

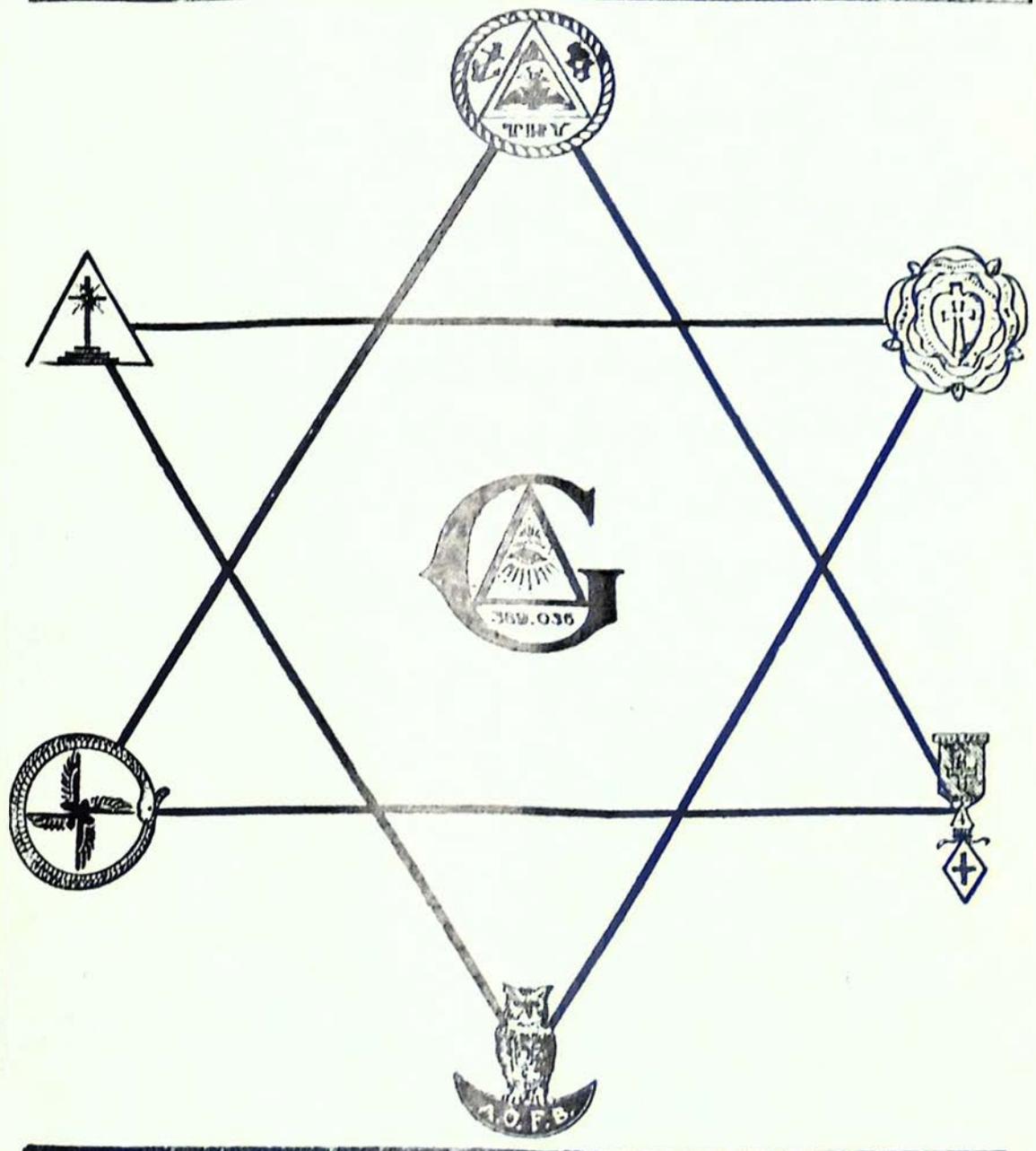
"THE INITIATES"

A Rosicrucian Magazine

VOL. 4

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"THE INITIATES"

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DR. R. SWINBURNE CLYMER, Editor

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THE FRATERNITY OF OSIRIS.

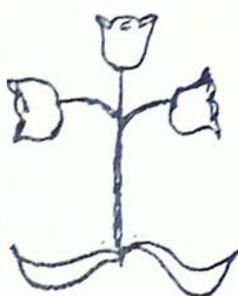
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IN PASSING.

“The Initiates” this month is extra large for a single number, and we are pleased to place two excellent stories before our readers, which they are sure to appreciate. Both of these stories contain much truth, and it is for the readers to seek the pearls in them.



We hope to have one or more of these stories every month, and make the magazine both interesting and instructive.

The Illuminati work continues to receive words of praise and we shall hope that all those interested along this line will not fail to get the work.



In the present number will be found a review of several valuable works and we call the attention of our readers to these.



We have received a large number of letters from friends of the work, asking how they can help. The best plan for such is to give us the names and addresses of such people that they believe to be interested. To these we will at once mail our literature and copy of the magazine, and we believe that we can reach such people who could not be

reached by a personal talk. Try this, and see what can be done. Help us to make this magazine a success, and we will be able to help you

* * *

One of the Illuminati writes: "The Illuminati lessons are just what I want. The first—the Keynote—surely is the keynote, fundamental and vital because *central*. I have had, while following it, a feeling that I never had before—as though God were coming to consciousness through me, not only that I am becoming conscious of Him, but that in some way I am giving Him a new opportunity, as it were, of coming to consciousness through my organism, of looking through my window, a little bit of feeling that He is thankful for privilege."

