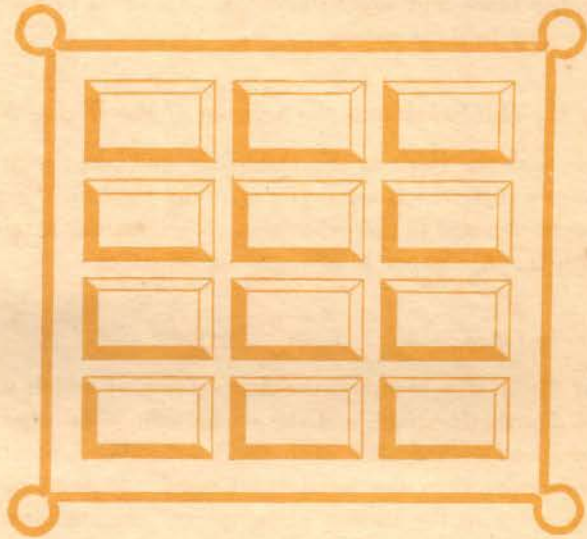


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The  
**All-Seeing Eye**

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



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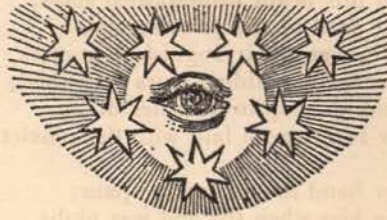
# THE ALL-SEEING EYE

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.

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## 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

HERE 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 dietetic 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 luscious 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 pre-digesting 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, vitamins, 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 exuberance 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 inflammation 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 cemetery. 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 innocuous vissitude 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 unhesitatingly 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 glorified 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?

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## 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 illumination 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, brethren, 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 lay 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

**A**LL 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-stringed 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 deity 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 unapothosized 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

**I**N 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 sandalwood, 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 unclipped 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 chakra, 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.

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## 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. Plainness 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 palquin 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 rhythm 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 amphitheatre 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.

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## 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 ex-

perience 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 intestinal 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	Greece
Turkey	Africa
Mesopotamia	Southwest France
Crète	

*Cities Under Control of Virgo:*

Paris	Padua
Jerusalem	Toulouse
Rhodes	Basil
Lyons	Heidelberg

*Colors:*

Blacks	Black and blue
Blue	speckled

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 scepter'd 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."

**T**HIS 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 be-

ing 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 inasmuch 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."

"Scscscslsh! 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

HERE 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. 100000000006

## 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 majority 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 flapping 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 flapping 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 earth 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

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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.

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A brief occult explanation of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

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A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

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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 letters. 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

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### *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.

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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.

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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.

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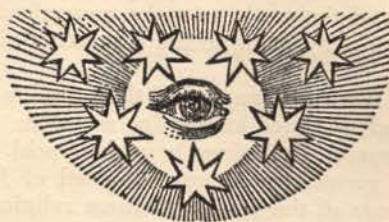
# THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., DECEMBER, 1923

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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.

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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.

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# 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 disastrous 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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

**F**OR 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 theologians 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 appointed 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 appointed 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 Anointed 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 anointed 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.

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## A One Act Literary Tragedy

**L**ET 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.

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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 experience that I had on the astral plane. I

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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 concerning 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 crisscrossed 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 sandalwood and musk lent an Oriental atmosphere to the whole. There in a little 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 Gautama, 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 wreath 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.

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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 Pharaoh. 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 Pharaoh, the soft beating of their wings unheard by mortal man.

There in the days of Egypt's glory that tomb was sealed, that graven 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 may be coincidence but one after another the defilers of tombs pass away as the curse narates, 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 Proportions, 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 commixion 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 commixion 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 entrise 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

