. They are to be considered as planes of Nature, of which each includes all less than itself and is included in all greater than itself. Thus, Kether, the first globe, actually contains within itself potentially the energies of the nine inferior spheres emanating from it. For this reason the Sephiroth are often shown as a series of concentric rings, with Kether at the outer edge of the circle and Malchuth in the center. The first three Sephiroth constitute the Triad, which is the foundation of the world. The remaining seven parts are divided into the six "Days" of Creation and the "Sabbath" of rest. Thus, Creation is the process of the Divine Life descending according to the order of the numbers from *Kether* to *Malchuth*.

The accompanying diagram shows the ten parts of Creation—the Sephiroth—assigned to the various sections of a great human body. The human figure is the Celestial Adam—the Great Man—in whose "image" the human man was created. Here we see *Kether*, the Crown, representing the spiritual center of the upper brain, possibly the pineal gland. *Chochmah* and *Binah*—the Father and Mother—are the two hemispheres of the cerebrum. *Chesed* and *Geburah* are the arms—the active parts of the Great Man. *Tiphereth* is the heart and, more generally, the entire trunk of the great body. *Netsah* and *Hod* are the two legs, or the supports of the universe. *Jesod* is the male generative power, and *Malchuth* both the feet and the female generative power. Thus the Cosmic Androgyne is in reality the Grand Man of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, with head of gold and feet of clay. In his *History of Magic*, Eliphas Levi thus describes the Creation of the world according to the ancient Jewish concept as embodied in the *Sepher ha Zohar:*

"That synthesis of the world, formulated by the human figure, ascended slowly and emerged from the water, like the sun in its rising. When the eyes appeared, light was made; when the mouth was manifested, there was the creation of spirits and the word passed into expression. The entire head was revealed, and this completed the first day of creation. The shoulders, the arms, the breast arose, and thereupon work began. With one hand the Divine Image put back the sea, while with the other it raised up continents and mountains. The Image grew and grew; the generative organs appeared, and all beings began to increase and multiply. The form stood at length erect, having one foot upon the earth and one upon the waters. Beholding itself at full length in the ocean of creation, it breathed on its own reflection and called its likeness into life. It said: Let us make man—and thus man was made. There is nothing so beautiful in the masterpiece of any poet as this vision of creation accomplished by the prototype of humanity. Hereby is man but the shadow of a shadow, and yet he is the image of divine power. He also can stretch forth his hands from East to West; to him is the earth given as a dominion. Such is Adam Kadmon, the primordial Adam of the Kabalists. Such is the sense in which he is depicted as a giant; and this is why Swedenborg, haunted in his dreams by reminiscences of the Kabalah,

says that entire creation is only a titanic man and that we are made in the image of the universe."



Thus the incarnation of the Grand Man results in the creation of environments suitable for the unfoldment of the multitudes of life potencies which in their sum constitute the Universal Being. In the secret teachings of the Zohar the Sephirothic Tree is divided into five distinct

parts. The terms applied to these parts are quite familiar to students of philosophy and comparative religion, but few understand their exact meaning. In the Zohar, *Kether,* the Crown, which is literally the objectification of AIN SOPH, the Limitless and Eternal Being, is called *Macroprosophus*—the Great Face, the Long Face, or the Immense Countenance. Many chapters are devoted to a minute description of the parts of the Great Face. It is described as having no eyelids, for the "God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." Its hair and beard are divided into a vast number of parts and its brain is filled with the divine dew. From its mouth issue the sacred letters and numbers by which the universe is established, and its power is without limit. The second of the five primary divisions is *Chochmah, Abba,* the Father, the term applied in the Qabbalah to the principle of Wisdom, a positive emanating power, flowing forth into the third division, *Binah,* or *Aima,* the Mother, termed in the *Zohar* Understanding. The fourth division is *Microprosophus,* the Short Face, the Lesser Face, the Smaller Countenance. This is the composed of the six Sephiroth—*Chesed, Geburah, Tiphereth, Netsah, Hod* and *Jesod*—and is commonly called *Zauir Anpin,* or the Lesser. Adam, whereas *Macroprosophus* is designed *Arikh Anpin,* or the Superior Adam. The Lesser Face, consisting of six parts, is appropriately symbolized by a cub, which body consists of six surfaces. It is also the double interlaced triangles of Zion, the signet seal of Solomon. It represents the cardinal directions, north, east, south, west, up, and down, and the evolution of life through its globes constitutes the six Days of Creation. The tenth sphere—*Malchuth*—constitutes the fifth division and its designation is "The Bride of *Microprosophus.*" *Malchuth* is composed of the four elements, and being the physical sphere, is an epitome of all the divine planes which are involved in its existence. It is the foundation, or the feet, of the world and is the sphere alluded to in the Lord's Prayer where it is written, "For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory."

According to both the Greek and Hermetic schools as well as that of the Hebrew Qabbalists, the spirit of man, entering into the mystery of birth, descended through the supermundane spheres from the birthplace of souls—the Milky Way, or the sphere of the fixed stars. The ladder used in the Mithraic initiations signifies by its seven rungs the spheres of the seven planets which, according to the ancients, constituted the sidereal world. In coming into physical manifestation, the soul first reached the sphere of Saturn. Here the Governor of the Saturnian ring gave man a divine principle, in fact a certain part of the power of Saturn actually entered into the composition of man. From the ring of Saturn the soul descended to that of Jupiter, where it was further clothed. From the sphere of Jupiter it descended into that of Mars, where a third garment or veil was given to it. From Mars it descended into the sun, where the light and intelligence of the divine globe was imparted to the descending soul. From the sphere of the sun the soul descended to that of Venus, where the fifth veil was cast over it. From here it descended to the sphere of Mercury, where it was invested with the sixth veil. From Mercury it descended to the sphere of the moon, where the seventh veil was added, and from there it descended into the earth, bringing with it the septenary constitution imparted to it by the Governors of the supermundane spheres.

In the various schools the order of the planets differs somewhat, but in every case the principle involved is the same. The seven Days of Crea-

tion are not "days" or "years," but are the seven stages through which the soul must pass in order to reach perfection. The spirit of man, stripped of its vehicles and the bequests of the Governors, is a radiant spiritual center of power and force. The Lord of the first ring imparts its power and the spirit of man becomes limited by the vestments with which it is enswathed. These vestments become its invisible bodies and when it assumes material form they are the causal forces which result in certain peculiarities in the physical constitution and nature.

In the evolution of this physical globe the Lord of the first ring gave to the spirits of the earth chain the bodies of stones, and this constituted "the first Day." Then the Lord of the second ring gave the mineral the power of growth and it became a plant, and this constituted "the second Day." Then the Lord of the third ring gave to the plant the power of motion and emotion, and it became an animal, and this constituted "the third Day." Then the Lord of the fourth ring—the golden globe of the sun—gave to the animal the power of thought and the animal became a man, and this constituted "the fourth Day." In the fifth "Day" the fifth Lord will give to man a new and spiritualized faculty which will make him a superman, a true *Ben-Aleim,* and on the sixth "Day" the Lord of the sixth ring will also bestow his gift, and the superman will then become what to us must appear a demigod. Upon the seventh "Day" the seventh power will be added, but it is called a "Day of rest," because the power is not a new faculty but rather the gift of coordination, wherein all the parts are brought under the control of one divine power—the spiritual Ego.

One of the subtlest shades of meaning concealed within the above description of the involving soul is that the nature of man serves as a point for the incarnation of the Lords of the rings of the various planets. In other words, the powers and faculties with which man expresses himself are in reality the energies or hierarchies constituting the septenary body of the Solar Lord. Therefore man is not one but seven in one. Of this seven three are primary and four secondary. The three primary are the invisible or causal nature and the four secondary are the visible or reflective nature. The seven powers represented by the lower seven Sephiroth are the colors of the spectrum, the three primary being the superior and the four secondary the inferior. The three primary powers have their musical analogy in the first, third and fifth notes, and the four secondary powers in the remaining notes of the octave.

From the above a glimpse may be obtained of the real involvements to be met with in a study of the Old Testment: Thousands of pages of Qabbalistical writings must be culled, and the legends and allegories of a score of nations must be fitted together if the Biblical student is really to gain an understanding of the documents given to him out of antiquity.

A Notable Reprint

The Discipline and Doctrine of Pythagoras

From "The History of Philosophy," Thomas Stanley, London, 1687

The great Authority and Esteem of Pythagoras amongst his Disciples

Pythagoras, to render his Disciples capable of Philosophy, prepared them by a Discipline so strict and severe, as might seem incredible to have been undergone by free persons, were it not founded upon the great authority and reputation which he had amongst them.

The Credit of their Opinions they conceived to be this, That he who first communicated them was no ordinary Person, but a God; and one of these Acousmata is, Who Pythagoras was: for they say, He was *Hyperborean Apollo.* In confirmation hereof, they instance those Wonders related in his Life, and the like, which being acknowledged to be true, and it being impossible they should all be performed by one Man, they conceive it manifest, that these relations are to be ascribed not to a Human Person but to something above Mankind. This they acknowledge; for amongst them there is a saying, That,

Two-footed Man, and Bird
Is, and another Third.

by which Third they meant Pythagoras. And Aristotle, in his Book of Pythagorick Philosophy, relates, That such a Division as this was preserved by the Pythagoreans amongst their ineffable secrets. Of Rational Animals, one kind is God; another, Man; a third between both these, Pythagoras.

They esteemed Pythagoras in the next place to the Gods, as some good Genius indulgent to Mankind: some affirming that he was *Pythian;* others, *Hyperborean Apollo;* some, one of those *Genii* which dwell in the Moon; others, one of the Celestial Deities, appearing at that time in a human shape, for the benefit and direction of Mortal Life, that he might communicate the wholesome illuminations of Beatitude and Philosophy to Mortal Nature; than which, a greater good can never come, nor shall ever come, which is given by the Gods through the means of this Pythagoras. Whence to this day the Proverb of the fair-haired *Samian* is used for a most reverend person.

Porphyry saith, They reckoned him amongst the Gods; and, therefore, whensoever they went to deliver to others any excellent thing, out of the secrets of his Philosophy, whence many Physical Conclusions might be deduced, then they swore by the *Tetractys,* and calling Pythagoras, as some God, to witness, said,

Who the Tetractys to our Souls expressed,
Eternal Nature's Fountain I attest.

Which Oath they used, as forbearing, through Reverence, to name him; for they were very sparing in using the Name of any God.

So great indeed was the respect they bare him, That it was not lawful for any one to doubt of what he said, nor to question him further concerning it; but they did acquiesce in all things that he delivered, as if they were

Oracles. And when he went abroad to cities, it was reported, He went not to teach, but to cure.

Hence it came to pass, That when they asserted anything in dispute, if they were questioned why it was so, they used to answer, He said it, which *He* was Pythagoras. This Hero himself was amongst them the first and greatest of Doctrines, his Judgment being a Reason free from, and above all Examination and Censure.

The Two Sorts of Auditors: and first of the Exoteric, how he Explored them

The Auditors of Pythagoras (such, I mean, as belonged to the family) were of two sorts, *Exoteric* and *Esoteric*: The *Exoterics* were those who were under probation, which if they well performed, they were admitted to be *Esoterics*. For, of those who came to Pythagoras, he admitted not every one, but only those whom he liked: first, upon choice; and next, by trial.

The Pythagoreans are said to have been averse from those who sell learning, and open their souls like the gates of an Inn, to every one that comes to them; and if they find not a vent or sale in this manner, then they run into Cities, and ransack the Gymnasia, and exact a reward from dishonourable persons: Whereas Pythagoras hid much of his speeches; so as they who were purely initiated might plainly understand them. But the rest, as Homer said of Tantalus, grieve, for that being in the midst of learning, they cannot taste of it. Moreover, they said, That they who for hire teach such as come to them, are meaner than Statuaries and Chariot-makers; for, a Statuary, when he would make a Mercury, seeks out some piece of wood fit to receive that form; but these, of every disposition endeavour to make that of Virtue.

When (therefore) any friends came to him, and desired to learn of him, he admitted them not, till he had made trial and judgment of them. First, he enquired, how they did heretofore converse with their parents and friends; next, he observed their unseasonable laughters, and unnecessary silence or discourse. Moreover, what their inclinations were, whether possessed with passion and intemperance, whether prone to anger or unchaste desires, or contentious or ambitious, and how they behaved themselves in contention and friendship. As likewise what friends those were, with whom they were intimate, and their conversation with them, and in whose society they spent the greatest part of the day; likewise upon what occasions they joyed and grieved.

Moreover he considered their presence and their gait, and the whole motion of their body: and, physiognomizing them by the symptoms, he discovered by manifest signs the occult dispositions of their souls. For, he first studied that Science concerning men, thereby discovering of what disposition every one was; neither did he admit any into his friendship and acquaintance, before he had physiognomized the man what he were. This word (saith *Agellius,* upon the same occasion) signifieth to make enquiry into the manners of some, by some kind of conjecture of the wit by the face and countenance, and by the air and habit of the whole body.

If upon exact observation of all these particulars, he found them to be of good dispositions, then he examined whether they had good manners, and were docile; first, whether they could readily and ingeniously follow that which he told them; next, whether they had any love to those things which they heard. For he considered what disposition they were of as to being made gentle; for he accounted roughness an enemy to his way of teaching,

Pythagoras

because it is attended by impatience, intemperance, anger, obtuseness, confusion, dishumour, and the like; but mildness and gentleness by their contraries.

Likewise in making the first trial of them, he considered, whether if they could learn that which they heard, they were able to be silent, and to keep it to themselves.

Purificative Institution by Sufferings

The chiefest scope which Pythagoras proposed was to deliver and free the mind from the engagements and fetters, in which it is confined from her first infancy; without which freedom, none can learn any thing sound or true, nor can perceive by what that which is unsound in sense operates. For, the mind (according to him) seeth all, and heareth all, the rest are deaf and blind.

This he performed by many exercises which he appointed for purification of the mind, and for the probation of such as came to him, which endured five years before they were admitted.

If upon this examination (which we declared) he judged any person capable, he then remitted him three years to be despised, making a test of his constancy and true love to learning, and whether he were sufficiently instructed as to despise glory, to contemn honour, and the like.

He conceived it in general requisite, that they should take much labour and pains, for the acquisition of Arts and Sciences; and to that end he appointed for them some torments of cauterizing and incision to be performed by fire and steel, which none that were of an ill inclination would undergo.

Silence

Moreover, he enjoined those that came to him Silence for five years, making trial how firmly they would behave themselves in the most difficult of all continencies; for such is the government of the tongue, as is manifest from those who have divulged mysteries.

The reason of this Silence was, That the soul might be converted into herself from external things, and from the irrational passions in her, and from the body even unto her own life, which is to live forever. Or, as Clemens Alexandrinus expresseth it, That his disciples, being diverted from sensible things, might seek God with a pure mind. Hence Lucian to the demand, how Pythagoras could reduce men to the remembrance of the things which they had formerly known, (for he held Science to be only Reminiscence) makes him answer, First, by long quiet and silence, speaking nothing for five whole years.

Yet *Agellius* affirms, That he appointed not the same length of silence to all, but several to several persons, according to their particular capacities. And Apuleius, That for the graver sort of persons, this taciturnity was moderated by a shorter space; but the more talkative were punished, as it were, by exile from speech five years.

He who kept silence, heard what was said by others, but was not allowed either to question, if he understood not, or to write down what he heard. None kept silence less than two years. *Agellius* adds, That these within the time of silence and hearing, were called *Acoustici*. But when they had learned these things the most difficult of all, to hold their peace, and to hear, and were now grown learned in silence, then they were allowed to speak, and to question, and to write what they heard, and what they conceived. At this time they were called *Mathematici,* from those Arts which they then began to learn and to meditate. Thus *Agellius,* how rightly, I question; for *Mathematici* and *Acousmatici* were distinctive appellations of the Pythagoreans, not in probation, but after admission, as we shall see hereafter.

Thus Apuleius saith, He taught nothing to his disciples before silence; And with him, the first meditation, for one that meant to be a wise man, was wholly to restrain the tongue of words, those words which the Poets call Winged, to pluck off the fears, and to confine them within the walls of our teeth. This, I say, was the first rudiment of wisdom, to learn to meditate, and to unlearn to talk.

Abstinence, Temperance, and Other Ways of Purification

Moreover, he commanded them to abstain from all things that had life, and from certain other meats also which obstruct the clearness of the understanding, and for the same end (viz. in order to the inquisition and the apprehension of the most difficult Theorems) he likewise commanded them to abstain from wine, to eat little, to sleep little; a careless contempt of honour, riches, and the like; an unfeigned respect towards kindred, sincere equality and kindness towards such as were of the same age, and a propensity to further the younger without envy.

In fine, he procured to his Disciples a conversation with the gods by visions and dreams, which never happen to a soul disturbed with anger or pleasure, or any other unbefitting transportation, or with impurity and a rigid ignorance of all these. He cleansed, and purified the soul divinely from all these, and inkindled the divine part in her, and preserved her, and directed in her that intellectual divine eye which is better, (as *Plato* saith) then a thousand eyes of flesh, for by the help of this only, Truth is apprehended; After this manner he procured purification of the Intellect: And such was his form of Institution as to those things.

Diodorus saith, they had an exercise of temperance after this manner: There being prepared and set before them all sorts of delicate food, they looked upon it a good while, and after that their appetites were fully provoked by the sight thereof, they commanded it to be taken off and given to the servants, they themselves going away without dining; (this they did, saith *Iamblichus*) to punish their appetite.

Community of Estates

In this time, all that they had (that is their whole estate) was made common (put together and made one). They brought forth, saith *Agellius,* whatsoever they had of stock or money, and constituted an inseparable Society, as being that ancient way of association, which truly is termed *Koinobion.* This was given up to such of the Disciples, as were appointed for that purpose, and were called *Politici* and *Oeconomici,* as being persons fit to govern a family, and to give Laws.

This was conformable to the precepts of Pythagoras (as *Timeus* affirms) first, All common amongst friends; and, friendship, equality; and, esteem nothing your own. By this means he exterminated all propriety, and increased community even to their last possessions, as being causes of dissension and trouble; for all things were common amongst them, no man had a propriety to any thing.

But what *Agellius* terms *an inseparable Society,* is to be understood only conditionally, provided that they misliked not at any time this community: for, whosoever did so, *took again his own estate, and more than that which he brought into the community, and departed.*

Admission or Rejection

They who appeared worthy to participate of his doctrines, judging by

their lives and moderation, after their five years' silence, were made *Esoterics*, and were admitted to hear Pythagoras within the Screen, and to see him; but before that time they heard him discourse, being on the outside of the Screen, and not seeing him, giving a long time experiment of their proper manners by Hearing only. But if they were rejected, they received their estate double, and a tomb was made by the Disciples, as if they had been dead; for so all that were about Pythagoras spoke of them, and when they met them, behaved themselves towards them, as if they had been some other persons, but the men themselves they said were dead.

Distinction

Whatsoever he discoursed to those that came to him, he declared either plainly or symbolically (for he had a two-fold form of teaching): and of those who came to him, some were called *Mathematici*, others *Acousmatici*. The *Mathematici* were those who learnt the fuller and more exactly-elaborate reason of Science. The *Acousmatici* they, who heard only the chief heads of learning, without more exact explication.

Thus as there were two kinds of Philosophy, so were there two sorts of those who studied Philosophy. The *Acousmatici* did confess that the *Mathematici* were Pythagoreans; but the *Mathematici* did not acknowledge that the *Acousmatici* were Pythagoreans; for they had their learning, not from Pythagoras, but from *Hippasus;* who, some say, was of *Crotona*, others of *Metapontium*.

The Philosophy of the *Acousmatici* consists of Doctrines without demonstrations and reasons, but that, So it must be done, and the like, which they were to observe as so many Divine Doctrines, and they did esteem those amongst them the wisest, who had most of these *Acousmata*. Now all these *Acousmata* were divided into three kinds; some tell, *what something is;* others tell, *what is most such a thing;* the third sort tell, *what is to be done, and what not*. Those that tell *what a thing is*, are of this kind, *as* What is the Island of the Blessed? The Sun? The Moon? What is the Oracle at *Delphi?* The Tetractys? What is the Music of the Sirens?

Those which tell *what is most*, as, *What is most just? To sacrifice. What is the wisest? Number; and in the next place that which gave names to things. What is the wisest amongst us? Medicine. What the most beautiful? Harmony. What the most powerful? Reason. What the best? Beatitude. What the truest? That men are wicked.* For which (they say) he commended *Hippodamus*, a Poet of *Salamis*, who said,

O Gods! whence are you? How so good? so blest?
O Men! whence are you? How with ill possest?

These and such like are the *Acousmata* of this kind; for every one of these telleth, What is most. The same it is with that which is called the wisdom of the Seven Sages, for they enquired not what is good, but what is most good; not what is difficult, but what is most difficult, which is to know ourselves; not what is facile, but what is most facile, which is the custom of Nations; Those *Acousmata* seem to follow this kind of wisdom, for those Sages were before Pythagoras. The *Acousmata* which tell *what is to be done, or what is not to be done, are thus, As that we ought to beget children, for we must leave behind us such as may serve the Gods in our room; or, that we ought to put off the right shoe first; or, that we ought not to go in the common Road*, and the like. Such were the *Acousmata;* but those which have most said upon them, are *concerning sacrifices*, at what times, and after what

manner they are to be performed, and *concerning removal* from our place of habitation, and concerning *Sepulture*, how we must bury the Dead, for some whereof there is a *reason* given. As, that *we ought to get children, that we may leave in our room another servant of the Gods.* But of others there is no reason; and, in some, that which follows the precept seems to be allied to the words, but in others is wholly distant, as, *that we ought not to break bread, because it conduceth to judgment in Hell.* But the reasons that are applied to these, are not Pythagorean, but given by some other who studied Pythagorean Learning, endeavouring to apply some probable conjecture to them; As of the last mentioned, That Bread is not to be broken; some say, He who gathers together, ought not to dissolve. For anciently all Friends used after a barbarous manner to meet at one Loaf; others, That you must not give so bad an omen, as, when you are going about any thing, to break it off.

But there was one *Hippomedon*, an *Agrimean*, a Pythagorean of the Acousmatic rank, who said, That Pythagoras gave reasons and demonstrations of all these things; but because they were delivered by Tradition through many, and those still growing more idle, that the Reasons were taken away, and the Problems only left. Now the Mathematical Pythagoreans grant all this to be true, but the occasion of the difference they say was this: Pythagoras went from Iona, and Samus, in the time of Policrates' reign, to Italy, which was then in a flourishing condition, where the chiefest persons of the cities became conversant with him. To the most ancient of these, and such as had least leisure, (because they were taken up with public employments, so that it would be very hard for them to learn Mathematics and Demonstrations) he discoursed barely, conceiving it did nothing less advantage them, even without the causes, to know what they had to do: as Patients, not enquiring why such things are prescribed them, nevertheless obtain health. But to the younger, who were able to act and learn, he imparted by Demonstrations and Mathematics. The *Mathematici* professed that they came from these; the *Acousmatici*, from the others, chiefly from *Hippasus*, who was one of the Pythagoreans. But because he published (their doctrine) and first wrote of the Sphere of twelve Pentagons, he died in the Sea as an impious person, not obtaining the fame at which he aimed.

How They Disposed the Day

We shall next speak concerning those things which he taught them in the day; for, according to his directions, thus did they who were taught by him. These men performed their morning walks by themselves, and in such places where they might be exceeding quiet and retired, where were Temples, and Groves, and other delightful places; for they thought it was not fit they should speak with any one, till they had first composed their Souls, and fitted their intellect, and that such quiet was requisite for the composure of their intellect; for, as soon as they arose, to intrude among the people, they thought a tumultuous thing. Therefore, all the Pythagoreans ever made choice of the most sacred places.

After their morning walk, they came to one another, chiefly in the Temples, or in some such places. They made use of these times for doctrines and disciplines, and rectification of their manners.

After they had studied a while, they went to their morning exercises; the greater part used to anoint themselves, and run races; the fewer, to wrestle in Orchards and in Groves; some, by throwing sledges, or by grappling hands, to make trial of their strength; choosing such exercises as they judged most convenient for them.

At Dinner they used Bread and Honey. Wine after meals they drunk not. The time after Dinner they employed in Political affairs, as well foreign as domestic, according to the injunction of their Laws; for they endeavoured to manage every thing in the afternoons. As soon as the evening came, they betook themselves again, not singly, as in their morning walks, but two or three walked together, repeating the Doctrines they had learnt, and exercising themselves in virtuous employments. After their walks, they used baths and washing; having washed, they met together to eat; but they did not eat together more than ten persons. As soon as they who were to come together were met, they used libations, and sacrifices of meal and frankincense. Then they went to supper, that they might end it before the Sun were set. They used Wine, and Maza, and Bread, and Broth, and Herbs, both raw and boiled: they likewise set before them the flesh of such beasts as used to be sacrificed. They seldom eat broths of fish, because some of them are, in some respects, very hurtful; likewise (seldom) the flesh of such creatures as use not to hurt mankind. After Supper, they offered libations, then had lectures. Their custom was, that the youngest amongst them should read, and the eldest should, as President, order what and how he should read. When they were to depart, he who filled the Wine poured forth to them in libation; and during the libation, the eldest of them declared these things: That none should hurt or kill a domestic plant or fruit; besides, that they should speak well, and think reverently of the gods, dæmons, and heroes; likewise to think well of Parents and Benefactors; to assist Law, and oppose Rebellion. This said, every one departed to his house.

They wore a white and clean garment; they had also coverlets white and clean of linen, for they used not any of skins, because they approved not the exercise of Hunting.

These were the Traditions that were delivered to that society of men, partly concerning diet, (of which hereafter more particularly) partly concerning the course of life.

How They Examined Their Actions Morning and Evening

These and all other actions of the day, they contrived in the morning before they rose, and examined at night before they slept; thus, by a two-fold act, exercising the memory. *They conceived that it was requisite to retain and preserve in memory all which they learnt, and that lessons and doctrines should be so far acquired, as until they are able to remember what they have learnt; for that is it which they ought to know, and bear in mind. For this reason they cherished memory much, and exercised it, and took great care of it; and in learning they gave not over, until they had gotten their lesson perfectly by heart. A* Pythagorean *rose not out of bed, before he had called to mind the actions of the day past, which recollection he performed in this manner: He endeavoured to call to mind what he first, as soon as he rose, either had heard, or given in charge to his servants; and what in the second place, and what in the third, and so on in the same order. And then for his going forth, whom he met first, whom next; and what discourses he had with the first, what with the second, what with the third, and so of the rest; for he endeavoured to repeat in memory all that happened throughout the whole day, in order as it happened: And if at their uprising they had more leisure, then after the same manner they endeavoured to recollect all that happened to them for three days before. Thus they chiefly exercised the memory; for*

they conceived that nothing conduceth more to science, experience, and prudence, than to remember many things.

This was comformable to the institution of *Pythagoras;* for, *He advised to have regard chiefly to two times, that when we went to sleep, and that when we rose from sleep; at each of these we ought to consider, what actions are past, and what to come. Of the past, we ought to require an account of ourselves; of the future, we ought to have a providential care. Wherefore he advised every one to repeat to himself these verses (so soon as he came home, or) before he slept.*

Nor suffer sleep at night to close thine eyes,
Till thrice thy acts that day thou hast o'er-run,
How slipt? what deeds? what duty left undone?

And before they arose, these:

As soon as ere thou wakest, in order lay
The actions to be done that following day.

To this effect *Ausonius* hath a *Pythagorical Acroasis,* as he terms it.

A good wise person, such as hardly one
Of many thousands to Apollo known,
He his own judge strictly himself surveys,
Nor minds the Noble's or the Common's ways:
But, like the world itself, is smooth and round,
In all his polisht frame no blemish found.
He thinks how long Cancer the day extends,
And Capricorn the night: Himself perpends
In a just balance, that no flaw there be,
Nothing exuberant, but that all agree;
Within that all be solid, nothing by
A hollow sound betray vacuity.
Nor suffer sleep to seize his eyes, before
All acts of that long day he hath run o'er;
What things were missed, what done in time, what not;
Why here respect, or reason there forgot;
Why kept the worse opinion? when relieved
A beggar; why with broken passion grieved;
What wished which had been better not desired;
Why profit before honesty required?
If any by some speech or look offended,
Why nature more than discipline attended?
All words and deeds thus searcht from morn to night,
He sorrows for the ill, rewards the right.

Secrecy

Besides the five-year silence of the *Pythagoreans,* whilst they were Exoterics, there was another, termed perpetual or compleat silence, (or secrecy) proper to the Esoterics, not amongst one another, but towards all such as were not of their society.

The principal and most efficacious of their Doctrines they all kept ever amongst themselves, as not to be spoken, with exact *Echemythia* (silence) towards extraneous persons, continuing them unwritten and preserved only by memory to their successors, to whom they delivered them as mysteries of the gods; by which means, nothing of any moment came abroad from them. What had been taught and learnt a long time, was only known within the

walls; and if at any time there were any extraneous, and as I may say, profane persons amongst them, the Men (so commonly were the *Pythagoreans* termed) signified their meaning to one another by Symbols.

Hence *Lysis* reproving *Hipparchus,* for communicating the discourse to uninitiated persons, void of Mathematics and Theory, saith, They report, that you teach Philosophy in public to all that come, which *Pythagoras* would not do, as you, *Hipparchus,* learnt with much pains. But you took no heed after you had tasted (O noble person) the *Sicilian* delicacies, which you ought not to have tasted a second time. If you are changed, I shall rejoice; if not, you are dead to me; for he said, We ought to remember, that it is impious, according to the direction of divine and human exhortations, that the goods of wisdom ought not to be communicated to those, whose soul is not purified so much as in dream. For it is not lawful to bestow on every one that which was acquired with so much labour, nor to reveal the mysteries of the *Eleusian* Goddesses to profane persons; for they who do both these, are alike unjust and irreligious. It is good to consider within ourselves, how much time was employed in taking away the spots that were in our breasts, that after five years we might be made capable of his discourses. For as Dyers first wash and wring out the clothes they intend to dye, that they may take the dye so, as that it can never be washed out, or taken away; in like manner the Divine prepared those who were inclined to Philosophy, lest he might be deceived by those, of whom he hoped that they would prove good and honest. For he used no adulterate learning, nor the nets wherewith many of the Sophists entangle the young men; but he was skilful in things divine and human: whereas they, under the pretence of his Doctrine, do many strange things, inveigling the young men unbeseemingly, and as they meet them, whereby they render their Auditors rough and rash. For they infuse free Theorems and Discourses, into manners that are not free but disordered. As if into a deep Well full of dirt and mire, we should put clear transparent water, it troubles the dirt, and spoils the water: the same is it, as to those who teach and are taught; for, about the minds and hearts of such as are not initiated, there grows thick and tall coverts, which darken all modesty and meekness, and reason, hindering it from increasing there. Hence spring all kinds of ills, growing up, and hindering the reason, and not suffering it to look out. I will first name their mothers, Intemperance and Avarice, both exceeding fruitful. From Intemperance spring up unlawful marriages, lust, and drunkenness, and perdition, and unnatural pleasures, and certain vehement appetites leading to death and ruin; for some have been so violently carried away with pleasures, that they have not refrained from their own mothers and daughters; but violating the Commonwealth, and the Laws, tyrannically imprison men, and carrying about their Stocks violently hurry them to destruction. From Avarice proceed rapines, thefts, parricides, sacrileges, poisonings, and whatsoever is allied to these. It behooves, therefore, first, to cut away the matter wherein these vices are bred, with fire and sword, and all arts of discipline, purifying and freeing the reason from these evils; and then to plant something that is good in it. Thus *Lysis,* Neither is that expression, (If you are not changed, you are dead to me) to be understood simply: for this *Hipparchus,* because he communicated, and publicly set forth by writing, the *Pythagoric* Doctrines, was expelled the School, and a Tomb was made for him, as if he were dead, (according to the custom formerly mentioned). So strict were the *Pythagoreans* in observance of this Secrecy.

Orientalism

Japan

If you were to ask me what nation most perfectly embodies the quality of appreciation, I would answer, Japan. In all the world there is no more appreciative an individual than a Japanese, nor is there a more cultured, gracious, or comprehending person than the Japanese gentlemen. There is a certain quaintness in his nature which is a charming contrast to the brusqueness of the average American. Within the last few months several occurrences have come to my notice which make me feel that the average individual should appreciate more fully the finer qualities of the Japanese people, for we are too prone merely to consider them as rivals for Asiatic trade or as a menace to the white man's supremacy. From all the evidence which we have been able to gather, we find the Japanese a very human as well as a very kindly person. Our first example of this pertains to gratitude. A certain white man took into his home in America a Japanese boy in serious difficulties, assisting this boy to find his way and establish himself in the Western world. Sometime later this white gentleman with his wife visited Japan. In some way the Japanese youth sent word to his own country, and when the benevolent American arrived he was not only treated as a friend but as an honored friend, who for his service to a single member of their race was entitled to the deepest and most profound respect from the entire nation. A banquet was spread in his honor and when the meal was finished a Japanese dignitary arose, holding in his hand a little box of lacquered wood tied with a silken cord. This dignitary made a short speech in which he said that for the kindness which the American had shown to the people of the Japanese race the Mikado of Japan was sincerely grateful and appreciative, and in recognition of his kindly act to the lonely Japanese boy the Mikado took the greatest pleasure in presenting to him the fourth degree of the Order of the Rising Sun and to his wife a solid golden bowl bearing upon its concave surface the royal arms of Japan. The jewel was duly presented.

It seems to me that a nation so thoughtful, so grateful for services rendered, so willing to acknowledge and respect the friendly member of another race must have within it much that is commendable and worthy; that where such a feeling exists it should not be difficult to solve international problems with kindness and friendship.

The second incident was told me by a friend who had lived for many years in Japan and taught in the Japanese schools. There was in Japan a certain American school teacher, an excellent woman with a fine understanding of the Japanese soul. Through her labors a number of Japanese youth had been converted to the Christian faith, and as she had lived many years in the empire numbers of her students had grown to manhood and established themselves in various lines of business. At last after many years

—in fact nearly a lifetime of teaching—the American woman decided to take a vacation in the States, her plans from the time on being somewhat indefinite. Just before her departure one of her pupils, who had long since graduated and entered business, visited her, the substance of his errand being as follows:

"The great service which you rendered me and my fellow countrymen in matters pertaining to education cannot be lightly overlooked. I owe much to you and am very desirous of showing my appreciation for your many favors and great goodness. I am a fairly wealthy man and when you return from your visit to the States, it is my most earnest desire that you will permit me to adopt you as my mother. I will then build for you a home in American style and you shall be the mistress of that home. I shall support you all the rest of your life and shall consider you in exactly the same light and with the same reverence and love that I would my own mother."

This might seem an isolated incident, for it would certainly be very rare that any American school child would feel so deep a regard of his instructor that they would want to support her for the rest of their lives. My friend assures me, however—and he is a man of absolute integrity—that this school teacher received several such offers from different students on the eve of her departure and that this practice is not uncommon among the Japanese people, who seemingly can never completely repay a favor, if that favor be done without ulterior motive.

A third incident which I would like to relate is an effort recently made by the Japanese to assist a certain American city to secure a better understanding of Japanese life and Japanese problems. In order to improve the understanding between the two countries, a certain Japanese corporation is sending each year two of the public school teachers of the American city to Japan, paying the entire expense of their trip and sojourn there. By such courtesies they hope to bring home to the people of the American city the nearness and friendliness of the Japanese nation.—M. P. H.

Editorial

(*Continued from Page 134*)

well without the God that most men worship, but the wise man's God is the very mechanism of the universe. The wise man's God is the fuel, the machine, and the product all in one. By *will* the Mysteries accomplish the union of man with his Divine Source, for will is the divine urge to accomplishment, and once that urge is awakened the ultimate result is certain, though untold ages may intervene.

We conceive God to be without the human concept of revenge. We believe in no vengeful God, for upon what can It wreak vengeance but upon Itself? If there be a hell, it also must be part of God, and what true man or woman can conceive a Deity within whose nature an Inferno can exist? Hell is the condition of ignorance and can only exist in the soul that has never found the *Universal Good*. Heaven is light and he who dwells in the light dwells in the consciousness of *Good* and is immortal. There is no mortality except for those who believe in death. There is no immortality save that which man discovers when he recognizes his unity with his Creator. The universe is life. Life thrills through every part of it. Life pulsates through every atom of it. Life stretches out boundlessly before everything.

Yet in the midst of all this pulsating life, man believes that he can die. There is no death but ignorance; there is no life but wisdom. But wisdom is supreme; therefore life is supreme. Among the ancient peoples there were some who believed that *good* and *evil* were eternally-existing principles which should combat themselves forever. This conception is founded upon man's limitations of sense perception. Seeing what he believes to be evil, man therefore assumes that which he believes to be true, failing to realize that his narrow-sightedness has caused him to perceive only an infinitesimal part of a plan which, could he comprehend it all, would reveal its absolute goodness.

We conceive God to be the inward parts of all beings and things and that, having this divine all-powerful potentiality within, each one may accomplish any worthy motive which inspires him. The Divinity within man means infinite capacity, but only through ages of growth and development may he bring to flower these divine potentialities within himself. The Divinity within man is a seed that is sown in the ground of his material nature. Whether this seed shall blossom forth depends upon the quality of the soil (his body) and the presence of sunlight (his mind), for without water (the body) and fire (the mind) the seed of the spirit cannot grow. Therefore it must remain through the ages awaiting an environment suitable for its expression. You will remember the grains of wheat found clasped in the mummified hand of an Egyptian Pharaoh. After 5,000 years they were planted and produced a harvest. Like these grains of wheat is the spiritual Self in man which, though it lies long in the tomb, will bring forth its kind in abundant harvest when planted in the proper soil.

So we believe in a God of infinite power, unlimited by mortal concept, unimpeded by the limitations of human fancy; a God in all, of all, through all; a common parent, a common father, and a common urge to accomplishment. We believe ourselves to be part of that Supreme One, sharing a common birthright of immortality and omnipotence. We believe all temples to be Its house, all hearts Its shrine, all hands Its hands, all ideals Its ideals, all dreams Its dreams, and all accomplishment unity with Itself.

Man

To the eye of vulgar Logic, says he, what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches.

To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those woolrags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colors and Forms, as it were, swathed-in, and inextricably overshrouded: yet it is sky-woven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities?—Sartor Resartus.

Questions & answers

Q. Where is the line of demarkation between knowledge which may be sold and knowledge which must be given? H. S.

A. Webster defines knowledge as "familiarity gained by actual experience." Accepting this definition, it becomes evident that knowledge cannot be sold but must be acquired first-hand by actual intimacy or association with the subject concerning which knowledge is desired. In the last analysis, all arts and crafts are divine and any knowledge an individual may secure concerning them is divine knowledge. We are, for fortunately or unfortunately, living in a material civilization in which the dollar is supreme. Monetary reward is the only incentive left to man for excellence and man now struggles to acquire the almighty dollar with all the zeal with which he once labored to attain a worthy name. In Greece and Rome philosophers were crowned with laurel wreath and their writings were upon every man's tongue, whereas in America in the 20th century philosophers are few and the laurel wreaths are reserved for prizefighters and football players. The question sometimes arises whether we would have more philosophers if we encouraged them a little more heartily with financial support. Why should a great thinker with a message needed by the whole world be forced, Homer-like, to wander from town to town, begging his bread and reciting his poems for a pittance to pay for shelter? When Homer died all Greece laid claim to him and erected monuments to his honor. If the money expended to do him post-mortem homage had been lavished upon him during life, it would have contributed much to his material comfort. Nations are taxed for roads and various improvements to the community. Each individual land owner also contributes to the support of his public schools, his penal institutions, his orphanages, and his homes for the decrepit. In this way he shares with others the common responsibilities of the state and enjoys thereby the common conveniences thus secured. Is not a great mind, however, the most precious possession of the state? Is a philosopher not a school wherein education is dispensed? Is a great philosopher not a public park contributing to the health and beauty of the community? Therefore, should not the poet, the musician, the artist, the philosopher, and the writer, who all contribute so vastly to the finer side of human nature, be maintained by the state in a position of dignity befitting the excellence of their intellect? Certain Central European countries have established national funds for the furtherance of scientific and artistic pursuits. Thus the poor inventor may secure the facilities necessary to perfect his idea, and the impoverished musician maintain himself in food and clothing while he pursues the study of his art.

Generally speaking, the creative thinker or idealist is a failure in the commercial world. Therefore, there is a general belief that to think is to be impractical. An inventor seldom profits by his invention; the poet receives little remuneration for his efforts; and composers like Franz Schubert secure but a few cents for masterpieces. If genius will prostitute itself and

descend to the level of a "jazz" crazed age, it may become financially successful. If not, it goes threadbare and lives in hall bedrooms.

From earliest times it has been considered sacrilegious to sell religion or to place a price upon those sacred arts and sciences which the gods have given to mankind that it might regain its lost estate. Sacred knowledge is the highest form of knowledge and no one capable of commercializing it is capable of possessing it. Therefore, in the last analysis, it is never sold, because the seller cannot deliver the goods. To tell something to a man is not to give him knowledge. Knowledge cannot be communicated from one person to another. All that one man can reveal to another is the existence of knowledge, for each one discovering that knowledge does exist must search for it in his own way and discover it at the cost of individual labor. As well say "For a $1.25 I will digest your dinner" as to say "I will sell you knowledge." You may sell a man food but he must digest it for himself. You may sell a man facts but he does not *know* them until through a gradual process requiring the active agency of his own reason he incorporates, through repeated experimentation and experience, these facts into his own nature.

The world is filled with people who have nothing and desire to share it with somebody. It also contains a great number who, knowing nothing, deal out their ignorance at so much per measure. The only reason why the business is successful is that the intellience of the buyer is on a par with that of the merchant. It has been my own experience that the majority of so-called eminent teachers of things spiritual have no knowledge of any kind concerning the subjects they profess to teach. Many of them have come to me and admitted frankly that they were absolutely without a foundation, that they did not know which way to turn and were themselves in the very midst of an apparently hopeless religious, philosophical, and ethical dilemma. Yet these same individuals go forth into the world, posing as teachers and charging anywhere from a few dollars to several hundred for their precious information. Such misrepresentatives as these are the outstanding cause for the disrepute into which the so-called superphysical doctrines have fallen. From a purely commercial standpoint, such individuals masquerading under the guise of teachers of philosophy, psychology, and metaphysics are as guilty of fraud as the man who circulates bogus oil stock or holds up a bank late at night.

Religion is the single hope of the race and to the extent it becomes commercialized, the world's greatest ethical influence is weakened. Yet the churches are gradually transforming themselves into vaudeville shows with county fairs in the basement. The majority of people, being unable to differentiate between the church and the religion for which it stands, have come to the conclusion that religion encourages commercialization. This viewpoint is incorrect and he who attempts to sell salvation is establishing a dangerous precedent. Knowledge and integrity must be achieved and he who attempts to impart them for any consideration other than that of individual virtue and integrity prostitutes the sacred sciences. If salvation could be bought and sold, all the rich would be in heaven and the poor in hell, but fortunately there is a coin of the realm superior to gold. Spiritual merchandise must be bought with a spiritual coin and the name of that coin is INDIVIDUAL WORTH.

Q. Does Cervantes' *Don Quioxote* contain any philosophical or mystical symbolism? If so, please give an outline of it. Anon.

A. *Don Quioxote* is now one of the books included in those ascribed to Sir Francis Bacon or at least the Secret Society which he represented. If this link be established, the volume may very possibly contain profound and occult material, especially relating to the Rosicrucian controversy. *Don Quioxote* has long been considered as a volume written for the purpose of ridiculing the knight-errantry of the Middle Ages. It is one of the great masterpieces of literature and contains a vast amount of good common sense concealed in the ludicrous situations in which *Don Quioxote* and his faithful *Sancho Panza* are so often involved. The simplest and most direct lesson that the volume contains, in my estimation, is that of the hopelessness of attempting to live in any generation other than one's own.

Service: Our Motto

L. A. Undertaking Company

JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY

2517 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Symbolic Outline for the Classification of Knowledge

Shows relation of Science, Philosophy, Religion and the Arts to the Mystery Schools.

Send 12c in Stamps
Address Harry S. Gerhart
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles

Funeral Directors
REED BROTHERS CO.
MYRON W. REED FRANK E. GEIGER
JOHN W. TAPLEY

Careful preparation of the body by any method desired.

WEstmore 5151
PRIVATE AMBULANCE
721 W. Washington St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The **Aquarian Book Shop**

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display
Room Number 202
358 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Manly P. Hall is presenting the following series of lectures in San Francisco, from September 8th to 30th inclusive, 8:00 P.M.:

Hidden Chapters of History

Sept. 8th—The King of Kings.
" 9th—Pages from the Unwritten History of the United States.
" 10th—Comte de St. Germain.

The Secret Doctrine of Israel

Sept. 11th—The Keynote of Ancient Jewish Philosophy.
" 12th—The Mystery of the Ten Commandments.
" 13th—The Grand Man of the Zohar.

Greek Superphysics

Sept. 14th—The Platonic Solution to the Mystery of Life.
" 15th—The "Musical Medicine" of Pythagoras.
" 16th—Three Keys to the Riddle of Existence.

The Philosophies of India

Sept. 17th—The Ten Incarnations of Vishnu.
" 18th—The Four Ages of the World.
" 19th—The Jewels of Buddhism.

Christian Mysticism

Sept. 20th—The Creative Trinity.
" 21st—The Myth of the Dying God.
" 22nd—Pagan Origins of Christian Symbolism.

Egyptian Esotericism

Sept. 23rd—The Vision of Hermes—the Problem of Universal Mind.
" 25th—A New Lecture on the Great Pyramid.
" 26th—The Theory of Universal Education.

Concerning the Nature of Man

Sept. 27th—The Lotus Lords.
" 28th—Turning the Wheel of the Law.
" 29th—Opening the Gate of the Gods.
Sept. 30th—An Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Scottish Rite Auditorium
Sutter at Van Ness

Would the Ancient Wisdom Solve Modern Problems?

The preeminence of any civilization is only to be demonstrated by the excellence of its products. Antiquity has demonstrated the superiority of its culture by giving to the world minds of such overwhelming greatness, souls of such beatific vision, lives of such outstanding impeccability that even after the lapse of ages their teachings constitute the spiritual, intellectual and ethical standards of the race.

Did that divine knowledge which constituted the supreme possession of the ancient priestcrafts survive the destruction of the pagan temples? Is it still accessible to mankind today or does it lie buried beneath the rubbish of ages entomed within the very sanctuaries which were once illuminated by its splendor?

Everything points to the fact that the Initiates of Greece, Egypt and other ancient countries possessed the correct answers to the great religious, philosophic, economic, scientific, and ethical problems which in an unsolved condition confront the humanity of the twentieth century.

The essence of this great Wisdom was concealed in symbol and allegory, to the unveiling of which Mr. Manly P. Hall's forthcoming work on Symbolical Philosophy is dedicated, explaining over 2,000 symbols and containing a 10,000 word digestive index.

For further information concerning this remarkable work, write—

The Hall Publishing Company

801 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

THE ALL SEEING EYE

Being a Monthly Magazine which is published in Los Angeles on the Fifteenth day of every month edited by Manly P. Hall and devoted to the Search for the Fundamental Verities Existing in the Educational Systems Religions and Philosophies of All Ages

OCTOBER MCMXXVII

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Volume IV, consisting of these last six months May, June, July, August, September and October. New fresh copies, bound in blue cloth, gold stamped.

$1.50 Postpaid

Your own copies bound—$1.00, Postpaid.
Send in your copies with full name and address.

Address all orders to

THE ALL-SEEING EYE
Room 301, Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth and Grand

During Mr. Hall's absence the following special addresses will be presented. You are cordially invited.

Sept. 11—C. F. Holland, "The Living Universe."
Mrs. Max Heindal, "Am I My Brothers' Keeper?"
Sept. 18—Edward Langley, "The Psychology of Moving Pictures."
Dr. Frederick W. Roman, "Can We Consciously Build Another World?"
Sept. 25—Dr. Sanford Emmons Bell, "The Philosopher's Stone."
Lal Chand Mehra, "Mussolini or Gandhi—(Force or Love) Which?"

Books by Manly P. Hall

An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism —3 color prints	$4.00
The Lost Keys of Masonry	2.00
The Ways of the Lonely Ones	2.00
Shadow Forms (Stories of the Orient)	2.00
Thirty-Eight Thousand Miles of Impressions	1.00
Talk to Students	.50
Evolution	.50
The Hermetic Marriage	.50
Unseen Forces	.50
Occult Anatomy	.50
Melchizedek and the Mystery of Fire	.50
What the Ancient Wisdom Expects of Its Disciples	.50
The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah	.50

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
301 Trinity Auditorium Building Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. IV OCTOBER, 1927 NO. 6

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BUILDING, TUCKER 2603
NINTH AT GRAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANLY P. HALL . . . . . *Editor*
HARRY S. GERHART . . . . . *Managing Editor*
MAUD F. GALIGHER . . . . . *Associate Editor*
HOWARD W. WOOKEY . . . . . *Art Director*

CONTENTS

The Editor's Briefs
Building Statelier Mansions 163

Philosophy, Science and Religion
Zoroaster and the Worship of Fire 171

A Notable Reprint
Vocabulary of Occult Terms 176

Questions and Answers 188

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1927, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter February 11, 1927, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

PER COPY, 25c—SIX MONTHS $1.00—ONE YEAR $2.00
FOREIGN, SIX MONTHS $1.15—ONE YEAR $2.25

Even Huxley, the grand patron of science, was forced to admit that there were three questions for which he could find no answer. He even went so far as to declare that in his estimation they would never be answered. The first queston was "What is life?", the second, "What is intelligence?", and the third, "What is force?" Did Huxley realize that his *life, intelligence,* and *force* constitute the fundamental Trinity of all religious doctrines and that long before modern civilization was dreamed of the sages of the prehistoric world had affirmed this Trinity to be the Unknowable Source of the manifested universe?

But let us take these three "unknowables" of science and study them in the light of the Ancient Wisdom, keeping in mind the olden adage that the universe is erected upon a triangular base and that everywhere in Nature are to be found examples of these fundamental triads.

The subject of the triad is magnificently set forth in the famous Bembine Table of Isis, in which 45 main figures are grouped into 15 triads representing the fundamental manifestations of all the varied natural laws. In the Chaldean oracles the Deity is repeatedly referred to as a triad or a triple flame. By the famous Hermetic *law of analogy* we see that in the last analysis man consists of a fundamental trinity of *life, intelligence,* and *force*. The center of life is the spirit, the center of intelligence the mind, and the center of force the body. If modern science but knew, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost of Christian theology are merely the personifications of these unknown but universal principles.

Life is the *Universal Creator,* intelligence the *Universal Preserver,* and force the *Universal Destroyer*. While a definite description of these principles is impossible, their manifestations are everywhere discernible. Integration is continually taking place. It is followed by a period of manifestation that, in turn, is succeeded by a process of disintegration which analogically must result in subsequent reintegration. If the ancient Greeks chose to call universal force *Jupiter* and its disintegrative quality *Pluto,* then the modern scientific world should feel less inclined to regard the Hellenic philosophers as uncouth barbarians. Nor would we, if we exemplified the true spirit of religious tolerance, call the Hindus idolaters because they personify universal intelligence in the form of Vishnu.

As the life of the individual naturally divides itself into a series of periods—called in the Shakesperian plays the "seven ages of man"—so the history of the human race may be divided into a number of epochs. These epochs the Greeks designated as the *golden age,* the *silver age,* the *bronze age,* and the *iron age*. Recognizing that the life of a race—like the life of man—has but one period of adolescence, one great author has termed the civilization of ancient Greece the adolescent period in the life of philosophy.

It is difficult for us to visualize a civilization in which everyone was well educated according to the standards of the times. We assuredly cannot claim such a condition even here in America, which probably enjoys the most liberal educational facilities of the modern world. Yet in Greece there was a *golden age* of culture when the poorest man understood the divine sciences of geometry and trigonometry, and the lowliest laborer could stand up and recite the poetic masterpieces of Hesiod and Homer.

We therefore must not be amazed by the assertion that ancient Greece did the world's heavy thinking, for she produced more philosophers and educators than any other nation of antiquity. In Greek culture we find the

most perfect expression of symmetry, the most tangible proof of this perfect balance being the surpassing physical beauty of the Greek people. That ideal which either an individual or a nation strives for over an extended period of time at last becomes a material reality. The Greeks assiduously cultivated the æsthetic arts. They emphasized rhythmic thinking and harmonious living, built graceful and inspiring buildngs, and gradually the beauty with which they surrounded themselves thus became the dominant keyword of their entire civilization.

Certain localities are peculiarly adapted to certain undertakings. For example, there is a small area near Stuttgart, in Germany, where it is easier to write books of a philosophical nature than any other spot on the face of the earth. This is the answer to the reason for Greek supremacy in philosophy and ethics. A foreigner with only a mediocre mind who came and settled in Greece would find that there he could think clearer and his thoughts be more logical. Philosophy and logic were in the air and so permeated the entire fabric of Greek life that it was impossible not to express them. To some degree, at least, the spirit of commercialism has a similar hold upon modern civilization. Our so-called "captains of industry" are as truly the products of an attitude common to the race as were Plato and Aristotle the products of their ethical environment.

It is therefore a mistake to assume that knowledge is either primitive or obsolete because it is old. Even in our day we have made no marked advance over the standards of ancient Greece and Egypt in those arts and sciences dependent upon abstract thinking, for from the time of the Roman Empire philosophy began to deteriorate, commerce and conquest obsessed the mind of man, and for over 2,000 years we have labored to erect a civilization which is practically devoid of the true elements of culture.

Today we are confronted with a vast number of problems, most of them requiring a far greater knowledge of the fundamental principles of life than that possessed by the average individual. The mind of man is groping through a world of selfishness and materiality in the vain search for an intelligible solution to the riddle of human existence.

For thousands of years theology has advanced dogmatic and arbitrary explanations but has failed to convince that something in the soul of man which persists in recognizing those rational elements ignored by religion. Atheism is rampant in the land; every day creedal theology is losing more of its devotees; materialism augmented by the findings of science is spreading like wildfire through the world. Man has lost faith in the God of the church and, knowing no other God, is attempting to maintain a universe without a Creator and to prove that the wisdom of the universe is based upon a thought which is not the product of a Thinker.

By way of contrasting ancient ideals with our own, let us imagine that one of the great minds of antiquity has been transplanted from his civilization to ours. He is totally unaware of modern methods of thought or systems of culture, but seeing about him conditions and problems similar to those of his own civilization, he attempts to solve them by the culture and ethics of his time. As country roads are no longer available, we seat ourselves on a curbstone and thus discuss the vital issues of this generation:

"O illustrious sage, does this civilization with all its turmoil and excitement, with its endless rushing hither and thither amaze you, or did you foresee it in your dreams when you lived in Athens 2,500 years ago?"

"My son, all these strange sights, while of great interest, do not amaze me, for I recognize in each of your strange inventions and curious practices the projection of some principle or law first taught by us in our ancient schools. The world in which you live is merely an objectification of the mind with which you think. This confusion which I see about me is but the natural offspring of that confusion within yourselves. The bustling crowds and noisy clatter of your streets tells me that the calm and peace of ancient days no longer abides within your souls. Your ugly, angular buildings piled together represent the heaped-up and disorganized state of your thoughts; your narrow, gloomy streets reflect the rutted channels of your thoughts. The absence of flowers, trees, and birds warns me that you have lost the mystic touch and love of Nature; therefore your entire cultural system is unnatural. You are able to see as much of God as you can of the tiny patch of blue sky hemmed in by your mighty skyscrapers. You are able to see as much of the broad vistas of truth as you can of the hills, the sight of which is shut off by the structures of your hands. I fear that this civilization is not to my liking and that I shall not thrive here. I see too much blasphemy about, for it is blasphemy for man with his puny hands and mind to strive to surpass the works of God by building an unnatural world in the midst of a divine world."

As we sat together on the curbstone a strange sound was wafted to our ears. Someone had just tuned the radio in on a "jazz" band. The venerable philosopher listened for a few moments. A strange look passed over his features.

"By Zeus, what strange discords affect mine ears? This is no Dorian or Phrygian mode! Is it music or is it a battle?" My efforts to explain that it was 20th century dance music caused the sage to nod his head two or three times reflectively. "I might have known it would come, for the ever-increasing acuteness of the nervous system would finally demand such stimuli! But I warn you such sounds as these I hear are sufficient to overthrow a nation. Now I remember that once in Athens a poet composed a lyric such as this and a gathering of the Elders decided that for the good of the community he should be banished from the state and deprived of his rights as a citizen, for the entire ethical structure of a civilization can be overturned by the character of its music and poetry. This very discord which I hear is sufficient in itself to breed war, hate, savagery, discontent, rebellion, revenge, lust, greed, passion, and avarice in the souls of men. I fear we had best move on, lest I myself become contaminated, for already my mental faculties are perturbed."

We walked together for a short time and finally stopped on a busy corner to watch the surging sea of pedestrians of which we were a part. The seer stroked his long beard as he watched the sight. "Is this a normal concourse of the populace or is some great philosopher in the city?" he asked. "Oh," I answered, "it is only Monday with the usual white goods sales in the downtown store basements." "It is, indeed, a rare opportunity," he replied, "to be alive at this day and behold so much confusion over matters of so little moment. If I should have told this in the lyceum at Sparta they would have ridiculed me from my seat. But the day is very warm and the crowd oppresses me. Let us go where we may sit and rest and where it will be more cool."

We immediately suggested a local theater and, accompanied by the seer, secured reasonably good seats for the matinee. After watching the performance for a short time with a very bored air, the philosopher finally turned to me and asked the question, "Which poet is going to recite this afternoon?" We assured him that no one would attend a theater to hear poetry in the 20th century, and—what was more—there were very few good poets! "It seems incredible," he murmured, "to conceive of a great civilization that does not love poetry. But we must be resigned to the will of the gods. Of course there will be a speech on some important subject. I trust it will be mathematics or astronomy."

It required a lengthy explanation on our part to convince the sage that modern audiences never attend the theater to be educated but solely to be amused. "But," he continued incredulously, "how can intelligent men and women be amused except by education and why should so vast a number gather in a place of worship only to laugh?" "But," we interposed, "this is not a place of worship." "A barbaric people," murmured the philosopher, "that they should divorce the drama from the temple. I fear that I shall never become reconciled to your culture. Let us go hence. Why should I remain and waste my time if no one is going to recite the classics, discourse on the arts and sciences or present a pageantry from the Mysteries?"

We took a taxi and drove out several miles into the country, and finally coming to a secluded and wooded spot which seemed to the liking of the great sage, we dismissed the cab and seated ourselves under some spreading trees. A sigh of relief escaped my companion's lips as he found himself again in an environment more congenial. "In Athens," he began, "it was always customary to gather a short distance from the city and there discourse on the verities of Nature, for it is only when you are close to the earth, the birds, the flowers, and the trees that your heart and soul can comprehend the beauties of the universe. The congestion of the city fills the mind with a false concept of reality. It makes man feel that bustle and confusion are God-ordained when in reality the peace and harmony of the hills represent the true spirit of the Creator. Your world does not seem to realize that man can learn little from man but much from Nature."

"Why is it," we asked, "that man is forced to struggle through all the ages building empires and deserting them, building bodies and dying, dreaming dreams and having them shattered, lifting up only to have all torn down again?" Gazing out into space for a few seconds, the seer replied, "Only the foolish build with those constituents that are perishable, only the ignorant die, and only the foolish dreamer dreams such dreams as can be shattered. It is this way: Man is really two beings—one a divine and perfect creature partaking of the nature and substance of the immortals; the other a human and imperfect creature partaking of the nature and substance of the mortal. These two natures are bound together in one constitution where, by the foolish, they are mistaken for a single individual. The true is that which forever is; the false that which exists only for a time. The divine creature in man is eternal, permanent, and undying. It is unaware of the illusion of birth and death, for it partakes of the immortal nature of the gods. It is a Mt. Olympus far above the clouds and divided from the cognition of the world below by the mist and fog of ignorance. The first step which man must take if he would become wise is to distinguish the real man from

the false, the divine nature from the human, the eternal constitution from the temporal. When he has accomplished this, the true and divine part becomes the master and the human and temporal part the disciple.

"When the sage has torn away the veil that hides the truth from mortal gaze, he is instructed to go forth and teach it to all men. But the first one whom he must convince is his own lower nature—his mortal self. If he can convince his own animal soul that he has found Divinity, has come into a realization of Reality, then he has made his first convert and that first convert will change the beliefs of the entire world. Every man proves that he recognizes the duality of his own nature when he attempts to deceive himself, as many are wont to do, for there are times when the lower nature says, 'I desire to do an ignoble thing, but first of all I must convince myself that there is a reason why I should do it.' So the animal soul argues with the spiritual soul and as the spiritual man manifests but slightly in the lower world, the animal soul usually silences the protests of conscience and does the ignoble deed to gratify its baser nature.

"Since man is composed of both a spiritual and a material nature, it is also necessary that you should realize that these two natures are not evenly distributed. As little of the material constitution is capable of functioning in the spiritual world, so little of the spiritual constitution is capable of manifesting in the material world. At the present stage of man's evolution, the lower nature is nearly five times stronger than the spiritual nature in the material world. For that reason evil apparently flourishes and those who strive to do that which is right are crushed by the preponderance of materiality against them. Time, however, will eventually reverse the situation. Down through the ages the human soul is slowly but surely accumulating an increment of power. It is gradually acquiring a more direct control over its various vehicles, which will result in an increase of virtue and integrity in the world and the ultimate victory and survival of right.

"In ancient Greece we taught that the spiritual development of man depends wholly upon the *quality* of his vehicles. We realized that refinement was merely the process of spiritualizing the body; that gradually the spiritual nature came to dominate the personality, a truth carefully concealed under the allegory of Perseus and Andromeda. Do you realize that as ages pass the nervous system of man becomes more sensitive, that each individual part of the body is being more closely connected with the center of thought and consciousness? Man's sense-perceptions are in their infancy at present. The oldest of them—feeling—is the most highly developed. Therefore we are controlled by our desires rather than by our reason. How few realize that every nerve terminus is not only a potential eye, but also a potential ear, mouth, and olfactory bulb!

"How proud man would be if he fully appreciated his own inherent greatness and, again, how hopelessly insolent and egotistic would he become, for all the powers of the universe lie dormant within him, waiting like tiny seeds for the time to germinate and grow into the mighty monarchs of the forest. But century after century, like some blind mole, humanity burrows into its hills or it raises gloomy cities and battles with the segments of itself, alternately playing the roles of conqueror and conquered. Yet with all its progress and achievement humanity still remains pitifully ignorant

of its own inherent divinity. The years of earthly existence so graciously bestowed by the gods for the attainment of immortality, men and women daily squander in the vain struggle to accumulate *unreal* and *impermanent* treasures such as temporal power and fleeting fame. Twenty-five hundred years ago there were a few who grasped in part, at least, the plan of the gods. Today in your generation I presume the same is true. Nay, it must be so, for truth can never entirely die. But it seems the voices of the wise are not heard in the 20th century as loudly as they were in the days of Alexander.

"But I am weary. For a little while I have assumed the *illusion* of your civilization and these few hours have tired me more than my hundred years in Greece. So I will go back again into my realization of eternal life and there await a generation more kindly disposed towards poets and mathematicians, for I live for but two things: either I must teach or I must learn. All other endeavors and pursuits are useless. Your music frightens me, your civilization oppresses me. As for teaching, a few weeks in your bustling confusion I fear would cause me to forget what little I already know. Therefore I beg to take my leave at this time, for we are in a pleasant spot and I fear if I become enmeshed again in the discords of your civilization I shall go mad before I can escape. Farewell."

The Greek philosopher, having thus disposed of himself, permits us to make a few remarks behind his back. It will take thousands of years for our civilization to reach the ethical pinnacle of the ancient Greeks. It is not improbable that in the centuries to come minds such as Plato and Pythagoras will be honored in their true dignity as the two greatest teachers produced by the Aryan race. The infantile state of man's intelligence today is unable either to appraise the superlative qualities of their intellects or to sound the depths of their erudition. But as the world continues to acquire a broader mental outlook, it will recognize more and more the profound integrity of these illumined souls. Until then we must work patiently, unfolding as sequentially and fully as possible the divine faculties and attributes latent within our own individual natures.

The human mind has a multiplicity of channels for expression. It is capable of interesting itself in a vast number of issues. In some cases it can actually accomplish several separate and distinct labors at one time. Julius Caesar did ten things at once and did them well, and the Comte de St. Germain wrote simultaneously ten verses of poetry with his right hand and ten verses with his left. Not only did he possess the ambidextrous ability to write with both hands but he composed the poetry for both sets of verses while writing them. A young Japanese boy is now giving public demonstrations in this country of his ability to copy articles from a newspaper on the blackboard behind him, writing the words upside down and backwards and at the same time conversing with a number of people, answering such questions as possible methods of squaring the circle and the mathematical establishment of the fourth dimension.

The foregoing illustrations demonstrate the versatility of the human mind and also provoke the question whether the average individual exercises the numerous faculties of his brain in such manner that they will serve him most intelligently. The brain has forty-three different ways of looking at every problem and likewise is capable of handling forty-three separate and distinct subjects at one time. With this vast equipment behind

him, the ordinary man employs only one or two faculties with any degree of success. Too often the average mind of today is the "single track" variety. So limited, however, is man's ability to direct and control his mental processes that concentration upon but a *single* subject is an individual feat rarely met with. The mental vehicle of man is now only in the swaddling clothes stage of its unfoldment. Like the infant, it is powerless to visualize its own latent possibilities.

Those who find thinking an effort and therefore seek to evade mental exercise have a very dismal future to face. It is now being scientifically demonstrated that day by day more involuntary functions are coming under the control of the individual will. This means that some day it will be necessary to digest our food by a conscious mental process; that assimilation will work only when it is ordered to work; and that an absent-minded person may drop dead because he forgot to keep his heart beating! This will be a hard world then for that vast percentage of humanity who just can't keep their minds on the details.

In spite of its persistent efforts to stay "young," the human race, however, is growing up. And with maturity comes responsibility. As time goes on this responsibility will become heavier and heavier. Man is predestined to become an agency of executive power. He was created to rule and the first step in his coming of age is to become ruler of himself.

By the brain the body is controlled and by the spirit the brain is manipulated. Consciousness—the resultant phenomena from this action of spirit upon brain matter—manifests itself as intelligence, and intelligence is that organizing power which not only maintains the structure of Nature but also supplies that inextinguishable urge in every creature for self-completion. The mind is far greater than the brain through which it manifests; the mind contains a storehouse of potentialities which can only become active potencies when given expression through a highly organized and cultured brain.

When a school child has studied arithmetic for forty-five minutes, a certain faculty of the brain has become "tired" and is no longer capable of concentrating successfully upon that particular subject. But this same scholar is actually rested by passing into another schoolroom and studying geography for a similar period of time. A new faculty of the mind is thus brought into action and the change constitutes a rest. In its last analysis, there is really no rest for man. The thing which he calls rest is merely a change, for both mind and body are rejuvenated by variety. The thing we have to do is *work;* the think we love to do is *play*. It is monotony—not labor—that tears tears down the nervous system and leaves the individual on the proverbial "ragged edge."

As you get out the sandpaper to polish up your golf clubs or send your tennis racket down town to be restrung how thankful you are for a little rest—a change—and then ask yourself if it would not be wise to give certain brain centers an occasional vacation.

For example, take John Doe No. 1. He is a botanist and his life has been given to the study and cataloging of the earth's variegated flora. But as time goes on, botany ceases to become a study—it becomes an obsession. Flowers become the Alpha and the Omega of existence. In a world of a thousand beauties, John Doe No. 1 can see but a single wonder—his flowers.

(Continued on Page 186)

PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE & RELIGION

Zoroaster and the Worship of Fire

By MANLY P. HALL

The Prophet of the Parsis is *Zarathustra,* more commonly known as *Zoroaster,* concerning whose life practically nothing is known to the modern member of that faith. It is generally believed that Zoroaster lived between three and four thousand years ago and the religion founded by him exercised a most profound influence over the people of Persia up to the time of the Greek conquest of that country. It then began to wane, but in the first centuries of Christianity it was reestablished and continued a power in the religious world for nearly five hundred years. From that time on the number of its followers steadily decreased, until today it is listed with the minor cults. In various parts of India there are still a number of Parsis, many of them occupying positions of dignity and power. They are particularly numerous in and about Bombay. The Mohammedans destroyed most of their early sacred books and the faith of Islam has to a great extent superseded the Persian cult even in the land of its own genesis.

The original Zoroastrian doctrines were somewhat modified during the first centuries of the Christian Era and a simplified form of the faith under the name of the *Mithraic Mysteries* secured a very strong foothold in the then all-powerful Roman Empire. The *Mithraic* doctrines became extremely popular with the Roman soldiery, great numbers of whom were converted to its principles. The Roman soldiers carried the *Mithraic* faith with them in their wars of conquest and as a result a great part of Europe accepted the teachings expounded by the *Mithraic* priests. Even today remnants of *Mithraic* carvings may be found in England, France, Germany, and Italy.

While the *Mysteries of Mithras* did not contain the full philosophy of the Zoroastrians, its power lay in its simplicity. The initiation rituals were given in the catacombs and subterranean chapels under the City of Rome, which in a few years came to serve as the first meeting-places of the persecuted Christians. So influential did the rite of *Mithras* become that at least one Emperor of Rome was initiated into it.

It is impossible in the 20th century A. D. to form any adequate comprehension of the original Zoroastrian belief. It is not even possible to describe the founder of that cult. There is one picture supposedly of Zoroaster, a copy of which is reproduced herewith. The original is a rock carving, the face mutilated beyond recognition. Although this is generally accepted as a likeness of the Magus, there is a reasonable doubt as to its authenticity and those best equipped to pass an opinion on the subject hazard the guess that the sculpturing was intended as a representation of *Ahura-Mazda,* the Persian *Principle of Good*... The face may have been destroyed either by a zealous Zoroastrian, for the members of this faith are strongly

Zoroaster

opposed to idolatry, or it may have been mutilated by the Mohammedans.

Most accounts agree that Zoroaster was born of an immaculate conception. His father in performing his religious ceremonial drank the sacred *Homa* juice, which is the same as the *Soma* of the Hindus. As a result, his wife conceived a child. The occurrence was accompanied by supernatural manifestations and other strong experiences. The king of the country, becoming alarmed lest the celestially-conceived child should ultimately usurp his throne, made several efforts to kill the infant, but these were frustrated by the intercession of Divine Being. According to some accounts, the father of Zoroaster was in reality a supernatural being, a great Fire Spirit. Those affirming this theory regard the sacred Zoroastrian fire as a symbol of the father of the Magus. The king's jealousy and the attempts of that monarch to destroy the infant prophet parallel the account of the Nativities of both Jesus and Krishna. Like Jesus, Zoroaster began his public ministry at his thirtieth year. He first converted the king to his faith, the courtiers naturally followed their monarch, and in a comparatively short time the entire nation had accepted the creed. One of the legends concerning the life of Zoroaster asserts that he spent 20 years in fasting and meditation in the Persian deserts, practically his only food during that time being a certain sacred cheese which never grew old or moldy. At one time he is supposed to have lived upon a sacred mountain, which was surrounded always by a ring of flames. Through these flames the Prophet could pass without danger of being burned, but if others attempted to follow him they were immediately consumed. The sacred Scriptures of the Parsis mention three sons and three daughters of Zoroaster, but whether these were actually historical personages or merely allegorical figures cannot be ascertained.

The manner of the Prophet's death is also a great mystery. According to one account, he was killed by a weapon hurled at him while at prayer by an envious and wicked noble. This allegory further relates that before dying the mortally wounded Magus threw his rosary at the noble, who was killed by the string of beads as though they had been a bolt from heaven. The most popular story concerning the death of Zoroaster is to the effect that he was destroyed by a bolt of lighting descending from the constellation of Orion. Some believe the sheet of flame which descended and consumed him was the fiery body of his father who, gathering up the mortal remains of his illustrious son, bore them into the heavens.

The Zoroastrian theology is dualism in monotheism. It was established to combat the prevailing pantheism which Zoroaster believed was endangering the spiritual well-being of his people. Zoroaster taught that the one Supreme Nature was divisible into two parts. The first of these parts was the Spirit of Good, popularly termed *Ahura-Mazda.* The second was the Spirit of Evil, designated *Ahriman.* In the beginning both *Ahriman* and *Ahura-Mazda* were radiant spiritual beings, partaking equally of the effulgency of their common Father—the One Eternal Light. But *Ahriman,* being possessed of pride and jealousy, rebelled against his brother and, hurling himself downward from the mouth of light, created for himself a great darkness in which he dwelt with his angels, who became the spirits of darkness. In the darkness which he had created the perverse spirit, or *adversary,* brooded moodily for many ages. Here he set up his kingdom of dark spirits. In the meantime *Ahura-Mazda,* who had remained true and beautiful and was consequently a glorious light being, proceeded to establish a beautiful

universe according to the will of the Infinite Creator. As soon as the light appeared in the sphere of darkness, *Ahriman* and his legions attacked it, attempting to thwart the plan of divine progress. *Ahriman* realized that ultimately the light of *Ahura-Mazda* would destroy all the darkness he had created and then the perverted genius, being unable to dwell in the light, would be compelled to submit himself to the radiant will of his brother.

Whenever *Ahura-Mazda* created a beautiful sphere or a perfect creature, *Ahriman* incorporated into the creation the spirit of negation and perverseness. For every good thing which *Ahura-Mazda* did *Ahriman* fashioned an evil shadow. So an eternal warfare existed between the light and the darkness. As long as shadow existed, *Ahriman* could remain a rebellious spirit, but when the last shadow was dispersed by the light, then *Ahriman* must admit himself defeated and acknowledge the light to be stronger than the darkness. There is no doubt that the Persian concept of the anthropomorphic deity was accepted by the early Christians and incorporated by them into their faith, for the *devil* of Christianity is the perverse spirit of the Persian *Ahriman*. *Ahriman* is that something of darkness which resides in the nature of everything and which led the disciple to declare that when he would do good, evil was ever near him. The theory of God and the devil contending for the soul of man is nowhere more clearly brought out than in the ancient Persian Mysteries. Yet though the war waged, it was always evident that *Ahura-Mazda* would finally conquer, for he was armed with the power and glory of the One Deity, by whose orders he was establishing creation.

Thus when *Ahura-Mazda* created man, *Ahriman* also entered into the composite constitution of man, contributing his lower and irrational self. He who sins, therefore, increases the shadow and thereby lengthens the existence of *Ahriman,* while he who does virtuous acts radiates light and truth and hastens the day when *Ahura-Mazda* will redeem the entire world from darkness. In the *Mithraic* form of Zoroastrianism, a third element is introduced which serves as the *mediator* between *Ahura-Mazda* and *Ahriman*. This *mediator* is *Mithras,* the Persian Christ, who was brought into being to hasten the reconciliation of the light and the darkness. *Mithras,* likewise, is born of an immaculate conception and, even as Jesus, his place of birth was a grotto, or stable. The Christian God-man—the Christ—is a composite of *Mithras, Orpheus,* and *Serapis*. From *Mithras* comes the concept of the resurrected Lord, who after three days in the tomb rolls away the stone and redeems His world. From the sad-faced Serapis, with his long hair and curls upon his shoulders, the Christians borrowed their *Man of Sorrows,* and from the radiant *Orpheus,* their concept of the *Son of God*.

Mithras, the *mediator,* became the most powerful deity of the Zoroastrian faith. Unlike the strict monotheism of the first followers of Zoroaster, the devotees of *Mithras* made many and varied reproductions of their deity and also of *Kronos,* the lion-headed god of time. *Mithras* evidently signifies the human mind, *Ahura-Mazda* the human spirit, and *Ahriman* the human body. The light of the mind dispels the darkness of ignorance, and mankind thus illumined recognizes and adores its divine Creator.

The Zoroastrians are generally termed "fire-worshippers," for under this symbol they revere the Deity. Fire is the origin of light and heat. It is a cleansing element. It is an element eternally alive and eternally active, therefore naturally appropriate as a symbol of that divine fire which burns

within the heart and soul of every creature. The ancient Parsis had many peculiar beliefs concerning the sanctity of the elements. For example, earth was sacred. To bury a dead thing in it was to pollute the earth. Water was sacred and to stop its flow was a grievous sin. Air was sacred and should not be polluted with evil odors. Fire was sacred and nothing which was unclean should be burned, lest the first itself become polluted. It was a most grievous sin to pollute any of the elements. These beliefs rather complicated the problem of sanitation, especially in connection with the last offices to the dead. To care for this situation, the *Towers of Silence* were erected. These towers are very highly revered and it is most difficult to secure even a photograph of them. None but the proper representatives of the faith are permitted to enter them. For the sake of tourists, however, there is a model of the *Tower of Silence* a short distance from the actual tower in Bombay. These towers are the Parsi repositories of the dead, and are usually circular in shape and not very high, varying from ten to twenty feet in height. In these towers the dead bodies are laid and the ever-present buzzards and vultures speedily dispose of the remains. Thus the elements are not polluted and death itself is made to serve the purposes of life.

There is a curious myth concerning the Zoroastrian fires to the effect that many of them burn for centuries without ever going out. The oldest of the Zoroastrian fires has burned continuously for over 3,000 years and from it have been lighted fires unnumbered. There is a tradition to the effect that at the present time this ancient fire is in America, but we have been unable to discover any tangible evidence in support of this belief.

The religion of the Persians has produced a profound effect upon its followers, who are noted for their honesty, integrity, devotion, and sincerity. There is practically no crime among them and they live together in friendliness and understanding. They preserve with great care the doctrines of their people and are models that might well be imitated in matters pertaining to religious tolerance. They are sympathetic with the Christians and will gladly work hand in hand with the members of any faith as long as those members are honest and sincere. In India the Parsis are noted contributors to charities and public institutions. They have succeeded greatly in various commercial pursuits, especially banking and brokerage lines. They are most generous with their possessions, considering it a sin to refuse aid to the needy, and their kindliness and gentleness are recognized wherever they have established themselves. Thy are never aggressive and will only defend their own rights, never assailing the rights of others. They are interested in educational institutions and evidence a high degree of culture. The Parsi is an excellent demonstration of the fact that the religious codes of ancient times were both noble and exalted. The faith of the Parsi is very old but the attitude which that faith creates in its followers is one much needed by the modern world.

Men in great place are thrice servants, servants to the sovereign or state, servants of fame and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their person, nor in their actions, nor in their times.—Bacon.

A Notable Reprint

Vocabulary of Occult Terms

Written for the Purpose of Mitigating the Confusion Created by the Building of the Tower of Babylon.

