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Vol. 8

FEBRUARY, 1921

No. 2

AZOTH

The Occult Magazine of America
A Monthly

IN MEMORIAM:
MICHAEL JAMES WHITTY

H. Kellett Chambers

THE HIDDEN FORCE

Anael

THE MESSAGE OF TAGORE

Maria Christina Mena Chambers

THE TRUE BIBLICAL IDEA OF GOD

Solomon Cohen

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In Memoriam: Michael J. Whitty

Dec. 27, 1920

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame,—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

"Samson Agonistes."

So might we feel over the peaceful dissolution of a great and friendly oak tree which had well served its purpose through many a decade of storm and sunshine. And so we feel, we who knew him as a brother, over the passing of Michael James Whitty.

He, the great hearted student and teacher of the Wisdom that lies hidden in the book of Nature as honey lies hidden in a flower, is no longer with us in the flesh. AZOTH mourns the physical loss of its founder and editor, and has already begun to feel a quickening power from the overshadowing influence of the now liberated spirit that created this channel of work for itself during the closing years of the incarnation just brought to a fruitful close.

Michael Whitty never spared himself. He labored for the spiritual enlightenment and scientific regeneration of his fellow men, through this magazine and through more personal channels, long after his physical frame—delicate from boyhood notwithstanding its stalwart proportions—had given grave warning

of its need for rest. During the greater part of last year he struggled desperately, against the pleadings of those who loved him, to keep himself in harness despite the encroachments of an irresistible debility. His work meant everything to him, his health nothing. Indeed, while no ascetic, he repeated in a measure the error of St. Francis of Assisi, who at death's door confessed his regret that he had not been a little kinder and more considerate to "Brother Ass," as he called his contemned and wasted body.

A serious breakdown in the Autumn convinced Mr. Whitty of the slenderness of the thread that united him to earth life. There was one week during which that thread was saved from breaking only by the most skilful medical care, directed from the higher planes, a remarkable example of occult therapeutics which may be described technically some day by the earthly practitioner, an energetic disciple of occult wisdom as well as an accomplished orthodox physician—M. D., "First Class Honors," University of Edinburgh, Scotland, among other distinctions. As if by a miracle, the beloved patient rallied sufficiently to put his affairs in order for a voyage to southern California with his devoted wife, who—herself but recently an invalid—ministered to him throughout with an exhaustless wealth of single hearted service.

Invisible guidance manifested itself in every step that led toward the peaceful end in the clear sunshine of Los Angeles. Every obstacle melted away. Most important of all in the mind of the stricken editor and teacher, the uninterrupted continuance of this magazine was assured by the loyalty of his valued friend and fellow student, Mr. Paul Case, author of "An Introduction to the Study of the Tarot," already well known to the readers of AZOTH, of which he was titular Sub-Editor as well as a prolific and versatile contributor under his own name and more than one pen name. Regardless of the personal sacrifice involved, Mr. Case unhesitatingly abandoned the lucrative practice of his profession of music and hastened here from the South to relieve Michael Whitty, whom he revered and loved above all other men, of his last and greatest responsibility, thus setting him free for—as it proved—"the great adventure."

The guidance was not accompanied at that time by any direct intimation of the approaching end, although something like a presentiment of it made itself felt hauntingly—only to be banished on the instant—by Michael Whitty's devoted sister and fellow student, Mrs. Tom Wise—dear to theatregoers—and by at least one other of those who went to see the travellers off when they sailed for a Gulf port, *en route* to the Pacific Coast, early

in November. Our courtly Michael, in gay spirits despite the ravages of his illness, stretched his long legs in a deck lounge, rolled cigarettes and discoursed graciously and philosophically on the things nearest his heart. Whether or not we were ever to see him again, we all found a rare sweetness in that parting.

Thus was Michael Whitty, his earth labors finished, gently detached from the scenes and atmosphere of his activities. And now certain definite foreshadowings of the end—some direct and some veiled in symbolism—began to filter through from the spheres of higher vibration to more than one of his associates whose psychic faculties were sufficiently unfolded to receive them.

The disquieting impression thus produced was not allayed by the news from Mrs. Whitty. The sea voyage had exhausted Michael's evanescent vitality. He did not rally after arriving at Los Angeles. Renewed medical attention failed to arrest his rapid and peaceful decline. The balmy climate but served to assuage the last brief act of his life's drama, further mollified by the assurance that his beloved wife would be sustained in her climax of grief by the companionship of her sister, resident in Los Angeles—a circumstance in itself sufficient to suggest the working of a merciful wisdom in the dictation of Michael Whitty's last earthly voyage. On the second morning after Christmas Day, he fearlessly crossed the threshold into the realm of his patient researches, wherein he had long studied to function as a conscious helper of mankind.

Born in 1862, he was the grandson and namesake of the Michael James Whitty who established the first penny newspaper in England—the *Liverpool Daily Post*—after successfully petitioning Parliament to make that great exploit possible by removing the stamp duty. Prior to that pioneer enterprise, which accomplished so much for the enlightenment of the masses, he had founded the *Liverpool Mercury*. He edited the *Post* to the day of his death, and it became a great and powerful organ of public opinion. His eldest son, Edward, became the youngest of parliamentary reporters and the author of a famous book, "Friends in Bohemia." Our Michael's father was another son, Alfred, who was the pioneer's right hand man in the business management of the *Post*, but who died at the age of 38 after an estrangement from his father which resulted in the newspaper's becoming the property, during its founder's last illness, of the late Sir Edward Russell, whom Alfred had taken into the establishment as an office boy.

Here let us observe the workings of Karma in the case of our Michael. However the probabilities may have looked in

his childhood, it was not written that he should become the proprietor of a great newspaper property. And another point: Old Michael James Whitty, born in Ireland of ancient Cornish lineage, had what heraldic lawyers believed to be a perfectly valid claim to the Earldom of Shrewsbury and Talbot, in preference to the reigning incumbent, who carried a white wand at the coronation of Edward VII by virtue of being Lord Seneschal of Ireland as well as Premier Earl of England, and what not. Our Michael came in the line of his grandfather's succession and was the last male of his race, the last of the family name in that tall tribe of Whittys; and if old Michael James had taken his claim to the House of Lords there might be a different story to tell. But he didn't, he let it drop, for neither was it written in the Book of Karma that our Michael should be a great landed nobleman, although he would have carried off the part with easy distinction.

His grandfather stood six feet three, his father six feet two; Michael topped the family record, and ducked doubtful doorways, with six feet four inches of frank and winning manhood. He grew that way as a youth, with such a swift upward rush that at the age of seventeen he was packed off to Australia to live in the open air, a great London physician having prescribed that means of saving his life.

Before following him thither, let us record the circumstance that his mother had the remarkable faculty of dreaming occurrences of domestic and neighborly life which afterward "came true" in every detail. This accomplishment greatly amused her children and rather embarrassed herself. Once the Society for Psychical Research sent an expert down from London to inquire into one of her involuntary feats which had been noised abroad, but Michael and his two sisters were so facetious about it that the visitor left the house in a huff. Although the Whittys were not a theatrical family, both the sisters became actresses and achieved much distinction. Mrs. Wise has already been mentioned. The other is Lady May Webster, the first woman knight, dubbed Dame Commander of the British Empire on account of her remarkable war work, which included the raising of \$325,000 to found the Star and Garter Home for Crippled and Disabled Soldiers at Richmond. She is the wife of Ben Webster, the actor, and, as May Whitty, was a very popular comedienne before the war brought out her talents for organization as the chairman of eleven committees and of the Actress' Franchise League, which engineered the Richmond enterprise on the site of the historic old Star and Garter Hotel.

In the Queensland bush, where he roughed it for seventeen years, Michael found his health and became a giant of muscular strength. He had never heard of Occult Science or the Mysteries as vital factors in modern existence. But Michael was ripe.

One day while riding to the nearest settlement for the mail, and probably for a can of tobacco and a case of tea—cantering like a young Don Quixote through the primordial Lemurian solitude, peopled with grotesquely hopping animals and snake-eating birds endowed with a horrible gift of demoniac laughter—Michael met a stranger. Study, reader, the technique of the august Dramatists of Karma, and bow the head before their sovereign use of time and occasion. The stranger needed a few shillings and offered to sell some old books that he had among the kickshaws rolled in his blanket. Book-loving Michael, who had read every book for twenty miles around and was hungry for the sight of print, eagerly bought the lot. *And they were Theosophical books!*

God bless Theosophy for sowing the world with books like bullets to hit those who are ripe! What happened to Michael during the reading of those books he expressed to his sister Gretchen (Mrs. Tom Wise) when he joined her in New York some years later, in these words:

"It all came back to me!"

All that he had known in ancient lives and forgotten in this one, all that enfranchised him as a citizen of the Universe instead of groper in chaos, began pushing back into his consciousness, taking warm possession of him, feeding soul and intellect and spirit—simple and fundamental and unarguable as mother's milk.

Like every ripe one who stands at last transported before the partly unveiled perfection of the Plan, he hastened to try to share the Bread of Wisdom with his neighbors, and soon there were rumors that a touch of sunstroke or solitude or something had unsettled the hitherto sagacious head of Long Mike, the genial English "jackeroo" with the dairy farm in the foothills. Michael was at first bewildered at the indifference of others to the source of his satisfaction, so accessible to all and so overwhelming in its appeal to himself. But he soon learned one of the first lessons of the beginner—that at this stage of evolution only a handful in each generation become ripe for conscious development, while the unleavened mass must continue struggling through the unconscious development that comes with unerring precision from the eating and drinking, moneymaking and love-making, hating, fighting, self-seeking, pleasure-getting, pain-reaping tissue of educative experiences wherein the Dramatists

of Karma set us again and again to strut or slink through our successive little roles in the illimitable and ever unfolding human comedy—evolving cells in the organism of the all-inclusive ONE, whatever we call that One — Krishna, Osiris or יהוה

That discovery gave him patience and tolerance. He was no longer anxious about his neighbors. He knew that their enlightenment would be attended to whenever, in whatever life, they attained ripeness. But he also knew that his own business during the rest of his current incarnation was to be a helper, so he studied as hard as he could, shedding such rays of light for others as opportunity permitted—and opportunity is never very far from the elbow of the disciple. Moreover he found help for himself, as the disciple always does when he is ready for it. For there lived on a Queensland ranch (or "station" as they call it in Australia) a wise occult student in the person of a sister of Mrs. Campbell Praed, the novelist, and Michael found her, by occult gravitation, and derived much benefit and refreshment from their intercourse.

