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The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Indited for the Edification of the Elect by DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

Being an attempt to find the way in, the trail through
and the path out.

Herein I think my thoughts aloud
And scatter them afar
And, if I aim above the crowd,
And sometimes hit a star,
It beams and streams and seems to say
You jolted me the other day—
But I thank you for the jar.

Acknowledging as the source of all expression, the inspiration of Egeia, the wisdom-giving Nymph of the Fountain, unless otherwise signed, all prosy and poetic patterns of pyrotechny, novel and otherwise, originate from our own teeming brain-mill. None are trade-marked, copyrighted or patented, but strangers and the weak-kneed are cautioned against monkeying with them too freely, especially in public.

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Vol. II

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"The land of philosophy contains partly an open champaign country, passable by every common understanding, and partly by a range of woods, traversable only by the speculative."

—Tucker.

"Joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with a greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend."

—South.

The Isle of Ecstasy

By Theodosia.

There is a glow on sea and land
Mine eyes shall see;
Far out in the years,
Past doubt and fears,
Is a holy state
That will calmly wait
For me.

There the tides lay bare
Only treasures rare;
There the whispering breeze
Brings songs from the seas,
Past the portals that close,
Past the shadow that grows,
Past the sound of wings
Past the echo that rings
Past the knowledge of pain
Past the hoping for gain;
Like an opal of light,
It glows for my sight,
Out, out past the years,
Past doubts, past fears,
It will calmly wait,
This holy state,
For me.

Wonderful Woman

(Continued)

The spontaneity and variety of Nature's productions are indeed marvelous—how that from the same soil under varying conditions of heat and moisture a thousand different species may thrive in succession.

Take, for example, the arid lands of the desert and turn on the life giving element, water, and the desert is quickly transformed into a fairy garden in which grow all manner of plants and trees luxuriantly.

Or, take the foothill slopes of the Coast, covered with native grasses that live and grow only by the conserved moisture derived from winter rains. For ages, doubtless, they have produced only such grasses, having been utilized from the times of early settlement until recently, as sheep pastures and cattle ranges.

A few years ago it was discovered that by getting water on these same lands they could be made to produce the finest of oranges and lemons.

Everywhere now you see this miracle being accomplished. It is so general that people have ceased to wonder at it.

The point to be brought out by this illustration is that new conditions—new seed in the same or similar soil—produce new and often phenomenal forms of growth. This is observable in nature everywhere.

But, who ever thought of the possibility of applying the same principle to that more wondrous Earth—Woman?

For ages, ever since the race evolved to the human status, Woman has been as the crude and primitive soil of Earth. The rains have fallen upon her, the arrows of the sun have pierced her bosom, She has been torn by tempests and disrupted by earthquakes. Yet through all, for countless years, she has stood like a sphinx in the midst of the desert and beheld the drifting sands sweep by or heap about her half concealed form. Anon, like the mountain peak she rears her head above the clouds while from her rockribbed side springs forth spontaneously, sturdy forests, periodically devastated by the lightning, the fire or the hurricane, whereupon she puts forth brambles and brush to cover her nakedness.

The Earth-woman has been the recipient of whatever influences, crude or rude that fell upon her. Her womb has opened to receive the seed of chance and caprice—and, be it oak or thorn or thistle, she has done her best to produce the best possible from the material at hand.

And shall we say she has failed? *Can* we say she has been aught but a miracle worker from the very beginning?

But, having evolved from the darkness of ignorance and superstition and emerged into the dawn light of intelligence and reason, shall she still go on as in the days when she was actuated only by the most selfish and primitive instincts? Shall man who is the natural guardian and gardener of this field, continue to sow brambles, and thorns therein or neglect it utterly—shall he continue to devastate and to exhaust the ground for his own selfish ends, thus obstructing the growth of woman and hindering her rightful unfoldment?

“A garden enclosed is my sister my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.”

In this garden, it is possible to bring forth “pomegranates with pleasant fruits—spikenard and saffron with trees of frankincense, myrrh and all the chief spices.” But who shall discover the “sealed fountain,” who shall find the source of the *stream* by whose waters this miracle is performed?

