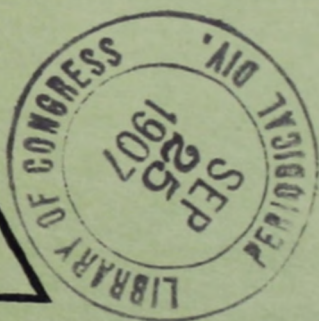
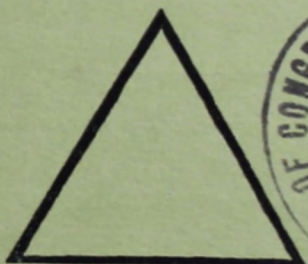


The Divine Life

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

CELESTIA ROOT LANG



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

Published each month at 4109 Vincennes Ave., Chicago

One Dollar a Year

Foreign, One Twenty-five

Ten Cents a Copy

Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. XI

THE DIVINE LIFE

A Magazine of the Soul

Vol. I.

September, 1907.

No. XI

CELESTIA ROOT LANG, Editor and Publisher.

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THE SEVEN GATES.

Even before thou standest on the threshold
of the Path;
Before thou crossest the foremost gate, thou
hast to merge
The two into the One and sacrifice
the personal
To SELF impersonal, thus destroy the "path"
between the two.

Thou hast to prepare to answer Dharma,
the stern law,
Whose voice will ask thee at thy first, at thy
initial step:
Hast thou complied with all the rules, O thou
of lofty hopes?

Hast thou attuned thy heart and mind to the great
mind and heart
Of all mankind? For as the sacred River's
roaring voice,
Whereby all Nature-sounds are echoed back, so must
the heart of him
'Who in the stream would enter' thrill in response
to every sigh
And thought of all that lives and breathes—
One with the Over-Soul.

Hast thou attuned thy being to humanity's
great pain?
O candidate for light? Thou hast?....Then
thou mayest enter.
Yet, ere thou settest thy foot upon the dreary
Path of Sorrow,
'Tis well thou shouldst first learn the pitfalls
on thy way.

Armed with the key of Charity, of love and
tender mercy,
Thou art secure before the gate of Dana,¹
the gate
That standeth at the entrance of the PATH.
Behold,
O happy Pilgrim! The portal that faceth thee
is high and wide,
It seems easy of access; the road that leads
therethrough is straight
And smooth and green. 'Tis like a sunny glade
in the dark forest;
A spot on earth mirrored from Paradise,
There nightingales
Of hope, and birds of radiant plumage
sing, perched
In green bowers, chanting success, to
fearless Pilgrims.

They sing of Bodhisattva's virtues five,
the fivefold source
Of Bodhi power, and of the seven steps
in knowledge.

1. Charity.

Pass on Pilgrim ! For thou hast brought the key,
thou art safe.

And to the second gate the way is smooth
and verdant too.

But it is steep and winds up hill : yea,
to its rocky top.

Grey mists will soon o'erhang the rough
and stony heights,

And all be dark beyond, as on he goes
the song of hope

Soundeth more and more feeble, in the
Pilgrim's heart,

The thrill of doubt is now upon him : his step
less steady grows.

Beware of this, O candidate ! Beware of fear,
that spreadeth

Like the black and soundless wings, of midnight
bat, between

The moonlight of thy Soul and thy goal, that
loometh far away.

Fear, O Disciple, kills the will and stays
all action.

If lacking in the Shila¹ virtue—the Pilgrim
trips

And Karmic pebbles bruise his feet along
the rocky path.

Be of sure foot, O candidate, In Kshanti's² essence
bathe thy Soul.

For now thou dost approach the portal of that
name, the gate

1. Harmony. 2. Patience.

Of fortitude and patience. Close not thine eyes,
for Mara's arrows
Ever smite the man who has not reached
the gate Virago.³
Beware of trembling, for beneath the breath
of fear, the key
Of Kshanti rusty grows: the rusty key
refuseth to unlock.

The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet
pitfalls will meet.
The Path that leadeth on is now lighted by
one fire—
The light of daring burning in the chamber
of the heart.
The more one dares, the more he shall obtain;
the more he fears,
The more that light shall pale—and that light
alone can guide.

For as the sunbeam on the top, of some tall
mountain shines,
Is followed by black night when out it fades,
so is heart light;
When out it goes, a dark shade, will fall from
thine own heart
Upon the Path, and root thy feet in terror
to the spot.

Beware, Disciple, of that lethal shade; no
light that shines
From Spirit, can dispel the darkness of the
nether Soul,

3. Indifference.

Unless all selfish thought has fled therefrom
and the Pilgrim saith;
I have renounced this passing frame: I have
destroyed the cause,
And the shadows cast, can, as effects, no
longer be,
For now the last great battle, the final war,
between
The Lower and the Higher Self, hath taken place.
Behold
The battlefield now engulfed in the great war,
is no more.

