

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

SEPTEMBER, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By MANLY P. HALL

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

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

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

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

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By MANLY P. HALL

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

The following headings are discussed in the work:

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

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

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

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

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

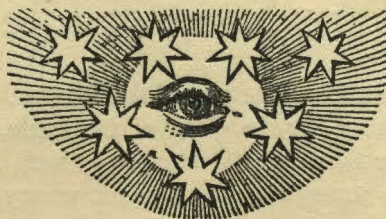
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., SEPTEMBER, 1923

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

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The Song of Life

Listening for the footsteps of the Master,
Watching for the glory of his smile,
Praying for the strength that comes with knowing
As we struggle on alone each weary mile.
Seeking in the throngs that surge about us,
Waiting as the years roll slowly by,
Sighing as the burdens grow so heavy—
It seems 'twould be better not to try.

Groaning as we see our brothers happy—
While our hearts grow weary with their load—
Wondering why some paths are strewn with roses
And only tears we find upon the road.
Wondering why the price of truth is sorrow,
Wondering at the bruises and the strife—
Can we really be the winners in a battle
Where only death can pay the price of life?

Why are those who live the lives of hatred
The guides that show the way to perfect love?
And why are those who live below in darkness
The ones that lead us to the light above?
And as we hear the jeers of those about us
Can we smile and bravely lay aside each fear?
And through the gloomy mask of every sorrow
Can we see the light and feel the presence near?

And with the strength that comes alone with knowing
Can we gladden other's footsteps with our song?
Can we see that every sorrow that we suffer
Is but the payment for some distant wrong?
Then sing the song of life as on we struggle
And learn from those around us every day?
Behind each Brother's form there stands a Master—
Shall we serve him or shall we turn away?

EDITORIAL

Ten Rules of Religious Etiquette

1. Do not attend the meetings because you have an antipathy against the hall and do not like to associate with the class of people who sit around you. This is a proof of your ultra-refinement.
2. If you come be sure to attend irregularly and under no condition tell anyone about the meeting or bring anyone with you. This indicates that you are exclusive and belong in the upper set.
3. Be sure that you acquire all our books but never read them. Ask the questions in class that are answered in them. This demonstrates your mental superiority beyond all doubt.
4. In securing our books and magazines never consider the contents—always estimate their value upon the price of the paper. This is a sure sign of business shrewdness and erudition.
5. Always lock up our publications where no one else can find them or read them. This proves that you understand their esoteric value. To advertise them would be decidedly plebeian and would lessen your superiority over others.
6. Always kick about the way things are being done—the chairs, gas-stoves, music, and so forth. This is very refreshing and proves your aristocracy.
7. Never put anything in the collection plate. Always give someone else that opportunity for soul growth. This shows spirituality and brotherhood.
8. Workers should never get along well together—each one should be jealous of all the others. This shows professional temperament and helps to simplify the teacher's work, at the same time setting an illustrious example.
9. Do not spend much time studying. It isn't being done in the better circles. You should make the meeting hall a rendezvous to circulate all the latest scandals. You should also be filled with advice which you should give freely especially on subjects about which you know nothing. This shows your occult leanings and family breeding. Every member of the student body should follow all the others and see what they do. This is deep brotherly interest.
10. If anybody should get up and do anything useful—oppose him in every way possible, crying out that he is trying to boss and run the whole show. If there is a mass movement in any direction gather up yourself and depart, telling everyone you meet that the work is being run by a clique. This is decidedly refreshing and relieves the monotony which might otherwise cause the work to stagnate.

All of these points help to simplify matters and are of vast encouragement to all concerned and if followed religiously will produce perfect results.

I Thank You.

Spiritual Hobos

A Romance in Psychologies

IT IS, alas, too true that few individuals care to be reminded of the hollows, furrows, ravines and gullies in their mental, physical and spiritual make-ups! Compliments are always in demand and a suave disposition never fails to draw around it bevvies of friends and admirers who will bask in the honeyed sentiments like flies in a sugar bowl. People love to foster the fond idea that somebody else believes them to be something which they honestly know they are not.

Most of our occult students will many times declare themselves to be braced in all the weak spots, strong and courageous, ready to listen to the truth, whole truth and everything but the truth! But rarely do they demonstrate any great amount of joy when reality does strike against them or seek admittance into their consciousness. Most students tell us that they want to know their weak points, where their spiritual bunions are located and what constitutes the leading detractions of their temperaments but if we happen to intimate even for a second that they are suffering from any slight imperfection they immediately leave us—thoroughly convinced that we lack polish, grace and refinement, and are most hopelessly deficient in spiritual sentiments. While if we “gush” prettily over them, address them as “old students,” “advanced souls,” ad infinitum, they are then in a condition where most any living creature can separate them from their rent money, salary, and more than likely their family.

In other and shorter words, they like to be patted on the back, are willing slaves to anyone who will weave fanciful dramas around them for their own glorification—even though they really know that they possess none of the attributes in question—but if for a moment we infer that the average seeker-after-the-occult is a hobo, a bum, a tramp, a nonentity, a vagabond, vandal and vampire, for some absolutely unknown reason he passes us on the street next day without recognition though he may realize that he is all of

the things described, plus more known only to himself.

But let us, just for the sake of the principle involved, be truthful for once and spite the devil, admitting that at the present time the majority of seekers after things spiritual are not only looking in the wrong direction for the truth but positively ignore it when they do see it. They continue gliding through life talking themselves into believing that they are personifications of the Eternal Seeker when in reality they are nothing but omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient (never omniactive) Incarnations of Specific Worthlessness.

These may not seem pleasant thoughts, in fact we may be called cruel, cold and unjust, but with the pure eye of logic, the brain of reason and the steady hand of the surgeon let us anatomize what we discover when we start carving modern super-spiritual cadaver and see how it sums up:

As we cast the searchlight of common sense upon the problems of modern religion and examine the fruits of philosophical endeavor, listening with rapt attention to the weird discourses which pour forth as bubbling brooks and dashing cataracts of modern Platonic reasoning, a great pessimism grips our soul and the icy fingers of doubt strangle out our tiny germ of hope as we seek to synthesize such hopelessly impossible brain-storms!

So at last we are forced to the conclusion that most of our so-called Thinkers are neither spiritual, philosophical, intelligent nor studious but are merely brain convolution contortionists twisting their dua-mater and pia-mater into bowknots and figure-eights and then—ye gods!—inviting others to join them in their mental gymnastics. In other words instead of being statisticians, economical reformers, teachers and logicians they are merely straining the cerebral vesicles and painfully spraining the mind. When we realize this we are confronted with a great problem—what is thought? And how should its wonderful power be used to express a maximum of intelligent result?

The answer to the problem is, *man must learn to think in harmony with nature and natural law*. When he seeks to battle against his own intellectuality, to deny the existence of things which he daily and hourly contacts, or seeks with sheer force of will to change the direction of the universe or reverse the poles he is merely wasting power and energy on an absolutely hopeless, helpless and non-productive series of concepts which would be comic if they were not divinely sad.

The average person does not know how to think and never will until he individually evolves the mental faculties and powers to do it with. And the first step towards this is to cease imitating the ideas of others, learn to reason out and master the problems of your own existence and being responsible to yourself instead of rushing to another fool for help—whereupon each clasps the other and both sink! The average person who believes himself to be philosophical, spiritual and ethical is merely a rambling intellectual hobo, helpless and harmless, whose every thought and action he has begged, borrowed or stolen from somebody else. Those who think other people's thoughts, lean on other people's shoulders and do not labor mentally, physically and spiritually for the things they want are tramps, imposters and human fungi as sure as there are such things in nature.

Taking the modern occult student as an example of spiritual unfoldment and moral culture, we usually find him to be merely a religious vagabond wandering from cult to creed, sleeping in intellectual box-cars, under pseudo-theological haystacks and persistently avoiding the woodpile of labor with a highly evolved efficiency that is positively uncanny. Students of the Wisdom Teachings little realize how like beggars they can become if they continue to wander from pillar to post knocking at each farmhouse door, hoping that fortune will present herself but inwardly praying that the bull-dog of adversity will not advance to the rear of their immediate environment.

There is a great Kingdom of the Unemployed and there is also that aristocratic fraternity known as Gentlemen of the Great Out-

doors and, alas, it is but too true said institutions do many things not in accordance with the ethical statutes of our beautiful country. But let us not add infamy to insult or further scandalize their already dubious reputations by listing with them our modern spiritual students. For, 'tis sad to relate, these Gentlemen of the Open Road and non-eventuating pilgrims are never half as guilty of mental or physical vagrancy as that band of new thought and spiritual students are addicted to intellectual grafting and sem-conscientious knavery!

None of us will ever forget Tattered Tom or milord the Baron Rags and other blue-blood members of the slipshod aristocracy for they are in a class unapproachable and inimicable—the very acme of active indolence. As they promenade along the tar-paved boulevard resembling animated scarecrows or bi-pedular ashcans they manifest and express in every movement of their being a nobility greater far than a scion of the House of Navarre. They are sublimely humorous, pathetically ridiculous, and always bring poetically to our minds a picture of injured innocence and over-worked ennui.

Along they go with smiles on their faces, whistling merry tunes, while clothed in a bundle of rags and tatters! Gentlemen of leisure whose motto is: "Don't work when there's anything else to do!" (Latest psychological axiom.) You have all heard them as they gently knock at the backdoor, after making sure that the Airdale is chained, and with fringed hat in hand deliver a touching elegy with a seriousness and masterful eloquence worthy of a trained tragedian:

"Please, lady, I'm a poor man, down and out and too sick to work, I'm tryin' to get money enough to make the next city where I have a brother in business. I come from a good family, mum,—I'm not a tramp or anything like that. I'm just suffering from pecuniary embarrassment—a slight financial shortage—I wonder if it would be possible for you to give me a piece of pie or some of your husband's old clothes?"

This is a noble art—the art of begging—a cultured science which has been evolved through generations of practice, the develop-

ing of sympathetic voices, said looking eyes and cherubic expressions that shine out with celestial radiance from beneath several days' growth of whiskers!

When poor people enter this profession and the down-and-outers promenade along the dusty road of life in someone else's clothes we call them tramps. But when they rise upward to more ethical circles of philosophical, spiritual and scientific things we then call them mystics, psychologists, philosophers, eccentric geniuses, advanced thinkers and deep students of the occult. If you will just take the average modernist in religion, however, and analyze him carefully you will find a weird and wondrous composite combination of borrowed plumage. Like Aesop of the ancient Fables, in examining said rare specimen, we find an ugly duckling with one glorious peacock plume rising from the rear. Such a sight as would give a naturalist or poultry fancier epileptic convulsions unless he knew for a certainty that the glorious tuft was not an inherent product of the bird!

Mentally, physically, never to mention spiritually, not one thing our occult student wears fits him. Surely he represents the Ex-president of the ancient and honorable Order of Whatnots! His hat is too big and nestles grotesquely over ears that pivot and turn outward by the weight. Of course it is no longer a delapidated derby or gently atrophying tall silk but just a philosophical concept and shortcut to heaven he has begged off the Jones family down the street. His borrowed alchemy hangs loosely from his shoulders, gathered in by the safety-pin of someone else's ethics. His pant-legs of affirmation and denial were made for a man three times his size, consequently fit him too much, but still he is wearing them—and what makes it infinitely worse is they are not mates for he sneaked them out of Smith's backyard while Mrs. Smith was paying the iceman. His shoes, one a patent-leather the other a goulash, leave strange footprints on the sands behind, which footprints are the measure of his soul. For they are not his own either but have been begged, borrowed or stolen from some oracle along the meandering line of his pilgrimage.

Thus he stands before you. Nothing more, nothing less than an intellectual vagabond and spiritual lounge-lizard. (Or shall we say chameleon? For as this little lizard changes his color to suit his background so the "mystic" changes his creeds to suit his needs.) Like the ordinary tramp he hates work worse than poison, hates water like a cat, but is hoping against hope that he will get to heaven somehow if he can borrow enough old clothes to make it or can hop an empty freight going in that direction.

In other words, our nondescript student of religion is eternally searching for something easy that he can secure without labor and lives ardently hopeful of finding a way to enjoy the harvest that his industrious brother creatures have stored up. Students do not mean to do this but it seems an innate faculty of the human mind to seek to avoid exertion. The lower in man cries out for rest while the higher spiritual powers seek to express more incessant activity. There are hobos on the physical plane of nature who claim to have been tired for fifty years and to be suffering from strange ailments which obstruct the vital energies, when the real cause of their ailment is chronic laziness. The same may be said of our spiritual seekers for most of them are wasting away with some mystic lassitude which is nothing more nor less than a pure lack of a desire to do anything.

