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THE ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD

# THE INITIATES.

A Rosicrucian Magazine.

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# **The Initiates.** *A Rosicrucian Magazine*

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We desire that each of our subscribers shall interest others, and we will certainly appreciate it if they will do so and return the favor in some other way.

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We shall hope to hear from each and every one of the subscribers, and from all members of the "Militia."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## IS THE SOUL PROPHEPIC?

Those internal promptings, those secret warnings, those mysterious and otherwise unaccountable impulses, are not explicable on any other principle than that the soul is prophetic. To attribute this wonderful power merely to the mind is not enough, for it would be investing a material substance with an immaterial quality. We must look for it, then, in the soul—that imperishable, impalpable, indescribable something, which eludes, after death, the investigations of the living, and baffles their most searching scrutiny when still in its earthly tenement. It is, besides, difficult to conceive that the mere brain—which may be said to constitute the mind—is so formed as to receive the delicate impressions which must arise from this species of external influence. All communications with the brain must be originally transmitted by the nerves, and consequently can only be susceptible to palpable and immediate impressions from within. For instance, no one, by merely thinking, can at once attain the full knowledge of algebra, or become instantaneously conversant with the most simple of sciences. There is no language which can be gained by intuition alone; all learning must be progressive. It follows, then, that in the mind, at least, there can be no predictive power. The duality of the brain, or double constitution of the intellectual faculties, is now generally admitted. But, as with two eyes, and two ears, we only see one object, and hear one sound, so, though possessed of two separate, perfect *thinking machines*, we are conscious only of having one mind. Should the two compartments, by accident or disease, not work simultaneously, an erroneous perception of images will arise, the false deductions of the one not being corrected by the accurate impression of the other; and this is what we understand by insanity. The brain, then, or the mind—for in this light we hold them to be convertible terms—is too dependent on the restrictions of mere matter to be conscious of anticipative events. But



how different is it with the soul, that heavenly essence, which animates alike with its wondrous spiritual influence the child and the philosopher? Independent of all the arguments so well known and so universally recognized, on the existence in our forms of an immortal part, which neither Time nor Death—the two great Juggernauts of the universe—can injure, or destroy, we have here a still stronger proof of the “divinity that stirs *within* us.” All presentiments, all sudden and irresistible impulses, are the prophetic promptings of the immortal soul. The innate feeling that impels a man to pursue a life of virtue rather than of vice, is but one ordinary phase in which this secret working of the soul becomes manifest. Our creed, then, resolves itself into this—that the soul is prophetic, and that we have a silent yet ever willing monitor to lead us to future benefits, or to avert from us threatening evils. We would, therefore, exhort all to obey those mysterious impulses to which we have before averted; and from our own experience, as well as from that of others, we guarantee they can never be led astray. As true science advances, we believe that this doctrine will reveal some of the hitherto inexplicable mysteries of that extraordinary mesmeric state denominated clairvoyance, which, by throwing the merely mental powers into a trance, gives the soul greater freedom and liberty of action. The metaphysical poet, Wordsworth, must have had some conception of this influence when he felt

“A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls them through all things.”

We believe that this is the first time such an idea has been published, although it may be that at this very instant we are unconsciously enunciating the opinions of another. Well aware, notwithstanding, that the subject is one capable of much more expansion than our limits will at present afford, in default of receiving any other satisfactory explanation, and with this we must earnestly commend the subject as one deserving every attention from those who would examine the secret springs by which we "live, move, and have our being."

"THE ASTROLOGER, 1845."

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## HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD.

### TEMPLE TALKS.

## WHICH HOLDS MOST POTENCY, DENIAL OR ASSENT?

It cannot be denied that Denial and Assent are in some fashion, co-relators of each other. Like all other things of the earthly, physical nature, they must follow an immutable, fixed law. This law is so inter-related, that like the track of the planets in the heavens, its whole series of variations and continuous movements can be located and mapped out, for students and other seekers.

It seems to be everlastingly affirmed throughout all Nature, the most intense effects are produced by the efforts of opposites for adjustment. The degree of innate power always measures the esoteric vibration, which is and always must rest in the esoteric expression.

Taking this, then, as the statement of the law, let us see if the great universe, which is said to be the result of the word of the *all-potent* in naming, or as quaintly expressed: "Let there be!" The acknowledged starting point of all that is or will be in the outpouring of manifestation, Per-



haps the simplest statement is: "that which is and that which is not." Taking this for granted, we may suppose that all which responded to the awfully potent "Let there be!"—the expressed will of *God*, constituted the massed assent of the universe, represented by thought impulses, be they longer or shorter in duration. On the contrary, dissent or denial represented the massed feeling of obstruction, ranging from momentary doubt and question, to the fierce conditions of opposition, ready to carry out an experience of its own beliefs through the utmost peril to the extreme limit.

As the *one* is *all*, so we can only conclude, that the great oceans of denial or assent were, at the first, projected as dissent resulting from *its* own conscious knowledge, as the results of its seizing upon the immensity of space, *it* alone could fill.

