

The **All-Seeing Eye**

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

OCTOBER, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By **MANLY P. HALL**

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

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

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

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

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By **MANLY P. HALL**

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

The following headings are discussed in the work:

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

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

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

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

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

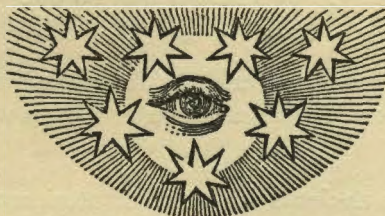
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL 1

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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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Thoughts—

There are many well known things that no one seems to understand.

* * *

Great minds and massive intellects are always surrounded by enemies of their own making for few can achieve greatness without grating.

* * *

In the eyes of the ancients the acme of attainment was simplicity.

* * *

Those who are absorbed by or enslaved to their labors never attain greatness.

* * *

None despise egotism as do the egotists.

* * *

Man's likes and dislikes stand between him and the thing he seeks.

* * *

The happy person is the one who is so busy he has forgotten himself.

* * *

You cannot insult an individual who is above the plane of personality.

* * *

We must leave our "feelings" so far behind we cannot ever hear them when they call.

* * *

If we did not want so much we would not be so dissatisfied when we do not get it.

* * *

Those who build with personalities shall see their building fall. While those who build with principle build eternal.

* * *

The world is filled with wonderful and talented individuals who are lost to the world and themselves because, alas, they are the first to realize their own knowledge.

* * *

A word of correction from the wise is better than the applause of the foolish.

* * *

No sword cuts the soul like the internal realization of failure.

EDITORIAL

"Ye-A-A-Ahs and Ye-A-A-Ahs!"

DEADicated to Our "Old Students."

OCCULTISM will never grow monotonous or lack the divinely human touch while we have among us those glorious ones who emit their radiant auras of self-achievement as they promenade the by-ways of our occult groves. Wherever we turn we find those ever present ones, who, like rays of sunshine in our troubled lives, breeze in to tell us of their accomplishments.

Let me draw a picture for you,—indeed it is a masterpiece! Poor, weary Mr. Doe, long searching 'mid the archives of the past, dropping pebble after pebble into the depthless oracles of Greece hoping against hope that some echo will waft back to him, sits surrounded by his thoughts, Hebrew lexicons, and Greek almanacs, seeking to find that which will bring him omnipotence. As he wanders midst those depthless pages which show upon their creased surfaces footprints where bookworms have trod, a voice rises and reverberates upon his dun-colored landscape. Beside him appears a strange creature—maybe a denizen of some distant plane (Hoboken, N. J.)—whose description we will try to assist you to build in that floating substance between the ears.

His name is Solomon J. Wizenheimer and he holds the international occult talking record—having kept his jaws moving continuously for ninety-two hours without saying anything. Mr. Wizenheimer is a small man about five-foot-one but what he lacks in size he makes up in conspishiation for wherever you may look—from the Grand Canyon of Arizona to the Natural Bridge of Virginia—he is always the largest and most prominent object in sight. It is true that he cannot talk very clearly, having asthma and ingrowing diabetes; his glasses are about an inch and a half thick for he is nearly blind; his upper plate falls every few moments; he dyes his eyebrows to match his toupee and his wooden leg always squeaks when he walks, but he is

not so bad looking for he keeps his mange under good control. As he stands beside the struggling Mr. Doe he is a perfect picture of the vintage of the year one.

"I see you are a student of the occult," says Mr. Wizenheimer. "So am I. I am one of the original class of Monsieur Whoop—you will remember him of course. He is the famous Slavonian Kabbalist. I studied with him for yeahs and yeahs and have written several books myself on physical regeneration and kindred subjects. I am the ex-grand master of the mystic Walupuk Shrine and if I do say it myself I don't think there is another person on earth who has come so close to the realization of the mystic. I see things. As I gaze upon you there is a peculiar greenish grey aura surrounding you. Oh yes sir, I am a seer; I go into trances! It is very wonderful when you get as far advanced as I am."

The peculiar greenish haze which was surrounding Mr. Doe was the result of that individual having become petrified with horror for fear that his studies would produce the same effect upon him as it had on Mr. Wizenheimer. The thought flashed thru his mind that if that is what occultism did for one man he would leave it at once and join the first orthodox Fiji Island church!

Swallowing his innate feelings, Mr. Doe made a graceful departing speech and hurriedly left the scenes of his late labors, leaving Mr. W. to visualize complacently the effect that his overwhelming soul growth had had upon Mr. Doe.

"My powers simply hypnotize them," murmured Mr. Wizenheimer as he also vanished from the frame of our picture, leaving a refreshing vacuum behind him.

* * *

Of course some of our readers may feel that we have not treated this subject with jus-

tice and that we ought to have said a great deal more but we must ask them to imagine the rest upon the strength of what they have gone thru themselves while cloistered with one of these near-philosophers.

They have their place however, for utterly unknown to themselves the "old students" are the occult comedians and mirth provokers and are the basis for the laughter of the gods.

Students come up to us regularly to qualify themselves in art, philosophy, music and paternal judgment with the aid of rheumatism and white side whiskers, feeling that a snowy crest or an appearance resembling a spring freshet should deserve consideration, respect and veneration. A certain class of "mystics" just love to tell us how many cycles they have studied in this or how many decades they have immersed themselves in that, having a peculiarly distorted idea that their superiority is based upon the length of time they have expended in a certain work, failing to realize that ages of effort unwisely expended will produce nothing and that the length of time passed in study has little to do with the position of the soul in the great path—for some have done more in a few hours than some of our oldest "students" will do in a lifetime.

I must explain to you a few types of said occult mirth provokers whom we could not help but smile at if we did not realize what a tragic place they hold and what a tremendous sorrow that must come to them when they wake and realize how little they really know. The divine egotist is always with us and the trouble is the egotist seldom if ever is himself aware of his traits but blaming everyone but himself for his troubles, and claiming that others are simple because they do not agree with him, he goes on thru life never convinced of the foolishness of his own concepts. It is a tragedy in any line of life but in spiritual things it is doubly so. But for the good of those whom it may offend we must show you a few types commonly met with who are their own worst enemies and who in reality are never as far advanced as the average person that they talk to. For it is the depth of the soul, the true spiritual understanding and practical works that are the

basis of occult mastership and the "real old student" is the last of all who could claim that position.

It is a hard thing to say, yet it is true and must be said for the protection of others. A large number of people who claim spiritual vision and first hand knowledge *have not got it* and never did have. Fifty percent of our so-called clairvoyants would be scared to death if they even saw an elemental and would run twenty miles from the first super-physical thing that confronted them, but as "old students" who should be conscious on all these planes, etc. and as nobody else is liable to be able to check them up, they tack on a few of these things for good measure to the awe of the foolish and the disgust of the initiate.

First I want you to meet Exhibit A—Mrs. Ophelia Wobbletripe—who has tormented the community of truth seekers for about fifty years. She is a dashing dowager who has talked some of our greatest minds into a state of coma then left them perfectly satisfied that she had confounded the Elders. Madame has studied with every known swami, yogi, saint, patriarch and master since the civil war and has autographed photographs of the leading religion dispensers of the modern world—(they would have given her anything they had to get rid of her). Mrs. Ophelia is a very much-present student who can always be found in the front row with her mouth wide open (possibly to show her gold bridgework), going into shivering ecstasies of admiration for some exponent of things divine whom she nearly drives to distraction with an ostrich feather fan or some crinkling note papers. Mrs. Wobbletripe can quote Sanskrit by the yard, can decline Hebrew verbs, has climbed Mt. Shasta and is the proud owner of a Syriac Bible (which she uses for a paper weight.) During the first fifteen minutes of her acquaintance you discover that she has been around the world fourteen times, has had several major operations and has relations married to the most eminent people in the country with a continuous list of husbands who pass silently to their only rest in the cemetery over the hill. She has a cousin-in-

law who owns one of the largest salt licks in Arizona, has been prepared at Court without tripping on her train and has a brother who is an eminent bootlegger. Mrs. Wobbletripe comes from a very excellent family and has a grand niece whose uncle's sister is the wife of Lord Saturday, Knight of the Bath. One of her husbands, now deceased, (and who is at rest save when she joins him on the astral plane), made millions in Chinese ques which he imported for sugar refineries and her eldest son by her ninth husband is married to the daughter of Samoa's bone fertilizer king.

All this we get in the first fifteen minute's conversation, as I said before. She is subject to hectic delirium which she believes is a visionary condition and peculiar feelings come over her occasionally which she attributes to communication with the Masters, but is probably due to the little bubbles of uric acid poisoning which she extracts from her beefsteaks. Madame is a wonderful example of the so-called "old students" for it is safe to say that she knows absolutely nothing about anything except her own ideas which are the center and radius of her life. There is no use talking to the lady because she is completely satisfied with her own gamut of unconsciousness and knows more than any other person alive and admits it. If you are in trouble spiritually she will have some excellent advice for you which she has never attempted to use herself but quotes it verbatim from her favorite swami. She has inflammatory rheumatism, kidney trouble, is very much over weight, won't walk, and spends half her time at Madame Gump's who is trying to eliminate seven or eight of her extra chins painlessly.

Kind reader and fellow sufferer, you may not believe that such creatures exist, but they do and can be found anywhere that students of things supernal gather. She will always be found very much in evidence and expresses herself with great confidence upon every conceivable problem.

This is an "old student." Taking the Funk & Wagnall definition of "old" we find that it says in part: "things liable to decay or having lived and existed in a certain state for a long time." This particular type has lived in a

state of coma for ages and will only come out of it when nature prys her loose. Many students have reached that enviable stage of crystalization when, having found something that to them is perfect, they sit back in complacent mental ossification and bask in the aura of their own accomplishments.

We will pass on to Type B. Section X. who is the occult antiquarian and has that wisdom which no one else can get hold of. He is the "chosen of the Masters" type. Prof. Nebuchadrezzar Nibbs has studied where no one else can go but with lofty superiority he condescends to allow others to drink occasionally at the fountain of his divine wisdom. Nebbsy is shrouded in credentials of a mystic nature, including a veterinary diploma, and being a member of several secret orders practices the pass signs every morning so as not to forget them. Neighbors watching him in the morning think he is taking calisthenics but he is only making the secret sign of the ninth degree of the sacred order of Imperial Bunkum. He has been a private pupil of the famous Sylvester Sandstorm, one of Matilda Brainfag's inside group, has studied at the feet of Algernon Spoutly and all the other leading occult luminaries. He will tell you confidentially what they told him confidentially, misquoting leading authorities with the ease and fluency of a practiced liar. He is always surrounded by a number of gushitive individuals carrying light cargoes of mentoids who found in him the resurrection of a martyr or the reincarnation of a saint and saviour within the first thirty days.

Prof. Nibbs admits that he is an old student also and he always admits it before anyone else questions him. Everything he does is in a secret and concealed manner—he even thinks in such a carefully hidden way that no other creature could possibly imagine that was what he was doing. Nebbsy admits that he is acquainted with all the leading occultists of the world and recognizes the soul growth in Exhibit A. He has had a very checkered career since he stopped working in the saloon which career he has perpetuated in a checkered suit. He is willing to share his superior knowledge with humanity for a

reasonable consideration, said compensation being as much cash as the other fellow has got.