In a few years he was ready for his work on another continent. He didn't know it at the time, but the Dramatists of Karma paved the way—rather rudely, as it appeared—by wiping out his dairy farm through the agency of a prolonged drought which doubtless served many other necessary karmic purposes in the affairs of many other persons, for the complexity of the web woven by the Fates is beyond the mental grasp of a champion chessplayer or even of Professor Einstein.

A footloose adventurer of the empyrean, Michael Whitty came to New York at the urging of Mr. and Mrs. Wise, and here he found congenial employment in advancing various humanitarian causes, a work for which his personality and talents, united with his deep sincerity, constituted an impressive equipment.

He addressed legislatures and medical societies in support of movements to mitigate the horrors of unnecessary vivisection by regulating its practice, and to put an end to deliberate and harmful medical experimentation upon the poorer class of hospital patients; and even the interests opposed to those reforms listened with reluctant respect to his arguments. He became a significant figure in the Theosophical Society, then undivided, and was chosen President of its New York branch, a position he retained for many years, during which he did much lecturing. His "Simple Study in Theosophy" is justly regarded as the most able and lucid shorter textbook extant on that subject.

He would have written other books, could he ever have spared the time. The logical thought and graceful style that he put

into his AZOTH editorials and into his articles under the pen-name "Amru" would have served well for sustained works of occult philosophy and research. He was quite a master of dialectic, enjoyed nothing better than a flashing of intellectual rapiers and was Socratically dangerous in argument. On the other side of his nature he was a patient and enthusiastic teacher to all who had the will to learn, never so happy as when expounding the intricacies of occult science in its various branches to a group of beginners and encouraging them to ask questions, which he would answer unweariedly.

It was during this period that he found a crowning harmony in life by his marriage with Miss Mabel Elliot Lambley. Herself an occult student, Mrs. Whitty elected to sacrifice her studies to a large extent in order to take care of one who had not the slightest idea of taking care of himself. The rugged frame that he had brought back from the bush was not geared for a sedentary life. He allowed himself no time for recreation, and he had no patience for deliberate exercise. Life was so full of things he wanted to do that he grudged the time for eating. For years Mabel Whitty fought a losing fight against his determined disregard of himself, delaying his physical decline without being able to arrest it. And that was her tragedy!

It was not until some years after quitting the Theosophical Society and entering a more advanced field of study that Michael Whitty founded AZOTH. This was a formidable enterprise in which he had the energetic co-operation of Mrs. Whitty, an admirable business woman, and the loyal support of friends. He had long dreamed of fathering a magazine which should be an impartial clearing-house of spiritual, esoteric and psychic research, and at the same time should not let its own course deviate from the polestar of classical occultism, as handed down in the Western world since the time of Pythagoras. AZOTH has come as near to realizing its Founder's ideal as human limitations would permit, and he felt that its success more than repaid him for the vitality that he spent so unsparingly in making it what it has been and is—and what, with his help and that of the Great Ones of his present company, it will continue to be.

Another important constructive labor, about which nothing can be said here, was carried by Michael Whitty to a victorious stage of accomplishment just before his physical collapse. The two labors may be said to have been his life. They brought him many staunch friends and a few malignant enemies. He wore no armor against treachery and hypocrisy. In the frankness of his soul he accepted all professed friends at their face value and, impartial as the oak tree, sheltered the just and

the unjust. For all his faults were on the side of mercy.

Vale Frater! Yet more than *vale!* To you who have but stepped to the other side of the tapestry to continue the weaving where the design is visible—to you, whose nearness is still felt by your fellow weavers on the seamy side—to you, who are still a seeker of the Philosopher's Stone and a knight of the Holy Grail—to you it shall not be "Farewell," nor the antique, "Hail and Farewell," but, by antithesis of faith and knowledge, "Farewell and Hail!" Then let it be "*Ave Frater!*" as of old, and a pledge that we will remember, that we will be faithful, that we will not allow the enervating spectres of pride, ambition, doubt, fear, envy or uncharitableness to rise between us and the one-pointed pursuit of the Great Work.

Hail, beloved Chief! We will "carry on!"

H. KELLETT CHAMBERS.

As It Is In Heaven

(Written for the hour of cremation of the remains of Michael Whitty,
December 30, 1920)

How can our souls be sad when one we love
Has gone to heaven? He is all a-thrill
Now with the touch of freedom, and he wears
The azure mantle of our faith in him
Like a royal cloak, that gives him with the angels
The rank of one who served his fellow men.

He went not far, for heaven is everywhere;
And love, that is the atmosphere of heaven
And breathed by angels, will sustain his life,
As ours who breathe it with him. No, not far
They go who leave the mortal. Near and far
Have but remembered meanings when the man
Has passed the gateless barrier back to God.
And when the ear no longer blurs the sound
Of the still, small voice, spirit to spirit calls
Across the continents, that measure less
Than from an altar to the temple's door.

—Brother! They named you when you came to earth
For Michael, the Archangel, he who stands
At the right hand. Oh, names are potent things!
We know how many souls have found you there
Always at their right hand. We know the road
Your feet have travelled on the tireless quest.

We know the brambles that have caught your garments
(They catch ours too), but never stayed your soul.
We know the boulder midway in the path
All pilgrims stumble over, and the cross-roads
Where he who chooses right must climb up-hill,
Even as you, Michael, to the last breath.

We wish you a happy New Year in that house
Not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,
Where Moses talks with God, and the burning bush
Burns always, and no prophet hides his face.
There is no death there, here, or anywhere.

The body of man is mostly made of water,
A little dust, a little of this and that,
Cemented by a dream. The soul is fire.
Sometimes it burns the body to a cinder
Before the dream is broken.—Kindly fire,
Free now the timeless from the dream of time.
The earth returns to earth, the air to air,
The water to the water, the fire to fire.
And nothing is that was not when God shone
Reflected in the mirror of His love
Aeons on joyous aeons—and still shines.

The Golden Age is always, and is now.
Fearless the spirit waits, when time is not.
Swiftly it runs, when everywhere is here.
Sweetly it sings, when only faith can hear it.

How can our souls be sad when one we love,
Radiant with beauty, has just gone to heaven!

ELSA BARKER.

The Message of Tagore

By MARIA CRISTINA MENA CHAMBERS

Thus spake Sir Rabindranath Tagore to a breathless visitor who, awed at the privilege of being alone with him, sat as quiet as a mouse near the arm of his chair and listened with all her ears:

"I have not been able to give the people my message as I would like to do it. It is very difficult, not to say impossible, for me to go before the people here. I have a horror of crowds, and it pains me beyond expression to feel the presence of the people who come to see me out of curiosity.

"My mission in this country is to interest the Americans in their spiritual and artistic awakening. They are very busy with material things, and are spending great sums in really useless endeavor to solve their great problems.

"I feel that I have what I believe to be my 'call' to the Western world. What I intend to do is to found a great university in India, primarily for Western students (for we in India do not need this university so much).

"This university will teach the root of all religions, arts and sciences. It will be built somewhere in the peaceful Himalays, where students from the Western world can come and study the East in all truth, and where they can work out the spiritual resources that lie hidden in the East and so work out their own spiritual problems.

"We who have heard 'the call' forget rank, honors and country for the work that can best help humanity. It is to those brothers who need the spiritual uplift of true unity of souls, which means brotherhood, that I come, inviting them to co-operate with me in this great work of spiritual and artistic union of the East and the West. But you, people of the West, must come to us. It is very important that you come to us willingly and ask us to unite our soul forces with yours. My father, who was a great student and a man very near God, used to say that God had permitted him to reach such a height of spiritual union with the whole of humanity that to him the world was only a light, which illuminated the whole of humanity with the same color and brilliancy.

"I myself am a vagrant, I feel that I have no home and that my work is for all who suffer and need spiritual help. After all, the success of my carrying out, or not, my mission is not what matters most. Success is not all. The spreading of the idea in the West and the spiritual understanding that may come from it is far more important.

"The university, of course, would be the practical working out of the idea. I welcome the suggestions and help of all those who feel the call to help me. I would like to have little groups of brother workers to form committees with the purpose of finding out exactly how much true interest and help there is in this great country. I have had much help and encouragement in Europe, but I have felt that my mission should be presented to the American people for its final success."

All this he spoke with his eyes closed and his breath coming and going in a gentle rhythm which seemed to be tremblingly attuned to some interior source of wisdom. His strongly marked yet delicate features with their groundtone of clearest golden bronze, the pure and lofty contour of his head and the patriarchal amplitude of his bluish iron-gray mane and beard combined to form a picture which seemed to have the significance of some static focus in Nature.

At once poetic and hieratic, his aspect sent my thoughts flying to my native Mexico; and I told him impulsively how implicitly my people would understand him, how they would not mob him with inquisitive stares and intrusive handshakings, but would recognize and revere him as a man of God, even as do his own grave Bengalese. He spoke in reply of some Mexican stories of mine in the Century Magazine, notably one called "John of God, the Water Carrier," and said that the human types reminded him strongly of those of India, and that he was sure he would feel in Mexico very much as if he were among his own people. But, alas! Tagore does not speak Spanish, so that promising visit must be postponed.

I asked him if he did not think the West and the East might be regarded as the positive and negative poles of humanity, which must be balanced before man could achieve his destiny on this planet. Flattering myself that this was quite an original idea, I enlarged upon the polarizing of the East and West during the new Aquarian age, and so forth. But the poet's response was rather disappointing. He even looked bored. And I learned that Sir Rabindranath Tagore is a mystic to whom mystical experience transcends all else in life, and to whom intellectual speculation is positively anathema.

"When we try to be fundamental we reject what is simple and evident," he said. "It is a delusion we are all conspiring to keep up. There may be differences between the East and West, just as there are between one individual and another; but rather than generalize on those differences let us generalize on the simple and evident truth that we are all brothers."

The Hidden Force

By ANAEL

Practical occultism is the art of controlling and directing a mysterious force which, although it is occult, is yet hidden "in plain sight." This is no figure of speech. Everything we see is a manifestation of that force, which is occult only because we are unable to grasp its principle of operation until we have been taught how to look for it. What is hidden is not so much the force as the secret of its mastery. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the supposition that the Great Magical Agent is unknown to science—that it is a peculiar power as yet undiscovered by anybody but occultists. At the same time, the Hidden Force is precisely what less enlightened races conceive to be a distinct agency, unrelated to natural forces.

Among savage races belief in a peculiar magical force, by means of which the "miracles" of the medicine-man or the witch-doctor are performed, is common. The Africans call it *ngai*, Australian aborigines term it *kutchi*, in the North American Indian dialects it is variously *kukini*, *wakonda*, *orenda* or *manitou*, and Polynesians call it *mana*. It may be that the American *manitou* and the Polynesian *mana* are related to the Sanskrit *manas*, the Greek *menos*, and the Latin *mens*, all meaning "mind."

