

"The Rosicrucian Brotherhood"

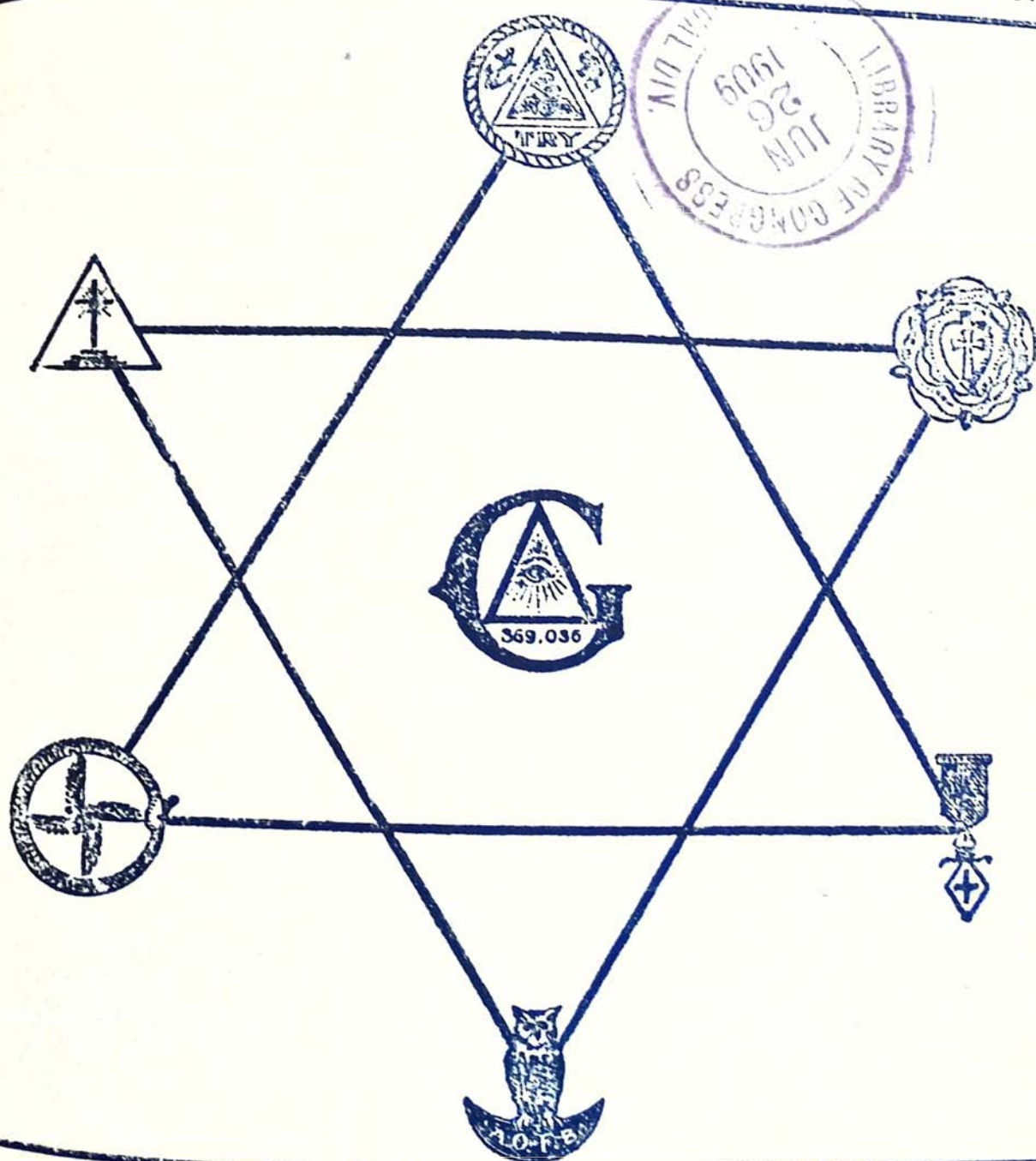
"THE INITIATES"

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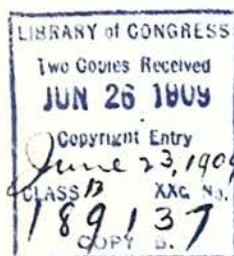


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"THE INITIATES"

A ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

DR. R. SWINBURNE CLYMER, Editor



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LOVE'S MEDLEY.

It has often been said that all good poets are dead. That is, that there are none to-day who are equal to those of past ages. As a general thing I agree with this conclusion, but it is not wholly true, for now and then one finds a poem which ranks favorably with the very best of any age. One of these is "The Fairy Song," by Alfred Noyes, in that splendid book of poems, "The Flower of Old Japan."

This little poem, when analyzed, contains more truth than is generally found in so few lines, and, no doubt, all readers of "The Initiates" will like it

SONG.