It must also be true, that both exist as absolute necessities, proving to us, manifestation is the result only of joint action of the positive and negative. All things existent are but the outcome of the force at once omnipotent and omnipresent. We cannot imagine a *God* who does not consider the work of *His* hands; or who does not meditate upon the immensity of the infinite interests, which are the result of the motion of *its* thought. Like our own thoughts, *it* may favor or disapprove of the assured arrangement and outcome of certain sequences. Even this attitude of the thought of *God*, were it only as regarded *itself*, would produce the sensation everywhere, or opposition, of negative action, arising simply from the disapproval by the omniscient of anything but perfection.

The Apostle Paul, writing to the Romans, said: "For to be carnally (materially) minded, is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against *God*; for it is not subject to the law of *God*, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh (physical) cannot please *God*."

Instead of the usual explanation of the carnal mind, be-



ing enmity against *God*, it would seem simply, the statement intended to be made is that all enmity or opposition, held by mortal thought is the reflex action of *God's* own disapproval; becomes the carnal mind, which thus arrays itself as the state of consciousness, we recognize as negative or in opposition to the existing conditions. There can be no conditions of conflicting entities, which men attempt to set up, as good and evil, because all things work from the embryo to the perfect, which is the plan of *God*. All material conditions, begin and end, and after the end a period of intermission. Then another beginning and end. It is out of these shifting influxes and effluxes man gathers his ideas of opposition or enmity. But let us sit with ourselves, and reason how the movements of our minds resemble those of the *All-Wise, Omnipotent*; we have a plan, of activity on some line, in which the means and end are an equation to be worked out. With our limited knowledge, we may be hours in thought travail. But the decision comes at last. We are obliged to leave more or less to the experience to be won from the experiments we are to try. This leaves little impression on the astral currents, for we are but monads of the Monad. But when the *one*, after the same fashion, plans, *His* varying thought vibrates the whole universe. Evil, then, is the force of these rejected conditions, and while its power to move remains, naturally assimilates with every thing of like character. It is the result of denial or dissent. Does it not seem as likely, that *God* knowing the issues and how man's interests are to be affected thereby, may seek to avoid the things man regards negative and always to be striven against, thereby only increasing against himself the weight of inertia which he must rouse himself either to act as a barrier or a repelling force. The effort at equilibrium which man attempts he calls dissent or denial. He cheers and comforts himself with the idea that he is always on the side of the right and true when he takes this attitude, but it is certainly a question.



The one admission is, it is no easy job to hold the position of resistance in the restraining of an intangible crushing, whose intangibility is a something eternally favoring it. Then as we have hinted at, its persistent constancy in the line of pressure is another puzzling element of its action. Man, a creature of two stopping places, the end and the beginning, is always looking for a stopping or resting place, but constant force gives denial no chance for rest; to be successful potency must be increased to its utmost. In reality, it must be the aggressor. We have been accustomed to consider the denial or dissent must be couched in the two letters n-o. That is not true, for yes often carries more of denial potency than a no. The potency holds the positive element. Denial is and must be positive.

Now, by inference, we conclude assent is simply the concurring of the negative, an agreement to abide and act with. It does not seem to have the elements of power that inhere in the simplest obstruction presented by nature. Inertia, the awful Jennie of Earth, the first man found in his pathway, as his lungs inhaled the pure air of heaven and the last enemy or obstruction the last man will have overcome and slain, as the gates of an eternal happy peace swing wide open to his enraptured gaze. For know, Oh, Man! this Jennie is Death. *Denial and not assent, is his conqueror. I believe, therefore, denial holds the most potency.*

W. P. PHELON, M.D.

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### THE GARDEN OF TRUTH.

Yea, I walked through the valley of shadows,  
Through the clinging and soft sinking sand,  
As I sought for the portals of glory  
Of a new and an oft fabled land.

And I knew in my wandering and sorrow,  
That a garden of truth dwelt somewhere,

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That a blossom of wonderful fragrance  
Bloomed midst roses and lilies rare.

And a valley not lit with pale shadows,  
Nor peopled with forms old and grim,  
But was filled with the light of the ages,  
And resounded with life's golden hymn.

Oh, I read and I dreamed of it often,  
This garden so wondrous—divine,  
And I said in my youth and my dreaming,  
This garden of love must be mine."

And in visions I saw its fair portals,  
Saw its valley all lit with the glow  
Of the depths of the red wine—its sunset  
Was tinged with the same magic flow.

And the roses were fresh and untainted,  
The lilies were waxen and fair,  
And a hand pointed out from the gate-way,  
To guide me and beckon me there.

And I said in my youth and my dreaming,  
'I would know thee, thou fair one of love,  
For thine eyes are the light of the ages,  
The mystic truth sent from above."

Then a voice from the heavens gave answer,  
"The way to that garden is long,  
And a valley is lit with pale shadows,  
That will sing thee a sad sorrow song."

There are thorns strewn in beds of green mosses,  
And worms dwell in roses fair,  
The sun shineth hot and the night breeze  
Wafts them far on the dark desert bare.