Across the desert known as Death’s Valley in California are trails marked by human skeletons, whose erstwhile habitants perished *enroute* for lack of water. Recently it has been found that in many places only a few feet beneath the surface of those burning sands there is to be found an abundance of living water, but never did it occur to one of those perishing pilgrims, though maddened by thirst and famishing for a drop of moisture, to dig water. Why?—Because it had not been done and they possessed neither imagination nor faith to try.

And so the great procession moves on forever through the Death Valley of Life. God has ordained that the traveller shall grope along this trail for a certain uncertain period and then fall into the embrace of the hideous

monster, Death. Thus we are instructed from infancy, thus we believe.

An army of black-robed priests is stationed along the highway of *Mors*, to offer the consolation of a "hope beyond." Another army stands ready to catch us as we fall, to shroud and shroud us, and make a grewsome spectacle of our fatality—and all this because no one from among those perishing millions has any imagination or faith beyond reaching the mecca of Death.

Who yet has dreamed of the actual possibility of Life Eternal this side of the grave? Who believes the saying of Paul that Death is the last enemy to overcome?

Oh, wonderful woman! Sphinx of the ages! Wilt thou not speak to us from the center of thy deep intuition and give us the key to this, thy mystery?

Alas for us! It is ordained that thou shalt remain an enigma, and dumb. Thou hast no voice with which to impart understanding to ears that are deaf. Man himself, must be the searcher, the discoverer. At the present time he is asleep and quite unaware of his true condition. Only through pain and anguish will he ever awaken to the horror of his present situation—to the poverty of his life.

When he does, he will turn to thee, and into thy wondrous field of Ardat, and the breath of God shall inspire him and the light from the Throne of Love shall lead him on and on into that sacred retreat where thou, or the soul of thee, sittest enthroned with the gift of Immortal Life in thy right hand and immeasurable riches in thy left, ready to bestow all these and more upon thy kneeling knight.

"Awake, Oh, north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."—Selah!

Bound! Bound by the cares of the body,
And bound by the ties of the heart;
Bound as Prometheus was bound
When the Vulture would rend him apart;
Bound by the laws of Convention,
Bound by the pride of Estate,

Bound by the Love that enfolds us,
And bound by the shackles of Hate
Who shall arise to deliver,
Who shall arise to proclaim
Freedom to Man and to Woman
In anything else but a Name!

✱ ✱

Aqua Vitae

By Seraphita.

It is the "distilled moisture of the moon joined to the light of the sun. Distilled moisture is fitly compared to dew. Light is a wholly spiritual entity. You have seen a dewdrop penetrated by a shaft of sunlight—that symbols our airy substance. To be permanent it must become congealed and fixed. Then it is the diamond and the ruby. This atom that we are seeking is, I am thinking, as hard as either of them and in its substance like flint or horn. I imagine that these points of light, or astral dust, are changed into veritable crystals as fine as gold and as enduring as iron.

Why not? Nature is making crystals somewhere all the time. Find out how to harden a dew drop and you have a diamond.

Find the end of the rainbow; and you have a pot of gold. It is all a "simple matter of cooking." The sages tell us about furnaces and ovens. These places are used for hardening clay vessels by means of heat. Electric heat, if properly regulated, is the best.

No matter how small atoms may be,—an aggregation of them will make something perceptible. The children of Israel shall be as numerous as the sands upon the seashore. The divine Isis joined to Ram can go on reproducing until every atom of the human Earth is crystalized—has become a seed of Abraham—an emanation from Brahma—an *Is-ac*. Then will the individual be full of light and love and life and joy and laughter—Jacob, a son of Isaac unfolded into Israel thro' the power of self-mastery. Man seeks to obtain the ascendancy

over every creature beneath him, why should he not make *self* subservient to purpose?

He strives to attain great eminence in various directions, but if he would seek and obtain the kingdom of heaven, he could ask for nothing more. The chalice of life would be full to the brim with the wine of the sun.—the nectar, which imparted new life to the immortals who rested above the strife of the earth-born in the ambrosial fields of Mount Olympus. Pegasus is waiting to convey each wearied son of man to that happy place, but he must be able to bridle and guide him aright.

By the power of imagination, one could take a flight to the most distant star, but to ride safely on our winged horse requires far more skill—yet it is well worth the risk and the effort to be able to quench one's thirst with a draught of nectar. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light."

