

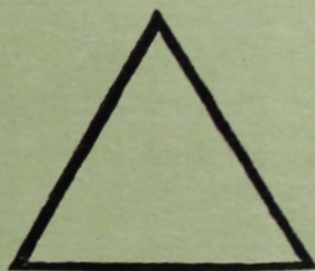
# The Divine Life

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*Clear as the moon; bright as the sun,  
and strong as an army with banners.*

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CELESTIA ROOT LANG



**To be divine!**  
**Or not to be;**  
***That's the question?***

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# THE DIVINE LIFE

A Magazine of the Soul

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CELESTIA ROOT LANG, Editor and Publisher.

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## THE TWO PATHS.

Thou, who wast disciple, art Teacher now.  
Thou hast made the Great Renunciation;  
Thou hast rent the veil, thou art now to teach  
The Greater doctrine, thou hast crossed the abyss  
Of matter, to the opposite shore of Spirit.  
Thou art enlightened, thou art a Buddha!<sup>1</sup>  
And now, O Teacher of Compassion, point thou  
The way to other men. Behold, all those  
Who are knocking for admission, await  
In ignorance and darkness to see the gate  
Of the Sweet Law, the Heart Doctrine, flung open.

Shalt not thou, Master of thine own Mercy,  
Unveil the Doctrine of the Heart, Shalt thou,  
Heart of Love, refuse to lead thy pupils, unto  
The Path of Liberation?

Quoth the Teacher:

The Paths are two, who shall approach them  
Who shall first enter them? Who shall first hear  
The doctrine of the two Paths in one, the Truth  
Unveiled about the "Secret Heart." The Law  
Which, shunning learning, teaches Wisdom,  
Reveals a tale of woe. Alas, Alas,  
That all men should possess Alaya,  
Be one with the Universal Soul, and that,  
Possessing it, for want of knowledge,  
Alaya should so little avail them.

Behold, how, like the moon, reflected  
In the tranquil waves, Alaya is reflected

---

<sup>1</sup>Enlightened.

By the small and by the great, is mirrored  
In the tiniest atoms, yet fails to reach  
The heart of all. Alas, that so few men  
Should profit by the gift, the priceless boon  
Of learning the Truth, the right perception  
Of existing things, and the knowledge  
Of the non-existent?

Saith the pupil:

O Teacher, what shall I do to reach Wisdom?  
O Wise one, What, to attain perfection?

Search for the Paths. But, O Pupil,  
Be thou of clean heart before thou startest  
On thy journey. Ere thou takest thy first step,  
Learn to discern the *real* from the *false*,  
The everfleeting from the everlasting.  
Learn above all, to separate Head-learning  
From Soul-wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart" doctrine.

Yea, ignorance is like unto a closed  
And airless vessel; the soul, a bird shut up  
Within; it warbles not, neither, can it  
Stir a feather; but the songster, mute  
And torpid sits, and of exhaustion dies.  
But ignorance is better than Head-learning  
With no Soul-wisdom to illumine and guide.  
The seeds of Wisdom cannot sprout and grow  
In airless space; to live and reap experience  
The mind needs breadth and depth, and points  
To draw it toward the Diamond Soul.  
Seek not these points in Maya's realm, but soar  
Beyond illusion, search the eternal  
And changeless SAT, the one absolute  
Reality, all the rest being illusion.



Seek, Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul.  
Shun ignorance, and likewise illusion.  
Avert thy face from World deceptions;  
Mistrust thy senses. But within thy body—  
The shrine of thy sensations—seek thou,  
In the Impersonal for the “Eternal Man.”  
And having sought him out, look inward:  
When thou hast *found* him, thou art a Buddha!

Shun praise. Praise leads to self delusion;  
Thy body is not Self, thy Self is without  
A body, praise or blame affects it not.  
False learning is rejected by the Wise,  
And scattered to the wind by the Good Law.  
Its wheel revolves for all; humble and proud,  
The “Doctrine of the Eye,” is for the masses,  
The “Doctrine of the Heart,” for the elect, those  
Who have entered the Nirvanic stream.  
The first repeat in pride; “Behold, I know,”  
The last lowly confess, “Thus have I *become*.”

Great Sifter, is the name of the Heart Doctrine.  
The wheel of the Good Law moves swiftly on.  
It grinds by night and day. The worthless  
Husks it drives from out the golden grain,  
The refuse from the flower; the hand  
Of Karma guides the wheel; its revolutions  
Mark the beatings of the karmic heart.  
True knowledge is the flour, false learning  
Is the husk. If thou wouldst eat the bread  
Of Wisdom, thy flour thou must knead  
With Amrita’s<sup>1</sup> clear waters. But if thou  
Kneadest husks with Maya’s dew, thou canst

---

<sup>1</sup>Immortality.