There are doubts, there are suffering and losses,  
And the winters are oftentimes cold,



The cross thou wilt bear is heavy  
As the cross thou hast known of old.

Many times shalt thou faint and weaken,  
Many times know the false, Judas kiss,  
Many times shall thine own deny thee,  
Guide thee down to the deep, dark abyss.

And the thorns in the mosses—you'll feel them,  
See the worms in the red rose's heart,  
And thy lilies shall droop and wither,  
With the thrust of the cruel, poisoned dart.

But I promise thee, loved one, a heritage  
Of a wonderful love, pure, divine,  
I'll give thee the key to that garden,  
And the glory of life shall be thine.

The hand of the ages shall shield thee  
When the storms and the crosses are o'er,  
And the song of the olden time sorrows  
Shall echo from shore to shore."

And I wandered through valleys of shadows,  
Was lost on the cold desert bare,  
As I sought for the far-fabled garden,  
And my roses and lilies so fair.

I wandered o'er rough broken mountains,  
Was thrust by the cruel serpent's sting,  
And fed on the husks of the prodigal,  
Lured away by the songs sirens sing.

My boat was so light and driven,  
By storms, tossing seas wide and gray,  
And the harbor of rest I was seeking  
Seemed farther and farther away

Long, weary leagues I had traveled  
Till lonely and care-worn I sank

By the side of a moss-covered oak tree,  
From a life-giving spring to drink.

Then the visions and dreams all faded,  
And the veil that had blinded me long  
Was rent by the hand of the ages,  
Then I heard a new, wonderful song.

Ah, I know thee—thou love of the ages,  
When the world and the sun were new,  
When the morning stars sang together,  
And love reigned supreme and so true;

There our spirits went roaming together,  
Wrapt deep in love's olden time thrall,  
Our hearts beat in uniform gladness,  
Thou and I and the heavens were all.

Through ages and worlds I have sought thee,  
To know thee and claim thee, my own,  
It was written, ah, don't you remember?  
That the cross must be carried alone."

That the valley of shadows and sorrows  
Must be entered and sought without light  
So the promise of love and its mercy,  
Would sever the morning from night.

And the garden would ever blossom,  
After the cross and its pain,  
And the wounds and the thorns and the losses,  
Would all turn to golden gain

To prove to the love thou were seeking,  
Thy power, thy might, thy renown,  
That thy glory should multiply doubly,  
And win thee thy star and thy crown.

EDITH KEENE.



## ASTROLOGY.

## CHAPTER I.

## INTRODUCTION.

It is a strikingly convincing proof of the truth of Astrology, that, even the most eminent for their learning and freedom from superstition have not only advocated and studied the wondrous science, but that they have, in many of the most elaborate works which have been handed down to us, exhorted others to do likewise. The celebrated Dr. Fludd was a strenuous supporter of the Rosierucian philosophy; Melanethon, the good and pious reformer, was a firm believer in Judicial Astrology; Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarine continually had their nativities cast by the astrologers of the age; and the mass of evidence to be found in the opinions of the ancients, and supported by the practice of the moderns, would strengthen any pursuit that stood less in need of it than the celestial art. When Charles the First was confined, Lilly, the famous Astrologer, was consulted for the hour that should favor his escape. Dryden cast the nativities of his sons, and his predictions—particularly the one relating to his son Charles—were singularly verified. Cardan and Burton, authors of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," both celebrated for their astrological skill, predicted the days of their death, which in each case took place at the very hour they had foretold. The early period in which astrology was practiced would seem to throw its origin back to a time almost coeval with the creation of man, for there is no recognized authority that explains with whom or where it originated. The Chaldeans became soon eminent for their skill, and at

Babylon it was taught and practiced for many centuries before the Christian era. By them it was transmitted to the Greeks, whence it passed to the Romans; and then followed its general dissemination over all Europe. All our greatest astronomers have been astrologers, and it speaks volumes for the broad basis of truth on which the science rests, when we add that there is, we believe, no single instance on record of one who had become thoroughly conversant with its wonderful revelations ever abandoning in distaste so valuable a pursuit.

We must now proceed to give some idea of the principles on which the art of foretelling future events is mainly dependent. That the stars have an effect upon the earth and its inhabitants is as self-evident as that they have an existence; the ebbing and flowing of the tides prove this, as well as the periodical returns of heat and cold, light and darkness. These are the most prominent parts of Judicial Astrology, for in these planetary influence is universally felt and admitted, and the periods are accurately known. Changes of the weather, and all the various conditions of the atmosphere, proceed from the same causes, namely, the various positions and configurations of the stars; although the manner in which they effect those changes is not wholly known. Nothing can be a stronger proof of sidereal influence than the strange succession of fortunate and unfortunate events experienced by many individuals. The whole lives of some are a succession of disasters, and all their exertions terminate in disappointment. Certain times are peculiarly disastrous to certain people, a circumstance referable to some similarity in their horoscopes, and in families numbers frequently die about the same time, which is not unusual among relatives. The medium through



which distant portions of matter operate on each other may probably be a very fine fluid—Magnetic-Electricity—the Aeth, as it is now generally believed—emanating from each through infinite space, and wholly imperceptible except by its effects. This may be denominated *sympathy*, and to it may be traced whatever is deemed miraculous or supernatural, or perhaps, to speak more properly, whatever cannot be referred to the recognized principles of matter. For instance, the laws of attraction and gravitation are known as general sympathies existing in all planetary bodies with the operation of which we are familiar. But the more particular or occult sympathies are those not common to matter, and even apparently contrary to its general laws; such as the needle's polarity, and the other phenomena which have even baffled the deep investigations of modern science.