Nebuchadrezzar Nibbs talks with the dead every night, he is out of his body half the time and out of his head the other. (We sometimes believe that he got lost on the astral plane and forgot to come back.) He is surrounded by ethereal creatures and material dupes and a bald head, a wise look and seventy-five years of stone rolling constitute his stock in trade. He knows absolutely nothing about anything but conceals this under paternal eyebrows and a saged appearance which means absolutely nil and when asked a quizzer always replies that that information is only given out in the higher grades.

Having completed our analysis of Type B, we pass on to Type C. X 3, the Astrological Contortionist and Numerological Sprainer, Miss Delilia Wampus. No occult group is complete without her and she is with us even unto the end of the world. Her speciality is birth paths and evil aspects, she is perpetually suffering from acute angles and afflictions in her rising sign and can always be found seeking the hour and minute of some individual's birth and then informing them that by compound ratio or mathematical hydraulics that the Z sq. X means that their husband will run off with the chauffeur's wife or that their hours are numbered. Miss Wampus is a specialist at prognostication—she has prophesied every winter that has happened during her lifetime. She knows exactly when the world will end and is waiting patiently for a certain aspect to culminate for when it does she is going to do great things. Miss Wampus is an old maid—she declined three aspirants to her hand because their rising sign was not congenial with her own. Her best aspect is Saturn trine Jupiter and she never misses an opportunity to express these good qualities and to explain that they are the base of her divine understanding. Miss Wampus also sees things occasionally and is now concentrating for prosperity, feeling quite confident that the transit of the moon will assist. She runs her life by astrology, numerology and kindred sciences and plans out her daily work according to astrological hours. She eats astrology and then like our

family cow chews it some more; she inhales and exhales sidereal time and has her tea on the table of houses; and whenever she closes her eyes she sees black horoscope forms. She has been pronounced demented by her relatives because she goes up to perfect strangers on the street and asks them if they have nine degrees of Taurus in the eighth house.

Leaving this specimen in its glass case we pass on to Exhibit D. one of the most interesting and remarkable examples of "old student" formation that we have. This particular specie is known as the "mouthpiece of the gods." After having passed through thirty-five or forty years of indolent probationship he is now a self-ordained mouthpiece used by the Masters of Wisdom to sell vacuum cleaners, electric irons, magazine subscriptions and to dispense the occult wisdom generally. Yes, among our old students we find a large number who are being used by the Masters and are in constant communication with the Lords of high degree. You will always know them as they sit around discussing the haircut of their favorite patriarch.

When we analyze this series of specimen we feel certain that the only thing which the Elders could use them for would be scarecrows and danger signals and there is no doubt that many of our so-called old students in reality are warnings that if we act likewise we may be as bad as they are. Between Indian guides, masters and departed swamis we are raising a wonderful group of "old students" whose particular form of insanity leads them to believe that the Lord has singled them out as exceptionally useful instruments—when they have dispositions like the old Nick himself and bodies below the animal standard. I have seen these mouthpieces of the gods tearing hair over the back fence and declaring themselves in ardent language tinged with blue and scarlet sparks of choice profanity—then half an hour later they lead a silence meeting and wish damnation upon their opponents.

These "old students" tell you confidentially that they spent the night hobnobbing with the Lord or that the Master So-and-so told them you were to loan them two dollars and a half or that God told them that the house and lot they want will flutter down from the ethers

to them. We prefer to believe that the old student is demented than that the Lords of Reason are capable of such absurdities. They are our demonstrative old students and their intelligence is just below that of a mineral.

Altogether this quartet of spiritual malformations constitutes quite a percentage of our so-called orthodox atheists. They call themselves "old students"—no one else will call them at all for fear that they may show up. They have been put out of their homes as nuisances, most of them have ruined the next two or three generations thru their idiosyncrasies and mental acidities and now they spend their time snoozing through religion. Instead of having ripened with age they have green spots coming out on them and are fast falling victims to the spirit of corrosion.

These are our old, advanced students. They admit it, they gloat in it, glorify in it and wallow around in it never realizing that they are the most perfect specimens of unconscious egotists that disgrace the garlands of our sciences. Will people ever get through with the idea that they know something? Self-satisfaction is the basis of decay and there are none who know as little as those who think they know a great deal. Socrates said that he was the wisest man in Athens because he was the only man who knew he was a fool. Many an "old student" has told how much he knew and shown how much he didn't know to one he didn't have sense enough to realize was his superior.

The first thing an old student really learns to do is to keep his mouth shut and plod along. Are there any old students? Technically, no. But in this world of affairs those who have gained the most of practical knowledge have superiority over those who have done nothing. The true old student is known by his deeper understanding of life and its problems and not by incessant pallet-calisthenics.

The jawbone of Samson's donkey is still slaying as it did of old and many a suffering mortal has gone with grey hairs to a sorrowful grave, talked to death by one of them—said bone being vitalized by an "old student's" motive power.

Not one in a hundred of our so-called "old students" show any symptoms of spiritual age but the creaks that we hear when they chew indicates that the organism is dying out and that they are slowly passing into the Great Beyond as ignorant of their destiny as before, with nothing to say to their Lord except a quotation from Pythagoras or a couple of Patanjali's asphorisms! It is a very sad thing how little we strive to build for permanence and truth and how seldom we find one who is really willing to consecrate his soul to the truth and in silence and simplicity carry on his Master's work whispering his age in the wisdom of his thoughts, the depth of his understanding and the sweetness of his compassion.

The Chick and the Shell

MOST people are acquainted with the fact that chickens come out of eggs. This being an accepted theory, proven by repeated phenomena, no further consideration is given to the problem and we watch the wonderful processes of nature with a divine unconcern—seeing many things but thinking little about them. Now there is no greater lesson in all the world than the baby

chick and the egg-shell. How wonderfully nature protects the coming in of its little creatures, how it builds around the unprotected form walls and barriers that the latent lives may gradually awaken without danger of untimely interruption! Here the embryo chick in its shell carries on, under the direction of the group spirit, the wonderful work of building a complex organism of blood,

bone and feather, unseen to the eyes of mortal creature.

But now the great lesson. The tiny chick at last completes its embryonic growth and its parent shell, the divine father and protector of its tiny life, now becomes its worst enemy. If it is unable to break through that wall it will surely die—destroyed by its own protection. Is this not a lesson in the study of man, his growth, and his development? Are not the walls and laws and the spiritual guidances which protect man in his early infancy the ruts and channels that he later gets into? Are not the concepts which are bred in him as necessary parts of his youth in later life often walls and shells which will destroy him? Are not the creeds and religions which have guarded the infancy of his unfoldment like the shells of the egg—which protect him to a certain point and then strangle him? Are these not Chronus the Father of the gods—Saturn who devoured his own children? Great light should come to the soul of man when he studies a problem of this kind.

Let us take it in another phase. Does not crystallization build around man the bodies necessary for his manifestation here? And does not crystallization also, after it reaches a certain point, inhibit the very qualities which it makes possible? Do not our thoughts build us and yet bind us by walls of our own limitations? It surely seems that they do. Our past concepts have built us and made possible our reaching human intelligence and yet, sad to say, there comes a time when our very ideals strangle us unless all of our life grows great together, unless the shell expands with the egg—which no crystallized substance can. It must break or else destroy the life growing within it.

Those who would go on to greater and more glorious fields of expression must break the shell of crystallization which holds them in, ties them down and places around them the strangle-cord of limitation. Yet in breaking this shell we must do it with reverence for has it not been for many years our

protection, our shield and our buckler? Our love for it, however, and our respect for the labors and growth we have passed through beneath its protection must not deter us from breaking it, for its greatest joy is in the realization that its work is done. It may rend our hearts to break the shell but we will die if we do not and neither we nor the shell will benefit thereby.

All people who have set ideas are surrounded by shell. Sometimes these shells are large enough to allow growth to go on within them but there are other times when the spirit is cramped within its shell. We must be willing and glad to break away from the concepts that limit us. This is one of the hardest things in the world to do, for we all love the thing we have been associated with, the things which we learned when young, the creeds, the philosophies, the ideals which helped us to grow in the years that are past. They are in truth the fathers of the things we are and yet in order to grow it is necessary for us to slay the parent. This point is beautifully brought out in the legend of Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra where the youthful prince, in compliance with the laws of Krishna, drew the arrow to the head and slew with it his own sire. Too often our spiritual channels of expression become too narrow for us but we need never be narrow ourselves, for when a creed begins to bind us then the moment has arrived when with the spear of truth and light we must slay our own protector lest he slay us with his walls of living stones.

So the little chick breaks the shell and comes forth or failing to break the shell dies within it and once more the father protector has slain his child with his loving embrace because the child was not strong enough to slay the parent. Like the seed in the ground, which is nourished and guarded by the green mould and yet oftentimes is murdered thereby, so the spirit of man is protected by the shell of matter which oftentimes slays its own son when the child does not rise triumphant from the protecting womb.

The Occult Acid Test

AS precious metals are tested with acids so the spiritual doctrines and ideals of the student must be submitted to test. None should be accepted nor rejected upon advice, like or dislike, but upon the pure unemotional principles of worth should they be judged. The sacred wisdom of the ancients is now being given openly to the world but at the same time there are many false doctrines creeping in that promise much but produce nothing. The days of secretiveness and the superiority of a few are drawing to a close and all of the true occult works are being given to the world freed from the mystery of the Middle Ages. Below we list a number of questions. When investigating the merits of a doctrine use these as the acid test. Regardless of whether you like or dislike the doctrine, stand by the decision that your conscience makes when it compares the creed with the ideal. If it be a true outpouring of the schools of knowledge, it will be:

1. A doctrine of effort and individual responsibility, striving to build and unfold each soul to perfect independence.

2. A doctrine free from the taint of commercialism, exorbitant prices and inner circles where only the financially elect can go.

3. Productive of individual thought and seeking to unfold the reason of the student, making him independent of his instructors rather than a slave to them.

4. A doctrine of evolution rather than creation, of eternal progression rather than a doctrine with an end.

5. A doctrine of cause and effect—labor for the thing desired—and not one of miracles and superhuman powers.

6. Free from the whiplash of plagues and terrors, not drawing you into it through fear of damnation.

7. Based upon principles rather than personalities, worshipping Truth and not the one who brings it.

8. Slow but sure, promising nothing but opening the doors to all.

9. Free from peace - power - and - plenty scheming and get-rich-quick plans of all kinds.

10. A doctrine of equality with equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none.

11. Fearless in its declaration of principles and conscientious in its effort to live up to them.

12. Free from perverted sex philosophies, soul-mating, and so forth; always obeying the law of the land wherein it is.

13. Staunch in its defense of the physical body, pleading for its development and growth that it may become the living temple.

14. Based upon the doctrines of compassion, renunciation, service, and self-sacrifice; neither gloomy nor melancholy but peaceful and true.

15. Free from much wordiness and mushiness, teaching all its truths in a simple way.

16. True to the principle that the destiny of a people rests in its own hands and that no vicarious atonement can save it.

17. Based upon the seven liberal arts and sciences and teaching that knowledge is the eternal victor over ignorance.

18. Considerate of all other creeds and doctrines, realizing and living the great truth that all religions are one.

19. Based upon the solid rock of brotherhood and cooperation and standing for the fellowship of spirit and of body.

20. Free from claims and pretenses and untouched by the spirit of egotism.

21. The last to ever say that it is great; seeking only to serve, and expecting no reward.

22. Strong in its demand for practical religion—taught through right living, right thinking, right aspiring and right purification.

If the philosophy which you are interested in teaches these things in a rational way, follow it, study it and learn of it; but if it fails to live up to these thoughts, shun it as you would a leperous thing for it will bring with it only sorrow, suffering and an untimely end.