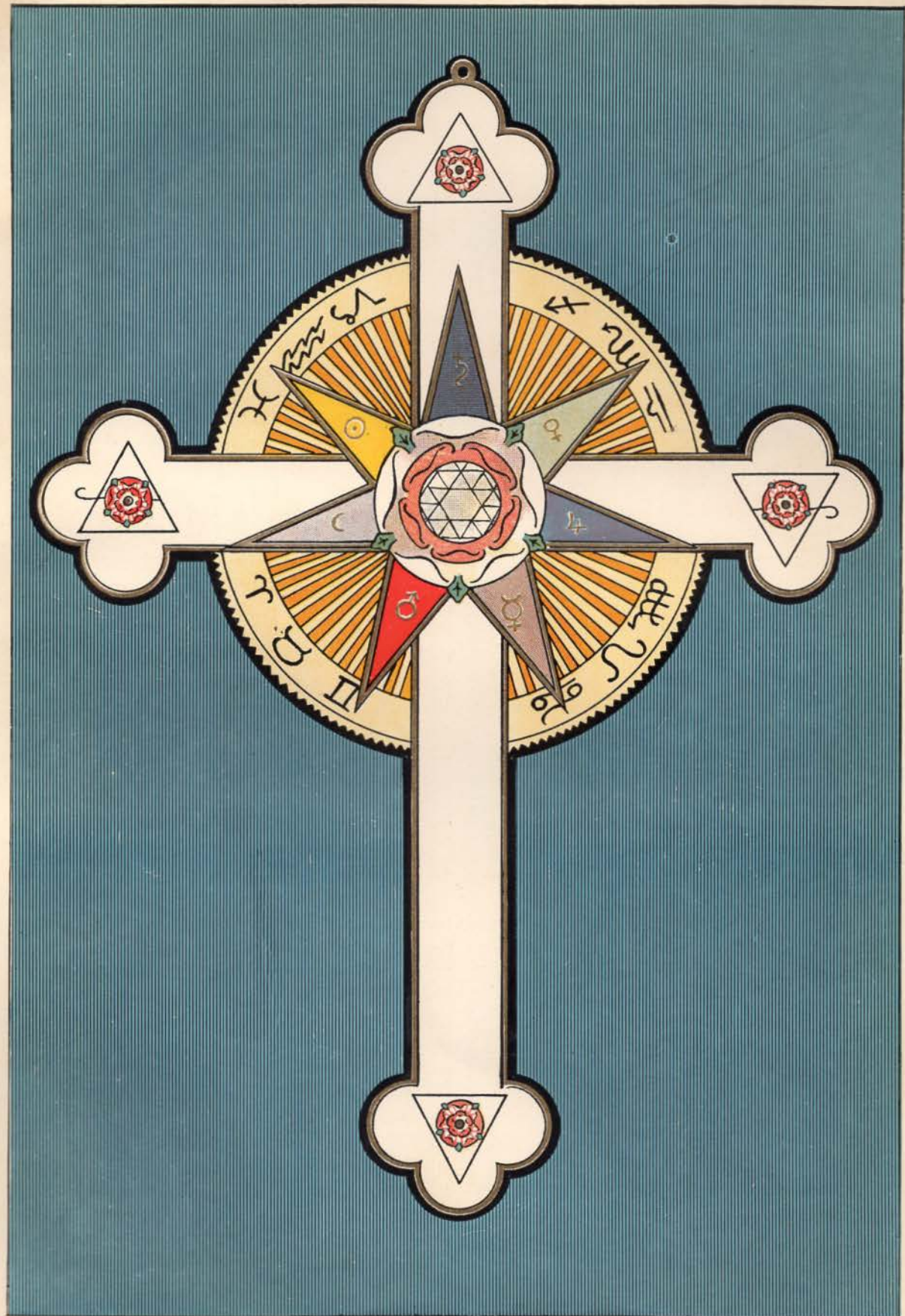
**B**EHIND all symbolism stand two forms, the line and the circle; the line is the positive, masculine symbol because it has no boundary, while the circle has differentiated between the within and the without and is therefore concrete and negative. There are two forms of lines, the vertical and the horizontal; 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 on 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 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 cobalt 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, Jehovah. 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 basically 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 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.



## 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 deities 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 terrestrial 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 loveliness 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 unintelligible harangue.

"They've got me!" he kept muttering, "the red fiends have got me!"

Thurlowe looked down coolly. "Opium or hashish?" 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 pantomime, 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 rhythmic snores reverberating through the hotel.

This scene of nocturnal placidity left nothing to be desired.

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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 hashish 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 drappings 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.

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## 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

**M**AN'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 mortal 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 of mortal 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 surface 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 mani-

festing 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 overpowering 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 oftentimes 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 indomitable 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 embarrasses 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 present 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 in-harmony 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 un-

seen 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 state-ly beast.

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## 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 small-pox 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  
 Stoopd 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 smiled 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 buried  
 As it had burned before.

(Continued on Page 38)







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 Freemasonry 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 Freemasonry, 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 instruments 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 Japanese 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
Equinoxtial	Ascension
Movable	Day house of Venus
Masculine	Exhultation of Saturn
Human	Detriment of Mars
Speaking	Fall of the Sun
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 disfigurements 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
Locomotor 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. 100000000007

## 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 heredity 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 full-back 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 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 explanation 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.

