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of Constructive Thought

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Editorials

The Middle Way

As a philosophy the Ancient Wisdom takes the middle path between optimism and pessimism. It looks upon the manifested universe as being neither all good nor all evil, but rather as a mixture of good and evil in which lies a limitless capacity for improvement. Betterment of existing conditions is the aim of all practical works based upon the principles of Hermetic philosophy. Briefly, the fundamental idea is this:

There is no state of things, however bad, but it might be worse, and none so hopeless that it cannot be mended.

We may all agree that this is a view of life both sane and practical. It puts no strain on faith, it permits no passive yielding to conditions. For it implies that each human being is a center of power to overcome obstacles, to break down confining limitations, and to advance in proportion to the degree of intelligent effort to bear upon our problems.

Optimism and pessimism, however plausibly either may be expressed, both fail to take account of the impulse toward growth which may be observed in all things. To say either that all is good, or the contrary, is to ignore the essentially plastic nature of all things.

In all the universe nothing is the same now that it was a moment ago. Nothing is fixed. Everywhere we are confronted by evidence that a mighty and all-wise Power works continually

to cultivate the latent possibilities of manifestation. What other lesson can we read in history? What else can we learn from the multiplicity of inventions that surround us? Why, the very dog in the street is a descendant of a wolf trained by a man. The American Beauty rose, the spineless cactus, the Burbank potato—what is the lesson of these familiar things? Simply that the mind of man is the vehicle of a Power that can change external conditions for the better.

If we can modify the forces of nature by inventions, if we can change the structure of plants by imaginative application of the principles of horticulture, if we can change the bodies and dispositions of the lower animals by training, how much more should we expect to improve our own bodies and characters by similar means. Most readers of this magazine have learned to think of their bodies as being as much a part of their environment as the houses they live in. Some may find it harder to look upon personal consciousness, that something we mean when we say, "My mind," as being also a part of the environment of the real Self. By giving earnest thought to the proposition, however, we may come to see the truth of the Hermetic doctrine that personal consciousness, the physical body and external environment are really three phases or aspects of that which is the instrument through which the Ego seeks expression. Then it will be clear that like all tools, this three-fold instrument may be tempered and adapted to carrying into execution a wider range of activities than those to which they have been hitherto applied.

The transforming power that effects these changes for the better is the intelligence of the Supreme Consciousness. It is reflected by the personal consciousness as the light of the sun is reflected by the moon. Here is the key to the process of evolution. When we recognize the immanence of an all-knowing Intelligence in all things, we see whence those desires arose that have organized and modified body-structure from its first beginnings in microscopic, one-celled animals to man. Each new organ represents the result of a series of actions based upon a desire to attain some definite goal, to accomplish some purpose forecast in imagination. Desires are said to originate in sense-experience, but were there no inner capacity for responding to sensation with definite desire, none of the changes in physiological structure could have been effected. The Supreme Consciousness is the source of that response. Desire is its mode of expression. And upon what does desire rest? Upon the conception, held subconsciously by all that lives, that the conditions of environment and of body are susceptible to improvement.

Nobody ever really wants anything if it is really impossible to satisfy the want and this impossibility is recognized; but so long as there seems to be the least chance of satisfaction the desire is present, even though submerged in doubts. One of our abiding instincts is to believe that somewhere, somehow, our desires will be realized. We may not expect to realize them here, but we all have some sort of expectation for the future, whether it be in the Christian heaven, the Spiritualist summerland, or the Nirvana of the Eastern schools. Even though we feel that this or that desire cannot be realized in this life by us, we show our belief in its *possibility* when we say, "If only the conditions were so-and-so I could do it." In other words, we believe the result is among the possibilities, but doubt our power to bring it to pass.

The Ancient Wisdom tells us that these doubts are not well-grounded, because they rest upon fundamental error. Personally, it is true, we have not power to realize our desires. Indeed, it is taught that as personal beings we can do nothing of ourselves. What gives us reason to expect far greater accomplishments than many of us have deemed possible is the fact that we are in immediate connection with a Power that is able to overcome every obstacle. That each human being is at all times in immediate contact with such a Power is one of the basic tenets of practical occultism.

This Power is continually at work, making improvements in its manifestation. Nothing, therefore, is as bad as it might be, nothing as good as it can be. Everything grows. What can no longer serve a useful purpose grows worse. What increases in usefulness grows better. There is no stopping anywhere.

Life is a road leading up a mountain-side. We may travel up or down. We may get nearer the Supreme Goal, or we may be going away from it. Wherever we are, we can always turn around. Each of us has power to choose which way he shall go. There is no compulsion about it. If we face in the wrong direction we shall sink lower and lower. If we turn our faces toward the heights we shall approach them. The hill-top we aspire to to-day will give us a glimpse of a loftier eminence beyond. As we gain one summit we shall always discover another peak to scale. Thus the main thing is to look forward and upward, toward the hills. Facing that way we shall ever come nearer the goal, for the Spirit of Man never stands still. It is always on the move.

Tolerance

Students of Cosmic Law have no difficulty in condemning intolerance. They have all had too much experience of the follies of bigotry ever to wish to be bigots themselves. The gospel of toleration has been preached to them again and again, and most of them sincerely aspire to live in the light of that gospel. Whether it is as easy to do this as to talk about it may, however, be a question that merits some consideration.

Before we pluck the beam from Henry Ford's eye, and pour out the vials of our scorn upon him for his ridiculous and cruel, as well as puerile, anti-Semitism; before we pillory the New York alderman who never heard of the theory of relativity, or the college professor who seeks to drag the author of that theory into a debate by calling him names; before we cry for remedies against Comstockian prudery; perhaps we might just as well use a mirror to find if there be not some tiny mote of race-prejudice, some little speck of self-sufficient ignorance, or some microscopic trace of allegiance to Madame Grundy in our own optics.

This suggestion is not intended to be understood as meaning that there is no virtue in speaking boldly against bigotry, however it may be manifested. We all deplore the mental darkness that can breed such a progeny of slander as *The Dearborn Independent's* attacks upon a race whose achievements in the face of persecution have won them the right to the respect of all right-thinking people. We all regret the mental blindness which can make a petty official ready to give a great thinker a metaphorical slap in the face. We all wish heartily for the day when our creative artists may be free to give us truth as they see it without being haled into court at the behest of some prurient vice-crusader. Nevertheless, we shall never accomplish very much to remedy these evils until we purge ourselves of like imperfections.

It is possible to become very intolerant in our effort to overcome intolerance. To do this is to strengthen the emotional current of bigotry that finds expression through other brains in just the sort of thought and action we condemn. Man feels before he thinks, and to the clairvoyant eye there is often very little difference in the thought-atmosphere of a street-corner meeting assembled to protest against the evils of orthodox bigotry and that created by the narrow-minded prejudices of those who attend the very churches that are the object of these protests. If we permit ourselves to be bitter against some particular form of belief, it is more than likely that the current of feel-

ing we are sending forth may make somebody else just as bitter against our own pet ideas.

This danger is especially great at this period of the world's history, as a result of the intense one-sidedness of the war-emotion. The whole world is in danger of a renewal of ancient prejudices and partizanships. Creed is arrayed against creed, philosophy against philosophy, nation against nation, and the grand ideal of human brotherhood is being obscured by narrow conceptions of nationalism and party interest. We who have had some glimpses of the Higher Law should recognize that it is our especial task to add nothing to this current of feeling which takes on Protean forms of human endeavor to suppress the freedom of other human beings.

We must do more. We must learn how to transmute our own tendencies toward intolerance into active cooperation with the essential idea which those to whom we find ourselves opposed are trying, in their blundering way, to express.

This is no easy task. It would be an impossible task were it required of us to penetrate in every separate instance below the apparent meaning of a man's words and acts in order to discover his real motives. Occult philosophy, however, provides a key to the problem when it demonstrates that all human beings are centers of expression for a single Life-Power. When the truth is grasped that One Ego manifests through countless persons, that One Thinker thinks all thoughts, that One Actor performs all actions, sooner or later will be perceived the logical consequence—that every person participates in the life and thoughts and acts of all humanity.

To see this, and to realize all that it implies, is to discover the basis of true Brotherhood and the foundation of genuine tolerance. It is to realize that even those who seemingly try to thwart us are just as much instruments of the One Spirit as are we. It is to perceive that the Source of their aims and aspirations is identical with the Source of our own desires and hopes. It is to understand that however imperfect the expression may be, according to our standards, the fundamental motive is ever the same. To know this, to realize all it implies, and to live in the light of that realization is to be truly tolerant, even in the thickest of our battle against the forces of limitation and darkness.

How It Feels to be an Automatic Writer

By WILLIAM E. CARTER.

In recent years a surprisingly large number of so-called spirit-messages, produced by means of automatic writing have found their way into print in the form of revelations, poems and books. Some of these have been inspiring, others depressing, while the majority have been stamped with mediocrity. Few of them have seemingly been derived from any higher source than the mentality of the writers, and even when they appeared to be super-normal, psycho-analysts and other critics have classified them as products of sub-conscious mind.

Having been an automatic writer as well as a psychic investigator for some years past, I have read various books of this type with great interest. It has always seemed to me, however, that the writers should have told more about themselves, and how they received their communications. To simply present the record is not enough. Those of us who are interested in psychic research want to know more about the writers and their qualifications for mediumship. I believe, moreover, that an interchange of views between automatic writers and a relation of experiences would furnish some valuable contributions to psychic literature.

In my own case, I have discovered a number of things connected with automatic writing, and some of my conclusions may perhaps agree with the views of others who practice the art. In the first place, I have found that occasionally, when I take my pencil and pad, messages will come readily enough, but before the words are recorded I am conscious of them, and one word may suggest another. In such cases I invariably abandon the writing, as I do not consider the resulting communications to be true automatic work. When the real impulse is felt the messages come without any visualization whatever, and I have quite as much curiosity as an onlooker would have to see what is coming. In early life, I may mention, I was a shorthand amanuensis and was accustomed to taking dictation covering many subjects, including literature, science and art. When taking down a genuine automatic message I have much the same feeling that I had when taking shorthand notes excepting that instead of an earthly mortal some invisible being is at hand dictating the words and sentences.

I have occasionally tried to use shorthand in writing automatically, but it has not been successful, abbreviated longhand being, in every way, superior. Sometimes I have been surprised to find how my sense of time has been obliterated while writing,

and oftentimes when I had supposed the transcribing had taken only a few minutes, I have been astonished to discover that an hour or more has passed.

In the course of my work I have had the usual experience of receiving personal messages supposed to have come from the spirit world, together with verse and sayings of various kinds, usually philosophic and religious in tone. I have, however, endeavored to concentrate upon such subjects as the nature of mind and matter, the purpose of life, an explanation of psychic phenomena and the question of human survival. On these subjects I have constantly asked questions, and when conditions were suitable have usually received fairly satisfactory answers.

During the last five years I have gathered a large amount of material dealing with these subjects, and although much of it is far above the average, I have not been convinced that any of it has emanated from an outside source. My tendency has been to regard it as a product of that mysterious inner self which is still puzzling psychologists.

The messages, on the other hand, have apparently taken a different view. From the start they have proclaimed their spirit origin. In reply to my questions I have been told that genuine automatic messages actually come from the spirit plane, but instead of being dictated word for word thoughts are transmitted to the mentality of the writer, entering the consciousness by way of the brain, and are then capable of being recorded by means of the pencil. The success of transcription, my communications say, depends very largely upon the mentality of the amanuensis, including such factors as general education, spiritual development and capacity for mediumship. The fact that thoughts instead of words are transmitted explains, so I am told, why so many messages supposed to come from a higher source appear ridiculous and frequently bear every mark of illiteracy. The medium has been unequal to the work.

This is not at all surprising when we consider how difficult it is for a person of average education to grasp intricate scientific facts. Suppose, for instance, a learned professor tried to explain to some ordinary business man how X-ray phenomena are produced; how much of the explanation would the business man visualize and understand? The probability is that he would grasp very little. Now, if it is so extremely difficult for a communication to be understood in this world, how hard it must be for any intelligent account of the spirit world (providing there is one) to reach this side, for conditions there probably have no earthly equivalents.