It may also be of interest, in passing, to note that our English word "money," which designates the visible symbol of this force on the material plane, is closely akin to the words "mind," "monition," and "admonish," because it is derived from the Latin "Moneta," a surname of Juno, at whose temple in Rome money was coined. Juno was the consort of Jupiter, the god of the heavens. She was identified with the Greek goddess Hera, sister and wife of Zeus, to whom the epithet "ox-eyed" was applied. Thus she was most likely a cow-goddess, like the Egyptian Hathor. It will be noted that Juno, Hera and Hathor are all feminine aspects of the sky-god. As in India, the energy aspect of the deity is represented as feminine, so it is in the mythologies of Egypt and Greece. "Moneta" therefore, which most people regard as the greatest power on earth, is really a symbol for an energy whose source is heaven, or the sky.

Here we touch the ancient secret doctrine that the Great Magical Agent is a power that we on earth receive from the sky. Modern scientists have been obliged to accept practically the same doctrine. Their investigations leave them no alternative. More and more clearly it is being perceived by the patient workers in our chemical and physical laboratories that all forms of

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As follows:

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sion of thought. In other words, the solar force has a *mental potency* which finds expression in the creation, or evolution, of the particular material forms necessary to the production of thought.

Now, we may discover, if we do not already know, that some thoughts have a controlling and directive power over the rest of our mental states. These dominant thoughts control our words and actions, and through them affect our environment more or less. Yet these ruling ideas must be themselves merely specializations of the mental quality of the universal energy. Thus we may see that the Hidden Force directs itself through human bodies, whose brains act as instruments for the production of these directive mental states. All that we mean by civilization—all science, all invention, all art, all philosophy, all religion—is the result of this process.

Because the process is not complete, because it is one of evolution, because the Great Work for which this particular solar system was brought into existence is unfinished, those things we call "evil" as well as those which seem to us to be "good" are results of the operation of the Hidden Force. It preaches the sermons that win men to salvation, and at the same moment utters the blasphemies of the most perverted sinner. It whispers on the lips of lovers, and roars the bitter curses of fighting men. It teaches wisdom and altruism through Masters of the Sacred Science, and mumbles the plots of thieves and murderers in the sodden dives of the slums. It kills the criminal in the electric chair, and gives the mother strength to bear her babe. It beats in every living heart, and hastens the decay of every corpse. Unseen it creeps through the jungle, ready with swift fangs of horrible death. Before wondering crowds it raises Lazarus; when directed by the will of a Master who knows its law.

All that moves is moved by it. All that is done is done by it. Every thought—true or false, good or ill—is thought by it. By it every word is spoken. This one Hidden Force accomplishes all things. The multiplicity of objects in the universe are but the various forms of its expression. It integrates everything, and disintegrates as well. He who knows this possesses the seed of universal science.

Goethe The Rosicrucian

HIS FAUST AND SUB-FAUST

By "PEREGRINUS"
(Continued)

Modern medical works on sexual psychopathy contain sufficient cases in which morbid and at the same time unfortunately plastic imaginative faculty caused the auto-production of a succubus or incubus, which then ruined the patient. Consequently this trap set to Faust by Mephistopheles during the Walpurgis night entertainment is really a devilish one. But the doctor is saved again by the higher part of his own mind which inspires disgust against his charming partner, reminding him by a sign that she is but a witch and at the same time evoking in his trans-lucide the decapitated phantom of Margarethe.

Thus at the end of the first part of the tragedy the analyzer finds the mind of Faust developed to the point which is reached by the individual usually in the post mortem state only when at the end of his life in the Kama loka his manas becomes separated from the Kamic element and firmly attached to the buddhic part, ready to enter devachan. We have seen one part of this purifying process dramatized into the Margarethe-act, where the transmutation of lust into love is developed before our eyes. Another part of the changes going on in the inner nature of Faust during the great work, changes which form a not less important part of this work, offer themselves less readily for dramatization, consequently could not be treated in separate scenes and are outlined only in different episodes.

At the time when Faust signs the pact his mind is in a despairing mood. He curses everything that holds the soul back in this hole of grief with the power of illusion and flattering. He curses the high self-esteem of our soul, he curses fame, possession, wife, children, he curses Mammon, the strongest giver of impulses to great efforts as well as to laziness. Also: "Cursed be the balsam-juice of the grapes! Cursed be the highest favor of love! Cursed be hope! Cursed be faith and before all, cursed be patience."

In his desperation he can curse, destroy only, and does not see the right direction to constructive life-work. He says to Mephistopheles: "I bluffed myself too high, I belong only to thy rank. The High Spirit rebuked me, Nature closes herself before me. The thread of thought is broken and all science becomes disgusting. Let us make quiet the burning passion in the depths of sensuality."

Nevertheless, even in this despairing mind, through intuition, the buddhi shows the manas the right way. It advises that the universal remedy for the individual as well as for humanity is found, when the individual gives up entirely his egotism, his selfish ambitions, and works only to benefit the whole. But though the intellect of Faust is great, his mind is blurred by negation and desperation, and consequently mistakes the impulse coming by intuition and interprets it superbly but entirely reversed, thus, "My bosom, cured from the strong desire for knowledge, shall not close itself any more to pain, and whatever is measured out to the whole humanity, I shall also enjoy in my inner self. I shall catch with my spirit the highest and the lowest, shall accumulate in my bosom all happiness and woes of humanity and so expand my own self or go to pieces too."

Fortunately now the buddhi is awakened by the higher aspirations which pushed Faust to start the great work, and continues its inspirations to the manas through intuition. Aided by the synchronous purification caused by Margarethe's love, assisted by the Love from Above, the buddhi leads now the work; and Nature put into motion by this higher factor begins to build, as she always does, "developing with fleeting dreams the inborn angel" and "filled with warm life, the image of the gods works out itself." Thus the *opus magnum* is progressing well, though the operator himself may be, and usually is, unconscious of the processes through which his own soul slowly but surely unfolds.

After a while the operator's waking consciousness also notices this progress from the results, and thus we hear Faust, who shortly before cursed everything on earth sing the sublime thanksgiving pæan (Forest and Grotto): "Exalted Spirit, thou gavest me, thou gavest me everything I asked for. It was not in vain that thou turned thy face toward me in the fire. Thou gavest me for Kingdom the glorious Nature, and power to feel and enjoy her. Not only a coldly admiring visit was granted to me, but it was my privilege to look into her deep bosom as into a friend's. . . ."

The doctor is now already well purified and qualified to enter life on a higher state of consciousness, and thus the first part of the *magnum opus* and of the tragedy logically ends here. The second part of the *opus* is worked out in a plane of higher consciousness, and consequently the second part of the tragedy is enacted also in a higher sphere of the earth's aura. On account of this difference of planes of consciousness and spheres there seems to be but little coherence between the first and second parts of the poem, at least on the surface. But the development of the soul of Faust, the real subject-matter of the tragedy, goes on

uninterrupted, and therefore underneath the surface there is a radical and organic coherence between the two parts of the Faust.

As it was demonstrated by the previous analyses, the two parts of the Faust tragedy contain in the open text the general outlines of the path, following which a man may be initiated and perfected by Love, and reach the summit on which personified divine Beauty appears, and may make immortal the true and undefatigable seeker. But to be able to follow the hints given, one has to possess already some esoteric knowledge, the open text does not give systematic instruction concerning esoteric philosophy and especially its practice.

At least it seems so. Because by a stroke of genius, Goethe turned his Faust into a complete manual of esoterism for the use of initiators and initiated alike. He simply revived the ancient custom of veiling and at the same time revealing by anagrams, but he applied this art, used before him only on short sentences, to the whole second part, and at least to the later additions of the first part of his poem. So that the whole present work is written not only allegorically but literally *intut et extra*, i.e., each sentence of the whole second part, and of many scenes of the first part, gives a hidden sense, when the letters of the sentence are regrouped to form other words. Thus he made the Faust unique in the whole world's literature.

The art of composing such anagrams is as old as literature itself. Python-Typhon, Roma-amor, are among the oldest. Many authors, especially in medieval esoteric works, give their names by anagrams and Galileo revealed and hid for the Inquisition his important discoveries the same way. Especially Rosicrucians from Francis of Assisi, and of the following Italian group, including Dante, Boccaccio, etc., down to the authors of the Fama and their other manifestors used it very often, as I shall prove some time by the publication of my large collection. But later on monks misused and overdid anagram-making, and so the art lost prestige, and went nearly into oblivion, only here and there a seeker cares for them nowadays.

From the 12,112 lines of the tragedy, by many years of work, I have reconstructed over 8,000 lines, i. e., the whole second part and four scenes of the first part, into anagrams, following the text of the poem, sentence after sentence, without adding or leaving out a single letter, including even the instructions given for the stage, and thus may claim on full knowledge that the hidden text is there. And it is there not by accident, but by the intention of the author and elaborated by him on a well conceived and clearly evident general plan.

This I do claim, but this is also all that I claim at the present time definitely. And while I trust that the great majority of these anagrams reconstructed by me express well the intention of the author and agree with his plan, it is far from me to claim that they are final. It would be too much to expect finally from a pioneer-work of this kind, and besides this my work was handicapped by two circumstances. Firstly, the original spelling of Goethe was not accessible, and although the orthography of the period was used according to my best ability, everybody having any practice in constructing anagrams knows that the difference even of one letter in a sentence may—though it mostly does not—change the sense of the sentence. The second and even greater handicap is that German is with me but an acquired language, consequently used with less facility than a German would use it, considering especially the generally admitted fact, that there is no German author who could come even near to Goethe's large vocabulary. Nevertheless let me hope that the unbiased reader will find, even after the perusal of the small fraction of these anagrams which can be pressed into the narrow frame of these papers, my efforts justified and the work sufficiently ripe and interesting to come into the open with it.

TO MY LITTLE BUDDHA

My little Buddha, compact all of brass
 With slant-shut eyes and closely turbaned head,
 I hold you in my hand and meditate
 On all the great, grave words that you have said.

You are most wise, most perfect, most adored,
 You count your followers in millionteens;
 And slow but sure the Occidental world
 Toward your philosophy and teaching leans.

I am nor Christian, no, nor Pagan, I
 Select my teachers from all ages, &creeds;
 Indie, Egypt, Greece and Rome, their gods I love,
 Their symbols, images, their bibles, beads.

American, of Saxon lineage,
 Roman and Celt have blended in my blood;
 But my soul's life is older far than these.
 My incarnations antedate the flood.

