

"The Rosicrucian Brotherhood"

# "THE INITIATES"

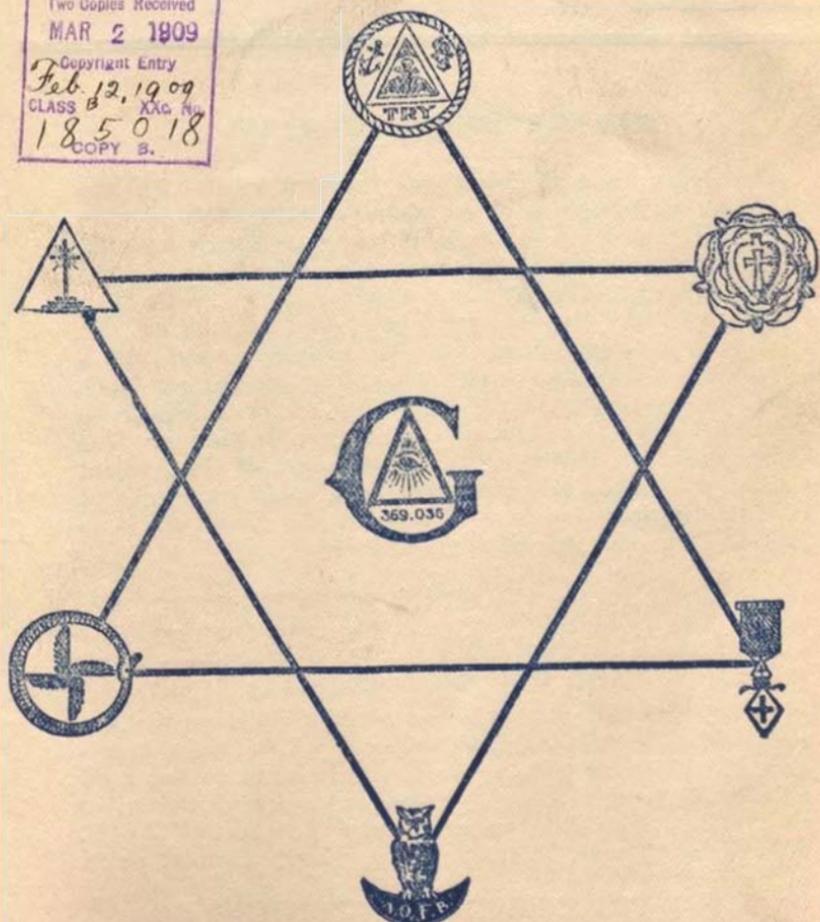
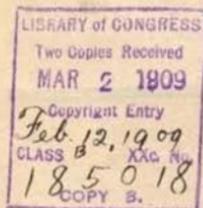
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# "THE INITIATES"

A ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

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## THE FRATERNITY OF OSIRIS.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,



THE ROSICRUCIAN,  
OR  
THE SPIRIT SEEKER.

“Prince and peers  
Of this dim realm!—shapes of this lower world!  
Ghosts of this confined solitude! and sprites  
Lurking 'midst shadows and 'midst monuments,  
Ye are around me in most baneful court.  
The moon's blue glimmer, and the still cold air  
Of wizard midnight, weaving an airy fane  
To dome your presence-awe. I stand i' the midst  
Of a spectre circle, where pale face, and face,  
Ices the gaze. No motion, but a crowd  
Of shadows ring me. Now for my task of dread.”

—*Astolfo.* ¶

“And, after all,” said Lubeck Schieffel, soliloquising aloud, “what do I know? It is true I have obtained the first honors of the university—have learned all the professors can teach, and am considered the ablest scholar in Goettingen; still, how little do I know, and how unsatisfactory that knowledge is.” “Aye, what do you know?” said a voice so near that it made him start. “I know,” said Lubeck, “that you are some idle fool to be prating here at this time of night,” for he felt ashamed and angry that his soliloquy had been overheard; but both shame and anger

gave way to surprise, when, upon turning suddenly round to discover the speaker, he was not able to perceive any one, though the moon shone brightly and for a considerable distance around was a level plain, without a single tree or other object which could have afforded concealment.

The astonishment of Lubeck was beyond description; he tried to persuade himself that it was some trick, but the nearness of the voice, and the nature of the place, forbade such a conclusion. Fear now urged him to hasten from the spot; being resolved, however, that if it *were* a trick of a fellow-student, he should have no advantage, he exclaimed in as jocular a tone as he could command, "Tush, I know you, and wish you better success the next time you attempt the incognito." He then made the best of his way to the high road, and, musing upon this curious and unaccountable circumstance, returned to his apartments.

Next morning Lubeck went to the site of the preceding night's adventure, with the intention of ascertaining the manner in which this curious trick had been performed (for with returning daylight he felt re-assured that it *was* such), but the dismay was very considerable when he arrived at the spot, for, owing to the nature of the ground, he was at once compelled to decide that it could not be a trick performed by *human actors*.

How unsteady is the balance of the human mind. The manner in which the strongest understandings are sometimes swayed by the most minute circumstances is perfectly unaccountable; and the smallest foundation, like the stem of a tree, often carries a wide-spread superstructure. The wild stories of his romantic countrymen were, for a time eagerly perused by Lubeck; and the mind, which had before delighted in them as entertaining compositions, lent them that deep attention, which admitted the possibility of their reality.

Expecting that the invisible person (for such he was now

persuaded existed) would again address him, Lubeck went night after night to the same spot, but in vain. Till at length, as the event became more remote, the impressions of that night became more faint; at last, he felt convinced that the whole must have been the result of his own imagination, and was quietly pursuing his studies, when one morning a stranger was ushered into his apartments.

"I believe," said the stranger, "I am addressing Lubeck Schieffel, who gained, with so much honor, the last prize of this university."

Lubeck bowed assent.

"You may feel surprised," continued he, "that a perfect stranger should obtrude himself upon you, but I concluded that a person who had already obtained so much information would naturally be desirous of embracing any means of increasing it, and I believe it is in my power to point out to you a way by which that increase may be obtained."

"I certainly feel an ardent thirst for knowledge," said Lubeck; "as yet, I cannot but agree with him who said, 'all I know is, that I know nothing.' I have read the books pointed out by the professors, and all that I have read only confirms the justness of this conclusion."

