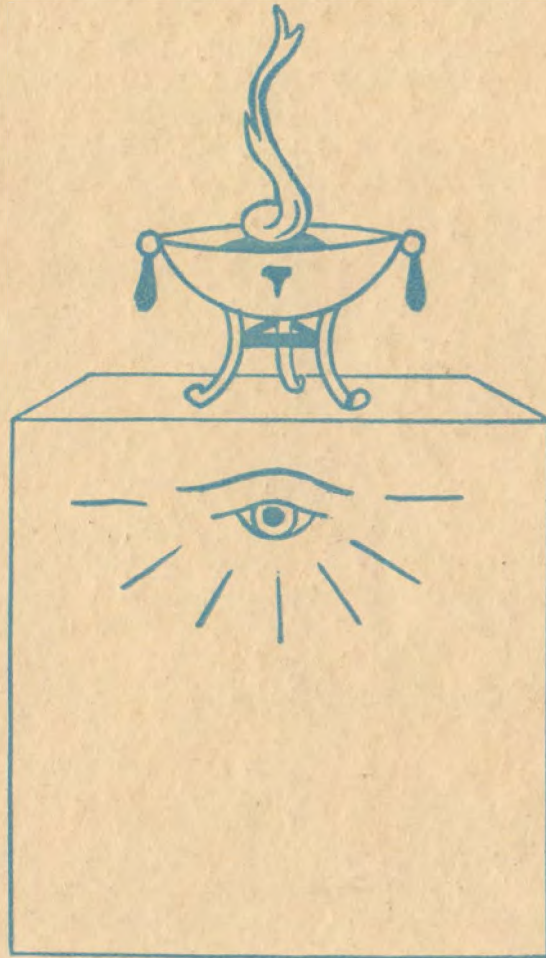


The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and

Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

JANUARY, 1924

Books by Manly P. Hall

The Initiates of the Flame.

A book dealing with the seven great branches of occult philosophy as they have been perpetuated through the Fire Schools of the ancients. Of interest to occultists, Masons and students of comparative religion. It contains about 100 pages bound in full cloth, stamped in gold. Profusely illustrated.

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The Unborn

From behind the Veil of Maya
The faces of the unborn gaze,
Baby faces from the shadow
Of that blue unbounded haze.

Baby fingers play the heartstrings,
Baby hands reach out in love,
Baby voices—hear them calling,
From the shadows far above.

In the yesteryear gone by
You were with them over there,
Longing through the silent ages
For a mother who would care.

One who would fulfill her duty
And give to you a chance to live,
That to you might come the blessings
Our old earth has power to give.

So the unborn through the ages
Wait behind their veil of tears,
And the ones who should be mothers
Wander childless through the years.

With mortal hands you still their hearts
And cast their broken forms aside,
Murdering souls and slaying bodies
With criminal thoughtlessness and pride.

On your hands is blood of murder,
On your soul a blacker stain—
Mother of Mercy have compassion
On the slayer and the slain!

EDITORIALS

Thoughts For The New Year

The time is coming for New Year's resolutions (which are usually made the first week in January and broken the second.) This year let us aspire to hold through the entire span of months the resolutions which we make for the New Year. The occult schools are indeed mystic organizations and entrance to them is man's pledged oath and vow. Many people object to oaths and vows but there are some which we must take as we go along the line. They are not however pledges made to others, they are moral obligations which the body must assume and live up to. We must pledge ourselves to ourselves; our life is our living oath of allegiance to the cause which we most cherish while the vows we take in the silence of our soul tie us to the Masters of Wisdom. No vows to other mortal things—but an endless vow of allegiance to our God.

Let this New Year bring with it these promises we make to ourselves, when no one demands of us that we shall do the best that is in us for the unfoldment of our nature and the glorification of the plan. All the books that have ever been written in this world and all the lectures given since earth began cannot bring you any closer to the realization of right than someone else's idea or at best a mental concept. But when man lives the practical life of regeneration, purification, self mastery and harmlessness, the bodies attuned by their purification and the resulting improvement of organic quality are capable of finer ideals, nobler concepts and truer estimates than it is possible for us to make in our present condition.

Only a sage can make an honest estimate, uncolored by personality, only gods are capable of right analysis, only seers and patriarchs of right discrimination. These qualities are a basis of wisdom which is not book learning but practical experience.

In the ancient Mosaic law the powers of being spoke unto the children of earth in the

voice of wrath, saying, "Thou shalt not." This was the ancient law. But with the coming of the new law this is changed to "Thou shalt." No longer does the prophet say you must not do evil but now he says you must do good. These paragraphs are not affirmative and anyone who tries to make them into affirmations will destroy all their value. They are resolutions with which to open the new year that it may in truth bring us closer to wisdom and understanding. Therefore let us consider these resolutions as listed below:

1. Unto that Self which is within me and is the source of all, I send those greetings which the body can send unto the source of itself and pledge that this year I shall serve this spirit within myself with my heart, my mind and my hand—not to the glorification of matter but that all the world may know the reality of spirit.

2. As the spirit in man is a friend of all things, one with the spirit of all things, knowing neither foe nor friend, kith or kin, race or creed, I shall emphasize this during the coming year through that personality which is the finite manifestation of the infinite. I shall harm no living thing during this year but shall seek communion with that spirit in all living things which is the universal solvent of inharmony.

3. My relationship with my brother man this year shall be based upon my own intrinsic realization of right and not upon their attitude to me. It shall make no difference to me how I am treated, for during this year I shall only do good, express charity, live fraternity, and follow the doctrine of non-resistance. I shall neither resist evil nor accept it but shall remain in poise while others are in turmoil.

4. No word of dissatisfaction, of criticism or of destructiveness shall be launched into the world this coming year from me. I shall meet and receive all things in the spirit

of charity and will accept those responsibilities which the world gives me in peace, in poise and in placidity, no matter how hard my lot nor how sad my life.

5. I shall be clean in thought, word and action; in body, mind and soul; and nothing shall defile the temple of the living God within me; either that which goeth in or that which cometh out, but both shall be acceptable in the sight of the most high.

6. My voice shall not be raised in anger nor my words be quick in tone or harsh in meaning but shall be in perfect peace unto all things, realizing the fundamental unity of all life and that diversity is nature's illusion.

7. This year I shall labor. Every day something useful must be standing when night falls to show that today has not been in vain. Someone shall smile who has not smiled before, someone shall be glad who is sad, someone shall be richer who was poor, each day that I am spared in this world of men.

8. Unto my younger brothers I also pledge in the spirit of helpfulness all that I have and am, that each year will come closer to realization of the oneness of all living things.

9. Unto those foes with whom my life has been beset, those thoughtless ones who have grieved me often, those friends who have been untrue, those of my own flesh and blood who have been false to me—to all these this year I send greetings that, while they may be false to me, I shall never be false to them. That one Power in the universe which is the basis of all bases and the cause of all causes—to that I renew the bond which is so easily broken by the thoughtlessness of life that I may each day be true and come closer to the ideals which I know but which the weakness of the flesh so seldom gives expression to. Brother, beast and God—all three of these in nature shall realize my realization of unity for I shall live this year to serve those who alone have the power to reward in spirit and in truth.

Let us this year take unto ourselves these resolutions, build them into that eternal part of ourselves which was before the world was and shall be when oblivion dissolves all things.

In the basic realization of human relationship and of man's relationship to God lies wisdom and the relationship between man and his body will be the base of his relationship with the Body Cosmic, and this relationship shall be emphasized in spirit and in truth during the coming months—that past knowledge shall be changed to wisdom, intellectuality and mind forces into soul powers. In this the student fulfils that task which he is appointed to accomplish and passes successfully through that probationship which we know as life.

During the coming months let us endeavor to realize that the greatest instruction which it is possible for mortal being to receive is that which is woven into your soul during the every day experiences of life. The restraint, the kindness, the charity and the innate understanding applied to the panorama of endless occurrences measures the growth which is really yours among the spiritual things of nature. Wisdom does not come with listening, it comes with living. Only when we cleanse the inside of the cup can we receive the spiritual ordination which floats in it as the blood of the Christ. When we have cleansed this cup then all may come and drink of the communion wine of spirit for instead of a man the Initiate has become a well of living waters springing up in the wilderness where the thirsty of the world may come to drink—not of things human but of things eternal.

Let us each reach the highest goal which man may attain by preparing our compound natures to receive the finer currents of natural force that are ever in the universe to nourish all who will attune themselves with the ever subtle influences. Man is a great receiving station of natural force and thousands of messages pass through him every day, not mediumistic messages but the messages of natural force which express themselves in thought, action and desire.

Those who would come into the light of actual knowledge must learn to realize that wisdom rests in the proving of things and in the finer and higher qualities of reason. The wise man knows and does and his actions being in harmony with his knowing emphasize the sincerity of his wisdom.

Personality versus Principle

INSTEAD of building our temple upon the rock of principle most of us trust the weight of our souls upon the fleeting clouds of personality, not seeming to realize that in this world of ever changing things there is no perfection but just combatting, striving organisms that vanish from this mortal vale as soon as they have achieved and therefore are not to be found here. Be it saint or sage, all who dwell here are battling with faults and failings and seeking with the light of the spark within to read the mystic message of experience. There is no reality in matter, yet it is part of the great plan whereby man may achieve ultimate reality. We worship graven images and then as time shows us their faults and failings we turn away disillusioned—blaming them but really responsible ourselves for having sought the ultimate in the transitory.

Wherever we find personality we will find traits that hurt us, qualities not true to the ideal, lives unable to express the true ultimate of their desire, unable to really show the feelings and ideals which fill their souls, for, as the Apostle said, when they would do good evil is ever with them, when they would be kind the sharp word comes, when they would soothe the hand is rough and callous, when they would give words to the dreams of their soul only harsh guttural sounds come forth. The beauty is within but usually remains unknown.

Personalities are to principles what matter is to spirit and what lips are to the voice—they fashion its varying tones but the source is ever the same. But we cannot learn, apparently, to overlook the personality, we accept lives because of a pleasing personality and reject truth if the bearer be uncouth, judging all things by the arch of a brow, the clasp of a hand or the tone of a voice. In other words, as did the children of Israel while Moses was upon the mountain, we worship the Golden Calf and ornament statues of wood and stone. The great struggle has always been between the personal and impersonal. We say: "I like Jones but I do not like Smith." While the thing really like and

disliked is neither Jones nor Smith but a personality through which the struggling rays of an individuality shine but partially, a glass darkened by the film of matter. We must learn to look for Truth, regardless of the bearer. We are not called upon to live the life of the teacher or to copy his mistakes, but when we turn from light because the bearer fails to please us we are merely cutting off our own nose to spite our face. The light shines through those instruments which are at hand. On the Potter's Wheel of being are molded many shapes of clay, some broken, some deformed, and yet into each is poured the Water of Life that to it others may come to drink if they will—all is the same water, though the vessels differ. If man waits for a perfect one to bring his light he will wait forever for perfection would be unrecognizable if seen. To us reality would be strange and weird and a perfect man would be a curiosity, boring, dull and uninteresting, and absolutely unusual because so typically usual. The greater a person is the more he is scoffed at for his failings by those who know less than he does but he has no way of reaching his fellow creatures unless, like them, he is born in the vale of imperfection. However we are not forced to judge upon the merits of form alone and those who do so are foolish for they prove that the weakness is in their own souls or they would not have found it in the soul of another.

When we hear our favorite teacher launch forth in a stream of profanity we faint in our friends arms, stricken with mortal horror, while a great big golden calf comes tumbling down to burrow its nose in the dirt. We are disillusioned, our hearts are "busted," our souls are shattered, and our dream fades into the shadows. And so it goes.

The light shining down to earth shines into the unreal through many little windows. Some are open but a little way and a tiny shaft of light is all that is seen, others are great stained glass windows like those in mighty cathedrals, which, through the beauty of their forms and colors, send soft glows of mystic light that rest our souls and calm our spirits. Through

other windows the light glares out, injuring our eyes and bewildering us with its dazzling radiance. But wherever there is even a tiny little opening a beam shines through and that beam is the hope of glory to some soul, the promise of salvation to some otherwise empty life. And a man who turns from the light which shines faintly will never reach the light that shines brightly for, having found the gleam of possibility, it is his duty to seek to open the window himself that the light may shine more brightly.