From *The Secret Symbols of The Rosicrucians,* by Franz Hartmann, M. D.

"Omnia ab Uno" is one of the mottoes of the Rosicrucians. It expresses the idea that the All has been evolved from One; or, in other words, that God is one and indivisible, and that the multifarious activities of life which we see in the universe are merely various forms of manifestations of God; or, to express it more correctly, of the *creative Power,* the *Light* and *substance of Life,* which emanated from the eternal cause of all existence in the beginning of our day of creation, and which has been called the *Logos,* the *Verbum* or *Word,* the *Christ.*

As the Universal One manifested itself, it assumed various aspects. and it therefore appears as a great variety of powers and as innumerable forms of various substances, although all powers and substances are essentially and fundamentally one. The various terms used in occult science are consequently not intended to describe powers and principles radically different from each other, but merely the various aspects of the one universal principle; and as the aspect of things changes according to the point of view from which they are considered, consequently a name applied to a power, if considered from one point of view, may not be applicable if the same principle is considered from another point of view. Likewise, the four sides of a pyramid originate in one point and end in one, each side appearing to have a distinct individuality of its own. The higher we rise towards the summit, the more does this differentiation disappear, and the more does the Unity of all things and their identity with each other become apparent, until all difference is again absolved in the ultimate *One.* He who knows the *One* knows All; he who believes to know many things knows nothing. The One is the starting-point for all occult science.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.—The Beginning and End of all things; i. e., the beginning and end of all manifestation of activity and life in the Cosmos; the *Logos* or *Christ.* See *Logos.*

ADAM.—Primal man in his aspect as a spiritual power, containing the male and female elements. The spiritual principle, constituting humanity, before it became differentiated in matter and assumed gross material forms.

THE CELESTIAL ADAM.—The divine man-forming power in its original state of purity as an image of the Creator.

THE TERRESTRIAL ADAM.—Adam after his "fall;" i. e. the original man having become the *distorted* image of God by having lost his original purity in consequence of disobedience to the law and desertion of the straight line of the universal divine will. This disobedience is illustrated by the allegory of the "eating of the apple in paradise;" the "snake" which tempted Adam and Eve is the illusion of self, causing man to imagine to be something different from the universal God, and thus creating within him personal desires.

ADONAI.—God in his aspect as the *Summum Bonum* in nature; i. e. the Light of the Logos having become manifested in nature.

AER.—Air, *Pneuma,* Soul, a universal and invisible principle. See *Elements.*

ALCHEMY.—The science of guiding the invisible processes of Life for the purpose of attaining certain results on the material, astral or spiritual plane. Alchemy is not only a science, but an *art,* for the power to exercise it must be acquired; a man must first come into possession of certain powers before he can be taught to employ them; he must know what "Life" is, and learn to control the life-processes within his own organism before he can guide and control such processes in other organisms. *Chemistry* is not *Alchemy.* The former deals with so-called dead substances, the latter with the principle of life. The composition or decomposition of a chemical substance is a *chemical* process; the growth of a tree or an animal, an alchemical process. The highest *Alchemy* is the evolution of a divine and immortal being out of a mortal semi-animal man.

Note:—The Song of Solomon describes alchemical processes.

ANGELS.—Conscious spiritual powers acting within the realm of the Soul, i. e. certain individualized spiritual states of the universal consciousness.

ANIMA.—See *Soul.*

ANIMATO.—Animation. (Alch.) The act of infusing life into a thing or of causing its own latent life-principle to become active. See *Life.*

ANTIMONY.—(Alch.) A symbol representing the element of the *Earth* in its gross material aspect; primordial matter, also represented as the insatiable *Wulf,* the destroyer of forms.

AQUA.—(Alch.) Water. See *Elements.*

AQUILA.—(Alch.) *Eagle,* the emblem of *Jupiter;* the symbol of the Spiritual Soul.

ARCANUM.—(Alch.) Secret. A mystery which is not within everybody's grasp; a certain knowledge which requires a certain amount of development to be comprehended. It also means certain secrets which are not to be divulged to the vulgar, who would be likely to misuse that knowledge.

ARCHÆUS.—The great invisible storehouse of Nature, wherein the characters of all things are contained and preserved. To one aspect it represents the *Astral Light;* in another, *Primordial Matter.*

ARGENTUM.—(Alch.) Silver. Symbolized by the *Moon.*

ASTRAL BODY.—A semi-material substance, forming—so to say—the denser parts of the soul, which connect the latter with the physical body. Each thing in which the principle of life exists, from minerals up to man, has an astral body, being the ethereal counterpart of the external visible form.

ASTRAL LIGHT.—The *Light of Nature.* The *Memory,* or universal storehouse of nature, in which the characters of all things that ever existed are preserved. He who can see the images existing in the Astral Light can read the history of all past events. and prophesy the future.

AZOTH.—(Alch.) The universal creative principle of life.

BABYLON.—Humanity in her unregenerated state, the world of fashion, superficiality, animality and intellectuality without spirituality. The world of superficial Knowledge, self-conceit, and ignorance, living in externals, and being attached to illusions.

BEAST.—(False prophet, Babylonian whore, etc.) Animality, sensuality, and selfishness; but especially *intellectuality without spirituality,* Knowledge without love, scientific ignorance, skepticism, arrogance, materialism, brutality. The *Antichrist,* i. e. false prophets, who are putting man's authority in the place of the universal truth, who degrade religion into sectarianism, and prostitute divine things for selfish purposes,—idolatry, bigotry, superstition, priestcraft, cunning, false logic, etc.

BIBLE.—The "sacred books" of the "Christians," containing a great deal of ancient wisdom clothed in fables and allegories, and describing many occult processes in the shape of personifications of powers and historical events believed to have taken place among the Jews. Some of the events described in these books seem to have actually taken place on the external plane, while other are merely figurative; and it appears to be at present impossible to determine in the Bible the exact line between fiction and history.

BLOOD.—(Alch.) The vehicle for the principle of Life; the seat of the Will.

BODY.—Matter in a certain state of density, exhibiting a form. A body may be visible or invisible, corporeal or ethereal.

CABALA.—The science which teaches the relations existing between the visible and invisible side of nature; i. e. the character of things and their forms in regard to *weight, number,* and *measure.* It is the knowledge of the laws of harmony which exist in the universe.

CAPUT MORTUUM.—(Alch.) Refuse. Dead matter.

CARITAS.—Spiritual Love, benevolence, charity.

CELESTIAL.—A spiritual, divine state; a state of perfection.

CHAOS.—The universal *matrix* or storehouse of nature. See *Archæus.*

CHIMIA.—Chemistry. Sometimes the term refers to the Chemistry of Life, Alchemy.

CHRIST.—Spiritual consciousness, Life and Light. The divine element in humanity, which if it manifests itself in man, becomes the personal Christ in individual man. "Christ" means therefore an internal spiritual living and conscious power or principle, identical in its nature with the *Logos,* with which the highest spiritual attributes of each human being will become ultimately united, if that human being has developed any such Christlike attributes. This principle is in itself of a threefold nature, but it appears to be useless to speculate about its attributes, as they will be comprehensible only to him who realizes its presence within himself. See *Logos.*

Note:—The misconception of the original meaning of the term *"Christ"* (Kristos)

has been the cause of many bloody wars and of the most cruel religious persecutions. Upon such a misconception are still based the claims of certain "Christian" sects. "Christ" originally signifies a universal spiritual principle, the "Crown of the Astral-Light," coexistent from all eternity with the "Father," i. e. the Divine source from which it emanated in the beginning. This principle is said to have on many occasions penetrated with its light certain human beings, incarnated itself in them, and thus produced great heroes, reformers, or *Avatars*. Those who cannot rise up to the sublimity of this conception look upon "Christ" as being merely a historical person, who in some incomprehensible manner took upon himself the sins of the world. There have been so many clerical dogmas and misconceptions heaped around this term, that it appears to be impossible to throw any light upon this matter, unless we call to our aid the sacred books of the Hindus and compare the doctrines of *Krishna* with those of Christ.

COAGULATIO.—(Alch.) Coagulation. The act of some fluid or ethereal substance assuming a state of corporeal density.

COMBINATIO.—(Alch.) Combination. The act of combining certain visible or invisible things.

CONJUNCTO.—(Alch.) Conjunction. The act of two or more things joining together or coming into harmonious relationship with each other.

CORPUS.—(Alch.) Body. Matter is a state of corporeal density. The vehicle of a power.

CREATION.—The external, visible manifestation of an internal, invisible power. The production of a visible form out of invisible, formless substance. The calling into existence of a form.

Note:—The term "creation" has often been misrepresented as meaning a creation of something out of nothing; but we know of no passage in the Bible which might justify such an irrational definition. The only persons who believe that something can come from nothing are certain self-styled "scientists," who imagine that life and consciousness are products of the mechanical activity of the body; which is identical with saying that something superior can be produced by something inferior; in other words, by something which according to all known laws of nature is not able to produce it.

CROSS.—A symbol expressing various ideas, but especially the creative power of *Life* in a spiritual aspect, acting within the Macrocosm of nature and within the Microcosm of man. It also represents Spirit and Matter ascending and descending. The perpendicular beam represents Spirit, the horizontal bar the animal or earthly principle, being penetrated by the divine Spirit. Universal as well as individual man may be symbolized by a Cross. Man's animal body is a Cross, or instrument of torture for the soul. By means of his battle with the lower elements of his constitution, his divine nature becomes developed. By means of his physical body, man is *nailed* to the plane of suffering appertaining to terrestrial existence. The animal elements are to die upon that Cross, and the spiritual man is to be resurrected to become united with the Christ. "Death upon the Cross" represents the giving up of one's own personality and the entering into eternal and universal life. The *inscription* sometimes found at the top of the Cross, consisting of the letters I, N, R, I, means, in its esoteric sense, *Igne Natura Renovatus Integra;* that is to say: By the (divine) Fire (of Love) all Nature becomes renewed. The *golden Cross* represents spiritual Life, illuminated by Wisdom. It is the symbol of immortality.

DEUS.—God.

DEVIL.—The principle of Evil, the antithesis of the principle or cause of Good, in the same sense as *Darkness* is the antithesis of Light. *God,* being the cause of all powers and principles, is also the cause of the "Devil," but not its direct cause; for as *evil* is nothing else but perverted *good,* likewise the power called *Devil* is, so to say, the reaction of *God,* or the cause which perverts good into evil. The devil may be said to be the dark, and consequently inferior counterpart of God; consequently, like God, a *Trinity of thought, word,* and its *manifestation.*

EARTH.—See *Elements.*

EAGLE.—(Alch.) The spiritual Soul. *"The Gluten of the White Eagle."*—pure spiritual love, the fiery substance of the spiritual Soul.

ELEMENTA.—(Alch.) Elements. Universal and (to us) invisible principles, the causes of all visible phenomena, whether they are an *earthly* (material), *watery* (liquid), *airy* (gaseous), or *fiery* (ethereal) nature.

There are consequently four "Elements," namely:—

1. *Earth,* representing primordial matter, an invisible ethereal substance, forming the basis of all external corporeal appearances.

2. *Water,* referring to the realm of the Soul, the connecting link between spirit and matter. It also represents Thought.

3. *Fire,* representing the realm of the Spirit or *Life.*

4. *Air,* alluding to Space or Form. It is not. strictly speaking, an "Element."

There is a *fifth element,* which is the spiritual *Quint-essence* (the *Mercury*) of all things. Each element may be considered from a variety of aspects. Each element constitutes, so to say, a world of its own, with its own inhabitants, the "elementary spirits of nature;" and by a combination of those elements under various conditions, an endless variety of forms is produced.

ELOHIM.—The light of the Logos in its aspect as a spiritual power or influence, whose presence may be felt as it penetrates the soul and body of the worshipper in his moments of spiritual exaltation. This Light, having been the cause and beginning of creation, the term *Elohim* also expresses its aspect as the creative power of the universe.

EVA.—*Eve.* The female or generative power in nature; the eternal mother of all, an ever-immaculate virgin; because she has no connection with any external god, but contains the fructifying spiritual principal (the *Holy Ghost*) within her own self.

The celestial Eve represents *Theo-Sophia,* divine Wisdom, or Nature in her spiritual aspect.

The terrestrial Eve represent Nature in a more material aspect, as the womb or matrix out of which forms are continually evolved, and into which they are reabsorbed.

Note:—Primordial man was a bisexual spiritual being; the separation of sex took place in consequence of the differentiation of spirit in matter. Man is still to a certain extent bisexual; because each male human being contains female, and each female being male elements. Sex is merely an attribute of the external form; the spiritual man who inhabits the outward form has no particular sex.

EVIL.—The antithesis of *Good,* i. e. the reaction of good against itself, or good perverted. There can be no absolute Evil, because such a thing would destroy itself.

EX CENTRO IN CENTRUM.—Everything originates from one centre and returns to that centre.

FAITH.—Spiritual knowledge. A power by which the spirit may feel the existence of truths which transcend external sensual perception. *"Faith"* should never be confounded with "Belief;" the latter being merely a controvertible opinion about something of which nothing is known. *Faith* rests upon direct perception; *Belief,* upon intellectual speculation.

FATHER.—(Trinity.) The divine and incomprehensible *Fire,* from which emanated the *Light* (the *Son*). We cannot conceive of *"the Father"* except as the incomprehensible *Absolute,* the Cause of all existence, the Centre of Life, becoming comprehensible only when he manifests himself as the "Son." In the same sense a geometrical point is merely an abstraction and incomprehensible, and must expand into a circle before it can become an object of our imagination.

FIAT—The active expression of the Will and Thought of the *Great First Cause* by which *God* manifested himself in the act of creation; in other words, the energy by which he threw the Light which created the universe into an objective existence. The *outbreathing of Brahm* at the beginning of a *Manvantara. Fiat Lux,*—Let there be Light!

FIDES.—See *Faith.*

FIRE.—An internal activity whose manifestations are heat and light. This activity differs in character according to the plane on which it manifests itself. "Fire" on the spiritual plane represents Love or Hate; on the astral plane it represents Desire and Passion; on the physical plane, Combustion. It is the purifying element, and in a certain aspect identical with *"Life."* See *Elements.*

FIRMAMENT.—Realm. Space in its various aspects. The physical and mental horizon. That which limits the physical or mental perception. The sky.

FIXATIO.—(Alch.) Fixation. The act of rendering a volatile substance (for instance a thought) fixed. The act of rendering the impermanent permanent.

FOUNDATION.—The Real. The basis or centre of things, in contradistinction to their phenomenal illusive and transient appearance. We may look upon all things as having a common basis, which in each manifests certain attributes. We may know the attributes of things, but not the thing itself.

GLUTEN.—Adhesion. Spiritual Substance. See *Eagle.*

GOD.—The eternal, omnipresent, self-existent Cause of all things. in its aspect as the Cause of all Good. The meaning of the term "God" differs according to the

standpoint from which we view it; but in its highest meaning it is necessarily beyond the intellectual comprehension of imperfect man; because the imperfect cannot conceive the perfect; nor the finite the infinite. In one aspect everything that exists is God, and nothing can possibly exist which is not God; for it is the One Life, and in every being has its life and existence. God is the only eternal Reality, unknowable to man; all that we know of him are his manifestations. In one aspect God is looked upon as the spiritual central Sun of the Cosmos, Whose rays and substance penetrate the universe with life, light. and power. God being *the Absolute,* cannot have any conceivable relative attributes; because as nothing exists but himself, he stands in relation to no thing, and is therefore non-existent from a relative point of view. We cannot possibly form any conception of the unmanifested *Absolute;* but as soon as the latter becomes manifest, it appears as a Trinity of *Thought, Word,* and *Revelation,* i. e. as the *"Father,"* the *"Son,"* and the *"Holy Ghost."*

Note:—Innumerable people have been killed because they differed in regard to their opinions how the term "God" should be defined; but it is obvious that a Cause which is beyond all human conception is also beyond any possible correct definition, and that, therefore, all theological disputations about the nature of God are absurd and useless.

GOD.—A human being in whom divine powers have become active. An *Adept.*

GOOD.—Everything conducive to a purpose in view is *relatively* good; but only that which leads to permanent happiness is permanent Good. Everything, therefore, which ennobles and elevates mankind may be called good, while that which degrades is evil. Supreme Good is that which establishes real and permanent happiness.

GOLD.—(Alch.) An emblem of perfection upon the terrestrial plane, as the Sun is a symbol of perfection on the superterrestrial plane. There is a considerable amount of historical evidence that the ancient Rosicrucians possessed the power to transmute base metals into gold by alchemical means, by causing it to grow out of its own "seed," and it is claimed that persons possessing such powers exist even today.

GRACE.——A spiritual power emanating from the *Logos.* It should not be confounded with "favor" or "partiality." It is a spiritual influence comparable to the light of the sun, which shines everywhere, but for which not all things are equally receptive.

HEAVEN.—A state of happiness and contentment. Man can only be perfectly happy when he forgets his own self. "Heaven" refers to a spiritual state, free from the bonds of matter.

HELL.—The antithesis of Heaven; a state of misery and discontent. A person suffers when he is conscious of his own personality and its imperfections. Each being suffers when it is surrounded by conditions which are not adapted to its welfare; consequently, the soul of man surrounded by evil elements suffers until the elements of evil are expelled from his organization. The state in which the divine and consequently pure spirit is still connected with an impure soul, seeking to throw off the impurities of the latter is called *Purgatory* (Kama loca). When this has taken place, the consciousness of the disembodied entity will be centered in his spiritual organization, and he will be happy; but if the consciousness has been centred in the impure soul, and remains with the latter, the soul will be unhappy and in a state of Hell. The latter takes place especially in such cases where people of great intellectual powers, but with evil tendencies, perform knowingly and purposely evil acts.

HOLY GHOST.—(Trinity.) The Light of the manifested *Logos,* representing the body and substance of Christ. The Spirit of Truth, coming from the *Father* and *Son.*

HOMO.—Man.

HOPE.—Spiritual hope is a state of spiritual consciousness, resulting from the perception of a certain truth, and based upon a conviction that a certain desire will be realized This kind of hope should not be confused with the hope which rests merely upon opinion, formed by logical conclusions or caused by uncertain promises.

HYLE.—The universal primordial invisible principle of matter, containing the germs of everything that is to come into objective existence. See *Archæus.*

IGNIS.—*Fire.*

ILLUSION.—All that refers to *Form* and outward appearance. All that is of a *phenomenal* character, transient and impermanent; in contradistinction to the *Real* and Permanent.

JEHOVAH.—*Jod-He-Vah.*—God manifest, in his aspect as the creative, transforming, and regenerating power of the universe. The self-existent, universal God.

JERUSALEM.—Humanity in its spiritual condition. The soul in a state of purity.

JESUS.—The divine man. Each man's spiritual *Ego.* Each person's personal god or *Atman.* The redeeming principle in Man, with which man may hope to become united during his life.

Jesus of Nazareth is believed to have been an Adept; i. e. a pure and great man, teacher and reformer, in whom the Logos has taken form; in other words, a human being in whom the Christ-principle has incarnated itself.

JUPITER.—The supreme God. Jehovah.

KNOWLEDGE.—Science, based upon the perception and understanding of a truth. It should never be confounded with *"learning,"* which means the adoption of certain opinion or theory on the strength of some hearsay or logical speculation. We cannot really know anything except that which we are able to perceive with our external or internal senses.

LAPIS PHILOSOPHORUM.—(Alch.) A mystery, known only to the practical occultist who has experienced its power

LEAD.—(Alch.) symbolized by *Saturn;* the emblem of Matter; the element of Earth.

LEO.—(Alch.) *Lion.* The symbol of strength and fortitude; corresponding to *Mars. "The Blood of the Red Lion,"* the vehicle of the Life-principle.

LIFE.—A universal principle; a function of the universal Spirit.

Note:—Life is present everywhere, in a stone or plant as well as in an animal or man, and there is nothing in nature which is entirely destitute of life; because all things are a manifestation of the *One Life,* which fills the universe. In some bodies the activity of life acts very slow, so that it may be looked at as dormant or latent, in others it acts rapidly; but a form which is deserted by the life-principle ceases to exist as a form. Attraction, Cohesion, Gravitation. etc., are all manifestations of life, while in animals this activity enters a state of self-consciousness, which is perfected in man. To suppose that Life is a product of the mechanical or physiological activity of an organism is to mistake effects for causes, and causes for effects. See *Creation.*

LIGHT.—An external visible manifestation of an internal invisible power.

The *Divine Light of Grace* is a spiritual Light, the Light of the *Logos,* illuminating the mind of the *Adept.*

The *Light of Nature* in the *Astral Light.*

LIMBUS.—The universal *matrix* of all things. See *Archæus.*

LOGOS & LOGOI.—A centre or centres of spiritual activity, Life and light, existing from all eternity in the manifested GOD (the *Absolute*). The Christ-principle, which, shining into the heart of man, may produce an *Avatar* or *Christ.*

Note:—It is taught that at certain periods such an incarnation of the divine Light of the Logos takes place upon the Earth, and thus causes a new saviour, redeemer, and reformer to appear among mankind, teaching the old and half-forgotten truths again by word and example, and thus producing a new revival of the religious sentiment. The ancient religions speak of several such *Avatars* in which "the *Word* has become Flesh."

LOVE.—Spiritual Love is an all-penetrating spiritual power, uniting the higher elements of Humanity into one inseparable whole. It is not led by external sensuous attractions. It is the power by which man recognizes the unity of the All, and the product of that knowledge which springs into existence, when man recognizes the identity of his own spirit with the spirit of every other being. This spiritual Love should never be confounded with sexual desire, parental affection, etc., which are merely sentiments, subject to attraction and change.

LUCIFER.—The bearer of Light. An angel of Light, possessed of Wisdom. *Lucifer in his fallen state* is Intellectuality without Spirituality; knowledge without the light of wisdom.

LUMEN.—A power emitting Light.

LUNA.—See *Moon.*

LUX.—See *Light.*

MACROCOSM & MICROCOSM.—The great and the little world; the latter being an image or representation of the former, but on a smaller scale. The microcosm of Man resembles the macrocosm of the universe in all his aspects except in external form.

MATRIX.—(Alch.) Womb. The mother wherein a germ, seed, or principle is brought to ripening. Every germ requires a certain appropriate matrix for its development. Minerals, plants, or animals require a matrix in the incipient state of their growth.

MATTER.—An external manifestation of an internal power.

MERCURY.—(Alch.) One of the *Three Substances.* The Astral Light. The principle of Mind. The spiritual quintessence of all things.

METALS.—(Alch.) Certain occult powers. The "metals" of which a man is made and which produce his virtues or vices are more permanent and lasting than the body composed of flesh and blood.

MOON.—(Alch.) A reflection caused by the rays of the Sun. The Intellect, being a reflection of the divine light emanating from the Fire of the heart.

MORTIFICATIO.—(Alch.) Mortification. The art of rendering the lower elements passive, so that the higher ones can become active. The art of dissolving the body, so that the spirit may become free.

MULTIPLICATIO.—(Alch.) Multiplication. Increase. The character is the great multiplicator.

Note:—Not only is man thus an image of "God," but every part of our organism has the character of the whole impressed upon it, in the same sense as the qualities of a tree are latent in the seed. It is therefore possible for those who can read in the Light of Nature, to know the character, attributes, and history of a thing by examining one of its parts.

MAGIC.—The science and art of employing spiritual powers to obtain certain results. No one can exercise Magic unless he possesses magic powers, and to obtain such powers man must be spiritually developed. *"Magic"* should never be confounded with *"Sorcery."* The former deals with the *Real,* the latter deals with *Illusions.* Magic is the culmination of all sciences, and includes them all; but there can be no true science without wisdom, and no wisdom without sanctification.

Man.—The *real* man is an invisible internal and spiritual power which in its outward manifestation, appears as a human being.

Note:—Man may be looked upon as an individual ray emanating from the great spiritual Sun of the universe. having become polarized in the heart of an incipient human organism, endows the latter with life and stimulates its growth. At a certain state of its development that organism becomes conscious of its existence in the phenomenal world, and with this the illusion of self is created. There is nothing real and permanent about the being called *Man,* except this internal divine power which is called the *Spirit.* which is ultimately identical with the universal Spirit—the *Christ.*

MARS.—The power which endows beings with strength. See *Leo.*

MARIA.—The universal matrix of Nature. *Ceres, Tris,* etc. See *Eve.*

MATERIA PRIMA.—(Alch.) Primordial Matter. *A'Wasa.* A universal and invisible principle, the basic substance of which all things are formed. By reducing a thing into its *prima materia,* and clothing it with new attributes, it may be transformed into another thing by him who possesses spiritual power and knowledge. There are several states of matter, from primordial down to gross visible matter, and the Alchemists therefore distinguish between *Materia proxima, Materia remota,* and *Materia ultima.*

NATURAL, UNNATURAL. SUPERNATURAL.—Relative terms, referring to the relations existing between certain things and certain conditions. Everything in Nature is natural in the *absolute* meaning of this term; but not everything is surrounded by such conditions as according to the laws of its own nature it ought to be surrounded by. Air is natural, but to a fish it is not his natural element; a supernatural being is one who exists in a spiritual condition superior to that of lower beings, and in which gross material beings cannot exist.

NATURE.—The external manifestation of an internal creative power. The whole of nature can be nothing else but a *thought* of God, having been thrown into objectivity by the power of his *Word* and grown into forms according to the law of evolution. *"The nature of a thing"* means the summary of its attributes.

NOTHING.—The antithesis of something. The term nothing is sometimes applied to signify something which is inconceivable and therefore *no thing* to us. *Form* is no *thing;* it is merely a shape, and does not exist in the *Absolute.* If a thought becomes expressed in a form, that which was nothing *to us* becomes something.

OCCULTISM.—The science of things which transcend the ordinary powers of observation. The science of things whose perception requires extraordinary or superior faculties of perception. Everything is occult to us as long as we cannot see it, and with every enlargement of the field of our perception a new and heretofore "occult" world becomes open to our investigation. We may speculate about the Unseen; but we cannot actually know anything about it, unless we can mentally grasp its spirit. See *Knowledge.*

OCULUS.—Eye.

OCULUS DIVINUS.—The symbol of spiritual consciousness and knowledge.

OCULUS NATURÆ.—The Astral Light.

OMBIA AB UNO.—"Everything originates from the *One.*"

PATER.—Father.

PERFECTIO.—(Alch.) Perfection.

PERSON.—An individual, organized, self-conscious being or principle, capable to think and to will different from other beings or principles. An indivisible unity.

PERSONALITY.—Mask. The sum and substance of the attributes which go to distinguish one individual from others. As one and the same actor may appear in various costumes and masks; likewise one individual spiritual entity may appear successively on the stage of life as various personalities.

Note:—To comprehend the doctrine of *Reincarnation,* it should be remembered that at and after the transformation called "death" only those attributes of a person which have reached a certain degree of spirituality, and are therefore fit to survive, will remain with the individual spirit. When the latter again overshadows a newborn form, it develops a new set of attributes, which go to make up its new personality.

PHILOSOPHY.—True "Philosophy" is practical knowledge of causes and effects; but what is today called "Philosophy" is a system of speculation based upon logical deductions, or *opinions* arrived at by reasoning from that which we *imagine to know* to the unknown.

Note:—The fundamental basis upon which our modern philosophy rests is erroneous and illusive, because it rests upon the assumption that man could know something without knowing himself; while, in truth, man can possess no positive knowledge of anything whatever except that which exists within his own self, and he can know nothing about divine things as long as the divinity within himself has not become alive and self-conscious. *Philosophy* without *Theosophy* is, therefore, mere speculation, and frequently leads to error.

PHŒNIX.——(Alch.) A fabulous bird: the symbol of death and regeneration.

PRAYER.—An effort of the will to obtain that which one desires. Prayer on the physical plane consists in acts; prayer on the plane of thought consists in thoughts; prayer on the spiritual plane consists in the act of rising in thought up to the highest, and to become united with it.

PRIMUM.—(Alch.) Primordial Motion. The first Life-impulse.

PRINCIPIUM.—Principle, Cause, Beginning of Acitivity.

PRIMA MATERIA.—See *Materia Prima.*

PROJECTIO.—(Alch.) Projection. The act of endowing a thing with a certain power or quality by means of an occult power whose root is the Will.

PUREFACTIO.—(Alch.) Purification.

PUTREFACTIO.—(Alch.) Putrification.

RAVEN.—(Alch.) A symbol for a certain occult power.

REBIS.—(Alch.) Refuse. Matter to be remodelled.

REGENERATIO.—(Alch.) Regeneration. The act of being reborn in the spirit. The penetration of the soul and body by the divine heat of love and the light of intelligence, emanating from the divine fire within the heart. The awakening and development of spiritual self-consciousness and self-knowledge.

RESURRECTIO.—(Alch.) Resurrection. Initiation into a higher states of existence. The new life into which the perfected elements of a being enters after the imperfect ones with which they have been amalgamated have been destroyed.

ROSE.—(Alch.) The symbol of evolution, and unfolding and beauty.

ROSICRUCIAN.—A person who by the process of spiritual awakening has attained a *practical* knowledge of the secret signification of the *Rose* and the *Cross.* A Hermetic philosopher. A real Theosophist or *Adept.* One who possesses spiritual knowledge and power.

Note:—Names have no true meaning if they do not express the true character of a thing. To call a person a Rosicurcian does not make him one, nor does the act of calling a person a Christian make him a Christ. The real Rosicrucian or Mason cannot be made; he must grow to be one by the expansion and unfoldment of the divine power within his own heart. The inattention to this truth is the cause that many churches and secret societies are far from being that which their names express.

SAL.—(Alch.) Salt. Substance. One of the three substances. The Will. Wisdom.

SATURN.—(Alch) The symbol of the universal principle of matter; the producer and destroyer of forms.

SEED.—(Alch.) A germ, element, or power from which a being may grow. There are germs of Elementals, Minerals, Plants, Animals, Human Beings, and Gods.

SILVER.—(Alch) An emblem of Intelligence. symbolized by the Moon. Amalgamated with *Mercury* (the Mind) and penetrated by the Fire of divine *Love*, it becomes transformed into the *Gold* of Wisdom.

SOL.—(Alch.) See *Sun*.

SOL-OM-ON.—The name of the Sun of Wisdom expressed in three languages.

SOLUTIO.—(Alch.) Solution. The act of bringing a thing into a fluid condition.

SON OF GOD.—One of the three powers constituting the Trinity. The Light, or Christ. The regenerated spiritual man. The celestial Adam. The *Logos*. Only the inner spiritual and divine man is a direct Son of God; the unregenerated man is his indirect descendant. The *Spirit* is the Son of God; the *Soul* is the son of the Sun (astral influence); the *Body* the son of the Earth.

SOPHIA.—Wisdom.

SOPHIST.—Originally this term meant a "wise man;" but now it means a false reasoner, a skeptical speculator, a person who is cunning but possesses no wisdom; one who judges things not by what they are, but by what he imagines them to be; one who dogmatizes about things which he cannot grasp spiritually; a material scientist, a would-be-wise, an intellectual person without love; one who lives, so to say, in his brain and receives no light from his heart.

SOUL.—The semi-material principle connecting matter with spirit. It leads, so to say, an amphibious existence between these two poles of substance, and may ultimately become amalgamated either with one or the other. The Body is the mask of the Soul; the Soul, the body of the Spirit.

SPES.—Hope.

SPIRITUS.—Spirit. God in his aspect as an eternal, universal, and invisible principle or power in a state of the greatest purity and perfection. The divine element in Nature. The antithesis of Matter, yet "material" in a transcendental sense. Spiritual substance. A conscious, organized, invisible principle. The Substance or Body of Christ. The term "Spirit" is also used to signify the essence or character of a thing, the sum of the highest attributes or powers.

SPIRITS.—Powers.

Note:—The modern usage to apply the term "spirits" to disembodied astral forms and souls of men and animals has originated in the modern misconception of the true nature of man.

SUBLIMATIO.—(Alch.) Sublimation. The rising of a lower state into a higher one. Vices may become sublimated into virtues.

SUBSTANCE.—That unknown and invisible something which may manifest itself either as matter or force; in other words, that substratum of all things, which is *energy* in one of its aspects, and *matter* in another.

The Three Substances: Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury represent the trinity of all things. They are the basis of all existence, and in each of these three substances the other two are contained. They form an inseparable Unity in a Trinity, differing, however, in its aspects and manifestations. Consequently, in some things the Salt, in others the Sulphur, and in still others the Mercury is preeminently manifest. They represent *Thought, Word,* and *Form; Body, Soul,* and *Spirit; Earth, Water,* and *Fire; Fire, Light,* and *Heat,* etc. See *Trinity*.

SULPHUR.—(Alch.) One of the three substances. The principle of Love. The invisible fire.

SUN.—(Alch.) The symbol of Wisdom. The Centre of Power or *Heart* of things. The Sun is a centre of energy and a storehouse of power. Each living being contains within itself a centre of life, which may grow to be a sun. In the heart of the regenerated, the divine power, stimulated by the Light of the *Logos*, grows into a Sun which illuminates his mind.

The spiritual Sun of Grace. The *Logos* or Christ.

The Natural Sun. The centre of all powers contained in our solar system.

Note:—The terrestrial sun is the image or reflection of the invisible celestial sun; the former is in the realm of Spirit what the latter is in the realm of Matter; but the latter receives its power from the former. See *Logos*.

SUPERIUS & INFERIUS.—(Alch.) The *Above* and *Below*, the Internal and External, the Celestial and Terrestrial. Everything *below* has it ethereal counterpart above, and the two act and react upon other; in fact, they are *one* and merely *appear to be* two.

TARTARUS.—(Alch.) Matter. Residuum. A substance which has been deposited by a fluid, or crystallized out of the latter. The gross elements of the soul.

TERRA.—Earth.

TERRESTRIAL.—An earthly or imperfect state.

THEOLOGY.—A system which teaches the nature and action of divine powers

and their relation to Man. Some ancient theologies are the products of certain spiritually developed persons who were capable to perceive and understand spiritual truths, and who laid down the results of their experience in certain systems, and described what they knew, usually in some allegorical forms. Modern Theology is a system of speculation based upon the knowledge of external symbols and allegories without any understanding of the true meaning of the latter.

THEOSOPHY.—Supreme Wisdom. The knowledge of divine powers obtained by him who possesses such powers. *"Theosophy"* is therefore identical with *self-knowledge*.

THEOSOPHIST.—A person whose mind is illuminated by the spirit of Divine Wisdom. One who is able to mentally grasp the spirit of a thing, and to understand it. One who has attained a self-knowledge of the divine powers existing in his own organization.

TINCTURA.—(Alch.) Tincture. An ethereal or spiritual substance which, by impregnating another substance, endows (tinctures) the latter with its own properties. If a gross principle is penetrated by a higher one, the former is said to be *tinctured* (colored) by the latter one.

TRINITY.—The All. The whole of the Universe. Everything is a trinity, and Three is the number of *Form*. Every conceivable thing consists of *Matter* and *Motion* in *Space*, and the three are forever one and inseparable. "God" is a trinity, and the Universe being a manifestation of God, every part of the Universe must necessarily be a trinity. Everything is a product of *thought, will,* and *substance* (form); i. e. *Mercury, Sulphur,* and *Salt*.

UNIFICATION.—*At-one-ment*. The art of uniting into one. Unification with the eternal One is the only aim and object of all true religion. All things are originally one; they are all states of one universal divine consciousness; they merely *appear to be* different from each other on account of the illusion of *Form*. Differentiation and separation exist merely at the surface of the periphery of the All; the *Centre* is one. To become reunited with the Centre is to enter the *Real*, and to become divine and immortal. After a man has become united with his own higher self, he may become united with *Christ*.

Note:—This process of regeneration and unification is taught in all the religions of the East, but—although the whole Christian religion is based upon this truth—it is nevertheless universally misunderstood by modern Christians, who expect to obtain salvation rather through the merit of another than by their own exertion. To understand the process of regeneration and unification requires an understanding of the real nature of man and of his relations to nature; a science which in our modern times is nowhere in Europe taught in schools, because our theologians and scientists are themselves ignorant of the true nature of man, and because mankind finds it easier to accept a belief than to acquire knowledge.

UNIVERSE.—The Cosmos. The All; beyond which nothing can exist, because there is no "beyond." The whole of the visible universe is a manifestation of the internal invisible divine power called the Spirit of God. It is the substance of God, shaped by his thought into images and thrown into objectivity by an exercise of his Will. Whatever God *thinks*, that he expresses in the *Word*, and what he speaks becomes an *Act*. All this takes place according to *Law*, because God is himself the Law, and does not act against himself.

VENUS.—(Alch.) The principle of Love.

VERBUM.—The *Word*, the Alpha and Omega. The Christ or *Logos*. The expression of a divine thought. The power emanated in the beginning from the Eternal Centre. The origin of all life.

VIR.—Man. A human being in whom the male elements are preponderating.

VIRGIN, CELESTIAL.—See *Eve*.

VISIBLE & INVISIBLE.—Relative terms; refering to things which are usually beyond the powers of perception of ordinary man in his normal state. What may be invisible to one may be visible to another.

WATER.—See *Elementa*.

WILL.—The one universal and fundamental power in the universe, from which all other powers take their origin. Fundamentally it is identical with Life. It manifests itself in the lower planes of existence as Attraction, Gravitation, Cohesion; on the higher planes as Life, Will, Spiritual Power, etc., according to the conditions in which it acts. The Will is a function of the universal Spirit of God, and there is no other power in the Universe but the Will of God, acting consciously or unconsciously, natural or unnatural, if perverted by man. Man can have no will of his own; he is merely enabled to employ the universal will acting

in his organization during his earthly existence, and to pervert and misuse it on account of his ignorance with the eternal laws of nature.

WISDOM.—The highest conceivable attribute of the Spirit; conceivable—like all other powers—only by him in whom wisdom has become manifest, and who is thereby rendered wise. Wisdom is not of man's making; he cannot invent, but he can acquire it. The same may be said of all other spiritual powers; they exist in the universe, and are to be attained by Man.

WOMAN.—A human being in whose organization the female elements are preponderating over the male ones.

WORD.—See *Verbum. Alpha* and *Omega.*

ZODIAC.—The twelve signs of the Zodiac represent the twelve universal principles which form the basis of the construction of the material universe.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 170)

While the plants may be all that he believes them to be, still he is being cramped into one tiny viewpoint that never gives expression to that bigger part of himself which is only truly happy when it senses the universality of ideals and activity. To such a type of mind, vacation is to leave the study or nursery filled with flowers and go out into the great world with its mountains, its clouds, its animals, its precious stones, its shining metals, and, most of all, its varied and endlessly interesting human population. To such a reclusive soul we say, "Give the subject of botany a rest and learn to see the beauty in other creatures and things. In this way the mind may be preserved in sanity and man accomplish the *magnum opus* which he came here to do."

John Doe No. 2 is a great artist and John Doe No. 3 a great musician. These two men apparently have nothing in common. Yet, if they but realized it, they have everything in common, for one really *paints* with the harmony of sound and the other *composes* with the harmony of color. What a wonderful vacation it would be if these two men could change places with each other! Each would step into a new world, a beautiful world, for just around the corner in each one's life is a sphere of unrecognized beauty from which each divides himself by confining his life and activity within the confines of a single thought-room.

Development of the mental faculties can be verified by the application of the law of interest and indifference. Those faculties which are awake respond readily to external stimuli harmonious to themselves, whereas those faculties which are asleep give no response. Thus, if the faculty of art is active, the individual exhibits a love and appreciation of the beautiful. He is drawn irresistibly to beautiful objects, making note of them and commenting thereon. If, however, the faculty of art be asleep, the individual shows no inclination to interest himself in the artistic or the beautiful. In fact, he may be totally devoid, as it were, of the æsthetic, as in the case of a person we once knew who hung his hat on one of the leading art objects of a well-known European museum.

With few exceptions, a single mental faculty thus overshadows and dominates the entire mental nature. It may be a religious tendency or a commercial urge; it may be an altruistic inclination or one absolutely selfish. These mental "ruts" are plainly visible in the personalities of the world's so-called great men and women. The weird melancholia of Poe, the pessimism of Nietzsche, the sarcasm of Voltaire, and the asceticism of Dante are examples of dangerous mental bias, which in the case of Nietzsche ended in violent insanity. Even the philosopher is not immune, for more often than otherwise his philosophy is a solace for the thwarted hopes of life and therefore tinctured with the venom of cynicism.

In our daily life we encounter people with the most peculiar mental attitudes toward their environments. We know one individual who firmly believes that children should be tied up in the back yard and animals given the freedom of the streets. This is an instance where interest in the welfare of the animal kingdom has been carried to such an extreme that mental unbalance on this particular subject has been the inevitable result. In the realms of religion and philosophy extremists are very common—so common, in fact, that it is seldom a well-balanced type of intellectualist can be found.

When the mind thus becomes crystallized and "set," it is incapable of further development. It is no longer plastic, no longer responsive to the influences of its environment upon which it is wholly dependent for its evolutionary progress. And all things when they stop growing or become incapable of further growth we know are marked for death. Thus the economy of Nature asserts its prerogative and the physical brain and constitution are resolved once more into their primary elements in order that the mind may be released from its prison-house of clay and at some future date re-embark upon the divine adventure of human life. Manifestation of the spiritual nature of man is directly dependent—from one point of view—upon refinement of its vehicles of expression. Growth of the spiritual nature is the product of neither "affirmation" nor "denial." It is achieved only by lofty idealism, right-thinking, self-less service, and divine love. Philosophy offers no substitute for this program of labor and achievement, no "short cut" to the goal of self-completion. Philosophy represents only that method—both safe and sane—by which individual effort is wisely directionalized. No sublimer expression of this ideal of self-completion exists in literature than that given by one of our own well-known poets:

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

Q. Is the Lord's Prayer as we have it correct? I have read in a certain book that it should be, "Lead us *in* temptation." Anon.

A. The interpretation which you give is not familiar to the writer. We do know, however, that the Lord's Prayer is capable of many interpretations, especially because of the peculiar use of tenses found in early languages. The Lord's Prayer is a Qabbalistic epitome of the powers of the universe and is an invocation of the Universal Spirit of Light. As time goes on and we become more familiar with the subtle shades of meaning existing in ancient languages, we shall undoubtedly discover new and deeper meanings to nearly all scriptural documents and works of a similar nature.

Questions & answers

Q. Is suffering necessary to spiritual growth? If not, what qualifications permit of growth without suffering? L. J.

A. Suffering is not necessary to spiritual growth any more than disease is necessary to human life. Yet both are present and equally difficult to combat. Suffering has two causes: ignorance and egotism. By ignorance we lay ourselves open to painful reactions as the result of ill-considered action. By egotism—a false emphasis of self—we lay ourselves open to injury by others and magnify the seriousness of our troubles. We can successfully combat suffering by learning natural processes and obeying them; we can become so impersonal that we cannot be offended or caused to suffer by the actions of others. Suffering is the whip which Nature uses to keep man in line. If he stays in line, he will not feel its blows, but refusing to recognize the value of the experience of others, he is forced to suffer in order to learn that which, fundamentally, he already knows. By developing discrimination, observation, and self-control, the average individual can eliminate the greater portion of the suffering which he is now forced to undergo. A most dangerous form of egotism is selfishness, which may be defined as the desire to possess. This is one of the primary causes of sorrow, for we grieve over the loss of something which was never ours and fear lest we shall receive something which has always been ours. It was the Brahmin who said, "Steadfast in pain and pleasure, man is fitted for immortality."

Q. How did Sunday come to be kept as the Sabbath in place of Saturday? When and by what authority did the change take place? F. L.

A. From all information available, it would seem that the first Christians preserved with great strictness the Jewish feast days and Sabbath. The break which resulted in the Christians choosing other days for their ceremonials seems to have been made by St. Paul, who has long been regarded as the real cause of misunderstanding existing between the Jews and the Christians. During the lifetime of Justin Martyr, who lived about 150 years after the birth of Christ, the Christians worshipped on Sunday. In the 89th section of his *Apology,* Justin describes the reason for this as follows: "Upon Sunday we all assembled, that being the first day in which God set Himself to work upon the dark void, in order to make the world, and in which Jesus Christ our Saviour rose again from the dead: for the day before Saturday, He was crucified; and the day after, which is Sunday, He appeared to His Apostles and disciples, and taught them what I have now proposed to your consideration." Constantine the Great was the first to ordain by law the sacredness of Sunday. His edict reads as follows: "Let all judges and towns-people, and the occupations of all trades, rest on the venerable day of the sun. But let those who are situated in the country, freely and at full liberty, attend to the business of agriculture; because it often happens, that no other day is so fit for sowing corn, or planting vines, lest the critical moment being let slip, men should lose the commodities granted them by the providence of Heaven." It is further significant that the worship of all deities related to the sun or considered as aspects or attributes of the solar power, were revered upon the day of the sun. Here again we undoubtedly find the influence of the Mithraic Mysteries showing itself in Christianity.

Q. Would you recommend that I read the books written by Mr.——? Do you think he is reliable and a safe person to study under? Anon.

A. We have had a great many letters asking us to pass judgment upon the character and teachings of various persons. We make it a practice to keep as far from personalities as possible. Our work is concerned with principles, and when we attack principles it is with conviction. We believe that the promulgation of certain doctrines is dangerous to the good of the community but it is impossible for us to attack personalities without bringing down upon ourselves just criticism. Therefore we recommend none, pass judgment upon none, and criticise none. If we recommend a certain person, we become responsible for what that person does and also for having deflected the natural course of human life into some possibly unnatural channel. It is absolutely necessary for each person to make up his own mind concerning what is good, what is bad, and what is indifferent so far as he is concerned, and anyone who attempts to make up another man's mind for him is undertaking a thankless job and doing the other person an actual injury. We are in this world to think and the only way that some of us can be made to think is by being placed in a position where the effects of our thoughts will have a powerful influence upon our happiness and health. If under such conditions another person by assisting us over this hard point makes it entirely unnecessary for us to think, we are robbed of our divine right to make up our own minds. When choosing such an important element in our lives as a book to read or a teacher to follow, we can, however, apply a certain acid test, and if the doctrine or the doctor does not live up to a reasonable standard it is better we search elsewhere. When about to affiliate with an organization or accept its doctrine, ask yourself these questions, and if you can answer them in the affirmative the doctrine is reasonably safe: Is the teaching free from unnecessary involvements and elaborate ritualism, whose only purpose is to attract and fascinate the foolish? Is it free from commercialism, emphasizing the depth of the understanding and not the depth of the pocketbook? Is it practical, assisting man to solve the problems of his daily life and not leaving him stranded somewhere in the clouds? Is it free from the cheating Nature element; or, in other words, does it demand that man shall work for everything he gets and that his reward will be according to his labor? Is it progressive, nonsectarian, interreligious, philosophical, reasonable, rational, and permanent? Is it free from hero-worship, free from the over-emphasis of personality, and free from that idealizing of some poor human sinner? Is it free from dangerous metaphysical practices, free from affirmations and denials, free from pernicious sex doctrines and dangerous exercises and practices? Does it appeal only to the highest, noblest, truest, most unselfish and impersonal part of the nature, offering no other reward for attainment than labor and self-sacrifice? If it be all these things, then—and then only—is it worthy to receive a moment's consideration from a sane person who values his life, health or integrity.

Q. What is meant by the "impersonal" attitude in occultism? In cultivating it is there not danger of losing the qualities of sympathy and compassion? Does it contemplate the extinction of the different forms of personal or individual love—romantic, parental, filial, platonic, etc.? F. R. C.

A. Two of the least understood attitudes are *impersonality* and *non-*

resistance. An intellectual concept alone of either of these is extremely dangerous. In the last analysis, impersonality is the highest expression of feeling and non-resistance is the highest expression of thought. Impersonality is not the annihilation of emotion; it is the universal distribution of the affections and feelings and the recognition of universal relationship in contradistinction to the recognition of clan, tribal or family relationship. The impersonal attitude is dependent upon the recognition of the fundamental *unity of life*. The emotions are then expended in the service of the entire, whereas previously they were limited to that which is physically or mentally close to the individual himself. In the same way, the law of non-resistance is based upon the recognition of *fundamental and universal good*. The mind which realizes that all things work together for the good of each and that each thing works for the good of all, no longer attempts to resist life's experiences and occurrences but, accepting each as necessary for its own growth, substitutes assimilation for resistance.

Q. What is the "subconscious" mind? Is control over the "subconscious" mind acquired through auto-suggestion, and if so, is it the key to the ultimate conscious control of all the present involuntary functions of the body? A. L. R.

A. Prof. William James describes the subconscious mind as "the greatest discovery in 100 years." The subconscious mind holds in the problem of thought the same relative position that ether occupies as a scientific postulate. From observation of mental phenomena certain scientists have induced the hypothesis of a mental reservoir not subject to the limitations of conscious thought or memory. Like electricity, the subconscious mind has never been defined and it is known only through the manifestations attributed to it. Popular psychology makes considerable of the subconscious mind, but actually knows nothing concerning it or its function. It will yet be discovered that the thing which we call *thought* is the product of the combined activities of several intellectual mechanisms. For example, each organ of the body has its own faculty of memory. The physical structure, as a whole, has its own mind, functioning as a unit separate from the mental equipment of the spiritual individual dwelling within that body. In brief, it may be said that the spiritual nature of man has a separate and distinct form of thinking apparatus upon each of its various levels of manifestation. Even emotion is supplied with certain recollective qualities. The physical body has no less than four brains, while each nerve plexus and ganglion is a potential center of mental expression. The greatest plexus in the body—the solar plexus—may prove to be the seat of the subconscious mind. It is certainly the area most subject to instinctual reflexes. Science now realizes that man actually thinks throughout the entire length of the spinal cord. The heart also is an organ of thought but its intellectual activities as yet have received little consideration. Whether the subconscious mind is a physical faculty or a superphysical one has been the subject of much controversy. Each faculty or function is triangular in essence and expression, and the triangle of the mind is created by dividing the mental equipment into a superconscious, a conscious, and a subconscious mind. By philosophical analogy, the superconscious mind should be the spiritual activity or phase of thought, the conscious mind the human activity of thought, and the subconscious the subhuman, or elementary, activity of thought. The fact that the subconscious

mind is considered as a reservoir which is a receptacle would indicate that it is recognized as a negative or receptive mental attribute with the superconscious mind as its opposite pole. Between these two is the conscious mind —the normal thinking equipment of the human being. It is extremely unlikely that the subconscious mind will ever control the involuntary functions of the body because all these functions are now demonstrating symptoms of voluntary expression. For example, involuntary muscles are beginning to show signs of the voluntary cross fibres, and the heart which has been long considered the chief involuntary muscle will in the future be under the direct control of the human intellect. Like the tonsils which show traces of being a survival of the gills of primitive man, the subconscious mind may prove to be a survival of the intellectual equipment of the irrational human creature, for it produces phenomena which, to a certain degree at least, resemble the mental activity of the animal kingdom. The so-called science of auto-suggestion is based upon the natural phenomena of environment affecting whatever creature is placed within its sphere of influence. Being very susceptible to extraneous influences, man may be very easily diverted from his natural course. Auto-suggestion is an effort to engraft upon intellect a certain attitude which will cause the person to perform a labor or accomplish an end to which previously he had been indifferent. This auto-suggestion is a mild form of hypnosis, its danger lying in the fact that the labor which the individual accomplishes is the result of neither an innate desire nor a direct realization of its import. We grow only by rational decision. When the natural trend of the mind therefore is interfered with it often results disastrously. The influences exerted by auto-suggestion are apparently stored in the subconscious mind. In reality, auto-suggestions exist as patterns of various geometric forms in the substance of a mysterious etheric vesicle surrounding the brain and serving as the subtle substance in which thought-images are produced. Once a suggested thought-form is imprinted upon this ether, it will reflect this image into the brain at any time, when the brain, becoming negative, no longer creates pictures of its own making. The "suggested" thought depends upon repetition for its vividness.

Q. Do we go from this planet to another? If so, which? Anon.

A. Several schools of philosophy teach that after man's life upon the physical planet earth he is transported to one of the other planetary bodies. We can find, however, no justification for this in the deeper teachings of the ancient Mysteries, for the planet earth itself, being septenary in its constitution, contains within its own body planes or spheres corresponding with each of the planets of this solar system. The next step of solar consciousness above the earth is that of Jupiter, but the Jupiterian environment is to be found within the sevenfold body of the earth itself. At the end of this day of manifestation consisting of uncounted millions of years, the planets will be reabsorbed into the body of the sun. When they are brought forth again into being, it is quite probable that those creatures who have finished their work upon the earth will begin their new day of labor upon the body of Jupiter, but the prevalent idea that we flutter indiscriminately from star to star or pick out one for our next life is totally out of accord with the slow and consistent workings of natural law.

Q. How can one safeguard himself against the inroads of vampirism or the sapping of one's vitality by those with whom we come in contact? J. D.

A. Life itself is a continuous process of vampirism. All through

Nature life subsists by stealing life and we lengthen our own days by shortening the days of other creatures. Generally speaking, the weak vampirize the strong through the aura. There are certain esoteric methods whereby this can be prevented but it is impossible to discuss them in print. Suffice it to say, that a positive mental attitude is of great assistance in this matter. The human body is an open circuit, the greatest amount of leakage being through the hands and feet, from which a clairoyant can see streams of force continually pouring. When in the presence of an individual or a group of individuals whom you believe are likely to sap your vitality, one reasonably sure preventive is to cross the hands and feet. This can be done without attracting attention by simply crossing one ankle over the other and clasping the hands together. In this position only a minimium of energy can escape. Conscious vampirism—which is very rare—must be handled in a scientific manner.

Service: Our Motto

L. A. Undertaking Company

JEANNETTE L. HAZEL
NORMAN B. WORLEY

2517 Pasadena Ave. CApitol 0044
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Symbolic Outline for the Classification of Knowledge
Shows relation of Science, Philosophy, Religion and the Arts to the Mystery Schools.
Send 12c in Stamps
Address Harry S. Gerhart
301 Trinity Auditorium Bldg.
Los Angeles

Funeral Directors
REED BROTHERS CO.
MYRON W. REED FRANK E. GEIGER
JOHN W. TAPLEY
Careful preparation of the body by any method desired.

WEstmore 5151
PRIVATE AMBULANCE
721 W. Washington St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The **Aquarian Book Shop**

Occult and Astrological Books and a Circulating Library

Books by Manly P. Hall on display
Room Number 202
358 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

Index to Volume IV

Editorial

Building Statelier Mansions - - - - - - - - - 163
Concerning the Nature of God - - - - - - - - 131
Mental Attitude as the Basis of Efficiency - - 99
On Education - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3
Smashing Shams - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 67
The Bible Versus the Bible - - - - - - - - - 35

Notable Reprints

An Illustration of the Deep Principles of Jacob Behmen - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 77
Vocabulary of Occult Terms - - - - - - - - - 176
The Druid Ceremony of Stonehenge - - - - - 15
The Platonic Philosopher's Creed - - - - - - 107
Translation from the Third Book of Mathesis - 47

Orientalism

Japan - 155
Magic and Sorcery of the Far East - - - - - 39
The Ten Incarnations of Vishnu - - - - - - - 114

Philosophy, Science, and Religion

The Delphian Oracles - - - - - - - - - - - - 103
The Great Pyramid - - - - - - - - - - - - - 7
The Mysteries of Light, Sound, and Color - - 71
The Secret Key to Mystic and Masonic Christianity 53
The Seven Days of Creation - - - - - - - - 136
Zoroaster and the Worship of Fire - - - - - 171

Questions and Answers - - - - 21, 61, 91, 125, 158, 188

AN Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," the greatest work of Manly P. Hall, will soon astonish the world of thought with its transcendent philosophy, uniqueness, and beautiful artistry.

This work is dedicated to the proposition that there exists a secret doctrine concerning the inner mysteries of life, which is concealed within the emblematic figures, allegories, and rituals of the ancients. This wisdom remains permanent amidst the impermanence of races and civilizations.

Although thoroughly conversant with the underlying principles of Symbolism, Mr. Hall has always felt that his unsupported opinions would be insufficient to convince those more critical intellects who require substantiation for every theory advanced.

Therefore, it has been necessary to cull the writings of the early philosophers to establish the superlative nature of their intellectual and spiritual culture. While the search for such proof has required a period of time far exceeding that first anticipated, the quest has been eminently successful and when the volume appears *the doctrines it promulgates will be substantiated by pertinent quotations from the greatest minds of ages.*

Few of the books containing authentic information of the monuments, antiquities, and literature of the early Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Hebrews are now in print. In fact, the best of these books were published during the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries and are now extremely rare and consequently difficult to obtain.

Research. No better individual example of the herculean task involved in tracing to original sources could be given than the chapter on The Bembine Table of Isis. This elaborate work of art, with its all-inclusive and apparently incomprehensible system of Symbolic Philosophy, is now in the Museum of Antiquities at Turin. The contents of this chapter alone represent a digest of 4,800 pages of reference material, over 250 pages of which were translated from the original Latin. A double page color plate (22x16 inches) reproducing the original table, which was copper inlaid with silver, will accompany this chapter.

The chapter on Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians is a fine example of the extreme care with which evidence must be weighted and conclusions drawn. Mr. Hall's treatment of this greatest of literary controversies will involve not only a discussion of hitherto unemphasized points of view but will also present certain original discoveries which cannot fail to be of interest to the scholar.

Translations have been required from reference works existing only in the original Chaldean, Egyptian hieroglyphics, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, German, Spanish and Portugese.

Remember, there are 50 full page color prints, and 250 etchings throughout the text, so you may examine these remarkable symbols for the first time.

Can YOU afford to neglect this tremendous volume, unique in the history of the world?

NOW is the time to place your order, as the price will go up when it leaves the printers. This book is now selling on the co-operative price basis. Write for full details,—no obligation.

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 Trinity Auditorium Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

The
ALL-SEEING EYE

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By
MANLY P. HALL

VOLUME FIVE

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
944 W. 20TH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Copyright, 1931
By
Manly P. Hall

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
A Little Study in Hell	150
American Mahatma, A Seven Day Wonder	218
Astrology:	
A Little Astrological Controversy	259
Astrodiagnosing the 100% American	23
A Talk on Astrology	244
Notes on the Horoscope of the United States	39
Speculations as to the Nature of Pluto	177
Zodiakos, the Circle of Holy Animals....29, 59, 81, 126, 159, 222, 254, 286, 318, 348,	381
Atlantis, the Lost World	99
A Word to the Wise	343
Beauty, a Little Essay on	47
Chi-chen Itza and the Sacred Well	264
Christmas, a WOR Radio Talk	154
City of the Gods, The	163
Confucius, the Superior Man	236
C. R. C. Portrait, a Rosicrucian Problem	10
Creative Imagination	88
Cultus Vegetabilis	313
Diogenes, the Dog of Athens	3
Eastern Fables	205
Economic Depression, The	276
Einstein and His New Theory of Space....85,	112
Egyptian Initiate, The	323
Feathered Serpent, The Mystery of the....302,	329
Financial Crisis in the Light of Philosophy, The Present 93,	120
Freemasonry and the Osiris Myth	67
Gnostic Cults, The	131

	Page
Growth	28
Healing, The Problem of	248
Heavenly Fire, The	195
Initiation	376
Investment, A WOR Radio Talk	214
Magic Mirror, The	17
Music of the Spheres, The	42
Mysticism of Omar, The	51
Natural Religion of Mankind, The	35
Numbers as Related to Man and the World	173
Numerology, Some Notes on	291
Occultism in America	186
Progress, A KFI Radio Talk	366
Rasputin: (continued)	
Rasputin and Cagliostro	7
Early Life	56
Philosophy of Life	78
The Passing of the Sorcerer	116
Retrospect on Races, A	281
Tarot Symbolism (continued): 15, 48, 75, 109, 147, 182, 210, 241, 272, 308, 339,	370
Tibetan Cabalism	355
Time, The Mystery of	143
Vicarious Reformation	20
Yucatan and the Ruined City of Uxmal, A trip to	227

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 OCTOBER, 1930 No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs	2
Diogenes, The Dog of Athens	3
Rasputin and Cagliostro	7
The C. R-C Portrait, A Rosicrucian Problem	10
Tarot Symbolism, Introduction	15
The Magic Mirror	17
Vicarious Reformation	20
Astro-diagnosing the Hundred Per Cent American	23
Growth	28
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals	29

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1930, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Application for second-class matter now pending.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

After a lapse of three years, publication of THE ALL-SEEING EYE is resumed, beginning with the October, 1930, number. This magazine will be devoted exclusively to the writings of Manly P. Hall, and its reappearance is in response to the insistent demand for his lectures in printed form. Vol. V of THE ALL-SEEING EYE will contain some of the best material which Mr. Hall has given to the public from the lecture platform. His various Sunday and class lectures given during the summer of 1930 have all been reported electrically, and will be reproduced in the magazine after the necessary changes for publication have been made. Special departments of the magazine will be devoted to psychical research, Orientalism, astrology, psychology, and occult philosophy.

Of particular interest to our Chicago friends is the announcement that Manly P. Hall returns to Chicago for a series of public lectures, beginning October 2, 1930, to be given in Assembly Hall on the Fourteenth Floor of the Masonic Temple, 32 West Randolph Street. The high standard of research work done by Mr. Hall in the fields of comparative religion and ancient philosophy has won for him a unique position upon the American lecture platform. For ten years he has been applying the magnificent philosophical systems of past ages to the vital problems of this generation. His unparalleled success in this field is evidence both of his personal ability and also the urgency of his message.

Diogenes the Dog of Athens

The gods are sufficient to themselves, therefore they are gods; men are insufficient to themselves, therefore they are men. It follows that the more men depend upon others the less they resemble the gods, and that they verge towards the divinities by detaching themselves from the concerns of mortals.

Thus reasoned Diogenes. To be consistent, he decided to live no longer in a house that another man had built, to deny himself all pleasantries, and not even use the commodities common to every-day life. Furthermore, reasoned the old skeptic, the gods, being complete in themselves, accepted nothing. So, with a flourish, Diogenes returned one after another the things that had been given him until at last he was reduced to a state of abject poverty. In his estimation, this resembled somewhat the divine state, for no longer receiving anything, he was like the gods who accepted nothing of mankind but who gave unceasingly of their life and light to all living things.

So we find Diogenes living in a tub, an old discarded barrel that no one else would have. This he rolled into the Metrium, the public square where the Athenian senators, merchants, and populace congregated for one reason or another. Here, with a little straw on the bottom of his tub, Diogenes lived a considerable part of his life. While they heartily despised the old cynic—for he was the Bernard Shaw of his day—nevertheless the Athenians had a high respect for Diogenes. A number of school boys for a prank once bored holes in his tub so that when it rained the water poured in. The citizens were so stirred up by

this outrage that they not only severely punished the boys but also bought Diogenes a new tub and insisted upon his accepting it in the name of the state.

Though the wise old philosopher lived rejecting mankind, the mankind he scorned grew to be very fond of him and his eccentric ways. The self-styled wise and the pedant would gather around him to watch him and listen to his words, and when Diogenes did not edify them, he, at least, amused them.

Diogenes was the recipient of the homage of Alexander the Great. The conquerer came one day and stood in front of the tub where the famous skeptic was sitting sunning himself. After looking Diogenes over for some time, Alexander said: "Is there not something that I can do for you, something that I can give you, some way in which I can reveal to you how I admire the profundity of your thinking?" Diogenes looked at the young Macedonian for a few moments, then said: "Alexander, there is only one thing you can do for me; step aside a little, you're between me and the sun, and I am cold." That was all that Diogenes would accept, namely, that Alexander should step aside a little.

So interested was Alexander at this reply that a deep friendship grew up between him and Diogenes and these two men—both of remarkable wit and insight—would often play jokes upon each other. On one occasion, Alexander the Great sent a basket of bones to Diogenes. To appreciate the point of this particular joke, it must be noted that out of popular conceit there had sprung up a nickname for Diogenes. He was called "The Dog of Athens," because, in his own words, he barked at those who were untrue. He snarled and bit at those who were false to themselves and did all he could to bring discomfiture upon those who felt themselves to be in high positions. So out of recognition of this nickname of "The Dog," Alexander sent Diogenes the basket of bones accompanied by a note which read thus: "From Alexander to Diogenes, Greetings! These bones are such as a dog should receive." Patiently reading the note, Diogenes turned to the servant who had brought the basket and

instructed him to take the bones back to Alexander with the following note: "Diogenes to Alexander, Health! These bones might have been such as a dog should receive, but they were scarcely such as a king should send." Alexander so admired this retort that he caused it to be published among his people to show the wit and understanding of this great skeptic.

Diogenes was a contemporary of Plato. These two men heartily despised each other, probably owing to the difference in their fundamental viewpoints; for, sad as it may seem, the wise are sometimes domineering. It is very difficult, even for the great, always to show that rare humility which is the seed of true greatness. One day Diogenes (whose chief hatred for Plato was based upon the fact that he believed the great Athenian to be proud) chanced to see Plato walking down the street wearing a brand-new, long-flowing velvet cape. Following Plato, Diogenes waited until the great Platonist was standing over a mud puddle. He then crept up behind Plato and, quickly jumping up and down on the hem of Plato's robe, trampled it in the mud, at the same time calling out loudly for the benefit of the bystanders: "Now I've stepped on Plato's pride." Plato (whose name was derived from "plateau" because of the breadth of his brow) was a shrewd Jupiterian and a jovial soul. Turning upon the irate Diogenes, he said with a smile: "Yes, Diogenes, you condemn my pride, yet how proud are you that you can step upon my cloak in this way!" Nonplussed, Diogenes thought for a moment, then crept away.

The above instances are typical of the great cynic. Diogenes had a very curious mental twist and his life was given over to many austerities. Many people believe that in order to be really good you must be more or less uncomfortable—that a state of comfort and ease for the body may in some way lure the soul into sin. Diogenes shared such a belief and set himself the task of mastering his body by subjecting it to all sorts of discomfort and mental discipline. Consistent with this theory, we find him one day sitting on a snowbank, with very little clothing, actually numb and his teeth

chattering from the cold. He had done this simply to prove his control over his body. A citizen of Lacedemonia came by and, seeing the great cynic sitting in a snowbank, called out to him, "Diogenes, are you cold?" Diogenes looked scornfully at the youth, "C-c-c-certainly not," he replied, his teeth actually chattering. "All right," retorted the Lacedemonian, "if you are not cold, why do you sit there?" With a sheepish expression upon his face, Diogenes got up quietly and retired to his tub. He had been bested by the stranger from out of town.

Diogenes maintained the same general attitude of both the true Oriental and the early Christian ascetic. He devoted his life largely to the mastery of his body, to the mastery of every emotion, thought, and action, and as the result of his wonderful self-control, acquired a great profundity of reason and understanding.

To show how he departed from worldliness and devoted his life to the study of abstract subjects it is interesting to follow him as, leaving his tub and passing down the street, he would come to the small fountain from which he used to secure his drinking water. He carried in his hands a simple mug—we don't know whether it was pewter or clay—but it was an old and cheap vessel. As he leaned over to fill it, it suddenly occurred to him that the gods did not use cups when they drank. Hence, such things as drinking cups were definite evidences that he was still bound to mankind. So, with a gesture of impatience, Diogenes threw the cup away, breaking it in pieces, and declaring that as the gods did not need cups, neither did a wise man, but that any man's hand was enough to form a hollow vessel from which to drink. From that time on, therefore, Diogenes did not use a cup. In his advancing years, Diogenes developed the habit of leaning upon a cane or staff. Suddenly realizing that the gods did not lean upon sticks, he threw his cane away. Even in his most advanced years, when he had become rather weak and decrepit, he refused any assistance from a stick, declaring that all these things were evidences that he had not yet escaped from mankind.

Rasputin and Cagliostro

The gaunt, fantastic figure of Rasputin stands out in startling relief against the prosaic background of the twentieth century. His bizarre personality seems to belong to some earlier age; he is a miracle in an era in which miracles are *verboten*.

The Literary Digest defined this remarkable man as the Russian Richelieu. The title may be superficially apt, but a closer analysis reveals a wide interval in the attitudes of these two men. The fighting Cardinal was a man of culture and exquisite personality, a politician of intrigues and subtilities, whose life was devoted to the various ends of ambition. Rasputin, on the other hand, was first, last and always a peasant, with a peasant's viewpoint upon life, a peasant's superstitions and simplicity. Even when elevated by circumstance to a position far above his natal lot, he remained to the end constitutionally and temperamentally a peasant.

Like the class from which he came, Rasputin was childlike and candid in his motives and methods. It requires ages of culture to elevate dishonesty to the degree of a diplomat. The peasant Rasputin had his own narrow viewpoint of life between him and what might be termed success. All his instincts, all his hereditary tendencies, all his early environment and training bound him to the great body of the Russian people. Whatever he did, be it good or bad, Rasputin did naturally and simply, free from affectation or subterfuge. Under all conditions and at all times Rasputin was

wholly and utterly himself; he neither analyzed his motives nor explained them.

To understand his psychology and the position which he occupied, it would probably be advisable to compare him with another great figure in history who in many ways paralleled the Russian *starets* in both temperament and achievement. We refer to Allesandro Cagliostro, the great Sicilian magician who swept like a meteor across the heavens of Europe in the eighteenth century and whose fall precipitated the French Revolution, even as the fall of Rasputin brought down the house of the Romanoffs.

The famous (or, as some would have it, infamous) Comte di Cagliostro was called by his devotees the friend of the poor and the spokesman of the citizenry of France. Rasputin was the spokesman of the peasants of Russia and championed their cause before the ruler of the land. If any credence is to be placed in the Joseph Balsamo story, the private life of Cagliostro was as wild an orgy of intemperance as that of Rasputin's. Both were accused of sorcery, suspected of every crime, prayed to and cursed in the same breath. Each rose from an obscure beginning and by rare personal magnetism surmounted the handicap of an unprepossessing appearance to reach a point akin to deification. Both were makers of history and, if the stories be true, met death finally through strange and violent means. Cagliostro, according to accounts, was strangled by his jailer in the castle of San Leo, and Rasputin was murdered at night in the cellar of his princely host. While seemingly in order, the element of mystery is associated with the death of both these men. Cagliostro is reported to have been seen in India after his reputed death and Rasputin is said to have been recognized in a South American city several years after his body was presumably buried in the palace gardens of the Tsarkoe Selo.

Both Cagliostro and Rasputin had a similar streak of genius. Cagliostro, stamping up and down in front of his judges, dressed in pink trousers, green waistcoat, and varicolored turban, and Rasputin with his hand-embroidered silk smock, peasant boots, and dis-

heveled appearance—both were bizarre in the extreme. And, most important of all, both men were the products of the curious chemistry of circumstances, each received limited support in his mission, and then was cut down.

For many centuries the Russian peasants had existed in a state of ignorance due to illiteracy. Wherever we find this plague infecting the state, we find its sister evil—superstition. Both ignorance and superstition breed violence; both are caused by oppression and both, in turn, are held in check by oppression. Where ignorance of the realities of life prevails, pseudo-orders of knowledge invariably spring up to meet the need. Among the Russian peasantry we, therefore, find a species of pseudo-wisdom—a knowledge not derived from books but a strange compound of folklore and holy traditions coupled with some practical knowledge concerning the therapeutic properties of herbs and simples.

From the intellectual environment of an ignorant people, a decadent priestcraft, and an indifferent aristocracy Rasputin rose. All these produced a man who epitomized in his own disposition both the advantages of these various social strata. The biographies of Rasputin are replete with contradictions and, though he passed out of this life as recently as the year 1916, his exploits are already half mythical. His personal life prior to his entry into the field of world politics is already distorted out of all sense of historic proportion. The Russian Revolution is probably responsible in great measure for the incomplete records concerning Rasputin; for, relying upon the villifications of the monk Iliodor, the Red Government used Rasputin's name and memory as a powerful instrument against the Romanoffs and the nobility.

(The early life of Rasputin will appear in the next issue.)

The C. R. C. Portrait
A Rosicrucian Problem

For several years we have been investigating the secret societies of the ancient and mediæval 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" declares 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 Frances 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 seventeenth 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. (Christian Rose-Cross), and to heal the sick *without pay*. They were deeply concerned with alchemy and astrology, and their ranks included several great Kabbalists 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 Eniglish might finance a crusade against the Mohammedans.

After describing the purposes of their organization, the Rosicrucians in their first manifestoes recount the adventures 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 instruc-

tions 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. Here 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 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 out 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 sym-

bolism 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 sixteenth 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. One of these groups after exacting the most terrible oaths from those joining the society gave each one of the new members a black rope with which he was supposed to strangle himself if he broke any of the laws of the order.

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 sus-

pect 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 Albert 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.

TAROT SYMBOLISM
INTRODUCTION

The Court de Gebelin, a high Mason and eminent scholar of his day, first set forth the symbolic possibilities of the Tarot cards. Since his time a number of other writers (who will be remembered chiefly for their enthusiasm) have submitted to, yes, even attempted to thrust upon the public mind more or less fantastic interpretations of these mysterious leaves. Most of these attempts to clarify the meaning of the Tarot have only muddled the issues involved. The original lack of information has been exchanged for a monumental structure of misinformation.

The difficulties may be classified under three headings:—

(1) The original number of cards is unknown but it is quite within the range of possibility that the modern deck lacks several vital (and, therefore, deleted) cards. The removal of even one or two symbols would destroy the sequence of the figures and thus hopelessly confuse the would-be interpreter.

(2) It is quite probable that the order of the cards has been purposely changed. In fact, the unnumbered major trump—the Fool—is the chief stumbling-block confronting the student of the Tarot. The problem, therefore, is naturally related to the science of cryptography. The cards become the elements of a secret writing; they are a definite philosophic cipher, and until the elements of this cryptic alphabet have been finally established, the subject must remain a debatable field of abstract speculation.

(3) Most writings on the subject of the Tarot (prominent among them the treatises of Eliphas Levi and Papus) are unquestionably "blinds" published for the definite purpose of diverting public attention from the deeper issues involved. Whether bound or regarding themselves as bound by obligations of honor, these authors preserved inviolate whatever knowledge

they actually possessed. For reasons somewhat obscure but which they evidently regarded as sufficient, they purposely deceived the public in their published descriptions of both the major and minor trumps.

Instead of being being influenced too deeply by existing writings, the student obviously should sever his connections with these dubious text-books and reconstruct the entire system of Tarot symbolism from the secret doctrine of the ancients, scattered fragments of which have survived the persistent efforts in past ages to destroy learning.

If, as all indications point, the Tarot may be traced definitely to the Arabian mystics, we can search for the true interpretation in those orders of learning which flourished in Arabia during the first ten centuries of the Christian Era. We have abundant evidence that the wise men among the Arabs—the astrologers and philosophers—drinking deeply at the fountain-head of Greek learning, became the ardent champions of academic philosophy. They also tasted of Egyptian lore, and even imbibed of the wisdom of Chaldea and Phœnicia.

Little is known of the religion which Mohammed destroyed, or at least believed he had destroyed. There is no question, however, that his own sect perpetuated this wisdom in the metaphysics or mysticism of the Dervishes. Though not the originators of this great system, the Arabians have earned for themselves a certain measure of immortality because they were the honest custodians of those older truths whose importance they grasped.

Having established this link, we may next disregard it and investigate the sources from which all subsequent philosophies derived their fundamental premises. Western metaphysics reached its flood-tide in the transcendental doctrines of the Greeks. To understand the Tarot, then, we shall disregard the scattered emblems momentarily, re-establish the ethical system which unquestionably they were devised to perpetuate, and, by so doing, render evident the inevitable interpretations of the cards.

(To be continued)

The Magic Mirror

In the legend of Bacchus, the Greeks arcanely intimate that the physical universe is but a polished mirror in which one sees the reflection of the heavenly world. Thus, in the mirror of matter we see our individualities reflected as personalities; our bodies are but the shadows of our souls cast for a day upon the substance of illusion. To realize that form and feature are but reflections of our invisible dispositions is to know ourselves.

In the light of this premise, sit down before your mirror and study your face; lean back, eye yourself in a calculating manner, and interrogate your shadow thus: "If I met you on the street, would I trust you? If I encountered you in a deserted spot on a dark night, would I live to get home? If you were a stranger, would I want you for a friend?"

This brings to mind a story (presumably authentic) of a certain woman who had such an ugly disposition and repulsive features that it frightened her to look at her own face so that she dressed and performed a meticulous toilet for forty years without once looking in a glass. Strange as it may seem, she chose to do that rather than soften her countenance by modifying her disposition.

Therefore, when you behold this semblance of yourself view it as a completely dissociated personality. Then honestly catalog your reactions. Your analysis may disclose that the shadow in the mirror has a hard, cold mouth that goes down a bit at the

corners. This mouth will probably cause an unpleasant reaction, but previously it was others who felt it and not yourself. Hence, the stranger encountering you must appear either indifferent or charmed while beholding your unprepossessing looks. You will recall the famous limerick which ran something like this:

"I am not very handsome 'tis true,
My face it is slightly askew;
But I do not mind it, for I stand behind it,
And all of the pain is with you."

By using the mirror you are suddenly enabled to meet yourself as a stranger. You are able to determine just how much of an obstacle you are to your own ends and purposes. After looking earnestly for about half an hour, one person heaved a mountainous sigh and remarked sadly: "What an empty looking thing I am; I am shallow, expressionless. In fact, I can see no intelligent reason for my existence."

If the face is empty, the cue is to fill it. If it is shallow, deepen it; if it is narrow, broaden it; if it is too short, lengthen it. Work with yourself, with your thoughts, emotions and ideals until you can honestly say, as you look into the reflection of your own eyes, that the face before you is that of a person whom you would really want to know. Thoughts and feelings reproduce themselves upon the delicate linings of the face until your face becomes a replica of your soul. Even the slightest detail is significant—the hair, the texture of the skin, and the coordination of parts. The advocates of heredity admit that it takes a million years to chisel a nose. The body is the potter's clay daily being molded into a form consistent with the internal integrity.

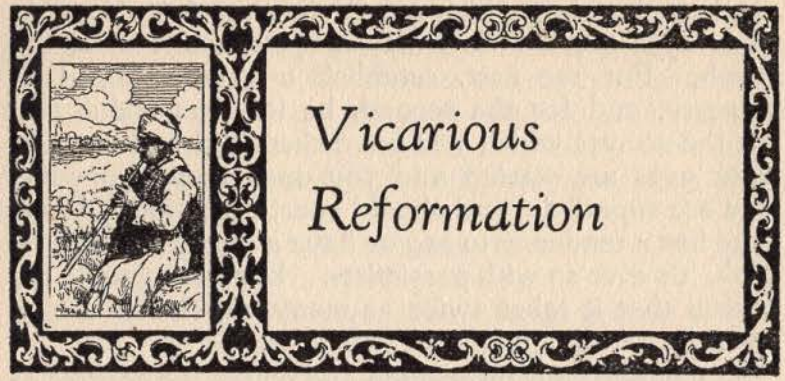
Now comes the technique of improvement. Try spending ten minutes a day reconstructing your own face. It is a philosophical verity that if you can lift your ethical standards, you can lift your face with them. Here is an opportunity for a new fad—philosophical face-lifting. It will never become popular, however, because it requires work.