* * *

Another: "Dear Brother: The Ritual (Illuminati) of Initiation received and I think it the best book that I have received so far, that is, I can understand it better. Brotherly yours, W. Morris."

* * *

"Dear Sirs: I beg to acknowledge receipt of "Illuminati Ritual of Initiation" for which please accept my thanks. I have begun practicing the First Degree. Those words '.....' remind me of a saying by a Poet Philosopher, 'There is but *one*, the free, the *knower*, Self! Without a name, without a form, or stain; in him is Maya dreaming all this dream.' And I have no doubt the degrees will lead towards that degree of Illumination, where, in the words of another poet, 'A man can see beneath the outer seeming, the causes that to all effect give birth. Where he can feel in rays of sunlight streaming the Life of God circling all the earth.'

* * *

"Watch for the new Messiah; some day you will find him—in your own heart." Luke North, in 'Everyman M. A.'"

“Dear Sir: I acknowledge receipt of the books of the Order of Illuminati and am more than pleased with them. I am more than pleased to be in possession of this grand work, and it is my whole desire to be able to live up to the whole teachings which it contains. Fraternally yours, M. Madsen.”

One of our readers, and the best friend that the great work can have, after reading what has been said concerning such as desire “something for nothing,” writes the following letter. Of course, it must be borne in mind that when he says “people” he means only such as are ever seeking that which does not belong to them. Such as want to be helped without helping others or without giving any return for help, and the story of the “Fourth Wise Man” illustrates the fact most beautifully, that often when we help the worthy, we help ourselves most. The letter follows:

“As you say, it does little good to try and help people or do for them; the snake in them always recoils and strikes the hand that saves them; it is truly hopeless, this struggle *for* humanity; there is so little that we can do for them. I suspect though that it is *all* in the Divine Plan, for it seems to me that man must experience both the evil and the good; he must swing *to* the Devil Pole; and if he has sufficient character and power to survive the ordeal and the destructive influences there; then if he has sufficient *will* he will swing finally over into the *light* and *to* the other Pole. And so we must forget their shortcomings; and overlook their sins and mistakes. For “he that is filthy, let him be filthy still,” is a very true saying. The line of demarcation is so sharp between the world and things spiritual that there is a continual clash between us and the worldly; for when they come in contact with us it arouses the Devil in them, and harmony is difficult to maintain. That is why we get treated so badly when we strive to help them. As you say, those you have tried to help have been found wanting. I am sure that you find many things like this in the Order. There are many who are ready to call “Lord, Lord,” etc.;

there are many who believe themselves very great people, who have not been discovered; there are more who seek development so they can do some great "stunts" and see wonderful things that other people do not see. These people will do great things for others if they think it will develop them faster; but anything which they think will interfere with that they avoid and cast aside, be it plain duty or otherwise; they forget that in kindness is true growth and that kindness begins in little things; and it begins at home; the "Story of the Fourth Wise Man" illustrates this beautifully. He was a Magian and started to meet the other three, but on the way as he entered an Oasis for the night a wounded and sick man was there alone and in caring for him he missed the three at midnight. He started with three gems of great beauty and value for the Messiah; one he gave to the sick man, or rather to those he left him with; and so he never reached the Child, for he was hindered again for longer, and when he did reach Bethlehem, lo, the Child was gone. And so he wandered all his life seeking the Messiah and finding him not, and sorrowing because he had failed in his mission and in his life. And at last, old and feeble, he journeyed on the highway and met a procession with a beautiful girl who was to be sold into slavery. In his purse rested the last of the great gems reserved for the Messiah—a large Ruby. As he met them he asked whither they went, and learning of her fate, bought her with the gem and gave her liberty. Soon after she it was who, as he was dying, ministered to him; and his eyes were *opened* and he knew that he had *not failed*, but had indeed found the Christ in ministering to these in humble way. And so it is with those who strive for mastery. They often reject the humble things along the way, fearing they will hinder their development; not seeing that these are the very things which will reveal the Christ; or that they are really wholly selfish, which is keeping them out of the Kingdom which they so much seek. There is no use in constantly feeling hurt at things others do and say.

They are in a large measure, but blindly and passively, yielding to their law of being, and in so doing are only a little above the mute animal world around them, which is ever ready to sting if irritated, or tear at the throat of its kind over a morsel of food. It is this law of being which makes it right for the panther to lie in wait on the branch of some tree over the trail in the lonely forest and drop upon the innocent child, perhaps returning homeward from the distant school house, and perpetrate a tragedy over which I mercifully draw the veil. It is the law of necessity which makes it right when through the falling shadows of night the belated traveler catches the fateful note of the wolf howl, and soon from every side gathers the pack, and after a short race with death another tragedy witnesses the end. Again it is the law of necessity which makes right when from the faraway rock cave in the mountains, where abides the she-wolf and her young, the mother sallies forth, descending to the valley where the sheep huddle together through the long night, and watching her chances, snatches a fat lamb, and pausing only to take its life and lap a portion of its blood, she bears it away to her hungry brood; yet strange though it may seem, through this law of being the wolf has a right to kill the sheep, while the man to whom it is conceived to belong, neither has the right to breed the sheep to *be* killed by other men, nor to kill it himself; neither has he the right to harm the least of living things, much less his fellow man, the highest form of life on this plane. For the animal and the reptile and the insect have no power of choice, and are not responsible for the nature of their instinctive necessities which imperatively demand the preying upon living things, though the law also renders them exposed to like destruction on every hand. And man, so long as he deigns to remain as an animal and imagines his necessities like the animal's, requires the killing and devouring of creatures weaker and more helpless than himself, and continues to believe that he must fly at his kind and make war upon it for petty grievances against his selfish