Bear her along
Keep ye your song
Tender and sweet and low:
Fairies must die!
Ask ye not why
Ye that have hurt her so.*
Passing away—

*Flowers from the spray!
Color and light from the leaf!
Soon, soon will the year
Shed its blossoms on her bier,
And the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

*There is more in this line than one would believe at first glance. Is it not a fact, that humanity, taking it as a whole, and especially the greater part, will crucify those of the tender hearts, no matter whether man or woman, and then turn right back and question *why* such a one should be crushed? Of course, this is not unusual, for in all ages it has been the same, no matter whether a Christ was crucified or a poor girl kicked into the gutter, very often by the very fiend in human shape who had ruined her. Speaking on this subject, a little work of art comes to my mind which I found in Parker H. Secombe's magazine "To-morrow," which is so very true:

THRICE A HYPOCRITE.

"Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain."

Surely man is the prince of hypocrites.
First, he seduces and makes the prostitute.
Second, he erects the standard by which to judge her.
Third, he scorns her, stones her, punishes her, and on the sly patronizes her. Oh, hell!

And how true this is. We therefore find that such a work as "The Fairy" appeals right to the better nature of the true man. It reaches the heart.

Why is it that, as Secombe so well says, man ruins woman, then he sets the standard to judge her by. Think of him who has seduced her and made a wreck out of that which was as pure as the snow, and then condemns and judges her!

Were it not a fact, which stares us in the face at all turns, one would not believe it, for how can we think that man, made in the image of his God, can stoop so low, and yet this is certainly not the end of the lane, for he will do worse.

However, it must not be understood that man alone is to blame for this state of affairs. Too often it is the fault of the woman or the girl. It has come to such a state that woman, in the vast majority of cases, cares very much more for fancy dresses, diamonds and a good time than she does for the true love of a man. In many cases where I have given my special attention to cases, giving my personal time to investigating the matter, I have found that this was the cause of woman's ruin. That in the first place they were offered all that true man could offer, but that they passed it for what another might offer in gold; in other words, for dresses and a good time.

After all, except in some cases, it may be that the natural law holds good, and that we including both man and woman, get what we are "looking for." However, there are many exceptions to this rule.

Men upon earth
Bring us to birth
Gently at even and morn!
When as brother and brother
They greet one another
And smile—then a fairy is born!*

But at each cruel word
Upon earth that is heard,
Each deed of unkindness or hate,
Some fairy must pass
From the games in the grass
And steal thro' the terrible gate.†

*Passing away—
Flowers from the spray!*

*Color and light from the leaf!
 Soon, soon will the year
 Shed its blossoms on her bier,
 And the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

*Here we have one of the most powerful occult laws known to man. If we for a moment admit that "Thoughts are things, or the cause of things" we can readily see what it means. Again, we go into fairy land, and who is not willing to do this at times in this hard, matter of fact world? If evil thoughts are the cause of evil deeds, and they are, then why should not a good thought or a kind word *create* a being as well. Such is a fact which none can deny, for in thoughts and in acts we are creators, only second to Him who created us in His image. A good thought creates a good vibration. In other words, a good thought, a kind greeting to man as a brother, creates a fairy.

This being true, and it is, then it is just as true, that a cruel word, a cruel deed, sends a fairy back to its grave. In other words, a cruel thought, a cruel word or a cruel deed destroys the good vibration that we created before.

†Were we to give these things more mature thought, think you not, my reader, we would be more considerate in our thoughts and words? Were it not far better to give all a kind word, even the lowest in the street, for we must bear in mind that even though it would be resented, it could not harm us while the very vibration of the said act would be bound to bring us good. After all, we are only what *we* ourselves make ourselves, and none can gainsay this for "The hand that smites thee is thine own."

If ye knew, if ye knew
 All the wrong that ye do*
 By the thought that ye harbor alone,†
 How the face of some fairy
 Grows wistful and weary
 And the heart in her cold as a stone!

Ah, she was born
Blithe as the morn
Under the April sky,
Born of the greeting
Of two lovers meeting!†
They parted, and so she must die!‡

*Passing away—
Flowers from the spray!
Color and light from the leaf!
Soon, soon will the year
Shed its blossoms on her bier,
And the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

*It is very true, and more is the pity, that many of our thoughts and acts are wrong without our knowing it. Many a time do we give a cruel blow in words and deeds which we believe to be right. However, ignorance of the law excuses none, and thus it is that we must bear the results of our acts and thoughts as well, even though we knew not the wrong done.

†Thoughts are as bad as acts. It is true that we do not feel the results as soon, nor does the one thought of, but in good time the results are always positive and they never fail. Why is it that man cannot study the laws of the forces he sets in action, thereby avoiding much of the wrong he does?