After these many lives, these changing scenes,
 My pilgrim soul returns unto the Sun;
 The circle rounded, Orientward I turn,
 And, being many, I become the one.

LOUISE HEALD.

The True Biblical Idea of God

By SOLOMON COHEN

"And thou, Solomon my son, know thou, the God of thy father, and serve Him with a noble heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee" (First Chronicles 28-9).

Five hundred years ago, he who dared express a doubt concerning a religious belief invited swift persecution, and risked the pangs of rack and stake. We burn no "heretics" now. Bigotry and superstition are not yet wholly extinct, but in this age of general enlightenment, their venom has to expend itself in ridicule and abuse: The exponents of an idolatrous fanaticism still fatten on the ignorance of their dupes; but the time is at hand when the very book whose message of light and truth they have so shamelessly perverted shall become the instrument of their destruction.

In spite of all their countless variations of sectarian belief, the religions of the Western world have this in common: they accept the thirty-nine books of the Hebrew Scriptures as a fundamental source of religious doctrine. If only the real significance of the teaching set forth in this wonderful library of wisdom were understood, how quickly the fanatics would be clamoring for the destruction of the very writings they now look upon as the bulwarks of their preposterous creeds! He who reads the Hebrew Scriptures with eyes to see, and a mind to understand, will find more than one explicit denial of the notion we may call the very corner-stone of the whole edifice of bigotry and superstition.

This idea has manifold disguises. Put briefly, it is the assumption that God is a personal being, existing apart from the universe and man, to whom man is in duty bound to offer worship and devotion. From this initial supposition are derived all the ramifications of the colossal system of error and imposture which has thrived through the ages upon the ignorance and fear of its victims, and which, even in this age of enlightenment, seeks to fasten upon humanity the shackles of unquestioning obedience to a self-constituted ecclesiastical authority.

I maintain that the Hebrew Scriptures contain no authority for this idea of a personal God. Here and there, of course, are passages which seem to convey this view. We must remember, however, that these thirty-nine books represent many shades of opinion, and many degrees of enlightenment. They are not infallible documents dictated by a Divine Being. Since they were first written, they have passed through the hands of many copy-

ists, and because they were inscribed on destructible materials, the oldest copies extant are comparatively modern. So there is plenty of room for errors to have crept in, not only through carelessness, but also through deliberate intent to deceive. Nevertheless, I hope to be able to show that the Bible, both explicitly and implicitly, teaches a doctrine of God which is a flat contradiction of the notion that the Lord is a being dwelling in some far-off heaven, apart from man.

Moses, the law-giver, shall be our first authority. Educated in Egyptian temples, initiated into the mysteries of their secret wisdom, he must have known that behind all their multiplicity of gods, the Egyptian priesthood recognized the Self-existent, Omnipresent, Omnipotent LIFE-POWER, which, because it is *Omni*-presence itself, cannot possibly be regarded as a separate personal being. But we do not have to content ourselves with inferences. The words of Moses himself give a clear statement of his idea of God. Plain and simple, so that a child may grasp the truth—yet so full of secret significance that one might write a book about the hidden meaning of the "Name of the Lord."

I shall content myself with the obvious, plain meaning. But I speak of the deeper significance as a hint to interested students. In Exodus 3 we read: "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." The Name of the Lord, then, is I AM. Again, it is written in the fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God, the Lord is ONE," for this is the literal translation of the Hebrew original. That is to say, the I AM is ONE, without a second.

Now, this Name of the Lord, the ONE I AM, is none other than the "Lost Word" which was the object of so much speculation during the Middle Ages. This is the Name, the knowledge of whose secret meaning and power was the very foundation of Solomon, for we read in I. Kings x, 1 that "when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon *concerning the name of the Lord*, she came to prove (i.e., to test) him with hard questions." And this Name, or "Word of Power," is further revealed to us by another passage in Deuteronomy:

"It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it to us, and make us hear it, that we may do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? But the Word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."

Nigh unto us indeed, so close that its very nearness and familiarity make us overlook it! For it is none other than the

present tense of the verb, "to be," the simple statement "I AM," that we all use a thousand times a day. "I AM" is truly "in our mouth, and in our heart." It is the fundamental fact of our being, the very core of our existence. The very essence of the Mosaic doctrine of God is the idea that this I AM is ONE, without a second.

I AM is the Name of the Infinite Spirit of Life. To divide the Infinite is a mathematical impossibility. Hence there must be one I AM manifesting through countless personalities, though itself remaining impersonal. The I AM in John Smith is the I AM in Henry Jones. The I AM in the heart of the sun is the I AM that holds the molecules of water together in the rain-drop which reflects that sun. All things and creatures are but manifestations of the ONE, and that I AM is not to be worshipped as a far-off God, nor to be propitiated with sacrifices.

Isaiah says, "I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I am the Lord, that doeth all these things." There is nothing equivocal about these words. They state plainly that God is the One Power that does all things. They drive the idea home and clinch it with the statement that this One Power creates all those things that men call evil, as well as those that men call good. Whatever is manifested, no matter how men regard it, it is the result of the operation of this One Living, Intelligent Energy, which manifests in human beings as the central fact of their existence, the I AM in our mouths and in our hearts.

The key to the mystery is the fact that the process by which the I AM becomes manifest is one of unfoldment. "First the stone, then the plant, then the animal, and then the man," is the way the ancient Hebrew philosophers put it. Consequently, there has been a progressive development of human consciousness. In its lower degrees it cannot grasp the unity of Being behind the multiplicity of appearances. Man, in this stage of development, worships stocks and stones. A higher development enables him to grasp the idea that invisible causes produce visible effects, and then he thinks the gods enter, by some magical process, into the idols he has made. Gradually the conception of unity transforms the belief in many gods into the idea of a single deity; but not until man grasps the truth that this One God is not a person, but an all-pervading, intelligent *Power*, central in every human life, can he read the Bible with understanding.

This One Power creates evil as well as good, darkness as well as light. It brings us to the realization of truth: it also finds expression in our mistaken notions. This is inevitable,

because the creative method is one of gradual unfoldment, and the early stages of that unfoldment are bound to be imperfect. Hence it is written in Genesis xi, 7: "Come, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."

He who can read between the lines may discover much from this story of the Tower of Babel. Observe that one of the reasons for the undertaking was lack of knowledge of the Name. "Let us build us a tower, and let us make us a name." Notice, too, that the whole edifice was based upon substitution of inferior materials for those which ought to be used in building. "And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." Whenever man relies upon his little inventions and make-shifts, whenever he ignores the solid rock of basic truth, written throughout nature for all to read who have eyes to see, his efforts are foredoomed to ultimate disaster and confusion. But even by these failures he learns. They are part of the process of unfoldment, and the mistaken efforts of mankind are just as truly manifestations of Life-Power as the greatest human successes.

This fact is one of the mysteries confronting all students of the hidden laws of life. All things are manifestations of a single Power, and the highest human expression of that Power is love. Yet a lower manifestation of love is just what creates the illusion of a Divine Personality. Man feels instinctively that he is the expression of a power far greater than his personality. Upon that Power he feels dependent. To it, and rightly, he attributes a might and wisdom far transcending anything expressed in human life. He loves the Source of his existence, but he falls into the error of thinking God is outside the universe and apart from man. Thus love is perverted to serve the ends of superstition.

In yet another form love leads us astray. Our love of precedent and custom; our love for the ideals and forms honored by our parents; and, most of all, our petty love of the opinions of other people, hang a veil of error between us and the light of truth. But even this is a stage of the great unfoldment of the One Spirit. Sooner or later it shall pass away.

A child plays with her doll, and her imagination makes it live. Childish humanity loves its man-made gods, and while the glamour lasts, believes they are alive. Dolls and gods have their appointed place in the universal order, but when a grown woman plays with dolls we send for an alienist, and humanity has now grown old enough to put aside its idols. One all-pervading Spirit of Life is the Creator, Preserver, and Transformer of all things: and that Life-Power is within us all. We have no need

to worship a far-off divine personality. Our God is here, and the only worship worthy of the name is the worship of right action, which shall make each man and woman a free channel for the limitless possibilities of Infinite Life, the One I AM.

To all who aspire to Wisdom's Plane

By SAKE D. MEEHAN

VI.

The desire of all enlightened souls is to heal and save others through imparting to them the divine Ray, or the disclosing to them of the presence of the Divine Guide and inspiring them to seek the Path of advancement for themselves. To successfully project our own truth consciousness, or vibration, for the healing of others, it is necessary to have reached a high degree of mastery in wisdom's plane. In the consciousness of the higher planes is mastery of the elements of earth, air, fire and water. This mastery is to be brought into use and service on the lower or outer planes, in a beneficial way, which includes raising the elementals, or the spirits of earth, air, fire and water, in consciousness, through their employment in the service of humanity, and also constitutes at all times a test of the intent and will of the master.

It is unwise and unsafe for any student or disciple to seek the so-called higher planes, or the consciousness in which earth disappears and contact is made with the vibrations of the super-sensuous realms, without long preparation and faithful practice of the will to wisdom. Only after becoming balanced in wisdom's plane, with the forces of mind and soul conjoined in a very high vibration or degree of truth consciousness, is it possible to penetrate the super-sensuous planes of consciousness and retain and remember what is learned there. In any degree of advancement less than poise, balance, control and equilibrium in wisdom's plane, the student merely receives confused impressions through the senses in a lower vibration than the vibration of wisdom's plane, which obscure the revelations sought, and freely made by those who seek to extend every possible aid and encouragement to the seeker.

Approached in a reverent manner, in humility and obedience to the Law of Good, or the will of God, which is that all men may inherit eternal life, mastery is made possible on all planes of expression, by means of advancement in wisdom's plane of consciousness, or the universal consciousness of Good: that is to say, by the perfecting of the spiritual being in manifestation.

In this service, which is the service of the Law, or the office of the initiated or anointed priests and kings in wisdom's plane,

is grave responsibility and corresponding reward. In the mastery of the elements of earth is power over the affinities and combinations of these elements, to an extent determined only by the intent and purpose of the master. Wrong intent deprives him of privilege, since to will wrongly, or to the hurt of another, is to will without the will of God, or in transgression of the Law of Good, and hence, out of harmony with the Law, which is thereby impaired in expression, with resulting confusion and loss.

Willing within God's will, or the Law of Good, or reflecting truly the divine Light, service is rendered on all planes, and harmony is established.

The Law is harmony. When all the powers of being are conjoined in understanding, in mutual service to the Law, there is harmony on all planes. When the higher planes of being are sought without the foundation of the will to wisdom firmly laid, there is lack of balance, and control is impossible in any satisfactory degree.

