



The All-Seeing Eye



Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



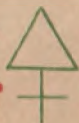
A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

Christmas Number 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD



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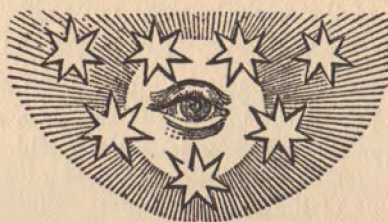
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., DECEMBER, 1923

No. 2



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

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

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|--|----|
| Special Notice to Our Readers..... | 2 | Roger Bacon's Essay on Alchemy..... | 17 |
| EDITORIALS | | Symbolism of Our New Cross..... | 20 |
| The Spirit of Christmas..... | 3 | Description of Last Month's Plate..... | 24 |
| The Second Coming of Christ..... | 7 | Law of Non-Attachment..... | 29 |
| A One Act Literary Tragedy..... | 8 | POEM | |
| OCCULT FICTION | | Song of the Soul..... | 34 |
| Brothers of the Shining Robe | | ORIENTAL ARTICLES | |
| (Cont'd) Chapter 6..... | 10 | The Kojiki | 36 |
| SHORT STORIES | | The White Elephant..... | 31 |
| Your God and My God..... | 13 | QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPART- | |
| The Dance of the Veils..... | 25 | MENT | |
| SPECIAL ARTICLES | | ASTROLOGY | |
| Living Problems Department..... | 12 | The Keywords of Libra..... | 39 |
| The Curse of Egypt's Dead..... | 16 | PEARLY GATES GAZETTE..... | 40 |

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

Dear Friends:

On the fourth of December next I am leaving Los Angeles for an extended trip directly around this old earth for the purpose of establishing contacts with the great religious centers of the earth, to make more simple the unification of the spiritual thought of the world by going to the very heart of each of the great world religions.

From time to time there will appear in the following issues of this magazine the results of this trip and whatever knowledge as to the spiritual, ethical and intellectual status of the respective religions is in the world. At Kyoto are the great Buddhist universities, the greatest and most advanced of Japanese institutions. At Peking we find the remnants of the ancient Chinese religions while Benares has always been the home of Brahmanism. The Hermetic mysteries are outpourings of the great pyramid initiations of Egypt while Constantinople is close to the heart of the Mohammedan world. For many centuries there has existed in the soul of man a great misunderstanding of the world religions. He has come to believe that his own revelation is the one true and only spiritual doctrine. This is not so. Buddha, Mohammed, Krishna, Orpheus, Hermes, Zoroaster, Odin, Confucius, Lao Tze and many others have illuminated the world with great truths but modern Western civilization has practically ignored these great workers.

The entire trip will cover about thirty-eight thousand miles of land and sea and from it I shall gain the material to complete work on two large books of symbolism which I am now preparing and also for an occult encyclopedia which is to follow shortly. I shall be in constant touch with the headquarters of my work and the magazines and publications will appear just as though I were at home all the time.

This trip is for scientific research and investigation and not a lecture tour, though I shall probably hold meetings in the Hawaiian Islands and in London so if you have friends in those parts it will be well for you to notify them.

Of course during the months when I am away in order to better fit myself to express these ancient philosophies, the work will be under tremendously heavy expenses with very little revenue so I am going to ask those of you who are interested in the maintenance of this work and who will be interested in the information which I will bring back with me to cooperate during my absence so that this slowly growing ideal shall not be crushed for want of personal supervision. The expenses of maintaining the work while I am away will probably amount to about seven hundred and fifty dollars a month. This amount divided among the total number of our students would not be felt by any but if it has to be shouldered by one or two it is more than can be done. It would be very disastrous to go away without each one of the student body and those interested in our work cooperating during my absence. None of us can do it alone but if all put their shoulders to the wheel the thing is realized and if you wish to be of the great possible service during the coming month, just sit down when you can and send us a little contribution to help pay the ever increasing bills. And if you will make it your business to sit down once a week or once a month and mail in that money which you would use to some purpose that would result in nothing permanent, you will not miss it very much and it will enable us to continue serving you more efficiently.

Please do not overlook this because during my absence the responsibility of the work divides itself among those interested and I do not want to come back and find the ship on the rocks when just a little thought on your part will keep it sailing upon the open sea.

If you will all cooperate to the best of your ability to distribute our literature and assist in whatsoever way you feel that you can I am sure all will go well until I return from my trip.

Very truly yours

MANLY P. HALL.

EDITORIALS

The Spirit of Christmas

THE bustle and confusion of our ever more self-centered lives is slowly killing out the beautiful spirit of Christmas. We see people fussing and stewing; we see them sinking back in their chairs at home, after a raid upon the bargain counter at the eleventh hour, with their hats over one eye and their corns singing in nine languages and three colors—muttering to themselves, "Thank God, Christmas only comes once a year!" Then that other group we know so well who send all their presents out late in order to see what the recipient sends them first and are broken hearted if the influx is not as great as the outpouring. In other words, there are only a few people in all the world who have really preserved the true spirit of Christmas and most of these are children who have not yet been caught up in the maelstrom of our commercial ethics. The spice of Christmas is indeed losing its savor and with its going will vanish one of man's greatest opportunities, which, like all that have gone before, he has abused and neglected.

The occultist must seek to build again in his own life the spirit of Christmas—beautiful in its simplicity, appealing in its sentiment and joyous in its ideals. Christmas whispers many things to the soul that thinks; it means more than merely the gift of one to another; it teaches in its mystic way the story of the divine gift which has been made by the spiritual powers of being to the worlds of men. As the child hangs up its stocking and finds it in the morning, filled with gifts and goodies, given in the name of old Santa Claus—that unknown person who is said to dwell at the North Pole—so all through life man has no greater opportunity than to give in the name of his God those things which the world needs. The spirit is Santa Claus, the Giver behind all

gifts, who dwells in the North Pole of man at the upper end of the spine, and it is from here that the Ancient of Days sends out His gifts to the body, sends out His thoughts and ideals and gives His life for the glorification of the world.

Man must learn to make his gifts in the name of the spirit, not in the name of the body, for within each of us is the divine altruist seeking to be heard above the ever crying voice of the human egotist. At Christmas the spirit of giving is said to rule the world for on that day God the Father gave His Beloved Son as His gift to the world and that Son is the spirit of life, of hope, and of truth that springs eternal in the human heart. To man has been given the work of expressing in the world of form this gift of the Father—not only upon Christmas day but upon all the days of the year for the child of God may be born in man at any time.

There is a terrible feeling that comes into the heart of a little child when the thoughtless parent or heartless playmate whispers to it that there is no Santa Claus. That is one of the heartbreaks of childhood—when that dream of the little old man with his rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes, his long white whiskers and his snug red suit, is dispelled in the mind of the child. From that time on all the world seems false. The parents seldom realize enough of the plan of being to understand that they have destroyed a reality and not an illusion and have supplanted the reality with the false. The smiling, benevolent Santa Claus, with his ponderous comfortable figure and bag of toys, who slips down through the chimney or in some miraculous way finds his way through half inch lead pipes, is one of the sweetest concepts that man has. Santa Claus is the spirit of the Divine Humanitarian. He is always jovial, is especially fond of little children, and always brings with him dolls and toys, the playthings of the mortal man.

This jovial creature—is he not the great Olympic Jove of the Romans and the Zeus of the Greeks, is he not the spirit of the Jupiter period, expressing itself through the brain of man? The workshop of Santa Claus is the brain of man wherein the spirit conceives of the good works that it may do, the thoughts, actions and desires that it may send forth into the world to cheer the hearts of children. Directly above the eyes at that point where the head starts to slope back to the crown we have the home of Santa Claus—the organs of humanitarianism and ideality. It is there that this beloved Spirit of Gift, the philanthropist of human consciousness, dwells, ever hoping, ever praying for greater opportunity to give to others.

The spirit of Santa Claus, under many other names, has been in the world since time began, being brought over from the infinite not-time of eternity. In the silence of the night Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing the gifts of life and light to man. When we go to sleep at night, tired with the labors of the day, broken down by the worries and sufferings of the world, depleted by our endless battle against the substances of crystallation, the spiritual consciousness is withdrawn and we open our body for the coming in of those little workmen who, under the direction of Jehovah, the Olympic Jove, rebuild our bodies for the day. In that way, every night, Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing us the strength, the courage, and the bodily health to carry on our endless battle. The vital forces that nourish the human body come down the sacred chimney as the manna that descended from heaven to feed the children of Isreal in the wilderness. The Supreme Designer of things is ever the spirit of the benefactor, bringing light and truth and love to His children in the world.

And so in honor of this greatest gift, the gift of life, and to prove that they realize this gift, the Christian world has set aside one day, the day which to them is the sacred of all time, the day when the Father made the supreme sacrifice and sent His only begotten Son, the spirit of love and truth, as the living bread which comes down from heaven. Man has sanctified this day and made it a time of gifts, for on this holy day man is to renew

his pact with the divine by making his gift to the children of men. Each one of us are gods in the making, each one of us carry the spark of the divine altruist within our soul, and on that day we are to whisper this truth to the world by sending gifts to all whom we know. And these gifts must not be merely things we buy or sell but must contain the divine essence of the Eternal Humanitarian who gives the best that he is and has to his children in the world. On that day we must give our light, which is the life of our brother men. "The gift without the giver is bare"—and in order to be true to ourselves at Yuletide we must give ourselves, our spirit, and our life with the gift that we buy. Listed below are some suggestions, some resolutions, for us to make to ourselves that we may be true to the spirit of Christmas and to the Eternal Giver who expresses Himself through the gifts of man to man.

When we realize the goodness of the universe and how Nature pours from her horn of plenty her gifts to man, how Nature's eldest children, the World Saviours and Initiates, have sacrificed their lives and hopes that man may be better, when we think of the tiny children of the elements, busy night and day to make life beautiful and clean, when we think of the Masters walking the earth, living symbols of self sacrifice and altruism, when we think of the spiritual rays of the universe pouring into us all the time our life and courage and hope, when our souls hear the music of the spheres as it thrills through our own heart and we understand better that all the universe cooperates together to serve us, to save us and give us opportunity for the fullest and greatest expression, let us realize that our duty is to be part of this great plan of salvation and send our strength, our light, our love, and our pledge that we too shall help to spread the light of life to the world of men.

At this moment let there be born in the soul of man the Christ, who is the hope of glory, that the salvation of man may come in this world of pain through that spiritual one before whom we bow like the wise men out of the East, offering our three bodies for the redemption of the world. Man may offer gold and jewels but they are not his; he may offer soft velvets and clinging silks but they are not

his; he may offer land and buildings but the rocks belong to nature and the building is of the power of God. Man eternally offers that which is not his, to which he is not tied by spiritual ties; he picks up handfuls of dirt and offers them to his God to whom they belonged before. The only thing that it is his to offer is his body and the vehicles of consciousness which he has built down through the ages; he may offer his mind that through it the thoughts of God may be known to man; he may offer his heart that the love of God may be sent as a benediction to shine as a star of hope upon a world in pain; he may offer his hand with its power to mold that he may blend the elements of matter into a more conscious glorification of the eternal plan; but other than these three he has no thing to offer. When the spirit in you is born, as on Christmas morn, you will live no longer for what the world may give you but your joy and your life will be in giving to the world. The children of men wait, like the baby on Christmas Eve, for Santa Claus to bring his present; a world, widowed in suffering, waits and hopes for the coming of the light. May there be born in your Bethlehem this day that Christ in you who shall be the light of the world, the strength to steps that falter, the courage to lives that are afraid and the hope of glory to the children of creation.

Let this Christmas be different from all the others in your life insomuch as your spirit is with your gift, for a broken crust with the spirit of God is better than a string of pearls that are sent in emptiness—the heart makes the gift rich and the spirit makes it sufficient. Let us this year resolve that we shall give for the joy of giving, our reward being a happy smile in the eyes of the one who receives the token of our realization of the spirit of Christmas. The reward of the Master is to see his disciple smile for in the laughter of children sounds out a wondrous song from which pour streams of life into the heart the servant and the Master is servant of his flock. Let us this Christmas creep into the darkness of some waiting life and leave our token of good cheer, without name or symbol to show our presence, but only in the name of Santa Claus, the archetype of the Spiritual Giver, who labors all alone through the year to make

the little wooden toys and dolls that bring joy to the heart of the child. And let next year be for us a year of labor that when again Yuletide comes around we shall have a great sleighful of toys, not perishable wood or little sawdust stuffed figures but great soul qualities built of thought and meditation which we may give to the world as truth and light just for the pure joy of giving.

Let us bury the hatchet of the past this Christmas and as one step in our realization of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God send our memory and good will to those who have done ill by us, the friend who has been untrue, and the one who has broken our hearts. To such ones let us send our token for while the flesh has been weak enough to break our bond of friendship still we are one in spirit. Let us give away this year that which we possess of love, truth and knowledge to a world long crying for our light, and let our first step be to make right the broken things in our own lives, the broken friendship, the broken pledge, the broken trust—let us this day forgive them all as we hope to be forgiven.

In all our giving let it be as in the beautiful story—the gifts of Santa Claus—not a gift of men to men, not just a gift that the giver may be known. Let us slip silently in and leave our blessing and if any should ask who the giver be let us answer—there is but One, the spirit of God in man, who comes in to our soul as a babe born amidst the beasts but who some day shall lighten our way and show us the beauty of giving and sharing. Christmas is not a time for creed or clan, for family or for friend, but is a moment when all the world is banded together to keep trust with One who is the Friend of all. If they would live like Him, let each of them be this day a friend of all and like the sun, God's great gift to man, let the shining rays of our soul light the souls of the just and unjust alike, for man's is the privilege to do and God's to judge the doing.

When we sit down to our Christmas dinner, surrounded with the good things of the earth, let us not forget that we have other bodies besides this form of clay. We feed this one many times but how seldom we feed

the other bodies which also grow hungry for nourishment and attention. At this Christmas dinner may we feed the heart with its finer sentiments that great love and understanding be born there. We feed the higher bodies by the things that we do in our lives which strengthen and harmonize with these bodies. During the year that is past each one of us have passed through many experiences which differ with the position each holds in the world of material affairs. Part of the work of Christmas is to build into the soul body the fruitage of these experiences that the higher man may be fed with the conscious acceptance of experience which is the only food the spirit is capable of digesting. Let us therefore take some part of this day and go away from the world and, sitting down quietly, review the last year of our lives, bringing to mind the good works we have done, the kindnesses we have shown, the mastery of over conditions which we have expressed, the harmony which we have radiated, and the services we have performed for others. Let us group all these together in our minds and spread them out before us on a spiritual table for these things are the food of the spirit; upon this it lives and grows, by means of this it expresses ever more completely the qualities which we would that it express. This is the Christmas dinner of the soul where there is built into this wonderful star body of light, that robe of blue and gold, the fruitage of experience. In this way we become greater and wiser in the permanent things, feeding not only the body but nourishing also the consciousness which is the molder and regulator of bodies.

Let us also make our New Year resolution of how we are going to conduct ourselves in the months to come; let us lay our plan to be strong where before we were weak, to grasp opportunities that before we overlooked, and to make our lives more useful every day, so that during the coming year in the workshop of Santa Claus we may prepare a greater and better harvest, more wonderful toys and beautiful gifts to shower upon the world when the spirit of Yuletide comes again.

There is nothing in all the world today more sad than man's inhumanity to man; where he should be kind he is cruel, where he should be sweet he is heartless, and in these things he betrays the spirit of love and truth who comes to take away the sin of the world. Let him be true this year to the spirit, that the Christmas bells shall ring again with sweeter tone. How different is the sound of the bell tongue with its ringing anthem from the tongue of man which slays its sharpness and destroys the plan with its cruelty. It is a servant of the emotions and not of the spirit.

And do not forget the Christmas tree, that sprig of evergreen which Santy brings with him. As this tree grows up through the snow and its bright green leaves never lose their color, so through mortal crystallization, through the chill of a heartless world, through the cold months of spiritual winter, the sprig of evergreen has ever been the whispering voice of immortality.

This year let Santa Claus, the divine altruist in our own soul, bring his toys and his gifts from the North Pole and scatter them into the world. Feel him knocking at the door of your own heart and see his smiling face inviting you to join him in the work of making people happy. He will tell you that his smile is the smile of those he has helped reflected from his own face, that he is happy and his cheeks are rosy because he is ever busy. Like the spiritual Jupiter, the humanitarian of the zodiac, he is ever seeking to make the way of life happier and more glorious. Get together with him this year and as occultists and students of spiritual things join him in making the world happy—slipping away again without ever letting anyone know who did it. Leave your blessings and be gone, give your present and leave unannounced, for the great give for the joy of giving and not in anticipation of reward; the true are rewarded enough in the realization that they are doing as the Master would have them. So we invite you this Christmas to become a Santa Claus—not a Santa Claus of make believe, but to feel in your own soul the spirit of the eternal Saint Nicholas who goes out to make the world happy.