Create but food for the black doves of death,  
The birds of birth, decay, and sorrow.

If thou art told that to become a Buddha  
Thou hast to cease to love all beings, tell them  
They err. If thou art told that, to gain  
Liberation, thou hast to hate thy father  
And mother, and to disregard thy son;  
For man and beast all pity to renounce,—  
Tell them their tongue is false; if thou art taught  
That sin is born of action, and bliss  
Of inaction, then tell them they err.  
Non-permanence of human action;  
The deliverance of the soul from thralldom;  
By the cessation of sin and faults, are not  
For "Deva Egos." Such the "Doctrine of the Heart."

The Doctrine of the "Eye" is the embodiment  
Of the external and the non-existing.  
The Doctrine of the "Heart" the embodiment  
Of Wisdom, the permanent and lasting.  
Both action and inaction, may find room  
In thee; thy body agitated, mind tranquil,  
Thy soul is limpid as a mountain lake.  
Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruit.  
Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes  
An action in a deadly sin. Saith the Sage.

Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain  
Thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvana  
One must reach Self-Knowledge; knowledge of Self  
Is of loving deeds the child. Think not, that  
Rending flesh and muscle, will unite thee  
To thy "silent Self"; think not when the sins



Of thy gross form are conquered, O Victim  
Of thy shadows,<sup>2</sup> thy duty is accomplished.  
The blessed ones have scorned to do so.

Have patience, Candidate, as one who fears  
No failure, courts no success. Fix thy soul's gaze  
Upon the star whose ray thou art. Persevere  
As one who doth for evermore endure.

Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee  
Shall live for ever, which in thee *knows*,  
For it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life;  
It is the man that was, that is, and will be,  
The man for whom the hour shall never strike.  
If thou would'st reap sweet peace and rest,  
Disciple, sow with seeds of merit the fields  
Of future harvest. Accept the woes of birth  
And 'neath the karmic eye, weave in the end  
The fabric of the three vestures of the Path.

The first, 'tis true, can purchase light eternal  
This robe alone gives the Nirvana,—  
The destruction of personality;  
It stops rebirth, but O disciple  
It also kills—compassion—No longer  
Can the perfect Buddha, who dons this robe  
Glorified, help man's salvation, Alas!  
Shall SELVES be sacrificed to *Self*; mankind  
Unto the weal of units? Know, beginner  
This is the *Open* PATH, the way to bliss  
Shunned by Buddha's of the "Secret Heart,"  
The Buddha's of Compassion. But to don  
The First robe, is to forego eternal bliss  
For *SELF*; to help on man's salvation.  
Robe the Second, to reach Nirvana's bliss

---

<sup>2</sup>Personalities.

To renounce it, is the supreme final step,—  
The highest on Renunciation Path.  
Know, O Disciple, this is the *Secret PATH*,  
Selected by the Buddha's of perfection,  
Who sacrificed the Self to weaker Selves.  
From the bud of Renunciation  
Of the Self, springs the fruit, Liberation.  
The selfish devotee lives to no purpose.

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,  
Lost among the host—as does the star  
To those who tread their path in darkness.  
Be, O disciple, like them; give light  
And comfort to the toiling pilgrim.  
Seek out him that knows less than thou, who  
In his wretched desolation sits starving  
For the bread of Wisdom, without a teacher,  
Hope, or consolation,—let him hear the Law.  
Perfection, may loom far away; the first step  
Is taken, the Nirvanic stream is entered;  
He may gain the eye-sight of the eagle,  
And the hearing of the timid doe.

Tell him, O Aspirant, *that true devotion*  
May bring him back the knowledge, that knowledge  
Which was his in former births. Deva<sup>1</sup>-sight  
And hearing, are not obtained in one short birth.  
Be humble, if thou would'st obtain Wisdom;  
And humbler still when thou hast attained.  
No Arhan, becomes one in that birth  
When first the Soul begins to long  
For final liberation; and yet know  
O thou anxious one, not one recruit

---

<sup>1</sup>Divine.



Can ever be refused the right, to enter  
The Path that leads to the field of battle.  
For either he shall win,—or he shall fall.  
Yea, if he conquers, Nirvana shall be his,  
Ere he casts his shadow off his mortal coil,  
In him will men a holy Buddha honor.  
And if he falls, he does not fall in vain  
The enemies he slew in the last battle  
Will not return the next birth that will be his.

Know that the Buddha who Liberation  
Changes for Renunciation, dons the robe  
Of the "Secret Heart," is called thrice honored.  
The PATH is one, yet in the end two-fold,  
For the One becomes the two, the *Open*  
And the *Secret*. The first one leads to the goal,  
Bliss immediate, the Second leadeth  
To Self-Sacrifice,—and bliss deferred.