‡What then is more beautiful than this thought? And is it not true that while man forgets the time of his lover's greetings when he is busy with other matters, no sooner does some misfortune befall him, some accident happen, or old age set in, when all the old-time happiness comes back? This in itself should prove to all men that there really were "fairies" born of such lover's greeting, and that such fairies are far more beautiful than any others created by him, even though he may have made millions. After all, it simply proves to man that there is nothing beyond love,

whether it be love of the beautiful, love of the innocent, love of family, friends or flowers, or love of God, for did not the great Master say that "God is love?" which means that love is of God.

§Why then must the parting be? It is true that all must part, but it is then the law of nature that demands it, and after all, it is a thousand times easier to lose a friend or loved one through death than through being false, for there is hardly anything in this world of ours which can cut to the heart as does the news that one we have loved has proven false to our friendship. And it is one of the things which, more than anything else, will cause us to have no confidence in humanity. It would be a beautiful thing if we could prove true to the troths made, whether it be only of friendship or that which is far greater and which is really the only thing worth living for.

Cradled in blisses
Yea, born of your kisses,
Oh, ye lovers that meet by the moon,
She would not have cried
In the darkness and died
If ye had not forgotten so soon!

MAN FORGETS. This should be blazoned on the sky so that it would be before mortal view at all times, day and night. Mayhap it would help man to remember. To-day he promises upon all that is sacred; by the time night is here he has forgotten, and there is a broken heart. I do not mean by the word "man" only the masculine in nature, but the feminine as well. Mankind would be the better word to use.

Why is it that man must sell his very life in order to gain that which he calls love? No sooner has he gained it than he throws it away; and yet, when all is said, it is the only thing worth while. Underneath all feeling, all work, all life, there is the wish and desire to love and be loved, but civilization, or what passes as such, has so far killed the

finer nature in humanity that it has cast it aside for the tinsel of life. Humanity is money mad; possibly not so much money mad as power mad, for all the world, individuals and nations, is seeking for power.

Thus, in this mad rush for power, all is crushed to earth, and well may the fairies, born in the morn, be crushed to earth by night, for man makes his promises in the morning, only to forget them by evening.

Cruel mortals, they say,
Live for ever and aye,
And they pray in the dark on their knees!*

But the flowers that are fled
And the loves that are dead,
What heaven takes pity on these?

*Another consistency in humanity. Man, supposed to be immortal, is ready to ruin all in order to gain power and wealth. Neither friends nor love is sacred to him so long as his object is gained, and, when all is done, he is just as ready to fall upon his knees and pray to what he thinks is his God. It is strange that man, supposed to be a rational and thinking creature, should so far forget himself as to think for one moment that he can break hearts as he wishes, without even giving them a thought and then, after it is done, after he has gained his object, think that he can go before a Just God, He who has made those whose hearts were broken, and simply ask for forgiveness and be thus easily forgiven. It seems utterly impossible that such things could be true, but true it is as the student can find thousands of examples without going far to find them.

Why cannot man take the great Exemplar for an example? Why not believe in His just teachings? For did He not say: "As ye sow so shall ye reap." There is no provision made whereby one can be forgiven while another cannot. Why then cannot man be just at least, even though he may be cruel? Why should we not be willing to take the same medicine that we give to another?

*Passing away—
 Flowers from the spray!
 Color and light from the leaf!
 Soon, soon will the year
 Shed its blossoms on her bier,
 And the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

Another beautiful little poem is "Love," by Gladys Freeman, in the June "Magazine of Mysteries."

LOVE.

There is a tiny flower
 In the heart of age and youth,
 'Tis nurtured by the dew of Faith;
 And the steadfast light of Truth;
 And tender fancies round it twine
 Like the myrtle—ever green.

But this blossom rare is hidden
 And blushes all unseen.
 The holy light of Heaven
 Casts its sunshine from above,
 As it blossoms in radiant beauty,
 For 'tis God's own flower of Love.

There is no doubt that it is a tiny flower, and much more found in youth and old age than in manhood. It seems that in youth it holds first place, that is, if youth is as it should be. When youth reaches the estate of manhood, he seems to forget that which is worth more than all. This is naturally caused by present day civilization and the fight for existence. Then again, when the fight has been made and old age sets in, the heart turns once again to that sweetest music of all—words and feelings of love. It is a pity that this tiny flower should not be more cultivated even in manhood or middle life, for it takes no time and but little thought. The imagination of man should be kept awake all through

life, for after all, love depends on the imagination as much, if not more, as it does upon faith and truth, for man, in his true state, is an imaginative creature and in this sublime faculty he is like unto the gods. Animals have reason, as one can easily find out. They have even more of instinct than has man, and man differs only from the animal in that he is supposed to have a soul. And what is soul but the imaginative faculty of the human being? Without imagination man is far lower than the beast, as our modern newspapers show us every day and on every page.