interests; and seeks to gain the "best corner of the swine pen" through violence and perhaps bloodshed; or again rewards kindness with malice, and brotherly love with the adder's sting, must expect to be exposed, like the animal, to disease and destruction and death on every hand. For so long as he clings to the animal's law of being, even in his imaginary belief, just so long must he be exposed to like conditions with the animal he represents. But what can we do? The world is filled with souls, 'young and human;' incarnating in 'low born' personalities, transmitted down through long lines of selfish and black-hearted ancestry, in families which train them as children to return evil for good—if indeed they cannot avoid returning anything at all. Listen these will not, to anything which does not offer something for their personal pleasure or profit. Seek to teach them the way of truth and they turn from you and avoid you as they would a criminal just out of prison, if they do not slander you without stint. But what for the animal is right, for the human is wholly wrong; for it seems to me there is no law which demands as necessity the taking of life by man; surely not the necessity of food. For 'twere better if he never partook of flesh. Neither do I believe it right for him to follow his blind instincts, nor justified by any manner of real needs. The law of being for the brute and the law for man is quite another thing, and were this not true then man is nothing but the brute endowed with speech; hopelessly and helplessly subject to the brute's law of being, and the epitome of creation, the crowning jewel of the first plane of matter in living form is yet to appear, and the seven creative spirits must devise a different manner of creature to form the link between the beast and reptile of the field, and the Kingdom of Heaven. However, I am sure that men who remain beasts of the field and choose to be dominated by the beast's law of being, and continue to kill not only the poor, dumb things to satisfy their instinctive animal appetites, according to such law which they prefer to remain under voluntarily; but also like the fierce

creatures of the woods and jungle, their own king in wars and murders and homicides; and needless surgical operations, and poisonous drugs, and the 'death liquid' of the brewery vats and the 'still,' adulterated foods and milk filled with preserving antiseptics, and all the other killing things, et cetera; and continue to fight each other for selfish advantages, like dogs over a bone; that just so long as they continue to remain in animality will they be animals only, no matter how much they may strive to cover the awful reality through polished manners and outer appearances; gilded homes and fashionable clothes and society; long prayers in public places; Orthodoxy, spurious Occultism, Christian Science, or any other man-made science; New Thought, or any other kind of thought. I say, that though they do all of these or any of them and continue in their lives under the wild beast's law of being, that they are infinitely lower in the scale than the speechless creatures they emulate; and a thousand times responsible for every transgression, where the creature is not; for there is that in every man and woman which the brute hath not, and which they must ever prostitute, in remaining animals.

"But, my Brother, let us work on though the viper in the people we strive to help plunges its envenomed fangs in us again and again. God alone can finally swing them out of their darkness into the light and toward the other pole. There are indications of a great awakening; there are many who truly seek the light and the truth; our chief effort will be to 'throw out the life-line' to those in this 'Slough of Despond' who aspire to ascend therefrom and travel along the way which leads to the realms which are to be found right here on this earth, where, as states of being within themselves, higher and away above the animal and its law of being the Universal Christ rules with the Law of Love. And there shall be no more tears or sorrow, but universal brotherhood among men. For there is no harm possible to them from 'the pestilence that walketh by night, nor the arrow that flieth by day;' and the dear ones are never lost

or gone to these for the elect risen above the animaldom of the majority of the race need never lose sight or companionship of these, for their vision extends both on this plane and on those above, and through the soul's eternal memory all past lives and companionships are forever theirs. As the mists rise in this awakening I see a vast harvest field, filled with thistles to be sure, yet here and there patches of good grain goldening in the light of better days and waiting for the hand of the faithful husbandman; and who shall be ready to bring in the sheaves.

“I look out often upon this world and see its wealth and treasures hoarded and held selfishly, or carelessly squandered, all for the things which make for pleasure of the moment, and the things which are here to-day and to-morrow have vanished; the millions in the hands of the thoughtless and the depraved; and I speculatively muse upon just what *one* of these millions would do for the human race if devoted to the spread of the great work of the masters here on earth. Oh how many hungry souls could be reached with the Bread of Life, which is canted upon so much, but of which we see naught among those who proclaim it loudest; how many books and magazines might be scattered among these hungry souls which have never been written; I know of several sublime works of true divine wisdom literature which would offset the stone of ignorant and false literature which is masquerading in these days in the sacred name of the occult which is being given to these seeking souls for bread; but which the authors are unable to write on account of the necessities of their lives, which requires of them to go forth and fight the wolf from their doors. Yet after all let us not censure or condemn; our Brothers dwelling in the shadows of death need our pity and merciful sympathy as the darkness closes around them, and though they wound us for our kindnesses let us not forget those immortal words which He who while in the extremity of physical torture intoned, and which Time's remorseless hand shall ne'er erase from astral page—‘For-

give them 'Father,' for they know not what they do.'

"And so let us weary not nor tarry by the wayside; for our wounds will heal, and no real harm can the world inflict upon us so long as we are faithful to our trust. In the long aeons ahead let us hope that these will swing out to the 'pole of angels,' and find their higher selves, which obey no instinctive law of being; which is *of* the animal *in* them, and to which they are subject so long as they *voluntarily* choose to remain *as* animals.

"Fraternally yours,

"H. O. A."

* * *

THEN, AS NOW.

M. B. BENNETT.

A cycle ago, too long to be computed by our present mode of reckoning, in the vast and powerful Empire of Ethiopia, I lived, loved and suffered.