I have been told that in addition to such qualifications for mediumship as I have mentioned, the successful recording of a message depends very largely upon environment, the state of health and the condition of the mind, whether placid or irritated. Even such mundane functions as eating and drinking have to be considered. Automatic writing, I have been warned, should never be attempted until food has been well digested, and fasting is better still. This probably explains why so many of the great mystics—Swedenborg, for example—lived on very simple diet and were accustomed to indulge in long periods of fasting.

In pursuing my inquiries along these lines I once asked the following question: "Why is it so difficult for an automatic writer to record the names of people and places correctly?" The answer was as follows:

"Names can be read by the mental faculties when the mental hearing is acute, but are entirely out of reach when the senses are dulled by earthly contacts. You can, for instance, sense a description of a person, a place or a condition, but a name is only a title conveying no image to the mind. When, however, the mental hearing is properly tuned to outside forces, the spirit is divested of much gross and retarding mentality, which enables the waves of communication to enter the consciousness without hindrance. Then the name is perceived.

"The so called psychologists, who pretend to know all about the mind and its operations, will tell you that the reason a medium is unable to record names correctly is because the whole idea of spirit communication is a delusion or the result of a sub-conscious emanation that is self-deceptive. The names are not given, or if given are usually incorrect, thus proving, they say, that the rest of the message is necessarily false. But the truth is that the wonderful instrument called the brain, except under very unusual conditions, is incapable of receiving an impression that conveys no objective meaning. The entire mentality has only the brain to work through in order to express itself, and the state of mind and body is an important factor in determining the character of a message transmitted from the spiritual plane; that is, a certain message is sent, but there is no means of assuring that it will reach the perception unadulterated by other conflicting ideas that unconsciously affect the mentality."

The following question was then put: "You state that it is difficult to transmit anything that does not have an objective meaning. Now, we know very well that myriads of abstract ideas are conveyed to our perceptive faculties, in earthly conversation, without being visualized. What have you to say as to that?"

Answer: "When a description of a drawing is given to you a real object is presented to your mind, but when you are told of justice,

mercy or truth, for example, the sense of perception is led to discern the meaning by an entirely different process. The mind then receives the impression of an attribute which has been learned by experience and therefore needs no visualizing in order to be understood. The wonder is that any communication from the spirit plane ever gets through, when it is realized that the communicator has to deal with such imperfect instruments as the senses of human consciousness. The wave of spirit mentality reaches the brain to be transmitted to the perception and it requires much determination on the part of the recipient in order to be understood, for, as already explained, there are always other conflicting impressions at work that are obstacles to correct transmission."

My communications have been consistent in asserting that success in receiving messages from the spirit plane depends upon the state of the writer's mind; that if one has an aspiration toward higher things this will be reflected in the messages. If, on the other hand, our ideas are keyed to a lower plane, instead of gold we shall certainly get much baser metal.

Even with the greatest care, I have often found myself recording messages that were absolute rubbish, untruthful and illogical in every way. Spiritualists, of course, would say that such messages resulted from interfering spirits of a low order. My own opinion is that they are simply the result of some unconscious working of the mind, akin to the dream state, in which all sorts of absurd things are said and done. I may add that I have never received a prophetic message that turned out to be true. I have, however, had some wonderful experiences, such as recording Egyptian hieroglyphics and words in ancient Greek, which were sufficiently correct to convey their meaning, although in my conscious life I have absolutely no knowledge of either Greek or Egyptian.

In spite of these amazing experiences, I am still unconvinced that automatic messages, no matter how wonderful they may seem, are products of the spirit world, but am more inclined to believe that they are the result of certain mental phenomena at present little understood. I would not deny conclusively that such messages, when genuine, do not come from the spirit plane, but thus far my verdict has been "Not Proven." Through my automatic work, nevertheless, I have been deeply impressed by the wonders of mentality, which at present are scarcely grasped by psychologists. We are, I believe, only on the threshold of mental science, and have discovered comparatively little about the intricate workings of the mind, the functions of the brain, the connection between mind and matter, the power of the will, and a thousand other secrets that future generations will undoubtedly unravel.

What Shall We Believe and How Shall We Believe It

By FRANK C. HIGGINS, 32, A. A. S. R.

I listen very closely, when it is my privilege to enjoy the conversation of a person of strong individuality and pronounced convictions, for those unguarded notes of feeling on spiritual subjects which give a real index to the conclusions of the speaker, in domains of thought where argument is impossible.

Likewise do I watch closely the mental attitudes adopted by writers in the public prints, when discoursing upon the inroads of various kinds of scientific research upon fields of speculation which it is difficult to invade without, at least, brushing against fossilized prejudices.

And, sometimes, it is also profitable to remark the notions, however crude, which have stimulated the brain cells of people who are endeavoring to assume convictions upon subjects of which they have heard, but of which in the main they are profoundly ignorant.

Anyone who will follow the same process will inevitably arrive at the realization that we are living in an era of almost universal intellectual Armistice, upon every ancient battle ground of conflicting faiths. The world is thinking intensely, but still tongue-tied with surprise at the temerity of its present thoughts. Men will scarcely admit to themselves, much less to each other, the extent to which they are mentally discarding all that which has been hallowed by generations passed.

The destructive process is infinitely more active than the constructive, and Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum reaches even into the kingdom of mind. I think that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred to-day, if asked to definitely formulate a spiritual conviction would, if they dared to be true to themselves, reply, "I do not know what to believe."

The "Articles of Faith" which have descended to us from a bygone age, claiming the authority of "supernatural" truth for that which, according to every criterion of natural judgment, is supremely untrue and ridiculous, no longer appeal even to the multitude. The "thus saith the Lord" of ages past, had weight with a multitude who cowered under the fixed gaze of arrogant priestcraft. The multitude of to-day are satisfied concerning many of these ancient *fiats*, that no "Lord" ever said anything of the kind, but that they were mere inventions of designing men, propounded for purposes of domination and power.

That, alone, which holds back the tide of an irresistible spiritual Revolution, is the gross ignorance of the majority of mankind concerning the origin and genesis of so-called "religious" dogma. The age-long opposition of sacerdotal interests against the spread of popular education has no other motive. The individual has it hammered into him that Reason, Science, Logic and Philosophy will destroy his "faith" and, in so doing, annihilate himself.

If he had not the wit to see that this is equivalent to telling the carpenter that unless he destroy his tools he cannot make a bench, or the stutterer, that by cutting out his tongue he will become an orator, he will fall silently into the long line of negative nonentities who have been born and died, since men have been, without leaving more of a trace than a raindrop upon the ocean.

Our ghostly counsellors would have us credit that a lie repeated over and over again, during lapse of centuries, becomes a Divine Truth; and to the dense of understanding "age" is a satisfactory sponsor.

Thousands of men have been called infidels and charged with being enemies of God because they have doubted priestcraft and disbelieved the pettifogging legends of anthropomorphic Deity, which have been the spiritual food of the children of dawning civilization.

If men would talk over religion with each other as they do sport or politics, the world would be better for the getting together, after the first shock of realization had passed, that none believed as others had credited.

The reticence of most of us in approaching this delicate subject lies in our disinclination to wound the feelings of a brother, who regards us with like deference. It is this truce alone which to-day holds humanity back from a wholesale denunciation of false teachers, which so many, as individuals, feel to be their due.

If we will pass in review those who have been pilloried as the arch-infidels of history, we will find many whose utterances will yet light the path of humanity to God. The disbelief of the great infidels of the past has not been in either God or humanity, but in liars *about* God and deceivers *of* humanity.

Find a religion of the past which has not postulated its pardons for sin upon atonement offerings of what its priesthood could eat, wear, decorate themselves with, and enjoy.

Find an altruistic Avatar who has taught and suffered for a space, in behalf of the sublimest principles, who has not been torn to tatters, subsequently, by a horde of sacerdotal ragamuf-

fins, erecting a system of personal profit upon mere homely instructions.

Yet the Universe continues in its majestic swing through space and an infinity of wonders great and small, all answering to immutable laws, attest the immanent presence of a Divine Cause of Causes, whom it is man's most intimate instinct to love and adore.

Have not the illimitable correspondences of all manifested Nature served to show that this, alone, is the revealed Word of God, from which we may derive all possible truth as to the duty of man to God, neighbor and self? If Music, Sculpture, Painting, Poetry and Song uplift the soul, can they not be applied as well to glorify the Truth as to strut up tottering humbug?

Let us apply no tests except those which God has given us, the testimonies of the five human senses, to fathom the mystery of right belief, and we shall not go far astray.

It has always been a matter of deep concern to the spiritually inclined to feel the old grounds slipping out from under their feet, without a corresponding assurance of solid foothold elsewhere.

That which makes Man different from other animals is his realization of countless unseen, unheard and unfelt forces contributing to his advent, his existence and his translation to—he knows not what, but trusts that following the upward trend of all, around him will be a sphere of greater love, power and useful action.

To fathom these mysteries is the goal of every true thinker's spiritual ambition. He possesses but the certitude that happiness is inalienably allied to love and service of one's own kind. He knows the ecstasies of Art applied to aspiration, in the calm of temples, the melody of choirs, the play of light and color and the promptings of poetic suggestion; but when he seeks the firm ground of conviction, he is hurled back again and again by the crushing of realization that all these things are but the tools of showmen and mummers who are befooling mankind with all the artifices of the theatre, to evoke reaction of the heart upon the purse-strings.

It is one of the greatest proofs of the true nature of the soul that so many of us are able to visualize and enjoy the world we *want* to live in by resolutely excluding every intrusion of realization or conviction which, if admitted, would exhibit our self-delusions in the light of universal Truth. "As a man thinketh, so he is."

How many of us have the privilege of disassociating ourselves from our predilections, our prejudices and our precon-

ceptions, in fact all which makes our personal environment the agreeable routine of self-selected habits which it generally is, and of viewing the *facts* of existence absolutely as they are; of awakening from our dream of the senses, and subjecting all that appeals to our curiosity to the scrutiny of scalpel and microscope, chemical reactive and instrument of distant vision? It is to put the life, love and warmth of Earth, perhaps, and view our planet and all it holds dear to us from the arid and desolate platform of a lunar plateau, but it must be so done, if we are ever to arrive at even relative Truth.

Up to the present stage of human experience practically all of the world's rewards have been lavished upon its greatest flatterers and greatest masters of theatrical illusion. Mountebanks on thrones, on rostrums, in pulpits, at altars, sway the masses of sense deluded mortals, thrilling the sensory nerves which are Man's yet unrealized antennae of contact with the vibrations of the Infinite, with false messages and false promises, until it is little wonder that a city said to contain more Italians than Rome, more Jews than Palestine, more Russians than Moscow, should contain more idolaters than were ever arrayed among the hosts of Baal in the days of Elijah, most of them calling themselves by the delectable name of "Christians."

One may make the sweeping statement that whatever their mutual recriminations, wars, dissensions and rivalries, the whole gamut of motley theologies arrayed under the banner of a Cross they do not even understand, are united in their effort to prove to us that the whole aggregate of God's stupendous and marvelous Creation is a Divinely regretted mass of errors, which will only find its fitting doom in total destruction. This, simply because the Seers of the Ancient Wisdom discovered, through means essentially their own, that which the Princes of Science are re-discovering and re-affirming daily, that the only Existence is relative Existence, and that all which we presume to *be*, on our own plane of perception, are reactions from unrecognizable occult causes emanating from higher planes. That these reactions are harmonious in themselves, however, and that their conduct upon the material plane of our own perceptions is manifested in the unchanging laws of material science, is proof enough of the Hermetic axiom—As above, so below.

God's Law is, therefore, manifest in an Eternity of Matter as well as in an Eternity of Spirit, and the identification of Matter as the mechanical medium whereby the Spirit dream may be made inter-communicable between us Egos, who are but atoms of the "Great I AM," is no more destructive of the identity of Matter, *in the correct sense of its manifestation,*

than the invisibility of Spirit to human eyes argues it to have no existence.

These are the views and the teachings of the Hermetists of old, and these are the findings of the scientists of to-day, all postulating an infinite intelligence fraught with justice, tenderness, equity and compensation, of which the highest attribute is infinite capacity for the development of higher forms of self-manifestation.

Between the old era of knowledge by intuition and the new era of knowledge by scientific research, lie ages of intellectual desolation, made horrible by the vindictive theologies of ignorant schemers for place and power, through the simple principle, that as all existence is summed up in experience utilized for the upbuilding of super-character, the deprivation of education, (which is only the development of man's power to correctly perceive and apply the Infinite Law of our Creator, through the exertion of the dynamic energy which is equally part of his physical environment) is sufficient to drag and retard the whole Divine process.