Once thou has passed the gate Kshanti, step
the third is taken.
Thy body becomes thy slave. Now for the fourth
prepare.
The portal of temptations which do ensnare
the *inner* man.
Ere thou canst near that goal, and ere thy hand
is uplifted
To raise the fourth gate's latch, Pilgrim, thou
must have mastered
All the mental changes in the personal self,
and slain
The army of thought sensations, that, subtle
and insidious
Creep within the Soul's bright shrine, if thou
wouldst not be slain by them.

Knowest thou of self the powers? If thou dost
not thou art lost
For, on Path fourth the lightest breeze of passion
or desire,

Will stir the steady light upon the pure white
walls of Soul;
The smallest wave of longing or regret, for
Maya's gifts,
Along the path that lies between thy Spirit
and thyself,
Will make thee thy three prizes forfeit; the
prizes thou hast won.

Stern and exacting is the virtue of Viraga,¹
if thou
Its Path wouldst master, thou hast to
saturate thyself
With pure Alaya, become as *one* with Nature's
Soul Thought,
At one with it thou art safe, when crossing
to the Gate of Balance.
Be of good cheer, O daring pilgrim, "to the
other shore"
Heed not the whisp'rings of Mara's hosts: wave
off the tempters.
Hold firm thou nearest now the middle
Portal, the gate of Woe.
With its ten thousand snares. Have mastery
o'er thy thoughts
O striver for perfection, if thou wouldst cross
its threshold.
Have mast'ry o'er thy Soul, O seeker after truths
undying.
If thou wouldst reach the goal; thy soul's
gaze center
On the One Pure Light, the Light *within*, and use
thy Golden key.

1. Indifference.

Thy dreary journey is done, thy labor well-
nigh o'er
The wide abyss that gaped to swallow thee
is almost spanned.
Thou hast crossed the moat that circles the gate
of human passions;
Thou hast now conquered Mara and all his
furious host;
Removed pollution from thine heart and bled
it from impure desire.

Henceforth thy way is clear through the Virya
gate, the fifth one
Of the Seven Portals. Thou art now on the way
that leadeth
To the Dhyana haven, the sixth, the
Bodhi Portal.
Thou hast estranged thyself from the objects
of the senses,
Traveled on the "Path of Seeing," on the "Path
of hearing,"
And standest in the light of Knowledge—
Pilgrim, thou art safe.

Thou hast reached the Dhyana haven the "Vale
of Refuge."
Shalt not the Pilgrim use the gifts which
it confers, for his own
Rest and bliss, his well-earned weal and glory?
Nay, candidate
For Nature's hidden lore! those gifts and powers
are not for Self;
Wouldst thou thus dam the waters born
on mount Sumeru?

Shalt thou divert the stream for thine own sake,
or send it back
To its prime source along the crest of cycles?
If thou wouldst have
That stream of hard-earned knowledge, of
Wisdom heaven-born,
Remain sweet running waters, thou shouldst
not leave it
To become a stagnant pond; thou must shed
the light acquired
Upon the span of all three worlds; know thou
that the stream
Of superhuman knowledge and the Deva-¹
Wisdom
Thou hast won must from thyself, the channel
of Alaya,
Be poured forth into another bed, its pure
fresh waters
Must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's
bitter waves—
That mighty sea of sorrow formed of
the tears of men.
Alas! when thou hast *become*, like the fix'd
star in heaven,
It shines for all—save for itself—gives light to all
but takes from none.

Restrain by thy Divine thy lower self.
Restrain by the Eternal the Divine
Aye, great is he who is the slayer of desire.
Still greater he, in whom the Self Divine
Has slain the very knowledge of desire.

1. Divine.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

“Thou Lover of my Soul.”

One of the “lovers” of my *Soul* writes: You are the most beautiful woman in the world because I have seen your *real* Self; and when every one sees you, as I see you, you will have no remembrance of ugliness, you will hardly make an effort to be more beautiful, then, every one else will have taken care of that for you. And, you know how beautiful I am for you see my soul. Did you ever see a more beautiful man! And I am just as beautiful as you can imagine (?) You see me as beautiful as *you can* and I will conform to it. My body here disintegrates and fades out as you look. What if all should see me that way! as you see me! I should be no more anxious about beauty for myself, for it would be a matter entirely depending on them.”

“I know not how to tell you how beautiful you are; I cannot tell myself even, with the language of mind—but I have it all. All the words of the vocabulary would fall short.”

This, from one *who sees the beauty of the Soul*. It sounds “Platonic,” does it not? But what made Plato, Plato? It was the beauty of his Soul! and in contemplating his Soul we forget his ugly features. It is his beautiful *Soul* that we love, and that has come down to us through the ages. It is his beautiful Soul, that makes Emerson beautiful to us, and not his personal self.

Another *soul* “lover” writes: “You are myself on a higher plane bidding me “come up higher.” Help me—prepare the way with Spirit and Truth. “The wise man,” says Plato, “will want to be ever with her who is better than himself.”

