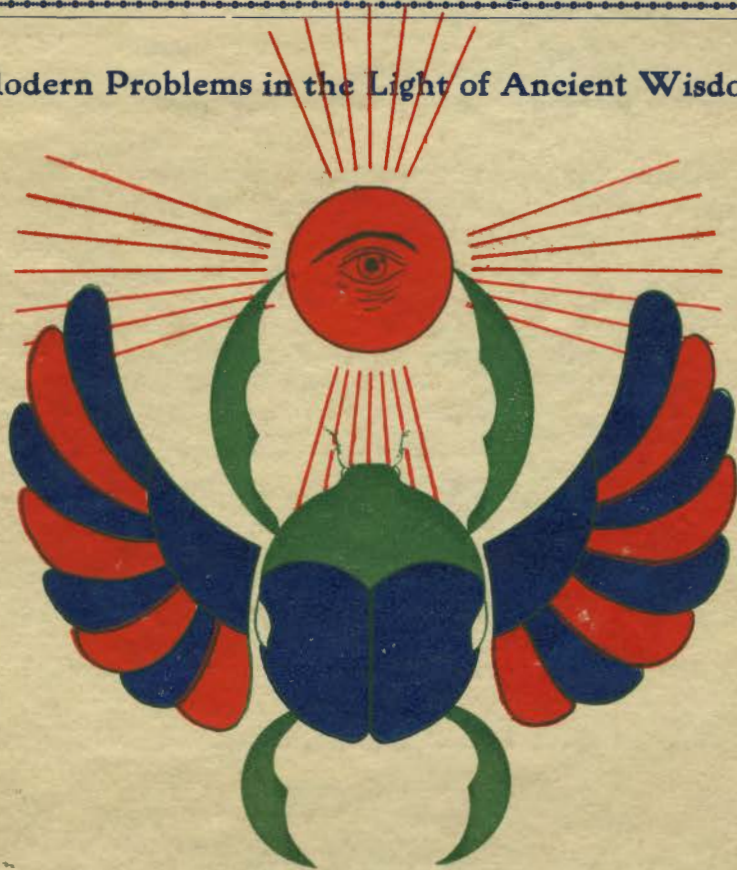


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The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

JULY, 1923

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The following headings are discussed in the work.

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

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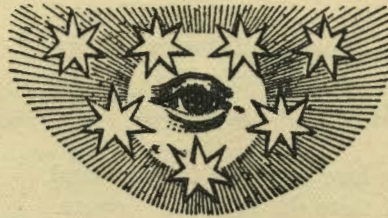
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., JULY, 1923

No. 3



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

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'Mid Nature's Charms

By an Inmate of Folsom Prison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITORIAL

Mental Hazards vs. Hereditary Failures

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

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

Of all the mental hazards which people serve, that strange, weird figure known as the Past is probably the greatest. Somewhere concealed in the family closet is this grinning skeleton which is the dowry bestowed by ancestry upon ensuing generations. A person without a past nowadays is like a servant without a reference, and little by little man is making ever worse pasts out of promising presents and unawakened futures. This grinning and rattling skeleton is now pedigreed and distinguished by being termed the Family Tree, and azure shields on gold backgrounds, et cetera, or a fistful of water-

crest, form the family coat of arms. Very few people will admit that they haven't got one of these peculiar creatures snuggled away in the family vault where every few minutes it points bony fingers at the next generation and whispers that not living creatures but mental concoctions of diseased intellects are to rule each generation of the world.

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

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

great deal, while his high cheek bones came from his great granduncle's brother who married an Indian squaw. From the very start in life John was heavy the same as his father's cousin, while he learned profanity at a tender age the same as his great granduncle's nephew who fought in the Civil War. He inherited the color of his hair from his mother, the shape of his teeth from his godfather; the size of his ears from the minister who baptised him and his blurred complexion from his eleventh cousin. In other words when we gaze upon John Doe we behold Joseph's coat of many colors and a grand composite coadunation of hectic botany. And there he nestles amid the branches of the family tree, predestined and foreordained since the beginning of the world to be bowlegged because his grandfather rode horseback.