In the heart of the oldest land on this planet I lived, loved and died—as you do now. For that is the sum total of human experience. The race has not advanced as far as we were.

Here amid palm groves, tropical flowers of gorgeous coloring, fountains, gaily plumaged birds of the south land, lakes filled with waxen pink lotus flowers, rare orchids hanging from the trees; amid a riot of color in vegetation, glowing reflections in water, deep coloring of sky and shimmering pulsating atmosphere there was a sensuous beauty that the pale, faded, western world can never reproduce.

Our capital city, Libya, was governed by two joint rulers; called by the term that would correspond in your language to "Judges." These two administered justice to all, directed the affairs of government, finance, and all civil questions; and were cognizant, but not rulers of the national religion.

For hundreds of miles, in all directions, the tribes from

the surrounding country brought gold, ivory, precious gems from the desert and the hill country, fruits, grain, silk, rugs or what ever they wished to exchange for commodities in Libya. Here once a year a pilgrimage to the temple drew all faithful souls. I was a priest of the temple; a high priest.

A judge or priest must live the life of a celibate, devoting their time to the affairs of the empire or temple.

There was no inheritance to power. Rulers and priests were chosen for ability to do the work. When a child showed unusual ability it was given special training. If, at the adult age, they wished to continue training for the government or priesthood they were given that opportunity. After a year's training they were initiated into occultism. Only those who exhibited quick and rare perception were eligible to either position. They must show deep understanding and demonstrate their ability to handle unseen forces before they could become a judge or a high priest.

Ah! well do I remember my initiate; my study and deep meditations under the magnificent stars of our tropic land. Ah! well do I recall those nights—gemmed islands on the shores of eternity—when Atma and I studied the stars—when by gazing long upon one blazing world we entered into the silence where, through space, thought telegraphy brought impressions to us from the sages who had passed into the unseen realm and with whom we could get in touch and receive their thought messages.

For, know there is such a thing as a universal language. It is that of thought impression which knows no barrier of clime or race. Men now dream of a universal language for the tribes of earth; when there is, and always has been one. The only barrier is you do not know how to use it. Thus proving that whatever the spiritual part of man truly desires, certainly exists and he shall somewhere surely attain it. Long ago we knew this.

As far back as our archives went all judges and priests had been true to their vows. We, Atma and I, were the

first recreant ones. We used the unseen forces for our selfish ends and destroyed the most powerful empire that ever existed. Yet we were only keyboards.

Here, in our beautiful city we were early selected for our intelligence and taken, or rather proudly given over by our parents to be trained in the temple. Here we passed our initiate with hundreds of others and the time came when we were to be instructed in occult truths. From this point the ones of ready understanding advanced; and the dull ones were given for a term, minor positions under the government or as travelling or assistant priests in the temple.

We were fortunate, or cursed, you can decide which in easily comprehending the Great Truths. We advanced rapidly. One of the judges had served her number of years and was ready to retire. Atma, passing the tests, was appointed to her place. Have I told you physical perfection was a national characteristic? Atma was the most beautiful woman imaginable. Truly her fellow judge was as the dried mummy of the rock sepulchres, not to feel the charm of her wondrous beauty. He, Garna, cared no more for her than a beautiful statue; though she was radiant as the morning, he heeded not. He was cold as the cataract of the Nile. For a time all went well. Then I demonstrated my power and was appointed a high priest of the inner temple. I had always thought Atma one of the most beautiful creations of The One; but did not realize my true feelings toward her till one eventful night when the whole course of our lives was changed. It was my habit to climb the great pyramid and there gaze, during many long nights at the blazing worlds in space. Soon my soul passed into the great silence where I was wont to get the thoughts you call inventions, which so advanced my people, giving them wondrous mechanical skill.

Here I learned to utilize the lower forms of the unseen forces and make them do my bidding. I imprisoned their energy in many mechanical devices which seemed miraculous to the lower classes of my people. I gave five years of

faithful work.

This night I resorted as was my wont to the Great Pyramid. Mounting the stairway inside I came out at my usual point of observation and saw a white-robed figure sitting gazing at the stars which seemed to hang low, and glow with the lambent light of our south land. Approaching closer I saw it was Atma, our Judge. Turning to me, her face showed sadness. I knew at once, by thought reading, that the greatest honor a mighty nation could bestow had not brought her happiness; that the poorest silk weaver in Libya was happier than Atma. That the naked, ivory hunter of the wilds was happier than we.

“What seek ye of the stars, Atma,” I asked. “Happiness, the right of all who breathe,” she replied.

Together, we sat, side by side, that glorious night, gazing into the star gemmed sky, until it was revealed to us that happiness might be ours for a brief space if we would pay the price.

The scales fell from our eyes and we knew that since the first man and woman mated none had felt the intense primal love we felt for each. What were high places—seats of the mighty—honor, vows, but empty words—barren vanities that never yet satisfied the soul of man?

There were none higher in authority than us; none to appeal to or confer with. We had sworn the most solemn vows to fulfill all the obligations of our high office.

Our punishment rested with the unseen world. We were the first renegades to the great trust placed in us. We did not fear any punishment of man; but the law violated brings sure punishment, though sometimes delayed; ultimately do we atone. Not always in the sight of men; for the bitterest punishments are meted out quietly.

Few mortals drank the wine of unalloyed bliss to its bitter dregs as we did. It was a new, transformed earth to us. We saw new beauty in flower, stream and sky. Our sensibilities were quickened.

