

# "THE INITIATES"

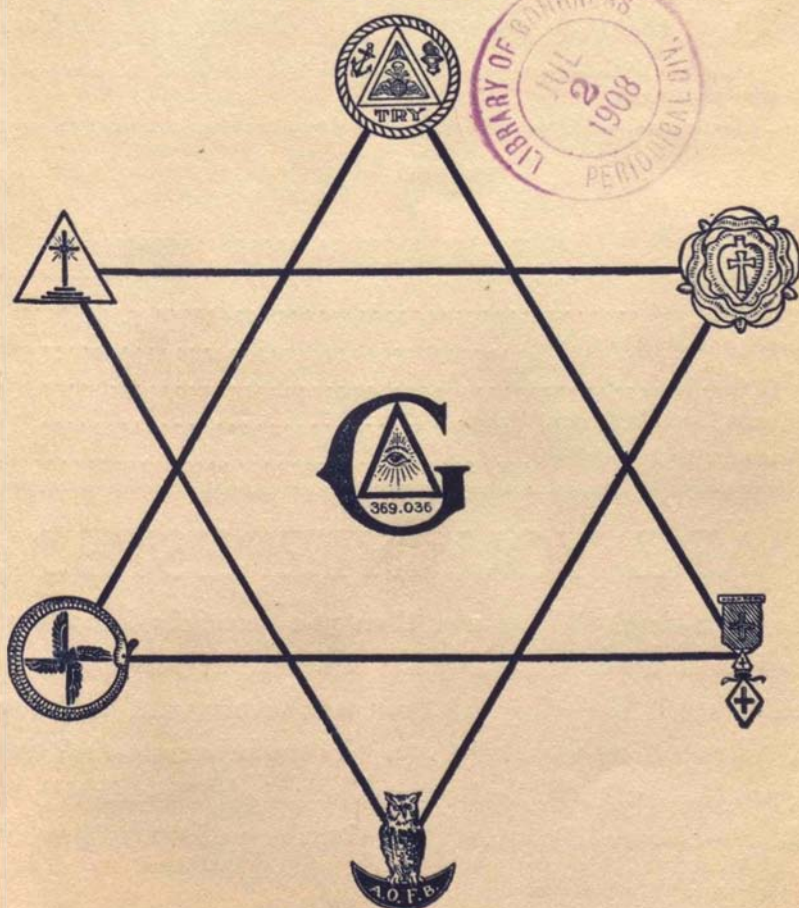
## A Rosicrucian Magazine

VOL. I

JULY, 1908

NO. IV

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# "THE INITIATES"

A ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

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## ARE YOU INTERESTED

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# THE INITIATES



VOL. 1

ALLENTOWN, PA., JULY 1908.

No. 4

## THE ROSE CROSS ORDER

Its History, Teachings, Rules and Regulations, and Concerning him who founded the Order in America

(Continued from last month)

Khan, 1277; Kalaoon, 1279;

OTTOMAN EMPIRE:—Osman, 1288; Orkan, 1325; Amurath and Moorad, 1359; Bajazet I., 1389; Conquest by Tamerlane and death of Bajazet, 1402; Solyman I., 1402; Musa, 1410; Mohomet I., 1413; Amurath II., 1421; Mohomet II., 1452; First Siege of Rhodes, 1480; Bajazet II., 1481; Zisim's flight to Rhodes; Selim I., 1512; Solyman II. (the Magnificent), 1520; Loss of Rhodes by the Order, 1522; they besiege Malta, 1565; Selim II., 1566; Amurath III., 1574; Mohomet III., 1595; Ochmet I., 1603; Mustapha I., 1617; Osman II., 1618; Mustapha restored to Hierarchy, 1622; Amurath IV., 1623; Ibrahim, 1640; Mohomet IV., 1649; Solyman III., 1687; Achmet II., 1692; Mustapha II., 1693; Achmet III., 1709; Mahommed, 1730; Osman III., 1754; Mustapha III., 1757; Achmet IV., 1774; Selim III., 1789; End of Oriental rule, decay of 2nd Temple, establishment of European and Occidental Branches. Initiation of twelve adepts; founding of third Temple (in America) by Paschal B. Randolph. Propaganda begun 1855; first Grand Lodge founded August, 1857; 1860, dissolution of Grand



Lodge and founding of Supreme Grand Lodge at San Francisco, Cal., November 5, 1861—John Temple, Supreme Grand Master; 1863, death of Supreme Grand Master. The temple slept from 1861 till 1874; P. B. Randolph, Supreme Grand Master and Hierarch, Grand Templar, Knight, Prior, and Hierarch of the Triple Order. Rebuilt, from the corner-stone laid in Boston, August 7, 1871. All Lodges dissolved by reason of Treason, and Supreme Grand Lodge established in San Francisco, Cal., December, 1874, with the above-named officers. Founded for a thousand years. April 25, 1895, the new Grand Master takes seat as Supreme Grand Master, Grand Templar, Knight, Prior, and Hierarch of the Order of the Rose Cross Order. Supreme Grand Lodge of the Rose Cross re-instituted in Pennsylvania same year. *Long live the Order.* January 24, 1905, death of S. P. Colonus, the Deputy, and the election of new Deputy.

This will necessarily call attention to the Order "Ancient and Mystical Oriental Masonry." This Order is a child of the Rose Cross. The last known Initiates of the "African Brothers" practically a Rosicrucian Order,\* were Comte M. de St. Vincent, a priest of the Secret Schools, his Brother, C. S. Vincence, not a priest of these schools, but an Initiate, and S. P. Colonus.

As the charter was in the hands of M. de St. Vincence, it was decided in 1896, at the regular Convocation, to change the name of the Order to "Ancient Mystic Oriental Masonry," which was accordingly done on June 7, in Secret Council in the City of Philadelphia. The degree work was changed from the fourth to the eleventh degrees inclusive, but first three degrees remained, and still remain unchanged.

It was further decided that applications should only be accepted from acolytes in the Secret School, and that the Order should remain secret until the ban of secrecy should be removed from the Rose Cross Order, which took place March 28, 1907. The Grand Body is still in the State of Pennsylvania.