In closing we turn to the little poem, "The Young May Moon," in the same magazine, which is certainly the ideal of youth:

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the *best of all ways*,
 To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Thus man lives, and he could be happy did he but desire to be happy. But the great trouble is that we expect to obtain happiness from those things we are sure to find will give us nought but pain and neglect the things which would make us happy.

(*"Love's Medley to be continued."*)

THE LEGEND OF THE RED MAN OF THE
TUILLERIES.

(Concluded.)

and power. Comets, like the planets, are not only *causes*, but *portents* of events. Astrology takes them into consideration as regards the place of their origin in the sphere of apparition, their progress and disappearance in the horoscope. Briefly then, in regard to your own horoscope, at first sight there are two great antagonistic facts: *Elevation and fall!* To what rank and elevation may you not attain? What abyss will open up under your feet? I need to give my attention here. I feel that something extraordinary will come of my observations, though I ought to ask that you will contain your emotions and reserve your questions till the close of this hermetic enquiry. If you are not sure of yourself it is better not to commence at all."

"I will be attentive and silent while you examine the horoscope."

"The sum of the numbers which constitute your personality is 1804, and adding these figures together the result is 13, thus: $1+8+0+4=XIII$, which refers to the thirteenth point in the Tarot, and from the position it occupies it denotes '*death in captivity*,' wherein behold the *fall*."

"Let us now look into the ascending part of your destiny. Jupiter announces elevation and great fortune. Mars, joined to the sun, denotes that the fortunes will be imperilled, but before then, Jupiter in aspect with Mercury and with the Royal Star conjoined, and Mercury on his throne in Virgo, shows very clearly that—"

"And what does this aspect show?"

"Sir," replied Pierre-le-Clerc, drawing himself together with dignity, "the hermetic arcana reveal to me that you are called to the highest position and power that a man can attain. The seal of Solomon which is derived from your horoscope, among other things of which the sidereal aspects speak, gives one formal presage: *You will reign!*"

"Ah, the man is a fool," soliloquized the young soldier, who, without command, money or prospects, had that same year been struck off the roll of the active army by an imbecile of the name of Aubry, chief of the Committee of War, for the mysterious incognito to whom Pierre-le-Clerc had given this astrological seance was none other than *Napoleon Buonaparte*. Springing from the old armchair and overturning it in his haste, he threw his light purse at the face of the astonished old man, and disappeared down the shadowy staircase, at the risk of breaking neck or limb a score of times.

The old Benedictine, astounded by this violence, essayed to make a few steps in his direction, and then falling upon his knees he murmured: "Guide him, O heaven! and rest upon him, for it must needs be that thy decrees should become established on earth as in the heavens! Thou hast revealed it by the mouth of thy unworthy servant—*he will reign!*"

Just as the great city clock was striking the hour of eight, on Thursday, the 7th November, 1799, a man on foot, muffled to his eyes in a blue surtout cloak, arrived with hurried steps at Number 13, Pruits-de-l'Ermite, and hesitated not a moment in finding the threshold of the old shamble, to which, as by an instinct, he was drawn. The door of the hideous passage was open. He plunged, without pausing, into its dark obscurity, felt for the staircase, and quickly mounted the several flights, glad that he met no one who might have recognized him. Arriving at the gangway leading to the lantern-room, he saw a ray of light creeping under the door and heard a voice coughing within the room.

"It is well; the voice of Pierre-le-Clerc; he is still alive—Master Pierre; open quickly!"

"Who is there?" replied the old man.

"A friend, in great haste and much pressed."

The old man came to the door as quickly as possible. His old limbs had four more years to carry; his eyes were worn with long vigils; and his hands, thinner than ever, trembled upon the key. Nothing around him was changed, save in respect to the wear of time, which gave an aspect of increased poverty to the place and its occupant, and told beyond doubt that his clients were few and far between.

"Sir," said he, raising a green paper shade from his eyes, "you desire a consultation?"

"Mons. Pierre-le-Clerc, General Buonaparte comes to ask your pardon for the rudeness of your client on the occasion of his former visit."

"Ah, great Heaven! General Buonaparte! Welcome, General. Ah, you are on the road to the *crown of the Magians*, the twenty-third Arcanum of the Rosy Cross! I only remember it to repeat it once more to you with all the wishes of my heart! But you are already a great man, General, and I dare not ask you to be seated here—yes, you are a great man and I am always nothing but a poor decrepit old man."

The old man's voice wavered.

"Nonsense," replied Buonaparte, giving his hand a cordial grasp. "This evening you must change your condition. I have neither a throne nor a magic crown, but I am no longer an officer without men or money, and I hear that you are in need of the latter. Therefore I am come. Accept these hundred crowns."