"I confess I was overjoyed in knowing—realizing—that I had found one, in womanhood who, somewhat, if not wholly, understood myself, my aim, my work. I am surrounded with a world of fair women; but to *me* they show me no light on my path; give no inspiration, no life, no joy; they stand as a "shadow" between me, my work, and the Master." . . . It is the Spirit I love in woman; age cannot wither it, nor time destroy. The *personality* of woman never helps man; only her *soul*, ever the God, the—Good within her is his charm, his light, his inspiration, his life."

I am giving quotations from letters to show that we have *live* Platonic Souls in our midst, in the world to-day; that those who have the *spiritual* sight, do not have to go back to the age of Plato, nor find them only in books. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth," and the woman that has the Spirit will be surprised to find how like a torch it touches and lights up the soul in others and makes them its lovers. But the woman whose lamp is not lighted, or whose lamp has gone out, is likened unto one of the "five foolish virgins"; but a beautiful soul is like that epistle, "that shall be known and read of all men."

"The personality of woman never helps man." If all women *knew this*, they would not occupy so much of their precious time beautifying their personal self, but devote more time to cultivating and bringing out the beauty of their soul. How may this be done? by *becoming* more spiritual; even a spiritual trend of mind helps to beautify the soul. Few realize that they *are souls*, and the personality is only the "shadow"; but when one has come into the viewpoint where one sees the soul, that its beauty is immense, they too will value the soul, and know that its price is above rubies.

How may we recognize a beautiful soul? "It vaunteth not itself, it is not puffed up." It can be told that it is beautiful without making it vain; it radiates beauty, light, and love, and all those who have come into the higher vibration, sense it, it comes to them as inspiration, a joy, a love impersonal. Some day, we will have a language with which to paint its rapture in its true colors; some day, we will not be "ashamed" to sit in our heaven, and prattle to each other as *souls*, using all the love-words in our vocabulary,—and then not half expressing the rapture; the elixir of life, *divine love*.

I do not show you, from the mind plane, what a beautiful soul is, I open the door of the soul plane, divine life, and let you get a glimpse for yourself. My soul being the least in the kingdom it is like a "babe in arms" it prattles to itself, and those around it; knowing nothing it fears nothing; it has regained the childlike state. It had to re-become a little child before it could enter the kingdom of heaven.

All that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And like thy shadow, follow thee.

—Emerson.

DIVINE LOVE: THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

I want to find language to convey to other minds the power of this Love, that not only fills my heart and brain, but pulses through my whole being. In, "Light on the Path" we find these words: "If he has power enough to awaken that unaccustomed part of himself the supreme essence (Spirit) then has he power to lift the Gates of

Gold, then is he the true alchemist, in possession of the elixir of life."

We will take one on the mind plane who thinks he knows what *love is*, one *who is devout*. Now on a time there comes to him a love so great that it takes possession of him; it fills his whole being; but after imbibing and living in this "elixir of life" for a season, he questions whether his God will not be a "jealous God," as this all absorbing Love comes to him clothed in a form—a woman's form—and his fealty to his *first* Love, "Thou shalt have no other God but *Me*," faces him, and the conflict, at times is so fierce, it seems that the very foundation of his being rocks; there is but *one* image in his soul, and he cannot cast it out for *it* has taken possession of him and he is its slave.

The analysis: This divine Image was already "slumbering" in his soul; and there came *one* who bore a light, the light of Spirit, that reflected its light on the image in his own soul, and set it all aflame, until the light penetrated his whole being; and in this effulgence of light he mistook the image that *reflected* the light, for the Image within his soul; later, when his eyes became accustomed to the effulgence of light he saw that the image was none other than his *own* divine Image, his *inner* God, his own Higher SELF, that they were *one*, and there would be no "jealous God"; and hereafter he will know what Love *is*, and the "elixir of life *is*," and he will radiate Love from his own center.

I want to tell those, who do not already know, where they will find that soul-satisfying complement to their being. Our idea of God is man-made, that is, it was not made by a woman, and man has cheated himself by making a made God after his own image. Man can never

love a God of his own sex because it lacks the complement to his own being. Man's *inner* God or Higher SELF is the opposite sex (of course, I use the term sex as impersonal). When you become united to your Higher SELF you become ONE, not two males joined, nor two females, but male and female, Father-Mother; then you can love your other SELF, or Higher SELF, with ALL YOUR HEART, and you will receive this wise sympathy, for which the soul hungers, which is not only akin to love, but which IS LOVE. There would be a great deficiency to satisfy this love hunger, in a man's case if all divine love were masculine.

Man will never find that which his *soul* craves until he is united to his Higher Self. It is THAT LOVE, the *divine* image within himself which is DRAWING him, and THAT presence which he feels.

When man comes to love his other SELF, (the master), better than all else in the world, and does everything he does FOR IT, then he will begin to *know* what LOVE is, and what it is to be saturated with Spirit, divine love, through and through his whole being.

These are some of the deep things of God, and it is important that they find adequate expression, and they can find it only through those who have come into the divine life; their lamp is lighted, they reflect light, but take none for themselves: when they have become all love, give love, but take none for themselves. They work for others, for humanity, and in working for others they serve the Master. The *motive* is everything. It is the pure unselfish motive that has kept and will keep "The Divine Life" afloat, on the sea of materiality, so long as the basis for the flame lasts. I lay my patience and submission to the Law as a sweet flower at the feet of the Master.