On the death of S. P. Colonus, the Secretary of Mystic Masonry, Dr. Ira L. Keperling, who had become an Initiate of the Order in 1897, was elected to the position as Secretary, and on the death of C. S. Vincence, July 23, 1906, Dr. Henry J. Barton was elected to the position of

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\*See book, "Ancient Mystic Oriental Masonry," Philosophical Publishing Company, Allentown, Pa.

Deputy.

All officers are elected for life, unless removed for just cause by the Supreme Grand Master and Hierarch. All authority being vested in the Supreme and Imperial Grand Masters.

With these statements the work of the Order will be open as in the foretime, as the time of probation is once more passed.

Long live the Order!



THE ROSICRUCIANS  
(THE OUTER COURT)  
WHO AND WHAT WE ARE.  
HONOR, MANHOOD, GOODNESS.  
TRY.

I. The Rosicrucians are a body of good men, and true, working under a Grand Lodge Charter, deriving its power and authority from the Imperial Dome of the Third Supreme Temple of the Order, and the last (claiming justly to be the oldest association of men on earth, dating from the sinking of the New Atlantis Isle, nearly ten thousand years anterior to the days of Plato), and as a Grand Lodge, having jurisdiction over the entire continent of North America, and the Islands of the Sea. The Grand Lodge, and Temple, grant Charters and Dispensations to found or organize subsidiary lodges and temples, anywhere within the limits of its jurisdiction.

II. All Rosicrucians are practical men, who believe in progress, law and order, and in self-development. They believe firmly that God helps those who help themselves; and they consequently adopt the motto of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, the word *try*; and they believe that this little word of three letters may become a magnificent bridge over which a man may travel from bad to better, and from better to best—from ignorance to knowledge, and from poverty to wealth, and from weakness to power.

III. We constitute a large society in the world, and our ranks bid fair to largely swell in this land of practical men. There are hundreds of men of large culture, deep intuitions and liberal minds, who actually languish because they do not know each other—there being no organized body, save now our own, which invites such men to join its ranks and find the fellowship which such men of such minds need. In our Lodges such men find all they seek, and more; in our reunions the rarest and best intellects are brought in contact, the best thoughts are elicited, and the truest human pleasure experienced; for as much as nothing impure, ignoble, mean or unmanly is for an instant tolerated under any circumstances whatever; while, on the contrary, every inducement is held out to encourage all that is noble, good, true, beautiful, charitable and manly—and that, too, in a way totally unknown and unpractical in any other order, or association of men.

IV. Every Rosicrucian is known, and is the sworn



brother of every other member the wide world over, and as such is bound to render all possible aid and comfort (except when such aid would sanction crime or wrong doing, or interfere with the demands of true public justice, social order, decency, sound morals or national prosperity and unity). In all things else, every member is bound to help another, so long as he can do it with a clear conscience, and not violate his honor, derogate from his personal dignity, or sully his own manhood. In all things worthy, one assists the other; in sickness, in sorrow, life, death, and the troubles and trials of the world and society. Each man is eligible to one or all of the degrees; and after once becoming a full member, it is next to impossible that he can ever afterwards come to real want, either for protection in all that is just, counsel in difficulty, food, raiment, shelter, and all true human sympathy; all of which is freely rendered as long as the man remains a worthy *dweller of our Temple!*

Thus the Temple helps to ensure its acolytes against want, mitigates their sorrow, enhances their usefulness to themselves and the world, braces and sharpens their intellects, fires their emulation, encourages all manly efforts, assuages their grief, cultivates their hope, strengthens their self-reliance, self-respect, self-effort; it frowns on all wrong doing, seeks to elevate man in his own esteem, teaches due and royal respect to woman, the laws, society and the world; it promotes stability of character, makes its votaries strive for *manhood* in the full, true sense, adopts "*try*" as a living, practical motto; and thus, both directly and indirectly, does Rosicrucis seek to increase the sum total of human happiness in the world, within and without its walls.

V. This Order is a school of the highest and best knowledge the earth affords. It is unlike any and all others, for, in addition to being a mutual Fraternity, it reaches out in far higher and nobler aims—only a few, a very few, of which are alluded to in this hand-book, which is merely to save explanatory communications and to set a standard.

One of its main objects is to be a School of Men; to make men more useful by rendering them stronger, more knowing, therefore wiser—therefore happier. As Rosicrucians we recognize the immense value of sympathy, encouragement, emulation and persistency.

*Nil mortalibus, arduum est.*

"There is no difficulty to him who truly wills."

Whatever of good or great man has ever done, may still be

accomplished by you and I, my brother, if we only think so, and set about in right good earnest, and no mistake. Try: We proclaim the *omnipotence of will*; and we declare practically, and by our own achievements demonstrate, *the will of man to be a supreme and all-conquering force when once fairly brought into play*, but this power is only negatively strong when exerted for merely selfish or personal ends; when or whatever it is called into action for good ends, *nothing can withstand its force*. Goodness is power; wherefore we take the best of care to cultivate it.



## EGYPT LETTER

Cairo, EGYPT.

Ed. Initiates:—

“Gods,” to the Christian, suggests idolatry, ignorance, a degradation of all that is true and good in the human family.

To the follower of Mohammed, there is, exactly speaking, but one God, Allah and Mahomet his prophet, and with all their doctrines of universal toleration to other creeds, the killing of those who disagree with that faith is a certain passport to heaven.

If we examine the remainder of religions, both past and present, we will find each and every one, with but a few exceptions (and they are usually the offspring or real article of ancient worship) greatly concerned with gods, good, bad, false, malicious, terrible or gentle, according to the minds of the believers.

If we attempt to understand the doctrines, scriptures, and sacred writings of all peoples we can come to but one conclusion, and that is, that originally all were derived from the same source, the difference in construction and adoption being according to the founders and their mental qualifications for such work.

Each student of the Occult, who has advanced any great distance, fully realizes this part. It matters not what religion a man may have accepted as the “*only true one*” to him, he should not be judged according to his religion by the searcher after truth, but according to his advancement in those qualities and virtues that make of the people, when taken as a whole, better and nobler than those of another religion. Summing it up we then are brought to the conclusion that, the belief in one God, or a dozen, should such a belief lead to purer, clearer conception of the great and sublime end, which is full happiness and contentment, working no wrong to the rest of God’s creation, *it is a good one*.