This is the acid test.

Brothers Of The Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER FOUR The Master Speaks

As I spoke it seemed that I was no longer a mortal man and that instead of a human brain my source of information was the mind of God himself. The presence of the Master behind me gave great courage and consolation so, daring all things while I knew that he was near, I told of the mysteries of life and of death.

As I looked around the room it seemed filled with white-robed forms and great streams of life and light poured into me then seemed to radiate in waves of courage from my entire being.

"How long will you search in the worlds of the dead for the living? How long will you wander in the shade instead of turning your eyes to the light? No matter how wondrous the implement, how perfect the plan—all science ends where the Divine begins. Between you and the truth of life stands a wall that nothing of material things can pierce, where even the reasoning mind cannot go, and there even the greatest scientists must stop—bowing to an Infinite All which they cannot grasp, measure or define! In hours of sickness man cries not to science but to his God; in the great extremity the soul leaves its reason and cries to its universal Father for courage and for strength. Upon the mystic wall of the Infinite science batters itself to pieces because it refuses to accept that which it cannot see. The greatest scientists in all the world are the ones who know that the visible is but a tiny grain floating in the endless oceans of the invisible. From the Invisible it came and to the Invisible it shall return and puny minds shall never grasp the path it goes nor understand the working of its mysterious power! Far from the eyes of man in the hidden hermitages of the Unseen are those who know its passing and are so close to the footstool of the Light that the secret things of nature to them are simple truths indeed. But if you would have the Light you must seek where it is, realizing that neither science nor phil-

osophy, art nor letters, nor anything of man, shall measure the boundless limits of the Divine!"

It was my voice but the Master's words and as the moments passed he unfolded to the group gathered before me the basic principles of the ancient wisdom. He told of the sacred school of the Twelve Prophets; of the ray of the Black Light; of the Planet of Death and the sacred Lamasaries in India; of the Brothers of the Shining Robe and their labors with mankind and the powers which they have over life and death; and then of the children of men chosen to know the mysteries of God.

At last he stopped and my tongue grew silent too for there seemed no more to say. And so, dazed and bewildered, I sat down—with the Master still beside me. A silence followed my words, then a sigh broke from the circle of listeners. One elderly man arose.

"Your story, sir, is very remarkable. But what proof have you to offer of the things of which you tell? For years we have been schooled in human knowledge, to the proving and trueing of things. Can you demonstrate to us anything superior to science or greater and superior to the physical world that surrounds us?"

I was about to say "No," but the Master nodded his head and my lips uttered the word "yes." At the same time the invisible white-robed form of the Master descended from the rostrum in front of me and unseen by the group of scientists stepped over to an elderly man sitting in a great leathern chair.

Suddenly the figure rose and raised his hand to his eyes, crying—"My God! There is a face in the air in front of me. Two terrible eyes!" And with a cry he fell forward onto the floor.

Immediately the room was in an uproar and scientists and philosophers gathered around the prostrate form of a white-haired man who lay face downward upon the Persian carpet. The professor, who had been sitting next to me and who was one of Europe's greatest physicians, elbowed his

way through the crowd and knelt beside the prostrate figure. He then arose sadly and turning to the assembled group, announced:

"Sir Richard ——— is dead!" A gasp went around the crowd. One of England's leading astronomers and physicists had passed into the great Beyond.

The Master prompted me and I spoke:

"Professor you have stated that science is unapproachable in its power. What has science to do now? Answer me a question for I have answered yours."

"This is no time for idle argument!" exclaimed the professor.

"Yes it is," I answered, now master of the situation. "If science is perfect and omnipotent, let it restore Sir Richard ——— to life."

"Fool," answered the professor, "no human power can do that."

"All right then," I answered, "there is something that science cannot do. Then explain to me, what is death? and why must all living things pass through it?"

"The organisms just stop working" announced the scientist.

"But what is the power behind the working?" I asked.

"No one knows," answered the professor.

"Yes, I do."

Again the faces of all were turned to me and I reiterated some of the statements I had made during the evening.

"The higher consciousness and the superior bodies of man, including the spirit, the astral body and the mind, leave the physical form by passing out at the top of the skull with a twisting motion to then function on the subtler planes of nature. The consciousness has not died but has merely discarded a useless vehicle to function in a newer and finer organism."

"How can you prove that any intelligent thing has left?" demanded a voice.

"How? Why by bringing it back." I answered.

I leaned over and placed my hand upon the forehead of the dead man. At the same time the Master stooped over me and a thrill of force passed into the organism at my feet. I took the dead man by the hand whereupon his eyes opened and with my assistance he

slowly rose to his feet and gazed around in a dazed sort of way. A gasp went around the circle of scientists.

"Did you do this?" demanded one.

"No." I answered, "I am but the mouth-piece. The great Master I told you of who dwells in the Temple of the Caves in the heights of the Himalayas has been with me all this evening and unseen by you has performed the works to prove the truths that I have sought to give you."

Slowly the group parted and the wise men of Europe gathered in small clusters to discuss the problem as I passed slowly out the door and back to my apartments. I afterwards heard from one of the members of the group who talked with the professor after I left. He asked him, "Well, sir, what do you think of it?"

"Bunkum, my dear sir, bunkum pure and simple," announced the international scientist as he lighted a very black cigar and sent an attendant scurrying after a whiskey and soda. "A pure coincidence, my dear fellow, a pure coincidence, but of no scientific value whatsoever. As I said in my talk the man is a dangerous lunatic and should be confined. There is positively nothing in the universe superior to science. I know, my dear fellow, for I have been a scientist for fifty years."

"You are certainly a marvel, professor," answered the man as he walked away.

The professor stepped over to the rostrum and picked up the crumpled piece of paper containing the questions he had written and which I had dropped after answering them. He stared for a second or two and then put on his glasses—for all the questions were answered in fine writing around the margin of the sheet.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed the scientist, "When did he write that on there? I watched him every minute!" As he spoke the piece of paper turned to dust and disintegrated between his fingers. The professor adjusted his extra eyeglass and gazed at his empty fingers. "Most extraordinary! That fellow is surely clever. But he will never be able to convince me that science is not the last word. Another whiskey and soda, boy, my nerves have been completely unstrung!"

(Continued on Page 26)

Lord Buddha

HE came in a packing box bound round with bands of steel and iron, dented and battered by its rough usage during a trip of many months. The packing box stood unopened for many weeks before the sacreligious hands of uninterested servants broke it open and scattered heaps of excelsior and wrapping paper about the floor. At last the figure stood revealed—undoubtedly one of the strangest that had ever crossed the waters from the land of the blue lotus. Lord Buddha was a wondrous life-sized wood carving and even the servants seemed awed as they gazed upon his gilded form. Many strange stories had come with him from the silent East. It was told that the Master himself had breathed the breath of life into the ancient carving, making it sacred to all the Children of Light.

Be that as it may, the Lord Buddha was surely a thing of glory. His robes, carved with wondrous fineness out of ancient teak, were richly covered with solid gold leaf and many colored laquers, while his eyes were precious stones set deep into the dark wood which formed the face. Upon his forehead was a mighty diamond—one of the greatest that has ever come out of India. Even the unromantic were forced to stop for a moment and gaze in admiration at the wondrous figure of India's immortal reformer.

They took Lord Buddha from the packing case and stood him upon an ebony taboret in the Gothic library of the Chadwick home and there he remained shaded by the gloom of ancient rafters during the weeks and months that passed. Unhonored and unrevered—a breath of the mystic East amid the mold of the prostic West.

Lord Chadwick had always had a taste for antiques and his Indian appointment had given him great opportunities to indulge it. But the main reason why he secured Lord Buddha was because the Hindoos did not want him to have it. (When you know Lord Chadwick you know that that was reason enough.) We will not go into details as to how he acquired the statue for he followed a rather—shall we say irregular manner, not unusual among foreigners in the Orient. The

Christian seldom asks the heathen for anything he wants but just takes it. If the native protests the Christian shoots him. So with great expense and labor Lord Buddha was sent to London where he remained in silent meditation, surrounded by cobwebs and the curse of an outraged priestcraft.

A brief description of Lord Chadwick may not be out of place at this moment. He was one of those particularly affable gentleman who is always a leading attraction among the ladies and a source of great inspiration to all who do not know him too well. While admitting his affability and his military polish, it is necessary, for the proper unfolding of our story, that we unveil certain parts of his private life which are of a slightly different flavor.

Poor Lady Chadwick had been dragged through a knothole and then stepped on in the course of being duly impressed by her husband's personal omnipotence and a strange pathetic expression appeared in her bleared eyes every time anyone congratulated her upon her choice of a husband. Not that the Earl was a tyrant or anything of that kind, just that a certain besetting sin went with the heraldry of his house. When the Earl was sober he was a gentleman but after a few hours at the club he became infinitely inferior to a self-respecting animal. Every time his lordship fell victim to his indiscretion a reign of terror descended upon the household and suffering and misery formed the family lot. Not always—just when Lord Chadwick was exercising his hereditary sins. It is a strange thing how temperaments become reversed under the influence of alcoholic stimulant for Lord Chadwick sober and Lord Chadwick intoxicated were two entirely different beings—like the old story of Jekyll and Hyde.

This is not a story, however, of family skeletons but is a narrative wound around Lord Buddha who stood, through all these passing months, on his lotus throne in the silent shades of the library, his hands clasped in meditation and his flowing robe gleaming in the half light.

A certain cold December evening had given way to the bleakness of a moonless night. Lady Chadwick stood before the fire in the library, her eyes fixed on the great clock hanging on the wall whose silent fingers were passing slowly round the ancient dial. A great fear oppressed her for Lord Chadwick and several of his cronies at the club had taken steps earlier in the evening which usually preceded one of milord's streaks of intemperance. This part of our story deals with the ancient fable of the worm who turned. Lady Chadwick—inspired by the flaring embers of a dying will—had decided that from now on her husband would have to find within the heraldry of his house some symptom of inherited courtesy and restraint. Reared in obedience, married off in perfect obedience, beaten to further increase said obedience, milady was about to commit Europe's most terrible sin—an expression of individuality. An unpermissible thing among the blueblood of the old country.

It was about half past three when a cab pulled up at the door and two voices broke the stillness whose tones were about as thick as the average London night.

"Five bob!" called a voice, "you heard me, five bob!—not a farthing less!"

"Stooo-o mush," sounded a muffled growl. "I won't pay it!"

"Five bob! you blighty, five bob!"

Then there came the sound of a blow. The voice of the hackman broke forth, this time is pure cockney, his language consisting of one malediction after another.

"Help, help, he's strangling me!"

"Shut up!" threatened a thick voice, "take thash and thash."

At the same time there was the sound of two heavy thuds followed by a low groan. Then unsteady steps on the pavement and a grating noise as milord tried to fit his key into the door hinge.

"Sh'wont fit—hic—sh'wont fit," he muttered. "Sh'mush be wrong key. Well I'll fixsh it!" The next instant there was a crash as Lord Chadwick kicked his foot through the plate glass door piece and unlatched the portal from the inside. There was the sound

of steps advancing at a right oblique and as Lady Chadwick faced the library door the form of her better half appeared in all the dignity of inebriate nobility.

Lord Chadwick was a tall, broad shouldered man, heavily tanned by exposure to the Eastern suns, and with the muscles of an ox. He now stood swaying slightly on patent leather hinges, his tall silk hat over one eye and his evening cape dangling along the ground on the end of his cane. Putting a white gloved hand over his mouth he hic-coughed gently behind it.