No priest had ever done so much for the empire or aided

progress so much by new and wonderful inventions; no judge had ruled so wisely as Atma. Garna became jealous of the power wielded by us and began to suspect that we had something he had not. True. We had. Only as man finds his *true mate does he attain to the best that is in him*. Garna became convinced of the true state of affairs, and knowing we were so well beloved of the people that he could not be induced to do us harm, sought the aid of the unseen world. I, too, made the mistake of employing the same evil agents.

From the struggle between these opposing forces arose all the woe that followed. Had I chosen the good forces to combat his evil ones all would have been well with Ethiopia to-day.

Our doomed temple would have proudly reared its majestic height to the arching dome of the sky above it. Our sin was not in loving each other—but in using evil forces for selfish ends. The mistake I made was the old common one that has wrought so much evil to the tribes of men—I sought to combat evil with evil and the result was annihilation so far as the material was concerned.

Garna, jealous of the power we wielded, and the love, almost adoration accorded to us by all classes, called to his aid the primal or crude forces of evil to work for our downfall. I called to my aid the ones he had not enlisted. Here was a battle such as few can comprehend. Since first good and evil have existed from contrast they have waged an unending warfare. But the forces of evil divided and working for separate causes was enough to produce the cataclysm it did. Can you imagine the forces that produce ocean currents arrayed against the currents of the air? The electric currents that produce lightning working against the forces pent up in huge waterfalls? All these forces fulfilling the will of, and directed by the power of The One are beneficent. Diverted from this natural channel they bring ruin and destruction in their train.

A vast reservoir, broken loose, destroyed much I prized

and many innocent lives. This, the forces of Garna directed. An electrical storm completely destroyed the palace of Garna; and, for a time paralyzed him. It was two moons before he recovered from it; and then was blind.

The cruel war of forces went on. Not even Garna's blindness could subdue his vindictive spirit. We would willingly have declared a truce; but no, he thirsted for revenge. Sitting in his cool gardens by day, and under the stars he could not see by night, he used his incantations and knowledge of nature's forces to call down destruction on us.

The demolition of my property and the lightning's havoc on Garna aroused the suspicions of the people. Were the judge and high priest losing control of the unseen forces? Otherwise they could not harm them.

The unswerving outward loyalty continued; but the inward questionings could not be quelled. One great prop had been removed. *The absolute belief in us had given us absolute power.* As that became shaken we both felt as if the pillars of the temple of our power were tottering. *Fear, the cause of every failure, on every plane, laid hold on us.*

Then began our punishment. Only the coward knows the meaning of hell. To the brave it does not exist.

While suffering agonies of fear we felt impelled to go on. Garna next used the elemental builders of the earth—even spirits of flames—that keep alive the eternal fires in the heart of this planet—of which volcanoes are the vent. On a hill near the temple and overlooking it a volcano appeared. Strange rumblings filled the air.

The people became frantic and openly said I had lost my control of nature's forces, which had broken loose and were bent on destruction. Garna spread this report. Crowds came to the temple, demanding me to show my power by resisting my enemies.

I knew, by silent meditation, as my true friends in the unseen impressed me, the danger of using these evil things. There was only one force able to cope with my present enemy; that was the mighty force of the energy of the ever

restless ocean. I knew the danger; and was yet spurred on to use this force.

That night, on the pyramid, Atma and I again met. Before invoking this mighty aid we thought over the glorious happiness of our past life since the night we had broken our priestly vows. Was it worth the price we felt we were about to pay? Knowing that a whole nation was about to be sacrificed we strangely felt no regrets—and were willing to face the awful punishment awaiting us beyond the curtain of flesh. We prayed to be forgiven for using for our own ends the unseen forces.

But we are all impelled at times to do things, that at saner moments we would shrink from. Whence comes this impulse making the weak among mortals mere puppets pulled by strings?

As we prayed, looking at the mysterious worlds in space, the conviction came to us that somewhere in this immense universe our love would survive—and after we had atoned we would go on together to the goal of Peace and Light.

Strangely calm, I raised my hands, invoking the mighty energy to work against Garna's forces. Think of the fire and water forces in a Titanic struggle. First, the solid earth rocked, heaving back and forth; then a rumble, as of all the thunders of the universe let loose; then a frightful hissing of the stream serpents as the water flooded the volcano; the steam, mounting upward and spreading out in a white, hot cloud, circling the doomed city. The hot steam and poisonous gas as soon as inhaled, set free the soul from the body. There was no long, intense suffering. For that our hearts welled in gratitude to The One.

Another shifting of the earth and proud palace and poor hovel, alike fell a mass of ruins. The temple was the last to go. Like a brave soldier at bay it resisted to the last. Ah! the forces of good are mighty. If I had but employed them I had not suffered. If we had but called them to our aid at first we could have changed the laws of the land; lived in peace and wrought good for our race. Plainly I

saw this.

Suddenly I realized that I was free from my body—that Atma was free—that the mighty pyramid was a heap of ruins below me. That was why I could so clearly see all. Trooping around me came the spirits of the populace of the city—imploping us to lead them to a new home. Now a mass of sand began to whirl over the ruined city and completely bury it. Whence it came I know not.

Torn with unspeakable grief at the miserable plight of my people, I completely forgot myself—and my soul went out in prayer to The One that He would visit on me the punishment of my selfishness justly called for; and give these innocent people the home they deserved. I was willing, eager to offer myself for an atonement. A great peace fell upon my soul, and in the universal thought language came an answer to my prayer—“By the spirit of sacrifice and forgetfulness of self you have merited an answer to your prayer. These people shall feel no sorrow, fear nor pain. In order to fulfill the law they must for a time sleep. They cannot immediately come into the blinding light. They shall awaken in due season and march on when you have atoned and are fit to lead them. Then, as you are fitted, shall you all march into the light. Your story may then be told as a warning.”