After he has been raised in this environment for a few years his own little mind starts working, and he soon joins that great line of mystic shadow-shapes that bow with humble reverence before the moulding scarecrow of antiquity. And in a short time he really believes that his grandsires have measured the possibilities of his worth and that he will never be anything because an unkind fate placed him in a generation of failures and because his family crest boasts only ne'er-do-wells. He soon believes that the mean traits of his temperament are perfectly natural and desirable because that temperament belongs with the heraldry of his house and soon he is listed as just another little nut hanging on the family tree.

We very often hear this as we go through life: "No, I can't help it. I realize I have a mean disposition but I inherited it from my mother. You should have seen the way she used to bend rolling pins and lead pipes around papa's fourth cervical. It's an inherited trait and there's not much use in trying to do anything with it." This mental frame is the incubator which hatches forth one after another the mental hazards and pedigreed non-entities which rule our lives after we once abdicate in their favor.

It is for no other reason than this: At the present time there are many people wandering through life on reputations or who are considered great, strong, and noble because their aunt's sister had a husband who wore epaulets.

Then, of course, we must not forget the titles which come down with the family tree. Anyone who has had that experience socially knows what it means to be acquainted with a count or a duke or a lord somebody and with what zealous care these titles are resilvered and nicked for the express benefit of each new generation, when in many cases the inheritance consists of a title, scrofula, and bad bills.

Take the average individual and show him his weak points and he will lead you into the conservatory and there protected by a wonderful glass domicile stands the hereditary elm, and he will in a perfectly serious tone and an earnestness excruciating explain to you exactly which branch was cracked when he came along. You tell him he is a liar, he will admit it freely but will explain with perfect gravity that he can't help it, and he will point out a raisin dangling on the family tree that was a liar also and who wished his failing upon him about three hundred years before the death of Cromwell. If you tell him he is dissipated he will immediately reach into the foliage of said tree and pull you out a wild cherry that came over in the Mayflower from whom he inherited his rakish temperament. If you tell him he is sour he will point to the glorious yellow lemon on the family crest and explain to you that there was someone in his heredity responsible for it. If he is a failure he will point out certain qualities in the prune that grows amid the shadows of the self-perpetuating elm whose mental qualities were productive of failure in the nth generation.

Slowly there dawns upon our minds the realization of a fundamental truth. The family tree is the greatest of all excuses for humanity's faults and people who are too weak, too silly, and too hopelessly lacking in backbone to do anything themselves are continually blaming their ancestry for their own inherent weaknesses. It is very often the case that people who do not have family trees, or rather who do not know about them, are often far more successful than the offspring from generations, or shall we say degenerations, of admirals, marshals, and Lord Whatnots. The fact slowly impresses itself upon our consciousness that failures are individual, self-sustained combinations of intricate mechanisms that would never have been successes under any other conditions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

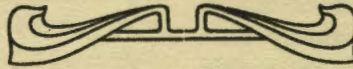
In other words, a large percentage of our population are failures but lamentably few of

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Last of the Shamen

Dedicated to the Memory of a Dying People

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

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

They are now but a broken people, these red men of the plains, and few there are who care much about them, few there are who concern themselves as to the fate of the Indian. Nor can you blame them for everyone does not know the beauty, the sweetness, and the deep mysticism of their ancient but now broken ideals. Every race, like every individual, plays its part in the great plan and its work done vanishes from the light

of men. In his soul the Indian knows that the path of his race is run, and while his heart is sad still the voice within whispers and the old brave knows that the Great Spirit is calling his children home from the corners of creation, and calmly and serenely the aged warrior, philosopher, or statesman gathers the folds of his blanket around him and walks along that apparently endless way that leads to Manitou the Mighty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am going out into the desert," he said, "and I shall never come back again, for my gods have called me and my father's fathers have whispered to me in the night. In all the years

that have passed I have never taken anyone with me on this trip, but today my gods have spoken and said that one at least of the coming race should know the secret of my dying people. So if you will go with me out into the desert you may, and there you will know the reason why Uncle Joe has been here all these years and why no man has ever followed him."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The old Indian waved his hand,

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

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

The aged man pointed around the ghastly circle,

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

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

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

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

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

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

know the Red Man for the white race has made him a stranger in the land of his birth, a nameless vagabond in the beautiful world created for him. But it is well. For as today the Red Man sinks away into the eternal night so shall the white man, when his day is done, drop silently to rest."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At last I spoke:

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

The old warrior nodded his head:

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

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

As he spoke he dropped his blanket and tore

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

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

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

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

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

"My son, the last of the Red Men, the last of the priests, has been called to rest. They were my kingdom and now I am an emperor of the dead. You shall see me no more for I go to the Land of the Setting Sun, the Manitou has called me and I obey. But, remember, my son, there is no death. I go on to other works, to other lands, for I am the Spirit of the Red Man and I can never die but will live on forever to guard the destinies of my people, who while

their race is broken still live and will continue their endless procession until the day when the All-Father shall call home even Manitou the Mighty. Somewhere in the bonds of the infinite we shall meet again, you and I, for you, too, are chosen of your gods. When your race is drawn silently into the unknown I shall ask the Manitou the privilege of being there that I may greet another people coming home. Behold the Order of Malkedek, the sacred brotherhood of the Red Men, the priest-kings of Atlantis, for they are now in session for the last time! The fire that has burned for ages will soon go out and with it vanishes the last of the Red Men. No more the world shall see me, for on this throne I sit awaiting the last of my people. Though years may pass before they gather, I shall be sitting here, surrounded by the dead, the emperor of a dying race."

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

The Brothers of the Shining Robe

CHAPTER TWO—Continued

The Mirror of Eternity

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

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

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

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

A strange hush came over my being and I realized for the first time in a dull sort of way that there were things in life that before I had

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the Creator, to rest like beads of dew on the lotus blossoms of the soul."

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

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

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

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

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

Slowly the scroll ceased to spin and a scene unfolded itself in the mystic haze of eternity. It was an ancient plane which stretched out to be lost in the blue sky. Far in the distance

there rose great twisting towers of snake-like spirals which gleamed and glowed amid mighty domes and minarets that marked a city of the plains. It was a glorious sight, a shimmering city of many colored lights like some mirage of the desert.

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

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

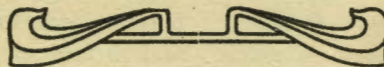
The Oriental spoke again,

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

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

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

(To be continued)



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

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

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

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

Just Lonely

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

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

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

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

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

This condition is becoming more acute every day, for the world is filled with young people who are divided from the bonds of home by lack of mutual understanding. This is often the

result of the fact that during the years of childhood and youth when things were needed the parents were not there, when there was work to do that the child might be what it should be they shirked their duties and the child lost confidence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So we find thousands of children who are just lonely, who while they are properly fed

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

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

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

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

Part OneThe Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Explanation of Last Month's Plate

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

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

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

All the kingdoms of nature are symbolized with their respective elements, qualities, powers, arts, sciences, et cetera, in the inner of the three worlds, while in the central sphere we have the solar system with its suns and powers. This is symbolic of the solar and macrocosmic man of

our solar system, while outside of this sphere, consisting of the planetary orbits, we find the stellar worlds which are the symbols of the other created universes of our chain. At this point the second sphere ends and we find the three rings of fire flames, which are symbolical of the three grand creative principles and the powers of the three worlds of nature. The inner circle of flames represents the form-building powers; the second row, the mind-building powers; the third or outer row, the spirit-unfolding powers.

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

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

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

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

In this magazine you will find another rare plate taken from the same source, which shows

the creation of the universe and the coming of the elements. In next month's magazine we shall have a few words to say concerning it, but the purpose of placing these illustrations before you is not to explain them but to enable you to explain them yourselves.

Occult Eugenics

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

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

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

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

The great problem of Eugenics faces the world at the present time as it never has before, be-

cause under it is listed the study of causes and the improvement of causes, and the world is slowly coming to the realization that everything we know as an effect is the result of unknown and unstudied causes. Man with his ever higher ideals now realizes that the day has come when it is in his power to mold the world into what he wishes it to be, greater and more glorious than ever before, if he will mold causations and develop them as he should.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

go downstairs and have squabbles and disagreements such as occur in many homes, and believe that the child does not know and will not be affected by it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thirteenth. One of the greatest mistakes that a parent can make is to overlook the health of a child or exert an undue influence over its growth on account of their own ideas concerning sickness and spirituality. While it is often possible through the power of will for the parent to master inharmony within, and while many

believe that sickness is only a concept of the mind, this idea cannot be safely applied in dealing with children. Parents are directly or indirectly responsible for ninety per cent. of sickness among children, and large doses of common sense should be administered to the mother and father instead of drugging the child.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Twenty-second. Education is a very important consideration and this must take a great

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

has passed the need of studying the practical problem of natural Eugenics.