Light, is imparted to the body by means of the Single Eye. Maybe Paul was thinking of this when he said, This one thing I do—"Forgetting those things which are behind, I press forward to the mark of my high calling." Elisha declared that he was doing a great work and could not *come down* even at the summons of a king. Every one is striving for something. One reaches out for bubbles, another for diamonds. We are exhorted to strive for wisdom.

It alone is worth the struggle. What is there that will last? Soon man is only a "handful of white dust shut in an urn of brass." There is a Water of Life—The object of the attainment of wisdom is to enable poor, ephemeral man to see that hidden fountain and then, find a way to obtain and use it. When this is done, we shall not plant and another reap. Life will be long enough to enable one to realize in some manner its true meaning. I said, "Ye are Gods!" If only we could know it to be a living truth and live up to it! That which we are seeking is fitly symbolized by water, without the water of life. Man's existence is like the flower of the field—soon withered and blown away.

When the eye opens to see what a wonder this hidden thing really is—nothing else seems worth while. One

gains millions only to find that gold is dross—it will not buy an inch of time.

Christ is come that we may have Life and ever more, abundant life, maintained by wine and milk to be had without money and without price. As the chased deer pants for the running brook, so long I for the crystal flood of the Water which flows from the fountain of Life.

A breath, that holds the wind's low moan;
A thought, resistless as the sobbing sea;
A touch, a tone, a fleeting glance
Enduring as eternity.

—J. D. H. S.

Money, a Civilizer

The old adage, "Money is the root of all evil," is not borne out by human experience, save as we recognize that evil is the root of all good. The acquirement of money is the incentive and stimulus to the greater part of all effort. Without this stimulus and incentive, we should have but an embryonic civilization, an undeveloped society.

Commerce, or organized money-getting, is the pioneer as it is the ultimate creator of society and civilization. To be sure, it is but a step removed from war—it is mentalized warfare—but, like war, it is an essential agent in establishing the law of the survival of the fittest.

After all, money is but a devised means of attaining human ambition. The real impulse behind it is pride. Pride is another one of the things catalogued by the saints as evil—"Pride goeth before a fall"—true, but the important fact overlooked, is that man never rises except through falling—an example of good eventuating from evil. Without pride there never would be progress, without money there would be no means by which pride could be satisfied and progress attained.

There are, to be sure, plenty of examples where pride

appears to operate destructively to individual attainment, but this is always where discretion is lacking.

Discretion in the use of money is something that ought to form a chief part of every one's education. Every child should be taught the true meaning of money, its power, limitations and legitimate uses—in a word, the science of finance.

Why has this science never been introduced into our schools? Why is every one turned loose from school practically ignorant of the first principles of this science, and compelled to pick up a knowledge of it by hard knocks and bitter experience?

May we not ascribe this as the reason why 95 per cent of those who handle money make a failure of it, or a fool of themselves?—I think so.

The thing that is ding-donged into the ears of every child from the cradle to adolescence is: “*Succeed—make money!*” A very superficial observation of current practice only is necessary for the child to discover that “making money” is synonymous with *getting money*.

Mr. So and so is held up as a very model citizen—a man of great influence. He is wealthy—is said to have made lots of money. How has he made it?—“Oh,” you are told, “he *operated* in merchandise, mills, oil, stocks or in something of that order.”

Now, it is evident enough, even to a bright lad of fourteen, that the man in question did not *make* or *create* a cent of this money, but rather that by some superior, or more cunning, mental tactics, he diverted to himself certain money which had been created by others—he annexed it in such a manner that he legally is permitted to retain possession of it and call it his own.

What does this money which the man annexed represent?—Simply the overplus of labor of other men, not the labor expended by them for bread, clothing and shelter, no, not for these since they have already received these as an equivalent for their labor, and if for their whole labor, then there would be in such exchange nothing left for the man who did not labor.

Then, how has this idle man been able to accumulate

and become rich from the labor of others?—Simply by devising a system of compelling them to do *more* than was necessary to produce the things they received in exchange for their labor—in a word, compelling them to donate a portion of their daily labor to him. In this way, and in no other, has the man become rich.

By the system under which we live, one man is able to control the avenues of labor and compel men who are forced to pass through them to pay a tithe and thus the coffers of the toll-gatherer are filled to overflowing.