"Well, whash you looking' at?"

Without a word Lady Chadwick turned and with tears in her eyes faced the great open fireplace on the opposite side of the room.

"Whash matter?" demanded the nobleman as he reached out and hung his hat on an imaginary hook about six feet in the air, "why donsh you speak to me?"

"John Chadwick you are drunk again!" exclaimed his wife turning around.

"You don't hash to tell me, I know it! Hash such wonderful time!" and milord swallowed hard. "But what has that got to do with it? Why donsh you come over and say good morning?"

His wife remained silent and turned again with her back to her husband.

"Well why donsh you answer? Donsh you know I'm your husband?"

Still no sound from Lady Chadwick.

A strange expression slowly came into the eyes of Lord Chadwick. He straightened up and his face grew hard.

"Come here!" he demanded.

Still his wife never moved.

"I told you to come here! When I want anyone in thish house they have got to come. If you don't come right over, I'll throw thish at your head!" And he picked up a large China vase.

Lady Chadwick remained as before and without further warning her husband threw the China jar with all his might across the room. But he staggered as it left his hand and it missed her by several feet.

"You brute!" exclaimed his wife as the vase crashed into a great Venetian plate glass, sending fragments in all directions.

Then the thing which all his family feared happened. The spirit of ages of degeneracy and debauchery possessed him. Lord Chadwick's body slowly bent forward, and his head sank on his chest between his great arms which swung like those of a monster ape. His lips drew back from his teeth and the white of his eyes grew red and streaked.—the parlor gentleman had become the domestic beast.

With a scream his wife shrank back as the figure slowly advanced—his steps no longer unsteady but now like the stealthy tread of an animal. Reaching a great chair the Earl picked it up with the ease of a giant and hurled it across the room where it struck the old stone wall and was splintered to bits by the force of the blow. His wife, terrified beyond expression, crept slowly back into the corner of the room while ever closer loomed the form of her husband, now blinded with drunken rage.

At last the corner was reached and further retreat was impossible. She had stopped beside the figure of Lord Buddha who stood in silent contemplation, unmoved by the scene of confusion around him. As she shrank back her shoulder touched his laquered robe and the chill caused her to draw aside.

Suddenly, crouching like an animal, Lord Chadwick sprang at the trembling figure of his wife and with a cry of terror she jumped behind the statue of Lord Buddha. With an implication Chadwick rushed against the statue, throwing his arms around it to cast it aside, but though he pulled and tugged the figure of the Oriental demi-god would not move. It seemed rooted to the ground. As he tried to pass around it, it seemed that the robes spread out on each side and before the Earl realized it he found himself twisted and bound in what seemed folds of golden laquer.

Struggling, twisting and roaring like an angry bull he sought to escape from the statue. His wife watched in amazement for she saw her husband's hands and arms ap-

parently growing to the form which he tugged and tore to escape from.

Slowly the minutes passed. Lord Chadwick's struggles became less and less until finally exhausted and enveloped in folds of yellow laquer he fell at the feet of the statue, his hands and arms still glued to its surface. The Earl was now thoroughly sober. The terror of his position, held prisoner by a force unknown, took all the hate out of his being.

"How am I going to get free?" he kept muttering and turned with pleading eyes to his wife. She, realizing that the fit of passion was gone, attempted to release him. But his hands seemed part of the statue and as she watched Lady Chadwick gave a scream of amazement and terror—the fingers and hands of the Earl were slowly becoming encrusted with a golden film! At the point where he grasped the statue they had become like the teakwood beneath them. In other words he was turning into an idol himself under the mysterious power of the sacred form of Lord Buddha.

As his wife stood there in perplexity she heard footsteps behind her and turning she looked into the faces of three men—all of them Orientals. They must have entered through the broken doorway.

"Who are you?" she demanded starting back.

One of them bowed politely and spoke in perfect English:

"Our names will do you very little good, madam, but we have come all the way from the sacred shine in India to take Lord Buddha back to his home."

Lady Chadwick immediately replied, "Yes, yes, take the statue—gladly! But how can I release my husband, for his hands and arms are turning into laquer?"

The priest shook his head.

"That is the curse of Lord Buddha upon those who defile his sanctity."

"Is there nothing that can be done that I may escape?" pleaded Lord Chadwick.

"There is no way but through prayers to Lord Buddha for he is the Lord of Righteousness and if it pleases him he may release you from his golden self. If not, you must await the end."

"I will give anything that I have to be released! My arms are growing cold and a creeping death is upon me!" cried the nobleman.

Suddenly a strange thing hapened. The mouth of the Buddha opened and a voice seemed to breath out from the soul of the statue:

"I am Lord Buddha. Ages ago I breathed myself into this thing of wood carved by the hands of the faithful. You stole me from my shrine, but that sin was not your greatest. Know you that those who seek protection behind the yellow robe of the Buddha shall not seek in vain. No man shall pass this gleaming robe for works of hate. I am going back again to my people who love me, honor me and revere me. But before I go I grant you life on one condition—that never again shall you abuse it. And if you do, as surely as I stand here today, you shall become a figure of wood and stone."

Slowly the hands of Lord Chadwick fell from the statue and the folds of laquer seemed to swing and sway in the breeze that came through the open door. The statue then stepped down from its pedestal and, as the three Orientals fell on their knees before it, passed slowly out of the door, draped in its blowing robes of gold. On the ground as it passed were left strange footmarks pressed into the very surface of the floor. Without a word the three Orientals followed the carven figure and Lord Chadwick suddenly swayed with dizziness and fell across the pedestal to the floor.

* * * *

Milord suddenly sat up in his chair and gazed around him. The London Times fell from between his fingers and he slowly drew in one foot whose close proximity to the fireplace was undoubtedly the cause of his sudden awakening. He turned to his wife who was sitting reading a few feet away.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"About an hour and a half, dear," she answered meekly.

"By Jove! the most peculiar dream! You know you have often asked me to stop drinking—I have half a mind to do it. By the

way, I dreamed that my statue of Buddha came to life and walked off—wasn't that unusual? I must go over and look at him again. He is the most——"

Lord Chadwick had stopped and was staring at the recess in the wall where Lord Buddha had stood. He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Good Lord! its gone!"

"Really," exclaimed Lady Chadwick mildly, "are you sure you haven't mislaid it, my dear?"

"Do you know," announced his lordship, "I believe I will stop drinking!"

Suddenly his face brightened up.

"I see it all, now," he muttered. "They told me that they would get it back. They are a strange people—those Orientals."

"If you think they are strange, they must be strange, my dear," remarked his well-regulated wife eagerly.

Milord sat down again with his feet on the grating.

"I haven't lived in India for twenty years without seeing something of Oriental magic. That dream of mine was more than a dream—it was Oriental magic. They have spirited the statue away."

"I wish the spirits would wipe their shoes when they come in," murmured Lady Chadwick. "Look at those footprints all the way to the door."

The Earl gazed at them. His mind turned to the shrines of India and a strange expression came into his face.

"What are those things?" asked his wife "will you please tell me, dear?"

"They are the footprints of Lord Buddha," answered the nobleman.

"What are they, John? You know I always let you do my heavy thinking for me."

"I don't understand it myself very well," answered milord as he stroked his chin reflectively. "But there goes the dinner bell and I must be at the club this evening—so you had better come, my dear."

"Yes, John."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Six months ago we started the publication of the All-Seeing Eye in order to find a practical manner of publishing and distributing the lectures, articles, and so forth, which our friends expressed a desire to have. During the interval the growth of the magazine has been as rapid as could be expected considering that it has never been placed upon a newstand or in a bookstore but as only been distributed at our own meetings and to those in personal contact with our work. As you realize, the fact that there is no price placed upon it has complicated its distribution tremendously and will continue to do so unless everyone of its present well-wishers cooperate to assist in its development.

As all of our students know, the magazine was issued for six months as a tryout and no subscriptions are good for a longer time. And any of you who subscribed but have not received the entire six numbers are entitled to apply for them until the supply is exhausted.

The time has now come when a decision of importance confronts the readers. Do you wish the magazine to go on? We are perfectly willing to write and prepare it as long as those whom we publish it for are willing to cooperate with us for its maintenance, but it remains with you to say whether it shall be done or not.

An analysis of the first six months of its publication from the viewpoint of the exchequer does not show a financial success. In fact on over half of our subscriptions we have paid the people to take it away. About forty-four percent of our subscribers paid less than one half of the printer's cost of the magazines they received and a large number who made promises never fulfilled them.

Consequently, while the magazine is not in a bankrupt condition, it has been financed to a considerable degree by money furnished from other sources for it has not come within nearly one-half of paying for itself. A few of our true and sincere workers have made possible its publication and presentation to you but the majority of our subscribers estimate the price of this magazine upon others which are procurable at bookstands and stores, overlooking completely two important facts:

First, only about one thousand copies are printed and the cost of setting it up is the same as though we had five hundred thousand copies printed, and the smaller the number circulated the greater the cost of each magazine.

Secondly, all magazines on the market at the present time are either set at a price which covers cost or else pay for themselves many times over through extensive advertising. Many of the magazines which you secure at newstands could be given to you without any cost and still be tremendous financial successes and entirely self-supporting through the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of advertising which they carry on their pages.

TO OUR READERS

These two important considerations make it impossible to estimate the cost of producing this work by comparison to those in circulation, for one copy of our little magazine costs as much as an armful of some of the popular periodicals. As a large percentage of people have been estimating upon current prices we have absolutely lost hundreds of dollars which they have fallen under the bare printer's cost. As for the expense of writing, preparing and distributing—that hasnot been even thought of.

We have distributed many copies free to those who could not subscribe through financial embarrassment—probably from fifty to a hundred a month. And those who barely pay for their own subscription leave the work itself to settle the deficit.

We shall be very glad to continue publication and launch the magazine for another six months if we can depend upon your cooperation—otherwise it cannot go on. The only way that we can reduce the individual responsibility is by increasing the subscription list and if we are able to do so we may also be able to increase its size, place in it departments to handle various special problems and in many ways make it a worthier publication.

You will find with this magazine a subscription blank carrying on it three coupons or detachable slips. Each one of these carries space for the name and address of a subscriber and the mount of their subscription. If you are interested in having this magazine go on, please fill this out as generously as you can and also get two other people who will be interested and have them do likewise. Send in the three together with money order or check for the amounts and if sufficient come in to make it possible to carry the cost of publication you will receive the next issue of the All-Seeing Eye on the 25th day of October. If there is not sufficient to meet the expense your money will be refunded to you by that time.

If you will cooperate with us we will be able to go on for we are willing to do anything to make possible the continuance of the work. The greatest good that you can do us in this line is to get two people who are interested and secure their subscriptions to send with your own. In this way we can increase our list three times and reduce the expenses nearly one half. This will enable us to put out extra work, colored supplements, etc., which we cannot do at this time becaues of insufficient means.

Please remember, friends, this concludes all subscriptions taken up to date as per the agreement we made when starting the magazine.

We thank you for your past cooperation and if you desire to extend that to us in the future we will try to serve you in as efficient manner as we can.

The fate of our little magazine now rests in your hands.

MANLY P. HALL.