The true law of Belief, or call it "Faith," if you will, is therefore to advance with Science, attributing, with thankfulness, all dawning wonders to the same fostering Spirit which has given us the Sun and the stars, and stretched a plummet line upon the face of the deep. That which science demonstrates to be false, *is false*, no matter how many Fathers of the Church have deemed the Earth flat, or denied evolution, as conflicting with the stories of a literal Garden of Eden and Noah's Ark.

It is a satisfaction to know that many of these legends are but symbols of scientific truths, as perceived in primitive ages, and that those who launched the pretty fables on the sea of time were less deserving of censure than those who *know the Truth* and profit by the Lie to-day.

Attainment added to attainment describes the onward sweep of the human soul, waging its constant battle against fearful odds, yet forever emerging triumphant. Yea, though all the powers of hell were arrayed against it, still must it soar upward to fulfill its sublime destiny.

The Necromancy of Incense

By ROSA G. S. ABBOTT.

Perfumes of Orient, delicate, symphonic, colorful,
Sweet as soft memories of love and adored ones;
Evoke in their mist of blue, aerial spirals,
Visions of other worlds and ways,
Mirage of far horizons.

A casket of perfumes was the gift par excellence et par élégance in luxurious, languorous, medieval Venice.

The philosophy of incense regards odour as the psychic aspect of aliments; a mystic entity, born of the sensuous and the spiritual, and flaring into the realm of abstract aesthetics.

Sensitive organizations, susceptible to perfumes and aromas of delicate distinction, are endowed with a fourth-dimensional apperception that elevates far above the phlegmatic and inert multitude; for the olfactory sense identifies with the astral body, thus distinguishing it above the more physiological phenomena of touch and taste. This psychism of odours is witnessed by the amazing olfactory discrimination of creatures whose appraisal of their entire world of consciousness by its penetrant power enables them to nicely interpret in terms of odour, all values, whether physical or mental, with which they have relation. What delicacy of perception instructs the ant or the rat to choose the richest peach or cheese? By what sensate psychism does the dog detect one man among many men? What fine flair aids the elephant toward knowledge of a specific herb?

Oriental occultists have been, therefore, enabled to devise reactions upon the astral through perfumes inhaled in rhythmic respiration of exotic dreams and entranced reveries; for like a magic mirror the thin spirals of filmy vapor unfold an aerial perspective of spirit realms: memory, imagination, sentiments and associations being more persuasively induced through *flair* than more material channels.

Odours are idiosyncratic in their varying influence and power of evocation upon the mind; for there is an occult synchronization between the olfactory nerve and the brain that identifies it with cerebration and consciousness: while the taste has been rated as a prolongation of the spinal cord, thus according to odour a *caste* supremacy that is above that of savour.

The sacred Lotus springs from reeking mire, but its attared breath is a Paradaisaical memory of pre-mundane ideality and psychic bliss.

Universe is dynamic and its motion is vibrative. If "voice is the flowering of Beauty," odour is the root of memory, imagination and ratiocinative accumulation. Audible vibration

translates into visible manifestation. Sound transmutes into colour and geometric arabesques. Music extends into floral forms, proclaiming thereby that sense experiences are susceptible of spiritual activities: for as living Ideas are radiated from Intelligible Cause, an infinite existence of *sensation* also emanates and vibrates in a continuum of sensivity accompanying Ideation, and the miracle of Consciousness translates these vibrations conformably to the delicacy of the organization.

Perfumes expand consciousness and exalt the sense faculties, and they are therefore legitimate auxiliaries in religious ritual, assisting concentration and suggesting Beauty and Cosmic rhythms. There is *energy of Beauty* in orbital spirals, and the torsive fumings of delicate attars are as a mystic presence, revealing mysteries of abstract harmony and the unutterable syntheses of her ethereal insinuations, conjuring atavistic phantoms for subliminal deeps or inspiring prayer to Amida and psychic union with the Lord of immensurable Light.

The Song of Songs of Solomon, with its vertiginous Oriental perfume, is thought to be a product of hallucination induced by a potent and subtle drug; for a fantastic and perverse spirit inheres likewise in the pungent fume and the elfish blue spiral, urging men to seek in its intoxicating semblance the divine *nepenthe*, the ecstasy, the forgetfulness, the winged imponderability, the poetic vision and its measured rune.

The odorant spirit, like the genie released from the flagon, o'erspreads in enthralling vaporous presence, the environing atmosphere; haunting the fancy, bewitching the nerves, and endowing the soul with creative powers unknown and unguessed. A delicious languor pervades the members, swarms of visions traverse the mind in wreathing flamlets, and the ensorcelled victim becomes unutterably blessed; for the rapturous narcotic bequeathes a godlike confidence, winging the thought above fear, as above material ponderosity and *impuissance*.

"Verily the imponderables rule the wise," argues the slave of a perverse herb as he yields to its Lorelei embrace.

True incense, however, is innocent of evil, and never betrays its devotee. Mahomet united perfumes and prayers, the visible flame being symbol and conductor of the invisible fire of the heart.

"Colours for anthems, and perfumes for prayers" are the aesthetic and melodious *appanage* of sacerdotal ceremonial.

Yeats counsels to steep the mind in odours, as in colours and in sounds, to procure vision. Orient improvises sweet essences to imitate the languorous Lotus, the voluptuous summer breeze, or the inspiriting autumn wind; and this is synthetic Pantheism

and love of nature's moods, making mystical appeal through olfactory sensivity.

For invocation of Lares and Penates and of all precious and perfect influences, the cloisterly incense has ever been the soft prayer of aspiration and of heart's longing; and *literal, tangible Beauty emanates therefrom*, uniting the imagination to the Infinite and sovereign source of Beauty.

Artistic development yearningly covets warm, Oriental colour-values and sensuous essences, rather than gross substance or mental analysis; and the *lyrism* of incense, of chromatic joy, and of the swaying dance will again be poetically employed as a ritualistic accessory: for refined sensivity discovers the Infinite in all things; and *odour's conjuring appeals to pre-natal memory and the retrospect of myriad lives*, while inspiring toward ideal Beauty and the quest of the Absolute.

Of wizard fumings having power to summon discarnate spirits, we are as unfamiliar as with the exorcismal aromatics employed to banish goblins and demoniac spectres. We are *dilettante* in occult aesthetics, affecting the sensuous, balmy, *dolce far niente* aspect of incense in its least voluptuous, least symbolical, least magical, least religious, and most material usage; without a reflection cast upon the similitude of its flame to that of our breath, or to that of the body soon to smoulder into ashen ghostliness; nor a prayer that the thought may rise as a fire of wisdom toward its luminous source.

Certes, as a preferment upon expiatory sacrifice, the burning of incense is an immense projection of the race-mind over the burning of bullocks and other sentient animals; for aside from the abolition of a murderous and offensive superstition, the substitution of perfumes, colours, and "concord of sweet sounds" affords food for the imagination, enravishes the fastidious temperament, and disposes toward worship and mystic beatitude.

The Incense Paradise of Buddhists is correlatively a goal of purer seductive charm than the debatable lure of the Christian heaven, and a safer than the frankly sensuous Mahometan Saturnalia promised the Islamic faithful. *Where Buddhism lives there is incense.*

As a sanitary measure incense is unrivalled. Used as an antiseptic fume in the catacombs, by early Christian martyrs, it indubitably nullified devastating epidemics and loathsome maladies due to ignorant uncleanness.

Braziers of charcoal combined with fragrant attars aesthetically served for cheering warmth in chill weather, and in the

streets of Carthage and other cities, large cassolettes of aromatics flared and fumed as a remedial measure.

As a literary figure, incense identifies with the fire-spirit, as renovator and purifier, and also as typical of contrition and gratitude. "The true altar of incense is a just soul, and the perfume from it is a holy prayer."

Lord Bacon wrote: "Virtue is like precious odours; most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed."

The incomparable Krishna instructs that an honest man should fall before the wicked as the sandal tree that perfumes the hand that smites it low—exquisite simile.

Perfume of youth dwells in the hair of healthy young persons. Age also has its withered and sensile emanation. Races develop specialized odours, and their *flair* is antipathetic and anti-amical.

The sensific mystery of odour leads afar, developing curious and startling data, yet yielding little actual knowledge save to the occultist, who learns that all substance has its *aura*, and the aura is of the same nature as itself in emanation and in radiation. This flight into evanescence leads again to vibration and the flux and reflux of magnetic reactions in the Unified Living Totality, thus re-evocating the mystery of Consciousness and its occult power of appraisal of vibrative phenomena.

"The senses are the commencement and the end of human knowledge," declares a peer of the Intelligentsia; and Hume recognized two kinds of impressions, sensation and reflection; "the first kind arises in the soul from unknown causes." "Sensation is a simpler form of perception." And what is perception, whether cerebral or physiologic, but the divine presence and *prescience* manifesting through its atomic constituents?

Modern science now perceives the nature of the Whole as psychical; and it is therefore evident that Idea, Sensation, and Matter are parts of a Unity, or higher and lower phases of the same living noumenon.

Verily all that we see or know or feel is *One*; for within each life is the perceptive, vital, sentient soul of Cosmos in varying degree.

APOSTROPHE TO FIRE, FROM THE VEDIC HYMNS.

"O Agni, sacred flame, purifying element! Thou who sleepest in the wood, and mountest in splendid Light upon the altars; thou art the winged spirit of prayer, thou art the divine spark hidden in each living thing, and thou art the glorious soul of the Sun."

A Clearing House for Health Research

By LUCILLE VARIAN

No human being can seek for anything greater, more beneficial, or more enduring than Truth. Many millions of dollars have been given to endow medical research institutes, but unfortunately these vast sums are practically all under the control of the politicians of one school of medicine, and their mighty efforts are being made to bias the minds of workers and laymen alike in favor of that school.

Honest doubts have arisen in the minds of many investigators who are poor but seeking to render service, and new schools of healing have sprung up which unfortunately tend to drift into the hands of the commercialists. The result is that the long-suffering public is paying billions of dollars for pretended service that is never rendered. Millions of people are realizing that they have given their earnings only to find that they are worse off than before. In other words, they have paid to be made sick.

Thousands have turned their attention to other sources for help. Others are inquiring with great determination as to the cause of all disease and the Truth regarding the laws of health. Searchers after knowledge find that there is some Truth in all cults and schools of the healing art—that there is not one which does not offer, at least to some, a definite means of aid in recovering the equilibrium of the forces in the body that make for the perfect health expression. But it is also evident that the motive back of practically all healing cults is not the pure motive of usefulness, of helping humanity; there is usually to be found the adulteration of self-interest to a greater or less extent, which of course detracts from the accomplishment of the work the physician and healer has apparently set out to perform.

In this day and age, knowledge regarding the laws of health and ill-health, of the science that underlies all expression of this freedom and limitation, is being investigated as never before. To-day the student of affairs does not and indeed need not accept what he is told regarding his condition, and think no more of it; but he must endeavor to *know* for himself. How is he to *know* except by a scientific checking up? Here is a plan which we believe will give such an opportunity.

We all admit there is some truth in Allopathy, Homeopathy, Osteopathy, Christian Science, and many other cults. We all know that the spirit of commercialism and personal gain has usurped the spirit of service to some extent in all these cults, and we propose a partial remedy—a Clearing House for all health

research, where workers of any school may submit their findings to be judged by scientific men of all schools and sciences, and the facts concerning new schools of medicine published and available to the public at any and all times—an institution on whose very heart will be engraved the watchword, "Truth for Service to Humanity."

In thus uniting and cooperating, much can be gained by comparison, by the progress of each school. In this way, one school will not be recognized as dominating all others, but each will be seen to have its place and its own special work to do.

The average physician, with little or no direct knowledge of occult healing methods, would thus be brought into contact with such knowledge, and since this system allows for checking up in every possible way, he would be in a position to see and study the facts as they could here be easily obtained. The occult healer, on the other hand, would be able to bring his patients, treat them as is his custom, having had his diagnosis checked up previously by an expert member of his school, and have cooperation if desired.