Any man who is keen enough, and who has forgotten to remember seriously the moral maxims he learned at his mother's knee, can do it—Nearly all are striving to gain the ability to do it and the man who has acquired the greatest ability along this line is the most highly honored and eminently respectable citizen of our society today.

This, however, is but one phase of financial unfoldment. It is a phase through which every individual and nation must pass in order to come into the knowledge of the higher law—the law that real power cannot be contributed any more than it can be borrowed, bought, stolen or filched.

Real power, the thing that inherently all men aim for, must be gained by and through individual exertion. The man who by instinct or training perceives this law early in life and devotes himself exclusively to the attainment of power—mental power—will attract the recognition that will bring riches to his feet spontaneously and unsought as a votive offering from an admiring public. And this because he possesses something of real value to give in exchange for that offering and the world is blessed in the giving and the exchange.

Whereas, under the present system, where a man mentally debased and physically debauched, who has nothing to give out but a poisonous breath, can so entrench himself that he can command the servile tribute of a million men, can enslave them like peons, and hold them in leash under the lash of his ill-gotten power and dominance—under such a system what have we to hope for?

What ideals do we expect to implant in the minds of

world's wealth, are not devoting *all* their energies to getting more money—they are spending some money for the benefit of humanity. It is not probable that the same money, which by their system they extracted little by little from the labor of toiling millions, if it had been left distributed as it was, could have been anything like the real promoter and advancer of civilization that it is today when wisely and judiciously administered by them.

Take the millions of Morgan devoted to collections of art, those of Carnegie given to libraries, and those of Rockefeller to institutions of learning and to science for the obliteration of diseases,—no government of the people and by the people that exists on earth today would *ever* devote as much money to specific public benefit.

With governments it is “millions for war and defense,” but paltry thousands for education and science, and next to nothing for the prevention of malignant diseases. Those who cry out for governmental distribution of the public funds are dreaming a socialistic and Utopian dream which will not come to pass in this age. Governmental distribution simply means axle-grease for the wheels of the ponderous machinery of government itself, and includes the fertilizer for the mighty plum tree which is maintained for the benefit and shaken annually in the interest of the great parasitic body of politicians who feast and fatten at the public's expense and perpetuate the “spoils system” which causes all the public want and misery.

Individual acquirement—the very thing made possible by our free laws of competition—is the one solution of the problem of public benefit and social advancement.

I used to be a great co-operator—used to write and preach co-operation—I have learned through long and somewhat bitter experience that the path to success lies right along the path of individual attainment, which will mean competition at every turn. People are co-operators in theory only—To state it another and better way, true co-operation is best maintained through wise

competition. Competition forces, demands—co-operation. Eliminate competition and you have taken the backbone out of effort. Every co-operative form of society that has attempted to equalize the results of human effort has been, and will be, a failure. To make the dishwasher equal to the doctor—to make one hour's labor the standard of all measurement—is to establish a false and unjust system—more false and unjust by far than the wage system in vogue—I have men working for me whose labor for one hour is worth six of that of other men. Again, we must take into consideration the greater value of skilled labor.

The great trouble in our present system is not that doctors and educators are paid too much, they are usually greatly underpaid for the effort they put forth.

There are, to be sure, many things to criticise and much that it seems ought to be changed in our present monetary system.

But when we suggest changes are we taking into consideration all the prevailing conditions, social, economic and otherwise, or are we simply guessing at what would be more desirable in our ideal society?

We criticise the politicians and the feeders at the public crib, but is there one among us who would not like to be the recipient of one of these political plums?

We criticise the grafting in administrative circles, yet are we not at heart, or in practice, at least, *all* grafters on a scale? Are we not endeavoring to *annex a better branch*, to grow better fruit, than our native stock will produce? That is grafting. We graft money as the wax to hold the bud of desire until it sprouts firmly in place. We graft money to fertilize the root that it may grow into a strong, fair limb. We graft money to gain larger opportunities to grow, expand, produce.

What is money for, if not for this purpose? Logically the thief is right when he justifies his act by saying: "The man did not need this and I did." He would not give it to me, so I took it."

Analyse it and you will see that our current system is a Great Thief that relieves men of their superfluous

wealth and gives it to others. We cannot say, in every instance that the distribution appears altogether just. It is often very obviously a cold-blooded robbery, but rest assured, in the end, when the grand total is taken the Law of operation has done the right thing for human progress—the end to be attained justifying the means.