Description of Last Month's Plate

The plate in last month's magazine which is taken from the rare and unobtainable work of Kunrath, the great alchemist, represents symbolically human regeneration and is also the key to the Philosopher's Stone. As before, the translating of it shall be left to you, because it is only in that way you can really learn its message. But we will briefly consider some of its most important symbols:

The figure rising out of the globe symbolizes spirit rising out of matter and consciousness freeing itself from the encircling and enslaving bonds of form. The two-headed figure represents the Hermetic union and the creation of Azoth the Philosopher's Stone.

In this plate we have the answer to the problem of soul-mates as only the ancient alchemist could explain it, for the male-female creature here shown symbolizes the occult constitution of man who is the male-female creation. The male figure has the sun halo or the positive ray while the female figure has the moon crown or the mother ray, representing spirit and matter, which matter being regenerated becomes the soul or bride of spirit.

This figure rises out of the globe of elements and from the heads arises a wondrous bird with the sign of Leo around its head. This blackened bird represents the unknowable secret of the phoenix or the bird of eternal life that is born out of the union of the sun and moon in the brain of man. Its tail, which is filled with eyes, represents the unfolded sense centers of human consciousness while the great circle containing all the other symbols is made to represent nature within whose protecting aura all growth is carried on.

The fire of the philosopher which rises upward and partly surrounds the central globe is the purification process in which the flame in the lower centers of the body rises upward and awakens Kundalini, the spinal spirit-fire in man, which is asleep in the egg of Brahma located in the solar plexus. This passing upward creates the figure with the two heads for

these faces undoubtedly represent the pituitary body and the pineal gland which are the positive and negative poles of the spinal canal fire.

In India the god-man Ishwari is shown as a male-female Diety and in the ancient languages the name of God signified that He was also a male-female Divinity, for He is not only the Creator but the Creation. In a similar way man, following in the footsteps of God, is slowly arousing the latent qualities within himself and building to the day when he too shall be both creator and the creation.

The entire diagram is symbolical of the evolution of the human soul and spirit. Starting from the top downward it is involution; working from the bottom upward it is evolution. Two streams pour from the breasts of the creature and these represent the outpourings of fire and water or salt and sulphur which are two of the three elements of perfection while mercury forms the third element. The band around the neck of the figure, which unites the heads, is the wedding ring of modern theology for it ties or unites as a band of spiritual gold the two extremes of human life. The upright triangle above, pointing up to the Sacred Name, is once more a symbol of human regeneration.

Taking the plate generally it refers to the cosmic scheme of things and later the individual scheme of things. The reading tells of how through the union of the universal Earth Mother and Fiery and Airy Father there is created a wondrous stone which is the answer to all the problems of life. The student recognizes that the union of the spiritual elements within himself will turn him allegorically into a two-headed creature—male-female and self-reproductive through the positive pole of the brain.

Next month's magazine will contain the companion piece to this plate illustrating another of the deep, alchemical principles. Save these pictures for you will find it nearly impossible to get them again, and while you may not understand them now, as time goes on you will be grateful that you possess them.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is Success?

Ans. Success is the perfect adjustment of the individual consciousness with the prenatal plan which it prepared and earned before its entrance into this life. All advancement over existing conditions is success; all stagnation or backsliding is failure.

What is the greatest of all successes?

Ans. The composite perfection which is the result of a number of small achievements, the gaining of which has been spread over numberless eternities.

Is a happy life a successful life?

Ans. A truly successful life is a happy one but experience rather than harmony is the main requisite to success in spiritual things.

Who is a failure?

Ans. A failure is one who has fallen below the standard which he himself has attained at some previous time; or one who has failed to advance that standard with every thought and action of life.

What is the greatest cause of failure at the present time?

Ans. There are many of them but uncertainty, lack of backbone, fear of popular opinion and egotism are the greatest. Failure to live up to the purest and highest in life is the great spiritual downfall.

What is the greatest enemy of failure?

Ans. Action. For wherever this exists growth is taking place. Though the action itself be destructive, yet through it the spirit is learning a lesson.

What is the great adjustment of man's being?

Ans. The adjustment of the self and the not-self. This is the result of the development of the mind which becomes a neutral field—a universal solvent—in which the opposites of consciousness are capable of meeting in mutual understanding.

How may we know one who has succeeded in this adjustment?

Ans. We can know him as one who sees the divine lesson in the little things overlooked by the world in its endless rush. The one who sees the clearest is the one who sees God in the greatest number of things.

What is the reward of adjustment of life and its bodies?

Ans. Consciousness on all the planes of nature where the adjustments are made and communion with the central life within.

Who is the greatest failure at the present time?

Ans. Those who fail to recognize opportunity and conserve time by making every moment useful to all eternity—they are wasting God's most precious gifts.

What constitutes a successful speaker?

Ans. He is the one whose words, though few, still convey to the world with the greatest clearness the ideals which fill his consciousness. He is the one who speaks the truths that others dare not think.

Who has learned to listen most successfully?

Ans. The one who has learned to hear the voice that speaks from the silence of his own soul and who knows the meaning of its quiet words.

Who is the most successful thinker?

Ans. The one whose thoughts, like God's, are in harmony with the Divine plan. Man realizes the power of God when he learns to think God's thoughts; he knows the ways of the divine when he himself has walked them.

What is adjustment?

Ans. Adjustment is the arranging or balancing of things into harmony one with the other.

The Lord Of The Flaming Mountain

UP from the shadows of swaying palms and jungle underbrush a little group of pilgrims wound their way in and out among the broken lava rocks and stubble towards a mighty mountain that rose as a looming mystery to touch the deep blue of the tropic sky. From the top of this peak a thin trail of smoke poured eternally as though in truth this mystery of nature were the vent of Vulcan's forge. A strange group indeed it was that climbed up and up along the narrow path that led to the distant heights. They were a people we see no longer for already eternities have shrouded them in the mantle of forgetfulness.

First came a tall and aged man, his copper skin seamed and wrinkled but his face strong and resolute. He was robed in a cape woven of bird's feathers and tilted forward upon his head was a strange peaked cap from the point of which hung a pendant of gold and jewels which tossed and swayed as he walked. On his forehead was a cross, traced in white pigments, while the breeze blowing aside his cape disclosed the fact that his only other garment was a girdle of golden plates set with amethysts and rubies. In the center of the girdle was a strange face molded of solid gold, a face surrounded by a halo of flames in whose eyes sparkled rubies of a never-ending radiance. In one hand the aged man carried a carved staff painted in many colors and in the other a rattle hanging upon a tassel of human hair and composed of a gourd containing within its dried husk a tiny pebble. The long hair of the man was grey and hung in many plaits upon his shoulders while his beard, braided like an Assyrian's, hung half way to his waist. He was the priest of the Divine Lord, Master of the Great Fire, whose temple stood alone among the lava banks and ashes of the flaming mountain.

The second member of the party was a young girl some sixteen or eighteen years of age. She too wore a cape of bird feathers and upon her small feet were sandals inlaid with jewels. Her head was uncovered revealing braided hair which hung in two long

coils nearly to her knees and was of the shiny blackness of the lava rocks that surrounded her. She was covered with golden ornaments and chains while her arms and ankles were encircled by bands of gold connected with links of silver and copper. But though adorned with the ransom of emperors, she seemed more a captive in bondage for her ornaments were like shackles and clanked dismally as she walked along.

Two other figures completed the group. Powerful men they were whose brown bodies glistened in the sunshine and whose forms and proportions were those of Greek athletes. They wore neither cape nor headdress but their bodies were adorned with golden bangles and strange animals were tattooed in many colors upon their skins. The heavy girdles they wore were weighted with plates of gold and each carried in his hand a feathered staff surmounted by a globe of fiery gold.

The four figures wound in and out among the rocks and as they neared the top of the lofty mountain thin streams of smoke rose up from the crevices at their feet; the air was filled with a moaning and rumbling, the earth shook and shivered like a thing alive; the heavy fumes of sulphurous smoke creeping up shrouded the little band in a semi-darkness while the sun shone as a ball of angry red behind clouds of swirling ashes.

Evening was falling before they neared the summit and as the sun sank to rest a strange lurid glow thrilled through the atmosphere, an eerie ever-changing radiance reflected in a million different ways from the clouds of mist and vapor. Still the little band climbed upward and upward ever nearer to the mighty crater that loomed like a gaping pit of hell before them.

Suddenly they reached a great rock and passing around its side were confronted by a tiny hut built of stones and lava, shielded by the projecting side of the cliffs but half concealed by the seething vapors of the volcano. Reaching the door of the hut, the old priest raised his staff while the other three fell to their knees.

"Behold! This is the Temple of Anguish built on the crest of Chetoka, the Mountain of Undying Fires. This is the Place of Wailing where we sinful mortals come to ask forgiveness of our Lord and Master! For, behold! our God speaks to us through the mountain of fire! Many days now has His voice been heard and the roaring and rumblings have whispered of His wrath. He has said to His priests: 'Bring from the people of earth a living sacrifice unto Me in the mountain of my fires!' And we have brought one even as He has said—for behold we have chosen from among our nation the loveliest and purest daughter of earth and brought her up this mountain to be the bride of the Fire King!"

He rose and entered the little hut and a fire, kindled with a broken stick, flared up, its ruddy glows revealing a massive altar above which a great flaming Face looked down—a face of gold and jewels from which poured forth streamers and rays of living light.

"Oh, Spirit of Fire! thy children obey thy call. For it was said of thee by our father's fathers that when thou criest out for vengeance for the forgetfulness of men—behold! there must be one of the people who shall climb to the heights of thy lofty shrine and die that thy children may be saved. For thine own voice has spoken saying there shall be one acceptable in the sight of our God who shall come to make offer of their life unto our God on Chetoka the sacred mountain—and only the pure in heart are acceptable as a sacrifice unto thee. Come—oh Lord of the Sacred Mountain!—and take unto thyself this one of our people who comes forth to sacrifice herself that thy wrath may not descend upon the world!"

The flaming Face gleamed and glowed in the flickering light, its eyes seeming to shine with a fire demonical. The old priest bowed and no sound broke the stillness except a broken sob from the prisoner in her golden chains.

Slowly the old priest left the little hut and, followed by the others, climbed up and over the side of the volcano, finally standing at the very peak of a great rock that jutted over the sea of molten lava. In the center rose a

mighty cone and from it flames and sulphur came up in never-ending steam. A great rumbling and roaring rent the heavy stillness of the island night and the splashing of lava bubbles in the sea of molten rock beneath sounded like sobs on the air. All the figures were tinged red with the flames and standing alone on that pinnacle of rock in their robes of feathers and girdles of gold they seemed like fiery spirits of the dawn when creation was in the making instead living creatures in a world of flesh.

The old priest raised his hands and cried outward over the lake of flames:

"We have come, oh Master! as thy law has demanded. We have brought thee thy bride. Accept our sacrifice, oh Fiery One, and destroy not our people. Send not thy flaming rivers to burn our homes with consuming fire—send not the messengers of death—the ashes and the plagues—rock not the earth with thy vengeance—oh God of Fire! But accept this, the best we have to offer thee." He knelt upon the rock and the rumblings and roarings seemed to deepen while great clouds of flame and smoke rose from the volcano's depthless center and the rocks beneath their feet shook and quivered with a life divine.

Slowly the slender figure of the girl arose and with calm courage crossed the narrow shelf of stone. Dropping aside the robe of bird's feathers she stood poised upon the point of rock, beneath her the surging sea of molten lava. The flames sparkled on the jewels that she wore for these too were to be cast with her into the yawning mouth of the fire-god.