Bitterly have I suffered and atoned; but I am now facing the light. Atma is with me. Garna is yet blind—groping in the dark. He can never see till he discards revenge and fear. It is the law. As I hated him once I pity him now.

May the wisdom of The One shed light on your path.

* * *

HAIL! GOLDEN MORN.

(The Herald Speaks.)

“Hail! Golden Morn, proclaiming Christ is born.
Hail! Golden Light, heralding reign of Right

Thrice hail th' unfolding Light, for peace has come to stay,
And darkness flies before th' awakening day."

Chorus of Angels:

"Father of Light, all hail!"

"We greet Thee, Lord of Light and God of Right,
The sky aglow with white-robed angels bright,
Vibrates with melody in tuneful songs,
That fall from heaven to charm away earth's wrongs.
The atmosphere is changed with harmony,
Rising and falling with the sun-kissed sea."

Chorus of Angels:

"Father of Light, all hail!"

"All hail! Once more the Prince of Peace appears,
Proclaiming Freedom for the future years,
When Happiness shall be Life's fulfilled dream
And Truth enshrined in Love, Life's constant theme
When Love and Wisdom hand in hand give birth
To forms of beauty and enduring worth."

Chorus of Angels:

"Father of Light, all hail!"

"All hail the advent of the Prince of Peace
Whose reign on earth shall henceforth no more cease,
But in the temple of each human heart,
Find in his own dwelling and Love's counterpart.
All hail! the dawning of Eternal Day
Afire with glory, crowns the Mystic Way."

H. RYHNER HARDING

September 19, 1909.

* * *

JUNE ROSES.

From form to form he maketh haste,
Like sheep that feedeth in a waste.

Emerson.

THE INITIATES.

In the perfect bloom of roses,
 Warm with blood-red wine of life,
 Thrilled with vague, elusive warnings
 Of a world so far away;
 Far as thought can wing its pinions,
 Yet as near as our own breath,
 Lost within our worldly glamor,
 Glare and dust of mortal life;
 Oh, word to man incarnate,
 Oh, Spirit from on high,
 From star to star it calleth,
 From distant soul to soul.
 Through earth and air and water
 Through every form of life,
 Poising on our blood-red roses,
 Just a second, just a night.
 Seize it, and lo! it's fled.
 Fix it, and lo! it's dead.

—*Florence McGraugh.*

* * *

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY GEORGE ABLE.

One day in passing through a crowded thoroughfare Richard Lucern thought he heard some one call his name. He glanced around, but seeing no familiar face hurrying on, when more distinctly in clear melodious tones his name was repeated—"Richard Lucern!" There could be no mistake; yet the sound of the voice came not from the busy throng, but from above. At first he saw nothing, when, gazing at an empty pedestal in a square, from whence the voice seemed to proceed, appeared the faint misty form of a woman. He fixed his eyes upon it; and as he looked she became perfectly visible; her beauty was incomparable, indescribable; she wore in a garment of softly clinging white, lo

waist by a girdle of strung rubies, and ornaments of rubies and pearls in her hair and on her bosom. In her outstretched hands, as if offering it to him, she held a golden casket. Her expression betokened intense earnestness, and a look of joy came into her eyes when she saw that he perceived her. Once more the low, sweet tones of her voice greeted his ears—"Richard Lucern, unto thee do I call. Come!" The words seemed to fall like music from her lips, without the slightest effort; yet in the din and roar of the great city he could hear no other sound. At that moment an old friend, Frank Carter, clapped him on the back, saying, "Hello, Dick, old chap; what are you staring at? Anything wrong with you?" "Oh, no," gasped Dick; "but, see that beautiful figure!" "By Jove," laughed Frank, "you have taken a craze for art, to work yourself up to such a pitch over a thing you have seen so often before." Thinking he referred to a bas-relief near the top. And while he was speaking the beautiful vision vanished, even as she appeared. Dick rubbed his eyes; was it only a momentary hallucination after all? *No*—for her words were yet ringing in his ears, and reverberating through his very soul: "Richard Lucern, unto thee do I call. Come!"

Frank was speaking to him, but he only heard in a mechanical way—something about Madam Folly's banquet to-night—would he go as he had promised? "Awfully jolly place, you know; besides it is well to be associated with her set—gives a fellow prestige both in social and business life; one must think of these things—and you shall see for yourself what a ravishing woman she is." Frank clattered on. "Oh, yes," Dick answered abstractedly, "I will be ready."

At the appointed time they arrived at the Palace, and having been announced, were ushered into a spacious apartment, pervaded by a rosy light, walls hung with Oriental tapestries; rare Egyptian scarfs artistically thrown over couches; and costly furs strewn on marble floors in rich profusion. All this Dick noticed at a glance, but their

elegant surroundings dwindled into insignificance at the first glimpse of the brilliant hostess attired in purple and scarlet and ablaze with precious stones; her glittering eyes emitted a brighter light than ever any gem, her raven tresses rivalled the darkest shades of night, and her lips were redder than the reddest wine. Proudly she received her guests in the ravishing voluptuousness of Eastern style, fully conscious of her subtle charm.