With due preparation by development of the spiritual will, or the will to wisdom, the higher, or super-sensuous planes may be entered at will, the celestial guide being at all times present, and the truths imparted on those planes may be remembered and retained and put into practice.

It is the purpose of these writings to encourage the student to seek the knowledge of the higher, or freer, more spiritual planes of being, in the manner prescribed for his own advancement, without fear or possibility of danger. Celestial magic, or the understanding of the heavenly order, or divine Law, being manifested in time and space, brings regeneration to the world. This is the mission of Christ, the anointed of God, or pure Being, which must be fulfilled in universal consciousness before the race of men may enter finally into the spiritual millenium. To advance His cause, to aid men to come quickly into realization, is the task appointed His ministers and instruments, who are now required to enter through discipleship into mastery, that the Law may be fulfilled.

In the establishment of the divine harmony upon earth, through good understanding in wisdom's plane of consciousness, universally expressed, is the heavenly state, mortality's present goal. As evolution proceeds, the process of unfoldment reveals new accomplishments, greater achievements and higher rewards. In the mastery of the elements of earth through spiritual perception is the reward of man's present endeavors, bringing him into the possession and use of his divine inheritance here and now, and crowning him with riches and honor.

Occult Story

AT THE SIGN OF THE WHITE PEACOCK

(Concluded)

"Was this a race that lived before our flood or after our flood?" questioned the youth whose steady gaze was fixed on the beautiful closed lids and long dark lashes of the girl who answered, "Oh, before! They are people who lived way back,—they are people that we have never studied about;—yes,—I can see these people,—they are not Hindoos but belong among the Hill Men,—the people who lived in Tibet long before we knew of them."

"Oh,—now I can see one person. . . I can see the Prince,—yes, and I can see myself,—and I can see our child. My husband is talking,—he is very much interested,—he is saying,—‘We have a religion that must go! . . . Man is not meant to set up and stand by the same laws from generation to generation. . . . The people must learn that sacrifice to the Gods is not right;—that they must live by love. Your father is High Priest,—he is saying to me,—he goes into the Temple,—he follows the law,—but he does not believe it! . . . Now I can read his thoughts while he is silent,—he is thinking,—all the younger men are thinking.’ Then he thinks,—and says,—. . . ‘Everything is cruel in the Temple. There must be no sacrifice of war victims; the men captured must not be killed, the women must not be sold;—seasons will come,—seasons will go;—we will have the floods,—these things come,—these things go.’"

"He is railing against the priesthood and the priests. It seems to me from what he says,—and thinks,—from what I see in his mind,—that they have a religion somewhat like the Egyptian,—the sons follow the fathers in religions and trades,—they cannot escape this law. The Prince is now saying,

"‘This is making death. Nothing can live, nothing can flourish, the people will have to expand. Let us go into the garden. Things must grow in the mind as they grow out there.’"

"He is thinking,—thinking. He is a teacher,—he is watching his people,—he is trying to teach me. I know,—I believe,—feel that what he says is true,—but I have been brought up by the Priests.

"You know,—I am a Virgin!"

"He is very serious. Now I am saying to him, ‘My father is somewhat liberal for a Priest,—he has set aside some of the laws,—we have been united.’"

"Our religion seems to be connected with the sun. Our soldiers perch in these hills and descend like hawks on the surrounding country when we are in need. Ours is a small, degen-

crating race,—my husband is trying to teach the people something new that they may increase. He says to me very gently, "Our race won't last long."

"But the Priests are against him. My sister Ewona, who was to have been Princess of State, is against him. He wants to teach the people the rule of love. He is still telling these things to me,—now I see myself repeating them to my sister.

"Ewona pretends to be sympathetic,—but she tells these things to the wife of the ruler. She says that the Prince is an agitator,—a plotter,—that he wants to rule. They are afraid of him because he is much loved. All the young men love him,—even some of the young Priests in the Temple.

"Many young men come secretly at night to listen to his teachings. He has to go to the sacrifice,—but the people come to him to learn.

"Time goes on. I see a child. It is our son.

"The father and child are sitting in the garden,—my husband is teaching our son even though he is so little,—not religion,—but the things he believes."

"My sister comes and listens but she hides her hatred. She is angry because we are so happy. Now she is planning. If this Prince is overthrown a certain General of Priests will be next in line to be Ruler,—and she can marry him, and still be Princess of State.

"Ewona hates me,—her half-sister,—my mother was a woman from the Low-Lands. Oh,—but now I know what my sister is going to do!—And this is terrible!"

As she said this her voice thrilled me with the sense of terror which possessed her. Involuntarily her head turned on the blue cushion and tears formed beneath her closed eyelids. Tremulously, she continued,

"She is going to take my son,—my small son,—to the Priests for the sacrifice! When the heat is at its highest the Priests throw a sacrifice to the sun from the mountains. There is a supreme sacrifice. They give the best of the land to appease the torrents from the melting snows.

"Choice will be made,—the people will see that the Elements desire this child! . . . Now I see!"

Tears traced their silvered patterns, mingled in moon and candle-light, on the girl's face. As she wept she looked like a Priestess of some ancient Temple. Truly, I meditated, if she has really lived other lives she has suffered because of religion.

A candle sputtered as it burnt itself out. Then her voice broke the silence, less agitated.

"There is an elapse of time between the ceremony of choos-

ing and the sacrifice. The one chosen is kept in the Temple until the melting of the snows. My husband refuses to throw his son into the torrent,—he has always refused to commit the sacrifice in person. Now he is determined this abomination shall cease. He is gathering his students together as time passes. His followers are gathering in the mountains.

"Ewona comes. She is pretending. She sympathizes with him in his sorrow. She is listening to his plans. She is promising to do everything at the Palace she can do to assist him. But she is keeping the General of Priests informed! . . .

"Now I see another scene. The Prince is waiting in our home for his friends to gather. They are going to advance on the Temple and halt the sacrifice. Now the first men are coming. . . . It is marvelous! . . . It is very wonderful!

"The morning has almost come,—it will soon be dawn. He goes up to the roof to watch. Roof after roof below him he can see the town. And he can see figures moving. He can see distant soldiers.

"In the room below I see myself waiting. It is terrible! . . .

"My sister is with me, . . . she wants to know the password so that she can go down and let the right men in. She is descending the stairs,—she is going to open the door to the followers of the Prince,—but soldiers are entering!

"Young men are also entering,—they are dressed like Priests! They are crouching on the stairs! . . . They are leaping on the soldiers! . . . The soldiers are killing them,—I am shrieking!—

"Now there is fighting in the room,—soldiers and priests are fighting around me,—I know at last it is Ewona's work!

"She is approaching,—she is taunting me,—'Magul,—you have lost all you would rob me of!—"

"I leap at her,—she springs from my grasp and runs to the roof. We are struggling,—we are struggling on the roof,—am pushing her towards the edge,—we are falling,—falling—"

She gasped and her lips twitched as she went on,—

"Now there is nothing but darkness,—blackness,—lights and—"

The girl's hands trembled and the young hypnotist held them firmly,—

"Go right on through into your next life," he whispered calmly. Magul became calm and spoke slowly.

"There are curious lights! . . . No,—I am not dead long,—I stay here a while because my child is here,—but my husband is there!"

"Can you describe the lights,—do you still hear me distinctly?" the young man asked.

"Yes," she responded,—“but I want to come back.”

The hypnotist stroked her hands and then touched her forehead lightly with his finger tips. He made upward and outward passes over her body and face as if to throw off the magnetic veil behind which she slept,—then he clapped his hands with one vibrating sound. Her soul seemed to return from the vale where her sense had wandered with him as her guide. She raised her eyes, then her hands, and a smile came across her pale lips.

"You certainly look like a Priestess," he said to her, "I never saw you so beautiful before!"

She sat up and glanced towards her husband who was intent on numbering the pages of his modern hieroglyphics.

"Do you think you can read them?" she asked.

Her husband looked up from his note-book and laughed.

"What I can't read I can remember."

"Did you and your sister fall off of the roof?" I asked as she arose and leaned over her husband's shoulder.

"Yes," she affirmed, "—and we were both killed in that life. You see,—now I remember why I felt such horror,—Ewona had betrayed love."

"Do you really believe that you lived before and will live again?" I continued, seating myself in the chair from which her husband rose to light a cigarette in the golden heart of a new candle on the shrine of the White Peacock.

"We do not die,—but we suffer a sense of separation,—unnecessarily, from life to life—until we learn the futility of suffering and the impossibility of death," she said.

Her husband leaned over the pot of white bleeding-hearts. She walked over to him and placed her slender arm around his boyish waist. He straightened up and embraced her.

"Are you quite well,—not tired?" he asked.

She looked somewhat pale in the low mingling lights, her cheek pressed against his white flannel shoulder, her blue-black hair parting heavily at the back of her neck.

"Quite well,—except for my mental twist!" she replied in a low tone, smiling into his eyes as she lifted her head.

"Only one thing wearies me,—and that is the slowness of the human race to recognize immortality!"

"That's what keeps mankind so delightfully human!" he answered as he smiled back into her eyes. She leaned against him, her erect white torso like a Grecian statue seeming to find new life in contact with humanity. It was only by a concentrated

mental effort that I could lift my eyes from the contemplation of the beauty of her body to look at the soul which flamed from her face.

"Human,—yes,—and continually fighting! But there is no death!"

She directed her eyes, and words, towards me,—looking beyond me,—seeing through me, as she continued:—

"Masses of men are floating on in space,—not knowing their destination,—soldiers in gray,—hypnotized by the belief in sacrifice! . . . On the other side of the grave,—as on this side,—not yet awake!"

"You and I are awake!" her husband murmured. "We know that the veil of death has been torn aside,—and that we will never be separated again,—don't we, Magul?"

"Yes,—I believe we do," she whispered, kissing him.

They did not seem to notice me so I turned away and joined their young friend who stood leaning his elbows on the high altar.

"She seems to have a curious admiration for her husband," I whispered.

He looked up with a start.

"Why not? She was known, and loved him since—

"Do you mean that he was the Prince?" I interrupted.

He shrugged his shoulders. "More likely Ewona!" he replied.

(THE END)

THE DARKEST HOUR

The weeping day had set in sadden night,
 My heart, a bleak, black echo of the sky,
 Had loosed its flood-flow till the fount was dry,
 For mighty dark had triumphed over bright.
 But, hark! What rent the silence? Free from fright
 A robin's ruddy breast I heard defy
 The tyrant Erebus, and prophesy
 The sun's irrevocable reign of light.