It is here where we desire to begin the study of the religion of Ancient Egypt, and while it may be necessary to trespass upon sacred ground, I shall tread lightly.

I have said in previous articles to your magazine, that Egypt as a nation worshipped idols *only* in part. Otherwise speaking, endeavored to make it plain, that only those who have a system of worship, that is, a theoretical or hypothetical one, are idolaters, whether other than such religion



ever existed or not I do not know, but to say that any religion of which the world contains at this time, is not an admixture of truth and idolatry, would be an error, to say the least, if we compare it favorably with the religion of Ancient Egypt.

What is form or name of a religion to him who has tasted of the goods of the gods? Truth from a study of a universal law? It has often seemed strange to the writer that any educated person could accuse such as Herodotus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others so well known to the average student, of being foolish enough to think that the gods of Egypt, hewn out of stone, were living, powerful entities, able to destroy or preserve. Now, any such supposition is ridiculous. What then shall the earnest student of the occult, who is dissatisfied with the idol definition of the church, conclude concerning Egyptian Gods?

The following words spoken to a noted Egyptologist in my hearing some few years ago may prove interesting to those who wonder why the educated of Egypt have so long held many occult truths hidden from the world. The words were the result of a well-known Egyptologist, offering to employ this gentleman, who is a Copt, to assist him in discovering the passage leading to the interior of a certain Pyramid, which the gentleman promptly refused to do.

"As one who has the true Egyptian blood coursing in his veins, though looked upon as a Christian (Copt), I will say once and forever: The gods of Egypt are my gods though their day is past. But only for a season when truth is again resurrected and a new cycle shall begin. When the sons of men shall again have the scales removed from their eyes, and what to-day is called error will be then once again understood in all its beautiful truth. Are not the lies of yesterday the truths of to-day? If within the sculptured bodies of our ancient gods there was nothing good to be learnt, if these sublime symbols taught nothing worthy of thought, why then did our forefathers labor so wonderfully with the expense of untold wealth for their erection? - If no good is to come from their remains, *why the wonderful energy put forth by educated and refined Christian men in the research even though they are forced to rob the dead, they are determined to discover the lost (?) secrets of the ages?* Answer thou me this. No, each and every god of Ancient Egypt was represented within the otherwise unknown except to the Initiate, and was a living, forceful entity corresponding to the teachings given out in the



mysteries concerning them. How often, when listening to the wise of the many nations who visit this land is one forced to smile, then to pity, when we hear them remark: 'Poor Egypt, had she known the true (?) god her beautiful structures might have been allowed to remain to-day.' Yes, thanks to the true God of the Christian and Mohammed, he surely destroyed much of our wealth—in order to learn that *which nothing can teach them but the idolatry (?) of Ancient Egypt*. You say we are dead, our doctrines lost, our books destroyed. How short sighted you of the Occident must be. You seem to cherish the thought that the sublime wisdom accumulated and handed down to us after having lived for untold thousands of years in our land could be destroyed by your flames and murderous weapons; you do not seem to know that even in your America there are now two Initiates of our most Ancient Mysteries in all their sublime beauty and truth and as full and complete as when Egypt was in its greatest glory. How foolish ignorance can make men. While you have stolen much and destroyed more in the name of the holy Catholic Church, God, Mahomet and Allah, you have not succeeded in destroying within our souls and secret temples, that sublime knowledge that we have tested and *never* once found wanting. No, had you succeeded in grinding to dust every known temple, pyramid, piece of sculpture and relic, and carried away the remainder of our embalmed dead, until, aside of the Nile (which you could not carry away), Egypt would have been comparable to an ordinary dessert, yet you would not have succeeded in destroying our gods. Well do I know that you cannot understand this, you who can see no farther than your feeble vision carries you. You have attempted to solve the secrets of our dead by carrying away our embalmed, you have attempted to prove and have said that the soul does not return after three thousand years to again inhabit the body; here again you have been misled. You have been led to think that a soul would out of necessity be compelled to use the same body if it again returns. As though the rebuilding of another body to again cover the soul would be undesirable. Who of you would not build for himself a new house if after leaving it for three thousand years you should again return to that country, though that house be preserved, its walls would be musty, and its architecture not the style of the day, its interior decorations removed, its incense chamber defiled? 'What then is the long kept secret, the hidden reason for the sacred preserva-



tion of your dead?' This is one of our hidden mysteries. I will tell you, and you who see with the soul sight can understand, and those who see alone for selfish reasons shall remain at loss for understanding.

"One day a child was born in a beautiful valley close by a stream whose rippling waters, as they moved along wending their way to the mighty river was as musical as it was picturesque. The child grew under the tender care of its parents into one of livingness.\* Each day found some new joy of it, some flower not seen before would bud forth to the beautiful heavens, only to be plucked and carried hurriedly to the cottage by the child where, in words of tenderness, the mother would answer the many questions that only the keen intuition of a child would think of asking. Thus amongst the birds, bees and flowers the child grew to be a man and at the death of his parents removed to a large city, when in the business cares, society and the many diversions so common to city life he, for a short while, completely forgot his old homestead and it was only when another wished to purchase it that he recalled the remembrance of days now past and gone. The property having been sold, he, for many years never visited it, but the life of the city grew wearisome and he wandered back again during his vacation to the old homestead. Many were the hours he would sit by the rippling stream, then plucking a flower, he would saunter to the house where his heart would beat once more as in the days of childhood and those who were fortunate to welcome his presence and speak a kind and cheerful word to him would receive in exchange coins of gold. Thus, for many years, though his duties would require his attention in that distant city, his memories would force him back to that home of his childhood. Thus year in and year out would he be a visitor to his old home and many there were who profited thereby. Alas, one day upon his return to pay his respect to his childhood's homestead

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\*It is said by those who visit Egypt to this day that children are always welcome, and no woman is considered a good wife who does not bring forth children. They are considered a blessing, and the parents may be said to be extremely tenderhearted in their conduct towards these little ones. Dr. Keperling, who has visited Egypt, says that notwithstanding the prevalence of ophthalmia, which has rendered many of these little ones blind, they are extremely beautiful and are seldom heard to cry.—*The Editor.*



he viewed with tear-dimmed eyes the work of progress, a mighty dam had been built where once he played, on the hillside where oft he plucked a tender flower now rested the foundation for a great enterprise. Turning towards the house, or rather, where it once stood, his eyes could see naught of even a familiar stone that once formed the walls of the house. With nothing to longer give him cheer or gladness, he turned his course again toward that city wherein he now called his home. Never again, except upon a mission of necessity, would he return to that land where once he loved with all his soul.