All true healers stand forth in the light. Not one but would be glad of the opportunity here offered of having work thus stand out in the light of the true server of humanity. The occult healer, including the metaphysician, the spiritual healer, the mental healer, and others, would be recognized on an equal basis with the graduates of the various medical schools, for the question would not be, "Where and how long have you studied?" but, "Are you a true healer? Prove it, and by the cultivation of perfect tolerance, cooperate with all."

Who will help in this universal work? Who will aid in the establishing of this center of progress—this research house for truth?

Some there are who do not learn their lessons out of books, or gain their knowledge from a schoolman's lips, but find academies in silent woodlands, lore in verdant meadows, and wisdom in the nectar of the rose. On such the hand of nature lays a benediction, and sends them forth inspired to sing her praise.

The Divine Breath

White Lotus Breath Series

By MIRIAM MILNER FRENCH



"The Lotus is symbolic of prolific Earth. The Four Angels of the Four Quarters of Heaven Stand upon the Lotus The Lotus is of dual sex. Spirit of Fire fructifies everything which is from Water. Lotus flower growing out of Vishnu's navel, the god who rests on the Waters of Space on the Serpent of Infinity. It is the Universal evolution from the Central Sun, the Point, the ever-concealed germ. The Female aspect of Vishnu called Padma, the Lotus, is shown floating on the Lotus flower at the Creation Having filled the lungs completely with air—Breath—the Yogi moves upon the waters of great depths like a Lotus."

The previous articles on the Divine Breath have been more or less desultory, one reason being lack of time to prepare them consecutively, another more subtle, because it was the writer's object to discover who were sufficiently interested and listening for the call of Truth, and hearing would respond. Judging the numerous inquiries from all directions, it is evident that the message, motivated with only this one intense desire, has been heard and the increasing number of AZOTH readers do realize that no man can know God until he first understands himself. It is with this purpose to try to help humanity understand, that the White Lotus Breath Series is to be continued.

This is the Dawning of a New Day, and as the darkest hour precedes the morning light, a great veil of blackness shrouds the world. But soon the veil will be rent, even now Messengers of Light lift the sable curtains of the Night of Ignorance, bringing glimpses of the radiant morning. It will shortly be Sunrise when the Coming of the Lord draweth nigh. The New Day is

in process of gestation. Soon it will come forth and with it a promise of new Hopes, new Faith, new Strength, and better yet, fulfillment of those promises.

The day for hiding Truth except to a few admitted souls is past. With the awakening of Truth, the dark prison-house of Mankind will burst and Light will enter, but first the shrines and barriers of Earth must fall away. Tyrants and selfish conquerors must lay aside their fame and wreaths. In this glad time Truth with one mighty breath whose scent is the Breath of Eternity, shall scatter like a whirlwind human mockeries, the reign of the Soul shall come to earth and "Man in this Sunshine of the world's new Spring, shall walk transparent like some holy thing." The hidden then shall be revealed as the Sun with its flashes of gold lights up dark places.

What matters the label you then bear? What matters it if you have called yourself a Theosophist, a Spiritualist, a Rosicrucian or other of the numerous names. How are your heart and soul labeled? These various organizations teach the sciences in the Occult School of Life. The colleges, schools and universities of the materialists are to equip the student with a knowledge and understanding to work out Life's problems, similarly these occult schools should be a preparation for helping humanity serve the world selflessly through a knowledge and understanding of the deeper mysteries of Life. This should be the ultimate goal of all. Service should be the one great desire of him who hopes to walk the Path. The moment such a desire reflects self it becomes shadowy—BLACK, but so long as it remains pure and selfless, it is always a beautiful crystalline WHITE. Whatever the results of selfless service may be, if the motive has no stain of selfishness, they are of no consequence. There can be no compromise in this.

God takes care of the fruit—the results of our motives. All required of us is to see that we are reflecting His image. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Your heart is the mirror. In it you can see your Higher Self if there is no breath of the world's selfishness upon its glistening surface. But the way to see that Higher Self is through Love which cleanses and purifies that mirror within until it shines with the glorious radiance of His splendor as "a stained web that whitens in the Sun and grows pure by being purely shone upon."

The insatiable hunger eating at the heart of mankind can only be appeased through an understanding, an awakening of the Soul. Human personalities, societies, ouija boards or magic arts can never give an understanding of, or communication with the Spirit to each individual heart. It must be found with-

in. We must look into our own human hearts and those of our brothers and sisters for the Living God dwelling there. This is the Real which the Soul intuitively knows, unfailingly rejecting the false. Do not repress your Soul, but let it wing its glorious flight and soar to meet its God.

"Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all
 Where Truth abides in fulness; and around,
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
 This perfect, clear conception which is Truth,
 A baffling and perverting carnal flesh
 Binds it, and makes all error; and to know
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without . . .
 Therefore set free the Soul alike in all,
 Discovering the true laws by which the flesh
 Accloys the spirit!"

Browning.

This, however, can only come through an understanding of one's self, a comprehension, knowledge and realization of the Divine energy that pervades the Universe. In everything Life's essence burns. When you get a faint conception that it is this same essence of Life—a Divine energy that permeates every atom in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdom, as well as the planetary systems and heavenly bodies, then you are commencing to open your spiritual eyes to a very sacred esoteric Truth.

This great Life Principle is called PRANA. Prana is the marvelous energy interpenetrating and impregnating everything that finite mind can conceive, and infinitely more than the human brain can ever comprehend. How important then that this knowledge that will hasten the evolution of mankind should be made accessible to all desirous of higher spiritual development. Why should not all mankind understand, use and be benefitted by this wonderful Power?

The knowledge can bring eternal Life. It can also bring Death and Destruction. It lies with the individual alone to decide what the knowledge and use will bring him. His motives alone determine the results. When the knowledge brings Life—Light—then there will be no hungry cry from a disappointed heart for outer centres, societies or organizations—his center is Within—he has found it. All mankind belongs to his brotherhood—and all humanity abides within the Realms of the Soul. All are One and all are God, for God is nothing that Man is

not. Let us gird up our loins, determined to understand this mighty subject. Let us away with personalities, dissensions, fault findings, criticisms too often untrue and always unkind. Let us be loving, simple, truthful, chaste, with no thought of injury in our hearts, eager to serve, desiring Knowledge, Wisdom, and Truth above all else. If we KNOW our hearts are pure, our motives selfless, we can feel a Divine carelessness for the effects of Karma because then the Soul can rise supreme, nothing can disturb its serenity. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God"—the Jewel in the Lotus, the God within. "Om Mani Padme Hum."

"Dialogue between the God Shiva—male principle and the Goddess Parvati—the female element."

"Between the *Ganges* and the *Jamuna* there sits a young widow inspiring pity. He should despoil her forcibly for it leads one to the supreme seat of *Vishnu*. *Ida* is the sacred *Ganges* and *Pingala* the *Jamuna*. Between *Ida* and *Pingala* there sits the young widow *Kundalini*

"Goddess: God of gods, be kind to me and tell me the wisdom that comprehends everything. How did the Universe come forth? How does it continue? How does it disappear? Tell me, O, God, the philosophy of the Universe? God: "The Universe came out of the Tattvas. It goes on by the Tattvas. It disappears into the Tattvas. By the Tattvas is known the nature of the Universe From these the Universe came forth, by these it continues, into these it disappears among these also it shows itself again the Body is made up of Tattvas On this account I shall speak of the rise of breath in the body . . . by knowing the nature of inspiration and expiration comes into the knowledge of the three times three—past, present and future. This science of the rise of Breath, the hidden of the hidden, the revealer of the true God is a Pearl on the head of the wise. There is nothing, O, Lotus-faced Goddess, beyond the Breath. Creation takes place from the Tattvas. . . . The Science of the rise of Breath is to be given to the calm, the pure, the firm and grateful and is not to be given to the impure, the untruthful or him who wastes his substance . . . Hear thou, Goddess, the wisdom which is found in the body . . . without a knowledge of Breath, the astrologer is a House without its lord, a speaker without learning, a trunk without a head . . . There are many forms and names . . . Among all these people wander mistaken . . . the knowledge cannot be imparted to this man or that except in answer to a prayer, it is therefore to be known by one's exertion in and by the soul alone. The breath is the salvation of the world. Prana alone is the highest friend, the Prana is the great-

est helpmate. Fair one, there is no better friend than Prana

Goddess: "How does the force of Prana stand in the body? What is the appearance of Prana in the body? How is Prana known by the Yogi to be acting in the Tattvas?"

God: "In the City of the Body is the Lord protected, while going in it is ten fingers, while going out it is twelve fingers (this refers to the Aura, as affected by inspiration and expiration)the natural length of Prana, O, Goddess, is twelve fingers when Prana is reduced by one finger, freedom from desire is the result when it is reduced by eight, siddhi by nine Nidhis by twelve, the inspiratory and expiratory motions drawn of the fountain of immortality in the Sun (Prana's seat) thus is described the law of Prana"

(*To be continued*)

Editor's Note:

The next article deals with the cycles and laws of Rhythm, both fascinating and invaluable. All who are interested in spiritual development should not fail to make the knowledge of Rhythm a part of themselves.

GENESIS OF MICROBES.

Thought generates those primal lines of force
Which cross each other in their destined course.
Impinging at right-angles, these vibrate
According to the vibratory rate
Specific thought requires to form in kind
Electrons motived to the thought in mind.
From solar systems—ultramicroscopic size—
Atomic worlds, then molecules, arise.
Each atom, molecule, constructive bent,
Gives protoplasm purposive intent.
If thus we reason microbes, sure as Fate,
For Spanish 'Flu', the racial thought was *hate*.
This bears a lesson meant for thinking men,
E'en though electrons have exploded been,
This pretty theory just now decried,
As false as others time has cast aside.

J. J. G.

The Secret of the East

By ULRIC DAUBENY

"I believe it is nothing more than hypnotism," declared the indigo-planter, "Collective hypnotism of a type unknown to us Europeans, but none the less—hypnotism. In the East, one grows to accept many inexplicable happenings, quite beyond the range of ordinary experience."

The rain continued to descend in torrents, driving against the windows of the Club House, where a group of members sat smoking around the fire. It was too rough for golf, and conversation turned upon the Indian "Rope Trick."

A red-faced major, who had been puffing furiously at his cheroot, threw the stump into the fire, and abruptly put a question to the Planter.

"Hypnotism? H - ump! What reason, may I ask, have you for supporting such a claim?"

"If you come to that, replied the Planter, "there is no definite reason—save that it seems the simplest way of accounting for an apparently impossible phenomenon. Besides, I knew a man who concealed a camera, and took snapshots of the performance at its various stages; the rope thrown into the air, the boy mounting hand above hand, and so on. The results gave an uninterrupted view from the veranda where the photographer sat—no rope, no boy, not a native within sight! Of course, a camera would be absolutely impervious to hypnotic suggestion."

"There you are!" returned the Major in triumphant glee. "You can't fool a camera: that, at any rate, can never lie. Obviously the whole thing is humbug. During all my fifteen years in India, I never saw the feat performed, nor did I meet anybody who could claim to have been a witness. In my opinion, the so-called Rope Trick is nothing but a myth, an old-wives tale—plain and undiluted humbug!"

Silence followed this pronouncement, during which a stranger sitting in the corner drew attention to himself by the restless shuffling of his feet. Every eye turned wide upon him when eventually he addressed the Planter.

"What you said about the photographs, interests me immensely," he remarked, with a sidelong glance in the direction of the Major. "Having witnessed the feat myself, not once but upon several occasions, I find a certain theory considerably strengthened by your evidence about the camera."

"You agree, then, with the idea of hypnotism?" began the Planter.

"Not that at all! That your friend should have been able to take the photographs, to my mind absolutely negatives such an explanation, for how could anyone voluntarily manipulate a camera, while under powerful hypnotic control?"

The Major gave a chuckle of delight, feeling that his opponent's argument was finally quashed, and indeed the perplexed expression on the latter's face was almost comic.

"Jovel That aspect never occurred to me!" he exclaimed. "Of course, I welcome it as unquestionably true, though it spells the downfall of my fancied explanation. But why on earth should people imagine they can see things, which yet are invisible to the camera?"

"Ah, there comes the difficulty. By the way, did you know Mason, who used to own the finest bungalow in Deccan? He was deeply interested in native magic, and had evolved a theory which his friends deemed too far-fetched for serious consideration, although, in India, a half-clad fakir, without luggage or assistance of any kind, will wander up to your verandah, and perform feats which would make our cleverest professional conjurers turn green with envy.