The luminaries are, however, the more immediate cause of subliminary vicissitudes in their mutual configurations with each other, and with the angles, particularly when posited in the mid-heaven. There is something remarkable in this angle, even when no planets are in or near it. for all vegetables will point to it by nature, and will dwindle and waste if any substance intervene between them and the zenith. This is the reason why grass will not grow beneath trees; animals decline from the same cause, and those who are confined long in houses or mines, or who live in woods and caverns, however freely light and air may be admitted, are pale, cadaverous, and unhealthy, so long as a dense mass of matter is interposed between them and the free sky of heaven. Perhaps the benefits derived from exercise in country walking may be also in part attributed to the influence of the zenith towards which all animated nature has

a recognized tendency. The principles of planetary influence are deduced from the same unerring laws as determine the calculations of the astronomer, and may be resolved into these brief propositions:

*First:* That the perfect exercise of our faculties or senses is either dependent upon, or variously affected by, the same causes that produce the phenomena by which all animal life is sustained, all productions of the soil matured, and which, moreover, induce modifications of conformation, color, and temperament, in the human species.

*Second:* That the planetary bodies have a conjoint influence on the atmosphere, directly—as evinced in ordinary fluctuations and changes, and indirectly in the less understood deficiency or excess of the electric principle that pervades nature—that subtle agent which, prepared in the mighty laboratory of the heavens, is manifested to us in meteoric appearances, the splendid coruscation of the Aurora Borealis, and the more familiar phenomena of thunder and the explosive flash.

*Third:* That as temperature alone—which is confessedly regulated by the position of the planets—has decided effects upon health, sickness, the passions, and affections, so must the predispositions of individuals, from the same cause, be excited to attempts and accomplishments of good or evil by causes imperceptible to themselves, but which are in strict accordance with the law of recurring influences.

Thus it has been conclusively argued, that if temperature and certain atmospherical changes affect the human body, why should not the affections and dispositions of the mind be influenced in like manner? We well know that climate produces an effect upon the character of men; for the vehement passions of those in the “sunny South,” and the



colder, phlegmatic policy of the inhabitants in the North, are of every day experience. Such being admitted then, is it not irrational to believe that liveliness or defect of imagination and passion, and generally the degree and bias of intellectual capacity, may be consistently ascribed to planetary influences; and that these, though less palpable to the grosser senses, excite the accomplishment of preordinations in the career of individuals. Thus the student in astrology assumes precisely the same data as the astronomer; and adopting the rules of ancient art as sanctioned by experience, he assigns to every planet, whether in the scheme of a nativity or horary question its relative influence; and this process unveils the sanguine or melancholic temperament of the querent, unfolds his propensities and pursuits, and foreshadows the untoward or auspicious periods of his existence. As we wish to impress most strongly upon the student the solidity of the basis on which the celestial art rests its claim for attention, we shall probably continue these remarks in the future.



### THE GREAT MOVEMENT.

The present movement in the hands of The Alba Occult Society is a general endeavor inaugurated to place our mystic doctrines in a more open and available form before the world. The Society is a member of the Royal Fraternity Association, which includes The Fraternity Sons of Osiris, The Illuminati, The Militia Crucifera, and others, and is a branch representing special service under the Higher Brotherhood. The outline of its service is a movement all along the line to simplify and make plain our wisdom knowledge, and to uplift humanity toward those things which we know they should do and be, mysticward. The

courses of lectures and lessons are arranged by the masters to work out into plain and definite teaching the great wisdom doctrine, and to bring this down to the understanding of the people. The time is evidently at hand when the Great Brotherhood is to draw nearer, and again as it has beforetime in the far past, give these things openly and more available. The higher instruction though it enters the world in plain and simplified forms, will however prove as valuable and instructive in the field it covers as does the Beautiful Philosophy or other of our mystic teachings. Every member of our associated fraternities should make all effort possible to bring this movement and its teaching before the world, and the roll should show the name of every true mystic among us, as a representative of this society which has so great a work assigned for it to accomplish. For bear in mind that this movement has not been fashioned by the mind or hand of man; but that back of it all is *the great white lodge*, directing all things thereof, and seeking to establish the true kingdom here on earth. And shall we who profess to walk the path be found wanting when the victims of the vast whirlpool of sin around us are crying out to God against its iniquities? What are we doing for our beautiful doctrines, and how can we hope to realize of real illumination, when we quietly fold our hands in the presence of so great a work for us to do, and how can we hope to enter the kingdom ourselves if we neglect so great a call? For a search of heaven will reveal among its host no "graduated" sluggards or self-righteous souls. No soul ever enters there except through worthy action. The kingdom of heaven will never drop into any person's hands in reward for their passive goodness; it opens only to those who toil and offer themselves upon the altar of consecration and service. Let us then be up and doing, let us devote ourselves and our time and our services as well to the great cause; let us bring in as many as we can who may be taught, and influence them to join the Society and thus start them toward the kingdom; we need the influence of every human