"General!"

"Do not refuse, and no thanks are needed. Take them! All clients ought to give according to their means, and I am come to continue my consultation of four years ago. I have arrived from Egypt, my dear Astrologer, in much need of

physical refreshment and rest, and not knowing what to do with my short release from military duties, I am struck with the idea of learning something of the occult science under your auspices. As well one phantasy as another; only I beg you will not speak of it to any one, and although to-day I have revealed myself to you, not having the same cause as formerly to guard my identity, yet it is a matter which must rest between ourselves. I shall be able to come once or twice a week, and in regard to remuneration of your services, if you will leave it to me I will see that you have everything that you require. How will that suit you?"

"General, you overwhelm me with your kindness."

"My dear master," said Buonaparte, seating himself, "your armchairs are always very thin about the stomach. At your age it is necessary to have some comforts in order to make life a little sunny. Very soon, please God, I shall find you in a better bivouac. Now, let's to work! I am the humble student of the mysteries of Isis. I have seen the sphinx, the pyramids, the obelisks, the mummies, the hieroglyphs, but there are no longer any magicians in Egypt. You would have been very useful down there, teaching the Institute how to read; for, in spite of their archaeological pretensions, I fear they did not make a famous work of it." Then he added, "Behold me at school—let us discuss Hermes!"

"With much pleasure, General—and as instruction is only properly conveyed by practice—"

"Let us be practical, dear Master."

"Certainly, I was about to propose it. It is in handling the *Arcana*, if one may so speak, that familiarity with them is obtained. Ah! I had commenced a nice study of yourself, General,—let us refer to it."

"Yes, and do you tell me if you discover that I may become General-in-Chief of the armies of Italy and Egypt."

"Oh! that is only a single stone in the column of which I have measured the summit since your first visit.

We are not yet in the year 1804, the culminating point of your horoscope."

"If I recollect rightly, you called 1804 the meridian of my horoscope, the pole opposed to 1769; the height or depth of the ladder of fortune."

"It is the summit of your horoscope—and the most exalted summit!"

"Very well, it may be, since you hold it to be so."

"I hold only what is true, for I have obtained it by an absolute means. Moreover, I have preserved your horoscopical figure as a trophy of your former visit. It was well worth the trouble, and a secret presentment told me that I should see you again—See! here is the figure, set out with the planets, constellations and arcaba."

At these words Pierre-le-Clerc turned over the pages of his enormous Bible and drew forth what he had called his trophy.

"Is my destiny figured in that?" said Buonaparte, examining the complex mass of rays and symbols with some curiosity.

"Would you like to begin anew, and satisfy yourself that the figure is constructed from the date afforded by yourself, and that it is in no way changed since your first visit?"

"That is waste of time, I have a good memory. I recall the number 135 and 178; it is very remarkable and interesting. Now tell me all you can, agreeably of course, to the teachings of the famous Hermes. Kindly confine yourself, however, to the probable events of the coming year, and complete the general scheme at your leisure."

"Then a new operation is necessary," said the old Benedictine, "and from this horoscope, which embraces the whole of your life, I must detach so much as applies to the year 1800, of which you require information. Born in 1769, the 15th of August, you will be 31 years of age on the next birthday. Then, at the rate of one sign for each year, I find the zodiac is twice completely revolved and that the

remainder is 7, which, added to 5, the order of your rising sign in the zodiac, yields 12, which corresponds to Pisces. We have therefore to interrogate the presages of the twelfth sign of the zodiac, which for the year 1800 will be your rising sign. Proceeding in the same manner as for your nativity, save that the year 1800 will replace 1769, and that the sum will be no longer 1804, but 1835, your key number 35 being added to the year in question. Observe, please, that this number 35 is the sum of your individuality. The year 1800 is ruled by the genius of the planet Saturn, which will be the planet whose circle we shall employ in placing the planets in the horoscope; and starting from the third decan of Leo, as at your birth, we have the following figures." And in less time than it would take to explain the curious scheme, the old astrologer had completed it to his satisfaction.

"At first sight," the old Savant continued, "this figure indicates, by the sign of nativity, Leo, in the sixth house,—the house of strife,—great strifes against yourself, others, or yet against fate.

"The lord of Leo, namely the Sun, is found in the twelfth house—a house of evil genius—and in a human sign and in company with the malefic Mars; evil done by others. Then, too, if we notice the ray which menaces the sun, symbol of the life, we find it emanates from Mars in the second house, who is rendered more malefic by being in conjunction with Saturn; and I thence deduce that this menace of hurt proceeding from human malice is likely to find expression in some ambush or secret attack. Moreover, the conjunction of Saturn and Mars in Aries always threatens some wounds by iron or fire—"

"But you know, my dear Master," cried Buonaparte, laughing, "these are very curious New Year's gifts! and from all this it would appear that the Crown of the Magus you promised me in 1804 is likely to become a crown of the angels."