"I remember, while staying at his bungalow, Mason, who had been studying the Rope Trick, invited some performers to give an exhibition on the space in front of his verandah. They had appeared, as usual, unexpectedly, an elderly man and a half-fed looking youth. Mason was seething with excitement, and collected everyone he could to form an audience, though to my astonishment he himself hung back, also detaining me in conversation.

"The performance was commencing, the spectators assembled on the verandah, but Mason and I indoors, watching through a curtained opening. The rope was thrown skywards, and the boy, after an energetic wrench at the loose end, threw himself lightly forward, and began to climb with the agility of a cat.

"'Come along!' urged Mason, dragging me from the fascinating scene. 'I am going to search the shrubbery, every likely hiding-place, and want your help. If you catch sight of any natives, a youth and an old man, call out, or whistle to me at once!'

"With a hasty warning to keep away from the verandah, he rushed off, and after a momentary hesitation I did the same. As it happened, I had not gone far, puzzling my brains to guess the object of this quest, when, sheltering beneath an overhanging bush, I espied two natives, sitting huddled up as if asleep. One was a man, with grizzled hair, the other a weedy youth, having

a hideous scar upon his forehead, which I could not fail to recognize. Their appearance literally staggered me, for without a doubt it was the identical pair whom I believed at that moment to be giving an exhibition of the 'Rope Trick' in front of the verandah! Almost doubting the evidence of my senses, I forgot to signal Mason, but instead bent down, and grasped the youth roughly by the arm. He started in his sleep, then toppled forward, and at the same moment, from the direction of the bungalow, there came to my ears an awful, long-drawn cry. So insistent was it that I sprung back, turning to face the direction from whence it came. All remained silent for some moments, then by degrees arose a babel of excited voices, and from the bushes facing me a wild-eyed fakir burst out, the very man, a few seconds earlier, I had seen sound asleep beneath the bush! He dashed past, but on swinging round to follow his career, not a soul was visible but the two sleepers, the man now staggering to his feet with blinking eyes, but the boy lying in a limp, unnatural attitude.

"Dazed by this succession of breath-bereaving happenings, I was too bewildered fully to appreciate what followed. I have a recollection of the older native frantically shaking his quite unresponsive companion, of cries and footsteps rapidly approaching, then of a hand laid upon my shoulder, and Mason repeating, in a voice I scarcely recognized.

"'God forgive me! I never warned you; I never warned you!'

"'What is it? Dead?' demanded several voices. 'Good heavens, it is the very boy himself! How did he come here?'

"'What has happened?' I managed to gasp, a little later, as someone led me towards the bungalow. 'What was the meaning of that scream?'

"'Apparently an accident' came back the reply. 'The performance was in progress, and the boy all but out of sight, when suddenly we heard a dreadful cry, and he came crashing to the ground. For just one moment he seemed to lie there motionless, and then, even as we looked we were staring only at the stones and gravel. He had absolutely disappeared! Of course, though not a little horrified, we accepted it as part of the performance, until the older man took to his heels, and sped towards the shrubbery as if for very life. Recovering from the surprise, we followed, and there, staring at a bush, beneath which lay the unfortunate boy, we found you. The old man took to the jungle at our approach, afraid of being punished for his infernal magic, I suppose!'

"'Well?'" inquired the Planter, breaking in upon the silence

which succeeded this extraordinary narrative. "May we hear the explanation? To my mind, your story only makes the mystery more obscure."

"So it seemed to me at the time, though actually I had proved the truth of Mason's theory. Certain natives, by assuming a state of trance, profess the power of releasing their spirit, or 'astral body' as it is sometimes called, which can then perform the most astounding feats quite regardless of material laws. The only danger lies in a disturbance of the physical body while in the trance, for that means death, as happened in the case of the unfortunate boy. The man's spirit body, as you remember, appreciating what had occurred, fled back, and reunited with the material flesh, which instantly became aroused. It may sound complicated, but you will appreciate the reasoning, if you think it over."

"I understand," replied the Planter, pressing his fingers against a wrinkled brow. "The conjurers go into hiding, and one really sees not them, but their—apparitions, shall we say, set free by trance? But why should the boy's apparition disappear, immediately after falling? Did it mean that at the same instant his physical body died?"

"So I imagine," answered the stranger, quietly. "His spirit thereby underwent a further metamorphosis, wherein it would be invisible to all save those gifted with 'the sight.' The intermediate stage, while the physical body slept, rendered him invisible only to the camera, but not to human eyes."

At this point, the debate was interrupted by a gust of cold air sweeping through the Club room, followed by a violent banging of the door. A face, almost purple with indignation, was momentarily visible at the window, as it bent to meet the stinging rain.

"There goes the Major!" someone remarked, and conversation once more became general.

Each age sees the mistakes of its predecessor, one after another the ages discover the errors of the past; but none ever seeks to remedy the greatest blunder of all, which is the retention of outworn theories of religion, and a low estimate of man's own possibilities while on earth.

Higher Thought

The Nothingness of Something

BY EUGENE DEL MAR

Man is enslaved or liberated by his beliefs rather than by facts.

It is a current belief of various branches of the Higher Thought Movement that "darkness is the absence of light, death is the absence of life, and error is the absence of truth." It would be equally true to define light as the absence of darkness, life as the absence of death, and truth as the absence of error. What is the significance of these statements, and is it true that anything is merely the absence of something else?

It is the universal testimony of physical scientists that darkness is not the absence of light, that there is neither absolute darkness nor absolute light, that all degrees of darkness and light are related to each other; in fact, and in a deeper sense, that neither darkness nor light exists as a physical fact, but only as a matter of mental consciousness.

It is also the universal testimony of physical scientists that death is not the absence of life. What is considered the death of any composite form of life is merely the dissolution of the bonds that had previously constituted a unit of two or more less composite forms of life, each of which had its own individual life, and in turn held together more primary forms; down to the ultimate atom or electron, each of which eternally "lives and moves and has its Being."

It is equally untrue that error is the absence of truth. There is no absence of truth; and the grandest of all truths are expressed in the form of paradoxes or seeming contradictions; indicative of the fact that truth has neither beginning nor ending, and embraces each and every interpretation of human thought concerning it.

It is not true that any "thing" may properly be defined as the absence of anything else. That a horse may not be satisfactorily defined as the absence of a cow is readily understood, for here the incompleteness of the assumed definition is plainly evident. That darkness is not the absence of light, or that one extreme or contrast is not the absence of another extreme or contrast, may not be discerned so readily. That each point in the circumference of truth bears a definite relation to every other, and that all truth serves as the basis of any truth, furnishes a clue that will solve the problem, and demonstrate that nothing may be defined appropriately as the absence of something else.

There is no "absence" of anything in the Universe; there is only "presence." No one has ever felt, tasted, smelt, heard or seen "absence." This is the only thing that has never been found. At no time has anything but presence been discerned. It is a mental deception that finds nothing where something is; it is a tortuous and indirect method whereby the mind reveals its consciousness of duality under the guise of assumed unity. It is an unconscious attempt to conceal the remnant of falsity inherited with the superstitious conception of God and Devil or good and evil as unrelated opposites.

There is but one thing that has no place in the Universe, and that is "nothing." There is no place in which to put it, for all space is filled with something. No one can find nothing anywhere. No one can ever imagine nothing. Take one from one and what remains cannot be imagined; it may only be symbolized as an unknown quantity. No one can add one and nothing, for the result is one; the addition of nothing merely signifying that there was no addition.

"Much Ado About Nothing" would seem a fitting title for the strenuous denials of matter. To affirm matter by giving it a name, and then deny that it is what the name signifies, is utterly illogical. To deny that the material is material would seem to be absurd. To deny that the material is something other than material is quite unnecessary.

It is said that matter is not Real; that is, it is not permanent and unchangeable. No sane person ever suggested the contrary. Even idiots may claim to know that much. But what else or what more than this is expressed in the denial of matter? Of course, there is a fundamental truth that is attempted to be revealed by the denials of matter; but denials seem rather to conceal than to reveal it.

It must be a fundamental Truth that Reality, Principle, the Permanent, is always and everywhere present, and that it is universally and unceasingly ideal, normal and constructive. In the realm of Being there must be uninterrupted Health, Happiness and Prosperity, or at least the synonyms in the Infinite for these finite conceptions. But in the Absolute there can be no realization of health, happiness or prosperity as we comprehend these conditions, for there are no conditions in the Absolute, and no opportunity for expressing that which is not the essence of Being.

We comprehend health by contrast with disease, and good by contrast with evil. When we say that health is permanent and disease is temporary, we do not refer to the condition of health, for we make the affirmation only because of our recog-

nition of the condition of disease. If the condition of health were permanent, we would know nothing of disease, not even for the purpose of denying it. We make our affirmation because we are conscious that the condition of health is not only temporary, but at times that it is far less permanent than is the condition of disease.

The denial of a factor of a condition has no direct influence upon it. To deny that a horse is a horse will not make it any less a horse or any more a cow, nor will the denial of materiality change the fact in the slightest degree. No fact is changed by its denial. If it were the purpose of a denial to change a fact, it would fail utterly. As it does not change a fact, does it answer any purpose? And if so, what?

Man is not governed by facts. Generally speaking, he is ignorant of facts. He does not know what he contacts. He does not know what matter is, or spirit, or life, or death, or electricity, or ether, or anything else. He only knows what to him they seem to be. He interprets them in relation to himself, and thereby lays the foundations of his beliefs. He has beliefs about everything; about every form, expression and manifestation; about every idea, conception and ideal. Man is a bundle of beliefs, and he governs himself or is governed and mastered by his beliefs. Change a man's beliefs and you change him, and with different beliefs he is a different man.

Denials tend to change beliefs. They maim, distort and destroy beliefs. They benumb, mesmerize, hypnotize and paralyze beliefs. They tear them to pieces, throw them into the discard, cast them upon the junk heap, and crush them into oblivion. It is the office of denials to kill beliefs, and thereby change the man; and the changed man relates himself differently to conditions, which he magnetizes to conform to his new conceptions.

Beliefs are matters of consciousness, and they may be destructive or constructive. Man believes in duality of principle in correspondence with duality of appearance. He believes in physical causation and negative principles, and denials are directed against these false beliefs, which obstruct the inflow of the Divine Life. Denials assist to remove these obstructions.

Denials are not directed against facts but beliefs; they do not alter facts but beliefs. They do not change something into nothing or nothing into something, but they may destroy a belief in regard to either conception. They do not change good or evil, but they can change a belief in good or evil. They will not convert disease into health, but may alter a belief in disease or health.

Denials represent the most primitive method of changing man's beliefs. They are comparatively crude and childish. They are essentially destructive. They are prompted by the false belief in duality of principle. With the passing of that belief denials are outgrown, for they have become unnecessary. There is nothing left for them to work upon. Life's problems are then no longer matters of subtraction, but of addition entirely. Denials have been superseded by affirmations and living the life. Their reign of destruction has ended; they have been succeeded by God's eternal process of construction.

TO ALL WHO ASPIRE TO WISDOM'S PLANE

BY SAKE D. MEEHAN.

IX.

The seven primal forces, so-called, run through all forms of created life expression. For convenience, they may be known as Love, Spiritual Inspiration, Divine Wisdom, Material Wealth, the Law of Compensation or Balance, Harmony, and Justice.

As these forces play upon the material of world creation, or spiritual substance, forms assemble and disintegrate in continuous interchange. In the degree in which each form is informed of truth, these forces are expressed in higher and higher degrees of intensity, or vibration. Intelligence is the activity of perception. Underlying all is spiritual perception, of which intelligence, rightly directed, is the medium of contact. That is, perception, or the inner vision, flowing out through the avenue created by intelligence, unites in vibration with universal perception, or Truth?

The primal forces are projected through intelligence, which is the power of communication. Fusing, or forming affinities, the student is conscious of expanded powers. To use this process consciously, or at will, to bring about the union of forces in a high vibration, for the purpose of gaining power in projection of truth, is mastery of the seven primal forces. Each element of earth construction is informed of the seven primal forces.

When communication is sought with that which is of another order in expression, the first step, then, is to seek by means of perception, or the inner vision, the analysis, or recognition, of forces in a state of fusion contained therein. Through intelligence communication is then possible.