Frank was no stranger in this brilliant assembly, chatting first to this one, nodding to that, he soon forgot Dick, who withdrew to a quiet place where he could see and hear the names of the incoming guests. In all his life Dick had never seen so representative a gathering of the world's pomp and power. Many princes and potentates were there; and embassies from every nation; also a great host of famous people, their names known in arts and sciences, besides many others whose presence puzzled him as he could not imagine what association brought them there.

The guests were attended by gaudy flower-bedecked damsels. Their constant solicitations worried Dick, whose thoughts continually reverted to his afternoon's experience. And he felt oppressed by the fragrant incense, its pungent aroma affected him strangely, forcing him to escape unobserved to the garden, hoping in the purer air, Heaven's own refreshing breath, to allay the tumult of his heart; the rioting passions of his soul. Twenty-four hours earlier Dick would have drunk deep of the wine, rejoiced in the fragrant incense and abandoned himself to all the sensuous delights thus presented to his bewildered senses for the first time at Sovereign Folly's Ball. But now all was different. His eye had seen into the unseen and his ear had heard its call—the mere glimpse behind that curtain men call impenetrable, but sufficient to throw all his preconceived ideas into chaos, and alter the aspirations of his life.

A group of gaily clad women approached him as he descended the terrace steps, and merrily bantered him for his abstraction. "Prithee noble youth," said one, "thy sorrow-

ful looks are like a blight upon the harvest." "Yea," quoth a doughty matron, "we must needs give him some diversion to chase away his gloom." "I pray thee, good sir," eagerly burst in a younger woman, "wilt thou escort me to the place of half-tamed beasts? These ladies are afraid, and will not let me go alone. I'll warrant there thou'll find diversion!"

"Bold Hussy," agreed the indignant group, as the two departed. "Sour visaged as he is, he is a man; and men, so far outnumbered by the fairer sex, have a premium set upon them by our Sovereign Lady."

"Aye, truly; but Madame Folly has more tangled threads in her mighty intrigues than ever she or all her devotees can unravel. I have noticed lately that quite distraught at times she very carelessly lays her gins and pitfalls for the unwary and even forgotten them altogether, so that she is much beset by those who have escaped; and it beseemeth us to repair her work lest we also suffer."

"Aye, thou sayest truly," mumbled a toothless hag, grown old in Folly's service, "I've heard it said that about this time in the ages a great army of spirits shall harrass our Lady, and them that follow her; and not knowing their ways, she has no means of trapping them; and I do believe all this is true, and my Lady is bringing it about herself, for she is taking great liberties with all ancient superstitions. She's been decorating the Great Hall with peacock feathers; and just to show her scorn of such things she had a necklace made of large opals; and I myself made bold to warn her when she had a whole row of parsley transplanted *into her own garden from another—that in itself is enough to bring woe upon us all!*"

"Hold thy garrulous tongue, Old Beldam," cried the first speaker, thoroughly out of sorts, and uncomfortable with superstitious fear. "Attend to thy business, and we shall return to the Hall."

Richard strolled along with his companion, who was really very much interested in the animals. She told him

that two or three of these beasts were beautiful lions, majestic and strong; perfectly trained and amenable to the hand of a child. Their masters were ever vigilant, and extremely severe, but the lions seemed contented and happy, though it was a shame such harmless brutes were not allowed more freedom. They are rather pestered by young women who wish to be photographed with them, posing as "Beauty and the Beast," but they are never aroused by these liberties when the master is by. "It is doubtful," she added, "whether in all the world there are other lions so perfectly controlled. When the master of each one is quite satisfied that the animal is safe, he regards it as his most valuable possession, and the story runs that when he finds the woman whom his soul recognizes as his own, he gives her the beast to command, as it is always most docile when led by the silken cord of love, in the hands of a wise woman; but this rarely happens, and these men generally led the beasts away themselves when the training is completed."

"I'll take you first to see the other creatures. I know where they are, though I have not seen them myself. Some of them are terrible. Their fascination is said to be irresistible, and the bones of their victims are strewn about their dens. That is why my friends are so afraid to come near them; they will not even accompany their owners, but prefer to meet them at the Hall. And so it happens they are much to blame; the poor things are so sadly neglected, a better condition could not be expected. Indeed some of the keepers have quite forgotten they possess these animals at all. One breaks loose now and then, spreading devastation and death throughout the countryside." Absorbed with interest, Richard listened to his companion, both unconscious of a *deadly peril*—stocked by a huge black tiger, with dripping red jaws, and lathered white with foam, crouched for the fatal spring. All would have been over but for the keen eye of a master, who just in time lashed the beast into his lair. Almost fainting with terror, the girl clung to the master's arm and would not let him go

until he quieted her by his wisdom and gentleness, leading them both to a place of safety.

“Now, dear sir,” said Richard, “will you not explain to us something of the mystery and meaning of these animals?” “Right gladly will I do so,” said the master. “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. For every creature there is a keeper, and the subjection of the beast depends upon the keeper. Some become perfect masters, and what the lady was telling you is correct, but what is gained thereby is the secret of the initiated. His joy transcends the world; he has found the Pearl of Great Price. Having mastered his own beast, all others are amenable to him. That is how I was able to save you from the ferocious tiger, which belongs to a young man who at this moment is reveling as Folly’s guest, quite forgetting his handsome black tiger, which becomes more menacing to life every day.”

“Who are these gaunt looking women holding in their arms wide-eyed, sorrowful looking children, and clinging in fascinated fear to the bars of the cages; creeping as near as they dare without losing their lives?” asked the lady.

“Is it possible that thou seeing, seest not, nor canst not understand?”

“I understand enough to sympathize with my friends in their terror, and shall now hastily return to them at the Hall, where dancing may have commenced. Farewell.”