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Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

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A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

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Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

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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  
Andying, 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."



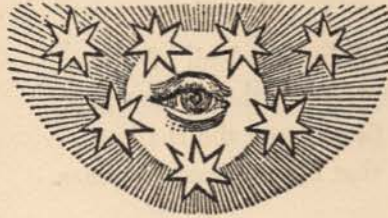
# THE ALL-SEEING EYE

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.

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## 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 allegiance 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 kindness, the charity and the innate understanding applied to the panorama of endless occurrences 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

**I**NSTEAD 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, boring, 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 is 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 undesirable 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

**T**HIS 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. He 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 afternoon left for Glasgow where I was to meet a group of scientists and theologians to discuss the origin of the 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

**N**OR 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 soliloquy 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 hindmost!" This is especially 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."

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### A BRIGHT OUTLOOK

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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

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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.

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### AN UNDREAMED OF CAUSE

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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

NAR 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 vengeance 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 compared caravan, headed by the mightiest 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.

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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 villain 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 utter 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 palquin 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 pestilence, 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

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1. The **T**ru**S** **S**elf is **S**elfless.
2. The **T**ru**E** **M**ea**S**ure of **K**now**L**edge is the **R**eal**I**zation of **I**gnorance.
3. The **N**arrow **M**ind is a **S**trangle **C**ord around the **T**hroat of **G**od.
4. **J**udge **A**ll **T**hings upon **M**erit, not upon **C**omparison.
5. There is only **O**ne **R**eligion, **A**ll **F**aiths are **I**ts **C**hildren.
6. **T**o **C**ompromise **T**ru**T**h **N**egates it.
7. **T**hat a **H**eathen is one who knowing, does not do.
8. **H**e who slanders his **B**rother denies his **G**od.
9. It is better to **L**ive like **C**hrist, than to **B**e-**l**ieve in **H**im.
10. **M**an, the **U**niverse and the **G**rowing **G**od co-operate for the **G**lory of the **E**ntire.



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 vertebrae 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 vertebrae 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 salituncica 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 protuberance 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 European 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 three-fold 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 Atlantians 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 history of 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 impenetrable 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 bowed 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 passed 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 of 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

**T**HIS 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 Monastery 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 Monastery 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, "Beautiful 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 cowed 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 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 looked 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 tined 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	Mute
Moist	Broken
Watery	Unfortunate
Phlegmatic	Strong
Feminine	Southern
Autumnal	Obeying
Nocturnal	Long ascension
Northern	Fall of the moon
Fixed	Detriment of Venus
Fruitful	

### *General Characteristics:*

Active	Hypnotic
Secretive	Malicious
Sometimes deceitful	Experimental
Cruel until transmuted	Strong will
Courageous	Fond of education
Hypocritical	Rather gloomy
Fraudulent	Sanguine temperament
Black magic	

### *Physical Appearances:*

Strong	Dark complexion
Sometimes corpulent	Brown curly hair
Usually angular	Thick neck and legs
Hook-nosed	Short body
High cheek bones	Hairy and coarse
Deep eyes	Dusky complexion
Middle size	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 Fea
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, Benjamin; 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, amethyst; 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.

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THE VOICE

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(Continued from page 24)

"Indeed brother that is he," said the monk. "In the world he was Giovanni Cini the manape; 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 intemperance, thoughtlessness 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 dilemma 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 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 ig-

norant 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.

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### 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. 100000000007

## 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 transfusion 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 predictor 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 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 explanation 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 has 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."



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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



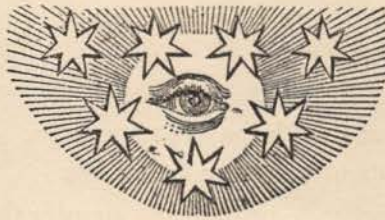
# THE ALL-SEEING EYE

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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.

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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.

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THE CONSTANT THINGS.

By a Prison Poet

---

**F**AME 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

HERE 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 conflag 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 terrestrial 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 occipital 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 being absolutely important to the realization of Isn't. Prof. Episolom is the keeper of the vincular 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 speedily 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 abstract money from a sealed pocketbook.