"You of the Orthodox faith say we were heathen. Do you not have history of the many wonderful cures made by our doctors? Did not we cure leprosy and other diseases which you of the educated to-day can scarcely cure except in a few cases. You are the only literary people, yet we, living in a heathen(?) age and our material being only skins or some form of papyrus, contributed our many thousands of books of the day, and thereby created the foundation for your present flattered literary genius. You say our gods were cruel, jealous and unjust, and that at the latter part of the history of our race even human life was required to satisfy their demand for blood. We of the remains of that once proud race of Egypt, so favored by the gods, erred and fell. But what excuse have you to offer for the misery and bloodshed of your enlightened God? Did he not command you to burn at the stake more innocent people in less than one century of your Christian history than were dedicated to Typhon or any other god during a thousand years of our history, yet your doctrines are holy—ours unholy. Say it low, for those words will give you back your lie. From Calvary to the dawn of the twentieth century your cry was blood. I have visited your churches, your Sunday Schools, wherein you bespatter the holy name of Jesus the Nazarene, with blood, you even sing of the 'redeeming blood,' and with the selfsame foul breath you deery your unholy brethren(?) who shun you because of your blackened history. You who have stolen Isis and killed her worshippers, and after carrying her *beautiful* form to your own Sanctum Sanctorum, you have covered her virgin form with cloth of your own weaving, that being clothed the world might not know you had stolen her and beneath her garments of undefiled purity have you committed the blackest of crime, until her gentle spirit has revolted and will bring forth a son (This is the age of the Son



of Man, set in the beginning of the present year.—Ed.) from Osiris that will slay you with the sword, that *very* sword you used to slay your countless thousands of feeble souls. Her spirit has fled from you, her soul is on fire, and that fire is soon to consume you. Once more will truth prevail, for she is mighty.

"You claim Jesus, the lowly Nazarene, as your Saviour, but will have none of Him, preach his immortal words, but with a voice of one accord condemn to the tomb or secret assassination all who dare live his hallowed life.

"Fools that you are, though you have covered her form with cloth and changed her name to Mary, to think that her spirit is with you or that her soul smiles at your crimes, committed in her name.

"No happiness she gives you. The day is coming, already the light of the dawn bursts forth anew in the west for the sons of the Eagle\*, having again returned, are girdling their loins and Egypt will, when the time arrives, give back to her parent those treasures we long have hidden from the destroyers.

You may boast of your millions spent in creating beautiful edifices, of your yet greater millions spent to perpetuate superstition, but in that day and hour shall you be laid low by an unseen hand and you shall return to the dark satellite and peace shall remain with the sons of Osiris for three thousand years. You who have never done other than follow the laws of your conscience have naught to fear, but those of you who have killed the right and justice belonging to your race beware, your time is at hand and the Destroying Angel is at your very door.

"I would not be understood as including honest worshippers as enemies of God and man, but those who knowingly in the wrong, and because of their desire to preserve the doctrines of ignorance and superstition, spare neither life nor hope to the ones who dare think or investigate other than they, the hierarchs deem to the interests of what constitutes a monopoly, or in western phraseology, a 'trust.'

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\*Let those familiar with astrology note this, the Eagle is no other than America, and was undoubtedly meant to convey the idea that those who gave Egypt her religion, believed by many to have come from Atlantis, which *was* what is now America, are again being born upon this soil and will establish the lost(?) wisdom amongst us once more.—Ed.



"Egypt the fallen, with her gods, is at any time of her history a peer of righteousness and liberality to her subjects when compared with either Mohammedan or Christian(?) religion with their single and warring gods. I feel that the student who will hereafter follow my treatise of the Ancient Faith will at least feel that with all the imperfections of those days of the past, including the fall of the mightiest of religions, that none of them was a greater curse in the hands of unprincipled hierarchs than those of our day, and the souls of these priests yet occupy a heaven compared to those who have made perfect(?) the Christian hope of immortality.

"Thus, if throughout you bear in mind the only absolute necessity to men of truth, you will save yourself from many pit-falls of error. 'Prove all things and hold fast to that which is truth.'

"The first idol representative of the divine attribute, and the one I believe held in the greatest of esteem by all Egypt when yet her nature religion was in its virgin purity, was the goddess of *Love* or *Venus*. And who is it born in heathendom or Christendom who has not felt the arrows of that gentle goddess at some part of his life, piercing his tender breast? Love, the depth of that mighty symbol, will stand forth as the guiding light of mankind when wicked priests with swinging censors and hollow creeds have been long laid to rest and forgotten. Her principal sanctuary was at Dendera (Ta-n-ta-rer, called the land of the Nile horse, goddess of the Nile).

"The symbol was used as a means of teaching man the highest precepts of existence, and well it might, what greater force known to man than love? Appealing as the female principle or receptive and producing part of life, her as cosmic, as the earth, the exhibiting of the deities work in visible nature. In the impersonation of fertility, she represented the fruitfulness of the fields, and as this plenty was dependent upon the rise of the Nile, she was Isis-Hathor, that mysterious benefactor which could be no other to them than divine love, the blessing of Venus, sublime goddess of Love, a great, tender, heavenly mother, who so kindly had taken under her protection all the mothers of the earth, watching tenderly over them, she was the giver of all good things in life and in the next world.

"Only those who are in harmony with nature, those who have truly felt the tender cord of love, tuned to the rapture of the divine music can understand why Egypt so personi-

fied this greatest of the soul power which *is heaven itself*.