COME UP HIGHER!

Julia Seton Sears says, The Great Secret is:

“No life can reach its fullest consecration
While pain and sickness make its day a dread.
Freedom from pain, the body’s limitation,
Must be the signal for the gifts ahead.”

But I say, there is nothing like grief, and pain, and sorrow, to make the soul grip the *real*. The soul that has ascended to its God, is able to come down and help its fellows out of the mire.

Strength, is not born in the Pleasure Halls of the senses, O ye deluded masses! Ye, that close the *inner* doors and live only in the outer courts. Ye, are the *blind*, “leaders of the blind;” how can it be otherwise? So long as ye can only *see* on the material plane; neither can ye interpret the language of the Spirit, nor know those souls, who, have given voice to the Worldless Sound; who were able to pass up and down on all planes of vibration. They are termed in occult phrase, “A walker of the sky, who treads the winds above the waves, whose step touches not the waters.” And yet, these dwellers on one plane of vibration, the material, would essay to explain the teachings of these, “Walker’s of the sky,” or what is worse, to make their teachings of no avail; while they say, there is no life on earth, or now, but *this* of the senses:—get *material* good, or God!—bow down to the God of the senses! there is no other god but this! make the personal self the ALL! Throw dust in the eyes of the soul, and harness its powers to the senses! make the *soul* the victim of the personal Ego, until the personal Ego beholding her image on the waves of space, she whispers, “This is I!”—“I Am That I Am.” But thou, victim of thy shadows, knowest not that thy soul is caught in the webs of delusion; that thy soul is of the earth.

These thoughts are brought out, in counterpoise, by reading two definitions of the New Thought. The first is; "New Thought is the vital Spirit of God brought into *practical use* in the daily life of modern civilization." Yes, I should call that a very good definition!—in other words, the Soul is held the victim of the self, its *slave*, compelled to do its dirty work. But, know thou, that before the Soul can become "A Walker of the Sky," the *body* has to become *its* slave, ready to do the slightest bidding of the soul. Quoting again from the poem, "The Great Secret;" its author says:

"Within each self there is the land elysium,

Within each self all things begin and end.

Health, Wealth, and Love is but the Quickening Spirit
Which after while we feel and comprehend."

The other definition; "Many people are asking, What is New Thought?" "The beginning of the answer is usually," "It is not new—it is the same teaching of *Spiritual life*, here and now, that Jesus, Plato, Emerson, and many others have given us through the ages."

In the teachings of these great Souls in different ages, the material, the body or personal self, is of very little account compared with the soul. Plato says, in the "Phædos," "If the soul takes its departure in a state of purity, not carrying with it any clinging impurities of the body; impurities which during life it never willingly shared in, but always avoided; gathering itself into itself, and making this separation from the *body* its aim and study . . . then, so prepared, the soul departs into that invisible region which is, of its own nature, the region of the Divine, the Immortal and the wise."

I am ready to go a little farther than Plato, and assert, that the soul, "so prepared," ere it casts off its mortal coil, *enters* the "invisible region," *the vibration*, "of the

Divine, the Immortal and the wise.”—And who, shall say me nay?—That the soul is not able to rise into a state of full *spiritual* consciousness while in the body by rising into higher and higher rates of vibration!

If the soul, or “vital Spirit of God” is held down to the *practical use in daily life* of modern civilization, what opportunity is given the soul to free itself from the impurities of the body? “Making this separation from the body its aim and study.” Is it not held the victim of the body or personal self? So held, what opportunity has the soul to develop its own inherent faculties, the *inner* senses, through which alone it can express itself to the human consciousness. Thus held to the interests of the body, how can it rise in the state of being, ready for the next step in its evolution?

The personal self is only the shadow which the soul will cast off when it frees itself from its present body. Yet, the shadow has the power to overshadow the *real*; but what has it gained? *Nothing that is lasting*, only the fleeting pleasures of modern civilization.

Emerson says: “Why then do we prate of self-reliance? In as *much* as the *soul* is present, there will be power not confident but agent,”—not the slave but the master—“To talk of self-reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of *that* which relies, because *it* works and is. Who has more *soul* than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger; Round him I must revolve by the gravitations of spirits; who has less, I rule with like facility When we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal SELF on which a universal reliance may be grounded?”

New Thought, puts its *own* interpretation upon the teachings of Jesus, Plato, and Emerson, and the average

reader accepts it, second hand, rather than to delve for himself. I read Emerson's Essays twenty times, twenty years ago, before my soul opened sufficiently to comprehend the inner meaning, and I presume I have read them fifty times since.