"Do not fear, General, for when providence lights our pathway it is for the purpose of protecting us; and your good star will protect you. The chance of fortune, calculated from the Sun to the Moon, falls here in the second house and gives its mitigating influence to Saturn and Mars, which menace the life. Jupiter, the protecting planet, which in your nativity holds the meridian, is here placed in Virgo in the seventh house. Now please notice that in the nativity you have Virgo in the second house, where for 1800 we find the evil planets; and Virgo, has no portent of evil, in spite of the ambush of which I have warned you, and hence you will triumph over your peril."

"But, tell me," interrupted Buonaparte with serious mein, "can you say at what period of the year this danger will have place?"

"In all astrological figures," replied the astrologer, "consideration is made of the lord of the first house, as representing the consultant. Here it is Jupiter who rules over Pisces. The constellation most hostile to Jupiter is Capricorn, for Jupiter is there in his fall; and consequently it will be under this sign that the danger will have place. Each sign is divided into three decans (of ten degrees each) and the first decan of Capricorn is that ruled over by Jupiter, the significator. This decan corresponds in the calendar to the period from the twenty-second to thirty-first of December. During this period it will be well if you guard yourself against the machinations of certain scoundrels whom I cannot absolutely name, but who nevertheless exist and who will most certainly threaten your safety." When human reason is instructed it should not disdain the unknown." (On the 24th December, 1800, an infernal machine was exploded in the Rite Saint Nicaise, as he went to the opera.)

Some time after this interview with Pierre-le-Clere, Buonaparte, who often thought of the old astrologer of the Puits de l'Ermite, resolved to have him at hand, so that at all hours of the day he might consult with him more easily.

To this effect he one day sent a messenger charged with an order to bring the old Hermetist to the Palace of the Tuilleries. The old man believed himself to be dreaming. He took the servant for a personage of magnitude and forced himself to do the honors of his garret, in which, with his mind on a level with the eternal stars, he knew enough just to touch with his feet the miseries of this world as a spring-board whence rebounded the never-ending illusion of life.

But the messenger of the Premier-Consul was little fitted to hold a colloquy with the great Master of Occult Science. "Sir," he said, without necessary words, "I have orders to take you, this very evening to the Tuilleries, where your apartments are prepared. We shall close your door, and to-morrow your furniture and things will be sent for if you wish to retain them."

"I shall take my papers and my books," cried Pierre-le-Clere; "these papers and these books, sir, are treasures without price—"

"The more reason for you not to carry them away in a hurry, for you might lose them."

"Ah, so—it is an order of abduction?—"

"With every care that I am ordered to have for your person. Accompany me, sir; a carriage awaits us, and the journey will not be long."

The following day the old man awoke to the realization of this unexpected favor, in a room situated under the eaves of the pavillion of Flora; and a kindly ray from the pale December sun, playing on the bright red curtains, seemed to smile a welcome on the old man.

The room was furnished with books on two sides, a third side was taken up by a bed hung with purple curtains, and the window looked out upon the palace gardens.

It was in this garden that, four years later, a grenadier of the army of Egypt, while walking on the terrace paralleled to the course of the Seine, perceived a human figure, before

which there played a small light that colored it with points of red, like blood.

A month had hardly passed since the second conspiracy of Cadoudal against the life of Buonaparte had failed to plunge once more into a bloody anarchy. The more culpable of the parties fell under the hand of justice, but the danger was not perhaps entirely averted and the military guard was carefully maintained around the palace of the Tuilleries.

The soldier cried out at once "*Qui Vive?*" and after three times receiving no reply he sighted his carbine as best he could upon the mute apparition, and fired. The light disappeared in the shadows.

The grenadier believed he had done something marvelous, and regretted he could not run after his mysterious prey. But the crack of the carbine had roused the patrol, who at once ran in the direction indicated by the sentinel. He found no one dead or wounded, nor any trace of blood, but only a lantern, just extinguished, and at some few paces a red cloak, which, with its ample folds, might have covered a sentry-box.

Lantern and mantle were carried to the sentry-box and curiously examined, without, however, any one being able to divine anything concerning them.

Now this is what happened in truth. Pierre-le-Clerc had become very sorrowful since his illustrious pupil, occupied by a multiplicity of duties, no longer seemed to take any interest in the occult sciences. The old man lived in complete seclusion and his brain was beginning to get a little shaky. One of his fancies had been to procure a piece of red drapery from which he had made himself the mantle of a Hierophant.