Love may be very easily ascertained. Love is the first of the primal forces to find expression, because love, or un-

selfishness, begets true desire, and true desire is always for advancement by means of service. Thus every form, however lowly, is begotten of love and true desire.

Spiritual inspiration is never lacking, but in low forms of life is scarcely to be discerned. This force, flowing from above, finds entrance into the submerged consciousness slowly through experience, and it may be readily seen that this is a very long process, accounting for the almost static condition for many periods of the beginnings of life on the planet. It is present, however, in all forms of life, being essentially the life activity.

Divine Wisdom is also in all forms of life not wholly submerged, that is to say, in all visible forms of life. It is the result of the fusing of love and spiritual inspiration, and manifests in degree according to the development of the spiritual will. Only in man is Divine Wisdom apparent to ordinary vision or perception.

Material Wealth is the force of experience with material. It is the knowledge gained by universal life expression of itself by the use of the material world. This is the treasure-house, the accumulation of the ages. It is not in things, but in the use of things. In orders of creation below those having conscious choice Material Wealth is present, but only approachable through the group intelligence.

The Law of Compensation, or Balance, is a force not in evidence in the inanimate world, but is active in all animate creation. The balance of the inanimate world is preserved through this Law, but the power to assimilate this force is only found in higher organizations.

Harmony is in some degree in all things, and Justice, also.

Each one of the primal forces subdivides many times, and the combinations are innumerable. With the key, the power of analysis, any combination may be dissolved. With all the forces equally at play, all inequalities disappear.

The elements are the servants of the primal forces. Therefore, in all their combinations from the lowest forms of life to the highest, it is in understanding and obedience to the primal forces, or the Divine Order, that we express their nature! They are fused within us according to our desires and intent and in their infinite possibilities lies all the incentive men need to seek to understand and use them.

The student is beginning to realize that he is standing at the center, as it were, of the universe, and that from him in all directions radiate lines of influence and contact. By spiritual aspiration, he reaches out toward God, or the Higher Pow-

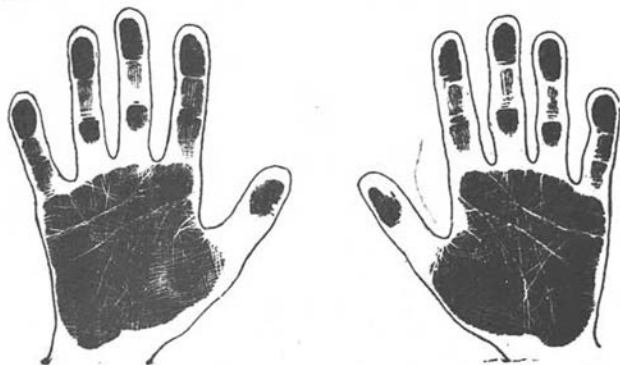
ers. By understanding, also, he reaches backward or downward to assist those who are lower in the scale than himself. As above, so below. Any truth that can be formulated regarding the relations of man with the Higher Powers is reflected, or duplicated, in a true understanding of his relations toward the lower orders. He is at the midmost, channel, or focusing of the divine rays of Light and Truth, and through him the orders in lesser degrees of understanding gain their awakening into conscious life.

Ignorance is injustice in a malignant form. To become aware of the nature of the elements, to seek an understanding of the Law of Being in the vibration, to recognize the universal Life expression in all things, is to lose all fault-finding, to correct one's mental attitude, and to await the understanding which comes of counsel from within. Harmony with nature is comfort and happiness on the earth. It is enjoyment to the full of nature's magnificence. By entering into the comprehension of nature's laws, mastery in truth is gained, and one may create an atmosphere of peace and beauty for himself, regardless of the seeming strife and disorder of the forces of the elements.

Answers to Mothers

By PEARL J. PARKER, Pre-Vocational Expert

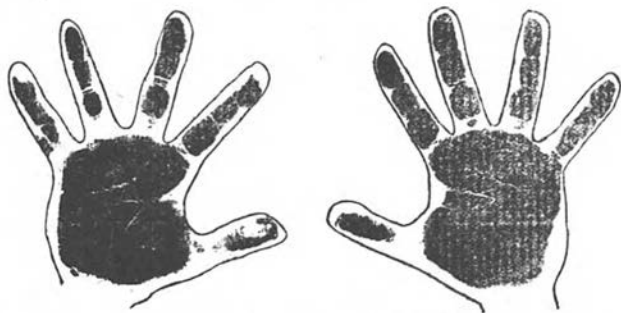
So many Mothers have asked us to tell them a few of the most important things about their children's hands that we have decided to have a pre-vocational department for their especial benefit and answer as many of their questions each month as we can.



Send in a good clear print and write your question plainly. Give sex and date of birth.

No. 1. Maude B. age 10. San Francisco.

This hand shows a highstrung nervous temperament. The owner is naturally fitted to do mental or intellectual work. Talent for music and literature are both plainly shown. A double fate line and two clearly marked lines of talent promise success if the natural talents are developed. The formation of the health lines in both hands shows a tendency to stomach-trouble. This should be attended to as soon as possible. She has an unusual amount of both physical and mental energy. She will have to be held back rather than encouraged to work. Care should be taken to develop a strong physical body first, the mental will take care of itself. She should have plenty of outdoor exercise and sleep and never should be allowed to over study.



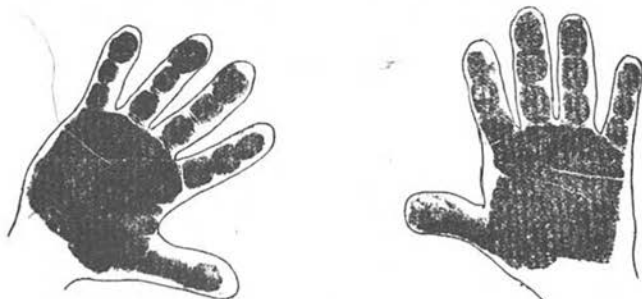
No. 2. Raymond, R. P. age 7. Philadelphia.

This little hand is almost a perfect Spatulate type which indicates a very active restless nature. The only way to keep him out of mischief is to keep him busy. If he is not taught constructive play he will be very apt to be destructive. The very broad space between the second and third finger shows adaptability and a love of changing from one thing to another. It will be almost impossible for him to stay in one place or do one kind of work for any length of time. He will be most successful in something where he can have plenty of change, travel and excitement. There is no special talent of any kind shown. It will probably be best to let him choose his own work and when he tires of one thing let him take another. He is very independent in every way and will resent being controlled or

even guided if he knows it. He should be very carefully advised so that he thinks he is having his own way. He should be taught to control his temper or it will give him a great deal of trouble all thru life.

No. 3. Virginia, C. B. age 5. Atlantic City.

This little hand shows rather an odd combination. The left is an almost Conic type and the right is almost a perfect



Square. She will be artistic but very practical in everything she does. She is energetic, ambitious and industrious and has very good business ability. While no special talent is shown she has the ability to make a success in any line she chooses. Something like millinery or dressmaking would naturally appeal to her. That she improves and develops her mentality is shown by the head line being so much better in the right than in the left hand. The formation of the life line and absence of a health line indicate a good constitution and general good health.

Astrology

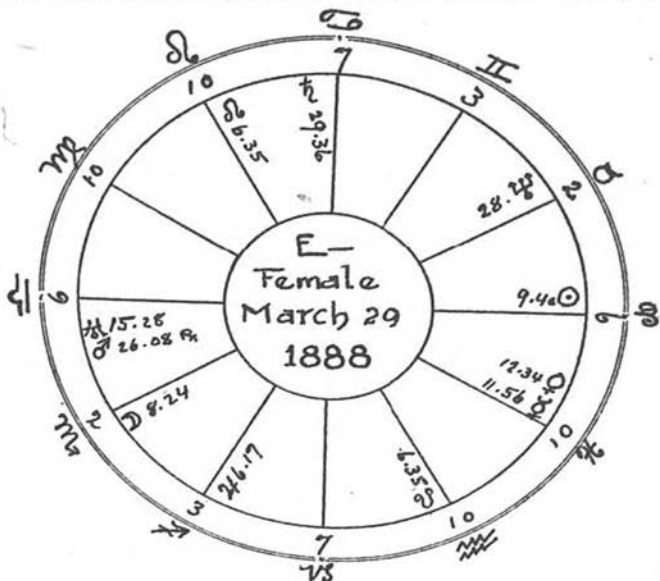
The Horoscope of E-----

BY HOWARD UNDERHILL

In the April number of AZOTH appeared the story of "E", a girl who, becoming epileptic at the age of five, was placed in an institution for the feeble-minded where she remained over twenty-five years, and was discovered by Mrs. Parker, the pre-vocational expert. The latter found that E's hands revealed no feeble-mindedness, but, on the contrary, pointed to a good brain and an unusual intellect.

A study of this girl's birth-chart reveals an interesting set of planetary positions and aspects. We find the Sun in the seventh

house angle, in opposition to Uranus in the first; Mars also in the first, in wide conjunction with Uranus. Saturn, placed in Cancer in the tenth house angle in square both to Mars and to the Moon, ruler of the tenth, is also a detrimental influence. It is not surprising that E. had been stringing and unstringing beads all her life. Notwithstanding these evil aspects, we find Venus and Mercury in close conjunction, in the sixth house, and in Pisces, the ex-



altation of Venus, an aspect showing a plastic and receptive mind, sensitive to kindness and sympathy, and able to expand under the influence of love. The Moon in Scorpio, in trine to these two planets, further emphasizes this susceptibility to gentle and humane treatment. It is a nature that responds readily to environ-

At the age of five, E's progressed Sun arrived at parallel declination with Uranus, followed closely the next year by the completion of the opposition. There is no doubt that these were the aspects that caused the sudden affliction of the mental faculties, represented by the Sun in Aries, resulting in the poor child being taken to the institution. During this period her Moon passed through a square of the Sun, denoting ill health, and an opposition of Saturn, saddling serious limitation upon her.

Within the past few months Mercury has passed from the sixth house, where he was inimical to mental health, into the progressed seventh house. He has also moved into the sign Taurus, representing substance, and so, better living conditions. The Sun has progressed to a sextile of radical Mercury and Venus, and this was undoubtedly the influence that brought Mrs. Parker into the girl's life. Saturn has passed out of the tenth house, and will no longer exercise a binding and restraining influence on occupation. Another striking feature is that Mars, always retrograde, has moved backward to his complete conjunction with Uranus, accomplished within the past year; the planet of energy and force meeting the planet of sudden and remarkable change.

It is difficult to say that this change could have come sooner, astrologically considered, as the character is shown to have needed this experience of temporary limitation, yielding to expansion later. Yet there is strong indication in the chart that more loving interest would have met with response at any period of her life, if it had been forthcoming. There is every reason to believe, from a study of the progressed aspects, that the change is now permanent, and that under sympathetic guidance the final experience of this nature may be counted for gain, and not loss.

Goethe the Rosicrucian

HIS FAUST AND SUB-FAUST,

BY "PEREGRINUS"

(Continued)

There is also a seemingly curious detail in this Helena episode, a puzzle for the profane which shows how deeply versed was Goethe in the rites of Eleusis. Helena meets Faust in a luxuriously furnished castle, but in spite of this their nuptial bed is installed in a grotto. Free fancy? By no means. At the Eleusinian mysteries the nuptials of Pluto and Proserpina were shown to the initiates in a subterranean vault, representing Hades. Let us remember that the Faust is also enacted mostly in the Hades, in consequence of which the nuptial grotto is described as being so large that it seems to have room enough for worlds.

To the seeker into Rosicrucian history and doctrines it is also noteworthy that Tertullian says the Valentinian Gnostics imitated the mysteries of Eleusis closely in all things, including

the ceremonies of the hierogamy.¹

The result of the mystic marriage of Helena and Faust is Euphorion, the most mystical figure of the Faust-tragedy, yet the one who furnishes the key to the right understanding of the whole. Now there is a myth that "Paris is Hades haunted by the memory of Helen's beauty escaped, and Euphorion was the child of their mystic nuptials" (C. H. A. Bjerregaard, *The Great Mother*, p. 66); but the only connection between this and the Faust-tragedy may be that Goethe expresses his belief in reincarnation by twice referring to a Leda-vision of Faust, indicating that Faust may be a reincarnation of Paris. As such he would have seen Helena in the company of Leda, because in the conception of the old alchemists (*Chymica Vannus*, p. 280) Helena was not the daughter of Leda, but of Nemesis and Jupiter, and Leda—Lato, Latona—only brought her up.