"And rightly," said the stranger, "for of what use are the *majority* of the ancient writings, but as they furnish excellent rules of morality, and specimens of elegant or amusing compositions. We may admire the descriptions of Tacitus, the simple style of Livy—be dazzled by the splendid imagery of Homer, or melted by the tender traits of Tibullus or Euripides—we may laugh with Anacreon, or enjoy the still beauties of nature with Theocritus—we have love in Sappho, satire in Juvenal, and man in Horace—we——"

"Stay, stay," said Lubeck. "Swell the list no further; from all these books some knowledge I have drained, but am still not satisfied. I still thirst, still pant for knowledge; and am sick to the soul for knowing no more than the rest

of the world. I would——”

“If you look to gain,” said the stranger, interrupting him, “*for such universal knowledge from books, you must be disappointed. It would consume nearly a life, to read all that has been written upon any one science, which, when known, is but one step forward, and while we are striving to reach wisdom, death overtakes us. Besides you learn nothing NEW from books, for invention must PRECEDE science, and clear a path for her, while the compilers of books but follow at a distance and record her steps.\** Still you need not despair, for though thousands in vain strive to open the portals to that knowledge, which is closed by a bar which no forces can remove—still, to some it may be given to find a hidden spring, which touched——”

“And you have found the spring,” said Lubeck sarcastically.

“It has been found,” said the stranger. “It has been touched. The hitherto sealed portals have been opened, and the hidden knowledge full—complete—is revealed, *but only to a few, and even to those conditionally.*”

“You speak allegorically,” said Lubeck. “What mean you?”

“You must be aware,” said the stranger, “that he who wishes to excel in any *one* science gives it his undivided attention; is it not rational then to suppose that something

\*All books concerning the Rosicrucian system and Mysteries can give but the outer teachings and build a foundation upon which the sincere student may erect his structure. The inner teachings are not so much a philosophy as a system of training, or soul development. The student must personify the teachings in his own life and become an absolute individual. As he *becomes* so will he learn to *know* the Mysteries. He no longer believes, he *knows*.

*extraordinary* must be exacted of him who wishes to excel in *all*?

"Full, complete attention," said Lubeck, "and intense and unwearied application."

"If undivided attention, or intense and unwearied application would have availed," said the stranger, "would you now have been seeking it? Attend. Suppose a Fraternity had existed for many centuries, living in a place, rendered *invisible* to all the outer world but themselves, by an extraordinary secret, who are acquainted with every science, some of which they have improved to the highest degree of perfection, who possess a multitude of valuable and almost incredible secrets. Possessed of the art of prolonging life very much, indeed, beyond its usual limits, and having so great a knowledge of medicine, that no malady can withstand them, they laugh at the diseases which you consider mortal.\* They possess a key to the Jewish Caballa, they have copies of the Sybilline books. But, alas! how many discoveries which they have made, and have divulged, with the intention of benefiting mankind, generally, have proved, in the event, a heavy curse to part."

Lubeck began to feel a strong conviction that he was listening to either the dreams of some wild enthusiast, or the reveries of a madman; but though the ideas of the stranger were so wild, neither his look, tone, nor manner seemed to warrant such conclusion; he, therefore, was greatly embarrassed how to proceed. At length he observed: "For what purpose, may I ask, do you endeavor to amuse me, with relating what to me seems simply impossible?"

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\*Under this head are considered *all* diseases not caused by the Law of Karma. Such diseases are the verdict of a just Law of God or Nature, and simply mean that such person has fulfilled his time upon this plane. The Rosicrucian does not interfere with such.

"Impossible!" repeated the stranger. "Impossible—thus it ever is with mankind. Whatever escapes *THEIR* investigation—whatever they cannot readily comprehend or explain, *THEY* pronounce to have no existence, or to be utterly inexplicable. Consider how many things, which to you appear possible, to one of less information would appear what you pronounce this to be, and thus Galileo imprisoned, and forced to deny truths which were not comprehended. You admitted to me, a short time past, that all *your* knowledge amounted to nothing. Still, the moment I tell you of what you cannot comprehend, you at once pronounce it to be impossible. Listen," continued the stranger, and immediately the same remarkable voice, which Lubeck had before heard, exclaimed: "Aye, what do you know?"

The tenor of the stranger's conversation had not recalled to Lubeck Schieffel the events of that memorable night, but now it rushed upon him in an instant, and before him he conceived was the supernatural being who haunted his steps.

"This extraordinary society, of which I was telling you," continued the stranger, "received its name from Christian Rosenerux,\* who was born in Germany, in the year 1359. He was educated in a monastery, and excelled in most ancient and modern languages. A powerful desire urged him to seek a more extensive range of information than could be obtained within the precincts of a cloister, and he determined to travel. The religious feeling common about the close of the fourteenth century, led him to visit the Holy Land. Having seen the Holy Sepulchre, he proceeded to Damascus, where he was in great danger of losing his life. This circumstance, however, was the cause of all his fame

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\*The interested reader should see "The Rosicrucians; their Teachings," by Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer, for full information on this subject.

and greatness; for he learned from the Eastern physicians, or (as they are sometimes called) philosophers, who undertook and completed his cure, the existence of many extraordinary secrets, by which his curiosity was so highly excited, that he spent much time travelling over most of the eastern parts, till he became master of those most wonderful secrets, which had been preserved by tradition from the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Brahmins, Gymnosophists, and the Magi.\*

“Upon his return into his own country he collected together several men of similar pursuit with himself, and to them he communicated those secrets, the fruits of his labors and discoveries. This was the origin of the Rosicrucians, or Brothers of the Rosy Cross, under *that* name; they were likewise called *Immortales*, because of their long life; *Invisible Brothers*, because they kept their membership of such Fraternity secret. Its existence was concealed till about the year 1600, when, by some unaccountable means, it became known. Some time after, two books were published, which, it was pretended, were the productions of members of this society. The one was entitled *Fama Fraternitatis Laudabilis Ordinis Rosoecrucis*,\* (the Report of the laudable Order of the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross); the other *Confessio Fraternitatis* (the Confession of the Fraternity).\* These books gave a pretended account of the

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\*The manuscript for a private work, “The Hierophant of the Egyptian Religion,” is ready for press. This work is by the Supreme Exalted Master of the Fraternity of Osiris and will contain many of the greatest mysteries of the Ancient Egyptians. Many of these mysteries are the same as were taught in the true Egyptian Initiation. This work will be only for the members of certain Orders and will be issued from the private press of the Philosophical Publishing Co.

\*Both these Manifestoes are contained in “The Rosicrucians; their Teachings,” in their complete form and with many notes added in explanation, .....

society and its views. That these books were the production of those they were pretended to be, was openly denied in 1620, by Michael Bede, who publicly declared that he knew the whole truth to have been fabricated by some ingenious persons. A great number of persons falsely pretended to belong to this society, especially Robert Hudd, an English Physician; Michael Mayer, and above all, in the year 1600, Jacob Behmen, known as the Teutonic philosopher.

"It was believed that Rosencrux died in the year 1448. But, in truth, so famous a man could not disappear from the world (as he was bound to do by the rules of the society) without the greatest curiosity existing to ascertain the particulars. It was, therefore, pretended that he died, although he lived in the society for about two hundred years after that feigned event."

"Two hundred years!" said Lubeck, in astonishment.