It is a standing joke, that when my husband sees me reading a "little book,"—"Light on the Path," of less than one hundred pages, that I have read a hundred times; he says, "Haven't you got that book read yet?" I used to literally *eat* a book; read it until I absorbed all there was in it for me. But now I don't have to go through the laborious effort of *reading* a book; I take it in my hands, glance through it, read a little here and there; come into the vibration of the author, and I have the contents of the book; through the power of *spiritual* sight.

Guard thou the Lower lest it soil the Higher.

The way to find freedom is within thy SELF.

The way begins and ends outside of self.

The psychic faculties being half way between the mental and spiritual, they might be called the dawn of the spiritual; they stand as the dawn to the sunrise; the dawn must precede the sunrise. The psychic faculties are necessary and important in their normal development, they give mental energy vigor and insight and quicken all the faculties, but when all the energy is centered in their development they become abnormal and arrest spiritual development. Like a young man who centers his whole mind and energy on base ball; he fails to develop the mental and intellectual.

THE VOICE OF THE SOUL.

(Written During a Thunderstorm—1904.)

Wrap Thy mantle of Love about me,
While my raptured soul communes with Thee.
The distant thunder rolls in the skies,
The lightning's vivid glare blinds my eyes,—
Thy voice, comes not in the lightning's flash
Nor in the rolling thunder's crash.

Thy voice, comes from Thy seat in my soul,
The center of the universe—the goal
Where the harmony of Sound finds speech,
Formulates itself into syllables,—each,
With rapture to touch my inner ear,
And dispel all thoughts of dread or fear.

Its soft rays touch my inner sense of sight
Filling my soul with radiant light.
And, as my inner eyes, in rapture gaze
On the formless One, my soul is filled with praise.

My Lord! and my Master! my soul would greet,
In loving devotion, I fall at Thy feet.
O, wrap Thy mantle of Love about me
While my raptured soul communes with Thee.

All the outer doors of the senses, close,
Within the inner court I find repose.
When the soul, its inner Master has found,
To the body, it is no longer bound.
Then wrap Thy mantle of Love about me,
While my raptured soul communes with Thee.

A "SISTER" MASON!

Jesus, in breaking the bread of life to the five thousand *souls*, gave a part of himself; he having entered, *become*, the Triad, when he spoke he gave of himself; "My words, they are spirit and they are life." Hence the Eucharist, the broken bread, being a symbol of the broken body of Christ.

All these things were given out in symbols by the Masters, there being two distinct doctrines; one, the Eye doctrine for the masses, the other the Heart doctrine or Secret Doctrine for the elect; those who had "entered the stream," or in other words had entered the Path, those who were becoming initiated into the mysteries through their own individual *spiritual* development, which is the meaning of the term "initiate," and there are degrees of initiation the same as there are degrees in *becoming* each degree proving the candidate "duly and truly prepared" for the next higher degree; the goal in the Mysteries, or in Masonry being "illumination;" a perfect man; in our language a Christ; in the Oriental, a Buddha.

A mason asked me, "How is it that you know these things in regard to masonry, as no woman can be a mason? The Jewish Rabbi asked Jesus, "How do you know these things (mysteries) never having learned?" The answer is plain enough; when one has *become*,—illuminated—they hold the key to all the mysteries, which are all written in cypher or symbol. When one is able to read the symbol in *one*, he can read it in all, there are no closed doors which the key will not open. Hence, Masonry being an off-shoot, or a lineal descendant of the ancient Mysteries, the key that will open one, will open the other, it is like links in a chain. "The flesh profiteth nothing," it only

veils Spirit. The masonic ritual veils the symbol, and he who holds the key to the symbolism outside of the order, may be a better mason than a member of the order, in good standing, who only understands the ritualism and not the spiritual meaning of the symbols, for they are purely spiritual, and can be read only by the eye of Spirit, or the inner sight, and one who has developed the inner sight knows the whole work.

The beautiful symbol of the "Lamb-skin," or "White Apron," many a Mason dons without an idea of its spiritual meaning. The "triangle" which forms the upper part of the "Apron" being the symbol of the "Triad" man's higher nature, while the lower part, the "Square," being the symbol of the "Quarternary" man's lower nature, and the goal is, to merge the lower (self) into the Higher (SELF) the "Quarternary" into the "Triad," to *become* a perfect man or woman.

All Hail! all honor and glory to Masonry! which holds in symbol the Higher evolution of man; the individual *spiritual* development through Nature's plan, of initiation, and *not* through any forced method of development which will produce abnormal psychic sight, but not the divine sight,—illumination, full spiritual consciousness; the "faultless vision." To reach this state one must have crossed "to the other shore."

How beautifully all these symbols blend when seen in the light of—illumination, they are like links in a radiant chain, a whole, not one link missing—the divine plan for the development of the immortal soul, the *real* self, the reincarnating ego, veiled within the personal self. The teachings of "The Divine Life" are held within the trend of the teachings of the Masters, through the power of self-illumination or spiritual sight; hence, the "teachings" are mine and not mine, as I claim no originality,

only seeing as a whole the Truth which has been concealed in the Mysteries, the Secret Doctrine and Masonry, waiting for the time to come when there should be one who could break the seal of the "book" and read the symbols. To be able to do this is not a "gift," had it been a gift it might have been *bestowed* upon many a worthy individual, but it remained for the individual to earn it for himself, which is nothing less than regeneration, or working out his own Salvation.