soul we can reach; nothing can be done without whole hearted, unselfish co-operation of those who belong to us; there is special work and great work for us all to do; let us spread the good news; for though we can make true mystics of but the few, we *can* spread the mantle of truth over the earth, and overcome a tremendous amount of misunderstanding with its attendant suffering and disaster. For the instructions coming into the world now through this source are the most superb ever given openly to the world, and the meaning of life and of all objectified things are being plainly taught. Our privileges are surely very great in these days, for the people are receptive and ready for something they know not what, more than they have ever been before. Let us not withhold ourselves then from the service, and let us not question who and what as to the person and ways selected and used by the higher brothers for the work, but rather let us do all in our power ourselves to assist in whatever they may direct. The Grand Recorder of the Society has appointed a Deputy who resides at Carthage, Mo., to attend to the correspondence and to sending out the literature. Let us get together then, and make this movement a grand success; the Masters are ever ready to help us as we furnish them the opportunity, and they seek now for us to do our part in the movement. Each one of us should strive to interest every person in their power to join these classes of true mystic teaching; for herein lies the only road to its success; and is not such service what we understand to be true mystic living?

Address all communications to

THE ALBA OCCULT SOCIETY,  
CARTHAGE, MO.

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#### DISAPPOINTMENTS.\*

\*Lecture given before the Oriental Esoteric Center  
Washington, D. C.

If there is any situation which confronts us more constantly and unremittingly than another, it is "disappointment." Every effort which we put forth in our own behalf or in aid of our friends or our work seems doomed to turn out differently than we had planned, and often the results of our action are the very opposite from those we intended and desired.

Every day, in some small way, things go wrong, or what we call wrong, and some days we have to call to our assistance all the patience and all the courage of which we are master not to succumb to the conditions which issue, all uncalled for as it would seem, from that which we have done with the very best intentions.

If there is any philosophy or law of life which can do away with disappointment, we would like to know and follow it.

There is such a teaching, though it is of a nature which all men will not accept, only those who are beginning to free themselves from the slavery of the lower nature. For the mass of mankind does not yet realize the bondage in which it is being held, and not many are yet ready to subdue "desire."

Up to the present stage of the growth of the race, desire has been their teacher, their highest and their best, for without it, no awakening of the soul would have been possible. Desire is the law of the soul, and the soul follows where desire leads: does man desire wealth, the powers of the soul will concentrate upon its acquisition; does he pine for love, for power, for fame, immediately his desire places at his disposal the necessary motive power to start in pursuit of the desired object.

And so Balzac formulates the teachings of the ancients when he says: "A constant desire is a promise of fulfillment," for this is the law. Fulfillment must and will eventually come where the desire is strong and constant, but it may be long in arriving and meanwhile we are beset with disappointments, which are bitter and crushing in



exact proportion to the force of our desire.

It is evident that there is a close connection between desire and disappointment, even children teach us this in their play when they say: "Don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed," showing that the race has already evolved so far in understanding.

At the present moment men are called upon to take a forward step, under a new teacher, "Faith," and to relegate desire to a secondary place. The result of this change, when it is accomplished, will be the elimination altogether from the life—of "disappointment."

Under our new teacher we shall learn that all our life is an orderly sequence, that God is above and over all, and that His law will provide us with all that we need and ought to have. We know that God is Wisdom and Love, therefore, if we are logical, when things go wrong, that is when they do not follow the course which we had provided for, Faith will lead us to see His Hand in the untoward event, and will show us how to follow His design rather than our own. Every change which the Great Power deigns to make in our plans is eagerly embraced by the disciple; to him it is not a disappointment, but an intimation from the Father of some better way to follow, and he at once begins to search it out. He is not discouraged at the non-success of his efforts in some particular direction, but instead, he acquiesces and finds another and a better way.

Thus innumerable mistakes are avoided, for when the disciple is willing to hear he may receive guidance in all the affairs of his daily life in just this way.

Not passive resignation, but cheerful acquiescence leading to activity in some new direction, is the work of Faith; for "Faith without works is dead."

And where there is Faith, there can be no disappointments.

THE INITIATES.  
THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

BY SMITH D. FRY.

This is the true story of a brilliant woman who trampled upon pure gold, sneered at refined silver, scorned a diamond in the rough, laughed at the breaking of a human heart, danced upon the likelihood of ruin, and gaily sang as a carefree bird over the criminal pleasure of wreaking misery upon a good man; but who lived to see the wheel of fortune turn entirely over, as it always does turn, lived to see the pure gold of the honest young man glittering before the world, lived to see the rough diamond polished and scintillating in the zenith of affairs— while she went lower and lower with the turning wheel, until it ground her into the dust of poverty, crime, infamy, and desolate death.