Sciences which seek to promote mental exertion and individual advancement become less and less popular all the time while intellectual and spiritual soothing syrups and teething rings are in ever more constant demand. Spiritual narcotics which will prevent human beings from feeling the pains of daily life are called blessings but in reality are the greatest curses of the human race. If students could only realize that when they search for others who will answer for them the problems of their own lives with formulas and recipes which eliminate individual expression making it possible to glide en masse to the Eternal Footstool, or who will rent them pseudo-evolutionary roller skates to shorten the path—they are only being hoodwinked and deceived! And always by those who have themselves fallen slaves to their own or their brothers' absurdities.

There is no way of reaching the true position the human race is ordained to fill without individually standing upon our own feet and learning mentally, physically and spiritually to earn legitimately and honestly whatsoever quality we are seeking mastery over. There must be an equal effort expended and an honest foundation laid for everything which we want or else man is, in the sight of nature, a thief and a robber. Those people who fondly believe that their duty ceases with the getting of things or that they can make slick transactions in religion or turn rather clever intellectual deals to their own profit have a great awakening before them, an awakening filled with sorrow and unhappiness because they have failed to realize that the Universe is governed by just, non-commercialized non-favoritism which as a great abstract Intelligence governs impartially all of Its creations, rewarding each according to its works.

There is no greater crime in the world than to promise or to intimate that we can make another spiritual, intelligent or prosperous, for it is absolutely impossible to do so. And those who charge exorbitant prices for shortcuts to heaven are charging for something which they do not possess and are assessing work that only the ego of an individual alone is capable of carrying on. In other words, Mr. Jones is paying Mr. Smith for the privilege of saving his own soul. Persons who graft in such a way as this should be treated in the same manner that the Government treats oil sharks who sell shares in non-entitled wells and the like. They are mental, physical and spiritual criminals and those who patronize them are merely demonstrating a super-abundance of vacuum in the cranial cavity. But the demand will always produce the supply and as long as there are people to be fooled there will always be those pleased to do it for them.

It is perfectly legitimate to instruct man in the ways he should go (providing that the party of the first part knows what way anything should go) but to promise results is beyond the privilege of God himself. Instead of giving a spiritual tramp a meal in every case he should be ushered into the back yard

where stands the menacing wood-pile and told that if he will chop two cords his lunch is ready. At such a moment as this the physical hobo disintegrates while his spiritual correlate dissolves into a dank cloud of iridescent dew—nose cracked, insulted and with every quill in his temperament standing on end.

We may not believe it this way but when work is mentioned the seekers after eternal wisdom rise, one after another, and magically vanish effervesing streams of many-colored indignation—this at the bare suggestion of earning their daily bread! If he is suffering from a gouty toe or a gastronomic reaction and you tell him to watch his diet and stop eating roast goose or breaded veal cutlets he will immediately rise, a towering pillar of righteous wrath, and tell you that you are neither spiritual, ethical nor philosophical. Said student will then head for some temple of solace where he will wade through a long concentration, take an aphromatic pill or ten grains of sugar-coated sentiment and then go out to eat fried bricks and ten-penny nails a la carte until the closing of the last act when the nail he could not digest is used to hold down his coffin lid.

If you hint to the student of ancient wisdom that bathing is an inducement to health you are ordinary, materialistic, and lack Oriental ideality. But there is not one "occultist" in a million who has studied the plumbing system of Pompeii while engaged in his ancient researches. If you tell him he has a mean disposition, you are a low-brow, a mishap, an inferior and several other things he cannot remember but which nevertheless apply to the problem on hand. However if you will prove to him conclusively and beyond all shadow of doubt that his spavin can be cured by some supernatural agency which requires no temperance or moderation in his own life, then indeed you are gifted of the gods. He will then peel forth the last shekel and think nothing of working at a dollar a day for fifteen years to pay you for a Latin formula or a Sanskrit delineation punctuated in Hebrew, when for a five-cent bar of Ivory soap he could be a healthy man for seventy-five years—that is, of course, if he adds to the soap the necessary exertion for applying.

There are also people—strange creatures of demented reasoning!—who will condescend to study the occult if you will guarantee them illumination, unity with the Absolute, mastery and initiation, not to mention such trivial things as the seventh sense and the ability to rove on other planets or pick daisies on the Milky Way at the completion of a two week course. If you have a dashing personality they may even wait four weeks for their spiritual insight especially if the language you clothe the supernatural sciences in is sufficiently set with the rubies of eloquence and like the sages of old you are an orator with a silver tongue.

But when you advise said persons that mastery requires from one to three hundred and fifty million years of hard work, low pay and tough luck, he immediately tells you that you lack inspiration, that you know nothing of heaven and its mysteries, that your aura radiates bone-set tea, and that by good right you should be burned in effigy on the public square. If you warn him that his eternal salvation depends upon his own works he is discouraged, disconcerted and perplexed for he knows he has never done anything worthy and can never get far on individual merit. But just whisper mysteriously in his ear a state secret all about a new way of leaning on the Lord whereby you may slip in for nothing he is thenceforth a subject of exuberant reaction, for our average student has no intention whatsoever of giving up anything he likes but will always do the thing he wants to even if it is being miserable—and some are never happy unless they are completely miserable.

To enjoy hard work at this day and age is to invite investigation from the psychopathic ward and if such a case could be found a symposium of international scientists would come into session to diagnose the extraordinary phenomenon. A person who glories in labor and in contact with the hard knocks of the world are about as rare as a total eclipse of Gloombridge or Uncle Si's three-headed calf and are to be listed with the scientific marvels of the age—especially if found among spiritual students.

So they go, praying for the day when someone will build an environment for them

wherein they may be ideally happy or that a great Master will come to clean up the world—a work we ought to be doing every day—or that a great Light will descend from the heavens—when we ought to be out lighting our own way. They are longing for someone else to heal them of something they have no business to have, and while they have a mean disposition and a cussedly bad temper they long to find a way to conceal it by plastering it deep down under a thick layer of beauty mud which comes under the heading of convincing personality cosmetics.

So Tattered Tom and Frenzied Freddy—address unknown, vocation unthinkable—wander from door to door asking for pie, overalls and old shoes and like the foolish virgins of old begging of the wise ones oil for their lamps instead of standing up like the men and women they claim to be, kicking out their mean dispositions, cleaning out their self infected body and taking a good long stretch. Perhaps some day they may learn to look somebody straight in the eye and say, "There is nothing in the world equal to a life filled with works, worries, trials and troubles for it has given me the experience and strength to rise above misfortune, stand on my own feet and proclaim my inherent right to be one of the elect!"

The price of knowledge and spirituality is the proper use of the powers which man has and seventy-five squadrons of angels, three hundred battalions of gods, fifty-seven varieties of divas, two hundred and eighty-seven regiments of psychological infantry and fifteen or twenty spiritual big guns are not enough to stand forth and say "boo" to the powers of nature much less claim the responsibility of easing an individual into heaven. Sixty-five million chariots drawn by cherumbim will never be able to get our big toe over if we continue to tramp around in the name of religion, vampirizing and vandalizing everyone with whom we come in contact.

Each is foreordained and predestined from before the time the universe was formed to figure his way out of and work his way out of the undesirable qualities of nature. When he sits back asleep at the switch or trusts someone else to carry him all is lost.

Never with such concepts as these will the spirit of man find rest in the lands beyond the River Styx. (He would surely drown in said river if someone didn't swim in after him.) But it seems that each leans on everything else perfectly content to let someone who can think for them, and someone who can work for them.

Instead of building the faculties, powers and qualities within themselves which entitle them to stand upon their own feet with well fitting garments of their own making earned

by the sweat of their brows, they now stand as divine incarnations of the cosmic spirit Celestial Hobo—tagged out in a little bit of everything belonging to everybody else. If by any chance the people who loaned them their robes should ask them back the average mystic will stand shivering at the gates of the Great Unknown as one by one his pet concepts fly home until nothing remains but a dismal failure personifying the true inherent qualities which the student himself has evolved by his own lack of active labor.

The Ave Maria

THIS is the story of a spark buried deep in the heart of a dying flame, one of those tragic little legends which bring close to our soul the realization of nature's subtle working. Few realize that the shell of clay shrouds a deathless spark, and yet if the world thought they would know that this is the truth. Something hidden far within, unseen and unknown, cries eternally to be admitted and realized by its prison walls. Man must not judge his brother creature by the form alone for behind rough exteriors of this world there is oftentimes hidden a finer, sweeter and more beautiful spirit than we would ever dream could exist there. Often from the shadow of a broken, discordant body there shines forth a gleam of celestial radiance.

There is a strange pathos under the thoughtlessness of the world. All have felt an inner urge, a great desire to realize some hidden ideal, and man often soars heavenward upon the pinions of inspiration—only to have the ever human crush the vision with the stony fingers of crystalization. And how often the spirit in the world of forms chafes to be free from the living corpse that holds it to the sordid things! Nature is like a string of wondrous beads; all are connected by a single thread of living gold and a tiny spark of divine life shines out between all the beads that have an end.

It is hard to realize that the tools will grow dull with age and as time slowly crushes the instrument we wonder why the glorious dreams that fill our soul are no longer shaped to realities. We try ever to be young; even when the unseen Reaper gathers us to the Great Unknown still the divine spirit of youth within looks forward with eagerness to creation's endless adventure.

* * * *

It is in a little town in the old country, with its cobblestone streets, its simple folk and honest simplicity, that our story is laid. In the center of the town stood the great cathedral with tiny buildings gathered under the protection of its massive form; its grand Gothic arches rise to shadows of an endless night which hangs forever amid its lofty rafters and mysterious hallways, only but dimly lighted by the sunbeams which struggle in through the panes of many colored glass.

A dull hush filled the building and its cold, lifeless air reminded one of the vaults of emperors and the mauseleums of kings where endless rows of marble tombs stand like phantoms in the dim uncertain light. At one end of the massive building where the altar place stood, guarded by tiny gleaming candles which sent flickering shadows on the dark stained walls, the mighty organ rises—a weird mystery of tubes and pipes, a mighty sentinel guarding the holy place of God. It

is an ancient church and for many ages worshipers have knelt upon its marble floor, deep rutted by the footsteps of the pious.

Suddenly the silence was broken by footfalls which sounded hollowly in the great blank silence of the place of worship. A little figure walked slowly down through the gloomy arches to the foot of the ancient altar. It was an old man, his back bent with age, and his long white hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. Reaching the foot of the altar steps he stopped and gazed lovingly up to the monster organ half concealed in the gloom of the nave. A thin streamlet of tears coursed down the old man's cheeks and a sob echoed through the ancient hallways. And then slowly the glorious spiritual face turned away from the organ and with his arms hanging at his sides the old man walked away. Day after day he came there just for a few moments and then crept away again to his little home on the outskirts of the town.

Sometimes there were others in the mighty cathedral, kneeling in prayer upon the worn flagstones. Their eyes grew misty also as they watched the old man for they knew the sacred tragedy of his life. The white haired figure was the organist who since the days of his youth had lent the voice of angels to the pipes of wood. Everyone knew the sad story of his life for in that little town there were no secrets and all lived like one great family with compassion and tenderness each to the other. The good housewives sighed when they told the story of how one day as he was playing his beloved "Ave Maria" the old man's fingers had fallen from the keys—paralyzed—and the mighty organ was silent in the midst of its melody. They knew that he had played his organ for the last time for his dead fingers could never again move lightly across the keys.

The little story was the tragedy of the village and all hearts went out to him as day after day the lonely old man entered the ancient cathedral and gazed up at the lofty instrument which had been his friend for threescore years and ten.

Although his fingers were stilled forever the soul of the musician was still alive. For years the mighty man-made thing with its

harmony celestial had been the comrade and companion of a lonely life and up in the little balcony where the keyboard stood the organist had left his heart. In the days of sorrow when all others had deserted him, through the nights of anguish which always fill the heart of a dreamer, he had climbed the little stairway and the people outside had heard wondrous symphonies swell forth, melodies born of sadness and the shattered soul of one the world could never understand. Through pain and pleasure, through youth and manhood, and even as the snow of age gathered upon his brow, the old musician had played, loved by all and loving all but understood by none save the old organ in the great cathedral.

New fingers now played its ancient keys, another master gave it life, but still the heart of the old musician dreamed of his beloved instrument and prayed that once more he might touch its aged keys before eternity shrouded him with the endless past. So each day he came and humbly offered his little prayer that once more his dead fingers might play the living harmonies which filled his soul.