This world is filled with hearts that are cold, with lives that are cold, with cruelty, with hate, with thoughtlessness, with perjury and with crime, yet in almost every heart there is one little spot where the light shines through. Shall we say the light is not good because the window is befogged? Are we here in this world to worship windows? Are we here to reject the messenger because of the door through which he passes? Shall we say the door is black and no white thing can come through it? Shall we say the messenger is weak therefore the light is false?—Or shall we follow in the footsteps of the wise ones, who, knowing that the flesh is weak, do not serve it but thank even the weakened personality for the little light that does come through and praise God that there is much as there is.

So in our works let us divide between the false and the true, between the weak and the strong. Let us be servants of the masterpiece and not the frame which borders it, for though the frame be broken and tarnished the picture within is by the hand of an Artist. Let us glorify the picture and be thankful for the protection of the frame.

This world judges God by man because man is made in the image of God but as men cannot live up to the Image it is the privilege of man to forgive the weakness in his brother, for tomorrow he must be forgiven. The privilege of man is to overlook, only God has the privilege to judge. Let us create true charity within our souls, realizing that the light shines through many windows. Our duty is not to judge the window of our brother but to make certain that ours is open and the light passing through. Those who keep their souls clean

will lose faith in nothing but will gain faith in all things.

Upon the rock of personality the noble vessels of the soul are shattered. We say—the man is bad so how can the light be good? We say that he is rough, coarse and ill-mannered—how can God speak through such a one? Surely he is false in that he is not like his God? That in itself is a blasphemy, for what right has man to judge man by God? If man were to truly do like his God his brother would then as surely denounce him as a blasphemer and hypocrite.

Therefore thank God for mistakes and faults. They tie us together but we need neither serve them nor copy them. To say: others do ill, why should I do better? is utter foolishness. Another's mistakes must be paid for by him and if we follow in his footsteps we too shall have to pay for them. Our duty is to judge no one save ourselves and to always remember that even a thief can bring us light or that a murderer could aid in our redemption. When man falls through weakness the world points its fingers at him and says, like the priests of old, "what good thing can come out of Nazereth?" In other words, it is—what good things can an evil man do?

And yet with all his erring a man may have light where we are in darkness, where he may have broken one law he may have kept another we have broken. We do not need to copy his faults but we should be big enough to aspire to his good qualities. Many a crook lives a more honest life than the "Christian" we usually meet. Many a heart cold to most things has the soft spot in it where ours is cold. Let us learn to live and know this truth—divide the good from the evil as we would the gold from the dross, keep the man or the woman out of the problem and serve the spirit of light which they have shown us. The idea that a man's word is wrong because he is not good himself is foolish and those who ostracize such a one and destroy his philosophies for his morals, or his intellectuality for his concepts, are only losing opportunities.

An individual who is unable to divide between personality and principle is unable to fully learn or know anything and there is no time in the universe for him. When a dear

old lady comes up to us and says she has left the church because of the parson's scandal, we are sincerely sorry—not for the church but for the old lady who has left the light because the window has specks on it and will wander in darkness rather than take bread from the hands of sinners.

The Master broke bread with the publicans and sinners, taught them, loved them, and worked with them and from them chose His disciples that they might carry on His laws. If those were His concepts they should be good enough for His followers.

We should never be guilty of mixing our philosophy with our personalities for when we do we prove beyond all doubt that we are unworthy of the philosophy. The great test which few stand up under is the test of standing true to the ideal when the idol falls. Those who have reached that point are in the light, the rest are in the shade, not in the shade because there is no light but because they refused the light and sacrificed its gleams rather than accepting it in an undesirable personality.

The war of all the ages is between personality and principle. An individual who is

still able to turn up his nose is still unable to enter heaven and you would be surprised at the strength of the nasal muscle on some people we know. The "holier than thou" doctrines of life were shattered by the doctrines of Christ, who, when speaking to a woman taken in adultery said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and afterwards, "Neither do I accuse you—go and sin no more."

The modern world is basing itself not upon spirituality or honesty but upon concepts, creeds and castes. If there is one person you look down upon, one religion you hate, one relative who has played you false and you refuse to forgive—if such a one there be, from them shall come the light and without them you shall be in darkness. God shatters the idols of man as fast as he raises them that man may learn to build for principal and not personality, for ideal and not for idol, and shall worship the light and not the bearer who, were he not in sin, could not bring it to you. So thank God for the light He sends and do not criticize the one who brings it. In this secret lies the foundation of wisdom and the path of the law.

A One Act Theological Tragedy

THIS story needs no name for under any title it would reach straight to the heart strings and there twang out dolorous tones. In a small town three or four miles south of a large city, a young minister, fresh from a theological seminary and fired by ambition to redeem the world from its follies and foibles, was preparing for his first sermon. Our reverend friend wore a nice long, shiny, black coat and a brand new celluloid collar while the beating of his heart well nigh strangled him. In one hand was a neat bundle of notes—the sermon that he had prepared.

Just as he was passing down the aisle the choir welled forth in the first verse of the opening hymn, a beautiful anthem of piety and consecration. He was about half way to the pulpit when the eldest of the deacons tugged at his coat-tail very gently.

"Brother," he said soto voce, "I have been deacon of this church for many years and I want to make a little suggestion. In your sermon today do not attack any of the social evils—they are not popular in this church. We have some rather fast people—er—for example, Mrs. McSnubb down in the left hand corner. But they pay very well and we mustn't hurt their feelings—of course you understand, my dear sir."

The small town falsetto was leading the chorus of the first verse of the opening hymn when the second deacon, a little further down the aisle, held out his hand to stop the passing minister. Looking up very piously the good man spoke with a soft nasal accent.

"My dear young friend, take the experience that comes with gray hairs. The last minister who was here was—ah—er—a little blunt. In your sermon today I would sug-

gest, merely suggest, my dear friend," the deacon beamed, "that you would refrain from discussing prohibition. The chairman of our board of trustees is a heavy drinker but he pays well, exceptionally well—in fact he is having a stained glass window put in now. It really would not do to hurt his feelings—of course you understand."

The young minister was being rudely awakened from his dream of reformation but, as the basso profundo reached low G. in the second verse, he started down the narrow pathway again—only to be stopped by the third deacon whose shrill little voice was highly intensified by his false plate.

"My very good young man!" exclaimed the bewhiskered demagogue, making a trumpet out of his hand, "my long experience with this noble institution is"—at this point his plate dropped but getting it back with a Herculean effort he continued—, "my experience has been that it were far better to refrain from any discussion of gambling or horse-racing. You see that stout gentleman in the checkered vest sitting in the third row aisle? He—er—what you call it—plays the ponies some times—but he is a pillar of the faith, my dear young friend, a pillar of the faith! I may say one of the main supports of the church."

The quartet launched forth into the closing chorus. The notes climbed up each other until they reached high C. then cracked and collapsed just as the minister reached the fourth deacon who sat in the front row right beside the pulpit.

"My dear young sir," called the deacon, "come here a moment please. If by any

chance, you contemplated preaching against vice this morning—I would suggest that you change your subject. Years of experience have proven to me that our most successful clergyman are those who talk a great deal, but don't say anything. Quote Hebrew and original Syriac but if you want this church to be successful financially do not under any conditions attack any of the failings of the congregation. If you can't think of anything else to talk about—choose the twenty-third Psalm." And with a sly wink he sat back, satisfied in the realization of duty well done.

The young minister's head was going round and his breath was coming in short gasps. There was nothing left to speak about. As he stood bewildered in front of the Bible the old sexton bell-ringer hobbled all the way from the back of the church, down the aisle to the front, and motioned for the young minister to lean over the side of the pulpit.

"Young 'un," he said, "I just came to give ye a little advice—don't you say anything about—"

"Stop! Stop!" cried the minister in distraction, "wait a minute!" Do not give me any more advice of what not to do—just tell me some virtues that I can preach or some vices that I can attack!"

The sexton floundered mentally for a few seconds, then the gleam of a great idea spread over him and oozed from every corner of his countenance.

"Give the Mormons Hail Columbia!" he exclaimed, "They haven't got a friend in town!"

The Bible, as we study it, is a sealed book, and there are few who can read its meaning; but the keys offered by the oral traditions of the ancients unlock many of its hidden places and unravel its complicated story.

Only with the highest motives and purest ideals can the student hope to gain true knowledge of a science which contains the secrets of the soul, and when the seeker after spiritual illumination so lives that he proves by his thoughts and actions his worthiness to

receive the celestial knowledge, only then will the keys of the sacred sciences, the silver key of the old and the golden key of the new, be intrusted to him.

The true student of music can never gain the inspiration of his art until the attuned keyboard of his being registers the music of the spheres. No artist has ever learned color, no lawyer or physician his craft, until its hidden side was understood, and no student of modern religion can unlock his sacred books without the two-fold key—heart and mind.

Brothers of The Shining Robe

Chapter Seven

THE FIRST STEP

For several days after the incident related in the last chapter nothing of great import happened. The newspapers were filled with bulletins concerning the health of the great king whose fate hung on the threshold of eternity. I read these accounts with particular interest realizing that the hand of the great Brotherhood was pulling the strings, and that a great chess game, with humanity as the stakes, was being played out between the powers of light and the powers of shade.

I had not seen the Master since we parted that night so I carried on my work, quietly and inoffensively as I had before, waiting for the plan of greater minds to formulate, holding myself in instant readiness to do whatever work was given me. The preparation necessary for my ever wider public work kept me to my studies more and more, outlining the various principles and concepts around which my work was woven.

I was sitting in the same old library, where he had come so often to talk to me, when the voice of the Master sounded in my ear. He was not there himself but was speaking from a great distance.

"The king has just died and it has been decided that for the present I shall accept his body for his nation is the pivot upon which turns a great world problem that is appointed to me to take charge of, therefore you will not see me for some time. But there is a special work for you to do. There is now in London a man who has just invented the world's most terrible war contrivance. He has harnessed bacteria as war menaces and is now privately consulting a number of nations concerning this damnable invention which is capable of destroying whole races at once with the most terrible and loathsome diseases. I will give you directions concerning this man and it is up to you to in some way prevent this human beast from giving to the world this dreadful secret."

The Master then told me where to go and how I should gain entrance into the laboratory of the scientist whose fiendish discovery threatened creation. The voice then ceased speaking, and, having made note of the various points, I took my hat and cane and left the apartment. Jumping into a cab I headed across the city and out into the country beyond.

* * *

For the purpose of his scientific researches Professor Atherton had taken a long lease upon an old delapidated estate, not far from London, where ivy-grown, unkempt gardens, overrun with weeds and creepers, concealed from sight of the world a long rambling manor-house. The gates to the grounds were always closed but there was a small wicket at one side where one might enter. Stepping from my cab at this wicket I hurried along a torn down and leaf-path and climbed several flights of crumbling stone steps, at last reaching an entrance of the house.

My knock was answered by a gruesome looking man-servant, his face resembling a grinning skeleton, who introduced me into a musky room hung with ancient drapings and molding tapestry. Here Doctor Atherson joined me a few moments later.

The doctor was a tall, rather slender, man with a fierce beard, bald head, and very heavy glasses. Motioning me to sit down he inquired pleasantly as to the cause of my visit. Obeying the instructions that were given me, I introduced myself simply as a gentleman who wished to speak to him for a few moments on an important problem; and then, as he opened the way, I expressed myself on the problem at hand.

"Professor Atherson," I began, "you are the inventor, I am told, of a great germ shell which liberates upon those within the area of its exploding mass the most deadly bacteria which as it passes from one to another, can destroy a whole nation in a few weeks."

Professor Atherson looked at me a little surprised.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

Not answering this question, I proceeded with my point.