Fortunately Goethe himself gives strong hints that lead the seeker to the understanding of the symbolism of Euphorion. He acknowledged that this Euphorion, whose birth is not recounted until the third act, is identical with the Driver-Boy (Knabe Wagenlenker) of the first act, and that both represent Poetry.

This Driver-Boy is the son of Plutus, and in the phrase in which he recognizes his son the father gives the clue: "My dear son, in you do I find my pleasure." Evidently the phrase is identical with the one in which the Heavenly Father recognizes his Son: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii, 17). Thus Euphorion is the Logos of Plutus, and let us remember that it is written concerning the Logos, "All things were made by him, and without him was not made anything which was made." (John i, 3).

As to Plutus, he is the god of plenty, otherwise *fullness*, which, again, means *Pleroma*. Thus Euphorion, the Logos of Helena-Faust is a child from the Pleroma, in which child the Divine and the Human are united as they are united in the Logos of John, because after the passing of Euphorion the aureole of his head ascends to heaven while his human part goes down to Hades. And such a Logos is rightly called a poet, in the ancient sublime—but nowadays nearly forgotten—sense of this word: a maker or creator, who creates by the thought-force of his own mind, and creates by generating on Beauty in Itself—the All-Mother.

Such is the philosophical child to be produced by the *opus maximum*, such is the long and difficult way to produce it. This

¹ Concerning all details referring to Eleusis, consult Saint-Croix, *Recherches sur les mysteres du Paganisme*, Paris, 1817.

is the autogenesis, the immortalization of ourselves, the *opus maximum*, to which regeneration, the *opus magnum*, is but a preliminary step.

Is there another work in all literature, exoteric or esoteric, ancient or modern, which treats this supreme subject in such a masterly way. Is there another that presents the doctrine so nearly without veils as does the *Faust*? For my part I do not know of any.

When Faust is able to create his Logos, and even Logoi, his personal opus is finished. According to the rules of his Fraternity—or for that matter of every real initiation—he has now to turn to the social Great Work entirely, and use his newly developed faculties for the benefit of the masses of humanity, and use them without the slightest shade of selfishness.

Every work of alchemy worth reading invariably finishes with the symbolical advice: use the gold thus made to help the poor. Why? Because the whole Adam-Humanity cannot be fully reintegrated into Paradise-Pleroma until every atom-individual of His body is perfected. On this rule is built up the whole fourth act, and the first part of the fifth of the *Faust*-tragedy, enacted still in the high mountains, in a higher state of consciousness. Faust commits a breach of this rule, although he acts in good faith, and it is nearly fatal to him, for it endangers his whole former work. Mephistopheles quickly notices the opening in Faust's armor, and with diabolical skill executes a masterstroke against him. Here Goethe dramatizes a great lesson to advanced occultists.

Faust knows that according to the rules his duty is now to serve humanity. He intends to perform it by acquiring great tracts of land from the sea, on which a continuously working free people could establish a paradise on earth. The idea is a great and noble one. It is also identical with the basic idea on which all earnest secret fraternities work for the betterment of physical conditions on earth. It includes a large part of the social Great Work, for it is the idea that relief from material cares gives greater opportunity for spiritual and intellectual development. Faust, unfortunately, is unable to separate this noble ambition entirely from selfishness. "I shall win lordship, property." And Mephistopheles, who tried vainly to entice him with pictures of great popularity, or the pleasures of a Sardanapalus, sees in this flaw of selfishness his chance; and with fine strategy plans to capture Faust while seemingly doing his best to further the doctor's plans.

Thus he wins the decisive battle for the Kaiser, and in consequence the whole seashore for Faust. He drains the land with

canals, develops a merchant fleet, builds a palace for Faust, hoards treasures, etc. But all this he does by his own diabolical magic, using the service of elementals and kako-daimons. Thus, on the one hand, Faust develops more small selfishness, more desire for the possession of earthly goods and secular power, and on the other he is given daily demonstrations of the use of low, even black, magic, is brought in contact with indesirables, and is enticed into active partnership with evil. The final result is that in time Faust forgets his spiritual aspirations, his theomagia, and becomes addicted to the magic of Mephistopheles, is "led into his ways,"—exactly the condition on which depends who wins the wager made in the Prologue in Heaven.

The reaction of this wrong mental attitude of the adept promptly sets in. Faust is not only irritated by the constant ringing of the church-bells, (Goethe himself hated this noise,) but becomes overexcited about it. This is a symptom, for according to Christian mystics the ringing of a consecrated bell is inimical to demons. Under the influence of this overexcitement, and of the "ways" of Mephistopheles, the same Faust who formerly gave thanks for the rare privilege of getting an insight into the workings of the *natura naturans*, who saw the "Mothers" at work, received priesthood, tasted the after-death life in the classic Walpurgis-Night, was aided by Persephone, enjoyed the supreme love in the arms of Helena, after experiencing so often that "the spirit-world is not closed," now declares that "our outlook into the Beyond is shut off," and that man should stick to earth and not try to investigate what is beyond.

At the same time he suffers from this inward revolution, and his realization finds expression in the words, "I have not yet fought out my freedom." He blames all his woes on magic, but all the symptoms enumerated by him clearly show that he suffers simply from what is known technically as the "return shock" from his magical operations. The old enemy, Fear, approaches him again, now disguised as Sorrow. At first his affliction is internal only. Later it becomes physical, when he loses his eyesight.

But this great shock helps him to find his balance again. It refortifies his will. He drives sorrow from him, and relies entirely upon the inward light. With a last and truly heroic effort Faust regains his liberty of thought and mental action, and gives order to bring the work to a speedy conclusion. Then by the rekindled inner light he sees beforehand, and this time without the slightest flaw of selfishness, the result: an ideal community, living in freedom and enjoying happily the fruits of continuous work. With a supreme elation he passes away into Eternity.

By this last heroic gaining of mental freedom and returning to the divine inner light Faust demonstrates that Mephistopheles has not succeeded in turning him finally and decisively into "his ways." Consequently the tempter loses his wager. There is no necessity to refer to "the right of pardoning the Old Man," as Goethe himself did, to avoid further explanations. Even Mephistopheles feels that he is a loser, and tries to catch the soul of Faust by the force of the lesser devils at his command, only to be defeated by the intervention of angels, who use the power of heavenly Love — symbolized by roses — to redeem Faust's "immortal part" and carry it to heaven.

Two interesting details are worthy of mention, even in this very restricted essay. The redeeming power of what is symbolized by the roses was known by Apuleius, who uses the same motive in his story of initiation, *The Golden Ass*.

The other detail is that at his death Faust is "very old," and originally Goethe intended to represent him as "exactly a hundred years old." Why? The whole action in Faust covers only a short time. Nothing necessitates the "exactly one hundred years." But Tradition does, in order to express precisely the degree of perfection to which the soul of Faust arrived at his passing-away. According to the teaching of the Pythagoreans, 100 means the Monad on the third elevation, and symbolizes the soul, which after finishing its work returns to Unity. Thus Faust is made exactly one hundred years old for the same reason that made Dante reach the Supreme Vision in the hundredth canto of the *Divina Commedia*, composed also of one hundred canti. Let us remember here the mystery of the great equilateral triangle formed of a hundred smaller equal equilateral triangles.

This elevation of the Monad to the third degree is represented by Goethe as taking place in Heaven. But evidently his Heaven is neither the devachan of Theosophists nor the heaven of the churches, although at first glance it has the Roman Catholic appearance and atmosphere. It is the realm of Mary—here called a goddess—otherwise the Great Isis, or the Eternally Feminine; the realm where Love reigns supreme and with the assistance of its magic power "the unattainable is realized, the indescribable is done." This means that all the noble aspirations of the initiated, which could be but partly realized during earth-life, develop into full maturity, and the mind becomes actually an almost omnipotent creative organ.

Especially noteworthy here are the lines: "We can save him who labors ever striving, and if the Love from Above takes his part, he is heartily welcomed by the heavenly host." Goethe

wrote to Eckerman (June 6, 1831). "These verses contain the key to the redemption of Faust."

On the surface of the poem there is little evidence that Faust labors ever striving, but from the indications and hints the esotericist seeker can see that even the *opus magnum*, not to say the *opus maximum*, is in fact a great labor and an arduous one. Nevertheless it cannot be accomplished without the Love from above.

The necessity for the co-working of this Love gives also the explanation of the paradox that the same author who so often and so sarcastically attacks the Church and priests cannot, at the end, find a happier home for his hero, among the many mansions of the Father, than the one in which pillars of the Catholic Church, and monks of the so often ridiculed class, play very prominent roles. But Dominic, Francis and Bernard—the same ones who are most magnified by Dante—are chosen, not as Catholic monks, but as ardent "lovers" of the "goddess," Mary, priests of the same Order of Melchizidek to which Dante and Goethe belonged—*amatores, fedeli d'amore*, otherwise good Gnostics, whence the predilection for them on the part of both poets. I write this with evidence in hand.

With the word "Finis," written under the last line, the course of initiation and the most interesting chapter of the autobiography of Goethe, both deposited in the *Faust*, are finished. But the seal of the author is affixed in the little added poem, called "Farewell," (Abschied.) The general reader sees in it but an ornamental appendix. But if *Faust* is a course of initiation and a chapter of autobiography, and especially if the reader knows that initiated Minnesaenger used to end their songs with such a farewell, called, *Abgesang*, and the initiated *trovatori* did likewise—though with them it seems to have been less obligatory—it might be expected that this farewell offers something of special interest. So it does.

The ball being over, Goethe takes off the mask, and identifies himself with Faust by a very clear hint. In the Prologue in Heaven the Lord declares that he is going to lead Faust soon into lucidity, ("bald in die Klarheit fuehren," v. 309). In the Farewell, Goethe states that he was led up to lucidity ("zur Klarheit aufgefuehrt.") Arrived at this serene height, safe from the "stirring by human passion," ("Drang des menschlichen") also from the "power of darkness," ("Macht der Dunkelheit"), he says a friendly farewell even to the evil, recognized by him early as both friend and enemy. Then, with his now steadied gaze still looking at the Orient, he makes a solemn vow: "Ever

shall I remain on your side, ye friends to whom I am linked by life." (Immer halt' ich mich an eurer Seite, Ihr Freunde die das Leben mir gesellt.)

At its face value, pronounced by a man over eighty, such a promise has little significance. Almost it has a sarcastic ring. And are our friends not selected by us, but simply associated with us by life? Let us remember that every word of the *Faust* was weighed by the author and is to be weighed by the reader. There are no expressions without special meaning. Well then, who are these friends associated to him by life, friends—as Goethe further indicates—who feel with him the true meaning of unity, who form out of small circles a world in the world, who without much arguing gladly honor antiquity as well as every good new thing?

From our especial angle—but only from this—the answer to all these questions is very easy. Brethren in a fraternity are brought together by life and not selected individually. They understand well the value of unity, and out of their lodges, chapters, colleges, etc. is formed a *status in statu*, a world in the world. They are not supposed to argue much among themselves. They honor antiquity, otherwise Tradition, but being conscious of a continuous evolution, welcome gladly everything new if it is good.

When this point of view is accepted, and it would be hard to find another explanation fitting so perfectly every word of the stanza in question, then the promise of the octogénarian adept, that he shall *ever* stand at the side of his life-selected friends takes a special deep and solemn significance. It is the formal vow of the adept, that he shall continue to be a Frater and work forever in the interest of the Fraternity, even in the Great Beyond. It is the renunciation of personal progress until the Fallen Angel—*Jesus patibilis*—is fully reintegrated into the Pleroma.

(To be continued)

Michael Whitty's Laboring Robe

BY H. KELLETT CHAMBERS

The phrase had always struck a chord with thrilling overtones in my consciousness. And experienced students had told me that it represented a literal fact on the interior planes—that the finding and putting on of one's laboring robe, an actual vesture to be actually worn on those planes, marked a definite stage upon the path of evolution, a graduation from learner to doer. Indeed, the idea is too beautiful not to be true; and those neophytes in the school of regeneration who have not yet found their laboring robes might be expected to fashion such garments by the sheer ardor of their longing for them. Perhaps that is a clue to the process of their manufacture—they are spun from the fibre of our aspiration to be serviceable.