Now, "What the Spirit saith to the Churches" is this: Why longer cling to the symbol which is the exoteric or "Eye" doctrine, while *within* the symbol lies the esoteric or "Heart" doctrine.

What the Spirit saith to the Theosophical Society which holds the Wisdom Religion, and the Secret Doctrine within its cult—a sealed book—while they are teaching only the letter. Their leaders not yet having attained the goal—illumination, are holding two million souls in bondage while they continue to teach only that which concerns the lower self or Quarternary, holding the Spiritual or Triad as above the reach of anyone in this incarnation. They might as well lay out a city in the moon and try to sell lots to the inhabitants of this earth. Whereas, there should be hundreds in the Theosophical Society who are fully "and duly prepared" to take the next step in initiation, to slough off the ghostology, and psychic phenomena of the psychic plane, and get a glint at least of the illimitable heights beyond, which many who "have entered the stream" might attain in this incarnation, if they were only started on the right path and continued to keep the goal in view; they would in time, through the aid of the inner guide, find their way out of the labyrinth of the various teachings and stand in the clear light of illumination.

Each "Leader" and each organization is responsible in a measure for holding back the individual, hence, it will come about in the Theosophical Society as in the Churches, those who are "duly and truly prepared" to come up higher, and desire the *spiritual* attainment, will have to "come out" of the Society; the Assembly of the Organization will not be their Mecca, nor its Leader their high priestess. They will begin to find the holy shrine *within* themselves, and the Master's voice that filleth all.

THE TERM "SELF."

Many writers on the psychic plane today make a play upon the term Self which is confusing. The term "Self" used as a synonym for Soul, has three distinct meanings.

First: Used as the lower or person self, the human soul or personal ego.

Second: Self, used as the immortal soul, the divine fragment; the reincarnating Ego, the *real* Self.

Third: SELF, as the Higher SELF or Spirit, the One, the *inner* God, the Father-Mother, the Christ, the all-pervading.

"It is written that for him who is on the threshold of divinity (who has crossed "to the other shore") no law can be framed, no guide can exist," It can only be said:

"Hold fast to *that* which has neither substance nor existence."

"Listen only to the voice that is soundless."

"Look only on *that* which is invisible alike to the inner and outer senses."

SOUL, VS: PERSONALITY.

Show me the man, or woman, that has a greater *Soul* than I! And I will bow to the *greater Soul*; but *not* to a greater personality.

The age for materiality to *crush out* spiritual truths is past. The age wherein Spiritual truth shall assert itself, and rule materiality, has in reality commenced. It matters not how small is the apparent nucleus, or group, of persons alive to these truths,—a pin hole can reveal a vast landscape.

The few, are rising into a higher state of being; into a higher state of consciousness, where they see that all is impermanent in man except the pure bright essence of Spirit. Man is its crystal ray, a beam of light immaculate, within a form of clay material upon the lower surface. That beam is thy life-guide and thy *true Self*; the Watcher, and the Silent Teacher, the victim of thy lower self. The lower self or personality, the King and ruler of materiality, is to be unseated; he must abdicate, and the *true Self* occupy the throne.

Whenever a great Soul has appeared in the world, the masses being matter-blinded, did not recognize the fact, until a quarter or half century had elapsed. The great Soul of Emerson, while in the body scarcely caused a ripple on the great sea of materiality; and those who understood him, could have been counted on the fingers of one hand, and five years passed ere the *first* edition, of his "Essays," were exhausted, and it was not until the present decade that they have found readers who are sufficiently enlightened to comprehend them.

What is the explanation? Is the popular mind more intellectual than it was ten years ago? I trow not! It is the down-trodden Soul that is gaining ascendancy in a few

individuals; and the personal self's strongest might, and strong-holds possess no power to stay the Soul's onward course when once it is awakened.

But in this, as in everything else, there is the *real* and the spurious, and it is only those who are developing the *spiritual* sight, that are able to discern the *false* from the *true*. How can we tell the spurious teachers? They are those who receive pay for their service to humanity, who desire to "fare sumptuously every day;" that belong to an organization that is only too ready to obey their slightest beck and nod; their assembly halls are open to them and the speakers are borne along, without any exertion of their own—to pay expenses—they are carried on the lap of luxury. Organize! Organize! A cause, though it be eternal Truth, and God's cause, can do nothing without being "Organized!" Why? because it is composed of personalities, and each member is bound to work for the good of the organization; in fact, the *individual* is merged in the organization, and, individual *spiritual* development is lost sight of; it makes no difference, whether the organization be Churchanity, Christian Science, or New Thought. The wave of organization reaches a certain level, and then recedes; it has nothing to feed it. A stream cannot rise higher than its source; the individual members have given their life to the organization and there is no spiritual reservoir in reserve.