"I also understand, sir, that a number of nations are already bidding for this strange unearthly product which, in my estimation—to be plain with you—is the most terrible thing human ever conceived of."

The professor smiled broadly.

"I appreciate your repugnance, my dear sir, but you realize that war is not a game of love anyway and that all is fair when man struggles for supremacy. The nation who becomes possessor of my secret can in sixty days rule the world."

"A world of corpses," I reminded him.

The professor beamed broadly. "They will give much less trouble than living men," he answered. "By the way—won't you come into my laboratory and let me show you some of my experiments?" he asked.

I bowed in acceptance, and, rising, he led me through several ancient rooms into a large barn-like structure filled with scientific apparatus. Picking a small brass cylinder from the table he handed it to me.

"This, sir, weighs less than two pounds and yet there are sufficient creatures bottled up in this brass tube to kill a hundred million men—for they spread and multiply at great speed.

With a shudder I laid the tube back on the table.

"One of these bombs dropped over a city would make a desert in thirty days," announced the professor gleefully, "and I am the inventor of it!" The man raised his head and drew back his shoulders. "Yes, sir, I am the inventor of it—I am the greatest inventor that ever lived!"

It was slowly dawning on me that I was facing a very peculiar person—a giant intellect, a perfect egotist—perhaps a mad man whom the whole world might fear. Returning to the great dingy sitting room we sat down again and the professor offered me a cigar.

"I have spent fifty years completing that device," he went on. "I have spent from fifteen to eighteen hours a day culturing those

germs and bacteria until they are a thousand times more formidable than any known to science."

I waited until he was through talking and then I leaned forward quietly in my chair.

"Professor Atherson, I have come to you to bring a message—a message from someone whom you do not know, from a power greater than any of the nations who bid for your secret. I bring you the instructions of the Great White Brotherhood: Destroy your formula and give up your murderous investigation or your life will very probably pay the forfeit."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the scientist, "are you threatening me, sir?"

"No," I answered, "not threatening—just warning, and carrying out the instructions of another. For fifty years you have labored to produce something with which to slay and destroy your fellow creature. This is not permissible in the law of things and unless you accede to the demands of the Brotherhood your secret will be wrested from your grasp. Is this the noblest thing you have to offer to a world crying out for light and understanding? Have not all the wars of the past shown the fruitlessness of war? Are not the battles of men but wholesale murder? Have you never thought that perhaps the divine powers might occasionally take a hand for the good of creation? I warn you, Professor Atherson—either destroy your formula before seven o'clock tonight or be prepared to face the consequences which are meted out to interferers with creation's plan."

The professor rose. "I do not understand your words!" he retorted sharply, "and what is more I do not care to understand them. If you have come here to intimidate me you have come on a fool's errand. I have spent a lifetime in producing this instrument and I intend to dispose of it to the highest bidder. It is absolutely perfect and nothing can withstand it. I treated you like a gentleman and you have insulted me." He rang a bell. "Here sir, is your hat and cane, and there is the door. Goodnight."

I returned to the room I had left early in the evening with a down cast feeling in my soul. My first piece of diplomacy had not

resulted exceptionally well. I sat in the room for some time wondering what I had better do when the voice of the Master again spoke in my ear.

“Get those formulas tonight.”

Then I felt a strange throbbing in the pit of my stomach and the next instant I found myself floating in the air while sitting in the chair below me was my physical self, sound asleep. Obeying the commands of the Initiate I sped with the rapidity of the wind until I stood again in the laboratory of Doctor Atherson.

That worthy was sitting in his chair facing the safe as I glided through the wall and stood not far away listening to his ravings.

“Give them up? I guess not!” he muttered, “they are locked in that safe and there will they remain until I am ready to use them. I am the world’s greatest inventor and eternity will remember me as the master of men!”

Of course I cannot tell just how Doctor Atherson felt but I believe I can understand the sensation that passed over him when before him a miracle appeared to have happened. Can you imagine the stoic scientist, deep in his own conceit, seeing a white hand form itself in the air in front of him—a hand to which no body was attached. Can you imagine the expression of awe and amazement, of horror and terror in his face? But even then he did not realize that I was reading the combination of the safe from his mind.

Slowly the ponderous steel door opened and with a scream Doctor Atherson jumped towards the portals, trying to protect his property. He saw the white hand open the little drawer and take from it the tiny bundle of formulas. He grasped at the hand but his fingers closed over only empty air,—yes there is no doubt Doctor Atherson was enjoying himself. He strove to tear the formulas from the bodyless hand but suddenly both the hand and the formulas vanished. I had slipped them into my vest pocket.

With a groan the doctor sank back in his chair, his eyes staring from their sockets and his hands clenched convulsively. I slowly walked away and passed out through the walls of the house. I never saw the professor again

but I understand that he disappeared from London to America where he lived and died in an insane asylum. In all reality he was a raving maniac when I met him, a great destructive genius used by the powers of evil to thwart the Brotherhood of Light.

Returning once again to my little study I laid the papers upon my table and sent a mental message to my Master that I had them. I then busied myself about my labors for the next day and a few moments later when I looked back at the table the little bundle of formulas had dissolved into nothingness. But I knew that far away in the heart of Asia, in the Temple of Caves, they were laid away with many other strange documents where they could do no harm to the world.

The next morning I bought a newspaper. The front of it was all splashed over in three-inch type announcing that a miracle had been performed and that a mighty king who had been given up for dead had returned to life and was rapidly recovering. Several famous European scientists were cited as the ones responsible for this miracle. It told of how they had dragged the monarch back from the gates of death. In the paper was a picture of the king—a hard, severe looking man, his chest covered with medals and medallions and his spare hair closely cropped.

“I like the Master better in his white cape and robe but I do not suppose he is as useful that way in the world of men as he is in this garment of a king. How little the world realizes the strange mysterious things that are happening in its midst. Well, maybe it is for the best that they do not know for the power of the Master is the power of silence.”

I turned back to my labors and that afternoon left for Glasgow where I was to meet a group of scientists and theologians to discuss the origin of the Christian faith.

(To be continued)

The study of man can only be approached successfully by those who have evolved the qualities of reverence and simplicity, with but one great ideal as their guiding star—that of the study of principles and not personalities. All abuses of man’s opportunities to understand God’s plans bring with them a karmic reaction.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION

FOR a long time we have been giving our young people a theoretical education which specializes upon cramming in to brains, each differently constituted and with a different interest, a cut and dried scheme of things, basing merit upon parrot-like repetition and not upon thought. Occultism is fighting this problem tooth and nail, seeking to change the cramming system of our modern education into the real meaning of the word education—to draw forth. That is, to bring out of the scholar the ideals and qualities which his soul possesses as the fruitage of endless endeavor and not to cram into his mind millions of things he will never want to know.

A well known New York business man, when hiring young men, had a question he used to ask: "Young man, are you a man or are you a college graduate?" This little question contains more wisdom than wit.

Education does not consist in memorizing school yells but there are some who seem to think otherwise. Many a parent is struggling desperately to educate a child who spends months in a hospital with a broken collar bone or smashed rib or comes home with his nose in a plaster as the result of football playing and similar things. Then, with the closing of a school year, the students leave their lessons and educative work to prepare Marcus Aurelius essays or Hamlet's soliloquy for the school play.

In other words, thinking people are beginning to wonder just exactly what form and heading modern education can be listed under. Children are individual problems and until a system is evolved wherein individual needs are considered, our educative systems are not going to profit us much.

OUR TRAFFIC PROBLEM

The one thing which the world needs more than anything else is to transform its veneering into a solid product. When we meet

Smith on the street he takes off his hat and bows low, but five minutes later when we meet him in an automobile and he does not recognize us personally he pulls his hat down over his eyes and shoots in front of our car as though he were the only individual on earth. What we need more than anything else in the world at the present time are those little acts of courtesy which show breeding, education and true knowledge. In this day and age of the world there is little if any real courtesy shown. The slogan is, "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost!" This is especially emphasized in our traffic problem where otherwise rational respectable people become fools, lose all semblance of human instinct and like a lot of crying, scolding, kicking school children howl, fuss and swear, or else with their noses in the air sail through congested streets at about seventy-five miles an hour and then say that it is your fault if you happen to be alive when they appear and dead when they pass. Ninety per cent of our ladies and gentlemen become low browed bowery toughs when they take their automobile out of the garage, disobeying all laws of courtesy and consideration, they make it impossible for either a fellow motorist or a pedestrian to exercise the privileges of a human being.

Church is not the test of Christianity but a few hours on the main street corners will prove that the average citizen is on a par with the orang-outang monkey, the only difference being that the man glorifies in it while the monkey can not help it.

THE GREATLY SLANDERED PLAYING CARD

In this day and age of the world the playing card is one of those terribly slandered things that is far more sinned against than sinning. Our churches look askance at us if when pulling out our handkerchief some poker chips roll out or an ace of spades flutters to the floor. It is not realized that the deck of cards is the oldest known bible,

having been inscribed upon the walls of the Temple of Seraphim in Egypt thousands of years ago. It is also a complete symbol of the Masonic lodge, of the Mystery Schools and the story of initiation. It is man who has made it into a gambling thing but of itself, like all other creations, it is good and remains good until we make evil out of it. Our modern dice are taken from the altars of the ancient gods and their faces, added up to seven, are the symbols of the Mosaic law. The roulette wheel was originally used in the temples to represent the motion of the planets and practically all of our so called gambling games and implements were originally sacred things. The evil side of them lies entirely in the minds of men and they could all get together, card, roulette wheel and justifiably sing that little song entitled, "You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied."

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK

Yes, it looks as though we are just about ready to have another war. Things are looking exceptionally favorable for it. The majority of people are still foolish enough to cooperate with it, there is still a little loose money which can be used to finance it, and bring more cash to a few and suffering to many. The problem of moral and principle no longer enters into war for at the present time it is the world's most scintillating graft. We did not learn much, apparently, from the last one but probably in time we will learn more. As long as people do not think they will have to fight but if they will ever begin using the mental elixir and will stop to think long enough to realize what fools they are they will not fight any more. The average individual today is behaving just as though he wanted a war and of course cosmos is divinely obliging and always has a couple of wars hidden away at bargain prices. If man does not learn to find the God in his brother and in himself he shall hear the voice of his God in the thunder of cannon and the prayers of the dying.

FROM THE DAYS OF ROME

As you sit watching a football game and see the stretcher-bearers taking the combatants from the field or as you watch two pugilists mutilating each other you begin to wonder where you are living—whether it is in 1923 America or Rome during the time of the Gladiatorial sports. Have you ever listened to a great cheer rise from the ring-side seats when men and women wildly applaud while a leading prize-fighter is spitting out loose teeth, plastering up a broken nose, or trying to pry open an eye which has ceased to manifest? Wherein lies the novelty of this procedure? Two games, it seems, which do nothing but bring back to the world the things it is better they forget—one is football and the other prize fighting. They are the most barbarous of our modern sports and have no place in twentieth century civilization. An individual who can enjoy a stream of stretchers does not have to go to a football game—he can go down and spend an enjoyable afternoon at the city morgue.

AN UNDREAMED OF CAUSE

Few people realize that fifty percent of the ailments which man suffers from have their cause in his mouth, both the words that come out and the substances that go in. The teeth play one of the most important parts of the body and insanity and death, which have never been traced, have often had their origin in the teeth. An improperly filled tooth has a fifty percent chance of killing us. This little dreamed of cause of sickness is very important and an individual who has a healthy mouth has a pretty fair chance of getting along almost anywhere. If the mouth and the great colon are kept free from impurity there is no reason why we should not fulfill the scientific ideal and live to four hundred, that is providing traffic congestion does not get us when we walk across the street.

The Tower Of Tears

NAR into the heart of the Arabian desert there was, ages ago, a kingdom ruled over by a cruel and heartless emperor who had usurped the throne of the rightful heir and filled the land with sadness and oppression. On every side of this kingdom the great Arabian desert stretched out into the unknown wilderness which few have ever traversed. In this desert, five days by camel from the city of the king, was a lonely tower that had been built ages before by a people now long dead and unknown. This was a sacred tower and had once been an astrological observatory where an ancient priestcraft had studied the motion of the stars. In this tower was a child, imprisoned by the usurper king that he might keep the throne of the nation.