Having analyzed existing conditions, decide upon

the improvements which you desire to make. Possibly your eyes are a little shifty or you squint them too much. For the first, establish a new standard of honesty, and for the second, be less suspicious and air the secrets which you have cherished so long. If your eyes are staring and you open them too wide, you are superficial and should court reflection. If the face has a tendency to sag or have a gaunt and hollow look, 'tis ever so with pessimists. For such people the truism that it takes twice as many muscles to frown as it does to laugh is most pertinent.

Change your disposition and watch the corners of your mouth come up just as surely as though they had been shifted by a surgical operation. Banish deceit and watch your eyes open; think and watch your eyes go back where they belong. Strange but true, in a few years a person can rebuild his face, so that while it may not actually be beautiful, it will convey the definite impression of attractiveness. In this age of competition, personal appearance is a powerful factor in the success of any individual or enterprise. The expression upon your face will have much to do with the position that you will occupy in society. A friend of mine who had an uncanny ability to detect thieves said he seldom failed because he could detect dishonesty in the texture of the skin. When even our pores turn state's evidence, no alternative but honesty is left.

The study of your face will discover to you the magnificent psychological background of life, a sphere whose subtilities are lost upon ninety-nine out of every hundred persons. Most of us live in the so-called evident. Behind the evident, however, is a network of inherent causes and impulses that make us what we are. We are all tyrannized by circumstances until we rise above circumstance by taking our lives into our own hands and molding ourselves into the ideal we long to be. These little chats with the stranger in the mirror will accomplish much. By standing off and watching yourself walk by, you will receive a definite urge toward self-improvement which you might never otherwise come to feel.



Vicarious Reformation

The subject of all worthy legislation is man; the object of that legislation is the improvement of the human state. The insurmountable difficulty to these worthy purposes is the impossibility of the individual actually reforming anyone but himself. Most people are like incorrigible children; and reformatory measures, instead of making them better, simply make them angry. The optimistic reformer should never overlook the fact that there are certain peculiar traits inherent in human nature that have impeded ethical progress since the beginning of time.

The success of any reformation depends upon a single premise: namely, that people want to be better. Of the minority this may be true; of the majority, it is not. Few people have any well-defined desire for self-improvement and of that limited number only a much smaller group has any well formulated plan of procedure. The primary desire of the average man or woman is simply to be comfortable. John Doe wants a fair share of this earth's goods, a little more power than his neighbor, and his name in the Blue Book. He would like to be respected and feared—preferably the latter. He is interested in self-improvement, provided it can be accomplished without effort, sacrifice or discomfort on his own part.

The motion picture industry has suffered from the tragedy of the "educational" film. It is the great box-office flop. So past experience has formulated a new procedure to deal with this equation in human nature. *If you feel that you must educate the individual, do it*

without his knowledge; for if he ever suspects that you are trying to improve his intellectual or ethical status he will hate you to the end of his days. The way of the reformer is more difficult even than that of the transgressor. The public mind, restricted by infantile proportions, indulges in infantile reactions. It reasons thus: "Someone is trying to educate me, from which I infer that he thinks I am ignorant. I am insulted—I'll never speak to him again!"

Jane Roe pays fifty cents to see a motion picture. That half dollar she dedicates to entertainment. If she discovers, however, that even five cents of it has been expended to improve her intellectual condition, she will want that nickel back. Culture, like the air, must be free. We will pay to be happy, but not to be wise. The fizzle of radio education parallels that of motion pictures and what we hear broadcasted in the air grows worse every day. There seems to be more or less prevalent the attitude which views it a disgrace to acquire education out of school; in fact, even during school days many only tolerate it because it is compulsory.

Only the minority appreciate learning; the majority must have it thrust upon them, if possible. A man will learn just enough to earn his bread and butter, for a thoroughly buttered slice of bread (whole-wheat) has become the fetish of the average person. Consequently, whenever the problem of actually improving the ethical estate of man comes up, the results are negative, not only through lack of popular support but through actual opposition. John Doe actually dislikes to have a better state thrust upon him. He would rather be free to wallow in the mire than to have his Augean stables cleaned up by some method which would curtail or endanger that inviolable aspect of personal liberty "to do as he pleases."

This is an age of progress and, speaking of progress, we are approaching the ultimate reformation. From now on, the trash cans along the curbs are going to be painted gray instead of green. This legislation has been made necessary because people have been posting their letters in these trash cans for years. Edu-

cated in our public schools, enjoying our exceptional cultural opportunities, the people who elect our presidents, make our laws and raise our families, the people who are the subject and object of our various reformations cannot yet recognize a trash can when they see one. How can we expect people to enjoy rare intellectual stimulus who consistently post their mail in a box marked "trash"?

Laws are made primarily for people who haven't sense enough to live well without them. These laws protect the person who is either thoughtless of others or who lacks sufficient gumption to take care of himself. The intelligence of the average person is seldom called in question; when it is, as in the problem of the trash can, he falls down hopelessly. As a result, we must have explicit directions for everything that we do. The strip of sandpaper on a box of matches must bear the caption, "Scratch Here," otherwise its purpose would be entirely beyond our comprehension. A door must be labelled "Push" or we might possibly try to get through it with a can opener; and we could not find our way out of a theater if the word "Exit" were not written over the opening in the wall. These little suggestions for our convenience, edification or enlightenment are touching testimonials of what some inventive mind thought of the average intelligence of the human family. And—most lamentable of all—he was right.

The most vicious form of ignorance to be met with is the ignorance which supports selfishness. We have laws governing every human thought and act. These laws are necessary, for they are a Bill of Human Rights by which each person is theoretically protected from the selfishness of every other person. The enforcement of these laws requires an enormous expenditure every year in this country. Hundreds of millions of dollars a year spent to prevent people from injuring, killing and exploiting each other is a startling reflection upon what we please to call our intelligence. But worse still, definite efforts are continually being made to evade these laws and remove all check upon the indulgence of individual ruthlessness.

ASTRO-DIAGNOSING THE HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN

ACCORDING to Astrology, the constellation of Gemini which is ascending in the horoscope of the United States, sets forth the composite temperament of the American people. The American college boy is intellectually and emotionally a Gemini type. When this college boy grows old he does not necessarily grow up, for he carries his juvenile eccentricities into his mature years. The Gemini youth has the "Arrow collar man" face, the collegiate slouch, and a certain air of languor about him. He is the young sophisticate who at seventeen has done everything and been everywhere; there is really nothing left for the average sophomore but to die—he has exhausted all other possibilities. For some time this type of the *genus homo sapiens* affected the balloon, or baby zeppelin, pants—those famous trousers that move only once to every three steps taken by the wearer. The immature Gemini is bold, affected, physically awkward, emotionally style-conscious and intellectually unconscious. He radiates an air of worldly wisdom and has the unique distinction of knowing everything and nothing simultaneously.

The Gemini type can absorb a considerable amount of education but is at a loss to know what to do with it after acquired. For lack of application, his education rapidly deteriorates; hence, we find the youth enthusiastic and ambitious but not profound. When intellectualism is present, it inclines the mind to speculate in matters entirely beyond its depth which often results in a most objectionable case of opinionatedness. Gemini is mechanical, inventive, and somewhat scientific. It usually learns, to its sorrow, that the highest form of art is the elimination of the un-

necessary. Gemini must forget nearly all that it has learned in order to know anything. After such a youth has completed his four years at college, he generally corrects the situation, however, and after years of contact with the actual problems of existence the individual discards his useless attitudes and concentrates upon the practical responsibilities of life. Occasionally an exception is found to this delineation of the Gemini type. The real student is rare; the typical Gemini works as little as he can, crams at the last moment, and his whole college life is just one frat after another.

This may be considered a rather hypercritical analysis of the national personality, but the thought we wish to convey is that, for the most part, our people are well meaning but superficial. We are a race bored to distraction and as tired of ourselves as we are of everything else. We are also becoming very fatalistic, for we are convinced that no effort on our part will have much effect upon existing conditions. The average election shows that we are bored with politics and the half empty churches reveal that we are bored with religion. We have almost entirely given up the hope of recovery from the boredom of our jaded nerves and emotions. With his superiority complex, the American instinctively swaggers and gazes patronizingly from the heights of his self-esteem. We do not mean that these traits are common to every individual. The great level, however, if you wish to call it such, is made up of persons who madly read their morning papers and promptly forget any vital news that may have accidentally been published. The average citizen, however, seldom reads the news; for he barely has time to skip through the sporting section, the comic strips and the financial returns.

Then another Gemini trait is very marked in the *genus homo Americanus*. Every individual wants to reform something, not always because of his overwhelming desire for human betterment but rather because of his overwhelming self-confidence, which leads him to believe that a thing will never be well done until he

does it. Hence, we have reforms for everyone except the reformers themselves.

Gemini is strongly journalistic. This country is swayed by journalism and thousands have no opinions except those written by their favorite column writer. Gemini also controls advertising and nearly all of us are victimized by the advertiser. Gemini carries a surface culture and produces the proletarian blue blood, or mushroom aristocracy. Hence the new orders of nobility—the beef barons, the chewing-gum kings, the lords of frenzied finance, and the peers of soaps and safety razors. Gemini further brings with it the great American disease—nerves. According to the ancient astrologers, Mercury controls the nervous system; a nation ruled by this planet must consequently be intense, high-strung, restless, and "fidgety." The nervous excitement of our civilization is, therefore, a thoroughly Gemini quality.

Gemini is more or less superficial, recovering quickly from disappointments and disillusionments, which accounts for the fact that the American can lose his money with more sang-froid than any other national type. This lack of profound reflection is further evidenced by the fact that you can come back to the man you robbed yesterday and rob him again today. If you wish to sell the Gemini a gold brick, it is only necessary to wrap it up in a new kind of package, tell him his neighbor has just bought one, and the rest is easy. The average American will lose everything that he has, proceed to make another pile, and then lose that as naively as a child. The Gemini American is the easiest believer on earth. He depends hopelessly upon authority; it is too much of an intellectual problem for him to analyze whether the authority quoted knows any more about it than he does.

At the signing of the Declaration of Independence the fixed star, Capella, was in conjunction with the Eastern horizon. From Ptolemy, the Egyptian astrologer, we learn that Capella is a most powerful star and that its keyword is "love of novelty." Two thousand years does not seem to have changed the influence of that star. Is it possible to conceive of a

nation more given over to novelty than the United States? To do the same thing twice is to commit a *faux pas;* to do it three times is to be ostracized as impossible. In every walk of society we are intoxicated with the new. We can live in one apartment house only long enough to permit a new one to be built so that we can move into that. A big percentage of the Los Angeles population moves monthly and apartments over two years old are becoming increasingly difficult to rent. If our car is six months old, we are ashamed of it; if it is two years old, it is an antique—without, however, the inflated value generally attached to antiques. One of our great problems seems to be to determine just when a thing ceases to be junk and becomes an antique.

In the motion picture field it is unthinkable to see the same picture twice. The Metropolitan Opera Company is concerned with a serious dilemma—the public is bored with the old opera plots and this great musical institution may come to an ignominious end because Americans cannot write acceptable new operas. We may blame Capella, therefore, for dance marathons, doughnut-eating contests, flagpole sitting, flying endurance records, as well as the newest form of mania—miniature golf-itis.

In the horoscope of the United States, the sun—which represents the poyer, influence, and affluence of the government—is in conjunction with Sirius, the Dog Star. Upon the authority of Ptolemy, we learn that when this star conjuncts the luminaries or the angles it indicates that the subject of the nativity is destined to be the guardian, protector, counsellor or preceptor of others. Hence, the American people have always regarded themselves as the natural protectors of weak or persecuted nations. The paternal attitude of Sirius is represented by the Monroe Doctrine, which is an integral part of our political idealism.

The place of the sun in the American chart is extremely significant. It is placed in Cancer, the sign of the people. The presence of the sign of government in the house of the people is the proper astrological background for democracy. Thus we have a

government always *of* the people, sometimes *by* the people and, on still rarer occasions, *for* the people. Further investigation discovers the sun to be in the second house, described by the ancients as the house of finance, speculation, and investment. The place of the sun reveals the great primary urge behind our civilization and tells us that finance is the keynote of our government. With the sun in the banking house of the zodiac and Cancer upon the cusp of this house, is indicated financial returns through navigation, import, export, transportation, speculation, and crops. As Cancer governs the common people, we find grounds for the popular belief that public resources are continually exploited by private interests.

The ethical note of this country is strongly tainted with commercialism and if our national fabric may be said to be suffering from one disease more than another, it is the disease of money. Among the money-loving and extravagant people of the earth we occupy first place. We are one of the few nations who love money so well that we will put up with every personal discomfort in the effort to get it. In our craze to make and accumulate money, we undermine our physical well-being to the point where we can no longer enjoy spending money. The average person does not really enjoy his money. We have developed a great competitive system, however, which demands that we accumulate vast and unusable resources if we are to survive. In other words, we kill ourselves in order to get money enough to live. Among some of the Oriental peoples there is a sort of unwritten code that a man can always starve. Lacking, however, the philosophical background of Asia, we would rather live miserably than die peacefully. The great concentration of this country is upon money. We have eclipsed the legendary hoard of Crœsus, exiled the Rothschilds to the limbo, and will soon send the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street to the old folks' home. We may well ask the question of there are enough funds in the world to liquidate the intangible assets of our own capitalists. All this indicates that we are a financially-minded people, too young in culture to realize that when we have

acquired all the gold in the world there will be nothing left to buy with it.

GROWTH

The growth of the mind begins when the growth of the body has been completed;

The growth of the soul begins when the growth of the mind has been completed;

The growth of the Spirit begins when the growth of the soul has been completed;

The Absolute Perfection is that which remains when all growth has been completed.

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Postpaid $3.00.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

The true astrologer must be more than a mere monger 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 over its own respective division the divinity presided, 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 consequently 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 Multimammia, 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 Mysteries 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

Zeus as Lord of the World

water-man, pertain to the Mysteries of Ganymede, the cupbearer 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 Gaffariel, 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 upon the walls of heaven. Gaffariel 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.

(To be continued)

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 NOVEMBER, 1930 No. 2

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

The Natural Religion of Mankind....35
Notes on the Horoscope of The United States....39
The Music of the Spheres....42
A Little Essay on Beauty....47
Tarot Symbolism....48
Mysticism of Omar....51
The Early Life of Rasputin....56
Zodiakos—The Circle of Holy Animals....59

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1930, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Application for second-class matter now pending.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

A large and enthusiastic attendance marked the opening of Mr. Hall's lecture series in Chicago on October 2nd. Even the inclemency of the weather did not detract from the interest in "Einstein's New Theory of Space."

Mr. Hall was invited to speak over Radio station WMAQ, the broadcasting organ of the Chicago Daily News, while in the city and his first talk was "In the Land of the Living Saints." The interest in philosophy and metaphysics is very keen in the middle west at this time.

At the completion of his Chicago campaign Mr. Hall will deliver a series of ten lectures in KANSAS CITY, MO., at the Ivanhoe Masonic Temple, 3201 Park Avenue, beginning November 9th.

Any of our subscribers who have friends in Kansas City will confer a great favor if they will send names and addresses to our office so that we can mail programs and other information to them.

Mr. Hall's marked success during the past ten years is in a great measure due to the active and continual cooperation of an ever increasing body of sincere and interested persons who feel that in cooperating with his work they are accomplishing a definite good in the field of true education.

The Natural Religion of Mankind

What men ordinarily term *religion* may be defined as a primitive tradition subjected to constant revision, reformation and restatement. The great world religions of today are products of an almost interminable process of modification. Occasionally the advent of a new religion is announced. If we analyze its articles of faith, however, we will discover that it is only a conscientious objection to some previous cult or creed. Each succeeding religion is built coral-like upon the dead substratum of a previous order. All religious doctrines are interpretations in terms of human limitation of certain ever-existing and unchanging spiritual and ethical realities.

World Saviours are purifiers of tradition, reshapers and reformers of doctrines. Buddha was a conscientious objector to certain of the tenets of the Brahmans; Jesus was a conscientious objector to certain of the tenets of the Jews; and Mohammed was a conscientious objector to certain of the tenets of the Christians. Conscientious objection is, therefore, the impulse continually arranging into new patterns the fractional parts of religious opinion. We find the reformer of things spiritual in every age and among all peoples. He is endeavoring to re-establish according to his own understanding the natural religion of mankind which has been obscured by false and idolatrous conceptions.

It is, therefore, a mistake to consider religions as essentially different, for the differences apparent in

them are wholly superficial and accidental. The philosopher should rather attempt to visualize religion as a life-giving stream whose waters, rising from an unknown source—the splendor of the Eternal Presence—have become polluted from contact with the various civilizations through which they have flowed since the beginning of time. When these waters become the carrier of the poison of perverse opinion and creedal degeneracy, purifying reformations become necessary. These reformations, however, are not directed against the original idea but are simply efforts to return to that idea.

In this century the dilemma has become acute. The departure of theology from its fundamental premises is painfully evident, with the inevitable result that men have turned from the insufficiency of dogma to seek a fuller and more adequate revelation. The prayer of the philosopher today must be, "Let that which is irrelevant be eliminated that the relevancies may be rendered apparent. May the Eternal Truth which is, was and ever shall be, be stated again in terms comprehensible to this civilization."

In every generation there are men who have desired light and who have banded themselves together to investigate the deeper mysteries of God and Nature. These men have been persecuted because their discoveries threatened the integrity of prevailing opinionism. Still they have persisted and many of the symbols of alchemy, Hermeticism and Freemasonry bear witness to their devotion and ability. Max Muller, the German Oriental scholar, stated a fundamental truth when he said that there had never been a false religion unless a child be a false man.

All religions have had one common origin—a desire for greater justice and enlightenment. Most, also, have had a common end. Departing from the simplicity of their origin to become involved in meaningless complexities and dissensions, they have failed from the earth because they no longer served the soul hunger of man. An organization is merely the vehicle of an idea, and when the idea fails or is hopelessly deflected, the organization can no longer justify its

right to exist. The Freemason knows that primitive, or natural, religion is consistent with the laws of Nature and God. That which departs from Nature dies physically and that which departs from God dies spiritually. Only when we abide by the dictates of the Great Father above and the Great Mother beneath can we endure.

Departing from the laws of both Nature and God, temporal religions established an ecclesiasticism which seeks to dictate arbitrarily the destiny of souls. It is this condition that produces the reformer and inclines the mind to the study of such other sciences as can contribute to a new spiritual renaissance. True religion is, in the last analysis, the highest and most perfect form of natural philosophy. The deterioration of religion sets in when, turning from the severity of primitive tradition, it attempts to cater to human selfishness. Religions have a tendency to compromise with principle in an effort to increase their own temporal power. This is the beginning of the end, for no religious order has ever survived a compromise. When spiritual truth is sacrificed for the welfare of the organization, then the organization dooms itself to inevitable destruction.

The primitive religion of prehistoric man divided into two main branches, one of which was restated by the Brahmans, reformed by the Chinese, re-emphasized by the Buddhists, purified by the Taoists, moralized by the Confucianists, and transformed into an elemental worship by the Shintoists. Each of these groups endeavored to purge the original revelation of the inconsequentials carried upon the surface of the stream. Each succeeded in some detail but failed in others.

The other branch of the ageless Truth flowed westward to Chaldea and Phœnicia and, abiding for a time in Egypt, raised the Double Empire of the Nile to chief place among the repositories of wisdom. Egypt proved to be a laboratory of chemistry both divine and infernal, and when the stream at last flowed beyond the boundaries of Khem it had lost all semblance of its former appearance. Thousands of years will be neces-

sary to correct the evils originating in the decadent priestcrafts of Egypt. To the Egyptian priests we are indebted for nearly all the fallacies of Occidental ecclesiasticism. A battle of truth against error was fought in the dark mysteries of the ancient Egyptians. Truth was supported by the truly enlightened hierophants of the temples, initiates of the great Fire Mystery. Against these was arrayed a pseudo-sacerdotal caste, which probably sprang into existence as the result of the demoralizing influence of barbarians and usurpers brought to the throne of Egypt by war and conquest. These uninitiated foreigners, by virtue of Egyptian law being raised automatically to the chief place in the priesthood but being individually unqualified for such distinction, perverted their religious power and finally brought the Mysteries into disrepute.

Primitive religion thus was lost in a maze of absurdities created by fools, perfected by fools, and finally destroyed by fools. It was in Egypt that religion died and theology was born. Hence, theology may well be termed "a doctrine of usurpers."

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Postpaid $3.00.

NOTES ON THE HOROSCOPE OF THE UNITED STATES

AS WE continue our diagnosis of the hundred per cent American from last month, it should be particularly noted that with Gemini ascending, the ruler of the horoscope of the United States is retrograde Mercury in the second house. It is further significant that the second decan of Gemini on the ascendant is almost equivalent to a Libra quality, and Libra (the natural ruler of the seventh house) governs partnerships, corporations, trusts, and similar institutions. This brings a negative Venus influence with a tendency to egotism and vanity. Here also is the night club and cabaret life. The retrograde Mercury warns of a perverse application of the two elements which Mercury represents—quickness and intellect.

We have already noted that nerves are a national disease. The speed consciousness is a factor in this nervous condition and can become a menace to the integrity of the people. We do things faster in this country than anywhere else on earth. In fact, rapidity is undermining quality and greatly detracting from the comforts of a more leisurely existence.

With Jupiter in the first house, the mind is inclined toward mass production; while Venus, a somewhat superficial planet, increases the gullibility of the popular mind, with the result that things are accepted on their face value and not given proper analytical consideration.

Mars conjunct the ascendant bestows an unusual amount of energy and an insatiable ambition, which strengthens the superiority complex. The retrograde Mercury, the spirit of haste, is apt to be without comprehension of the destination to which it is speeding.

Daily we see the spectacle of speed mania. Everyone is in a mad rush, but no one seems to know where he is going or why he is in such haste to get there. It is one thing to be a messenger of the gods, but it is a still more desirable condition to know what is the message we are supposed to convey.

Mercury retrograde in the second house also tells us considerable about our financial system and methods. A retrograde Mercury is tricky, being given to scheming and intrigue. We are more interested in the possession of money than in the earning of it, and will juggle finances to achieve a condition of opulence without lending ourselves to the task of production. Mercury is the hypothetical middle man, the financial genius of this country, and to a great measure symbolic of our money system. This retrogression in the house of finance denotes periodical, unusual, and extreme fluctuations of money values. Financial panics will occur whenever progressed planets move over this house or form aspects from vital angles of the chart. Nearly all these panics result from the surfeit of fictitious money values—money made in someone's head, on paper or in other devious ways, with not enough actual cash on hand to go around. The financial attitude of our people is revealed as innately speculative. We enjoy the theory of speculation; we are natural gamblers and, like the members of that profession, have little real money sense. It is easy come, easy go, and no matter how much the average American earns, he will never have anything because he will always live slightly in excess of his income. As long as we spend anticipated profits, we are likely to have unsound finances. We mortgage the future, and where the future is as uncertain as it is today, this is a practice highly dangerous, to say the least.

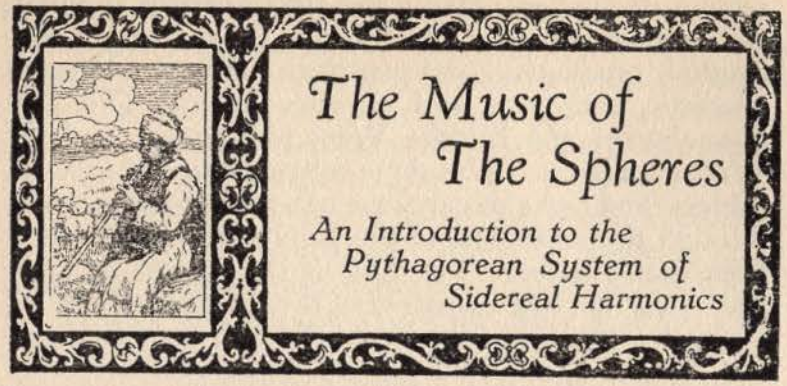
The sun in the second house reveals our brilliant financial career, at times more spectacular than sound. The sun in Cancer, which constellation rules the great Mississippi Valley, also reveals the seat of our national wealth. The United States is divided into three great belts—the eastern section under Gemini, the middle section under Cancer, and the extreme western

section under Leo. Hence the East is political, financial, and speculative; the Middle West is more substantial, productive, and practical; while the West is idealistic, ambitious, and pleasure-loving. The East is analytical, the Middle West phlegmatic, and the West impulsive. These three constellations of Gemini, Cancer, and Leo also carry the national diseases, which through the migration of the populace become rather evenly distributed. The East is the seat of tuberculosis and nervous disorders, the Middle West of stomach trouble, and the West of heart and blood disturbances. There is no question but that the trend of American civilization is definitely westward, and from the chart we can readily see why progressive religious movements experience their greatest success along the Pacific Coast.

Uranus is the patron genius of this country. It is in Gemini, close to the ascendant, revealing the liberal and yet erratic temperament of the average American. Mercury, as the ruler of the chart, foreshadows our inventive ability and the tremendous progress made in the fields of communication and transportation.

Scorpio upon the cusp of the sixth and Venus in the first house reminds us that sex is the vital factor in national health. There is an extreme and unnatural emphasis upon it in the general temperament of the people. The moral situation is constantly occupying the public mind. Scorpio upon the cusp of the house of health further signifies to the serious thinker the startling amount of venereal disease in this country.

Aquarius upon the cusp of the ninth house with the moon therein shows our idealistic tendencies and ever-growing inclination toward the occult. The lord of the eighth house intercepted in the fifth warns that our love of amusement, pleasure, and indulgence may result in national destruction.



The Music of The Spheres

An Introduction to the Pythagorean System of Sidereal Harmonics

The Greek philosophers declared all things to have a threefold foundation manifesting through a fourfold constitution. Thus the triangle became the proper symbol of *cause* and the square the natural emblem of *effect*. The religious and philosophical systems of Greece were founded upon the teachings of a triad of divinely illumined intellects—Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato. Orpheus was the founder of the Greek Mysteries and mythological system. Pythagoras was the master of numbers, music, and astronomy. He overthrew the postulates of the uninitiated Thales, who declared the heavens to be a crystal ball and the stars gilt-headed tacks driven deeply into its surface. Plato was indirectly the disciple of Pythagoras, and most of his writings are based upon fragments of the secret Pythagorean code saved from the burned University of Crotona. When forty-nine years of age, Plato was initiated into the Mysteries of the Pyramid, and was thus "raised" by the same exalted Brotherhood that had sent both Orpheus and Pythagoras into the world.

Of all men it was declared that Pythagoras alone could hear "the music of the spheres." He was the first to affirm that music was controlled solely by, and consequently was subordinate to, the laws of mathematics. For this reason Pythagoras believed that it was a mistake to permit harmony to be determined by the ear, declaring that numerical ratios alone constituted its true normative principle. Pythagorean musicians therefore called themselves *Canonics* to differen-

tiate their mathematical system of harmonic ratios from the more common *Harmonic* School of their day, which affirmed the ear to be the final criterion of harmony. So deeply concerned were the Greeks with the laws of musical harmony that they forbade the playing of musical selections which were not dignified and inspiring, declaring that ignoble music endangered the very solidarity of the state. Pythagoras also frequently employed music in healing, and one of his disciples cured afflictions of the nerves and muscles by blowing a trumpet in the patient's ear.

The greatest as well as most sacred symbol of the Pythagoreans was a triangular arrangement of ten dots called the *tetractys*, which they formed thus:

.

. .

. . .

. . . .

Within this triangle of points was contained the sum of philosophy. It was the absolute key to mathematics, astronomy, geometry, music, and cosmogony. The disciples of Pythagoras so revered this emblem that they referred to God as "the One who has given to our souls the mystery of the tetractys." Ten is the sum of the first four numbers (1 plus 2 plus 3 plus 4 equal 10) and represents the creative processes. From the 1 (God) came the 2 (polarity). From the 2 came the 3 (Divine Nature), and from the 3 came the 4 (elementary Nature), thus establishing all creatures and powers.

In his *Life of Pythagoras*, Iamblichus describes the curious incident which first led the seer of Samos to evolve the theory of musical steps or intervals. One day Pythagoras, while meditating upon the intervals of the *tetractys*, chanced to pass a brazier's shop where workmen were pounding out a piece of iron upon an anvil. By noting the difference in pitch between the sounds of the different hammer blows and their resultant harmony or discord, he gained his first clue to the musical intervals of the diatonic scale. Entering the shop, he found that the difference in pitch was due

to the difference in size of the hammers. After carefully examining the tools and making an accurate estimate of their weights, he returned home and constructed an arm of wood to extend across the room from one wall to the other. At regular intervals along this arm he then attached four cords, all being of the same composition, size, and length. At the lower end of each cord he tied weights of different magnitude to correspond with the different sizes of the hammers.

To the first cord he attached a 12-pound weight, to the second a 9-pound weight, to the third an 8-pound weight, and to the fourth a 6-pound weight. He then discovered that the first and fourth strings when sounded together produced a symphony diapason, or the octave, for doubling the weight produced the same effect as halving the string. The weight of the first string being twice that of the fourth, their ratio was said to be 2 : 1, or duple. By similar experimentation he ascertained that the first and third strings when sounded together produced the symphony diapente. The weight of the first string being half again as much as the third, their ratio was said to be 3 : 2, or sesquialter. The second and fourth strings having the same ratio as the first and third, when sounded together also produced another symphony diapente. The first and second strings when sounded together produced a symphony diatessaron. The weight of the first string being a third again as much as the second, their ratio was said to be 4 : 3, or sesquitertian. The third and fourth strings having the same ratio as the first and second, when sounded together also produced another symphony diatessaron. The second and third strings were said to have the ratio of 9 : 8, or epogdoan.

Modern efforts to reproduce this experiment have failed. Pythagoras really discovered the harmonic ratios with the aid of a curious instrument having a single string and movable frets, which he termed a *Cosmic Monochord.*

The first three dots of the *tetractys* signify the powers resident in the sun, and the remaining seven dots the forces manifesting through the planets—the

Elohim of the Hebrews. Of these seven, three are primary and first, and four are secondary and last. The Pythagorean arrangement of the seven ancient planets with their corresponding color and tonal values was as follows:

Saturn	Green	Fa
Jupiter	Blue	Sol
Mars	Red	Do
Sun	Orange	Re
Venus	Indigo	La
Mercury	Yellow	Mi
Moon	Violet	Si

While differing radically from the modern arrangement, this table has certain points in its favor. The intervals of the first, the third, and the fifth notes of the diatonic scale (Do, Mi, Sol) have as their color correspondences Red, Yellow, and Blue—the primary color tones of the spectrum. Also the seventh note of the diatonic scale (Si), being the most imperfect, corresponds to Violet, the least perfect color of the spectrum, and to the moon whose ray is the least perfect of the sidereal forces.

"The music of the spheres" was the result of three conditions: (1) the magnitude, velocity, and proximity of the celestial body; (2) the keynote of the body itself; (3) the intervals existing between the various heavenly bodies.

Counting inward from the circumference, Pythagoras divided the universe into twelve parts. The first division was called the *empyrean,* or the sphere of the fixed stars, the dwelling place of the immortals. The second was the sphere of Saturn, the third Jupiter, the fourth Mars, the fifth the sun, the sixth Venus, the seventh Mercury, the eighth the moon, the ninth fire, the tenth air, the eleventh water, and the twelfth earth. Because the octave consists of six whole tones, some authors—such as Robert Fludd, the great English Rosicrucian—have used a double octave to signify these twelve divisions.

The tonal intervals between the planets are as follows: Between the sphere of the earth and that of the moon, one tone; between the moon and Mercury, one-

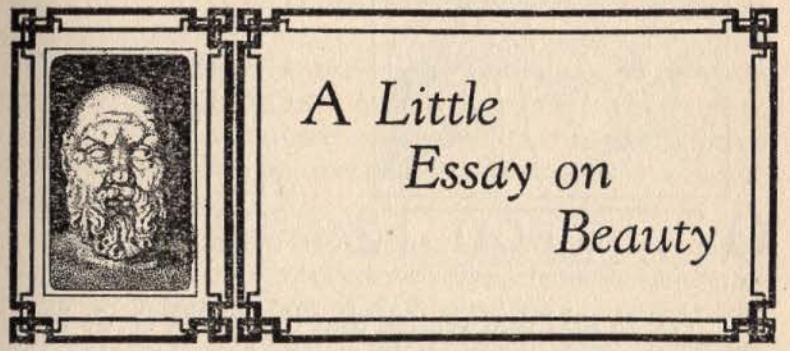
half tone; between Mercury and Venus, one-half tone; between Venus and the sun, one and one-half tones; between the sun and Mars, one tone; between Mars and Jupiter, one-half tone; between Jupiter and Saturn, one-half tone; between Saturn and the sphere of the fixed stars, one-half tone. The sum of these intervals equals six whole tones, or the sum of the tones of the octave.

From the foregoing, the harmonic relationships between the various heavenly bodies may be very easily determined. For example, the harmonic chord between the sun and the earth is a symphony diapente, between the sun and the moon a symphony diatessaron, as is also the harmonic ratio between the sun and the fixed stars. Between the earth and the fixed stars is the most perfect harmonic interval—the octave.

In his *History of Philosophy*, Stanley shows a single cord stretched between the outer extremity of the starry heavens and the surface of the earth. The planets are placed according to the ancient Greek order, for although Pythagoras recognized the sun as the center of the solar system, he placed the earth in the center of his monochord because his calculations were made from its surface. This reveals what the ancients meant when they spoke of "the seven heavens" through which the soul descends into birth.

The Greek Mysteries included in their doctrines a remarkable concept concerning the relationship of music to form. The elements of architecture, for example, were considered as comparable to musical notes or as having a musical counterpart. The inspired Goethe centuries later said: "Architecture is crystallized music." When a building was erected by the Greeks in which a number of architectural elements were combined, the structure was then likened to a musical chord, which chord was harmonic only when it fully satisfied the mathematical requirements of harmony. Thus a certain chord was said to be the *keynote* of the edifice. The late Enrico Caruso used to demonstrate this principle of the keynote with a glass tumbler. First striking the tumbler several times to ascertain its tonal pitch, he would then reproduce it

with his own voice. After intoning this for a few seconds, the glass would be shattered to bits. In all likelihood, this is the true explanation of the story of the walls of Jericho which fell when the trumpets of Israel were sounded. By applying the same principle (in a manner now unknown), a disciple of Pythagoras once prevented a guest from murdering his host. After striking a few notes upon a lyre, the angry man with drawn sword trembled like a leaf and was unable to move until the musician ceased his playing.



A *Little Essay on Beauty*

Beauty is an elusive power, whose presence is an invisible asset, whose absence leaves a supreme need unfulfilled. Beauty has been defined as symmetry, or the harmony of form. It is a proper adjustment of parts, a reasonable synthesis of members, an order pleasing because it is proper.

Beauty is not identical with an object nor with the grouping of objects. It is a spirit which is created by the proper bringing together of a number of parts which may not be necessarily beautiful in themselves but which produce a harmonious whole. Physical beauty is invoked by a consistent co-ordination of elements. We may ask what is the criterion of consistency and, with Plotinus, we may say that the soul which is the criterion of consistency in man, rejoicing in beholding other natures harmonious to itself, becomes the determinator of beauty. The soul of man is rational. Rationality is simply beauty upon the plane of reason. Thus the rational soul, beholding other

(Continued on Page 64)

O LE FOU

Tarot Symbolism

Continued

THE UNNUMBERED CARD

THE FOOL

We should first realize that the Tarot cards have passed through many modifications both of color and design. It should be evident even to the uninformed that the symbols now upon the cards are of medieval origin, hence the student should not waste an unwarranted amount of energy in the effort to interpret the pictorial details which for the most part are accidental accumulations. If one studies the cards too intensely, he is likely to be diverted from the major issue and become lost in a maze of curious but not necessarily relevant speculation. It is more profitable to follow the Pythagorean premise of emphasizing the importance of the intervals existing between objects rather than the objects themselves.

The basic facts of Tarot symbolism are more likely to be discovered through grasping the whole panorama of the trumps and suits than through a microscopic analysis of any of the separate symbols. That which is true of life in general is true of the Tarot in particular. If we examine personalities too carefully, we are apt to forget those greater principles

which circumscribe all personality and bind the universe into a wholeness. A study of the individual cards, if divorced from an inclusive estimation of the deck as a whole, must inevitably lead to a host of glaring and discouraging errors. The cards must be regarded as elements and as such should be conscientiously examined, not, however, with the purpose of isolating the various elements but rather to grasp the chemistry of their combination.

The *Zero*, or unnumbered, card presents to us the figure of the Fool or Divine Idiot—the cosmic madman, the blindfolded buffoon. This card is the supreme mystery of the Tarot and no wonder, for as the mind ponders the significance of the figure, its philosophic possibilities are endless. This card of contradictions contains two widely diversified yet strangely related secrets.

In the Hebrew Mysteries, *Ain Soph*—the absolute, boundless, dimensionless abstractness which precedes all manifestation and is utter homogeneity, was represented in symbolism by a closed eye. As most wise men have been called fools, why should not the madman be an appropriate figure for that wisdom which surpasseth all understanding? Thus the Fool is the Infinite Itself, blind and hastening ever along the road to Nowhere. It is from the zero assigned to the card rather than from the appearance of the figure itself that we secure the most important hint as to the interpretation.

If the deck represents in fact the pages of an ancient Mystery, recording the wanderings of the human soul in quest of light, then in the Fool we behold the neophyte or the uninitiated blindly questioning Reality. Before him are the gates of the Mysteries in the yawning mouth of the crocodile; behind him are the limitations of the flesh in the false doctrines and the deceivers, the lynx, cat or the wild dog. In his pack, the neophyte carries experience and also that load of woes which ignorance must always bear. The night is dark about him, the way is obscure. The river of life flows at his feet, on its bank the broken pillar of ambition. It is in this living river that the crocodile of

Philosophic Death awaits his victims; for by devouring them he brings them back to life again, a mystery which is part of the ancient ritual of the second death and the new birth into immortality.

There is also another interpretation to this card which has for the most part been strangely overlooked. The Fool is an appropriate figure of the human Ego—the vital impulse behind personality. The unnumbered card sets forth with philosophic accuracy the phenomenon of the soul entering into the body at birth. The Ego is blindfolded because the lesser, its personal self, can never know the greater and impersonal reality. Before it is the great sea of illusion into which it is soon to be plunged and where abides Typhon, the spirit of rebirth. The curious creature biting at the legs of the Fool in this interpretation becomes symbolic of the animal soul or sin body. The broken pillar represents the lapsed state of the Ego, whose path into generation resulted from the symbolic "Fall" by which man was banished from his primitive paradise and forced to wander in the dark abyss of matter. The scene is nocturnal for, as the Greeks knew, the soul entering generation finds night most congenial to this purpose.

In some decks of the Tarot, the creature tearing at the legs of the Fool has so rent his garments as to reveal the buttocks. To the ancient symbolists, this signified the material universe whose mysteries were revealed by the cats or panthers—the priests of Osiris, who, rending the garments of the Infinite, rendered His inferior parts visible to the wise. A somewhat similar allegory is related about Moses, who was granted the right of beholding the nether parts of God. The animal tearing at the garments may in this case be interpreted as either the Dog of Hermes (the symbol of wisdom) or the Cat of Bubastes (the night-seer, or the Hierophant whose inner vision is capable of penetrating the darkness of matter).

(Next month the Juggler, the first numbered card, will be analyzed.)

Mysticism of Omar

Omar, the mystic, climbed through the seven gates and on the ancient throne of Saturn sate; many a knot he unravelled by the way, but not the master-knot of human Fate. Thus, from his own admission we learn that the tent-maker followed Mohammed through the seven spheres, exploring with extended intellectual faculties all the mysteries of existence, only to discover finally that the essential truths of life remained as unsolvable as before.

The pessimistic quatrains of Omar are the result of this disillusionment concerning the reality or even the possibility of knowledge. He had not yet learned that reason is a process in the understanding rather than in the mind. So from this fruitless effort to grasp infinities with finite comprehension Omar turned to choose the mystic way of ecstasy. He tells us of his secret aspiration, how from his base metal will be filed a key that shall unlock the door the Dervish flouts without. Omar himself becomes an embodiment of the wild abandonment of Jelaluddin, that saint who whirled himself into Infinity by spinning his body to the rhythm of the stars.

Grieving over the unreality of things as they seem to be and the hopelessness of Being itself, Omar turns from the contemplation of phenomenal illusions to drown his sorrows in the wine of forgetfulness. This is a definitely Oriental idea. Departing from the so-called reasonable attitudes of mankind, the ascetic finds himself picked up and whirled through space, his

very being scattered through the substances of the super-dimensional universe. In his ecstasy he suddenly realizes that yesterday is dead and tomorrow will never come; that there is only an infinite and eternal ever-flowing Now; that the past is a vast area of faint regrets and the future abode of dreams that will never come true. The mystic no longer dwells in time—time dwells in him. He absorbs dimensions and intervals and by virtue of his own enthusiasm extends beyond all boundaries and limitations.

Sensing the impossibility of ever rationally comprehending the Infinite, the dervish attempts to feel that which he can never know by intellection. Unable to understand life, he chooses to open himself to it so completely that he becomes "intoxicated" by the divinity that flows through him. Stirred by a strange fire that glows within and urges him to the wild abandon of his sect, the dervish flings wide his arms and, as his whirling starts, he so completely relaxes that even as he spins he seemingly sinks backward into the soft embrace of space. His mind thinks motion, his soul feels motion, and with some inner faculty he perceives the infinite motion of Cosmos. The earth beneath him and things about him vanish, as in a whirlwind; the phenomenal sphere with its infinite diversity of illusions fades into nothingness and he whirls, possessed by the strange exuberance of life. Something within him stirs. The bud of the mystic rose turns over and swells from within outward, as with waves of ecstasy he feels its petals opening one by one and releasing the reservoir of life within. First little ringlets of life appear, then streams of energy pour from him, and finally, as the flower reaches the fullness of its bloom, it seems as though his soul is whirled into nothingness.

This is the intoxication of the Persian and Mohammedan mystics. They are drunk, as it were, with the spiritual effulgency; the individuality is shattered by the force of this immense and all-possessing passion. In this dance of ecstasy, hopes as well as regrets are forgotten. Memory ceases. Hope, ambition, everything vanishes until the only emotion left is a per-

fect bliss that knows neither itself nor any other thing. For a moment the dervish is not, life is not, God is not; nothing is but the sweeping vibration that whirls the whole being into a terrific emotional crisis. If you look into the face of the dervish while this awesome mood possesses him, you will see his visage lighted by an almost terrifying splendor. He is "drunk with God." This is the "mystical experience" which psychologists have such difficulty in explaining, which science cannot comprehend, and which is wholly indescribable. It is the ecstasy of the saints—that tremendous force which, whether actual or imaginary, completely destroys the normal rhythm of life and throws the ascetic into an almost unbelievable state of sufficiency.

When he returns to normal consciousness, the dervish brings with him a certain recollection of the condition through which he has passed. From that time on he lives but with a single ideal—the final absorption into this bliss of which he has tasted. Union with his "Beloved" becomes his one purpose and this "Beloved" is nought else but the sphere of his ecstasy.

Not until this inner realization of the power of beauty, the infinite perfectness and wisdom of existence, and the strength of infinite purpose does the individual achieve to true wisdom. A man may possess the earth, reach the heights of authority, master the most intricate art or science, and be elevated to the state of godhood by an admiring populace, yet until beauty possesses his soul he is an empty and lifeless shell. Not knowledge but appreciation for and ability to sense the deeper purposes of life constitute the *open sesame* to the divine sphere. Appreciation is the power to sense the greater beauty—to see with the eyes of the soul. Appreciation is something that cannot be created by mere affirmation. It is an instinctive thing, the measure of consciousness. It is the instantaneous realization of values neither intellectual nor again purely emotional. *Appreciation is the highest form of comprehension* .

The Occident is a stranger to this abandonment of the soul which is an integral element in Oriental

philosophy. In the West, however, there occasionally appears a personality so fundamentally Eastern in its temperament that it exemplifies the true aceticism. Such a person was St. Francis of Assisi who, in the height of his religious ecstasy, is said to have licked the lepers' sores, yet because of his peculiar state was never infected by any of the diseases constantly contacted by him. Another extreme example was Dante who, we are told, was so ecstatically keyed up that he could not look at a flower without being thrown into a faint by the sense of beauty that swept over him. A mind so sensitive to the beauty and fragrance of the rose was considered unbalanced, because its poise and equilibrium were overturned by this soul intoxication. There is no question that in later years Dante used the character of Beatrice to signify this ecstatic state which grew ever more to be his true sphere of manifestation.

The great East Indian saint, Ramakrishna, near the close of his life could only speak a few words concerning the glory of the Divine Mother before the mood of infinite tenderness and compassion thus invoked would sweep him into an ecstatic state. One of the last pictures of Ramakrishna shows him being supported by a disciple on either side. The man looks as though he were intoxicated, but he was "drunk with God." He had given himself over to the "wine" of Omar. The last few years of Ramakrishna's life were hardly lived in this physical world at all, he being united for the most part with the beauty and magnificence of the divinity whose abode was the sphere of ecstasy.

There is a strange thing about this soul intoxication—it is very habit-forming. An individual who thinks that the nicotine, morphine or alcohol habit can possess the life should realize how completely enthralling the ecstatic state becomes. Once the disciple has tasted of this wine of life, nothing else holds any interest for him. The visions of the Eastern mystic become more frequent and of longer duration until finally, with his face lighted as by some celestial splendor, he whispers, "I go to my Beloved," to sink into a trancelike state from which he returns no more.

One would be led to infer from the Oriental fables (especially those of Arabia and Persia, and of which the Rubaiyat of Omar is an example) that Eastern saints and mystics were extremely intemperate. Their intemperances, however, were of the soul rather than the body. Arabian literature describes the orgies of the wise in a manner resembling the ancient Greek bacchanalia. The sages are depicted as seated before a board groaning beneath the weight of culinary delicacies. As the banquet progresses, the wine flows like water. The partakers lose all sense of propriety and the whole affair reaches its climax in a revolting scene of debauchery and licentiousness. The disgusted reader turns from the narrative as from an unexpurgated edition of the Arabian Nights, unable to find any excuse for chronicling the episode.

But what are the facts? Let us presume that we are attending (vicariously, of course) one of these "banquets." You will see the mystics, saints, and sages sitting either along the wall or in a circle, each reclining against a forked stick which holds his arm and supports his body. Neither food nor drink is in sight, and if by chance there should be a meal, it is of the coarsest ingredients and meagre in the extreme. Indulgence is of the imagination, not of the body. First is the banquet itself when the feast of the wise is spread—the feast of discourse—rich and dainty foods being the discussion of those great truths by which heart and mind are fed with that knowledge which is indeed the bread of the wise. Then the wine begins to flow, but the wine is chanting and praying or meditation by which the ecstatic state is gradually invoked. The wild orgy that follows is the ecstasy of the soul which, lifting itself up, is mingled with its divine part.

If you will read Omar thus interpreting the word *wine*, the rest of the story becomes evident. The old tent-maker should not be regarded as a wine-bibber in the ordinary sense of the word; for his wine is the Communion Cup of all ages, that sacred vessel containing the wine of ecstasy, the very blood of God itself. Thus the true meaning of the word *orgy* is revealed in its original form being a communion of saints.

The Early Life of Rasputin

Gregori Efimovich Rasputin was unquestionably the instrument of an outraged Providence. The alchemy of life which produced this strange man endowed him with the qualities necessary to the accomplishment of his mission. The child was as great a mystery as the man, but maturity rendered the potentialities more evident. Yet in all things the end was consistent with the beginning.

The story of Rasputin has its actual beginning in the twelfth year of his life, for at that time destiny first showed its hand. Gregori and his brother were playing together by the side of a stream, when the latter without warning fell backward into the icy water. Without an instant's hesitation, Gregori jumped to the rescue and both boys would have drowned together clasped in each others' arms had not a peasant who chanced to be passing by rescued them. The brother died of pneumonia and Gregori, sickening from the chill of exposure, was desperately ill for an extended period of time. It was while recuperating from this episode that the boy first demonstrated the presence of a supernormal power. Previous to this time he had been a somewhat moody and peculiar child, but now to the minds of the simple peasants he became positively uncanny. It was noised about that young Gregori possessed second sight; in fact, he became a sort of local oracle looked askance at but consulted when all other mediums failed.

His fame grew from his detection of a horse thief. It was a most dramatic situation. A group of villagers

had gathered at the home of his parents to discuss the matter of a recent theft, when Rasputin, presumably unconscious, rose from his sick-bed and, appearing suddenly in the midst of the circle of astonished peasants, actually jumped upon the back of one of the leading citizens of the town and pounded the amazed man with his fists, crying out, "He stole the horse!" Inspired by the impression that the boy had made, later investigation proved him to have been correct, and the townsfolk whispered together that there was something very strange about a child who could thus read the innermost thoughts of another.

Parallel with the development of this peculiar psychic power, there also grew an increasing tendency towards dissipation so that Gregori became ever more of a contradiction. Rasputin's career reveals with vividness the disaster which nearly always overtakes the untrained mystic. Between the ages of twelve and thirty his life discloses nothing of particular significance. Adolescence brought with it a strong animalistic emphasis, intensifying the appetites and emotions and making the physical nature predominant. It has been said that the worst sinners make the greatest saints. If this be true, Rasputin laid the groundwork for canonization in his early years. Like St. Francis of Assisi and Raymond Lully, he sinned heartily that his salvation might be all the more complete. In fact, this thought became a definite element in Rasputin's philosophy of life. He had a Lutheran twist, for he seemed to say with that great divine, "O blessed evil that doth merit us salvation."

At thirty we find Rasputin with a definite reputation for dissipation upon the one hand and a peculiar mystical insight into spiritual things upon the other. Being uneducated, Gregori could not pholosophize upon the involvements of theology or the elaborate ecclesiastical system of the Russian Church. In religious matters, he was more or less an instinctual Ignorantine. He did not seem to regard knowledge as a necessary means to any particular end. Regarding the peasant as the prototype of all humanity, he functioned entirely upon the proletarian level. His mar-

riage at about thirty temporarily steadied the young man. However, he rapidly drifted back into dissipation, frequenting taverns and brothels, apparently consecrated to the task of transforming himself into a perfect sinner.

Thirty-three is a sacred number and of peculiar significance in the age of a man, and it was in his thirty-third year that Rasputin felt himself called to a holy life. It was this summons that brought him to the foot of the imperial throne and finally to his end in the dark waters of a half frozen river. This determination to devote his life to spiritual concerns came as the result of prolonged meditation. While plowing one day, as he came to the end of a row and was turning his team, the heavens opened and a choir of divine musicians filled the air with soft music. As he bowed terror-stricken, there floated above him the white-robed figure of the Virgin Mary, surrounded by saints and martyrs. Rasputin would never discuss this vision other than to affirm its profound effect upon his life. Strange to relate, this extremely significant occurrence produced no appreciable change in the habits of the man. He never seemed to sense the application of virtue to his personal life, possibly because he had no intellectual concept of vice.

Centuries will probably elapse before we have the perspective to analyze the true position occupied by the so-called mad monk. Certain facts, however, stand out: *i. e.* that his public life was an almost unbroken series of achievement; that with a simple peasant gesture he outwitted the intrigues of his adversaries; and that with the good of his people at stake, he devoted himself unreservedly to their improvement and emancipation. This he partly accomplished, with church and state arrayed against him, by virtue of his peculiar hold upon the Czar and the royal family.

(*Rasputin's Philosophy of Life will follow in the December issue.*)

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 towards 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 were 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 rams' horns upon his forehead; the Moses of Michelangelo 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. So 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 Free-

masonic 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 emblem 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 which, written upon the skins of rams, 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 tragic 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. Hence 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 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 and, 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 Savior 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 processionals 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 animal 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.

(To be continued)

One cannot know the right without knowing the wrong, and when neither of these postulates exists, we have a reversion to aboriginal conditions. It has required many thousands of years to establish our codes of good and evil, and even after they have been thoroughly founded and accepted we have absolutely no evidence of their ultimate importance.

(Continued from Page 47)

reasonable natures, rejoices in the similarity and hence establishes the criterion of excellence.

In addition to the beauty of form we have beauty of sound, which is *harmony;* beauty of mode or tempo, which is *rhythm;* beauty of morality, which is *virtue;* beauty of mind, which is *intellect;* and beauty of spirit, which is the ultimate good.

The Platonic Triad is the One, the Beautiful, and the Good, and the unity or wholeness of the world was erected upon this triangle. The One was the substance of all natures and beings; the Beautiful, the perfection of all natures and beings; and the Good, the utility of all natures and beings.

Without beauty the soul of the people cannot develop itself properly and sanely. We say that a man must eat in order to live. Not only does he need physical food, but there is a metaphysical nature within him which must be fed with a superior sort of diet. The soul is fed through the eyes and the other sense perceptions. That which is grotesque or distorted is a poison to the soul; for, sensing the asymmetrical figure through the faculties, the soul suffers from the shock of the incongruity. The inner nature feeds upon environment and he who surrounds himself with beauty nourishes his æsthetic nature, without which he must fail as a rational creature.

Beauty is essential to human survival. Deprived of its influence, man speedily deteriorates into a state of crassness and degradation. Plotinus declares the most worthy profession to be the service of the beautiful and that to destroy beauty was the most heinous of all crimes. Greece produced the most beautiful civilization the world has ever known by emphasizing the necessity of æsthetics and establishing beauty as one of the pillars of the state.

One of the great needs of our civilization is a greater emphasis upon æsthetic ideals to modify the extreme utilitarianism of our age and thus permit the survival of the subtler elements of culture.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 DECEMBER, 1930 No. 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 66
Freemasonry and the Osiris Myth 67
Tarot Symbolism 75
Rasputin's Philosophy of Life 78
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 81
Einstein and His New Theory of Space 85
Creative Imagination 88
The Present Financial Crisis in the Light of Philosophy 93

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1930, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Application for second-class matter now pending.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Mr. Hall concluded his Chicago program on November 6th. A very enthusiastic audience taxed the capacity of the auditorium. The Chicago lecture series this year was marked by a considerable increase in interest and attendance over last year. Mr. Hall plans to return to Chicago in the late spring of 1931 to conduct a series of class lectures on "The Secret Doctrine." In choosing H. P. Blavatsky's immortal work, he hopes to overcome the popular prejudice that this book is utterly beyond the comprehension of the average individual.

It is as yet too early to predict the outcome of the Kansas City campaign, but the appreciative group which attended the opening lecture promises that the series will be most successful. There is a keen interest in philosophy and metaphysics in Kansas City and several local groups have already been studying Mr. Hall's books.

Mr. Hall has accepted an invitation extended by the Astrological Research Foundation for two lectures before their society at the Roerich Museum in New York City. On Christmas Eve he will speak for the Manhattan Center of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. The arrangements for his New York lectures are progressing satisfactorily and further information will be given in this column from month to month.

Freemasonry and the Osiris Myth

To the Freemason as well as the student of comparative religion the legend of Isis and Osiris must be of utmost significance. While the life and death of this mythological king have been recounted by several ancient authors, it is from Plutarch that we derive the material for this brief survey.

Denuded of its superfluities, the story centers around the activities of four persons: Osiris, the black king of the Nile and later regent of Amenti; Isis, his sister, wife and widow; Typhon, the brother of Osiris and the spirit of evil; and Horus, the hawk-headed prince of the sun and the avenger of his murdered father. The story is briefly this. Osiris, having established his empire in Egypt, set forth on a tour of colonization, leaving his brother Typhon as regent in his absence. Typhon, having tasted of sovereignty, had no desire to relinquish the throne and began plotting how to remove Osiris from the path of his ambitions. At last he contrived a scheme, abetted by seventy-two fellow conspirators whom he enlisted in his service. Osiris, unaware of the designs against his life, returned triumphantly to Egypt, where Typhon met him with elaborately simulated rejoicing. The feasts in honor of the triumphant king formed a vital part of the plot. Typhon had constructed a wonderful ark or chest, its surface inlaid with precious stones and its inner dimensions shaped to the "measure of a man."

The assembled princes of the land examined the box, amazed at its strange shape and charmed with its unusual beauty. Typhon then declared that the chest had been fashioned by clever workmen to supply novelty and sport at this glad time and that he would present the priceless ark to the person whose body most closely conformed to its inner shape. The various nobles each desiring to own the fabulously beautiful box, each in turn lay down in it, but for each it was either too long or too short, too broad or too narrow. At last none remained but Osiris himself and one of the princes suggested that maybe he was of the right proportions. Laughingly, Osiris removed his crown and lay down in the box. A cry of amazement went up, for the chest fitted him exactly. But even as the court watched there was a great commotion without. The seventy-two conspirators rushed into the banquet hall. They nailed down the lid upon the casket, poured molten lead into the cracks, and before the faithful princes of Osiris could rally to his support, carried the ark out of the palace and cast it into the Nile, down which it floated to the coast of Byblos.

Isis, Queen of Egypt, and faithful consort of Osiris, learning of the foul murder of her lord and donning the sackcloth and ashes of a widow, set forth in quest of the body of her husband. After many adventures she discovered that the ark had been caught in the roots of a tree which had miraculously grown up about the box, finally completely concealing it. The King of Byblos had caused this wonderful tree to be cut down and from its trunk had been fashioned a great pillar for the throne room of his palace. Isis at last contrived to secure the body from the pillar and was returning in triumph to the city of Osiris when Typhon, learning that she had been successful in her search, dispatched hirelings who again stole the body and that it might never be recovered, divided the remains of the king into fourteen pieces which they scattered through all the corners of the earth.

Frantically, Isis again set forth in her attempt to recover the scattered parts and members of Osiris. At

last after what seemed ages of searching, she recovered thirteen of the pieces but the fourteenth had been cast into the sea and swallowed by a great fish. This member Isis caused to be replaced in gold and the body of Osiris was interred in the great city over which he had ruled. Typhon, the usurper, sat uneasy on his throne, for Horus, the young son of Osiris, grew up to manhood with a single aim—namely, to avenge his father's murder and the long years of his mother's widowhood. At last in a great battle he overthrew the reign of Typhon and restored the rule of right in Egypt. But the great Osiris still lay dead and his role as an underworld god forms no part of the allegory.

So much for the outline as Plutarch gives it. Now let us attempt to see the relationship between this legend and the doctrines of Freemasonry. It has been generally admitted that the Osirian cult contributed much to Freemasonic lore and even the Hiramic legend has been traced to this origin by Masonic scholars. The story of Osiris as here given is obviously comparatively late and belongs to a period when Egyptian metaphysics was in a state of decline. But while the profundities of the legend may have been lost upon the Greeks and Romans, these nations still remembered enough of the ancient Mysteries to sense the vast significance of this most remarkable allegory.

Osiris, the black god of the Nile, must be regarded as the personification of an order of learning. He was never a man but the embodiment of an idea. It is even possible that he represented a hierarchy or order of priests. As Hermes personified the whole sphere of knowledge, so Osiris embodied the secret and most sacred wisdom. Unquestionably he was later confused with other members of the vast pantheon of divinities, but to the elect he represented primordial knowing, that utter realization of truth undefiled by intellection, unlimited by mortal procedures, uncircumscribed by any limitation of thinking. He may have also been the prototype of those who possessed certain spiritual faculties or even recognized as a symbol for a definite discipline. He signified not only the end but revealed the means to the achievement of that end.

The personality of Osiris might well typify the institutions erected by the ancients to perpetuate the deathless truths of the soul. The living head was crowned with the plumes of wisdom and power, the hands bore the scepters of the three worlds, and the body was bound with the mummy wrappings of the dead. Here we find spirit, the living head, bound incongruously to matter, the mummified body. The soul was imprisoned in the narrow bonds of flesh. One thing is certain—Osiris represented the Secret Doctrine prior to that time when the Omnific Word was lost. From the reign of Osiris we glean then the following:

There was a time when truth and wisdom ruled the earth and this autocracy of wisdom was a benevolent despotism in which men were led to a nobler state by the firm, kind hand of the enlightened sage. This was the divine dynasty of the mythological priest-kings who were qualified to govern humanity by virtue of not only temporal but divine attributes. Osiris, representative of the hidden tradition, ruled the world by virtue of the perfection resident in that tradition.

If we concede that Osiris is the positive pole of the universal life agent, then Isis becomes the receptive pole of that activity. He is the doctrine; she is the church. As in Christendom it is customary to refer to the church as the bride of Christ, so in Egypt the institution of the Mysteries was the Great Mother, the consort of Heaven itself. From this interpretation we gain a deeper insight into the symbolism involved. Isis becomes the whole temporal order of the priesthood. She is personified in the temple. She is the mother of all good, the protectress of all right, and the patron of all improvements. She insures nobility, inspires virtue, and awakens the nobler passions of the soul. As Diana of Ephesus, she is the *Multimammia* who feeds all creatures from herself. Like the moon, she shines only with the light of her sovereign sun even as the temple can only be illumined by indwelling truth.

Typhon is the embodiment of every perversity. He is neither a single evil nor even a sequence of ills but an infinite diversity of them indescribably insidious

in the power to infect the fabric of church and state. Typhon lures Osiris into the ark at the time when the sun enters the house of the Scorpion. Hence, we know that he is the Eternal Betrayer, that ageless Judas who undoes all good things and inevitably presages ruin. He strikes in the eighth month and now it is supposed that a child delivered in the eighth month cannot live because of the curse of Typhon. This evil monster may well be generalized under the appellation of the *Adversary*. Of all good things he is the opposer, occupying the position of the inevitable negative. He is the personification of ambition and ambition is the patron of ruin. It was ambition that set Typhon plotting for the throne of Egypt, designing how he could destroy the power of his brother. A learned Jesuit father sees in Typhon Cain and his brother, Osiris, Abel. If such parallel actually exists, then the Biblical allegory is susceptible of the same interpretation.

Typhon is the desire of the few pitted against the good of the many. He is the spirit of dissension and discord that breaks up unity of purpose by setting factions against each other, so that great issues lose the name of action. The desire for riches, power, pomp, sovereignty by which this evil genius was obsessed reveals the temptations by which humanity is deflected from its ultimate goal and led into the byways of sorrow and despair.

The birth of greed marked the end of the Golden Age and when the good prince Osiris—the deeper truth—returned to his own land the trap was ready to be sprung. What is this mysterious box so beautiful in its outward appearance but so fatal? Plato would have answered that it was the body that lures the soul into the sorrows of generation. If this interpretation be projected into a wider sphere, it becomes symbolic of material organization. Witness the application of this thought to Christianity where the pomp and glory of the outer show has all but destroyed the simplicity and meaning of the primitive revelation. The murderers rush from the palace with the lead-sealed casket and cast it and its princely contents into the dark

waters of the Nile. Thus are the ideals which lead men into the paths of truth and righteousness obscured and with truth no longer evident, error can rule supreme. Typhon ascended the throne as regent of the world, swinishly gloating over a humanity he had led into dark and devious byways.

With Truth dead, facts were superseded by opinions. Opinions bred hates and men finally fought and died over notions both senseless and soul-less. Greed became the dominating impulse, gain the all-absorbing end, and ruthlessness the all-sufficient means. In the dark ages of uncertainty when reality hid its face and no man dared to know, the leering Typhon ruled his ill-gotten world, binding men to himself by breeding a thousand uncertainties to sap courage and weaken conviction. Men asked, "Why seek to know? Knowledge does not exist and life is a cruel jest, purposeless and of short duration." Because the human mind demanded expression, Typhon sowed the seeds of intellectual confusion so that numerous orders of learning appeared which were convincingly plausible but untrue. These various orders of thought survived by catering to the weaknesses and limitations of the flesh. Today our great industrial civilization is feeling the heavy hand of an outraged destiny. The evil genius of our ambitions has again undone us and made our follies crumble about us. Typhon rules the world, for the earth today is the arena of the ambitious.

What, then, of Isis, the mother of the Mysteries, so defiled and desecrated by the profane that the sages and prophets were forced to flee into the wilderness to escape the machinations of the evil one? The mighty temples still stood but their light had gone. The priests bowed hoplessly before the dead embers of their altars. One by one the sanctuaries crumbled into ruin and the custodians of these ancient truths hid themselves in obscure corners of the earth lest they be hunted down and slain for the sin of dreaming and hoping for a better day. Isis, then, is the temple where men today gather searching for that secret that is lost. In all parts of the world the virtuous still raise their hands

to the heavens. This congregation of those who pray, who labor, and who wait, the great congregation of a world in anguish—this is Isis in sackcloth and ashes.

Seeking in all parts of the earth throughout the ages, men at last rediscovered the lost *arcana* and brought it back with rejoicing to the world over which once it ruled. But ambition, knowing that it must die if truth was reestablished, put forth all its power to scatter the doctrine once again, this time so thoroughly that it should never be rediscovered. So the body of Osiris (the secret doctrine) was divided into fourteen parts and divided among the races of mankind. It was scattered so hopelessly that ambitious Typhon felt his authority to be secure at last. But Wisdom is not thus easily to be cheated. In the dark retreats of Islam the Sufi and Dervish explored the depths of Nature, among the Jews the learned Rabbins unraveled the intricate skein of Qabbalism, and alchemists in their retreats explored the infinite chemistry of existence. These all together were Isis, still searching for the members of her Lord. At last all were restored again but one, but this one could not be reclaimed.

The Egyptian allegory tells us that the phallus of Osiris was swallowed by a fish. This is most significant and we may even infer that mankind itself is the fish, the phallus being the symbol of the vital power and so used in Egyptian hieroglyphics is the Lost Word which was not discovered but for which a golden replica was substituted. This is the substitute *Word* of Freemasonry. It gives the body the appearance of completeness but the life power is not there. Isis, the priesthood, had accomplished all that could be accomplished. The institutions raised in the world to perpetuate the deeper truths of life labored on through the centuries seeking for that "Lost Key" which if rediscovered would enliven the whole and restore the good Osiris to the rulership of the world.

The purpose of Isis was now revealed as twofold. The first motive was the almost hopeless effort to restore her dead husband to life. That was the great

abstract ideal. The second and more imminent motive was to avenge herself upon Typhon and to destroy his power over the world.

The work of Freemasonry as a Mystery School now emerges from the obscurity that has so long enshrouded it. Freemasonry is Isis, the Mother of Mysteries, from whose dark womb the Initiates are born into the mystery of the second, or philosophic, birth. Thus Freemasons, by virtue of their participation in the rites, are figuratively, at least, the Sons of Isis. As Isis is the widow seeking to resore her lord, it follows that Masons are Widow's Sons. They are the offspring of the institution widowed by the loss of the Word and of the Eternal Quest.

In the Egyptian rites Horus is the Saviour avenger, Son of Isis conceived before the brutal murder of Osiris. Hence, he is the Redeemer. Freemasons are *Hori*. Each is a Horus, each is a hawk of the sun, and for one reason is each one raised and that is to avenge the destruction of wisdom. Each one is dedicated to the overthrowing of the reign of Typhon which is the mysterious Armageddon, when the hosts of the Adversary shall be routed forever.

The great purposes of Freemasonry are thus revealed in an unsuspected clarity. Freemasonry is philosophically opposed to the reign of ambition; its duty is to re-establish that Golden Age when wisdom (personified as Osiris) and not greed (personified by Typhon) shall dictate the course of human procedure. The day must ultimately come when the Hori, by virtue of their royal purpose, accomplish the consummation of the Great Work. The missing Word will be found, the golden substitute will be cast aside and as promised in the ancient rite, Osiris will rise resplendent from the dead and rule the world through those sages and philosophers in whom wisdom becomes incarnate.

In the meantime, the Widow — the Mystery School—continues to produce out of herself a host of potential redeemers, one of whom must some day become the true Horus, the avenger of all evil.

Tarot Symbolism

THE FIRST NUMBERED CARD

THE JUGGLER

1 LE BATELEUR ℵ

Is not the Magician—the Master Maker of Mysteries—an appropriate figure for the Supreme Creator? When the infinite profundity of *Ain Soph*, the Fool, produces upon its surface and in its substance the first awakenings of manifestation the One appears in the midst of All. This is the mysterious Ancient of Ancients, the first Logos, the Lord of the Sephiroth and also the four worlds. In the old decks the Juggler appears standing behind a table. In one hand he holds a magic wand and before him are spread a number of mysterious symbols — the paraphernalia of his magic. The Cup, the Coin and the Scepter and the Sword, these represent the four mysterious letters of the Sacred Name, I H V H, and also the four planes of divine elements which the Juggler manipulates and through whose combinations he conjures into being first the shadows and then the substances of the material world.

In the present deck the wand of the Juggler has been amplified into the *caduceus*, the serpent-wound staff of Hermes, thus revealing the nature of that

magical power by which the miracles of creation are wrought. Wisdom is the sceptre of power. With consciousness the Creator dreams forth His universe, with intelligence He organizes and frames it, and with activity He animates each infinitesimal part until the whole pulsates with the vibrant life of its Creator.

One hand of the Juggler points to the earth to remind the neophyte that matter below is but a shadow and symbol of that divine or heavenly matter composing the very nature of the Logos. Strange as it may appear, the *below* becomes the natural symbol of the *above* even as the bones which support the body become the natural symbol of the spirit, that invisible and spiritual framework which supports the objective nature of man.

The square table upon which the instruments of the heavenly magic are scattered represents the world with its four hypothetical corners; also the field of the elements upon whose subtle substances are impressed the creative impulses of the Hierarchies represented by the symbols of the suit cards.

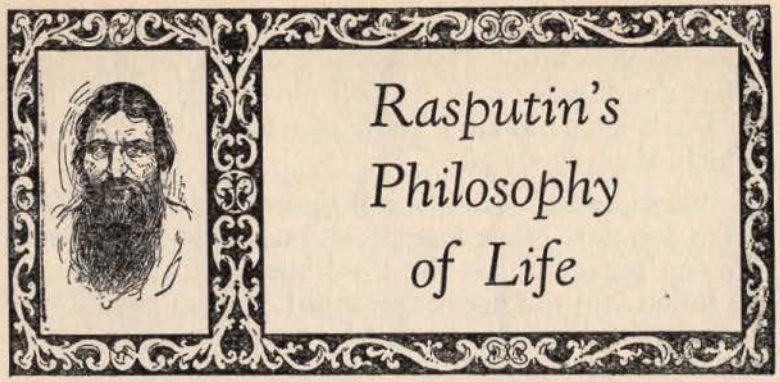
The sky colored hat is symbolic of the heavens. The lemniscate formed by its brim represents the motion of the sidereal bodies and also the circuit of the Great Breath of the Logos. It will also be noted that the Juggler is wearing the same clothes worn by the Fool. Inasmuch as the Logos as the manifested divinity is invested with the cosmic substances of the Absolute, the blind Fool is shadowed forth in the Juggler. But while the madman is oblivious to the phenomena of the terrestrial world, the Juggler is posited in the sphere of matter and has forgotten the Fool whose very substances he has formed.

To clarify the interpretation of this card there has been placed upon it in a small bisected shield the ancient Crown of Kether with its three points. Kether is the objectified Juggler, the Opened Eye of the Lord. This card, when read with the Fool, tells us that the eye which is opened in the Juggler reveals to him the world and its mysteries. But to the Fool (whose eye

has not been opened) to him there is no world and hence no mystery. The mystery comes with seeing. What the Juggler sees he will never understand but the Fool, never having seen, can never be ignorant. Which, then, is wise?

Continuing the reading of the cards from the Fool to the Juggler, other interpretations may be derived. We can presume that the Fool has kept on walking, has fallen into the great sea, and has been swallowed by the crocodile. As he fell he was gradually transformed into the Juggler until, finally having descended into the depths of matter, he awakens or, more correctly, enters the sleeping state which we call life. The Infinite has vanished and the finite has taken its place. Robed in new garments, the Juggler stands before us and spread out upon his table are the mysterious objects previously contained in the bundle on the Fool's back. The Absolute contains all activity but that activity is in a state of suspension as it is suspended from the back of the Fool, on the end of the stick. While life is in a potential state, circumstances cannot exist nor is it possible for any group of conditions to arise. Cause and effect are in abeyance, for time, place, and change have not come into being. With the Juggler, however, the instruments have been scattered about to become the elements of an ever more complex and involved pageantry. The Juggler is setting the magic of life in motion. Phenomena and mysteries will follow each other in an endless pageantry until, at last having completed its purpose, the Juggler, now grown old, will pack his mysteries into his bundle and creep away, like the Fool, with Karma biting at his heels.

(Next month the High Priestess, the second numbered card.)



Rasputin's Philosophy of Life

We have already intimated that Rasputin believed in the doctrine of an all-sufficient sin. He believed that to deprive the world of evil would be to deprive God of glory. God is a physician of souls and how can the doctor justify his existence unless there is an abundance of sickness? He seemed to feel that the God who saved him would have proved His ability to accomplish the impossible and by this means would have demonstrated His divinity beyond question.

Believing the Redeemer of mankind to be happy only while engaged in the work of redemption, Rasputin set himself the task of providing an infinite number of spiritual delinquents. Yet there is something so naive, yes even humorous, in Rasputin's technique that one cannot but realize that this strange man was perfectly consistent with the evident and natural delinquencies of mankind. He wanted what he wanted, and what he wanted had nothing in particular to do with his ideals. His religion in no way interfered with the gratification of his desires. In fact, he demonstrated to his own satisfaction, at least, that religion as it was usually practised was more or less of a disease caused by an over dose of goodness, as it were.

It becomes evident that this man had no conception whatever of religion as a moral force. The entire theory of morality he found to be superficial and unnecessary, in fact a sort of disease. He unquestionably sensed a false emphasis. He may even have reasoned that horses and cows, having no realization of immorality, are also without morals. A theory repeatedly emphasized seemed to be that without indulging one

of a pair of opposites you could never know the other. Hence, if you would be high morally, you must first be very immoral and afterwards repent. If his detractors are to be believed, Rasputin was consistent with this idea in all respects short of the point of repentance.

It is questionable whether Rasputin ever had a definite plan as to what he intended to do if he reached a position of power. It is quite certain that he regarded himself as a sort of divine incarnation. Within his own nature he sensed a superior impulse entirely separate from and incompatible with his normal temperament. He occupied the anomalous position of a saviour who did not know who or what to save—a god limited by illiteracy to the sphere of a peasant. Many of his impulses, while unclassified, were definitely worthy. He instinctively felt that Russia should not enter the World War, and, while far from being a teetotaler, he sensed the importance of temperance and advocated it for the Russian people. While his advice in matters of state was both shrewd and constructive, it is very doubtful if he had even the vaguest conception of the importance of the issues he dominated.

Placed by fate in a position entirely too exalted, the peasant mind of Rasputin yet demonstrated a peculiar integrity, for the simple directness of the peasant was stronger than the subtleties of court diplomacy. Rasputin possessed the unimpaired strength of simplicity and naturalness; and while such naturalness may be boorish or even revolting to cultured sensibilities, it is often the salvation of a situation. In all his dealings with the Czar, Nicholas II, Rasputin expressed none of that awe and veneration accorded a ruler by his subjects high and low. To him the Czar was not particularly different from any other man. The Russians always referred to their ruler as the "Little Father." To Rasputin he was just "Papa," and the Czarina was not the Empress of all the Russians but simply "Ma." His perspective never changed,

and strangest of all, this familiarity instead of annoying the royal couple bound them more firmly to the gaunt peasant. Rasputin was one of the extremely few people in the Czar's life who was not a "yes-man," and this unquestionably was one of the reasons why the Czar so highly respected him. If the truth were actually known, Rasputin probably did not know enough to be afraid. On several occasions Rasputin intimated that he felt himself to be the patron saint of the Romanoffs. Their strength and permanence depended upon him and he even prophesied that if he fell they would follow him into disaster within a year. With a childlike vision not misled by superficials, Rasputin could plainly discern that which the Russian statesmen themselves could not see because of the atmosphere of intrigue and subterfuge in which they dwelt.

The Czar was not temperamentally a ruler, but would have found his true career in the simple role of a country gentleman. He was interested in the mythical and the occult—some say the modern cult of Christian Science—and, like many other princes, was a believer in fate, prophecy and possibly sorcery. The Neptunian Rasputin personified all the superstitions of Russia and the powerful spell he wove about himself captured the imagination of the Czar. Here was a holy man indeed, an actual wonder worker, a magician from the world of romance and fiction. Here was a man whom men feared and admired, whom women loved and hated, but from whose spell few could free themselves.

That Rasputin considered himself to be two different personalities is attested by his "Messiah" complex. Those who knew him declared that there were two lights in his eyes—one a holy flame, the soft luminance of which inspired confidence, love, and admiration. In an instant, however, this look could be succeeded by that of the wildest and most uncurbed passion, so that the beholder would shrink back lest he be scorched by the flame. Strength was the characteristic quality of both moods.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 2 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," Æschylus 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 on "Numbers," W. Wynn Westcott also notes the fatality which follows the number 2 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 Jabbalah. Jewish writings contain many strange statements with reference to the number 2, as for example, that speech is worth one coin but silence is worth two. The number 2 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 unillumined by the spirit fire of Sagittarius, the centaur instructor. The number 2 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 over 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 also 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 also spiritual birth through the Mysteries into the eternal effulgency of the rational sphere.

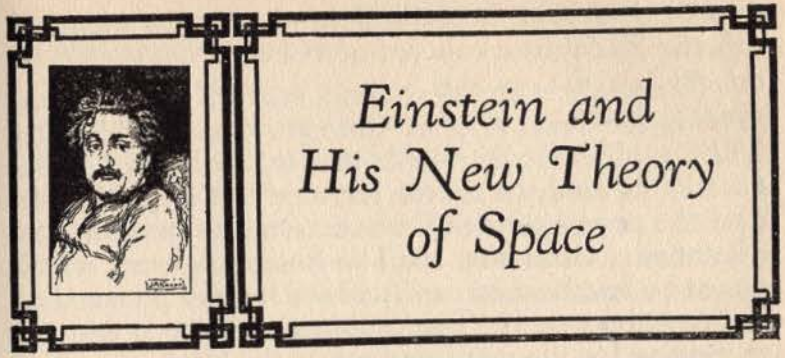
In the Eleusinian Mysteries the nine degrees recapitulated the nine months of the prenatal epoch and symbolized the descent of the soul from the zodiac through the seven planets and finally its immersion in the elemental world. The last sphere through which the soul migrated before it assumed its physical 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 untranquil 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 this 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 their original philosophic and religious significations, which are the very soul of the soul of astrology.



Einstein and His New Theory of Space

Part I.