"In Egypt, in this great land, there is a beauty and splendor in the sun's rays that seem to make *love* greater than in any other land. At least, what powers known to the soul of man are to be compared with the wooings of this gentle goddess? And you of the other lands could do no better than to teach your little children, as was once taught in Egypt, the powers of this mighty goddess. For there is no better way of gaining eternal life than by breathing her eternal spirit each moment of your life. Were this done, how soon would your swords be turned into plowshares, your jails into libraries, your mad-houses into schools of learning?

"I do not say that Egypt accomplished this, but such were her objects in setting up symbolic teachings, and such *will* she do in the New Egypt. It is well to bear in mind what has been said. Those hewn images were intended *only* for symbolic teachings, however far they may have eventually led the uneducated to finally believe them to be the *very* power they but represented, is a natural force.

"*One thing is certain, could the whole of humanity but grasp and practice the philosophy of love, the much-talked of millenium would arrive with far quicker pace than under the rule of any church system.*"

Yours in Virtue, Piety and Immortality.

ABOU TARTANO. 38 Δ



## HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD

## TEMPLE TALKS.

The Divine Consciousness or Divine Thought, considered from the plane of the spiritual manifestation.

In a brief paper, such as this must necessarily be, any attempt to outline a conception of what thought, in its essence and ultimate, must be will have to be confined to condensed statements which the advanced student will be obliged to consider and enlarge upon. Only the rudest outline of suggestion can be attempted.

Formerly the world considered such subjects as unknowable, and, with a pious folding of the hands, hid their ignorance under a cloak of "resignation to the inscrutable mysteries of an all-wise providence." But progress has been rapid, many chains and shackles have been cast off, and to-day the thinking mass of mankind more nearly agree with the great sage who proclaimed that the grandest and greatest effort of human thought consisted in removing the boundaries of the unknown as far as possible.

Without attempting an explanation, let me present to your consideration a few of the thoughts that leading minds are evolving upon this subject. A consensus of the world's thinkers will agree that the manifestation of thought is universal and omnipresent. Its germ is in the tiniest atom, its manifestation is in orderly causation, and its realization is in the modes of action in nature whereby obedience to the central purpose is attained.

Professor Oersted says: "The laws of nature are the thoughts of God." Professor Clifford says: "The universe consists of units of mind stuff." John, the beloved disciple, says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

The Word—the Logos—the Divine Thought—God's Thought in manifestation—*Thoth*, of the Egyptian—*Adonai*, of the Hebrew.

The general idea expressed by all theologic and theosophic systems of thought is this:

The universe is the outward expression or the manifestation of a definite plan and purpose, put forth by a supreme center of perfect intelligence. As thus manifested, the universe is the vehicle for the attainment of such purpose, and it is, and will be, sustained and controlled by the One Supreme Intelligence until the purpose of its manifestation is accomplished.



This being accepted, it follows that thought must be universal and omnipresent, and that it is objectively and subjectively, the origin and the sustaining power of the universe. Herein the scientist and the theologian agree—the laws of nature are the thoughts of God; the universe does consist of units of mind stuff; all that is at all knowable of the One Supreme Intelligence is manifested through the Logos—His thought.

Among occult students, Mystics, and Hermetists there is a consensus of opinion expressed by the axiomatic statement, "Matter is spirit in a condition of limitation."

Perfect thought is the mind of God and mind or consciousness of the *one* is omnipresent—thought is omnipresent. As the consciousness of the *one* is a condition of perfect unity and harmony of all its attributes, it follows that perfect thought, perfect wisdom, and perfect love, must be one, and also that *each attribute* considered in its ultimate analysis, *must contain all the others*. Perfect thought, therefore, contains in itself both wisdom and love—loving wisdom—wise love.

As the seven rays of the divine light which lighted the world are all contained in the one ray, so *Adoni* containeth all the gods. Only by conditioning and by limitation can we conceive of thought, wisdom and love as being separate.

The divine consciousness, or the divine thought acting upon seemingly separate lines, various planes of manifestation and under different conditions of limitation, now manifesting thought as wisdom, again as power and again as love. How then was this manifestation? The hint of an hypothesis only can be given.

There are several fundamental statements that are assumed to be true in the nature of things.

1. That manifestation or creation was for an intelligent purpose and to accomplish a specific object; otherwise, the Supreme Center of Intelligence would be responsible for that which is objectless and foolish and unthinkable.

2. That this purpose for which creation was idealized was wise and beneficent; otherwise, the purpose of the Creator would be unwise, and malefic, which is contrary to His character, and therefore unthinkable.

3. That the idealization and projection of the universe into existence involved the concentration and projection of the divine thought and consciousness to the accomplishment of its object and purpose.

When consciousness is in a condition of poise, or equilib-



rium, its concentration in one direction involves the withdrawal of consciousness in another direction; and, in this case, this would be accomplished without impoverishment of the divine substance, or being, any more than the expressed wish of an individual would impoverish the life of the individual.

This withdrawal of consciousness from one portion of the divine Logos, and its resultant concentration in another portion, would have the effect to "condition," or to produce a limitation of the consciousness so disturbed, and, this limitation in its ultimate, involves the idea of negation in the thing so limited, resulting in the manifestation of no consciousness—no wisdom—no thought—no love.

Therefore, by the concentration of thought in one direction, we have a corresponding limitation which involves the manifestation of ignorance.

Behold the paradox! Sin or ignorance cometh into the world, that the love of the Father might be made manifest. This is the involution of the divine thought—love—wisdom. This is the descending arc, "God immanent in creation." The divine consciousness involving itself in creation, that its purpose might be fulfilled.

If this be involution, what then is evolution?

As thought, wisdom, power, love have been involved in the "descending arc," so is it being evolved or "unrolled" in the "ascending arc." The one is the reflex of the other. The outgoing power, and the returning power are of the one.

"There is one law and He that worketh is One."

The divine purpose has gone out through involution, which is creation. Its return is through evolution, which is redemption.

It is a universal law in nature that all bodies that exist in a free-moving state naturally tend to a condition of equilibrium. This is expressed in the common proverb, "water seeks its own level."

Now, this manifestation, this involution of spirit, mind, wisdom, power, love, in nature has disturbed the divine equilibrium of the Logos, and consequently there is a constant stress or effort on the part of nature, to restore itself to its natural condition,—that of equilibrium.