Suddenly as she stood there, there arose from the depths of the mountain a great streaming cloud of many-colored mists. It twinkled, swayed and twisted like a thing alive and instead of passing onward and outward into the heavens it hovered and floated over the center of the crater. Slowly the streaming lights took form, the many changing vapors gathered themselves together until a Mighty Being hovered over Chetoka.

The priest raised his hands in awe and trembling and shrank backward on the rock while the two that were with him moaned and groaned in fear and agony. But the thin figure still stood alone on the point of rock,

her copper skin gleaming and glowing from the flickering flames of the volcano. The great mystery shadow shape became clearer as the moments passed and the Great One hovered closely over the volcano—a creature composed of the very flames themselves, his hair a mass of flowing sparks, his fingers tapering off into points of flame, his robes of crimson fire trailing off into the mist and vapor of the volcano. Great wings of flame and fire poured from him and his eyes shone like the molten lava of the crater.

A thundering voice spoke as the Great Creature swept over the surface of his volcano towards the pinnacle of rocks:

"Behold! I am angered at thee, thou puny children of men! It is well that ye have brought your sacrifice to the top of the mountain for ye have displeased the Spirit of the Fires. What boon ask you in exchange for the bride that ye have brought me?"

"Oh, Lord of the Flaming Mountain!" cried the priest, "for many days have the ashes poured upon our villages, for many nights has the dull glow of your anger brought terror to our hearts. We come to thee, oh Lord, asking peace and that ye shall not destroy us with the flames of thy wrath. Oh, King of the Salamanders! Son of the fiery Sparks of Fohat! accept this the purest gift of earth and freest from thy hate!"

The Lord of the volcano had reached the mighty cliff that edged his crater and reached out his arms of streaming flame to grasp in them the slender figure that stood upon the rock.

"Ye have brought your sacrifice, oh children of men, but know you not that you yourselves are the spirits of the fire? For many weeks and many years ye have wrangled and fought and hated in your villages and for that ye have brought upon yourselves the curse of the Lord of Flames. For, behold! to my mountain come the hates and griefs and wranglings of the people and from them are built the flames of my lofty peak, and were it not that ye battled in your villages my flames could not battle on this mountain peak. Ye sue for peace but that I cannot give you while to this crater come the flames of hate. The mumblings and the rumblings which ye hear are but shadows of

your own hearts, the seething cauldrons of flames but whisper of the flames of passion within your own soul. I am the Lord of the Flames—I am the Regent of the Red World—I am the Voice of the Eternal Fire—I love the children of men and being strong in fire I would serve them. But they have taken my fire and desecrated it and as it seeths and boils within their own souls so the shadows rise upon my mountain. Go back to your village and say unto them that the Lord of the Flaming Mountain has spoken saying that only when the souls of men are at rest will my mountain slumber.

"Behold thy sacrifice is acceptable in my sight, the heart of one that is pure can sooth the flames of creation. It is said of the gods that through all the ages some must perish that many may be saved! Go ye now your way and I shall return to the heart of the flaming mountain taking with me the sacrifice that ye have made. Be not this sacrifice in vain, for it is not the first nor shall it be the last! Many a soul has perished to save the world from my wrath, many a courageous one has entered my flames that the world should have peace. But the Lord of the Flaming Mountain is not unkind—fear not for the one that ye have given nor fear ye for the sacrifice of your people. But come unto me with love and my flames shall warm their hearts."

Slowly the fiery figure gathered the form in its arms and floating out over the volcano passed slowly downward into its mighty center, clasping to itself the jeweled figure of the girl.

A great peace descended upon the mountain, the flames of smoke died out and the lava ceased to flow, the rumblings grew less and less until at last silence ruled supreme. The old priest rose and was turning away when a mighty voice spoke from the depths of the earth:

"I, the Lord of the Flaming Mountain, am at rest. A noble soul has sacrificed itself to bring me peace. In all the ages of the world I have gathered unto myself many but they are not mine. For behold the daughter of earth is not with me in my fiery mountain but with her God and my God! And, behold,

she has passed through the flaming ring unscarred and in her great desire has redeemed not only you but herself also.

"Go ye unto your people and let not this sacrifice be in vain. Remember that only when ye learn to love one another shall my mountain be at rest, for when ye wrangle and discord among yourselves ye loose my flames and turn them on the worlds of men. Then my mountain cries out for vengeance and the sword of death is loosened as the thunder and lightening of the gods. Once more art ye forgiven—go and do better. Remember who was your answer and let not the martyr die in vain.

"The Lord of the Flaming Mountain is not dead but rests in peace under the spell of redemption. Wake him not with hate and

lust for once awake he will never sleep until another be found to pacify him, send no more brides to the top of my mountain but live in your villages in peace as the most acceptable sacrifice unto my eyes. Fear me for I am great, obey me for I am kind, redeem me for I am salvation, and though my temple is on my mountain rather let it be in the soul of man. While there is one that is pure I will rest, lulled to peace by their love; but if ye live not one unto the other in friendship and in charity ye shall hear my voice again and the world shall know me and cry out in agony unto the Lord of the Flaming Mountain. But I can do nothing but use the flames which thou hast given me. Send me no flames of hate and I will not burn your homes. Live not in discord one to the other and my lava shall never flow again."

Faded Flowers

OFTENTIMES in wandering through an old home among the scenes of long ago one finds pressed away in a favorite volume—possibly the Bible or the family album—a faded rose crushed between the leaves. After many years of forgetfulness it will bring back memories of the past. Some loved one nearly forgotten in the battle of life—some dear soul we used to know—comes before the mirror of the mind. We hear a laughing voice, perhaps now hushed forever, and kind hands stretch out across the years to enfold us again in memory's embrace. How few of these faded flowers have a message to the world—yet each whisper something of the past to some responsive heart.

And how much like faded flowers are the hearts of suffering men and women wandering through life! Each faded rose was once the fairest blossom and in a distant day forgotten its dried and falling petals shone forth with all the glory of nature and its God. As we go along the road of life we see many wondrous blossoms filling the air with glorious fragrance and exquisite color but when we pass that way again we see them faded and

returning again to the dust from whence they came. How like the faded flower is the life of man! The glowing ideals he came here to carry out he soon forgets—his dreams of glorifying the world vanish from his memory as he struggles through the sordidness of life. In truth, he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down.

But beneath the wilted petals and beneath that broken heart of a man there still glows in embers a light eternal. And some day the Great Magician is going to wander along that dusty road and with the touch of his magic wand bring back life to these faded flowers.

In the highways and byways of this world who shall be this Great Magician? Who shall play the fairy queen and raise to life again the dead? There is within each one of us the Great Magician—the good spirit—who can bring faded flowers to life and restore the broken blossoms from whose crushed petals have been formed a rosary that ends with a cross. There is this wondrous fairy-godmother who can bring to life the dead rose and make it bloom again in radiant beauty, and this mystic being—the good

fairy—is the sweetness and compassion of love and hope that is hidden deep in the heart of every man. Each kind word, each sweet thought brings forth again the glow of life to the soul of some faded flower!

It is a glorious thing to have the power to make the world shine again with happiness. This is within the reach of every mystic, for into the hands of one who has earned this right—to bring back the blush of life to broken souls—a great privilege is given. No longer does he live for what the world can give him for he has more than it can ever know. He lives to wander through the gardens of humanity where flower and blooming shrub fade each year as the snows of winter come. Gathering up the dried and withered leaves he blesses them with the power of life and they brighten up again at his touch.

Where the mystic is there can be no faded flowers for he lives only to bring joy and life into the world. Hates and fears, sorrows and remorse—all these have withered the flowers of life. The roses of youth vanish from the cheek as the furrows of care appear and the eyes once bright with laughter soon grow dull with weeping. But the work of the master is to bring back the old time joy and although his own heart be sad he smiles serenely through his tears as he gathers the broken petals to mold them again into perfect flowers.

And man is walking in the footsteps of this Master. Every day, some where, he sees a withered rose whose petals would glow again if he would but nourish them with the waters of life. Just a kind word and the flower will become a thing of beauty in the garden of the Lord. We are to go forth in the name of the Father and gather close to our hearts these withered flowers—the broken children of men. In love and compassion we are to serve them, in humility and simplicity to protect them, in sympathy and brotherhood to assist them, that the spirit of joy may come again into their lives as the blossoming of a flower.

Somewhere in the soul of man—no matter how cold he may seem—there is something which cries out to smile, cries out to be happy—and being happy cries some more! This is a certain soul quality explainable and known only to those who have suffered

and yet through it all are drawn by bonds undefinable back to the cause of their anguish. There is something very human about the world and while it may seem a cruel place the longer we are in it the less we desire to leave it. It is so much like each one of us that the bonds of understanding make us love the old earth more and more.

The glory of being alive is a wonderful thing but the still greater glory of giving life and expression to others fills the heart with a real purpose of being. And he who turns back again into the garden of the earth to nurture and care for those withered flowers, whose drooping petals bespeak the dying courage of an unawakened life, knows no other joy. It is a wondrous thing to feel that it is within our power—if we live as we should—to give these flowers new duty. From the soul of him who thus redeems the rose that was withered shall shine forth a star through the darkness—that star which is the mark of the Compassionate One.

The Sons of God labor eternally with man to build within him that sweet sadness—the sadness which is the great peace that surpasseth understanding. In simple symbol well known to our eyes the Sons of Compassion ever seek to teach us the way that we should go, seeking to build within us the realization of the path which they have walked. They never command us to go this way or that—they only show us the beauties of the path. They show us the faded flowers and then they ask if there can be anything more beautiful in all the world than a flower turned upward in adoration to the light of its God? They ask if anything is sadder than to see the blossom wither and fade away?

Then it is shown to us how we may go forth and bring to blossom the flower of spirit now budding alone in the endless deserts of materiality. So let us take their symbol of service and go out to labor in the world fields that the faded flower hidden within the heart of man—called the spirit of Christ—shall be raised from the dead to blossom forth unto perfect life.

Man is the little creator made in the image of the Great Creator containing in possibility all that God has in awakened energy.

A Discourse on the Eight Perfections

(Continued)

AND the Lord of Light spoke of the the Fifth Perfection which is Intelligent Living, saying:

"Know that the Fifth Perfection is that ye should live well to yourself and true in your dealings with others; that ye should be joyous among others but that your living be right in the eyes of the Lord. Know that of the many things which thou hast this sheath of stone which ye call a body is most useful to you at this time, for only through this body may ye learn that which is eternal. Realize that this body is not the Eternal I nor God but is rather of a demon of darkness; but you must treat it well that it may serve thee well unto the work for which God has designed it. By the Intelligence of Right Living know that he who liveth with nature in simplicity liveth with God in reality and he who would know how to live must search for life among the living and not among the dead. Man is dead, therefore search not for life there but look only unto God who is the One Life."

So saying, the Lord opened the fifth Petal:

"Of this Lotus the fifth Petal is the Perfection of Intelligent Living wherein ye shall learn that length of life is the prolonging of opportunities—when to this ye add Perception and Purpose. But the body liveth not of itself alone but of the life which is within it and which is the life of Brahma who is the Creator and Father who ever shall Be. Therefore in all your living, live moderately and wisely; live as a brother with all other things. Thereof it is spoken in the Sacred Bharatas: Live not of the body but of the spirit. But know that living means that the bodies be preserved for the spirit and that the spirit speaks through its own reflection in the mirror of eternity."