The Second Coming of Christ

NOR many years one great question has been uppermost in minds of religious people—is this the day appointed in the Bible of the ancients for the second coming of the Christ? During the last few hundred years many have come to teach the way of light and today many have claimed, or it has been claimed of them, that they were the second coming of our Master. Dozens of creeds have sprung up, each claiming to represent Him; dozens of those who have seen light and have given it to mankind have been pointed to as His incarnation. Many theories there are as to His coming and many wonder if they would know Him when He does come. The world is looking for a World Saviour, a Great One who will bring it peace in sorrow, light in darkness, knowledge in ignorance. But, alas, few are preparing the way for such a One and His reception would indeed be a cold one if He came to the world today.

There is no doubt that the creedal theologians prohibit the coming of a World Teacher for they divide against each other and tear down their brothers' ideals and would fill His coming with wranglings and dissensions which would defile His very presence when He came. Europe is in turmoil, Asia is in revolt, America is asleep with her money-bags, and at this time there is no room for a Great One. All claim to want Him but they would deny Him if He came nor would they know Him if He presented Himself.

Now the questions arise, where will He come, what will He do? That is indeed a problem that needs deepest consideration. We point East, West, South and North—all need him. But all need something different; some need bread, others clothes, some need food for the intellect, and some for the soul. What will the answer be?

Theology has drawn a wonderful picture of all the people of earth bowing before a single throne—an idyllic picture but a useless one while creeds and languages, ideals and hopes are as diverse as they are today. Christians are but a wee drop in the bucket

of religion and their work in the last few ages has not entitled them to very great consideration. Wherever they are suffering is with them, wherever they go they murder, and whatever they do is with the spirit of selfishness. Their God and their lives are different things—surely never in this way can they convince the world at large of the superiority of their doctrines.

If we are to have one Teacher to bring us light we must first learn to live together peaceably that we may remain side by side in His presence without destroying each other, without superiority, and without hypocrisy. The world is raising its eyes unto the heavens praying for help, but it is today still crucifying the ones who bring it help; it prays for light, then slays the bearer. In the infinite history of being man is just about four seconds old and that is very young. He pulls hairs for his toys and fights for the front seat in everything he does.

A Teacher is needed but he must also be desired and his altar must be built among men, otherwise he can do no good. At the present time there are many noble works in the world that are failing because they believe they are superior. But there will be a time when the one and only truth will not be taught as it is today for East and West shall unite, North and South shall come together to teach the only and one Truth.

In looking over the messengers of God among men today and find only egotists. They do great good and then ruin it all by claiming their superiority. Each creed is the appointed one, each messenger is the appointed one, and all the rest are less. It must bring tears to the eyes of the gods to see the foolishness of man. If ever there comes into the world a doctrine which claims to be the least and tells of the immortality of the others, such a one will flavor of divinity. But now—Smith and Brown and Jones are all appointed ones, each a little greater than the other until all three are highest. Each condescends to be kind and pity the other in order to show his Christian spirit, but all stand forth as self-ordained egotists whose

usefulness is entirely destroyed by the strings of omnipotence with which they have tied up their truth.

Those who know, wait and pray, as they have waited and prayed through the millions of years that have passed, for One who is the least among men, who comes without words and who appears not within the bonds of creed; they seek their Teacher among the hills and in the valleys, among the stones and among the stars; they wait, hoping that he shall soon come to redeem his suffering people and bring joy to broken hearts. All wait for the sending of the Anointed Son who is to lead His children from the darkness of ignorance and into the promised land.

Hasten the day of His coming by living as though He were already here. He is a spirit, not a creature of this world; He is an essence, not a man; and He christens His anointed and sends them forth unto the souls of men. There shall be Christs in many lands for His spirit is legion—East, West, South and North shall feel His presence. Out of the worlds of men there come those to redeem men and upon their head is the oil of the Christ and in their hearts are His commandments, for He comes again in the hearts of His children

where He has forever rested awaiting the day of resurrection. Wait not for one who comes in clouds with the chant of cherubim but rather hail one who comes enthroned in the souls of men; hail the Redeemer in the brother's heart and know that from there he goes forth to save His people. He speaks with the voice of the martyr, He gleams out through the meditation of the monk; His sweeping sword shall prepare the way for better things for He cometh not with peace but with a sword.

When the Christ in the heart of every one of us has stirred and whispered to the Christ in the heart of our brother then the day of His coming shall be near and He shall Himself come into a world prepared for Him by His appointed messengers. Worlds are falling, nations are overwhelmed, peoples are torn with strife and discord, and all pray for rest, pray for the touch of the Lord Maitraya's hand to bring peace to the soul. They do not know that that hand is in the hand of their brother, they do not know that that voice speaks with the lips of men. If they knew they would understand that He has come and that the way is being prepared for a new day or righteousness and peace.

A One Act Literary Tragedy

LET me relate to you a little story of one on our land who was inspired of his God to write a book in which he was to set forth some of the great mysteries of creation. In some insidious way it was discovered that such was his fell intent. So we open our little drama, a one act literary tragedy, in the attic where our budding author is buried in his rounds and periods. Already the manuscripts are heaped about him and strange, wierd volumes, their pages embossed with symbol and design, are laying open around him. A second-hand, broken down typewriter is pounding its very life away while the room resembles more than anything else an auction sale at Slothby's. His mind is somewhere in the heart of the Himalayas

trying to wrest from the innermost soul of his being some mighty truth to give the world, when a knock sounds upon his door.

He comes back to this mortal life with a shock and the budding idea leaves his mind forever, whereupon the world has lost a great thought—all for no other reason than that someone insists upon knocking at the door. Let us analyze the knock.

* * *

The knocker was animated by the vital principle of Mrs. Desdemona Chatterjaw who, without waiting for an invitation, walked in and sat down.

"Are you Wilbermore Scribbly, young man?" asked Desdemona, adjusting her spectacles and gazing long and earnestly at the

face of the author, said countenance haggard by his momentous undertaking. "I understand you are writing a book. Now before you write it, I must tell you some experiences I have had—you know I write books too—here's my first and greatest masterpiece 'Hoofmarks on the Sands of Time.' It is just filled with material I know you will need for your book—you know I was inspired when I wrote it. I was in the hospital recovering from the effects of an operation—oh no—no—no—I was there that time because my husband threw a paperweight at me. It is those little things which broaden the soul don't you know." And Mrs. Chatterjaw looked down with benign condescension upon our poor author who was in the last stages of passing out.

"I think you are very foolish, young man, to write a book like that. You are not sufficiently equipped for the work, your knowledge is not great enough—that is the reason why I have come to you. You know I have three masters. Here is the drawing of the spirit of an oyster that I received automatically. I know you will want this as the frontispiece of your new book—but if I were you I wouldn't write that book at all because I have already covered the ground in mine—oh yes, I am a teacher too—I have lived in India—yes I have been up in the Himalayas too. If you only had the experience that I have had young man you would be able to do great things in this world! I would have also but you know I have such poor health—I believe I'm going to have to have another operation—but I just knew that I had to come here—I was directed by one of my masters. You know I have one of the most unusual cults in the world. We have founded the New Jerusalem. If you will come there you will be saved because all the rest of the world is going to sink—I saw it in a vision years ago!"

Poor Scribbly grew weaker as the moments passed. He had not yet been able to get a word in edgewise but when Mrs. Chatterjaw stopped long enough to inhale, he broke in:

"Excuse me, madam, but at the present time I am fully able to take care of my own affairs. I have felt inspired to write a book and, God willing, and my brother man permitting, I shall achieve the acme of my desire. In this particular part I am dealing

with silence and meditation and I would deem it great consideration on your part if you will kindly allow me to continue this humble effort according to my own light. I am afraid that your master has misinformed you as to my crying needs for I assure you the only thing I request from humanity is that they will leave me in primeval silence and dissipate themselves to the four corners of creation."

Mrs. Chatterjaw leaned back beaming.

"Why, my dear Mr. Scribbly, you express my sentiments entirely!! You know I just hate people who make themselves nuisances and I can't bear those people who talk when I am busy. I knew that we would come to a wonderful understanding!—Now let me read to you from the fourth chapter of my book, thirteenth verse—it has a wonderful article on meditation in it. I know it is good—I wrote it myself!" And Mrs. Desdemona opened her book and adjusted her spectacles.

Mr. Scribbly was on the verge of that state of consciousness that editor's pass through when they drink the ink as Mrs. Chatterjaw started reading:

"Oh enchanted ethereal vistas! how I long to be amongst thy voluptuous enchantments!" —Oh, isn't that beautiful, Mr. Scribbly?—my master gave that to me!" And Mrs. Chatterjaw clasped her hands and gazed at the ceiling.

"Humph!" grunted Scribbly in a tone like the Dying Gaul. "It's very nice Mrs. Chatterjaw."

"Oh, I knew you'd love it, Mr. Scribbly! I'm going to read you some more. You know I got this one night while I was washing the dishes—I think it is one of the most beautiful things that I have ever read."

"Excuse me, please," said our fastly decomposing author, "but I am in financial embarrassment. I have paid thirty dollars a month for the use of this room and, while I love social calls, I must remind you that I cannot extract a living from them. As I must get this book finished before the rent comes Chatterjaw—I must bid you good afternoon."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, I mustn't detain you," answered Desdemona sitting back in perfect ease, "but before I go I must tell you one experience that I had on the astral plane. I

(Continued on Page 38)

Brothers of The Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER SIX

The Plan of the Masters of Wisdom

The adept unrolled the sealed documents with care and reverence and laid out upon the table a great scroll written in strange hieroglyphic ciphers. This he read slowly to those present:

"It has been decided that drastic steps must be taken to avert the stream of perversion that at the present time is the result of a premature unveiling of occult wisdom. This knowledge has fallen into the hands of unscrupulous persons who are using the secret laws of nature to the overthrow of civilization. In order to combat this ever increasing menace a systematic plan is being formed to strike at the heart of each of these perverted rays. To you is given the work, with those four who are appointed under you as your Chelas, of attacking the destructive effects of cultism at the present time, both in Europe and in America. Another group has charge of the political reformation, another of the sociological reform, and still another of the economic problem. Within the next few years a concentrated drive will be launched by the Elder Brothers through their Chelas and lay Chelas for the preparation of the birth of a new race. To this work you are appointed. It is to unveil the false doctrines and religious viewpoints that are at the present time contaminating the ancient wisdom."

The Master laid down the scroll and looked searchingly at the three who were with him.

"Yes," he answered to our unspoken questions, "we shall start at once. You brother, will remain in Europe, you sister will go to America. You," and he pointed to me, "will remain for the present with me in London while I prepare a concentrated plan of attack. Now let us briefly go over the work which is in hand.

"First, you will all know from your studies that religion is the first and last science, that all arts, sciences, trades and professions have issued from the Temple and must some time again become deified in the Temple. They are all expressions of the multi-personal

power of the Logos. The development of the people rests to no small degree upon its spiritual ethics, and you know as I know that modern religion is rotten to the core. It preaches only death to the living and hell to the dead and has lost entirely its contact with the ancient wisdom—an empty shell floating like an astral spectre with glazed eyes and unthinking brain. Our work is to revivify the dead. Each one of us must in the name of life obsess this spectre and give it life with our life, strength with our strength, and truth with our truth.

"To supply the aching void in the human soul there have sprung up cults and isms one after another, based upon foolishness, served by fools, conceived by fools, but buried by wiser men. These too we must work with for they are the outpourings of ignorance, speculation and scepticism. In this work alone—that of awakening the dead ideals in the human soul—is a labor worthy of gods. We must have a great concentration of effort and a great ordination of spirit to strengthen us in this task which we must accomplish with the diplomacy of demi-gods if we would save the plan of creation. Man must be brought back again to the ancient wisdom and reveal to the world the path of the seven lights. To this work the Manu has appointed us, in accordance with the plan of being, and to give us these instructions the Great Brother came to-night.

"Now brethren, let us be faithful unto our work, true unto our instructions, honest unto ourselves. You in Europe must attack the black magic which is gnawing at the heart of our religious system; you in America must strike at the heart of prosperity-crazed ethics, commercialized religion and those cults and creeds that have sprung up to satisfy the lowest by the vehicle of the highest. It is a thankless work—those whom you serve will attack you, those whom you labor for will condemn, but in the infinite path of things you shall be listed with the redeemers of the ages."

He turned to me:

"You will continue to follow the instructions which I give you from time to time for

the work that you have started in London has already been a great success and you had best continue until further information shall warn you otherwise. Next week you shall receive certain person who will come to you concerning special instructions as to the treatment of a king the weighty affairs of state.

"In the meantime—a king is dying—and for the purpose of saving a nation I shall hover over him, and if it be necessary I shall myself take the body that he drops. Kings are sometimes powerless—other times, have power—but I will tell you more concerning this a little later. The thread of life has not yet been broken but unless he turns from this hopeless pursuit that he is following, the Elder Brothers will destroy him.

"Now three things I warn you of. First, the school that attacked our brother tonight has its branches all over the earth and will injure you at every turn. Our special work is to crush them but they will not die without a struggle. Secondly, make a confidant of no one for what the world does not know it respects. Your power lies in silence. Third, eat and drink nothing that I tell you not of for if you do you will fail.

"Now, there is much to be done for His Majesty the king is low and I must travel half way across Europe in order to be at his bedside. You have your instructions—here is a sealed letter for each of you which you are to open when you have left this place."

This tireless man stood and we rose with him. He pointed to the door and one after the other we filed out, the Master bringing up the rear. He closed the door softly and it vanished into space as we descended a rickety pair of stairs. Reaching the outer steps of the house the Master saluted us and then dissolved into mist. I turned to the other two who were with me then gave a start—they also had vanished. I looked at the house I had just come out of and then stepped back in amazement—I was looking into the door of a highly lighted cafe. I looked on each side but no such house as I had been in could be found for I was standing on one of London's busiest thoroughfares. I put my hands into my pockets to find the address but the paper was gone and in some unaccountable way I had forgotten the number. I then realized that

the house of Spiritus Scantus was well guarded, not by soldiers and sentinels but the mystic power of forgotten things.

Calling a cab, I rode slowly past the brightly lighted buildings, headed for my own apartment. Suddenly I held up my hand and the cabby stopped by a brilliantly lighted club with two crouching lions upon the steps. A figure had attracted my attention—that of a tall slender man in high silk hat and evening cape—standing upon the steps conversing with a much shorter person. I called out to the cabby.

"Do you know who that man is?"

He looked for a second. "No sir," he answered, "but I have seen him many a time and have driven him to the House of Lords when it was in session."

I sat back and thought. I could not be mistaken—it was that of the Great One who had come to the meeting in the little room. As I watched he turned away, descended the steps and entered an automobile. A devilish curiosity prompted me.

"Follow that car!" I instructed the cab driver.

"Yes sir," he answered, and with a snort and a puff the cab started off. We wound in and out through the traffic, always about a hundred feet behind the great black automobile, which spun out of the city towards the Waterloo station, and continued to curve in and out among the streets in a spiral, zigzag motion. As I sat with my eyes fixed upon it, following its every movement, a hand tapped me lightly on the shoulder. I jumped straight up about two feet and my tall silk hat went flat against the cab top. I turned nervously and there beside me on the back seat of the cab sat the gentleman in the evening cape whose car in front I had been following so earnestly.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" he asked, a smile playing around the corners of his mouth. It was the first time I had realized that the Masters of Wisdom might have a sense of humor, but I felt decidedly that the joke was on me.

"I—er—that is—I mean—"

"Yes, yes," beamed my companion, "your curiosity is quite pardonable. But do you not think a trifle unwise? A little too con-

spicuous possibly for the good of all concerned?" He fingered the knob of the gold headed cane that he carried. "Well, my good friend, I wish you a very good evening. If you are as arduous in your labors as you are persistent in your curiosity you will do well indeed. You notice my automobile? If you have not, look closely."

I turned my eyes to the car and as I did so it came to a stop about a hundred feet ahead. The door opened and from it stepped the gentleman with the tall silk hat who turned and waved his cane to me. I looked again to the seat beside me but of course it was empty. For some reason I was no longer curious and made no attempt to even note the address where he stopped.