She was beautiful almost beyond description. She was unusually talented, and had the blessing of glorious motherhood. She was given a superior education. Gifted with musical ability, a marvelous voice which had been skilfully developed to the full of its possibilities, and with graceful body, the face of an angel, eyes like luminous worlds of intelligence, and every charm of young womanhood, she was petted, courted, sought, and loved—and spoiled.

He was an awkward young man, wholly deserving the description of "homely, left handed Joe." But those who knew him always added to that description, "a model young man." He was poor in this world's goods, but self-reliant. By toil he gave himself a good education, and finally became a promising lawyer. Soon he was one of the foremost men of the little western town in which he lived. With its growth he grew.

Enterprising citizens established a seminary in the little city. Within a couple of years prosperity warranted and patronage demanded the employment of a music teacher. The young lawyer was selected by his fellow citizens to find such a teacher. He accepted the unprofitable commission.



As in everything else, he determined to do his best. He heard of a teacher in Vincennes, Indiana, and thither he traveled.

The teacher proved to be all that had been said of her by admiring friends, and much more. The young envoy saw her, heard her sing, and heard her play instrumental music. He was pleased and hopeful. In frank manner he narrated his mission, told her the compensation that would be given, gave her a glowing account of the growing little city, including stories of the delightful social atmosphere of the place, and earnestly solicited her to accept.

She promised to take the proposal under consideration, and asked him to wait a few days. She was younger in years than he, but worldly wise. She saw that the young man did not see nor know of his own knowledge that he was fascinated and ready to fall in love with her, if he had not really done so at sight. She kept him waiting for more than a week. She sang for him and played for him, and toyed with him daily, and finally declined the position.

By that time he knew what she had known all along, that he was desperately in love with her. Having been diligently engaged in work and study, she was the first attractive woman to whom he had paid court; for that was really the result of his daily association with her. When she refused the position, he offered her another; asked her to go to his growing city and share with him, as his wife, the house and home he was able to provide.

That was what the beautiful and talented young coquette had been leading him to, and she immediately laughed at him right merrily. She told him that she had ambitions for a career on the stage, that she already had opportunities, and that she foresaw a great career in opera. She would not sacrifice herself and her talents for the duties and drudgery of wifehood, for any man. Nay, she went further and told him that he was ungraceful, homely, unattractive, and presumptuous; just the sort of man she could never love, not even for a minute.



With smiles, laughter, and apparent delight, she abused the young man; the intensity of her brutality seeming to be the greater pleasure to her, as she saw his suffering. The young man was dazed. His first love was his first insight into the possibilities of feminine savagery. His honest heart beat rapidly, his honest eyes stared at the shocking revelation of the heart of the serpent. His honest brain rapidly taught him the logical lesson that she was in no sense the woman for a wife. But it hurt, just the same. When he was a mature man he told of it, and said that in all his life he had never suffered such agony as he did when, sitting there, he slowly realized what he had escaped. He suffered because of deep down religious fervor of sorrow for the career that he almost clairvoyantly foresaw for her. He left her with a sadness that she wholly misinterpreted. He was doubly sad, because he looked upon her as a lost soul.

He returned to his home and dug deep into his work. He rose and continued to rise. He found a good woman, one worthy of her mother and of her home, a woman who saw in him the pure gold of character and truly loved him. He became a father and a grandfather. He was sent to Congress. He grew in fame. He grew rich and prosperous. He even became Speaker of the House, and was for years one of the foremost men of the Republic. Moreover, he lived to a green old age, blessed with health and strength to the very last, and he was blessed with the love of wife, children, and grandchildren, as well as with the admiration and respect of neighbors and friends.

She went her way. She loved no man; but she attracted many men, deliberately and heartlessly. She sought fame on the stage, and found it. Her name became a household word throughout the land. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars were poured into her coffers by an admiring public. With her beauty and talents, what a magnificent wife she might have been for the noble man, if she had been blessed with a tithe of nobility in place of her innate



perfidy!

But she had no sheet anchor. She had numerous lovers; but never one loving heart to care for her and her health and happiness. Her money went as fast as it came, spent in riotous living. She went from bad to worse, finally appearing in the lower classes of theaters and dance halls. Her beauty of face vanished with the beauty of character. Her form became cumbersome, even disgusting. Her lapses into liquor incapacitated her for permanent engagements, even in the lower halls of amusement for the vicious and criminal. She died the death of an outcast, homeless, loveless, and in deep degradation.

During the last days she often read with bleared eyes the newspaper accounts concerning that honest, homely young man who had sought her and honored her with an offer of home and a great love. With ribald jest she sneered at him and told her companions in degradation how he had been at her feet.

At last, the wheel of fortune slowly turned day by day, and she realized how he had risen with it, and then, when she comprehended how she had gone down on the other side of the wheel, into the dust and mire and grime of crime, she sent for him to come and extend her a helping hand.

"Too late!" What bitter, all comprehensive words they are. He could and would have extended the helping hand, for he was the soul of generosity and gentleness; but before the Macedonian cry reached him she had drawn her last breath on earth, and the tragedy of her life was finished.