The spirit of man never grows old but through the ripening years of experience just learns to feel more, to be greater and closer to the divine. The life within does not age though the frame is bent; the same glorious harmonies filled the musician's soul but the fingers of clay no longer heeded the genius of the master's mind. But still with simple faith he prayed for the joy of one last communion and the feeling of its possibility comforted his aching heart.

So the years passed, the step of the musician grew tottering and broken, the very stones were worn by his footsteps and the Angel of Death hovered near him as the chill of eternal winter crept ever closer to his heart. But still he came each day to gaze upon the thing he loved, to pray, to hope and to remember.

It was late one afternoon and the setting sun was sending its last rays through the towering windows adorned with their many colored pictures of the Master's life. The old organist had entered the church and was standing as he had so often in the past at the base of the mighty organ gazing up at the

gloomy shadows which partly concealed the rows of ancient tubes. In a hushed voice he spoke as to a living thing:

“Oh, friend of my youth! oh comforter of my old age! inspiration in the moments of glory! silent comrade in times of sorrow!—my pilgrimage is nearing its end. Will I ever play again upon your ivory keys the melodies that fill my soul but which these poor hands can bring forth no more? Still great ideals thrill through me and the music as of angel’s voices sounds ever in my ears. Ofttimes in the shades of night I hear strange songs and melodies and had I now the fingers the world would know many wondrous things. But, alas, it is all over—all but a dream of the deathless past! You were my life, my all, and somewhere among your ancient tubes and pipes my heart will always be for I love you now as in the days of old. Oh why must the soul of man remain in darkness when the clay is broken? My time here is not long for in the shadows of the night I hear voices from a mystic land unseen; the world of spirit surrounds me and I understand it better as the world of men grows fainter every day. Only one thing I ask before I go—once more I would play your ivory keys! once more to give life to your soulless being!”

Obeying an impulse which he could not understand the old organist slowly climbed the narrow stairs which led to the keyboard of the organ, and sitting down upon the ancient stool gazed lovingly at the form so darkened by age. The setting sun sent one lonely beam through the tinted panes lighting the face of the aged man with its halo of silver locks in a glory divine. The great inspiration filled the musician’s soul, the youth so far behind flooded back again as wondrous rythms swayed his being and all the glory of the music he loved so well thrilled through him. Instinctively he sought to raise his arms and place his fingers upon the keyboard then he realized, alas, that his youth was but a dream and with a broken sob the old man’s head sank upon the organ. The ancient keys were wet with his tears as the last shades of the glorious sun shown dimly through the painted glass. . . .

As the good folks of the city sat round their fires there suddenly broke upon their ears a sound—the voice of the mighty organ in the great cathedral pouring forth in a welling fountain of symphony and harmony! They stopped to listen—there was but one in all the world who could play such divine chords and he was paralyzed! Those who dwelt near the cathedral whispered that never before had such thunderous tones, such mellow notes, such divine sound issued from that organ. It seemed alive and each recognized the melody that sounded forth. In the years gone by they had heard it when the old musician was in his prime. Each knew that it was the one he loved so well, the harmony that had soothed him so many times in sorrow and inspired him in peace—the Ave Maria.

A few came out of their homes and reverently crossed the open square to the portals of the church. The very building seemed to rock and in awe and trembling they crossed themselves for a strange presence was in that cathedral, a hush, a mystic power which they could not comprehend. One by one they gathered and knelt upon the rutted floor. Still the harmony poured forth in welling cadences from behind the little curtain which marked the keyboard of the organ. One, a little bolder than the rest, slowly climbed the steps and gazed with reverence into the alcove where the organ stood. Then he raised his hands to his face and with a cry rushed down the stairs and fell in prayer at the foot of the organ. A few moments passed and then from among those gathered a good man of the town came forth—a sturdy Christian of honest principles beloved by all—the blacksmith of the town. Hat in hand he slowly climbed the little stairs and entered the alcove from which the other had fled. He too gave a gasp and knelt in prayer.

On the floor in the gloom lay the body of the organist, his white face turned upward to the half shade of the descending night in which loomed the organ pipes. His beautiful spiritual face was lighted with a divine peace and his whole being seemed at rest. But this was not the miracle. Two hands were playing the organ—two wondrous dexterous hands which flew nimbly from key to

(Continued on page 21)

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Is man a free agent or under the control of outside entities?

Ans. Nothing but God is a free agent and even He must comply with the laws of creation. So called free-will is the power of choice and the greater the range of possibilities the greater the power of choice. The one who can choose between three things is freer than the one who must choose between two. Only in perfect knowledge comes the greatest expression of the power of choice. Man's evolution is being assisted by outside intelligences but he must himself make all the important decisions of his life.

What is death and what causes it?

Ans. Death is the phenomena of the separation of a life from a body. It is caused either through a shock or an accident or disease which makes the body incapable of functioning whereupon the life withdraws itself and, the center of power having left the body because it can no longer use it the shell disintegrates.

Does the Bible contradict Reincarnation?

Ans. The Bible contradicts nothing but is a neutral work and means exactly what the reader gathers from it as do all the works of the wise. Persecution and tyranny has been based upon the Bible, it has been used as a tool for bigotry and crystalization, and it is also the divine guide to the illuminated seeker. It does not contradict Reincarnation but seems to be based upon the idea of the law of Re-birth being an accepted fact.

What is success?

Ans. Success is the adjustment of the individual to the plan of his work here. This plan is the result of his previous actions. Whenever he begins a new work or pays off back debts he is walking the path of success regardless of his financial condition or his comfort. His future experiences are going to depend upon his present action and noble, honest efforts are the basis of future success. A success is

one who meets and masters every unpleasant condition and obstacle, planting flowers where thistles grew before.

What is law?

Ans. Law is the Plan through which God, man and the Universe were differentiated, are maintained and will later be resolved into the infinite, plus individualization.

Is there anything above Law?

Ans. Those who are above law are above breaking it. We mean by breaking it an attempt to oppose its dictates. **NO ONE HAS EVER BROKEN A LAW, THE LAW HAS BROKEN THEM.** To obey nature's laws is to make them your greatest friend; to attempt to evade them is to make them your bitter enemies. Man is walking between two lines; These parallel lines are the laws of being and as long as we keep on the road we do not know that they exist. When we lose our true center we strike against these walls saying we have broken a law because we suffer.

What is God's plan for man?

Ans. Harmonious adjustments with ever rarer and finer planes of consciousness. The so-called Master is one who has made adjustments with planes where the average individual has no consciousness. The degree of the Initiate's unfoldment depends upon the fineness of his adjustments.

Can consciousness be lost?

Ans. Consciousness can be lost when the vehicle connected with the plane where consciousness is becomes crystalized through age, abuse or atrophy. Consciousness upon any plane of nature depends upon a body properly functioning and attuned to the substances of that plane.

Why are we always in doubt as to what is right and wrong?

Ans. Because our scale of morals is ever changing and the thing that is right today is wrong tomorrow for we are ever growing and demanding finer things. The highest that we know is the only thing that is ever right.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

CHAPTER THREE The Divine Presence

My trip back to England after I left the Temple of the Caves in Northern India and my Master of the Shining Robe was without event so there is little use in describing it. The long ocean trip, then the railway with its stuffy little compartments and finally back again to the scenes of my earlier life. I was not, however, the same individual in many ways, for a great ideal had been given to me—that of giving to the world the wonderful truths and inspirations that had been given to me in India.

My estates and position gave me considerable opportunity, and added to this a strange eloquence came to me after my return to England, so I sought to instruct a few of the Western world on the problems which had been unfolded to me. The way, however, was beset with difficulties. Only those who have sought to educate the human mind can realize the hopelessness of the task. Day in and day out I hammered at the wall of conventionality and popular opinion which religiously and scientifically paralyzed thought. In many cases I met opposition and in still more an absolute thoughtlessness with no desire to change the condition. But still I kept at the task that I felt had been given to me, attempting to warn mankind of the great cataclysms, pestilences and sorrows which hung over them as the reward for their foolishness, selfishness and indolence. I gathered a few thinkers around me and also some who opposed my every move and who seemed to glory in each opportunity to tear down and destroy my selfless efforts.

One person especially appointed himself as my annihilator. Through press, pulpit and rostrum I was assailed, both personally by this individual and through others whose instigations were based upon his maliciousness. He was a scientist of the old school, one of those narrow minded individuals occasionally met with who in the spirit of the Inquisition fights tooth and nail for the perpetuation of antedeluvian concepts. For

many months he railed against my very being, pointing me out as a scourge to the race, for no earthly reason whatsoever except an honest difference of opinion. Insult after insult he heaped upon me, spitting out his venom between clenched teeth, and finally challenging me to publicly meet him and prove my impossible theories.

The thought terrified me for the man in question was one of the greatest, most noted scientists that Europe had ever produced, a graduate from a dozen colleges and universities, indefatigable in his researches and unapproachable in his scientific reasoning. He had broken a dozen scientists and philosophers who had sought to question his statements. A colossal mentality and an unbreakable will with a convincing power of eloquence listed him as one of the materialistic marvels of his age. Although I realized the truth of my statements, the idea of my attempting to debate him upon his own ground seemed ridiculous for though what I said might ring true in the caves of the Himalayas—how would it sound before a group of physical scientists who did not believe anything which they could not see, weigh and measure? I was minded to refuse but something within my being whispered "No." So with much hesitation and many qualms I accepted his ultimatum and arrangements were settled that on a certain Friday evening I was to debate and discuss with him the continuity of human consciousness, mental evolution and the existence of the sacred schools of wisdom in the heart of the unknown East.

As the hours drew closer a peculiar sickening sensation made itself felt in the pit of my stomach and my knees wobbled in a rather undignified manner as I got into my cab and headed for the gloomy walls of a certain local club where scientists and bookworms were accustomed to gather. I felt pretty sure of what my opponent was going to say but I had no idea whatsoever of how I was going to answer his attack in a manner convincing to materialists. So with fear and trepidation and a mental hope that my opponent would be kind, which I greatly doubted, I entered

the club and mingled with the group of London philosophers and scientists who composed it. The professor with whom I was going to debate was introduced to me and I met my rabid disqualifier for the first time.

He was a short portly gentlemen in a nice fitting, black Prince Albert and striped trousers. His two steely gray eyes, divided by a very hooked nose, shone out from beneath brows of Darwinian proportion. He was very much bespectacled and heavily be-whiskered and his gold pince nez insisted on sliding down his nose at the critical moment. When we were introduced he looked me over with the air of a physician examining a specimen, answered "Humph!," and turning on his heel walked away his hands clasped beneath his coat-tails. (The reader will of course realize that this put me entirely at my ease.) I felt like a tiny Lilliputian entirely surrounded by a mountain range of massive brows, weighty intellects and overwhelming pomposity and I also not a little feared the raging lions and tigers which intuition told me lived in the fastnesses of these mountains.

Slowly the exponents of worldly wisdom gathered and seating themselves in the massive leather arm-chairs whispered together in awful tones from the midst of clouds of tobacco smoke. Of course I imagined that they were talking about me—probably sympathizing with my dying cause.

As I seated myself beside the professor on the small rostrum some fourscore pairs of spectacles reflected a dazzling light in my face and I seemed gazing out on a blank void edged with gleaming stars. As these exponents of learning, lost arts, and buried sciences, gazed analytically at my shrinking figure which grew smaller as the moments passed, the professor rose, and carefully arranging his notes, placed his spectacles once more, (fitting on an extra lens), cleared his throat, balanced one elbow on the reading desk and gazed benignly over the top of his glasses at the assembled group.

"Ahem!—It is indeed a pleasure to address you for a few moments on this problem. There is nothing more interesting than the analysis of psychomo, blood clots on the brain in various forms of non-violent insanity and

mental unbalance such as my opponent suffers from."

He then began quoting eminent authorities on the problem and misquoting me profusely. As the moments passed the professor's ire rose. He heaped infamy upon insult in endless procession, grew red around the collar band and puffed excitedly. Most of his verbose outbreaks centralized upon the first point, namely, that I was dangerously insane, completely irresponsible, and that my only possible use in the world was to die in order that scientists might have the privilege of performing a postmortem autopsy upon my cerebral vesticles purely in the interest of research. (At this point the professor's glasses fell off and he rearranged his notes.)

"Friends and fellow scientists, the theory of mental evolution is tommyrot, pure and simple; the outpouring of a demented imagination perpetuated only through lunatics such as the one sitting beside me now. I will defy him to prove that anything proceeds protoplasm or follows disintegration or incineration!"