"The way of prolonging life is, as I told you, one of our great secrets, which can only be communicated to the initiated; but thus far I may tell you—its duration depends on the *influence of the stars*."

"Do all men's lives depend on them? I have often heard that the *planets* have influenced the *actions* of men—which to me seemed strange; but how can they affect the *existence* of you, and you only?"

"I wonder not at your question; but I may tell you no more, for an *attempt* to divulge certain secrets would cost my life."\* The stranger continued: "The renowned Paracelsus was also one of our Fraternity, and it was to him that

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\*The reader must bear in mind that this does *not* mean that the Society would take the life of such member. Such is *not* the case, for there is another law which the member would set into motion which would result in a condition which would mean death.

we are indebted for the *Elixir of Life*.† He was reported to have died also, in the year 1541, but he survived about a century. The members of our Fraternity bind themselves by a solemn oath to keep our secrets inviolable; the nature of this oath is so extraordinary, that even a mere attempt to violate it is prevented by——. Suppose this Fraternity to consist of a stated number of persons, one of them occasionally retired, if you had an offer to become one of them, would you accede to it?"

"But I do not recollect," said Lubeck, "you said something extraordinary would be required?"

"We have conditions," said the stranger, "but by you they are easily fulfilled. You must be free from crime, you must separate yourself from the world, and all that is in it—parents, relations, friends—and take a vow of celibacy."\*

The look of eager hope and delight with which Lubeck had, till now, listened to the latter words of the stranger, changed at once to disappointment and sorrow. His expectations, which had been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, were now dashed to the ground at once.

"It cannot be—it cannot be," he hastily exclaimed; "never, never can I consent to abandon Hela. I am engaged to be married—nay, the day is set."

"Can you be so infatuated as to reject my offer?"

The lover, in his imagination, has no comparison to her

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†The mystery as taught by Paracelsus is known to the Fraternity and is taught at the present day. It is also taught the students of the Inner Circle of the International System of Magnetic (Alchemical) Therapeutics.

\*Such vow is now no longer required. In fact has not been for some centuries, as the Neophyte is now taught the "Divine Mystery," and both married and single can follow the path.

he loves; her form exists, perfect, supreme, and all absorbing, in his mind. No tasteful imagery, no descriptive words, could give the feelings as they there exist; to him the plainest language speaks the best, for his own mind then adds the most, to that which gives the least. Lubeck briefly replied, "You never *saw* her."

"Consider, I pray you," replied the stranger, "that, in fifty or sixty years, your earthly years will be run, and in how much less time will *beauty* have passed away; that beauty, at whose altar you are now about to sacrifice continued youth, health, and a surpassing knowledge."

"But," added Lubeck, "even when her beauty shall have faded, her mind will still remain."

"Still," said the stranger, "Still! what mean you,—some fifty or sixty years! And can you balance these few years with *centuries* of that enjoyment which you so lately desired? Believe me, if your marriage be happy, joy will make you grieve for the brevity of life; but if, as too often happens, you find the Temple of Hymen borders closely upon the burying place of love, then sorrow will cause you to be weary of life and its length."

The stranger here paused a few seconds, and then continued: "It is said, 'Mankind petitioned Jupiter, that Hymen and Love should be worshipped together in the same temple; for in consequence of their dwelling apart, many an offering had been given to Love, which should have been dedicated to Hymen; and that Hymen had many a vow, which ought first to have been offered to Love. To this reasonable request the god promised compliance, and Hymen and Love descended to earth, to erect a temple for that purpose. For some time the two gods were undecided as to where the structure should be placed, till at length, they fixed upon a spot in the domains of Youth, and there they begun erecting it. But alas! it was not yet completed when Age came and usurped the place, turned their temple to a ruin, and used them so harshly, that they fled. From

thence they roamed about, Hymen disliking one place, and Love another; here, parents consented and children refused; there children solicited, and parents forbade; and the world was continually throwing obstacles in their way. Poor Love, who *was always a wavering and tender child*, felt the effect of this, and was already thinking of returning, when they fortunately hit upon a spot which they thought would suit them. It was situated about midway up a hill; the prospect was neither extensive nor confined; one half was in the domain of wealth while the other stood on the precincts of poverty; before them was content; pleasure resided in a splendid palace on one side, and industry in a cot on the other; ambition was above them, and vice below. Here, then, they erected their temple. But Love, who had been wearied, with the length of the road, and fatigued by the hardships of the journey, in less than a month afterwards fell sick and died. He was buried within the temple; and Hymen, who has ever since lamented him, dug, with his own hands, his grave, and on the monument erected to the memory of the little god, whose effigy was carved in marble, he laid his own torch. And there, before the torch of Hymen, and on the tomb of "lost Love," many a vow was offered up, and many plighted hearts have wept to find the temple of Hymen, the burying place of Love. Alas! your happiness is like polished steel, rusted by a breath; nor can you hope to quaff the full cup of pleasure, *and find no dregs.'*"

"Life may be like an ocean of troubled water," said Lubeck, "but there is a pearl for which we venture on its bosom. In vain, in vain, you endeavor to change my determination. No—*love is all of life worth living for*. If I were to enter your Fraternity, shall I quaff the waters of Lethe? No! Remember, then, our memory *is like a picture gallery of past days; and would there not be one picture which would haunt me for ever? And should I not curse the hour in which I BARTERED, SOLD happiness for*

*knowledge?* Do you not think——?”

“It is vain,” said the stranger, interrupting him. “It is vain to argue with you now; a heart boiling over as yours does, with violent emotions, must send intoxicating fumes to the head. I give you a month to consider—I will then see you again; time may change your present resolutions. I should regret that an unstable, evanescent passion, like your love, should part us; however, should your mind change in the meantime, *remember where I was first heard*. Till then, adieu.”

“Till then,” said Lubeck, “will never be; but, before we part, pardon an injustice I did you in my thoughts. The extraordinary nature of your conversation led me at first to conceive that I was listening to the reveries of a madman. Farewell, you cannot give me happiness like that you would deprive me of.”

The stranger smiled, and, bowing, left the apartment.

The time was rapidly approaching which was fixed for Lubeck Schieffel's marriage with Hela, when, on the morning following his conversation with the stranger, he received the intelligence that she was attacked by a violent illness. The most celebrated physicians of the place were summoned to attend her; but the symptoms, which from the first had been serious, resisted their utmost efforts, and now became alarming. Day after day passed on, and the disorder still increased, and it appeared, that a few days at farthest, and she would no longer exist, for whom Lubeck had so lately given up length of life and surpassing knowledge.

The crisis arrived, and the dictum of the physicians destroyed that hope to which the lover till then had clung.