When the statesman heard of her death, he said, "If she had called for help at any time during all the years of her downward career, she could have had it. She had a good father and a good mother, and she should have been a good girl. Poor, deluded, unhappy, beautiful little girl! I was always sorry for her—always sorry for her."—*Selected.*

## HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD.

## TEMPLE TALKS.

## HOW CAN WE HOPE TO ATTAIN PERFECTION?

Examining the sting of a bee, we find it without flaw. No minute part of the polished surface, from its keen, sharp point, to the strong muscles that move it at the will of the insect to which it belongs, shows flaw of any kind, nor deviation from the magnificent polish of its surface. Perhaps the nearest approach to the bee's stinger is the fine cambric needle of man's handiwork. But when this is put under the lenses of a microscope of high power, the apparent high polish of the surface is one mass of inequalities, and deadened lustre.

Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the works of God and of man. The one perfect in every stage of formation and development; the other following the irregularities of the thought that designed and created. These are but single examples of the whole of nature's and man's works. The one is perfect in every detail. The other imperfect and more or less disturbed. We say these matters are the design and handiwork of nature, meaning thereby, they are the productions upon the original thought-model of God's designs and manifestation. Throughout all the round of manifestation the same condition rules. When we come to question of the cause, the answer is near at hand. God's thoughts are perfectly finished and complete. Man's creative attempts are imperfect and unfinished.

This answers fully and fairly the question: "What is perfection?" There is no model of perfection for man, save the All-Good. *It* is perfect in all *its* acts, both of manifestation and of inert rest. All the wise ones, the Sol-on-ons—the Trismagisti and Magi of the far past; the experts and adepts of the present, have but one message for both the manifested and the unmanifested; the wise and the foolish



of to-day. It is: "love God, and look to Him for advancement on all lines and in all places."

As you know God and seek to be like him, so will you gain that which *it* is. This conclusion, then, tells us what perfection is—the perfection which some men, and especially the Hermetic Brotherhood seek to attain.

Naturally, the next questions are, how shall we attain? What are the readiest and most reliable methods for this attainment? The proposition entering into the answer, contains the elements, God and ourselves. Let us meditate a little while, after the Hermetic method, on each. God is *all*, because *it* is *perfection*. In perfection, nothing is left out, nothing can fall short of its place in totality of the harmony of the whole. Because of this completeness in the ideal, *it* is regarded by man, as *omni*-potent; *omni*-scient; and *omni*-present, in all its relations to man.

Can it not then be regarded as an axiomatic statement: "The more we contemplate God, permitting ourselves to become unitized in His perfect love, which casteth out fear, the nearer and nearer shall we approach that attainment, which is the acme of all perfection.

In the teaching of the Brotherhood, from its beginning in the present incarnation, the power of thought has always been recognized as a most potent factor, in the relations of man, to himself, his fellows and his God. Existence is in two forms, the manifested and the unmanifested—energy and resistance.

The scientists of to-day are investigating the changing conditions of life, as if they were for the first time, new-born. As a sample of their work, permit me to give you a few extracts from a recent publication:

"Do we not again see our investigations have only a temporary value? Will we be content to see matter dissolving itself into multi-revolving electrodes? Such a mysterious dissolution of component atoms appears to be universal and inevitable. It occurs when a piece of glass is rubbed with silk. It is present in the sunshine, in a rain



drop, in lightning, in a flame, in a waterfall and in the roaring sea. Although the whole range of human experience is too short to form a parallax, whereby we can foretell the disappearance of matter (manifestation), nevertheless it is possible that formless nebulae will again prevail, when the hour-glass of eternity has run out."

"The probability that science may yet find all matter disappearing in a world of pure energy, is in the highest degree interesting to those who give any thought to primal truths. It is well known that philosophy has long since eliminated matter from the world of pure being and has expressed all material phenomena in terms of mind. Should science in its turn eliminate matter and express its manifestations in terms of formless energy (thought) we might have something like a reunion of science and philosophy on a common basis; and through that union gain a clearer knowledge of both the universe and the soul."

When our most advanced scientists thus openly and positively declare there is no matter *per se* and that all that appears to mortal sense is but the manifestation of force or pure energy, they are certainly coming back, not only to the Hermetic teachings of to-day, but also to the doctrines and utterances of Hermes Trismagistus, the thrice-wise of the long ago.

We, the Hermetic Brotherhood, seek then to attain perfection by learning how to think, when to think, and what to think. Of one thing we are absolutely certain, the fact that pure thought is final perfection, the *unmanifested it*. The more we mix desires, selfish purpose or form manifestation with pure energy or thought, the farther are we from perfection.

Let us always remember impure thought is the result of an attempted conglomeration, in varying proportions, of pure energy—the *unmanifested*, with the desires and mortal conditions of manifestations. In no other sense are the terms pure and impure thought applicable or true.



It must then necessarily follow, *the purer our thought  
the nearer are we to the attainment of perfection*

W. P. PHELLEN, M. D.

\* \* \*

### THE INVOCATION.

A Leaf from the Life of a Thaumaturgist.