Oh, voice of Hope: nay, voice of Certainty,
 Be thou for me the devastating shout
 To lay my Jericho of fenced wrong
 In conquered dust. Proclaim thou equity.
 Enstrengthen my courage till the foe shall rout
 And right shall reign e'er jubilant with song.

M. G. KAINS.



Ancient Craft Masonry

MASONIC GEOMETRY

FRANK C. HIGGINS, 32° A.A.S.R.

Past Master, Ivanhoe, No. 610, New York

X.

In bringing to a close this particular series of demonstrative articles, although not, I trust, my labors in behalf of a clearer future understanding of such things, I desire to again assert, this time from the standpoint of one who has submitted reasonable proofs of his premises, the fact that the main physical facts of our Universe, particularly those which most intimately concern the Earth upon which we live and its true relations to our own Solar system, are not discoveries of any recent period. When obstinate pedagogues and "moon-stricken" Theologians shall have succeeded, as they inevitably will, though how wearisome the wait, in disgusting mankind with the hollowness and insincerity of their libels upon what we still term the ancient "pagan" world, it will be realized that the stigmatized pagans of old had a clearer vision of ultimate truth than has been achieved by two thousand years of so-called Christian civilization.

The effort of an outnumbering swarm of intellectual pygmies to burden the world with the fetters of an unreasonable, not to say impossible theology, has compelled the reprobation *en passant* of every avenue of enquiry through which "Truth" might have been arrived at. It has compelled the repeated assassination of Truth, every time it has been seen that Truth must die in order that a lie or a false assumption might live. Our studies, in the realm of "Masonic Geometry," have taught us that, granted the existence of an omnipresent, omnipotent "Cause of causes," that this Divine Arbiter does not elect to create in freakish and inexplicable abandon but that His entire work is a masterpiece of mechanism so synchronized and synergetic, as to constitute precisely that unity in multiplicity and multiplicity in unity for which theology proffers explanations which are incomprehensible, where they are not merely idiotic.

The Laws of Nature, emanating from the Divine Source are all characterized by the manifestation of ratios and relativities of Time, Space, Number and Proportion which permit of the dissimulation of facts relating to one proposition under the terms of all the others. The cubical contents of a stone of given proportion may be made to yield a cycle of planetary evolution

or by the substitution of letters for numbers, a deep and basic scientific truth may be concealed in a mere word.

Ancient Craft Masonry was, therefore, first the scientific knowledge of Universal conditions, necessary to fathom and formulate their apparent law and secondly the ability to translate this law into terms of symbolism and architecture, so as to record it for the benefit of future generations.

When once the system is rightly understood, as it is beginning to be by students of broad view and open mind, they are enabled to read the Mound Builder's *tumulus*, the Druidic circle, the Pagan Temple, or the Christian Cathedral like an open book.

The seemingly diverse mythologies and theologies of both ancient and modern worlds give up their simple hidden secret, in that one and all are allegories of the Divine paternity evinced in the all-pervading Law and the closer to us mediation of the Sun god or Solar *Logos*, to which we turn for life, light and sustenance.

We have not yet had time or opportunity to dwell upon the more abstruse mysteries of this wonderful system, but it will interest the student that his ancient brethren, the Pythagorean Philosophers, were deeply interested in the Fourth dimension and had already associated it with what Theosophists term the "Astral plane" and discovered its materialization under the aspect of "Time" as completely as our Einstein of the present day.

There remains also another aspect of this remarkable subject to be developed and that is the working out of this cosmic law of form in the botanical and mineral worlds. Long ere philosophers in pillared halls and shady groves were solemnly working out their problems of correspondence between, Pyramids, Cubes, Squares, Circles, Triangles and other planes and solids and the mighty laws of Nature and synthesising them in Masonry, God, Himself, was laboring in the depths of Earth, in the trackless domain of Air, in Ocean depths and Fiery vortices, constructing the characteristic crystals of inorganic matter, the various proportions of which, still unstudied, from a Masonic standpoint, precisely respond to the great cosmic *formulae* which man has mastered and made his own. God made Pyramids and Cubes in *Chalcopyrites* and *Fluorite*, ten million years before Cheops erected the same forms on the banks of the Nile or Solomon his "Holy of Holies," on Mount Moriah.

Knowing as we now do the meaning of the cosmic angles ("Angles of Oblongs") scattered so freely throughout the domain of ancient symbolism it is interesting to turn to a diagram

We have the evidence of History that Eratosthenes, Librarian of Alexandria (B.C. 270-196) in the reign of the great Ptolemy, calculated the distance from Alexandria to Syene up the almost vertical Nile as one-fiftieth of the Circumference of the Earth and we also know that the moment we know either the the diameter or the circumference of a circle that we are able to readily geometrize all of its other dimensions.

The position of the great Pyramid of Gizeh, however on the thirtieth parallel of North latitude, precisely the same distance from *Philæ*, where the Tropic of *Cancer* crosses, is, however, complete evidence that Eratosthenes merely shifted a calculation filched from the ancient Priesthood of Egypt to a more flattering relation to himself and his royal master as another scientific rogue, Sosigenes, sold the 365d 6h formula of the Solar Year to Julius Cæsar as his own calculation whereas it was a Magian secret.

The intention of our diagram, is to show the Thirtieth parallel of East Longitude facing the Sun, at the Left, and the Midnight meridian at the Right. Common to both of these positions, the Pole Star, *Alpha Draconis* at the era B.C. 2170, when the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was built, equidistant from North Pole and the Center of the Earth, was approximately thirty degrees above the Gizeh horizon. The long tube or gallery directed to this star, in the body of the Pyramid enabled it to be seen by *both day and night* as Herodotus reports the stars could be seen at mid-day from the bottom of the Well of Syene.

The difference in elevation of the Pole Star above the horizon five thousand *stadia* further South, together with the knowledge that it stood directly over the North Pole as well as accurate knowledge of the location of the Tropics and the Plane of Ecliptic, was sufficient to permit of the working out of all the necessary data by the simplest rules of trigonometry. It will also be observed that the parallels of latitude 30° , N. and 30° , S. describe an Oblong of 4×7 while the Tropical parallels describe one of 4×9 . The almost imperceptible difference existing between the *halves* of these two proportions (7×8 and 8×9) gave rise to an Amulet of these dimensions among the Adept in the Ancient Wisdom, which is one of the most widely distributed of pre-historic times, being found among the Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians, Chinese and Mound Builders of the U. S. A. Furthermore, the angles formed between the Meridian of Gizeh and the line of vision to the Pole Star (Parallax) and between the latter and a straight line drawn between Gizeh and the North Pole are respectively 63° and $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the characteristic angles of the side planes of the Great Pyramid. The value of a *Hexagram* any-

one of the dimensions of which was known, in estimating the distances on any circle or globe surrounding it can also, easily be seen.

In conclusion, it can be laid down as an axiom that wherever the accentuation of certain angles is observed to be a salient feature of ancient Architecture that such angles will be found to belong to the physical Geography of our Earth or the Structure of the Solar system.

The writer is conscious of the fact that this has been but a crude and rudimentary presentation of a subject worthy of unlimited extension in more competent hands, but to have once more introduced the subject of Cosmo-Geometry to the attention of the learned after its oblivion of ages is a satisfaction he would not readily forego.

Editor's Note. Our Masonic editorial collaborator, Bro. Higgins feels that he has imparted enough of his great subject to the Neophyte to enable the latter and future students, with the aid of back volumes of AZOTH, to devote their attention to various remarkable applications of the system in question, which will be made the subject of future papers describing such in detail.



The Educational Value of the Hand

(Continued)

By PEARL J. PARKER, *Pre-Vocational Expert*

Following the Pre-Vocational Chart we will consider Executive and Mechanical ability in this lesson. Of course to have good executive ability one would have to have a good head-line (Good mentality) and normal business ability. The one special part of the hand that shows executive ability is the first or nail phalange of the thumb. If this is long and well formed and the other qualities mentioned are good we know that the owner has the power to carry out his plans. (Executive ability.)



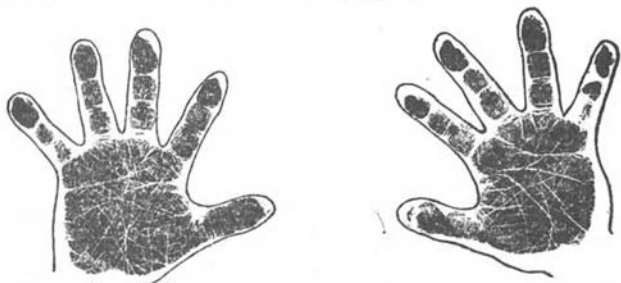
If the thumb is square across the end it is much better than if it is pointed. A square thumb shows exactness, "a place for everything and everything in its place." Love of law and order in the brain and affairs. Whatever they do they do well, and they insist upon everybody else doing the same. Punctuality is also one of their strong points. They are very methodical and everything must be done by rule. If they employ help they will have rules covering every detail and everybody must live up to those rules.

But they always set a good example and practice what they preach. If the thumb is pointed at the tip the ability is very much weakened. A pointed thumb does not know what punctuality means. They are never on time, they cannot be depended upon to keep an appointment. Instead of having a systematic methodical way of doing business or managing the affairs of life it is usually done, hit or miss, generally miss. I am sure

that if parents understood this that children with such tendencies could be very much improved and perhaps entirely changed. It would certainly make life much pleasanter for themselves and all associated with them. To illustrate executive ability I have used the print of a successful and retired business man of New York City. He has a well balanced practical hand with good head-lines and good business ability. The first phalange of the thumb is long and square. When I explained the different parts of his hand to him (he was a perfect stranger to me), he said:

"You are certainly correct." Everything you say is true. I used to have a very large clothing business and factory with many employees, and I did just as you say. For example, we had thousands of patterns and we knew exactly where to find any pattern we needed. Every employee knew just what his work was and that it had to be done *right*, not in any slipshod manner. I was always there before opening time and everybody had to be there on time or explain why he was not. Punctuality is very important in any line of work. Without it one cannot make a success."

The fact that he reared and educated a family and was able to retire from business and live on his income much earlier in life than the average man does proves that he had the ability indicated by his hand. Of course, if one naturally has all the good qualities it is easier for him to make a success. But if nature has not been so kind, good qualities can be developed, and as one changes or develops, the right hand will change, if one is right-handed. The left hand will remain the same. So it is very easy to tell what is natural or what is developed.