The professor then continued to explain life as being something coming from nothing through a series of scientific deductions and returning from whence it came through another series of physiological inductions. He proved (to his own satisfaction) that neither God nor spirit, life, or any energy outside of matter, was necessary in the perpetuation and procreation of specie, but that a full and complete knowledge of this indispensable fact was the basic outpouring of modern, unapproachable science. (Hearty applause at this point.)

The professor bowed and slipped one thumb under his vest flap exposing a massive gold watch-chain draped artistically across an astonishing expanse of white waistcoat.

It appeared that the professor was quite a religious man for he quoted Scripture glibly and with evident gusto to discredit the doctrine of physical rebirth taught in the East and which I had been promulgating in my studies. He quoted various scientific authorities in profusion and finally wound up by presenting me with a series of questions which he demanded that I answer if I expected even a moment's recognition from the

infallible sciences of which he was the omnipresent incarnation.

Handing me the slip of paper containing the questions, typewritten in mathematical precision, he sat down—a whirlwind of personality and the most perfect example of self-conceit that it has ever been my privilege to gaze upon.

I was broken. I had no oratorical harangue to come back with and I felt that my knowledge—although I knew it was true—based upon only an improbable story of apparently impossible happenings would carry no weight among this band of thoughtless thinkers and second hand mental gymnasts.

I rose to my feet. A deep hush and a rather blank atmosphere surrounded me—not half so empty however as my own mind which seemed incapable of any expression. What I was going to say I had no idea of and the slip of paper in my hand seemed a living coal which I longed to drop.

I was the most miserable thing on the face of the earth, none excepted, and a chuckle

from the professor showed that he realized this fact. (Of course it was a very low, refined chuckle.)

I had been standing some thirty seconds, which seemed like as many years, trying to gather some word or thought from the ethers which swirled in my brain—when suddenly a hand was placed upon my shoulder, and a voice whispered in my ear,

“Have courage, you are not alone.”

I must have started violently although it appeared that no one noticed me. The voice was that of the Master I had left in Thibet and his hand rested upon my shoulder as it had that fatal night in the Temple of the Caves. In some mysterious way I seemed to see him there, standing behind me, his robe flowing in silver and opal, and with a great courage which seemed born of divine inspiration I opened my mouth and started to speak—words that I did not understand myself but which flowed in an endless stream with a power and eloquence unquestionable.

(To be continued.)

Prometheus the Eternal Sufferer

THE seer gazing out into the endless ages of the past sees a phantom file of Mighty Ones passing like spectres through the eons of the past; mighty powers in world creation these silent shadowy Unknown Ones pass down the endless corridors of time. Living, suffering and dying the Divine Illuminators serve a world that knows them not.

Once there was a seeker who sought to learn the meaning of life with its compound riddle but for him the great compassion, the realization of truth and the knowledge of nature's sublime laws were still shrouded in the Great Uncertainty. So one night he was taken far away from the haunts of men by a guide he could not see and a strange story was unfolded to him which made life different than it had ever been before.

This searcher after knowledge wandered over many mountains and through the deep blue of an endless sky on wings of unknown

power. Guided by some subtle force he was carried to the base of a mighty mountain which rose broken and twisted by nature's upheavals. It was a gloomy mountain whose lava-blackened rocks and lofty sides were seamed and broken as they reached up to touch the blue above. Slowly the student was carried up the mountain through the shades of evening and as he ascended one lonely pinnacle rose above the rest like the mighty needle of the Matterhorn.

As he neared the ragged crest a strange sight met his vision and he gave a gasp of astonishment. There stretched upon the bare stones was a human body—unprotected by even a single garment from the icy blasts of snow! The form writhed and struggled in mortal agony as it feebly sought with the puny strength of man to loosen its bonds of steel which seemed cast by the gods themselves. The figure was chained to a great rock by four shackles held down by steel

stakes driven deep into the stone; the arms and legs were spread and the tortured figure was literally crucified upon the gigantic granite boulder.

As the student drew near he shuddered for the rock was red with the blood of the agonized captive and a mighty vulture—greater far than any bird known to earth—clawed and tore at the side of the chained man! The student turned aside his head, the sight was too terrible and he could not stand it, but a power greater than his own forced his gaze back to the figure chained to the living cross of granite. As he stood there his eyes held by he knew not what, a low moan escaped from the lips of the sufferer and two great eyes wet with tears of anguish and suffering turned toward the man who had come from earth. No word the chained being uttered, no plea for help, but the agony of his soul poured out from those great eyes of sorrow, reaching to the very depth of the seeker's soul.

"Who are you?" asked the one of earth, gazing at the massive brow bordered with locks of golden hair.

"I—" gasped the Crucified One, "I am Prometheus—Friend of Man."

"Why are you chained to this rock?"

"Because," murmured the chained victim, while the vulture still gnawed at the gaping hole in his side—"Because I rebelled against Jupiter, Lord of Heaven. Not because I loved Him less but because the woes of mankind pained me more. When the gods decreed that man must die I stole the Sacred Fire from heaven and brought it down to earth that man might live. For this I have been chained to the rock where I must remain forever unless a champion is found on earth who can break the fetters that bind me."

The student, sick at heart and in agony unutterable, turned away and passed silently down the mountain side back again to the land of men from whence he had come.

But each day a great sadness gnawed at his soul, even as the talons of the mighty bird clawed at the entrails of Prometheus. Through nights he prayed, through days he labored, until a great ideal was born within his soul. He would liberate the Friend of Man from that awful rock which formed his cross!

One night—after years of waiting—as he knelt in his little room a shining form appeared to tell him of the wondrous truths which he had sought. In a ray of light the shining figure stood and holding out his arms said,

"Come I will teach you how to liberate the dying Prometheus."

The candidate rose and passed with his shining companion into the darkness of a great unknown. As they went along, the guide of many colored lights spoke—saying:

"In the days when the world was young Great Souls suffered that man might live. A divine essence descended from heaven against the will of the gods bringing with it the light of Truth. This Essence took up its home in the body of man bringing with it the fire of the gods; and from this fire is born the mystic essence which feeds the mind that man may think; it has given him the flame of energy but has brought also the flame of war and the torch that burns the home, it is the birth of the passions, the lusts and the greeds; and now the Friend of Man is chained to the rock while the lower animal desires and passions of humanity feed of the life which he brought with so much suffering to illuminate man.

"Know you, oh son of man! you are the black stone. Within you is chained Prometheus the Light-Bringer—a divine intelligence—the friend of mortal things. But the perversions of man and the crystalization and degeneracy of his life have chained this World Saviour and the god of life is now crucified upon the cross of matter there to remain until man shall kill the vulture which gnaws at his vitals. Our lives—while we seem to live them for ourselves alone—are far more important than we think, for it is our duty to release the Saviour from the darkness of His cross which our own actions have chained him to.

"For what has man done with the fire that came down from heaven? Has he burned it upon the altars of his gods? Has he returned it again to the divine from whence it came? No. He has taken the fire of the gods, given to him at such tremendous sacrifice, and has fanned it into flames of selfishness and lust, wasting it and crucifying it in useless ex-

pressions of destruction, and has utterly failed to build with it the giant of strength and power who must release Prometheus from the mountain of stone. But there is one coming—the Strong One—the Child of the Sun—Hercules—and he shall release Prometheus from his ages of torment!

“And each one of you, oh children of earth! must become that Hercules, with the light which ye have found—the shining sun—ye must build of the flame brought by Prometheus the mind and the body that we may sever His bonds and pay our debt to the first Great Friend of man.”

Slowly the mighty mountain rose before them in the sky and as they drew closer they could see the lonely figure still hanging upon the slanting stone, his eyes turned in agony towards the sun—that great globe of light whose rays must release him from his endless torture. Still the vulture with claw and talon tore at his liver, still the rock was spattered with his blood, and still in divine trust and a great peace that surpasseth understanding, Prometheus waited—waited for the prophecy to be fulfilled that a strong one should rise from those whom he had served—one who should release him from the cross.

The shining guide spoke.

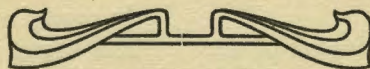
“Oh, Prometheus, Friend of Man! have courage. Through the ages the soul of man is awakening and the time shall yet come when he shall know your sacrifice. Some day from the fires which you have brought him he shall build and smelt the tools to set you free. Wait yet a little while. The world is young and the curse of the gods is terrible, but still one shall come to free you from your bonds.”

The divine face of the Sufferer lighted with a glory beyond the words of human to express.

“I will wait. And I am glad in my agony, for I love man. Though it be a hundred million ages it is not in vain. I saved man from an endless darkness and have brought upon myself a punishment that is great indeed but I am willing to bear all if man but makes himself great and glorious through my sacrifice. How little do those whom I have served realize the price that I am paying for their freedom! As the fires within man flare and burn, fed by the lowest and the worst, they little know or realize that there is One tied to the rock who feels in the anguish of his soul each perversion of the sacred flame. For not only does the fire light man’s way but by the curse of Jove it burns as well. And the light I have brought them they have used to slay me with—but I can wait. Through ages unnumbered—since before the dawn of time—I have hung upon this rock. A hundred million times has this vulture of lust and fury clawed away my life, but the curse of the gods is endless for as fast as the vulture’s talons rend the flesh more grows to take its place.

“I am the Eternal Sufferer. It is I, not man, who feels the most of pain, for his abuses of my sacred fire. I brought it in a reed from heaven to kindle on the hearthstones of the world but they have desecrated my altars; they have broken my most sacred vows. And though I saved them from oblivion my only fear is that they may not yet escape it.

“But when one is found who purifies my fire and harnesses its flames, freeing my light from the world of sin and abuse—that one shall climb to this lofty height and free me from my agony. Until then I wait. But as you burn the fire of life away, forget not Prometheus the Friend of Man who feels in the clawing of the vulture the abuse of that life he gave so much to bring.



Description of Last Month's Plate

The plate in the July issue of the All-Seeing Eye is taken, as the others have been, from the rare and unobtainable writings of Robert Fludd the medieval English alchemist and Rosicrucian who is said to have brought the teachings of C. R. C. from Germany and to have been closely connected with the early development of both Masonry and Rosicrucianism. The plate represents the hierarchies of nature and its great lesson to the student of occult philosophy lies in the analogy between elements, chemicals, planets, gods and celestial hierarchies.

The plate is divided into two grand divisions like the horoscope of astrology. That which is below the central horizontal line represents the inferior creation while that which is above symbolizes the superior creation. As the superior creation is the cause-all world there is laid out in this chart the superphysical hierarchies and the various intelligent powers behind manifestation. The upper half of the diagram is symbolical of the Masonic Lodge and the body of the enlightened Mason while the lower part symbolizes the unilluminated negation of being.

In the concentric rings are placed the names of the Powers of the universe as they are found in the various sacred arts and sciences. The sacred Hebrew names and the Sephira of the Hebrew Qabbalah are found in the spaces between A and B. The superphysical hierarchies of divine beings and the leading angels and rulers of the hierarchies pass through the sphere marked by the line of B. Under C. we have the astrological worlds and under D. the natural, chemical, alchemical, mineral and animal kingdoms laid out as they are found in nature. In the outside rings beyond A. we find the primitive principles of creation with the part they play in the unfolding of a universe, an individual, or a protoplasmic cell.

This is one of the most complicated of the alchemical plates and can never be satisfactorily explained until the individual has unfolded a very high degree of spiritual sight and insight.

The passage of man through the spiritual worlds of nature and the twelvefold constitution of his own globe and chain is the result of conscious initiation which, until it takes place, conceals from man—because of his own consciousness limitation—the mysteries which are the heritage of the wise. There are really no mysteries in nature for those who have earned the right to know; neither is there anything concealed that shall not be revealed. But the only way that the unseen can be brought into conscious manifestation is when man removes the veils of limitation from his own eyes by growth and unfoldment.

Thus these plates which we have been issuing in our magazine have a very great meaning but like the sacred scriptures of the Illumined are sealed forever from the ignorant by their own ignorance. No mere intellectual power is capable of unveiling the divine mysteries. Only soul qualities, the highest of the spiritual reflective powers, the co-joining of spiritual reason and mystical intuition is capable of producing true illumination.

The first step to the study of these plates is neither reading nor meditating but practical self-regeneration which will give the higher power in man an opportunity of expressing its own omnipotent knowledge. This plate contains the entire secret of spiritual rulership and analogy; but no more may be said about it than that each individual must file from his own organisms the key which shall unlock its mysteries for the wise designed these things for the use of the wise and the price of understanding the words of the Illuminated is to become illuminated yourself. This is done when the light of spirit shines forth to bring out the colors on the printed page through the regenerated lantern of the philosopher—his own sevenfold body organism.