Thus the OPEN Path is Liberation;  
Path the second is,—RENUNCIATION,  
And therefore is called the PATH of WOE.  
But it is said, The last shall be the greatest.  
The Teacher of Perfection, gave up his SELF;  
Bliss deferred, for the salvation of the world.

The *Secret* Path leads the Arhan to woe  
Unspeakable;—woe for the living Dead,  
And pity for the men of karmic sorrow;  
The *fruit* of Karma, Sages dare not still.  
For it is written: "Teach to eschew all causes;  
The ripple of effect, as the great  
Tidal wave, thou shalt let run its course."

Thou hast the knowledge of the two Paths.  
Thy time will come for choice, thou of eager Soul,

When thou hast passed the Seven Portals.  
Sweet are the fruits of Rest and Liberation,  
For the sake of SELF; but sweeter still  
The fruits of long and bitter duty. Aye,  
Renunciation, for the sake of others.  
When to the Permanent is sacrificed  
The Mutable, the prize is thine; the drop  
Returneth to the Ocean whence it came.

The Buddha, who has won the battle  
Who holds the prize within his palm, yet says  
In his divine Compassion; "For others' sake  
This great reward I yield;"—accomplishes  
The greater Renunciation.—BEHOLD:  
A SAVIOUR OF HUMANITY IS HE.

Path the first the goal of Bliss. The *Second*  
The long path of woe; bliss at the further end.  
Thou canst, O Aspirant to Sorrow,  
Choose either, throughout the coming cycles!

---

O take my hand in Thine! I'm but a child,  
Learning the first lessons in Thy kingdom,  
I cannot walk alone; although the Path  
I see, threads its way through Paramitas,  
Six in number, which I now have passed,  
The seventh looms in sight, its lofty top  
Bathed in light Nirvanic—beckons me  
To a renewed effort; for, 'tis the Path  
The Masters' trod, with torn and bleeding feet,  
The Path beyond all human knowledge,  
The path of deva-wisdom, lighted  
By one fire, the flame of divine Love,  
Burning in the chamber of the heart



Of the sturdy Pilgrims who dare to climb  
To the lofty top; its ray threads back  
To hearts where the light shines not at all.  
To those, who sitting in darkness, heed not  
The words of wisdom, neither, can they  
Perceive it, for all is dark within,  
Till the first gray light of dawn appears  
In the darkened soul, to light the pilgrim  
On his way; this star, watched and worshiped  
Will brighter grow, as he threads his way  
Along the spiritu'l path of *becoming*,  
The path of individual unfoldment.

---

Some might ask, and particularly members of the Theosophical Society, by what authority I write these things or publish them? I answer, the One that opened my inner eyes to *see* these truths gave me the authority to reveal them to as many as are prepared to receive them.

The Path, of Individual *Spiritual* unfoldment, whose foot rests in mire, begins on the physical plane and winds uphill through all the seven principles or *individual* planes of being, its summit lost in glorious light Nirvanic.

Not only is, *heaven, within* you, but also seven planes of being and each individual soul is acting on his or her own plane of development. The astral and psychic planes are *within* you, and the soul does not have to leave the body to act on these planes, any more than it does to act on the mind plane. Each Principle is correlated to certain rates of vibration, from the lowest to the highest and the distance between the two is immense; the higher the rate of vibration the greater the spirituality. Hence in Individual *Spiritual* unfoldment the soul is continually rising into higher rates of vibration and higher states of consciousness until it reaches the Nirvanic.



One does not need to go outside of his own individual being to experience all these states of consciousness, which may also be expressed in terms of rates of vibration. The terms consciousness and vibration, seem cold and unattractive, but really they are the terms of knowledge, love and wisdom, as it is only through knowledge that the soul can rise to wisdom or the Nirvanic state. Hence the failure of certain processes for individual *spiritual* development. The soul cannot be forced into certain states of spiritual knowledge and wisdom, it has to *become*.

To think of the great prize, "The Pearl of greatest price," that is hidden within Nature's kingdom, this is the "treasure" of which Jesus speaks in the parable, the treasure hidden in a field, which the finder thereof, went and sold all that he had and bought *that* field. But few there are to-day who care to search for the field or the treasure. All those parables that fell from the lips of the Blessed Master, Jesus, fit into the Theistic system like the pieces of a mosaic, or the notes of a grand symphony.

---

At times, when I am in the higher vibration endeavoring to translate into language the soundless sound, another wave of the wordless sound, on a lower vibration, will come in, and for a time deflect my power of concentration, while I am not able to translate the lower wave it interferes with the trend of the first, and I must wait until it has passed before I can get back to the first.