Year after year the people of that land went to kneel at the foot of this tower, praying that the rightful heir to the throne of their nation might be released from his dungeon prison. A great wall of granite surrounded this tower and, as the years bore heavily upon the people and their king involved them more and more in war and dispute, this great wall became known as the Wall of Tears for here the people in their anguish came weeping, remembering the good king who was dead and hoping against hope that some day their prince would be liberated.

There were two great classes in this country, one class made up of the priests and nobles who surrounded the king, and the class of the working people. In this land the working people had no rights for all rulership and power rested in the hands of the nobles. These great nobles all owed their appointment to the usurper king and as they were the ones who led the armies and ruled in the cities and towns they prevented the populace from securing the release of the prince whom they all loved. The child had been imprisoned there when less than a year old and slowly as time went by and the ancient calendars showed the span of thirty years, during which time the country became ever more involved in wars and its people ever more discontented.

At last a great plague swept through the nation and the spirit of death walked in the

streets, coming to all alike. The philosophers cried out that it was the vengeance of the gods for the wickedness and oppression of the king. This plague spread into all parts of the city and one night crept into the palace. When dawn came and the light shone in at the mighty windows, draped with finely tinted animal skins, it shown on the great twisted wooden couch of the king. There the evil monarch lay asleep forever with the fingers of plague upon his brow and his long gray beard upon his chest.

Great rejoicing went through the city even among the weeping of the populace who fell broken hearted as the plague took from them their best beloved. A great caravan of camels was sent quickly out into the desert, for the usurper king had left no heir and the one so long imprisoned in the ancient tower was to be the king of the land. The bells and gongs of the city were sounded and the ancient gates of brass were swung open as the gayly compared caravan, headed by the mightiest in the city, lead its way over the desert to the Tower of Tears. Great dromedaries, prancing stallions, and dashing Arabians, their riders streaming whirlwinds of color, dashed in and out among the crowds. The priests in their litters, drawn by single hunched dromedaries, and a great cavalcade in armour of brass and with flashing spears, wound in and out among the sand dunes.

Four days they traveled. As the sun rose, a golden mass of splendor on the fifth day, they saw far ahead rising like a needle of stone from the bare desert, the Tower of Tears in some chamber of which their rightful prince had been chained for thirty years.

* * *

Within the ancient building, its bare rocks battered by passing time, were many chambers and vaulted archways where once the priests of the ancient mysteries had chanted their songs. But the strangest of all the chambers was the one at the very top of the tower. It was like a great well, some twenty feet deep and the same distance around, without windows, and no opening save at the top. In this

pit a solitary form walked round and round on worn stones that grew more rugged each day with his pacing footsteps.

The figure was that of a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered man, his long black hair, uncut since the day of his birth, hung nearly to his waist and his heavy black beard, untrimmed and uncut, added force and power to the great character of his face. One would expect to see a wild-eyed prisoner, broken in heart and in body, but instead of this a great peace rested in his face and his eyes looked with tenderness and understanding at the lonely jailer who was his only companion.

On one side of his prison was a little heap of dirt in which was planted a wild trailing rose which each day shared with him the water the jailer brought. The stem of this rose was thick and heavy for it had been there many years. It had trailed up the side of the prison wall and burst into bloom, filling the whole prison with fragrance and beauty. This rose was the friend of the lonely prisoner. Year in and year out he had watched and loved it. Brought as a little baby to the prison, all he could remember of that fateful day was one passing scene in the garden of his father's palace, a wild fusion of flowers in bloom. He could remember that as a baby he had played among them, cooing and caressing the scented blossoms.

Since that time he had never seen the world and the only thing besides the dungeon wall that had ever met his eyes was the blue sky above—the same every day, year after year, save when occasionally a great storm sent clouds of gray and black across the narrow opening. For twenty-nine years the prince had never seen the earth or any of mankind, so the tender hearted jailer, who himself longed for the freedom of the prince, had tried to make the years of captivity sweeter by building only beauty into the mind of the growing youth. So he had only told him of the gardens of the earth, of the flowers, and of the beauty. No word of sorrow, no tale of suffering, the prince had ever heard, and all the life he knew was the old jailer with the smiling face and the rosebush on the prison wall.

So the prince had become a dreamer and the world, shut from his view by the gray stones of matter, had opened up to the eyes of imagination. He made of the whole world a garden of roses, he filled it with laughing people, with joy and with happiness, and fondly believed that all parts of it were as bright and true and beautiful as the rose bush that climbed on the prison wall. In his rose blossoms he saw the laughing faces of the world and in the soft fragrance the beauty and peace of nature. In the heart of his dungeon he never heard the weeping and wailing at the foot of his prison, he knew nothing of the wars which had torn his country, or of the cruelty of the king and the spirit of death had not reached to that lonely tower. And so, while the world wept with its freedom, the prince was at peace in his prison; while the world in its freedom was in bondage, he, in bondage, was in freedom.

Then suddenly one day the silence of years was broken—there came voices, musical voices he had never heard before—there was a babble of sound breaking the stillness where before the shuffling footsteps of the old jailer fell on the air. The prince looked upward for the voices spoke in confusion and the sound of them seemed strange after so many years of silence. As he gazed upward a line of faces peering over the top of the shaft met his vision. Old faces, and young faces, some with gray hair and beard and others with bright flashing eyes and ferocious mein. The voices sounded down to him.

"Thank God! our king is alive! God save the Emperor—we have waited for so long!

"What means this?" asked the prince in mild surprise.

"It means," answered an old man from above, "that the usurper king is dead! The villain who placed you here has gone to his reward and you are now free to come back into the world again. We have come to bring you back to your kingdom for we remember well the goodness of your father whom we all loved. We remember too the night when the scimitar of the usurper slew him on his throne and how the sword ran through your mother's body.—We have come to call you back to your throne that your people may have rest and peace again."

A ladder of silken ropes was lowered into the dungeon and in a dazed sort of way the prince climbed up and out into the light. In a simple white robe of cotton cloth the prisoner faced the gloriously arrayed group that had come to welcome him. These all bowed their heads and fell upon their knees as they gazed upon him, for never such a face had they seen before—it seemed not that of a man but of a god indeed.

"Oh, sire," murmured one, "thou art indeed a worthy king! Come let us lead thee to thy kingdom."

Another came forward bearing in his hand a pillow of tapestried lace upon which rested the jeweled crown with its silken draperies.

"Here, sire, is the crown that should have been yours many years before."

The prince looked around in amazement, first at the group surrounding him and then out over the desert with its rolling sand and utter deathliness. Slowly a sad look came into his face.

"What is it, master?" one asked, "are you not glad?"

The prince pointed at the desert.

"Where are the flowers?" he asked, "where are the roses and the lilies?" An old man came forward and bowing reverently answered him.

"Sire, no flowers grow here for this is the desert. For ages these sands have rolled here since eons ago an ocean covered the land. Here there is nothing but sand and death and mayhaps the bones of many an unwary traveller.

"No flowers?" asked the prince in a wondering tone, "why I thought all the world was full of flowers like the roses on my dungeon wall. If this desert is all the world there is, do not take me away!—Let me go back to my roses!"

No, your majesty, that cannot be," answered the old man, "a kingdom awaits you. You have duties to perform and millions of people look to you for their redemption from suffering and death. Come." And leading the dazed prince by the arm the party returned again, down the winding steps of the ancient tower to where the camels and horses stood. Here there stood a wondrous palaquin inlaid with gold and jewels, a noble cotege prepared for the return to the world of a lost prince.

Five days later in the great palace of his father, with its domes and minarets, the prince was crowned king of his nation. Those five days had been days of torture to the prince for all he had seen about him was but sickness and suffering. Dying people had held out their hands to him, falling unconscious in the path of the procession. All he had heard was the wail of the dying, the streets of the city were lined with the plague-stricken, poor ones who starved, and many left mutilated by the wars that had passed.

"Is this the world?" the king kept muttering. "No, no, it cannot be!—This must be some horrid nightmare! Where is the world of flowers and love that I have dwelt in all these years? Where are the rose gardens that I faintly remembered in my youth? Are they all an illusion or is this world the death of an illusion?" He rubbed his hands across his eyes as though to sweep away the mist that concealed the real.

So the years slowly passed. The new king was as great and good as had been his father before him but from the first he was called the man who never smiled for his noble face was always filled with a deep sadness. He wrote many great books, all of them whispering of the rose garden of his dreams, and he lived alone in a world of his own making which those around him never seemed to understand. Slowly the years came upon him and his long hair, which he had never cut, turned gray and finally white like the snow on a distant mountain.

The laughing faces returned again to his people for the weight of oppression was removed. They called him the Beloved King and in legend they named him the Prince of the Tower of Tears for they said that the tears of those who had wept in the desert had nourished the flower of his soul and that all the sadness of the world was in his heart. Yet they loved him, each and every one, for while he was king there were no wars, no plagues, no pestilence, and they said that he must be glad with the joy he had given others. But the king only smiled sadly and his eyes kept turning to the desert, far away to the ancient prison.

One morning they sought in the city for the king—he had vanished from his palace in the

night. None knew where he had gone. Day after day they sought until at last a wise man whispered, "I know!—he has gone to the Tower of Tears."

So again a great troupe of camels went out into the desert and at last reached the ancient tower. Again they climbed the winding steps, again they gazed down into the dungeon pit.

Surely enough there on the floor of the old stone well lay the body of the king, his white face, upon it a smile of peace, turned upward to the blue of the sky. He lay near the wall and one of his arms was twisted around an old dead stump that stood in a heap of dirt. Gaunt, leafless branches still twined upon the wall. It was the rose bush that had blossomed long ago. On the ground beside the king lay a little piece of paper, finely written upon in ancient characters, and this is what it said:

"I was a prisoner and longed for freedom

—I was free and I longed to be a prisoner. While I was a prisoner my soul was free and while I was free, my soul was a prisoner. So I came back again—and here the last of my dreams was shattered. During all the years that I was king of my people, I saw visions of my rose bush that I had planted here. When at last, through wandering and suffering, I came back and found that the picture was false—all was ended. While I could dream, there was something to live for—but when there are no dream the world is cold. My vision of the flower garden made me happy for thirty years, my dream of the single rose bush filled an empty void for fifty more. But when man no longer dreams it were better he should die. As I lie here I see the garden of my hopes and I rest again. Do not feel sad—a new king will come to you—I go again into the Garden of my Dreams."

Occult Anatomy

THE HUMAN BRAIN

A very great number of analogies exist between the human brain and the Christian bible and also the other sacred scriptures of the world. The skull of course represents the temple on the mountain top and its dome is the dome of the head. It is up this mountain that the spirit fire climbs on its path of liberation, passing upward through the thirty-three steps of the Masonic initiation, which are of course the vertebrae of the spine, it enters the domed room of the skull where the great mystery initiations are given. The Himalaya mountains can be correlated to the human body and the sacred temple that is somewhere upon their heights is again the brain. In the brain the mountains there are caves where, according to the legends, the wise men are, the great yogis and hermits. Here again the analogy is perfect for in the cave of the human brain are the spiritualized sense centers which are the holy men. These holy men are the Seven Sleepers of the Mohammedan Koran who remain in the darkness of their caves until the spirit fire vitalizes them and brings them into manifestation. The brain of course is the upper room

referred to in the gospel where Christ met with His disciples and it is said the disciples represent the convolutions of the brain. These gather around the central opening which is the holy of holies, the point from which the spirit finally ascends in Golgotha, the place in the skull.

The God in man dwells in his heaven while the Christ dwells in the heart and Jehovah in the generative system. These are the trinity in man and the unfoldment and transmutation of these three result in the sounding of A. U. M. the great Word.