The plate in this month's magazine is of the philosophical marriage and the philosopher's stone and is taken from the secret writings of Henry Kunrath. Its description will follow next month.

A Discourse on the Eight Perfections

AND the Thrice Blessed Lord spake unto His disciple, from the heart of His lotus-throne, explaining those things which are the Great Intelligences and the basis of union with that which is Above.

By his conduct is man's salvation measured and by his works is his soul ordained. Of these Eight Intelligences, which are the Ways of Perfection, should all men learn that they may sanctify themselves in the eyes of Brahma the One who Is.

So the Lord of the Lotus Lips spake, saying:

"The first Great Intelligence is the perfection of Perception, for he who perceiveth things has power equal unto his perception. And all things may be known by any who are capable of seeing them. Learn, oh son! to perfect thyself in sight that when thou lookest thou shalt see the Reality, for behind the veil of Maya is concealed all true workings. And unto those who see with eyes that God has opened all of the Plan is manifest even unto the least of the creatures, for each stick and stone tells of that which is eternal; each passing glance, each action and thought is a key to the destiny of a universe!

"Therefore, oh disciple, learn to perceive that each day new lessons shall come unto thee because thou hast found them in that which eternally Is. For know that all knowledge is about thee always but must forever remain unknown until perfect perception crowns thee with the jewels of omnipotence."

Thus spake the Blessed Lord of the First Intelligence, which is Perception, saying:

"Learn also that that which thou seest first is not the Reality save when through perfection thou perceiveth that which is invisible. What thou first seest is Maya the great Illusion but Reality molds Illusion and he who hath a right perception perceiveth the Reality in the expressions of Its not-Being.

"Know, therefore, oh Son of Man, that mortal perception seeth nothing but the shadow while divine perception alone seeth that which Is, knowing that the Reality casteth the shadow; and he is blind who worships the reflection. Moreover, know that he who per-

ceiveth that which is not knoweth that it shall yet be the cause of that which is, that one is threefold wise in Perception. While he who perceiveth that which is, and through his perception seeth that which is to come when the Reality gathered unto itself the Illusion, is also wise. For know that the great Perception is not to perceive a thing unto itself but to perceive the action of Reality upon that which is not Itself.

"Therefore, perceive three things. That which is, that which is not and that which shall be from the union of these two. For the action of one thing upon another showeth unto the wise man the power of that which is unseen and invisible save through its reactions upon illusion.

"Know, therefore, Child of Earth, that perfect Perception seeth life in death. Not by denying death but by piercing the veil of Maya. Perfect Perception is that which seeth good in evil. Not by denying evil but by piercing the veil of Maya or the belief in that which has no Being. Also know that perfect Perception pierceth all things save the Eye of God which it beholdeth free of the veil of illusion.

"He who hath perfect Perception is great for he hath seen the Reason of all things and for all things. He who hath perfect Perception seeth one reason for all things for with his perception he has perceived perfectly that diversity is born of unreality and that Unity is the Divine Reality."

These are the words which the Blessed One spoke of the First Intelligence which is Perception and of the way in which a man should labor if he would be free from selfish selflessness.

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He then opened a petal of the Lotus and said as follows:

"Behold! I would speak of the Second Perfection—that which is the Intelligence of Purpose and the Perfection of Right Aim.

"By the purpose of a thing is it measured. The best work which thou may do, be it without purpose and intelligent aim, is Maya, that is, Illusion. There must be a purpose

for all works and Right Perception which is the first Intelligence must illuminate the disciple unto the path of Right Purpose. There is but one purpose wherein man may be Intelligent in Purpose and acceptable in the sight of his Lord, and that is to be worthy of Nirvana. By its reason for being is a thing measured and a man who labors without reason labors to no purpose. He who labors without ideal labors to no purpose; he who labors without sacrifice, labors to no purpose; he who labors without compassion, labors to no purpose; he who labors in selfishness, labors to no purpose. But he who labors for that which is Eternal—he labors to Perfect Purpose.

“Know, therefore, that before thou laborst for thy God, decide upon that for which thou shalt labor and by its choice shall the labor be measured insomuch as ye are chosen.”

Thus spake the Lord of the Lotus upon the Second Great Intelligence which is Right Purpose:

“Intelligent Aim wherein man may be one with that which Is and true unto himself because he is true to all things is the basis of noble purpose. The Spark of the Flame came down for the one purpose that it might be Perfect in Purpose whereas now it is imperfect in purpose. Wherefore man is to perfect Purpose by being one in his ideals with Reality.

“There is but one Perfect Purpose and that is the Perfection of Purpose which man learns only through the vale of Maya, where he labors in imperfect purpose with that which is not so good and that which is better—thus learning the Great Perfection. Such is the Perfection of Purpose.”

* * * *

With these words the Lord of the Ten Thousand Perfections spoke of the Third Intelligence which is Perfect Speech, saying:

“Men speak many things. The wise men speak great truths, the foolish speak only words that they may listen to themselves. These words mean nothing save to the wise man who learns from them that the speakers of them are fools.

“Therefore of Perfect Speech I would say: speak not too much for he who wasteth words

wasteth life as words are living things. By much speaking man becometh careless of his words which then lose their meaning and are but sounds. Yet by much thinking man speaketh little and so becometh Perfect in Speech, whereas he sayeth much less in words but infinitely more in Truth. For Perfect Speech meaneth that all words shall be of Truth and not of Illusion. The man who speaketh with his mouth sayeth nothing but when he speaketh with the spirit he sayeth that which is wise.

“Therefore it is that man should be Perfect of Speech and intelligent of words, which we know as the Third Great Intelligence.”

And then spake the Blessed Lord of the Intelligence of Perfect Speech, saying:

“Perfect speech is kind and sayeth only that which is true and serveth three:—the one spoken to, the one speaking, and God who hears them both.

“He who would know the bliss of union with his Lord must have control of tongue that he sayeth not that which is untrue, that which is hateful, that which injureth, or that which teareth down and is malicious, for these things are of death and not of life. And whoso controlleth not his tongue will never be one with the Immortals who speaketh only words of wisdom. He who is Perfect in Speech hurteth not another, being kind with that which is and generous with the Great Illusion. A sharp tongue hath nought with its God nor with Me, for he who hath a sharp tongue speaketh with the mouth only and useth vain words which, while often sharper than an adder’s tooth, mean naught for they come from naught.

“Therefore, oh son! be Perfect in Speech that your words be kind, true, and not too plentiful; that ye speak with your mind and your heart that only which is of Truth a Reality and not with your bodies which are but Unrealities.”

So sayeth the Blessed Lord of the Third Perfection which is Intelligent Speech.

* * * *

Then taketh He the Lotus and resumeth:

“This is the Fourth Perfection which is Intelligent Conduct—both unto thyself and unto those that surround thee. For know that a man of God who weareth the braided

cord must conduct himself according to the law and must strive that his conduct be perfect insomuch as it is within his power. He who watcheth not his conduct each day soon becometh careless and faileth to conduct himself according to the Ways of Light. Therefore, I give ye these instructions that ye may live and conduct yourself in that way which is acceptable to Brahma.

“First, conduct yourself in simplicity that there be no forward thing in you which is not good in the eyes of the Most High. Be ye not first, neither be ye last, but where ye belong according to that which you yourself knoweth.

“Second, conduct thyself with civility unto all things and with righteousness unto thy gods. Wherein ye fail to do this ye bring upon ye the calamities of which ye know.”

Thus spake the Blessed Lord unto His disciple at the foot of the mountain of the Fourth Perfection which is Intelligent Conduct, saying:

“By what my priests do so am I judged and as ye conduct yourself so men say do I, the Lord of Men, conduct myself. Therefore

be ye ever mindful that ye conduct yourself according to the ways which are of wisdom. Give not to that which is Temporal but be strong for that which is Eternal. Conduct yourself in peace when others are in strife, conduct yourself in meekness when others are discordant, conduct yourself in simplicity when others are vainglorious. By this shall men know that ye are seeking for that which is Eternal and not that which is of Illusion. For by your works are the gods judged insomuch as ye claim to be the mouth-piece of the gods. And realizing that ye live not of yourself but of God, live that ye may serve others through noble conduct which shall point ye out from the world of men as one trusted and beloved of the gods as their divine messenger.”

In this the Blessed Lord closeth the fourth Great Perfection, which is Intelligent Conduct, and speaketh of the fifth which is Intelligent Living. For behold he liveth only who learneth at the feet of the Lord of Wisdom of that of which life is composed. So the disciple listened while the Good Lord spoke:

(To be continued.)

The Ave Maria

Continued from page 11)

key with a power miraculous! Of body there was no sign—just the two white hands. And as the blacksmith looked he crossed himself once more. They were the fingers of the dead musician!

The wonderous strains of the Ave Maria flooded through the cathedral in thundering symphony while the white form of the master organist lay at rest—he in union with his life's companion. The clay was shattered forever but the soul of the musician could not go on until once more he had played the harmony he loved so well. The final notes died out, the fingers rested for a moment caressing the keys, and then a strange still-

ness descended upon the cathedral. It was broken then by a sigh so faint that only a few could have heard it, and those two white hands still reaching outward toward the keys of the organ drifted slowly away into nothingness amid the gloomy shadows of the cathedral.

They say that the organ never again sounded as it did that night—never was one found who could bring such glorious harmonies from a soulless thing. They often tell of the master musician who lived and died in the little village but the most wonderful thing of all they tell is of how he played the Ave Maria the night he died.

Impractical Occultists

THE greatest stumbling block that confronts students of the Wisdom Teachings seems to be the problem of proper application. A large number of so-called students are merely theorists living in a world of their own creation, separated by transcendental ideas from all of the practical problems of life. They live, move and have their being within a crystalline shell of their own making which they seem unable to break through to contact the daily problems of life.

The great cry is not for abstract ideas but for practical remedies to be applied to the world inharmonies and international diseases which we know as plagues, wars and economic disturbances!

Occultists and mystics who are not able to apply their philosophies to the great bread-and-butter necessities of life have failed entirely to grasp the real truths of Universal Knowledge. Why do we find so many students who have lost contact with their brother man? They live alone on the tops of mountains, gazing down with supercilious mien upon the tiny ants and grubs which appear mere grains of nothingness from their elevated (but not superior) position. Why does the student have the feeling that every one is beneath him in ethics and ideals? and why—oh why!—is he too good to work?

This list of questions might be continued indefinitely as one unexplainable why after another passes in endless procession—few of them complimentary to the traits and qualities exhibited by so-called students of the Wisdom Teachings.

There is no denying the fact that Mystics are unusual people but the strangest of all are the pseudo-mystics who are hanging 'twixt heaven and hell in a wonderful parachute of self-created concepts. Their eyes are upon the stars (with which they seek union) and thoughtlessly and heedlessly they push less fortunate brothers to one side, trampling on the rights of others, shirking with studious care their own responsibilities. They seem to feel, for some unknown reason, that the world should honor, adore, and bask

in the presence of all who claim to be seekers of the Light and that all should hasten to cooperate in perpetuating the indolence of the average truth seeker.

The "mystic" feels and expresses in his life the idea that the world owes him a living; that it should honor, respect and support him and rush to his beck and call because his mind is filled with contemplation of the Absolute. Being engaged in such weighty and brain-wracking thoughts his inspiration should not be disturbed by the rent man, the grocer or the cries of an atrophying stomach but that some one gathered from the worlds of the unenlightened should do these things for him and so leave the master dreamer undisturbed in his celestial nightmares.

Let us study these questions, the eternal whys, and arrange them with the analytical mind of a logical thinker—free from much spirituality and theoretical concept—and find the underlying innate reason concealed behind these eccentricities of the exponents of divine wisdom.

An old saying is that the Devil is proficient in quoting Scripture and always does it to purpose, and just so the lowest qualities in human nature eternally seek vindication beneath a mock robe of the highest and most beautiful. When we ask the question—why does not an occultist work?—he excuses himself by saying he is serving the Lord, is concentrating upon world salvation or unfolding his consciousness through hours of meditation and other strange exercises which he is forced to perform twenty-four hours a day that he may prevent an earthquake, a tidal wave, or a revolution. Another will tell you that he cannot find anything to do that is congenial with his spiritual views; another is incapacitated by a delicate constitution, et cetera. This is what they tell us but when we analyze the problem we find that the real reason for the inertia among the "divine" is unadulterated laziness, which inherent desire to escape labor seeks to cloak itself beneath spirituality.