The law of action and reaction obtains on the higher planes of vibration the same as on the lower. One cannot remain in the highest rate of vibration only for a certain length of time, one cannot *live* in that rate day after day while in the body. That is, one cannot live "in the Spirit" without being obliged to descend to a lower rate of vibration, for about the same length of time that it remained



in the higher, before it is able to again ascend. Hence, it is under the law of action and reaction, or ebb and flow. It is only for an interval that Nature can be still.

---

Not *my* will, but Thine be done. 'Tis not for the drop to say what the ocean may do. I cannot take up the broken thread of yesterday, join it to that of to-day, carry it on and weave it into the fabric, but Thou seest the pattern from the beginning, and Thou knowest just where to take up the thread and join it, that the pattern may be complete.

My writings seem more like one writing to himself; however, Emerson says, "He that writes to himself, writes to an eternal public." Again I am aware of the fact that there is often repetition, but, "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little" is necessary before the soul may comprehend and may remember, it must be experienced over and over again.

"The man may teach by doing, and not otherwise. If he can communicate *himself*, he can teach, *but not by words*. He teaches who gives, and he learns who receives. There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place; he is you, and you are he; then is a teaching, and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit. But your *propositions* run out of one ear as they run in at the other. That statement only is fit to be made public which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity" your own innate growth in the search for Truth.

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## THE PSYCHIC FIELD.

I see thousands of souls on the psychic plane that are ready for the "bread of life" if there were only some one



to break it to them; indeed, the fields are white for helpers needed at this time to work in the Master's vineyard. But what are the helpers doing! Those who style themselves "divine healers?"—they are gathering spoil—without regard to suffering humanity. These will awaken some day and find their "spoil" is but dust and ashes.

However, they need not flatter themselves, nor call themselves *divine* healers, until *they themselves* have reached the divine plane of consciousness; had they reached that plane they would not be gathering spoil,—the *divine give*.

I have received letters from several persons on the psychic plane; who are bewildered by the deceptive sights and sounds, and who think they have reached great heights, in fact, "are far advanced on the Path;"—they *have* attained great heights, looking backward, but forward, they are only at the beginning of the way; the *divine* sight and hearing loom far in the distance.

This article is intended as a reply to those letters in a general way, but in doing this, I am not setting myself up as a teacher; however, having experienced every step of the way, I may be able to give some glints that will be helpful. I know how tacitly the psychic holds to these illusions, and there is nothing but outgrowing or displacing them that will loosen his hold.

The psychic must remember that the soul while in the body, during its evolution, has to learn all these lessons by experience the same as a child; it has to learn to express itself on all the different planes through which it passes, and its power of expressing the spiritual state is so inhibited by the individual, that its knowledge may be but error as it progresses. Some souls are born into this life already on the psychic plane, hence are psychics from childhood. The psychic faculty of clairvoyance, or clairau-



dience is not a "gift" but a point of evolution attained in a previous birth, hence a born psychic is that much in advance of the soul that awakens for the first time in this present life, but such psychics for the want of knowledge often misuse the faculty and it becomes a deterrent rather than a help on the Path; in either case, the soul has entered the astral plane, vibration, or consciousness, which is the plane next above the material or mind plane, and consists of a subtle order of matter. When an individual turns his attention to the higher life and desires intensely to find the way, his soul has begun to awaken and to express itself. It has heard the voice of the Higher Ego, and the soul has turned its attention to the astral plane, *not outside of the body*, however, that being the next one to be learned on its way upward; its energy is transferred from the material plane to this one and we have an influx of many confusing dreams, sights, and strange experiences, awake and asleep; and this is the point where the individual needs to grapple with these strange experiences, *which his own soul is passing through*; he needs to summon all his reason and logic to aid him in dispersing these illusions.

Perhaps the first point to settle is this: Are these sights and sounds and new experiences *within* your own being? or, are they extraneous? It may take some time to settle this point, as there is a mental hallucination accompanying these experiences which permits the mind to fasten upon any plausible cause; disincarnate spirits, for instance, is apt to be the first and the most tenacious, until the mind recognizes that *it* is not the only intelligence inhabiting its house of clay—until it recognizes its duality—the soul and the personal self. When the mind and the reason decides that this experience is not outside of itself, then, the first *delusion*, that of disincarnate spirits as the



*cause* of the phenomenon is dispersed. All these delusions are foes to the soul's *real* progress in developing the inner senses, for as these inner faculties develop they must be used, in expressing the inner life, in forming sentences, essays, poems; and it will not be long ere the individual ascertains the poverty of his own soul, the paucity of its store of knowledge, as all our power and genius are the storage of the past.

When the reason has conquered the delusion, that these communications come from disincarnate spirits—be sure to bar the door of the mind and never again entertain the idea for a moment.