In the cerebellum or rear brain, which has charge of the motive system of the human body which is the highest brain of the animal, is found a little tree-like growth which has long been symbolized as a sprig of acacia referred to in the Masonic allegory.

The skull is the little room with the hole in the floor so often referred to in the ancient mysteries, for the main opening of the skull is the foramen magnum through which the spinal cord with its nerves pass. Medical science now knows that the spinal cord is an elongation of the brain and is capable of in-

telligence like the brain. This cord is the flaming sword which stands at the gates of the Garden of Eden which is in the human skull. The Greek god Atlas carried the heavens on his shoulders and the upper vertebrae of the spine is called the Atlas and the skull articulating with this bone which is provided with rockers gives us the back and forward motion of the head. This is in itself sufficient proof of the analogy that exists between the ancient and modern worlds.

The brain is filled with vaulted chambers and passageways which are in exact accordance with the spans and arches of the ancient temples, while the third ventricle is undoubtedly the great pyramid chamber. The spinal cord is the serpent of the ancients. In Central and South America Quetzalcoatl is symbolized as a serpent with either seven or nine rattles. Nine is the correct number for it represents the sacrum and coxgeal bones which contain within their nerve centers the secret of human evolution.

Every organ of the physical body is reproduced in the brain where it can be discovered by anyone who wishes to exert the power of analogy. The two ductless glands of the brain are well worth consideration for they play a very important part in the unfolding of human consciousness. They are the head and the tail of the dragon of wisdom. The pituitary body which rests in the salituncica of the sphenoid bone directly behind and just a little below the bridge of the nose is the female pole or negative center and has charge of the expressions of physical energy. It is known under the following symbols by the ancients: The alchemical retort, the mouth of the dragon, the virgin Mary, the Holy Grail, the sacrificial dish, the laver of purification, one of the Cherubim of the Ark, the Isis of Egypt, the Radha of India, and is the hope of glory of the physical man. Behind this and a little lower in the brain is the pineal gland which does not look unlike a pine cone from which it secured its name. It is the tail of the dragon and has a tiny finger-like protruberance at the end. This is Joseph, the staff of God, the holy spear, the evaporating apatoir of the alchemist, the spiritual organ which is later going to become what it once was, a great organ of sense orientation.

The third ventricle is the great place of initiation where the spiritual consciousness of man passes through a great series of purifications and where the essence is extracted from his food and transmuted into thought action and desire and returned again like the Prodigal Son to the house of his father.

Between the eyes is located the seat of the human spirit in the frontal sinus which phrenology knows as the organ of individuality, while the palatine bone at the roof of the mouth is the Palatine hill of the ancients upon which were built the temples of Jupiter and Juno which are the human eyes. The cross represents the human body, the upper limb of it is the head of man rising above the horizontal line of matter. The great churches and cathedrals of the world have been built in the form of a cross and contain, where the head should be, the altar where two or more candles burn continually. This is the sanctum sanctorum of the Masonic temple and is the temple of occult initiation to which only the pure in spirit can aspire.

The winged bone which medical science knows as the sphenoid is the Egyptian scarab while the spinal cord is the sacred tree of the ancients which had its roots in heaven and its branches on the earth. Man is an inverted plant and gains his nourishment from the sun as the plant does from the earth. So as the life of the plant ascends its shoot to nourish the body, the life of man descends to produce a similar result. Here it remains in the lower world until the regeneration of the three body centers pours three streams of spirit fire into the spinal canal where it passes upward, taking the degrees of initiation as it goes, until finally it enters the sacred temple where the twelve Masters sit in meditation and rule the world.

The gods of old came down from heaven and walked on earth. In a similar way the god powers in man descend from the heaven of his brain to carry on the work of constructing and reconstructing natural substance. Man's body will slowly be resolved until nothing remains but the great globular brain, radiating seven perfect sense perceptions which are the saviours he is bringing into the world to redeem it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is the difference between the divine will and the human will?

Ans. The Divine Will wills to do and the human will wills to avoid doing—anything that is not pleasant. human ultimate. The realization of this great

Why do the sages spend so much time in silence?

Ans. Silence is the teacher of the sage. When he breaks the calm of soul and body he destroys the teachers who only come to him when he has mastered the confusion of external things.

What is the purpose of life?

Ans. The Development and evolving of our partially awakened faculties is the purpose of life. When the spirit centers itself on this eternal work man is harmonious and this harmony is the basis of his only happiness.

What then is happiness?

Ans. Happiness is the natural effect of adjustment between conflicting poles of consciousness. Unhappiness, which is mental, physical or spiritual discomfort, is the result of maladjustment of centers of consciousness either to each other or to bodies.

What is the duty of man?

Ans. Man's duty is to awaken the latent powers within himself and transmute them into active tools to be used in building his own temple and carrying on the labors of the universe.

Did Jesus ever live?

Ans. In spite of the fact that there is much dissension concerning this point, all the great schools of religion agree that the Masters lived. In fact many of the great mystics and occultists have seen and talked to the Great Masters such as Jesus.

Was the earth ever destroyed by rain?

Ans. There have been many floods but they covered only a small part of the earth at one time.

How may we know that we are saved for certain?

Ans. When we reach that sublime point when the knowledge and understanding of all the universes is at our feet; when we have gained consciousness upon all the endless planes of nature; when the spheres of the unknown are grasped within our span and cosmos has given up its mysteries; when every art and science is known and its workings completed—then will it be given unto us to know in our slowly expanding consciousness and that we will be saved if we keep on doing that well forever.

Should we allow our lives to be run or influenced by numerology?

Ans. We should be the masters of our own destiny and let our lives be run by nothing but the highest spiritual consciousness within ourselves. We should study and learn all the good in everything but never become servants to our own slaves.

Is heredity or environment the most important in forming character?

Ans. It is not heredity but the law of attraction that attracts egos of similar characteristics into families. Environment molds individuals until they realize that they themselves are the creators of environment.

Will the white race ever be dominated by a superior people?

Ans. The white race with its heartless domination over lesser peoples has made the karmic debt which can only be paid off by our own race bowing beneath the heel of some coming conqueror.

When will we be able to heal as Jesus healed?

Ans. When we live as Jesus lived.

What is the meaning of service?

Ans. Service, from the occult standpoint, means to do something that will help somebody besides yourself without the hope of a reward.

Will conditions in Europe cause another World war?

Ans. The unsettled unrest which pervades the world at the present time, which is more filled with hate than the European conflict, will undoubtedly result in wars, crimes and pestilences.

What will be the result of present conditions of capital vs. labor in U. S.?

Ans. If the wrangling and dissenting continues it will destroy the entire country without having secured the desired results

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

Ans. The reason why there is so much misunderstanding is that right and wrong are individual concepts and what is right for one is wrong for another. The only thing that is right for anyone is the very highest, noblest, truest and purest that they can conceive of. Everything else falls short, regardless of other people's estimates.

What did Jesus mean when He said "every laborer is worthy of his hire?"

Ans. It means that in all nature the law of compensation holds good, in all nature we are paid according to our works and must reward others equally when they serve us. The idea that we can secure something for nothing is one of the most erroneous concepts and destructive slogans that man has created.

Why should an innocent person suffer for the sins of another?

Ans. They do not. They suffer for the mistakes that they themselves have made and the person whom they believe is injuring them is really only an instrument used to pay debts long over-due. Of course this does not excuse the injury but injustice is impossible with a just God.

Why is it so many elderly people lose their memories and mix dates, facts, etc.?

Ans. It means that the vehicle is running down, cogs missing, and the overcoat is about ready to be taken off and a new one put on. The higher intelligence is having more and more difficulty trying to manifest through a crystallizing body.

What is the meaning of the six pointed star?

Ans. It is the interlacing of two triangles and represents the union of the three-fold spirit with the threefold body.

What is the mark of Cain?

Ans. The mark of Cain is unbalance—where one trait, organ or talent has been allowed to master and slay out all others.

Do we meet or recognize our friends after death?

Ans. It is very probable. It is a well known fact that people passing out see around them those who may have gone many years before but who have come by the great law of attraction to assist their loved ones in the greatest adventure of life.

What was the Sphinx built for?

Ans. There is an ancient legend that says originally the Sphinx was the gateway to the Great Pyramid. There is also a temple dedicated to the sun between the great paws of the Sphinx.

What was the purpose of the building of the pyramids?

Ans. The Great Pyramid was built by the ancient Atlanteans as a temple of initiation into the sacred mysteries. The other pyramids in Egypt were built by the later Pharaohs as tombs. No one was ever buried in the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

Why is blood called a precious substance?

Ans. Because it is the vehicle of the spirit. The indwelling consciousness of man works through the blood.

How do you reconcile the fall of man with the doctrine of eternal progression?

Ans. There is nothing in the entire history of human progression which did as much to develop man as his so-called fall which was only a great dip into matter to learn the lessons that were necessary to his later perfection.

Explain the missing link?

Ans. The missing link is the point reached by humanity before it was divided and one part through their development became human and the other part degenerated into monkeys.

The Teapot Of Mandarin Wong

IT was a small room but its furnishings were in keeping with the estate of its owner. The walls were richly tapestried and the subtle odor of the East pervaded the room. In the middle of this interesting apartment, every drapery of which seemed to enfold Oriental mystery, stood a carved table of teak inlaid with mother-of-pearl designed in the forms of beasts and birds. In the center of this table stood a teapot of rare Chinese porcelain. It was an odd teapot, diamond in shape, and its long nozzle was formed of the beak of a bird pointed at an outward angle. The handle was of twisted rattan and from the airhole in the lid a thin stream of steam was rising and the soft aroma of steaming tea buds, the first picking of the great crop, filled the air.

The apartment was without a light save a wonderful silken lantern, hung with tinkling bells and cut glass, which sent a soft shaded light over the table, leaving the corners of the room in impenetrable gloom. At the table sat three Chinamen, before each a tiny porcelain cup filled with the almost colorless tea of China's best. The first was a middle aged man, the son of Mandarin Wong. He was inclined to be heavy in stature and his long black coat stretched over a ponderous front. His slanty eyes were gazing at his cup of tea and long yellow fingers toyed with the carvings on the table top. His face was immovable and no sound escaped his lips.

The second was an older man of slender build with massive brow. His hands were folded in his lap and the red tassel of his cap hung before his eyes which you did not at first notice so abstracted was his manner but they shown like those of snakes. Once he lifted his hand and stroked the drooping black mustache, the corners of which hung down over his mouth.

The third member of this party was a very ancient Chinaman whose wizened features and leather like skin told that the years were heavy upon him. His hair was grayed, nearly white. In one hand he held his cup of tea while in the other was a long, thin Chinese pipe.

For a half an hour these three had sat together, no word had passed their lips, while cup after cup of tea alone proved that they were living things and not statues of ancient wood. They had met for a very important work. Two of them had come that justice might fall upon the head of the third who had in the silence of the night strangled with his cue Mandarin Wong—whose body lay upon a couch a few feet away. One of them had slain this mighty Chinaman whose power in the Orient was without limit and whose estates were bordered only by the Wall itself and whose grandsires lay buried beneath the mighty tomb of the Ming emperors.

Mandarin Wong was the last of a mighty line and now he had climbed to the celestial lands upon the cues of his ancestors while these three sat in silent vigil that the justice of China might be fulfilled. No word passed their lips, no sound broke the stillness, but slowly they sipped their tea, each knowing in his soul that one of them was a murderer.

The old Chinaman leaned over and poured another cup. Even this motion seemed to startle the other two for they moved slightly and seemed to waken as from a sleep. Silence again descended, unbroken, as these three strange figures remained silhouetted by the gloom of the surrounding room bathed in a pale yellow light from the swaying lantern.

Suddenly the silence of the room was broken by a soft footfall. There was a slight squeaking sound, then a miracle happened. From his couch of death, buried beneath a wealth of Chinese silk, rose Mandarin Wong. The aged Chinaman, his frame broken by the weight of years, leaning upon a heavy staff, walked slowly across the room and seated himself upon the great carved dragon chair facing the three Chinamen. They gazed stolidly at the figure and continued to drink their tea for they knew that the ancient law of China was to be fulfilled, as the dead would walk in the midnight hours to condemn their murderers.