With my squashed high hat on my ear, a very sickly feeling in the pit of my stomach and with an innate feeling that I had made a fool of myself, I told the cabby to turn around

and not to stop until he reached my apartment and then sat back and closed my eyes to make sure that I didn't see anything else to awaken my curiosity.

"Two pounds, ten shillings worth of hat," I muttered to myself forlornly, "and under it the brains of a jackass." At the same instant a peculiar feeling came over me as if something was drawing me upward. In a second it was over but I felt strangely dizzy and, reaching up, took off my hat to fan my face. I looked at it in amazement—the crown had risen.

And this was my first experience of the humor of those who are supposed to be excessively stoic individuals. After thinking it over I came to the conclusion that I was glad that it had happened because as the hat crown came up I seemed to hear a soft laugh—and with the knowledge that I afterwards had I realized that the jester seldom smiled.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

JUST A WORD IN PASSING

Prof. Steinmetz, one of the greatest minds of our age, who fought the battle of physical deformity and fighting against tremendous odds rose to a place of honor among his fellow men, has been released from a body which was always a living tomb to a broader and greater field of activity. With his death another great man is found and those who would say nothing good of him, who never while he was alive extended a hand to help him now speak of him as that great man. Why must our brothers die before we recognize their genius? Now Professor Steinmetz has gone but his life might have been made sweeter and gladdened if a few of the words of praise that we now bestow upon him had been given him while he was alive. His battle against opposing thought was nobly fought and none know what courage might have come to his soul if someone had held out the hand of friendship to clasp his. But that hand which never extended during life now

places a wreath upon his grave. Let us learn to honor our great men and women while they live instead of sainting them when they are gone.

SPEAKING OF AUTO SUGGESTION

For those of you who are not acquainted with the fact, autosuggestion is a form of mental auto intoxication used to convince yourself that you are what you are not and have gotten over that which you know you have. The war cry is, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." But this form is too long for Americans while just suitable for the more voluble French, so in America the Coue string has been changed to, "Oh hell, I'm well!"

We can say most anything we want to but while we live as we do, think as we do, eat and sleep in the way that we do and abuse ourselves according to fashion there is nothing upon the face of the earth that will cure us of anything.

Your God and My God

IT was one of those little East side streets that we always find in large cities, where the rays of the sun seldom strike, where battered stone fronts and delapidated bricks overhang streets, narrow and gloomy, and many ragged little children play on the curbstones or sail paper boats in the gutters. The bustle and confusion which marks the lower side of the life of a great city filled the air, here and there an old brick tenement rose gloomily from the surrounding shacks and the alleys were crossed and crisscrossed with clothes-lines upon which strange colored garments fluttered in the air. The day had been cloudy and the clothes had not dried well but hung in the same delapidated, drizzled way that the shoulders hung on those characters who slouched along the streets. The only joy seemed to be the laughter of the children and they laughed because they were too young to cry. It was a place of sunken cheeks, hollowed eyes and furrowed brows—a land where despair dwells and where the wolf of need is ever howling at the door.

In the midst of this sordid neighborhood with its lifelessness and gloom, jammed in between a gloomy tenement and a sweat shop where a toiling humanity sold youth and life for the price of bread, stood a little one-story shack, broken in front and battered by age. Everyone knew this building, the little Buddhist church that had found its way into a land of many flags to minister to the needs of the children of India and Japan. It did not appear like the churches that we have, with rising spires and silvered belfry, but was just a little hole in the wall for it was a stranger in a strange land and the Lord of the Lotus meant little to those hungry ones who would gladly sell their souls for a crust of bread.

From across the blue Pacific and over many miles of dingy railroads there had come one from the East, bringing with him the faith of the East and the childish simplicity of the East—that indescribable something which fascinates the traveller who wanders 'mid Oriental climes. A few lonely ones in this great city had called him from the bright

sunshine and green-clad mountains of India, had called him to minister to their needs, so he had come out of his temple with its chanting priests, wreaths of purple incense and majesty sublime, and, as the least of the disciples of a Lowly One, came to bring the light of Asia to his people in America.

A quaint character was the little Buddhist priest. In spite of his strange gods, many of the people in that little tenement world had learned to welcome his smile and his quaint broken English. He was just a little man, with big black eyes and kindly face, and, though the years weighed upon him, when you gazed at him you felt you were looking at a child. There was no guile in his look, no deceit in his smile, no airs about his manner, but there was something infinitely human, deeply touching, yes pathetic, in his brave battle against religions that opposed him.

The Buddhists loved him and came many miles around to his little church in the gloom of the tenement walls. They would go into the door in reverence but once through the portal they lived in another world for strange Oriental hangings covered the walls and the subtle odor of burning sandalwood and musk lent an Oriental atmosphere to the whole. There in a little niche of beaver board, upon which loving hands had traced the flowers of Buddha, was a little shrine in which sat their Lord and God, their minister of light, their consoler in sorrow, their hope of redemption, their voice before the Almighty—Lord Gautama, the Great Buddha. And here they came and brought their offerings, here they came to pray and sing their mantrams, here they came in sorrow and in joy, young and old—far from the gods of their birth they found solace in this little temple.

One day when the little Buddhist priest was out on the street he saw a child playing in the gutter, playing with a little form of crockery or marble. He leaned over and there gazing up at him from the mud was a sad pathetic face, carved and painted in some cheap but effective substance. The Buddhist priest gazed upon it for some minutes, then as the child ran away, leaned over and picked

it from the slime. Something within his soul seemed to stir for in that face was a haunting look that drew him irresistibly. He gazed upon it for several moments. It was just a little face broken off at the neck, that of a man with long brown hair hanging in ringlets, now grayed with the mire. Upon the head of the figure rested a wreath of thorns and thin streams of blood were trickling down the agonized countenance which was turned with a strange pathetic look, going right into the heart of the priest. Holding the broken face in his hands, the priest of another God walked down the street and stopped at the door of a house wherein dwelt Mrs. O'Flaherty, a kind-hearted old Irishwoman who used to smile to him each morning as he went by. Mrs. O'Flaherty often said to her better half, "Faith and begorra, that little hathen is one of the sweetest infidils I ever met. It's me mesilf that's sorry that he dinna belave in our God for I'd like to see him go to heaven."

Mrs. O'Flaherty was on the front step, waiting for the huckster, when the little Buddhist came by. Taking off his hat politely, he held out the little image and asked the broad, smiling Irishwoman who and what it was. Mrs. O'Flaherty looked for a second and then crossed herself with reverence.

"Faith, good sir, but that's the Son of the Blessed Virgin hersilf."

"Is that the One whom you call Jesus?" asked the Buddhist.

"Shure, and that it is!"

"It is a beautiful face," answered the priest, gazing in rapture at the little form. "He was a great man. Far off in my land we have heard of him and they say that he knew our Buddha and that he still wanders over the mountains hand in hand with him."

"Faith and I know nothin' of that! But I don't think he's hanging around with any hathen," answered Mrs. O'Flaherty, leaning on her broomstick and wiping her face on the edge of her gingham apron. "Sure and if it gets much hotter I'm going to move up on the roof again like I did last July."

"Will you tell me about your Master?" asked the Buddhist priest, still holding the little god in his hand, "I would know of him, for my soul tells me he too was a mighty Buddha."

"Shure! Sit down right here on the step and I'll tell yer about him till the dago comes with me potatoes, then Mikey's comin' home from the dump-yard and I'll have to be gettin' him some dinner."

Motherly old Mrs. O'Flaherty cast anchor, plunked herself down on the upper step, while the little Buddhist sat on the step below still gazing at the little broken image. Then Mrs. O'Flaherty in her homely way gave her story of the Master's life.

The potatoes never came and for two hours they talked there. A great light came into the eyes of the Buddhist priest and something touched Mrs. O'Flaherty also for the child-like peace and simplicity of the Hindoo stirred her very soul. At last Mrs. O'Flaherty had to go and the little Buddhist, clasping the broken face to his heart, crept quietly down the street, shaded by the falling night, to his little hole in the tenement wall where his people came to pray.

* * *

One night in December as I was passing by the little Buddhist church I stopped for a moment in amazement. A door was hanging by one hinge and its panels had been broken in with an axe, the windows were shattered and the broken sashes were banging dismally in the evening air. There was a thin flurry of snow that day, the sidewalks were slippery and the hurrying passersby did not stop to look in at the windows. All seemed dark inside and I wondered what had happened to the little Buddhist church.

As I stood undecided whether to go on or to push aside the broken door and enter, a sound broke the silence. It was a broken sob—just one heart-breaking wail so low as scarcely to be heard but which seemed to strike the very heart strings. Quickly pushing aside the broken door, I entered the little church. Everything inside was in disorder, the drapings placed with so much love were torn away, the little beaver board altar with the lotus blossoms traced upon it had been kicked to pieces, the little shrine was overturned and on the floor in front of it lay the shattered body of Lord Buddha, his gilded form crashed in by the blow of an axe. One little taper alone was burning and cast its shadow over the scene of dissolution. On the

floor, at the foot of the broken shrine and the shattered bits of the gilded statue, lay the Buddhist priest. From a wound upon his forehead blood dropped upon the broken statue.

"What is the matter?" I cried, "how did this happen?" And kneeling down I raised the limp body of the priest. He looked at me for a moment and then the tears broke out afresh. In the Western world men do not cry but in the Eastern world it is different. I knew that it was not pain that brought the tears, but an ache in the soul.

"Tell me what has happened?" I asked in sympathy. And in broken bits I got the story—a story that is often told in the Western world though mayhaps not in just the same words.

"Oh, how hard I have tried to carry into your beautiful land the light of our God! He is a god of love and light—if you could only learn of my god you would not slay your brothers—had you the love of my god this wrecked shrine would not lie here today. I came from far off India, a stranger in a strange land, to bring the blessing of my priest who sent me out to minister unto my people here—here in this land where people think only of themselves. This was my little shrine where I used to come at night and here I have ever found love and light in the gaze of my Buddha. In the stillness I could hear his soft voice whispering courage to me in my labors. I have never injured anyone, nor have I ever sought to lead your people from their gods—I have just come to keep my own. Far across the sea they told me that this was a free land where people could believe in whom they would and pray unto whatsoever God they would—I came—and for five years I have labored among my people here. I have tried to serve them in love and patience.

"Last night when all was still I came and knelt before my Buddha—before your God and my God—and as I sat here dreaming of the days when my Lord walked on earth and of the time when His blessing should be upon me, a harsh voice suddenly broke my meditation. 'Open the door!' it said. I rose and opened the door and several white men stood there. One said to me, 'Get out of the way, you dirty heathen!' Another said, 'We

will have no more devil worshippers in our district!' A third said, 'To hell with those who worship wood and stone!' Then they came into my beautiful temple and broke the furniture, tore down the drapings—and one of them took a great axe and aimed a blow at my poor Buddha—my Buddha whom I brought with me from the caves of Gunga far up in the snow! My Buddha was made when the great Lord himself walked the earth and for over two thousand years has inspired and guided my people—I could not stand it!—I rushed between my Buddha and the blow—then all grew black. How long I have been here I do not know but it must have been many hours. When I came to this is what I saw—Is this what your God has taught you? Is this the one to whom you pray that he should kill the faith of other men?—But it is nearly done with me—I can not battle with your world. Already I can see my home, I can see in these wrecked walls the snow-capped peaks of my mountains. For many years I have served my God in spirit and in truth and now I am going to him—I am going into Nirvana, into the home of Buddha. But before I go—say unto the world that I will go to my Buddha and I will pray to Him for those who broke his shrine—I will pray unto my God for his love and his compassion."

The heart-broken little priest raised himself for a moment and his hands closed over the broken statue of his Buddha. He turned the body around and there in the back was a hollow such as is often found in Eastern gods wherein they put their treasured trinkets or their books of mantrams. The blow of the axe had fallen deeply and had cut the body of the god in two and as he held it there fell from the broken opening two pieces of crockery. Picking them up and joining them together I found that they formed the face of Jesus.

"How came they here?" I asked.

The Buddhist answered softly, "Many months ago I found that little face in the street where children were playing with it in the gutter. Its sad look made me sad and I brought it home and put it in the heart of my Buddha that the heart of my God might make your God glad."

He looked down on the pieces.

(Continued on Page 28)

The Curse of Egypt's Dead

LET us roll back the scroll of time to the day when rows of massive tombs, columns of sphinxes, and mighty temples lifted their crested domes in the Valley of the Kings, when a civilization now lost and gone ruled the world with the feather of Atlantean law. Man little realizes the power of these dead peoples, nor does he accept their occult art, but every little while he is faced with indisputable evidence of the reality of the unknown.

Let us enter one of these tombs. A great Pharaoh is being laid to rest, surrounded by the sceptres of his state, his body embalmed and preserved with spices and rich oils, and wrapped in the winding sheets of linen. With the golden mask of his state he lies within the many mummy cases, carved and painted with glorious colors by the artists and artisans of a lost world. There also are the mourners, howling and wailing and beating their breasts; there are the councillors with their robes and serpent staffs; there too is the priest of Isis, with the mighty sceptre of his state, the great hierophant of the Egyptian mysteries, who wields power of life and death. Torches light the scene, sending flickering glows among the shadows to reflect strange lights from the golden ornaments.

On a couch carved in the shape of a lion lies the body of Egypt's dead. Beneath it are many vessels and jars containing the separately embalmed vital organs of the Pharaoh. With him is buried the ritual of the dead, the papyrus of the doom and the wondrous rites by which the deceased may pass over the mountains of eternity, cross the river of death, bow before the throne of Osiris, god of the underworld, and finally pass on to glory in the Elysian fields. The walls of the tomb are carved with the faces of the gods and the judges of Egypt's dead gaze down in majestic splendor. The eye of Horus gaze unblinkingly upon the scene and Khepara Scarabus spreads its mighty wings as a symbol of the resurrection.

For a second silence descended upon the scene and the priest spoke the death ritual of

the king. Then raising his staff and pounding it upon the floor, the priest muttered these words:

"Oh, Spirits of the Shadowland! Sons of Set! Children of Typhoon, Intestine-born! guard thou this tomb. Hear these my words which I speak of Osiris and of Isis. May the Ka of this dead pass on to resurrection but guard thou this body. The curse of the gods be upon he who shall touch it, he who shall break the sacred resting place! The curse of death be upon him who shall disturb its peace or defile its sanctity! Woe unto him who has not reverence in the presence of the dead, who touches one stone, one jewel, who breaths upon the face of the dead—let him rot as the dead rots. Let him rot from the inside outward, let him become a living corpse, for his audacity. It is said in the law that the dead shall rest in peace, and that this may be fulfilled I set the four sons of the demons upon this tomb to guard it through all eternity. One I place upon the north corner, one I place upon the south corner, one I place upon the east corner, one I place upon the west corner; then above and below, around and about, I encompass it with the curse of the gods and woe unto him who shall enter this living ring which I have placed! For upon him shall descend the curse of Ammon Ra, the curse of Osiris the protector of the dead, the curse of Isis the Mother of heaven, the curse of Nepthus the Mother of hell, the curse of Typhoon the Crocodile, the curse of Set the god of the dead, the curse of the seventy-two thousand Gatemen be upon him—may his bones wither, and his eyes fall out, that he shall die of the agony of decay. May the hand that touches this tomb wither, the eye that gazes upon it become blind, the heart that dares to enter become cold and the mind that dares conceive it become a blank. This is the curse of the Ring of Death for it is said—disturb not the shade!"

The priest brought down his staff upon the floor. And so it was done—the laying of the curse of Egypt's dead—a curse which will not be forgotten nor shall it pass unknown. Slowly one by one the figures filed away and the

light of the torches vanished in the distant corridors. The mummy lay upon its couch of lions, while at the corners sat four dim, misty figures, their hands upon their knees and their eyes turned upon the heart of the dead. They were the Silent Watchers set to guard the body of the righteous dead. In the air floated strange creatures, twining strain after strain of fine thread around the body of the Pharaoh, the soft beating of their wings unheard by mortal man.

There in the days of Egypt's glory that tomb was sealed, that graved was sanctified, that spot was hallowed. The rust of ages and the passing tide has laid low the arches of the ancients, the avenues of sphinxes are covered with dust, the papyrus columns are broken and overturned, and here and there a mound of broken rocks alone marks the resting place of Egypt's dead; but through all those ages time has had no power and the dead of Egypt still lie in state upon their couches of lions, still surrounded by their jewels and ornaments, still surrounded by the demons.