We will next take up seeing objects in the astral of every description, beautiful temples, landscapes, whole villages in fact. Now let us reason together; when the individual sees these things in the astral, in a *waking state*, he *knows* that he is in his own body, that is, his soul has *not* left his body, as some claim it does in dreams, then, it follows that the temples, beautiful buildings and landscapes, are compacted within the space of his own soul, as ever changing pictures within his own aura; the body being cataleptic, the senses paralyzed by sleep, the psychic sight or power of seeing is able to see objects, or rather pictures of objects, in the astral. And here is another point to be noted; the general impression is, that, to enter the astral, the soul leaves the body, not so, the astral in the individual is the second of the seven principles or planes of being which the soul must compass in its evolution in order to gain consciousness on all planes.

In considering these matters, one ought always to keep in mind the three plain distinctions, of *physical*, *psychical* and *spiritual*, *always remembering that the last contains the other two*. All the astral sights and sounds are of the psychical nature, which is partly material and



therefore very deceptive. But all are necessary stages of consciousness for the soul to pass through, for they are, they exist within one's own being.

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## THE EPIC OF "JOB."

### SYNOPSIS.

Personages: Job, a candidate for the Perfect Life. Satan; passions incarnate, which Job has to meet and conquer on the Path. The Lord, the God of Job's personal self. God: Job's Higher Self. Job's three Friends.

#### Scene I.

Job, in his stronghold of Personality, surrounded by all that self could desire.

#### Scene II.

The Personal Self, Job's Lord, called the attention of Satan to his perfect servant, Job.

#### Scene III.

Job, stripped of his worldly possessions, sitting in ashes, still holding on with blind integrity to his God, the Personal Self.

#### Scene IV.

Job's Argument with his three Friends.

#### Scene V.

Job's surrender of the Personal Self.

#### Scene I and II.

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name  
Was Job; that man was perfect and upright,  
And one that feared God, and eschewed evil. \* \* \*  
Now there was a day when the sons of God  
Came to present themselves before the Lord;  
And Satan came also among them.

The Lord

Said unto Satan: Whence comest *thou*?

Satan

Answered the Lord: From going to and fro  
In the earth, and walking up and down in it!

The Lord

Said unto Satan: Hast thou considered  
My servant Job? That there is *none* like him  
In the earth, a perfect and upright man,  
One that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

Satan

Answered the Lord and said: Doth Job fear God  
For naught? Hast thou not made a hedge about him?  
And about his house, and all that he hath?  
On every side. Thou hast blessed, all the work  
Of his hands, and his substance increased  
In the land; put forth thine hand now and touch  
All that he hath; he will curse thee to thy face!

The Lord.

Said unto Satan: Behold, all that he hath  
Is in thy power; only upon *himself*  
Put not forth thine hand!

From thence Satan

Went forth from the presence of the Lord.  
And brought every physical disaster  
To bear upon Job:—loss of property,  
Sons and daughters; only a servant left  
Alone, to tell the story of disaster!

Job

Arose, rent his mantle, and shaved his head,  
And fell down upon the ground and worshiped!<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>His God, the personal self.



Scene III.

Again there was a day, when the sons of God  
Came to present themselves before the Lord;  
And Satan came also among them,  
To present himself before the Lord!

The Lord

Said unto Satan: From whence comest *thou*?

Satan

Answered the Lord: From going to and fro  
In the earth, walking up and down in it!

The Lord

Said unto Satan: Hast thou considered  
My servant Job? that there is *none* like him  
In the earth, a perfect and upright man,  
One that feareth God, and escheweth evil  
And still he holdeth fast his integrity,  
Although thou movest me against him,  
To destroy him without cause!

And Satan

Answered the Lord and said: Skin for skin, yea,  
All that a man hath will he give for his life.  
Put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone,  
And his flesh; and he will curse thee to thy face!

The Lord

Said unto Satan: He is in thine hand,  
But save his life.

Again went Satan forth  
From the presence of the Lord, and smote Job  
With sore boils, from the sole of his foot  
Unto his crown.

Then said Job's wife unto him,  
Dost thou still retain thine integrity?  
Curse God and die!

But Job said unto her,  
Thou speakest as one of the foolish women;  
Shall we receive good at the hands of God,  
And shall we not receive evil, also?  
In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

#### Scene IV.

When Job's three friends heard of all this evil  
That had come upon him, they came every one  
To mourn with him; and to comfort him.  
So they sat down with him upon the ground,  
Seven days, and seven nights, and none spake  
For they saw that his grief was very great.

#### Job

After this, opened his mouth and cursed his day.  
"Let that day perish wherein I was born;  
Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it  
From above, neither let light shine upon it.  
Wherefor, is light given unto a man  
In misery, and life to the bitter in the soul?  
Why is light given unto a man whose way  
Is hidden, and whom God hath hedged in?"