* * *

Wherein the Blessed Lord saith:

"This is all that I would speak of the Fifth Perfection. So listen unto the words of the Sixth Perfection which is Perfect Effort. Know that intelligent effort is the basis of all

that expands and groweth great; effort is the measurement of reward and according to your effort so shall it be with you in that which is Eternal. Know, oh son! there is a reward for effort regardless of its works and know that right effort bringeth with it a sure promise of right reward. Nothing in this universe is without effort and those who do not labor shall some day be enfeared for that which they have not sown. Therefore know that in effort lies the secret of power and the Sixth Perfection is Intelligent Effort which ye gain through intelligent Perception, intelligent Speech, intelligent Purpose, intelligent Conduct and intelligent Living."

Thus spake the Lord of the Lotus as he pointed towards the heavens, saying of the Sixth Perfection:

"In the skies beyond the Blue Veil is the home of the saints in Sheta-loka, the home of those who have been tried and have labored for that which they are. For unto those who try is a sure reward, if ye strive with perfect effort. Ye gain not Nirvana through meditation alone; there must be works and perfect effort. Therefore, oh son, is effort greatly to be desired and when in doubt as to the labored to perform, strive with perfect effort and thy reward is sure."

* * *

Thus spake the Mighty One of the Sixth Perfection which is Intelligent Effort, and then He saith:

"I will now speak of the Seventh Perfection which is of the mind and is Intelligent Mindfulness. For in all thy seeking be not thoughtless lest in being such ye waste or injure. Be ye ever mindful of three things, oh son of earth! that thou mayest be perfect in Mindfulness. First, be mindful of thy conduct that it behooves thee well to watch as how thou shalt conduct thyself unto thyself. Second, be mindful of those responsibilities which are thine from the world; forget them not nor neglect them for they are Dharma and not to be overlooked. Third, be

mindful that in your eagerness ye trample not your brothers under foot but are gentle and modest in the sight of men. It were good that ye should also be mindful of the will of God and the ways of His saints for although ye be mindful of men ye shall not succeed if ye forget the will of God."

Thus spake the Blessed Lord of the Seventh Petal as He sat in the Heart of the Flower:

"Be mindful also that every labor shall increase thee in the sight of God for by this is known the Seventh Perfection—that ye have no longer the power to hurt, the power to injure nor the desire to excel but that ye are eternally mindful and considerate of the needs of others. By this shall ye reach the feet of thy Lord and Master who is ever mindful of you, and thus shall it be known that you understand the Seventh Intelligence which is the Perfection of Mindfulness."

* * *

Whereupon the Lord of Light spoke once more saying:

"There is one more Perfection whereof I would speak, namely, the Intelligence of Contemplation wherein ye become as one with God through the Contemplation of Reality. For he who can contemplate within his own soul the wonders of creation and float over oblivion on the wings of intuition and reason—he hath Perfect Contemplation which seeth life and death and yet is unmoved. Such a one shall himself live and die and yet be unmoved, whereupon may ye know that he is free from the Wheel of Birth and Death insomuch as he contemplates them as part of the Great Lesson but is not enmeshed in them as mortal man. He that is able to stand beside the universe and contemplate upon its wonders without himself being involved therein:—that one has Perfect Contemplation for he seeth all things, liveth all things, contemplateth all thing and is no part of them but is one with their source."

Thus spake the Great Lord of the Eighth Perfection which is Intelligent Contemplation, saying:

"Behold, oh son of man! the gods are perfect in contemplation and the universe is the fruit of their meditations. Therefore if ye would be one with the Eternal, contemplate also upon That which Is and you will be one with the Twelve Eternal Meditators in the Fields of the Infinite. For he who seeth in all things a lesson but in no thing the personality, he is perfect in contemplation; he who seeth in all things a personality, he is perfect in ignorance. All men stand between two things—perfection in ignorance and perfection in knowledge—while the god-man sits in contemplation upon the two. They are not wise for they are not the fruits of ignorance, they are not ignorant for the seeds of wisdom have not been planted there. Know that Perfection of Contemplation is that which sitteth between wisdom and ignorance and meditateth upon them but is neither."

* * *

"Whereupon I have finished my discourse upon the Eight Intelligences which are the eight paths of my wisdom and the Petals of my sacred Lotus. Know ye therefore, oh Chela! that the Blessed Lord hath spoken, whereof it is written in the Sacred Books of the Trees, of that which Is and ever shall Be because it has never been, for once being it must cease to be."

The Master Speaks

(Continued from page 11)

And this was my first great experience among worldly scoffers and it was there that I learned a lesson which I never forgot. In the words of my teacher I say:

"Fear not that your words will not express your hopes and ideals for he who is carrying the Master's message is never alone. When his own words are failing the Invisible Ones gather around and whisper in his ear. If you work and labor in truth and sincerity, never fear, for the Teacher is with you. He knows the words you need and whispers them when the moment comes.

(To be continued.)

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Leo as the fifth sign of the Zodiac is of special interest to students of the occult sciences for several reasons. First, being the throne of the sun, the Lion is often used as a symbol of life and power and Christ who represents the sun-god is often referred to as the Lion of Judah. In Masonary Leo is very symbolical, for being the chief of the cat family the Lion is said to have the same peculiarity in his ability to see in the dark consequently is used by the ancients to symbolize the Eye of God which sees into the darkness of human affairs.

The Grip of the Lion's Paw is well known and it is symbolical of the returning of life when the sun, in his endless round, enters his throne in Leo bringing all things to life that have been dead through the long winter months.

Below we list the keywords of the sign of Leo in a simple, concise manner so that the student with slight practice will be capable of analyzing its most general characteristics. Leo is also of special interest at the present time inasmuch as it forms the esoteric school of the Aquarian Age—its opposite in the Zodiac—and according to geocentric astrology the Aquarian Age which is so close at hand will bring with it a powerful spiritual ray from Leo the Lion of the Tribe Judah. Leo is always symbolical of life and fire and as in man it governs the heart, so in the cosmos it is the home of the sun, the heart of the solar system.

Leo the fifth sign of the Zodiac:

Hot	Brutish
Dry	Barren
Fiery	Four-footed
Choloric	Broken
Eastern	Changeable
Masculine	Fortunate
Diurnal	Strong
Northern	Hoarse
Commanding	Bitter
Fixed	Violent
Estival	Long Ascension

The day and night home of the Sun
The detriment of Saturn
Feral
Furious

General Characteristics:

High resolve	Changeable
Royal	Generous
Unbending	Free
Ambitious	Courteous
Quick-tempered	

The Leo person takes his general characteristics from the animal in question, namely, the lion. Like that animal he chafes under confinement, rebels against over-lords and is monarch of all he surveys. If crossed or attempt is made to curb him he is quick-tempered and noted for his roaring, ranting and cantankering. But it does not last long and he soon quiets down. This sign is usually in important positions of trust, fond of the occult sciences, and under normal conditions makes its mark in the world of affairs.

Physical Appearances:

Usually a large body
Broad shoulders
Austere countenance
Large eyes
Dark yellow, reddish or brown hair given to curling
Strong voice, sometimes hoarse
Full-blooded
Oval countenance, sometimes rather choppy
Later part of the sign produces weaker body with lighter hair
Large round head
Staring and goggle eyes
Middle stature but heavy
Narrow sides
Fierce countenance
High sanguine complexion

Health:

While Leo is considered a healthy sign we do find considerable sickness especially

that due to circulation and blood conditions. It governs the heart and back and its most common diseases are:

Pains in the back and ribs	
Convulsions	Smallpox
Fainting	Measles
Fevers	Jaundice
Pestilences	
And all hot and inflammatory diseases	
Entirely barren sign	
Sore eyes	The plagues
Heart trouble	
Denotes accidents by fire, explosion and combustible materials	
Subject to sprains, falls, shocks, etc.	

Domestic Problems:

Leo can only be said to be happy in the home when it rules the home. Monotony and drudgery does not rest well upon the Leo types and their fiery dispositions often break their homes. If they find someone, however, who is willing to allow them to do just what they want to they are usually faithful but not overly domestic, being turned more to public things.

Countries under Influence of Leo:

Italy	West of England
Bohemia	The Alps
France	Turkey
Sicily	Silesia

Cities Ruled by Leo:

Rome	Prague
Bristol	Syracuse
Bath	Ravenna
Taunton	Philadelphia
Cremona	Damascus

Colors:

Yellow	Red
Brown	Green

According to Ptolemy the stars in the head of Leo are in effect like Saturn with a ray from Mars; the three in the neck are like Saturn with some of Mercury; the bright one in the heart called Regulus agrees with Mars and Jupiter; those in the loins and the bright one in the tail are like Saturn and Venus; those in the thighs resemble Venus and in some degree Mercury.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits Leo rules the powers; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Verchiel rules Leo; of the months Leo rules the 20th of July to the 20th of August; of the Twelve Tribes, Asher; of the Twelve Prophets, Hosea; of the Twelve Apostles, Peter; of the twelve plants, ladies' seal; of the twelve stones, jasper; of the twelve principle members, the heart; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the jugglers of darkness.

The Night Of Brahma

AT THE end of every cosmic cycle of action there follows a period of rest and this is the ebb and flow of energy which marks one of the fundamental expressions of the eternal plan. The periods of activity are called the Days of Brahma when the world outpouring itself from the Unknown expresses its energized and rejuvenated qualities, and with greater courage, power and speed carries on the work of universal unfoldment because of the periods of rest. At the end of each day of manifestation the Universe, the Sun of Necessity, is dissolved or swallowed up in cosmic night which was called by the ancients "Pralaya."

For every action in this world, which implies the expending of energy, there must ensue a period of inaction during which time nature rebuilds the tissues and revivifies the bodies torn down and scattered by the activities of mental, physical or spiritual expression. There is no one who can entirely set aside the periods of rest and while for many years, lives perhaps, a powerfully constituted organism may sustain itself upon comparatively little relaxation, still at some time or other even the gods must pass into cosmic or universal sleep.

Death is merely an expression of the return of bodies to sleep. Paul says we die daily and this is a spiritual truth for each

day we tear down the body cells and life forces which we are forced to expend in our manifestation and growth here. During the periods of cosmic sleep the universe rebuilds its shattered vehicles and when they return to life they start with a great impetus similar to the buoyancy we feel when we awaken from peaceful slumber. When we do not feel refreshed from sleep it is a certainty that the vehicles have not been relaxed and that through unwise eating or physical derangement the spiritual consciousness has not completely separated itself from its vehicle of expression. The withdrawal of the life from the form constitutes death, the temporary withdrawal without rupturing the connecting links between bodies is called sleep, and this is the period of physical regeneration for night is illuminated by the moon, the generator of bodies and the ruling principle of those vitalizing forces which rebuild the depleted tissue of vehicles under the direction of the elemental intelligences.

Brahma, the incarnated intelligence of the universe, is called the Grand Man and He is supposed to be endowed with the qualities of man in a grander and more perfect degree. The sleeping and waking, the birth and death, of Brahma, is correlated to the shorter periods of manifestation of man and the analogy is quite perfect. One of the greatest works that confronts the student is to accurately learn to understand the use and application of the powers of relaxation. The continued over-exertion of a body, a brain center, or an organ of consciousness will shorten the length of its life. It is true that all parts of man grow stronger with exercise but exercise must be balanced by rest for exercise tears down the walls of resistance and saps the stores of energy used to give expression to a body or organ. Therefore, a certain part of the time we must allow certain centers to rest and recuperate from our unbalanced use of them.