To illustrate mechanical ability I have selected the print of a little boy. It is a combination of Square and Spatulate types. The Square shows the practical methodical nature and the Spatulate shows the love of constructing or creating material

things. These are the hands that like to take things apart to see how they are made. Parents often blame children and call them bad when they are simply searching for knowledge. The long, clear head-line shows that this child is very bright mentally. His little brain is very active, and if he is not kept busy he will surely get into mischief. But if he is given games or material so that he can build or construct things, he will be perfectly happy. Such a good head-line rising so high on the Mount of Jupiter shows that he is intellectual and ambitious, and he will not be satisfied to be just an ordinary mechanic with just the regular salary; but will always be striving for something higher and better, and will not stop until he gets to the top. The Spatulate palm and the strong drooping head-lines with both mental and physical energy show inventive ability.

(To be continued)

Higher Thought

THE LAW

By EUGENE DEL MAR

I am hard as adamant, cold as steel, bitter as gall,
 deadly as poison;
 I am soft as down, warm as sunlight,
 gentle as a zephyr, tender as a mother.
 I am your adversary, your opponent, your enemy;
 I am your counsellor, your assistant, your friend.
 I am stronger than the strongest, I bend
 you to my iron will; I am yielding to
 the uttermost, gladly I go your way.
 I am a curse; I am a blessing.
 I am what you make of me; I thwart or
 serve, I degrade or exalt; I am your
 Master or your servant.
 Obey me, and you are my Master;
 Disobey, and you are my slave.
 I am the Law!

The Law is God's mode of motion; it portrays God's wisdom. It pervades all time and space. It is everywhere at every instant. It has as many phases or aspects as has God. It unites and separates, and explains unity in diversity. Its expressions may be formulated as the law of Balance, Equilibrium or Sequence, of Cause and Effect, of Giving and Receiving, of Karma.

The Law is the expression of Infinite Justice, of Infinite

Wisdom and Love, than which there can be nothing more perfect. It never fails or ceases to operate, it never compromises or lowers its exalted standard, it never permits escape from its loving inclusiveness. It weighs with exceeding fineness and tenderness every factor, circumstance and condition; and it balances and proportions these with absolute precision. It deals primarily with Soul, and no acknowledged Son of God desires more or expects less than the dictates of Infinite Wisdom and Love.

The Law does not punish those who disobey it, for disobedience is impossible. The Law is always obeyed. It is infallible and inexorable. It is a finality. But one may oppose and fight it, and suffer; or he may harmonize with and love it, and enjoy. Eternally, the Law offers any and every possible opportunity. Nothing comes or goes or keeps away, except through operation of the Law. The Law is not compelling but enabling; it is the Universal Provider.

While The Law is changeless, one's relation to it changes as he develops, and one discerns The Law only in relation to himself. In this sense, each man is his own Law. One's knowledge of the Absolute is always relative. With each new phase of his unfoldment, one discerns The Law from a different angle. He may not alter The Law, but he always determines how it shall affect him; for its "reaction" on him is ever the counterpart of his "action" on it. Truth is eternal; but it "makes free" those only who make free with it.

Seek knowledge, but with knowledge get understanding! Knowledge comes first, and wisdom and understanding are extracted from experience. What one lives—feels, thinks and acts—represents his understanding or foundation or realization of Life. This is what he really knows, or knows of Reality. One is called upon forever to transmute what he thinks he knows into realization and understanding, to make actual his dream, and give reality to his vision.

To believe what is true, or to know the truth, it is necessary not merely to think, but to think straight. No one may think straight with a crooked mind. False ideas and faulty logic are poor avenues to the truth. One may be loyal to himself and his conceptions of truth only to the extent that he discerns The Law, and thereby realizes clearly the relation between cause and result.

It is because of false ideas, cloudy thought and faulty logic, that the solutions of life's problems are difficult. With realization of The Law problems are dissipated; for with this discern-

ment, the light of truth shines through the darkness and illumines it. When one can think straight, when the mirror of his soul shines effulgent, it becomes evident to him that each problem carries within it its own solution, and—as Dr. Quimby says—“in its explanation lies the cure.”

When one takes a stand in truth he will be called upon to justify, to be true to his belief, to embody his ideal. Unless he does this, his professions of spiritual truth will surely become related to The Law in a manner to induce some Karmic boomerang. Unless one desires to incorporate in his life the truth he hears, it were far better for his comfort not to listen to its presentation; for The Law will work whether or not he does.

The Law is to each exactly that which he is to it. It represents to each the exact degree of his unfoldment. It holds each to his belief in it, to what he thinks he knows of it. It has spiritual, intellectual and physical aspects; and in every department of one's activity, each one operates The Law on one of these planes.

To operate The Law successfully on any plane, one must put his vital energy into his interpretation. He must back it up. For example, The Law will operate on the spiritual plane to the exact measure of one's faith in and devotion to it. No mere intellectual activity will produce spiritual results, nor may one who has faith in the spiritual aspect of The Law work it successfully on lower planes. No one may deceive either the Self or The Law.

“Nature is conquered by obedience.” If one would think clearly, live harmoniously and be at peace, he must be true to his understanding of The Law, irrespective of what others may say or do. When one takes an advanced attitude, he calls to himself all the tests necessary to establish him in this new position. The Law comes to his assistance, and sustains him to the extent that he fraternizes with it. It recognizes and reciprocates every advance.

Harmony with The Law, or the obedience that conquers nature, is the accompaniment and result of integrity to one's ideals, and faithfulness to one's ideas. It involves being true to one's Self; being free from prejudices, superstitions, hatreds, and the other destructive thoughts and emotions that blind and lead one to destruction. It calls for Self-control, and a fine balancing of life's activities. Great results follow great causes only, and one may receive bountifully only after giving greatly. But as no one may lose anything that is of permanent value, his spiritual attainments always show a profit on his investment.

Inevitably, payment is made for whatever one receives, and

nothing may come to anyone unless it is invited. One invites health and harmony and happiness, and pays their price; also he invites disease, discord and misery, and for these he pays the price. These terms have no meaning to The Law; it knows neither pain nor pleasure, happiness nor misery. It knows only that what one calls "before" and "after" are exact equivalents in the Eternal Now.

The Law is simplicity itself; so simple as to be a profound mystery. It is clear and plain, both in conception and formulation. If one would but grasp fundamentals and hold fast to them! Could one be as a little child and love everyone and everything, if these two conceptions were but understood and lived, little if any more would be necessary to the most exalted life. While these ideas have been promulgated throughout the ages, the result is not over evident. To love everyone and everything, to include all that is and exists within the scope of one's love, is an attribute of the Infinite. It is an ultimate ideal, a crowning glory of a Son of God!

The touchstone of spirituality is integrity—being true to the self, to one's spiritual ideals. This is the interior test; the exterior is its counterpart of honesty, being true to the obligations that justice imposes, paying one's debts and receiving his credits with exactly equal cheerfulness. Giving and receiving with identical freedom! That is the great lesson of life. That is the way The Law works; how many are there who work with it?

The Law gives and it takes away, but it operates only at one's bidding; so that no one gives but the self and no one takes away but the self. One's thoughts and acts speak a language that The Law understands fully, whether he does or not. Results are always embedded in causes; in producing causes one determines results. In this realization lies the consciousness of individual freedom, for whatever one has done he may undo, whatever he has sent out he may recall. If he was Master yesterday, he is Master today! "Each Soul is its own Redeemer; there is no law but love."

The Caldron

EDITOR AZOTH:

I cannot refrain from calling attention to the unfortunate drift that various cults and teachers of the Occult are using to impose upon the "Little Ones" of humanity today.

The "Fakirs" are running rampant and the ranks are being filled daily. It is appalling to watch their methods, "Black Magic" in various forms and grades.

The majority are *self hypnotized*, and are the most dangerous kind since they sincerely believe in themselves. They very readily gain the full confidence of others. They teach and preach "*Success, Success*"—*material success*, to the extent that one "sitting in" with them can see dollars as big as cart-wheels whirling all around and over. They create so much dense and lurid astral matter, that their followers are shut in by their suggestions, and higher thoughts and reason have little chance. The consequence is their followers drop dollars in the baskets, hoping for double and triple returns. Instead of the mysterious and magic healings staying "put," many are nervous wrecks.

It seems that the majority of individuals prefer rather to *feel* than to *think*. Well, I suppose they are finding themselves through their desire bodies, but it is a pity that they must be imposed upon.

There are times when I feel embarrassed in the company of highly balanced intellectual persons, that I am a student-teacher of the Occult, even though Numerology belongs to the highest planes or divisions, because of the practices of these people.

It looks as if there will not be insane asylums enough to hold all the victims that the present practices promise, unless some check is put upon the fakirs, and the enforcement of the law be called.

There are so many who are afflicted with obsessions of varying degrees, who come to me for help. I find that most of them are victims of the big "success-dollars" magicians. I have helped many to recover balance by working out their problems, eliminating mystery through plain, every-day, *common sense*.

I think the highest and best of the different cults and individuals of the Occult should take some steps to purify the atmosphere along these lines, to protect the highest and most spiritual teachers, and at the same time protect the seekers for truth.

Very truly yours,
ID'ORA G. TILLMAN.

Rents in the Veil

TO THE EDITOR OF AZOTH:

I want to add my experience to those who *know* their dead still live. Mr. Edison may fail with a purely mechanical contrivance, but *I know* messages do come and believe they come through that sense or faculty which is most spiritualized in us. I am of no sect or cult but read Azoth and everything else that seems to me to contain truth.

During the year 1917 I worked in an office at the desk next a man who introduced me to AZOTH and much else. We had read and thought along same lines; this drew us together and we soon discovered spontaneous occasions of telepathy. Being just under 31 he was drafted and sent to France. Before leaving he said: "If I fall I will surely let you know." During 1918 I frequently awoke at night with words forming in my mind, such as the name of his sector, a fact he could not possibly have communicated by mail under the rigid censor-

ship, and which I afterwards verified. When he was sent to the front the impression came in the same manner even to fact they went by rail, a fact later verified and not known generally at that time, which eliminates the forgotten fact theory. He fell Oct. 28, 1918, but the news did not reach his family until Nov. 20, 1918. On night of Nov. 7 I woke almost hearing these words, so vivid were they. "F. B. is dead; he has been hanging around, trying to localize (a most characteristic sentence) but cannot do so." I was afraid to believe my brain had registered a message from "the other side" but could not do otherwise when confirmatory news came. Since that time I have had some half dozen messages of counsel and help and prophetic advice and invariably the circumstance has followed. I can no longer doubt that where conditions are right and people tuned to the same pitch, a mental exchange is possible, and that in this case he sees farther and knows more than I and has not forgotten his earth life, all of which proves he still exists somewhere, somehow and is closer in touch with me than I with him. I also notice of late I do not get the message so clearly and I think it very possible that time may eliminate my receptivity entirely, but even then the fact for me is indisputably proven.