The more cultured of the pagan Greeks, Brahmins and Chinese were all familiar with what Einstein is now bringing to the attention of the modern scientific world. Space was the foundation of everything and without this primitive and inevitable hypothesis, no understanding concerning the origin or purpose of existence was possible.

Einstein is now correcting the popular fallacy that matter is eating up space. There is a belief that form is expanding and overflowing, as it were, into the abyss surrounding it. If this concept were correct, the abyss of space would ultimately be filled by the encroachments or increase in the substance of matter. This is an erroneous idea declares Einstein; in fact, the reverse is true. Space is continually eating up matter and ultimately all matter will be reabsorbed by and vanish into space. With the removal of the belief in the eternity of matter, the premises of the materialist must collapse and science lose one of the chief supporting pillars of its temple of knowledge.

By a certain school of science matter is regarded as the primitive substance of every form, projection or compound of matter. To this claim philosophy says no—that all forms are but projections of space. Space, not matter, was in the beginning; space, not matter, will be in the end. Existing in the phenomenal state, we are drawn inevitably into the vortex of space, and by virtue of our material organisms are inevitably mortal. When space (which is dimensionless, measureless, limitless, and formless) has devoured all matter,

we will then have a problem in abstraction identical with the Buddhistic concept of Nirvana.

Einstein's space devouring matter, its own progeny, is the same ancient Chronos who ate his own children. It is inconceivable that we will ever be able actually to analyze space, for analysis is predicated upon the power to break a compound up into its constituent parts, and how shall be isolate elements which cannot be approached or discerned by any physical or intellectual process? The problem of space is entirely too elusive for the mind and when the intellect undertakes its solution it pounds itself to pieces against an immeasurable fullness which to human perception resembles only a vacuum. Intellect itself is a condition of matter and therefore incapable of knowing that which is superior to matter, for nothing can function on a higher level than its own constitution permits. As no thing can ever know more than the sum of its own parts, so the mind can never comprehend that which is superior to the sum of intellection. Space is an incalculable field or area through which is continually moving the traffic of vibration and impulse. In this infinity there is constantly being developed an infinitude of evolving individualities — the diversity of matter flowing from the unity of life.

What then shall we say is matter? In the last analysis, it is invisible and intangible, being almost as subtle as space itself. It is a polarity of space, charged as it were with the impulse towards individualization.

There is the great triad of space, matter, and form. Form is the idea or pattern, for when infinite units of energy or matter are grouped together they manifest as an organization or form. Space is eternal, matter temporal, and form corporeal. Matter is incorporeal and yet not eternal; space is the infinite, abiding permanence. What we call phenomena and its origin, existing in these three primary states, constitute the three original divinities of the philosophic triad which in theology becomes God in the person of the Trinity. The Father God is space, the devourer of His progeny. Space must devour everything that

comes out of it, for in the ancient catechism there is nothing real but space.

To the average person, this may sound like an absurdity, but reality defined in terms of philosophy has the quality of permanence. Is there anything in the material universe which will not ultimately rust, corrode, decay or disintegrate? All men, great or small, depart from the theatre of action and their bones are resolved to dust by Time. The mountains fall into the sea, the sea is dried up by the fires of the earth, the flames themselves are dissipated by the winds. Nothing remains but the all inclusive space which endures when everything else has been worn away by the ceaseless beat of duration.

(To Be Continued)

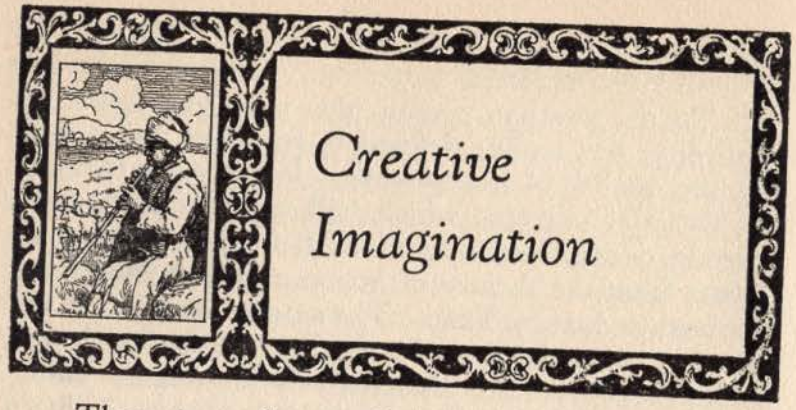
Books For Christmas

No more expensive than a good Christmas Card, you will find among the 16 booklets at 35c which Manly P. Hall has written, many of which will be suitable as reminders of the Holiday Spirit.

"Space Born," a collection of 29 mythical fragments constituting an effort to emulate the style of the first poets and dramatists in the presentation of spiritual truths concerning the inner mysteries of life. A beautiful little book, making a gift suitable for anyone. $1.00.

"The Mysteries of Asia" and "From a Philosopher's Scrapbook" are two of the 35c booklets which will appeal to the average reader. They are reprints from popular magazine articles by Mr. Hall.

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones" is one of Mr. Hall's early writings and make a strong appeal to the finer sentiments of the soul. Why not send a copy to some friend at this Christmas time when our thoughts are centered on the heart side of life? This book appeals to all ages and is priced at $1.50.



Creative Imagination

There is no human faculty more powerful than imagination, but for lack of understanding its forces are entirely wasted. Imagination is an instrument to the accomplishment of consciousness when we have become strong enough mentally to bind it to the service of reality.

There is no greater menace to the well-being of mankind than a diseased or untrained imagination. It leads to every form of misery and excess, and renders life intolerable. When trained, however, is not only a definite asset, but becomes a builder of character and a revealer of purpose.

When we speak of a person having a fertile imagination, our adjective is more apt than we realize; for as we generate bodies through physical processes, so we continually generate thoughts and by a master law of consequences these thoughts become the agencies of a vast cosmic scheme. We all realize that thought is a thing; that the products of our mental chemistry are living, vital forces. But how to direct these forces for our self-improvement and perfection is a science too abstract and profound for the majority.

The mentalist of Asia can, by the intensity of his concentration, create, for instance, a lotus bud and render it visible and apparently real to another individual who possesses no spiritual development. The Oriental knows that it is possible to build a thought form and through the repetition of the fundamental idea gradually intensify that thought form until it becomes a mental and apparently a physical reality.

How to apply these magnificent universal laws to the remaking of the personal life—your life—is a relevant question. We all desire to be something which we are not. Some have realized already, the rest will ultimately discover that it is impossible to maintain a false position in Nature; that the unreal destroys itself, finally reducing all to a common chaos. If an individual, through the exercise of will, thought or some other part of the soul machinery, does temporarily assume a state unnatural to him or beyond his actual level of consciousness, an ultimate relapse is inevitable. The hybrid is an example of the inability of the unnatural to survive or propagate.

In the remaking of a personality, it is unreasonable to believe that end can be achieved by simply superimposing some fantastic mental attitude over a life of excess or shortcoming. The improvement of self if only possible when the individual builds from the foundation upward, moulding every characteristic and temperamental peculiarity into a new order of expression consistent with the end desired. If an inconsistency exists anywhere in the structure, the new personality will be an assumption and not a reality, and some day the mask will be pulled away to expose the real disposition behind. Personality is the product of the chemistry of impulse and to attempt to acquire a new personality without a renovation of the entire disposition is to transgress the fundamental law of cause and effect. Self-improvement, then, is neither an attitude nor an affirmation, but rather a reconsecration of all of the various departments of life to a single all-absorbing purpose.

The Yogins and sages of old had interesting thoughts on this subject which it would well pay this generation to consider. When applied to idealism, imagination is a greater wonder worker than even the fakirs of India. We must begin our new personality first by visualizing and then by molding a new self from the abstract substance of thought. We visualize ourselves as our ideal, embodying the virtues we admire, fully expressing the best and the truest within

us. By its peculiar workings, imagination permits us abstractly to envision ourselves according to our every whim and fancy.

Many will think it impossible to build a new personality out of the empty air but this is due to ignorance of the subtle forces existing in what we please to term space. It is just as possible to build a personality according to our thoughts as it is to see some nonexisting creature in a dream or vision. The monk, in his cell, meditated so intensively upon celestial concerns that he actually saw the heavens open and saints and angels descending in a heavenly host. The vision was more real than the objects of physical sight, but was simply a thought form rendered vivid by continuous repetition.

Consider the problem of habits. Repetition creates habits and these, in turn, become dominating factors in our lives so that we finally lose both the desire and power to break them. Habits are of many kinds—mostly objectionable. But through repetition we can also develop commendable and useful habits.

He who has dedicated his life to a definite effort at self-improvement and would build himself into his ideal should begin by gradually separating the elements of his personality into two distinct parts. This segregation is purely a mental process. He classifies or sorts the qualities of his disposition to determine which belong to the new ideal to which he aspires and which do not. Those useful to the new state he builds up and fortifies through effort. Those which must ultimately be eliminated he permits to remain part of the old personality to be sloughed off in the reconstruction of character.

The mind of the aspirant then begins the definite process of creating a new abstract self, incorporating into it all desirable characteristics and all the nobler talents and artistry which the soul possesses. Day by day and year by year this new, invisible personality increases in strength and dignity, daily becoming an even greater equation in the physical life of its creator.

This new ideal self becomes a haven from the dissension, discord, and perverseness of the physical world. There is no reason why every individual capable of thinking cannot establish within himself a sphere of beauty where he can take refuge when the pressure of his physical environment threatens the integrity of his higher nature.

The danger of idealism is that, having once tasted of its spiritual bliss, we shrink from contact with our physical environment. We are tempted to neglect physical responsibilities; we plot and plan to escape life. This destroys the balance of existence, for only the normal and the equipoised can know perfection. Thus in the building of this invisible soul-man, contact should be maintained with the realities of animal life. Instead of luring us away from the responsibilities of daily life, the new personality should rather contribute materially to its efficiency.

This imagination-created body is not a substitute for physical life but is designed to give opportunity for expression to those abstract creative and idealistic tendencies denied by modern materialism. When unhappiness assails the outer personality, this inner self is tranquil. When anger reigns without, it is at peace; that which disturbs the inferior nature cannot affect this ideal. In comparison to the outer personality this new, inner being is a god; for, like God, it is the noblest work of man.

It has required billions of years to lift man to his present estate from the tiny atom of space. The struggle for survival is one with the struggle of internal impulses for expression. Everything that man has is the product of concentration upon a need. We have hands and feet simply because through ages we yearned for certain members whose necessity had been demonstrated. Our hands and feet are the result of the will to move, our voice has come from the will to express, our mind from the will to think, our eyes from the will to see, and every part and organ from the repeated demands of an indomitable will.

This will can go further. It can become the will to perfection. We come to forget our lesser selves by remembering our greater selves. Every individual can change the whole tenor of life by simply remembering the good and forgetting the rest. He can actually lift himself up his his own boot straps to an estate proximate to divinity with the factors of imagination and will.

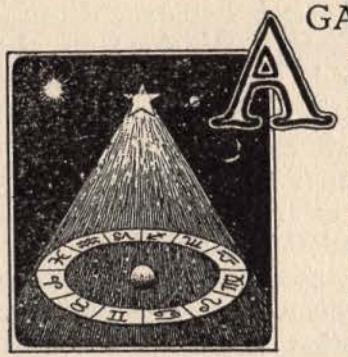
It is a philosophical adage that we are always near to that which we are like. If we are godlike, we are near to God; for to become like a thing means simply to throw the emphasis of the will upon similars. By dreaming of ourselves as gods and then striving to make our dream come true, we build realities into this ideal we have formulated until finally both the dreamer and his dream are one.

We possess the divine prerogative to dare to create. We can create anything we choose to create, but woe unto us if our will is not illumined by noble and unselfish purpose. Recognition of the greatest good is an achievement only surpassed by the will to mold ourselves according to that ideal.

There are still nobler mansions to be built for the soul. The dreamer fails because he never can make his dreams come true. The philosopher knows, however, that any ideal which the mind can conceive can be realized. If we can sense within ourselves this noble state, then a determined will has the power finally to make us one with the greatest good which we are capable of knowing.

THE PRESENT FINANCIAL CRISIS

In The Light of Philosophy



AGAIN and again people in different nations and ages have resurrected the ancient doctrines of astrology and applied them to the problems of their day. Our subject, therefore, is a more or less intirguing one, especially in the light of the present trend of astrological thought. Sufficient information concerning astrology has been preserved to enable us to do that in the present case.

When our government was in its inception we find arising in the midst of the people a group of men who, according to the government of their time, were practically traitors. The instigating agencies of the American Revolution were treasonable to the crown of Britain, which at that time controlled the American Colony, therefore the revolution was, to these men, a very serious matter; in fact, it was a matter of their own heads. So we find men of a very serious purpose and in the midst of them there appears the ever familiar Merlin.

From Kepler to Wallenstein, from the ancient Greeks to the courts of France and England, nations maintained their court astrologers for centuries, whose great art was to prognosticate, and for one reason or another these astrologers usually controlled the government and by their erudition saved many a people from hopeless collapse. In the United States, also, we find a man appearing whose name is unknown, probably never will be known. Robert Allen Campbell, in his little book called, "The Flag," gathered very largely from Congressional records and early documents of this government, tells us of the presence of

a mysterious man who was a sort of a cross between an astrologer and a naturopath. He was a herbalist, a vegetarian, a philosopher, an astrologer. An intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, well termed "the first American gentleman," and through Benjamin Franklin, the familiar genius of George Washington, the "Merlin" of 1776 was probably the real formator of our country as the man behind Washington and Franklin. So, as in the founding of nearly every nation, we, too, have the presence of some mysterious person. Someone, however, difficult to learn of, was the unsuspected power behind this enterprise. Consequently, *on a certain date*, those so-called traitors who, if their cause lost would die with it, were gathered for the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

While our knowledge of the nature of the planets is limited, we do know that they are immense centers of radiant energy, and that the human body and mind manifest the indications of their influence. From an astrological standpoint, the United States of America began functioning as an independent nation on the 4th of July, 1776, when the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence. Therefore, we can erect a horoscope for the United States of America on the same principle that we can erect the horoscope of a newborn child.

Without entering into a discussion of the technicalities of the United States horoscope, we call attention to the financial condition of the government which is revealed as being innately speculative. We enjoy the *theory* of speculation. One of the great difficulties that this horoscope demonstrates for the government and the whole country, is that nearly all the money that is made is on the juggling of things and not on their manufacture. The producer gets very little for his product; the consumer gets very little for his money. Between them is a hypothetical regime, namely the middleman, the financial genius of this country.

The latter part of 1929 was cataclysmic in financial circles, and probably more definitely than at any time in the preceding decade, the problem of America's

money was brought home to a large part of the people. The stock market crash of 1929, with the hangover of stock depression in 1930, was an extremely significant circumstance, bringing to our attention those inevitable crises that must arise wherever we have an unreasonable or unnatural situation.

We cannot live abnormally over a period of years without the body finally breaking under the strain, nor can we think abnormally or manipulate in an unnatural way any part of our life or environment without a similar catastrophe. And from the philosophic analysis of such a problem as the stock crash, we see even more definitely and plainly than in the physicist's laboratory the inevitable workings of natural law. There are principles in life which cannot be violated; there are standards of ethics that no man devised that are natural to the universal order. To depart from these must inevitably produce ruin. It is curious how Nature sustains its various genera with a comparative minimum of confusion. It would only require a very slight oversight on the part of Nature hopelessly to confuse the issues of life. Nature maintains a mysterious order in a way entirely beyond the comprehension of the average person. Nor must we believe for an instant that our own handicraft is in any way separate from ourselves. Personally, we cannot escape natural law, nor can our Creator escape it. It might be argued that Nature controls blades of grass, but such things as political or financial systems are so absolutely human in their fabrication that they are different from Nature. This is not true. The same law that controls the blade of grass controls even the most cunningly devised product of human ingenuity, and let the creations of man depart from the ways of Nature, and they fail as certainly as man himself fails. If we assume that we can exist apart from Nature, the fallacy of our assumption would be rendered evident by the ancient philosophic axiom that nothing can exist in or subsist upon a vacuum. Our very being depends for its survival upon the magnificent equilibrium of cosmic

agencies. There is not only man's banking system, but there is a banking system in the Infinite, and when the system of man departs from the system of the Infinite, it is doomed to inevitable destruction.

There is nothing really scientific or philosophical in our present financial system. It is probably one of the most short-sighted creations of our temperament. We have never thought our money problems through. If we did, the whole system would collapse. We have never sensed the circle made by the dollar. Take, for instance, the actual elements productive of the great stock crash. Three powerful factors describe to us more plainly than anything else in the world the cause of this immense catastrophe; for it was a catastrophe, and like most circumstances, it afflicted principally the poor man, though we will not say for a moment that the man with millions did not lose also. But Capital lost largely on paper, and Labor lost its bank account. The man who owned his stock and had bought before the present period of inflation did not lose a great deal. He lost the fictitious values; he lost something that did not exist in the first place. But the man with $500 or $1,000, which represented the savings of years, lost his cash. You probably do not realize how dependent a nation is on small change. The whole system of barter and exchange at the present time is founded upon and caters to the proletarian. A large department store is not maintained for the account of the millionaire (in fact, they are the hardest accounts for the store to collect); the company is run by the 50c, $2.00 and $3.98 sales to the proletarian which counted up and multiplied produce an immense amount of money.

(Continued in January issue)

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 JANUARY, 1931 No. 4

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 98
Atlantis, The Lost World 99
Tarot Symbolism 109
Einstein and His New Theory of Space 112
The Passing of the Sorcerer 116
The Present Financial Crisis in the Light of Philosophy 120
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 126

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

An ever increasing interest in the message which he is disseminating has assured the success of Mr. Hall's Kansas City campaign. In spite of the weather hazards and numerous civic activities, the audience has increased steadily, with many of the city's prominent people in attendance. The interest warranted a second series of ten lectures. Mr. Hall leaves Kansas City on December 15th for New York, where two lectures before the New York Psychology Center, at 233 West 48th Street, have been added to his program.

While in Kansas City Mr. Hall addressed several groups, including two talks before the Rotary Club, and was also invited to speak at Leavenworth Prison. The Unity School of Christianity showed a beautiful spirit of cooperation and invited Mr. Hall to broadcast three times weekly over their radio station, WOQ. Members of the Rosicrucian Fellowship and the Theosophical Society volunteered their assistance and several other groups and individuals contributed in various ways to the success of the campaign.

As this goes to press we have news that the McKay Publishing Company of Philadelphia is printing and publishing a new edition of Mr. Hall's ASTROLOGICAL KEY-WORDS considerably amplified in material and printed from new and larger type; there will be also an adequate index.

The Atlantis, The Lost World

There is a persistent rumor that the age-old legend of Atlantis has intrigued the curiosity of no less a person than Ambassador Charles G. Dawes whose underslung pipe and efforts to Americanize the Court of St. James have already brought him a considerable measure of distinction. In a clipping at hand it is stated that the Honorable Mr. Dawes is so impressed with the Atlantis idea that he has financed a search of the Vatican Library in hopes of discovering among the musty old documents there some key to the enigma. The investigation which is being carried on by a Yale scholar is particularly concerned with the Mayan dialect. The hypothesis is that if the secrets of this language can be uncovered it may then be possible to decipher at least some of the many strange inscriptions in Yucatan and Guatemala which have so far baffled archeologists. The ex-Vice-President entertains the hope that the strange hieroglyphics deeply cut into the walls of temples or into the faces of monuments will, when correctly read, forever settle the Atlantis problem.

Is it possible that Ambassador Dawes has been reading with profit certain sections of Baldwin's *Ancient America*? For example, the following sentences 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." The conclusion is inevitable. If the Old World is of no assist-

ance in the matter, try the New World. Again the point of attack is clearly indicated. The only part of the New World which apparently developed any historical instinct or perpetuated any systematic record was Central America, a term which for our purposes we will extend to cover Mexico and the northern parts of South America.

Those who scoff at the idea of a submerged Atlantic continent must first of all explain away the descriptions given by Plato in the *Critias* and the *Timaeus*. Plato's accounts carry considerable weight inasmuch as the integrity and learning of that philosopher cannot easily be assailed. Up to the beginning of the sixteenth century designers of maps included the Atlantean Island in their charts and globes—simply on the authority of Plato. The "anti-Atlantists," however, contend that in the *Critias* Plato takes a flight into fiction, "manuring [to use Plutarch's words] the little seed of the Atlantis myth" which Solon had discovered in the Egyptian temples. But now etymology rises up to discomfort the scoffers, for had Plato or any of the Greeks fabricated this account they would unquestionably have used a word derived from their own speech to designate the last continent. The same would be true of the Egyptians. 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 of the most remote antiquity. The Egyptian priests told Solon that the accounts of Atlantis which they possessed had been deciphered from inscriptions upon ancient columns. These pillars composed of some unknown and imperishable substance (possibly the fabled Pillars of Enoch) had been erected before the Deluge; in fact, the columns had been constructed for the express purpose of withstanding the terrific upheavals which were to lay barren a considerable part of the earth. Crantor, writing circa 300 B.C., declared that at that time the pillars were still in existence.

In 1912, M. Pierre Termier, a member of the Academy of Science and Director of Service of the Geologic Chart of France, delivered a remarkable

lecture on Atlantis before the Institut Oceanographique. This lecture was later translated 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 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, in 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. Whether this figure can be reconciled with the date of the Atlantean destruction as preserved by Plato, which would be about 9500 B.C., is a matter which only time can determine. 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 ten countries coincides exactly with the number of islands described by Marcellus and the ten kingdoms described by Plato.

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. There is much evidence of Atlantean blood among the Red Indians

—the Bering Strait migration theory notwithstanding. It is highly possible that 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 Johnston, Esq., in *Archaeologia Americana* says that the Shawnaoes, 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 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,* writing of the North American Indians as a group, 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 was never 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 and these seven are the progenitors of the race. If we are bold enough to claim that these so-called caverns really signified 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 this divine man—Prince Feathered Serpent—was literally a ruler over seven holes in the ground.

It is a common legend among the Red Men that their progenitors came out of holes in the earth, ascending from their dark retreats to escape a flood or deluge loosed by one of the gods of the underworld. Such an account might well imply that these Indians had originally inhabited the lowlands but had fled to the mountains to escape the terrible tidal waves caused by the Atlantean disaster and which unquestionably, at least temporarily, 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 was also an act of retribution on the part of a great Manido.

Referring to Montezuma's speech to Cortez, Schoolcraft notes that in speaking of Quetzalcoatl, or Lord of the Seven Caves, it is probably implied that he was the lawful chief of seven bands, tribes or nations. He was the Feathered Snake metamorphosed into a god by the peoples to whom he brought culture and enlightenment. There is evidence that the rulers of Atlantis were known as the Serpent Kings, probably the Winged Serpents as a tribute to their royalty. In the old traditions it is written that the serpent originally walked upright but because of his pride and sin he fell. The occult traditions further declare that in an ancient age there were winged serpents upon the earth. These may well have been the famous Atlantean sorcerers described in Oriental secret traditions.

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 Chibola which the Spanish sought for 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 and was unseen at any time according to the ancient traditions and whose agents upon the earth were the serpent kings who carried his feathered sceptre as symbols 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 today as the famous seven-headed Naga of Cambodia. Thus 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. These men were the Atlantean sorcerers or snakes whom St. Patrick was 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. Hence the fabled Eden or that antedeluvian 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 is called by the Welsh *Avalon*. The Atlantides, or Seven Islands, are described by early mythologists as the Seven Pleiades, Daughters of Atlas, for they were lifted out of the

depths upon the shoulders of the great giant of the earth.

In order that the wide extent of the Atlantis story may be better appreciated, (for traditional accounts of both the continent itself and the disaster which destroyed it have been preserved among nearly all civilized peoples), consider the words of Louis Jacolliot, a French writer on Oriental philosophies, in his *Histoire des Vierges*: "A religious belief, common to Malacca and Polynesia, that is to say to 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 had 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 information concerning these continents is continually coming to light in different parts of Asia, and geology again confirms the old traditions.

A discussion of Atlantis would be incomplete without a brief outline of the causes for its disappearance. The great King Thevetat, the invisible Dragon, is unquestionably what Eliphas Levi would call the "astral light," the same force which the Knights Templars were accused of worshipping under the form of the Goat of Mendes. The astral light is the seat 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 and seduced Eve. His sphere is ruled by Mars, or more correctly symbolized by it, and his keyword is *ambition*. The Atlanteans were natural clairvoyants, or it might be better to say, natural mediums. They could see the invisible worlds but they did not understand the proper use of the great forces of the astral light. It will be noted that nearly all aboriginal peoples worship various forms of demons

and elemental spirits, also the ghosts of the dead. The present red and black primitive races are of Atlantean and Lemurian origin and their demon gods are the creatures which their progenitors actually saw in the astral light. By various forms of magic many of these tribes can still control these elemental beings in the astral light. The question as to what caused the destruction of Atlantis is then very simply answered —Atlantis never produced a philosopher.

But the question may be asked, How 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 talk with the dead? The Atlanteans, like the medium, did not possess supernatural power technically—they were possessed by it. They were moved by the astral king like ouija-boards and, as his sphere 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 in 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 fire which the sorcerers had invoked consumed them, the white adepts led by the great Father of the Thinkithians (Noah) escaped and established themselves in those lands which had 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 a human life. He finally obsessed Atlantis and those of the Atlantean adepts (superior beings who incarnated in Atlantis to protect the people) who could no longer protect the continent from the demon of the astral light, 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—it had not lost its feet as shown in the Egyptian glyphs and it wore the

feather of Maat, the symbol of truth. Quetzalcoatl, whose proper symbol is an upraised snake and who carried the cross, was one of the white adepts, for it is declared in the Codices that he was a "white" man, a term which may not necessarily mean color but rather purity.

To return again to modern times, an interesting note appears in the July, 1930, number of *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. In an article *The Hunt for Lost Atlantis* by Leslie Orear, two paragraphs are representative: "Already there have been wrested from the sea the secrets of several ancient cities that were submrged by some unrecorded catastrophe, and what those discoveries have revealed inspired Count Byron Khun de Prorok, famed archeologist, to organize, in collaboration with French and American institutions, this new expedition in search for the Lost Atlantis." Count de Prorok will search for Atlantis equipped with a diving bell that can descend two thousand five hundred feet, laboratory facilities, machine guns for land giants which they expect to encounter in certain parts of the Sahara (Tauregs, a fierce tribe presumably the last of the Atlanteans) a hundred and forty foot yacht, grappling apparatus, wireless equipment, a submarine, and an aeroplane. The Count himself says: "We embark upon this romantic quest confident that we shall give to the world some insight into the most ancient civilization of all time—the lost Atlanteans."

From all this, it is evident that the interest in this ancient problem is increasing daily and must continue until the solution is found. Atlantis demands its place in history—it 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 intention to prepare a companion article to this one to deal with Atlantis as an element in *philosophy* rather than as an element in *history*—not to disprove the existence of Atlantis as a continent, but to

show that the historical account is used by Plato to cover certain mysteries of the soul which, as an Initiate, he could only reveal through symbols. In the meantime, we will conclude this brief resume with the climax of 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, heralds 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 advanced 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."

Socrates was a philosopher of the streets who believed that by analyzing the chemistry of human relationships he could discover the solution to the riddle of life. His temple was the Forum, his school the market-place, and the subject and object of his every conclusion—Man.

2 LA PAPESSE ב

Tarot Symbolism

THE SECOND NUMBERED CARD

THE HIGH PRIESTESS

It was written in ancient days that when the time had arrived for wisdom to descend into the world, it assumed the form of a woman because in its male aspect it would be utterly beyond the comprehension of humanity. The second numbered Tarot card, therefore, reveals to us the symbols and attributes of the heavenly wisdom robed in the vestments of the true Akasha and bearing the several symbols of the ageless truth. La Papesse (which literally means "the female pope") may be interpreted as the female father for she signifies the secret doctrine which is the wisdom of the Infinite gone forth as the Son, visible to mankind only through its outer or symbolic form. In ancient symbolism the term "male" was used to signify a literal or spiritual reality, but "female" implied that this reality was manifested through its negative part, i.e., its material and allegorical shadow. Here then wisdom is expressed through its Mercavah, or vehicle. This vehicle, which is sometimes called "the Queen of Heaven," is opposite in its significance to the third card, the Empress who is the queen of earth.

In Islam it is declared that the Caaba, or cubical shrine, is located upon earth directly beneath the true temple of God in heaven. La Papesse signifies the eternal temple in the heavens, the sanctuary of the living truth; the Empress signifies the terrestrial ecclesia, the temple which is upon earth. Hence, the second numbered card represents the concealed wisdom which can only be known to such as have lifted themselves through the spheres or planes of the Mysteries; while the third numbered card sets forth that outer aspect of truth which is discernible through the so-called facts of Nature.

The heavenly virgin is elevated upon a triple dais to signify that she abides in the first world. Her golden throne reminds the student that she is seated in the certainty of the sovereign Sun. She is indeed the virgin clothed with the sun as opposed again to the third card which is the mother. La Papesse carries the keys to the two creations, or qabballahs. The silver key is sacred to Jehovah, "the royal horn of the moon," and unlocks the mysteries of the first Adam, he who was made from the red dirt—the terrestrial man. The golden key is sacred to Nous the golden light of the sun and signifies the mysteries of the second Adam, he who is born out of the earthy man through the regeneration of the flesh—the heavenly man.

This figure which the Egyptians called Isis also carries the Book one-half of which is concealed beneath her flowing robes. This book is the Tora(h), the mysterious cipher word of the Rosicrucians. The concealment of the book may be read two ways: the robe may signify either the spiritual nature which conceals the origin of every so-called phenomenal fact or it may signify the material sphere which obscures because of the illusions of phenomena a certain part of every reality.

The sign of Mercury reminds the symbolist that the supreme wisdom is glorified and adorned by pure reason or the highest intellection of the mind. The triple crown surmounted by a golden crescent should be carefully considered. The golden crescent is not the moon in this case but the crescent of Venus, the

Lucifer or light-bearer of antiquity. The triple crown further denotes that wisdom is crowned by the dignity of the three Logoi, but from the third or lower crown hangs the veil of illusion. Thus we infer that in the third or material sphere the face of truth is concealed. The mouth is left uncovered to signify that her voice may be heard through the initiates or adepts who at one time were referred to as the lips of the heavenly one.

The pillars behind the high priestess form the hieroglyphic of Gemini which in the secret traditions is the Third Logos or, more correctly, the seat of the Thinker, the beginning of Mind and consequently the genesis of knowledge. Here also is the crimson veil of royalty—she is the vehicle or manifester of the hidden king who dwells in the adytum behind the veil. The checkerboard floor under her feet ends at the pillars, as it represents the phenomenal universe with its alternations of active and passive elements.

We have added to this symbol a little shield containing within it two crowns, one upright and the other inverted. The upright crown signifies the divine wisdom, the Mother of Mysteries which Christ refers to as His Mother, the heavenly Breath. The inverted crown is the black virgin, Mylitta, who is described by Eduard Schure as the temptress in his picture of initiation in *The Great Initiates*. This black woman again appears in one of the cabalistic plates of Eliphas Levi. (See the *History of Magic*). The black figure is unquestionably inferior (natural) wisdom which arises out of animal cunning, as opposed to the superior (divine) wisdom which is an emanation of the Logos.

In the *Chemical Marriage* of Christian Rosenkreutz and other alchemical works, appears the allegory of the king and queen whose child is the mysterious *homunculi*, or crystal infant. In this allegory the moon signifies the second emanation of the Logos, called by the Buddhists *Buddhi*. The crystal man is the true mental image or permanent Ego described as crystal because its purity and transparency has not

been defiled by contact with the matter of the phenomenal sphere.

There is a legend to the effect that the Christ in heaven was born of a spiritual virgin and later when he descended upon the earth he imaged forth his true divine origin by being born of a physical virgin. The heavenly virgin is the Number Two Trump, but the Mari or Mary who bears the physical Emperor, the fourth trump, is but the shadow or symbol of this celestial Mother of Mysteries. In these two women we also find the true explanation of the presence of two feminine agents in the septenary of the planets. Venus may be regarded as the heavenly virgin and the Moon as the terrestrial mother.

(To be continued)

Einstein and His New Theory of Space

Part II.

The Egyptians, in their quest for the abiding place of Reality, vainly searched the nine and forty worlds, for, while a divine wisdom was manifested in each, the sovereign Power itself dwelt in none of them. Again and again the old philosophers sought to catch God in the net of thought but the Deity forever eluded them. There were gods in the heavens, heroes upon the earth, and demons in the underworld, but the invisible and unknowable Power which supported the broad expanse of creation remained uttely obscure, self-sufficient and independent.

It may have been the Brahmins who discovered that *things* must exist in *place* and that place therefore was a sort of fourth dimension which divided things by limiting them and establishing their boundaries. All creations were *things* and being differentiated by the *All*, they were limited as to duration by *time*, as to number by *quantity*, and as to situation by *place*. The Supreme Power of the universe, not being a creation but an ever abiding permanence unlimited by any term of dimension, could not be in *place*, therefore space was regarded as its proper habitation. *Space* was the utter privation of *place* for whereas place must be somewhere, space must be everywhere. Forms are ever changing, but space is unchangeable and by virtue of its utter abstraction is an appropriate symbol for the absolute and unknowable existence which is described as utter potentiality.

All efforts to lure even the shadow of the Creator from his abyssmal depths failed and philosophy was forced to be content to realize in an abstract sort of way that the Infinite dwelt in eternity even as the finite dwells in time. Gradually the term *space* came to be regarded as synonymous with spirit, not a spirit but *spirit* in the form of Purusha or an ultimate divine substance. This is the *Self* of the agnostic Buddhist schools and by interpretation signifies the ultimate Reality.

The description of Brahma given in the second chapter of the first book of the Vishnu Purana is an effort to conceive of *Space* as a divine being from whose all-embracing consciousness the phenomena of existence proceeds. The sage Parasara discourses thus: "Who can describe him who is not to be apprehended by the sense: who is the best of all things; the supreme soul, self-existent; who is devoid of all the distinguishing characteristics of complexion, caste or the like; and is exempt from birth, vicissitude, death, or decay: who is always, and alone; who exists everywhere, and in whom all things here exist; and who is, thence, named Vasudeva? He is Brahma, supreme, Lord, eternal, unborn, imperishable, undecaying; of one essence; ever pure, and free from defects."

The mystery of space is twofold, for while within it abides the Absolute clothed in its veils of unknowable essence, it is also the "deep" or abyss from which the gods of creation conjure forth the Chaya or shadow which is called the world. The world, then, exists in and of space and by the law of its being must ultimately return to this depthless profundity. From all of this it is evident why the Egyptians referred to Space as the thrice-deep darkness or the *three times obscure*. The use of the three signified its supreme elevation and also the triple nature of its mystery for it was the vanishing point of mind, matter, and time.

It is this abstract and mysterious *space* then upon which Einstein has conferred the attribute of hunger. Space becomes a devourer, not literally of course, but rather in the sense that it is continually reabsorbing into itself the forms which it has temporarily imbued with individuality. As the slowly melting ice floes sink back into the sea, as the rotting tree stump finally mingles its substance with the earth, so creations, wearied with being, sink slowly but inevitably into the eternal sleep of space. As space, then, was the one beginning, so surely it is the end of all beginnings. Space is the inevitable condition into which all other conditions flow, the destiny which nothing can escape.

Has Einstein seen the infinite inevitable? Has he discovered by mathematics that, although numbers are seemingly endless, there is an ultimate *cipher* which circumscribes them all? Has his vision revealed to him the great pageantry of worlds which emerging like phantoms from the eternal mystery and abiding their destined span, merge again like fading shadows into space—that which endures?

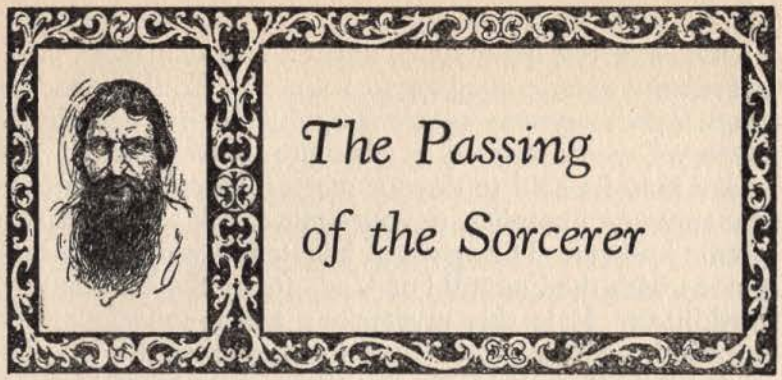
Through mathematics one approaches very close to the ineffable mysteries, for as Pythagoras so often stated to his disciples, numbers are the most appropriate form symbols of the secrets of the three worlds and Him who abides in them. Higher mathematics can prepare the soul for the opening of the inner eye, for which reason geometry has been called the "initiator."

Through an understanding of the theory of space, then, one approaches a knowledge of the nature and

constitution of consciousness; for whereas thought partakes of the qualities of matter, consciousness possesses the azonic attributes of space. Consciousness, then, is that supreme awareness which in our benighted state we would regard as absolute unawareness. As space may be said to devour matter, so consciousness, the supreme knowing, devours mind, the so-called supreme knower. The space of Einstein is almost synonymous with the Samadhi of Vedanta or the Nirvana of Buddhism. It is this mysterious space-consciousness opposed to mortal place-consciousness that the Yogins seek when they strive to life themselves from *here* to *everywhere* by meditation.

Dimensions are limitations and the ascetic struggles to extricate himself from that labyrinth of illusion which philosophers term the phenomenal sphere. Only when the soul achieves union with space and mingles its own qualities with infinite Being can it escape those changes constituting the life cycle. While the body, because of the laws through which it exists, follows the cosmic urge to condense, the spirit, being of a superior essence, desires to be diffused and to become one with life itself—the abstract parent. Numbers reveal this, for by the qualities of numeration all mysteries of nature may be discovered by the soul which is en rapport with the laws of life.

Thus Einstein's *space* which is synonymous with Perfect Existence, is a condition of All-ness which, through the assertion of its own inseparability, scatters the sense of diversity or fragmentism. On a lower plane, this space becomes synonymous with wisdom which must inevitably eat up, in the sense of absorbing into itself, all lesser states of intelligence.



The Passing of the Sorcerer

The facts concerning the death of Rasputin are too well known to require restatement in this article. Our consideration then is to place a new emphasis upon these dramatic incidents. That Rasputin was a hypnotist cannot be denied. He was repeatedly accused of employing infernal agencies to achieve his ends. The word "infernal" is generally applied by the church to all forms of magic except where such works are performed by the clergy, when the term "divine" is substituted. Gregori was a believer in magic, an adept in charms and incantations. Tracts were circulated to the effect that this mysterious *starets* had sold his soul to Satan and that he had studied the sorcery of the Lamas.

Resputin further possessed the power of prophecy. This is proved on not less than two counts. He stated definitely that if an evil befell him the Russian crown was doomed; he predicted that within six months of his own death the empire would fall and history reveals the accuracy of his predictions. Rasputin felt his own life to be inextricably linked with that of the imperial Russian house. This mysterious peasant also curiously enough sensed his own doom, for the very night that he set out on his last earthly adventure he made the very odd remark that where he was going that night no one would follow him.

That Rasputin accomplished wonders with the young Czarevich is well authenticated. The efforts made by his detractors to explain away his supernatural powers by declaring that he caused the young

prince to be poisoned so that he could administer an antidote is a rather clumsy effort to evade facts. The Czarevich was an invalid from birth, having inherited the disease of the Hapsburg family. A Tibetan magician, for many years the confidante of the Czar, concentrated all his learning upon the healing of the young heir apparent; his efforts failed, however, and until the coming of Rasputin the royal family was continually in a frantic state over the child's health. To affirm that Rasputin prepared this stage would be equal to asserting that he had deflected the laws of heredity. Nor were his healings limited to this one case alone, but distributed at various intervals throughout his astonishing career.

As he sat facing Prince Yussupoff, eating poisoned cake and drinking poisoned wine, his executioner had the terrible conviction that Rasputin knew what was being done to him but depended upon some tremendous power within himself to escape death. Whatever this power was, it was nearly sufficient. Rasputin proved that the deadliest poison could not destroy him. A world which dreads to admit the supernatural has tried to explain away this mystery also but in vain. The cake and the wine contained sufficient poison to have instantly killed a score of men, yet after partaking heartily of both, Gregori rose to his feet and in his usual jovial mood began a leisurely examination of the pictures and objects of art about the banquet room of his host. One can well imagine the consternation, amazement and terror that these circumstances must have created within the nature of Prince Yussupoff. Was this man indeed supernatural? Was he, as he had claimed, a divine incarnation? Was he a minister of God or the servant of Satan?

The last act of the tragedy finally came. The poison having failed, a group of conspirators who had gathered for such an emergency came to the assistance of the prince, riddling the body of the monk with bullets and slashing him with their knives. They bound Rasputin and dragged him through the snow to the river into which they threw his still living body. Later it was declared that the body had been recovered and

was given private burial by the Czar and his immediate family. Then came the revolution. Records of all kinds were destroyed or perverted to serve propagandists of the new regime. The Czar himself vanished and his fate is still shrouded with mystery.

The result is, to sum up the opinions of his biographers, that authentic information concerning Rasputin is one of the most difficult things in the world to secure. Dead but fourteen years, his personality is one of the greatest enigmas of all times. Figures like that of Rasputin terrify this prosaic century. We are afraid to think in terms of sorcery. In this very matter-of-fact world which we have attempted to mold into conformity with our own matter-of-fact dispositions there is no place for the bizarre Rasputin. We turn even viciously against anyone who by word or act attacks the smug sufficiency of our explanations for everything. Rasputin had to be destroyed—the world demanded it. If he had not been removed, he might have hazarded the integrity of our materialistic code. We must explain away the supernatural in self defense. We dare not admit the existence of any force in Nature more subtle than economics or more powerful than gold. Even God must be eliminated lest He compromise the utter superiority of man.

When, as will happen sometimes, the miraculous takes flesh and walks among us our discomfiture knows no bounds. We scoff as long as we can. When that fails we persecute and as a last extremity we ignore. For these reasons we shall probably never understand the true nature of Rasputin. We seek safety behind the sweeping assertion that he was simply an impostor, a charlatan, and a quack. Having delivered ourselves of these opinions, we feel safe again, turn over on the other side, and continue our interrupted slumber of the ages.

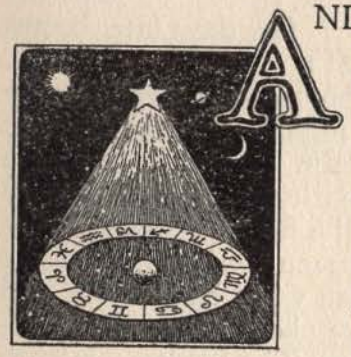
At this writing, there comes to hand an interesting example of this attitude. The London Daily Express of November 15th writes, "That a ghostly apparition of a man in armor, floating over the heads of the dancers in the Convent Garden opera house last night, brought the music to an abrupt halt while the conductor, Herman Darewski, sank into a chair and dropped his baton." Darewski said that he feared the apparition was an omen of disaster, adding that it was a helmeted and armed figure moving slowly through the air. So much for the account. A few days later comes the explanation—so simple that it is positively asinine. We are informed that the helmeted and armed figure moving through the air was a night watchman or some other equally insignificant person wearing a fireman's helmet. For the latter peculiarity no explanation is given, nor are we told how the figure chanced to be floating through the air. Herman Darewski it seems did not know a night watchman when he saw one and collapsed at the sight of a caretaker indiscreetly floating overhead during the dance. The further explanation was given that he only saw the shadow of the night watchman. In fact, this latter personality is exceedingly attenuated, there being no proof that he was there at all.

The whole thing may be summed up in this thought. We must explain away everything that we do not understand. The explanations do not have to be good because the average individual does not think anyway. The toast of the age is: To our opinions! may they ever be right; but whether they be right or wrong, gentlemen, our opinions!

The true motivating principle behind all activity should be rationality and not habit. People who do things without thinking cause more trouble than the world's best thinkers have been able to correct. The mind with the least number of habits is capable of the greatest measure of discernment. Habits prejudice the intellect and result in a form of dishonesty which is certain to influence all decisions. Yet in this modern world we have a tendency to classify men according to their peculiar habits. It follows that a normal person would be an outcast for he would have no eccentricity to distinguish him.

THE PRESENT FINANCIAL CRISIS

In The Light of Philosophy



AND now we come to an interesting problem: The American people are more or less tricky. During the past years, for an unknown reason, they have been building up their savings accounts, which jumped forward to the sum of over $2,000,000,000.00. These savings accounts mean the little man's money,—$50, $100, $500, or maybe $1,000. The year just previous to this stock crash, for the first time in ten years, the savings accounts dropped and last year holds the keynote to our financial condition in the depleted savings accounts in the vast body of the proletarian. Now, out of all these symptoms we have created a new picture, a picture that must be very carefully studied.

The World War produced an enormous demand. The United States was in a favored position to take advantage of the world industrial situation. Her manufacturing activities were immensely increased. Corporations were organized and stock floated which produced enormous profits. But this condition did not last. After the war, depleted Europe resumed its industrial activities and the market for United States products was again constricted by European competition. The result was the United States had a producing plant greater than the market to consume its products—one of the most dangerous conditions that can exist with any people. It is here that the inherent genius for trickery of the American mind shows itself. When legitimate markets are no longer available, this genius turns to preying upon the weaker minded people of our own country. This it does by inducing them to gamble, or as it is euphemistically called, invest

in the stock market in such a way as to hazard their savings in order to make sudden gains.

During the past few years there has been much propaganda toward introducing the great mass of wage earners into the intricacies of speculation. It has been demonstrated to them beyond all doubt that any individual who will invest his money at 6% is an idiot and that he should never invest unless he can get a fortune the first year. Gold bricks have been peddled like collar buttons and shoestrings, and individuals without training, without realization of the background, have come to the conclusion that the stock market has turned into a humanitarian enterprise; and it has cost them plenty to find out that it hasn't! The stock market is, comparatively speaking, a closed corporation and even a greater risk than Monte Carlo.

Now, imagine for a moment that as a small stockholder you have played with the bulls and the bears. You realize that not only do you take the chance of your stock going up or down, but whichever way it goes, you lose. It is fixed that way. It isn't the fact that if it goes up a point you make a dollar and if it goes down a point you lose a dollar. If it goes up a point you make a dollar, but if it goes down a point you lose ten! It is a very effective method of relieving the proletarian of superfluous cash. So, you pay to play against a cold deck. The fluctuation in stock depends upon the condition of the company which issued those stocks. It signifies the condition of the pool controlling that stock at the moment. That pool needs watching. You do not know what it will do, but the thing it does will break you every time with mathematical regularity. And unless an individual knows more about the subject than most investors do, he is riding for an inevitable fall.

Stock gambling thrives upon individual cupidity; the whole thing falls back upon the besetting sin of the average individual, namely, that he wants something for nothing. The only way that you can lure him into such an enterprise is to promise him something that he is not technically entitled to. Then when he does not get it, he is very much upset.

Now we come to another interesting problem in American finance and that is how to "make your money work for you." No doubt you have all heard that argument. Ten hogs will send your son through college! One-quarter acre of citrus fruit and retire! Ten acres of alfalfa will make you a millionaire! If the individual were philosophically minded, he would realize certain facts of national integrity. Unless money is distributed rather evenly, something cracks. But strange as it may seem—we buy! When any faction, political or economic, comes into control of more than a certain percentage of money, the whole national integrity is in danger. And here we have the reason why the savings accounts went down. Men with $1,000 wanted to be millionaires. They were working against a combination that simply cannot be beaten. That does not mean that an individual does not occasionally beat the game, temporarily at least. It has been estimated, however, that the most unfortunate thing that a man can do is to beat the stock exchange. From that day on he is ruined; from that time he will never be an honest man again, for he will live in terms of lottery and chance. The best thing for the investor is to lose his first investment and lose it hard; then he will come down to the realization of the value of a dollar.

When your dollar is worth more than 100 cents, somebody else's dollar is worth less than 100 cents, because there are only just so many cents to each dollar.

Besides the conditions mentioned, we have still another element to consider, and that is the development of the machine age, whereby the national productivity has been immensely increased, but our knowledge of how to distribute the benefits properly among the members of society, has not kept pace with our knowledge of mechanical improvements.

We have, in fact, the problem of the development of a national morality that requires foresight and farsight in those who shall lead our people. This country must adopt true philosophical and scientific principles,

or it will inevitably go down to national disaster. The basis of that philosophical system must be the recognition of the fact that the quality and integrity of the individual must be supported by the social system in which he lives. These truths should be self evident:

1—That in an industrial sense an individual is worth only what he produces.

2—That an individual is entitled to a certain percentage of his own production.

3—That the only basis for increased income of the individual should be his increased personal value to society at large or the industrial unit in which he functions.

Wherever a man has a dollar that he has not earned, another man has lost a dollar without getting anything for it. It does not show up immediately since the vicious circle is very wide, but in the body politic it will show up; for where you have millions of people and the transfer of vast sums of money for which there is no tangible evidence or reason, you have financial insecurity. So we return to our original premise of the American being a natural financier. He likes to work with money, and the situation is steadily becoming worse. The stock crash is only indicative of the *tendency* in this field of exploitation.

Now, faced with all these problems as we are today, what is the philosophical answer? What is the inevitable result of this condition upon the people? To begin with, we find individual integrity undermined. We find the individual no longer honestly ambitious. The present attitude toward money paralyzes the desire to improve self; he is ambitious only in the field of exploitation. Men are educated in the science of exploiting each other. The average individual becomes a human hunter who is out just as surely as a meat hunter or a seal hunter, looking for the pelt of his neighbor; and many a man knows what it means to be skinned. It is positively dangerous in these days to have it known that you have a dollar. People sit around at night trying to *think* you out of that dollar; they plan to get your dollar and give nothing, at any rate to give as little as possible. This is the short-

sighted business system. Hence, everyone who has anything must guard it with his life, because somebody else wants it. It is virtually a state of affairs where each individual stalks the other—like you do game—waiting, hoping that he will discern some method of sand-bagging him genteelly. A psychological salesman is trained to prey upon one faculty in the human mind and that faculty is CUPIDITY. If he can awaken your cupidity he will get your money. So it follows that the world is filled with investments financed upon this quality inherent in human nature.

We will not have proper government until the wisest and ablest administer the concerns of government. The true right of possession should be determined by the will to use that possession well, and until that is done Nature will continually interfere to dispossess those who do not co-operate with this principle. We represent a government of the people, sometimes by the people, and occasionally for the people.

Until individual value is based upon individual integrity, we shall never have financial solidarity, for solidarity is not the possession of property or affairs, but the able administration of them. At the present time, money is manipulated by the fingers of intrigue, and so we have sorrow and trouble. This country has too much power per capita and not enough integrity.

Wherever a condition exists in which the individual or the masses are victimized to serve either corporate interests or personalities, we have fertile reasons for national disaster and decay. Hundreds of years ago it was predicted that this nation would be destroyed, not by a foreign but by an internal foe, for it would be hard to find a nation strong enough to break us by war, invasion or anything of that kind.

Our deadly enemy is finance. Whether the American people can break the vicious circle of our financial system is problematical. If, however, the system is not broken, national disaster is certain. Today we have a civilization which, in the terms of one of America's own leading financiers, deals entirely in terms of dollars. It is not improbable that some day we will say, "Who is that man walking down the

street?" and the reply will be, "That is $4.50." Our first and only name for such a person will be his cash value. The dollar has become the basis of hate, the basis of friendship, the basis of ethics, the basis of most of life's relationships.

YOUR DOLLAR ACTS THE WAY YOU DO

Someone truly said that we have nothing of ourselves, but that all we have is that which the universe loans to us while we are here. We are rich in truth only through the experience which we have gained from the right use of that which is loaned to us. There is much to be learned from the study of money, for money is a mirror in which are reflected the souls of men. Your dollar is a living picture of yourself, responding to the subtlest impulses of your mind, shadowing your conceit, manifesting your weakness, and as intriguing as your own self.

IGNORANCE and CUPIDITY are the two qualities upon which dishonesty thrives; and every individual who does not stand for what he believes is guilty of one or the other. So, out of the aftermath of this stock crash, out of the wild gyrations of our financial values we come to the realization no longer to be ignored that we have translated the altar of God into a cash register and transformed the ethical systems of mankind into a gigantic instrument of exploitation. We have taken life—our thoughts, our hopes, yes, even each others' muscles, sinews, and nerves—and reduced them to commercial terms. We have taken lofty aspirations and ruthlessly sacrificed them to the most cruel and senseless system of living ever devised by man. We have forgotten to dream, forgotten to hope, forgotten to love, forgotten to understand or aspire in this vain effort to acquire the wealth of the universe. But if we should acquire all the gold there is, we would be poorer than on the day we started. No nation can be just a banking house. If we are unresponsive to the charms of Truth and Beauty; if we underrate the value of human character; if we sacrifice the eternal for the temporal, we have reached and passed the zenith of our accomplishment and, like the decadent races of the past, must sink into a nameless grave.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 Pharoah 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 Crœsus. 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.

(To be continued)

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Postpaid $3.00.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 FEBRUARY, 1931 No. 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 130
The Gnostic Cults 131
The Mystery of Time 143
Tarot Symbolism 147
A Little Study in Hell 150
Christmas, A WOR Radio Talk 154
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 159

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

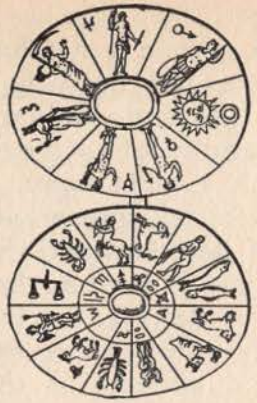
The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Mr. Hall's opening lectures at the Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, New York City, were phenomenally successful from the standpoint of both attendance and enthusiasm. He will give two courses of lectures for this organization during January and February, speaking every Saturday evening on the *Occult Anatomy of Man* and every Tuesday evening on *The Astrological Key to the Universe.*

On December 28th at the historical old Episcopal church, St.-Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, a special astrological service was conducted. This unique service which included an astrological ritual in which the various officers impersonated the constellations, was a definite departure from orthodox churchianity. Mrs. Evangeline Adams, internationally known figure in astrological matters, introduced Mr. Hall who spoke on *The Relation of Astrology to Religion.*

On Christmas and New Year's days Mr. Hall broadcasted over station WOR and will continue with a weekly broadcast every Sunday afternoon while he remains in New York. There is a very genuine interest in philosophy and kindred subjects in the great metropolis at this time.

Although Mr. Hall's permanent address while in New York will be 310 Riverside Drive, he can usually be located more readily by paging either in the magnificent public library with its million and a half books or in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where they have just unloaded an immense collection of Egyptian and Oriental art objects. He expects to open his public lecture campaign about February 1st.



The Gnostic Cults

Gnosticism was the great heresy of the ante-Nicean period of church history. The fathers of incipient Christianity, having elected themselves the custodians of salvation, exercised this prerogative to stamp out all traces of Christianity as a philosophical code. By exiling reason from the gatherings of the elect and substituting blind faith in its stead, they accomplished what they considered the first and most necessary step towards the establishment of dogmatic ecclesiasticism.

The early bishops, saints, and martyrs, such as Irenæus, Hippolytus, Epiphanius, Eusippius, Tertullian and Theodoret, apparently divided their activities between the somewhat diversified tasks of preaching, on the one hand, the new gospel of charity, piety and brotherly love and the preparation, on the other hand, of vicious and slanderous attacks upon members of dissenting creeds. No pious ante-Nicean father had proved his zeal—and incidentally his bigotry—until he had prepared an elaborate treatise against heresies and pitched a sanctified pebble at some heresiarch. All good churchmen sought to demonstrate that pagans in general and Gnostics in particular were promulgators of hateful and misleading doctrines. It was intimated, and in some cases actually affirmed, that a perverse spirit (the faithful old devil) had raised up teachers of false doctrines in an effort to compromise the infallible revelation of the Apostles. Thus these learned fathers, who, incidentally, seemed better informed on heresies

than orthodoxies, refuted all the doctrines of the heretics with one grand gesture. But, as one writer has suggested, when these refutations were not convincing, these inspired vicars resorted to the more militant method of disposing, by fire or otherwise, of such evidence as they could not conveniently explain away.

The Gnostics occupied an extremely precarious position. They were reconcilers of doctrines and the way of the peacemaker is usually quite as hard as that of the transgressor. Gnosticism was despised by the church because it sought to interpret Christian mysticism in terms of the metaphysical systems of the Greeks, Egyptians, and Chaldeans. At the same time, it was openly opposed by contemporary pagan philosophers, particularly certain of the Neo-Platonists, because it appeared to accept, at least in part, the unphilosophic and illogical tenets forced upon an unsuspecting world by the Christian enthusiasts. Attacked from both sides and gradually crushed by the sheer weight of numbers, after a desperate struggle for existence over a period of several centuries, Gnosticism finally passed into the limbo.

During its short but spectacular career, Gnosticism established, however, certain agencies of interpretation which were to survive the centuries and may even yet convert the world to its premises. And strangest of all, Gnosticism is indebted to its enemies for its survival, for practically all the information now available on the subject is preserved in the writings of those excited ante-Nicean fathers who went into considerable detail concerning the substance of the heresies they condemned. Though the Gnostics have vanished from the earth, the analogies between Christian and pagan doctrines established by them have proved invaluable to students of comparative religion fortunate enough to be born in a less intolerant age.

Among the names that stand out in the chronicles of Gnosticism three are pre-eminent—Simon, Basilides and Valentinus. That they were men of exceptional brilliance is established by the fact that the attacks of the church fathers were in nearly every case directed first against them. Simon Magus, the Syrian Gnostic,

was the object of a particularly spiteful and unchristian tirade. His character was torn to shreds and he was held up to public scorn not only as a sorcerer but as an example of the depths of spiritual, moral and physical depravity into which an individual can descend. Basilides, the Egyptian Gnostic, and Valentinus, his successor, were both men of such exceptional personal integrity that even the combings of the clergy could bring to light nothing that could even be interpreted as depreciatory. It was, therefore, evident that these philosophers were heresiarchs of the most dangerous kind. They were the more deadly because they concealed their perversity behind an appearance of virtue and integrity. Of course, this reasoning is convincing to anyone who sees life through ante-Nicean spectacles. No man can be good without being a Christian, and if he be a pagan with the appearance of virtue it is simply the devil trying to destroy our realization of the omnipotence of the church.

The only fragments of the writings of these great Gnostics preserved to our day are represented in the writings of their enemies, but such writings reveal not only a high degree of spiritual insight but a most generous, noble, and philosophic comprehension of the greater realities of life. Even the calumny of the ages has not dimmed the splendor of these masters nor hidden their glory from such as have eyes to see. If the true secrets of Christianity were ever imparted to men, it was to the Gnostics; for, while the church itself was a seething mass of bigotry and conspiracy, this order preserved to the end the high ethical and rational standards which confer honor upon every sublime teaching. The church could not stand the comparison rendered doubly odious by theological viciousness. In self-preservation the church struck and, having destroyed its most formidable adversary, began its triumphal march towards temporal power.

In order to demonstrate what we mean by an odious comparison, consider the following words of Valentinus, the Gnostic, in his vision of the order of creation: "I behold all things suspended in air by

spirit, and I perceive all things wafted by spirit; the flesh I see suspended from soul, but the soul shining out from air, and air depending from aether, and fruits produced from Bythus (profundity), and the foetus borne from the womb." Here was a mystic vision worthy of the divine Plato and sounding the very depths of reality. Then consider an example of church technique. The four canonical gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were chosen by divination. They took some hundreds of books and set them up at the Nicean Council. Those which fell down they threw aside as false, and those which stood (these four) they accepted as true, being unable to decide the question in any other way. Out of the three hundred and eighteen members of the Council only two—Eusebius, the great forger, and the Emperor Constantine—were able to read. (See H. P. Blavatsky.) It might be added that the book of Luke almost fell and was only saved by a hair's breadth and the Emperor Constantine, according to our friend Ripley, was never at any time a Christian. So mote it be.

The church fathers considered the period of Gnosticsm to be the most crucial in the history of Christianity, for at that time it had to be decided whether the new cult should be a religion or a philosophy. If the Gnostics had won, Christianity would have been regarded as the legitimate heir to the philosophical wisdom of preceding ages and would have gone forward as an interpretation of all the great systems and teachers that had preceded it. When the church succeeded in dominating the situation, it was decreed that the new revelation should become a *faith* and retain its isolated infallibility so that its hand was against every unbeliever. To the Gnostics, Christianity was a *key;* to the Christians it was a *sect.* The Gnostic interpretation was premature. The world desired to worship rather than to think, to pray rather than to work. Christ as a personal god, as preached by Peter, was understandable by the mob; but Christ as a universal principle as originally revealed by St. Paul was incomprehensible. Christianity became a lazy

man's faith and from its peculiar psychology was created those modern attitudes which are now threatening to ruin a civilization. Christianity became a competitive doctrine and a religion of special privileges. Uncurbed by reason the absurdities have compounded until with their present magnitude they threaten the stability of civilization.

In summing up the doctrine of Gnosticsm, we cannot consider the numerous divisions of the sect nor can we hope to analyze the more intricate elements involved. From a simple cult Gnosticsm evolved into an elaborate system, uniting within itself the essential factors of several great religions. Anz declares that the central idea of Gnosticsm is the ascent of the soul through successive stages of being and he believes he has discovered the origin of this conception in the astral religion of Babylon, with its doctrine of a series of heavens each under the rule of a planetary god, through which the soul must make its ascent by means of magical passwords delivered to the guardians of the doors. (See the *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics.*) This ladder of the worlds upon which souls ascend and descend is described in the Babylonian myth of Tammuz and Isthar. It appears also in the *Divine Pymander* of Hermes, where seven planetary governors sit upon the seven concentric circles of the world through which souls ascend and descend. The symbolism appears once more in the Royal Arches of Enoch and in the *Revelation of St. John.* The commentaries upon Mohammed's Night Journey to Heaven describe how the Prophet after climbing a ladder of golden cords, passed through seven gates at each of which stood one of the patriarchs to receive his word and to beseech him to intercede for them at the divine footstool.

There is much in Gnosticsm to intrigue the Orientalist. Bardesanes, the last of the Gnostics, admitted himself to have been influenced by East Indian (Buddhist) metaphysics. This is particularly evident in that part of the cult in which Christ is described as descending through the seven worlds on His way to phy-

sical incarnation. Like the Buddha, He ensouls a body on each of these planes, thus literally becoming all things unto all men. Like the Oriental thought also, is the ultimate condition to which Gnosticism aspires. The soul is finally absorbed into an abstract state perfectly analogous to Nirvana, so that the end of existence is the condition of not-being.

In the simplest arrangement of the Gnostic godhead, we find first the Universal Logos—"He who stood, stands, and will stand." By nature and substance unknowable, He is the incorruptible form who projects from himself an image, and this image ordains all things. From its own eternal and imperishable nature That Which Abides emits three hypostases which Simon Magus calls *Incorruptible Form*, the *Great Thought*, and the *Universal Mind*. Among the later Gnostics the godhead is represented thus:

1. Anthropos (The Man);
2. Anthropos, Son of Anthropos (Man, Son of Man);
3. Ialdabaoth (The Son of Chaos).

Ialdabaoth, who corresponds to Zeus in the Orphic and Platonic metaphysics, is called the Demiurgus or Lord of the World. The Gnostics believed that it was this Demiurgus to whom Jesus referred when He spoke of the Prince of this World who had nothing in common with him. The Demiurgus was the personification of matter, the Monad of the material sphere with all its mass of sidereal phenomena. Ialdabaoth gave birth out of himself to six sons who, together with their father, became the seven planetary spirits. These were called the Seven Archons and correspond with the Guardians of the World described by Hermes. Their names and order according to Origen are as follows:

1. Ialdabaoth (Saturn);
2. Iao (Jupiter);
3. Sabaoth (Mars);
4. Adonaios (Sun);
5. Astaphaios (Venus);
6. Ailoaios (Mercury);
7. Oraios (Moon).

In the Hermetic allegory, the Seven Guardians of the World—the Builders or Elohim of the Jews—were simply manifesters of divine purpose, in themselves neither good nor bad. According to the Gnostics, however, Ialdabaoth and his six sons were proud and opposing spirits who, like Lucifer and his rebels, sought to establish a kingdom in the Abyss which should prevail against the kingdom of God. Hence we find Ialdabaoth crying out triumphantly, "There are no other gods before me!" when in reality he is the least part of the triune godhead and beyond him extends the spheres of the Father and the Son.

In his *Gnostics and Their Remains*, C. W. King sums up the Gnostic genesis. His remarks are in substance as follows: Sophia Achamoth, the generative wisdom of the world, is lured into the abyss by beholding her reflection in the deep. Through union with the darkness she gives birth to a son—Ialdabaoth, the child of Chaos and the Egg. Sophia Achamoth, being herself of a spiritual nature, suffered horribly from her contact with matter and after an extraordinary struggle she escapes out of the muddy Chaos which had threatened to swallow her up. Although unacquainted with the mystery of the Pleroma—that all-including space which is the abode of her mother, the heavenly Sophia, or wisdom—Sophia Achamoth reaches the middle distance (the interval between the above and the below) and there succeeds in shaking off the material elements which mudlike have clung to her spiritual nature. After cleansing her nature she immediately built a strong barrier between the world of the intelligences or spirits above and the world of matter which stretches out below.

Left to his own contrivances, Ialdabaoth, the son of the ooze of Chaos, becomes the creator of the physical part of the world, that part in which sin temporarily prevails because the light of virtue is swallowed up in the darkness. In the process of creation, Ialdabaoth follows the example of the great deity who engendered the spiritual spheres. He produces out of his own being six planetary spirits which are called his

sons. These spirits are all fashioned in his own image and are reflections of each other, becoming progressively darker as they recede from their father. Here we have the Platonic theory of proximities in which it is described that those beings who are closest to the source partake most of the source; but to the degree that they retire from the source, they partake of the absence of the source, until at last the outer extremity of reflections is mingled in the abyss. With their father, Ialdabaoth, the six sons inhabit seven regions disposed like a ladder. This ladder has its beginning under the middle space (the region of their mother Sophia Achamoth) and its end rests upon our earth which is the seventh region. Thus these spirits become the seven genii of the planetary spheres. When the earth is referred to as the seventh sphere, however, it is not the physical earth but rather the region of the earth or etheric globe composed of the fifth element of the earth referred to by the Chaldeans as the sublunary interval.

Ialdabaoth, as may be inferred from his origin, was far from being a pure spirit, for while he inherited from his mother (Generating Wisdom) instinct and cunning as well as an intuitive realization of the universal immensity, he had also received from his father (matter) qualities of ambition and pride, and these dominated his composition. With a sphere of plastic substances at his command, Ialdabaoth severed himself from his mother and her sphere of intelligences, determining to create a world according to his own desires in which he should dwell as its lord and master. With the aid of his own sons, the six spirits of the planets, the son of Chaos created man, intending that the new creature should reflect the fullness of the Demiurgic powers. But Ialdabaoth failed utterly in his work; his man was a Frankenstein, a vast soulless monster which crawled through the ooze of the earth bearing witness to the chaos that conceived it. The six sons brought this awful monster into the presence of their father, declaring that he must animate it if it would live. Ialdabaoth was not a sufficiently exalted spirit, hence could not create life, so all he could do

was to give to the new creature the ray of divine light which he himself had inherited from Sophia Achamoth. The new man, sharing the light of his creator in this fashion, became as a god and refused to recognize Ialdabaoth as his master. Thus Ialdabaoth was punished for his pride and self-sufficiency by being forced to sacrifice his own kingship in favor of the man he had fashioned.

Sophia Achamoth now bestowed her favor on mankind even at the expense of her own son. Humanity, following the impulse of the divine light that she had transferred to men, began to collect unto itself all the light that had been intermingled with the substance of darkness. By virtue of this spiritual industry, it gradually transformed itself until it no longer resembled its own creator, Ialdabaoth, but rather took on the visage and manner of the Supreme Being—Anthropos, the primal Man—whose nature was of the substance of light and whose disposition was of the substance of truth.

When Ialdabaoth beheld his creation greater than himself, his anger blazed forth with jealous rage. His looks inspired by his passions were reflected downward into the great abyss as upon the polished surface of a mirror. The reflection became apparently inspired with life, for all bodies are but ensouled shadows, and forth from the abyss there arose Satan, serpent formed—Ophiomorphos, the embodiment of envy and cunning.

Realizing that man's power lay in the protection of his mother, Ialdabaoth determined to detach man from his spiritual guardian and for this reason created about him a labyrinth of snares and illusions. In each sphere of the world grew a tree of knowledge, but Ialdabaoth forbade man to eat of its fruits lest all of the mysteries of the superior worlds be revealed to him and the rulership of the son of Chaos come to an untimely end. But Sophia Achamoth, determining to protect the man who contained her own soul, sent her genius Ophis in the form of a serpent to induce man to transgress the selfish and unjust commands of Ialda-

baoth. And man, eating of the fruit of the tree, suddenly became capable of comprehending the mysteries of creation.

Ialdabaoth revenged himself by punishing this first pair for eating the heavenly fruit. He imprisoned man and woman in a dungeon of matter by building about their spirits the body of chaotic elements wherein the human being is still enthralled. But Sophia Achamoth still protected man. She established between her celestial region and relapsed mankind a current of divine light and kept constantly supplying him with this spiritual illumination. Thus an internal light continually protected him even though his outer nature wandered in the darkness.

The battle continued, Sophia Achamoth ever striving to protect and Ialdabaoth ever determined to destroy. At last, sorely afflicted by the evils which had befallen her humanity, Sophia Achamoth feared that darkness would prevail against her. Ascending to the feet of her celestial mother (the heavenly Sophia which is the wisdom of God, the antetype of earthly wisdom) she besought the all-knowing to prevail upon the unknown Depth (which is the everlasting Father) to send down into the underworld the Christos (who was the Son and emanation of the heavenly wisdom) to assist mortal wisdom in the salvation of humanity. Ialdabaoth and his six sons of matter were weaving a curious web by which they were gradually but inevitably shutting out the divine wisdom of the gods, so that mankind otherwise would perish in darkness.

The most difficult part of the salvation of man lay in discovering a method by which the Christos could enter into the physical world. To build bodies was not within the province of the higher gods, therefore Ialdabaoth must be coaxed into creating one. Sophia Achamoth finally prevailed upon Ialdabaoth to create a good and just man by the name of Jesus and when this had been accomplished the Sotar Christos, enveloping himself in a cloak of invisibility, descended through the spheres of the Seven Archons, assuming in each sphere a body appropriate to the substances of

the seven worlds, in this way concealing his true nature from the genii or guardians of these spheres. In each world he called upon the sparks of light to come out of the darkness and join him. Thus having united all light in his own nature, the Christos descended into the man Jesus at the baptism and from that moment the age of miracles began.

Ialdabaoth, having discovered that the great Sotar had descended incognito to thwart his purposes, stirred up the Jews against Jesus and using all the forces of materiality at his command, destroyed the body by means of which the Christos was functioning in the material sphere. But before He departed from the earth, the Sotar implanted in the souls of just men an understanding of the great mysteries and opened the gate between the lower and the higher universes.

Theodoret completes the story. "Thence, ascending up into the middle space, He (Christ) sits on the right hand of Ialdabaoth, but unperceived by him, and there collects all the souls which shall have been purified by the knowledge of Christ. When He has collected all the spiritual light that exists in matter, out of Ialdabaoth's empire, the redemption will be accomplished and the world will be destroyed. Such is the meaning of the reabsorption of all the spiritual light into the Pleroma or fullness, whence it originally descended."

From this brief summary it will be evident that Gnosticism is a restatement of the eternal doctrine of the warfare which must exist in space between spirit and matter. Life, on the one hand, struggling against the encroachment of form and form, on the other hand, strangling out the breath of life is a concept which underlies nearly every great religious system of mankind. The Gnostics evidently intended to interpret the incarnation of Jesus as equivalent to the tenth or Kalki Avatar of Vishnu. The Avatara theme is a very ancient one and in every case is the account of a divine personality temporarily descending into the sphere of matter to accomplish the redemption of a relapsed humanity. In the Blagavad-Gita the Avatar Krishna

forth." Matter is the eternal adversary and Ialdasays, "When virtue fails upon the earth then I come baoth and his six sons are the seven deadly sins of theology which, by the enlightenment of the soul, are transmuted into the seven cardinal virtues. When regarded from an absolutely neutral standpoint, the seven Archons are the liberal arts and sciences, or even the seven senses. There are battles in space in which spirit and matter struggle for supremacy over attitudes, ideals, and purposes.

Gnostic Christianity conceived of salvation without benefit of clergy. Christ, the Sotar, was the high priest who by His descent had destroyed the whole of the old order of things. Religion became a matter of internal adjustment. Forms and rituals by which primitive peoples had propitiated Ialdabaoth were regarded as rendered valueless by the resurrection of the Christos. The rule of fear and doubt was gone; the rule of love and charity had come. The church, however, regarded this new order of things as economically unsound. Love frees; fear enslaves. So the Gnostics were destroyed lest they free men from bondage to the priestcraft.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

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.

—*The Space-Born.*

The Mystery of Time

Human life is a continual struggle against the encroachments of place and the passing of time. Congestion and competition are crushing out the weaker and less fit, while time limits all achievement and is the merciless destroyer of even the great. Time is a humanly devised method of dividing Eternity into hypothetical periods. Having split up duration into an inconceivable multitude of fragments, we fight for these fragments, realizing in a vague sort of way that minutes and hours are the most precious of all things.

Time and not gold is the universal medium of exchange. When we barter and exchange, we buy things with time and sell time that we may buy things. Life flows through time and we sell life that we may gain the wherewithal to buy a little of it back again.

We pay a man so much an hour for his life and activity, nor do we comprehend the magnitude of the transaction. When we buy hours from another man, or even spend our own, we do not realize that the supply of these is limited. The Wheel of Life never turns backward and an instant spent can never be rescued from the infinite past into which it has mingled itself.

We are bound together by that community life which Cicero calls civilization, and this means, primarily, that we must share our most priceless possession—time—with each other. We devote a certain part of life to the common good, to the perpetuation of our more noble institutions, also perhaps investing a little in the future of our world. By conscientious endeavor we earn also a certain measure of freedom. And what is freedom but the possession of certain periods of time in which we may do that which pleases us because we have bought and paid for the moments that we spend?

We are continually advised to save and protect tomorrow by the thrift of today. We are warned that improvidence may leave us so impoverished that we cannot buy the last few years of our lives. All saving,

directly or indirectly, must be a saving of time, and if we were as careful of minutes as we are of dollars, this world would be enriched beyond the possibility of ordinary estimation. Possibly we save dollars because they look so valuable. Nice, round, shiny cart wheels or crisp greenbacks, we delight to be suspected of possessing them. We stack them and we count them, and dream of the privileges which they can confer. The feudal lords of old Europe had armies of serfs and vassals who went forth to accomplish the will of their masters. The landowner of today sends forth his armies of dollars to achieve his purposes. Stamped deeply into the face of each dollar is the likeness of Liberty, and her smile is ever comforting and reassuring. Money is the symbol of temporal permanence. It administers power and privilege. We sense all this and would prudently store a certain part away to sustain us in the winter of advancing years.

On the other hand, minutes are invisible and intangible lapses and, while priceless, few can see any tangible evidence of their value as they hurry by. Yet all the dollars in the world banked together are not strong enough to prevent the passing of a single second. In the third part of King Henry VI, that monarch indulges in the soliloquy which reveals that even kings are powerless against the inevitability of time.

"See the minutes, how they run,
How many make the hour, full, complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live."

It has been said that we are an improvident race, that we waste enough food alone to feed a nation. We may go forth and say that we waste time enough to save a world if the minutes were put to their fullest and noblest purpose.

There is nothing sadder than a man who has saved his money and wasted his minutes. He is rich but, having no time left, there is nothing worth while that his gold can buy. We do not mean to imply longer working hours or a more intensive industrial

program, but rather a fuller use of those priceless moments that fly by us and leave us bankrupt during the very best years of life. One-third of life, or rather of our time, Nature demands as a fee for the maintenance of our physical organism. This is a divine tax which few of us can evade. A man who lives sixty years sleeps away twenty of them, so that none of us really lives as long as we think we do. Of the best years of our lives, society also demands a third part. This is our sacrifice to the great institution which we call Civilization. No man has anything to give but himself, so he gives a third of himself and in compensation for this he is rewarded with the wherewithal by which he may purchase the remaining third of himself for himself. So a man who lives sixty years may own, if he be diligent and efficient, twenty years and this period actually constitutes his real life. Nor are these twenty years given to him in a lump. They are distributed throughout the whole span—a few hours now and a few minutes then. We have struggled for these minutes, we have given the best of our lives and energy that we might be entitled to them, and then, for the most part, we permit them to slip away without taking advantage of the priceless opportunity which they confer.

Someone has said, "Time is money." Time is more than this. Time is opportunity, and opportunity is a field of potential accomplishment. There can be no fault in Nature for which a heavier penalty is exacted than that of wasting opportunity. Opportunity is the propitious moment in which to accomplish a desired end. It is our moment—we have bought it with life itself and paid for it with the substance of our bones and sinews. Other moments may come out *this one* will never come again.

The height of wisdom is to know the right use of time—how to invest the moments so that they will pay us the highest dividends. Minutes are a medium of exchange on a higher plane. *Dollars* will buy us things; *minutes* will buy us wisdom and immortality.

Men who would grieve deeply over the loss of dollars throw away minutes with a smile. Horace is accredited with having summed up the subject in the following episode. One day he noted a man weeping bitterly. Horace turned to a friend and said: "That man must have lost money—his tears are genuine." Yet to all of us the day of grieving comes, and as the years of life draw to an end, we can all look back to wasted years and lost opportunities.

The New Year is symbolical of a major division of time. It signifies a span far greater than minutes or hours. It offers a magnificent opportunity for a restatement of the purposes of life and a fuller realization of the responsibilities which opportunity brings. We have wasted much precious time in the year gone by. Time which is well applied would have elevated us spiritually and temporally. In the New Year there is not only time to make money, but through our commercial activities we are going to purchase a certain amount which we can devote to nobler and more permanent ends. In this year we shall have time to right old wrongs and dream new dreams. We can improve ourselves in every part of our being. We shall have periods for the expression of kindness, opportunities for service, and though unsuspected, adequate time for study and reflection, and the refinement of the organism.

At the end of this New Year we can be just as successful in our business world as we were before. We can have that added something which our labor has entitled us to but which most thoughtlessly cast away. Out of work well done in our community obligations, out of the extension of our internal viewpoint by self-improvement, we can come nearer to the realization of happiness than was ever before possible.