A *cause* should be so great that it does not require organization. The idea of organizing Truth! Where set the bands! where begin to draw the boundary line of its circumference!

The Divine Life is such a cause; those who come into the kingdom do not desire to carry the burden of an organization; they stand as *individuals*, for their *own* and humanity's individual *spiritual* development—the develop-

ment of the *Soul*; and they must be souls that have developed sufficiently to be able to stand without the support and prop of an organization. A great Soul has nothing to do with organization. The *soul* is to be the measure of the man, or the woman, and *not* the personality. We are to develop the soul! Make the *real* self beautiful and the personality will take care of itself.

"The Divine Life" seeks to make beautiful souls, that shall be able to reflect the Divine radiation.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When the vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I knew for me my work is best.

The Spirit knows the way. It will lead us to those whom we can help, to new friends, new opportunities, greater truth. It is adequate, it is abundant, it is loyal and constant.—*Horatio W. Dresser.*

HUNGRY FOR SYMPATHY.

The soul that is rising above its fellows, rising into a higher rate of vibration, its first sensation is one of loneliness; a hunger for sympathy, for love, which no human sympathy nor human love can satisfy. The reason is this; the soul is entering the abyss or "gulf" between matter and Spirit—the path that lies between thy Spirit and thyself—it feels the fearful trial depicted in "Zanoni," but it is only a change in the rate of vibration; the oscillation in which it has lived is stilled and it has to survive the shock of facing what seems to it at first sight the abyss of nothingness, it has to learn to live in the higher rate of vibration. One who has entered this state reaches out his hands for something tangible; his ear hungers for a sound. In gazing or even attempting to gaze, on the ineffable mystery of his own higher nature, he himself causes the initial trial to fall on him. He has experienced, however, briefly, the greater life, the external, and he goes on for sometime with ordinary existence weighted by a sense of unreality, of a blank, of horrid negation; and not until the soul has learned to live in this abyss, the absence of sound, and has found its peace, is it possible for him to hear the voice of the Silence, the Wordless Sound, or to attain *Spiritual* sight or hearing. There are many degrees of vibration between matter and Spirit, and this distance, in increasing rate of vibration, has to be traversed by the soul before the "gulf" is spanned, or the soul gains a foothold on the soil of Deva-knowledge.

We hear Christian Scientists and the New Thought iterate, and re-iterate, that "All is mind," and clinch the

assertion by adding—"that is Truth," but when one of these comes to travel on the Path between matter and Spirit, he will find the limit of the mind field about half way. Aye, at the very border of the great "gulf" he has to blend mind and soul before he can touch the opposite shore of Spirit.

In the New Thought literature we find some very erroneous expressions. Ella Wheeler Wilcox speaks of developing the Higher SELF. The Higher SELF being Impersonal, How are we to develop it? Another writer speaks of God being incarnate in every blade of grass!

In the Personal Problem Department of the Swastika, we find the end and aim of existence to be the realization, and therefore the demonstration, that we are God—the ALL. "This perception of Truth is all that is necessary, as the actual realization of it will at once establish your identity with Omnipotence, and the manifestation of the power must follow as "night follows day." Any estimate of yourself *less* than THIS will never make you free. Whatever method, or study, or rule of conduct appear to give you *this* apprehension of your godhood, is the one to take."

Question: "Do you *believe* that we may see and talk to our Higher SELF as we would to another person?"

Answer: "Most certainly we do." Who ever gave the answer must have a very erroneous idea of the Higher SELF.

We are told that a Course of Instruction in the uncovering of man's *Submerged* Consciousness, includes among other things the development of the SELF.

I think we are justified in "supposing" that it will not be long before God's will be walking the streets—in Denver.

IN THE SILENCE.

I sit in the silence and listen,
For a voice to me so dear,
The voice of the Blessed Spirit
That tells me of Love and Cheer.

He is Omnipresent,
And Omnipotent, too;
Also Omniscient,
And whispers; "I love you."

"Listen child, I will guide thee
Into paths of duty and love,
Where thou canst shed thy radiance
And lead to heights above.

Those who are sick and sorrowful,
The ones who are burdened with strife;
I'll give thee Love All Powerful,
To lead them into the Life.

Into the Life so Radiant
With blessings and Love Divine,
I'll shed the Light upon them
And give them Peace Divine."

—*Nell Clough Johnson.*

THE HALL OF WISDOM.

There is a sacred chamber in the palace of the soul,
Where grief first entered midst the revelry of life.
Dispelling shapes—joy-shadows, only these—
And Peace *then* came into the quiet gloom,
Opening the door to angel-throngs of Faith,
Hope, and Love.

Last of all came joy, not in semblance now,
But in reality. Life's dream fulfilled
The soul, her own at last doth hold;
Nor needs to dwell in mem'ries of the Past,
Or dreams of far-off good. Her mood
Is calm content.—The lesser joys
And ills only are passing by,
Her Life is one with great Eternity.

—M. H. J. Curtis.

REVIEW, "BEHOLD THE CHRIST."