Money is the root of the tree of evil upon which is grafted the scion of civilization. When the tree shall blossom and bear fruit, and seed that shall come true to itself, then and not till then the use for the parent stock, money, may cease.

Jesus, the Christ

Far away on the horizon of history, standing out like the lofty peaks of a distant range, are seen certain colossal characters, to which all contemporaneous events are subordinated, fading away like foothills, lost in the veil of evanescence and the mists of mystery.

With the passage of time, these figures are seen to undergo a distinct metamorphosis. In the beginning, they are men, living moving, acting, sentient individuals, cast usually in heroic mould; later on, invested with the enchantment lent by the lapses of time, they are slowly transformed into gods.

In this way, the heroes of Homer became the gods of Greece. So Romulus, the reputed founder of Rome, was deified as Quirinus. In like manner, kings, military leaders, and notable men of every ancient tribe or people became anthropomorphic gods.

Of all historic characters, none stands out more majestically in the world of thought than that familiarly known as Jesus Christ. Other similar characters, like Moses, Confucius, and Buddha may have comparatively as great an influence on the thought of other races, but, being of more recent conception, and particularly identified with the spiritual development of our own race, the figure of Jesus looms up loftily, overtopping and casting all others in the background.

Who was Jesus, the Christ?—Whole libraries have been written to explain. The historical straw of evidence

bearing on this subject has been threshed unceasingly for the last two thousand years by zealots in and out of the church, so that we have extant, in spite of the many burnings of books, a huge pile of commentary chaff, tending more to confusion and strife than to understanding and enlightenment of the subject.

A multitude of opinions concerning Jesus have been openly advanced, and a still greater multitude silently entertained, for practically, every person has a different conception, yet all opinions may be classed under one of three general heads.

1. The Theological, or supernatural view. This is based upon a literal reading of the scriptures in which all recorded events are understood as human history, written, however, by inspired persons, giving it the seal of divine authority.

According to the theological belief, Jesus was a demi-god, an incarnation of divinity, a humanized god or a deified man—a spiritual person, the Son of God, who took it upon himself to leave his home in heaven, and appear on earth in human form for the purpose of cancelling a certain debt which man had incurred through prior disobedience to God. This debt, being the result of such sin, could only be satisfied it is maintained by the personal sacrifice of Jesus, the only son of the offended deity. This in theological parlance is termed the "vicarious atonement," and through it all who "believe on Jesus' name" not only have their sins "washed whiter than snow," but receive after death admission to the heavenly regions and full fellowship with God, Jesus and the Saints generally.

2. The Ethical, or natural view. This view wholly rejects the orthodox scheme of human salvation, and looks upon Jesus as simply a man—a mentally balanced and morally harmonized person—who lived to do good and whose life and teaching form an exemplar of excellence for all mankind, affording a spiritual uplift to the race. Jesus, according to this view, was a real historical character, a moral reformer, like Buddha or Mohammed, about whose real life tradition has thrown a mantle of mystery and miracle.

3. The purely Spiritual view. Those who hold this view include some of our best thinkers and most advanced minds. They deny the personality of Jesus, believing it impossible that such a character could ever have existed in human form. They look upon the whole scriptural record as figurative, relating to principles personified, rather than to actual historical facts. To them Jesus is the personification of Truth, which appears unfolded in every person; as in every natural thing or expression.

The theological view of Jesus, the Christ, and the scheme of human salvation which it involves, forming as it does the foundation of the Christian church and religion with its retinue of popes, prelates, priests and preachers, is one which can appeal only to the unthinking masses. To anyone with developed powers of reason and logic, this interpretation of the story of Jesus and its application to human destiny is, to say the least, childish.

So many inconsistencies and impossibilities are involved in it that it has been rejected or revised by nearly all advanced thinkers, the majority of whom has been driven to the extreme position of rejecting not only the ecclesiastical interpretation of the scriptures, but the scriptural testimony itself. Nor can they be blamed for this. It is the recoil of truth from error, as the consciousness awakens to a higher perception of things and relations.