Michael Whitty had found his laboring robe. He never spoke of it—wearers of laboring robes never do speak of them—but the realization of it came to me very clearly one day last Summer. Michael had gone to the seaside for a few weeks' rest, reluctantly putting off the harness in what was to prove almost his last enforced effort to recuperate his fast ebbing strength. All who loved him were trying to help him with their thoughts. And that was the situation when the August number of AZOTH came out.

It reached me at the close of a blazing day in town. I have the same copy beside me now. As I look through it in search of the magic it brought me when it was hardly dry from the press, that magic returns like a memory evoked by a perfume, and I attain to a momentary perception of certain phases of interior growth that were advanced in me by the first reading of it—here a joint, below a rootlet, above an unfolding leaf-bud. But it is something else that makes me especially glad to have reviewed that August AZOTH again and to have compared it with many other numbers of the magazine. And that something is the discovery that the August number was not a bit richer in itself than many an AZOTH before and many an AZOTH since, up to the present day.

So, you see, the magic must have resided in my readiness for certain things that happened to be assembled in that August number. I suspected as much at the time, and awoke to a sudden realization of how much AZOTH really means in the unfolding of the "peculiar people" for whose sake Michael Whitty labored to establish it—yes, even to the laying down of his life, as now we know. For mine was no singular case. Every issue

of AZOTH is of equally vital moment to some of us, thanks to Michael Whitty and his laboring robe.

That realization was so vital to me the following morning that I wrote Michael a letter telling him in detail my appreciation of that August number, and saying that it had revealed to me how truly he had found his laboring robe and how faithfully and well he had worn it. He told me afterward, with the quaint gentleness that grew upon him in his last days, that my letter had made him very happy at a time when he needed a pat on the back to atone for the insolent behavior of an Atlantic billow. He had ventured in bathing, unconscious of his extreme weakness, and had been bowled over on the sand and found himself for some minutes quite powerless to recover his feet or his breath, while the backwash strove alarmingly to swirl him seaward. We had some pregnant words on the mystery of laboring robes. And Michael tried hard for a time to continue the labors incidental to his own. But the Timekeeper insisted that his day's work was done.

Nevertheless the messenger of light that he created lives on, guided by other brains fully capable of continuing the AZOTH tradition. And there will always be brains and hands to carry on Michael Whitty's life work, with the co-operation of those for whom he designed it. Yes, and it came to me as a pregnant reminder of Michael Whitty's laboring robe when I learned the other day that this magazine and publishing company, fully equipped to continue a work of proved value but lacking the immediate capital to carry out its plans to increase circulation and reduce costs—like an excellent engine that lacks naught but fuel—desired its old stockholders and its newer friends to subscribe to a new issue of capital stock. While this privilege is offered as a tolerable investment to those who are interested in AZOTH'S mission, it seems to me to be something more than an investment. It seems to me to be a precious opportunity of service—of helping in a crisis to preserve and perpetuate the living stream that Michael Whitty struck from the rock with his staff. Friends, will you consider this *your* part of his work?

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The Caldron

To the Editor of AZOTH:

Dear Sir:

I have lately come into the occult fold and find the prospect most fascinating, but oh, I am so very ignorant! Not only am I at sea as to where to begin my own reading, but I have a most perplexing problem in what to offer to my children, for certainly I believe you will agree with me that occult training should begin as early in life as possible.

Noting from a careful reading of my first three copies that your magazine has a department devoted to discussion, I am writing to ask if, perhaps, I may have the benefit of advice from your readers as well as yourself through The Caldron.

Briefly, what I want is a list of books suitable for beginners in occultism, the beginners being aged eight years, fifteen years and thirty—the last named being myself. Remember we are *all* beginners, but eager to learn.

May I have a few suggestions in the *very next issue*?

MAMMACITA

To the Editor of AZOTH:

Sir:

Please permit me to state that Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, regarding whose recent pronouncements in the advertising columns of the press you comment upon in Azoth for March, does not speak for the Christian Science Movement. She was removed from membership in The Mother Church in 1909 for the following reasons: "First, working against the interests of members of the church who are not her followers and against the interests of this church. Second, persisting in teaching and practices which are contrary to Christian Science." Shortly after she severed her connection with First Church, New York City; since that time she has had no official relation whatsoever to the Christian Science organization.

Sincerely yours,

ALBERT R. GILMORE

EDITOR OF AZOTH:

In his recent somewhat abridged and elementary exposition in this column of the fourth dimension and its relation to the lower boundaries of matter the writer purposely refrained from endorsing the contention of some recent philosophers of the existence of a 4-dimensional hyper-space, which is in some mysterious way thought to be super-imposed to 3-dimensional space. Thus far every known experiment to arrive at, or even to demonstrate the plausibility of the existence of such space has resulted in more or less far-fetched and protracted syllogisms based on analogy extremely threadbare and not at all conclusive. The often attempted mathematical demonstration of such 4-dimensional hyper-space is even more easily disposed of, viz: it calls for a fourth axis which is at right angles to each of the known 3-dimensional axes, i. e. runs off in a fourth direction of space which is neither perceptible to the intellect, nor fathomable to the most sublime height of the imagination.

There is, in fact, no necessity for any such hyper-space as long as we transmute 4-dimensional existence into one within infinite time, thereby recognizing 4-dimensional matter and space as such of three dimensions within infinite duration, and finally granting the 4-dimensional axis to be identical with time extending from minus to plus eternal.

Recent accounts by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle of certain mediumistic experiments by Mme. Alexandre-Bisson and Baron von Schrenck-Notzing have shown that the medium's vital ether (ectoplasm) can be withdrawn from the body and made perceptible to human eyes and touch during trance conditions. This clearly suggests that the difference between the finer states of matter, or even between matter and spirit is one of attenuation (as between water and steam), rather, than of direction as the super-space theory would imply, the finer attenuations not being perceptible to our present physical senses under ordinary conditions.

To return, however, to the fourth dimension, we previously conceded it to be the home-abode of the Deity. The highest modern religious and scientific conceptions of this Deity particularly emphasize its immanence to the entire universe of space and matter, the latter being considered a medium of manifestation or physical projection into space of the God (spirit) within. In other words, the cleavage of the visible and invisible universe is not one of location (above and below), but of polarity within its minute (3-dimensional) atomic structure. The noumenal, life (spirit) pole and the phenomenal matter (form) pole, similar to the positive and negative poles of electricity, are expressions of the same cosmic energy. Matter, therefore, is identical with crystallized spirit, space with the same spirit not yet crystallized.

Thus 4-dimensional consciousness is the unbroken, universal and eternal consciousness of the spirit (God), or the ego (virgin spirit) in their home world before being differentiated therein by involution into matter. Our present 3-dimensional consciousness, however, is the limited, personal consciousness of the ego steeped into matter, causing its temporary inability to function in, or to recall the universal consciousness. While the latter finally constitutes an ever present state of a universal "here and now" along the infinite reaches of the 4-dimensional axis, with time non-existent, the former is the material and temporal consciousness along that infinitesimal fragment of the 4-dimensional axis called a human life.

Yours very truly,

JOHN E. RUNGE

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Foundations of Spiritualism, by W. Whateley Smith, Cloth, 123 pp., E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

At the recent Lambeth Conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury urged his hearers to adopt the attitude toward the spiritualistic theory taken by the author of this volume. Briefly, that attitude is that while there seems to be a certain amount of trustworthy evidence for survival, psychic research has not yet progressed to the point where it affords a secure foundation for such structures of a theological sort as Sir Conan Doyle's **The New Revelation**. With this opinion the present reviewer finds himself in sympathy, but he is willing to concede that it is only an opinion.

The book will be a labor-saver for busy people who seek to inform themselves as to the present state of human knowledge about survival. Part I is a digest, from many sources, of the various kinds of evidence that seem to demonstrate the persistence of human personality after the death of the physical body. Part II deals with the process of communication, and gives considerable space to the various difficulties encountered by psychic researchers. Part III presents the conclusions of the author, who says, in addition to what has already been mentioned as to the dangers of doctrinal interpretation, that the question of survival is one that should be studied by experts, not amateurs. With this conclusion every occultist who has had any experience of the dangers and illusions that beset the path of the worker in this field will be quite in accord.

P. F. C.

The Problems of Mediumship, by Alessandro Zymonidas, Cloth, 250 pp., E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The jacket on this book says it "is not intended for those who question the fact of man's survival or who do not acknowledge the reality of the spirit world." In other words, it is admittedly addressed to an audience of believers, of people already convinced. That is its professed intention, at any rate. Some readers may be disposed, after wading through its wearisome pages, to believe that it was written by a thorough-going believer in Lincoln's remark that some of the people can be fooled all of the time.

Mystery-mongering mars the whole work. The very identity of the writer is concealed. A note at the end of

the preface tells us that he was a Venetian Jew, but the whole book carries the ear-marks of quite another school of authorship, concerning which AZOTH has from time to time had occasion to warn its readers. "Alessandro Zymonidas" may have been an Italian Jew, but he writes like one who holds high office in the Universal Brotherhood.

Throughout the book the appeal is to the fears of the reader. Perhaps the most fantastic of these appeals is the description of the dangers of the "rainbow path." If Mr. Rider Haggard would pass this book through the alembic of his imagination, he could write an "occult" romance that would out "She" quite in the shade.

V. G. D.

Man's Unconscious Spirit, by Wilfrid Lay, Ph. D., Cloth, 335 pp., Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Dr. Lay attacks the problem of Spiritualism with the lance of psychoanalysis, and in his own estimation comes off victor. This opinion will doubtless be shared by those who have been dazzled by the glamour of the Freudian theory. There may be some, however, who will think Dr. Lay's interpretation of psychic phenomena is rather too much like that of the old Frenchman who exclaimed, as he watched a tight-rope performer, "It's nothing but mathematics—nothing else."

The book is well-written, and may be recommended to all students of occultism as a corrective for much of the sentimental gush that emanates from supposedly spiritual sources. Its whole argument, however, depends upon the validity of the Freudian theory, and there are many careful students of experimental psychology who are by no means prepared to accept that theory as an explanation of the whole range of occult phenomena. Plausible and interesting it may be, but it is, after all, but another version of the doctrine of Thomson Jay Hudson, which captured the attention of shallow thinkers for awhile, and then collapsed of its own weight.

P. F. C.

The Influence of Thought, by H. Ernest Hunt, Cloth, 238 pp., David McKay Co., Philadelphia.

The four sections of this excellent volume deal with **The Influence of Thought**, **Thought and Health**, **Thought and Wealth**, **Thought and Happiness**. Mr. Hunt has the knack

of illustration and comparison. His pages are full of sane instruction, sound philosophy, and the whole book is spiced with a kindly humor that makes it a pleasant companion as well as a wise teacher.

The principles with which it deals are not new. They are all familiar to students of Higher Thought. But there is a touch of originality in the presentation that makes this one of the books that is especially valuable for those who wish to introduce their friends to more advanced ways of thinking. For in it there is nothing of the faddish or the fantastic, although experienced occultists will here and there find hints that Mr. Hunt might say a great deal more about the deeper aspects of the Hidden Law, if he chose to do so.

Very wisely, however, he has resisted the temptation to display his esoteric knowledge, with the result that he has written a book that may safely be put in the hands of any but the narrowest sectarians. In a day when metaphysical writers are so likely to be either dry-as-dust or else to soar off into flights of vague mysticism, Mr. Hunt's happy, sensible presentation of some aspects of the influence of thought is more than welcome.

P. F. C.

Among other books received are *Spiritual Evolution*, a volume of thoughts on the evolution of spirit-life, and various other subjects, by Benjamin F. Woodcox (Woodcox and Fanner, Battle Creek, Mich.); *L'Amour et le Mariage*, a collection of quotations from the principal French writers who have said anything of importance on these themes of undying interest (Bibliothèque Chacornac, Paris); *The Burial of the Dead*, by W. H. F. Basevi, which develops the writer's rather fantastic theory of the origin of many burial-customs (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York); and *The Trinity of Life*, a short treatise on the relationship between spirit, soul and body, by Jean Berry and J. MacKenzie (The Knickerbocker Press, New York).

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