Mandarin Wong sat facing them for several seconds, his long finger nails upon the edge of the table. Around his neck was a

mark of purple where the rope of human hair had strangled out his life and in his eyes was a strange glazed look which seemed to see nothing but which gazed beyond the skyline of the infinite. Slowly the Oriental with the drooping mustache reached down to a shelf beneath the table and drew from it a tiny cup of chased porcelain. Picking up the great tea pot he filled it and sat the cup with its steaming contents before the shadow of Mandarin Wong. You could have heard a pin drop in the room it was that silent. The aged Chinaman bowed his head and his fingers, laden with jade rings and ornaments of old gold, picked up the tiny cup and drank with the three living men.

Silence was as yet unbroken and with the great stoic power of the East these three waited for their condemnation, for one of those with whom the old Chinaman drank had slain him a few hours before. The three gazed on the spectre, not even the muscle of an eye moving, as the old man leaned over and with his nimble hands poured another cup of tea. The minutes passed as the four drank from the little cups, the low sound of their breathing the only thing that broke the silence.

Suddenly Mandarin Wong extended his hand and it closed over the handle of the tea pot which stood on a tiny tabouret of carved ebony. His long yellow fingers rested upon the pot, then slowly, so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, his hand moved—and with it moved the teapot. Softly it turned, its nozzle directed first to one and then the other, and finally it rested pointing towards the portly Oriental who sat to the right of the dead man.

Then the hand vanished, the shade of Mandarin Wong disappeared in the shadows of the room, then silence, unbroken even by breathing it seemed, grew denser with the passing seconds. The three Chinamen still drank their tea, before them the empty chair where the spirit of Mandarin Wong had sat. All three were staring at the teapot for they well knew what it meant. The nozzle was pointed at the heart of the son of Mandarin Wong.

The elder Chinaman with the gray hair reached down into the sleeve of his robe and drew from it a wondrous piece of carved ivory about seven inches long, traced upon it the most delicate flowers with tiny twisted dragons wound among the blossoms. With his long forefinger and thumb he separated the ivory stick and from the hollow of its case drew a fine steel dagger which he laid upon the table top its blade pointing with the nozzle of the teapot. Then lifting up the wonderful porcelain container he filled his cup again and sank back in his chair. A few minutes later, having finished this last cup, he rose and with him rose the other two. Crossing his hands in his sleeves he bowed low to his companions. The Chinaman with the drooping mustache also folded his arms while the son of Mandarin Wong inclined his head also in dignified salutation. The two Chinamen then passed slowly from the room, leaving the teapot and the dagger on the table.

The son of Mandarin Wong sat down in the chair facing the porcelain nozzle with the flaming bird traced upon it. Then taking the dagger in his hand he played with it for several seconds. A shadow of gloom seemed to pass over the room, the lantern swayed, the floor heaved and twisted, the great teapot grew larger and larger before his eyes, lights danced in many colors and before him stood the face and form of Mandarin Wong, his yellow hands upon the teapot lid.

Then slowly things grew dark and darker around him. A great shadow descended and without a sound the son of Mandarin Wong fell forward his head resting upon the table top, in his heart the dagger of justice, driven by his own hand.

The gleam of the lantern still shown down and it fell upon the black robed form of the Chinaman, his head deathly still upon the table. It fell upon the carvings where his fingers had played but a few minutes before, it shed a faint light upon the body which lay upon the teakwood couch nearby, but it shown and gleamed mostly upon the teapot whose accusing nozzle still pointed at the heart of the son of Mandarin Wong.

The Voice

THIS is a little story that might have been. It concerns one Giovanni Cini, of whom one must hear more to better understand this story. Giovanni was called the ape man for he was a strange creature with great misshapen head and body twisted and bent, long arms that swung nearly to the ground, a hunched back and legs that had never grown but, short and thick like those of a gorilla, carried him in along a strange shuffling walk. When children saw him they ran in fear and trembling, while grown people shuddered as he came by.

Giovanni had never been wanted. His family, one of the greatest in Italy, had him carried away when just a baby and brought up among beggar folks and thieves. The mutilations of his body were the results of attempts to destroy his little life before he was born, and now, like some strange demoniacal ogre, he wandered around. Even the dogs and beasts loathed him and when he put out his great gaunt, misshapen hand to pet them they ran away howling, their tails between their legs. He grew up in dirt and squalidness, could neither read nor write, and his life seemed a curse to all with whom he came in contact.

His foster-parents were paid great sums of money to keep his identity unknown, for if the world had known who he was he would have been heir to one of the highest titles in the land. His mind was like that of a child, for the deformity of his body was reflected in his brain. But Giovanni was strangely different from the deformed appearance of his body for while his form spoke of violence and hate his mind and soul were full of love and charity to all living things. He lived his life alone for none would go near save with beats and cuffs. He was a sad, broken thing who could never know friendship or have one soul in whom he could confide his childish tale of woe.

Giovanni was a grown man now but all through his life, even to the time when death shall close his eyes forever, he will be a child. He loved to go out from the city into the

meadows and valleys beyond and pick flowers, for flowers were the only things that did not run away from him. But he sighed, for even these seemed to wither at his touch. Gaunt and uncouth, Giovanni Cini wandered the earth, walking in the gutter and living with dogs and swine. He never knew why his body was distorted, of the cruel blows that sought to kill it; all he knew was that he was different from other things, was lonely and misunderstood.

One day, cowering away from the stones and sticks which the village youths threw at him, his cheeks wet with tears and his heart aching beyond expression, he came to the door of a little church in whose shrine dim tapers burned. As he huddled, broken hearted, on the steps, an old man came out, dressed in a long gray robe, and for the first time in his life Giovanni Cini heard a kind word.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, tenderly this time, and the poor boy looked up in amazement for never in all his life had he known a soft touch. An old gray haired man with a kindly face and a sweet smile gazed at him.

"Why do you weep here?" he asked the wondering youth.

"They all throw sticks and stones and tell the dogs to chase me because—oh, I am so hideous!" And the youth held out his long misshapen arms with their claw like fingers. "No one cares for me—they all hate me—they tell me they wish I had never been born, and—oh! how I wish I could die!"

The old man leaned over and helped the youth to his feet. "Come with me, my son, for when the world shall cast you down then your God shall pick you up. Here none shall come to laugh at you, for there is a place far in the mountains which is called the Monastery of Sorrow. All who dwell in those stony cells have sorrow in their souls, broken hearts, broken bodies, and the cruelty of the world has forced them there—and there alone they sit to write and meditate. When you are tired of wandering these streets you may go

there to rest for at this place all will be kind to you and help you to forget the coldness of the world. When you are ready to go into these mountains, come and tell me."

"Father, I am ready now!" answered the youth rising on his short dwarfed legs. He turned his horrid face with its discolored teeth and flattened nose up to the priest, and, clasping the hem of the father's robe, he sobbed, "I am ready now, father, take me away—no one cares for me here—there are none to even ask. Take me away to the country where the flowers are for they are the only things that do not run from me in fear."

"I am not afraid of you," answered the priest, putting his arm around the dwarfed figure, "nor is God afraid of you. Come with me and I will send you to the Monastery of Sorrow where you can spend the rest of your life in nature, in prayer and meditation, and in peace."

Throwing his great cape about the figure, which toddled by his side, the priest entered the ancient church and the great door closed behind him. Giovanni Cini thus disappeared from the sight of the world and was never seen again.

* * *

In a distant land there is a great cathedral where people come to hear a voice. Some say that it is the voice of God but none know what it really is. Each Sunday there breaks forth upon the air a song. It comes from behind a grating of curtained partitions and wells out with the strangest notes that ever mortal ear listened to. It is the voice of Fra Celestius, the great monk. Five notes higher than high C. that voice rises, higher even than the fine notes of a bird, then it swells out in thundering baritone and bass—a voice without limit, high or low, it was called the god-voice in man.

From all over the world people came to hear that wondrous singer that no man had ever seen. The penitent came to pray and sinners renounced their lives of crime as those notes hung upon the air. The very glory of God himself was sung in that voice which woke memories that were dead, revived hopes

that were broken, gave peace to the sad of heart. The sick came on their crutches, the halt and the blind, and as that voice sounded their eyes were opened, their ears were made to hear, and the halt of their tongues was loosened, they cast down their crutches, and rose from beds of sickness under the divine inspiration of the Voice.

From across the sea there came one—an artist. Day after day he came to the great cathedral to gain the inspiration for a masterpiece of art, and then returning to his studio painted the painting of a voice. It was a glorious canvas. In the centre was a heavenly figure, as perfect as a Greek god, with eyes upraised and hands spread as though to grasp the infinite creation. The mouth was open, singing, and the air was filled with winged figures that seemed to pour in endless stream from his mouth. Into this the artist put all of his soul and when it was finished he called the picture Fra Celestius—the Voice.

A great one came to see him one day, and old man in a gray cowl. The artist showed him the picture, saying, "Is it not wonderful, the dream, the inspiration that I gained from that voice? What a beautiful man that singer must be!"

The monk nodded his head, "Beautiful indeed," he answered softly. "Come with me next Sunday and I will show you the singer."

On the next Sabbath, the artist and his gray cowed friend entered the church by a side door and stood where they could look down upon the niche where the singer stood. As they waited there a form stepped into the niche, concealed from below by the heavy draperies.

The artist stepped back in amazement.

"My God! that can't be he! not the Fra Celestius!"

In the niche stood a short deformed figure in the gray robe of a monk, with long arms like those of an ape, a strange fierce face and distorted body, unfinished or broken in the making. A few seconds later the mouth opened. A beautiful soprano note hung in the air and a hush fell over the church.

(Continued on page 30)

Sold

"But, mother, he's old enough to be my father and besides I don't even know him! Why should I tie myself to an old man like that?—I could never learn to love him!"

"My dear child, you must get that foolish idea of sentiment out of your head. Children do not marry for love nowadays but for the general good of the whole family. Doctor Rix is a wonderful match for you and according to the Blue Book he is one of the richest men in the city—why he's worth millions and is so old he can't live very long anyway. My dear, this is the chance of your life! Think what it will mean to all of us. It will mean that I, your mother, will again be surrounded by those comforts and conditions she has been accustomed to but which your late father by his foolish sentimentalism made impossible by giving his money away to beggars."

"But mother I don't want to marry an old man who is so sick and dissipated he can hardly walk!"

"It is true that he is rather old to be eligible but if you will think carefully you will realize that he is entirely too eligible to be considered old. If you do not think of yourself, think of your mother and the needs of her old age. Do you want her to live in some little country town all her life on the paltry pittance of your father's run down estate, not even sufficient to supply us with a servant?"

"Mother, why do you keep after me day after day, month after month, when you know it is breaking my heart?"

"Because, child, this is not a matter of your heart—it is purely a matter of business. Dr. Rix is madly in love with you, anything you ask for he will give you and the future and happiness of the entire family depends upon your marriage to this man."

"Mother, I cannot, I will not marry that old tottering man in his dotage! It would be a lie before God and man—a crime! I will not sell myself for his money!"

"Tut, tut, my dear. You have not lived as long as I have or you would realize that I

am giving you good advice—and what is more I expect you to follow it."

"I will not."

"Edith Marlowe, it is my command that you marry Doctor Rix. I am your mother and my word must be your law."

Mrs. Marlowe rose to her feet, her jaw set like a vice of steel and her eyes glinty with anger. She was a handsome woman with a tall, stately figure and gray hair, but the expression on her face was that of an empress demanding obedience. She ruled her home with a rod of iron, feared by her children whose spirit she had broken and whose lives she was bent on twisting into her own channel.

The daughter looked at her mother for a few seconds and then her head, with its mass of tousled and disheveled brown hair, fell before the piercing eyes of her mother. Tears were in the girl's eyes and slowly she sank to her knees, clasping her mother's hands.