A good New Year's resolution would be to use time wisely, to get out of every minute a full sixty seconds. At the same time that we are emptying the minute of its potentialities, we can be filling it with ripe accomplishment, making each minute full of experience, thought, and action. When we accomplish this, we are almost certain of a Happy New Year.

3 L'IMPERATRICE

Tarot Symbolism

THE THIRD NUMBERED CARD

THE EMPRESS

Whereas Isis, personifying the Mystery Schools, is the patroness of the second or philosophic birth, bringing souls into the light of truth through an immaculate conception, Nature, the inferior mother, brings forth out of her own abundance the innumerable genera which cover the surface of the earth. Every man is born twice. By the first birth he enters into mortal constitution and draws the fold of his fleshy mantle over the shining face of his inner radiance. Later through addiction to philosophy he is born again into the nobler sphere of reason where he beholds a universe completely hidden from the ignorant and rerealed only to such as have followed in the footsteps of wisdom.

The Empress signifies the mystery of the first birth—the lunar chemistry which, through humidity, liberates the solar sperm, thus sounding the creative word that sets the seven builders to their task of uprearing a house to be the domicile of life.

In the Qabballah the Empress is Binah, the third globe upon the great Tree of Life. She is the Great Mother receiving into herself the ever-flowing power

of Chochmah, the Father Wisdom. According to certain of the quabballistic systems, Binah is synonymous with Saturn and gives birth out of herself to the six Elohim or formators of the world. These six, moving upon the face of the Deep, call forth from the darkness the shadowy form of Malkuth, the earth, which is often referred to as the bride of the Heavenly Man. Malkuth consists of the four elements precipitated within a fifth, which is the crystal retort of alchemy.

Because she is the mother of the Elohim and the star-spirits and because also, when reflected into matter, she is the ever fertile earth, the Empress was often depicted in the early Tarot decks as pregnant. In the symbolism of the present card she is depicted as seated to represent that she is an eternal foundation, immutable and immovable. Her red robe signifies those impulses which insure the preservation of the species. Her violet over-robe is the lunar color of æther and reminds the student that impregnation is an ethereal and not a physical mystery.

The Eagle signifies Scorpio, the great hierarchy of celestial influences which are the seat of all physical generation. Her scepter, surmounted by the orb and cross, reveals her sovereignty over the earth which she rules through the laws of polarity. She is crowned with nine stars, the mystic symbol of generation; and the three points of her crown, each double, bear witness to the six sons who have come forth from her to rule the six days of creation. The Empress is winged for she abides in those aerial diffusions which the ancients termed the Azonic sphere. Generation, like the gods, is not limited to time or space but is a principle extending throughout the mundane universe, manifesting spontaneously in all quarters of the world.

Behind the Empress is a magnificent sunburst, for the sun must ever be the power behind generation; and, while the moon is a medium of incarnation, all spirits are derived from the solar light. Therefore, this card reveals that generation bears witness to the incalculable solar splendor and that the mother gives birth not

of herself but by virtue of the solar mystery which is within her. Nature is seated upon a triple throne. The steps are her witnesses, for generation manifests through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom, man being actually an animal. She is also seated upon a three dimensional sphere, for her creations must exist in dimension and place, so that these qualities become her witnesses. The eyes upon the steps signify that the lower kingdoms are in reality divine hierarchies imprisoned for a little while in material organisms.

We have added to the older symbolism the little shield bisected horizontally, containing within it the triangle and the three dots. This triangle signifies by its position and detail the anatomy of the Great Mother. The base of the triangle rests in the field of matter but its apex rises to the light. This apex represents the summit of generation which is absorbed in the effulgency of the creative light. The two dots below the meridian of darkness are the Pythagorean symbols of the Binary, the hateful number of Chaos, the Yin of the Chinese. Two is the number of the mother because throughout generation two elements are necessary. This polarity destroys the equilibrium which is the potentiality of the monad. The two is declared to be the root of the multitude, even as the one is the prototype of all unity in Nature. Whereas in the sphere of God, one is the most holy number, since enlightenment always exists in terms of unity, in the sphere of Nature two is the most holy number.

The two also bears witness to the divine purpose throughout all the spheres of generation. All that is eternal then exists in the one (the Great Father), while all impermanence such as personalities or bodies exists in the two. The one overshadows the two, and the two is the material foundation of the one. United they become the three, which is the equilibrium of God and Nature, by which dissolution of these elements is suspended until the evolution of generating souls is complete, when the Assumption of the Virgin will take place and the two (the Mother) will be absorbed into the radiance of the Sun.

A Little Study in Hell

A civilization long exasperated by the vituperations of a decadent theology turns desperately from the flagrant errors of ecclesiasticism to what? In the vast assortment of miscellaneous sects and creeds which we call Christendom is there one profound enough in its philosophy, broad enough in its idealism, convincing enough in its premises to satisfy the soul of the more discriminating heretic?

Even the church itself is growing weary of its most sacred privilege—its divine right to usher unbelieving mortals into the various strata of perdition. So now in this late day the gloomy Dean Inge of St. Paul—the first pessimist of the English church—finds the theory of damnation too morbid for even his melancholy nature. Our newspapers tell us that the Rev. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, concurs with Dr. Inge, even going so far as to state that in his opinion the preaching of eternal damnation is more likely to produce atheists than Christians. If his church can offer him nothing more encouraging than hell fire, the average individual may be forgiven if he attempts to work out a better destiny—without benefit of clergy.

In a recent publication some rather relevant paragraphs appear, chosen from the sermons of eminent clerics of past centuries. The Rev. Jeremy Drexel is responsible for the following oratorical flight: "Think of a million involved to the tenth power, a decillion of years. All these centuries are as a second of time in the sufferance of the damned. * * * If a hope of an end of hell's torment in this period were given to the damned they would be much consoled thereby. How joyful would they be! But there is no such hope." The Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the genial president of Princeton, had a happy thought: "After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without rest day and night, or one minute's ease, you shall yet have no hope of ever being delivered. *** Your bodies, which shall have been burning all this while in those glowing

flames, shall not have been consumed, but shall remain to roast through eternity. *** Parents will see their children, children their parents, wives their husbands, and husbands their wives, in ineffable agony, and prize their own felicity the more." The Rev. Christopher Love, whose name belied his tenets, also had some consoling thoughts: "It is certain that the greatest multitude of men shall be damned; for nineteen parts of the world—which geographers have divided into thirty-one—are possessed, at this day, by Turks and Jews, whose doom it is to be tormented in hell forever." The Rev. Justus Schottel was inspired to dissertate on the details of damnation after this manner: "After being buried in fire for a hundred years on the right side, the wicked will lie for a thousand on their left, and then twenty thousand on their back, and again one hundred thousand on their belly." Thus the phosphorescent qualities of Deity described by the old philosophers were conveniently restated as brimstone and sulphur to quicken the piety of the laity.

If the religion of our ancestors is failing from the earth, has it not dug its own grave by such doctrines as those of hell fire and damnation? If its own misguided zeal has destroyed it, are not these heartless doctrines the measure of its failure? If the doctrine of hell was not part of primitive Christianity, what perverted mind burdened humanity with this damnable belief? Is there any substance behind these theological shadows which humanity has propitiated so long? Is the whole body of religion, like the doctrine of perdition, simply a fabrication of human imagination, or is there a nobler element underneath it all so diluted by dogma that its original substance is unrecognizable?

What manner of man is the religious iconoclast? Is he innately vicious or has his faith been corroded by the acid of disillusionment? Is he really one who *will* not believe or rather a poor suffering mortal who simply *cannot* believe? Usually he is the latter. His credulity has been overtaxed so badly that he arms himself with an impervious cynicism against the outrages upon reason which theology so persistently inflicts.

We sorely oppress each other and our Gods oppress us all. Human despotism is bad enough, but when our tutelaries turn tyrannical and heaven offers us no respite from injustice or cessation from misery, there can be but one result. From the consequent despair arises hopelessness, then indifference and callousness, and finally the individual descends from the barbaric to the savage state, and whatever ethical influence theology might exert is brought to nothing.

At this most distressing time the reactionaries still insist upon following the example of Æsop's dog in the manger. The old-time religion is adamant in its resolve to either live or die as it is—but to change, never! Of course the end is inevitable. In a universe of motion nothing can stand still. If creatures refuse to move while they are alive, Nature will scatter their bones after they are dead. The learned doctors of divinity, noting the fluttering pulse of the congregation are making valiant efforts to diagnose the malady, for the most part purposely and studiously avoiding the actual reasons, however. It requires a man with the courage of Dean Inge to point out simply and clearly the true cause of the condition.

The solution of the dilemma is quite simple and almost amazingly orthodox. Religion is a matter of interpretation and humanity has outgrown the interpretation expounded by Jonathan Edwards. Last year's hat is out of style—Dame Fashion has decreed a new mode. Milady would not dare to promenade the streets of today in her great-grandmother's clothes, but she still cherishes a moth-eaten religious code that passed into the limbo of mental disreputability shortly subsequent to the flood. Antiquated garments are demode and must be cast aside; but antiquated notions, many of them malicious, must be defended and this defense gives an opportunity to glorify morbidly patriotic sentiments.

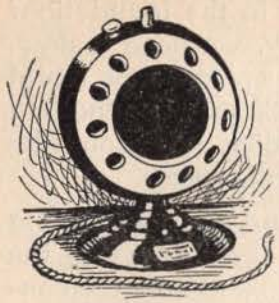
We said that religion is an interpretation. What, then, is the substance of the doctrine? Was there, is there an original revelation, one enduring reality behind or beneath this endless metamorphosis of ideas? Is there wisdom underneath this foolishness or does

the foolishness extend all the way to the foundation? If there is fact under all this fancy, we need it now. If there be any spiritual code, ethical code or moral code sufficiently powerful to check man's headlong plunge into the oblivion of materiality, this would be a most opportune moment for its rediscovery.

Humanity has sown a whirlwind and the reaping time is at hand. Men sent forth their greed to the achievement of their selfish purposes and now the conqueror returns, master over his own creator. Religion descended from the high pinnacle of aloofness where it had maintained itself in classical ages and mixed with the rabble in the market place. Having committed itself to the great industry of exploiting human gullibility and having tasted of and become intoxicated with the wine of temporal power, the doom of theology was sealed. But the day of retribution is at hand. Exploited humanity has reached the point where it begins to sense the perfidy of those theologians who have victimized the poor in spirit for centuries.

Can we blame short-sighted mortals if they be unable to discriminate between the gods above and the self-appointed ministers of these gods below? The atheist has turned not so much against God as against a mortal concept of God and the infallibility of God's "witnesses" upon the earth. Do we not all sometimes feel as Mohammed felt when beholding the idolatry in Mecca he retired into the Cave of Light upon the high side of Mt. Hira and prayed through the night that the eternal Father would reveal to him the primitive religion, the pure faith as it was before men defiled it and perverted its teachings to their own interests?

In this age agnosticism or atheism is a necessary stage through which the human reason passes in its flight from theology to philosophy. Having achieved to philosophy, the soul discovers the security that it has desired so long. Through reason man discovers a God which is a stranger to the foibles of theology. Thus, in the words of Francis Bacon—depth of thinking brings the mind back again to God—not the God of damnation but the God of infinite wisdom and truth.



Christmas
A WOR
Radio Talk

From the remote periods the illustrious pagans celebrated the 25th of December or, as the Latins called it, the 8th day before the Kalends of January, as the most sacred day of the year. Turtullian, Jerome, and several other distinguished fathers of the early church have written that upon this holy day and the night that preceded it the Gentiles in all parts of the world celebrated the annual birth of the Solar God. At least one ante-Nicean bishop went so far as to affirm that the mysteries of this light-child under the name of *Adonis* were performed in the same cavern or grotto in which Jesus himself was born. Godfrey Higgins writes that in the first moments after midnight of the 24th day of December all the peoples of the earth by common consent celebrated the birth of the god Sol—the hope and promise of all nations and the Saviour of mankind. The learned Roman Catholic, Father Lundy, has carefully examined the evidence preserved to us in ancient works and monuments, and in his work, *Monumental Christianity,* describes at some length the pre-Christian celebration of the annual birth of the Redeemer and admits unhesitatingly that the advent of an annual solar Preserver was marked with appropriate festivities at the period of the winter solstice by several ancient peoples.

In far off Carthay, the Chinese celebrated with elaborate and appropriate rituals the birth of the annular Lord, and the feast of the Happy New Year. The Hindus, with their profound knowledge of Vedic astronomy, also realized the peculiar significance of this occasion. In Egypt the priest of the victorious hawk

declared that Osiris, the black god of the Nile, was born upon Christmas Eve. At the moment of the incarnation of Osiris, Plutarch informs us, a voice from heaven pronounced the words—"On this day was born the supreme Lord of the Universe, the beneficient King Osiris" The initiated Greeks also reverenced this holy time, for on Christmas Eve at Sabazius, Bacchus, the Sun Savior, was born. At this same season the sons of Romulus and Remus were expressing their rejoicings at Rome by the Feast of Brumalia which was given in honor of the birth of the God of Day which the Latins termed the *Natalis Solis Invicti.* To the Persian Zoroastrians the night of the 24th of December was denominated the Night of Light for it was then that the young god Mithras, shattering the great black rock which had concealed him, came forth to achieve the regeneration of mankind and the salvation of the world. In their dark groves the Druids of Britain and Gaul, having calculated the exact time of the solstice, were celebrating the escape of Light from the dark coils of the Serpent of Evil.

From all these accounts it can be easily understood why, during the Pontificate of Leo I, certain fathers of the church said: "What rendered the festival of Christmas venerable was less the birth of Christ than the return, and, as they expressed it, the new birth of the Sun." (See the 21st sermon of Leo on the Nativity of Christ.)

Throughout all ages, then, Christmas has been a most sacred period, reverenced by all men, and reserved as a time of rejoicing and universal thanksgiving for the supreme boon of Light. During the fall months—in fact, the whole period from the summer solstice—the great orb of day moves slowly southward, gradually depriving the Northern Hemisphere of its warmth and producing the phenomenon of winter. Their crops destroyed and vegetation banished from the face of the Northern Hemisphere by the cold, ancient peoples saw in this seasonal decline of the solar fire the great God of the Sun globe marching to his destruction, descending into the abode of darkness—

forgotten to be thankful for the earth with its harvests and the firmament with its twinkling stars. We no longer open our hearts to the little Sun God who is born among us at the beginning of each new year. But even in this sophisticated age we are equally indebted to the sun, for above all things its life and light are necessary to existence. To the ancients, Christmas was a spontaneous expression of gratitude for the privilege of life. Today Christmas has become little more than a habit. We celebrate it because we always have celebrated it, but the symbols have lost their true significance. We are utterly dependent upon the physical light for warmth and protection as well as vitality to our bodies. That intellectual light which illumines the mind with reason, renders us capable of intelligence and thought. The light of the soul enables us to know beauty, harmony and those profound mysteries of æsthetics without which no civilization is secure; and the spiritual light (evidenced by the presence within us of the luminous star of hope) leads us to the realization of the omnipresence of eternal good.

To the pagans, Christmas represented the restatement of all of these beautiful ideals. Among the Romans, it was customary upon that day for free men to exchange their garments and their burdens with slaves. All inequality and perversity were presumed to be at an end; for all creatures of every station participated to some extent in the solar bounty and, forgetting the intervals of rank or opinion, gathered upon that festive day to pay homage to the one source of all. The Virgin of the year had given birth to her child, the agony of suspense and despair had passed, the eternal promise had again been fulfilled. Darkness was not to prevail, and all men were to have another year in which to acquire truth and immortality. So the little Sun-child becomes the eternal Santa Claus, for he brings to every man *Future*, the gift of a new span of existence, a new possibility of accomplishment.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

VIRGO

The contellation 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 towards some rather indefinite end. We know that in antiquity the figure of the Virgin was continually employed to signify the Mystery Schools. While the fact remains unsuspected by the majority, even the modern Masonic Order is essentially a feminine institution. 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 what we may

please to term the human intellect. The latter institutions ultimately overthrow civilization; for, tempted by power, the mind forgets the origin of its own creations and by 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 is herself 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.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 MARCH, 1931 No. 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 162

The City of the Gods 163

Numbers as Related to Man and the World 173

Speculations as to the Nature of Pluto 177

Tarot Symbolism 182

Occultism in America 186

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Mr. Hall opened his first series of public lectures in New York City at the Pythian Temple, 135 West 70th Street, Wednesday evening, February 4th. The lecture series there will continue for three lectures a week until the end of March. There has been a splendid attendance at all of Mr. Hall's New York lectures and the various organizations for which he has spoken have co-operated enthusiastically towards the success of the campaign.

Among the lectures given by Mr. Hall for special groups during the last month was one for the New History Society in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and another for the American Society of Psychical Research in the historic old Hyslop House.

The Macoy Publishing Company, 35 West 32nd Street, New York City, has taken over the publishing rights of Mr. Hall's little book, *The Lost Keys of Masonry*, and is publishing a new and improved edition which will be off the press about the same time as this magazine. The new edition will consist of 5,000 copies nicely bound in cloth. The size of the book will be increased to 7¼ x 5 inches, 128 pages, printed in 12 point type on book paper, and the entire text will be edited and reset.

McKay Publishing Company of Philadelphia also informs us that the new and enlarged edition of Mr. Hall's *Astrological Key-Words* will be available for delivery within two weeks. Those who have been waiting for copies of this book should write in to our office as soon as possible.

While on the subject of books, if there are any of our friends who have not yet secured a copy of Mr. Hall's *Encyclopedia of Symbolism* (of which an ad appears on the front inside cover of this magazine) we would suggest that they either secure or reserve a copy immediately, as the New York friends are buying up the remaining copies very rapidly.

The City of the Gods

Contrary to the generally accepted belief, the most highly initiated philosophers symbolized the eternally existing state of divinity by darkness rather than by light. In all the cosmological systems of the enlightened pagans there was first darkness—an immeasurable extent of profundity which defied definition. From this darkness, which is the first God, proceeded Light, the secondary divinity. Light moved upon the face of Darkness and through its activities the world, or embodied divinity, comes into manifestation. The radiant spirits of Light set up their temporary kingdom in the midst of the darkness. But Light is finite and Darkness is infinite. In the last Age the night of oblivion descends once more upon the universe and the sovereignty of the darkness is re-established.

Unaware of that dimensionless goodness which abides in space—the true God of the enlightened—aboriginal peoples conjured up a horrible monster to fill the interval that incipient reason could not bridge. Darkness became the symbol of an oppressing spirit continually plotting the destruction of light. Primitive man could not know that in the symbolic language of the sages darkness signified not only ignorance but also that supernal wisdom which so far transcends human faculty that its mysteries cannot be spoken or revealed through symbols or even arcanely intimated —a wisdom to be discovered only by such as through the perfection of their parts are themselves mingled with this pure and abstract state.

The threefold darkness, the ever-existing reality described in the Chaldean oracles, is the symbol of all

that is concealed or that pertains to such heavenly and sacred mysteries as were necessarily obscure to the profane. Lest the unworthy accidentally discover some clue to the more vital secrets of Nature and for lack of personal integrity thereby hazard universal order, the ancient priests purposely confused the divine symbols, revealing only to the initiated the whole of the secret doctrine. Yet these same priests did not achieve secrecy by actually mis-stating the great truths but rather through a false *emphasis* as in the case of the Great Lights of the Masonic Lodge.

Realizing that the greater mysteries were always veiled and that no word was spoken concerning them save to the elect, we may suspect that the absence of a light in the North or a visible door in the northern wall of the divine house is of special and most profound significance. "To all Masons," writes Albert Pike, "the North has immemorably been the place of darkness; and of the Great Lights of the lodge none is in the North." The careful phraseology which Pike used is worthy of consideration. He dismisses the subject of the northern light without in any way compromising the integrity of the ancient tradition. The three blazing candles, through their very brilliance, attract the mind, focussing thought upon themselves with the result that the neophyte, who has not yet learned the fallacy of the evident, fascinated with their splendor, ceases to ponder, or more correctly, ignores the dark and empty angle of the North. Translated into terms of ordinary living, we are all so fascinated by the creation that we are utterly oblivious to the presence of the Creator. The Gods seated to the northward were invisible, veiled by their all-sufficient darkness, and were not to be subjected to the scrutiny of the profane. Their thrones were not lighted and even their presence came to be forgotten. The Stygian night of the Mysteries is impenetrable to all who have not been raised into the presence of the hidden God.

To the philosopher, therefore, it becomes evident that the North is the most mysterious and secret corner of the world and in its dark recesses are concealed

many of the deepest and most priceless secrets of the soul. These must remain hidden until the Master Builder, having fulfilled the Great Work, is enabled, like the holy Nazarene, to pass through the closed wall and enter into the sovereign darkness which is the great God.

In quest of a fuller exposition of this most sacred tradition, let us consider the ancient mythologies which constituted the mystery languages of the pagans. The old Egyptians, regarding their empire as a miniature or model of the universe, divided it into a northern and southern region, or hemisphere. These were united under the double crown of the Pharaoh, the red crown of blood being assigned to the North and the white crown of milk to the South empire. The more important of their divinities were conceived of as twofold to agree with the divisions of the world as, for example, the double Horus and the double Typhon. In the Orphic traditions appears the symbolism of the World Egg, the upper half of which is of gold and the lower silver to signify the celestial and terrestrial spheres. The dwellings of the gods and immortals were in the superior or upper hemisphere, in fact at the most northerly point of the World Egg, while to men and demons and elemental creatures was assigned the lower or inferior hemisphere.

The metaphysical systems of the Tibetan Lamas, having been derived for the most part from the early Vedic traditions of India, contain a most illuminating account of the great North Polar or axis mountain of the world—the Hindu Meru. The mountain Ri-Rab which is the Tibetan name for Meru, is described as eighty-four thousand miles high. It is surrounded and isolated from the inferior creation by a great ocean and in this ocean, supported by bases of solid gold, are the four imperishable continents. From this description it is evident that Ri-Rab is not only the sacred mountain but also the Imperishable Island, the golden cap of the goddess of the world. The whole universe itself rests in space and, as L. Austin Waddell writes, is supported upon a warp and woof of blue air woven like crossed thunderbolts. In this curious symbolic

scheme the whole universe is also surrounded by a double iron wall, three hundred and twelve miles high. While such symbolism is extremely crude, it is also most vivid and reveals an understanding of certain profound philosophic truths which every student of philosophy should thoroughly comprehend if he hopes to achieve the fulness of rational enlightenment. When the Tibetan priest makes his offerings, which are called the Mandallas, or offerings to the universe, he first places in the midst of the thirty-eight diagrams constituting the Great Wheel a handful of rice which represents Mount Meru which every Lama recognizes as the axis of the world.

Turning to the source of the Tibetan tradition, we will benefit by a consideration of the old Brahmanical accounts. In *The Hindu Pantheon* by Moore are to be found several additional thoughts concerning the Meru, or sacred mountain. Slightly paraphrased, Moore's statement is as follows: The Asuras (the opposers of Light) under the dominion of Yama (the god of death, regent of the South, and king of hell) symbolize the stars of the Southern Hemisphere and their prince himself holds court in the Antarctic circle. These Asuras are frequently at war with Indra, the god of the firmament and the Suras (light spirits), whose abode is the Northern Hemisphere. The metropolis of the Northern Hemisphere is Meru, the Olympus of Indra, the celestial North Pole, allegorically represented as a mountain of gold and gems.

In the Surya Siddhanta it is written that the Mountain Meru penetrates the entire core of the earth, protruding at either end. Its southern extremity is hell and the abode of demons, and its northern extremity heaven and the abode of the gods. Several writers, in describing this axis mountain of the earth, have affirmed that the great pyramid was designed by the ancients to symbolize the immeasurable splendor of the great Meru. As the heavenly mountain is declared to have existed in the seventh (some say the eighth) zone of the world, it becomes the Sacred Island, the first of the great continents of the earth and the paradisiacal Eden from which humanity was

exiled, for it was written in the ancient Scriptures that mankind was driven from the mountain.

Meru is the prototype of all the sacred mountains, whether termed Olympus, Asgard or Moriah. The Shamballah, rising as upon an open lotus bud upon the triple crest of the polar mountain, is the pattern for all heavenly cities. In their philosophical geography the initiated pagans established what they termed the high place of the earth. It was a comparatively simple matter as the Ptolemaic concept of the geocentric solar system formed a perfect background. Above the earth were the seven concentric circles of the planets, these in turn circumscribed by the zodiacal wall which was called the Empyrean. It was from the substance of the stars of the Milky Way, themselves part of the wall of heaven, that the souls of incarnated men descended into matter as recorded in the Pymander of Hermes. The Holy City stood on the outer surface of the Empyrean at the point corresponding to the North Pole of the sphere of fixed stars. It was here that the twelve divinities which were called the intellectual gods and typified the hours of the day ruled the sphere of light as the Izzards of the sovereign sun. In like manner upon the southern extremity of the globe of the Empyrean stood the inverted city of destruction, the evil abode of the twelve Izzards of darkness under the dominion of Ahriman, the adversary.

The world was, therefore, regarded as consisting of two empires, that of light and that of darkness united in a sort of truce at the equator. These two empires continually battled against each other for the period of a Great Year at the end of which time an armistice was declared. The gods and their shadows, the demons, were then reunited. After a certain period the light was again divided from the darkness and the war continued for another age. All of this symbolism is preserved in the zodiacal mysteries which are of vast philosophic importance when properly understood.

The modern Freemason may ask of what use is all this archaic knowledge or belief in these enlightened days. While there are many answers to such a question, all of which are more or less relevant, it

seems that one is particularly apt. If the knowledge concealed in the Masonic symbols is of no value, or of comparatively little importance, why should these symbols be so sedulously perpetuated? Why arrange the lights of a lodge in the mystic south-pointing triangle, if the secret is unworthy of scholarly investigation?

Thousands of years after the illustrious pagan initiates had formulated their systems and departed to their reward, St. Augustine, proselyting a faith which he desired to be considered new, followed the ancient pagan system and divided the world into two great hemispheres, called "abodes" by the Egyptians and "cities" by this eminent church father. The superior world or city St. Augustin termed "the City of God"; he pictured it as a glorious community in which the blessedly enlightened dwelt together in a pure communion of spirit. The second, the inferior city or world, he designated "the City of Men," a community continually opposing the purpose of divine will. Human reason, reduced to the status of mere opinion, by the necessary limitations of mortal perception, established in the City of Men a reign of confusion and sin of which the city of Babylon or the mythological tower of Babel was used as an appropriate symbol. But as Babylon stood upon the plains beneath, so Nineveh raised its proud head from the crests of the towering hills, a prototype of the New Jerusalem. The old sages, not being restricted by the narrow perspective of modern literalists, never confused the outer structure of a fable with the sacred mystery which it was created to conceal. Hence, while the uninformed might visit Delphi to worship the navel stone of the earth, the wise were never deflected from the true purposes of philosophy by such superstitions as afflicted the ignorant. The Double Empire of the World, the mysterious two within the one, thus remained a magnificent philosophical verity, key to the whole anthropomorphic plan, until the Middle Ages (which handled abstractions roughly) corrupted the whole metaphysical system of the first philosophers and debased the

City of God to a *place* susceptible of geographical location.

The pious Christians, turning from more relevant labors, occupied themselves for several hundred years with the questionably productive task of counting the golden flagstones which paved the Holy City, and in various efforts to describe the peculiarity of its architecture or the interesting features of its environs. Enthusiastic religionists declared it to be a self-evident fact that by the City of Men the envisioned seers had intended to depict the physical world in every respect the antithesis of the heavenly community. As there could be no evil in the divine city it seemed necessarily to follow that there could be no virtue in the human abode. Man was in dire straits indeed for he was not only born in sin and conceived in iniquity but the sphere into which he was ushered with such an unpropitious beginning was but one composite evil composed of an infinite number of smaller snares and pitfalls. In the midst of this distressing environment, man could only console himself by envisioning the condition of more noble creatures who through excess of piety were privileged to inherit the Elysian Fields of the pagans then operating under Christian management. The very dangerous belief was formulated that man possessed no innate capacity for virtue and no possibility of inherent perfection and his only hope of glory lay in continued penance to atone, in part at least, for the calamity of his existence.

Thus the misunderstood doctrine that all men were evidence of the carnal sin of the original Adam, and the sidereal universe itself but the abode of fallen spirits for which there was no hope save heavenly grace, became the inspiration for ages of fanaticism and religious intolerance. To the same degree that religion departs from the doctrine of redemption through individual effort it departs not only from truth but from morality and ethics. A doctrine is most malicious which rests the destiny of mankind upon the whims of some erratic agent. Even Christianity could not succeed upon such a tenet and was forced to com-

promise its original position and find at least some place for "works" in its mechanics of salvation.

The Mystery Schools were established as institutions for the promulgation of spiritual education. Their duty was to acquaint mankind with adequate knowledge concerning the processes of philosophic improvement. Through rational discipline and the perfection of his soul, the wise man was enabled to become one of that enlightened order which dwell together in the City of God.

The adepts of the old world were bound together by a common knowledge of certain great truths. These truths which were concerned with the noble purposes of living, were not to be found in any generally revealed system of learning. To these masters was communicated the true significance of the Mountain of the Mysteries, upon whose summit stands the temple of the everlasting truth served by a hierarchy of enlightened and perfected initiates. This temple stands upon the highest point of the earth and like the Caaba at Mecca is presumed to be located directly under the everlasting house of the gods in heaven—the Pole Star. The mystery of this is revealed in the vision of Hiouen-Thsang, who beheld a mighty pillar of pure light rising up from the earth, its lower end resting upon the dark body of matter and its capital supporting the ridge-pole of Shamballah.

It is our purpose to suggest an interpretation of this eternal allegory upon three planes or divisions of life. In the microcosm or the body of man, Shamballah signifies the brain as the positive pole of the consciousness of the human spirit. Thus the intellectual monad or the thinker is the regent or prince of the body, to whom is given dominion over all the functions and purposes of the outer life. At the northern or upper end of the spine, which is the axis of the body, stands the city of the intellectual regent of life. He is enthroned amidst the twelve convolutions of the brain who are his spirits, ministers, and Suras. The four imperishable continents over which he rules are the seed atoms or monads of the four bodies which produce from themselves the phenomena of the se-

quences of incarnating personalities. As Atlas bears the heavens upon his shoulders, so the spine is the mysterious column which supports the ridge-pole of Shamballah. A man of scientific propensities, in discussing the problem of electricity, declared that he regarded the brain as a transformer or transmitter of the vital electricity of life. This is in perfect harmony with the ancient traditions, for the regent of Shamballah was not the king but the ambassador or transmitter of the king. The supreme king holds court only in the innermost recesses of the heart where he is the seat of the subjective life.

A very interesting sidelight upon the thought of rulership can be gathered from the traditions of the caravan routes. All caravans are under the control of three heads; first there is the master of the caravan who is the inclusive ruler of the whole enterprise; then there is a second official who is called the master of march. The moment the caravan begins its travelling for the day, the master of the march comes into authority and remains sole dictator of its course until the encampment is made for the night. The third officer is called the master of rest and refreshment and he has undisputed sway during all the periods of encampment. Interpreted in terms of the body, the master of the caravan signifies the heart for it is the overseer of the whole; the master of the march is the brain which has dominion over all of the activities of the life; and the master of rest and refreshment is the generative system or physical nature manifesting the recuperative power of Nature. The master of march as dictator of means has undisputed sway over the daily activity of the soul. For this reason to the average person the regent of activity is the true ruler but only to the initiated does it become evident that the mind simply follows the patterns set down by the unseen One—the heart-dweller.

In the divine government of the earth, the polar axis becomes the Great Spine and the degree of the inclination of this axis is the clue to the spiritual status of the planet. The lord of the earth dwells in the core thereof surrounded by twelve concentric strata,

each of which is the pole of a conscious intelligence. His regent, the master of the march, the Being who has control of the whole activity of the planet, holds court in the fabled Shamballah, the heavenly city that exists in the superphysical strata of the earth held up by the mysterious lotus blossom of the pole. From the sacred Shamballah come forth the edicts of progress and purpose. Here are determined those major policies by which the direction of earthly march is decided. Simply stated, the Regent of Shamballah is the Mind of the earth, and as the nerves of the human body convey the impulses from the brain to all the parts and members, so the Great Prince is vassaled by a host of horsemen who, receiving his instructions, hasten with them to all parts of the world. These horsemen are in reality the adepts and initiates through whom the Mind of the world controls the segments of society.

In the third or solar order, we find the Shamballah located as previously intimated—upon the outer shell of the Empyrean; where it signifies the seat of Universal Intelligence. In all parts of creation the creative agent is manifested by what Jacob Boehme called the Two Witnesses. These witnesses are the regents of mind and matter—the masters of march and rest. They are signified as competitive spirits, each plotting for supremacy—not so much for themselves as for the elements which they represent. Black magic is always represented by an inversion or perversion of power, so the black Shamballah seated at the lower end of the great axis, is always declared to point away from the North Star, which is the sacred point by which the order of Cosmos is maintained. Of course, in reality the North Star (whose nature and position is revealed by the seven Rishis, the wise men of the Great Dipper) is again only a symbolic term to represent a divine principle, for the mystery of the North Star is too profound for the comprehension of men.

Numbers as Related to Man and the World

To the materialist, man is simply a physical organism, the supreme accomplishment of natural biology; invididuality is the result of a super organic chemistry and the individual but one of innumerable foci established by energy for no particular reason upon the broad expanse of matter. As immortality has not been scientifically established, it is either denied or ignored, and, turning to the problems of the external life, the mind becomes hopelessly enmeshed in the physical elements of being.

To the religiously-minded, man is a compound of spirit, soul, and body. Spirit is an extremely attenuated essence—an emanation from divinity—and partakes of the immortality of its own source. Soul is a grosser essence which, through mingling with the material universe, becomes so defiled that it is in danger of annihilation. Through piety and the precepts of the faith, the soul may be rescued from its predicament to become a sort of wedding garment in which the spirit may robe itself when functioning in the presence of the Creator. Body is an irrefutable evidence of carnal sin, the continual adversary of the spirit and its purposes. Some of the early Christians affirmed that the flesh of the redeemed would be resurrected upon the last Great Day, but this doctrine lost favor when subjected to a critical analysis. A few, however, still cling to it even in this age of comparative enlightenment.

To the philosopher, man is a microcosm—that is, a miniature universe in which are mirrored the structure and activities of the entire sidereal system. Working from the premise that a knowledge of the universe is necessary to the understanding of man and, conversely, that a knowledge of man is necessary to the understanding of the universe, the enlightened of all ages have recognized in the human constitution a

text-book setting forth in simple and direct form the whole drama of existence.

From those eminent authorities of the past to whom we are indebted for nearly all the fundamental principles of what we term knowledge, we can learn much of first importance regarding the constitution of man. India, China, Persia, Egypt, and Greece are of one accord in their secret doctrine. It is impossible in a brief article to examine critically their profound and complicated systems. Suffice it to say, that symbols were employed to represent the various departments of the soul and that the Greeks, concealing their whole metaphysical system under the science of mathematics, chose numbers as the vehicles of their abstract ideas. Several systems branched off from the mathematical philosophy of the Pythagoreans, and these, functioning in specialized fields, have contributed confirmatory evidence from their own spheres of experience. Socrates realized that man is the most imminent mystery and that each of us must stand dumb with wonder in the midst of the miracle of his own self.

Thus, to this age many of the deepest truths in Nature are shadowed forth through the numerical symbolism of the ancients. As an old Pythagorean might have said, numbers evoke from the soul that reflects upon their mysteries the several realities for which they stand. To the philosophers, numbers were magicians continually invoking facts by their ever-potent charms. The purpose of this article is to consider briefly how the Pythagoreans applied numbers to the occult anatomy of man so that each of the numerals became significant of some divine reality. Through meditating upon the mystery of numbers, knowledge was increased, arrangements and proportions made evident, and most obscure secrets clarified. As Albert Pike has said, "The science of numbers represented not only arithmetical qualities, but also all grandeur, all proportion. By it we necessarily arrive at the discovery of the Principle or First Cause of things, called at the present day The Absolute."

Number 10 must always stand for the wholeness or completeness of man, for his parts are diagramatically revealed in the mysterious Pythagorean pyramid of ten dots—the *tetractys*. The *ten* is referred to as the number of the world because the *cipher* which signifies the creation is of no value unless it is preceded by the *one*, the symbol of the ever present divinity. The *cipher* therefore becomes the symbol of a mirror in which the *one*, reflecting itself, establishes the world. In man the *one* is the spirit and the *cipher* the body, the two extremes between which stand in concatenated order the other numerals as steps or rungs upon a ladder.

Number 9 was declared by the Pythagoreans to be the symbol of mankind to indicate that all humanity falls short by one numeral of the holy perfection. It is the number of the pre-natal epoch and also of the Mysteries, and its form is that of a human embryo. It was declared by the ancients to signify the mystery of religion and, strangely enough, in astrology the ninth house is the house of religion. It may be regarded as the nine inferior Sephiroth as yet not reunited with the Crown or the most holy One.

Number 8 was called by Pythagoras the little holy number and referred to as the number of the wise men. The *eight* is the soul of the seven and is, therefore, the number of the personality, which is a chemical compound created by the blending of the seven planetary impulses. It is the eighth god above and the eighth world below. It is the number of our sun which is declared to have been not of the sacred Seven but to have been one left out.

Number 7 is one of the most significant. It stands for the Builders or, more correctly, for the wholeness of that power of which the Builders are the fractional parts. The Builders are technical six parts of the seven, the remaining one or unity being that by which all are bound together. Hence, the mystery of the seventh day in which no creative work was accomplished but which was the rest after labor. The *seven* not only signifies the active agencies which conspire

to precipitate the mortal personality, but in the human body is the sacred number of the heart which contains six chambers bound together by the wholeness of the organ itself.

Number 6 reminds the student that the Elohim or Builders are seated in the six directions of space as described in the Sepher Yetzirah, and that the seventh or the holy *one* was throned in their midst. This mystery is shadowed forth in the sun and the six attendant planets known to the ancients. The *six* is furthermore a symbol of body because it is the number of the surfaces of a cube; and the cube is the symbol of matter because it rests upon a surface whereas the sphere is the symbol of spirit because it rests upon a point.

Number 5 invokes to the mind of the philosopher the shadow of the elements, the four grosser of which are suspended in the fifth or intangible ether. The *five* likewise becomes the symbol of the soul in that the soul is an ethereal matter, being the fifth or *quintessence* of the body. The *five* is also the symbol of marriage and the hermetic union because to the Pythagoreans it was the first combination of an odd and an even number, the two and the three—negative and positive.

Number 4 reveals the mystery of the four worlds in which creation takes place and of the four lesser elements which are united in the compounding of bodies. The *four* is also the symbol of the Demiurgus or Builder—the god of the inferior world. In man, the *four* reveals the sacred square consisting of the mental, emotional, vital, and physical natures.

Number 3 signifies the hypostases of the creative force—the Trinity not only of the Christians but also of the enlightened pagans. It was declared by the Pythagoreans to be the first number as it was the manifested pattern of the divine purpose. In the body it corresponds to the three major divisions, the heart, the brain and the generative system as the thrones of the three Logoi.

Number 2 witnesses the first division by which, in order to manifest as particulars, generals (principles) must first separate and by dividing themselves against themselves and opposing themselves to themselves spin the web of being between their poles. To the Pythagoreans the *two* was not a number because, like the sperm and the ovum for which it stood, it was not apparent in the objective structure but pertained to the sphere of principles.

Number 1 is the immovable First Cause through the permanence of which all realities are assured. The *one* is the spirit which not only is in heaven but is itself heaven and includes the inferior worlds within its own nature. Philosophically considered, the *one* is no number, but simply a witness of the eternal state which is God.

Speculations as to the Nature of Pluto

ANCIENT astrologers achieved a very high degree of skill in prognostication without considering either Uranus or Neptune. Regarding the sun and moon as planets, the Chaldeans based their horosopic calculations upon the aspects of seven bodies in their relationship to the spot on earth where the native was born. The accuracy of astrology prior to the discovery of Uranus and Neptune indicates that these two planets were not essential factors in the reading of an ordinary horoscope. Their influence upon the ordinary individual was comparatively negligible.

Within the last century startling changes have taken place. Life has become much more intensive and complex than in earlier ages. We are daily confronted with problems beyond the wildest imaginings of the old star-gazers. The Uranian qualities, for example, which were practically latent in the Egyptian were re-

leased upon the world at about the time of the French Revolution. It has been well said that those forms of learning which are now the common property of man were once the most closely guarded secrets of the pagan priestcrafts. Thus the Uranian and Neptunian influences were felt only within the temples of the Mysteries—institutions dedicated to the sciences and philosophies which were under the particular patronage of these exalted rays. When science, philosophy and occultism were released to the masses and became part of the lives of uncounted millions, new forces swayed society and mankind in general came *en rapport* with the stars of the wise.

Pluto, a dark mysterious mass whirling on the newly-established boundary of the solar system, has now been added to the planetary family. Astrologers everywhere are speculating as to the nature of the influences which Pluto will unloose upon mankind. Believing that there is a power which so firmly guides the destiny of the universe, we feel that the name *Pluto* was not given to this planet by accident. We affirm this even in the face of a general discontent, for many astrologers feel that a more elegant and optimistic title should have been chosen. No sooner had the planet been discovered than the whisper went around, "It must be the higher octave of something!" There is just a question in my mind as to the utter validity of the octave theory. I think we shall find that these planets now referred to as octaves of lower planets have distinct individualities of their own. It has been suggested that Pluto was the higher octave of Mars. If it is demonstrated by experimentation and observation that Pluto has a martial spirit, it will probably be assigned a throne in the second half of the constellation of Scorpio. Regardless of whether it is accepted as an octave of Mars, we feel that its affinity to Scorpio is evident from all available information.

Affirming that Pluto was probably better named than the average astrologer realizes, let us see what we can discover from the name which will help us to understand the nature. Pluto was the third person of the inferior Triad of the Roman divinities. The

inferior or material universe was divided into three parts, of which the spiritual was ruled by Jupiter, the intellectual by Neptune and the physical by Pluto. The great subterranean cavern in which Pluto held court simply signified the cavernous interior of the World Egg. Although Pluto was popularly regarded as a god of death, he was in reality the regent of the physical universe and corresponded to the Ego or incarnating soul of man. This Ego holds court in the dark recesses of the physical body even as Pluto dwelt in the gloomy depths of mortal natures. In Freemasonry, Pluto is a variation of Hiram the builder, therefore in certain of his most secret mysteries the death and resurrection of Pluto was celebrated.

From the Egyptians we can learn much. The Pluto of the Romans, having crossed into Egypt, was worshiped there in the form of Serapis, according to Julius Caesar. The Serapean cult in Egypt was not part of the early theology of the Egyptians but flourished almost contemporary with Christianity. The Emperor Hadrian, in a letter to Servianus, declared that the worshippers of Serapis in Egypt were Christians, and that even the bishops of the church did honor to this god. Critical investigation reveals therefore that Serapis were recognized as a prototype of Christ. In his *Gnostics and Their Remains*, C. W. King observes, "There can be no doubt that the head of Serapis, marked as the face is by a grave and pensive majesty, supplied the first idea for the conventional portraits of the Saviour." It thus appears that while to the ignorant multitudes Serapis, or Pluto, was held up as a symbol of sorrow and death, it was recognized by the initiated priests as figurative of resurrection and immortality. This is not the only example of deities whose inner meanings were reserved when exposed to the profane.

In India, the god Shiva plays the dual role of destroyer and creator. The consistency of the position is only evident to the enlightened. Yet if we will think carefully we will realize that every creator is a destroyer and every destroyer a creator. Remember the old truism, "Disintegration always takes place that

reintegration may follow upon a higher level of manifestation." We realize even in daily life that we grow more rapidly through adversity than through success; the more we are opposed, the more certain we are of accomplishment.

Serapis, the Alexandrian Pluto, was the god and patron of learning and the Serapeum, in which stood the most famous of his images, also housed the famous Alexandrian library, the greatest institution of learning ever raised by the pagan world. Approximately 385 A.D., Theodosius published his memorable edict ordering the destruction of the Serapeum. An incited Christian mob literally tore the building stone from stone, destroyed the books and, lighting such stuff as was inflammable, turned the whole edifice into the blazing funeral pyre of the sad-faced god. Serapis fell and with him perished the wisdom of uncounted centuries.

The question may be asked why should a god of wisdom be also regarded as a god of death. Socrates, dying, ordered the sacrifice of a cock which was the usual sacrifice of a neophyte entering the temple of the Mysteries. It was written repeatedly and inferred time without end that the god of death was the custodian or keeper of the mysteries of life. In the New Testament it is declared that death is the last enemy to be overcome, therefore death stands on the border line between mortality and immortality. The philosophic death of the Mysteries was the true gate of initiation. The illumined sages used terms borrowed from the outer life of man to symbolize the phases of his inner or spiritual consciousness. Serapis was, therefore, the god of the philosophic death, continually destroying the old and giving place to the new. He was the patron of all such forms of learning as contributed to the well-being of the human soul.

As the patron of essential learning, Serapis was furthermore the guardian of the Mystery Schools, in fact, a personification of them. From this it may become evident why the initiation ceremony was given

in crypts and vaults and the very sanctuaries themselves were patterned after tombs. This was said to be because all who entered them died, for the man who came out after the ceremony was not the man who went in. He might appear to be of similar features and proportions, but his old self had died and a new and immortal self had taken its place. Even today in certain of the Christian mystical institutions, entrance into holy orders is regarded as equivalent to death. Therefore, the brother leaves his name and personality behind him and, once within the cloister, is regarded as a person dead to and separate from all the concerns of outer life. Sometimes a nun taking the final orders, in order to emphasize her separation from the world, is actually placed in a casket, where her friends and relatives see her for the last time as though she were actually dead. From these suggestions it will be evident how death was used to symbolize a new life in God.

With Serapis the Mystery Schools of the ancient world fell, destroyed by the ignorance of the mob. For sixteen hundred years religious ignorance has reigned upon the earth. The philosophers, driven into cellars and garrets and persecuted by unenlightened despotism, have dreamed of a better day when wisdom will again be established upon the earth. One of our most conservative and materialistic thinkers, Joseph Wood Crutch, in his book *This Modern Temper,* declares that the re-establishment of the ancient Mysteries is inevitable before the end of the present century. May we hazard the speculation that Pluto may prove to be the star of the Mystery Schools, and that the discovery of this power in the heavens heralds the awakening of the human soul to the great realities of the spiritual world. Scorpio is the house of initiation, for only when the sun is in certain degrees of this sign are candidates taken into the invisible world. It would, therefore, be proper for Pluto to be enthroned in the second half of this sign where the sacred degrees are located.

Tarot Symbolism

THE FOURTH NUMBERED CARD

THE EMPEROR

4 L'EMPEREUR ٦

To the Pythagoreans the four was a most sacred number and it was the common practice of these ancient philosophers to take their oaths upon the Tetrad. Thus they always referred to the four as the noble number—sire of gods and men. A further clue to the secrets of this number is that it occupies the central position in the holy seven. In the ancient order of the planets, the sun is the fourth from the top and also the fourth from the bottom. Four, therefore, becomes the symbol of equilibrium. Equilibrium in turn signifies permanence—that which abides, for, while unbalance destroys itself, equilibrium constantly fortifies and strengthens its own nature.

In the system of divine mathematics, the ten, the most sacred of all numbers, in that it sets forth the return to unity, is composed of the sum of the first four numbers. Hence these numbers symbolize the four worlds which, by their union, constitute the nature and body of God. Four is the numerical equivalent of the world and in the Mysteries the world was a god, or, more correctly, the manifesting body of a divine agent.

Through an analysis of the symbols upon the card, we discover that the Emperor is the first and heavenly Adam—the Macrocosm. The face is in profile, in harmony with the ancient traditional belief that the divine Man has but one eye. The golden helmet arcanely intimates the mystery of the North Pole and the white hair and beard reveal that he is the Ancient of Days—the Grand Man of the Jewish Zohar.

The cube upon which the Emperor is seated and which is his royal throne reminds the student of the six directions of space referred to in the Sepher Yetzirah. The cube always signifies the sub-Saturnian sphere whose departments are under the rulership and administration of the six Sons of Binah, the third Sephira. In the Qabbalistic system, the third to ninth Sephiroth, inclusive, are the Elohim or Builders over which rules the Great King who is the first of the seven. In many of the Tarot decks the body of the King takes the crude form of the ancient alchemical symbol of sulphur which is thus revealed as the Lord of the chemical elements. In one hand the King carries the orb, an ancient symbol of salt. The globe part of the orb, if turned sideways, becomes also the Hermetic symbol of vitroil, one of the most secret and important of all the Hermetic mysteries. In his other hand the Emperor holds aloft a scepter. In some decks this scepter is surmounted by a trifoliate figure and in others by the solar globe. In either case the scepter reveals that the Great King exercises his dominion through the medium of the solar ray. He wears golden armor and over it plates of steel. The plates of steel establish the connection between the great King and Aries and in some of the more recent decks of cards the throne of the Emperor is ornamented with the horns of rams. In the old figures of Isis she is shown standing upon a pedestal ornamented with rams' horns to represent the release of the generative force at the vernal equinox when the sun is in Aries.

From all his symbols, therefore, the Emperor is revealed as the lord of the world and in his Gnostic sense this king or creative force is expressed by the sun in Aries. To render more evident the ancient symbol-

ism, we have added to the upper corner of the diagram a small white shield containing four eyes arranged in the form of a rough square. These eyes signify the four beasts of Ezekiel and Revelation—the Mercavah or mysterious living throne in which the glorious king of the world is seated surrounded by the wings of the Cherubim. In should further be remembered that the cube is not so much a symbol of matter as it is a symbol of the material sphere as a whole. A little realized guide to the whole mystery lies in the fact that the cube is primarily the symbol of a three-dimensional body. The mystery of the cube lies in its relationships to dimension rather than its own shape. The cube is the perfect three-dimensional body and hence represents to the philosopher the field of all material phenomena. The cube as the principle of dimension encloses within its own hypothetical boundaries all creatures who exist in place and time consciousness.

The Emperor, being the personification of the creative impulses inherent in spirit, must be enthroned upon this cube because, apart from the limitations of time and place, generation cannot exist and the King cannot be manifested. Upon one of the surfaces of the cube appears the form of a phœnix with wings outspread. From this we learn that the Mysteries are primarily concerned with the liberation of man from the limitation of dimension. Body exists in time and place; spirit in eternity and space. Here we tread upon the threshold of the fourth dimension and the fourth world.

The Mysteries relate that in his relapsed condition man consists of a triad of causal natures, symbolized by a triangle, and a quarternary material natures symbolized by a square. Thus the seven principles, being odd in number, are only susceptible of uneven division into greater and lesser quantities. According to the esoteric instruction, it is possible by discipline to reverse the order of these natures. The highest of the four principles of the square may be dissociated from the other three and united to the three above so that the superior and divine nature becomes a quarternary or square and the bodily propensities reduced to three. Thus by reversing the ancient symbolism the philosophers revealed the method of human deification. The heavenly quarternary therefore consists of God in four aspects instead of three: namely, Father, Son, Holy Ghost, and Man. By this new order the square becomes the symbol of the perfected divinity whereas previously it had represented the inferior elements.

The Neo-Platonists affirmed the four to signify the supreme intellect, so we here behold Mind enthroned upon the laws of Nature and the dimensions of the inferior world. This Mind exists in two states, either as an agent of its own purposes or of those still higher purposes which pertain to the world of spirit. Mind, lifted into union with spirit, is the fourth Logos; but dissociated from its spiritual cause, it is the Demiurgic tyrant propitiated in fear and trembling by those ancient peoples who recognized unenlightened intellect as a continual menace to the salvation of the soul.

REINCARNATION

The soul of man is like the water: From heaven it cometh, to heaven it mounteth, and thence at once it must back to earth, forever changing.—*Goethe.*

(God) sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves in the animal, and wakes up to consciousness in man.—*von Schelling.*

From tenement to tenement though tossed,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

—*Ovid.*

Occultism in America

This is the first of a series of short articles intended for the protection of that large body of people who are seeking through the various departments of metaphysics for a more rational solution to the problems of life. An explorer, when entering into an uncivilized country, contemplates not only the beauties of the new land but also seeks to inform himself concerning the hazards of the enterprise. It is not our purpose to be unduly critical or to depreciate in any way constructive effort or the works of honest men. Our sole desire is to warn the beginner in occultism of the deceptions which are practised in this field. It is quite useless to deny the existence of fraud in matters of religion. The faithful have had their gullibility strained to the breaking point since the beginning. When Aristotle declared that all men naturally desire to know he proclaimed a common weakness by an admission of universal ignorance. Today Tibet is an excellent example of a state impoverished by the church. There are so many monks and abbots in this country that there are scarcely enough farmers left to supply the monasteries with food.

Spring has come. Birds of various kinds are now migrating. The annual influx of itinerant metaphysicians may be looked for shortly. The field of popular psychology with its assorted *isms* is not what it used to be. Ten years ago fortunes were made in a few months but the tactics employed were so high-handed that even slow thinking provincials have grown wary. With each passing year the gyps are modified to meet the popular fancy. Finding that flagrant methods no longer succeed, the charlatan refines his technique. But he still uses the old reliable bait. As long as people believe that they can get spiritual without *becoming* spiritual they must continue to pay and pay heavily for the fallacy of their belief.

If every student contemplating taking a course of instruction in the "development" of any of the several parts of his inner nature or is on the verge of affiliating

with some body of self-denominated "elected souls," will give careful attention to the material which follows he may save himself time, money, disillusionment, and possibly more serious disaster. Not a few sincere but sentimental people have impoverished themselves, hazarded the futures of their families, and wasted the best years of their own lives in ill-advised attempts to attain that rather abstract state commonly denominated "spirituality." And, strangely enough, hardly any of these people can give even a hazy definition of what the word *spiritual* means. They are all aiming at points in the dark.

Stenographers, clerks, shop-keepers, a vast host of persons whose occupations are classified as housewives, and well-meaning old ladies on pittances attempt to buy "soul growth" at from ten to one hundred dollars per class. Some of these never wake up, but the more discerning come to the conclusion after the money is spent that the perfectly gorgeous man who was teaching them had revealed nothing that they could not have found in the free public library with a few hours' research. Hope springs eternal, however, and even unto the seven and seventieth time these optimists pay to be deceived, always vainly hoping that *this* time the priceless secret will be revealed. As one old lady once said, after the denouement, "I don't see how he could have been such a cheat—he had such beautiful eyes!"

As we watch the steady stream of gullible people who literally stumble over each other in a frantic effort to pour their hard earned cash into the bulging coffers of the metaphysical racketeers, there is but one inevitable conclusion—P. T. Barnum was right. As long as there are human beings, so long there will be foolish human beings; and as long as there are foolish human beings, they will be fleeced by "smart" human beings, and what David Starr Jordan calls "the higher nonsense" will be a lucrative profession and flourish upon the earth.

During ten years of public work, the writer has contacted, either directly or through their students,

most of the metaphysical celebrities. Through these contacts many startling and tragic facts have become evident. The overwhelming majority of these so-called teachers were just plain fakes, their pretensions utter falsehoods, and their teachings worthless if not positively dangerous. From among this collection can be selected as fine an assortment of rogues as were ever assembled to a common purpose—the exploitation of the public. Did they not mask their activities behind the cloak of religion, not a few of them would be serving prison sentences for various forms of delinquency.

This is not an effort to be malicious but to state facts as they are. We desire to render available to students of occultism in general such facts as should be in the possession of every thinking person for their protection and guidance. Seekers after truth come to me every day asking my advice particularly as to which of these itinerant metaphysical carpet-baggers they should follow. There is nothing left to do but to analyze in the light of reason and of common sense the claims of these assorted sophists. We say sophists with full realization of the implication. The Sophists were a group despised in ancient Greece because they sought to peddle the sacred traditions for an exorbitant fee.

An analysis of the whole situation reveals striking incongruities. Isis never unveils herself to the profane. Wisdom is always modest and not a little reluctant to reveal itself. Never in the history of time has truth ridden on the band wagon. Like Buddha returning to the city of his father, it comes in obscurely by the back way, barefoot and with a pilgrim's staff. A careful analysis of the literature with which the modern seer heralds his approach and recounts his excellence impresses one with the fact that he just knows more than there is to know. Even God would be abashed at seeing so much of Himself in one place. The would-be parlor adept has bad taste in his advertising and bad taste is never a by-product of good judgment. But to this heartless analysis some one will say, "But our dear leader Prof. Blitz is not a bit like

that. He is so advanced and self-sacrificing. He hasn't a commercial hair on his bald head. The ten million dollars he accumulated in the last three years was just through the realization of divine abundance." We like to be patriotic even to our follies.

Let us now introduce to you a person whom we shall call "the Professor." Like Barnum's great What-Is-It, the Professor is a composite created by blending together the personalities of several of our leading dispensers of soul culture. He may seem to some only the caricature of a man, but those who have paid and paid and paid will recognize him as all that remains when his glamor and glitter have faded and his foam has evaporated. This is the statement of things as they really are when dissected as to substance and motive.

Upon his arrival in a new community this Professor of the new and wonderful, lacking originality, will follow an old and well-established custom. He will announce a series of extraordinary and incomparable free public lectures. As the American public is hopelessly sold to the idea of something for nothing—and perfectly willing to pay for it—a fair crowd generally assembles and listens with open mouthed rapture while the professor weaves a web. Mysterious hints and strange promises break down the financial resistance and the audience is swept into the private classes en masse. The very *private* and very *esoteric* classes constitute the one great chance of a lifetime. And the price—never again will they be so cheap! The exact fee depends upon whether the Professor is working on the quantity or quality basis. If the former, the charge will range from twenty-five to fifty dollars for approximately ten awe-inspiring instructions on everything from hemstitched breathing to the discovery of a soul-mate. On the quality basis, the charge may run as high as one hundred dollars, and it has been demonstrated even in periods of financial depression that the higher price set by the learned Professor, the more anxious the public is to be initiated into his mysteries.

The private class is often followed by a still more esoteric one, for the Professor has no intention of

permitting his disciples to depart as long as there is any possibility of further exploiting them. The *very* esoteric class is based upon the old circus psychology of picking up a few dimes at the conclusion of a main performance by announcing a Wild West show. If interest should lag, it may be whispered about (secrets whispered to "old students" travel with great rapidity) that in this course the Professor will reveal his great secret of financial success or will sound the profundities of the sex problem. Either of these promised revelations brings the public in herds. Such promises are irresistible even to the so-called elect. Under the pledge of absolute secrecy and other marvellously impressive regulations it may also be possible to purchase very advanced lessons never before revealed upon this planet and never again to be revealed (we hope). The only chance to secure these instructions is to buy *now* at the ridiculously low figure of twenty-five for a dozen badly multigraphed and horribly punctuated revelations. Of course there is an added charge if a diagram of the Kundalini is included. These diagrams usually indicate that the Kundalini got lost several times while wandering through the body.

Just before departing the Professor may also initiate a few of his more advanced (and wealthy) pupils into a secret of *cosmic importance*. He has just purchased sixty-four acres of the choicest real estate in the southeast corner of the land of Timbuctoo where he is going to build a temple and start a free love cult for the propagation of advanced souls who will completely revolutionize the entire social order. For one thousand dollars cash or easy terms, you may have your initials carved in the north wing of the Professor's temple, and, as an added inducement, a one-millionth interest in the possible (or impossible) oil and mineral rights. The Professor will assure you, even with tears in his eyes, that you should not regard his offer as a business proposition but as a spiritual opportunity in every sense of the word. If you hand him over all your available cash, you are not doing him a favor; you are simply contributing infinitely to the brilliance of your own halo. He is only the humble

instrument whose life is devoted to giving mankind an opportunity to achieve. The Professor further assures you that you are one of a chosen few. This is more truth than poetry; you have been hand picked out of the mob as one of the few persons in sight who are foolish enough to fall for the idea.

Let us figure for a moment and see if we can understand the full measure of the dear Professor's philanthropy and what he really means when he says that after his vision in Peculiar, Missouri, he had dedicated himself to the unselfish service of mankind. A leading exponent in this field is capable of becoming an extremely wealthy man in a ridiculously short time with an absolute minimum of personal effort. The figures that follow are not exaggerated or in any way unreasonable. The Professor in the course of a year is able to give at least twelve courses of lectures of the fifty-dollar variety. He is also able to give twelve very esoteric classes during the same period. As these, given two a night, take less than half of a year, he will have at least two weeks of every month for public lectures, free except for collections, in order to excite interest in the gyp which is to follow. During the entire period the Professor will also sell his books, private lessons, personal advice, oil stock, chips off the Philosopher's Stone, temple bricks, world tours, etc. He may even take sufficient time off to cultivate a few silly old ladies who have more money than they know what to do with. If each of his twenty-five dollar classes have a thousand members, and several of the more expert of these professors have had as high as two thousand in a single class, the income from these alone in a year would be three hundred thousand dollars. Allowing all of the other means of revenue, including the advanced classes, to balance his overhead and advertising expense, we have a man whose income is several times greater than that of the President of the United States. It is safe to say also that there have been in this country persons of this type who in the hey-day of their glory had profits nearer a million dollars a year. The exact amount of their finances will never be known, because while things go

well the Professor is simply a business man. But when an investigation of his affairs is instituted, he suddenly becomes very religious and blandly tells the authorities that his life and resources are secrets between himself and God.

The astonishing part of the whole business is that most of these Professors have nowhere nearly as sound a foundation in psychology as the average college sophomore. They have simply bought a little book, read it for a few hours and then gone forth capitalizing a gift of gab. Of course, all of the professors are not in the millionaire class but nearly all of them are making a comfortable living on misrepresentation. They are just as surely parasites upon the social order as were the Ignorantine Friars of old.

If you can afford to go to the Professor and be initiated into his nonsense simply as a lark or that you may study the gullibility of your fellow creatures, you may find his antics entertaining and he may even accidentally pass on interesting thoughts which he has plagiarized from someone else, but any money that you have spent in an effort to be spiritually illumined by him you may consider wasted one hundred cents on the dollar. The secrets of the soul are not bought nor can they be sold and any intimation to the contrary is untrue. The average citizen, by reading for half an hour every day, from the writings of recognized authorities on whatever subject may interest him, will at the end of six months himself know more and have a more reasonable attitude than that of the average classmonger who is selling his wares to the American public. If we may be so bold, let us remind you that the term "Professor" when applied to these parlor psychologists, signifies one whose professions are without end but who is never able to demonstrate what he professes.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 APRIL, 1931 No. 7

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 194
The Heavenly Fire 195
Eastern Fables 205
Tarot Symbolism 210
Investment, A WOR Radio Talk 214
A Seven-Day Wonder—The American Mahatma 218
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 222

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Five lectures before the New York Pyschology Club have been added to Mr. Hall's March program. The talks which are on the general subject of the philosophies and customs of Asia are illustrated with rare and unusual pictures of Oriental shrines and temples.

When Mr. Hall completes his New York campaign, on or about April 1st, he will have given over fifty lectures and numerous radio talks in that city. The conclusion of this strenuous program brings to an end his six months' eastern tour. Since leaving Los Angeles last September he has given over one hundred lectures.

In view of the ever-increasing demand for a series of lectures on the Secret Doctrine, Mr. Hall is going to temporarily discontinue his public programs to do the research work for this course. When the outline has been properly prepared he plans to give the series in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. Other cities may be added to the program later.

Delays in the publication of this month's magazine have been unavoidable owing to the heavy lecture campaign, but in the future we hope the publication will appear on time.

Through the generosity of a New York friend, five copies of Mr. Hall's large book on Symbolism are to be presented to leading educational centers of the world. Next month's issue will contain a list of the libraries to which the book has been sent. As soon as the remaining copies of this work have been placed, Mr. Hall hopes to begin work on the companion volume to be devoted to the symbolism and philosophies of Asia.

The Heavenly Fire

"The highest parts of the world are full of fire."—Anaxagoras.
"In the midst of the universe is the fiery globe of unity."—Strobaeus.

"For the soul being a bright fire, by the power of the Father remains immortal, and is mistress of life."—The Chaldean Oracles.

As far back as history and legend record fire has occupied a chief place in the religious ceremonials of the human race. Pyrolatry—the worship of God under the form of flame—is almost as widely distributed as mankind itself. Practically every cult, from the primitive fetish worship of Africa to the lamps upon the altars of Christendom, employs fire to symbolize both the presence of God and the universal diffusion of His beneficence. Hierarchies of priests were created in ancient times to guard and tend the sacred altars and death was the penalty for the neglect of the fire. The Druid priests brought the flames from heaven and concentrated the solar rays through polished gems in the equinoctial ceremonies and the vestals of Rome had as their chief duty the trimming of wicks and the fueling of golden lamps with consecrated olive oil. From the four corners of the world then the forty-nine flames, referred to by Korr von Rosenrath in *Cabbala Denudata,* have lifted their flickering flames to the sky in propitiation of that one heavenly Flame by which all natures are sustained. The Bible is rich with references to sacramental pyres, altars and swaying censors, for these were in continual use by the ancient Israelites in their devotions to the great Jehovah and the hidden Archangel. Michael, lord of the

solar ray. The God of Moses spoke in the burning bush, moved as a pillar of flame in the wilderness and hovered as a blazing Shekinah over the Mercy Seat of the mysterious Ark. The altar of burnt offerings is as old as the human race and must date from those most primitive times when the first man of Gabriel Max, rising out of the humid mists of ancient Lemuria, first gazed upon the sun, the great fire spirit of the world.

In order to understand the significance of fire as it appears in the symbology of the Christians, it should be remembered that the early Church was formulated in Rome in the gloom of those very catacombs where the Persian fire mystics performed their nocturnal rites. Even the Encyclopedia Brittanica notes the startling parallels which exist between Christian and Mithraic doctrines. Among the followers of Zoroaster the Persian Initiate, fire has for centuries been the symbol of Ahura Mazda, the chief of the powers of light, through whose manifestations the universe came into objective existence. The Christians unquestionably borrowed the same philosophy of their sacred fire from the Mithraic Mysteries and from the same origin comes a body of interpretations which renders many otherwise recondite parts of Christian theology fully luminous. Simon Magus was one of the wisest of the early Christians, though he is now commonly regarded as a pagan. He sensed the profundity of the revelation which Jesus had given to the world, but he was opposed to the wild enthusiasm and fanatical bigotry of the first zealots who even in his day were already dividing the infant faith into a number of discordant and contradictory schisms. Gnostic Christianity, derived from Jewish and Egyptian roots, preserved the sublimity of the ancient mysteries. The modern church preserves in its rituals and symbols the outer forms of these ancient rites as does also Freemasonry, but to an unhappy degree the inner interpretations of the allegories and figures have been lost. If we would rediscover this arcana we must search for it again in its source—pagan antiquity. The doctrines of Simon Magus were largely derived from the obscure writings

of the pessimistic Heraclitus who spent so many years weeping over the Ephesians.

To appreciate the dignity of the Gnostic cult, the first great Mystery School of the Christian church, is impossible without an understanding of the doctrines of its founders, the Syrian Simon and the Egyptian Basilides, concerning the fire of the universe. Heraclitus declared fire to be the first of all principles and the world to have been fabricated by the descent of fire from its own flaming state to those less igneous spheres where the flame, losing the semblance of itself, became first air, then water and, lastly, solid earth. Hence the three lower elements have their origin out of the highest element and, according to the same system, the Father Fire of the world—God, gave being out of Himself to three modes or fires which have since been personified into the persons of the Holy Trinity. The ancient doctrine tells us that the Father, Sun and Holy Ghost are but the aspects of the heavenly and eternal Fire; hence the symbols of the blazing Masonic Triangle.

The Gnostics further affirmed the universe to be the active manifestation of the infinite creative agent. Fire, which existed in two definite natures. Activity was the positive expression of eternal being and this expression was symbolized by a heavenly or invisible flame (more correctly, a mysterious spiritual luminosity). This colorless light pervaded the entire substance of being, interpenetrating every atom of space and transmitting its divine vibrant power to the sidereal bodies of the Macrocosm and the atomic monads of the Microcosm.

Bardesanes, the Syrian Christian, agrees with Simon and Basilides that Fire then was the first God; not the angry red flame which is loosed by terrestrial combustion, but that invisible and most magnificent fire which Pythagoras declared burned forever upon the great altar which stood in the midst of the universe even as the altar of Vesta stood in the midst of the home. The gods were the Sons of Fire or the children of Vulcan; hence they were called the Vulcani, the Ammonian Architects of the ancient Egyptians, and

the Elohim described by the Jews as consuming fires. What were the Seraphim of the Hebrews but mysterious tongues of flame like those that hovered about the disciples' heads at the Pentecost—spirits born of the Schamayim or sea of heavenly fire, which lies above the firmament? The Mysteries taught that stars were flames, that planets were burnished shields reflecting the radiance of the sovereign sun and that the universe consisted of but three natures—self-luminous fires, reflectors of the fires, and natures subsisting upon these reflections.

When, therefore, Simon Magus referred to the Logos or Lord of the universe as a Flame and the gods who issued forth from Him and moved as blazing lights before His throne, the Logoi or Sons of the Flame, he but speaks the language of the Mysteries; he reveals himself as having been initiated into the secrets of the Eleusinia, the Dionysia or the Fregia, for to the great Archons of these rites the secrets of the Fire God were well known. Nor should one forget the story of the self-taught Mohammendan mystic who, attempting to find the seat of God in animal natures, operated upon living animals, proving by his vivisections that the seat of energy was the heart, for in touching a certain part of this organ while the animal yet lived he discovered the heat to be so great that it burned and raised blisters on his fingers.

In the Brahmin Mysteries, Agni is the spirit of the fire, a great flaming god signifying not only the temporal flame but that celestial flame whose endless pulsations are the cause of the phenomena of vibration. In the ancient astrological mysteries of the Persians creation had its beginning in the constellation of Aries, the chief of the fire signs, by which it was arcanely signified that all things had their beginning in the Father Fire and their end in the great waters, the deluge of Pisces. In the Basilidean theory (which was later more fully developed and speculated upon by medieval Christian cabbalists, conspicuous among them Herr von Welling), the heavenly fire of the Logos or the fiery whirlwind of the world, exists in two distinct states analogous to the noumenon and

phenomenon of Immanuel Kant. Bardesanes declares that the all-perfect God—that He might become a Father and give birth to Christos, the preserving fire—created out of himself Syzygas, the heavenly Mother, now called the Holy Ghost. Syzygas was thought, the abstract potentiality of thinking. Lest we question that the true mother of Jesus was the thought or mind fire of the Logos, we should remember His words in the Evangelium where the Nazarene says: "My mother, the holy Pneuma."

In the Cosmological theories of the Rosicrucians and medieval mystics there was, then, above the heavens Schamayim, the heavenly fire, and under or in the midst of the earth the fallen or infernal fire, so that the middle distance or creation hangs suspended between these two extremes of the fire principle, of which the higher is a purely spiritual essence and the lower an angry terrestrial and polluted essence.

In the *Petroma* or tables of stone, it is declared that creation as mortal men conceive it is the product, first, of the connivance of the fallen Angel and, second, of the Nemesis or fate thus set in action. From this comes the common antipathy of early Christians to the Demiurgus or Lord of the world, the despotic Regent of Nature who lurks in the remote parts of the pleroma and whose weapon or tool (the hammer) is the infernal fire. This is the Lord of the Hosts of the fallen angels who have endeavored to set up a kingdom in the Abyss. From the clutches of this Demiurgus men must escape if they would know the truth, hence the establishment of the ancient Mysteries and of modern Freemasonry. The Freemasons or philosophers by fire, are seeking to escape from the infernal flames of lust, passion and desire and ascend into the pure light of warmth and reason that the flame within them may, through the disciplines of philosophy and reason, be reunited with the sovereign Light of the World.

Thus in the account of the heavenly war it is arcanely set forth that this radiant fire which filled all space cast out from its own nature one of its own fiery

seraphs as a great seething mass of flames. Surrounded with a lurid red glow, this fell downward in a horrible combustion through all the eternities of space until it reached the very bottom of the Abyss of being. Fleeing from the white light of Michael's sword, a third of the angels of heaven were carried down with it and in the nether darkness of Primum Hyle these rebel ones established the kingdom of the world. This was the kingdom set up in defiance of the kingdom of God, for which reason in the material sphere virtue seems to wane and vice to flourish, and all things are seemingly the reverse of what they should be. But the kingdom of darkness is not forever, for, as related in the sacred books of the Persians, Ahriman, the dark and rebellious one, must ultimately bow in humility before the blazing throne of Light and the reign of evil must finally cease, swallowed up in the effulgency of everlasting Good.

For a day, however, the spirits of negation ruled. They decreed that only their own lurid ghostly flame should light the sphere that they had fashioned; that the pure white light of Schamayim should never be seen there; that all who sought to bring truth should have calumny heaped upon them, with martyrdom and death their reward. Thus was the false light established, the faint red glow that dared to vie with the pure white light of the Logos. And in the abyss so fashioned by the pride of the fallen prince, cosmos came into being. Suns, moons, and stars were born to fill that part of space which had become the vale of tears. The depths of the abyss became aglow with a hundred million suns and above the rim of creation sat the brooding angel of rebellion as the Lord of all he surveyed. Upon his throne of the empyrean, his great scarlet wings were outspread as he overshadowed his minions and shielded them with the vast extent of his own person from the great white light of good upon which they could not gaze and live. Here he sits waiting the inevitable day when the heavenly light will dispel his shadow world and he himself will

be humbled before that Presence which is without beginning or end.

So in every nature two fires struggle for supremacy. One is the pure white fire of spirit, the flame of the first Logos, that universal fire which burns through the ages with clear steady glow, lighting the way of salvation and leading all humanity towards the abode of peace. The other fire is the false flame of hate and desire whose flickering uncertainty throws grotesque shadows upon the face of space. Men gaze upon their own distorted reflections and see gods and demons in the empty air. Sin and death serve the false flame whose greedy tongues must continually be fed with the bodies and souls of men.

Among the cabbalistic traditions is one to the effect that there are two races, one a heavenly race, the other of the earth earthly. All men did not descend from the mystic Adam. There were some of heavenly origin. These were the true Sons of the Flame and the fires of aspiration burned bright within them; they were tempestuous spirits rebelling ever against the narrow limitations of the dark and unresponsive world. They were heavenly creatures and their father was the spirit of Fire. In ancient times they were the great Initiates and in later ages their royal line produced the Hermetic philosophers, the alchemists, ceremonial magicians, Rosicrucians, and finally Freemasons. The other humanity, arising from Adam, lacked the fire of holy purpose and were called the sons of water. These have plodded through the ages, patient under all adversity, lacking ambition and content to remain in an inferior state.

The ever-burning lamp of the alchemist, over two hundred references to which are to be found in history, remained alight without fuel in sealed vaults and ancient catacombs. The symbol reminds man that throughout the ages a light burns forever in the world and throughout his own life a spark of divine brilliancy continues within. The little virgin lamp used in sacrifice and ceremony, and which Eliphas Levi declares must be carried by every magician in his wan-

derings, is intended by its shape to represent the coiled up spinal column of man at the upper end of which, according to the mysticism of the Egyptians, flickers a little blue and red flame, the flame of spiritual enlightenment. As the lamp of the ancients was fed and kept burning by the purest of oils, so man is continually transmuting within himself and cleansing in the laver of purification the life essences and substances of the body which, when turned upward and transmuted into a most volatile fluid, provide fuel for this ever-burning lamp within himself.

Upon the altars of antiquity sacrifices were continually offered to the gods. The altar itself was generally so constructed as to be roughly cube-shaped or else to resemble a broken pillar. The cube itself signifies matter composed of the elements of the earth. The flame upon this altar signifies the soul of the world, the life without which form would cease and its elements be scattered again into the definitionless matter of space. "Man know thyself" was an ancient adage. To it could have been added the words, "Thou are the flame eternal and thy bodies are the living altar of the temple." The ancient hierophants offered up sacrifices of spices and incense and even propitiated Deity by sacrificing a scapegoat for the sins of the people. The Freemasons of today still include conspicuously among their symbols the incense burner or censor, but few of the brethren can see their own bodies in this symbol. In philosophy nearly all symbols represent phases in the development of the individual himself, and as the tiny spark burning among the incense cubes slowly consumes all, so the spiritual flame within the neophyte, when nurtured by holy aspirations, slowly burns away and transmutes all base elements and purposes, offering up the essence thereof as smoke upon the altar of divinity. As the perfume rising from the incense burner was acceptable in the sight of the Lord and pleasing to His nostrils so should the words and actions of the wise man be ever a sweet aroma pleasing to the Most High. It should be remembered particularly that in the Tabernacle Mysteries of the Jews the

altar of burnt incense was erected between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, and represented the human larynx. By this it is signified that just words and thoughtful speech are as a sweet savor and an acceptable sacrifice.

According to the accounts, when King Solomon had completed his temple he offered bulls as a sacrifice to the Lord by burning them upon the temple altar. Calmet further tells us that the altar of burnt offerings at the entrance to the courtyard of the temple was adorned with the horns of bulls and rams. Those who, tempered by Buddhist doctrines, believe in the harmless life and the protection of animals, may wonder why so many references are made in the Bible to the sacrifice of these poor creatures to gods of vengeance. The studious Freemason realizes that the animal sacrifices referred to in the allegories of Scripture are not mortal beasts but rather the Holy Animals of the Zodiac and their corresponding qualities in human nature. When the ram or bull was offered upon the altar of Jehovah, it represented the qualities in man which are imparted by Aries, the celestial ram, or Taurus, the zodiacal bull. The Initiate passing through his tests and purifications must offer up on the altar of his own higher being the lower animal instincts and desires within himself which are represented by the twelve negative qualities of the constellations.

Thought or emotion, when focussed upon higher or lower concerns as the case may be, determines the level where life energy will be expended. If lower emotions predominate, the flame upon the spiritual altar burns low and almost flickers out because the forces which feed it have been concentrated upon some unworthy purpose. When, however, aspiration and high-mindedness predominate, then the essences of the body rise upward and, having been purified by right purpose, become proper fuel for the ever-burning lamp. Realizing that degeneracy exterminates the light, we can understand why the ancients regarded it as so great a sin to let the lamp go out. The pillar of flame which hovered over the Taber-

nacle, purified and prepared according to the directions of the Most High, is like the dæmon of Socrates, the flaming spiritual soul which, hovering over the enlightened man, renders evident both his path and purpose. In Freemasonry, the candle has a similar significance. With most of us it is hidden under the bushel; the candlestick is the spinal column, the tallow of the candle is the "marrow in the bone," the wick is the sixth ventricle and the flame is that mysterious Hiram, the Master Builder of Freemasonry. Hence, the candidate is the true light that forever dispels the darkness of ignorance and uncertainty. It is the duty of the Freemason to let his light shine forth through a purified body and a balanced mind, for this light is the life of our brother creatures.