It is this innate quality of the lower bodies to escape the battle of the world which is the basis of recluses, hermits and cranks. First it is a habit, then an eccentricity, later a fanaticism, then an obsession, and finally a murderer. Man humors these lazy little principles within himself until they become giants and he is murdered by his own creations.

A large percentage of so-called students of mystic philosophy make no practical effort to be useful in world affairs or to meet the battles of life and the real reason for this is they are lazy but have found a pleasant, intellectual, highly respectable channel of human expression in which they can make themselves believe that inertia is a virtue. And whatever doctrine teaches that laziness is a desirable condition will be attended by an overflowing membership.

No one likes to work without special training. No matter how you enjoy a certain thing if you have to do it continually it becomes monotonous. The human soul cries for freedom from routine, and so our "mystics" assume various gymnastic poses. To quote authorities on the subject: "They aspire to soar as eagles from crag to crag." So we see some generously proportioned disciple of things spirituelle trying to balance gracefully upon one toe on a pinnacle of ethereal cloud waves or to flutter aesthetically from moonbeam to moonbeam crying in ecstasy as the gentle zephyrs flush his cheeks—free as a bird!

Upon this basis of spiritual aspiration thousands of people who could make respectable grocers, clerks, window-washers, firemen and floor-walkers are now lounging around listening to delirio-scientific outbursts and waiting impatiently for their avoirdupois to become transmuted into spiritual ethers that they may slip through the window, wafted on the gentle breath of Eros!

So, we may say by way of brief condensation, that our so-called spiritual works are producing a series of lazy failures who would not do an honest day's work for the ransom of Croesus. And to top irony with calumny they not only continue systematically to do nothing but they expect to be respected and praised for it and pointed out as glorious spiritual successes as they loll

around waiting, like Wilkins Micawber, for "something to turn up."

"Occultists" with temperament are not uncommon. Some simply can't stand a breath of air! Others are overwhelmed with nausea when they contact an ordinary human being; some are shrouded in repugnance when it becomes necessary to converse with a menial person; while our scintillating lights of brotherhood edge gently away from such individuals as brick-layers, butchers and ministers. Most of our "mystics" have supernerves and a large percentage of them have that peculiar disease which turns the backbone into a wishbone, said wishbone being very wobbly and lacking sufficient strength to permit the individual leaning himself against it. This makes it necessary for him to find someone else to lean on, to tell his troubles to and blame for all his failures.

A person who is not busily engaged in something is a danger to the community, regardless of his religion. Wars, crimes, pestilences, gossip and parlor-parasites are the outgrowths and products of the germ of laziness. And never mind how "spiritual" a person may be if he is not really busy at some material, tangible and result-producing thing he is a danger not only to himself but to others who might be infected by the bacilli he is propigating. The sooner occultists get the idea out of their system that it is degenerating to be one with the world the sooner they will really become spiritual.

Taking it as a general entire at the present time the mystics, new thoughtists and so-called spiritual students are the most unreliable series of people alive. Their word is not worth "shucks," their powers of concentration are nil, they do not know one end of an umbrella from another, and are as lazy as all outdoors. When put to work to earn their daily bread like the rest of suffering humanity all they do is stand around and try to impress others with the necessity of realizing that an electron is smaller than a molecule or that God is all there is. This class entirely overlook the fact that if God is all there is that it is unnecessary for one part of Him to tell the other part about it. If each will mind his own business God will take care of the entire.

There is no class more dangerous than the soul-savers who having just found a little light become overly enthusiastic about it. They rouse you out of bed in the wee sma' hours, serenade under your windows or make you stand out in the back yard while the muffins are burning informing you that your present concepts are sure to result in a permanent Turkish bath for you after demise. It is the height of sarcasm to have some worm-eaten individual—whose handclasp reminds you that your fingers have closed over a clam, whose limpid personality has neither backbone, strength, activity nor even the human attributes of cheerfulness—come up to you with tears in his eyes and try to save your soul or illuminate your consciousness in the ways of success at the same time borrow two ninety-eight until next week.

Now comes a still more important problem—oh why are all occultists “broke?” There is more pecuniary embarrassment among our modern spiritual demonstrators than in the immigrant class. Every one of them are strictly up against it and when asked why they will answer that the world has not treated them right and that their high spiritual motives make it impossible for them to join the ranks of money-grabbers and punctilious cash profiteers who make up our business systems. The “mystic” will tell you that his tender consciousness revolts against commercialism, therefore he is not well fixed because he cannot go back to that money-mad world he left behind! However his conscience never seems to revolt against letting somebody else go out and earn it for him, and we find from proofs that when our “mystic” does get any money he is just as commercial as the person he points out as a horrible example.

Now, why, in plain English, is he broke? The answer is—he lacks concentration of purpose, system, regularity, efficiency and worst of all he cannot take orders. The average occultist will condescend to be the leader of almost anything but to be an office boy shocks his tender sentiments. He believes that his knowledge of rounds and periods should make him of inestimable value in a boiler factory and qualify him to be the president of a paper clip manufacturing company on general principles. The

fact that he has a personal contact with God should highly recommend him in the world of affairs; when in reality it only places the taboo mark on him for the business man has found that dreamy mystics do not sell china well nor peg good shoes.

One of the main reasons why occultists do not succeed in business is the fact that the world is filled with a number of people, each one of them desiring to think as he pleases, wear what he pleases, eat what he pleases and smoke stogies if he so desires. When he goes to buy a pair of shoes or have an inch sawed off of his cork leg and the salesman tries to baptise him or initiate him into the value of hops tea, he does not usually return but goes where they sell shoes instead of scintillating advice.

There is a very wide gap between heaven and earth and the business man who lives in heaven all the time will undoubtedly lose his customers. Heaven is a very abstract space, it does not satisfy an appetite nor vulcanize tires and the individual who tries to live there all his life will undoubtedly reach his goal prematurely as a result of starvation. And the worst part it is that these “occultists” will never reach heaven by the routes that they have assigned for themselves but day by day in every way they are going further and further astray! Their theories will not bring down the price of milk in summer nor clean the mosquitoes out of the Jersey flats. They will not inaugurate an era of brotherhood but if the modern religious mystic got hold of conditions we would have a “smotherhood” rule instead. We have wars regularly, earthquakes per annum, pestilences, crime waves, et cetera, just as though occultists did not gather around their cold slaw like the farmers used to do down in Rumpus Ridge where they discussed the next election over the checkerboard.

And when all is taken and boiled down, in spite of much talk, there are very few occultists who have really done anything for themselves or anyone else which they couldn't have done as atheists just as well. All they have amassed is a series of intellectual concepts and theoretical speculations which have never been applied and would not work if they were. That rather hazy

word "Truth" covers a multitude of sins; "the realization of God" covers a lot more; "the impersonal" is a mystic tarpolin, while "divine love" reaches entirely across the gamut between bootleg and blackmail. But all this does not produce honest politics nor do the great international problems adjust themselves through our mystic luminaries and if it was not for the work of a few who really do know and do apply, things would be in a very sorry plight indeed.

There is but one answer to the question and that is the practical living of a life of daily service and helpfulness in the community. When the student applies to living problems which surround him the theoretical knowledge—which is useless until so applied—he will be an occultist but not before. While the occultist evades the material world he overlooks one of nature's most fundamental laws. Let the mystic remember that he was not ordained to be ornamental but to be useful. He should also remember that hell, not heaven, is to be the field of his activities because from last reports heaven is quite able to take care of itself. A mystic who believes that heaven is to be his resting place and that he will be privileged to lounge forever on a bed of phoenix feathers to gargle nectar and ambrosia through sunbeam straws has a cruel awakening before him! He may as well get used to adversity right here because in accepting the Master's work he has signified his willingness to give up the comforts and peace which mark material existence and work in any way which may be given to him in the name of the great Light which he is seeking to discover.

The realization that the world's salvation depends upon the willingness of mankind to learn lessons is of great importance and students who go around fussing and stewing because of the adversity which surrounds them are not setting examples worthy of a moment's consideration. The world needs practical people, it needs better lawyers, better doctors, better ministers, government officials, and able citizens. Conscientious shopkeepers, mechanics and artisans whose work is better and more perfect will thus help to glorify the entire. All constructive works

are noble and worthy and conscientious labor with the ability to master the unpleasantness of routine is necessary for advancement.

The average occultist does not realize what an important place a handshake fills in character analysis. Have you ever shaken hands with a "mystic?" Try it some time. You will find that his hand slips out between your fingers before you can close them; his hand is clammy, mushy and semi-glutinous while the fingers never exert themselves sufficiently to close; the arm and hand droops and the mentality, power and health is in exact accordance with the lifeless member. Their voices are sing-songy and no deeper than the front teeth; and they are prone to sighing which is a sign, we believe, of a collapsing diaphragm. Their backs are weak, their knees wobble and they are spending their lives eating pre-digested pickles and non-protein prunes a la sweibach in order to piece out an absolutely useless existence.

If these were outpourings of the Mystery Schools!—occultism would have died ages ago. But thank goodness, these peculiar specimens are not occultists nor students of anything! They are too weak in most cases to chew their own food—mentally, spiritually or physically—and are merely collapsing organisms who are using occultism as a refined method of disintegrating.

You will find the true disciple of the Mystery School out doing things in every walk of life whether it is driving stakes, carrying girders, building homes or cleaning drain pipes, he is at work. He sings at his labors while the weak and lazy sigh at their inertia. His body is strengthened by toil, his hands are blistered with the world's work, and ever in his heart he is the master mystic. For his hands have built the dreams of his soul into the things his brother needs! He has built homes to shelter the children of men; he has cleaned the drains that they might be well. His own work is carried on as a menial but he is the one who has won the game. Many a god has bowed in humble servility to one far less than he, while many a fool has stood on his hind legs to sneer at the divine!

(To be continued.)

A Knight of The Holy Grail

HERE is no more terrible product of human individualization than that great desire for supremacy, territorial acquisition and personal vengeance which we know as the cause of war. In spite of the fact that nearly every doctrine of mankind speaks for peace and that the very faith of the world is one of love and co-operation, still the eternal combative principle of man continues to bring down upon itself that terrible pestilence—that international disease—which we know as war.

War is far more than what the average individual knows concerning it. Not only is it a battle of living things on this visible plane of nature but it is also a terrible conflict of mystic beings in worlds unseen. The very elements of nature seem to conspire and strange creatures unknown unite with the endless stream of human passion—struggling, tearing and breaking. From the heights of the mountains to the depths of the sea all nature seems to be one wild tempestuous mass of seething, twisting flame-colored forces. The armies on the field of battle are but reflections of a mighty cosmic horde, struggling, wrestling, slaying and being slain in the living ethers of the invisible worlds.

Through all of the universe a great shudder thrills as human beings loose the animal within themselves which as a giant wolf rushes across the surface of creation breathing flames of hate, playing upon the weak and foolish, tearing down the craftsmanship of the divine with murderous savagery!

If war is terrible on land it is doubly so far out in that ever mysterious ocean. The sea has often been called the graveyard of the world and in truth, its ceaseless foam-capped waves seem like ghosts reaching ethereal fingers upward from the darkness of the deep. Great nations, worlds, treasures unnumbered, knowledge untold, proud ships that once sailed the seven seas—all these lie buried in the misty depths of nature's wondrous miracle where lurid shadows of strange swirling seaweeds alone mark the forests and cities of forgotten days. The lapping waves

conceal in that unknown deep many a noble hope, many a great ideal; in these mighty depths many a brave soul lies in dark oblivion; and mayhap the restless souls of those unfortunates cause its endless motion.

Here too the spirit of war is loosened, strange beings unseen to mortal eyes twist and writhe in the foamy depths lashing the waves to fury; great streams of fiery hate nourished by thoughts of men impregnate even the ocean's depth with powers demoniacal. The bloodshed, the lust of loosened passion and uncurbed desire thrill through the mystic currents of the sea as through the land and strange, low, moaning sighs seem to echo into a wild mystic sob which tells of the broken heart of the world.

It is not man alone who feels that awful break which stays creation's plan when the leperous pest of war is loosened, but both God and nature combine in sorrow at human ignorance and man's perversion. Plant and animal, stone and star, all feel when the red powers of Mars are loosened, all nature shudders and armies of mystic demons struggle in the clouds of smoke and gas that cover a battlefield. The salamanders battle in the flame of the firebrand and carry with lustful gleam the sparks that lay a nation bare, the twisting undines surge through the ocean clouds of spray, while from the skies the slyphs launch hurricanes of gas and wind upon that puny being called Man who feeds the worst in all the universe with his hates and his desires.