"Mother, mother! I will do anything in the world to please you for I love you with all my heart." And she turned her big brown eyes, wet with weeping, to her mother's face. "But don't—you can't—ask me to sacrifice my whole life in such a way! Mother, don't look at me like that—I can't do it—I will kill myself first!"

"Nonsense, child. Get up and behave yourself. Remember what your father said: children obey your parents and if you love me you will keep my commandments. I command you to marry this man for the good of the whole family, for your own sake and for mine also."

"For months you have tortured me with that demand but mother I shall never marry Doctor Rix and that is final."

Mrs. Marlowe drew herself up and glared at her daughter, her face white with rage and her lips like two thin lines of purple.

"You shall marry Doctor Rix. I have already arranged it and when he calls this evening you will become engaged to him. Do you understand? Now go to your room and remain there until he comes or until I call

you. This is once where your mother is going to have things done the way she demands them. Now go!"

Edith Marlowe passed slowly from the room, her shoulders bent and her breath coming in short sobs. Reaching the door she turned around with a look of desperation in her eyes.

"Mother, you shall regret this some day." Turning she ran up the stairs.

Mrs. Marlowe stood for several seconds undecided, striking the palm of one hand with the fist of the other. She was a woman of the world, a woman of ambition, and she had reared her daughter for one purpose alone—to fulfill her craving for riches, and at any price she would obtain her end. Her white head rose and she became again the dowager empress, a woman bringing over from some past life the power of a breaker of men, in soul and in spirit one of Caesar's legions.

The moments passed, the great clock on the stairs ticked out and the dull gong told of a passing hour. Mrs. Marlowe sat down.

"She must, she shall, obey me. I have spent thousands of dollars on her education. I have brought her into the best society and all this for nought? No! My happiness depends upon her making a successful match. If she marries Doctor Rix I can have my private car and a home. I shall not miss this opportunity!"

The gloom of evening. No sound broke the stillness save the old clock. Finally Mrs. Marlowe rose, her face now set in repose, and pressing the switch flooded the room with light. She looked about carefully to see that everything was in order for this was one of the most important moments of her life. That evening Doctor Rix was to call. The moments passed while through the mother's mind schemes of the future were passing, schemes centered around her own ambition, absolutely thoughtless of her daughter's heart of woe. Then the ring of the doorbell sounded and, rising, Mrs. Marlowe passed with Georgian dignity into the hallway and opened the door to admit Doctor Robert Rix.

He was a little short, dry looking man of about seventy-two years of age. His complexion was the color of paste and his entire

system was permeated with scrofula and nicotine poisoning. He had been married four times, two of his wives had left him and the others had died. He spoke in a high, sharp voice and looked through old fashioned gold rimmed glasses at Mrs. Marlowe.

"Good evening, madame. I have come in reply to your note. Am I to understand that my plea for the hand of your daughter has found favor in your sight? This delights me."

Mrs. Marlowe closed the door behind the doctor, her eyes turning with envy to the beautiful automobile that waited before the door with chauffeur and footman in livery.

"Come in, Doctor Rix, and sit down. Here, let me take your hat and cane."

Seated across the living room table from each other, Doctor Rix and Mrs. Marlowe discussed the plan which their older heads had framed between them.

"I am fascinated by your charming daughter," squeaked Doctor Rix, "can it be that my charms have found favor in her sight?"

"I know she thinks very highly of you, Doctor," lied Mrs. Marlowe sweetly, "but you know the child is very young and hasty yet. However I think we can come to a very amicable understanding on the subject. But there are two or three little things that must be considered. If I allow my daughter to marry you I must have five hundred thousand dollars."

"You shall," answered Doctor Rix eagerly, "gladly shall you have it. I would give all I possess for her."

"Then that is settled," answered Mrs. Marlowe. "Will you please make that out on paper, Doctor, so that we will have no misunderstanding later?"

"Better than that, madame, here is my check." And with a shaky hand the Doctor filled one out.

"I will announce the engagement at once. She shall marry you the first of next month. Doctor, this is one of the greatest moments of my life. At last, after years of poverty, I shall again occupy my proper position in society. This is the happiest moment I have known in years. I—"

Mrs. Marlowe looked up and there standing with her back against the door stood Edith Marlowe, a strange expression in her face which her mother had never seen there before.

"Good evening, Miss Marlowe." Rising with difficulty the old doctor stood. "It is a charming evening."

Miss Marlowe did not look at him at all but her face was turned to her mother.

"Mother," she said slowly in a voice which seemed strangely different. "I have come to say two or three things to you and you must listen to them. You have just signed on that table a paper which is to sell my life and soul to another. You say it is in the Scripture: Children, obey your parent. But it also says in the Scripture: Parents, provoke not your children to wrath. You have ruined my life, broken my hopes, shattered my soul, all for the sake of your own social position. You brought me into the world for no other reason than to sell me. But you do not own the soul of me, you but own the clay that you have broken. Life already stretched before me in the path that I had chosen to go, a path which is reasonable and true; I had already chosen one who was to walk that path with me but he was poor and you would not have him and turned him away to sell me to another. You are but one of many mothers whose eyes gaze longingly at their children's form, waiting until they are old enough to turn them into gold. From out of the Infinite they came to you to love and cherish. You have sold God's

gifts to you, you have blasphemed His plan, you have prostituted His offering like so many others have. Almost all the daughters who come into the world are for sale to the highest bidder, but you shall never own me nor will you ever own the soul of another living thing. This old man, broken in body, too old for you even to consider, you would sell him to me and me to him. Well—sell that which was yours to sell, it is not much."

At that instant the sound of footsteps, heavy boot-treads, sounded on the porch of the little house and a ring came at the door. Mrs. Marlowe rose, a strange expression on her face, her eyes fastened to the accusing ones of her child, and slowly reaching the door threw it open.

Into the room came four figures, two men in rubber boots soaked with water. In their arms they carried a third while a youth, wild-eyed and disheveled followed up the rear.

"Mrs. Marlowe, I believe?" said one of the men as he lifted the covering off his burden. "We have just dragged the body of your daughter out of the river at the dam—she must have fallen in I guess. She has been dead about three or four hours."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Marlowe, staring around. "There is my daughter standing there." She pointed to the figure against the door.

Edith Marlowe pointed her hand to the white, water-soaked figure in the arms of the dam-keeper.

"That, mother, is yours to buy and sell."

On the altars of ambition lie the bodies of the slain,
Youth and love together martyred in the cause of human gain;
Life and limb are bartered freely as the golden shekles flow
While misery lurks in the shadow of each deadly hammer blow.

What is offered? sounds the call—sorrow's song through every age—
Lives for gold, youth for silver, and misery for the hammer's wage.
Thus are hopes forever slaughtered at the auction block of gain,
Rosaline cheeks are tined to ashen, noble lives by greed are slain.

Mothers, fathers of the races—sell not children's hearts for gold!
They have come as trusts from heaven, not from profits bought or sold,
And the curse of all the ages rests on those who buy and sell
The lives and hearts of living creatures to chain them in ambition's hell.

Going—going—how much is offered? still the traitor plys his trade,
The old buy youth, the rich buy beauty—"The Devil buys the soul 'tis said."
The laughing eyes grow dim with sorrow, singing voices wail instead,
Youthful souls are aged with sorrow and seek peace among the dead.

Sons and daughters—buy them here!—your worthiness is proved by price,
 The highest bidder owns the soul while death wins all with loaded dice.
 Gone!—another soul is butchered for some ambitious parent's scheme.
 Gone!—another life is ruined, broken is its golden dream.

But above the sadness brooding a single star of light still gleams
 For the spirit flees to freedom from the wreckage of its dreams.
 The God who loves His children buys each heart that's sold they say
 And those who pawn and sell His children barter only lumps of clay.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Scorpio is one of the most interesting signs of the Zodiac because of its deep occult nature. It is twofold and very decidedly so in its expression for it produces the greatest scientists, philosophers and occultists and also the worst degenerates. In his development the occultist transmutes the scorpion first to the serpent and then to the eagle, in that way preserving the highest expression of the Scorpio power. The constellation is one of the most fascinating in the heavens with its great tail running across the sky. It is a very powerful sign, either for good or for bad, being capable of the greatest beauty or the most heartless cruelty. It makes surgeons to cut for the love of cutting, and vitalizes martyrs who die for their ideals. It is a thinking, intellectual, scientific sign; argumentive, analytical and, when trained, a highly spiritual sign.

It can be briefly considered with the aid of the following keywords:

Cold	Mute
Moist	Broken
Watery	Unfortunate
Phlegmatic	Strong
Feminine	Southern
Autumnal	Obeying
Nocturnal	Long ascension
Northern	Fall of the moon
Fixed	Detriment of Venus
Fruitful	

General Characteristics:

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

Physical Appearances:

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

Health:

On account of the position of Mars, Scorpio is subject more or less to fevers also to brain trouble. Violent insanity is sometimes found under this sign but not often. Eccentricities are common under this sign and these eccentricities sometimes become obsessions. Scorpio people usually neglect and abuse their bodies.

Its diseases are:

Confirmed melancholia.
 Violent forms of venereal disease.
 Obstructions in the intestinal canals.
 All forms of disease and accidents in generative system.

Danger from poisonings and excessive drinking, dope or vice of similar nature.

Domestic Problems:

Scorpio is not particularly fortunate in domestic problems because of Mars which usually prevents harmonious domestic understanding. Scorpio is the least fruitful of the watery signs because of its being ruled by the fire planet, and its secretive morose temperament with love of study and being alone does not add greatly to its matrimonial and domestic possibilities.

Countries under Influence of Scorpio:

Judea	Upper Bavaria
Maritana	Barbary
Catalonia (in Spain)	Morocco
Norway	Kingdom of Fez
West Silesia	Part of Italy

Cities Under Its Dominion:

Valenti	Vienna
Messini	Gaunt
Franckfort-on-Ober	Urbine

Colors:

Red	Brick color
Brown	Black

According to Ptolemy the bright stars in the front of the body of Scorpio have the influence of Mars and partly of Saturn. The three in the body itself, the middle of which is called Antares and is ruddy and luminous, are similar to Mars and moderately to Jupiter. The stars in the joint of the tail are like Saturn and Venus and those in the sting are like Mercury and Mars. The nebulae is like Mars and the Moon.

According to Arippa and Francis Barrett: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Scorpio rules the Arch-angels; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Scorpio is ruled by Barbiel of the Twelve Tribes, Benjamin; of the Twelve Prophets, Obadiah; of the Twelve Apostles, Phillip; of the twelve months, October 20th to November 20th; of the twelve herbs, mugwort; of the twelve stones, amythest; of the twelve principle parts of the body, the generative system; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and of Devils, the sifters, triers and accusers.

(Continued from last month)

Savoy	India
Portugal	Ethiopia
Lavonia	Part of Greece
Lisbon	

Cities Under the Control of Libra:

Vienna	Antwerp
Frankfort	Charleston, C. C.
Fribourgh	Spire
Placentia	

Color:

Black	Any dusky color
Crimson	

According to Ptolemy the stars in the claws of the scorpion of Libra operate like Jupiter and Mercury. Those in the middle of the claws are like Saturn and to some degree like Mars.

According to Agrippa, of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Libra rules the principalities; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Zuriel; of the Twelve Tribes, Issachar; of the Twelve Prophets, Jonah; of the Twelve Apostles, Bartholomew; of the twelve months, from September 20th to October 20th; of the twelve plants, scorpion grass; of the twelve stones, beryl; of the twelve principal parts of the body, kidneys; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and the False, it rules the furies and the sowers of evil.

THE VOICE

(Continued from page 24)

"Indeed brother that is he," said the monk. "In the world he was Giovanni Cini the manape; now he is Fra Celestius whose voice sings as the birds of the sky, whose heart is as sweet and soul as pure as the notes he sings. You drew a wonderful painting, signor; you drew not this body of Giovanni Cini, you drew his soul. Listen. How can such notes as those come from such a broken heap of clap? Ah, brother," the old man crossed himself, "God works indeed in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Some day yonder brother will be a saint, while you and I are still sinners."