A READER OF AZOTH.

Reviews

Rosicrucian Fundamentals. By Khei X^o. 398 pp. The Flame Press, New York.

An extraordinary book, profusely and beautifully illustrated. Issued under the imprimatur of the Societas Rosicruciana in America, it presents fourteen graded instructions, dealing with various aspects of occult doctrine as understood by this organization. Among the subjects treated are: Cosmology; Periods, Epochs and Revolutions; Man and His Bodies; Reincarnation; Rosicrucianism and Religion; The Human Temple; Christian Rosencreutz. Many aspects of the Rosencreutz tradition are discussed, and in this part of the book there is a wealth of unusual and curious illustration, particularly valuable to symbolists, including a supposed portrait of "C. R." himself.

Each reader must judge for himself the validity of the implied claim that this work is an expression of the true Rosicrucian teaching. Some will not be altogether ready to accept this claim. Others will be more easily persuaded. There is no occultist or Freemason, however, who may not find much that is new, much that is true, and much that is thought-provoking, in this volume.

P. F. C.

The Vanished Friend. Evidence, Theoretical and Practical, of the Survival of Human Identity after Death, by Jules Thiébaud. 266 pp. 1920. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

Like Margaret Deland, who writes a foreword to this English translation of "*L'Ami Disparu*," this reviewer finds the scientific value of this book is not very striking. It contains mostly the personal experiences of M. Thiébaud at sittings with sensitives and a good deal of his personal speculations which, while interesting, are of no evidential value. Though written with the same object, it is a very different book from "Proofs of the Truths of Spiritualism," by M. Chevreuil, another French investigator, reviewed in AZOTH a month or so ago. Decidedly the most striking phenomena recorded are those given in Chapter IV, in which a number of "spirits" give their names, where they lived and various details of their lives, to the group of sitters. These names and details were quite unknown to the group, most of them belonging to small places in

France and of mediocre social position. By writing to Mayors, Clergymen and other authorities, Monsieur Thiebault was able in all cases to verify the information thus given. These are tests which seem to eliminate the sub-conscious mind theory.

The book is a sincere attempt of the author to convince others of the faith that is in him, which however seems an almost impossible task for anyone to attempt. Actual personal experience seems to be the only way to conversion.

M. W.

Revelations of Louise. By Albert S. Crockett, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

This book is an interesting straightforward report by an experienced newspaper man of strange occurrences that happened in his own home, that turned disbelief of communication with the next world into a firm conviction of its probability. It is a book that cannot fail to interest anyone who believes in the possibility of a world beyond the grave and desires to know what it is like. It is also a charming study of a young woman who had passed on from this life and who is the central figure of the narrative.

The book contains a detailed account of sittings at the talking board, delineations by raps, table tippings and pencil writings. All of which to be sure are not new phenomena, but is unique from the fact that they were performed through a young girl who had not the slightest idea that she was a medium. Her personality was used by her half-sister, the author's step-daughter, who had died several months previously. The book is well written and the phenomena described are very interesting and convincing. The book carries two portraits of the beautiful young woman, Louise, through whose instigation the book was written. The honesty and integrity of Mr. Crockett is vouched for by Booth Tarkington, Adolph Ochs, publisher of the New York Times, and the managing editors of New York leading newspapers.

It seems quite evident from expositions of this kind that so-called "Spiritualism" seldom gets any farther than the higher conditions of the Astral plane. Therefore Spiritualism disagrees with Theosophy regarding Reincarnation, but it agrees with the seven planes man must pass through before he reaches "Heaven" which the Theopist would designate "Devachan," or the higher mental plane. The Spiritualists would leave man there in their so-called Heaven; while the Theosophist would bring most men if not quite all, back to Earth to continue their work of evolution for ages yet to come. Perhaps both teachings are right. Some may never come back to live another life in the flesh, while others may do so many times over. If the real truth about this could be known, it would settle many mooted questions. As stated by the "spirit" authorities of this book the average time required to reach Heaven after death, is about one hundred years. But with good and intelligent persons the transition period from one plane to another is about ten years, making seventy years in all to get to heaven after death. But evil-minded persons may be obliged to remain in the Earth's atmosphere for hundreds, or even thousands of years before they become prepared to go on through the planes beyond to Heaven.

The information given regarding the origin of this continent also differs from Theosophical teaching. It is stated that in the beginning this continent was joined to Asia, but that the two continents finally broke apart and a great cataclysm brought forth the Pacific ocean. But it agrees with some scientific authorities that the Atlantic coast line is gradually slipping into the sea, while the western coast is slowly rising from the Pacific, which in the lapse of time will become a new body of land reaching to the Hawaiian Islands.

H. U.

The Letters of a Woman Who Was. By "The Woman." 122 pp., cloth. Walter H. Robertson. Minneapolis, Minn.

"The Letters of a Woman Who Was," are supposed to have been written by a discarnate entity. Her amanuensis was a young woman "unfamiliar with the subjects dealt with." This young woman is described in the preface as being clairaudiant; but for some reason the communicating entity seems to have preferred automatic writing as the means for transmitting her message.

The subject of the letters is two-fold: to convince the reader of the continuity of life after death; and "to place before the masses in clear, condensed form some initial truths" about the unseen world.

Although we recommend the book to the uninitiated but inquiring student, we feel that we ought to call attention to several inaccuracies, which sadly need correction. The "Woman" states that there are *eight* spiritual planes; and in her second letter informs her readers that she is existing on the *mental plane, which is that state of existence next to the earth*. She further declares that the inhabitants of this mental plane suffer intensely. In a subsequent letter she describes *her ascent from the mental into the fourth astral plane*.

We feel that we must also emphatically protest against the statement, attributed to a "Master of Light," in regard to the Alcyone myth. To make so positive a claim that the Christ will shortly incarnate in the body of the boy, Alcyone, no matter how greatly spiritual he may be, is a proceeding that must be condemned by every well-formed occultist.

In another letter we are told that Nietzsche was not responsible for the *mens Germanicus* that existed in Germany at the time of the war. *All* the nations, it is said, were equally responsible for the conflict. This declaration, we are informed, is made that things may be properly balanced. In this way the writer hoped to be able to correct the wrong impressions, and counteract the race hatred, which the masses had permitted to sway their opinions, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."

It is a great pity that a work, in many respects so valuable and enlightening, should have its real worth and usefulness negated by glaring errors. It is to be hoped that before issuing another edition of this truly remarkable book, the publisher will compare the points in question with the well-established teachings of occultism, as presented in standard works, and make the necessary corrections.

T. B. KENNY.

The Truth About Christian Science. By James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D. 313 pp. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

An adverse criticism of Christian Science and its founder. Most of the material cited by Dr. Snowden in that part of the book devoted to Mrs. Eddy will be familiar to readers of Georgine Milmine's *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy*. Dr. Snowden agrees with Miss Milmine that Christian Science is Quimbyism expanded into an ecclesiastical system. His criticism of Mrs. Eddy's financial methods is harsh and cutting, and will doubtless make him a target for the shafts of Mrs. Eddy's defenders. Yet even so harsh a critic admits that Christian Science has rendered the world and the Christian Church a good service by emphasizing "the supremacy of the spiritual, the gospel of health, the duty of cheerfulness, and the practice of the presence of God." Dr. Snowden is evidently animated by an honest desire to expose what he considers a dangerous heresy. We wish he might have written his book in a less indignant spirit. Surely, if Christian Science, as he claims, cannot last, it cannot be dangerous enough to warrant so much bitterness.

A.

The Simple Truth. By Ernest C. Wilson. 115 pp., leatherette. Harmonial Publishers, San Diego, Calif.

A book for beginners in the study of spiritual law that may be read with profit by many advanced students. Founded upon Andrew Jackson Davis' *Harmonial Philosophy*, its twelve short chapters contain more real wisdom, clearly and beautifully expressed, than is to be found in many a more pretentious volume. Its central thought is the spiritual unity of God, Man, and the Universe.

A.

The Web of Destiny. By Max Heindel. 175 pp., cloth. The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, Calif.

A selection from a series of monthly lessons by the founder of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. Although they will more particularly interest those who embrace the teachings of this school, they contain much that will provoke thought in the minds of students dedicated to other paths of occult research. A great deal of the material in the first section is presented as the result of clairvoyant investigations made by the author and his co-workers. Opinion as to the value of this book will be largely influenced by the reader's attitude toward Mr. Heindel's claim to being an authorized representative of the Elder Brothers of the hidden Rosicrucian Fraternity.

A.

The Happiest People in the World. By Rev. Holden Edward Sampson. 271 pp., cloth. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London.

A commentary on the Beatitudes, having for its fundamental thought, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Mr. Sampson traces all the evils of modern society to belief in "the survival of the fittest," and in the power of money. He says truly that the regeneration of society must begin with the regeneration of the individual, and the first step in that regeneration is, he would persuade us, the step of utter self-abnegation and renunciation of the world and its false standards. Many occultists will share his views, and will profit from a reading of his book. Whether they will have courage to follow the path he indicates is debatable.

P. F. C.

The Power of Deep Breathing. By Pauline Russell. 121 pp. The Four Seas Pub. Co., Boston.

A sane, practical presentation of a subject too often confused by irrational treatment. Many valuable exercises are given, and the author has devoted considerable attention to the mental aspects of her subject. An excellent book by an experienced teacher.

P. F. C.

The Initiate. By his pupil. 381 pp. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1920.

The publishers assert that "The Initiate" is a true story. Whether it is "true" in facts, or not, this reviewer is unable to judge, but he is confident that it is perfectly true in essentials. The series of episodes in Part I is convincing, and not only convincing, but interesting. The allegory in Part II is one of the best of its kind. Throughout the book the ideals of love and service are prominent; and although some prudish and ascetic minds may object to certain implications, here and there, most readers will find help and inspiration in this unusual narrative.

V. G. D.

A Buddhist Catechism. By Subhadra Bhikshu. 95 pp. Brentano's, New York, 1920.

An excellent presentation of the doctrine of Southern Buddhism in the form of question and answer. The preface addresses the book "to those for whom material progress and luxury do not constitute the goal of life, and to whom the prevalent cruel strife for the possession of worldly goods and grandeur, which the general selfishness makes each day more pitiless, is abhorrent, who long for that peace of the heart and satisfaction of the understanding which alone give life its value, and who fail to find these things in the soulless dogmas of the various churches, or even in the results displayed, with whatever ostentation, by physical science."

Such readers will find this little book an excellent introduction to the teachings of the "Enlightened One." The many notes appended by way of comment will provide food for thought for all seekers for light.

P. F. C.

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