As the gods of creation wrestled in the throes of cosmic birth, so those flaming demons of darkness and armies of hate live on that mystic something—that strange effluvia of death—which rises as an unnamed stench from the battlefields of a great war! Like the drunkard gloating over the alcohol which destroys him, like the drug fiend and the morphine to which he is a slave, so the demons of death and hate live and grow strong, for a time at least, upon the thoughts and hates of man which rise in a great cloud of murky hue and float over man's greatest perversion.

All over the world this perverted energy is felt, the internal fires of the earth are loosened and streams of lava pour down the mountain side, the curse of pestilence and crime bathes the world in blood. Each country, city and hamlet feels the presence of the Angel of Death as the powers of hell are freed from the bonds of decency. The Spirit of the Plagues, that brooding shadow that bespeaks mortal doom, carved by human thoughts from the unformed substances of chaos, hovers as a great ghoul of evil over the world which it blasts with its flaming tongue and tears with its clawed talons. This creature is the reward of war and is given birth when man forgets he is a man and becomes a beast once more—yes a beast lower than a brute.

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It was a gloomy night during the European war, probably the greatest struggle which the world has ever known, and the darkness was lighted—for those who had eyes to see—by millions of lurid sparks, strange snaky forms and creatures of an opium dream, the whole astral plane a seething mass of hate and glowing coals of passion. Already the low rumblings of internal flames warned that the end of human rulership had come while the beasts of desire, not human brain, governed the actions of man.

The ocean was as silent as a tomb, even the ceaseless moaning of the sea was so subdued as to be inaudible. Suddenly a low "swish!" and a great dark form rose out of the darkness to be silhouetted against a starless sky. A mighty ship was passing as silently as a spectre through the seemingly boundless night. All lights were out and not a voice could be heard, for the vessel had entered the danger zone.

The submarine warfare which marked the European conflict was a terror hard to combat and in breathless fear and trembling each passenger waited hoping that the thing they feared would not occur and that the crash and thrill which spoke of torpedo or sunken mine would not send the gallant ship to an untimely end. The captain, his hands clutching the rail, stood on the bridge peering into the darkness, while the crew stood around with bated breaths—for the ship was carry-

ing contraband! Any moment might be its last.

Silently it ploughed on its way, the soft swish of waves and the low throbbing of engine the only audible sounds. Had the captain been able to gaze through the darkness and gloom that stretched out through the infinity of night he would have seen a dark shadow pass swiftly through the water apparently without sound nor shape. He might also have seen a thin streak of white foam pass silently over the surface of the waves towards the darkened form of the mighty vessel.

Suddenly the tense hush was broken by an explosion and a vivid flare lit up for a second the troubled water showing the long tube-like shape of the submarine shining with silver spray as it vanished beneath the waves. In a second all was uproar on the great liner and cries and shouts broke the stillness—for the torpedo had struck a fatal spot! Explosion followed explosion within the ship itself which reeled and twisted like a stricken animal. The hoarse voices of sailors, the cries of frightened passengers, the swift issue of command, the shriek of lifeboat pulleys and the unleashing of pontoons—all showed that a great excitement had taken the place of the silent dread.

A great cloud of mist suddenly swept over the ocean in dense billows shrouding the vessel and its terror stricken passengers in a gloom intangible. The last lights vanished and nothing remained save a surging maelstrom of shadowy creatures of the fog.

Hours passed and the rising sun scattered the clouds of darkness. But as it rose it shone down upon a troubled sea for the waves had risen to fury, fanned by a half gale from the south, and as far as the eye could see nothing was visible but whitecapped breakers. The ship had vanished. Here and there a broken piece of wreckage marked its resting place while an overturned lifeboat told a sad story all its own. The mighty ship was sunken forever from the sight of men and not one had survived to tell the story of its going for the storm swept sea had engulfed the last eager hope of those fated souls.

Hours passed, the waves stilled, and slowly the great troughs subsided until a great

calm rested upon the ocean which stretched serene and blue as far as the eye could see, concealing all traces of night's tragedy. This is all that man knew. War had claimed another victim and the hungry flames were nourished once again by the life blood of the innocent. But there were other things that man did not know which nevertheless tell of a wondrous plan and a wisdom divine.

Somewhere above the world where the mountain peaks of eternity touch the blue skies of a celestial land there rises a single crag higher and mightier than all the others, clouds nestling among its precipices and cliffs. While storms break in the valley below the summit of this lofty mountain is ever bathed in sunshine. There rising from the very peak stands a mystic castle, a temple undreamed of by mortal man, a palace of rainbow tints connected to earth by a glorious pathway of flashing jewels and mist. In the heart of this mystic temple stands a wondrous shrine guarded by the pure of soul in the world of men. It is called the Temple of the Grail and is the home of the Lords of Compassion for from it there go forth into the world the guardians of human destiny and the saviours of the weak.

As we gaze upon the mystic castle a shining figure passes out from beneath its lofty gates, a figure robed from head to foot in garments of shining color which gleam with the shades of opal and of pearl. Down the rainbow bridge of light the figure passes along a path which mortal feet can never tread.

Finally at the base of the mountain where it met the waves the mystic stranger stopped by the side of a wondrous winged boat made like a swan. Stepping into the frail craft which itself seemed but a dream and not a reality the shining figure stood and taking a thin cord of scarlet between his fingers pointed out through the blue haze which marked the unbroken skyline. The boat seemed to thrill with life and silently swift it glided away over the surface of the water, the waves were stilled as the boat passed and like some mystic phantom the shining figure standing in it drifted away amid the blue waters of eternity. On and on this beautiful being passed. The mirror-like waters of

peaceful blue slowly turned into surging waves of mid-ocean, the mighty mountain that touched the heavens vanished in the distance as though it had never been and the tiny figure became the only living thing in an endless expanse of water.

Suddenly he raised his hand and the vessel stopped. Beside him lay floating upon the water a piece of wreckage. He leaned over the side of his mystic craft and picked up the broken stick and holding it before him gazed sadly at it for several seconds, his great eyes lighted by a divine compassion. And then the shining one sank in prayer in his tiny barque 'mid that endless ocean. His prayer was turned to the mountain that touched the sky, was turned to the great temple of shining pillars, to the mystic shrine within whose holy glow the Blood of the Saviour sparkled. His prayer was for the salvation of man and the redemption of the dead. As he prayed a great glow appeared floating over the waters. It was a cup formed of a glorious stone and in its heart surged a strange flaming liquid which seemed to pour out on to the waves below. . . . The shining stranger rose and held out his arms to the Cup.

"Lead thou, the way!" he whispered. And as the shining Grail floated over the ocean and finally sank beneath the waves the Brother of the Shining Robe stepped out of the boat. Instead of sinking, the waters became stilled beneath his feet and without fear or hesitation the Knight of the Holy Grail walked out over the surface of the deep, his white robe blowing slightly as the breezes fanned the water beneath him.

Reaching the trough of a mighty wave which seemed ready to break over and destroy him the shining figure reached the top of a series of mystic stairs which formed out of the water itself and seemed to reach down to endless depths. Slowly the Shining One went down the mystic stairway and vanished beneath the water. Down, down, he passed, the light around him growing fainter and more greenish as he descended. Darker and darker it grew until finally a deep blue night enveloped him lighted only by the glowing radiance of his own being. Strange sea creatures swam about him and as he neared the bottom of the ocean great twining arms of sea

weed stretched up as though to encircle him, strange fishes and crawling things unknown to man surrounded him but none sought to harm him not even the mighty leviathans which swam in and out among the coral arches.

Before him, brought into sight by the gleaming light of his own being, rose the hulk of a mighty vessel, in its side a gaping hole where the torpedo had struck and shivered its form. It lay caught between two mighty rocks just as it had been when floating above, save that now the deep gloom of the ocean bottom covered the scene and its passageways and corridors were filled with water and swimming things.

The mystic stood upon the deck and then slowly he passed from stateroom to stateroom, from corridor to corridor. Just a few seconds in each and then he passed on. But from the darkness of the ocean depths there arose one after another silent forms who had heard his voice and awakened from their sleep. As he climbed in and out and down into the very depths of the vessel he gathered in the bewildered ones from the tombs of the ocean.

At last he entered a little room where on every side lay torn and twisted machinery. There caught among the wheels and pivots was a lonely figure—a youth. The Master stepped up to him and spoke in his soft, sweet voice,

“Brother, awaken!”

As he did so a strange thing occurred. The tense set face of the dead man relaxed and a mystic etheric form rose out of the body.

“Who are you?” asked the youth awakened from his slumbers, “where am I? what does it mean?” and staring around in terror and amazement he held out his arms to the Shining One.

“You are in the depths of the ocean,” answered the master, encircling with his arm the shoulders of the youth. “You are now in a different world from the one you have left.”

“Who are you?” questioned the youth.

“I?” answered the master, “I am one who has lived in the world of men and have become through my own labors a citizen of two worlds. I am one of the Knights of the Holy

Grail, the Invisible Helpers who labor with humanity. Come with me and I will show you your work and mine.”

On and on passed the Knight of the Holy Grail. There in the darkened hold of the vessel amid the machinery torn and cracked by the explosion of boilers were those pathetic forms that had not a chance to reach the upper decks. In every case the greeting was the same and soon a shadowy file had joined the Elder Brother as he passed on through the ocean’s depths. Through the caverns of coral and forests of seaweed passed the Brother of the Shining Robe. Everywhere he found the darkness and in every case he brought the light. One by one he awakened the children of men from the sleep of death and gathered them together that they once more might see the light of day.

So the hours passed and the minister of the gods labored far below, unseen to the eyes of men, known only to the dead who lived again through his coming. At last the work was done and the hundreds who had been cast into the Great Eternity by that single torpedo were freed from the bonds of the unknown, freed by the Master of the Holy Grail, and shown the way to a life anew.

Slowly the shades of evening fell again over the ocean but a great peace was now upon the face of the deep for no longer the souls of men lay in darkness—the Master had brought them Light. The little swan boat of ethers still floated upon the waves and there slowly appeared, climbing again the steps of the ocean, the gleaming figure of the Master and behind him a wraithlike train of phantom forms. Reaching the little boat he stepped again into it and pointed in the direction from which he had come. Turning he spoke:

“Far up in the land among the skies is the home of the Lords of Compassion who are those of our own living and dead who have seen the Light and have labored for it. But a few short hours ago you lay in an endless sleep of uncertainty. Now you are awakened. Over the ocean and the battlefields of this war there are thousands so laboring that man may know of the way which leads to freedom and light. I have awakened you,

now go you and do likewise to those others who do not know the way but who, torn with shot and shell, are alone in an awful oblivion."

Quickly the craft moved along passing over the surging water with the speed of the wind carrying away into the unknown the Brother of Light. Slowly the great temple on the heights of the mountain came into view again bathed in the glory of its endless day. The work of the Invisible Helper was done again and the Knight of the Holy Grail returned to the mystic shrine around which gather the Brothers of Compassion who labor eternally for the weak. . . .

Upon the silent battlefields, in plague-stricken lands, in pestilence, crime and disease, sorrow or death, man over turns his eyes upward to the heavens and the mountain tops from whence cometh his help. And in the moment of extremity the Knight of the Holy Grail is unfailingly there to encourage, to release and to inspire the souls of men struggling with the Great Unknown. And each day there are new ones gathered from the ranks of humanity who are ready to join that mystic band who bow before the sacred Cup in which gleams and sparkles the Life Blood of the martyred Christ.

ASTROLOGICAL REWARDS

Cancer, the fourth sign of the Zodiac, is the first of the water signs and is shown in the heavens under the symbol of a crab. Being the home of the moon it is a fruitful sign and has been used by the ancients to symbolize the Divine Mother and the maternal instincts in nature. Briefly considered we may analyze its general keywords as follows:

Cancer the fourth sign of the Zodiac:

Summer	Commanding
Cold	Nocturnal
Watery	Movable
Moist	Fruitful
Phlegmatic	Weak
Feminine	Unfortunate
Cardinal	Mute sign
Tropical	Long Ascension
Northern	
The House of the Moon	
The Exaltation of Jupiter	
Detriment of Saturn	
Fall of Mars	

General Characteristics:

Cancer is not considered to be a very strong sign and those under it must under general

conditions watch their actions and lives very closely or they will not keep up to the best that they are, being apt to grow indifferent as to health and appearance.

The most fruitful sign in the Zodiac

Will power, fair

Occasionally stubborn

Usually changeable, being a water sign

Kind-hearted

Difficult to manage

Artistic and dreamy

Often negative

Suffer occasionally from anemia

Not usually good in speaking

Usually fairly cheerful

Physical Appearance:

Usually fair

Often pale

Short, round face

Slender arms and small feet

Brown hair

Usually small gray eyes

Upper part of body somewhat large

Somewhat dull in temperament and appearance

Short stature
 Effeminate constitution
 Phlegmatic
 Heavy
 Usually grows stout with age.