This is the returning power; this is what actuates all evolution—all progress; *this* is that power in the nature of things that makes for good. *This* is why nature groaneth and travaileth in pain, seeking the day of its deliverance.

*This* is the returning power: this is what actuates all evolution—"Lo, I come to do thy will, O Lord!" *This* is the main-spring of all that exalts and glorifies.

Spirit, mind, wisdom, love, involved in matter, seeks to be *evolved* again into the bosom of the One.

Adonai, going forth from the father, returneth, bringing with him Christos, the Divine Son.

With fraternal greetings,

"SOLARIUS."

### HYPNOTISM.

"Go back with me in the long ago  
 And I will tell you if you don't know  
 That the priests of India and Egypt too  
 The power of hypnotism they did pursue.  
 This sayest the Lord was a priestly plan  
 To draw to hypnotism the minds of man;  
 And now the spirits from the lower sphere  
 Are playing tricks on our mediums here.  
 They will give the name of some potentate  
 To make you think its some one great,  
 So they can get control of your mind.  
 Then after awhile you will surely find  
 That you are a slave to that spirit's will,  
 And that spirit's desire you must fulfill.  
 This is the slavery we are coming to break,  
 The foundation of priestcraft we will shake;  
 We despise the gods that get angry at man.  
 Our Christianity is on a *higher* plane.  
 True liberty to *all* both man and woman  
 Is the liberty coming—that's our plan.  
 I hold no hate towards the priests of earth.  
 I have gained true liberty's spiritual birth.  
 It's the only true liberty a soul can gain;  
*It's the power of the spirit over all that's born.*

A. C. DOANE.



WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS.<sup>1</sup>

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

There lived in a town a cobbler named Martin Avdeitch. He lived in a small room half sunk below the level of the street, with one window which opened on the street. From this window he could see the passers by, and although he could see their feet only Martin could recognize acquaintances by their boots. He had lived in the same room many years and he knew many people. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not passed once or twice through his hands. Some he re-soled, some he patched or mended, others he put new toes to. Often through the window he could see his handiwork. He had plenty of work because he sewed well, used good leather, was moderate in his prices and kept his word. If he could finish the work by the day fixed he would undertake it; if not he would say so frankly and never try to deceive. And every one knew him, and he was never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man, but as he approached old age he began to think more about his soul and drew nearer to God. While he was still an apprentice his wife died, leaving his one boy, three years old. None of the other children had lived; they had all died in infancy. At first Martin wanted to send his little son to live with his sister in the country, but afterwards he felt sorry for the child. "It would be hard for my little Kapiton to grow up in a strange family," he thought; "I will keep him with me."

Martin left his master and went to live in the little room with his child. But it seemed that he was to have no happiness with his children. Just as the boy had grown old enough to begin to help his father, to whom he was the de-

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<sup>1</sup>"What is Prayer?" appeared in the June issue. This was the first of a series of articles on the religion of "The Age of the Son of Man." The present article is the second in the series. While the body of these articles may not be of much importance, the *inner* teachings of them is of vast importance to all those who would live a *true* Christic life. Not only that, but these *inner* teachings *must* form the nucleus of the coming religion. We are done with a god of hate and now that the "Age of the Son of Man" has set in, a religion of love and good will is demanded, and the masses will be ready for it.



light of life, he fell ill, lay with burning fever for a week, and died. Martin buried his son, and his heart was filled with despair. He despaired so great that he upbraided God. Such misery so overwhelmed him that he prayed for death and reproached God for not taking him, an old man, rather than his only beloved son. And Martin ceased to go to church.

One day an old man from Martin's village came to see him. He had been absent for eight years, and Martin told him about his life and complained bitterly of his sorrow.

"I have no longer any wish to live, man of God," said the cobbler. "My only desire is to die quickly. This is the only thing I pray for. I am a man without hope now."

"You don't speak well, Martin," said the old man: "We must not judge God's ways. Not by our understanding, but by God's judgment. God ordained that your son should die and that you should live. Therefore it must be better thus. If you despair, it is only because you want to live for your own happiness."

"And what *else* should I live for?" Martin asked.

"You should live for God, Martin," said the old man. "He gives you life, and you must live for Him. When you live for God, *you will cease to grieve over anything, and all will seem easy to you.*"

Martin was silent for awhile.

"How must one live for God?" he asked.

The old man said: "Christ taught us how to live for God. Can you read? Then buy the Gospels and read them, and then you will learn how to live for God. It is all explained there."

The words fell into Martin's heart. He went the same day and bought the Gospels in large print and began to read.

At first he intended to read only on holidays, but when he began, the words made him feel so happy that he got into the habit of reading every day. Sometimes he would become so absorbed that all the oil in the lamp would burn out, and still he could not tear himself from the book. And so Martin began to read every evening, and the more he read, the better he understood what God required of him, and how he should live for God; and the more and more happy and contented he became. Formerly when he went to bed, he used to lie sighing and moaning and thinking of little Kapiton; now he only said: "Glory to God, glory to God! Thy will be done!"



From that time Martin's life was changed. Formerly on holidays, he used to go to the inn and drink tea; and sometimes he would not refuse a glass of brandy either. He would drink with a friend, and although he was never drunk, he would get rather the worse for liquor and talk foolishly and quarrel and dispute with people. Now all this went from him, and his life became peaceful and contented. In the morning he would sit down to work, and when working-time was over he would take the lamp from its hook, place it on the table, get the book from the shelf and open it and settle down to his reading. The more he read, the better he understood, and the more serene and cheerful he became.

One day Martin sat reading into the night. He was reading the sixth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and he came to the verses: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

He read the verses where Jesus says: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, *and do not the things which I say?* Whosoever cometh to me and heareth my sayings and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man that built a house and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man who without a foundation built a house upon the sand, against which the stream did beat vehemently and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Martin read these words, and his soul was glad. He took off his spectacles, laid them upon the book, leaned his elbows upon the table, and fell into a deep thought, weighing his own life by the words he had just read.

"How is my house built—upon a rock or on the sand?" thought he. "If it is on the rock, it is well. But though it is all so easy, sitting here alone, and it seems as though you really have done everything God commands, yet the moment you forget, you fall into sin again. Still, I will try on. I feel so happy. Help me, Lord!"