Lubeck, nearly distracted, was gazing intently on that fair and faded form which lay before him, and marked the hectic red slowly give place to that pale, wan hue, the sure foreteller of the approach of the god Pluto. On one side the bed of his dying child, sat the aged father of Hela; he

was silent, for he was hopeless; on the other side stood the physician, who, to the frequently uplifted and enquiring eye of the old man, shook his head expressive of no hope. "Will nothing save her?" whispered Lubeck, his tremulous voice broken by sobs "Nothing, save a miracle!" was the reply. "Nay, then it must be——," said Lubeck, and rushed out of the room.

A week only had elapsed, and we find Hela restored in a most unaccountable manner, to health and beauty, by an unknown medicine, procured by Lubeck from an unknown source, which no enquiry could induce him to divulge. Week passed after week, and nothing had been said by Lubeck relating to the approaching marriage; he was oppressed by a deep melancholy, which every attention of Hela seemed but to increase.

They were taking one of their accustomed rambles; it was one of those beautiful evenings, which are frequent towards the latter end of autumn; the sun was just sinking behind the dark blue mountains, and the sky seemed one continued sheet of burnished gold. The bright leaves of the trees, the surrounding rocks, and the distant hills, were gilded by the same heavenly alchemy. This gradually changed to a deep red, glowing like the ruby, mingling beautifully with the brown and yellow tints which autumn had spread over the scene. Not a sound was heard, save, at measured intervals, the long drawn melancholy note of some distant unseen bird, and, but for this, they two might have seemed the sole inhabitants of a silent world; 'midst nature's beauties the most beautiful, the bright setting sun seemed to have lent its lustre to their eyes, its color to their cheeks, and to delay his setting, as if unwilling to quit a scene so lovely. Slowly he set, and as slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the glowing red changed to the soft pale twilight, and the moon, then in her full, gradually ascended, mistress of the scene; and then the stars peeped forward, one by one, as if fearful of the light, at length another and

another came, till the whole face of heaven was filled with brightness.

It was Hela's voice, that, almost in a whisper, broke on the silence around. "It will be fine to-morrow, it always is after such a sunset as this."

"I think it will, and I hope it may," said Lubeck, "if you would have it so! but why to-morrow?"

"Oh, to-morrow was to have been our—wedding-day."

There are remembrances we would fain suppress; thoughts, which recalled, weigh heavily on the heart; ideas, which we have struggled to keep down, on which to dwell were far too great a pain, and these the mind, when wearied, had forgotten. And yet—one word, one little word, shall recall every thought, bring in an instant each remembrance forth, and waken memory though it slept for years.

"Hela!" exclaimed Lubeck, dreadfully agitated, "that day can never be!"

"What, Lubeck!" she replied, doubting that she had heard correctly.

"Hela," continued he, "when you lay upon your bed of sickness; when mortal aid seemed unavailing—your life despaired of—remember it was then I brought the medicine which so unaccountably restored you; driven to desperation by your impending fate, I sought relief from beings who had the power to give it—even then,—from them obtained that medicine, *but it was purchased by my happiness and my VERY life*,—I took a vow which parted us forever in order to save yours!"

"Dreadful," said Hela, what——?"

"I cannot tell you more," he hurriedly exclaimed. "In your absence, I have often resolved to tell you this, but never before could I mention it when we were together. I feared it would break your heart—I felt it was breaking mine. I could not bear to think of it; I would have persuaded myself it was a dream; I tried to conceal it from myself; I would have forgotten all, but that I saved you.

Alas! I could not hide it from myself, and it were cruel to have hidden it longer from you. Hela, I could not bear to hear that day named, and not tell you that day can never be."

"What mystery! Lubeck, speak plainly, let me know all."

"Listen," he continued, "since I must tell you. You have heard of the Rosicrucians, and believed, perhaps, that they existed only in the imagination of the superstitious and foolish; too truly I can prove the truth of what you have heard. Vast, indeed, their knowledge; vast, indeed, their power; to them may be given to penetrate the secrets of nature; to them a being co-existent with a world; but to me they possessed that, which was more valued than their power, than knowledge, or *than life itself—it was the medicine that saved you*. To obtain it, I was compelled to take the oath which separated us for ever—an oath of celibacy. *I am a Rosicrucian.*"

Long, long was Hela silent; the dread with which this avowal had at first filled her mind, was slowly giving way to what was to her more terrible, a doubt of its truth; her fearful eyes marked the long painful hesitation between rooted affection and disdain of his supposed perfidy.

Strange, that throughout all ages, man, when he truly loved, and only a few with lofty and sublime souls truly love, was ever willing to give his very life for the one he so loved, and now as always, when he does so, is he doubted by the one for whom he gives his very life and happiness. *Why* must this be? Cannot nature be more just to such? At last, is it nature, or is it his God to try him whether he will really be faithful to that God of love within to the very end? Who knows this mighty mystery? However, true it is that the few who thus truly love are ever tried, ever must they try the bitter cup for to them love is as God and the one whom they love is the personification of immortality. Poor being, mighty in many things, but very

weak in this.

Again, why is it that though man, Rosierucian or otherwise, although he himself knows the penalty of loving and although he tells her whom he loves the penalty, not of her loving him, but of proving false to such vow, why it is that she knows it, that though she takes the very vow of faithfulness to him, knowing that sure death of body and soul is the result of unfaithfulness, *why must some prove unfaithful?* God alone knows, for this is a mystery that no man, Rosierucian or not, has ever been able to solve. There is but one mighty truth, *it is true.*

Love is woman's, that is, *true* woman's very existence, and yet, when it is offered to her, only to one in a million, she accepts it but for a day and often then turns to one who is not worthy of looking at her, only to forfeit the love of a true one and be cursed by a brute. God grant that some day, in the immortal future, such things may not be.

"Farewell," she at length exclaimed. "Had you loved me with half the devoted fervor that I loved, you sooner would have died than have given me up; but, let it be. Farewell. Time will soon take my remembrance from your heart—if ever love existed there for me; go, seek some other favorite, and in your *length of years*, quit *her* as easily as you part from *me*; boast to her of the foolish fondness of an innocent heart, and tell the simple tale of *one* who could not live to prove your story *false.*"

"*False, Hela, false!*" exclaimed Lubeck, driven to desperation by her unjust reproach. "You never more shall doubt me; I had thought that when I gave up all my happiness, dooming myself to a long life of misery (for life without you is misery), I had thought that she, for whom this sacrifice was made, would, at least, have been grateful, and have praised my motives. This was my only hope; but now, when I told the oath that gave her to life, and me to misery, she thinks me false. The only consolation I expected was her thanks, and there are none for me. No,

Hela, no, you never more shall doubt me. I cannot spare you this, my last resource, to prove how true is the heart that you have doubted. Hela, look on the beautiful heavens; how often have I gazed with deepest reverence on its varied lights, but never with that intensity of feeling that I do now; for I feel that I partake a being with them. There is a star this night sheds its *last rays—a world shall cease to exist—a life must perish with it.* See you small cloud, that comes slowly over the face of heaven; and mark, it wings its light way to that pale star. Now, Hela, now, you never more shall doubt me. *On that star depends my—*”

She turns, and lifeless at her feet lies what was once her true and faithful lover; silent a while she stands, as if she doubts what she sees was real; then her clasped hands convulsive pressed her head; and in her heart she felt ages of anguish in one moment's woe.