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

“By their works shall ye know them.”
unfolding consciousness of man which becomes his guide in the distant places and makes possible his ascent into the dome-shaped skull which is indeed the temple of the gods.

A Letter From the Brothers of the Rose Cross

The Magical Mountain of the Moon

(Continued)

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

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

There is a mountain that rises out of the darkness of ignorance. This mountain is built out of regenerated life substances raised out of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the other side stands the Angel of the Flaming Sword, who faces the light of nature and with the flaming brand in her hand points to the Magical Mountain. This flaming sword is, of course, the upturned spiritual consciousness of man which alone can show him as his

guide and instructor the path that leads through the dangers to the foot of the lofty mountain. The cord she carries in her hand is the spinal cord up which he will climb in search of those wondrous grapes that grow in the land of Canaan. The figure with wings represents the

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

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

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

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

The end

What Will the Harvest Be?

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

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

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

To speak in words of eloquence and refinement, we are producing as fine a generation of hollow-headed idiots as the world has known in many a day, and the few thinkers that do storm the tide of human indolence are getting ashamed

of themselves and crawl away alone to escape the laughter and the jeering of those who know nothing. It disqualifies a man or woman at this day and age of the world to be a philosopher, while those who disqualify them can find no earthly reason for their own being. The thoughts of man are so far from heaven at the present time and his spiritual ego is so divided from its own true position that to find the centers of consciousness in the world today it is necessary to dress in asbestos.

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

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

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

Taking the general score of one hundred per cent., as before, to represent the perfect, let us briefly consider, list, and label the attributes, accomplishments, and eccentricities of the "species feminalis." General physical health considered first may generally be termed zero; spinal curvature common; weak lungs common; anaemia common; general lassitude prevailing. Each one of these ailments will be found in from fifty to sixty out of every hundred; in other words, if put to a hard day's work said rare specimens would last until they get started and then would call a halt for lunch. Intellectuality, doubtful in ninety-nine per cent. of cases; have never heard of Nathaniel Hawthorne nor Samuel Coleridge, but will look in next month's "Snappy Stories" and see if they have written for it. Memory is good but varied, and usually turned into certain channels, most of them useless. Geography, mathematics and history, one hundred per cent. imperfect. Occasionally an eccentric education in art and music, especially in landscape gardening, exterior stucco working, and general external decorations where some proficiency is shown occasionally. Memory of dates, scandals, and vacations, perfect; exceptionally fine in remembering names of motion picture stars. Chewing gum one hundred per cent. perfect, never sound a flat note. Cooking a lost art except for cooking up trouble; domestic sciences, nil; mending, darning, etc., ditto. Usually proficient in dancing except when feet hurt; can wear five-inch heels without staggering; good appetite, especially for shrimps, sardines, and Granada olives. Common sense, nil; ambition, zero (movie ambitions excepted); average length of life, thirty; number of marriages averaging from three to twenty; strongest asset, pugnacious temperament of her own; plenty of energy to hold up one end of a scrap, sometimes both ends, said scrap usually of a domestic na-

ture, but not sufficient energy to do anything useful.

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

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

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

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

The Divine Masquerader

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

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

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

Behind the mask of an ever-changing personality there is hidden a soul which is ever the same. The great centers of spiritual consciousness expressing through this endless kalei-

doscope of ever-changing manifestation are animated by the powers of a single mind, the life is always the same, but the mask is ever-changing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Masquerader plays as our enemies, He shines out from those we dislike for He is the opportunity of reconciliation. He shines out to us from all with whom we come in contact, and we must wander the earth in rags until we find Opportunity. He is so subtle in his workings

and so perplexing that we are often in doubt whether to accept Him or reject Him. One minute he inhabits us and a second later the soul of another.