#### Eliphaz *spoke*.

Behold, *thou* hast instructed many,  
Thou hast also strengthened the weak hands;  
Thy words upholden him that was falling,  
And thou hast strengthened the feeble knees:  
But now, it came upon thee, thou faintest;  
It touched *thee*, and thou art troubled.  
Who ever perished, being innocent!  
Or where were the righteous ever cut off?  
I have seen, they that do plow iniquity  
And sow unto wickedness, reap the same.  
By the blast of the mouth of God they perish;  
By the breath of his nostrils are they consumed.



Shall mortal man be more just than God?  
Shall a man be more pure than his maker?  
Behold he put no trust in his servants,  
And his angels, he charged with folly:  
How much less in them, that dwell in houses  
Of clay,<sup>1</sup> whose foundation is in the dust.  
Which are crushed before the moth, they are  
Destroyed from morning to evening,  
They perish without any regarding it.  
Doth not their excellency,<sup>2</sup> which is in them  
Go away; they die even without wisdom.  
Call now, if there be any that will answer,  
And to whom of the saints wilt thou turn?  
Happy is the man whom God correcteth,  
Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.

Job.

Did I say, bring unto me? or give me  
A reward for me, of your substance? or, to  
Deliver me from the enemy's hand, or,  
Redeem me from the hand of the Mighty?  
Teach me, and I will hold my tongue; cause  
Me to understand wherein I have erred.  
How forcible are right words! but what doth  
Your argument reprove; which are as wind.  
*My righteousness I hold fast, and will not  
Let it go; my heart shall not reprove me.*

Zopher spoke.

Then answered Zopher: Knowest thou not  
This of old, since man was placed upon earth  
That the triumphing of the wicked<sup>1</sup> is short  
The joy of the hypocrite, for a moment?

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<sup>1</sup>The shadow or personality.

<sup>2</sup>The soul.



I have uttered that I understood not,  
Things too wonderful for me, that I knew not.  
Hear, now, I beseech Thee, and I will speak;  
I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear,  
But now, mine eye *seeth* Thee: Wherefore  
I abhor *myself* and repent in dust and ashes.

When Job surrendered the personal self,  
Then, God turned *the captivity of Job*,  
And gave him twice as much as he had before.

---

## THE THROES OF THE SOUL: HUMAN AND DIVINE.

To my human perception, it seems an unutterable longing, after days of repose, to hear the voice of the Silence, the Soundless Sound, that it may again form into words and sentences; that the fount may be reopened from which speech flows; that the uncreate may become create; that the mind may again become united to the Silent Speaker.

The throes of the Soul, on the part of the divine Ego—maybe—the desire for expression through the senses. When the human soul, or ego, knows its divine Self, and the twain become one, what mysteries it is able to disclose; but the soul must first know its higher Self or Ego before it can know the ALL SELF; it must have passed through the seven planes of being and become master of the seven rates of vibration. It must have become a pure soul released from the impurities of the body, able to enter into the higher rates of vibration, or states of consciousness, the seat of knowledge. Then, when it speaks it will speak a common language; the voice will be sweet and rhythmic to the ear, like the sound of many waters, or the gentle waves idly kissing the pebbles



along the beach. It will be the breath of Love, the radiator and the radiation, "the eye being single the body will be full of light" radiating love and harmony. O if we could know our own soul, how great it is; its least *pure* manifestation fills the human ego with rapture, with love which radiates through every fiber of his being; it new dates every experience and casts a glow over the past; sets at naught old claims and lives only in the present moment; it brushes the accumulated dust from the mirror of memory and gives a glint of the ages, and ages, through which it has lived. If the soul could speak without the mind's limitations, it would renovate Metaphysics, and relegate the theory of the sub-conscious mind. It would new date and newly create mediumship and the whole theory of Spiritualism.

How do we know but the souls of the Fox Sisters were among the *first* that began to function on the astral plane, and to desire expression in the sense world on the lower plane of vibration to which the astral is correlated; and was not this the beginning of the manifestation of the psychic wave which has steadily increased in volume during the last half century? What is the psychic wave, if it is not composed of incarnate souls, who, in point of their evolution have reached the psychic-astral plane? As every step in advance is the sequence of the law of evolution and its complement, Reincarnation, and souls entering the astral had not yet developed only in a limited degree, the faculties of the soul, only the lower, course, psychic and mental energies. And in using these energies in the act of communication the ignorant medium is deluded into supposing that the communication is from without, when it comes from the medium's own soul or ego functioning, seeing or hearing, on the astral plane, and reporting the same. And the soul itself must also be



deluded, for as yet, it knows no higher plane, its *own spiritual* powers being undeveloped.