Man dares anything. And who shall say whether it be right or wrong that he should dare? That is the problem of his soul. But let him who dares be prepared to face the folly of his daring nor feel offended if the

price of his folly is heavy. Today into the Empire of the Nile pour the scientists of many lands, seeking to establish the records of the past by robbing the graves of Egypt's dead. If they can succeed—let them proceed, it is their will and their life. But let them go prepared to face the curse for in all these ages the demons have not moved but like faithful watchdogs still kneel at the corners of their emperor's tomb and he who lays his finger upon Egypt's dead shall feel their curse. Through all ages the grave-robber has borne upon himself the curse of death and the fact that science needs the knowledge does not make the scientist other than a grave-robber.

So as he enters in, the demon moves; as he touches, the demon strikes for the guardians of Egypt's dead know no rulership but the grave invocation that placed them there. It may be coincidence but one after another the defilers of tombs pass away as the curse narates, one by one the grave-robbers sink to rest in the tombs they themselves have defiled. Whether they be right or wrong their own souls must judge, but this we do know—that the curse strikes and the silent spectre's power is as great today as when the glory of Egypt was the envy of the world.

Speculum Alchymiae

The True Glass of Alchemy

By ROGER BACON

I salute or greet unto thee, most dearly beloved, the Class of Alchemy, which in my heart I have figured or printed, and out of the books of wise men have drawn, in the which is contained fully all that they have gathered to the perfection of Alchemy—I do give it unto your person, and in the which all things which are required to this Art be here gathered together, and those which be in diverse places dispersed: I shall thus answer unto your produce and wisdom, all things be created of the four Elements, and they be the Roots and matters of all things, and the diversity of things consisteth in three, that is to say, Colour, Taste

and Smell. There is not to me but three, viz. Diversities of Elements, divers Proportions, diverse Decoctions, and divers Mixtions. Wherefore if ye will one Metalline Body transform into another, ye must know the Nature of one contrary and of another in every diversity, and when you know this then you may by Addition and Substraction, put to more of one Element, and the less of another, and seeth them together well or evil, and also to mix them together well or evil unto your own will and desire. And that may a Man do well in Metals if he might know without error how to separate the Elements, that is to say, to reduce them to their first Matter and

Root, which Root is Brimstone and Quicksilver and Sulphur and Mercury, and then that is the Root or Matter nearest or nearer; but because the separation of Elements in Metals is difficult and hard, the Matters did seek how to get the Roots nearest without any labor, from Brimstone and quicksilver, and of these they made their separation of Elements, which they used, and said that only the Elements did cleave in Metals, and that strange Elements of other things, as the blood, eggs and hair, do not enter but by Vertue or by commixtion of them, with the aforesaid Elements, drawn of the Spirits and Bodies Metalline; but because we cannot resolve or separate as Nature doth, for Nature separateth without apposition of any strange thing in the space of a thousand years, and we cannot live a thousand years, therefore if we will make this separation we must find the cunning or knowledge by the which we may do it sooner; but this we cannot do by no ways except we do put unto them things divers and contrarious, for by his contraries ought ye to separate the Elements by our Knowledge and Mastery, therefore when two contrary things be mixed together one worketh in another, and so maketh him to give of his complexion and virtue, part thereof; for this cause ye must first learn to know the Complexion and Properties of all things, before you do enterprise to make commixtion together in their proper Natures, and it is needful that you know the work of Nature which you intend to do, and how much and what every thing doth give, of his Nature and Complexion, and how much, and what he lacketh of another Complexion and Nature, by the means of the working which you do, and by the Nature of contrary things, which you do commix together, and if you do err in any of these, to know how much and in what; for if you know this, then you do know how to rectify any thing of the world, and to reduce any thing unto his first matter and complexion, or to any other thing according to your desire; then by the contrary, if you know not this you shall not entrise to meddle, but by means of some things to attempt to make ingression or such like until you do know this, and this is in light or in light things, and the Philosophers do say that if any man do know how to convert one nature into another he knoweth

all the whole mastery; and Avicen doth say the same, that so it is, all your desire ought to be to this, for this which I have said be the beginnings or Roots of Alchemy philosophical and medicine. And without knowledge of these Roots if you will do any work or medicine, which is called the Elixir in this Art to transmute imperfect Bodies into Sol and Lune, (of whatsoever the medicine was in his confection) you must think well of four things which I shall tell you.

The first is, that you do know how to prepare well all your things, and that you do know how to remove that which doth hurt most, and that which doth comfort your intention, and that you know the sign when you have that which you desire to have, and that you know how to remove that which you ought to remove: For all that man doth hath an end, and a certain term, for according to philosophers when nature intendeth to destroy any thing, to generate another thing, worse or better, it intendeth to seek a certain degree which it doth not pass beyond and so standeth, and then another thing preparete, doth so provoke another special form which he had not before.

The second is, that your things separate you do know to commix them well together, and that is of sundry and divers things to make one Substance to be inseparable forever; for if you know not how to mix your things well and naturally, so that every thing be destroyed, and so brought first unto their own primary being and proper species, and one new thing to be generated of them, it is worth nothing that you have done, and that you know the sign when your mixtion is completed.

The third is, that you know the certain proportion, that is, the certain quantity of such things as thou oughtest to mix together, and also to know by reason why it should be so, that thereby you may be sure to find the thing that you look for: By the quantities that you know to have mixed upon your melted Bodies, it will away at the last slowly or quickly how well soever the things were prepared, without they were mixed together according to Knowledge and Nature thou hast lost all thy labor as much as the final complement doth contain, and that shall be well perceived in the examination thereof, when the body trans-

muted is put to examination in ashes or the test, for there he will consume and waste away according as there was too much or too little of his proportion at the first; but if the proportions were rightly mixed according to Knowledge and Reason, then it shall not do so. And Rasis saith, if thou knowest how to convert Lune into Sol, thou knowest the contrary, that is to say, Sol into Lune. But to know to do this, there is a certain term and quantity hidden, which for to know thou oughtest not a little to study, that is to say, thou oughtest thereabout greatly to study, for Rasis saith, that the wise men did never hide any thing but quantity and weight, and we care not whether people do know it or no, for we have made and written our books unto you that understand what we mean, and to our sons and children. And when you know that, then may you well perceive that no author or book doth agree or accord with other in weight and quantity, and therefore for lack of the knowledge thereof riseth a great error, and it is hidden for this cause, that none but a wise man and learned may compass to accomplish the fame, which doth all his things with knowledge and reason, of the subtil knowledge of natural things; for if it might be had otherwise, men which do meddle without knowledge and reason, but only through foolish boldness, might have come to the end, they would no more have cared for the Learning and Wisdom of wise men, than for dogs, if that their own proper industry and wit could have helped them to have found or gotten it.

The fourth thing which you ought to consider, is the greatest secret of all and might wisdom, that is, that you know how to fortify your medicine and multiply his vertue, and this is a work of great prudence and wisdom, and if you understand this last, one part of your medicine will not only convert ten parts of any body melted but a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand ten thousand thousand, and much more without end, according to the several circulations you shall make. And this which I have now said if you do understand, it sufficeth you, and I have touched all things that is needful, and they which do understand those things, they know the Art and none other, and to speak of this Art is to speak by means as we have spoken, and to

work the Art of Alchemy is to work as we have said, and to reach the Art is to teach as we have taught, and he that teacheth any other teacheth nothing, and he that worketh any otherwise worketh nothing. For who so desireth this Art, if he do err in any of the aforesaid articles he shall never come to good end, until he knoweth the foresaid articles, and the wise man that glass purgeth metalline bodies corrupt, and cleanseth them: For glass maketh the metalline bodies of hard fusion, soft in fusion, and this is a secret. And with salt bodies are calcined and dried, for salt doth cleanse the bodies in as much as he dried up the sulphur which is in them, by the which humidity they stink and be black and burnable, for the bodies calcined is clean suffering the fire without stinking, and this is a great secret; but know you that it is spoken for another secret, which I will not show here, nor yet will write of it, for it is the secret of all secrets; for by that secret, when it is well and perfectly known, a man may come to the secrets of all other kinds, and of this secret, I have showed you part, and if you know not that which resteth, I will declare no more neither by tongue nor pen. Now is ended the Glass of Alchemy which I have given for his name worthy the same, for in that you may when you will, behold, and see as in a Glass contained all the Articles pertaining to this Art, which you should desire of wise men, I believe that the Roots were never so gathered together as they be here, for the which, understand you, and bear it in Memory according to knowledge, and that you do both hide and open according to reason, and as it ought to be, and not to show it to every ribald according to the lightness of the mind, for then that shall be vile which now is precious. In all the aforesaid Articles I will make you answer, if I have life and health, either by mouth, writing or words, so that you shall understand it if God will, and thus endeth the true Glass of Alchemy.

Finis.

This article is taken from a rare volume entitled "Chemical Essays" published in London by William Cooper at the Pelican in Little Britain, 1683.

In the following issue we will briefly consider the interpretation of this rather unusual alchemical tract.

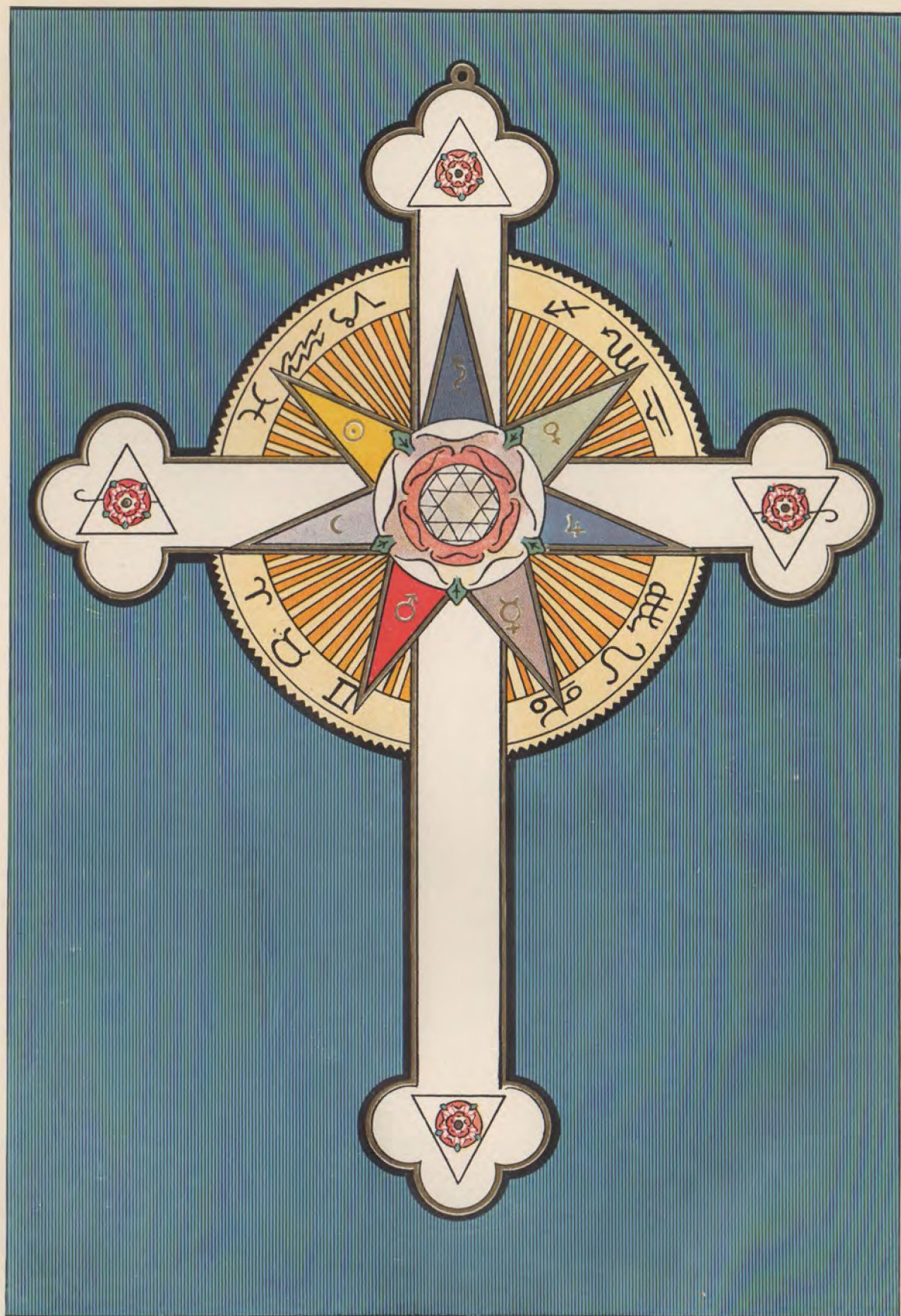
The Symbolism of Our New Cross

BEHIND all symbolism stand two forms, the line and the circle; the line is the positive, masculine symbol because it has no boundary, while the circle has differentiated between the within and the without and is therefore concrete and negative. There are two forms of lines, the vertical and the horizontal; the vertical is boundless life or intelligence of the Adi plane while the horizontal is boundless matter or cosmic root substance. The cross is composed entirely of angles and lines and, like the masculine body which is usually angular, represents the positive expression of struggle. From the union of the vertical, abstract intelligence and the horizontal abstract matter form is produced which is the concrete child of two abstract parents. Form thus becomes a cross composed of two lines which cross each other at differing angles, the intelligence of the form depending upon the angle where spirit and matter meet. On the other hand the circle is composed entirely of curves, the curve being a feminine, concrete sign representing concrete expression, whereas the cross represents abstract expression. At the point of the crossing of the two arms of the cross a radiation begins as in the crossing of electricity and magnetism or the electric and magnetic currents of the earth. The spiritual ray pouring off from these two at that point of union forms a halo which assumes a circular shape. This energy striking matter builds a globular form which is the concrete area of its intended manifestation. Therefore among the ancients three symbols were given to the abstract spirit of creation; the Father was shown as a dot, the Son as a circle (which is the feminine symbol for the Christ is cosmically feminine), while the Holy Spirit Jehovah is given the cross because His work is the building of form by the bringing into play of vertical and horizontal forces. The dot is creation, the son is manifestation and the cross is crystallization; thus we have the Brahma, Vishnu and Siva of the Hindoos. The All-seeing Eye of the gods is composed of a dot in a circle which is usually hung at the crossing line of a crucifix to represent the Trinity in manifestation.

Among the ancient astronomers and astrologers the cross in the circle was the symbol of the earth because the abstract power of the ever existing cross was restrained by the concrete power of the circle which limits its manifestation. All spiritual bodies are born through the cross, all material bodies are born through the circle; the occultist and philosopher is the servant of the cross while the mystic is the servant of the circle. The ancients built their temples of lines and curves to represent the alternately positive and negative in nature and how all creation is a blending of these two, but the great occultists built their temples without curves, as the pyramid, while the great mystics built their temples without lines as in the Grail legends where the whole building was a mass of domes and arches without a straight line. The curved and often circular windows in churches are all symbols of Matrapadma the Mother Lotus for they are remnants of the ancient worships which, under the sign of Geminus, instructed man especially in the laws of the positive and negative expressions of energy. The circle is symbolic of the cosmic egg while the cross is the germ of life which finally breaks through the shell of the egg but which is prevented from wasting itself prematurely by the protection of the shell.

The sun, by precession of the equinoxes, has given us the cross. In Cancer the Calvary was built on the base of the cross which, according to the Hindoos, was raised upon the back of the turtle, which turtle is the crab of astrology. Under the symbol of Geminus the Phallic pillar was raised which is still worshipped in religion as the stamen of the lily. In ancient Atlantis, which was under the sign of Taurus, the horizontal or earthy bar was added making the cross into a letter T. or Tav. In Aries, the head, a globe was added to the top of the cross which became the croix ansata of Egypt which they knew as the symbol of immortality because immortality rests in balance and the union of the cross and circle symbolized the union of God and matter.

The cross has three divisions; that part above the cross line represents spirit, the cross line is the veil between, and that below



the line represents matter, consequently the proportion is one above and two below because only one phase of the three fold spirit is yet superior to matter.

With this brief analysis of the cross in general and its origin we will now take up the symbolism of the emblem which has been accepted as the symbol of my future work.

Behind all is the circle representing the area of manifestation differentiated for the creation of a specialized labor. The four arms of the cross extend beyond this confining line, symbolizing the removal of the wall between the circle of one man's intelligence and the circle of another's. The circle has in its center an opening, invisible from the surface, which represents the power of the Logos pouring out through forty-nine rays, these rays representing the seven root outpourings and their seven rounds.