The *Divine Life*, and the Epic, "Behold, the Christ in Every One," mark the *beginning* of the fulfillment of the "promise" which has come down through the ages; in theological terms, "the dispensation of the Spirit;" in modern language termed the spiritual renaissance, whose approaching "dawn" has been iterated, and re-iterated by every mystic, seer, sage and poet of the last century. However, in what form it was to appear, whether as a baptism of the Holy Spirit, a radiation of the divine, or an awakening of the spirit in each individual, has not been made apparent by either sage or seer. That it was not to be looked for in any one personage, however divine, has come to be the consensus of all intellectual minds.

How, the "promise" is to be fulfilled, in what form it is to come, is the message of the Epic. It is *not* in any *one* favored individual; it is not by a baptism of the Holy Ghost; it is not, lo here! or lo there! that we are to look for the Christ or indwelling spirit, but rather, and *only* through the awakened and developed faculties of the soul in every one, whereby the soul comes into a recognition

of its oneness with the Higher Self, which *is*, and cannot be developed. It pictures the incarnate soul coming into its rightful inheritance through the natural development of the inner faculties.

It enunciates Love, and devotion to the One, the inmost. Its mission is to unveil and bring to light the inner or spiritual meaning of the scriptures and the gospels, where, within the parables are hidden in cypher the teachings of the Masters and the older mysteries. It shows by *becoming it*, what the *divine life* is and *what* it is that distances Jesus, from ordinary humanity; it is *not* his "virgin birth," but his having *become* a Great Soul, and not a great personality.

The Epic is somewhat dramatic in movement; the personages on the stage of the super-conscious plane, are the awakened soul, and the Higher Self; the conversation is between two *real* personages. Alindah occupies the place of a soul who has developed the inner senses, hence, she is able to take knowledge, and the Blessed One, the higher Self is the readjuster of the knowledge which she already possesses. The Master does not with ruthless hands tear down any structure of preconceived ideas until the soul is ready to receive in its place the *real*, for which the *old* was only a symbol, thus Alindah frees herself of the bondage of old ideas and rises into a higher degree of consciousness where she is brought into contact with the divinest knowledge on the plane to which she has entered. It is not necessary that the term Christ should be used, or the Blessed One, each one to use that term which seems fittest; the Indwelling Presence, the impersonal, the all-pervading is nameless; use the name which *love* suggests.

The Epic does not seek to inaugurate any new philosophy, cult, or creed. It rises to a height where it looks

upon Eternal Truth as one, and knowledge as man's greatest inheritance; that the term science is not restricted to the *visible*, but that it includes the invisible as its complement; that the doctrine of reincarnation, which has been cut out of the gospels by the ignorant translators and the ecclesiastical councils, belongs to both the physical and spiritual, and that science can make no further strides in the direction of the development of man, until it accepts the law of reincarnation as the complement of the law of evolution, hence, reincarnation is brought out as a fundamental *principle* no longer to be *ignored* by either science or religion.

No one should infer from this that the epic is didactic; while it is true that these basic principles are woven into the fabric, to one who can see by the inner sight, it sparkles and scintillates with these gems of truth, set in a conversation easy to comprehend—so easy that no one who styles himself “intellectual” has any reason for ignoring it on the ground “that it is too high for him.” The epic, “Behold, the Christ,” is the complement to “Son of man, or the Sequel to Evolution,” by the author, which was published by the Arena Company some years since.

THE CRY OF THE SOUL FOR SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

This oft heard *soul cry* came to me today, from a lady in Rio Janerio, Brazil, as though it sounded in my ear. I have proven to myself in many ways beyond a doubt, that on the soul plane *distance* is as naught.

The lady says: “I have just received the sample copy of “The Divine Life” for which I thank you. I have read

and reread the little magazine, and I feel that it satisfies my soul.

My soul is hungry after spiritual knowledge, for sometimes now it seems as if I cannot settle down to do anything. I read and send for all the New Thought books I can get, some I like and some I do not. . . . Don't forget to send me a copy of the Epic "Behold the Christ!" with my subscription. I will send for your book, "Son of Man," as soon as I can manage to get another American dollar in town. Please let me know whether you give treatments, and what your charges are?"

My "treatment" for soul hunger is *giving* without money and without price, through my little vehicle "The Divine Life," *spiritual* knowledge which is the only food that will satisfy a hungry soul.

I have sought for the reason *why*, my little magazine in so many instances, touches the soul, and I think I find it in this, because the contents are pages torn from the every-day-book of my own life experience in search, in years gone by, of that which would satisfy my own soul hunger. And now, in making a sacrifice to help others; and in pointing out where they will find the One, the *inner* Master, the Higher SELF, the Christ, who will lead them into all Truth.

From Oregon: "The Divine Life" is the only magazine that feeds me. I cannot relish chaff and husks, especially in dry weather. The people are getting hungry for *spiritual* Truth. May you continue to fulfill your high mission."

Los Angeles: From An Editor: "I have just awakened to the ecstasy of thy work. It is far beyond mine. Thou dost live it, I but groping my way to the light that illumines thee."

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