It would change the whole aspect of mediumship, were it known that the ignorant and impure soul of the medium was the agent functioning on the astral plane; and held from further progress in evolution by the low curiosity, love of the marvelous, and ignorance of the medium and low rate of vibration; until, it becomes the tool of the medium and the victim of its own propensities it loses all regard for truth and its hold on the Higher Ego. Thus the human soul or personal self, may become the destroyer of its *own soul*, for this incarnation, and the shadow destroy the substance.

The soul on the lower planes of vibration, even to the psychic-astral, cannot see these things until it has passed through the divine-astral and developed its own *spiritual* powers, the five *Inner* senses, and with it, the hard-earned knowledge—Wisdom heaven-born.

It is a misapprehension to suppose that the soul, the reincarnating ego, is all wise, or all good, or all seeing; it has to gain its wisdom by experience, and rising into higher states of consciousness; all the time purifying itself from the illusions of the senses; gathering itself into itself, and making this separation from the body by purifying the body and bringing it under its control, until the soul<sup>1</sup> is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled.

Then, we have one who is master of the seven planes of vibration *within* himself; we have the solution of the problem of a Buddha, one who is enlightened, as the Blessed Master, Jesus, who had himself passed through the knowledge of all misery, and entered the state of faultless vision; where he saw *souls* in all the different stages

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<sup>1</sup>Manas.



or states of development; where the unenlightened see only human beings.

The soul measures distance by vibration; it may come into a rate of vibration where it perceives no distance between itself and Jesus, or the Masters, it enters a vibration of its own nature, the *real*, the divine, the immortal. And then again the soul being in a higher rate of vibration it may feel an immense distance between itself and one with whom it is conversing.

In the higher Metaphysics, the time is coming when the phrase, sub-conscious mind, will be gazetted, and the *real*, *soul-consciousness*, will take its place. Some of the alleged results of the Society for Psychical Research have been already modified in view of the discovery of new and hitherto unknown facts. The mind is the slayer of the *real*, and the student of hidden lore has to learn to slay the slayer. And master all the mental changes in the self. And slay the army of thought sensations and allow no image of the senses to get between him and the Soul's bright shine.

It becomes us, as students of these great truths, to realize from the beginning our limitations and ignorance, and never use our knowledge as a standard by which we may dogmatize, all we can do is to point out the way.

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### CHRISTOS.

So long as my Higher Self, fills my soul with thoughts  
divine,

I will be His devotee, and lowly bow at His shrine.  
So long as my devotion, to my *inner* God seems meet,  
sweet,

I will be His devotee, and lowly bow at His feet.

So long as my Higher Self, fills the void in my soul  
complete,

I will be His devotee, and lowly bow at His feet.

So long as my devotion, to my issue God seems meet,

I will be His devotee; lay my treasures at His feet.

So long, as the Master, in the Hall of Wisdom I may meet,  
I will bring my daily offering, and lay it at His feet.

So long as the Master, within me, notes every heart beat,  
I will be His devotee, and lay my face at His feet.

The only prayer, my soul's devotion can offer to Thee,  
Is the prayer, that Thou wouldst reveal Thyself unto me.

Call it the Master, Lord, or, Universal Soul, as it may be,  
The Christos, the Over-Soul, it makes no difference, to me.

---

### THE LOVE BETWEEN THE HUMAN, AND DIVINE SOUL.

The Human Soul, *Speaks.*

I have a lover, who is all my own,  
He speaks to *me* in the sweetest tone.

I rest my head on Thy breast, alone,  
And whisper love words to *Thee*;  
For Thou art all the world to me.

Thou art ever within my reach,  
It needs only the softest speech  
To bring *Thee* close to my side  
Where thou dost forever abide.

When my heart o'erflows with grief,  
At thy *feet*, I find relief.

When my cry meets thy list'ning ear,  
Thou art present with words of cheer.



When my loved friends depart;  
Leave an aching void in my heart,  
Then thou comest so soft and still,  
The sad and lonely void to fill.  
Thou bringest to *me* words of balm,  
Thou layest my cheek in Thy palm;  
And whisper'st to me: "To be still  
And bow to heaven's sweet will;  
Thine *own* lover, *love* thee still."

1904.

### After My Western Trip.

I have come back to my lover,  
My lover has come back to *me*,  
Therein lies a sweet mystery,  
Which I never can explain,  
Nor from hinting to it, refrain.

Oh! the outer world *is so* sweet,  
The mountains and rivers complete;  
But the scenic world sinks to naught  
Compared with the sweeter *inner* thought.

My husband, can't be *jealous*, you see  
Because this lover of mine, he cannot see,  
For, He is not visible, *even to me*.  
Neither, does he come at my call,  
He comes of His own sweet will, if at all,  
This higher will unknown to me  
Cannot be fettered. *It* is free.  
"Soul! I am *you*, and you are *me*,  
But *this*, the outer world cannot see.  
Working for the undeveloped soul's need  
In time, *you* will receive full meed."