The signs of the zodiac represent the field of endeavor and are the twelve divine avenues of expression as they are symbolized in astrology; they are the twelve gods and also the twelve creative forces and the twelve centers in the human body, seven revealed and five concealed; they also represent the twelve Apostles gathered around the table in the center of which is the calyx or flower which is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. This circular outpouring represents the birth into unreality, in which the universe dies by becoming manifest, for manifestation is the point of death in all creation while the cross is the point of liberation.

The white cross with the twelve knobs represents the human body; the temple of God built in the form of a cross. It also represents the ignorance of the world which is the cross the Master must carry. The twelve knobs are the twelvefold constitution of the human and of the divine organism:—three bodies, three minds, three souls and three spirits, only one part of the threefold spirit having descended into matter. The human spirit is doomed, as was Siva, to drink the world poison for it is keyed to form and is now expressing itself through the ninefold constitution below. But the mystic occultist is seeking to lift his consciousness until Vishnu, the cosmic Christ and the second spirit, shall be awakened and the reins of rulership shall

be turned over to Him as the preserver and refiner instead of to the builder of form.

The seven points of the star represent the Seven Elohim or the spirits before the throne which pour out from the solar Logos. Everything in nature has seven divisions; there being seven great human races, seven great animal kingdoms, seven great plant kingdoms and seven mineral kingdoms. There are seven senses, seven colors, seven sounds or notes and human life is divided up into periods of seven years. There are also seven metals which belong to the Seven Elohim and are the vibratory poles whereby They manifest in form.

The sun and the moon appear upon the emblem but are there for want of more complete information. In other words, they are substitutes for two other spheres which are not known at the present time. The metals of the planets are as follows: Saturn, indigo, lead; Sun, yellow, gold; Moon, pale blue, silver; Mars, red, iron; Mercury, violet, quicksilver; Jupiter, sea or cobalt blue, tin; Venus, green, copper; and Saturn, once more as the point of entrance and the point of going out, covering all colors and containing all the primary shades within Himself. These represent also the seven ductless glands under the rulership of these respective planets and the seven Great Ones who come to the world at the beginning of each new race.

The star also has four divisions horizontally. The lowest division is earth, the center division is water, and the next division above is fire, while Saturn's point alone is air. On the star rests the Indian lotus of ten petals, five above and five below, which ten petals represent the ten numbers of the numerical system and also the ten original zodiacal signs before Virgo and Scorpio were split by Libra.

The center medallion is threefold in significance. The diamond represents the Father and also the soul of man revealed by his unfolding consciousness, the petals of the flower; the rose represents the Son or Christ, the heart; while the lily is the Holy Ghost, Jehovah. The five leaves constitute an inverted star which is so symbolized because it represents matter or the black force which is slowly being obliterated by the unfolding lotus above. These three, the eternal Trinity, rest over the opening which can never be

filled and which is left blank in honor of the first Cause who is unknown. As a hypothetical spot in vacuum this unknown radiates power but cannot be measured by it.

The four arms of the cross represent the Cherubim with four heads, also the four headed beast of Ezekiel and the four gospels of the Christian bible. The four revelations represented by the arms of the cross are basically as follows: the physical history, the emotional concept, the mental revelation and the spiritual doctrine.

The four little triangles are earth, fire, air and water; the Matthew, Mark, Luke and John powers, and the expressions of the Lords of Scorpio, the builders of form; they also represent oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, the four basic elements from which bodies are composed. The four small diamonds and the large one in the center represent the five points of liberation—the hands, feet, head, and side of Christ from whence the blood and water poured. These are the five hidden truths and exoterically the five senses of man which are the jewels in his bodies, also the five vowels which we use at the present time in our languages. The unfolding star and jewel in the center of the cross represents the human larynx and the

creations born out of the mouth of the god-man.

The entire cross in its measurement is two by three which when multiplied produces the interlaced triangle and the philosopher's stone, and when added produces the five-pointed star of the Christ, one the priest and the other the king. The symbol stands for the Order of Melchisedec which is the perfect blending of all known symbols and workings. The crimson rose (robe) surrounding the diamond represents the crimson robe of the Christ who came to bear witness of the Father.

Mathematically the cross contains all the geometric angles, philosophically it contains all the natural laws which again are the seven points of the star. The whole diagram also represents the brain, surrounded by the four secondary brains. It also contains both the primary and secondary colors. The seven world religions, as the outpourings of the Logos, are also shown and the entire drawing is symbolical of the World Soul which is being slowly unfolded with the consciousness of individuals who are seeking to find the philosopher's stone—the perfect expression of spirit and matter. It is worn over the heart to symbolize the effort in man which is the crowning jewel of his life.

What is mediumistic materialization and trumpet seances?

Ans. In materializing a body the departed intelligence does so by taking the life forces of the medium and those attending the seance, using them to build a temporary vehicle. The same is true in trumpet seances where the strength to express on the physical plane is gained through sapping the vitality of the medium and sitters. This is a detrimental, unproductive method of securing information, seldom accurate but always carried on at a terrible expense to those present.

Why is an ego sent to a family out of harmony with it?

Ans. Inharmony is the basis of growth for it furnishes the opportunity to learn to love and appreciate the thing which it is not naturally attracted to. It comes to teach

the value of harmony through showing the suffering of inharmony. The ego comes to settle old scores and to make new growth rather than to find harmony.

Will man develop more rapidly from the spiritual standpoint in the near future than he does now?

Ans. He will never develop any faster than he does now until his whole life is better than it is now—a few million years do not make much difference unless he changes his mode of living.

How would you treat a drug addict or a cigarette fiend?

Ans. Patching up the effects will never produce a lasting cure. The higher side of the nature must be appealed to in some way and the consciousness of the individual raised to a realization of the blasphemy of his acts.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is the life in man?

Ans. The life in man is that spark of the Divine Fire which, in search of experience, has robed itself in the garments of matter which it is slowly transmuting until its prison walls shall become a glorious dwelling place to be finally united with the Life itself.

What does man carry with him from life to life?

Ans. His consciousness. Upon the seed atoms of his various bodies the records of every thought, action and desire which have animated his being are impressed. These form the basis of karmic payments and future growth and unfoldment and will remain with him until he has absorbed all of these experiences into the soul.

Is man perfect now?

Ans. Perfection is a matter of relativity. To be perpetually perfect requires perpetual adjustment with ever finer planes of spiritual influx. Each divine Ego is perfect but this perfection must remain unexpressed until evolution and experience molds the bodies into worthy implements for the life within.

Is there any short cut to perfection?

Ans. The longest way around is the most successful. The fineness of adjustments is the basis of the estimate of perfection and those who have done their work the most thoroughly have in reality done it in the shortest and most satisfactory manner.

What is man's work here?

Ans. His duty is to learn through experience and to harmonize his mentality with the finer heart sentiments. It is the union of spirit and matter, heart and mind—the marriage of the sun and moon—which man is striving to attain through an equal development and harmonization of his thoughts and emotions.

What is man's true position in the universe?

Ans. He is, according to the ancient poets, "twixt heaven and hell," half way between perfect consciousness and absolute negation. He should stand in the center of his spiritual and intellectual world, drawing towards himself from all extremities of the universe the powers that he needs but always remaining true to his own center and never identifying himself with any of the tangents.

Was Masonry known in Atlantis?

Ans. Wherever the Wisdom-Religions are found, be it East, West, South or North, we find Masonry, from the heart of China to the jungles of South Africa. Masonry undoubtedly had its foundation in the sun worship of ancient Atlantis.

Do dreams mean anything?

Ans. Some do and some do not. They are often partial memories of things we have learned and done while the bodies were asleep; sometimes they are only thoughts of the day which have automatically repeated themselves even after sleep has deprived us of conscious power. Sometimes the brain does not all go to sleep at once and faculties will labor all through the night while the brain is otherwise asleep, causing dreams and hazy mem-

Why are we taught individual immortality? Is not race immortality sufficient?

Ans. The fact that we are evolving individualized organisms, no two of them alike, proves that individualization and not merely racial progression is the ultimate end. Everything reduces itself into the singular before it is through therefore individual salvation based upon individual effort is far more inspiring than race immortality where the lazy ones sneak through with the hard workers.

Description of Last Month's Plate

The plate in the November issue of the All-Seeing-Eye is the frontispiece of a rare and unobtainable work by Robert Fludd, the great English freemason, alchemist and Rosicrucian. The original folio was printed in 1619 in Latin and is really two books in one. The first book deals with the metaphysical creation of the heavens and earth and is a work of a student of Rosicrucian lore. It is now generally admitted that Robert Fludd was connected with that sacred order. He is said to be the first English exponent of cosmological alchemy and the philosophy of the Phoenicians and Chaldeans and is known all over the world as one of the deepest occultists of any generation known to man.

Technically the plate is astrological, dealing especially with the planetary centers in the human body and also the centers of the twelve signs of the zodiac. You can easily trace the position of the twelve signs by following the dotted line on the human figure, starting with Aries which governs the head and ending with Pisces which governs the feet.

The power which is turning the wheel of eternity and unwinding the cord of human destiny is the threefold beast which has since become a part of the Royal Arch banner of freemasonry. This creature is the most outstanding feature of the plate. He represents the three great principles of nature, manifesting through the three grand divisions or kingdoms of his own body. The feet belong to the animal world, the human body belongs to the human world, while the wings belong to the celestial or divine world. The wings represent the creative power of God the Father, the human body represents the preservative power of God the Son, while the legs and feet represent the procreative and disintegrative power of God the Holy Spirit. On his head the creature carries an hour glass which shows the passing of time and illustrates the principle that the spirit of Time is eternally unwinding the cord, which unwinding causes the universe to twist on its central axis. The whole diagram is surrounded by clouds which represent Chaos and the great sphere is Cosmos in Chaos.

The human body represents the five pointed star of Masonry and also shows the position of the various centers of the human body in relation to the threefold world of nature. This is the microcosmic and macrocosmic man; in other words, the evolving human consciousness and also the cosmic consciousness of nature. If you will turn in our magazine to our astrological section you will find each month the keywords of one of the zodiacal signs which if analyzed in connection with this chart will make it much more intelligible.

The twelve concentric circles of the outer sphere represent the twelve spiritual hierarchies or the worlds of the external heaven. The seven spheres in the secondary circle represent the home of the seven Elohim or planetary dieties while the three inner worlds represent water, fire, and air, and the solid globe behind the figure the principle of earth.

The five points where the human body touches the sphere of the seven planes represent the sense perceptions of the human consciousness, while the little figure of Saturn over the head of the figure is the key of source. Above the figure is the terrestrial sun and moon, while still higher are the celestial sun and moon, much greater and more brilliant. The heart and mind are the sun and moon of the human system and in their union lies the power of an Initiate.

Time is turning the Wheel of Life round and round; sometimes man stands upright as he is shown here, later he is inverted and assumes the position which you can study by inverting the picture. And this endless going round and round, first up and then down, is the Wheel of Life to which the threefold diety of concrete creation chains the spirit of man. Only when he releases himself from the wheel of creation is he capable of releasing himself from the wheel of destruction, for as the ancients said, "Sure is death for the living, and sure is birth for the dead."

The wisdoms of the ancients lay not in combatting the principles of nature but in freeing themselves by their knowledge and understanding from the Wheel of Life and Death. This is the tenth card of the Taro, the Wheel of Fortune.

The Dance of The Veils

IT was in the native quarter of the city of Agra that the first act of a strange drama took place. There is no spot in all India more picturesque, more unusual with its domes and mosques, its wondrous tombs and latticed palaces, than the ancient city of Agra, the gem of India, known all over the world as the city of the Taj Mahal. In the native quarter, however, it is not different from other Eastern cities, with its bazaars and shops, its merchants, its dogs, its filth and little running children that are eternally tangling themselves up in your feet.

Here, dressed in a spick and span white suit with a pith helmet and a flowing fly screen, walked John Thurlowe, retired American race-track expert and prize-fight promoter, who, after a successful life at the plying of his trade, was now globe-trotting in order to, as he expressed it, get an "inside tip" on things. John Thurlowe was a florid faced man some fifty years of age; he was built on Taurian lines with three layers of superfluous neck draped over his collar, while a large linked gold watch chain spread across from each side of his trouser pockets, lacking vest. He was decidedly over weight and every little while he would take off his helmet and wipe the perspiration from a perfectly shiny head, sans every sign of hair. Two small eyes gleamed out like those of a contented hog from a tiny crevice between eyebrow and cheek which threatened to close entirely if he ate much more. The Eighteenth Amendment meant absolutely nothing to John but to fairly respectable American whiskey he had added infinitely worse Oriental concoctions which, in his own words, "could kick the side out of the statue of Liberty."

John Thurlowe was one of those individuals with whom pomposity was an innate quality. Everything he had went to front, both mentally and physically, and as he half walked, half waddled, among the bazaars mild-eyed Orientals viewed him with strange expressions, mangy dogs looked at him inquiringly while heavily veiled women went on the other side of the street. John Thurlowe was out for what he could get, his recommendation being a long pocketbook and an exceptional short conscience.

A little wiggling brown urchin did the apparently superhuman achievement of crawling in between his feet, which were long, large and ponderous, and Thurlowe, with a choice epithet, brought a heavy snakewood cane down across the child's body with a resounding whack—with a howl the streak of brown lightning vanished somewhere among the swaying portieres of the bazaars. A few beggars held out their hands for annas but Thurlowe was not there for the purpose of financing India so he passed on with a disdainful look and wound his way with trunchant dignity among the bazaars and narrow streets. A whiff of a strange odor suddenly broke upon his nostrils and his olfactory nerves dilated; he stopped, took off his hat and fanned himself for the millionth time that day.

"Ah!" he murmured, "this is the first decent breath I've had today! They surely can raise stinks in this country." He was standing in the shade of the awning of an Oriental perfume bazaar and it seemed an oasis of loveliness in counter distinction to the city sewerage which lay on the streets in front of him.

Thurlowe saw opening before him a series of arches where the narrow streets seemed ready to come together and were separated only by spans of clay and plaster. He passed into one of these arches and found himself in a deserted niche where the traffic of the thoroughfare did not apparently enter. As he stood there, there dashed madly from the house beside him a figure howling like a maniac and pouring forth streams of English profanity. Thurlowe turned and looked at the figure. It was that of a white man but his long unkempt hair and beard and his skin, tanned by the Indian sun, seemed almost that of an Asiatic. His clothes had originally been white duck but they were now torn, dirtied and battered until their original color was almost obliterated. In one hand this strange figure clenched some object while with the other he seemed trying to disentangle himself from some invisible network.

"Get away, you red demons!" he screamed, "you can't have it, you can't have it! Get away, damn you!" He spun around, twisting,

tearing and clenching at the air, his eyes wild and bloodshot and his whole being that of a mad man.

Suddenly he spied Thurlowe and rushed up to him in the apparent frenzy of desperation.

"My God!—you're a white man!" he screamed, falling upon his knees before the corpulent form of the American race-track magnate. And then in a wild, discordant voice he babbled forth an almost unintelligible harangue.

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

Thurlowe looked down coolly. "Opium or hashesh?" he asked wiping his face once more. "I've made a mint selling them but I don't advocate their use.

"No, no!" screamed the wild figure, "its not dope—its red devils—its red devils!"

"Sounds like Indian hemp to me," answered Thurlowe, "but what do you want?"

"You're a white man and you'll do something if I ask you to, won't you?"

What is it?" asked Thurlowe, "I've found it don't pay to make rash promises."

"I'll tell you," gasped the other. "A year ago I was just as prosperous and well heeled as you are. I came out here to India for a special reason—I went up into the North mountains—way north—to a temple that has been sacred for many ages to Krishna, the great Brahmin god—Get away from me, you red devils!—I can see you blinking at me—but get away damn you!" and the dishevelled figure broke into a grating, unearthly laugh. "I stole it, I stole it!" he laughed, "I stole the eye of Krishna and I've got it still—but they've sent red devils after me! Promise me that you'll take it back to them when I am dead or they will haunt me in hell forever—promise me you'll take the eye back—here on this paper is the place to take it to. Promise me you'll do it!"

"All right," answered Thurlowe, "what is it, a glass eye?"

"No, no!" screamed the dishevelled figure, "here—you will take it? The demons are strangling me! Help! Help!" and quickly slipping the little package into Thurlowe's

hand the figure leaped to its feet. Clutching at his throat he rushed straight into the opposite wall of a near bazaar. He battered himself against the wall screaming, "Red demons!" And then suddenly he straightened up and his body swayed in a strange unearthly way, his eyes gazing into an unknown depth.

"What on earth is he doing?" exclaimed Thurlowe.