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

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

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

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

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

If opportunity came and gently tapped us on the shoulder and said "Kind sir, I am Opportunity, and I am going to give you a chance to be great," he could not even wake us up, we would merely roll over on the other side and sleep calmly until fate gave us a rap. But the Lord of Creation with His divine wisdom has decreed that man must go out and look for opportunity as the farmer looks for woodchucks. You may have to smoke him out or choke him out, set a trap for him or maybe crawl into the hole and drag him out by the tail. The world is failing, not because it does not gain results, but because it does not recognize opportunity

and seek to make use of it. The loss of an opportunity is a damning failure—the only failure in all the universe. Fools can follow where wise men lead, many can make good when someone else has shown them the opportunity, but the only success is when we discover it ourselves.

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

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

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

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

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

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

Briefly considered, we may analyze the keywords as follows:

Taurus, the second sign of the Zodiac:

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

General Characteristics:

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

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

Physical Appearance:

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

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

Health:

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

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

The following are the most prevalent diseases:

Consumption
Scrofula
Croup
Melancholia
Quinsey
Sore throat
Nervousness
Emotional ailments

Troubles in basilar processes of the spine and through Scorpio regions.

Domestic Problems:

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

Countries Under Influence of Taurus:

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

Cities Under Its Domain:

Mantua
 Leipsig
 Parma
 Nantz
 Franconia
 Sens
 Blythynia

Colors:

Green
 Citrin
 Red

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

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

The Indian Snake Charmer

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

The fakir plays upon a three-note flute or reed and as the strange sounds come from it the snake sticks its head out of the basket and slowly rises upward lifting nearly one-half of its body off the ground. There it sits coiled up, its puffed head swaying back and forth to the tune of the snake-charmer and it seems hypnotized by the notes that he plays until he can handle it or do anything he desires with it.

There is a great secret of interest to the occultist and the mystic concealed under the story of the snake-charmer, for all of these ancient rituals and ideas have sacred origins and in the light of the Ancient

Wisdom let us analyze the occult meaning of snake-charming.

In India the spinal spirit fire is called Kundalini and is symbolized as a serpent. According to the ancients, in the undeveloped man this snake lies coiled in the basket of the solar plexus. It is from this point that it is raised up the spinal canal through the spinal nerves by means of the development of the neophyte. This spinal spirit fire is the force which carries with it the power of spiritual sight and illumination. The three-pipe flute or the reed with three openings symbolizes the three keynotes of spiritual growth, namely thought, emotion, and action. When man plays proper harmonies upon his three bodies, the flute of Krishna, then Kundalini, the sleeping serpent, rises out of its basket and ascends through the blossoms on the spinal column awakening them with its power. In India today this is called snake-charming and its mystic message is perpetuated by the fakirs on the street who themselves know nothing of its inner significance.

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KING TUT NOW RESTING QUIETLY

Political Campaign Is Very Heated

COMPLETE RECOVERY OF KING TUT EXPECTED

His Majesty, King Tutankhamen, is reported to be improving and the Doctors hope for a complete recovery, which is most comforting to his large circle of friends and relatives. King Tut is suffering from neuritis and a complete nervous breakdown, as the result of the continual strain which the Pharaoh has been passing through during the last few weeks. The King is a very sensitive man and having remained a recluse for over two thousand years, his sudden jump to fame was too much for his delicate constitution. During King Tut's illness he was attended by a number of his favorite wives, one of whom could not be present owing to her absence on a short trip to Earth.

NOTED PSYCHOLOGIST ARRIVES FROM EARTH

Prof. Alexander Blitherskyt, well known psychologist from the planet Earth, sneaked into heaven on a slow freight early this a.m. The Professor had great difficulty in getting here, owing to the fact that he lacked the price of a ticket. He will deliver a lecture at the Skydome Auditorium this evening explaining his thrilling experience and how to get to heaven without the necessary railroad fare.

Prof. Blitherskyt is an authority on free traveling, and states that a fundamental study of modern psychology will produce a talented freight-car traveler. We may say by way of detail that Prof. Blitherskyt arrived by clinging to a rail on the underside of the refrigerator car that was bringing Apollo his winter supply of cold storage eggs.

MADAME BLASE ADDRESSES CLUB

Low-cut diadems and King Tut haloes are the height of fashion this spring among the upper set. Wings of elephant-breath buff and biege are the rage in smart circles. Madame Blase made these statements while addressing heaven's Five Hundred at the Satellite Evening Club here today. Madame also states that henna will be used among the angels of the younger set. It was also stated that male angels will wear Barney Google derbies and robes cut on Sparkplug lines this spring. At the bachelor angel symposium it was stated that full beards will be in fashion during the summer months.