Hark, what is it that troubled echo so repeats; that wakes the fox, and startles all around? The wolf bays fearfully; the startled owl screams harshly as she takes her hurried flight.

It was a shriek, a long and fearful shriek, and oh, the tale it tells is of *despair*—that every joy is fled, that hope is vanished, that the heart, *which doubted a TRUE love is broken.*

Silent is echo now; the angry wolf is heard no more; the startled owl has rested from her flight and terror, and stillness once again commands the scene.

The moon has climbed her highest, and sinking, follows darkness to the west; a little while, and then—full in the east appears the pale small arch of light, that darkens, and then brighter comes again; and then the long faint rays of the approaching sun; and last himself, in all his brightness comes, like a conqueror, and deposes night.

The birds are chirping on the trees; and gently on the ear comes, by degrees, the distant hum of an awaking world.

But there is a silence man can *never* break, there is a darkness *suns can never light*—there is a sleep that morn shall *never* awaken—and such is *Death's* and *Hela's*, but the *Rosicrucian lives*.

Kind heart, if you would love and *change*, then love only as all the world loves, but if you would love until the end, if you would stand before the judgment seat of your God, your *conscience*, together with him whom you thus *love*, then love him who *knows* how to love as the gods love. Never forget that such love must ever be watched as the Vestal fires, that it must be nurtured at the breast of love, and if such is yours, then will you know that, like the apostle of the Christ—St. John the humble—*that God is love and love is God*.

After "The Rosicrucian, or the Spirit Seeker," from the Astrologer, 1845.

Be friendly. The all-seeing eye  
Beholds and guides the butterfly,  
And each wee thing that creeps and runs,  
All, all are God's own little ones.  
Be friendly. All the world is fair,  
And God's great hand is everywhere.

—F. L. NUTT.

## KARMA.

A PROEM.

BY I. S. BRADLEY.

With Notes by DR. R. SWINBURNE CLYMER.

Constant, certain, sure as mortal time Karma adds nor lessens by one tithe a well earned woe or pleasure.

It is the faithful servant of the server (and holds the Server servile to his own), whose mode of measure tho' ye scan it not, forever beats tattoo in equal strain to heart-throbs good or ill.

No partial summing of a trite equation passeth for a bill of equity or legal state.

It acts! Nor can it move a partial love or hate for of its simple attribute of fealty to meets and bounds.

It hath one aspect; single unto truth and fraud alike.\* Truth or fraud it knows them not. Friend or foe it sure hath never seen. Guilt and innocence bear testimony of its fealty.

Compassion ne'er yet dwelt in form so true, so loving, kind and leal as faithful Karma in her whited robes of

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\*The Law of Karma does not recognize either truth or fraud, both of these are alike to it. It simply pays just debts. The truth is rewarded justly by it and fraud is just as justly punished. Neither tears nor supplication can change it, for it is the law.

loyalty.†

In ethics it is relative; in justice it is absolute. As ratios in the factors of a problem to be solved, it cannot give a unit, it cannot take a fraction—lest the law of continuity be swayed to give a surd some legal standing at her bar of justice.

Relative in pain or pleasure, it is ratio due, now here, now there, nor takes a moiety or nerve-throb from a frown, nor adds a tithe to pleasure's nod or smile.

It is the law replete, yet impotent to sway a legal statute or a squib, and feels ubiquity and shame as like unto fair twins whose mother knows not which is which.

It acts!—And weal or woe is but a thing whose joy or sorrow is mere common-place in Time's great ledger of a solar sphere.\*

†Karma is kind and loving to her children, but she is just as stern to those who wrong the law. She is always in robes of white, even if her judgment is punishment. It is not really her who passes judgment, but the conscience of the one who stands before her. For this reason it is that there can be no appeal, the conscience itself is the judge, under the Law of Karma, and try how we will, we cannot appease the conscience.

\*The Law of Karma *is*. It acts. As we stand before the judgment seat, so will we stand before the great law. We *know* whether we were right or wrong. The conscience is awakened fully and sees where wrong or justice was done. We, the soul, the conscience, read from the Astral Light, the Great Book, all our acts, we see all our promises made, we see before us all the hearts that we have broken through broken promises. We cannot appeal to God or man, for we *did* the thing and the law *acts*, for we cannot, in any way, appease the voice of our own conscience. Whether joy or sorrow is the punishment, it is swift and sure.

It acts for Justice on her plane without one ray of hope in glee, nor can it cherish yet one ray in all that is forlorn.†

No pleasure stays its passage to the Temple's gate, nor sorrow sways its course to foul Gehena's pyle; no whim may swerve to right or left, no fancy win one smile, nor freak may call attention here, nor guile persuade by a deviation of a line.‡

It acts the law:—Nor can it bar the lawyer nor the outlaw; for these two worthies of a cult or creed—graceful or graceless—allied in honest husbandry for man's best weal, or 'gainst all law and order for a fee of shame,—these are server of the servant more faithful than love hath ever known. It cannot pay a debt of love more sure, more certain than an equal debt of hate; it pays all debts alike:\*

†The law is *just*, it is justice absolute. There is no joy in its actions, there can be no sorrow, for the law *is*. When we stand before the seat of judgment, when the conscience is awakened as it will be, then we see the wrong done, the joy given. May God who is just, help us to do right while we live, for after we stand before the law there is no appeal. Prayer will help us none then.

‡Nothing can swerve the law from doing justice. God is good, man is a part of God; as such he is rational, he is a thinker, he *knows* what he promises and he knows whether he keeps them or not. There is no chance to swerve the law, our only chance is *now*, in life. It is for us now to see to it that we break not a loving heart. If we do, then there is no law in the world, neither heaven nor earth, can save us from justice in the Great Beyond.

\*A debt. Let us hope that all our debts are light. If we err in action, let it be towards ourselves, for then have we already paid the debt and conscience is free and the law fulfilled. It pays the debts. The conscience must settle all bills. If we have loved, if that love has been cast aside by

The good because they have a merit due; the bad because the token is the same—and neither one because of courtesy or scorn.

It acts—as though the lawyer in his grave acumen were the “power behind the throne” and gave command to all the attributes of nature and they did obey.

It acts as though the outlaw were some monster catapult to hurl the hideous side of nature 'gainst her light and love and lore, and make assurance doubly sure for evil and her train of harpies.