Then the thought flashed into his mind that the crazed man was dancing. Though no sound broke the air the figure swayed back and forth to the tune of some Oriental nautch-tune. Back and forth the crazed man danced, his movements becoming more and more eccentric. The American followed him as, dancing this strange, unearthly pantomime, he passed down the street while the passersby stepped aside fearing that he was insane. Suddenly he danced past a bazaar filled with wondrous implements of gold and silver, where steel scimitars and inlaid daggers were exhibited to the throng. The crazed and obsessed man grabbed one of the scimitars and spinning it in his hand twisted his body back and forth in the ancient Hindoo Dance of Death—the sword gleaming and swishing through the air in strange parabolas. At the same time the bearded figure with its crazed face and ragged form laughed and screamed. Slowly the movements became slower and at last, exhausted, the figure sank to the ground and when the crowd reached it they found that in falling the scimitar has passed through his body. The crazed man was dead.

Thurlowe, having seen one end of the story, now turned to the package in his hand and unwrapping it he gave a gasp of amazement—he was gazing down upon a great blue white diamond as large as a pigeon's egg, gloriously cut in the manner of ancient India and appearing more like a flaming torch in his hand than a piece of stone. Thurlowe staggered back against a supporting arch.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, "that stone is worth millions! So that is the eye of Krishna? That bird sure had some eyes. um—m—m—give it back? Give this stone back to these greasy heathens? Not much! Oh I'll give it back! John Thurlowe, this

stone alone makes you many times a millionaire. You know the more I see of this country the better I like it!" And slipping the stone into his pocket, he slowly wound among the streets until he again reached his room in a well known European hotel.

Locking the door and standing a chair against it, Thurlowe sat down on a three legged stool and took out the stone. As he did so a voice whispered in his ear: "Take it back, take it back, take it back."

"Like hell I'll take it back," muttered Thurlowe, "when little Johnny gets his hands on it it will take a pickaxe to pry it loose. Why this rock is as big as the Kohinoor and I understand they built a tower over in London to put that in. My history ain't very good but I seem to have a strange ability to pick up diamonds."

The voice kept whispering, "take it back, take it back, take it back."

"Those little red demons ain't going to frighten me. This belongs to yours truly from now on." And flipping it in the air with his thumb, John Thurlowe spun around and caught it as it came down. "Pretty soft, I'll say." He went to his valise and opened a little leather bag and put the stone into it, and placing the stone and bag together under his pillow, prepared for the night.

John Thurlowe's method of life did not tend to actuate the nervous system for his entire constitution was more animal than human. Consequently no chills ran up and down his spine, no worries beset his soul, and, lying flat on his back with his eyes on the ceiling, his lids slowly fell (with them his lower jaw) and John Thurlowe, race-track plutarch and present owner of the eye of Krishna, entered peacefully into slumber land, his long rhythmic snores reverberating through the hotel.

This scene of nocturnal placidity left nothing to be desired.

* * *

About three hours passed in perfect stillness and Thurlowe never dreamed that his peace would be broken. There were other plans in the wind however. Under his window stood a slender turbaned form, his arms

folded. The figure was dressed in well fitting English clothes but his face was that of an Oriental and he walked slowly up and down before the window of Thurlowe's room, looking up to the second story behind whose shaded window peacefully reposed the rotund form of our friend John.

He was not awakened by the soft turning of the doorknob, which attempt was foiled by the chair against the door. A few seconds passed and from the edge of the roof above there was lowered down a thin silken cord on the end of which hung a tiny incense burner of bronze, carefully padded. This swung back and forth in the window of Thurlowe's room and then its motion changed. The hand above was swinging it far into the interior of the room. At last with very long swing and it passed over the window sill and was lowered with the slightest thud on to the floor. From it there poured forth a stream of fine blue smoke, the cultured hashesh of the Orient prepared in the temple and certain in its effect.

Many moments passed for in the East nothing is done hastily. The fine blue pencil of smoke was driven by the gentle breeze about the room which slowly became hazy with its fumes. Thurlowe slept on in peace but slowly into his slumber crept strange dreams which were not wont to disturb his peace. He seemed to be in a strange place filled with clouds and dancing lights and he swayed among these lights like a creature in a dream—but all seemed very real to him. Then through the thick clouds appeared faces which seemed to leer at him with strange blood shot eyes and were of strange red flaming appearance. Somehow he realized in his sleepy way that these were the red devils that had tormented the crazed man on the street a few hours before. Voices began to speak to him, always whispering of the diamond.

John Thurlowe stirred in his bed uneasily and rolled over on his side. He tried to wake up but a great weight seemed to be upon him, something was pressing down on his chest and his breath came in short gasps. He tried to sit up but fell back in a stupor. The red leering faces came ever closer to him. He swept his hand across his face to try and drive them away but they only laughed. Although he

did not know it they were the dzins appointed to protect the treasure of Krishna's eye.

Thurlowe was now tossing and twisting in his bed, his eyes were open but he was still asleep. At last he rose from the bed and his hand felt under the pillow where the diamond was.

"No you shan't have it!" he kept muttering, "s'mine, s'mine—get away from me you hell demons! S'my diamond! S'my diamond!" and he lurched to the other side of the bed.

As he sat there a strange sound suddenly broke upon his ears. It was the weird tune of Eastern music such as the dancing girls have on the streets and in the semi-darkness his eyes saw a strange figure sweeping through the clouds of ether—a strange veiled form that swayed and twisted in rythm with the music, an houri of the opium dreamer. This figure, like the very subtle mystery of the East itself, swayed back and forth in its drappings of veil, holding out long swaying arms to Thurlowe, twisting round and round him in a wild dance of the East. Soft black eyes gazed up at him and a curving form twisted and turned amid the veils, holding out round arms to the American.

Had you been able to be in that room you would have seen Thurlowe rise to his feet and stretch out his arms to the figure, his glazed eyes seeing only the beings of another world. Slowly he joined the strange dance, twisting and turning with the figure of the dream. The weird cry of a flute and the endless chant of a drum inspired him, so round and round with the veiled creature of his dream Thurlowe twisted and turned. This mystic figure draped its veils, through which the slender form but faintly shone, and drew ever closer to the window. Thurlowe in his dreaming followed her, weaving and swaying as though wrapped in the veils of the dancer. Through the silence came the soft jingle of anklets and clinking jewelry while the soft odor of Oriental incense and rare perfumes seemed to fill the air.

Thurlowe, hands outstretched, dancing the same weird dance that the man on the street had danced the day before, reached the sill of the window. The alluring figure floated out

into the vapors beyond, still calling, still enticing. Thurlowe stepped up onto the window sill, still swaying to the strange music, and after one moment of hesitation leaped off into space. Like a rock the body of the American fell from the window to the ground beside the form of the Hindoo, landing with an awful thud.

The Oriental, his hands still folded, gazed down upon the crumpled form at his feet. The American was dead, his neck broken by the fall. Leaning over, the Oriental took from the hand of the dead man the little brown leather sack that contained the eye of Krishna and in reverence he clasped it to his heart.

"The gods protect their own," he murmured, "and the dzins, the red demons from the scarlet lake, forever entwine this sacred thing with their shielding presence."

A few seconds later another Oriental met him. He was the one who had lowered the cord into the window. In his hand was the little incense burner and the silken line. Together they vanished in the night, taking back to the temple the eye of Krishna.

Your God and My God

(Continued from Page 15)

"Look," he whispered, "the blow that broke my Buddha's heart, broke your God's face—is it not so, my friend? Is not your God glad with my God, is he not sad with my God?" The Buddhist picked up the broken bits of plaster. "Look, they have shattered his face. In striking at my God they have broken their own—and I loved his face, it was so sad. But it can be no sadder than is his heart this day—I can see a face beside me. It is ——" and the little Buddhist held up his hands, "Oh Master with the Wreath of Thorns, I see you—You have come to me, God of another people—I loved you but those who slew me have slain you. Look, I see the mountain in the sky—Om mani, padma hum!—Lord Buddha, I come."

The form grew limp and the tragedy was ended. A broken god and two little bits of plaster lay on the floor.

The Law of Non-Attachment

MAN'S attachments bind him to the physical world like the Lilliputians bound Gulliver in the ancient story until he is hopelessly involved with material unrealities. Of all the things that hamper his usefulness in this world there are none that make him as much their slave as his senses for instead of illuminating him they tie him up in endless complications until he learns to extract from them their essence without accepting their short-comings. Man spend ages trying to untangle this knot of human destiny until like Alexander the Great he loses all patience and cuts the tangle with a single blow. This sharp steel is discrimination and its shining blade divides the false from the true, for from discrimination is born divine reason which proves to man the illusions of materiality.

Man must learn to divide, in the depths of his soul, the eternal quest from the passing fancy and in his ability to do this lies the degree of his mastery. The Initiate has learned to pass consciously from the mortal Maya to the immortal Nirvana, the one who rests strong in the reality of the eternal and whose consciousness is united with that of the eternal meditator. Such a one is free from all attachments and *attachment to particulars is the basis of limitation.*

Let us go out into the world and study the curse of attachment as it stalks like the spirit of death, of which it is the essence, over our world, gathering into itself all who accept it or who fall victims to the mirror of matter which it carries, so the ancient Aztec said, upon its belly. In their legends the demon floated as a great flame over the universe and all who looked into this cursed mirror lost their soul. So all who pause to gaze at themselves in the mirror of illusion become involved in Maya which slowly destroys all who are not free from its vanity.

There are two worlds floating in space it is said—the world of temporal things and the world of eternal things. In the world of material things lies the spirit of man, bound to oblivion by the ties of matter. He lives for today alone, he serves the passing fancy, he

struggles to retain the illusion and then falls broken hearted as the hand of infinite law slowly dissolves the visible things into the unknown reality.

As the material universe, its works completed is resolved into the unformed Being, those souls still tied to its spinning wheels by crystallized thoughts and animal desires pass with it into dissolution while the sage, perfect in realization, insomuch as he is free from the illusion, passes on to his already realized Nirvana.

Many in this world, in fact nearly all, are fighting to gain liberation while by thought, action and desire they are tied to the spinning wheel, and in their thoughtless effort become only more involved in the very problem they are seeking to remove. Man cannot climb to liberation and still serve the ties that bind him to the earth, so the ancients taught, as the first step to immortality, the realization of the unreality of mortality—not that the objective universe did not exist but that it only existed as a means to an end and as such should be accepted, considered and mastered but never assumed.

Attachment is the base of sorrow, the parent of crime, the inspiration of lust and the causeless cause of limitation. Man must battle it through the realization of one great truth—that attachment to matter is the renouncing of spirit and that attachment to spirit is the renouncing of matter. It is written that man may not serve God (spirit) and Mammon (matter). The sage is free in the realization of the immortal reality while the fool is chained a prisoner by his acceptance of the immortality of matter.

The ancient prophet, wandering over the earth, cried out in his agony, "There is no rest among the children of earth, there is no peace in the cities of the plains, nor in the forts among the mountains! Release me, oh God, from this mortal clay which binds me with its stony fingers and dooms me to death the day that I was born. Oh, unhappy fate! that bears to slay and slays that it may bear again!"

Here take up your staff and walk with me among the children of the earth, long bowed like the tribes of Isreal under the rod of Egypt's blackness—matter. Attachment is the rod and flail that stripes the back of man with the red welts of mortal agony. It is the heartless slave driver that breaks the back of the spirit and the heart of each soul that falls victim to its wiles. Yet out of this land of darkness comes the new race, born of sorrow and widowed by the loss of light; out of matter rises the spirit triumphant which spreads its wings and draws upward to the freedom of reality.

There is but one consciousness and it is not in matter; there is but one truth and that is the realization of immortal purity; there is but one quest, the search for reality; there is but one reward and that the attainment of reality; there is but one devotion and that the love of reality; there is but one sin, the loss of the reality; there is but one death, that the death of reality. When the clouded soul of man loses sight of the star of truth that gleams through the veil of maya, as the clouds of old concealed the body of Diety, so the clouds of attachment shroud truth in a winding sheet of limitation.

Let us watch the people whom we daily pass—all slaves to attachments, crushed by ignorance as to the will of the planner or the wisdom of the plan. Little better than beasts they are who know not when nor why but, like little puppets in a shadow show, follow the strings they have placed upon themselves. The Master is aside from these, strong in truth and steadfast in reality, and when He comes to earth he comes not with peace but with a sword, its blade sharpened on the grindstone of the eternal Wheel, sharpened to slash the veil of maya and to divide the false from the true. Watch now the ghosts we call men and women who, while still living, are in truth dwelling in the death of matter.

First, love comes with bowed head and tear stained face, for all today who flutter moth-like around its hallowed flame sink broken hearted at the foot of its altar. The price of love in the world today is loneliness and sadness because we have not learned to unveil the mystery that love is of the spirit and not

the body. The attachment to form is today the measure of affection and in form there is no rest, no peace, below that line that borders immortality.

Then comes pride, a god that many worship. Man fights and dies to be superior and to gather around himself things that other men cannot attain, but when the victory seems won the hand of eternity sweeps all away and leaves the soul crushed by its broken dreams.

Then vanity, that which seeks to beautify the unreal, and leave the living truth unadorned. It decks with flowers and stones that which is already dirt and bows before the dazzling array of worthlessness.

After this, the spectre of lust appears in the role of a human being but with the soul of a beast. It crushes the thing that it adores, slays the spirit it claims to worship, and with the call of fleshly sense seeks to answer the divine call of the spirit within.

There is a cloud upon the soul of man and he knows not the way that he should go nor does he realize the path that shall take him there. He seeks entrance where angels dare not tread but is not willing with the sharp blade of non-attachment to sever the cord that binds him to the great illusion. He aspires to heaven but is still chained to earth with every fear, with every habit, and with each desire.

This is the story of Vedanta, the philosophy of the unreal. For thousands of years it has been taught that there is but one true thing—the spirit—and that as it gathers ever changing bodies around itself it changes in the eyes of mortal man but the life of it is ever the same. With the keen sense of discrimination man finds peace by seeing the noble striving of the spirit and not the fleshy failings of the body. Until he finds this and accepts this there is nothing in his soul to fill the emptiness of a heartless world.

As the gifts of Santa Claus come down through the fireplace so man's gift to the spirit comes out of the flame of suffering which tempers the steel of the sword of spirit. In experience lies infinite possibility—man's free will must choose experience above comfort for by this path lies unfoldment of the human soul.

The White Elephant

THE White Elephant is the ancient Oriental symbol of transmuted matter. For ages white has been used to symbolize purification, to represent a cleansed or bleached surface exposed to the light of the sun, spiritual or physical. According to science those substances which absorb light are black or dark in color while those which reflect light are white or pale in color. The unpurified earth absorbs the light of the sun, as do all the other planets, therefore is called negative while the sun is a vitalizer and the life-giver and is called positive. For many ages the white robe has stood for a purified body, trimmed in red for transmuted emotion and sky blue for spirituality. As man's first labor is to purify and prepare matter to become the throne of a divine essence, the end of this process is concealed under the symbol of the white elephant which is the symbol that India has given for the redemption of matter and its transmutation into a purified garment for the manifestation of spirit.

It is said in the ancient stories that Buddha was conceived as a White Elephant and that at the moment of his conception a great spiritual ray descended into matter. Most of the great Initiates are said to have been born of Immaculate Conceptions. The reason for this is that ages of preparation are necessary before the master is either ordained or the vehicle for his manifestation properly cleansed and prepared. All the initiations that lead to immortality are taken on the physical plane while the candidate is in a concrete physical body. There are no initiations between lives and every candidate for spiritual enlightenment must pass the tests of initiation here in this world of matter. There are no records of a Great One who was born conscious of his mission. Some have received light very young, one at twelve years of age, while another did not comprehend his mission until he was nearly ninety years old. This does not mean that the Great Ones do not possess their knowledge before birth but that it takes the incoming consciousness from twelve to ninety years to bring its sacred wisdom out through the body which it is mani-

festing through. The consciousness of the enlightened is so highly developed that only the most finely attuned instrument is capable of registering it in this world.

The Immaculate Conception is that process in nature which prepares for the coming of a great Adept, Initiate or World Saviour, for such do not come alone into the world but are properly heralded and their way prepared. He could not come in without the world knowing it for certain qualities come with him and one of them is a great dynamo of flaming light. In the case of the Master Jesus there were chosen as his parents two of the Order of the Nazarenes, sometimes called the Essenes. They were set apart from all mankind, both in spirit and in life, so that their bodies were purified to the degree that the shock of the coming fire-globe might not destroy them. If this preparation had not taken place they would have died from the rates of vibration set in motion. Before the coming of a World Teacher there is always a period of preparation during which time his body is chosen for him and the atoms of the vehicles purified to the utmost degree possible.