He sat thinking till it was long past his bed-time, yet he could not leave the book. He began the seventh chapter. He read about the centurion and the widow's son, and about



the answer to John's disciples, and came to the story of the rich Pharisee who invited Christ to his house. He read how the woman who was a sinner anointed his feet and washed them with her tears, and how he forgave her. He came to the forty-fourth verse, and read:

"And he turned to the woman, and said to Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she has washed my feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss, but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment."

"Thou gavest me no water for my feet," Martin repeated; "thou gavest me no kiss, my head with oil thou anointedst not." And he took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, and again was lost in thought.

"Just such a Pharisee as I am! Like me, he only thought of himself—how to drink tea and lie warm and comfortable, but never thinking about his guest. Himself he cared for, but he had no care for his guest. And the guest was the Lord himself. If He came to visit me, should I do the same?"

Martin rested his head on both hands, and unknown to himself he fell asleep.

Suddenly something seemed to breathe into his ear—"Martin," it whispered.

Martin started up from his sleep. "Who is there?" he asked. He turned round and looked at the door—no one was there. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite distinctly: "Martin, Martin, Look into the street to-morrow; I will come."

Martin awoke again, rose from his chair, and rubbed his eyes, but could not be certain whether he had really heard the words or only dreamed them. So he put out the lamp and went to bed.

The next morning he rose before daylight, prayed to God, lighted the stove, prepared the cabbage soup and buckwheat gruel, put the water in the tea urn (samovar) and set it to boil, put on his apron and sat down at the window to work.

And all the time he worked, his thoughts dwelt on what had happened in the night. He thought and thought and could not be sure whether he had only dreamed of the voice or whether he had really heard it.

"Such things have happened," he said to himself.



Thus he sat at the window, thinking, and all that day he looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever any one went by in unfamiliar boots, he would bend down and stare up through the window, to see the face as well as the feet. The house porter (dvornik) passed by, in new felt boots, then the water carrier, then an old soldier of the time of Nicholas I., shod in old patched felt boots and carrying a spade. Martin recognized him by the boots. His name was Stephen, and he lived with a neighboring merchant who gave him a home out of charity, his occupation consisting in helping the house porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin looked up at him and went on with his work.

"I am growing crazy with old age," he thought, "Stephen is clearing the snow away and I imagine that Christ is coming to me. Old dotard that I am!"

He made a few stitches more, and then he felt a desire to see Stephen again. He looked out, and saw that Stephen had leaned the spade against the wall and was resting, and trying to warm himself. He was very old and worn out, and seemed to have no strength even to shovel the snow. "I think I will offer him some tea," thought Martin; "and by the way, the samovar is just boiling over." He stuck his awl into his work, placed the samovar on the table, made the tea and tapped at the window. Stephen turned round and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him and went to open the door. "Come in and warm yourself," he said, "you must be frozen."

"God bless you," said Stephen. "It is true that my bones are aching." He came in, shook off the snow, and wiped his feet not to dirty the floor; but he was so weak that he tottered in doing it.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin. "I'll clean up the floor. That's my business. You sit down and have some tea."

Martin poured out two glasses of tea and gave one to his guest; his own he poured into the saucer and blew on it.

Stephen finished his glass, turned it upside down, but the remains of the lump of sugar on top, and began to thank Martin. But it was clear he wanted more.

"Have another glass," said Martin, pouring out two more glasses. As he drank, he glanced again and again towards the window.

"Are you expecting any one?" asked his guest.

"Well, I am ashamed even to say whom I expect. And I



can't say that I am really expecting any one, but a word has fallen into my heart. Whether it was a vision or whether I really heard it, I cannot say. You see how it was, brother, last night I was reading the Gospel about Jesus Christ, the little father, how he lived among men and how he suffered. You have heard about it, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have heard," said Stephen, "But I am an ignorant man. I can't read."

"Well, you see, I was reading about him and about how he lived on earth. And I read about how he came to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee didn't give him any welcome. And as I was reading, I thought to myself: How could this man receive Christ, the little father, so badly? If, I thought, such a thing could possibly happen to me, why I shouldn't know how to do enough to welcome him. But the Pharisee did nothing for him. Well, little brother, as I was thinking, I fell asleep, and while I dozed I heard some one call my name. I started up, and it seemed to me I heard a voice whispering, 'Expect me, I will come tomorrow.' Twice it whispered. And would you believe, these words so fell into my heart that, although I scold myself for it, still I cannot help expecting him."

Stephen shook his head, but said nothing. He finished his glass and laid it on its side, but Martin stood it up and filled it again.

"Drink your heart's content. You see, I have been thinking that when the little father lived among us men he didn't despise any one. He preached mostly to simple folk, he walked mostly with the poor, and he picked his disciples out of our brothers, sinners like ourselves, working men. Says he: He who exalts himself shall be abased, and he who abases himself shall be exalted. You call me Lord, says he, but, says he, I will wash your feet. He who would be the first, says he, let him be the servant of all, because, says he, blessed are the poor, the humble, the meek and merciful."

Stephen had forgotten his tea. He was an old man, easily moved to tears, and sitting there, listening, the tears rolled down his face.

"Well, have some more," said Martin.

But Stephen crossed himself, made his thanks, pushed away the glass, and got up.

"Thank you, Martin Avdeitch," he said, "you have fed me and comforted me, *body and soul*."

"Quite welcome," said Martin. "Come again, I am al-



ways glad to have a guest." Stephen departed and Martin poured out the remaining tea, drank it, put away the dishes and sat down again near the window to work. And as he stitched, he glanced again and again at the window—waiting for Christ and thinking of him and of his works. And his heart was full of the sayings of Christ.

Two soldiers went by, one wearing Government boots and the other his own; then came the master of the next house in shining goloshes; then the baker with his basket. They all passed by, and then came a woman in woolen stockings and country-made shoes. She also went by, but stopped near the window-sill. Martin looked up through the window and saw that she was a stranger, poorly dressed and carrying a baby. She was standing by the wall with her back to the wind, trying to cover up the child, only she had nothing to cover it with. Her clothes were only fit for the summer, and poor and old. And through the window Martin could hear the baby crying and the woman trying to comfort it, but the child could not be comforted. Martin arose, opened the door, went to the steps and called out: "Hey, my good woman, hey!" The woman heard him and turned round. "What do you stand there in the cold for, with the child? Come in here. You can comfort him better in the warmth. Come in here."