No court reports so true in equity, and judgment stands as tho' it were a statue moulded from the brow of God.†

A legal fee hath but one aspect, and a quid-pro-quo no rating nor a concept:—F'or this is Karma; known and unknown, root or roots! All things do pass in judgment here, and none pass by upon the other side—not one; no, not one.

Escape? It knows not where to hide thee from thy shame, nor how to hide thy shame from thee.‡

the loved one, then our debt is paid and there is much to our credit. True, we have suffered, but in the vast eternity it will help us much and the credit is good. If we have hated, justly or unjustly, Karma cannot recognize why, she simply knows that we have hated. Eternity will make us pay the bill. Let us then be on the side of love for *love is God*.

†It stands for the law of God, for Karma is God's one Great Law, it is the Great Book of Revelations, the book before we must all read the good and bad. Before it we will see all our acts. It is *just*. God is good, but let us be likewise.

‡There is no escape. We cannot say that we know not when we committed the acts which stand out before us. They are *there*, the conscience *knows* that they were committed. We must bear the punishment. Then let us see to it that every page reads: This day a sorrowful heart I cheered. This day I gave the love that was asked of me. This day did I return the love which was shown to me. This day a hungry soul I fed. I cheered the one who loves

It cannot pass a thought; it cannot pass a word: It will not pass a deed.

Thought or word or deed it never yet hath lost.\*

All things do record bear of Karma's faithful loyalty to wheat and chaff and smut—to Saint, to good man and to sinner.†

Escape? It cannot hide thee from a deed of love;‡ it will not hide a love-deed nor a goad. It will not be contemned, nor yet withhold a tithe of largess due to king or slave.

It is exact: Of equal balance it doth balance all, and weights and measures, bounties and forfeits are as true for

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me. I made the promises anew. I live the promises I made, for a kind heart must *never* be bruised even though my own heart is broken. Then smile, smile, smile, even though your heart be broken.

\*Not only does the law record our deeds and the hearts we break, but every word we speak and everything thought we think, it recorded as faithfully as though we broke a heart. Then let us ever remember this and be sure that each thought, outside of the thoughts we think in business life, be that of *love* to all humanity, friend or enemy, each alike. God is good, and all things are for our good if we recognize them as such.

†None is too good but the conscience records all his or her acts in the Astral Light. All, even though a Christ, will have a faithful record kept.

‡Nothing is lost. Do not think that because you do a deed of love which is not appreciated, that it has not served its purpose. Even though your life were to be forfeited for an act of justice or *love*, that very act will save your immortal soul when you stand before the judgment seat, and all must stand before it. He that knows most of him will be asked most. Love then all humanity, break no heart and remember that God and his law is just and true.

Cæsar as they are for God.¶

God or Cæsar, it must bear a justice He approves, and be the bearer of a truth he cannot gainsay.

A truce it hath not learned to know; and tho' it wave a flag of whitest tint, and bear an olive-branch and dove of purity, it cannot stain the one nor break the other;—and lo, the last stands emblem royal of its grace and graciousness, that plebe and potentate have equal place before its Crown and Throne.§

A war it never yet hath waged, yet deals unto the warrior every blow himself hath dealt for right or wrong, and sums the carnage of a battlefield as sure as tho' 'twere but the act of one poor fool.

Cross or Crescent, Bull or Bear, each bear their trial or their trophy as Hercules doth bear a world upon his shoulders; not for he will, but for he must, to 'suage a grievous wrong he wot not of, yet sure he hath of justice

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¶No matter how great we are, whether ruler of the earth, or but a humble worker in the field, the acts of one count as much as the act of the other, and a little deed of kindness to the smallest of God's children will count much for you. Let it be a deed of love. Remember that your soul, before the final judgment is just as great as that of the king or emperor. You are one of God's children, there is no other soul of more value to Him than your own. Break no heart which you have sworn to love. *Your promise is sealed before the throne of God; it is firmly printed on the Astral Light. You must see it ere long.*

§The Law of Karma is just. It bears the robes of white, for in the law there is no wrong. It is only the judge, the balance, and you and I, my beloved reader, no matter how heavy our hearts may be, have no excuse to wrong a single thing with life. God is good, but he is also just and, bear in mind that the law of love is the only legal tender before the judgment throne. See to it that you have plenty of it.

been condemned. No largess doth persuade, no famine doth presume a payment on account; for there were but debentures to a former fraud, and Karma knows but tribute just and fair. Of true crescendo in a song, it sings with him whose joy is present now, and mourns, but misses not one note of anguish or despair, one trill of sorrow's cry or wail.\*

This is justice! This is full and roundabout compassion. This the gods approve, while neither smile nor frown, nor blush of joy or woe doth mantle o'er a brow of placid peace.†

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\*Karma records all and it were far better for you if she were to record nothing but tears for us if they are shed in sorrow for love and right. What matters these few short days upon mother earth? What matters even though our heart be continually broken? If *we* have fulfilled the law of love, so long as that love was wanted, then we have nothing to fear. It is not asked of man to throw love upon those who do not want it, but man has not the right to take it from those who want it. Man is a conscious being. God gave him a will to control his thoughts and his desires. He gave him knowledge to *know* what promises he makes, and neither God nor Karma will excuse us if we break the heart that is faithful to us. Man has not the right to judge another for a promise made must be accepted by him in good faith and though it may be a false one, not upon him rests the punishment. Not a cry from the heart escapes the heart, and man's cry of "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," has just as much weight this day as it had when the Son of man broke his heart for humanity which crucified Him.

†The gods approve the law for the law is *just*. Karma smiles on all her children who try to do the right. It has nothing to do with us whether others are unkind to us or not. It is for us to return good for evil and to bear the things which come to us. Mayhap in the past, we, too, did

This is Karma; fair of mein, whose mesne is measured unto meets and bounds, stolid, as tho' it were a thing of vast indifference to common law and order. But, looking into law as common unto men who heed not virtue nor its value, nor its sweet simplicity, nor usefulness, and postulate some rancid unguent as a panacea for a wart, or pungent application to abate a sickening smell—'tis here we court and coax a Karma, faithful to the last, and lean upon her staff as tho' 'twere balaneed by the hand of God; 'tis here we do know justice; 'tis here we do know wrong,—and every summons to a Court of Equity is but a play at "blind-man's-buff," a farce to smother in ourselves a true dramatic crime, a crime whose continuity is "legal tender" for all of Karma's fatal frosts or blasting fires of scorn.

Now mascot and now nemesis, as you do make it, it bars not royalty nor poverty from its blessings of just recompense, but takes them both as "birds of a feather," who flock to the same foul roost for the same foul purpose.

It cannot pass in judgment, but acts a judgment passed. For lo, the culprit inculcates the rightful thief as deftly as his nimble fingers picked the pocket of its goods already marked and numbered "stolen."\*

hurt another, and who knows but that we are paying a just bill. Let us then bear the cross with a smile, for God is good, and the law is just. Always must we bear in mind that in but one way can we pay the bills of the law, that legal tender is *love*. Not from the lips, but from the heart.