Now what is the philosophy 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 definable 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 solar 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 breathe 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 bunglers 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 realize 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 bossive 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 check-board 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 children 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 inately 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 great

est 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 succumbs, as one occasionally does through egotism or selfishness, the result is a godly intellect gone wrong, a divine fiend, a super-human 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 villain 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 ablutions 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 basically 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 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

HERE 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 whereby 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 indomitable 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 doors, 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 phosphorescent 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 magnificent, 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 mesengers. 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 something 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 asceticism 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, great eyes gazed at the candidate, great forms came forth, demon shapes whose blood-shot eyes gazed at him in blinking terror. Slowly these forms swayed back and forth to a great rhythmic 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 rhythm 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 weird 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 exactly 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 nat-

ural 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 foot-path; 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 enthusiasm 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 does 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 oftentimes 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 win-

ter 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 Half-way 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

**I**N 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 lavender 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 grave-stone.

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 solemn 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 speaking 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 monastery. 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 seemed to understand. Your romance, sir has ended even as 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.”

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## 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.

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## 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 be-

cause 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	Face usually appears
looking countenance	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 injuries 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 Jupiterians 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

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No. 100000000008

## 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 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.

### 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 hand:

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8. Reincarnation, Part II.
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10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
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Talks to Teachers, Part V.  
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.  
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.  
The Nature Spirits, Part V.  
The Masters, Part III.

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## 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.”

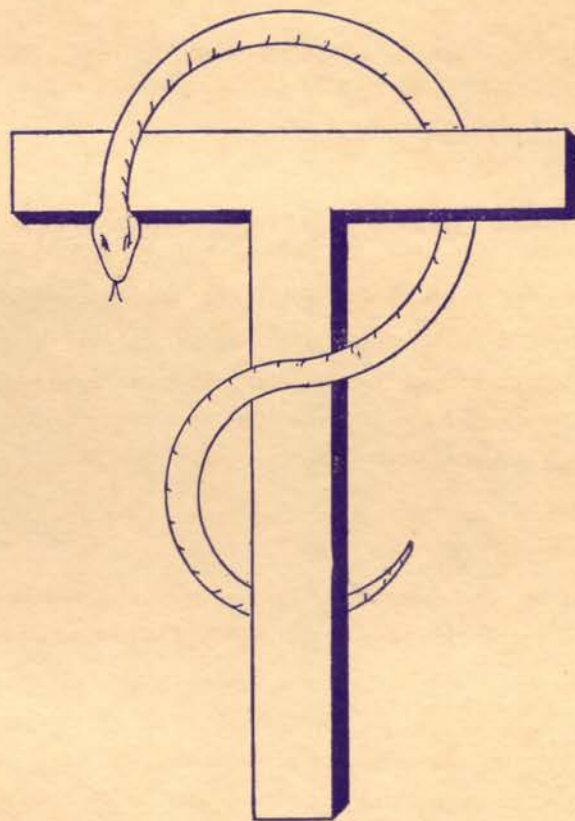
“What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”



○ ♀ ☾

# 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

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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.

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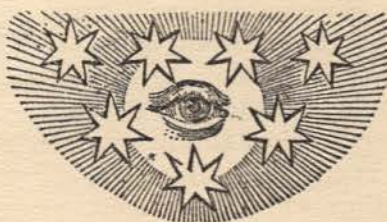
# THE ALL-SEEING EYE

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.

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### 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 Robespierre, 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 assassin'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, indomitable 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 unfolding 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 differentiation 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 oppressed to greater and more intelligent 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 spirit.

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, adulthood 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 bread. 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, transportation, 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

**N**OR 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 inveterate 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 normal 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 noth-

ing 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 beefsteaks 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 pseudo-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 solicitous 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 drowsiness 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 anointed 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, is 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 murmured 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 furthest 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 Fig-

ure 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

**N**EAR 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 calendar 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 Repentance 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 Ru-  
baiyat 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 per-  
son who gets violently angry and cannot re-  
strain 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 oneself 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 boot-jack; 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 beef-steaks 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 Swedenborg are excellent from the mystic standpoint: Sibley, Raphael, William Liley and Nicholas Culpeper are good in astrology. "The Secret Doctrine," "Isis Unveiled" and "The Key to Theosophy" 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 philosophy, 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 possible 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 needs 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, 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. (Continued on page 31)



## The Man Who Laughed

**I**N 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 Mediterranean. 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 essentially the case, and careful investi-

gation 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 murmured 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 Mediterranean, "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 monastery. 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 lightning 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 oftentimes they do not know and do not care, but each one who stands in this great cortege is true to the soul of its be-

ing. 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 excerpt 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":

\* \* \* \*

**W**ISDOM 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. Whatever 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 pro-

fessions 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 pretensions, 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 in-

fallibly 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 or 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 cowed 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 light-

ening. 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.