The sun of our solar system is merely the reflector of the spiritual light, for as Paracelsus has wisely observed, "The body will not be warmed and lighted and the mind and spirit be left in darkness." So there is an intellectual sun which illumines the sphere of reason and a spiritual sun by which our divine natures are lighted. This spiritual sun was regarded by the philosophers as having grown from a spark of divine life no greater than the spark which is within each human soul. Hence, the Mysteries taught that every neophyte, in assuming the obligations of his Order, was gradually transmuting himself into a sun. In the millions of years to come this light will increase until some time the spiritual flame of each will light the whole of space. This spirit flame within the soul of the philosopher is the light that shineth in darkness. It is his indwelling god; it continually lights his way as no external lantern could ever hope to do. The indwelling radiance illumines for him one by one the hidden things of the Cosmos and the darkness of his ignorance is dispelled to exactly the same proportion that the light of his inner wisdom is diffused. So to each philosopher is given a lamp which he carries through the dark passages of life and by the light of which he avoids the pitfalls and walks the roaring ridge of heaven without fear.

EASTERN FABLES

From the story-tellers of the ancient East has descended to this modern generation a priceless heritage of parables and fables. Only Asia, steeped in fifty centuries and more of sacred tradition and expressing itself through a magnificent philosophic literature, could set forth so simply and beautifully the great realities of life.

Take for example the fable of the elephant driver. Once upon a time there was a very holy man in India who had a chela or pupil to whom he was imparting the deeper mysteries of life. Sitting by the roadside, the holy man discoursed thus to his young student: "The beginning of wisdom, my son, is the ability to recognize the presence of divinity in everything. God as the creator is everywhere present. He is in every stick and stone, He is the soul of every creature, His presence is in the heavens and in the earth, and in all things He is the ever-present Reality. Therefore, my son, if you will love and recognize this God who is ever with you, he will protect you and guide you and His goodness in all creatures will serve you. Go, therefore, into the town and behold God in everything. When you have learned his lesson, return to me and I will teach you other mysteries."

Trying to understand and repeating to himself the words, "God is in everything, and He will protect me," the youth started down the village street. He tried to see God in the palm trees and in the eyes of little laughing children. Gradually the whole village seemed to become filled with a divine presence. Suddenly, coming towards him in the street, there appeared a great elephant with a gilded howdah on its back, with its driver and his long hook perched on the great neck. The elephant belonged to a native prince and was hastening to the palace.

To test his new philosophy, the youth stood in the middle of the road in front of the oncoming elephant, saying to himself: "God is in this elephant. If I *know* this sufficiently, God will protect me and this elephant will not hurt me." The elephant driver cried

out in a loud voice: "Get out of the way! This elephant is on urgent business. Step aside quickly or you will be hurt!" But the young pupil would not move, confident that the divinity in the elephant would not permit the animal to injure him.

About this time the great pachyderm reached the Hindu boy, and, twisting his trunk around the youth's body, threw him some distance into a muddy ditch where he lay sprawled out, bruised and disillusioned. Finally, picking himself up, the bedraggled chela limped along the road until he came to the place where his old teacher was sitting quietly in the shade.

"Master," said the youth, "I went into the town as you told me, and saw God in everything, and all went well until I tried to see God in an elephant. But when I addressed this divinity in the elephant, it betrayed me and threw me unceremoniously out of the road. In what way did I fail?"

The holy man smiled kindly and replied: "You accomplished all except one thing, my son—you did not hear the voice of God in the warning of the elephant driver."

The lesson of the Hindu is obvious. We are never left without the solution to our problems if we are capable of recognizing that solution. The world is full of wisdom but most of us fail because we are incapable of recognizing wisdom and applying the wonders about us to the achievement of our purposes.

There is another elephant story that makes a very practical point. Once upon a time there was a blind king who had four blind councillors. He chose blind councillors because he did not want people around him who could see more than he could. One day the king desired to find out what an elephant looked like so he sent the four blind councillors to get the information for him.

Let into the presence of the great animal, each began to investigate in his own way. The first began to examine one of the elephant's legs, trying to reach around it. He then hastened to the king and told him that an elephant was an enormous creature like a tree

with a huge stem that extended upward as far as he could reach. The second man got hold of the elephant's trunk and he reported that the animal was the shape of a huge snake which wriggled. The third councillor, reaching upward from behind, grabbed the tail, so he described the elephant as a strange rope-like thing that hung downward from the sky. The fourth—and most ambitious councillor—had a ladder put alongside the animal. Climbing on top and feeling in every direction, he collected evidence which caused him to report that an elephant was a huge flat beast resembling an island.

When the prince received these very contradictory statements, he accused all his councillors of lying because the stories did not agree and therefore sentenced them to death. Before the time set for their execution, he was a little troubled and sent for a philosopher who had eyes and related to him the various descriptions he had received. The philosopher replied: "Sire, do not execute these councillors, for they were all just men and did the best they could. Each being blind, described the animal as he saw it." The philosopher then went on to explain that we are all blind men and that all the misunderstandings and disagreements that exist in life result from blind men trying to examine the nature of Reality. He lamented the fact that in the world men do not know that they are blind and, therefore, try to establish, through bigotry and intolerance, opinions which are as erroneous but as honest as those of the blind councillors.

Centuries ago a Japanese priest by the name of Shirobi had a dream which was to profoundly influence the destiny of the Flowery Kingdom. In his dream this learned Shinto beheld two little trees growing side by side on the crest of a rocky hill. One was a tiny fir tree and the other a small but graceful willow; and it seemed to the sleeping man that the trees talked to each other, and the pine tree said to the willow:

"Brother willow, why do you not stand up straight and firm as I do? I am strong and stout and I bow my head to nothing. I am of an ancient and honorable line

and my ancestors have stood upon these hills for centuries. I am a proud, strong tree."

Now the little willow had a modest and retiring spirit. It bowed humbly to the rather egotistic little fir and replied: "The gods have decreed a humbler station for me; I must bow my head to every wind that blows."

Winter came. The snow gathered upon the hills and also upon the branches of the little fir tree, and the fir tree bent with the weight of the snow, and at last one day after a great blizzard, there was a crash, a groan as of agony, and the little fir fell—broken by the weight of snow which was upon its branches.

But for the willow, which was very humble, there was no such ignominious end. When the snow fell upon it, the willow bent its branches and the snow slid off. When spring came the willow stood gazing sadly at its fallen friend, for the proud little fir was dead while the drooping little willow was unharmed.

Shirobi, the priest, awoke from his dream and, inspired thereby, established the gentle art—Jiu-Jitsu, the Japanese system of wrestling. He declared pliancy to be the secret of life and strength, proving through the story of the two trees that humility and willingness to bow to the inevitable are the path of the greatest good.

In closing, let us take a fable from the Greeks who were also noted for the rare quality of their wit and the pertinence of their reflections. On a certain day an Athenian philosopher chanced to be passing with his disciples through a grain field which was waiting to be harvested. In a pensive mood, the master walked along with his head upon his chest, paying little attention to the world about him. Among his pupils was a young man who was dedicated to the ethics of the gymnasium. Irritated by the incorrectness of the master's walking posture, the student dared to interrupt the wise man's reveries. "Master, do you not know that it is unhealthy to walk with your shoulders bent and your head hanging down and, further, that it is a bad example to these young scholars? Why do you

not stand up and throw your shoulders back and advance resolutely to your purpose?"

The philosopher smiled indulgently and with a sweep of his hand pointed to the grain field, saying; "My boy, look out there. Do you see those stalks of grain that stand up perfectly straight? If you will examine them, you will find that their heads are empty. But this other grain which hangs over so heavily—those heads are full. Learn posture from the grain field, and rebuke not the wise." It is strange but true that all the great thinkers of the world have had the peculiar habit of hanging their heads forward, but it remained for the Greek philosopher to establish the reason.

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Postpaid $3.00.

Tarot Symbolism

THE FIFTH NUMBERED CARD

LE PAPE

The fifth numbered trump is called by some authorities the High Priest; by others the Hierophant. This card does not appear in the modern Italian Tarot deck, where Juno and Jupiter take the place of the Popess and the Pope. The change has been made presumably because of religious sentiment. All writers on the subject of Tarot symbolism agree that the fifth card represents the Initiator, the Prince of the Royal Secret. With his right hand the Hierophant makes the sign of the Lost Word and with his left he holds the symbol of spiritual sovereignty—the triple cross. *Le Pape* reveals to us, then, the Pontifex Maximus, the supreme Initiate of the pagan Roman Empire, the ancient head of the College of the Priests. He is Hermes, the Thrice Magister, or Three Times Greatest, Lord of the three worlds—heaven, earth and hell—as revealed by his triple crown. The three horizontal arms of the cross of the Supreme Magus represent the equator and the two tropics, Capricorn and Cancer. In the terms of the Mysteries the central and somewhat longer horizontal bar signifies spirit, limited above by mind and below by matter. The whole form of the

triple cross is furthermore the skeleton of the earth over whose spiritual destinies the Hierophant rules supreme, in contradistinction to the temporal authority of kings and princes whose symbol is the orb—the physical body of the earth. In the fifth card, therefore, we behold the Lord of the three degrees, the three worlds, the three dimensions before whom, in the form of two acolytes, bows the illusionary sphere which exists only by virtue of man's acceptance of the concept of duality.

The card further reveals the mystery of the third pillar of Solomon's Temple. The Hierophant himself is the central trunk of the tree of the Mysteries. He represents the pillar that, in the Golden Legend, is the tree of the Mysteries. He represents the pillar that, in the Golden Legend, is always either too long or too short, and from which the Cross itself was fashioned. The two acolytes, in the form of the Sun and Moon (or sulphur and salt), are adoring the universal Mercury, and in this single figure is set forth the whole formula of the Philosopher's Stone. All the opposites of Nature, the infinite diversity of elements, temperaments, conditions, and states are reconciled in the presence of the personified reality. As is said in the Book of the Master, darkness is swallowed up in light; heaven and hell have been circumscribed by enlightenment and bound together by the sufficiency of consciousness.

The adept is robed in white and gold, white signifying the harmonization of all color in its own source, the mysterious white light of the Logos, colors signifying manifestations have been reabsorbed into their own neutral sources. Gold is the symbol of solar royalty, the authority of the Sun over creation. To man it signifies perfection, for the gold of true kingship is not that mined in the earth but that which has been precipitated by alchemical processes.

The Hierophant is seated because all reality is immovable. The active powers are described in the Sepher Yetzirah as moving in the form of whirlwinds before the throne of the Almighty. Secondary principles are always pictured in motion but first causes

are seated in their own sufficiency, as the unmoved Lords of motion are permanently enthroned in the high places of the universe from which they administer the destinies of the transitory spheres.

Why did Pythagoras, and after him the Cabbalists and Gnostics, assign the number five to the high priest and why also did the Neo-Platonists affirm this number to be sacred to the arts of healing? The pentagram is called the therapeutic signet of Pythagoras, who is supposed to have worn a ring with this symbol and certain letters of the Greek alphabet engraved upon it.

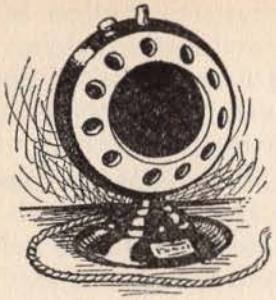
To the uninitiated, the number four signifies the elements of the world. Through the four fixed signs of the Zodiac this number has become identified with the creative processes, but those who have reached a higher degree of enlightenment realize that the four grosser elements are precipitated from and suspended in a fifth state to which modern science has given the term *ether*. The ether postulated today is not, however, quite identical with the mysterious quintessence or "fifth essence" of the ancients. In occultism there is no greater mystery than that of the etheric fluid which is the common denominator of all material natures and of which all forms are but crystallizations.

Paracelsus of Hohenheim declared that the highest art of healing consisted in the restoration of the etheric equilibrium which disease had unbalanced. Ether thus becomes the seat of those forms of sickness which are commonly supposed to be physical excesses. Immediately the significance of the pentagram as the symbol of healing is apparent. In its natural position the two lower points of the star, significators of the supporting elements of earth and water, represent the feet. The two points going off to the sides represent the active elements of fire and air, and are the hands or fashioners. The single point above signifies the rationality, the fifth element of ether, as well as the union of all the other points. An upright man, therefore, is one in whom the ruling power is one-pointed. If you invert the star, however, as in black magic, it becomes the symbol of the cloven hoof, the two points

upward revealing that the nature is controlled by duality and, therefore, dedicated to evil and unbalance.

In the Pythagorean Mysteries, five was called the number of equilibrium because it was half of the perfect ten. Being also one above four, the five symbolized Reality, for it was lifted above the illusions of the four elemental planes. Five was also the symbol of the spiritual Androgyne or the Hermaphrodite, for it was composed of the union of the two and the three—matter and spirit. Thus the word *Hermaphrodite* itself is compounded from *Herm* (fire) and *Aphrodite* (water). Hence, the statue of the supreme Initiator in the Serapean Mysteries had a male head and a female body; and Iswara, a form of the Brahmin Logos, is depicted with one side of his body male and the other female. In the Phrygian Mysteries, which inspired the Book of Revelation, the Great One who walks amidst the seven candlesticks, is likewise an androgyne. From all this we may gather that the Initiate, seated between the pillars of the temple, symbolizes one who has achieved within himself the unification of all diversity and the equilibrium of all forces.

The small shield containing the pentagram has been added to emphasize certain spiritual truths. The five-pointed star is made of five lines only to indicate that the soul is fabricated on geometrical angles from the continuous flow of the five senses whose findings, when coordinated, became the exoteric foundation of esoteric knowledge. In the Mysteries, the five directions which reveal the five primary bodies of man have been referred to as modes of architecture. In the Mysteries of the Collegia at Rome five columns of different proportions and different capitols were used to symbolize the five kinds of human uprightness. These are the columns which, as five elements, support the universe. Soul is supported by body from below and by spirit from above. When the adept awakens to the full realization of this equilibrim, he is invested with certain garments of realization which are themselves invisible but from the most ancient times have been shadowed forth in the robes and ornaments of the High Priest.



Investment

A WOR *Radio Talk*

In these days of unsettled economic values everyone is looking for safe investments. We all desire to protect our advancing years and to that end often deny ourselves the comforts of the moment. Well invested money gives a sense of security and a feeling of independence. Such emotions form the stuff that morale is made of. Nothing undermines the courage and self-confidence like dependency or debt. We have been taught from childhood that if we will work for dollars, dollars will work for us. We know that certain rules govern the world of finance and, abiding by these rules, we apply ourselves consciously to the problem of accumulation.

Philosophy takes the laws of sound investment and applies them to the intellectual and spiritual life man. Money brings a certain measure of success, but too often this success does not satisfy. The mind shows us what we want to do and money is only an instrument for the purposes of the mind. If we have no worthy motive to inspire our actions; if we have no high purpose to which we have dedicated ourselves, our money may bring us only a ghastly caricature of success. Wealth is one of the heaviest burdens that a man must bear. It may lift him to a high and noble place or it may utterly destroy him. As one ancient philosopher is accredited with saying, "Gold is a shining metal which reflects the soul of the possessor." Gold may break the heart, but there is not enough treasure in the earth to mend it. The mysterious equation of money has become the vital element, the very life-blood of modern civilization. For this age, then,

the height of wisdom is the rational administration of wealth.

Being creatures of accumulation, we are all more or less selfish, but there are two distinct forms of selfishness. There is the short-range selfishness of foolish men and the long-range selfishness of wise men. Short-range selfishness is based upon the idea of getting all you can for what you give, and long-range selfishness is based upon the idea of giving all you can for what you get. The first policy is the basis of most failures and the second has guided the destinies of those institutions that have grown slowly but steadily to positions of trust and security.

Life is a banking system, and the laws that hold good in the world of finance hold good in the life of each individual. The sure foundation of every enduring institution is integrity. The same may be said of man. The successful career is the one that is raised not only upon physical honesty but *mental* honesty. When a man deposits money in a bank, he realizes that his checking power is limited to the amount of his account. An individual who attempts to draw more money out of a bank than he has put into it, is very likely to find himself in an uncomfortable predicament. If he does this with malice and aforethought, he will discover that there are laws devised to punish such dishonesty.

Yet in that larger banking system of life you will continually see people trying to check against an account where they have no funds. These people want happiness, position, and power—in fact, they want all the "good" things of this world. Yet these same persons have never invested anything in life. They have made no effort to improve either themselves or their world—they give nothing and they want everything. In the bank of life, their accounts are continually overdrawn. Yet when the checks come back marked "Insufficient Funds," these same people bitterly accuse the universe of injustice and talk about an offending destiny.

When in doubt as to how to invest, *invest in yourself*. By that is meant in the improvement of your

own abilities and the extension of your sphere of usefulness. Invest in your world, consecrating your life to the high resolve to leave the world a better place than you found it. Invest in your neighbor, for he is yourself under another roof, since none of us can achieve in the truest sense of the word without the co-operation and encouragement of our brother men. Having thus sown the seeds of fortune in all the departments of life, we may expect a reasonable harvest. The seeds of effort which we sow within ourselves bear fruit in skill and proficiency with attendant improvement of the physical estate. The seeds which we have sown in the world will bring a harvest of dignity, position, and authority; the seeds which we have sown in the hearts of our neighbors will be multiplied many times and return to us as esteem, friendship, co-operation, and love. Only when these harvests are gathered in can a man be truly said to be rich. All other wealth is but a symbol of this essential sufficiency of the inner life. A man without a friend is the poorest man in the world, even though his coffers are bulging with gold. For a little while this same man may laugh at friendship, declaring that his dollars are sufficient, but as the years roll on the heart yearns for those things which money cannot buy and the emptiness within bears witness to the poverty of the soul.

It seems to be the destiny of rich men to be famous, yet the *most* famous men in history were all poor. Diogenes had no house but a tub, Socrates was lord of an empty larder, Buddha carried a beggar's bowl, the holy Nazarene had no place to lay his head, and Mohammed pegged his own shoes and was too poor to buy wood for cooking purposes. Down through the ages, however, these men have been regarded as the most fortunate of all mortals, for each possessed an internal wealth that not even kings could buy.

This little talk is not intended to be a eulogy on indigence. It is not our purpose to suggest that men cast their fortunes to the winds or regard money as a thing of evil. On the other hand, our purpose is to suggest that through a proper development of the internal value sense men may administer their outer affairs in a way consistent with happiness and well-being. There is no joy comparable with the realization of the accomplishment of good. One well planned and executed act, and we already begin to feel ourselves paragons of virtue.

Wealth is a magnificent opportunity to become truly rich. In other words, if this wealth is invested in the well-being of the whole—if this money is set to work to accomplish great good, it pays dividends that really mean something to the life itself. We must invest in our own well-being because we have to live with ourselves. We may escape many unpleasant circumstances but we can never escape that very personal environment created by our own thoughts and acts. He who invests in the integrity of his heart and mind is one man who stands a very good chance of realizing on his investment.

Fortunes, as we know them, are very uncertain things. Today they heap up, tomorrow they are dissipated. The same is true of our plans and schemes and plottings. Everything that we can invest in of a material way is transitory and illusionary. When we think for a moment, we realize the impermanence of all this vast panorama of effort. The dust beneath our feet may be all that remains of some lost civilization, once as great as ours but now forgotten. To the philosopher, material things are but the instruments of spiritual purpose. The whole great system in which we live is but a shifting scene in the drama of life. In the midst of this unreality certain things are real. There is the world—not little civilizations but the great march of life itself—that will go on. Persons and places will vanish away, but the real march of humanity continues. Then there are hearts—these never change. The yearnings of the first primitive creature are still the fundamental emotions of the human race.

The only thing which we can take with us is the sum of our efforts. To the wise investor, the words on the old tombstone will ever be significant—"What I kept, I lost. What I gave, I have. What I was, I am."

A Seven-Day Wonder

The American Mahatma

The Swamis and Yogis of years gone by have suggested another method of exploiting the American grass widow with an inhibited yearning for romance. Comes, therefore, a group of American carpet-baggers posing under such elegant sounding appellations as Super-Yogi, Maha-Swami, Para-Guru, to say nothing of such insignificant terms as Rishi, Arhat and Mahatma. Aware, with true Occidental perspicacity, of the financial possibilities of Oriental occultism, the American fakirs decided to cut in on the Asiatics and run them out of business. The result is that there sprang up all over the white man's world queer looking persons each of whom was the "only white man who has ever been initiated into the ultimate secrets of the East Indian adepts." This idea of a seven-day wonder who had enjoyed an exclusive interview with a demi-god caught the fancy of thousands who had grown tired of the ouija-board, and we now have an exceptionally choice exhibit of over-initiated Americans who are expounding profound methods of Hindu spiritual culture that no East Indian ever heard of.

May we introduce you to an American Mahatma *per se*. If you can imagine some five feet of bald-headed importance utterly incapable of speaking the English language or any other, who pompously announces himself as the only individual with spiritualized intelligence since Christ, you will have a full-length portrait of the self-styled Sovereign Supreme Pontiff of the very secret and mysterious Brotherhood of Perfection Plus, with headquarters right in the center of the Gobi Desert of Mongolia. This gorgeous example of manhood studied for nineteen years under Swami Yogi Guru Mahatma Dyana Chohan Hyranagharba Ishwara, etc., who has a hut hidden away right on the peak of Mount Everest. This most worthy non-existing Seer one day happened to see the American Mahatma strolling by—he always walked up Mount Everest before breakfast—and called out to

him in words like this: "I haven't spoken to anyone for ninety-nine years, but I think you have an honest face and, therefore, for no reason whatever I'm going to tell you all I know, so that you can go to America with it and sell it to anyone who has the price. I dub you Sir Mahatma. Go forth and 'gyp' the earth."

Filled with a holy zeal and a number of good business ideas, the new Mahatma ran down Mount Everest and, returning to this country as fast as he could —that is, if he ever left it—started out on his triumphant march to fame and wealth. He arrives in our fair city. Five unknown persons have written testimonials substantiating his claims and he is willing to share his beatific consciousness with a select number of pupils at fifty dollars a complete course, including miscellaneous charts and a stunning impelling portrait of the "adept." This same person informs us incidentally that he is founder of the Perfection Plus clubs all over this country and is only remaining in America long enough to pick up the available small change before he returns to Mount Everest and "divvies" up with the centenarian on the top. Lest we fail to note his exceeding dignity, the American Mahatma, incidentally, is an honorary member of the Transvaal Biochemic League, the Punjab Society of Master Mystics, the Ancient and Honorable Order of Lhassa Lamas and a charter co-founder of the secret Kneuf Councils of Heliopolis. If the truth of the matter were sifted out, it might be revealed that the "Mahatma" was, in reality, a veterinary who, finding his practice suffering through the activities of Henry Ford, read two books on Yogi by a resident of New Jersey and started out in quest of easy money.

If by some unforeseen chance the American Mahatma should meet someone who "knew him when", and who consequently was in a position to disprove his numerous claims, the conversation that would ensue might be something like this:

Stranger to Mahatma: "Why, hello, Joe, what's this I hear about you being in Thibet? Why you've never been anywhere nearer Thibet than Hoboken."

Mahatma to Stranger (in icy tone): "Why will you never understand the secrets of the soul? Of course I was in Thibet but it was in the astral body."

There are East Indian adepts who claim to have disciples in America but they are never represented in this country by these self-termed Apostles of Perfection. One old Hindu that I met in Calcutta told me that no one was worthy to study with a Mahatma until he was capable of contacting this exalted intelligence telepathically while in meditation. The only way that the "American Mahatma" can perform telepathy is to buy the little code book for two dollars which describes the famous Anna Eva Fay method of conveying the answer to a question by code arrangement of words used in asking it.

No Hindu "adept" is complete unless he has a brand-new way of "raising the Kundalini." This is the foundation of nearly all the so-called secret instructions. Trick breathing may also be included in the repertoire, but this is not as popular as it used to be because too many of the Mahatmas" have destroyed their own health giving demonstrations of their method. Fancy, hemstitched breathing is regarded as having peculiar virtue and sometimes, if greatly aided by the morbid imagination, produces results commonly termed "very spiritual." If these various miscellaneous "Mahatmas" would only confine their activities to raving, ranting and demonstrating, about the only thing they would do would be to exterminate themselves, which would be no great loss. They pass their nonsense on to others, however, and in some cases this becomes very serious.

People come to me all the time seeking relief from desperate conditions brought on by foolish attempts to become spiritual by a patent process. Some of these cases are quite hopeless and only death can liberate the sufferer from the results of his indiscretions. Insanity claims quite a few, and nearly all are shattered nervously and physically. They have hallucinations and even, under some conditions, a state resembling epilepsy. The nervous system is also so badly deranged that a state of supersensitiveness arises, which

brings on a general decrease in physical efficiency, morbid fears, inferiority complexes, and many other equally lamentable conditions. To disturb the natural rhythm by abnormal methods of living, thinking, breathing, meditating or concentrating on hopeless and meaningless abstractions is to unbalance the whole system and bring the body and mind to a common ruin. In the meantime the victorious Mahatma, finding complications beyond his control, is conveniently called by his Master to a new field of activities, leaving the wreckage to drift to what port it can.

Once upon a time there was a sort of "Mahatma" of this calibre who attempted the most daring "gyp" of all. He decided to take his whole group over to India to meet his Master, so he made an arrangement with a transportation company by which he got a commission on each passage booked and trotted his herd of followers to an out-of-the-way place where they were to see great and wonderful things. Of course. the Master didn't show up and the pseudo-Mahatma was profuse in his apologies and, strange as it may seem, his followers swallowed his excuses, came home like nice little children, and kept on believing in him. On another occasion a "Master" was actually produced, but he was arrested afterwards when it was proved that his whiskers were false and that he had been hired and coached for the part. And wonders to excess, the "Mahatma" is still believed in by people who insist that they saw him and conveniently forget the expose that followed.

If anyone in the ordinary walks of life should take people on a wild-goose chase under false promises and misrepresentation, costing each one several hundred dollars, he would be arrested for promoting a swindle. But because the swindle centered around a non-existing Master it came under the general heading of the dark and mysterious ways of "faith" wholly beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals. When you see some of the things that people believe in, it is difficult to imagine how humanity has survived as long as it has. The salvation of men lies in the hands of the God who protects fools from their own foolishness.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 midheaven, or highest point of the circle, and with all of 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 midheaven 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 Pymander," finds its analogy in the seven signs descending from Aries to Libra inclusive. From Libra the signs reascend 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 Qabbalistic 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 only be improved 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, i. e., 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 significances 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 shade of the dead was committed to the tender mercies of Typhon, the Destroyer, who swallowed up the soul amidst great anguish. 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 Ebyptian 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 ever the spirit of evil, whether in the form of Lucifer or some chimerical monster.

At the 15th degree of Libra, the scales of justice tile. 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.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 MAY, 1931 No. 8

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 226
A Trip to Yucatan and the Ruined City of Uxmal..... 227
Confucius, The Superior Man..... 236
Tarot Symbolism 241
A Talk on Astrology 244
The Problem of Healing..... 248
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals..... 254

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Most of the material for this magazine was written en route to and from the Mayan ruins on the Peninsula of Yucatan. Mr. Hall is doing some research work upon the myth of the Feathered Snake and other Indian records of Atlantis.

Mr. Hall's next series of lectures will be given in Los Angeles, probably during the summer. At that time he will include several illustrated talks on the pyramid builders of Yucatan and Mexico, with special emphasis on their religion and philosophy.

Having completed his work at Yucatan, he is now examining the ancient remains in and around Mexico City. The largest pyramid in the world is at Cholula, Mexico. It is now in a ruined condition and, surrounded by a Christian chapel, is a reminder of the fact that nearly all our present religious beliefs have been upreared upon pagan foundations. The pyramid of Cholula is nearly three hundred feet longer at the base than the pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt, but is not as tall or as fine a piece of work. The pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, about forty-five kilometers from Mexico City, like the one at Cholula, were erected to commemorate the benefits derived from the advent of the god, Quetzalcoatl. Near Mexico City is also to be seen the famous stele which contains the record of the sinking of Atlantis, and which was translated by the distinguished French savant, Augustus Le Plongeon.

Those who are interested in the furtherance of Mr. Hall's work will be pleased to learn that through the generosity of a New York friend one hundred copies of his large volume on symbolism have been purchased for presentation to the one hundred largest libraries and universities of the world. This magnificent gift will render the work available to thousands of persons all over the world who otherwise might not have access to the material which it contains.

A Trip to Yucatan and the Ruined City of Uxmal

We arrived off Progreso, the port of entry for the Peninsula of Yucatan, and the third largest seaport in Mexico, about two in the morning. The harbor at Progreso is too shallow to permit large vessels to dock and passengers must cover the last six miles of their journey to Yucatan on the specially lightened tug which draws less than eight feet of water. Seismic disturbances in the remote past submerged part of the Peninsula, which now lies just below the surface and prohibits any adequate harbors. There are many indications that the ancient Mayan cities, for which Yucatan is remarkable, originally continued out into the Caribbean Sea, as witness the ruins on Cozumel Island.

Among the benefits which Yucatan has derived from its Mexican administration is the consciousness of "mañana." We are informed that the Mexican immigration officials, whose presence aboard the ship is utterly indispensable before the tourists can disembark, are creatures of moods and fancies. Maybe they will arrive today, maybe tomorrow. An old traveler in these parts explained that the immigration officials included breakfast or lunch as part of the ritual of their duties. If there was another ship in the harbor and they had not already received breakfast, we need not expect their presence until lunch time. Fortune favored, however, and in due time a small black speck against the low shore line materialized into the tug which bobbed like a cork upon the choppy surface of the bay. Ships are often compelled to wait for days to unload their passengers, because the waters here are seldom placid.

The immigration ceremonials were properly impressive—the officials immaculate in appearance, voluble in language, and courteous to a fault. After they had disappeared for breakfast we transferred ourselves to the deck of the tug, where we shared commodious quarters with several blue denim sacks con-

taining noisy roosters for local cock-fights. Our ship also carried a large cargo of Flit, the full significance of which was to dawn upon us towards evening. We bobbed up to the dock, which extends well into the bay, amidst much blowing of whistles and a general commotion among the stevedores and porters. As we entered the harbor there was a notable change in the color of the water, first from the deep blue of the Gulf to a turquoise color and later when we reached the shore to a murky pea green. A delegation of buzzards, sitting solemnly on a ruined pier near by, constituted an unofficial reception committee. After fifteen porters had carried each of our bags up the dock and we had passed the customs without mishap, we emerged into the main street of Progreso—the gateway to one of the most remarkable spots upon earth.

It is a great mistake to confuse Yucatan with Mexico, for while they are united under one government, they are distinctly different in very many ways. The people of Yucatan are called Yucatecos and the deepest insult you can offer them is call them Mexicans. Most of the Yucatecos are Indians descended from the ancient nations; the remainder are Mestizas, a mixture of Spanish and Mayan, also a number of Chinese and Japanese, with a scattering of Europeans.

From Progreso it is but a short trip by auto to Merida, a city of nearly one hundred thousand population and the capital of the Peninsula of Yucatan. Merida is a typical Latin city built upon the site of an old Mayan stronghold and from its Spanish founders it received quite a Moorish impress. This city is one of the oldest on the American continent, having been founded seventy years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. The visitor is immediately impressed with the cleanliness of Merida; in fact, the whole district is unimaginably clean, considering its tropical location and the primitive peoples that make up the greater part of its population. The people are enthusiastic bathers and their clothing, while often worn and mended, is immaculate. The men wear white trousers of a material resembling duck, usually a trifle short, and white shirts abbreviated at neck and

sleeves. Four special articles of clothing attract attention: curious sandals patterned after those worn by their remote ancestors; wide leather belts—the wider the better; aprons of a blue and white stripe that entirely encircle the body and hang about to the knees; and a wide brimmed straw hat, but less imposing than the Mexican sombrero. The women, for the most part, wear a long loose white garment extending nearly to the ankles, and often with very complicated designs. They go barefoot; a few wear conventional shoes, but never sandals as the men do. The Mayans carry nearly all the heavy burdens on their heads and it is not unusual to see a baker walking down the street balancing his portable oven or a confectioner with a glass case of sweetmeats poised jauntily on his crown. Lotteries form an integral part of national life. There are shops devoted exclusively to the sale of these tickets, thousands of which are attractively displayed. The national lottery is advertised as maintained for the benefit of the people and large sheets setting forth the winning numbers are posted in conspicuous places.

To the casual tourist, much of Merida has a drab and dull appearance. The houses are flush with the sidewalk, the few windows are closed and heavily barred, and there is little evidence of social life. A more careful investigation reveals that every house has either a large patio or else, with several other buildings, surrounds an interior open square. Many of these patios are very beautiful, being planted with various tropical shrubs and trees and filled with singing birds. Flowers and fountains are present in the patios of the wealthy and these interior courts are favorite places for family and community gatherings. Where a larger area than a patio is necessary, a plaza is chosen. The city is dotted with these large beautiful parks, which invariably have as a central adornment a statue or monument to the first citizen and all must be faced by at least one church. Fiestas and band concerts are held in these plazas, for the Yucatecos like music and simply adore American syncopation, which they execute with considerable skill and

which they prefer to their own native music. Although Mexico is without prohibition laws, there are very few saloons in Merida and remarkably little drunkenness. The economic status of Merida and all of Yucatan depends upon the growth and exportation of henequen, a fiber plant resembling the Spanish bayonet or century plant, from which rope and other fiber commodities are made. Practically nothing else is developed there and Yucatan furnishes a large part of the world's supply of rope fiber. At the present time the general financial depression is felt; the exportation has been greatly cut down and many of the natives are suffering from extreme poverty. If the needs of the people were not so few and simple, the condition would be more critical.

Our hotel in Merida, like many similar institutions in Italy, was originally a palatial private home. The city has many beautiful residences as relics of both the days of Spanish grandeur and also the lucrativeness of the modern henequen trade. Cut glass chandeliers, inlaid marble floors, intricately carved Spanish doors, exquisite Italian statuary seem strangely out of place in this comparatively primitive country. One is amazed to learn that there are homes in Merida which cost a million pesos to build and decorate. The hotel was a delightful combination of fine art and bad plumbing. There were bathtubs fully seven feet long but the hot water is brought in pint pitchers.

For the traveler, the food problem in Yucatan is very acute and the drinking water is even worse. For its water supply the city depends upon rain stored in cisterns. A very serious health problem was solved by putting small fish into these cisterns to eat the various organisms which had previously spread plagues throughout the community. Through the activities of the Rockefeller Institute, yellow fever has been practically wiped out and malaria and cholera have also been conquered. Some leprosy remains, due largely to the mono-diet of the poor or to heredity and intermarriage. Having established ourselves amidst the grandeur of the past—our room had a fifteen foot ceil-

ing and twelve foot doors—they sprayed our room with Flit, we crept under the mosquito nets and settled down for a peaceful night in the tropics. It was not exactly peaceful, however, due to the fact that the alley cats howled dismally until dawn and the club next door danced and celebrated throughout the night.

Two classes of persons visit Merida. The first are representatives of firms interested in the henequen trade; the second are those who have come from all parts of the world to examine the fragments of an ancient civilization which, having passed into the limbo, has left behind it some of the most remarkable archeological treasures to be found upon the earth. The second division of tourists are again divisible into two classes: first, the archeologists and those scientific men who have dedicated themselves to the task of excavating and reconstructing the scores of ruined cities which dot the peninsula; and, second, the globe trotter who comes to ponder and be amazed.

We decide to visit Uxmal first. It is a somewhat difficult trip so we must rise at 5:00 a.m. and take a private car supplied by the Ferrocarriles de Unidos de Yucatan. The private car proves to be a gasoline run device of one cylinder which, for lack of any other possible thoroughfare, runs on the railroad tracks. After two and a half hours of traveling on a narrow gauge roadbed, the contrivance—which covers as much distance up and down as it does forward—pulls into the little town of Muna, a typical Mayan Indian village consisting of one main street lined with little round thatched huts, the usual plaza and the inevitable church, the latter a huge edifice entirely out of proportion to the size of the town. At Muna we change to a Ford automobile, driven by a Mayan boy whose face resembles many of those upon the ancient carvings. He skillfully takes us over fifteen kilometers of the worst road on earth. When this highway was originally built for the first Empress of Mexico so that she might visit the ruins in her imperial carriage, it may have been good but it has grown steadily worse ever since. Hot, dusty and shaken well nigh to pieces, we literally

crawl over huge boulders and around sharp rocks. The general discomfort is intensified by the fact that the farmers along the way are burning their cornfields, which adds a murky quality to the air.

The ruins of Uxmal (pronounced Ush-mal) are located in a particularly desolate and isolated area. The country about might be technically termed a jungle but the word hardly implies the dry, tangled underbrush and short growth through which one must cut his way with a machete if he departs from the one narrow road. There are practically no large trees, yet the tangled mass rises considerably above one's head and is the home not only of game but of garrapotas or ticks, on account of which many travelers have taken baths in lard. As one approaches the ruins, he can sense the impress of Mayan civilization upon the country for miles about the actual city. The very rocks seem to take upon themselves the weird forms of the monsters which appear like grotesque totems upon the faces of the buildings. The last part of the trip is over a reddish earth as though the blood of a mighty people were mixed with the dust.

We pass a hacienda with a strange old Spanish gate, standing as an isolated outpost of civilization. The road becomes narrower and turns dangerously, then suddenly the underbrush opens and before us, rising like a bleak gray hill, is a queer pyramidal structure, its sides gutted by rain and its crest surmounted by a mysterious fortress-like house with black yawning windows and intricately carved facades. This is the Casa del Adivino, the House of the Dwarf, sometimes called the Temple of the Sorcerer. The whole building, including the artificial pyramid upon which it stands, rises to a height of about 150 feet, and up the great face of the man-made hill is the ruin of a broad stairway. We are in the presence of the Mayans, a people of unknown antiquity who, vanishing, left behind them so inadequate a testimony of their lives and purposes that the archeologists find the whole subject of their history and culture one splendid tumbling ground for whimsies and guesses. A delightful thing

about scientists is that whether they know or not, they are always very sure. In this case, however, the one difficulty is that they can't decide what they are very sure of; they are contradicting themselves in Yucatan worse than did the theologians of medieval Europe.

The House of the Dwarf dominates the whole of the group. It towers above the smaller structures and is believed to have been the palace of the prince or king who ruled over the community. By some it is believed that the prince was a dwarf because of the statue of a diminutive figure found within the building. It should be remembered that all the names given to the various buildings at both Uxmal and Chichen-Itzá were given to them by the Spanish discoverers and have no meaning whatever other than as simple identifying terms. Most of the buildings had been deserted hundreds of years before the coming of the first white man and even the Indians of that day had very insufficient traditions concerning their original builders and the purpose for which they were constructed.

The House of the Dwarf faces a great open square bordered by four long buildings, one on each side. Upon this second group of ruins has been bestowed the somewhat ridiculous title of the *Casa de Las Monjas* or the House of the Nuns. It is believed that the vestal virgins designed as sacrifices to the gods were kept in the main building of this group, which is nearly two hundred and eighty feet long. But as Uxmal was a purely Mayan community and the Mayans were not given to human sacrifices like the Aztecs, the whole subject is extremely doubtful. The buildings are a wild riot of carving; grotesque masks leer from above every doorway, strange lattice works of stone adorn the panels of the outer walls and through and about all the maze of intricate design twists the sacred Feathered Snake. Everywhere the great snake, Kukulcan (Quetzalcoatl), rears his plumed head, graciously conforming his folds and coils to the architectural needs of the houses. A somewhat humorous touch is given by two curious little stone

monkeys sitting over one of the doors, while a headless slave contributes a more ghastly reflex.

The buildings were originally decorated in several colors but the pigments have almost entirely disappeared leaving only an occasional touch of red and blue. Of considerable interest to the scholar is the statement made by several experts that many of the stones fitted into the various buildings bear upon their reverse sides mason's marks similar to those found in India and upon the cathedrals of Europe. A peculiar red hand, apparently made by dipping the hand in red paint and pressing it against the masonry, appears in extraordinary places and is also the subject of much discussion, more or less profitless. When Dr. Le Plongeon traced this red hand to an Oriental custom in connection with the propitiation of the gods he advanced the most reasonable solution yet offered.

From the main gate of the House of the Nuns one looks across a flat valley which was originally a ball court for the playing of the national game of the Mayas, called *Tlachtli*. On the far side of this field rises the so-called House of the Governor, a large building three hundred and twenty-two feet in length, the carvings upon which have impelled one writer to call the whole an Apocalypse in stone. Like all other important structures it is raised upon an artificial pyramid and, as the steps have now entirely disappeared, the ascent is made by ladders. Terry says of this building that it is perhaps the most striking architectonic ensemble on the American Continent. In one of the rooms is a curious stone, being the central section of a life-sized statue of a man; the block shows a short skirt ornamented in front by a square apronlike device which carries a shallow relief of a life-sized human hand. Several writers on Masonic subjects have made much of this bit of carving.

Two other buildings, both near the Governor's House, complete the group that has been excavated to date. They are the House of the Turtle, so named because of stone turtles crawling around the cornice; and the House of the Doves, a long rambling structure

resembling highly glorified dovecotes. About this group, at varying distances in the jungle, are several great mounds of earth indicating the presence of more buildings. As time goes on these may be excavated and prove to be as wonderful as those now cleared.

Alone in the midst of a wild and deserted country, rising like some gaunt skeleton, the ghost of a vanished greatness, Uxmal stands to confound the wise and trouble the peaceful sleep of science. Uxmal, in the ancient language, means *Three-Times-Destroyed*. It was a great center of culture while Europe was still in a barbaric state. Its builders were men of power and of wisdom. It was an Herculean achievement and, as its every carving denotes, it was a city built for a sacred purpose. Modern archeologists, who view religion with a reaction somewhat similar to that with which a bull views a red flag, seem to dislike admitting that men were ever sufficiently religious to work *for* their gods, and consequently they belittle the metaphysical aspects of the problem.

In summing up the problem of the buried cities of Yucatan—not so much buried as overgrown—we may say that the following problems as yet remain unsolved: First, where did the Mayans (or more correctly the Itzás) come from? Where did they gain the knowledge of arts and sciences which is incorporated into their buildings? When were the great cities (over twenty of which are scattered throughout the Peninsula of Yucatan, Mexico and Central America) actually built? What were the numerous buildings in each of these groups originally intended for? What is the lost key to the Mayan hieroglyphics, none of which can yet be read except the date markers and these are open to legitimate doubt.

The return trip from the Uxmal ruins was uneventful, so we will break our little story at this point to continue it next month with the story of Chichen-Itzá, the supposed seat of the Empire of the Feathered Serpent with its almost unbelievable wonders of architecture and philosophy.

(To be continued)

Confucius the Superior Man

The philosopher K'ung, the Perfect Sage, the ancient and illustrious teacher, posthumously created Duke of Ne and the uncrowned Emperor of China, was born in the year B.C. 551 and died in his seventy-eighth year surrounded by his disciples. The circumstances surrounding the birth of K'ung (a word which was Latinized into Confucius) were most unusual. His father, having nine daughters and but one crippled son, took to wife in his seventieth year the seventeen-year-old daughter of the ancient and illustrious family of Yen. Confucius was born a year later and his father died when he was but three years old. The young mother dedicated her life to the care and education of her child and her continual guidance did much to mold the character of her extraordinary son.

The coming of Confucius was announced by a curious vision. Five ancient and mysterious sages appeared to the prospective mother as in a dream, leading in their midst a strange animal. This creature was about the size and shape of a small cow—some say a lion—but it was covered with scales like a dragon, and carried a single short horn in the middle of its forehead. Only in ages when virtue and integrity flourished and when some great enlightenment was to be conferred upon men did this animal reveal itself—so the Chinese taught. The five sages spoke to the mother, declaring that a son would be born who would be wise beyond all mortals; that the child would grow up to become an unthroned king and all his descendants would honor him as their most illustrious ancestor. The sages then bade the mother tie a piece of cloth to the horn of the sacred animal, which she did, and the vision disappeared.

Though little is known concerning the boyhood of Confucius, from his earliest years he is presumed to have exhibited extraordinary intellectual powers. Of a very serious and studious turn of mind, at an early age he interested himself in the political and sociological aspects of Chinese life. The unusual depth of

his learning is attested by the account current in China that of all those who took the examinations of the Classics, Confucius alone passed with a grade of one hundred per cent.

Confucius was married at nineteen, in accordance with the custom of his time and race, but for some unknown reason separated from his wife, although in later years he referred to her in the highest terms. In his twenty-second year, the young philosopher began his life work, and because of his rare gifts and great personal magnetism, soon drew around himself a considerable body of students and disciples. Up to his fifty-second year, Confucius devoted himself principally to philosophy and music, after which time he entered into the responsibilities of public life. His political career, however, was a short and unhappy one and, disillusioned and discouraged, he gave up office and continued his wandering life to the end.

A short time before the passing of the master a huntsman slew in the forest a strange monster, the body of which he brought into the town to be exhibited to the amazed populace. It was a monster the size of a cow covered with scales and armed with a single horn. Upon beholding it, Confucius declared that its death denoted his own passing. As it was the peculiar animal of wisdom, it also marked the close of a period of enlightenment.

Feeling that his end was near, Confucius hastened to complete the commentaries he was writing upon certain of the ancient classical writings of the Chinese. At last, tired with life and filled with not a little despair for the future of mankind, Confucius departed from this earthly existence in B.C. 478, his last words being: "No wise sovereign arises; there is none in the Empire who will make me his master. My time has come to die." Confucius believed very definitely that he possessed knowledge sufficient to have reorganized the entire social structure of China. He felt that public recognition was due him and that, if placed in a position of sufficient authority, he could have remodeled the state and added greatly to the glory of

both the Emperor in heaven and His son upon the earth.

Confucius was a contemporary of the great Chinese mystic, Lao-tse. The two men met and exchanged views, but Confucius, who appreciated life from a Socratic standpoint, admitted frankly that the higher ramifications of metaphysics were beyond him. Confucius felt himself called to the task of practical reconstruction of human standards of ethics. He dreamed of the Golden Age or ideal state, a day when all evil and dissension should pass away and truth should be supreme. Of this it is written in the Confucian books: "When the great principle prevails the whole world becomes a republic; they elect men of talent, virtue and ability; they talk about sincere agreement and cultivate universal peace * * *. A competent provision is secured for the aged until their death, employment for the middle ages, and the means of growing up for the young. Each man has his own rights and each woman her individuality safeguarded."

The Confucian dream of the New Age is perfectly consistent with the Platonic ideal of the rulership of the philosophic elect. The first step toward the achievement of this glorious state was the development of the Superior Man, namely one in whom the knowledge of virtue is perfected and who lives in harmony with that knowledge. We, therefore, find set forth in the Confucian writings those qualities which are necessary to the achievement of this desired state. So it is written: "That the Superior Man seeks in himself whereas ordinary men seek in others for truth. The object of the Superior Man is truth — truth achieved through consistency with the highest standards of the common good, and a strict application of the Golden Rule." Confucius further says: "The practice of right-living is deemed the highest practice."

Confucius had a very interesting viewpoint upon the subject of divorce. There were several grounds upon which a man could obtain a divorce, prominent among which were jealousy of her husband and disobedience to her parents-in-law. On the other hand,

the husband could not divorce his wife if she had no home to return to or if she had mourned with him three years for his parents, or if he was poor when he married and afterwards accumulated riches and honor. He declared that it was quite common for men who had come into power and position to lack gratitude to those who had assisted him to reach this state, and hence he attempted in every way to establish justice.

In affairs of the state Confucius maintained that in all things the wise must rule and the unlearned obey. However, he also desired to universalize educational opportunities so that ignorance would become a matter of choice rather than necessity. One of his disciples said that if he were made Prime Minister of China, he could insure that country peace sufficient for a thousand years by means of the Confucian Code.

The master accepted the continuity of life after death, saying: "That the bones and flesh should return to earth is what is appointed, but the soul in its energy can go everywhere." He discouraged, however, intercourse between men and spirits, saying that it was an unrighteous act to weary the departed.

The central thought of Confucianism may be summed up in the premise that the virtue of the present insures the well-being of the future. Like Socrates, Confucius affirmed that if it is possible to cure the disease of irrationality with which men are afflicted, the permanence of all desirable conditions is assured. Nations. being but aggregates of individuals, express collectively those attitudes which persons express individually. Divine order reveals to those who are observing certain standards, rights, customs and modes which have been established by divine decree in all the departments of Nature. If men will heed the examples which the universe sets forth they can bring into manifestation that perfection which exists everywhere as a potentiality.

Even in his own day Confucius was regarded as a man of very conservative views because he pleaded for the niceties of human relationship. He realized that the failure of little courtesies, small elegancies,

and the beauties of human relationship presaged the end of civilization. He was a man of extremely simple tastes who disliked ostentation in every form, but delighted in little formalities which bespoke courtesy and grace. He affirmed that all major things are supported by minor things and that it is the failure of little things which inevitably brings the great down in ruin. Today, Confucius would have been considered a very strict person and many of his attitudes would be ridiculed. Yet, like Confucius, each of us must sometimes realize that the business of living is a somewhat serious matter—not a subject for pessimism or depression or for an attitude of assumed solemnity, but a business to which each individual must dedicate his thought and his time if he is to achieve a reasonable measure of success.

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Postpaid $3.00.

Tarot Symbolism

THE SIXTH NUMBERED CARD

THE LOVERS

In some Tarot decks the sixth card is designated "the parting of the ways." A youth is shown standing at the junction of a forked road. On either side of him stands a female figure, the one inviting him to turn to the right, the other to the left. A blindfolded figure, called *Fate*, surrounded by a solar nimbus, hovers in the air above, ready to launch an arrow into the youth below. Occasionally this card simply depicts two figures, one male and the other female, termed Adam and Eve.

The number six may be called the symbol of the world because it is equal to the number of faces of the cube. The square symbolizes matter in the archetypal state but when the pattern is precipitated into a tangible state it becomes the cube which, opened up, is a cross consisting of six squares. The cube is the esoteric symbol of what is exoterically termed dimensions. To the occultist, the six faces of the cube conceal within themselves a mysterious seventh element even as the six Pleiades of the ancients concealed in their midst a lost, or seventh, star. In the Qaballah the relationship between the cube and matter is clearly

established. The six faces are referred to as the directions of space, namely, North, East, South and West, up and down, in the midst of which sat enthroned the Seventh Mystery surrounded by its angels. If a cube be opened according to the Pythagorean system, it is revealed as consisting of six pyramids each rising from a square base and made up of four triangles rising from a square. Thus, in the cube, there are twenty-four triangles—which are the mysteries of the twenty-four Elders—each triangle consisting of three lines, or seventy-two lines in all, which seventy-two is the sacred number of the great name of God and of the angels, and also being six times twelve the measure of a man. When the cube is folded the pyramids are all united at their apex, so that it may be said they all converge towards the great Throne or, conversely, issue forth from it.

According to Pythagoras, then, the cube was the symbol of matter and the tetrahedron or four-faced symmetrical solid, was the symbol of form, or order.

Six is a number peculiarly sacred to Venus, revealing the dual nature of this goddess by the two female figures upon the card. Venus is one of the most mysterious qualities which the occultist must learn to understand. The negative aspect of the symbol stands at the youth's left hand (the right side of the card) and signifies abandonment, emotion, and excess. Here we see Venus as *Kama*, or desire. The spiritual (or intuitional) aspect of Venus is depicted as an angelic figure, and youth stands undecided, inclined upon the one hand by the idealistic emotions of the soul and upon the other hand by the materialistic emotions of the body. Fate, or Karma, withholds his arrow until the choice is made, whereupon the neophyte establishes his chain of consequences.

The number six also was regarded by the ancients as the peculiar numeral of fertility. This is arcanely intimated in the card by the shape of the road upon which the figures stand; it is forked in the form of the celebrated Pythagorean *Y*. This *Y* is a yonic symbol, indicating fertility, and to this day sticks so forked are

driven into the ground in the desert to tell of the presence of water. The six is also termed the number of woman because it is an inverted nine and nine is the number of man.

We have added in the upper right-hand corner of the card a shield containing the famous interlaced triangles or shield of David; also called the signet of Solomon. The upright triangle adequately sets forth the vehicles or inferior parts of both the world and man, while the inverted triangle, with its descending point, is an appropriate figure of the three hypostases of God—those active principles or agents whose shadows inverted in matter appear as bodies. Hence, in the interlaced triangles we behold the equilibrium of the reality and the illusion—the shadow united to the substance. Here the world or the body, adorned in its wedding garment, has ascended to become the Bride of the Celestial Lamb.

Why, then, in magic is the Seal of Solomon so powerful a talisman and why does the designing of it render the magician invulnerable? Simply because it is the symbol of equilibrium. In occultism it is affirmed that things do not destroy each other, although they sometimes appear to do so. Actually, everything that is destroyed has destroyed itself, and such destruction has been made possible through an inherent unbalance or excess. When the Bhagavad-Gita says that only such as are balanced in pain and pleasure are fitted for immortality, it states a great truth which would have been more exact, however, had it stated that such as are balanced in pain and pleasure are immortal. The universe is an unbalance temporarily existing within the equilibrium which we call God, and all so-called growth is but unbalance striving to equilibrate itself again. In magic, the process of designing the Seal of Solomon was more than simply drawing lines. It involved the task of becoming everything that these lines implied—the perfection of Self.

The interlaced triangles signified to the Hindus generation through the union of the male and female principles, which reveals that only through a temporary

equilibrium of two poles can the process of creation be accomplished. This same figure also represents the vehicles of man awaiting the manifestation of his spiritual ego, as at the time of the quickening, for when the dot is added to the center of the star, the sixth becomes the seventh and the creature is perfected. As the six points symbolize the bodies of man, so in the earth they represent the continents upon which the races will be evolved. When the dot in the center is added, it represents the Meru or Sacred Island which stands forever in the midst of the continents, preceding and surviving all that issue from it.

On the sixth card the disciple is confronted with the problem of uniting the diverse elements of passion and compassion and of establishing within himself the Golden Mean by conquering all excess.

A Talk on Astrology

(Extracts from the notes of a lecture given at the monthly meeting of the Astrologers' Guild, Hotel McAlpin, New York City.)

People over-estimate the importance of the mathematical side of astrology. A good mathematician very seldom makes a good astrologer, for the type of mind which concerns itself with split seconds is temperamentally unfit to advise people in the practical problems of life. The truly successful astrologer combines one part of mathematics with ninety-nine parts of common sense. It is not overly difficult to set up a reasonably accurate horoscope. In fact, this can be done by any individual capable of adding up their grocery bill. A normal human being with an ordinary development of memory can remember a sufficient number of keywords for planets and signs to take on the semblance of an astrologer. Why is it, then, that out of one hundred individuals who can set up a horoscope and memorize the meanings of the planets and signs, ninety-nine will never be astrologers? The answer is evident upon a moment's consideration. *The astrologer must interpret the stars according to his own experience and understanding.*

Astrology actually begins where the average astrologer leaves off. Most people know practically nothing concerning the greater realities of life. They are unqualified to advise others, for they have never solved their own problems. A wide range of experience in every department of life is indispensable to the practicing astrologer. Words mean what we understand them to mean and the breadth of our own consciousness must measure all interpretation. The young soul, living in a world of good and evil, will interpret the stars in terms of good and evil. The old soul, living in a world of infinite wisdom and law, is thus capable of interpreting the celestial influxes along grander and more adequate lines.

There is a little secret in the successful practice of astrology which the average layman does not know. Several of our most successful astrologers do not even set up the horoscope, simply reading the positions of the planets out of the ephemeris, and securing in this simple way sufficient information for all practical purposes. A person who is constantly in contact with human nature soon gains the uncanny ability to sense instantly the several complexes which man is heir to. The tone of the voice, the raising of an eyebrow, the gesture of the hand—these things instantly reveal the most esoteric, the innermost attitudes of the mind. When a man comes declaring himself to be in trouble, an experienced astrologer seldom needs to set up a horoscope to find out why—one appraising glance generally renders the whole matter transparent. If we were not all egotistic, we would always know why we fail and what we should do in order to improve our estate.

Long contact with human nature, years of active practice as a sort of social physician and father confessor, plus the proper fundamental attitude on the part of the astrologer insure a great measure of success and entitle respectful consideration of the advice that is given. Therefore, if the astrologer would achieve greatly in this field, he should close his books, throw away his scratch pad, and hie himself into the market-

place of life. It is not theory but practice that makes perfect. We memorize too much and think too little; and when a serious moment arises which tests our erudition, we proffer patent formulas when only individual thought based upon wise assimilation of experience can really meet the need.

We may almost say that astrologers are born and not made, for while it is true that we all contain the necessary qualities in a potential state, only a few have precipitated those prerequisites to a point where they are substantial elements in the thinking and living. It seems that some people simply cannot help being narrow, personal, selfish, and opinionated. Of course, to the degree that these qualities are present the astrologer is disqualified. Astrology is not only a science but also a life, and we who would understand it must live it. Where it is only an intellectual concept, it generally does more harm than good.

The usefulness of the astrologer is further measured by his freedom from fads and hobbies which so many ride to death. The human mind seems to naturally run to fads. One year it is tonsils and the next year it is buttermilk; today it is gland serums, tomorrow it is yeast. Astrologers are just human beings, for while the subject of their study is profound almost beyond conception, it does not necessarily impart a universal consciousness to its devotees. Hence, nearly all astrologers have pet opinions which are often a menace to the integrity of their advice. To one the prenatal epoch has an all-absorbing interest, so that why an individual is born becomes of no importance when compared to discovering when he was born with an unnecessary exactness. Another has fussed himself into a blue funk on geodetic equivalents and the probable effect of meteors on the prohibition problem. A third declares without hesitation that the Part of Fortune was the product of the senility of the Arabs while a fellow member of the profession loudly affirms that without Pars Fortuna the whole integrity of the science collapses. All of which reminds one a little of how Nero is supposed to have played his harp while Rome was burning.

The true purpose of astrology is to contribute in some definite measure to the well-being of Nature. This end is defeated by the whimsies of men who can never forget themselves long enough to accomplish the greatest good. Realizing simplicity to be the key to true greatness, the philosophic astrologer will approach his problem as directly as possible, eliminating all unnecessary complications. Realizing that generals are more helpful than particulars, he will not prophesy times and places but will reveal those tendencies which, if left uncorrected, will become the parents of innumerable complications. Astrologers love to prophesy and they strut around like puff-pigeons when some things which they have predicted come to pass. In discussing the financial crash of 1929, a wouldbe astrologer told an eminent financier that he had predicted the crash six months before it happened, at the same time exhibiting unpardonable pride. The man of big money smiled and replied, "I do not know one star from another, but I predicted it ten years ago."

When studying the stars, the astrologer should never forget that these marching orbs signify the immutability of cosmic law. The prophet many times is but a man who has sufficient confidence in the integrity of life's plan to dare to rise up and say that the things which we do today will produce tomorrow a harvest of consistent consequences.

The Problem of Healing

When the student of philosophy first exchanges the fallacies of theology for the ordered life of the wise he is apt to find himself upon the horns of a dilemma. He learns that the universe is controlled by law—absolute and immutable. Realizing the world to be no respecter of persons and himself to be surrounded by principles of such cosmic magnitude that he is scarcely an equation in their activity, he may be excused if at first he verges unduly towards fatalism. A fatalistic attitude has a tendency to dilute the milk of human kindness. For if an individual is in the place that he has earned for himself—as philosophy certainly affirms and is surrounded by experiences necessary to the development of his character—should another turn from his own pursuits and interfere with the laws of destiny by helping this fellow creature over a rough spot in the road of life? In fact, is it really possible to save a person from an experience through which fate has decreed that he should pass? The law of compensation or karma, which is simply the principle of cause and effect applied to the individualized destinies of men, decrees that as we sow so shall we reap. It is difficult for the average person to affirm this doctrine without a dulling effect upon the fine edge of sympathy, creating a sense of hopelessness in the face of a dominating providence.

Theologies are more or less emotional revolts against the exactness of philosophic law. People like to believe that they can escape consequences by the

patented processes of the clergy. To the theologically minded, the fine points of philosophy are of no great consequence, for they can explain themselves both out of hell and into heaven and through all sorts of temporal dilemmas with amazing ease. It is the individual who, weighing the apparent contradictions, desires to hew as closely as possible to the line of right who is most sorely perplexed. Such questions as these are often asked: Does a physician who cures some disorder of the flesh oppose the law of Nature and commit a grievous wrong? Should we try to heal others of their afflictions or should we leave them to their own resources? Is it permissible for us to save a life when, without our intervention, it would certainly be lost? Is magnetic healing black magic? Is hypnotism ever justifiable? Should spiritual forces be used in an effort to correct physical ills?

To clarify these matters, let us first of all try to understand the nature or substance of disease. Buddha says that all the evils to which the flesh is heir have their common origin in ignorance. Ignorance is almost synonymous with unbalance, for wisdom and equilibrium are certainly closely related terms. Disease is an unnatural state to a creature living a natural existence and, being inconsistent to the latter state, does not manifest there. To creatures which live unnaturally and surround themselves with artificial circumstances disease is natural, for cause and effect decrees that normalcy shall generate normalcy and abnormality produce its kind. Hence all disease is seated in some shortcoming which opens the individual to such afflictions.

The illnesses which may afflict mankind can exist on any of three planes—mental, emotional, and physical—and through the afflictions set up on one of these planes the rest of the nature may be infected so that finally the whole structure collapses. When we speak of mental diseases we do not necessarily mean insanity but any excess of thought, for scheming and plotting and deceit, in fact, the holding of any unkind or destructive attitude is sufficient to disease the whole

organism and wrack the body with a score of pains. By emotional diseases we mean to infer any excess, as of hate, jealousy or even such apparently worthy emotions as piety and affection, for these, if pushed to the point of a vice, are as dangerous as anger or lust. Physical diseases are too numerous and well known to need description. They are a diversified host of ills, a great percentage of which are traceable to a mental or emotional source. Only a small percentage belong definitely to the intemperances of the flesh.

According to philosophy, a physician is capable of treating a disease for one of two definite ends: first, to achieve a complete cure; second, to effect a temporary healing in which the patient is released from an imminent crisis but must ultimately face the situation again. The occult physician knows that to accomplish a complete cure he must stamp out the intemperence at its root; he must find the source of the condition and work the problem out on its own plane of activity. If the trouble is referable to some idiosyncrasy there is no use giving pills; the condition must be worked out upon the mental plane. If an emotional excess is the cause of the disorder, then upon the emotional plane must the correction be made. Again, physical ailments must be treated with physical remedies. Of course, the physician cannot hope to effect a complete cure without the intelligent co-operation of the patient. By correcting the excesses which the wise physician has diagnosed as responsible for the ailment, the matter is entirely cleared up, for the cause being removed can no longer generate effects. No one can expect to be well who has unnatural attitudes, feelings or appetites. This both the physician and the patient must realize.

The healer will not go far astray if he makes it his unalterable rule to work out his patients' problems with the means common to the plane upon which those problems exist. For instance, if the seat of the disorder is diagnosed as purely physical, use natural physical means to correct the condition. In other words, if it is discovered that the patient has a vertebra out of place, the course to be pursued is evident. Do not

sit around affirming that the vertebra is back in its natural position or engage a spiritual healer to give treatments, absent or otherwise. Do not "hold the thought" and pray for an invisible adept or try to enlist the services of an archangel—go to a good osteopath and have it put back, in this way greatly conserving the spiritual resources of the universe!

Spiritual forces should be used for spiritual problems, mental forces for mental problems, emotional forces for emotional problems, and physical forces for physical problems. To divert a force to some illegitimate end is equivalent to sorcery. What the herbs of the fields are to the body, beauty is to the emotions and rationality to the mind. To divert mental forces to the achievement of physical ends is a perversion of power, for it binds the greater to the lesser. The mind, for example, is unquestionably capable of controlling the body and by virtue of that sovereignty can mold the body into its purposes. You can stop pain by mental power, and every day we hear of wonderful results obtained by mental healing. But in the process a sacred treaty between the parts of man has been violated. Force—not reason—has accomplished the result. The demands of the body have not been met; mind has ridden roughshod over the laws of matter. Black magic must be the term applied where might instead of right achieves the desired end.

It often occurs that the physician is brought into the presence of a critical state in which the co-operation of the patient cannot be expected. The laws of mercy demand an immediate action. Under such conditions a cure is not the object, for a cure is impossible until the patient can cure himself. The physician can only direct. Under such conditions, the main purpose is to assist the sufferer over the immediate condition in order that he may be given an opportunity to work out his problem under less acute circumstances. If the patient should die of the disease he must reincarnate again and thus create a new opportunity to work out the problem. The physician who can preserve the life of his patient and give him an

earlier opportunity to cope with his extremity thus contributes to the economy of Nature. Technically, a physician cannot interfere with karma, he can only delay its processes.

Considering the employment of hypnosis, we will suppose that an individual is suffering from a drug habit (hypnosis being used particularly in the treatment of this as well as other undesirable habits). As the result of hypnosis, the patient loses all interest in narcotics and lives the life of a peaceful and useful citizen. Philosophy teaches that this person has not actually escaped from the drug habit; he has only been given a respite but the problem is presented to him again, possibly in a different way, until the weakness of that particular tendency is overcome. Much good has been accomplished, however, for a long chain of potential bad karma has been prevented. If the habit were not cured, a great deal more bad karma would have been generated. The habit might have led to excesses and even to crime, for evils multiply more rapidly than the proverbial guinea pigs. Philosophy teaches that while we can escape such karma as we have already earned for ourselves, we can also stop making new karma which will overshadow the future. We have no right to interfere with the workings of the law but, as the Buddha so beautifully taught, we are privileged to free ourselves from unpleasant reactions by becoming too wise to do those things which cause future suffering. We are privileged to assist others in this respect also. Hypnosis should never be regarded as a cure and occultism in no way advocates its promiscuous use. In fact, occult science discourages all metaphysical processes, reserving such for conditions where every simple natural method has failed.

Every physician who uses spiritual methods of healing should unfailingly warn his patient that such methods are in no sense substitutes for the correction of the cause of the ailment. The healer should explain the principles of natural and normal living and demand intelligent co-operation on the part of the sufferer. In late years metaphysical healing has be-

come a popular substitute for individual integrity. The healer has taken the place of the priest who once served out "redemption through grace." To benumb one's sense of individual responsibility and depend upon some spiritual healer for health, happiness and normalcy is to court inevitable disaster. Such things cannot be. A healer is not greater than the law and, while he may be sufficiently gifted to produce extraordinary results, Nature inevitably reasserts itself and only that which is real will survive.

The gods revealed the art of healing at the very beginning of civilization. Humanity, incapable of applying all the principles of health, hobbles along with the aid of a crutch for lack of which they might otherwise fall by the way. Crutches at best are unsatisfactory, however, and true health is the only utterly desirable state. The spiritual healer who, with gentleness of spirit, offers his powers for the mending of broken lives, gives himself to a very beautiful task. But woe to the one who attempts to exert force and create desired conditions through the sheer force of will—such a person is dealing in sorcery whether the actual purposes are malevolent or benevolent. The healer must take the attitude of impelling but never compelling any conditions which he desires to bring about. It is wise for him to ever keep in mind that not his will but the greatest ultimate good must be done.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 which for any reason we respond to adversely are termed evil. In the greatest evil, however, always lies 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, who is 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 Ireland 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 sceptre of enlightened intellect. One of the most remarkable forms of the Scorpio myths 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 Irak 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 which is within bodies, and is the homunculus, or crystal child, referred to in the "Chemical Marriage" of Christian Rosencreutz.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 JUNE, 1931 No. 9

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 258
A Little Astrological Controversy 259
Chi-Chen Itza and the Sacred Well 264
Tarot Symbolism 272
The Economic Depression 276
A Retrospect of Races 281
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 286

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

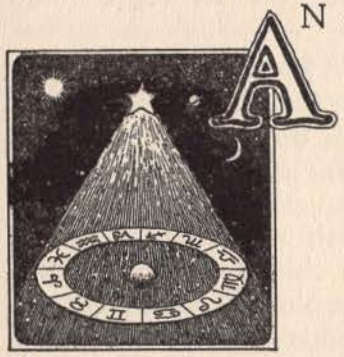
Manly P. Hall returns to Los Angeles for a series of lectures to be held at Trinity Auditorium, Ninth Street at Grand Avenue, beginning June 3rd, at 8:00 p.m., and continuing thereafter each Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evening during the months of June and July. Programs giving the details of subjects will be mailed to the Los Angeles list. We will be glad to have the names and addresses of any friends whom you think will be interested.

Mr. Hall brings back with him from Yucatan and Mexico material for several new lectures on the Mayan and Aztec civilizations with their probable relationship to Atlantis, and the existence among them of esoteric traditions and philosophies. These lectures will be illustrated with stereopticon slides and the dates will appear on the program.

A list is now being prepared for the first fifty of the big books on symbolism which are being presented by a friend to the libraries and universities all over the world. A number of the books will go to Europe and Asia, and all of the larger educational institutions of the United States which have not already purchased a volume will be included.

Owing to the necessity of extensive research work and the preparation of drawings, diagrams and slides, the Secret Doctrine class which Mr. Hall plans will not be ready before late in the fall. The friends in New York and Chicago who have inquired concerning this class will receive notification in ample time. The additional time devoted to the preparation of the series will greatly increase the completeness of the course when it is given.

A Little Astrological Controversy



AN article in last month's magazine concerning the mathematical aspects of astrology seem to have aroused some rather definite opinions on the subject. The mathematically inclined astrologers are outspoken in their objections to our viewpoint. They seem to fear the whole integrity of the science will be undermined by advocating a radical simplication of its technique. We still maintain, however, that astrology is primarily an intuitive science, and that mathematics is very apt to interfere with the very faculties which contribute most to the success of the astrologer.

To the ancients mathematics was a philosophy of life, but to the moderns it is simply a soulless technique of calculation, an effort to achieve a cold exactitude. This seems to result in the fact that an overwhelming proportion of mathematicians are critical and pessimistic in their outlook upon life.

The following objection is voiced as proof of the necessity of split-second calculation in matters of the nativity: "A few seconds difference in the planets' positions may completely change the life of the native." While this catch phrase is somewhat overdrawn, there is still unquestionably a considerable amount of truth in it. But we should like to ask how many astrologers are capable of estimating with any great degree of accuracy just what difference these few seconds make? We will suppose that on a certain day at noon Mars is in 24 degrees and 31 minutes of Taurus and on the following day at noon in 24 degrees and 36 minutes. The native is born with Mars between these two positions and by definite calculation it might be proved

that he was born with Mars in 24 degrees and 33 minutes of Taurus. Ask a good mathematical astrologer sometime to state clearly the difference in reading between 24 degrees and 33 minutes and 24 degrees and 36 minutes of Taurus.

With the exception of the Moon's position, it is possible to tell at a glance from the place of the planet in the ephemeris its position in the horoscope within half a degree. With a little practice, the same can be accomplished with the Moon. With the planetary positions ascertained within half a degree, it can be said with reasonable certainty that the planet is figured more closely than the astrologer will be able to read it. Even in matters of cusps and aspects, half a degree will have very little effect, and when a planet is that close to any vital point the astrologer must on any account modify his reading.

"But," objects the mathematician, "if I haven't the planet exactly calculated, how am I going to know with certainty that the native is going to drop dead at half past four on Thursday afternoon? Only with great accuracy of calculation can I arrive at these exact figures!" In our opinion, this is one of the most crucial points of the whole controversy. It is one of the reasons why, for the good of all concerned, *the usefulness of astrology is measured by its generalities and the harmfulness of astrology by its particulars.* Astrology, if over done and approached without proper mental qualifications, produces an extremely dangerous type of fanatic. It is very easy to live in a miasma of fatalism so that the enthusiast quickly finds himself in a labyrinth of squares and oppositions from which it is often difficult to extricate himself. We have seen some very peculiar results which may be traced directly to the sincere but poorly controlled interest in astrology.

Astrology is particularly valuable in the analysis of character, the diagnosis of disease and what may be termed the field of human chemistry or relationships. In these three departments no further calculation of the planets' positions is necessary than that already

described. Beyond this point, the astrologer goes at his own hazard and must fully realize that he is entering a dangerous field in which, unless almost superhumanly wise, he is almost certain to do a great deal of harm.

It might be well to divide astrologers into two classes even as the Greeks divided their metaphysical schools into the lesser and greater Mysteries. The only difficulty with this idea is that everyone would, of course, immediately realize that, never mind how little he knows, he belonged to the higher grade. But, presuming that such a division could be made, the primary class would consist of those whose work in astrology was limited entirely to generalities. They should be forbidden and prohibited from indulging in prophecy and speculation concerning future events. From this group should be chosen from time to time, where the talent warranted it, those who would constitute the advanced class. They would not be chosen for their mathematical ability but for the exceptional depth of their integrity and the abundance of their common sense. They would all be persons who knew when to keep quiet and who also knew that frightening a person to death with direful predictions is equivalent to murder. In the hands of the experienced few, the advanced elements of astrology might be useful but there are scores of horoscopers in this country at the present time who are certainly complicating the ills the flesh is heir to.

Mathematics is a science and in its mathematical aspects astrology is unquestionably scientific. But while it is a science, it does not follow that scientists make good astrologers. Astrology is a science in which only philosophers are successful. Scientists are specialists, while philosophers are generalists. Everything that happens to us is the result of something that we ourselves are or do. A certain Sultan of Turkey did not lie down for half a lifetime, sleeping sitting up because his astrologer prophesied that he would die in bed. The sultan died anyway, but the prophecy spoiled his sleep for over thirty years. No man can

avoid his destiny by evading it. He can, however, rise above his destiny by intelligent and indefatigable effort. *As a guide to the directionalization of endeavor, astrology is invaluable. But as simply a revealer of impending fortune—good or ill—it is of very little importance.*

If the astrologer tells us that we are about to become rich, we are apt to sit down and wait for it and remain poor. If he tells us we are going to break our necks on the 6th of next July, we are apt to make our wills and walk off the end of a pier on that day from a sickening realization of the inevitability of catastrophe. There is even the record of an astrologer who killed himself when he discovered that a prediction concerning his own death was not going to be naturally fulfilled. Split seconds and dire predictions go hand in hand and few who calculate horoscopes right down to the minute can resist the element of fatalism which enables them to dogmatize concerning incidents, places and times. If, however, a small margin is left for the planets to remain a few seconds out of exact position, the broad generalities are sketched just as accurately, but when someone asks what is going to happen to him on next Tuesday afternoon, the astrologer will have to say, "Well, you know this is hardly calculated for such close work—the period in general is good or the period in general will require careful watching." These generalities will give the necessary warning, but they will not leave the person whose horoscope is read in a condition where fatality destroys the sharp edge of his will. The more accurately a chart is set, the more dangerous it is to all concerned. Therefore, we say again, for all practical purposes, a general calculation is more desirable as it will give the student of astrology all that he can possibly interpret with safety and at the same time it will blunt a little what would otherwise be a dangerous weapon in an unskilled hand.

What is true of astrology is also true of the sacred writings of the ancients. Within the body of the science is the soul; within the soul is the spirit. Astron-

omy with all its elaborate mathematics is the body of astrology. The mathematician will not find the soul of the stellar science any more easily than the anatomist will find the soul of man. Within this soul again is a spirit and astrology is essentially a spirit. It is man's yearning to know the destiny that enfolds him and precipitated this great body of learning into existence. Man's longings and yearnings have been exploited and abused since the beginning of time. Astrology is more than either a science or a philosophy of the stars; it is essentially the organization of the impulse towards helpfulness and knowledge. Astrology is the implement of the enlightened humanitarian; it is the tool, the instrument by means of which his impulse towards helpfulness can be directionalized. A good craftsman does not play with his tools; he builds with them. The great astrologer does not spend his life calculating this and subtracting that. He simplifies the whole problem as much as possible. Recognizing the law of natural economy, he realizes that every hour wasted in abstract theorizing over some far-fetched angle is an hour lost which might otherwise be used for the application of the ideals of astrology to world problems that need not theory but constructive and unselfish practice.

Chi-Chen Itza and the Sacred Well

Every effort thus far made to trace the origin of the Mayas has failed. The wholesale destruction of their books and records by the conquistadores has left little but conjecture as a basis for investigation. Only four Mayan books escaped Bishop Landa's zeal. The rest were consigned to the consuming fires, because, as the Bishop said, none of the writings were free from idolatrous statements, sorcery and hideous blasphemies against the true church. The pious priest also noted that the Indians were more or less perturbed by the destruction of their libraries; in fact, he even recorded that they were offended by the obliterating process that first entirely exterminated their culture and later nearly exterminated themselves. The Bishop felt that their attitude in the matter was more or less unreasonable.

The four Codices or Mayan books which have been preserved were probably carried back to Spain as relics of the conquest by the victorious Spaniards. The most important of these Codices is now preserved in the library of Dresden and is known as the Dresden Codex. There is a rumor in Mexico, which we have not been able to confirm, however, that the Dresden Codex has recently been offered for sale at the almost unbelievable price of one million dollars. There is also a Mayan Codex in Paris which is usually designated the Parisian Codex, and the remaining two are in Madrid. It has been pretty thoroughly proved that the two books in the library at Madrid are actually parts of a single volume which was probably torn in half by some Spanish soldier in order to give part of it to a friend. The larger part of the Spanish Codex is called the Troano and is an extraordinary document combining hieroglyphical figures with curious representations of gods and monsters. The lesser part has been named the Cortesian in honor of the great Cortez

and contains similar figures and drawings. The two books together are officially referred to as the Tro-Cortesian Codex.

It is important to note that none of these books has ever been translated; at least, such is the contention of modern archeologists and other experts in things Mayan. The illustrious French mystic and savant, Auguste LePlongeon, declared that he had translated portions of the Troano Codex, finding therein the details of the destruction of Atlantis. So successfully did he maintain his contention that he had deciphered the hieroglyphics that he was awarded the prize of twenty-five thousand francs offered by the French Government for the key to the Mayan alphabet. Le Plongeon's findings are now discounted about one hundred per cent by the present "experts in the field," who only stop contradicting each other long enough to unite in an effort to discredit the great pioneer who gave the best part of his life to interest the world in the priceless treasures of the Mayan civilization. Le Plongeon died of a broken heart and now indignities are heaped upon his memory because he was a mystic, one of a class that scientists can neither understand nor appreciate.