The children that are brought into the world at the present time bring as their heritage about sixteen generations of scrofula and not one child in a multitude is born free of inherited disease or physical imperfection of a serious nature for which the parents are responsible. When the Master or Initiate is coming into the world he cannot use these physiological concoctions commonly known as bodies for they are the basis of limitation. Every impurity in them limits him more and more and his work demands freedom of consciousness for he has come to assist in the overpowering of limitation. And so in order to facilitate his work every care is taken to see that he is supplied with as pure a vehicle as the world can make and when such a one is found or prepared the great consciousness descends as a ray of light into it and takes control. But no matter how fine the body may be it always retains some impurity for there is no living thing at the present time that is one hundred percent perfect as the very food we eat, the water we drink and the

air we breathe assist in defiling the body. Therefore it takes the Initiate from twelve to ninety years to impregnate this body with the full consciousness of his power.

Before the ego is capable of revivifying his bodies he is as much in darkness as other men and often in his younger life the Initiate-to-be does not live in accordance with his wisdom. All have to fight the hereditary instinct. This inheritance is not a part of the spirit but is the incessant voice of the bodies and oftentimes it takes ages before the voice of the appetites can be stilled.

We say that Buddha was conceived as a White Elephant, that is, in the most perfect body that could be prepared for him. When the spiritual consciousness entered it, all nature felt a vibratory thrill. Anyone who has studied vibration realizes that even the presence of a great power will cause nature to quake. The first time that the occult student meets his teacher he is usually prostrated. No unfoldment of consciousness can come to the candidate here without a disintegrating effect upon the physical body; when the candidate takes up his work and comes in touch with those powers that be in nature, these occult qualities often tear down his organisms, causing him sickness and suffering. A certain teacher in this country was once sitting reading at a desk when the form of Master R appeared to him for the purpose of giving a certain message. At the moment of his appearance the person sitting in the chair was electrified by a shock not unlike the feeling that comes over us when we touch a live wire; in spite of nerves of steel and an indomitable will power, this person was unable to stand up or move but just sat there with the tears running down his face.

Madame Blavatsky said that electricity is the fringe of the garment of an unknown diety whose heart no man knoweth. The electric force generated within the body of the Master would put the average individual to sleep, and if it be a great Master the rates of vibration may destroy the student. This is the same thing which often embarrasses the student while studying or listening to a lecture. There will come over the man overpowering desire to go to sleep; it is not a

normal desire but the result of the presence of rates of vibration that are too high for them.

So we must realize the necessity of preparing for discipleship and the coming of a great master, whatever day or age of the world it may be. The great spiritual entity that takes control must be properly welcomed and prepared for. There are not three bodies in the world at the present time capable of bringing an Initiate into the world and you can count on your fingers those who could bring in an Adept without disintegration. Only the lowest egos are capable of finding bodies at the present time and when there are not a certain number of older souls to guide the race, it speedily collapses. The fall of a race takes place when the bodies of its members become so crystallized that the teachers are incapable of working through them. As long as there is one body in a race that is capable of giving entrance to the powers of the unseen, then that race shall live, but no longer.

The coming of the Great Initiate is the White Elephant—the rarest thing on earth. When we are able to produce the environments, bodies, and qualities necessary to bring in great intelligences then we shall have the influxes of knowledge needed for the development of a race. Two things are necessary for the manifestation of a World Saviour; one is the spirit descending into matter and the other is matter ascending into a spiritualized state. A Great One cannot come down into crystallization, neither can inanimate substance become a god in such a length of time, and so they meet at a central point.

Buddha was not born consciously as a Great Initiate and in his early life he undoubtedly did many things that were not in harmony with the great wisdom which later expressed through him. He is not to be condemned for the limitation but is to be treated and considered generously, as all living things though they be gods incarnate, are limited in some manner by the bodies that contain them. The desertion of his wife and child has always brought condemnation to Buddha but let us consider it for a moment from a broader standpoint. The reason for Buddha's youth is shown in the story of his boyhood; the great soul coming into the world was im-

meshed in materiality which was symbolized by the flower garden of the king; he was ever surrounded by the animal and human qualities which seek to prevent the release of the Buddha within and it was not until he had wandered for over forty years that he consciously connected himself with the message he had come to bring and through the living of which knowledge he gained liberation. The Buddhas are men who have reached liberation from the wheel of birth and death and many of them are wonderful because of the purely human side of their being. All through his life Buddha loved with the finest side of human sentiment; when he sat under the Bo-hi tree waiting for the last revelation and the realization of his two great truths, all the demons of nature came to tempt him. But he is said to have remained in silence, unchanged and unmoved, saying, "I have no attachment for these things for they are the unreality." The last temptation that came to him was the vision of his beloved wife and child. Then, it was said, that great Sidartha groaned. But he gave them up also and in this he won illumination; he gave up one for the good of many, sacrificing his own love for the service to the world; two were sad, five hundred million gladdened. So we cannot but believe that he took the wise course.

And so they have all, these Great Ones, wandered years before they found themselves, searching to discover and lift out from the shroud of the body the knowledge that they had gained in the past and the memory of the work they had come to do. Always behind the veil of mortal things there are those who are glad and willing to serve their brothers in the world; the saviours and sages of the ages are there but are unable to act for between them and us is a wall which can never be pierced until through the Immaculate Conception we build a body here for them to function in.

The greatest thing that stands between the world today and the Golden Age of a spiritual Renaissance is sixteen generations of scrofula, thoughtless parents, and general inharmony in the home and in the world. These are the things which man himself has created and they alone prevent the advance of his gods and the spreading of his light. From the un-

seen worlds behind us, around us, and before us, comes everything that we are, have been or shall be. Tiny lives come to use that seem too small to fight the battle and yet mayhaps in their souls is the wisdom of the gods and through these tiny organisms, when unfolded by the conscious labor of the spirit within, will come the masters and gods.

So the story of the conception of the White Elephant is the way to perfection by the purification of bodies that the Lord may ride among his people upon the back of this stately beast.

The Crime of Vaccination

How much longer will people have to pay to have small pox is the problem confronting a large number of people. They send their children to the public school and are forced to allow a pedigreed concept to pump smallpox into them under the refined heading of vaccination. It has been proven conclusively that a great train of ills, in body and in spirit, follow after vaccination. Many vaccinated people have succumbed to smallpox while many exposed to it have not taken it, although unvaccinated.

The karmic debt for vaccination is two-fold. First, to our bodies which we deliberately defile with smallpox serum and vaccine. Secondly to the animal who goes through untold suffering and is itself given smallpox in order that from the ulcers the drops of vaccine may be extracted and pumped into us.

The occultist is fighting tooth and nail to abolish vaccination and supplant it with good common sense. Smallpox is primarily a filth disease and if people would live right, bathe right and eat right they would not get it for the healthy body is perfectly capable of taking care of its germs. We look forward with great hopes to the day when we will remove from the fair name of our race the blemish, mental and physical, the swollen glands, the tonsil trouble, the nervousness and debility, the rashes and outbreaks, not a small percentage of which can be traced to vaccine which kills the best in us in order to save the rest.

The Song of the Soul

From One of Our Prison Friends

"What is the purpose of life?" I said
 As I sat by the fire alone;
 "When my heart is still and my body dead,
 "Will my soul live on and on?"
 I pondered long on the unknown end
 When life should cease to be—
 Would I know my soul as a foe or friend
 When death's hand sets it free?
 Then the touch of an unseen hand I felt
 And a soft voice whispered low,
 "There's a region of light where your soul once dwelt—
 You may see if you choose to go."
 Then the scene around me grew strangely dim.
 And faded at last from sight—
 I could not choose but follow him
 Who spoke to my soul that night.
 Then my thoughts went out to those sun-kissed realms
 And my soul kept them company
 As we winged our flight with an unseen helm
 To the brink of eternity.
 I saw the earth in the sky below—
 Just a tiny brilliant spark,
 My gentle guide sang soft and low
 In the hush of the voiceless dark.
 Then a glorious orb of golden light
 Appeared in the distant sky,
 And we stood revealed in the splendor bright—
 My guide, my soul, and I.
 I had never dreamed a thing so pure
 As I saw my soul to be
 Could long on the tainted earth endure
 In a form we both called "Me."
 I fathomed the depths of its astral eyes
 And read immortality,
 I caught the first glimpse of the paradise
 That awaited humanity.
 My gentle guide then took my hand
 And I gladly followed him.
 Till we took our stand on celestial land
 On Saturn's golden rim.
 Such scenes of splendor mortal mind
 Had never yet believed,
 And yet the soul of all mankind
 Was 'mid those scenes conceived.
 Me-thought that sounds seraphic rung
 Throughout that broad expanse;
 On every tone my senses hung,
 My mind seemed in a trance;
 The zephyrs wafted sweet perfume
 That thrilled me through and through;
 Each law of nature seemed in tune,
 The sun, the air, the dew.
 And long I stood and gazed upon
 That ever-changing scene—
 It was not day, but early dawn,
 No night could intervene.
 And countless forms of misty white
 Rolled by in endless streams,

Their faces lit with heavenly light,
 As oft we see in dreams.
 I looked upon my own pure soul,
 Which seemed a thing apart,
 I saw it join the onward roll,
 I felt the tear drops start.
 My guide then spoke in gentle voice,
 Each accent full of love,
 "Be not alarmed, it had no choice,
 "But like the cooing dove,
 "It follows where love leads the way.
 "It cannot choose but go,
 "For love rules in these realms always,
 "Such love no mortals know."
 "But must I then resign my soul?"
 I cried in deep concern.
 "Perhaps as on the ages roll
 "This lesson you will learn,"
 My guide replied. He took my hand
 In tender sympathy—
 "For years that soul on Earth's dull strand
 "Has struggled to be free.
 "Your ears were deaf to all its pleas,
 "You scoffed and scorned, and sneered,
 "You quaffed the wine, it drank the lees,
 "You spurned all it revered.
 "That soul was yours by grace of God.
 "And yours it shall remain,
 "But never more on Earth's cold sod
 "Shall you that soul reclaim,
 "Until thru years of suffering
 "And humble contrite prayer,
 "Beseeching, sorrowing love, shall bring
 "Your soul to join you there.
 "Come hence, and to your mortal eyes
 "I will a sight unfold
 "That has no equal in the skies
 "Which now those eyes behold."
 We rose into the midnight air,
 Nor paused to say farewell
 To my own better self. I dare
 Not speak to break the spell.
 Once more I felt my trembling form
 Flit past the brilliant stars,
 Until at last the fiery storm
 Revealed the planet Mars.
 And then we stood on mountains bare
 And viewed the silent land,
 The hush of death was in the air
 And on the burning sand;
 And as I gazed methought I saw
 Stooped men go slowly past;
 Their nude forms knew no mortal law,
 Their hollow eyes downcast.
 "And who are these?" I cried, amazed,
 "Who walk with footsteps slow.
 "And act like men with senses dazed?
 "And whither do they go?"

"These forms, like you, are soulless men.
 "And this is their abode,
 "Nor can they join their souls again
 "Until the weary laid
 "Of selfishness, lust, and greed,
 "That ruled their passions then
 "Has forced them to their knees to plead
 "Their soul's return again."
 "Why do you come to this dead globe,
 "This gloomy, living Hell,
 "Where men without nor shield nor robe
 "Their lamentations tell?"
 I asked in quaking voice—but lo!—
 My gentle guide was gone!
 My heart grew sick with fear to know
 I stood there all alone. . .
 I cried aloud—none heard my cry,
 For no one could afford
 To reach a hand or lift an eye
 In all that soulless horde.
 Each nursed a grief the same as mine,
 Each mourned for pleasures past,
 When life meant love and mirth and wine,
 Too glorious to last.
 I sought to go as I had come
 From yon bright, distant star;
 I sought in vain—each sense was numb,
 Tho' Saturn smiled afar.
 The fierce sun blazed o'er the sand
 And quivered in the air,
 No cooling breath my hot cheeks fanned,
 My parched lips moved in prayer.
 "Lord, give me back my loving soul
 "That erstwhile walked with me,
 "That I may gain my destined goal
 "Of immortality!"
 I listened, but no answer came;
 I knew my doom was sealed;
 My greed, my selfishness, my shame
 Was to my mind revealed.
 With drooping head and heavy heart
 I joined that grewsome throng,
 I felt the burning teardrops start
 As we slowly passed along.
 And so the days, the months, the years
 Passed slowly one by one,
 And all seemed dead save only fears
 Of what was yet to come.
 Annihilation waited me
 When life's brief span was o'er,
 No hope that I should wake to see
 That promised Golden Shore.
 And then I knew that life on Earth,
 So filled with hope and love,
 Was builded on the soul's rebirth
 In blissful realms above.
 I knew that in my ignorance,
 My sinful pride and lust,
 Offense was heaped upon offense
 Against my soul. Disgust
 Of all Earth's petty vanities,
 Of shams, deceits, and lies,

Of mockeries, Profanities,
 And other mundane ties,
 Welled up and set my heart aflame
 With hate for every deed
 Of my earth-life; then in my shame
 I heard my lost soul plead.
 "Oh, Pray for light that you may know
 "The hopes you knew of old;
 "Oh, pray for firm strength to forego
 "The power of glittering gold!"
 I knelt me down, and as I prayed—
 Behold, a vision fair—
 Of spirit forms above me played,
 Upon the sand dunes there.
 And from that throng my own fair soul,
 With arms outstretched, advanced;
 I felt the heavy burdens roll
 From off my heart. Entranced,
 I felt the soft warm glow
 Of hope and faith and love.
 Throughout my yielding body flow—
 I soared to realms above.
 I knew my soul and I were one,
 Re-born on Earth to dwell—
 I saw where Mars still brightly shone,
 A fiery living hell.
 And when my feet touched earth at last,
 We knelt, my soul and I,
 Full grateful that the test was passed—
 We two should never die.
 I knew the love, the faith, the hope,
 I'd never known before,
 No more would I in shadows grope
 As I had done of yore.
 The weary years of dark despair,
 On Mars when hope was dead,
 Had taught me that the earth was fair
 Whereon to lay my head.
 And then my gentle guide appeared—
 "Farewell, my Spirit friend,
 "We may not meet again," he feared,
 "Until earth-life shall end.
 "But thou hast seen what few have seen,
 "And lived to tell the tale.
 "Go forth and spread the message free—
 "That faith shall never fail
 "To keep love's shining light aflame
 "Betwixt their soul and them
 "You saw, you know, you felt the blame—
 "No man your pow'r can stem.
 "For life is Love—God's only law
 "Thru all eternity.
 "Twill lead them on without a flaw
 "To Immortality."
 Thus spake my guide, then passing on
 To that oblivion vast,
 Where people of our dreams have gone
 Through countless ages past.
 Then consciousness in full returned,
 I was myself once more;
 The bright fire in the grate still burned
 As it had burned before.

(Continued on Page 38)

The Kojiki

THE Kojiki is a very ancient book of the Japanese having to do with the creation of the universe and the building of the first land. Among the Japanese we find many interesting mythologies not the least of which is the ancient Japanese story of creation which we will very briefly consider in this article.

The Kojiki opens with the story of the coming of the three gods. Every nation has its trinity and this trinity is the expression all things which come into creation. The moment abstraction is concreted it divides itself into three forces which are the Trimuti of India or the three phases of human life. God, the Unmanifest, manifests Himself through three creatures for there are but three expressions of force in the universe—the creative force, the projective and perpetuating force, and, thirdly, the disintegrative or reductive force. The moment that any life essence assumes matter it becomes subject to these three gods who are in reality the rulers of Maya or of the created universe. The only reality is the Un-created which is the beginning and end of all creation.

In the ancient doctrines of Japan there are two kinds of dieties—heavenly gods and earthly gods. The heavenly gods refer undoubtedly to those beings who dwell in the spiritual planes or else those beings who, while manifesting in the world, descended from the spiritual planes. In other words, they are those forces extraneous to ourselves which assist in the molding of our consciousness, while the earthly gods are those who, though born of men, achieve immortality and become deified as the fruitage of their labors here.

The Kojiki shows two divisions to the universe—the heavens and the earth. The heavens came before the earth which was born out of water by the actions of two gods who are called Izanagi, the Male-Who-Invites, and his sister Izanami, the Female-Who-Invites (literal translation). These two were the creators of the earth and represent the principles of polarity which bring solid matter into existence.