The child in school tires of arithmetic in an hour or so and then you transfer his attention to spelling or geography bringing into play an entirely different series of sense centers. This results in the relaxation of the tired organ during which time the mind

recuperates from the strain placed upon it and prepares for further active expression. The forty-three faculties of the human brain must all be given alternately exercise and rest, the result being a well balanced consciousness and an adaptable mind. The mental breakdown is the result of the abuse of a single faculty or trying to make an organ run both night and day, year in and year out, without rest.

There are two grand phases of force. One is that expression which pours into the reservoir to supply the needs of expression; the other is that which pours out of the reservoir in active manifestation. Nothing can come out of man that has not already gone in for he has not yet acquired the miraculous pitcher of the gods. He can go no further than the energy stored in the reservoir; he can be no stronger than the involutioned energies which he radiates. Therefore, the involution of power is absolutely necessary to the evolution of form. These two laws are intra-dependent one upon the other, for man cannot pour into his organism safely energy unless he expends a certain amount in his daily life. If he does not do this he runs over. On the other hand the amount within measures his capacity to draw forth. Man involutes the expressions of this force in his material and spiritual thoughts, actions and desires.

All life is an ebb and flow of energies. These energies pour into man from the planes of consciousness to which he has attuned himself through his own works and thoughts. They can produce no higher results than the plane of consciousness from whence they came and the quality of inflowing energy is limited by the vehicles of attraction which gather it from the cosmos.

The problem of the days and nights of Brahma is to man a divine allegory expressing as it does the requirements of his own life. Two forces govern man, solar and lunar; the solar govern the higher man, the lunar, the bodies. Each of these must alternately be given opportunity for self-expression in order that they may carry on their respective duties. So at night while the body is undisturbed by conscious mental or physical reaction, the reparatory powers

of nature take charge of the organism and prepare it to support and express the life within it during the following period of action. In the daytime the spiritual consciousness is ushered into its vehicle where its own growth is carried on at the expense of the lower bodies. The result is a divine balance of the periods of recuperation and destruction.

Wise and careful seekers after things spiritual have learned to recognize the vital importance of giving their bodies and centers of consciousness the proper amount of exercise and relaxation. All of man's bodies have a great similarity. Our minds and emotions are subject to the same general ailments before which the physical body must bow and all through nature the law of action and repose is a governing factor. Man in his haste fails to properly consider and study the law of periodicity, consequent-

ly he must pay the price in broken health and inefficiency. Those who would be like God in dynamic powers must develop their organism in accordance with His laws which are the individualized needs of His composite progression.

So through the ages the days and nights of Brahma go on. Worlds come in and worlds go out and in shorter periods of time man passes through similar conditions which to him seem very terrible but which in reality are his greatest blessings, for God does not die when his vehicles are asleep, He is functioning in other worlds in finer and more sensitive bodies, and it is only the exhausted appendage of consciousness that is dropped and its centers allowed to rest, while in higher and finer words the consciousness is making further plans for its unfoldment and final union with the form which now it is forced to vampirize in order to exist during the days of Brahma.

Note

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that we are preparing mimeograph notes of some of our lectures which may be secured by those desiring them on the same free-will offering basis that is used in all of our publications. The edition is limited but we will be glad to supply them while they last.

We have the following prepared for distribution at the present time:

Total Eclipse of the Sun and Effect Upon World Affairs.

This is an astrological analysis of the effect of the September eclipse upon the geographic, political, economical and weather conditions of the world.

The Sex Problem.

These are the notes of a lecture given in Los Angeles about the effects of the modern sex teachings upon the race.

The Einstein Theory of Relativity.

A simple analysis of this intricate problem, applying it to the practical problem of human relationship.

Talks for Teachers, Parts I, II and III.

These three separate lectures deal with three phases of the work of preparing pupils for the world ministry and the labors of the coming age.

The Masters, Parts I and II.

Two lectures dealing with the Masters of Wisdom and the work of preparing oneself to be become their conscious assistants.

Books for Occult Students.

A list of nearly two hundred books and authors valuable to the student of occult teachings, which should be read and studied by all aspiring candidates on the path of self unfoldment.

Occult Masonry

THE TRIANGLE ON THE MASON'S RING

(Continued from May Issue)

In the first issue of our magazine we started an article on the symbolism of the triangle, especially the flaming triangle as it is understood in the inner Masonic lodges and mystic centers of spiritual knowledge.

The three sides of the triangle represent of course the three outpourings of life and energy which are molding the threefold body of man. The triangle is composed of two substances and is shown in two ways. The upright triangle is white symbolizing the up-pointing spiritual tendencies of man, the turning God-ward of the three human expressions of thought, emotion and form; while the triangle with the point downward is symbolical of the three spiritual flames descending downward from the heavens to impregnate and vitalize man. These two with their points together form an hour-glass which is the ancient symbol of time well known to Masons.

There are two flames in the universe—the golden flame and the black flame. The golden fire belongs to heaven and the realms of truth and light, while the black flame belongs to oblivion the home of eternal darkness. The degenerate individual is symbolized by the black flame while the regenerated individual is typified by the golden up-pointing fire.

The Yod or Dot in the triangle represents God who is only known or cognized through the expression of the Triangle. He is the life within or behind the glass of manifestation and the unformed, unexpressed energy manifests through the three witnesses of air, fire and water-earth. God manifests only through His creations. When He wishes to send us a great truth needed for our development He expresses it through the triangle of spirit, mind and body. Spirituality is a child born of three parents: a clean body, a pure heart and a balanced mind. This child must be nurtured and cared for as any physical baby. From this guarding and care is born the soul which shines forth as a great aura of light and is symbolized by the glow which surrounds the Masonic triangle.

Of all the ancient and honored religious doctrines there are none as old as the worship

of the Flame. From the most ancient of times down to our modern days the Great Unknown, the spiritual power of the universe, has been loved, protected and revered by mankind and called the Eternal Flame. The ancients used as a symbol of this Flame the upright triangle—which preceeds the G. as the sacred symbol of Masonry. In Greek, God is Deus and the first letter, D., is made in the form of an upright triangle. This upright triangle signifies the awakening of God within man as a wonderful threefold flame which divides itself through the nourishing of the three bodies. It is the thirty-third degree symbol of the Masonic Order which, surrounded with its glowing flame, stands for the God-consciousness in man.

The flaming triangle is made of three absolutely equal angles and symbolizes the divine balance in the threefold constitution. The balancing of his three bodies and their uniting to express a single central power is the basis of the thirty-third degree of Freemasonry and is the end to which all Masons aspire.

The salt, sulphur and mercury of the ancients is a divine allegory used to conceal the secret of the philosopher's stone which is nothing more or less than the union of spirit, mind and body—the endless symbol of the human ultimate. The realization of this great truth is the beginning of true wisdom.

Thirty-third degree Masons are evolved not ordained and their ordination in the spiritual things is the result of having lived the mystic truths of the Masonic life. Without this no true spirituality is possible. When the God in man, the flaming center of the triangle, is capable of expressing itself through three perfect instruments, built by man and dedicated by the lower upon the altar of the divine, then can God find the perfect expression and the Mason himself becomes the flaming triangle surrounded by the glowing garments of his living soul.

The triangle is truly a wonderful symbol and as the Mason carries it upon the ring he wears let him realize that its eternal plea is for the balancing of the threefold constitution united in the expression of a single divinity. (The End)

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SCANDAL UNVEILED IN HEAVEN'S "400"

War On Children Waged

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT NOTICE

The Pearly Gates Drys had a convention here last week at the Skydome Auditorium. Mr. Ryan spoke announcing the fact that a large percent of the crime wave in heaven is due to the demoralizing effect of saloons where nectar and ambrosia is served, often to minor angels. A petition has been sent to the Pearly Gates City Council to enforce a prohibition measure, making it illegal to serve ambrosia which is over two per cent. The Drys believe this will be of great assistance in combatting the ever increasing evil of drunkenness among the people.

NEW PICTURE

GREAT SUCCESS

The Pearly Gates Motion Picture Syndicate has just finished work on a new five-reel earthquake picture. The original scenario is by Algernon Wheeze a man of many words and some of the scenes were supposed to be laid in Hell. But as Purgatory was closed for three days while the Devil was at the Sulphur Spring the photographers and cameramen with a small staff of specially picked actors went to the planet Earth where they found all the realism and location they were prevented from securing in Hell. His Satanic Majesty was invited to the pre-view at the studios last week. He threw up his hands in despair and threatened to abdicate feeling that he had failed to live up to his reputation as chief devil. Announcements have been made that Hell will probably be moved to Earth where conditions seem more appropriate. The picture is entitled "Ten Days in Pandemonium or Life on Earth" and is of an educational nature, starring Ananias in the role of a Wall Street broker. Further announcements later.

SCANDAL IN UPPER SET

Nehemiah is involved in a bigamy charge which has rocked heaven's Five Hundred to the very core. Mrs. Nehemiah No. One and his five children are receiving the consolation of a large number of friends since it was found that the prophet was keeping two households. Mrs. Nehemiah No. Two claims to be ignorant of the fact that the prophet was previously married. The case will be taken before the grand jury when it convenes next spring early in Pisces. Nehemiah is very miserable according to last reports.

RIOT AT CURB MARKET

Feathers flew at the Pearly Gates Stock Exchange yesterday morning when Negative Magnetic took a slump. Several well known Wall Street magnates got out just before the slump. A riot followed in which several angels were badly injured. Several small constellations were completely wiped out by the slump. War bonds were the only things that remained up to par. Sulphur also stayed fair.

KING SOLOMON

OPENS PENNY DANCE

Dancing has become quite a rage in heaven this spring among the younger angels and King Solomon has opened a municipal dance hall with a syncopated Jazz Band. Several new dances are very popular here but the Wingy-wabble and the Feather-flutter are undoubtedly the most popular. Barney-Google and Chicago are the song hits this season in heaven and may be heard by anyone passing the dance hall in the evenings. Prof. Snick gives dancing lessons every afternoon while Saturday afternoon is turned over to the children.

So many complaints have come to the Pearly Gates Childs Welfare Association that it has become necessary for a law to be passed prohibiting children from coming to heaven. Three small boys woke the Seven Sleepers last night, have tied tin cans to the tail of Canus Major, broken three windows in the sedan of Mr. Neptune, woke the Lord in the middle of the night siccing two cats together and landlords announce that every apartment house in heaven is closing its doors to children owing to the fact that not one moment's peace can be had by tenants while there are children in the place. This condition is becoming very serious, a board meeting yesterday afternoon which met to discuss municipal typhoon arrangements was forced to disband because of three children, one with an old automobile horn, another with a washboiler and a third with a tin whistle who chased around the building about four hundred times. One angel went into distractions and pulled all of the feathers out of his wings whereupon two others had to assist him home. The cause of the condition seems to be that these wild children, most of whom come from earth, have not been properly raised but are neglected and allowed to run loose consequently they become a nuisance to heaven, earth and hell. The patriarch Jeremiah called on a mother yesterday to ask damages for his tall silk hat which a young hopeful had knocked off of his head and stepped on. The mother became very indignant against the patriarch, claiming that she had a perfect child. Jeremiah is suing her for a hat.

SUBWAY LINE OPENED

A subway between Pearly Gates and Hell has just been opened making direct transportation between these two points possible. In the past it was necessary to use the shortline via Earth but this new improvement simplifies matters decidedly.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

SECOND EDITION

(First Edition exhausted in one week)

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

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

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

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.

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

The Master of the Blue Cape.

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

The Face of The Christ.

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

The Guardian of the Light.

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

The One Who Turned Back.

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

The Glory of the Lord.

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

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

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

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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.