The color *red*, he said, corresponded to the astral light, and whenever he robed himself in the mantle, the seven Genii of the future left their ethereal abodes to come and enlighten his work. As he had not shown himself abroad in this costume the servants of the palace laughed at it in a

quiet way and the Premier-Consul did not notice it; but on the night of the 20th of March the old man had a passing fancy to go out for a stroll, perchance, in his curious dreamings, it was for the purpose of lighting the way with his lantern for one of his belated Genii.

The sentinel, not being informed of these mysterious proceedings had done his duty. The good old fellow, recalled to real life by the noise of the carbine, had released himself from his mantle and had made off into the protecting darkness. But in regaining his room he fell, overcome by excitement, and never rose again.

Pierre-le-Clerc was quietly interred on the following night and the event was prohibited from publication. But the soldiers of the Egyptian campaign had brought back from the East a certain taste for the marvellous, and, being unable to explain in a natural manner the finding of the lantern and the red cloak, they unanimously concluded that the personage who was invulnerable to their bullets was none other than the genius of the pyramids, that their general had come to know in his excursions besides the Nile, and who now came to him from time to time to instruct him concerning the plan of his victorious marches.

Such was, in the simple beliefs of the soldiers, the origin of "*the Red Man of the Tuilleries*."

It was Pierre-le-Clerc who, in one of his occult interviews with Buonaparte, revealed to him, among other presages, the famous anagram taken from the "*Revolution Française*;" *Un Corse vote la finira!* And this elected Corsican, the patron and pupil of the Red Man of the Tuilleries, did indeed put an end to the French Revolution.—*From "Modern Astrology."*

POEMS.

Poems are thought-forms born of counterparts
Who in the sanctifying silence meet
And blend in loving union, with their hearts
Attuned to all things lovely, pure and sweet.

There is a counterpart in each man's soul
Who waits until her presence he may know
In that pure silence, when Life's pictured goal
Appears to cheer him with Hope's golden glow.

Man must his own soul woo in moments still
If he true inspiration e'er would find,
For there alone can Love supremely fill
And quell the riot of the unquiet mind.

Here in the silence let him for a space
Woo that fair angel wakened souls may feel,
Here let him rest and see God face to face,
Letting the Spirit o'er his senses steal.

Till in his own soul he shall recognize
The counterpart who guards and e'er inspires,
And know the Angel that within him lies
Is guardian of Love's own creative fires.

No earth affinity or ties of blood
Shall hold him long when he shall learn the truth;
His own soul is the shrine of motherhood
From whence spring thought-forms of perpetual youth.

Each poem is a winged song straight from God,
Immortal, born of Love's creative flame,
And in the silence where the saints have trod
He woos th' impassioned Angel, speaks her name.

She waits, God's messenger to set him free,
He swift responds, and on the altar lays
The old life with its torn and tangled ways,
And knows the Soul is Lord of Destiny.

II. AYLMER HARDING.

May 7, 1909.

HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD.

TEMPLE TALKS.

THE NEW THEOLOGY

Concerning the Soul.

The fundamental principles that underlie the modes of operation in natural growth are very simple.

One of these principles teaches us that "the tendency of all evolution is towards centralization and individualization."

Another one of these principles teaches us that all growth that tends towards centralization and individualization is accomplished by means of the transformation and development of the forms and potencies of "life stuff" already existing. That is to say: Beginning at the lowest form of life—the protoplasmic unit—all growth is but a modification, a differentiation and a re-adaptation of the original cell and its outgrowth, together with an accompanying development of its inherent potentialities.

Man stands to-day, the result of this principle of growth and development; a mass of primary cells, altered, transformed, adapted. One group of cells, transformed, forming bone, another group of transformed cells forming muscle, another attending to the visceral functions and still another forming the nerve system and the recognized seat of consciousness, and man himself, the real man, not the physical vehicle ordinarily classed as man, but the imponderable Ego, the reality contained within the physical and manifested through it—the one who says of himself—"I am," is

the individualized entity, is the polarized centralization and individualization of the psychic lives of each and all the living cells component in his physical organization.

The verdict of science on this point is clear and unmistakable, for seventy years the cell theory propounded by Swann, has been in the arena of discussion and it is now definitely and unanimously accepted—briefly it is, that every animal, man included, presented itself as the sum of its vital unities, that the activities of an organism are the sum of the activities of its component cells. All that man is, in his mentality, in his emotional comprehensions in his so-called God-like attributes he owes to the developed potentialities of the cell units of structure and to their commerce with the environment.

The state of consciousness of the real self, of any one man, at any given moment, is the resultant of the centralization and focalization of the combined states of consciousness of all his physical cell entities at that given moment.

That phase of the "I am," the Ego that we recognize and name "the lower self," is therefore the ordinary physical consensus of these cell activities functioning on the environment according to natural tendency, moving along the line of least resistance.