It is said in the ancient book that in the

plane of the superior world called the Most High Heaven there were three dieties born out of no-thing, that is were differentiated from That Which Is Not. They were parentless creations, self-born androgenous creations, self-born, androgenous creation-known and, according to the ancient story, withdrew themselves from creation after the appearance of two secondary dieties. The first of these self-born ones was called the Master-of-Heaven's-Center; the second was called the Most-Distinguished-Producer-of-Wonders; and the third the Divine-Producer-of-Wonders. They appeared in clouds floating over the heavens and the source of their being was unknown but they are seldom symbolized because even their shape is but a hypothesis. From them came two others that were born of a strange hollow stick or reed-like growth which came out of the earth at that time when it was a floating bubble in the center of a great ocean. The names of these two dieties were The Elder-Reed-Shoot diety and the Heaven - Born - Eternally - Standing-Diety. They likewise were unseen to mortal men and were born without parents.

These five constitute the eldest of the ancient cosmogony and in modern occultism represent the Elder Brothers or the five Great Initiates who never leave the temple but, like the ancient dieties, hide their person. The Wisdom-Religion is divided into two divisions, the five god-born or god-reclaimed ones and the seven man-born or man-unfolded ones. It is these two divisions which constitutes the mystery schools of the ancients. The higher group contains five which is the number of the astral plane or the high priest, while the second contains seven which is the number of the Mosaic law and the earthy things. In the ancient wisdom the five-pointed star stands for the elder five whose thrones are in the human brain. It is through these five superior dieties that man secures liberation cosmically and they represent the wounds of the crucifixion and are the most secret of the ancient wisdom.

According to the sacred books and early literature of the East, edited by Professor Charles F. Horne, Phd., the literal names

translated into English of the next seven gods and goddesses are as follows:

First, the Earthly-Eternally-Standing-Diety and the Luxuriant-Integrating-Master-Diety. These two were heaven-born without procreation and were unseen in the mortal world. Then came the Mud-Earth-Lord and Mud-Earth-Lady, the Germ-Integrating-Diety and his younger sister the Life-Integrating-Diety; the Elder-of-the-Great-Place and his sister the Elder-Lady-of-the-Great-Place; the Perfect-Exterior and his sister the Oh-Awful-Lady; the Male-Who-Invites and the Female-Who-Invites. From the Earthly-Eternally-Standing diety down to the Female-Who-Invites we have what are termed the Seven Divine Generations. These represent the seven Logos or the gods of the planetary chain who are the outpouring of the five unseen First Causes which are the outpouring of the Three most sacred centers which Three are the Witnesses of the Unknowable.

In Masonry the numbers Three, Five and Seven are of great significance and Masonically it means exactly the same as in the ancient Japanese mythology—the three great tools, the five senses, and the seven liberal arts and sciences. The seven liberal arts and sciences are the lowest and belong to the earth, corresponding to the Entered Apprentice degree of Freemasonry which is keyed to the number seven.

The five, which is the number of the priest and is called the Hierophant in the ancient Taro, is the mind which thinks through the heart system and is best expressed by that old saying, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." As has been said before, five is the number of the astral plane, is the key to the Fellowcraft degree of Freemasonry, and is the number of sense perception which is the fruitage of the astral plane. The Master Jesus, expressing the principle of the astral plane, wore over his white garment a crimson robe as the symbol of the blood system.

Three is attuned to the mind, is the Master Mason's degree and the key to the third degree of Masonry. It belongs to the mental world and the mind-born gods are without father or mother, being born in the subtle mind stuff of the Saturn period. Thus we see the ancient cosmogony played out in both spirit and matter.

The gods placed the last two named dieties upon the Bridge of Heaven or the Antakhrana which is the bridge connecting the divine with the human, sometimes known as the Heavenly Stairs. Handing them a jeweled spear they told them to stir the brine floating in the ocean until it should curdle. The spear was then drawn up and the brine that dripped from it piled up upon the surface of creation, forming a mighty island which was called Onogoro or the First Land. Upon this they built their first temple and a hall eight fathoms square, from which point all creation was carried on.

This legend undoubtedly refers to the ancient mystery of the descent of the spiritual hierarchies on to the North polar cap of the earth which was the first point to become crystallized. The spear was the ray sent down by the sun upon which ray the spiritual hierarchies descended and the sun drew up the water, leaving the earth. The ancient myth tells that the spiritual hierarchies built their temple upon the sacred island of the Gobi desert where it has remained even to this day. From this point all the work of civilizing and unfolding human thought, race, and culture has been carried on. It is this point which the occultist believes to be the place where the spiritual bridge or cord connecting the planet with the sun passes into the earth. This is the beanstalk of Jack which we read of in the fairy story which grew all the way up to heaven.

In the temple of Shamballah we find the sacred cosmogony played out again. Of the twelve Masters or Elder Brothers who inhabit it seven are demi-gods attuned to the concrete world, while five remain in the shrine all the time as the invisible life and power of the great work in the world. In this way the ancient Japanese creation exactly agrees with that of the Hindoo, the Jewish, and the Chinese, for, while the dieties differ in name, in each case they represent the laws and properties necessary for the creation of concrete manifestation out of abstract possibility. They all have taught us that the gods became mortal themselves when they entered mortal substance and that all things are subject to birth, growth and decay, the trimuti of human expression, until they are superior to Brah-

ma, Vishnu and Siva, the concretions of the Absolute.

This is all played out again in the body of man, in the zodiac, and in many other stories and allegories of the various religions of the world. All these doctrines have twelve gods or demi-gods of which one is the leader, three are His messengers and all the remaining are demi-gods. All of these gods carry out the dictates and orders of their Leader who in turn is born out of the parentless abyss and carries sacred or magic implements of power which are the basis of His superiority over mortal men. The implements which make the gods greater than men are all to be found when we analyze the Masonic implements and instruments which are symbolical of mental, emotional or physical body qualities which in turn symbolize the spiritual expression of man seeking manifestation in partially crystallized bodies.

The great Japanese colleges of learning, especially the Buddhistic colleges, are beginning to take great interest in unravelling the

mystery of mythology for they realize, as the Christian world must eventually realize, that mythology is the most accurate historical data on spiritual subjects which we have preserved to us and that the keys of wisdom, both scientific and theological, are concealed in the mythologies of ancient people. Neither history nor literature as an entire has preserved truth but mythology has been honest and it makes little difference whether you are searching for the effects of a chemical combination, the birth of a planet, or the effect of contradictory emotions on the human soul, you will be perfectly safe in accepting the mythological characters and their word in solving a problem. A country that knows its mythology is fortunate indeed, and in this respect Japan is especially blessed for it has one of the most fascinating and inspiring mythologies known to the world today of which this little word we have spoken is but the beginning of a study that could involve life-times and has astounded all who ever attempted it.

A One Act Literary Tragedy

(Continued from Page 9)

was riding to the planet Venus on a green cow that had an aeroplane propeller on her front. I know you are a wonderful occultist, Mr. Scribbly—will you please give me your interpretation? Of course I know already but I want to find out if you agree with me."

She looked across the table and then gave a gasp. Mr. Scribbly had rolled out of his chair and lay face upward under the table, his body twitching and his eyes rolling.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Chatter-jaw "he's dying! Help! Help! I'll faint, I know I shall!" And gathering up her skirts and rare book *Desdemona* rushed down the stairs to fall into the arms of a large Irish policeman who stood on the street corner.

As soon as he was sure that *Desdemona* had vanished, Scribbly got up from under the table, tiptoed carefully over to the door and locked it securely, muttering to himself, "There's no use. You gotta die to get away from 'em.'"

"Oh, where was I?" he ran his fingers through his hair—"What was I trying to write when that blizzard came in?—I can't remember to save my neck!"

And here we will close our little act—leaving Scribbly to try and resurrect his thoughts from the maelstrom of thoughtlessness—with this little motto: The greatest thing you can do for your friend is to *leave him alone*.

The Song of The Soul

(Continued from Page 35)

Methought myself an aged man
When I awoke again,
Long passed the ordinary span
Of three-score years and ten.
But lo! an hour had scarcely passed
Since first my guide appeared—
The vision grand, from first to last,
Was not as I had feared!
A weary stretch of wasted years—
But just one hour had flown.
Farewell to grief, farewell to fears,
My soul and I atone.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

The sign of Libra was put into the Zodiac to divide the signs of Virgo and Scorpio which were once one in the time when the Zodiac was divided into ten instead of twelve signs. It is called the Balance and symbolizes the division between the signs. It naturally rules the seventh house but its great keyword is Balance and it is to that end that egos take bodies under Libra that they may learn to harmonize and co-operate their faculties. All growth is the result of discrimination and discrimination is the mental process of weighing values against each other.

Briefly considered the keywords of Libra are as follows:

| | |
|-------------|----------------------|
| Moist | Changeable |
| Hot | Sweet |
| Airy | Fortunate |
| Sanguine | Autumnal |
| Western | Southern |
| Diurnal | Obeying |
| Cardinal | Sign of Long |
| Equinoxtial | Ascension |
| Movable | Day house of Venus |
| Masculine | Exaltation of Saturn |
| Human | Detriment of Mars |
| Speaking | Fall of the Sun |
| Whole | |

General Characteristics:

Libra is usually just, honest and fair in its weights and measures mentally, physically and spiritually, in this following out the symbol of its sign; but if a bad square exists in the horoscope of Libra the native will become dishonest, untrue and far from virtuous for in Libra the scales tilt very easily from one extreme to the other.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Just | Lovable |
| Sweet | Romantic |
| Upright | Changeable |
| Square | Fond of travel |
| True to principle | Usually material |
| Rather religious | |

Physical Appearances:

Tall
Well made
Elegant in person
Round beautiful face
Ruddy in youth but inclined to be plain in old age
Subject to disfigurements of the face through skin diseases, eruptions, etc. when old.
Blue or grey eyes
Flaxen, auburn or yellow hair
Slender
Straight
Usually long in body

If Venus is well posited in Libra it adds greatly to the physical beauty but if the Libra body is not properly taken care of it soon shows it in becoming run down and disfigured.

The diseases Libra is most subject to are:

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Ruptures | Weaknesses of various |
| General debilities | kinds |
| Locomotor ataxia | Mild forms of venereal |
| Wasting of spinal | complaints |
| marrow | Corruptions of blood |
| Ulcers | Weakness in small of |
| Corruptions of Blood | back |

Domestic Problems:

Libra being ruled by Venus and being a fruitful sign is often fortunate in matrimonial problems but seems to be more subject to disappointments through the insincerity of the marriage partner than many of the other signs. Also being airy is rather subject to wandering. It is not quite as satisfied in the home as some of the other signs.

Countries Under Influence of Libra:

| | |
|----------|----------------|
| Austria | Lavonia |
| Alsace | India |
| Savoy | Ethiopia |
| Portugal | Part of Greece |

Cities Under the Control of Libra:

| | |
|-----------|-----------|
| Lisbon | Fribourgh |
| Vienna | Placentia |
| Frankfort | Antwerp |

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OPEN FOOTBALL SEASON WITH VICTORY SATURN LOSES RING

SCANDAL IN HIGH CIRCLES

The Duc de Uranus is named as the leading figure in a startling divorce scandal here. This gay Romeo has broken up a large number of homes with his seductive wiles. It is confidentially circulated that Lord Aldebaron is out gunning for him. Lord Aldebaron bought a sawed off shotgun last week. A member of the Pearly Gates burlesque chorus is said to be the cause of it all. Lord Aldebaron also bought three pounds of rock salt. It is rumored that the Duc de Uranus is suffering from an indisposition and will spend his summer on the Riviera.

CURIOSITY ARRIVED TODAY

One of the strangest things that ever appeared in heaven arrived this morning on the night flyer from earth. Scientists here are analyzing the marvel. Miss Susy Splash holds the world's talking record, having kept her tongue going without saying anything for forty-seven years. She died of talker's cramp when her tongue got twisted around her eye tooth and she couldn't see to speak. During all this period of time no one has any record that she ever said anything. She even talked in her sleep and chewed her food to language. Scientists specializing in the law of heredity and environment have sought to analyze this strange creature but nothing can be found out save that she was an occult student and paid twenty-five dollars for an initiation. More news later.

NEW ROLLER COASTER OPENED

The Pearly Gates Amusement Company announces the fact that they have opened a roller coaster on a thunder cloud not far from Pearly Gates. Those people who lived on earth a long time and are lonely may get the ups and downs they have left behind on this newly installed machine. Price of ride, one radium dime.

In the football game between the Pearly Gates semi-professionals and the Pandemonium Whitehopes there were several very excellent plays. Jimmy Flap the full-back on the team for the Pearly Gates flapped his way through the very heart of the enemy's team and, spreading his wings, made a nose dive between the goal posts, making the only score of the game. It was a spectacular sight. Jimmy was holding the ball with his second pair of wings while with the first pair, spread to their fullest capacity, he soared over the Pandemonium team for two hundred yards. Beelzebug, playing tackle for the Pandemoniums, twisted his tail around Jimmy's left foot and the audience held its breath; but shaking him loose, Jimmy flapped his way to victory amid the cheers of the team. With only three minutes to play there was insufficient time for any retaliation.

The Hotair Motion Picture Syndicate announces the release of a five reel feature comedy which is said to be the most hilarious thing ever produced, seven thousand feet of excruciating comedy, side splitting mirth and laughter provoking originality. The title is "A Day with Our Occult Lights."

The Pearly Gates Vaudeville Circuit has just booked two singing evangelists who present a number of original sketches, including a very excellent clog dance and examples of collection plate jugglery. The repertoire is entirely new and opens with that jazz success "When You and I Were Young Maggie." They have been pronounced exceptionally clever, entertaining, but very superficial. The children will enjoy them. The duo came from different parts of the earth but died about the same time and decided to unite for mutual interests. Their closing number is a wonderful little selection entitled "Hellfire and Damnation." Long practice on this subject gives them great ease and fluency of delivery.

Lost one gentleman's ring size forty-three million eight hundred and ten, somewhere three blocks east of Chaos Junction. Anyone finding this ring will please return it to Mr. Saturn, owner, and receive the reward. Mr. Saturn is in a position to identify his property which he dropped last night while suffering from an indisposition. (Pearly Gates reporter announces that he saw Mr. Saturn returning from a late party which is supposed to have been the cause of his carelessness.)

SPECIAL AUDIENCE GRANTED

Willie Flyberg, star reporter for the Pearly Gates Gazette, was granted an audience with the Lord yesterday to discuss a very important problem. There are a large number of people claiming to be of the royal blood and a still larger group who claim to be acting under the personal direction of God. In order to straighten out this tangle Willie Flyberg had half an hour alone with the Lord yesterday afternoon. He has given to the progressive ideals of our newspaper the results of his interview. The Lord disclaimed any knowledge of the persons who claim to speak with His authority and also stated explicitly that there were no members of the royal blood floating around. For the benefit of our readers we will say that His Majesty also positively stated that the Pearly Gates Gazette was His official organ. Our journal is always first.

To whom it may concern: The man who broke into the house of Lord Sirius last night, stealing three bottles of 1842 aged in the wood, the last of a once noble line, and also the family jewels valued at over eight hundred thousand dollars, is requested to bring back the whiskey. If he will do this he may keep the jewels and no questions will be asked.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer

Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on hand:

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The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

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

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

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Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

1. Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
2. The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
3. Talks to Teachers, Part I
4. Talks to Teachers, Part II
5. Talks to Teachers, Part III
6. The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
7. Reincarnation, Part I
8. Reincarnation, Part II.
9. The Nature Spirits, Part I.
10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
11. The Nature Spirits, Part III.
12. List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
13. The Masters, Part I.
14. The Masters, Part II.

The Following are in Preparation.

Talks to Teachers, Part IV.
Talks to Teachers, Part V.
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
The Nature Spirits, Part V.
The Masters, Part III.

The Masters, Part IV.
The Philosophy of the Absolute.
The Mystery of Marriage.
The Mystery of Baptism.
The Mystery of the Soul.
The Philosophy of Death.

These publications may be secured through voluntary contribution by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Krishna

From the Mahabharata



"I make and unmake this Universe:
Than me there is no other Master, Prince!
No other Maker! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,
The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is;
The wisdom of the wise, the intellect
Of the informed, the greatness of the great,
The splendor of the splendid. Kunti's Son!
These am I, free from passion and desire;
Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,
Chief of the Bharatas! for all those moods,
Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,
Which Nature frames, deduce from me; but all
Are merged in me — not I in them! The world —
Deceived by those three qualities of being —
Wotteth not me who am outside them all,
Above them all, Eternal! Hard it is
To pierce that veil divine of various shows
Which hideth me; yet they who worship me
Pierce it and pass beyond.

I am not known

To evil-doers, nor to foolish ones,
Nor to the base and churlish; nor to those
Whose mind is cheated by the show of things,
Nor those that take the way of Asuras."