It is plain to any logical mind that God, the ideal of perfection, could not be or become a person, invested with imperfection. Nor could God be conceived as possessing the attributes of personality, like love, hate, pity, remorse, displeasure or satisfaction; for, plainly, these characteristics emanate from the sense-nature of man. They are feelings, passions, experiences leading truthward, but are surely *not* the expression of truth itself, which God is presumed to be.

To create man with a capability for sin and a free-will moral agency necessitates the introduction of an antagonistic principle or power in the universe, viz: the Devil, the lord of evil, as God is the lord of good. Man is then

but a helpless bark tossed on tempestuous waves between this terrible unknown but dreaded Scylla and Charybdis until there comes to his rescue one from the throne of God, the incarnate divinity, Son of God, Jesus the Savior, who seizes the wheel of the fated ship, thus calming the fears and relieving the frightened mariners from further effort, though the Pilot's fate is to be dashed in pieces, yet those who believe and trust in His name are saved to reach the heavenly harbor in safety!

There is in this tale a world of poetry, or imagery, which appeals to the sentiment most powerfully, bringing a sense of peace and security to the mind perturbed by worldly cares and harrowed by fears of eternal punishment and which results in a kind of mental somnolence, content to dream itself away forever, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

But whenever one awakens sufficiently to subject this tale to critical analysis, he cannot fail to be astonished that he ever seriously believed it. That a human being could, by any act whatever, "provoke God to anger," and being angry that he should be placated by the monstrous physical suffering and sacrifice of his "only begotten son" on the cross, to the extent of waiving all deserved future punishment of humanity at large, is surely a "mystery" that the clergy are excusable for not attempting to solve.

How, in the first place, can God be thought of as a *paterfamilias*—as having a "son?"—and if he had a son, must not the mother of the son have been God's wife?—I suppose Mary holds that relation to God in the mind of the devout Catholic, who, at least, is not wholly illogical. Why was man made capable of "sin" so that an extraordinary scheme had to be devised in order to save him?—How is man any different after he is "saved" than he was before?—these and a multitude of other questions arise to the thinking, unprejudiced mind, which must forever remain unanswered if the orthodox view be accepted.

This drama, in which are made to appear four distinct characters, God, Satan, Man, Jesus, with the scene laid first on earth, then in heaven or hell, is obviously a sur-

vival of one of the old miracle-plays of the apostolic age. It is too unreasonable to be worthy of argument and yet whole libraries of "commentaries" have been written concerning it. The great wonder is that the tale ever found so many believers.

The truth is, the story appeals to humanity, not because of its reasonableness, but because it satisfies the selfish nature and impulses of man (though occultly for another reason). It is a scheme showing man a way out of present trouble and relieving him of future anxiety. The most attractive feature of it, and at the same time the most reprehensible, is the vicarious atonement idea—the substitution of sins, the divine remission of error without any human effort at correction. This concept, however, is one born of supreme selfishness, and responsible for every hypocrisy and horror connected with religion and the Church in times past.

It is the one most rotten beam in the whole theological structure, on account of which the structure must surely crumble. Moreover, it is a fallacy, not taught by Jesus nor the scriptures. The dictum, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is plainly set forth in the teachings of Jesus, but the promulgation of such a doctrine would have put all ecclesiastic ministry and mummery out of business long ago, for which reason it has been deliberately suppressed.

If a man can save himself by good works, then the priest is plainly out of his job, and the salvation clearing-house becomes an unnecessary institution in our modern civilization. Whenever man becomes able and fearless enough to think for himself, the preacher has soon to seek other employment.

It is a wonderful scheme, and still more wonderful how people take stock in it—the scheme of making Christ a mediator between the priest and God, while the priest himself stands between man and Christ, in order that men may reach up unto the august and otherwise inaccessible throne of the deity and be saved from eternal damnation. It is a scheme that works.

The ancient worship of the sun, as representing the vivifying principle of nature, was a vastly more exalted

form of worship than that of a Suffering Jesus. It was, in fact, the humanizing or sensualizing of this ideal, thus bringing it down to the plane of the common reality, that caused it to become an abomination, exhibited in the rites of Mylitta and Astaroth.