Whereas Uxmal gives one the feeling of magic and mystery, Chi-Chen Itza, for many centuries the capital of Mayanpan and of the whole empire of the Itzas, conveys even in its ruin the impression of a great metropolis. We are told that in the height of its glory Chi-Chen Itza had a population of a million and a half. Uxmal is purely Mayan but Chi-Chen Itza shows several civilizations superimposed over a very primitive order. Nearly all the larger buildings contain smaller ones within them, some showing as many as six or seven different periods of reconstruction. Several groups are now in the field in different parts of Yucatan, some financed by American institutions and others by the Mexican Government, excavating and rebuilding the ruined cities which dot the whole peninsula. More work has been done at Chi-Chen Itza than in any other place and the skeleton of a great

empire is rising, ghostlike, from the mounds of ages, to stand again in something like its pristine grandeur amidst the faded and tangled jungle growth.

The trip to Chi-Chen Itza is considerably longer from Merida than that of Uxmal, being tedious rather than arduous. The train stops at innumerable stations, revealing villages of thatched huts where the remnants of a once proud race eke out a humble and uneventful existence. There is always a little plaza or square and an overshadowing cathedral where the conquered worship the gods of the conquerors. Everywhere the tropical indolence is apparent, yet with it all a certain integrity of motive and principle. The Indians are of a higher stock that their present estate would justify.

Chi-Chen Itza is a clearing in the midst of a wilderness. The excavated parts of the city may be roughly divided into three groups of buildings. The first group is dominated by the great Pyramid of Kukul-Can or the Feathered Serpent, now called the Castillo. The second group, about a mile and a half distant, is called the old Chi-Chen Itza; some reconstruction has been done here and many phallic symbols have been discovered. The third group which contains the famous observatory is dominated by a great mass called the Nunnery, which is the only three story building as yet found. Using as a central point, the great Pyramid of Kukul-Can, which stands at the entrance to the city by the present road, the city spreads out like a fan around it and presents an amazing picture. This pyramid has been reconstructed by the Mexican Government. Work is still being carried on. The structure is about one hundred and ten feet high and surmounted by a small temple approximately square. The main entrance, adorned by two great plumed serpent columns, faces towards a winding road which leads through dismal jungle land to the edge of the Sacred Well from which the city secured its name—Chi-Chen Itza, the people at the mouth of the well.

The Mayans themselves were a peaceful people and their gods were strangers to cruelty and deceit,

but the nations who later invaded the city, superimposed upon it the culture of the warlike Aztecs, and apparently introduced the practice of human sacrifice. The Sacred Well was supposed to lead downward under the earth to the home of the Rain-God whose benevolence was necessary to the survival of the nation. In times of drought virgins were sacrificed to this deity by being cast into the well. The ceremony was a very solemn one. A procession of priests and nobles carrying in their midst the Bride of the Rain-God traversed the road of death that led from the pyramid to the great cenote or water-hole, where with elaborate ceremonials the maiden was cast from the brink into the dark waters beneath. After her rained the offerings of the people—beads of jade, bells of copper, images of gold, beautiful utensils and incense burners, obsidian knives, talismans and fetishes—all thrown in to propitiate the deity of storms. The well is over one hundred feet in diameter, the walls to the level of the water are about seventy feet, and there is approximately sixty-five feet of water in the well at all times. Some years ago Eduard Thompson, equipped with diving apparatus, descended into the well bringing to the surface everything that had accumulated on the rocky bottom. Mixed with a wide assortment of ornaments were the bones of victims and even a few pieces of partly destroyed fabric, from which it was learned that these Indians possessed an elaborate knowledge of weaving even of complicated patterns and fabrics. Nearly all the instruments and implements found in the well were broken, the pots had holes knocked in them, the tongues had been removed from the bells and the talismans had been chipped and marred. This was presumably in order to destroy the life of the object for the Indians believed that to break a thing was to permit its soul to escape.

Returning from the Sacred Well and climbing to the top of the Castillo, a splendid view may be had of the House of the Warriors upon one side and the great Ball Court and Tiger Temple upon the other. The House of Warriors is roughly pyramidal in shape

but with a large level platform upon the top where once stood quite an elaborate structure of which only the pillars remain. The building is rich in sculpturing and relief and is now the scene of the activities of the Carnegie Institute, which has spent over one hundred thousand dollars in its reconstruction. Like most of the other buildings, it reveals several periods of architecture and excavations and at the base shows that a small pyramid originally occupied the site. Several of the columns still bear the original coloring, showing that the Mayans pictured the color of their own bodies as a sort of yellow ochre. In front of the House of Warriors and to the right are great rows of columns over one thousand in number. They formed part of a much larger number which surrounded a hollow square presumably used as a sort of forum by the people.

Directly opposite but at some distance from the House of the Warriors, is the great Ball Court over a thousand feet in length which was used for the national game of the Mayans. The game was played by two teams each composed of fifteen men, whose aim was to knock a vulcanized rubber ball through a stone ring high in the wall of the court by a blow with the hip. The players carried heavy leather pads on their hips with which to strike the ball. The game required unusual skill and after it was over there was a great melee caused by the code of the game which permitted the winners to strip the clothes off the losers as the spoils of combat. The losing team always broke and ran for shelter followed by their adversaries and half the population of the city. Near one end of the Ball Court stands the Temple of the Tigers, so named because of a frieze of great cats which adorns the upper part of its outer wall. The Temple of the Tigers bears upon its outer face some of the finest carvings in Chi-Chen Itza and on one of its inner walls is a mural—fast disappearing unfortunately—of a great battle between Indian tribes. The leaders of the armies are each overshadowed by their patron geniuses, the feathered snakes. Near the House of the Warriors is a small mound partly excavated, called the sacrificial al-

tar, which together with the other buildings previously described, completes the first group.

Behind the great pyramid is a winding road which after passing by several native dwellings and a large windmill leads up to the hacienda or rest house built to accommodate visitors to the ruins. Beyond the hacienda, the road forks. The left branch leads to old Chi-Chen Itza with its phallic monuments, and the other, turning to the right and passing through a little gully, suddenly opens on to the third and somewhat larger group of buildings. On the right, half obscured by the jungle growth, is the low rambling form of what is called the House of the Dark Writings. The reason for the name is obscure, for there are practically no hieroglyphics upon the building except for a small frieze work carved into the wooden door lintel. These lintels are worthy of special description. The wood is so hard that it sinks when put in water.

From the House of Dark Writings the road leads directly to the largest building in the Chi-Chen Itza group—the Nunnery, as it is called for no particular reason. The central building of the Nunnery rises in three platforms, each of which was originally a building but later filled to form a foundation for the one above. At the left end of the Nunnery is an annex important for the fact that over the door is a splendid relief showing the father god of the Itzas—Itzamna—seated in his radiant egg as creator of the world. When the first Spanish expedition under Montejo was trying to subdue the Indians of Yucatan, he met with several military reverses and finally took refuge in the upper part of the Nunnery with his remaining soldiers. The Indians camped about the foot of the building perfectly certain that they could starve out the conquistadores. Montejo, realizing that an extreme action was necessary, erected a scaffolding upon which he hung a large bell. To the tongue of this bell he tied a rope, the other end of which was fastened to the tail of a hungry dog, and just out of reach of the dog he placed several pieces of meat. After nightfall Montejo and his soldiers climbed down the back wall of the Nun-

nery and escaped into the jungle, heading for their ships. The hungry dog, jumping for the meat, rang the bell all night, which deceived the Indians who believed that Montejo was saying his prayers while expecting annihilation the next morning.

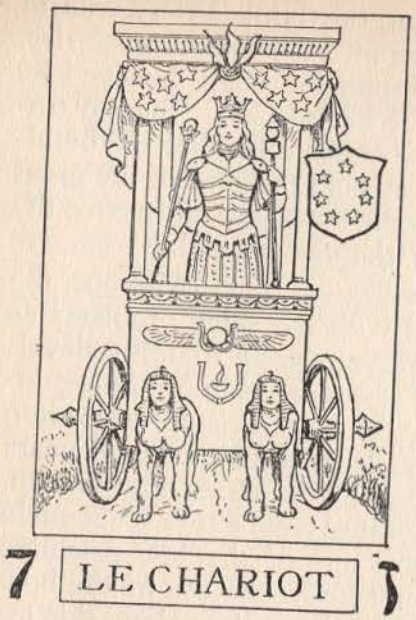
From the steps of the Nunnery it is possible to see the whole panorama of Chi-Chen Itza but from this vantage point El Caracol, the Snail-Shell, is particularly prominent. Carnegie Institute is reconstructing this building and is very secretive concerning its discoveries and forbids any photographing of the details of the interior. El Caracol, which is thought to be the astronomical observatory, has a tower standing upon a flat pyramid and also reveals several periods of architecture. A spiral staircase inside of the tower leads upward to the summit, but there is very little proof that the building was actually an observatory. It may have been a watch-tower or even a high altar for the burning of sacrificial fire. There are no evidences of astronomical instruments unless the Carnegie Institute has removed these or concealed them until such time as its own publications are issued. Across from the front of the observatory are two small buildings, one of which is called Chichanchob, or Strong Clean House, so named by the Spaniards because of its excellent state of preservation. Behind it is a smaller building called the Antelope House. These have not yet been fully excavated but stand upon mounds which are also probably pyramids covered with rubble.

The road continues through this group of buildings past a number of mounds to a little glade in which rises the unreconstructed pyramid now called the Tomb of the High Priest. In the very top of this pyramid, which is reached by a dilapidated flight of steps with feathered serpent balustrades, is a partly ruined temple. In the midst of this ruin is a square hole leading downward into a chamber of considerable size inside the pyramid. While human remains have been discovered within this extraordinary pyramid, with its bell-like chamber, there is an ever growing suspicion

that the so-called Tomb of the High Priest was in reality a temple of initiation into the Indian mysteries. Eduard Thompson, who found the vault, believed he had discovered the tomb of Kukul-Can. Such a tradition would emphasize the probability that the building was a house of initiation as in the case of the great Pyramid of Gizeh which some traditions affirm was the tomb of Osiris, the god of the underworld.

In considering the civilization of the Mayans, the archeologist is confronted with the same problems as the Egyptologist. The Mayans were a highly developed people when they first appeared upon the peninsula of Yucatan. They must have existed, according to their time system, for at least three thousand years before they established any of the cities now known. It is believed that they migrated from either Guatemala or Honduras and they are one of the few primitive Indian peoples who did not know the use of the bow and arrow. None of their early codices show this instrument at all, although it was common among the Indians of Mexico in general. Their main weapon was the spear which was launched by means of the hul-che or throwing stick. They had the most highly evolved language of any aboriginal people, being nearly as complicated as the Chinese. It is believed that their alphabet contains ten thousand arbitrary characters with great emphasis upon minor inflections.

The cities built by the Mayans in Yucatan rival their builders in mystery. Many of these had been deserted centuries before the coming of the Spaniards. Where the hosts of their inhabitants vanished remains unknown. Their culture was limited entirely to southern Mexico; for the culture of the other Americas, with the exception of Guatemala and Honduras, is of an entirely different order. They were originally monotheistic, worshipping Itzamna as the supreme deity who created the universe through cabalistic emanations. They were not warlike but so highly developed in the arts and sciences that it has been said of them that they were the most civilized of the barbarians.



Tarot Symbolism

THE SEVENTH NUMBERED CARD

THE CHARIOT

The various decks of Tarot cards now in existence agree admirably as to the form and design of the seventh card. In each case a chariot drawn by sphinxes is depicted in which rides a kingly figure crowned and bearing sceptres and other insignia of his rank. The chariot is canopied and hung with a starry curtain, and often a triform symbol resembling a flame appears above the head of the king. The front of the chariot is adorned with solar emblems and its wheels are armed with points of spears. The whole design shows a prince or king in his chariot of war.

Some Tarot writers feel that this card is a conventionalization of Ezekiel's vision; others that the symbolism is derived from Enoch. It is generally admitted, however, that the whole figure reveals the Logos or Creator of the universe in his aspect as being chief of or the sum of the seven formative agencies. The seven gods are here one in the form of their first or supreme aspect. It is written in the ancient Qabbalistic books that "the Lord, blessed be His name, was seated in the midst of the directions and the dimensions" and that the palace of the everlasting One was ever in the midst of the world.

It is not difficult to realize that the chariot itself is the symbol of the world (more exactly of the mundane sphere), that is, the universe in its seven manifesting aspects. The four pillars supporting the canopy are the corners of the earth and also arcanely the equinoxes and solstices, yes, even the fixed signs of the zodiac also. The blue canopy is the Empyrean or heavenly world and being star-flecked also represents the Auric Egg—the circumference of creation, the wall which constitutes the Ring Pass Not. Upon the front of the canopy are prominently displayed ten golden stars. These signify the ten Sephira or emanations upon the Qabbalistic Tree of Life, for upon the surface of the Empyrean are the thrones of the ten hierarchies and beyond these are the ten aspects of divinity and still higher and more remote the ten sacred Names of the eternal God. The cube-shaped body of the chariot is the alchemical salt or earth which is the establishment or foundation from which rises the body of the great king. The yellow robes of the princely ruler reveal him to be Mahat the Yellow Emperor; he also signifies Buddhi which is again Mercury or the mind.

The human form rising from the cube, therefore, signifies mind rising out of matter and establishing rulership over it, whereas the flame or sulphur above represents spirit in its three hypostases of spirit, mind and body. The three flames of the spiritual fire perfect the seven by causing it to become ten, which is the total sum of the concealed and manifested creation, revealed in its seven parts and concealed in its three parts.

The wheels upon the chariot indicate that the creator is ever in motion but that his motion is beyond the estimation of mortals. While the profane declare God to be in his world, the wise know that his world is in God. The chariot, therefore, intimates the continual distribution of the Logos throughout the area of Himself.

The sphinxes are not actually attached to the chariot, for the vehicle is in reality self-moving, though to the profane it is propelled by the positive and negative aspects of natural law—the sphinxes. From a phenomenal viewpoint, it seems that all things must be moved by external force; but from the noumenal viewpoint, it becomes apparent that the universe is a self-moving mechanism, the power of which is an indwelling activity whose several aspects are summed up in the nature of mind which communicates purpose and direction to all the activities of Nature. Here, then, is the Mercavah, the ever-moving throne of the unmoved God, the universe which, phenomenally speaking, is being hurled endlessly through the immensities of space but which, noumenally speaking, is immovable upon the foundation of mind.

We also learn from the symbols upon the card that the whole figure reveals the nature of the sun whose chariot, according to the Greeks, is ever rumbling down the starry waste. The sun unites within itself the six emanations which have issued from it and which together with their parent constitute the seven Elohim or Builders of the solar world. To the Chinese, the sun was the symbol of mind and was seated in the midst of the four Emperors of the Corners of the World. These guardians are often referred to as the kings of the corners of the earth. The Gnostic solar god, Abraxas, is depicted as drawn through the heavens in his chariot by four white horses, but in the Tarot the king is attended by sphinxes which may or may not be regarded as drawing his throne car. The sphinxes are evidently symbols of polarity and it is apparent that polarity is essential to the manifestations of the kingly powers of the Logos. Polarity marching before the chariot makes way for the equilibrium which can only be manifested through contrasts of polarity.

Here also is revealed the sevenfold constitution of man, with the ego or mental individuality manifesting through the bodies or inferior principles symbolized by the chariot. Here is what Hermes calls the man

composed of seven men. The seven does not signify seven ones but a pattern in which the separate units are mingled into a composite unity. Here indeed is light carrying in suspension the spectrum which can only be released when the single ray is broken up on the prism of creation.

Seven is a most sacred number, for it reveals the dynamics of activity. In the Mysteries three numbers are sacrosanct: the *three*, which is the symbol of consciousness; *the five*, which is the symbol of intelligence; and the *seven*, which is the symbol of force. In order to reveal that the seven is synonymous with force, the king and the chariot bear symbols of warfare. We have added to the older cards a small shield containing a circle consisting of seven stars. The jewel of seven stars is the occult symbol of creative authority. It may even be interpreted to signify the seven Rishis of the Great Bear, who are the watchful guardians of the world. From the great king issue forth worlds, races, continents, and an inconceivable concatenation of septenaries, all suspended from a common unity and enclosed within it.

In Masonic symbolism, the letter G signifies God as being the first letter of the name of deity and also geometry because, as Plato says, God geometrizes. The letter G is the seventh of the English alphabet and should reveal to the well informed Mason that of all numbers seven shows most completely the constitution of the creating Logos who impresses his signature in the form of a septenary upon the whole face of Nature, revealing his own peculiar constitution through an endless repetition of sevens. In all these groups of sevens there is one which is the chief and six which are suspended therefrom. Hence, the seven perpetually reveals kingship or authority, and the creator by imprinting as Boehme might have said, the seal of himself upon the world always causes the seven to consist of six directions or dimensions like the points of the six-pointed star in the midst of which, in his chariot, rides the One who through the six manifests his septenary in every department of existence.

The Economic Depression

The present financial crisis is the favorite topic of conversation. Persons in every walk of life gather in solemn conclave to explain and predict. Experts in matters monetary mumble their findings as they attempt to determine from the terrifying statistical comparisons how much worse any given condition can become before it must either improve or utterly destroy itself. Class-bound proletarians, judging the whole by their own particular part, and weighed down by the sense of their own responsibility in the matter, have a hopeless feeling of impotence in the face of facts. While there is scarcely a person who is not certain that he knows what should be done, there is not one who can really suggest a feasible way to end it.

The explanations offered for the cause of the present condition are as diversified as the walks of life from which they come. To some the corrupt condition of the political machine is held to be mainly responsible. A somewhat similar state of affairs must have existed in Greece over two thousand years ago, for it inspired an ancient philosopher to declare that laws are like spider webs: they catch the small malefactor but the greater thief breaks through and escapes.

A second group points to the prohibition question, declaring that the illicit sale and consumption of liquor in which some forty million persons are concerned has unbalanced the whole economic mechanism.

A third part insists that the racketeering and gang hoodlumism that the prohibitionists unwittingly precipitated upon the country, by deflecting huge fortunes from their legitimate ends, has thrown a great balance of economic power into the hands of the openly defiant anti-social forces.

The tariffs are held by quite a number to be at least indirectly responsible for the invalid state of the dollar, while the machinations of our banking system have been loudly sung by a large chorus.

There is an ever-increasing realization in all quarters that machinery is not only jeopardizing but in many cases has practically destroyed the economic integrity of the individual. Labor is menaced by an age of steel. Every day manual labor in some line of industrialism gives way to mechanical contrivances. It is the laboring class that represents the national strength and many feel that most of the present difficulties are due to the exploitation of these millions of wage earners. It is facetiously remarked in the "big city" that the Woolworth building was built with dimes, and while the purchasing power of the proletarian is not great per capita, its aggregate assures national prosperity.

The Great War is still regarded in many quarters as a relevant factor in the present dilemma not only because of the vast amount of international debt, collectible and uncollectible but because of the peculiar psychological effect upon the nations involved. The world is shell-shocked. Proportions and values have been lost or perverted and the precedent established for all forms of lawlessness and destruction.

America is not only speculation-conscious but speculation-crazy. The "big crash" about a year ago created a panic such as could only exist where gold held chief place in men's hearts. The pulse of the Stock Exchange still flutters badly; in fact, if the truth were known, the whole institution suffers from an incurable disease and relapse will follow relapse until the system of fictitious values is overthrown.

The women also come in for their share of the blame, it being affirmed that their entrance into the economic field has disturbed a precedent of centuries and nearly doubled the number of those desiring employment. With such logic it is reasoned that when there is more than one bread-winner to a family, there must almost inevitably be a family without a bread-winner. Thus, while machinery is cutting down the possibility of employment, there is an enormous increase in the number seeking remunerative work.

Acts of Providence are also included among the causes of the present situation. Droughts throughout the Middle West, with their attendant privation and the collapse of banking institutions (and, if you wish to include absconding bank presidents among acts of Providence), have added to the general perplexity.

Of course, some are bound to observe the unhappy spectacle of capitalistic Neros strumming their harps while Rome burns. Even now when the fate of the whole system is at stake, the process of squeezing out competition still continues and almost hourly small organizations are crashing, adding their investors and stockholders to the body of the indigent. In New York they tell the story that when it was discovered that the unemployed were making a living by selling apples on the street the powers that be immediately raised the price of apples. The whole matter is rendered more discouraging by the fact that every effort to improve conditions is exploited by someone who cannot get his mind off dollars long enough to share a crust of bread with a starving fellow creature. *The milk of human kindness is pretty thoroughly skimmed.*

In passing, the problem of the credit system must also be touched upon. This country has taken to buying its luxuries and even its necessities at so much down and so much for the rest of life. The optimistic "white collar" buys a home, automobile, radio, piano, furniture in general, jewelry and clothes all at the same time on a small down payment and mortgages his future for ninety-nine years. Even in the best of times such a procedure is disastrous, but in this century of kaleidoscopic changes it is utterly fatal, for what he doesn't actually wear out he loses. Certain fields of advertising contribute to this delinquency; for the average citizen believes what he reads and, being luxury-loving by nature, is easily tempted into extravagance.

Of course, capitalism in general receives its share of criticism, but most of this unfortunately comes from people who themselves tried to be capitalists but did not make the grade. Every proletarian is a potential capitalist without money. The fact that labor makes

no provision for itself in times of plenty cannot be ignored as a factor in hard times. The Soviet and the Communists are also pointed at as insidious disseminators of catastrophe and each diagnostician of the present crisis points at the graft and abuses existing within his own field of vision as illustrative of the general demoralization.

This list of causes could be continued indefinitely, but the above is sufficient to reveal the general scope of the grievances. Having thus diagnosed the cause, which is a sort of complex compound fracture of integrity, we can pass over the effects lightly, for any remarks on the subject would be classified as pessimistic and even fatalistic. When it comes to the subject of cure, the dilemma is apparent. The disease is so widely distributed and the whole body social so completely infected that a panacea is almost inconceivable. That which would cure one phase of the trouble would complicate another. A vicious circle exists. Civilization at this time may be likened to a drug addict with gold as a sort of economic morphine. It is a well-known fact that many drug addicts die of the cure and drastic methods applied to the present situation would probably bring the whole structure of civilization tumbling upon our heads. We might ultimately be better for the fall, but the reconstruction period would be one of the most difficult adjustments.

Buddha declared ignorance to be the common disease of mankind, but it would seem that we should go still further and declare selfishness to be the most dangerous and most universal form of ignorance. The world in general and America in particular is suffering from the fact that very few people can forget themselves long enough to think of anybody else at all.

The philosopher knows that the seat of all injustice is within man himself. The finer faculties are easily obscured by passions and desires. A very small minority of this race really knows how to live. The rest exist by circumstance alone in utter servitude to uncontrolled emotions and excesses. There seems to

be but one way by which man can learn to live and that is by dying. Each age is swept away in a holocaust of its own intemperances. A civilization, planned by men and built by men according to the laws of men, must vanish because of the weaknesses inherent in man himself. There may rise up some with broader vision who can lead the children of this race a little way through the Red Sea of their desires. The cataclysm may be averted for ten years, a hundred years, or a thousand years; but unless integrity takes the place of selfishness, the end is inevitable and over such ends the philosopher does not grieve.

The only release from the present circumstances comes in release from possession, from attachment and those factors which are the fundamental elements of the dilemma. A philosopher was once asked what wise men did when they could no longer eat. His answer was: "They starve." The disasters which are occurring around us are really not as important as they seem. It is a terrible thing to have all that we have and love swept away, yet we seldom realize that it occurs to all of us at death, regardless of how successful our living seems to have been. There is no beggar on the street who has less than the greatest financier after death has separated him from possessions.

A wise man once said that the quickest way to get a thing is to stop wanting it. To fortify oneself for trying periods, the realization of true values is essential. If each individual will live as well as he knows, if he will perform conscientiously that which is his appointed task and divorce from heart and mind all thoughts of profits and reward, he may gain in poverty and distress a peace which he never discovered in success and power. To paraphrase a famous Teuton: "If we must starve, let us starve philosophically." A path will probably be found which will carry us temporarily through the crisis. Realizing that this trying condition will arise again, the wise, however, will equip themselves and leave to their heirs a legacy of knowledge that will enable them to meet such future recurrences in a more rational manner.

A *Retrospect on Races*

The ancient dostrines teach that during the present life wave seven races (or, more correctly, species and races) will be developed. The first races were the Will-Born, sometimes called the Sons of Yoga, for they precipitated their Chhayas or shadows through intense meditation. These shadows — the prototypes of bodies—were not as dense as our present physical forms but correspond in state to a dense mist. The shape of these Chhayas was very different from that of our present physical bodies—they were roughly globular and semi-transparent with more opaque or dense areas distributed through them. These areas were later to become vital centers. The most highly evolved of these sensitized fields, which occupied approximately the upper pole of the spherical body, was the third eye which, as the forms crystallized, retired from objective manifestation until it completely closed or ceased to function as an organ of spiritual perception during the Lemurian period.

Though the Sons of Will or Yoga precipitated these shapes, they did not actually enter into them but remained suspended over them connected by etheric threads through which magnetic forces were transmitted. A somewhat similar condition still exists in the case of the animal for the monads of animal life are still partly outside of the physical bodies. When seen clairvoyantly, the animal presents somewhat the same appearance as occasionally occurs optically in the case of double vision—two images not quite together—whereas in man the registration of the two is perfect. Having established their shadows, the Sons of Will began to "spin a web," uniting the shadows to themselves or, if viewed physically, united themselves to the shadows.

Milleniums of time passed during which the Sweat-Born and the Egg-Born appeared, being various stages in the development of the mechanism of generation. During this whole period the creatures

were androgynous. The first races did not propagate at all, the Chhayas remaining until the Pralaya destroyed them all. Nor was the element of growth present. Later the shadows multiplied by fission, that is, in the way that cells multiply at the present time, the main difference being that the parts did not increase in size. The bodies, continually decreasing in magnitude, were finally destroyed because they were incapable of growth and were soon reduced to a state where they could not serve as vehicles for organized life. In later species growth was added and what is now commonly called the "pudding bag" men appeared. The sack-like form was apparently tied at the neck at which point the pineal gland extended as an organ of both sense perception and the rudiments of motion. It gradually developed into a pseudopode, somewhat resembling the fingerlike protuberance of the clam. These bodies, while far more dense than those of the Will-Born, were still entirely too attenuated to leave fossil remains and anthropology will never be able to establish their existence save through analogy or by studying the recapitulations of previous cycles of existence which appear in the developing embryo.

Still later we have the gill-cleft man. The atmosphere of the earth had not yet cleared and the entire sphere was surrounded by a thick wall of humid semi-liquid vapors. It was not until the clearing of the earth's atmosphere in the Lemurian period that lungs began to appear. By the fifth subrace of the Lemurian period physical bodies had taken on approximately their present appearance save that they were extremely low in organic quality, the flesh resembling wood pulp in the very early Lemurians and having a coarseness resembling beef in the later subdivisions. Giantism had then appeared for form always runs riot until mind, demanding the greater part of the vital forces for its functioning, pulls down body to the degree that intellectual functioning increases. There were also monstrosities upon the earth due to the interbreeding of human and animal strains. This occurred at the

psychological moment when the developing human cycle was recapitulating its animal development. At no other time could they have been generated and live.

In the fifth subrace of Lemuria, approximately nineteen million years ago, the actual division of the sexes took place. This involved a cataclysmic change in the psychological organism of the evolving type, the complications being revealed symbolically in the allegory of the Fall of Man.

It is necessary at this time to pause for a moment and call attention to a special point which might otherwise definitely confuse the issues involved. Up to the time when the gods, i.e. the egos, took upon themselves the daughters of men (the bodies) and entered into them, two complete evolutions were moving side by side. Man was evolving in the spiritual worlds—that is, upon the higher planes of the earth—at the same time that he was building bodies upon the lower. In fact, in some of the traditions it is described how races were divided among the continents before the races had developed any temporal bodies whatever. When the Vehans or vehicles had gradually emerged from Chaos into an organized state, two orders of evolution—the one spiritual and the other physical—were actually united. Previous to that time the bodies had no consciousness other than that which man experiences during dreamless sleep now.

The later subraces of Lemuria spread through the Australasian Archipelago, increasing in number and power and developing the rudiments of several new sense-perceptions. They even built cities and developed languages by imitating the sounds of Nature in her various moods.

The fourth, or Atlantean, race resembled our own in nearly all of its biological attributes. The Atlanteans were the first to engage in warfare with its resultant disturbance in the life cycles. The birth rate therefore rapidly decreased, whereas previously the Lemurians, some of them living for centuries, did not require as many vehicles for incarnation. It was also the Atlanteans who first began to dabble in magic

even to the point of breeding monsters by thought power. These creatures were incapable of reproduction, however, and like Frankenstein's turned upon their own creators. All of these practices disturbed the astral light which, finally permeated with noxious physical forces bred by the Atlantean sorcerers, brought about the cataclysms which ultimately destroyed that continent.

The fourth subrace of the Atlanteans marked the real turning point of human evolution. During this fourth subrace bodies reached their greatest degree of crystallization. From that time on life, which had been exuding forms, began the process of reabsorbing them into itself again. The process by which this is accomplished is called by the profane "refinement," being simply the breaking up of the form patterns which by their density create the condition of materiality.

The fifth root race, of which we are a part, is well on its way along the ascending path which leads to liberation from the consciousness of form. For as the wise fully realize, form is actually a condition of mind; in fact, it is part of the work of the Will-Born who meditated matter into being that they might organize it into form. By the end of the fifth root race, the physical body of man will be far more attenuated than it is now, and the sixth root race will bring with it "the blue men from whom nothing can be concealed." The blue signifies ether which is still somewhat visible to the physical perceptions of man as the haze which hangs at the base of mountains, this haze being part of the etheric double of the earth. In India the god Vishnu is shown with a blue face to signify the highly etherealized substances from which his bodies are formed.

During the blue race form will still exist, but will resemble somewhat the matter composing the planet Jupiter, which while a solid, would be incapable of supporting physical man upon its surface. He would fall through it as he falls through water. As the etheric body asserts itself more definitely, both the

arterial and venous functions will decrease while the nervous activity will be greatly stimulated.

The sixth root race (not to be confused with the sixth subrace of our present fifth root race, which subrace however will be the progenitors of the new cycle) will develop two spinal columns representing an equilibrium of the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal nervous systems. The skin will undergo a definite metamorphosis and all the sense-perceptions will be highly sensitized. During this period the androgynous man will reappear and it is affirmed by several occultists of note that at this time the larynx will be the organ of generation. In other words, creation will be through the spoken word.

At last, with the coming of the seventh race, the two spinal columns will be reunited into one, and the general appearance of the whole body will undergo great change and modification. The attenuating processes will have been carried so far that all the grosser elements will have been reabsorbed through transmutation into the spiritual nature. At such time it is declared that generation will cease, and, like the first race, (which never actually died at all but lives on in all the races which come after it even though its outer semblance was lost) the adepts of the seventh round, as Sons of Will and Yoga, will awaken from the meditation which precipitated them into generation and may find the whole of this thing which we call life to have been but a figment of consciousness. Thus it is written that when the Kumaras, or the virgin souls, awake from the seven dreams, they will discover that they were never actually in evolution at all but that what we term evolution was actually taking place within them—a mystery of Yoga.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 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 signifying 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, thereby establishing 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 Tentyra, 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 behold 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 with it 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 himself. 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: either the desire 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 life in servitude to ephemeral things.

To the Orient we must turn for an understanding of aspiration as differentiated from ambition. While ambition seeks to possess the imminent, aspiration desires the impossible. 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.

(To be continued)

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 JULY, 1931 No. 10

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
301 TRINITY AUDITORIUM BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 290
Some Notes on Numerology 291
The Mystery of the Feathered Serpent 302
Tarot Symbolism 308
Cultus Vegetabilis 313
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 318

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Volume V of the All-Seeing Eye will be complete in two more numbers and, as is customary, we shall suspend publication for a time between volumes. Mr. Hall is now contemplating the publication of an annual devoted to occultism, philosophy, astrology, Freemasonry and kindred subjects, patterned along the lines of Bibby's Annual, a beautiful and inspiring work which went out of existence some years ago due to the post war depression in England. The new work will be somewhat modified as to dimensions and style but it is believed that it will occupy an absolutely unique position among modern publications.

The annual will be profusely illustrated with rare and unusual pictures and symbols and will be of interest to everyone of metaphysical inclinations. There will be further announcements as to the date of issue and price when the project is a little farther advanced. The present plan is to issue the work in the early fall in the belief that many people will find it an appropriate Christmas gift.

A number of Mr. Hall's books are running out of print and the present program does not allow for their republication. A list of available books and booklets will gladly be mailed upon request.

Mr. Hall will continue his lectures in Los Angeles at the Trinity Auditorium, 9th and Grand Avenue, throughout July, August, and September. The talks will be given every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings and a number of lectures illustrated with stereopticon slides will be included. The Sunday broadcasting will also continue at 6 p.m. over either KFI or KECA.

Some Notes on Numerology

The flames which destroyed the Pythagorean University at Crotona left little beside speculation upon which to reconstruct the learning of this most noble institution. The master perished with his school. The offended pride of ignorance had sought once more to justify itself by destroying that which it could not understand. A few charred fragments remained but these at best give only hints of a system so profound that it has been said that only Pythagoras himself ever actually understood it. Even the Neo-Pythagoreans of Alexandria, laboring within five hundred years of the great initiate's death, were incapable of reconstructing his doctrine so completely had the traditions been obliterated. Plato was the philosophic successor of Pythagoras, and although he approached the problem of learning from a somewhat different viewpoint, we find much Pythagoreanism scattered throughout his writings and we know that he paid a great price for some partly destroyed manuscripts presumably discovered amidst the ashes of Crotona.

Today we hear much of Pythagoras and his philosophy and several more or less metaphysical systems are ascribed to him. Careful examination, however, will demonstrate the fallacy of these claims, for nothing resembling an orderly body of doctrine has descended to us from the Samian sage. The systems circulated under his name are of three classes. First, ancient speculation advanced in his own day by those uninitiated into the true Pythagorean mysteries; second, medieval fabrications brewed in a witch's kitchen

of magic and superstition; third, the theories of modern writers who, seeking to invest their opinions with an honorable toga, lay them at the door of this illustrious ancient. Where nothing is known, everything is suspected and it is difficult to tell where fragments of the original tradition leave off and the forgeries begin. One thing is certain, little of the philosophy now attributed to Pythagoras does his memory much credit, and to have gained for himself the title of the Son of God he must have been the author of better stuff.

Today when we think of Pythagoras we are immediately minded of numerology. The ghost of the old philosopher invokes thoughts of birth-paths and soul-mates and we pant after these mysteries. The purpose of this article is not to enlarge upon the merits or demerits of *numerology*—a sort of chiropractic psychology with which we straighten out the curvatures of life by a scientific adjustment of vowels and consonants. Numerology is unquestionably based upon a Pythagorean system of interchanging letters and numbers. At this point the correspondence ends, however, for the method of interpreting these numbers and arriving at the various sums involved cannot be referred to Pythagoras. This does not necessarily mean that modern numerology cannot justify its existence, but it does mean that it conveys an impression which is likely to divert the mind from the weightier and more philosophical aspects of numerical philosophy. To Pythagoras, numbers and their combinations were the elements of a magnificent philosophic system which introduced the thoughtful to the most profound verities of God and Nature. True numerology was philosophic and divination by numbers was but an accidental aspect.

The Gnostic Christians employed the cabalistic and Pythagorean number systems as keys to the interpretation of the mysteries of the New Testament. Marcius, a disciple of Valentinus, who lived during the middle of the second century and whom Jerome declared to have been an Egyptian, particularly excelled in the mathematical mysteries. It would be incorrect to presume that Marcius followed the details

of the Pythagorean system but he certainly did gather such general information as was available and fashioned therefrom an extraordinary series of correspondences. He established beyond all reasonable doubt that the names and titles bestowed at some remote period upon the gods were susceptible of a profound interpretation based upon combining the numerical equivalents of the letters of which the names were composed. Pythagoras had contacted the mystics of the Holy Land and such as survived of the wise men of Babylon and Chaldea and from them he learned many cabalistic secrets even as he secured the keys of transcendental geometry from the Egyptians. He was the first to bring to Greece the organized occult traditions of Asia and he alone knew why the Babylonians declared that the number of 60 represented Pluto; 50, Jupiter; 40, Neptune; 30, the Moon; 10, the air; 12, Mars; and 10, also Saturn. Although Rawlinson assures us that these numbers signify not only the gods but also the planetary bodies themselves, he can give no clue as to the reasons for his choice. In his essay on Isis and Osiris, Plutarch writes, "When the Pythagoreans appropriate the names of several of the gods to particular numbers, as that of Apollo to the unit, of Diana to the duad, of Minerva to the seven, and of Neptune to the first cube, it is my opinion I say that in this they allude to something which the founder of their sect saw in the Egyptian temples, to some ceremonies performed in them, or to some symbols there exhibited." In another place the same author adds, "For as the power of the triangle is expressive of the nature of Pluto, Bacchus and Mars; the properties of the square of Rhea, Venus, Ceres, Vesta and June; of the dodecahedron of Jupiter; so, as we are informed by Eudoxus, is the figure of fifty-six angles expressive of the nature of Typhon." These two quotations will give a fairly comprehensive idea of the type of hints that have come down to us, fragments so desultory and archaic that each renders the confusion worse confounded.

Before we present for your consideration a few of the genuine fragments of the numerical philosophy

which have descended to this age, it might be interesting to insert what is called the cabalistic catechism, an illuminating contribution to the subject.

Q. What is the generative number?

A. In the Divinity, it is the unit; in created things, the number 2; because the Divinity, 1, engenders 2, and in created things 2 engenders 1.

Q. What is the most majestic number?

A. 3, because it denotes the triple divine essence.

Q. What is the most mysterious number?

A. 4, because it contains all the mysteries of Nature.

Q. What is the most occult number?

A. 5, because it is enclosed in the center of the series.

Q. Which is the most salutary number?

A. 6, because it contains the source of our spiritual and corporeal happiness.

Q. Which is the most fortunate number?

A. 7, because it leads us to the decad, the perfect number.

Q. Which is the number most to be desired?

A. 8, because he who possesses it is of the number of Elus and the Sages.

Q. Which is the most sublime number?

A. 9, because by it religion and Nature are exalted.

Q. Which is the most perfect number?

A. 10, because it includes unity, which created everything, and zero, symbol of matter and chaos, and the end; power and force; life and annihilation.

Pythagoras employed numbers as symbols of and gateways leading to those principles of life from which inferior bodies are suspended as effects depend from causes. He, therefore, divided his numerical symbolism into two parts; the first devoted to the nature of causes, and the second devoted to the nature of effects. Those numbers which referred to causes he called *intellectual* and those which referred to effects *sciential*. The intellectual numbers are archetypal patterns

which exist eternally in the Divine Mind and sciential numbers are the creatures or rather the measure of the creatures which are temporarily objectified from the thoughts of God. The intellectual numbers which were suspended from the Idea of intellectual number were called the monad, the duad, the triad, the tetrad, the pentad, the hexad, the heptad, the ogdoad, ennead and the decad, and their correspondences in the sciential numbers were the one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten. From Moderatus of Gades we learn the difference between the intellectual and sciential numbers when he terms the monad "the seminal reason of the one," or again, where he expresses it, "monad amongst numbers, one amongst things numbered." Thus numbers and things numbered occupy in relationship to each other positions corresponding to spirit and matter. We may also say that whereas the numbers scientially speaking numerate the parts, the intellectual numbers are all unities signifying dignity and attribute rather than quantity. Thus the sciential number 8 signifies 8 ones or 8 parts, but the ogdoad, which is the intellectual concept of 8, is an undivided principle, the symbolic name for an order of divine procedure. Through the numbers, therefore, say the Pythagoreans, man approaches a realization of number. In other words, through the diversity of Nature men approach a realization of the unity of life and of God.

Each of the intellectual numbers has a keyword, in fact a strange confusion of definitions has come down to us from ancient writers. The *monad* was termed *spirit* as being the first wholeness which emerged from chaos. All numbers, both intellectual and sciential, arise from and ultimately retire to the monad. Hence Pythagoras, in propitiating this number, addressed it thus: "Hear noble number, sire of gods and men." The *duad* was termed soul because the soul is divided in its allegiance, at some times inclining towards spirit and at others verging towards matter; hence the two was also called instability or ignorance because foolish persons are vacillating. The *triad* was termed *mind* because it orders the duad,

bringing equilibrium in the sense of reason. The *tetrad* was termed *body* because a body is composed of the four Platonic elements of mind, science, opinion and sense, and is the fourth extension of which a point, a line and a surface are the first three. The tetrahedron is the simplest of all geometrical solids, having but four surfaces. The *pentad* is termed *Nature,* being the union of the duad and triad. It is termed the fountain of souls, the seat of celestials, and the throne of the world. The *hexad* is termed *harmony* and was sacred to Venus who was called the mother of harmony. It was also related with time as being half of the sacred twelve which signifies the year and a quarter of the mystical twenty-four which, in turn, represents the hours of the day. The *heptad* is termed *order* because 7 signifies those laws of creation which are the inflexible will of the creative agent. The heptad was sacred to Minerva because she signified the plan born from or in the mind of her father. The *ogdoad* was termed *equilibrium* or justice because of all numbers it is the most equal. By its form the 8 reveals the equilibrium of the worlds and also the courses of the celestial bodies. The *ennead* was termed *Prometheus* for it signified the expiation of sin and the principle of sacrifice. It was also the peculiar symbol of man. *The decad* was termed *perfection,* for in it all shortcomings ceased. Among the Pythagorean names for this symbol were heaven, the world, and fate.

The ancient oracles declared that the gods would send all manners of calamities to any man who changed the names of the gods. This was done to protect the cabalistic importance of these names so that the enlightened of some future age might benefit from the erudition of the first philosophers. It is not difficult to discover the numerical values of the letters of the Greek and Hebrew alphabets, where cabalism and Pythagoreanism have their origin, but an effort to transfer the system to the English alphabet has proved hopelessly confusing. To begin with, the Greek and Hebrew characters are presumed to have been revelations from the gods and were essentially religious and philosophical alphabets. Such does not seem to be

the case with the English. We are a materialistic people who created our language not for the worship of the divinities but with an eye to the more imminent problems of barter and exchange. The numerical value of some of the English letters can be rather easily discovered from their Greek and Hebrew correspondences but some of the letters of the older alphabets have no English equivalents and at this point speculation runs riot. The following table, though necessarily incomplete, is at least approximately correct and may serve as a basis for further calculation:

A	equals	1	L	"	30
B	"	2	M	"	40
G	"	3	N	"	50
D	"	4	O	"	70
E	"	5	P	"	80
F or V	"	6	R	"	100
I	"	10	S	"	200
C	"	20	T	"	300
			U	"	400

Pythagoras had several other divisions of numbers as to their attributes of multitude, magnitude, quantity, quality, etc. He divided sciential numbers into odd and even, declaring that the odd numbers were sacred to the gods who should be propitiated with offerings consisting of odd numbers of objects; the even numbers were also worthy of veneration but were assigned to inferior spirits and terrestrial creatures. Odd numbers were creative whereas even numbers signified areas or conditions awaiting the action of the creative forces. All numbers were primarily intended to stimulate ideas, being in reality only symbolic of ideas. The mind attracted to an object for the consideration of its numerical attributes was invited by the numbers to investigate and admire those celestial causes which precipitated its corporeal appearance. The purpose of the Pythagorean disciplines was to so stimulate the reason that it became capable of recognizing and assimilating. One of the Pythagoreans aptly wrote that there are realities in Nature which are not susceptible of interpretation through the conventional methods of symbolism. Thus no bodies

can be ascribed nor will carven images imply the truths. Even sounds or harmonies fail. But of all human devices numbers are the most appropriate. The numerals convey the sense of quality and quantity without the impediment of form or the limitations of place and time. Thus through a study of the numerical philosophy the eye of the internal perceptions may be opened without the mind being filled by erroneous concepts resulting from grosser forms of symbolism.

Approaching the Christian period, when the Gnostics were striving to establish Christianity as a synthesis of the classical pagan religions, Pythagoreanism was revived with telling force by the Marcosians. In the symbolism of this cult we find a curious blending of letter and number values in an effort to demonstrate that Christ signified the eternal Logos of the pagans rather than an exception to all previous cosmical order as He was preached by the Apostles. Two extraordinary symbols stand out in the Gnostic system. The first is the correlation of the vowels, the planets and the seven heavens. The Gnostic Pantheos was often depicted with the seven vowels over its head to signify the seven spirits before the throne. These seven spirits were the planetary angels or, as Hermes called them, the governors of the world, and each had a particular vowel ascribed to it. The heavens were depicted as a series of concentric circles radiating from the surface of the earth with the sacred vowel which it sounded prominently displayed. The first heaven was that of the Moon and it sounded the vowel Alpha; the second heaven was that of Mercury and it sounded the vowel Epsilon; the third heaven was that of Venus and it sounded the vowel Eta; the fourth heaven was that of the Sun and it sounded the vowel Iota; the fifth heaven was that of Mars and it sounded the vowel Omicron; the sixth heaven was that of Jupiter and it sounded the vowel Upsilon; and the seventh heaven was that of Saturn and sounded the vowel Omega. For the Eta we can substitute Y and for the Upsilon W. By so doing the system will correspond very closely with that of the English vowels but we cannot depend upon the meanings being identical. From this

classification it becomes evident that the first and the last heaven together sound the Alpha and the Omega and the value of these two letters together is 801. By Gnostic permutation which adds the separate units of the sum, the number becomes 9. Now, among our keywords of intellectual numbers we find that the 9 stands for Prometheus and for sacrifice. Therefore, Jesus, the sin offering of the people, is referred to as the Alpha and the Omega, signifying his identity with the mystery of Prometheus. This is the way the system works. The Greek word for dove—when the letters are changed into numbers—also adds up to 801, which intimates that the dove and the Alpha and Omega have identical symbolical significance.

The six-lettered name of Jesus in Greek has as its numerical equivalent 888, the sum of which is 24 or 6, a number agreeing with the original number of letters in the name. Furthermore, the passion of Christ began in the sixth hour and ended in the sixth hour. We find the number 6 associated with the mysteries of Venus, the Morning Star. In Oriental symbolism, this represents the illumined or regenerated mind which mind, in its Greek symbolism, is also interpreted by the number 888. Marcius demonstrated that all the letters of the alphabet and all the mysteries of the vowels and consonants which constituted the world were bound up in the mystery name of Jesus. The Marcosians divided the alphabet into three parts, of which the first consisted of nine mutes which pertained to the Father himself because they are ineffable and cannot be sounded or spoken. The second consisted of eight semi-vowels which are the Logos, or the soul or life, because they are midway between the mutes and the vowels partaking of divinity from above and mortality from below. The third consisted of seven vowels, or sacred sounds, which pertained to the outer world, to man, and to the assembly or aggregation of the righteous. These seven, eight and nine parts, when added together, constituted the entire alphabet of 24 letters. If the 7, 8 and 9 be written 789 and then one number be taken from the 9 and added to the 7 the result is again 888.

Marcius further shows how in the Greek system there are eight single numbers, eight decads, and eight hundreds and that these, if added with certain philosophic liberties, can be read 888 so that Jesus becomes the sum of the alphabet. To show how curiously the system has been evolved, if we add the numerical values of the seven vowels together the sum is 1294. If the parts of this are again added the result can be reduced to seven so that the keynote of the seven worlds is itself the seven and no contradictions or inconsistencies exist. We should pause in passing long enough to note the famous 666, the Apocalyptic number of the beast. Each of the names given to the Anti-Christ in the writings of Irenæus total numerically 666, which reduces itself to 9 to reveal that man's own lower nature or animal soul is the beast of Revelation.

Using the table of numerical values of the letters of the English alphabet, let us try to prove an old cabalistic assertion that Adam was simply a term applied to the whole of mankind and not to a solitary progenitor of the race. Also, we shall try to discover if Philo was correct in assuming that Adam was identical with the Platonic archetypal man, the pattern of humanity existing in the mind of God. By referring to our table we find that A equals 1; D, 4; A, 1; and M 40 (we use the English spelling). The sum of these is 46 or 10, or 1. In our table of intellectual numbers 1 is the spiritual source or the Monad from which all diversity is suspended. Thus Philo is justified in describing Adam as a sort of Monad of mankind. In sciential numbers, Adam is 1 and 10, the first and the last man, and also the whole man, or the human race. If we want confirmation, let us turn to the table again and take the word Man for which Adam should be a synonym. We find that M is 40, A is 1, and N is 50. The sum is 91 or 10 again so that we are justified in regarding the two terms as synonymous.

It was with such mysteries of universal processes and purposes that the first philosophers were concerned. It was to assist man in clarifying the riddle of his own origin and destiny that the numerical sci-

ences were formulated, and it is to such end that they should be directed today if the dignity of the ancient wisdom is to be preserved. But human beings are selfish and personal, they are interested in fortune-telling not philosophy, and the state of their soul worries them far less than the estate of their body. We are in a period during which learning is decadent, when superficialities are elevated and profundities ignored. We can but hope for a more philosophic era. But hoping, we can bind ourselves to the task of bringing about that state which we desire.

The Mystery of the Feathered Serpent

One has but to examine the surviving fragments of Nahutian mythology and history to realize that a high order of metaphysical learning existed among the original Americans. Even Roman Catholic writers admitted that magic flourished among the peoples of Mexico and that the priests and philosophers of that nation were deeply versed in astrology and the necromantic arts. The episode of the arrest and detention of two Aztec sorcerers, accused by the church of attempting to weave spells against the Christian clergy, is especially interesting for even the pious fathers were forced to admit that their prisoners dissolved into empty air before their very eyes—a circumstance which was passed over very lightly. The ill-fated Montezuma was surrounded by seers and prophets who, from signs which appeared in the heavens, warned the emperor that the conquistadores with their horses and guns were not emissaries from the sun-god but plundering mortals with an eye for loot.

Montezuma, being a great prince, was well learned in the lore of his people and it was this very learning that proved his undoing. The most ancient traditions of his race, perpetuated by the wisest of each generation, declared that the history of the world was divided into five great epochs. These five vast periods were separted from each other by great cataclysms in which great portions of mankind perished. In the *Codex Vaticanus* it is written that in the first age water reigned supreme until at last it rose up and swallowed all creatures save two who escaped by means of a tree. As the form of a ship appears in this tradition it is likely that the tree was hollowed out

to form a crude boat in which the Mexican Noah and his wife rode safely over the deluge. In this first age there were also giants and strange monsters with teeth that weighed three pounds each. The second age was that of wind which by the force of its blowing finally destroyed the whole world. One man and one woman survived this destruction also by concealing themselves within a hollow stone which was so heavy that the wind could not blow it away. During this period great masses of humanity were changed into apes. The third age was that of fire and was ended by a terrible outburst of flames which burned up the world. Again a Noah and his wife were saved this time by seeking refuge in subterranean caverns where the terrible heat could not reach them. The fourth age was that of present humanity and its destruction will be brought about by sin—the sin of man. It is called in the old Codex *the age of the black hair*. It was in the early centuries of this age that the great race of the Toltecs, under their divine priest-king, Quetzalcoatl, were destroyed by the sorcery of the Nahuas under their demon war-god, Tezcatlipoca. All this Montezuma knew and from the same traditions he had also learned that a fifth age was to come, a golden age in which the gods would return, or more correctly, turn with favor to the Aztec nation through their ministering intermediary, the Feathered Snake.

Quetzalcoatl had promised to return leading a mighty army that should deliver Mexico from its afflictions and its bondage to gods of war and death. When the ships of Cortez anchored in the harbor at Vera Cruz, Montezuma immediately dispatched messengers with offerings and protestations ofallegiance. These, paddling their canoes to the sides of the Spanish vessels, made known as best they could that they had come in search of the great white god of the sun. Cortez and his companions, amazed beyond words but determined to benefit by the circumstances, decided upon subterfuge. Cortez put on his most splendid garments and his most highly polished armor. He had a throne erected for himself on the deck of the ship and created as much of an atmosphere of dignity as

circumstances permitted. Then with mock solemnity he received the ambassadors of Montezuma, conveying to them the impression that he was the great white prince of the Feathered Snake whom they had awaited so long. The mere coincidence that Cortez arrived at Vera Cruz on the very anniversary of the departure of Quetzalcoatl gave even greater credence to the Indians' belief and the Aztec messengers fell on their knees before Cortez and after kissing the deck of the ship and performing other rites of homage, they crowned the Spanish conquerer in a bonnet of quetzal plumes, robed him in ceremonial vestments and honored him as the very person of the god. The ambassadors then explained that Montezuma in all humility besought the returned god to accept back his kingdom and bestow the gift of wisdom and peace upon his people. Montezuma was a man of considerable personal integrity and his attitude throughout the entire period of the Spanish invasion was most commendable. He was neither a proud nor a warlike monarch, his earlier actions being marked with humility and his later ones goaded by desperation and abuse. It is said of Montezuma that when he was called to the throne the ministers sent to find him discovered the prince sweeping out the courtyard of the temple and that they had to take the broom from his hands to make him king. Montezuma admitted that many of the priceless treasures of his peoples' religion had been lost or forgotten in the numerous vicissitudes through which the nation had passed; therofere, he besought the returned god to restate the tenets of life and truth. The confidence which the Aztec king reposed in Cortez was utterly betrayed and the virtuous advances which the Indian prince made were turned against him, becoming the major causes of his downfall and cruel death. The old gods of the Aztecs, however, were not totally unavenged, for when the Spaniards began the colonization of Mexico they died by thousands not from Aztec spears but from plagues generated in the marshes and bogs which surrounded the great Aztec capitol.

Quetzalcoatl was a name to conjure with and its power was known from the southern borders of the

United States to the high peaks of the Andes. By the Quiches he was called Gucumatz, by the Mayans Kukul-Can, and by the Incas possibly Thonapa. He was not only a hero-king but the central figure of a mystery cult served by a hierarchy of priests who termed themselves "serpents" and by virtue of their rituals of consecration partook of the very nature of the god himself. The initiates of the Quetzalcoatl cult, as we learn from the writing of de Bourbourg, referred to themselves as "the sons of the snakes" or in another place, "the serpents." There is also reference to a subterranean passageway which leads to the roots of heaven; this passage is called the "snake's hole" and only a serpent may enter it. Here is occult symbolism in no uncertain terms. That the serpent-hole which leads to heaven is only for such mortals as have become "snakes" is equivalent to the statement in the Old Testament that the mysteries of God are only for the initiates.

It was customary among ancient peoples to conceal the elements of their philosophical doctrines under mythical adventures ascribed to a hero-god who was the personification of the whole mystical system. The legends of Hiawatha are of such origin as well as most of the stories concerning Jesus, Buddha, and other great world teachers. The legends of Quetzalcoatl are no departure from this well established rule. In his birth, life, and death we have all the elements of a cosmic myth skilfully treated with definite emphasis upon the theogonic and astronomical elements.

Before entering upon the actual life of the god-man, certain explanations are necessary. In the first place the material from which these accounts are derived is extremely fragmentary, being only the mutilated remnants of a once great literature. Hence, there must be breaks in the thread of the story. In the second place, the tale is made up from the traditions of several nations, each of which has added local color to the narrative. In the third place, nearly all who have attempted to interpret the old legend have done so from an entirely materialistic standpoint, giving no

credence whaever to the metaphysical elements involved. Brasseur de Bourbourg and Auguste Le Plongeon were both transcendentally minded but their efforts find small favor in the eyes of so-called practically minded archeologists. True, Lord Kingsborough, in 1835, attempted to prove that Quetzalcoatl was an Americanized form of Christ and that the traditions concerning him had been brought by some early missionary, possibly St. Thomas. The present status of the Mexican mythology problem may be summed up in the thought that most men of letters are militantly opinionated and that where opinions run riot small heed is taken of facts.

To start at the beginning, then, we must ask who were the Toltecs. To show how obscure the subject really is, we find serious debate as to whether such a race ever actually existed. Those opposing the historicity of the Toltecs declare that the accounts of this people are so mixed up with astronomical cycles that the whole account should be regarded as entirely mythological and related to some previous state of man in the heaven world or possibly to the progressions of the planets and constellations. Those affirming the reality of the Toltecs declare them to be one of the earliest migrations of the Nahua stock which moved southward into the valley of Mexico from the mysterious land of Aztlan (the Place of the Reeds). Several legends exist concerning the origin of the Nahua peoples whose sacred land was called Tlapalan, which means the Country of Bright Colors. It is also believed that they may have come from Chicomoztoc, the sacred seven caverns in the earth. Lewis Spence is of the opinion that these two localities might be New Mexico or Arizona. On the other hand, some of the most authentic traditions point to the fact that Tlapalan could be reached only by water. It has been connected with Atlantic by some writers, while others believe that Asia was the origin and that these tribes preserved traditions of their migration across Bering Strait by means of canoes. There is an ever increasing belief in the reality of the Toltec people, but if the philosophical facts were known the whole account might parallel

Plato's description of Atlantis which is a symbolical and allegorical depiction based upon historical circumstances. In other words, facts and fancy have been woven together to serve the purposes of a priestcraft bent on the preservation of metaphysical truths.

According to the historian, Ixtlilxochitl, the Toltecs founded the city of Tollan about the year 566 A. D. Tollan is now identified with the Mexican city of Tula, about 50 miles from Mexico City. There is a tradition that the Toltecs were led in this migration by a magician who, finally, with the aid of divination selected the spot upon which the great center of empire was to be established. Now if the Toltec civilization did not arise until the sixth century A. D., it is scarcely probable that it was to these people that Quetzalcoatl came. He would seem to be much earlier. This leads us to believe that the term Toltec is susceptible of two interpretations. While the term has been given to the first migrations of the Nahuas, it may also apply to a mythological period which preceded historical civilization, a period such as we find recorded in Greece during which the gods walked with men and mysterious things might happen. We follow the historical accounts of the Toltecs as that nation rose to great heights in the arts and sciences, and then we trace the decline in virtue and integrity which finally precipitated this proud people into oblivion. It is evident that in the last ages of the Toltec empire, Quezalcoatl was regarded by them as their patron deity and his power was invoked to protect them from Tezcatlipoca, the war genius of certain primitive Nahua tribes that finally destroyed the Toltec empire. But there is a strange silence among the histories as to the actual presence of Quetzalcoatl as a prince or leader at that time and we are forced to assume that the Toltecs to whom this prince came in person were the heavenly progenitors of the nation upon the earth. While dates and places are hopelessly confused, the astonishing profundity of the Quetzalcoatl myth and its correspondence to the mystery rituals of the classical pagan world cannot but awaken admiration and a desire to understand its meaning more clearly.

(To be continued)

Tarot Symbolism

THE EIGHTH NUMBERED CARD

LA JUSTICE

8 LA JUSTICE ח

The number 8 was truly a mystery number and even to this day little has been discovered concerning its symbolism. In naming the eighth card of the Tarot deck Justice, the unknown originator of these cards followed the classification of Macrobius, the Pythagorean, who said that the 8 signifies justice because when divided equally two fours result and these signify the equilibrium of the two worlds. Eight was called by the Eleusinian initiates the little number of the wise men and on the eighth day of the Mysteries was celebrated the feast of Æsculapius, the god of medicine and healing. The prenatal life of man was divided into nine parts according to the months of the period of gestation, the eighth month being assigned to the Moon. The sphere of the Moon is seemingly one of equilibrium between the superior and inferior worlds. It stands, so to speak, between the sun and the earth and souls descending into generation were first immersed in the lunar humidity. This humidity was the mysterious water of Lethe or forgetfulness; those who partook of it no longer remembered their divine origin and knew of no life other than the corporeal one into which they were so soon to be ushered.

Very likely this is the original meaning and origin of the term *lunacy,* for those who had been immersed in the lunar vibrations ceased to be rational creatures and manifested that kind of madness which is the keynote of mortal life. All but the wise are mad, for wherever irrationality and inconstancy afflict the reason the sanity may legitimately be questioned. Pythagoras declared that the souls of men were born into the bodies of animals, by which he inferred that all physical bodies are actually animal regardless of their shape or kind, man being actually human only in his reasoning part but animal in his sensations and perceptions. Birth was regarded as a major calamity by the ancients which could only be atoned for by intelligently dying. As birth was more or less controlled by lunar activity, the Moon came to be regarded as the emblem of catastrophe, so the cabalists affirmed that a child born in the eighth month of the prenatal epoch, and consequently under the lnnar ray, could not live.

The scales which Justice carries in her hand are associated with the constellation of Libra which is also the point of equilibrium in the zodiac. It is the sign, according to the secret tradition, which was inserted at the time when the division of the sexes took place. The old zodiac had but ten signs which made Capricorn lord of the eighth sign and it is known that Capricorn and Cancer were the ancient gates of birth and death celebrated in the Mysteries. The Justice card is an ever-present reminder that unbalanced forces perish in the void and that equilibrium and immortality are synonymous terms. It is common to mortal natures that they should incline towards some extreme, thus verging from temperance. These fluctuations of the soul constitute the major difference between man and the gods. The divinities are immovable, being established upon an eternal foundation; man is movable, being established only upon a temporal foundation. By acquiring wisdom the philosophers taught that man might stabilize his soul and thus approach a divine state.

The instability of the inner nature manifests itself through the uncertainty of outer actions. Today we are moved in this direction, tomorrow in that; today we follow one impulse, tomorrow another. These oppositions within ourselves are symbolized by the tilting of the pans of the balance. Being balanced in all things, however, the wise men is just, for there can be no justice apart from balance. Justice really signifies integrity and action through sufficient reasons and in the card we see symbolically set forth the qualifications and attributes of a wise, or just, man.

The figure is seated, for the wise are immovable and securely established. The animals upon the lower part of the throne represent the body which has become the pedestal or base upon which the higher integrity has enthroned itself. Justice is raised upon a dais of three steps to signify that equilibrium and balance are supreme over the three worlds. The figure is female intimating that true justice is based not upon the male attribute of force, but upon gentleness and virtue, and that the comprehension of it is through intuition rather than thought. It is difficult to realize that reason is a process higher than thinking, belonging, at least in part, to the sphere of consciousness. Such was the doctrine, however, taught by the ancients. The figure carries in one hand the scales of fair measure and true weighing; in the other it holds the sword of clear discrimination which, like the Hindu sword of quick detachment, divides the false from the true. The upward pointing sword further reveals enlightened will, for will is the weapon of right purpose. Justice is crowned with the globe of abundance, surmounted by the triple coronet of the Logos. Justice is thereby empowered by the very gods to weigh all things and to pass judgment upon them according to the degree by which they fall short of perfection. The two lamps are the twofold mind—the spiritual mind which perceives motives and causes, and the temporal mind which perceives actions and effects.

Eliphas Levi declares that each initiate must carry with him the lamp of Hermes, the sufficient light which

light is the glow from his own illumined soul. Only the inner light can dispel the outer darkness; each individual consequently lives in a world radiant either with the sunshine of his own soul or obscured and clouded by the ignorance within him. The internal light is the eternal light, whereas such illumination as comes from without is illusionary and corporeal.

To this symbol we have added a small hour-glass in a shield. It will be noted that the body of the hour-glass forms the figure 8. The hour-glass was an ancient symbol of equilibrium because it reveals the periodic alternations of the world. The hour-glass is turned hourly so that every sixty minutes the lower globe becomes the upper and vice versa. The upper sand continually flowing into the lower thus sets forth the descent of souls from their incorporeal into their corporeal state, and by reversing the glass these souls pour back again into the globe from which they came. The hour-glass also reveals how time acts as the instrument of Justice, for in time all things receive their just deserts. Time outlasts everything but itself and is at last absorbed into eternity. The gods are symbols of time; the boon which they bestow is time and in the midst of time is raised the throne of Justice which weighs and measures those actions which are performed during time.

The continually flowing sands of the hour-glass are a warning to the wise that time is not limitless but that to each creaure is given time to accomplish those adjustments between himself and the universe which insure his immortality. As the sands pass through the glass, so the ages of the earth have their exact boundaries of limitation. There is nothing that is not measured as to its duration and all are responsible for the use which they make of the opportunities which time bestows.

The figure 8 is a lemniscate, an endless twisting band which signifies cosmic motion and the orderly procedure of those heavenly bodies from whose motion mortals measure time. As this lemniscate is without beginning and without end, it becomes a type for the

revolutions of all inferior bodies in the heavens about their superiors. The lesser gods, or genii, continually encircle the eternal throne of the Unmoved One even as passing fancies revolve about the center of man's mind: The 8, therefore, becomes the number of the planets of the sidereal system. It is even our solar system itself composed of the seven sacred planets enclosed within a composite wholeness or eighth sphere. This wholeness is, Platonically speaking, a divinity whose parts and members are the seven planets. Thus the god of the world may be considered as symbolized by the 8 or the first cube, for in geometrical symbolism the cube is the proper symbol of the world, its eight corners being the eight Cabiri gods who formed the world.

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Postpaid $3.00.

Cultus Vegetabilis

It is not the purpose of this article to depreciate any intelligent consideration of the problem of diet but rather to remind the average individual that he lives so badly it is hardly necessary for him to live longer than a span of moderation will permit. With all his intemperances man generally succeeds in outliving his usefulness. Why should he struggle so for added years only to waste them? Life is not really important unless it is lived intelligently. Philosophers do not care how long they live; their prime concern is how well they can live. Longevity is a curse except to the wise. This does not mean we should strive to hasten our own decease but that, living moderately in all things, we should fill the years with useful deeds and face dissolution with a good hope.

We should all strive to be healthy, for bodily ailments divert the mind from the cultivation of reason to the contemplation of corporeal indisposition. Few can ignore the irritations of the flesh. But then, again, a healthy man is not one who, possessing only a superabundance of animal vitality, frisks about on his vitamines. A healthy man is one who is free from mental and spiritual disease—in other words, one who is comfortable as the result of a healthy coordination of his parts. Normalcy is absolutely indispensable to health and he who departs from normal things departs from God and reason.

About one-third of what a man eats lengthens his life and contributes to his well-being; the other two-thirds shortens his days and destroys peace of mind and body. We all eat not wisely but too much. The American people are an amazing order of gastronomes who, like the Lacedemonians described by Diogenes, build their houses as though they would live forever and eat as though they would die tomorrow and never have another chance. Nor is it entirely what we eat—the way we eat it is also important.

Haste is the enemy of all temperance. If we must eat —and we shall probably have to unless science amends an act of Providence—we should eat leisurely, comfortably, and joyously.

"A man is what he eats" solemnly declares the enthusiast, quoting his favorite authority in the same final tone that his grandfather used when quoting from Ecclesiastes. This is not literally true, for the process of assimilation is not only physical but also metaphysical. The individuality of food is destroyed before it is actually incorporated into the system. If this were not true, inveterate asparagus eaters might burst into fern. Take, for example, the cow. This gentle bovine should be the dieticians' delight. Here we have a perfect example of thorough mastication and the monodiet carried to the last legitimate extremity. If normal eating were the prime requisite of perfection and the royal road to Nirvana, cows would be, at least, archangels. Alfalfa and tall lucious grasses, bits of fragrant clover, and occasionally even a more fragrant wild onion have made that cow what it is today—if certain of our leading authorities on health are to be believed. But what human creature, sitting down to a plate heaped up with miscellaneous herbage, really desires to have this miracle worked on him and spend the rest of his life combatting a tendency to flick flies or chew cuds. If what a being eats really is the measure of its personality and activity, a diet would be very hard to choose for there is really nothing that a man eats which he would actually like to become—although some do seemingly take on appearances. An animal is valued for its weight or strength but a man for the quality of his reason.

It is quite astonishing how many specialists die of the very disease which they have made their life study. It seems that repeated thinking brings into actual objectivity the substance of that thought. By the same rule we discover that a great number of diet faddists suffer from stomach and intestinal troubles. The stomach seems to be a shy and retiring organ. It is patient under abuse but when given too much publicity and attention becomes so embarrassed that it can-

not function properly. A life spent counting calories is a life utterly wasted because, like the other things of this world which men prize, calories are impermanent and pass away. Follow a few simple laws of eating, with which everyone is familiar but which all alike disregard; and, realizing that the body was designed to bear a certain burden of abuse, devote time and energy to the achievement of greater and more permanent good.

Almost every year evangelists come preaching some new excess. In the old days these prophets completely upset our emotional nature with their promises of heaven and fears of hell. We broke into a cold sweat and were baptised amidst the loud amens and hallelujahs of a congregation who were all excited but had no idea of what it was about. When the sawdust trail business began to wane, the great psychological circus began and our mental equilibrium was all upset by the dreadful realization that we were a bundle of undiagnosed complexes which could not be remedied until our favorite psychologist had vaccinated our subconscious mind. After the psychologists became real estate and oil salesmen, the country had a pretty bad attack of Yogi-itis, which like the Mediterranean fruit-fly, was an imported dilemma. We syncopated our breathing and sat around bundled up in blankets attempting the difficult experiment of looking at the navel with one eye and the pineal gland with the other, at the same time thinking intently about nothing. The same types of people who went hysterical over the metaphysicians, psychologists and Yogis of past years are coming out now with a new hysteria—diet. They have re-hemmed their frayed nerves and, ready to be fooled again, listen with open-mouthed wonder to some picture of life and vitality as he instructs them how to eat their way to happiness, prosperity, and centenarianism.

The evangelist of longevity arrives right behind several truck loads of garden stuff. The Greeks, Sicilians, Italians, Koreans, Japanese and other members of our hundred percent American farming class dump their prudence and proclaim a national holiday. The

decorators then get busy and soon the front of the lecture hall where the apostle to the gourmands is to speak is artistically festooned with strings of cabbages, clusters of onions, bouquets of radishes and bunches of honest carrots. There will also be photographs of the speaker lifting high with one hand a festive squash while with the other he holds out invitingly a package of his favorite laxative. He will also have placards circulated among the green grocers advising humanity in general to eat more broccoli as a remedy for the present financial depression.

The day that the spinach is draped about the pillars and arches of the auditorium, it is a verdant if unusual decoration. The second day, however, there is a depressed and wilted look and by the third day the deterioration is simply terrible. To even behold the exhibition destroys one's appetite for a fortnight. When finally the janitor untwines the wreckage, it is painfully evident that dieticians should use wax or crepe paper vegetables for display purposes.

At last comes the big night when demon starch is to receive his death-blow, when all the ills of mankind are to be swept away with a bunch of celery. The house is packed with apparently healthy people who will never know how sick they are until the professor gets through telling them. The Prophet of Food Values appears, and welcomes his vast audience with a cheery, "How are you eliminating?" His first task is to sell himself, to prove that all that he is he owes to a mixture of rhubarb and sorghum. He takes off his coat, then his vest and threatens to remove his shirt in order that his muscular development may duly impress the assemblage. He runs up and down, climbs up onto the reader's desk, swings back and forth by the plush drapery, kneels like Al Jolson singing Mammy, pleading all the while for men to leave their pills and ills and follow him down the garlic strewn path to success. He pounds his own chest and tells them that he is ninety years old (born in 1895), that he has never been sick a day in his life, and that no one need ever ail again if they will but now, here, this very moment, buy a little package of Nature's own

favorite physic for the ridiculously low price of one dollar. If business does not start immediately, our revivalist depicts graphically the mysteries of our intestinal tract, warning us that at that very moment we are dying and don't know it! And very soon the line forms on the right. While the little boxes of immortality are being distributed, arrangements are made for the big class that is to follow where all the mysteries of life will be explained and from which you will emerge almost too wise to remain on this planet.

In summarizing the health platform, we would like to describe a symposium given by the health expert in which the lame, the halt and the blind brought their own lunches at his direction and ate them under his supervision. The words of the janitor who cleaned the hall the following day are most eloquent: "Yes, sir, if that wasn't the worst mess I've seen in twenty-five years of cleaning out buildings! I like to never got the dirt out. What they didn't eat they threw on the floor and walked on. And will you believe it, they were serving out raw flour mixing it up with garlic and honey and eatin' it. Most of the flour and no small amount of the honey was on them carpets, too, I mean to tell you! The worst bunch of nuts I ever seen. If I had to eat stuff like that, death would be a pleasure."

Leaving the janitor to moan over the general deterioration of mankind, we will conclude our remarks by simply restating the original premise. Hysterical dieting is just as dangerous as any other form of hysteria and stomach-olatry is a dangerous form of religion. The good Book was not far wrong when it declared that that which cometh out of the mouth defileth a man much more than that which goeth in. Eat moderately, think creatively and work hard. These are the secrets of health.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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, so to speak, eating its way 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 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 constellation 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 seagoat 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 reverenced crocodiles that they often made golden bangles inlaid with jewels for the legs of these creatures and also adorned their necks with valuable collars. The Jews, following an early symbolism which shows Capricorn as part antelope and part fish, speak of Napthali who of the sons of Jacob 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 particularly 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 very interesting to reconstruct the appearance of the constellations as they were on the night of the 25th of December two thousand years age. 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 and 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.

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 to have Capricorn rising. Such people are supposed to be crystallized and inflexible, of gloomy disposition and of adverse fortune. Capricorn demands 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.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 AUGUST, 1931 No 11

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
944 WEST 20TH ST.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 322
The Egyptian Initiate 323
The Mystery of the Feathered Serpent 329
Tarot Symbolism 339
A Word to the Wise 343
Zodiakos, The Circle of the Holy Animals 348

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Simultaneously with the publication of the twelfth number of this magazine, about August 15th, a small number of bound volumes containing the twelve numbers will be available. These volumes will be attractively bound in green cloth stamped in gold with a symbolic device upon the covers. This will constitute Volume V of the ALL-SEEING EYE and in this permanent form will be suitable for your library shelves.

The bound magazine will contain approximately 384 pages devoted exclusively to the writings of Manly P. Hall and comprise about 70 articles on occultism, philosophy, astrology and kindred subjects. It is only possible to bind as many sets as remain after the monthly distribution and tables sales of the publication, therefore those who are interested should communicate with the publishers immediately making reservations for their copy.

The friends who already have a complete file of the magazine can make arrangements to have them bound by sending in their copies to our office. See ad on inner cover of magazine for details.

No arrangements have been made up to the present time to continue the magazine in its present form as the plans for an annual publication are progressing nicely. We have decided to deviate from the general rule covering such publications and issue the Annual in board covers which will insure its permanence and durability.

Mr. Hall will continue his lectures in Los Angeles until fall when he contemplates a Northern tour. Several new publications are in course of preparation including a series of three new pamphlets on the subjects of Dreams, Healing, and Prayer respectively. The friends will be notified when these are ready for distribution.

The Egyptian Initiate

"Hail to Thee, Ra, Lord of law, whose shrine is hidden!"—*Hymn to Ammon Ra.*

"Death is swallowed up in light."—*from the Book of the Master*

Distinguished Masonic historians and scholars such as George Oliver, Albert Mackey, Robert Freke Gould and Albert Pike are of a single purpose in their efforts to establish a definite correspondence between the Hiramic legend of Blue Lodge Masonry and the Osiris myth as expounded in the initiatory rituals of the Egyptians. *In Morals and Dogma of the Scottish Rite,* Albert Pike sums up briefly the writings of Plutarch on the allegories of the Osirian cult and even calls attention to the probability that the Virgin weeping over the broken column is Isis, the Mother of Mysteries, lamenting the death of her husband and brother whose body was hidden in the great pillar in the palace of the King of Byblos. Vindicated from any taint of heresy by such illustrious precedent, the modern student of Masonic philosophy and symbolism may safely, therefore, direct his attention to the antiquity of the craft, confident that a scholarly examination of ancient theological and theogonic systems can but add luster to his Order and credit to his own name. Too long has

Freemasonry been diverted from its proper ends into strange and irrelevant courses, but in each generation a few of the better informed brethren, through their untiring efforts, have assisted in preserving the high philosophic aspect of the symbols of the craft.

It is most unfortunate, yes tragic, that the great Egyptian initiatory ritual of the *"Coming Forth by Day"* should, through some accident, have been misnamed the *Book of the Dead.* The latter term is a fascinating one; the popular mind picked it up and has rendered the correction of the misstatement almost impossible. Recognizing Egypt to have been the cradle of superior culture and most exalted philosophy, and admitting the almost undeniable evidence that the Egyptian Mysteries were the progenitors of modern Freemasonry, it is most sad that a critical dissection of the Egyptian theological system is impeded and rendered almost impossible by the comparatively late and incomplete forms of the ancient writings now available on the subject. It is quite evident to the Egyptologist that such papyruses as those of Ani and Henefer are incomplete and inadequate renditions of older and more complete writings yet unrecovered. *The Book of the Dead* is a treasure house of Masonic lore to those who can realize that the ancient work has a significant meaning throughout, and were it available in a complete form would render the whole subject of philosophy considerably more lucid. A systematic effort is now being made to render somewhat more intelligent the ancient funeral text by translating the hieroglyphics upon and within the important mummy cases now reposing in several great museums of Europe and Egypt. At the present time it is only possible to speculate as to the Masonic importance of this research, but it is safe to prophesy that if the truth be discovered, popular Masonry must give way to a more profound and correspondingly more valuable interpretation of its mission. Every serious member of the Order should sense the importance of the coffin texts and possible clues to a more recondite and valuable interpretation of the mass of symbols and allegories which have been woven into the fabric of Freemasonry.

Coming events cast their shadows before them, and two most significant occurrences are indicative of the nature of what may be expected. A remarkable scroll has recently emerged from the confusion which seems to render the whole subject of Egyptian mythology worse confounded. Some ancient scribe, suffering from penury, the disease of the learned, apparently entrusted much wisdom to an inferior grade of papyrus with the result that we have a priceless but dilapidated monument to his erudition. Egyptologists are rather prone to view this archaic treasure as a cabalistic treatise designed to render more or less systematic the confused fables intimated in the *Book of the Dead.* The intelligentzia have pronounced the manuscript a "meaningless rigamarole of metaphysical jargon." Of course, the modernists, who deify the instant, will scoff at the possibility that the Egyptian scribe, long dead has contributed anything of practical value to this illumined age, but in the last analysis who is wise while Pilate's question remain unanswered? Mayhap this old scroll will prove to be the lost key to a most confusing situation. If it reveals the gods to be but the personifications of great scientific principles and that theology is an exact science and not a hopeless confusion of doubts, the present century may be redeemed from the unhappy end to which its present attitudes must inevitably bring it. The Egyptians were far in advance of their time. Long before the Christian Era the Egyptian priests had traced the circulation of the blood, composed books on anatomy and physics, had developed glass blowing, licensed dentists and occultists, and, if the Ebers papyrus be authority, brewed excellent beer. It was in the dark land of Khem that many sciences had their beginnings as did also several noble schools of philosophy and ethics. During the glory of the empire the priests served the heavenly Fire, not only using it in the mysteries of alchemy but as an abstract symbol of the Supreme Good. A philosopher writing nearly four hundred years ago made a suggestion which modern archeologists might well reflect upon. He said, "We should remember that the dark and apparently worth-

less earth which is beneath our feet also yields the precious jewels and metals from which we fashion our most glorious adornments." Shall the archeologists seek physical fragments alone or, wedding science to philosophy, sift the dust of ages for intellectual treasures far more precious than the chips of ancient empire?