“The stars dim twinkled through his airy form.”—  
Ossian.

The probability that the beings of another world sometimes hold communion with the children of men is a supposition which the universal idea among all nations, and the traditions of all time, seem to corroborate—mingling in our dreams and in our transitory moments of happiness, and suffusing the heart with those feelings which were never excited by wealth or power. Let the worshippers of pride and gold say in their wisdom, “It is a dream”—the wild vision is congenial to my soul. Nor shall the phrenologist stay me with his descant on the organ of “wonder,” nor the slave of gold with his calculations on the loss of time. But what is man’s opinion?—even the wisest speaks but from the instinct of his nature, when his inherent thought is new—and if my instinct is equal, so are my opinions—and though my mortal part may cower, yet shall my immortal dare the test; and, with the magic rites of old, will I evolve the distant and the dead, and bring the spirit from its sphere, or the ghoul from the caverns of the earth, and hold communion with them—not for gold, but for knowledge—and with a confidence that belongs not to the clay, encircle myself with these magic symbols whose formation were no doubt traced by “intelligences” of the starry orbs, for the guidance of the Magi of the ancient world.

\* \* \*

The young moon shone brightly in the western sky, the light of her golden crescent mingling with the silver beams of that sweet star which mortals dedicate to love and beauty

—swelling at intervals through the dark forest, the winds murmured their midnight melody—the incense burnt “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue” on the flowing altar—the last invocation died away in echoes which seemed unearthly to my soul—when suddenly all the winds of heaven appeared to burst from their dwelling in the clouds, and swept from the mountain top with thunder on their wings, bending the trees with a violence that contrasted strangely with the still and starry night. Riding on the whirlwind, he whom I evoked, with shapeless form, majestic, measureless, bright but not shining, dim but yet palpable, stood before me, and with a voice blending the music of the nightingale with the echoes of the roaring sea, demanded my will.

“Dread spirit!” I cried, in faltering accents, for like sobs my mortal fears choked the utterance of my soul—“dread spirit,” I cried, in a voice that seemed unearthly, even to myself, “I seek thy aid to solve some mysteries which curb the aspirations of my finite mind.”

“Hast thou, then,” he demanded, “dived the depths of all mortal knowledge? It will be time enough for thee to ask for things beyond thy sphere, when *all* is known to thee that now dwelleth in *living hearts*.”

“I would then seek of thee the wisdom that would relieve and cure what are called the incurable maladies of our race—the power to stay the fiend consumption, that feedeth on the young and beautiful, and devoureth the roses of sweet lips, and quencheth the fire of eyes brighter than the stars of heaven.”

“Hast thou, then,” he again demanded, “some dear one that needs thy aid? or is it fame and gold that seek to mingle their impurities with thy pretended commiseration?”

In the wickedness of our mortal nature I tried to answer, “No,” but my soul bent my recreant body to the dust, as I silently acknowledged the justice of the genii and his power.



"Child of clay," he resumed, "I read thy thoughts—thou wouldst ask me of the eternal and the future, can all the boasted knowledge of thy race produce the humblest flower? Can science resuscitate the withered oak which lightning hath shivered? or bore through the thin covering even of their hollow world? with all their vaunted engines drag the kraken from his bed of pearl, or quench the volcano's slumbering fire? Can pride or power breathe into the nostrils of the mite or of the elephant the breath of life? When man can do the least of these things, it will then be time enough to doubt whether there be superior powers in infinite progression to the infinite. If thy thoughts could gaze beyond the grave, think of the miseries of the good and the joys of the wicked in this life—of the ebb and flow—of the attraction and repulsion—the restoration of equilibrium of nature—and then, with philosophical consistency, deny a future retribution, and crawl upon the pinnacle of pride a loathsome reptile. Child of clay, the universe can be governed without thine aid. Go, and purify thy heart, and the angels of heaven shall descend in joy upon thy dreams, and strew thy path with flowers. Win heaven by doing good for *its own sake* on earth, and Providence will guide and bless thee in this world; and if thine own heart approve thy deeds, tranquility and peace and joy shall be thy handmaids, and eternal bliss be thine in another and a happier world."

Like the mist on the distant hill, like the receding of the murmuring wave, like a strain of music borne on the viewless winds, the spirit slowly rolled away, and if ever the vital essence left the human form, mine for one short moment mingled in joy with its kindred fire.

\* \* \*

Bowed to the dust, convicted, convinced, I humbly arose from before that altar a wiser and a better man. In recording this feeble and fitful narrative, I would make the attempt to diffuse a portion of that happiness which I now feel.

1845.



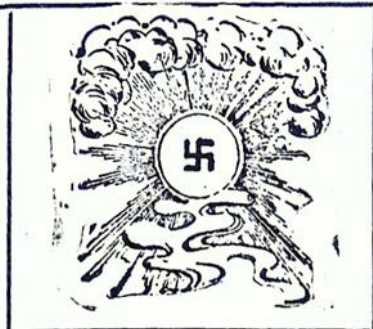
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