That phase of the "I am," the Ego that we recognize as the "Higher Self," is therefore the consensus and polarization of these same entities recognized by the Ego upon their higher plane of potentiality.

The Ego recognizes this potentiality upon the spiritual plane as an advanced step, a development of greater powers than these exhibited on the physical plane. It is a principle that, in manifestation the higher and the lower must always exist and in the line of human progress the lower is always used as a means of attaining the higher. The lower self is the round of the "Jacob's ladder" that the Ego must always stand upon in order to prepare himself for the next step in advance.

This so called "Higher Self" is the progressive soul.

This is the "Prodigal Son" who recognizes "The Father" a long way off, and who says to himself, "these husks of materiality are unsatisfactory! This companionship with the animals is unworthy of me! I will arise and go unto my father!"

Mark you! The prodigal forms his own conclusions, based upon his own experience and the determination to "go to the father" is his own act. Once his footsteps are turned towards home, once his attitude is changed to the right direction, the mighty Father-Mother Love is extended to him supporting him and sustaining him on the pathway. This is the esoteric sense of the church doctrine called the "Persistence of the Saints."

The Soul of man developed to the point of spiritual self-recognition and its relation to the Divine Father-Mother and the perception of the love that exists between the two as a bond attracting them together, and shall finally draw them together permanently.

The "Elect of God" are those who recognize this drawing relationship and who, like the prodigal son, determine that they will "arise and go to the Father." The act known as "conversion."

The "Elect of God" then, are those who, of their own free-will and accord, elect to conform their conduct to a harmonious accordance with the Divine Mode of Action in Manifestation. They "elect" themselves and the great loving heart of the Father recognizes and confirms the election and adopts them into sonship.

Every cell unit of the human body shows the dual and the triune aspect of manifestation. Each cell is composed of these parts and each part has its separate function and potency.

From the outside proceeding inward we have:

First. The outside containing membrane, a modification of the protoplasm itself, whose function is to surround and protect its protoplasmic contents and also to act as a medium

of communication between the cell and its environment.

Second. A semi-liquid mass of specially modified protoplasm contained within the enveloping membrane whose function is nourishing and sustaining, and

Third. The nucleus, a concrete mass of more highly differentiated protoplasm in which reside all the higher potencies and functions of the unit.

Correspondingly, as the outer membrane acts as a container and as a vehicle of contact between the cell contents and the environment, so the physical body of man acts correspondingly as the contained protoplasmic mass of cell furnishes nourishment and is the source from which the power and the energy of accomplishment is drawn, so the physical activities of man contained within the form give life-energy and furnish the propelling power, thus holding up and sustaining the entire structure; and, correspondingly, as all these exterior and contained powers and potencies, are constantly focalizing their potentialities to the life center, the nucleus, so all the power contained in man's physical organism is constantly ministering to and furnishing sustaining power, focalizing all potentialities to its life center—the soul.

As the nucleus is the life center containing the potency of the morphological unit of structure, so the soul is the life center containing the present and future potency and potentiality of that aggregation of morphological units that we call the living man.

Now, I have not told you definitely what the soul is, but I have instituted a comparison to tell you what the soul is like. Similarly as Congress expresses the soul of the American Nation, so the seat of reason and emotion expresses the soul of man. Similarly as the Congressional acts and determinations express the character of the American Nation, so the soul of man expresses the character of the man himself. Similarly as the American Nation makes the progress in power, wisdom and goodness, thus expressing its growth in character, so the soul of man makes progress and power,

wisdom and goodness, expresses this growth by the demonstration of its character—and mind you—the progress of elevation is similar in both cases. It comes from the growth and development of the inherent potentialities of its units of structure. It is a psychic process dealing with the development of the psychic potentialities of psychic elements, but it is accomplished by means of contact with, and through the use of, material elements and as far as we definitely know there are no means of soul growth provided for in nature without contact with a material environment.

The measurement of the soul and its standing in the scale of progressive development is determined by what we call the character of the individual, and the measurement of character and its standing in the scale of progressive development is determined by the degree of harmonious conformity of the individual with the divine mode of action in manifestation.

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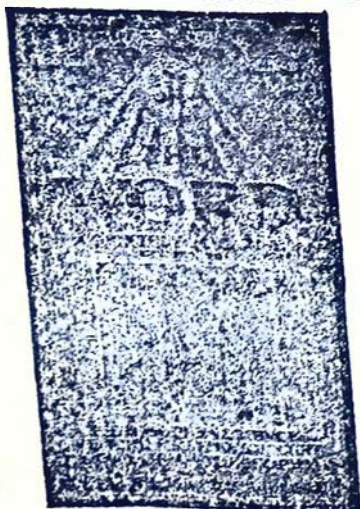
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