\*The Law of Karma does not pass judgment. This is not its duty. Man, through this mighty law, passes judgment upon himself, for as he sees the thing which he did and should not have done, so does his soul pass the judgment. It is but the duty of the law to see that judgment is fulfilled, and she does it. In the Astral Light are all our deeds, good or bad, recorded and as we pass to the beyond so do we stand face to face before that Great Book. It is then that the soul, the awakened conscience, condemns the acts of

Its court is courteous unto bland servility, and asks no question of the one condemned.†

Obsequious or benign, it follows prestige with impartial grace, and knows its action as the shadow of a higher court's decree, whose justice was in error to itself. It cannot write a brief, but briefly acts a judgment without jury,‡ court or witness to confirm, nor hears a blaze harrangue from learn'd and blatant council pro or con. Of fatal fortitude in blind submission to a fraud, or equal firmness in a fray of honor, it nods nor bows to neither, save to act impartial as it must.

This is Karma: Mysterious and misapplied, it plies the shuttle of the loom of life and weaves a garment glamoured o'er with rust and canker, or, in application to a motive fair, its fabric, frail or full is lined and glinted by ten thousand lights from gems of regal worth.§

wrong, and it is then that the law sees that punishment is meted out. My God, is it a wonder that sensitive souls groan in this world of woe, where love might reign supreme, were it wanted? But this not so, man wants love but for a day and then 'tis cast aside.

†The court truly needs to ask no questions for the soul reads its own deeds, good and bad, as easily as the human court understands when the criminal confesses. Only, that there can be nothing added to the story and nothing subtracted. It stands out clear and true. The astral is the confessional.

‡The Law needs no brief, he needs no plea, none can be put in. It receives but the verdict from the soul itself, and as it receives it so does it pass the judgment. There is no appeal to a higher court, for the judgment is *from the soul itself*. God forgive those who know not love.

§Pure, true, good angel of light, truly thou art robed with gems and jewels for those who have loved. The philosopher was right who has said: "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'" The heart may be broken,

It is the reflex action of the act; reflexing every tint and shade of motive, thought and deed in iridescent colors, sound and number, true to that "small point" that penned the lines for gain or loss in compensation of its own behest.

It is not ethics, neither is it equity; but, as Chancellor for one still greater, it holds these foreign growths as once the Chancellor of State did hold the conscience of the King.\*

Equity and ethics are but niece and nephew far removed, while Karma is hand-maid to the husbandman, and lives and dies as he doth live and die—and in rebirth it lives again as He returns to fields long winnowing or to pastures new.†

Ye cannot flee yourselves, nor leave your shadow for a day to rest a *conscience* shriven by ten thousand bolts of sin! Ye carry both and ride upon the wind and wave as gulls do ride upon the air, with neither flap of wing nor movement of a feather.‡

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but in its turn comes the understanding that after all, *all is well with the soul that has loved*, even though possibly too well, if not wisely.

\*The law *is* law, and nothing but the law. It has no duties but to see that justice is done. It is but the judge of the court of God. The conscience of you and I, my friend, are safe in its keeping, and we need not fear that we will receive absolute justice, no matter what the act may have been.

†In the Law of Reincarnation will be the Law of Karma fulfilled. Even the soul, in its form beyond the grave, may suffer for eternities, it does not end there. The law throws it back to earth once again and then in its suffering, sufferings caused by others as he *had* caused suffering to others, will its punishment be completed. God forgive them, for it is more than the mind can understand.

‡The law is *everywhere*. No matter where you may try to go, no matter what you may try to do, the law is there, for where your very soul and conscience can go, *there also is the law*. Think not that you can appease a wrong, think

Ye think to "shake" this friend, this foe, this deva, this "doppleganger," this guardian angel, this "dweller on the threshold," this accuser, this justifier, this judge that judgeth not yet acts a judgment, this witness that sweareth not yet holds all evidence unto conviction for a vice or virtue? Ye think to "shake" this thing that hath not form, that ye berate in woe and coddle, nurse and hug in happiness?¶ Belie the truth no longer, besmirch thyself no more, betrayer of the one betrayed! Be honest for a day, and Karma, though it stand surprised, will deal an honest hand and give thee "cards and spades" to win a trick for justice.\*

not that you can flee from a broken heart. In your sleep, even in this life, will appear that soul who was so true to you. There, even though you were in the arms of another, will the law reach you and your sweetest cup will prove to be only of bitter dregs. Then be true to your vows, love the one who loves you, and whom you have sworn to love. If he or she ceases to love you, then bear your broken heart, but let it not be you who breaks the bond of love. God *understands*.

¶"The Dweller of the Threshold." My God, is there one like it? None can understand this better than such as have entered the path to supreme initiation, for these know him and, if they have been true, have overcome him. No longer is he the terror, but he has become the guardian. My friend, you who know the laws, you who have entered the path, are you faithful to your vows? Do you follow the one who has taught you? Do you return love for love, duty for duty? If not, then God pity you. For no matter what else may happen, it was your duty, and if you break your vow, the terror will be such to you. But if you are faithful, no matter what the world may say, then he is become your guardian and you need not fear.

\*Be honest for a day. Why is it that we may not always be honest? Is there, in this vast world, an excuse to be otherwise? Were it not far better to believe in the law and follow it through this short span of days and have the law as our friend, than to work against the law and have it as a judge on the losing side?

Restless as the steed whose bit is curbed by master hand, its stride in freedom spans the gulf of time and leaps the chasm from the finite to infinity, safe and sure as the winged dove arrives at its own cote. It cannot miss the way, for it is blazed; and guideboards stand at every turn to point the route to any goal that Karma needs must win.†

All goals are fair as "forty thieves and friars," but no touch-down counts for aught in Karma's game of "push and pull." It leans on nothing, and yet its load stands mountains high, and reeks with stench more foul than hades might eject from out its ever retching maw.‡

'Tis sponsor for a bill of equity in every case before the court, yet sums no day-book nor account in settlement of any claim for rebate or equivalent. It casts all surds and nines by simple cancellation of a root that hath no rating in a problem in geometry.

Geometry and justice stand as friends in common parlance, but geometry may abdicate and justice still would rule—for Karma knows but one, the primal postulate in

†No, truly, it cannot miss the way, for the acts are written on the astral as faithful as the photographer can take every line in our face. There it stands, there it is our accuser, and just it is. No matter what man may try to do to smooth over his conscience, he cannot blot out the wrong deed done. God is good, but he will not condone the deed of a broken heart. After all, it is hearts that count in this life, as well as beyond the great white way. For love brings happiness, even in sorrow, where a broken heart can bring us nothing but sorrow and pain.