Obedying 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	Four-footed
Dry	Changeable
Earthy	Unfortunate
Nocturnal	Crooked
Melancholy	Hoarse
Feminine	Night house of Saturn
Southern	Exhaltation of Mars
Obeying	Arid
Weak	Sign of the winter tropic
Movable	Detriment of Moon
Cardinal	Fall of Saturn
Tropical	
Domestic	

## *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	Liable to melancholy
Ambitious	Subject to curious dreams
Bound by heredity	Usually mystic
Family pride	Carry the air of veneration
Sometimes crafty	Scientific
Usually thrifty	Given to boasting
Subtle	Stubborn but not always strong-willed
Economical	
Witty	
Changeable	

## *Physical Appearance:*

Dry constitution	Weak knees
Slender	Long legs
Long thin face	Voice weak and effeminate
Thin hair or beard	Loose jointed
Dark hair	Angular
Long neck	
Narrow chin and breast	

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
Melancholia	and lungs
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
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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 Adnachiell; 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 Tempers and Ensnarers.



## Questions and Answers—Continued

*Are earthquakes and the sinking of continents natural 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.



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"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."

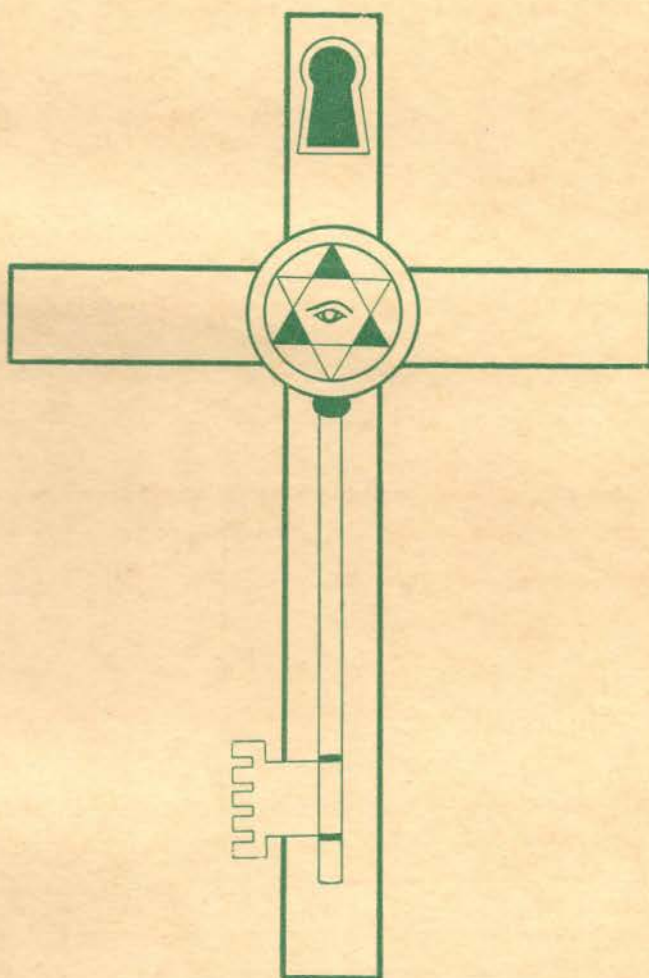
"Well is he by whom that which is his benefit becomes the benefit of any one else."





# 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



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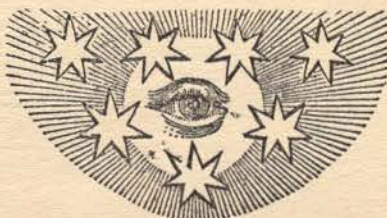
# THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

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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

**H**AVE you ever stopped to consider how much valuable energy is wasted in tears, repentances 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

**G**REAT 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 ruttled 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 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 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

**T**HROUGH 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 therefrom 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 flooded 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 undecipherable, 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 mosquito, and a thousand poisonous insects, carrying with them the death of the jungle. In the wierd flickering firelight they gleamed, their tiny wings translucent 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 nucleus 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 choose 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 nagging 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

**I**N 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 brilliancy 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

NEW 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 death, 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 repentance. 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 passages. 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 drowsiness 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.