The woman was surprised at the words, but seeing an old man with apron and spectacles calling her into a house, she followed him.

They went down the steps and entered the little room. Martin led the woman to his bed. "There," he said, "sit down there, closer to the stove. Warm yourself and feed the baby."

"I have no milk," said the woman, "I have not eaten since this morning." Still she laid the child to her breast.

Martin shook his head, went to the table, and poured some cabbage soup into the basin. Then he went to the pot with the gruel, but it was not yet ready, so he put the soup on the table by itself. Then he cut some bread, and took a cloth from the hook and spread it on the table.

"Sit down," he said, "and eat; I will mind the little one. I have had children of my own, so I know how to manage them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table and began to eat, while Martin sat on the bed near the baby. He tried to smack his lips to the child, but, as he had no teeth, he could not manage it very well, and the child went



on crying. Then Martin tried to amuse him by pretending to poke him with his fingers. He would shake his finger at the child, and thrust it right up to his mouth, and then snatch it away again quickly. He was afraid to let the child suck his finger, because it was black with wax. The child stared and stared at the finger, till at last he stopped crying, and then began to laugh. Martin was delighted. Meanwhile the woman was eating, and then she began to tell Martin who she was and where she was going.

"I was a soldier's wife," she said. "They sent my husband far away somewhere eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. I was in service as a cook, but then the baby came, and they would not let me stay with a child. So I have been struggling to live for three months without a place, and I have sold everything I had for food. I wanted to go as a wet-nurse, but nobody would take me; they said I was too thin. Now I have just been to a merchant's wife, where a woman from my village is in service, and she has promised to take me. I thought she would let me come at once, but she tells me I am not to come before next week. She lives a long way off, and I have quite worn myself out and the dear little one too. I am thankful that the mistress of our lodgings pities us and keeps us there for nothing for Christ's sake, otherwise I don't know how we should live."

Martin sighed. "Haven't you got any warm clothing, at any rate?"

"How could I have any, little father? Yesterday I pawned my last shawl for fivepence (twenty kopecks)."

Then the woman walked to the bed and took the child. Martin arose, went to the cupboard, rummaged about in it and brought out an old jacket.

"There," he said. "It's not very good, but still it will do to wrap up a little."

The woman looked at the jacket and then at Martin, then she took the jacket, and burst into tears. Martin turned away, and dived under the bed again; pulled out a little box, rummaged about in it for some time, and sat down opposite the woman again.

"God bless you, little father," said the woman. "It is Christ that must have sent me under your window. The child would have frozen. When I went out it was quite mild, but not it is freezing hard. Surely it must have been Christ that bid you to look out of the window, little father,

(To be Continued).



## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Covering points of general information requested during the past month by those who are prospective candidates.

What is the general aim of the Fraternity? This question asked a number of times during the past month will be answered in a general way.

The object and aim for the future is the same as the past and to answer this question fully would divulge the secret workings of the higher degrees which no member has ever done. If you will stop one moment and examine history you will find mighty working forces for good, though at times almost overthrown because of the minority, yet they toiled on, one decade in temples fast preparing the multitude for the pure life which means eventually universal brotherhood; again, overthrown by the powers of darkness, they met in caves to commune and instruct one another, ever with their symbolic initiations, which were changed to suit nations of the day, but with the same deep underlying truths. That is, the lesser mysteries given first to those who first entered and the greater mysteries unveiled and given undisguised to those who proved *true* to the charges given them. What part they took in the world's history none but those who have reached the heights of initiation can ever know. We have ever been the foe of evil and the friend of the righteous, such a friend that any may feel proud to have. It will suffice to say that we *are not cemented together by any artificial cement*, for had this been the case our mysteries would have been lost to the world thousands of years before the Christian era, instead of being held together in their original purity. We know our path and that which we may need in additional information, we have our Exalted Horoscopus to forecast for us. True, we are no longer secret, as for the past three thousand years, for now has again come our time to extend the order as never since the fall of Atlantis (Meru) has been done. This extraordinary effort upon the fraternities' part has deep significance.

What relation do the mysteries of this fraternity bear to Ancient Egypt? is asked so frequently that a hint will be dropped, that while not infringing upon the mysteries, will satisfy the majority.

Take the name Rameses, the name of certain Egyptian kings; now syllable it—Ra-meses. Originally pronounced Ra-mesu-Ra, God—Mesu, king's son. Again Ra-Sun-Mesu,



child of the Sun—or Son of God. Again, you know that all Egyptian kings had to be initiates, and that while but few after the shepherd kings ever reached the highest degrees, yet all were supposed to have received them fully. Those who had reached the supposed highest, that is, all degrees that were not profoundly secret, were known as Sons of Osiris or—Sons of God, thus an initiate of all degrees up to the tenth then as now are Sons of the King (Osiris), and none pass beyond this that are not qualified. This is not an earth-made rule, but born of the invisible.

The question has been asked some five or six times during the past month, "Does the order make masters as of old?"

The order never did make a master, but furnishes the means whereby the master is made. Nothing, so far as we know, that ever was the property of our fraternity is lost, though much is concealed in our secret Archives, both in the United States, Egypt, and several other countries.

Those who are only in search of cheap occult siftings, this order does not invite. Neither does it want those who but live to turn every power they can secure into avenues of gold for selfish purposes. Those to whom we extend a glad hand and send forth the mighty power of brotherhood are those who join with us to lift the burdens from our fellow creatures.

Doing the work of the Master, building individual spiritual structures, whose beauty far exceeds the grandeur of our physical bodies, however lovely they may be, we strive and assist each other as one by one qualifies for it to supreme heights of immortality. If you are laboring for these conditions, and to see the world enjoy a full spiritual union as once was enjoyed by all (though thousands of years ago). You are extended the glad hand of eternal fellowship of the Free Builders as you approach the ground floor of our First Temple.

DR. IRA L. KEPERLING, 38A

Exalted Master, A. O. F. B.

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