Spiritual Healing

How far should a healer go in his attempt to reconstruct the physical body of a suffering patient? Is the exercise of occult force in healing permissible? How are we going to judge accurately the needs of patients? These are very important questions, as healing is one of the most prominent phases of occult work. The ancient Rosicrucian Order formed for the purpose of healing the sick, and the eighteenth degree of Freemasonry stands for the exercising of the power of the Great Physician.

We may safely say that healing is a constructive work but certain elements are necessary before it is safe for the occult student to exert his powers in that direction. The average occult and metaphysical healer does more harm than good.

The realization of the existence of a cure often encourages intemperance, thoughtlessness and carelessness in the soul of the average individual; consequently the doctrine of forgiveness, the power of consciousness over karma and similar ideas are not, generally speaking, safe concepts to give to the world, because these teachings fail to dwell upon the most important point of all—prevention. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in every case, and occultists who are always teaching ways to escape from dilemma rather than ways to keep out of trouble are not doing the work of the Elder Brothers in the world.

Before a person attempts to become a healer he or she must be in a position to answer several questions which the average psycho-therapist knows absolutely nothing about. First of all: Am I or am I not a thorough anatomist and physicist? A scientific education is as important to an occult healer as it is to student of *materna medica*.

Occult healing is not faith healing. Occult healing is scientific depending upon an accurate knowledge of universal law and the knowledge of how to manipulate these laws until they break up various etheric and astral combinations in the bodies of man. The occult physician knows every bone and muscle of the body, while the average so-called "healer" knows little if anything concerning the constitution of man.

It is possible that such persons will secure results, but they are not healers. They are mediums who must accept conditions as external powers dictate and they are not healers who manipulate these powers at will.

The second requisite is: An occult healer must be able to analyze the cause of ailment, tracing it, if necessary, back seven or eight incarnations to find out why the patient is suffering today. Most healers try to heal everybody and in this way again do more harm than good. It is just as much of a detriment for some people to be well as it is for others to be sick. Health and sickness are problems to be solved by the ego itself and when outside intelligences seek to solve these problems the result is detriment rather than advantage to the consciousness.

Around us there are many healers who know nothing of natural law do not know whether the patient deserves the sickness or not. They try to heal every ailment, sometimes battling straight in the face of karma, natural law, and the plan of the evolution of that consciousness. Such a course is hopelessly detrimental and many people who have been thus healed of their ailments have wasted their entire incarnation for they have not learned to be any better or stronger themselves.

The third qualification of a healer is that they should realize the source of their power and know that this power is given them to use in accordance with the plan of being. When they attempt to exert their will power over the plan they destroy their usefulness as healers.

The old doctrine used to be: "Come and be saved. Lean on the Lord and let other people do it." The average so-called healing case is just a metaphysical expression of this idea. What good is there for a healer to concentrate for perfect digestion over an individual who is living an unbalanced, intemperate life and whose every action causes the ailment which he is seeking to relieve himself of? The average person who comes to a healer for help should be given a bath, a dose of good common sense, and sent back to clean

up. They come with twenty-five years of accumulation of mental, physical and spiritual filth, looking for miracles, when what they need is soap and water inside and out. There is no greater expression of bunkum in occultism than the healing side. In the hands of the great Initiate or the authorized representative of a great spiritual work, or a disciple who has seen the plan of being, healing is a very miraculous thing, for all of his efforts are to swing the patient in line with natural law and assist him to assist himself.

Out in front of the average healer's office you can find them lined up—chilblains, gout, locomotor ataxia, tumors, scrofula, eczema, dropsy, scabbies and barber's itch. They come with their tales of woe when all that most of them need is to clean up. If the healer does do anything for them they just turn around and get sick again. It is a thankless, hopeless, helpless, job because the healer is as foolish as the patient.

Occult healing should only be resorted to under two conditions. First, when all common sense methods have failed. Second, when the disease is of an occult nature such as obsession, attacks from black magicians, etc. To be sure, occult methods will help all diseases but the first requisite of occultism is that the individual himself should make a conscientious effort, and under general conditions they get well when they make this and do not need healing.

To encourage individuals to believe that the Lord decreed them perfect health is foolish. They may enjoy perfect health when they behave themselves, otherwise they will not. The Lord decrees that also. A healer who makes an automatic profession out of his work is a curse to occult science. When he lays his hands on Smith, chants mantrams over Jones, and shivers over Brown, he is a disgrace to himself. To be sure, these people will immediately feel better, or at least a percentage will, for most people's ailments are in their heads.

The law of karma is slighted, natural law is set askew, because an ignorant healer thinks a person ought to get well when the Lords of Karma have worked twenty thousand years trying to get the patient into a position where he has to do something for himself. An ig-

norant person with a little psychic ability comes along and heals them of something that they never earned the right to get well from. Cults and creeds which preach peace, health, and happiness as the result of inertia or somebody else's effort are not spiritual, sensible, rational or worthy of any consideration.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA.

A dear friend of our has two little children whom she is raising like little wild flowers, lilies of the valley and so forth. First they were creepers, now they are runners, and later they will blossom forth with all the beauty of uncultured wild flowers. They are surely daisies even at this point in the game and the neighbors know them as for-get-me-nots. Like flowers they do not bathe but unlike flowers they do not stand out in the rain. She neither corrects them nor bends the youthful twig but is letting God take care of them. The reward for this is that they are positively the greatest nuisance of their size in ten counties. When one tries to correct them the mother goes into hysterics, claiming that they are God's perfect children and are without sin. They throw tin cans at the cat, rub soap on the windows, fall into the cistern and play marbles on your roof. They cuss like troopers and little Willie, aged five, has already touched the depth of smoker's degeneracy. These two little wild flowers with a daffy-dill for a mother, spent a day a little while ago in setting fire to an automobile, ringing door bells and stealing the Sunday newspapers. They are the examples of those sweet simple children who grow up like little blossoms on a poison ivy vine.

Such is the story of a large percent of our population who grow up in spite of their parents rather than because of them. Well, they are blooming flowers now alright and promise to be in the penitentiary before they become of age. They have no manners, no civility, and they run around in ragged clothes which are in themselves sufficient to build only shiftlessness in their souls. The mother spends her days getting over her nights and sends them off to play in somebody else's yard. Such is the sad drama of most homes.

Pearly Gates Gazette

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CONTEST OPEN FOR LOCAL TALENT Astroger From Earth Warns the Lord

SPECIAL EXTRA.

After several years of untiring service the Pearly Gates Police force caught a crook but sad to relate he escaped afterwards. He was caught because of their efforts and escaped in spite of them. Although the prisoner has escaped the police have several clues. He is thought to be a small star from Canus Minor.

Baron Figtree was haled into court this morning, charged with disturbing the public peace and driving a comet while intoxicated. He was fined ten dollars and costs by the court. He and the judge have gone out together to find out where he got his liquor. (P. S. the judge has returned. We judge from appearances that he found out.)

HOSPITAL BULLETIN

Some months ago we announced that the dove of peace was recovering from injuries received in a riot on earth. Since the latest European difficulty the dove has had a relapse and its life is seriously feared for. Doctors announce that a blood transfusion will be necessary as the dove is all run down.

SPORT NEWS

Lost one small Mexican Chihuahua, hairless, Pearly Gates City dog license on collar, name Fido also appears on the brass band. This is his nickname however, his true name being Canus Minor. His owners are very much worried about the little fellow. Description—a very pretty smart little dog with lovable ways. Reward.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Angels suffering from spinal ailments or dislocated pinions should see Dr. Yanks our well known chiropractic specialist. Length of life is in your spine—consult him. Bunions, ingrowing toe nails and barber's itch successfully treated by spinal adjustments. Prices reasonable.

The Pearly Gates News Syndicate announces the opening of its poetic contest. Each month a winning poem will be published in the columns of this paper. This contest is being carried on in the hope that it will stimulate literary pursuits in heaven. Adromeda has been pronounced by the judges to be the winner of this month. Her poem is a lyric ode dedicated to the serpent in the Garden of Eden and is reprinted in full below:

"He wiggled in and he wiggled out,
And left the people all in doubt
As to whether the snake that made
the track
Was going to hell or coming back."

This was selected from several thousand contestants and wins the first prize of this month which is an inlaid platinum ear muffler. The judges of this contest are our well known friends Lord Aldebaron, the Duc du Antares and Major General Sirius.

The Hunt and Leavit Department Stores announces a rummage sale. Doors will open at eight-thirty sharp and some very marvellous bargains can be picked up by those who come early. Odds and ends of dress goods, shingles, tar paper, and mosquito netting are being specially priced, also a sale of aluminum ware, mucilage, hairpins and trunks. Only one to a customer. In order to meet the tremendous rush, Mr. Hunt has put on an extra force.

The Blare Brothers big show hit town. Parade tomorrow morning at ten o'clock—five miles long (a mile between each wagon.) Angels who desire to secure box seats may get them at the Bum Drug Company. Seats cut low to accommodate wings. Includes a side show of freaks from the planet earth.

WANTED—A nice energetic young angel to churn butter with his second pair of wings. Pearly Gates Dairy, 810 Milky Way, Heaven.

NOTED ASTROLOGER ARRIVES

Prof. Euclid C. Wampus the well known astrologer and predictor from the planet Earth arrived in heaven last week and has made several predictions concerning conditions here which may be of interest to the public. Prof. Wampus says, in part: "There is no doubt in my mind that heaven is going to end in 1925, when it will be dissolved in a cloud of steam. A bad planetary configuration warns God to be very careful of his enemies and that he may be prepared to stand a great deal of abuse during the next few years. Prof. Wampus has cast the horoscopes of some of the most noted people here and promises that Venus who is now a respectable married matron will be one of the smartest divorcees of the coming spring, while Minerva who is now a grass widow has been promised an excellent marriage in May or June. Society papers please copy.

NEW CLINIC OPEN

The Pearly Gates Dental Clinic has opened offices in the Airview Building on the corner of Pearly Gates Boulevard at 11th street. They are doing an excellent business especially in gold crowns. The same clinic has discovered a Dr. Abrams' machine which has done excellent work especially in cases of sprained wing rupe of which there is an epidemic.

CROP RUINED

Potato bugs got into the potato crop of Burbank Specials which are so popular in heaven that there is bound to be a great shortage this year. The Pasquale Brothers have a corner on the crop and are feeling very blue on account of the insect pest. They say they are using so much Paris Green on earth that all the bugs are coming to heaven to escape annihilation.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

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

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer

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

A limited supply of the following are still on hand:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

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

Questions and Answers, Part III

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

Occult Masonry

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

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

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

The Unfoldment of Man

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

Occult Psychology

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

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

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

The Following are in Preparation.

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

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

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

Great Sayings of Confucius



“To learn and then to practice opportunely what one has learnt—does not this bring with it a sense of satisfaction?”

“Lavish living renders men disorderly; miserliness makes them hard. Better, however, the hard than the disorderly.”

“The virtue of the noble-minded man is as the wind, and that of inferior men as grass; the grass must bend, when the wind blows upon it.”

“Be versed in ancient lore, and familiarize yourself with the modern; then may you become teachers.”

“The man of superior mind is placidly composed; the small-minded man is in a constant state of perturbation.”

“Learning, without thought, is a snare; thought, without learning, is a danger.”

“Where there is habitual going after gain, there is much ill-will.”

“He who has sinned against Heaven has none other to whom prayer may be addressed.”

“When you meet with men of worth, think how you may attain to their level; when you see others of an opposite character, look within and examine yourself.”

“Where plain naturalness is more in evidence than polish, we have—the man from the country. Where polish is more in evidence than naturalness, we have—the town scribe. It is when naturalness and polish are equally evident that we have the ideal man.”

“Reverent regard is due to youth. How know we what difference there may be in them in the future from what they are now? Yet when they have reached the age of forty or fifty, and are still unknown in the world, then indeed they are no more worthy of such regard.”