The Moon well posited in Cancer gives rather full symetrical development of form while afflictions cause an overbalancing of the figure and undue development around the shoulders. Jupiter, if present in this sign, gives size and weight and a rather round appearance.

Health:

Cancer is often troubled with ill health and is subject to ailments in many parts of the body and when the moon is afflicted in Cancer there is often considerable trouble with the liquids in the body as the blood, lymphatics, etc. The opposition of Capricorn to this sign and its malific ray from Saturn often causes crystalization where an affliction occurs. The following are the most prevalent diseases and ailments:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| Diseases of the chest and breast | |
| Stomach trouble | Coughs |
| Pleurisy | Dropsy |
| Chronic indigestion | Asthma |
| Shortness of breath | Consumption |
| Want of Appetite | Liver trouble |
| Cancers | Ague |
| Chills | |
| Inflammation of the lungs | |
| Injuries to the diaphragm | |
| Ribs | |
| Fear of insanity. | |

Domestic Problems:

Cancer is not always fortunate in these being subject to fits of irrasibility and peculiar changes in temperament and cannot always be depended upon. Is usually fond of children however, happy in the home, and if of a highly evolved type harmonious and very

likeable. Their success in this direction lies entirely with themselves.

Countries Under the Influence of Cancer:

- | | |
|-------------|----------|
| Scotland | Africa |
| Holland | Carthage |
| New Zealand | Algiers |
| Granada | Tunis |
| Burgundy | Tripoli |

Cities Under the Control of Cancer:

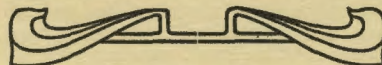
- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| Constantinople | Magdeberg |
| Venice | Whittenberg |
| Milan | St. Lucas |
| Genoa | Cadiz |
| Amsterdam | St. Andrews |
| New York | York |

Colors:

- Russet
- Green
- Silver

According to Ptolemy the two stars in the eyes of Cancer have the same influence as Mercury and also moderately like Mars. Those in the claws are like Saturn and Mercury. The nebulous mass in the breast called the praesepe has the same influence as Mars and the Moon. The two placed on either side of the nebulous mass and called the asini have an influence similar to that of Mars and the Sun.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa Cancer, which rules from the 20th of June to the 20th of July, is listed in Cabalaism as follows: Of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Cancer rules the dominations; of the Twelve Angels ruling over the Twelve Signs it governs Muriel; of the Twelve Tribes, Manasseh; of the Twelve Prophets, Amos; of the Twelve Apostles, John; of the Twelve Plants, comfrey; of the Twelve Stones, calcedony; of the Twelve Principle Members, the breast; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the revenges of wickedness.



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NEW RACE OF PEOPLE DISCOVERED

PRIZE FIGHT ATTRACTS LARGE CROWD

Bets ran high last night at Skydome Auditorium when Kid Castor the Gemini bantam weight met Babe Pollux of the eighth ward with Patrick O'Rion refereeing. Pollux had both his eyes closed and was knocked out in the eighth. Kid Castor was presented with a belt of asteroids. Smaller matches followed. The meeting broke up however when police raided the ring. A large number of celebrities escaped but the following appeared in police court this morning: the Hon. J. J. Jupiter, Mr. Wm. F. Mars, the Very Right Honorable Sir W. Dracoonus and Lord Aldebaron. The Duc du Antares escaped during the rush. Heavy fines were imposed on all offenders. A small star in the constellation of Virgo who was unable to pay started a sixty day term on the rockpile behind Pearly Gates early this morning.

STRANGE BOOK ARRIVES

The morning mail brought to heaven a strange book which is on exhibition in the lobby of the Skydome Auditorium all this week. Admission 25c. Several patriarchs and four prophets called this morning to analyze the strange book. At first it was thought to be the work of some practical joker on Earth for it contained selections claimed to have been written by noted people here. Mr. Moses called this morning while Prof. Nicodemus dropped in this afternoon while out in his runabout. A symposium of prophets is to gather this afternoon. The work, which carries the name "Holy Bible," is admitted to have certain resemblance to statements made by some of the prophets; many of the passages however are incorrectly transcribed and were not even recognized by the original authors. The book is quite a curiosity and well worth seeing. Doors open at 9 a. m.

They come from California, are white, and of varying shapes and sizes. An anthropologist here finds they are known under the name of Real Estate Agents. We thought at first that they were a profession or something but there are so many it must be a race. Hundreds have appeared within the last few months and the way they come from California would indicate that they form the greater part of its population. They are not a bad sort of people but since arriving in heaven they have been hanging real estate signs on all the planets and have staked out three quarters of the Milky Way in lots fifty by hundred and fifty. They build funny little houses which they stick on corners and then stand in front with megaphones shouting. Several eminent scientists here are studying the traits and habits of this peculiar specie. They are pronounced harmless, rather clannish but very persistent. Neptune, while out riding yesterday afternoon in his Stiltz Twelve, was stopped over forty times by three strange creatures who nearly talked him to death and even threatened him. The Pearly Gates City Council has received so many complaints that they will probably issue muzzles and license plates for them and have them kept on leashes. What peculiar creatures the Earth is producing!

TIGHT-ROPE WALKER ARRIVES THIS MORNING

Prof. Epicureous Toegripper made the announcement on Earth day before yesterday that he was going to perform the most difficult feat the world had ever known and that the slightest slip meant death. Prof. Toegripper swung head downward from a trapeze hung between two airships before an amazed crowd of fifty thousand people. The Prof. was hanging by his toes only. This most daring feat was remarkably successful and won great renown for the professor. He slipped however and arrived in heaven early this morning.

SKYROCKET APPEARED THIS MORNING

PEARLY GATES, July 15, 6 a. m. By Special Dispatch.—A large skyrocket from the planet Earth entered heaven this morning and fell in the woodshed behind the Lord's palace. It contained an anonymous letter from the plant Earth addressed to God which read as follows:

Dear Mr. God: I think you are a liar, a fool, a hypocrite and if I had anything to do with creation I would have done it much better than you have. You have been wishing infirmities on me for the last fifty years and I am just about through. I am going to kill myself and when I get to heaven I am going after you with a gun and shoot you, and to tell you the truth I am perfectly willing to die if I can have the privilege of strangling you.

Very respectfully yours,

A. Nonymous.

This letter caused quite a lot of amusement in heaven but no special excitement owing to the fact that God receives hundreds of them every day. The Pearly Gates P. O. Department have sent out three rocket men and a tracer and all mail will be inspected until the culprit is found.

OCCULIST IN SWINDLE PLOT

The Pearly Gates grand jury are probing a swindle plot in which Artimodorus J. Cashhound, an occult teacher from the planet Earth, is charged with having sold Mercury, Jupiter, Mars and Uranus fake oil securities and an orange grove several miles out to sea. The gods admitted that Cashhound's magnetic personality was the basis of the sale but that the gilt-edged securities tarnished at once; whereupon they brought suit against Artimodorus for two hundred and seventy-five thousand falling stars which he is said to have cheated them out of. The Pearly Gates Detective Agency found that Artimodorus had left the city but they caught him late last night disguised as a comet hiding behind Gloombridge. Watch papers for further announcements.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

SECOND EDITION

(First Edition exhausted in one week)

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

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

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

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.

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

The Master of the Blue Cape.

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

The Face of The Christ.

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

The Guardian of the Light.

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

The One Who Turned Back.

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

The Glory of the Lord.

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

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

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

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

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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.

CATHOLICE, TRIVNUM ... **BONVM MAKPOKOΣ MIKON, h. e. NATVRE, PER ARTEM KAGONIKON, SIMMΛI DONVM TITI, TRIVNVS; HOMINI AD MONADIS SIMPLICITATEM, REDVCTO, EX MVNDI MAIORIS FILIO, TRIVNO, HERMAPHRODITO, CATHOLICO; IN REGIMINE, TRIVNO; AD VSVM FINEM**

LAPIS PHILOSOPHORVM, NATVRE, PARTE MINISTRANTE
 MIRACVLEVM, ELIXEIR VNIERSALE, IN CORPORE
 SVO, GLOBIFCATO: SALTERRRE, ET CATHOLICVM
 TERRA THEOSOPHICA, VBI ET CATHOLICVS
 TRIVNAM, COMPOSITO: A BYSSVM
 saltem similla, aqua, aquila, alb. essentia, in corpore
 QVINTA ESSENTIA, IN CORPORE
 VBI INCOMPOSITO, SAPO SAPIENTIVM
 EST LIGNVM, ET ET TABERNACVLM QVINTI
 NIVS.

EXNISCE DVABVS NATVRE, FONFINAM, CATHOLICAM
 SPIRITVS, ignis, aqua, terra, aer, ignis, aqua, terra, aer, ignis, aqua, terra, aer
 AQUA VITA, non vitis, tollit oia, ignis, aqua, terra, aer, ignis, aqua, terra, aer
 pars, Lapidis nostri, VOLATILIS: corpora, reducto
 sale suo, naturalis magisq solvens, atq conuertit
 quam aqua corrosiva, et ignis vulgi. MERCVRIVS
 SYLVIVR PHIL. Vapor humidus, et habet viscosus,
 viscosa pinguisq substantia torpida. SALIS pro
 positam congelationem, commixione (quod SVL
 PHVRIS propriū officium est benigna, tempas
 ACETVM, et samentum: Est enim,
 SPIRITVS aethereus, acutus noster,
 ANIMA SCIN TILLA, MVNDI MAIORIS
 ANIME, CATHOLICA, h. e. CATHOLICE
 NATVRE, in salutare nostro, quod est, SPI
 RITVS ANIMATVS, vite vniuersalis, corpus
 suum exanimatum, congrua tollione purgatum
 hanc animans atq vivificans: VNVVM
 nostrum (SANGVIS TERRÆ, in qua et
 etiam est in sacris, habitat anima) ru
 biandunt, catholice, et ga drinatum
 diaplaron, et clarum, ADAM depum
 tus REX ANORIS, SPERMA, un Ga
 hui SOLARIA, SOLARIE
 succas q' et phil. in super
 omnia luentes, ES: AV
 RVM, utq POTABILE, no
 strum, apagars vulgi
 strum, et alia
 nostri, tolli atq
 purgati, et ph
 BERNIVM
 corpus
 sui

FIGE RE VBI
 MATERIA, PRIMA
 IGNIS
 AGENS, PRIMA
 EST
 AER, SEPARA
 MINA
 YAM
 EXTRACT
 SANGVIS
 DE PVRA
 TERRA
 EST
 ETIAM MVNOVS
 REVOTABITUR IGNIS

TERRA VIRGINEA CATHOLICA, h. e. Natura Vni
 versalis, non particularis: Candida et sincera: CEN
 TRVM TOTIVS, ad cuius etiam inventa, indeq
 labore sagaci, omnia unimite, scilicet eruta: Arida,
 foliata: Rara: Acris; pars Lapidis nostri FIXA
 Congelans, Coagulans et figens, SALTERRE,
 CATHOLICON, viriditate sua, sterilia cuncta
 fundans: ARTIS, AROMATICVM; et SAPIEN
 TVM, COMMVNE; quod est, AQUA SICCA
 non madescentes manus. CORPVS, sine spi
 ritu et Anima, PRÆTIOSVM, ab impuro,
 superfluo et corruptibili vili et falso (quod
 infine, separationis sue, vidimus nigrescere Job
 lapsus, et quolo macesco, adhaerente, TERRA nimirum
 surda, mortali et damnata, liberatum: Spiritus
 animalis PROPRII FERMENTVM, pro
 prium, inueumq receptaculum et seminan
 um ANIME, incorruptibilis et immortalis
 SVÆ, hortulus amoenissimus, et para
 disus terrestris. LATON dealbatus
 TARTARVS, vini nostri catholici
 CATHOLICVS, in albedinem, sal
 imationis philosophica uestione
 summam conuersus: EVA
 lota: REGINA pulchra et
 formosa: BEIA LVNA
 splendens LVNARIA
 vira ARGENTVM
 atq SATVRNVS.



HERMAPHRODITO, CATHOLICO; IN REGIMINE, TRIVNO; AD VSVM FINEM
 TRIVNO, HERMAPHRODITO, CATHOLICO; IN REGIMINE, TRIVNO; AD VSVM FINEM
 TRIVNO, HERMAPHRODITO, CATHOLICO; IN REGIMINE, TRIVNO; AD VSVM FINEM