‡Karma: 'Tis the clearing house for all acts, thoughts and deeds. 'Tis no wonder that the Egyptians called their hell a Gahena. No wonder 'tis foul, for let us but think of the crimes of a day and the soul is bowed in sorrow. Let us, dear reader, not add to the filth.

Moses' decalogue, or premise laid in Christ's beatitudes.¶

Paradox of paradoxes, it is all things unto all mankind, yet, still is "one," and all men do bow at last in meek submission to this servant of the server.\* It hath no synonyms nor antonyms; for lo! declension needs a verb to base a predicate upon, and Karma lays no stress on fact or fraud, but synthesizes by a mode peculiar to itself, wherein a fraud becomes a fact of known repute by its own disrepute. It hath not case or gender by any terms of grammar, but holds to "I, he, she and it," more closely than a Damon to his friend in standing sponsor for his sure return and honor.

Death holds no terrors by its terms of surety, and life no expectations in uncertainty; for both are polished smooth as glass and cast the same reflection in the mirror Karma holds to natures, *mise-en-scene*. It stands assured of its own by terms fo contact with the cause for which it came into existence, more certain than a deed and bond may lay, and quit-claims all debentures by statu quo in res-ad-judicata. It holds no quo-warranto proceedings, but proceeds by "right of way" founded upon the Law of Eminent Domain, nor asks no jury to pass a verdict pro or con in judgment for a tresspass by saint or sinner; for these it cannot pass, nor yet

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¶The Christ: What thoughts this brings to us. He of the beautiful life. He who suffered for no wrong in that life. And yet, His Mary, who turned to him in love was as necessary to His fulfillment of Karmaic law as is love to us. Would to God that there were more such as she ready to turn to such as are ready to give such love as she gave. Though called the scarlet woman, she stood by Him unto the last, faithful in truth and love. Karma was fulfilled and neither He nor she needs to appear again. All is well. May the God bless such faithful love as hers. *And He will.*

\*In the end, when we pass from this life's stage, we must all face the law. It will then be our friend or our foe. Not that it can be either one of the other, on ourselves will depend all. The judgment is sure, there is no getting away. No matter what our station in this life, just as sure will the

usurp, for Karma hews unto the line in law or license for a ukase of the Tzar that laid both meets and bounds by rod and line forged by the one Master Hand.

O little man! Can life continue on in sweet simplicity and sentimental nothingness and cunning knavery, and low absurdity, and base ambition thatched and overgrown with weeds and thorns and thistles, and still anticipate a "flow'ry bed of ease," "a harp and timbrels" as complement to these base elements of thought and deed that make us shudder in our dreams, and fear and cower in our days of waking? Can life continue all devoid of song and cheery love, and gracious mesne and purpose, and happy helpful honor 'mongst the herd of which we are an integer, a fraction or a decimal so small the crowd knows nothing of our entre or exit? Or must we, will we plant a rose to bloom in some "lone corner of the Garden of the Gods"—a lilly fair, if frail, to waft around on the stifling air and pass assurance 'long the line of life's forlorn and weary way, to lead some

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tiller of the soil come under its rule as does the king and emperor. None can escape, when we pass to the beyond. *There* stands the judge and the conscience, he whom we may have tried to bribe, is as clear as though we had never made the attempt. It were better then that we had been the poorly paid servant of a cruel king and have loved than to have been the mightiest potentate and have not known love, or having known it, have denied or "sold" it. The law is there, the book is open before us and therein we will be forced to read all things as clearly as though we were looking into a looking-glass. *There is all.* Neither God nor man can intercede. Let us hope, my friend, that you and I will have a large balance of the only coin, the beatitude of love.

*\*No.* This love for love and hate for hate. The law is *just.* You and I, no matter how long our life, when the time comes to pass to the beyond, will take all with us. No matter how much we may try to hide the fact, the soul *within* us will tell us that "As we do unto others, so will it be done by us." Love is the key to the kingdom of heaven.

pilgrim to a haven blest in peace and love and light?†

On this we rest our case! When summoned to appear before the court, and, by assurance barred of guile or doubt, this mirror of ten thousand lives that we have lived or borne in aeons past, dissolves, resolves, refracts and then reflects all colors, shades and tints,—all tone of sharps and flats, crescendos, minuendos, scherzos, pizzicatos, arpeggios, abligatos, basso-profundos, tenors, altos and sopranos,—when these and other thousand aspects mingle into one harmonious “King” that breathes not back one discord nor in-harmony upon the special void,—’tis then we may assured be that peace white-winged and as a dove hath come to settle here and rest in sure repose.

And lo, the servant and the server haply wedded unto loyalty, will cease a strife of long and bitter war, and midst the lilies and the daisies of a summer’s love lie down to

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If one love proves false to you, then there is humanity to love. Think not because one may prove false, that there are none who are true. There is always the one, as Mary to Christ, who will be faithful. Others may promise, your heart may be broken many times, but remember thou, that this will not be for thee to pay. He or she who, knowing the right, swears to be true to you and is not, he or she will pay the debt. You need not pay it. You may suffer here, but in the great beyond, another and a more just law holds good. That law *none* can escape. It is the Law of Karma, the hand-maid of the one God.

†’Tis true, love is the only way; it leads to light and life. The Rosicrucian was right when he said that the only things worth living for were light and love. Man cannot ask for more, but he must bear in mind that even these may not be had in a material world without suffering. If we want these, then we must suffer. Would we rather escape suffering now and suffer throughout eternity, or suffer now, have a little of love and the heart and soul filled with it in the great beyond. We have free will, it is for us to say. May God help us to follow the right.

quiet rest.

Let lost love not cause thee to become cruel. Remember ever that it was not love, but the shadow of love, for true love, once given, is never recalled.

### FORGET AND REMEMBER.

Forget each kindness that you do  
 As soon as you have done it;  
 Forget the praise that falls to you  
 The moment you have won it;  
 Forget the slander that you hear  
 Before you can repeat it.  
 Remember every kindness done  
 To you, whate'er its measure;  
 Remember every promise made  
 And keep it to the letter;  
 Remember those who lent you aid  
 And be a grateful debtor.  
 Remember all the happiness  
 That comes your way in living,  
 Forget each worry and distress,  
 Be hopeful and forgiving.  
 Remember good, remember truth,  
 Remember heaven's above you:  
 And you will find, through age and youth,  
 True joys and hearts to love you.

—W. H. VAN RIPER, Healer.

### THE CHILD.

Who finds "The Child" in all things,  
 Skipping and playing,  
 He the true devotee is,  
 Praising and praying.

—BARNETTEE BROWN.

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## "THE EGYPTIAN."

A magazine of the Ancient Initiation and Priesthood.

It is the Official Organ of the Fraternity "Sons of Osiris," and contains all information on the Order. There is no other magazine like it.

The November number contains:

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