The second discovery is of direct and most intense Masonic interest. A papyrus of the *Book of the Dead* definitely proves, by the prompter's marks and notes scattered throughout, that his strange document, presumed to be concerned solely with the destiny of the disembodied spirit, was actually a dramatic ceremonial staged by living actors, presumably in the recesses of the temples. The actual context of the manuscript renders it evident that the play could have none other than a sacred purpose and is a mutilated fragment bearing witness of those arcane rites attendant upon the installation of the Initiate of the Osirian cult. While this has long been suspected by the more profound Masonic scholars, the proof has previously been lacking and will be welcomed as one of the links of a seemingly endless chain.

But the question may well be asked—what does all this mean to the average Freemason whose acquaintance with Egyptology is hopelessly superficial, and what may he glean from the ancient symbols which will enable him to sense more profoundly and apply more diligently the verities of his order? If the identity of the Osiris and Hiramic myths be accepted, then the *Book of the Dead* is the open sesame of symbolic Masonry, revealing a hidden beauty beneath the rituals, an unsuspected splendor in the symbols, and a divine purpose actuating the whole of Masonic procedure. The symbols of the craft have been superficially interpreted for centuries, but even Albert Pike confessed that as far as his research had permitted him to penetrate, the actual meanings of the curious figures had been hopelessly and he even feared irretrievably lost. For lack of adequate meaning the whole mass of allegories lose the name of action and no longer impel the neophyte to the accomplishment of a nobler state.

The Egyptian Mystery ritual was originally concerned with the accomplishment of the curious and wonderful circumstance which was termed the *Coming Forth by Day*. The understanding of this ceremony and the principle for which it stood is indispensable to the attainment of wisdom. The second birth appears in the arcana of nearly all great religions and the achievement of conscious immortality was regarded as one of the chief goods which resulted from perfection. Who were the ancient hierophants of whom it was said "death had forgotten them?" Who were the royal priests who were born from age to age without dying? Yes, even the Melchizedeks, for it was said of the Prince of Salem that he was his own father and his own mother. Jesus is described as being of the same order—"a priest after the Order of Melchizedek." These were the immortals to whom the term "phoenix" was applied, and their symbol was the mysterious two-headed bird, now called an eagle, a familiar and little understood Masonic emblem.

Plato hints suggestively at the solution when he declares the body to be the sepulchre of the soul. The spirit within the body awaits liberation and this freedom of the rational part from the irrational form must be achieved in one of two ways. The ignorant are liberated through necessity, the wise through choice. So in the fables of Egypt those who leave the body and the sleep of death come forth by night and wander in the darkness, but such as were accepted into the Mysteries were instructed in those secret disciplines by which the reasonable nature is emancipated from its bondage without the ministration of decay. The true philosopher, liberated from his own darker part, is translated like Enoch without tasting of the bitterness of death. Of such an illumined and regenerated one it was declared: "he has come forth by day." Thus the Mysteries were regarded as the substitute for death and also as the second womb from which the Initiate was born into the sphere of wisdom. In Egypt the Mysteries or institutions of philosophic rebirth were called Isis and those born out of the temple were designated the Sons of Isis. Now through the death

of Osiris, her husband, this goddess had donned the badges of mourning and through the loss of the Word symbolized by the phallus of Osiris had become the great Widow. Hence those born out of her, the philosophic elect, were termed the Widow's Sons, a designation which has clung to Freemasons even in this age.

Upon an ancient column was an inscription thus translated by Diodorus: "I am Osiris the King—I am the eldest son of Saturn; I was born of the brilliant and magnificent egg, and my substance is of the same nature as that which composes light." This statement reveals the condition of such as had been raised by the strong grip of the Lion's Paw. The brilliant and mysterious egg from which the immortal mortal issues is the temple, the house of the Mysteries, the sphere of the wise. It is what would now be called a Masonic Lodge and he who issues from it, Phanes-like, wears a new body, the vestment composed of light, that light which is imparted to the soul by the glorious arcana of the ritual. It is, therefore, said of the candidate that he descends into the darkness of the tomb and after having wandered in the gray halls of Hades is reborn and received as one risen from the grave. The instruments and adornments with which he is invested bear witness to his achievement and he is regarded as more than an ordinary mortal. He is of a race apart and though not actually worthy of worship, is still entitled to definite veneration. This high ethical order, this noble and sacred mystery, this is Freemasonry; anything less is not Freemasonry, and but clouds the great purpose for which the order was devised in the infancy of mankind. Thus from the crude fragments left to us of ancient Egyptian manuscripts and their commentaries we receive a great inspiration, an ennobling realization of our one purpose. We are promised that if we serve faithfully and consecrate ourselves to the purpose for which the Mystery Schools came into existence, the Word will ultimately be returned and with it will come the full understanding of that deep and sublime mystery of philosophy as the rational substitute for death.

The Mystery of the Feathered Serpent

(Continued)

On a certain day in the mythological country of Tlapalan three sisters were sitting together in their home when there suddenly appeared in their midst a heavenly apparition so fearsome in appearance that two of the sisters died of fright upon beholding it. To the third sister, who seemed strangely calm, the spirit addressed itself, declaring that it had come as an ambassador from the god of the Milky Way to search on earth for a virgin called Chimalman or Sochiquetzal, who was to bear a son by an immaculate conception and whose name was to be Quetzalcoatl. The tradition then declares that the father of Quetzalcoatl was the great god Ometecutli who is called "the lord of our flesh" and who was the direct creator of mankind. No one apparently has noticed the first two significant letters of this god's name—OM. This can scarcely be a coincidence. The omnific name of the Creator commences with these two letters in so many of the ancient mystical systems. Here is a definite link with the metaphysics of Asia.

Lord Kingsborough notes the significant fact that the name Sochiquetzal signifies in the ancient dialects "the lifting up of roses" and that in the Islamic traditions concerning the birth of Christ he was conceived as the result of the Virgin Mary smelling of a rose. In another tradition, the god Ometecutli, who was the personification of the procreative attributes of abstract divinity, is declared to have overshadowed the Virgin Sochiquetzal as an invisible spiritual being, impregnating her with his breath so that Quetzalcoatl was the

breath-born son of a divine father and a human mother. Here we have a parallel to Pythagoras whose father is supposed to have been the god Apollo, or Jesus conceived of the Hoyl Ghost which literally means "spiritual air or breath," and again in the folklore of Britain the magician Merlin whose father was an invisible creature, a fire salamander or dragon and his mother a vestal.

In due time the child Quetzalcoatl was born, his birth being accompanied with the mysterious omens and wonders in the heavens which always accompany a divine incarnation. Some legends affirm that when he entered into terrestrial life he was already perfect in wisdom so that even as a babe he had the reasoning faculties of a man. There are fantastic stories to the effect that he issued into this life wearing his plumed bonnet and adored alike by gods and men. There are accounts that Quetzalcoatl was the youngest of the seven sons of Ometecutli, but the more persistent tradition is that he was the one and only son of his heavenly father and that he came into this world only for a short time to act as a mediator and to reinstate a relapsed humanity in the favor of the heavenly one. The Aztec chronicles state definitely that Quetzalcoatl is the only one of the gods who ever actually possessed the body of a man; all of the other deities were incorporeal, existing in an azonic state like the God of the Christians who is regarded as being everywhere at all times. Thus Quetzalcoatl fulfills all the requisites of the Platonic definition of a demigod. He is the superman, the link between heaven and earth, who of his own nature constitutes the bridge which connects the two worlds. He is the Son through whom all men must come unto the Father. Quetzalcoatl was born on the day of the seven Canes, and as in the case of nearly all divine children, tradition is silent as to his childhood years. There is a rumor of greatness but no distinct account. At this point a considerable difficulty arises in an effort to reconcile several legendary accounts. According to some stories, Quetzalcoatl was actually born in Tollan and ruled over that Toltec state as its prince, but the most popular legend de-

clares that he departed from Tlapalan and appeared at Vera Cruz, either riding upon a raft of serpents or being carried in a magical canoe made from the skins of snakes. In appearance he is generally represented as a man of mature years, even a patriarch with a long beard and fair, white skin. The image of him in the pyramid of Cholula, however, depicts the god as black, his body adorned with astronomical symbols. When seen upon the raft, Quetzalcoatl was covered from shoulders to feet in a black robe which was ornamented with a fringe of white crosses. Upon his head was a magnificent bonnet of quetzal plumes and he carried a magic wand with which he performed all those wonders ascribed to Moses' sacred staff. With this wand he controlled invisible creatures and was continually surrounded with magical forces.

When Quetzalcoatl took over the affairs of the Toltec nation, the people were suffering from droughts and famines so that great distress was upon the face of the land. Knowing that sin was the curse of the fourth age and that the departure of men from the piety prescribed by the divinities was responsible for their tribulation, Quetzalcoatl set himself the task of reordering Toltec culture. Among other things he instituted sacrifices to the gods and revived the interest in spiritual things. His offerings however were of no avail until at last he offered his own blood for the redemption of his people. He inflicted several wounds upon his own body and catching the blood in sacred utensils offered it as a covenant to the deities. We remember that Odin, in German, Wotan, wounded himself with his own spear that he might be qualified to enlighten the world. Both Odin and Quetzalcoatl became gods of thieves even as Christ was crucified with thieves, and one of the names by which Quetzalcoatl was known in the Mexican mysteries was Votan. One of the Spanish authors calls attention to the fact that many of the criminals of Mexico worshipped Quetzalcoatl and Odin was the patron of executed criminals because he voluntarily hung himself from a branch of the Tree of Life. The self-inflicted wounds by which Quetzalcoatl appeased the heavenly wrath

were made with sacred thorns which reminds one of the wreath of thorns. There is most certainly a connection between all of these curious correspondences but others more startling come to light as we proceed.

At last, to signify that they had accepted the sacrifices and had forgiven the sins of the people, the Toltec gods on their high Olympus, sent a lizard as their messenger to inform Quetzalcoatl that the period of his penance had come to an end. The Valley of Mexico then blossomed as a rose and all good things came to the people. Prescott writes: "During his residence on earth he (Quetzalcoatl) instructed the natives in husbandry and the arts of government. His influence was most benign. Under his tutelage the people were happy; the air was filled with intoxicating perfumes and the sweet melody of birds. The halcyon days he spent with his people represented to them the Golden Age of Anahuac. At his command the earth teemed with fruits and flowers, without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a man could carry. The cotton, as it grew, took, of its own accord, the rich dyes of human art. Wherever he went all manners of singing birds bore him company, emblems of the whistling breeze." Thus we see the great magician with a wave of his magic wand re-established paradise upon the earth and over his happy realm he ruled in the capacity of a priest rather than a king.

Concerning the personal life of Quetzalcoatl contradictions also exist. Some declare that he was a celibate initiate living in the true manner of a priest, concerning himself only with the spiritual well-being of the race; other accounts refer to his consort, Quetzalpetlatl, who is described as the female counterpart or complement of himself. Here we have the Oriental doctrine of shaktis in which each divinity is completed by a female attribute usually personifying the gentler virtues of the divinity. Even the accounts of the Mayas on the Peninsula of Yucatan agree that it would be a mistake to consider Quetzalcoatl or, to them Kukul-Can, as a king or temporal ruler. He placed princes

upon thrones and defended the dignity of states but remained ever aloof from temporal entanglements, too high and too far removed to enter into the petty disputes of men.

In the Mexican legends of Quetzalcoatl appear fragmentary bits of significant symbolic lore. We read of the temptation of Quetzalcoatl, how during his penance the spirits of evil came to him and tried to divert him from his course. In another place is the account of his fasting for 40 days which later became a definite part of the Mexican religious ritual. Then there is the cup which was given to him to drink in a mystic sacrament, and one of his many titles was that of "the Morning Star." Throughout the Toltec mythology he is the Lord of the Eastern Light and must be regarded as a solar divinity as well as a wind spirit. One of his many appellations in the ancient language signifies a vine or the juice thereof. Votan, which means the human heart, was a term sacred to him, and the Mexicans had a ceremony in which they made a model of his body from dough which they baked and then divided amongst themselves and ate with great solemnity. Lord Kingsborough calls attention to the fact that according to the old Jewish prophecies the Messiah who was to come to Israel was to be of marred or deformed countenance and that his person would be without beauty. Quetzalcoatl fulfils this requirement exactly. Nearly all of the images which have been found of him have been mutilated in the face and those not thus disfigured show the divinity as of most unprepossessing countenance, usually deeply wrinkled and with a single protruding tooth.

Among the Mayan legends is one to the effect that although Quetzalcoatl was held in high esteem by millions of devoted subjects and followers, he brought down upon himself the animosity of the priestcraft probably because he delivered his people from bondage to the ignorance and superstitions by which these wily sorcerers maintained their own fortune and dignity. They plotted in many ways to destroy him and at least on one occasion actually brought him to

the sacrificial stone. But his magic seems to have been greater than theirs and he was victorious over his priestly adversaries. The myth of the dying god is certain evidence of the presence of the Mystery ritual. Therefore, we seek in the legend of Quetzalcoatl for this all-important keynote, nor do we need to seek far, for the curious illuminations in the Vatican Codex reveal the whole story. Here are numerous representations of the god crucified and even with curious marks resembling nail wounds in his hands and feet. To quote again from Lord Kingsborough: "The seventy-third page of the Borgian MS. is the most remarkable of all: for Quetzalcoatl is not only represented there as crucified upon a cross of Greek form, but his burial and descent into hell are also depicted in a very curious manner." After forcing the lord of the underworld to pay him homage, Quetzalcoatl rises victoriously from the grave, thus perfecting in every part the mystical system which he had come to institute. At just what period in his life the crucifixion episode took place, we cannot discover, but, as in the story of the crucifixion of Jesus, the elements involved are metaphysical rather than physical and the date would be of no great value.

At this point the cosmic myth again mingles itself with what may be at least in part an historical account. We cannot tell just what connection exists between the Golden Age of Quetzalcoatl which crowned the allegorical story of the Toltec civilization, but we do know that the civilization itself, weakened by internal decay and the deterioration of moral fabric, was overthrown by other Nahua tribes led by the sorcerer god, Tezcatlipoca. This demon elected himself the adversary of Quetzalcoatl and determined to break the reign and power of the magician priest. At this point Quetzalcoatl seems to become for at least an instant identical with the Toltec nation itself and Tezcatlipoca and his two fellow conspirators with three tribes of Nahua barbarians. It is said, for instance, that Tezcatlipoca, assuming the appearance of an aged man, gained audience with Quetzalcoatl and as a physician prescribed a remedy for an illness which had befallen

the aged priest. The medicine which Tezcatlipoca gave Quetzalcoatl was in reality pulque, an intoxicating drink, which benumbed the senses of Quetzalcoatl. The story evidently intends to convey that the evil spirits drugged the Toltec empire and brought about its destruction through dissipation and intemperance.

Quetzalcoatl remained with the Toltecs until his empire was so demoralized by the schemings and plottings probably of his political enemies that it was no longer possible to maintain the integrity of the people. Feeling that the task which he had come to accomplish was ended and that there was no further good which he could accomplish for the Toltecs, Quetzalcoatl departed from Tollan to return to Tlapallan the mysterious "Orient" from which he had come. Departing from the city which he had elevated to dignity, he set out in his very advancing years for Cholula which was to be his first important stopping place. That his treasures should not fall into the hands of the demon Tezcatlipoca he destroyed the buildings which he had erected, hid his treasures and jewels in caverns over which he caused mountains to appear by magic. With a wave of his wand, in the words of Lewis Spence, he changed the cocoa trees into mesquites and ordered all of the birds of rich plumage and song to quit the valley of Anahuac and to follow him in his pilgrimage. Thus he left the land as he had found it—a desert—and his curse has remained upon it. His adversaries, seeing that he was rendering valueless the land which they were striving to steal from him, besought him to reveal before his departure the secrets of smelting, of painting and lapidary which he had communicated to his chosen people. But the god refused and continued his journey preceded by musicians who played soft melodies to cheer his weary footsteps.

In some accounts it is stated that Quetzalcoatl remained for twenty years in Cholula, others give a much shorter period for his stay. In honor of his presence there the great pyramid was built. From Cholula, in one account, he continued on to the shore of the Gulf of Mexico where he called to the sea and there immediately appeared above the water the wiz-

ard skiff of serpent skins drawn by dragons. Turning to his followers gathered upon the shore, the aged Quetzalcoatl made the prophecy that was to prove the future undoing of the Aztec empire. He said that in a later age he would come back and with his descendants establish the fifth great epoch which would bring with it the permanent paradise of which the Eden he had invoked by magic was but a taste. Then, stepping into his ship, he disappeared over the curved mystery of the horizon, returning to his sun-father who had called him back to the fabled land of Tlapallan.

There is also another account of the passing of Quetzalcoatl, which though entirely different also possesses much symbolic interest. In the Aztec mythology is described how the aged prince, Feathered Serpent, after his departure from Cholula, journeyed as far as Coatzacoalcos where he died full of years and honored for his wisdom. His body was carried in a stately procession to the high peak of Mt. Orizaba, where, as the multitudes gathered about it, it was consumed by a divine flame which descended from heaven as in the passing of Zoroaster, the Persian Fire Magus. As the flames surrounded his body, there appeared in the midst of the conflagration a bird of such magnificence that its plumage darkened the flames by contrast. It was the spirit of Quetzalcoatl ascending to heaven in the royal guise of the peacock.

Lewis Spence gives a still different account of the passing of the Feathered Serpent magician. He writes that Quetzalcoatl "cast himself upon a funeral pyre and was consumed and that the ashes rising from the conflagration flew upward and were changed into birds of brilliant plumage. His heart also soared into the sky and became the morning star. The Mexicans averred that Quetzalcoatl died when the star became visible, and thus they bestowed upon him the title 'Lord of the Dawn.' They further said that when he died he was invisible for four days, and that for eight days he wandered in the underworld, after which time the morning star appeared, when he achieved resurrection, and ascended his throne as a god."

That certain parts of the Quetzalcoatl legend have an astronomical interpretation is quite evident. The Mexicans had periods composed of what they called the binding of years. These bindings contained fifty-two years and constituted a cycle. According to traditions the end of the world would occur at the termination of one of these fifty-two year cycles, therefore this period was always marked with greatest solemnity and the new year was announced when the stars of the Pleiades passed the zenith on the fatal day. This passage promised an extension of fifty-two years to the life of the empire and during the period of Aztec supremacy human sacrifices were offered to propitiate the gods at this time that they might prolong the duration of the world. Quetzalcoatl remained in Mexico for fifty-two years (one of these binding periods) and, as has already been noted, the Spaniards also arrived on one of these psychological periods. Quetzalcoatl disappeared from the sight of men after the great fifty-two year festival at Cholula, journeying in the magical direction of all great Initiates—towards the east, his eternal home. Humbolt says that at the end of the fifty-two year cycle the Aztecs extinguished all their lights, a peculiar ceremony which the Druids performed annually. The Indians also at this period crucified a victim, believing that by this crucifixion they would gain a respite from the destructive powers of the gods.

In closing this article on the Quetzalcoatl myth, we would simply recall the form in which the god is worshipped, namely either as a man bearded and aged wearing a bonnet of quetzal plumes and riding upon a serpent, or else in his true hieroglyphic form as a feathered snake with rattles either coiled or with its tail raised in a defiant gesture. The worship of the serpent throughout the world is associated with the redemption of mankind through the serpent power moving in the spinal cord. This is the true wand of the magician through which the mysteries of divine magic are performed. Quetzalcoatl was both an instructor in these mysteries and also the very personifi-

cation of his own rites. There was probably more than one Quetzalcoatl, for his initiates and disciples assumed the name and symbols of their master. Hence the Aztec conqueror Kukul-Can should not be identified with the original myth but was an American Napoleon who conquered in the name of the god, bore his title as one of dignity, and built monuments in his honor throughout Central America, Mexico and the northern parts of South America. Quetzalcoatl was a god of peace but the Aztecs spread his cult with the sword, thereby following the precedent of nearly all great world religions. One cannot but be amazed in reviewing the traditions in connection with this remarkable occult allegory of the Feathered Snake and the culture for which it stood. Here in what is erroneously called the New World the occult forces of Nature were cultivated before Europe had emerged from a state of barbarism.

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Special Price only $2.00.

Tarot Symbolism

THE NINTH NUMBERED CARD

L'HERMIT

The Pyhagoreans discovered that the universe consisted of nine parts of which the first was the heaven or sphere of the fixed stars, after which followed the seven divisions or spheres of the planets and, lastly, the earth or ninth sphere. In order to create the perfect number or decad (10) they created a second earth which they called an antichthon. This new or second earth may be regarded in the same light as the tenth sephiroth of the Kabbalistic Tree or as an epitome of the whole world. By some systems this epitome would be man whom the Pythagoreans would thus define as moving in the orbit of the earth but as a world separate from the earth. First Deity, or "the heavens" as He was called, who contained all things within Himself as the superior man, was the tenth sphere. The little world, man, created in the image of his Father Heaven was also an epitome or compendium of universal principles bound into one body. Thus it may be said that not only is man in the world but that the world is also in man.

The ninth card will correspond with the ninth sephiroth or the matrix from which the man is born. Hence the association of the number nine with the

period of generation. The earth is the common mother of bodies even as wisdom is the common mother of the wise, for all natures are descended from similars and that which is similar produces that which is similar. Hence wisdom produces the wise, for wisdom is an intellectual wholeness. It is to the part what the mother is to the body, namely the substance of which it is composed, from which it is temporarily differentiated, and by which it exists. All natures are the individualization of universal quality, hence a wise man is not wisdom, for wisdom is diffused among all wise men, but a wise man is an extension of wisdom into the sphere of sense perception. Or a wise man may be termed a fragment of wisdom, more correctly, a fragment of substance from which the flame of wisdom is reflected. Virtues in general, therefore, as qualities are the origins of virtues in particular, as all particulars are suspended from generals according to both the Pythagorean and Platonic systems.

In viewing the ninth card of the Tarot we behold an aged man enveloped in a cape and cowl. In one hand he carries a shepherd's crook and in the other a lantern partly covered by the folds of his cloak. At the feet of the hermit is a coiled serpent and the sky behind is of a midnight hue. We instantly associate the hermit with the thought of a wise man. He is aged, which gives veneration, and with benign countenance, and there is the air of experience about him, intimating a fullness of life and thought. The gray cape is of the color of mind, for mind occupies the middle distance between the light of spirit and the darkness of matter and is therefore of a twilight hue. This gray cape also reminds us of the planet Saturn for Saturn is the highest of the seven spheres and the guardian of the gate which leads from his circle to that of the stars. The staff which the aged man carries is the shepherd's rod of Hermes and is the proper symbol of man's third leg as described in the riddle of the Sphinx. In this riddle we are asked what creature it is that first walks on four legs, then on two and lastly on three. Here is a true problem in Pythagorean mathematics, for the four legs not only signify

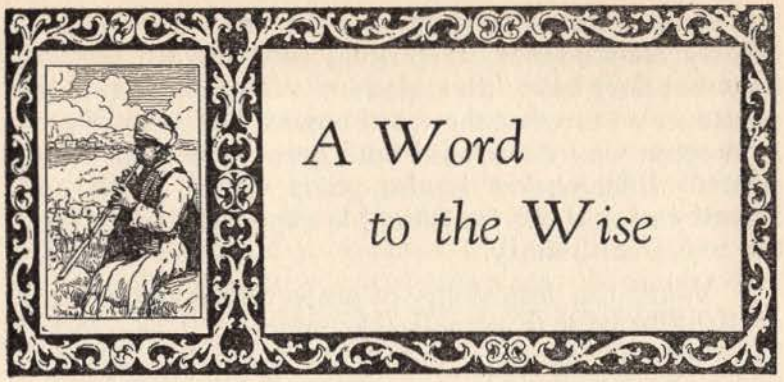
the period of infancy in which man crawls, but also the period of materiality when he depends upon the four elements for his support. In maturity he walks upon two legs which arcanely signifies that he is a servant of the principle of the duad, namely that he thinks through comparison and depends upon opposites for estimation. In advancing years he leans upon his staff, therefore it is said he walks upon three legs, the three being the proper symbol of spirit, even as the two is the symbol of the mind and the four of body. It is also important to note that when 4, signifying the body, is added to 2, signifying the mind, and these also to 3, signifying the spirit, the result is 9, the whole number of man. When this man, who has grown upward from body through mind to spirit, becomes a perfect 9, he then becomes a new creature, no longer simply a sum of parts but a unit in its own right. This new unit is the antichthon, the second or new earth, for it is written that the old heaven and the old earth shall pass away and there will come a new heaven and a new earth. Heaven always signifying spirit and earth body, we discover that in the end all things shall be made new. In the Apocalypse it is written that in this new world there shall be neither sun nor moon but the Lamb of God shall be the light thereof. The sun and moon signify positive and negative or duality, but the Lamb, which is the first sign of the zodiac, is unity, the light of the Logos.

In his description of the Tarot Cards, Eliphas Levi speaks of this lamp as the ever-burning lamp of the wise man. This lamp is reason which, when it fails to illumine his surroundings, leaves the individual immersed in the impenetrable gloom of irrationality. The wise man not only reveals his light but also conceal it. The great truths of Nature cannot be promiscuously communicated to man when they lead only to abuses and excesses. Hence the lamp is covered as are all the mysteries of life. The serpent testifies to the reborn man and declares the hermit to be initiated into the deepest mysteries of the soul.

To the symbol, as it is generally depicted, we have added a small shield containing within it a five-pointed

star bounded by a square. This in itself is the symbol of the lantern—the star, the light of the soul; the square, the body. Here also are the five senses manifesting through the four elements and all the numerous combinations of occult matters which reveal together the mystery of the number 9. Nine is further the number of Prometheus and the Scapegoat of Israel, and of the Just Man whose death accomplishes the salvation of his people. Nine is the sacrifice, for it is body, and body must ever die if soul is to be liberated. Plotinus, in his essay on the Descent of the Soul, summarizes Plato's doctrine of man's wandering through the nine spheres of space and how in the ninth sphere he becomes man and in the tenth sphere soul. The heavy garments which the hermit wears have been bestowed upon him by the stars which have enveloped him in the mantle of body. This truth is also set forth in the Mithraic initiation ceremonies where the candidate is given a robe covered with stars and planets. In the Phrygian rites also the neophytes were given cloaks with the zodiac embroidered upon them. Although the average person cannot realize it, his body is the starry vestment referred to in the ancient Mysteries, for as the Deity is robed in his suns and planets, so man is enveloped in those bodily garments which are bestowed by the crystallization of the celestial influences.

The hermit, led by the serpent of wisdom, is seeking the path which leads back again to his Father's house and the pristine splendor of his new tenth and spiritual body.



A Word to the Wise

What would you do if a stranger came up to you on the street and, after an enthusiastic greeting, exclaimed, "My dear sir, will you accept the presidency of the International Steel Trust at an initial salary of ten millions a year?" For a moment you might be too paralyzed to think, but even before you could make answer your mind would have conjured up innumerable doubts and queries. The incongruity of the situation would be apparent. You might even blurt out, "But I am not qualified for such a position! I know nothing about the steel business!" At a moment such as this your common sense would come to your rescue. Something inside you would whisper, "Such things just do not happen."

Suppose, however, that this stranger was a dark and mysterious person with soulful eyes and that his proposition was concerned with metaphysical rather than physical things. If he should say to you, "My dear sir, I have chosen you from among all human creatures to become the possessor of a knowledge which will make you the richest and most powerful person on earth; in fact there is no mystery of the universe that I am not going to reveal to you in the very imminent future." At a moment like this would your intelligence sustain you so that you could reason the thing through and say again with a conviction born of common sense, "Such things just cannot happen"?

It is very difficult for the average student of occultism to dissociate philosophy from miracles and nothing short of a miracle of the first order would make

the average metaphysician as good as he thinks he is. Nearly all students of spiritual subjects are striving for what they term "illumination." They have no idea whatever as to what the word means, but sense that it is in some way associated with great return for small effort. Illumination is the point where work and travail end and the individual is supported forever on the universal bounty.

While the desirability of perfection is evident, the probability of it is exceedingly remote. The interval between the average individual and the summum bonum is indeed a yawning gulf. It is very tragic to see people cultivating the idea that they are within jumping distance of perfection when, in reality, it will take at least three jumps before they will reach common sense. Conceit greatly complicates human life and must inevitably result in discouragement and lost motion. We nearly all believe that we are spiritually successful even though most of us are physical failures. We cherish the fond hope that our divinity may dawn upon us at almost any moment. Some of us are foolish enough to spend a lifetime waiting for it to happen—and that is very foolish. Others, after what they regard to be a sufficient period of probationship, start out to make things happen. In other words, if illumination does not descend upon them, they go after it with a gun. Of course there is always a little problem as to just where to look for it, but then there is always someone with a helpful suggestion. Others who have not found it either are always ready to point out the way. Our "mystics" have revived an old game. It is no longer "who has the thimble," it is "who has the illumination"—where did they get it and how much did it cost?

It is very easy to prove something to an individual who already wants to believe it, so it requires very little persuasion to convince metaphysicians generally that the moment of their enlightenment is at hand. At this point enter the pseudo-Gurus, near-Initiates and perhaps-adepts who find it very profitable to tell very foolish people what they want to hear. Our modern

occultists are just reeking with "advancement" and it is a joy to hear what they were in their last incarnation! There is scarcely an important person in history who is not now incarnated in someone of no importance whatever—except to himself. The modern Avatars of Plato, Pythagoras, Boehme, Swedenborg and Hypatia, to say nothing of the incarnations of Christ, the Disciples, Apostles and all the Saints, are not, for the most part, an inspiring lot. These persons are well-meaning and they get a certain pleasure out of imagining themselves to be something in particular. The problem lies in the fact that after they have played at greatness for a little while they forget they are playing and take the role seriously.

All men naturally desire to know and also to achieve and this desire is perfectly normal, but unless common sense is employed in spiritual problems tragedy is inevitable. Just because we desire a thing is no proof that we are entitled to it. If we would be absolutely honest with ourselves we would realize just how little we are fitted for the high positions which we would hold. A wise man always takes a low seat, while a foolish man takes a high seat and has to be put down.

While on this subject we should analyze the substance of perfection. What does the average person regard as the privileges which perfection bestows? A sort of straw vote on the subject produces the following: People who are perfect do not have to work and cannot be contradicted. They may also do just as they please, regardless of how it affects others, and a genii is appointed to each one to insure that his slightest whim becomes a cosmic law. Of course people do not explain it just that way, but when the subject is all summed up it means just this. Possibly this is the reason why the "advanced occultist" hates work. He is terrified by the thought of those menial pursuits by which the less enlightened must insure their survival. "Spiritual" people, full of "consciousness," "realization" and "perfection" have many most annoying peculiarities. One of them is their delightfully naive

little way of grabbing everything they can get their hands on, on the grounds that they are being fed as with a heavenly manna. We know one person so full of "spirit" or something that he affirmed it to be a genuine privilege out of heaven to permit him to owe you money. Furthermore, being full of the Holy Ghost, he had absolutely no intention of paying. God's abundance took care of him at your expense.

Then there is that kindly soul so full of "illumination" that he could no longer defile himself by supporting his family; so he removed his shoes, cut off his pants at the knees, let his whiskers grow, and went forth to share his ignorance with the rest of the world. Nor should we forget that highly illumined woman who prayed that the infinite good would bestow congenial employment upon her. She refused position after position because they did not quite come up to her consciousness. We finally discovered that her idea of God-given employment was to be paid very well for doing absolutely nothing, with double wages for overtime. Why do "spiritual" people always live off of the efforts of just ordinary folk?

One person, on the very verge of cosmic consciousness, once told me that he would work, only that it disturbed his vibrations so. This same individual, however, does not seem to be perturbed over the vibrations of friends and relatives who have to support him. Nearly all religious people have a disregard for money and yet most of them will take any that they can get their hands on without effort. The "peace and power" motto is incomplete without the "plenty" tacked on the end.

The facts are simply these. The average individual's spiritual development is of such a comparatively low order that nearly all of his highest aspirations are concerned with the comforting of his physical state. There is precedent throughout history for the idle holy living off the industrious profane. The farmers and the merchants of every century have sweated their lives out supplying a rich clergy with the best of everything. But people who feel that they are spir-

itual also feel that they are entitled to the fat of the land, that they should be supported and petted, simply because of the privilege which their presence bestows.

The purpose of occultism in the first place is not to make man divine but to make him human. Every "occultist" feels that if he does not "get out of his body" after the sixth lesson he should have his money back. People work to see auras or to develop some kind of half mediumistic clairvoyance or try in some way or another to breathe, meditate or pray their way out of their ordinary human responsibilities. Phenomena are not the things which either philosophy or occultism are primarily concerned with. The first purpose is to *increase the merit and integrity of life. The directionalization of action to intelligent and constructive ends is the only important thing in life.* Without this all else must fail.

There is nothing more incongruous than to hear petty people talk about "big cosmic realities." We all desire to possess "occult powers" and we will work for them—that is, if we do not have to work hard. But very few people are willing to struggle along through the years developing poise, charity, kindliness, truthfulness and generosity. These homely virtues are beneath the dignity of these "old souls" yet no one can be truly great without the homely virtues. No one can ever go higher than his lowest thought or be broader than his narrowest point. He cannot shuffle off his temperament and don virtues that are not his own.

Our so-called spiritual people just do not know what spirituality is, for they cannot know what they are not. They get spiritual success, which is simply *self-control,* mixed up with physical success which is *possession.* They get spiritual wealth, which is *wisdom,* confused with physical wealth—real estate and bonds. They get spiritual peace, which is the realization of responsibility well met, mixed up with physical peace which is immunity from bill collectors and nagging relatives. As long as spiritual qualities are confused with physical qualities the development has not gone very far. But a person will say, "If I attain to

the spirit, will not all these other things be added unto me?" The answer is very evident. Jesus, who is regarded as one of the world's few perfect men, had no place to lay his head; and Buddha, another of the world's immortals, had no garment but a shroud borrowed from a graveyard. The riches of the wise are not of this world for we can have "all other things added unto us" and still not be rich here because material qualities are so illusionary that they are not regarded as valuable enough even to be classified. Physical things are nothing in eternity but to little minds, dwelling in time, they are the one reality.

The current play, "Green Pastures," is not very far from the average person's conception of reality when it depicts heaven as a "fish fry."

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

AQUARIUS

In a footnote to Isis Unveiled, Madame Blavatsky consigns the Brahamical deity Indra to the constellation of Aquarius. Sir William Jones writes that Indra as 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 word 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 Dendara 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 who, with it, routed the Bon demons who, so tradition tells, had terrorized Tibet into a state of subjugation. This thunderbolt which Lama 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 else pouring the liquid from a pitcher or amphorae. In some of the older zodiacs no human figure appears; there is simply the water vessels. 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. This 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 there is reference 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 symbols 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; politicalll 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 towards 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 epochs 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 conceived 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 star 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.

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 and 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.

The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES EXISTING IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

VOL. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 12

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
944 WEST 20TH ST.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TUCKER 2603

M. M. SAXTON . . . . . *Editor*
MARY S. YOUNG . . . *Business Manager and Secretary*
J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP . . . . . *Artist*

CONTENTS

Editor's Briefs 354
Tibetan Cabalism 355
Progress, A KFI Radio Talk 366
Tarot Symbolism 370
Initiation 376
Zodiakos, The Circle of Holy Animals 381

Change of address must be in this office not later than the first of the month preceding issue. Please give both old and new addresses.

Copyright, 1931, by the HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, August 30, 1930, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PER COPY, 25c—ONE YEAR $2.50
FOREIGN, ONE YEAR $3.00

The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

With this number, Volume V of The All-Seeing Eye is complete and, as is customary with this publication, which is issued "once in a while," there will be an interim before any future volumes are printed.

* * *

We wish to take this opportunity to thank the many friends whose subscriptions have made possible the publication of this work. We shall notify them at such future time as we may contemplate a continuance of this little periodical.

* * *

At the present time, we are devoting our energies to the preparation of an occult annual, through the medium of which we hope to renew our acquaintance with the present subscribers of The All-Seeing Eye. This annual—which will be called "The Phœnix"—will combine the elements of a philosophical journal with those of an art publication, and through its pages will be perpetuated rare pictures, symbols, and photographs. It will not be necessary to make any advance subscription for The Phœnix, as notice will be sent to every subscriber when it is ready for delivery.

* * *

For your kind support in the past we thank you and look forward to pleasant associations in the future.

Tibetan Cabalism

A critical comparison of ancient cosmogony myths reveals the various surviving schools of tradition as having been rooted in a common source. To a certain degree, each system complements the others, and a general understanding of all may be gathered from even a superficial examination of any one of them. The Mystery Religions of the modern world may be regarded as survivals of doctrines established and developed in previous racial cycles. Having been established prior to that confusion of tongues by which the human family was broken up into isolated tribes and clans, cosmogony myths were common to all such groups. Each in its own way perpetuated these metaphysical traditions, modifying and gradually obscuring the original doctrine by the divergence of racial individualization. With the passage of time, men lost sight of the common root of their knowledge, each presuming truth to be a divine revelation granted through the favoritism of their tutelary gods.

But even as Deity is undivided, though men cast lots for His favor, so spiritual truth is one inseparable body, though men may attempt to part it among them as the Roman soldiery parted the seamless robe of the Nazarene. Critical scholars in their search for the origin of human faiths and beliefs are forced to trace the primitive revelation from one nation to another until the thread finally disappears among the obliterated and nearly forgotten civilizations of the remote past. Thus a belief which has been a tenet in the Christian Church may be traceable to Roman avatarism which, in turn, was borrowed from the Greeks or

Persians, who learned it from the Jews, who were instructed therein by the Egyptians, who gained it from the Chaldeans, who borrowed it from the Hindus, who either received it from or imparted it to the Chinese. So the story goes until we are moved to agree with that slant-eyed Celestial who immortalized himself through his much quoted adage: "There is nothing new under the sun."

The School of the Cabalists came into prominence in Syria during the first century of the Christian Era. Some authorities say a little earlier, others a little later. All such reforms are primarily designed to clarify original issues; in other words, to discover the original meanings of obscured and disputed dogmas. The general term "mystic" has been loosely applied to all opposed to literal or evident interpretations of scriptural authority or tradition. Thus considered, the Cabalists were unquestionably mystics, and because they endangered the security of an ecclesiastical machine which supported a vast hierarchy, they were persecuted as individuals and ridiculed for the doctrinal aspects of their cause. Thus we learn that Simeon ben Jachai, the reputed author of *The Zohar*, was forced to hide in a cave where, with the aid of divine inspiration, he transcribed *The Book of Splendour*—the Cabalistic Bible. There is abundant evidence that Cabalism was of Asiatic inspiration, if not directly at least remotely, through Egypt and Chaldea. The religions of all mankind have streamed out of Asia where, separating and flowing in different ways, they have served the whole earth. In this late age, however, the members of these several branches consider it necessary to the maintenance of piety to deny all connection either with their source or the other streams which have risen from the same fountain-head.

From this brief preamble let us turn to a more specific consideration of the Cabalistic doctrines of the Jews as related to the metaphysical speculations of the Lamas of Tibet, as these speculations have been perpetuated in the Mahayana system of Buddhistic philosophy. We know that in the doctrines of the Cabala existence flows out from and is established upon an

ever-existing but unconditioned state, to which the term, "The Absolute," may be properly applied. This primordial and unchanging suspension of infinite force, this unacting action, unaging time, unthinking thought, unknowing knowledge is AIN SOPH—the utter homogeneity of the Syrian mystics. AIN SOPH is the Closed Eye, the God who is no God but precedes the Deity; the God who, unexisting, maintains existence and who, uncreated, supports creation. In the Tibetan systems, this Parabrahmic non-entity is referred to as *Adi Buddha*. Professor Rhys Davids declares that this being, Adi Buddha, or the primordial Buddha, whom he believes to signify primordial wisdom and infinite time, was devised as a symbolic figure in the tenth century A. D. Those acquainted with the esoteric elements of Buddhism, however, affirm that this being was recognized by the very earliest masters of the art; for Gautama Buddha himself says, "From the very beginning have I roused, brought to maturity, and fully developed the Bodhisattvas." In his valuable work, *The Buddhism of Tibet*, Austine Waddell declares that the theories regarding Adi Buddha have been in existence since the first century. To the uninitiated, he is the primordial God, but to the wise the primordial state or condition, which is not God but is that by virtue of which both gods and men are established. Adi Buddha, then, is the Absolute, the Closed Eye, and both Lamaism and Cabalism proceed, therefore, from the same hypothesis—namely, an Infinite in which the finite is suspended.

In the Cabalistic Tree, we next learn that the Infinite manifests in the midst of itself the primordial Being, which is the first and most abstract objectification of the eternal subjectivity of AIN SOPH. This first manifestation—Kether, or the Crown—is called the Most Ancient of the Most Ancients, the Long Face, and the Aged One. This is the first Logos—Mind, Son of Thought; Being from Not Being, Thing from No Thing, Numbers from Number. In the Buddhist system the correspondence is evident. Adi Buddha causes to shine out from itself a single ray of force and this ray is called Vajradajra, the first of the Buddhas or, more esoterically, the first of Minds, for in this sys-

tem all creations and all creatures are modes of intelligence descending in a concatenated line from the Mindless All whose very being is the substance of Nirvana. Vajradajra, being the eternal Buddha, sits meditating in the midst of space, his immense being faintly shadowed amid the eternal sea of the Infinite. Vajradajra as the eternal meditator, the being in whom all things are epitomized, the mind in whom all minds are centered, is existent but not creative. He is the first Logos which, in the words of Simon Magus, the Gnostic, "stood, stands, and will stand." It is not given to this one, however, to take the three strides by which the dimensions and worlds are established. Therefore, from Vajradajra there issues forth the Diamond Heart—Vajrasattva—the second Logos.

Following the central stem of the Sephirothic Tree, we discover that Tiphereth, the heart of the Heavenly Adam, is suspended directly from Kether and, descending into the third world, becomes the sun or fiery jewel which emanates from itself the seven gods of builders which, in the Tibetan system, are the Dhyanas, or Sons of Meditation—those who are created by the exercising of the contemplative power. In discussing this matter, nearly all writers refer to only five Dhyana Buddhas because the sixth and seventh belong wholly to the esoteric tradition as we shall presently observe. Brian H. Hodgson writes: "According to this system, from an eternal infinite and immaterial Adi Buddha proceeded divinely, and not generatively, five lesser Buddhas, who are considered the immediate source (Adi Buddha being the ultimate source) of the five elements of matter, and of the five organs and five faculties of sensation. The molding of these materials into the shape of an actual world is not, however, the business of the five Buddhas, but it is devolved by them upon lesser emanations from themselves denominated Bodhisattvas, who are thus the tertiary and active agents of the creation and government of the world, by virtue of powers derived immediately from the five Buddhas, ultimately from the one supreme Buddha. This system of five Buddhas provides for the origin of the material world and for that of immaterial existence. A sixth Buddha is declared

to have emanated divinely from Adi Buddha, and to this sixth Buddha, Vajrasattva by name, is assigned the immediate organization of mind and its powers of thought and feeling."

It will be well to analyze the latter statement to see why the author has been led astray by the exoteric blind. In the first place, he has failed to take into consideration that whereas man is as yet imperfect—for example, in the department of the sense perceptions, having but five senses—there is a sixth and a seventh latent sense perception yet to be unfolded which must, of course, have its correspondent among the Dhyana Buddhas. In the same way, there are two as yet unperfected vowels of the alphabet, and the ancients in their astrological systems used the sun and moon as exoteric blinds for two unknown planets. Hence the earliest Chinese and Hindu astrologers employ only five planets, the former referring to these as the five kings of heaven. "The number of Dhyani Buddhas or Chohans is indefinite," writes H. P. Blavatsky, "but only five are practically acknowledged in exoteric Buddhism and seven in esoteric teachings." It is amazing how these correspondences follow through the five yogas and the five chakras recognized in certain schools of oriental mysticism. If we turn again to the Sephirothic Tree of the Cabalists, we shall gain further information as to this peculiar arrangement. We see that from Tiphereth there immediately emanates Geburah, Chesed, Hod, Netzah, and Jesod. These are the five Builders who correspond to the five Architects of the Egyptians. Wide discussion has arisen in Cabalism as to the relationships between the planets and the spheres (or Sephiroth), due to the difficulty in determining the values of the ninth and tenth spheres. The Tibetan doctrine more or less clears up this difficulty. Microprosophus, or the Lesser Face, consists, according to the *Kabbala Denudata*, of the six Sephiroth from Chesed to Jesod, of which Tiphereth is the sun, or center. Here is the same story in slightly different language that we have in the Gnostic tradition, where the Demiurgus evolves His sons or planetary genii from out of His own nature.

The Dhyana Buddhas, the Sons of Meditation, called the Parentless or the primeval Monads from the worlds of incorporeal things, may well be regarded as the vortices, or *laya centers,* or vital points upon which the intellectual sphere is elevated. Are these not also the glorious blossoms referred to by Proclus which, descending from the divine nature, become the seven directions of the world, as in the *Sepher Yetzirah,* and the seven chakras or whirling wheels upon which the constitution of man is supported?

The next point to be carefully noted is that the Dhyana Buddhas are not terrestrial creaetures but beings established in the substance of intellect. In Platonic terms they are the Ideas of the Seven Perfections, of which two must remain concealed. The names of the five known Jinas, together with the symbols with which they are associated by the Tibetans are as follows:

The first Dhyana Buddha is Vairachana. The mutra, or hand posture, is that of the dharma chakra, or the turning of the wheel of the law. He is seated upon a throne supported by a lion. His color is white, his element ether, and his symbol or insignia is the wheel with eight spokes. Because of his posture being that of the teaching, or turning of the wheel, he is regarded as the intellectual embodiment of the highest wisdom. In the Tantric banners he is placed in the center and considered as the chief of the Dhyanas.

The second Dhyana Buddha is Akshobyas, whose hand posture is that of the earth touching, or the witness, for Buddha laid his right hand with the palm inward on his leg, pointing towards the ground to invoke the earth as a witness for his integrity at the time of the temptation by Mara. This is signified in the Bhusparsa. This Dhyana Buddha is seated upon a throne supported by an elephant. His color is blue, his element air, and his peculiar symbol is the vajra, or thunderbolt. He is seated in the East.

The third Dhyana Buddha is Ratna, whose hand posture is called varda, or the best bestowing. It is the posture of charity, with the palm turned upward away from the body. The Buddha is enthroned upon

the back of a horse. His color is gold and yellow, his element earth, and his symbol the ratna, or jewel. He is seated in the South.

The fourth Dhyana Buddha is Amitabha, the Buddha of boundless love. His hand posture is that of Dhyana, or meditation. The palms of the hands rest over each other in the lap. Sometimes a sacred vessel rests in the palms. The throne of Amitabha is supported by the peacock, his color red, and his element fire. His symbol is the raktapadma, the red lotus, and he rules over the West, where his heaven is located.

The fifth, and last, of the Dhyana Buddhas is Amoǫasiddha, whose hand posture is that of the blessings of fearlessness, in which the right hand is held upward before the body, with the palm to the front. This Dhyana is seated on winged dwarf, or unidentified creature called shang-shang. His color is green, his element water, and his symbol the visvavajra, or crossed thunderbolt. He holds dominion over the northern corner of the world.

Thus are the five powers established, and in many Oriental countries figures of these Dhyanas, or their reflections in the lower worlds, appear incorporated into their prolific religious art. "These Dhyani-Buddhas,' 'writes H. P. Blavatsky, "emanate or create from themselves by virtue of Dhyana celestial selves, the supermen Bodhisattvas. These incarnate at the beginning of every human cycle on earth as mortal men, becoming occasionally, owing to their personal merit, Bodhisattvas among the sons of humanity, after which they may reappear as Manushi (human) Buddhas. The Anupadaka (or Dhyani-Buddhas) are thus identical with the Brahmanical Manasaputra, the 'mind-born' sons."

Again Cabalism comes to our assistance, for we learn, according to the teachings of the Jewish mystics, that the jewels of the Sephirothic Tree are reflected downward through four worlds to become in the lowest temporal bodies. Thus the attributes of God in the first world become hierarchies in the second, sidereal bodies in the third, and human members in the fourth. The divine impulses, striking the various levels of man-

ifestation, evolve vehicles upon these levels. In the constitution of man, the ideas, or principles, of the Dhyanas may become sense perceptions; or in the world they may become races, in the constitution of the earth continents, in the solar system planets, and in the cosmos those abstract or divine substances which in the lower world manifest as the elemental essences. As these Dhyanas come into concrete manifestations, their correspondences appear within the sphere of our perceptions, for the sixth Dhyana will bring with him the sixth continent, the race, the sixth round, the sixth sense, the sixth element, etc.

Through their shadows, or manifestations, these Dhyanas are also the directors of the great world periods, or "ages," and all such divisions existing in it. They are also concerned with the substances of one of these five meditating divinities. It has already been intimated that each of the Dhyana Buddhas caused to issue out of itself a Bodhisattva, or spiritual entity, which is an aspect of itself. These Bodhisattvas are collective objectifications of the subjective Dhyanas. In the active labor of creation these Dhyanas, in order to accomplish the molding of the several orders of life, project shapes or personalities which they overshadow. These overshadowed entities exist on several planes simultaneously and through them the forces of the Dhyanas are manifested. Thus, in one sense of the word, the first root race upon the earth was a vahan for the first Dhyana Buddha. Therefore, the root race as a whole might be regarded as a Bodhisattva, or body, for the expression of the wisdom of the Diamond Heart. Because it was established in wisdom and by wisdom, the first race could not perish from the earth. At the end of the first race, Vairachana incarnated as Samantabhadra, and was released in the form of the first Manushi, or human Buddha, Kraken-Chandu. The second Dhyana Buddha, Akshobyas ,at the end of the second root race, incarnated as Vajrapani, and was released as the human Buddha, Kanaki Muni. The third Dhyana Buddha, Ratna, at the end of the third root race incarnated as Ratnapani, and was released

as the human Buddha, Kasyapi. The fourth Dhyana Buddha, Amitabha, at the end of the fourth root race, incarnated as Avalokitesvara, and was released as the human Buddha, Guatama. The fifth Dhyana Buddha, Amogasiddha, will incarnate at the end of the fifth root race as Visvapani, and will be released as the human Buddha, Maitreya.

When we consider the background of Guatama in this system, we find his descent from Adi Buddha through Vasjradara and Vajrasattva as follows: He is from the Dhyana Amitabha, the lord of enlightened love, whose western paradise is open to all who have achieved to virtue and integrity. His Bodhisattva aspect is Avalokitesvara, from which has been derived the Kwannon concept of mercy, for Avalokitesvara is the original of the Japanese Kwannon and the Chinese Kwan-yin. The Dalai Lama of Tibet presumes to be the incarnation of Avalokitesvara, which reminds the careful student that the Bodhisattva aspect did not cease when Guatama became perfected as the Buddha. This is because Guatama simply represents the personality in whom the Bodhisattvic forces were perfected. These forces are universal and will remain throughout the kalpa.

Returning once more to our Cabalistic problem, we find the universe upheld by the warp and woof of the divine names, even as the Tibetan world is upraised upon the crossed thunderbolts of Indra. These divine names are but another way of identifying the states or conditions which in the Buddhistic system are Dhyanas and Bodhisattvas. Zen, the highest form of Buddhistic tradition, assures us that all this concatenation of divinities but symbolizes modes of mind moving through the diversity of the phenomenal sphere. Whenever we assume a mode of mind, that mode becomes incarnate in us. The universe is upheld by five major modes which, manifesting through the planes, produce an infinitude of complex effects. It would probably be more correct to say that there are seven modes of intellect, for the two invisible and unknown are also actually in manifestation, although we do not respond to their impulses consciously at the present

time. Cabalism perpetuates this idea in its analysis of the origin of man, who is regarded as an epitome of the four worlds and the forces moving through them. In the Cabala, all manifesting particulars are suspended from invisible archetypal generals. Thus man as an individual creature is suspended from man as a collective idea. The Dhyana Buddhas are collective ideas manifesting through their Bodhisattvas—collective thoughts or minds—which, in turn, are revealed in physical life collectively through the racial brain and individually through highly evolved types, of which the highest in each case becomes the Manushi Buddha, or the human vehicle through which the law is released into expression. The order is, therefore, first an idea, then a mind to contain it—unscientific in order but in philosophy ideas come before minds, otherwise there could have been no mind. Being still abstract and invisible, minds are, therefore, centers of activity upon the plane of objectified intellect even as ideas are centers of force upon the plane of subjectified intellect. As idea manifests through mind, so mind, in turn, becomes temporally represented through brain. Thus Gautama is the brain of Avalokitesvara even as Amitabha is the idea. It would be a mistake, however, to consider that Amitabha, the boundless idea, should have no manifestation other than Gautama. Everything passing through the fifth of its seven states is manifesting the Avalokitesvara forces and is under the control of that ray.

Thus throughout Nature, from the highest to the lowest, forms are manifesting formless impulses. The first of the Dhyanas—wisdom—manifests through the square of the remaining Dhyanas, even as mind in man manifests through the four bodies contributed by the elements. The analogies throughout the system are perfect. When we come in the Cabala to the tenth, or lowest, jewel, we discover it to be quartered to symbolize the elements. The last branch of the Sephirothic Tree, therefore, is precisely the same in its appearance as the Tibetan Mandala of the world. Or, again, the rabbinical garden of Eden, which is quartered by the four symbolic rivers.

An understanding of the metaphysical elements of Buddhism can only result from a knowledge of the framework of the system. We can summarize it in this way. From that which is eternal—Atma—issued Buddhi, the Link, and Manas, the Diamond Heart. From Manas, or mind, come forth the seven meditations, or thoughts, of which five have come to be known and two remain concealed. Upon these thoughts all creation is established and the reactions or reciprocal relations of these thoughts produce the complexes and reflexes of life. In every case the pure thought, or meditation, comes to the rescue of the confused condition. The heterogeneity arising from the blending of divergent modes is clarified by the periodic appearance in each of the seven ages of the pure thought of that age; which thought, embodied in a perfected mortal, releases the age from bondage to confusion and error. When the seven thoughts of the Eternal Thinker have been released to their primitive state of suspension above action, then the Diamond Heart will cease to feel or know the seven Dhyanas, or modes of intellect. Instantly these will cease and the heart itself will retire into the eternal meditating Buddha, who, in turn, will be absorbed into the Absolute state. Nothing is real but Adi Buddha, and all existence consists of conditions arising from the various forms of ignorance of this fact. The Buddhas are established to corfect through their teachings and lives those forms of ignorance which cause man to forget that the universe is composed simply of thoughts and dependent for existence upon the directionalization of the wills of the seven Dhyanas whose meditations, reflected into every atom of space, establish the inevitability of the septenary law in Nature.

Progress

A KFI Radio Talk

The modern world feels that, though its sins may be many, it has at least the virtue of being progressive. We worship progressiveness. All life is a mad effort to anticipate tomorrow. We sacrifice leisure and comfort and the integrity of our actions to an insane notion of efficiency and modernity. We point with pride to our accomplishments, assuring each other that never before in the spread of time have such up-to-date and progressive peoples existed upon the earth. There is pity for the ancients who never knew anything of the marvels of the twentieth century; and there is in all so much boasting that the time has come to examine more critically the merits of the case and to analyze the substance of this progress which we so proudly trumpet. Before we can determine the degree to which we have actually advanced, we must come to some understanding as to the meaning of the word *progress*. We like to consider the word to imply actual improvement. We do not wish it to signify the increase of amount but rather the increase of quality. Progress should reflect the achievements of the race as those achievements are concerned with permanent betterment and increasing good.

We should realize that the world grows old but that men grow up. Progress is not in the world but in men. Growth is not in the time that passes but in the man that improves during that time. We are prone to consider progress as being measured by wealth, position or power. National integrity is evidenced by armament and the resources of the government. This is an erroneous standard of judgment. Progress is not determined as much from the increasing complexity of the outward state as from the increasing serenity of the inner state. When we find ourselves enjoying (or, in some cases, suffering from) the numerous improvements and complications of modern civilization, we are apt to interpret congestion and competition as symbols of growth and culture. When asked for proof that we are nobler than past ages, we

are apt to victoriously elevate a self-turning waffle as proof that we have surpassed all previous standards of accomplishment. We point to the great steel shafts which are thrown skyward by modern engineering skill. We listen to the rumble of the subway or watch the pandemonium of the curb market, regarding such phenomena as evidence of our superiority. Worshipping, as we do, the work of our own hands, we gaze down upon a great city spread out over the plains and sense in the teeming millions that labor together in a beehive of industry a new standard of progress. It is natural to assume that when we can mass together a great city, linking its furthermost part with an antenna of wires and tubes, we have accomplished the major purpose of human destiny.

These are the types of achievement advanced as evidence that we have outgrown the pastoral existence of our predecessors. Man no longer communes with dryads in shade dgroves, but struggles for existence amid the bustle and confusion of his great economic experiment. There is little time for cultural improvement and small reward for high intellectual prowess. Progress is not in this direction but rather in the direction of great factories ruled by an amazing efficiency by which men are reduced to cogs and pivots in a huge mechanistic scheme.

Civilization is demanding more and more of the individual. Like the horrible vampires of mid European fancy, efficiency and progress are sucking the life blood of the individual. Security no longer exists in any department of life. There is no assurance whatever that man will be protected and, like hungry buzzards, we sit watching each other, ready to gobble up the substance of our fellow creatures. From the panorama of this modern temper we are forced to the conclusion that while we have irritated and annoyed ourselves into a state verging upon extinction, we have not actually accomplished nearly so much in true progress as we believe or would like others to believe.

In our search for the evidence of true growth, we should, therefore, turn to the individual and discover, if possible, in what respect he has increased since those ages ages which he now regards as primitive. For the

most part, such comparison is extremely disappointing; for, using integrity as the standard of progress, we discover that the average person has gained very little ground. For the most part, we are afflicted with all the vices that bore down so sorely upon earlier races. We are not only as vice-ridden as they, but our delinquencies are more flagrant and disastrous.

We have solved very few of the great problems that confront humanity. Crime, for instance, has been greatly multiplied by the disastrous environment created by present-day congestion and selfishness. The moral code shows very little improvement and from the physical viewpoint, there is a decided loss. Civilization renders life more unnatural and in the presence of continued artificiality, the human mind soon loses the capacity to sense and appreciate integrity. Progress must always be determined by an analysis of the inner disposition of the individuals involved in the comparison. We only progress to the degree that we increase in integrity, constructiveness, and well-being. Progress is measured by well-being and only that truly contributes to progress which contributes to well-being. The well-being of one individual depends utterly upon the well-being of the rest, and that which is the greatest good to the greatest number must always be accepted as the greatest good.

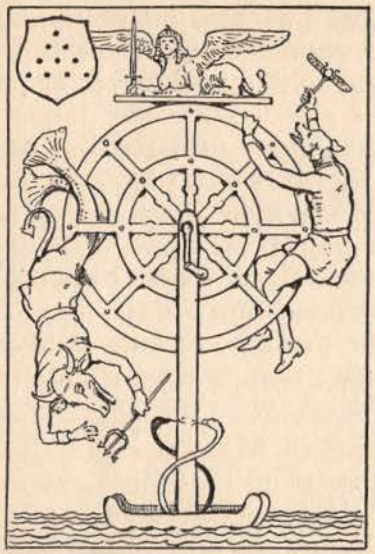
Accepting the well-being of the individual as the criterion of all progress, it is easy to see that we have sacrificed this well-being upon the altar of exploitation and self-interest. Our civilization is primarily concerned not with the well-being of the individual but with the selfish gratification of the whims of the few. Civilization is not honest nor does it reward honesty, but convicts it of foolishness. Progress, therefore, has been murdered to concepts of greed and gain. Our so-called progress is purely illusionary, having no more substance than a dream—the dream of self-centered men committed to the task of accumulating at the expense of others. Today man's well-being is not as well protected as it was a few thousand years ago. We heard a little story the other day about an American Indian, which shows the regard of a very ancient people for modern attitudes, a people whose civiliza-

tion we despise as one of the things we have progressed out of. Someone said to this Indian, "Did you red men not use to scalp your enemies?" "Yes," replied the warrior with dignity, "but we never skinned our friends!"

This wild struggle for power, this continual desire to lift oneself at the expense of the rest, this utter disregard of the lot of others, this nonchalance with which we exploit our best friends and deceive those to whom we are indebted for the best things of life—such evident decay in the moral fabric of a people can never be regarded as progress. For this reason, it is very evident that as a race we have grown more slowly than might appear from a consideration of our outward actions.

True growth is measured by the development of the heart and the mind. The heart of the average man still beats to the same rhythm as that of his distant progenitor who fought for the fulfillment of his desires with a stone axe or bone spear. We all know when true progress is achieved, because with it comes peace and understanding. Progress will release man from the burden of economic montrosity which he calls culture. Progress will bring with it new standards of human relationship, not oppression in any form but the real co-operation of all the parts of society to the service of the whole. With true progress wars and conflicts will cease. Nations will not be at enmity one with the other nor will the race be forced to support the heavy burden of armaments.

Progress is not measured by cruelty but by kindliness. It is heralded by friendship and man's union in purposes for the common good. Progress is temperance, self-control, and the directionalization of forces and resources to the beautification of the world and the perfection of man. This new vision of progress has come to us from those ancient times which we call barbaric. Then, as now, men longed for and sought after better things and fuller accomplishment. Progress is but an empty word until it is manifested in the world of affairs through honest weights and measures and unselfish service to the common good.



Tarot Symbolism

THE TENTH NUMBERED CARD

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

With this article we must bring to a close our brief study of the major trumps of the Tarot deck. It may be remembered that, according to the ancient system, all compound numbers can be reduced to the simple digits by a process called Pythagorean reduction. Thus, 35 would become 8 by adding the individual numbers and considering their sum as symbolic of the original figure. It follows, therefore, that all the trumps can be reduced to the first ten; for, as in Freemasonry the higher degrees are simply symbolic amplifications of the Blue Lodge, so the first ten of the Tarot major trumps are the foundation of all that follows.

The Wheel of Fortune (or The World, as it is sometimes called) reveals a contrivance somewhat resembling the 8-spoked wheel of Buddhist philosophy. The wheel stands in a small ship floating upon water, which reminds us of the old premise of Thales that the world itself was a vessel floating in the sea of eternity and supported by the etheric waters of space. In this card we may consider the sea to represent universal Nature in its diffused state as space, or the matrix of

creation filled with the amniotic fluids of chaos. Upon the surface of this sea in the card floats the ark, or *argo*, which to the philosopher signifies the Logos, or the individualized and objectified creative expression. It is written in the Kojiki—the Japanese Book of Creation—that the gods brought the earth into manifestation by stirring the waters of space with bamboo rods or reeds. When they lifted these from the water, bits of mud clinging to the ends of the rods drifted backward to the surface of space, causing an island to be built up. This island represents, of course, the spiritual nature of the world, which as a sacred ship bears within it all living things, supporting them upon the surface of chaos.

It is written in the ancient Mysteries that Noah caused the body of Adam to be brought into the Ark, where it was worshipped as a symbol of life and the covenant between the Creator and creation. Hargrave Jennings is of the opinion that a phallic stone was employed as the symbol of Adam and of generation and the establishment of living things upon the earth. Thus we find a great pillar rising out of the Ark, supporting at its upper end the wheel of the world, whose seven revealed spokes and one concealed are representative of the seven Elohim or gods, who are the children or outpourings of the Protogonas, or First Man.

The wheel also consists of three major parts—the hub, the rim, and a middle circle half way between them. The hub is the supreme world upon which all things rotate. It is the very nature of the objectified Logos himself through whose permanence all impermanent things are sustained. This is the immovable axis of the sun about which its two outer shell-like globes revolve, one upon a vertical and the other upon a horizontal axis. The circumference signifies what the Pythagoreans termed the inferior world, or the elementary creation; and the inner circle between the hub and the circumference is the superior world of the Greeks, the abode of celestial dæmons and terrestrial gods. Thus, the world in its three departments suspended from (or, in this case, elevated from) the very

nature of the Logos itself is a vast chakra or spinning wheel of force, a center of consciousness and intelligence in the universe—one of the numerous shining beads upon the thread of space.

There also rises from the Ark the two serpents, under which form, according to the Persian myths, Ormuzd and Ahriman contend for the world egg, or the astral soul of creation. The presence of the two serpents—the white signifying light and the black, darkness—reveals to the observant that the whole vertical column with its wheel is but an amplified form of the caduceus of Hermes. Hence the vertical column supporting the wheel becomes the spine, which, as a channel for the moving cosmic fire principle, is the support of rational life.

Two creatures are moving upon the spokes of the wheel. The one upon the right is Anubis, the guardian of souls and the Egyptian symbol of mortal, or human, mind. Anubis, who has the head of a dog, climbs up the wheel, holding aloft a winged scepter as the symbol of aspiration. On the opposite side, Typhon, the destroyer, emblematic of the animal propensities and the elemental forces of Nature, is falling backward into chaos, of which he is the manifested principle. The wheel with its ascending and descending figures signifies that as mind ascends to take dominion over the processes of life, disorder and destruction are overcome, the genius of matter falling as the genius of mind rises. At the top of the wheel is a seated sphinx holding a sword and with outspread wings. Several authors have interpreted this sphinx to symbolize equilibrium or the balance of all the forces of Nature. A more careful investigation, however, reveals that the sphinx of Œdipus is the proper symbol of illusion, which will destroy all incapable of answering its riddle. The whole sphere of Nature as man knows it is but a shadow of reality. The circumstances of temporal existence are transitory and unreal. In fact, we live in a phantasmagoria of distorted incidents and conditions. Like Œdipus, each must, therefore, face life and answer its riddle. If we answer the riddle wrongly, we are destroyed; if we answer it correctly, for us the illusion destroys itself. Hence, it is not

sufficient for us to regard the sphinx as the keeper of the gates of mystery. We should realize that for which the sphinx stands and learn that illusion itself is the keeper of reality; for between every man and reality intervenes the illusionary sphere with its numerous fantastic unrealities. Crowned with the sphinx, the Wheel of Fortune discloses that the entire wheel itself is an illusion, with good and bad but terms. Sustained upon the surface of space itself, creation never entirely regains its own reality until it returns once more to its space-consciousness.

To the older symbols contained upon this card we have added the pyramid of dots which was the symbol of Pythagoras for the world. This world consisted of one spirit, or life, which manifested through duality and created the three worlds, which in turn are revealed physically through the four elements. As the early philosophers maintained that in the *tetractys*, or the ten dots, is contained the entire wisdom of mankind, so this wheel sets forth to the informed the entire riddle of life.

In passing, we would like to say for the other major Tarot cards that their full number—22—indicates the 22 orders of Chaldean letters which became the basis of the Hebrew alphabet. In addition to the major trumps, there are four suits of minor cards, each containing fourteen cards and revealing through their symbolism the whole cabalistic arrangement of creatiton. The four suits of the minor trumps are the four worlds of the Zohar through which the shining splendor of the Creator descends to be finally manifested in the forms and elements of the physical universe. Each of these suits consists of ten numbered cards, which are the sephiroth in each world, or the four trees of ten blossoms each which are reflections of each other, the higher into the lower. The four court cards in each suit are the four letters of the Sacred Name again shadowed into the four words.

When the minor trumps are considered in connection with the major trumps, it is possible so to lay out the cards that the entire system of spiritual progress can be discovered. According to this arrangement, the Fool—or unnumbered card—becomes the

neophyte, the soul searching for initiation, who wanders through the maze of the other cards as through the labyrinth of some Mystery temple. It will be noted that the figures which we have added to the lesser trump cards have been chosen consistently. To the suit of the Coins we have added a series of cubes, these cubes revealing the plane upon which the suit functions. To the suit of the Cups we have added a lozenge-shaped halo, which again reveals the cabalistic import of the cards. The suit of Scepters has received a triangle and the suit of Swords a *crux ansata*. Thus a cipher alphabet has been devised, based entirely upon cabalistic keys. The combination of the various cards within each other gives a clue to the sequence of the symbols, and those seriously interested in the study of the Tarot will do well to analyze this sequence carefully.

In connection with the Tarot, as well as nearly all such devices, it should be remembered that the information which they apparently reveal is not really in the cards themselves but in the individual who uses them, the cards serving simply as focal points for the attention—elements of concentration through which the natural intelligence of the student can be released into expression. The pictures invoke thoughts, thus stimulating the mind and bringing into objective expression ideas which might otherwise remain latent throughout life. Plato was right in affirming that learning is simply remembering. If we can stimulate the inner faculties to the degree that they will bring to our objective attention a small part of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, we shall discover ourselves to be very wise indeed. The Tarot cards were scientifically designed to stimulate the inner intellectual faculties. They were to draw forth from the most secret recesses of the heart and mind the truth that had been stored there for uncounted ages. It is, therefore, much better for a person desiring information to seek it within himself, to search for it within his own soul than to ask others to inform him directly. We are not enriched by that which is given to us but rather by that which we discover through the activity of our own faculties and perceptions. We grow through effort and the effort

to release thought results in the perfection of the equipment of thought.

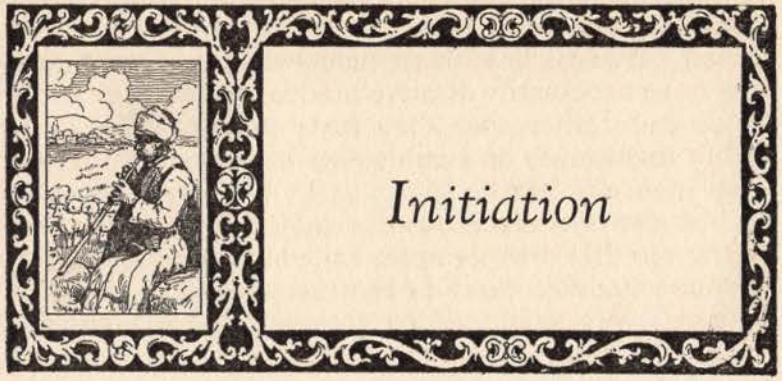
For hundreds of years numerous students of mysticism have pondered upon the secrets of the Tarot. They have grown wise for their efforts. The Tarot cards are simply a stimulus to creative imagination and analogy. They invite us to use every atom of knowledge we have in the interpretation of their cryptic riddles. If we accept the invitation and apply all our resourcefulness to the task, we shall probably be pleasantly surprised to discover that we know a great deal more about the mysteries of life than we ourselves realized. Of course, we may think that the cards revealed it and that from the little pieces of pasteboard we gathered the priceless facts. If this is what we choose to believe, it is of little importance. The fact remains that we have made new applications of thought. This alone is important.

SPECIAL DECK OF TAROT CARDS

Tarot (playing) cards, introduced into Europe by the victorious Knights Templars who had been instructed in their mysteries by the Arabians, were a part of the Rosicrucian and Masonic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

In ancient times, books were not bound or sewed; they consisted merely of loose leaves confined by cover boards on top and bottom, and bound round with cords. Thus, the 78 cards of the Tarot deck represent the leaves of some sacred book of the ancient pagan world.

This special deck of Tarot cards, beautifully and artistically done in full colors by J. Augustus Knapp (who so ably illustrated Mr. Hall's monumental work on Symbolical Philosophy), contains not only the distinctive features of all preceding decks but additional material secured by Mr. Hall from an exhaustive research into the origin and purpose of the Tarot cards. For convenience the Tarot cards have been printed in the size and style of standard playing cards. A 48-page explanatory brochure by Mr. Hall accompanies each deck. Special Price only $2.00.



Initiation

It seems that in disgust the gods have girded up their loins and departed. At least they do not commune with men as freely as they did in ages past. Ruined temples and an equally ruined priestcraft are all that remain of a splendor almost inconceivable to this prosaic era. The oracles are silent, the sacred groves are deserted and the modern representatives of things spiritual engage in endless wranglings and controversies over jot and tittle. From the high pinnacle of our enlightenment we gaze down with patronizing sympathy upon those poor benighted heathens who were insane enough to reverence and cultivate the beauties of life and were even so stupid as to consider honesty a virtue. Of course, we do not use so many words but these are the inevitable implications on such subjects. Action reveals belief and no belief is real unless the actions which it inspires are consistent with its own substance. Thus if men really believed in virtue, they would be virtuous; if they really believed in wisdom, they would be wise; and if they really believed in honesty, they would be honest. When a belief is so weak that it cannot impel action consistent with it, it has ceased to be even an abstract notion.

There is never a time when idealism is actually extinct; there are always dreamers, some with vision, others only visionary. Of that small minority which does the thinking for mankind there are quite a number who look forward to better times, a much smaller number who work towards better times, and a handful

who through their spiritual development actually have realized better times as far as their own lives are concerned. By realizing better times we do not mean that they have necessarily accumulated much of this world's goods but rather that they have released the gods within themselves and enjoy the greatest of all treasures—peace of mind.

Students of metaphysics read marvelous accounts of the old Mystery temples in which amidst solemn splendor qualified candidates were raised into the light of truth. We would all like to join in the solemn processionals, bearing aloft the standards of our gods; we would like to hear the instructions given to the new initiates by the gloriously robed hierophant of the Mysteries. Great would be our joy if, Apulius-like, we could be carried through the elements and be brought face to face with the immortals. With the untrained mind it is but one step from a fancy to a fact. The student reads of initiations far into the night, in sleep he dreams of them and in the morning awakens convinced in his own mind that he has experienced a divine adventure. Those who dream of initiations to come and long for that day when for them the heavens shall open and the mysteries of the soul be made clear, nearly all overlook a very important part of initiation rituals. In all such great systems as the Orphic, the Eleusinian, or the Mithraic, the ascent of man into the house of wisdom is preceded by his descent into the subterranean chambers of darkness, despair, and death. Years of suffering and preparation, hazards dangerous to life and limb, tests of the most exacting kind must be successfully passed by those who desire more knowledge than that which was the portion of ordinary folks.

The Druid neophytes of Britain and Gaul were sent out to sea in open boats without rudder or oars, left to the will of Providence. If they were not drowned they were accepted as favored by Deity. In the Mithraic initiation, the neophyte was given a short and inadequate sword and sent alone into the darkness to fight wild beasts. In some of the Cretan rites seekers after truth were left to wander for days without food or water in subterranean labyrinths where mon-

strous apparitions appeared to them and tested their courage at every step. Machinery has been found under the Egyptian temples which reveals that the priests employed many mechanical devices to increase the hazards of the initiation rituals. Thus an unwary victim might suddenly find the floor open beneath him and his body hurled downward onto the upturned points of spears. Artificial torrents were loosed upon him to batter his body against the cavern walls, or in chambers especially prepared for that purpose the walls would suddenly burst into flame forcing the neophyte to actually dash through sheets of fire or else be burned alive. Through all these tests those who aspired to the higher truths were expected to remain calm and poised, to reason out their courses of procedure, and escape the pitfalls by the sheer force of intelligence, courage, and perseverance. Such as accomplished this were regarded as fit custodians of the spiritual secrets of life.

How few modern seekers could cheerfully undergo such trials. All too many who claim to be "highly advanced" are incapable of surmounting the slightest obstacle or facing with equanimity the least discomfiture or disappointment. Utterly lacking the stuff of which greatness is made, these persons look forward to speedy enlightenment, or even affirm that they are already of the body of the elect. We must agree with the elemental whom Shakespeare makes to say, "What fools these mortals be!"

It is true that the old temples with their subterranean horrors are gone, but new temples have arisen just as vast, in many ways just as great, and certainly fully as horrible. While life itself goes on, the Mystery Schools will continue, but the methods by which candidates for spiritual enlightenment will be tested differ with each civilization and are modified to meet the needs of every age. About us now rises a great and mysterious structure; we can call it the Temple of Civilization. Civilization, like all sacred structures, was built up by men in service to an ideal, or possibly more correctly, in bondage to an idea. Our world rises up about us, a gloomy mystery of labyrinthine in-

volvements. Like the Mystery temple, there are beautiful rooms above and terrible dungeons beneath. Its outer parts are gilded and adorned according to our noblest manner, but its foundations are being eaten away by dark creatures of the earth and by the evils which men have cultivated in their quest for profits. Here is the new temple of initiation where every day souls are tested as to their greatness and integrity and where the gods of tomorrow are fighting the wild beasts of today's injustice and perversion. The new ritual is fitted for the new age.

No circumambulating priests with lighted tapers, no invisible voices chanting hymns to strange gods, no glory, no jeweled crowns and pleated robes; not much left in romance but an abundance of facts in the temple of modern initiation. The ladder still leads upward to the stars, man can still achieve his immortality, but the artistry and picturesqueness of the ancient religions have gone. Then, alas, we make a most unhappy discovery. We find that men are so interested in robes, crowns, and processionals that they practically refuse to be good without them. Some even confess that it was the pomp and not the virtue they were interested in all the time, and that they can see no great reason for inconveniencing themselves unless they be rewarded with a good measure of applause. Possibly men can fight tangible adversaries in the dark better than they can oppose intangible ones in the daylight, but the fact remains that many who would go out and slay lions for the glory of God—and their own as well—will not be honest, generous or forgiving in their daily community existence.

At the present time we are living surrounded by karmic circumstances which we have created by our own actions and from which we are supposed to receive a liberal education, and an education in liberality. A tower of Babel built by greed and held together by crime is perilously near a collapse. The heyday of ulterior motive has passed as far as our civilization is concerned, and unless we make drastic efforts to correct the present evils our days are numbered. The depression is the direct result of human selfishness as

expressed through speculation, graft and fictitious values, abetted by many lesser ills. At this time those who believe that through study and thought they have come to a little better understanding of the laws governing life are faced with an opportunity to prove their intelligence by meeting the present condition in a truly philosophic spirit. Here is a great initiation, one of the greatest that the chemistries of life have ever precipitated. There must be a division of civilization. That part which has courage, integrity, and vision will go on to become the forerunners of a new race; the rest will vanish as have the races that went before. Can the philosophically minded individual take the present conditions and use them as opportunities for growth and rational achievement? The test of philosophy is its sufficiency in time of adversity, for to those who actually possess spiritual insight there is an ever present contentment and realization of good that are utterly independent of possession. The neophyte in the modern mystery is armed with the short sword of a little wisdom and launched into the darkness of an irrational world to fight the instincts of possession and selfishness. Having overcome these, the candidate has passed a real initiation test just as surely as those in the caverns of the Mithraic Mystery. Our present financial crisis, revealing as it does the decline of our individual and national integrity, is not only a calamity; it is a supreme opportunity. Never has there been greater incentive to a betterment of the general condition and those who meet the present crisis according to the highest standards which they know must be the forerunners and pioneers of a better order of things to come upon the earth.

Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

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 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 significator 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 whether any sign of the zodiac should be allotted two rulers, i. e., whether Aquarius should be assigned two rulers—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 having 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 seem-

ingly 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 the 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 humanitarianism 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.