Pale with sudden realization, Richard cried: “Oh, God, I see, I understand. Every man is the keeper of a beast. Quickly show me mine, that I may slay it!”

“Thou mayest not slay, but thou mayest subdue. My son, the way is hard and thou must tread it all alone; art thou prepared for this? Not long since a noble youth came to a grievous end for admitting a companion when he felt his task was almost done. Soon he thought he might entrust his lion to her leading. So docile was he following up the steep ascent. But he was only awaiting his opportunity. And when deeply engrossed with one another they had completely forgotten him, he sprang upon them, wounding

both nigh unto death. The beast escaped with the taste of blood in his mouth, and the youth has not yet had strength to leave the sick lady in order to again subdue it. You can see it there where that wizened child is clinging to the very insecure cage."

"Dear master, only to-day I had a call, a message and a vision from the Great Unseen; and in the light of what I now have seen and heard, my intuition tells me 'twas the voice of Wisdom crying: 'Richard Lucern, unto thee do I call. *Come!*'"

"Happy youth," replied the master, his eyes shining with holy joy. "Happy youth, to have heard and recognized that voice. Take these verses from the *Apocrypha*, and read them for your comfort. You will find them in the *Wisdom of Solomon*." And he drew from his pocket a card containing the following words:

"For into a malicious soul wisdom shall not enter; nor dwell in the body that is subject unto sin."

"For wisdom is a loving spirit; and will not acquit a blasphemer of his words; for God is witness of his reins, and a true beholder of his heart, and a hearer of his tongue.

"For glorious is the fruit of good labors: and the root of wisdom shall never fall away.

"But wisdom is the grey heir unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away: yea, she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her.

"She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them.

"Whoso seeketh her early shall have no great travail: for he shall find her sitting at his doors.

"To think therefore upon her is the perfection of wisdom: and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care.

"For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, showing herself favorably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.

“For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline: and the care of discipline is love.”

* * *

Many years have passed. Richard is now recognized as a master among masters; and meekly received much praise upon the day his lion tenderly fondled between his huge paws a tiny snow white lamb that nestled snugly down for warmth and protection.

He gave up all that men hold dear in the subduing of *the beast*: father, mother, sisters, brothers, home, wife and children.

He has seen the *Pearl of Great Price* in wisdom's casket, but though he *knows it is his*, he has not claimed it yet. He has learned the lesson of patience for the sake of others; and he can *wait*.

* * *

TINKLINGS FROM THE TELEPSYCHIST'S BELL.

Herbert Spencer said: “Considering that the ordinary citizen has no excess of individuality to boast of, it seems strange that he should be so anxious to hide what little he has.” The new aquarian age recently ushered in is to see the old idea of racial continuance subjugated to the greater idea of marked individuality of the one. The race has risen through its negativity. Nature for eons built, guarded and then discarded certain types, until finally in man she found the mental variant. One strong enough to cope with and hold in subjection other forms. Then came the great mental expansion that has been creeping for ages up the four-stepped ladder, “know, will, dare, be silent,” to the seven portals. And at last we see man fit to captain his own soul and proclaim himself one with infinite love. It has been said the centuries conspired against the sanity and majesty of the soul, and that man to be happy and strong must live in the present. Neither bribes nor fear of the future shall deter him from work at hand. The wisdom of the one to-

day is the knowledge of the many to-morrows, and by the truth of to-day. Souls of matter are aggregations of change in mental polarity the superstition of yesterday is "the souls of infinity" of ———, an idea taken from ancient Egyptian lore. It is not more life, but greater expression the spirit desires, man being a translator according to his desires of the great life forces that lie without. Man, a product of the past, a child of the present and a parent of the future, must so guard his offspring, thought, that they will not return to him after many days devoid of right increase. What the mind is inclined to, that it is a mind to do. Nature allows multitudes of low forms to perish or persist as their environments shall determine, but the higher orders, fewer in number, become more adaptable and then mould and by great mental variation become less gregarious and put greater expression into the life of the one. We call this one a product of the ages, an apex of culmination of secret desires of the race. A harmonious unification of all discordances. At present woman is striving to bridge the gap and become in unison intellectually with the male. Man, on the other hand, less an animal and more altruistic, endeavors to meet her half way by paying more heed to evidences of her increased mentality, the final being a complete mental and spiritual affinity.

"Into the realms of time and space
To find stern rules for strife,
When really there's no rule to find,
There's only love and life."

—*H. S. LeValley.*

Editor and Projector "The Kankankel Telepsychist."

• • •

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Teacher: "Your child must be vaccinated."

Parent: "Why?"

Teacher: "To guard against the spread of small pox in the school."

Parent: "Will vaccination make pupils immune?"

Teacher: "Yes; and all the other scholars have been vaccinated."

Parent: "If that is the case can you tell me how the disease can spread if my child is the only unvaccinated one?"

Teacher: "Don't you dare defy the laws!"—*Scranton Tribune.*

* * *

BOOK REVIEW.

We are indebted to Roger Brothers, 429 Sixth Avenue, New York, publishers of "Helpful books for every reader," for copies of their latest publications: "The Dore Lectures," by T. Troward, and "Our Invisible Supply—How to Obtain," Part II, by Frances L. Warner. It is a pleasure to commend both of these works to our readers.

"The Dore Lectures," on Mental Science, follows closely the admirable style of the "Edinburgs Lectures," by the same author. Judge T. Troward, simple, powerful, scientific, logical, clear, convincing and most helpful. It is printed on feather-weight paper, paper cover, 50 cents.

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