O could this human brain become attuned to vibrate at thy touch, or in unison with Thee; then would be revealed knowledge such as my soul craves; but now, Thou canst only communicate what my human mind has experienced and recorded in its mysterious chambers; this, Thou canst light up at times, spots here and there, while the alchemist *within* the brain working swiftly catches these glimpses and recreates and we have, woven out of the dead facts of the past, a new creation, an essay or poem.

---

### THE INVISIBLE ARTIST.

Imagine the brain,—I know no better word,—of the Higher Ego composed of millions of more convolutions than our human brain contains; staccatoed with facts and flashlight pictures from the experience of the personal Ego gathered through countless lives in the body, the shrine of its sensations. We will imagine the process of creating an article out of this stored material of knowledge.

Close to the central heart of life, on any plane, there is knowledge, and each soul on the material plane must weave the fabric out of the material stored in the human brain as it lacks access to the superhuman store until it is united to its higher Self the seat of knowledge.

We will call the divine creator, Intuition, on the lower planes; we say creator, because the knowledge stored in the Higher Self is uncreate; it requires the hand of the unseen artist to create the pattern and weave the fabric. This divine artist we will term the Silent Thinker, to which the mind of the individual must be united, just as the form to which the clay is modeled is first united with the potter's mind.

We can imagine the artist sitting at the "center" with the plan or outline of the poem or prose before him; and



the individual on the visible side oblivious of all sensation, save guiding the thread by the aid of the faithful pen.

The invisible artist being in the higher vibration works rapidly—the materials are within reach—ready to hand—to fill out the pattern; the artist just behind the screen where the individual sits transcribing the message which is passing through his brain, not knowing what the next sentence will be. *Two* operating as one, only dual in that a screen hides the invisible artist. And now, as regards the completed work, that which was formless and uncreate has been created, cast in a new form, either poem or prose.

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## SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(FROM MANY SHRINES.)

O Thou who art still creating, rejoicing at Thy task, let Thy love and Thy wisdom dwell together in me unto the unity that means a perfected nature! May all my thoughts be hallowed in the life of a true love, as a heart beating within them! May all my words have the charm of being born of love and its truth, rejoicing together in a perfect unity! With a great affection for service, I would consecrate all knowledge. With a great desire to sweeten life, I would consecrate all doing. With a great passion for purifying and ennobling the earth, I would consecrate my living. Not to acquire the useless and stifle true life would be my earth's. I would be my utmost for the joy Thou canst so take in me. I would use the utmost of my life's talent, for the joy singing in their hearts, when my fellows of this pilgrimage awaken to the enchantment of a life born of love and truth. I would love utterly through all the truth of my nature that Thou in a great fullness of joy may live and move and have Thy being in me, even as I in Thee live and love and am. Amen.

"Behold, the Christ." To me, it seems to answer through the "Blessed One," all the questions that Jesus in me has asked these fifteen years. *"My speech voices thy*



*inmost desire.*" So much real satisfaction has come to me through reading it again and again, and each time with *renewed perception*, that I could not seem to stop long enough to tell you. \* \* \* I send out a heart filled with gratitude to you who are able to so clearly define "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." In all Love.—Mrs. J. B. G.

As *The Divine Life* is the magazine of the Soul, and having received several poems from those just entering the inner or soul life, "The Kingdom of God," I have decided to give them space under the heading of The Department of the Soul, for the purpose of encouraging and helping such in their soul growth; as we all have to *enter* the kingdom as "little children," and the soul has to grow and develop its faculties, the same as on the material plane; how proud the child is of its first essay, just so with the soul, its first rhythmic expression fills it with awe, devotion, and delight, and the initiated recognizes in it the touch of the divine, and as coming from the realm of Spirit it is worthy of publication, however crude it may seem to the cultured intellect of those who are still spiritually blind, whose souls have not *yet awakened*; not yet heard the inner voice, the voice of the Higher Ego.

"And they shall all be taught of God." How incredible that sentence appears to the intellect, and yet how absolutely true it is to those who have entered the higher consciousness and receive instruction from the Higher Self—their *inner* God; *each* soul as it comes into the inner consciousness being taught of God, in time as they come in, they shall *all* be taught. How sweet it is to be taught of God. When one has developed the inner sight, then, they will understand the symbolism and see how perfectly it all blends and unites into one harmonious whole. Jesus was master of symbolism and it is wonderful, surpassing human speech, to see by the inner sight, into how many forms of rhetoric he has molded it.



The human soul, the thinking ego, may unfold without religion or devotion and reach the intellectual heights on this side of the "stream," but it cannot cross to "the other shore" without devotion; as devotion is the barque that carries it across, and from the pilgrims who have reached the threshold on the other shore comes back the refrain, Praise God in the Highest.

. . . . .

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