PEARLY GATES WEATHER BUREAU

Monthly Bulletin

Moderate winds and possibly a few showers. If it doesn't rain it will remain clear while if the winds fails to materialize we may expect calms.

BARGAIN PICKUPS

King Ptah-resu-aneb-f desires to sell, trade or exchange a complete second-hand mummy outfit very low price. His object is to realize something on it before scientists steal the entire tomb. Will take a good second-hand pair of non-skid retreaded wings or exchange for a Ford car with inter-planetary attachments. Must have extra tires and be six-cylinder. Ptah-resu-aneb-f, 1313 Pharaoh Row, East Heaven.

PEARLY GATES CITY COUNCIL FIGHT IS ON

In the recent election for President of the Pearly Gates City Council the standpatters and the Progressives very nearly came to blows. The Pearly Gates Sewerage System and street paving contracts formed the hub of the discussion. The Progressives were adamant in their opposition while the standpatters stood for taxing sun-power. The First and Eighth wards were with the Progressives nearly to a man, and there is no doubt that the suffrage vote settled the question. The Progressives stood for free cloud dispensation, while the standpatters are in favor of municipal management of all storms; they also believe that all angels should carry license plates and be equipped with stop-light signals. The Progressive's candidate, Mr. Gusto Bang, was elected by a slim majority. Plans are already on foot for the next election, which will be held in the year 982,000,000.

WANTED

A number of angels to sell roadmaps and encyclopedias in outlying districts and residential section of heaven; exclusive territories granted. We can also use a number of snappy story magazine salesmen; routes assigned. Also, one or two good salesmen from the Earth to dispense vacuum cleaners, electric irons, washing machines, energetic angels need apply. See I. Catchem and U. Cheatum, Importers, 1414 Ether Avenue, three blocks from carline. Open Saturday evenings.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Just Off the Press--

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

This is the latest work of this author and approaches the problem of spiritual unfoldment and growth in a manner both new and unusual.

The book contains six allegorical stories dealing with the spiritual development and initiation of mystical characters EACH ONE OF WHICH CAN BE PLACED IN THE LIFE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE WISDOM TEACHINGS. THE READER IS THE HERO OF EACH OF THE MYTHS, and concealed under the fables are many of the very deepest principles of occultism.

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.

This deals with the regeneration of matter and the transmutation of bodies.

The Master of the Blue Cape.

In this chapter the mystic meaning of the elixer of life and the philosophers' stone is given to the reader. Also the inner meaning of Alchemy.

The Face of The Christ.

The mystery of the last supper and the great problem of the second coming of the Christ is taken up from the occult standpoint, and presented in an understandable way.

The Guardian of the Light.

The duties and labors of one who seeks to be given charge of the Divine Wisdom are set forth in this chapter. Also the price of the Mystic Truth.

The One Who Turned Back.

This is the allegory of one who reached the gate of Liberation and renounced freedom to return again into the world. A study in Mystic Initiation.

The Glory of the Lord.

What happens to those who seek to enter the presence of the Lord without purifying themselves according to His laws? Read what happened to one, in the Tabernacle of the Jews.

The book is well printed on good paper and bound in boards stamped in blue. It contains sixty-four pages closely written.

This work like all of these publications is presented to the public without fixed price, leaving it to your own higher sentiments to show you your part in the work we are carrying.

The edition of this book is limited, so if you are interested send at once enclosing the contribution that you wish to make, not to pay just for the book but to help the work along, and you will receive your copy in the return mail.

Address all orders to Manly P. Hall, P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Cal.

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

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

The Breastplate of the High Priest

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

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

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

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

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

The Father of the Gods

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

Questions and Answers, Part One

Questions and Answers, Part Two

Questions and Answers, Part Three

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

Occult Masonry

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

Wands and Serpents

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

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

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

The Unfoldment of Man

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

Occult Psychology

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

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

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

Faust, the Eternal Drama

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



Ut in mundi primordio, ubi tenebræ cujusque cœli cum partibus lucidis, quas viscositas spirituum in illis conclusorum, informationisque avidorum amplexa est, luctabantur in unica eademque massa, in regionem elementarem contracta.

F

Quamvis