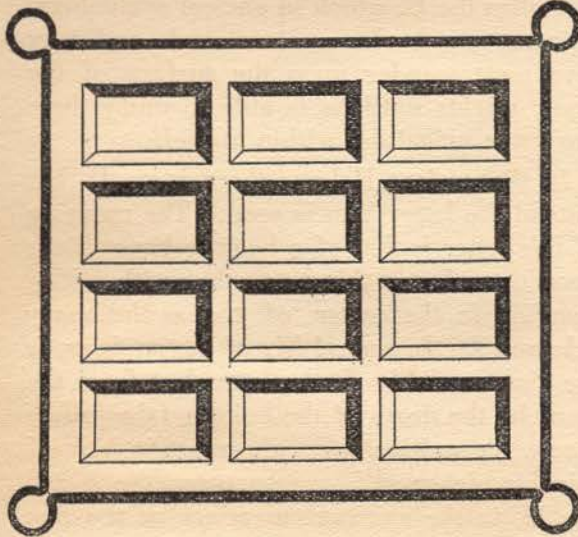
In the ancient Hebrew there is no U, but instead the letter Vau is used. The meaning of this letter is that of a hook to hang things upon or to fasten things together with. *Man standing in the center of the evolutionary scheme like the sacred lily of the ancients, is the Vau or the hook, the letter 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, nitro-

gen, and carbon. There are three stones abreast which stand for the cardinal, 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.

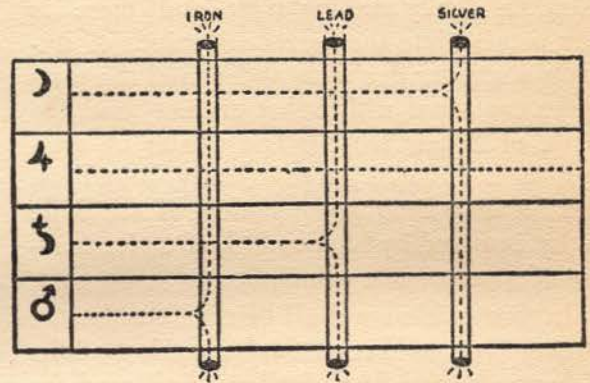


Figure No. 2.

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 vibrations 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 re-

flect 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, reflects 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.

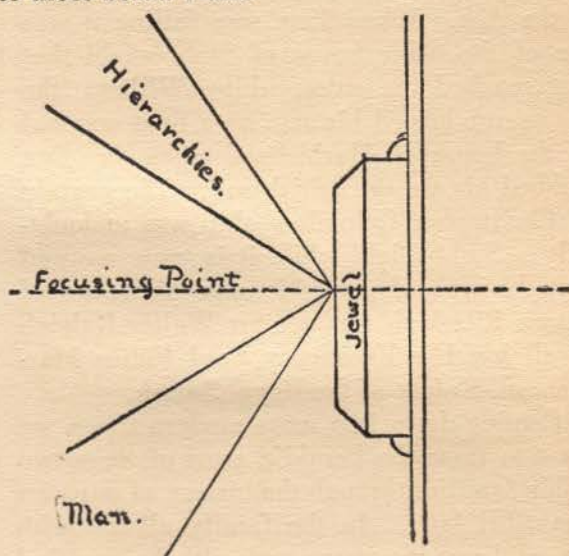


Figure No. 3.

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

**I**NTRODUCING 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 Methusalem, 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 Cannibulose, 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 brillian-tine 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 to-night."

The door closes on this scene and one of life's little mysteries has been enacted before you. This emaciated enemy, 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 ruttled 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 attentive perusal 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 adamant 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 possess 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, imbued 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 beneficent 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	Whole
Moist	Fortunate
Aerial	Sweet
Sanguine	Strong
Masculine	Hyemal
Diurnal	Southern
Western	Obeying sign
Fixed	The day house of
Human	Saturn
Rational	Ruled by Uranus
Speaking	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	Idealistic
Vivacious	Temperamental
Nervous	Quick tempered but
Excitable	easily forgive

Enthusiastic  
Humanitarian  
Intuitional  
Scientific  
Inventive

Well set  
Robust  
Strong

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	Denmark
Petrea	Lower Sweden
Tartary	West Phalia
Russia	South part of Bavaria

### *Cities Under Its Control:*

Bremen	Pisa
Hamburg	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
Stooping	walk
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—some-	Teeth trouble
times chronic	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 tyrannical in the home and until developed is subject to drink, dope, and all forms of excesses, including mediumistic obsession. 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.



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# 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 who finds 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 shadow for the substance."