Yet if time, with her iconoclastic touch and the disintegrating influences of her passing seasons shall finally have demolished and crumbled to dust all these images and imageries, there will still remain on the horizon of the oncoming future, as impressive and impenetrable as ever, the Ideal, the Mighty Mystery, which is no other than that symbolized by Jesus, the Christ. Still man will feel as of yore the pressure of the ever burning question, What is it, What is it?

With a more intense longing for light, shall come a diminution of darkness.

There is no authentic historical evidence that the man, Jesus, ever lived. And if he lived, there is no evidence outside of the New Testament gospels that he played the role assigned to him. And the internal evidence of the gospels, if they be studied in the light of reason, wholly negate the proposition of a personal Jesus, and establish beyond doubt or controversy the spiritual hypothesis. That is, Jesus is a figure or type of *something*, which has existed from "before Abraham," which still exists, and which is, unquestionably, some vital, fundamental principle in the cosmos—a principle evidently well apprehended by the writers of the scriptural records, but who, for certain reasons, chose to veil their knowledge in allegory and symbol.

That these writers did not invent a new character, only rehabilitated an old one, is well known by every student of history. In Egypt, in Assyria, in Greece, in India, in Mexico, in a dozen or more places—we find the prototype of Jesus. The legend of "Hiram, the widow's son," is one familiar to many. But one of the most remarkable prototypes, long antedating the conception of Christ, is to be found in the traditions of the ancient Phenecians.

According to these, EL, the supreme deity, whose associates were the ELOHIM (the "god" of Genesis) was in process of time to have a son, well-beloved, his only

begotten, who was to be conceived of GRACE (or, "fountain of light"). This son was to be called JEUD (the caballistic "Jesod" compare "Jesus."), and was to be offered up as a sacrifice to his father, by way of satisfaction and redemption to atone for the sins of others, and avert the just vengeance of God, to prevent universal corruption and general ruin. He was to make this grand sacrifice, invested with all the emblems of royalty.

This tradition originated hundreds if not thousands of years before the reputed birth of Jesus, which makes it all the more significant. Many other mystical characters could be cited, the legendary history of whom parallels that of Jesus in a most striking manner. Even our learned theologians recognize that Christ is plainly pre-figured in Moses and in David. Moreover, the Jewish Rabbis looked for the "coming of a Messiah," but, knowing somewhat of the occult significance of this word they did not expect it to come in human form. This is why they rejected and still refuse to accept the Christian idea of Jesus.

The limits of this article will not permit us to go to any great extent into the elucidation of the occult significance of the Christ-idea, suffice to say that it involves a personification, the same as other mythological characters. At the same time it symbolizes the deepest and most marvelous principle existant in Nature, and that is why it has survived the wreck of all ages, and shines still as a guide-light for present and future generations.

If Jesus had been a man, or even a god in human form, his memory, to say nothing of his influence, could never possibly have persisted. It is not, as so many believe, the moral teaching, nor the pathetic story of the sufferings of Christ on the cross, that has caused the name to endure, and the character to grow more colossal with time.

There is a meaning hidden in the simple story which gives it vitality and renders it immortal.

There was in existence at the beginning of the Christian era, a certain society known as the Essenes, which was essentially a philosophical fraternity, distinguished

at the time for the exceptional virtues of its members and their peculiar mode of life.

It is supposed by some of the best authorities that the real secret of the Christ was in the keeping of this order, and that the so-called "life" of Jesus, as related in the several gospels, was simply a discovered fragment from the rituals of this fraternity, in the initiations of which, moral and intellectual truths were personified and thus vividly impressed upon the minds of candidates.

Be this as it may, there is, to the occultist, sufficient internal evidence in the scriptures to prove the occult mastership of the authors, and to reveal the fact indisputably that they were initiates of a high order.

As we lay aside childish notions—and our conception of life enlarges, we are able to exchange personality for principle. We shall neither be horrified to see the figure of our beloved Jesus receding in the dim twilight, nor distracted at the thought of not meeting our dear Jesus in heaven with the other "loved ones gone before"—we shall realize the puerility of our former concept of a "dead god" ("which notion, Jesus himself tried hard to get out of the heads of the old Jews") and shall come into the consciousness of the Living Presence of divinity, learning to know and feel for a truth the meaning of the saying of Christ!

"Lo! I am with thee always, even unto the end of the world!"



To the Moon

O beautiful Moon! Queen of the night.
Great is your brightness, my soul you delight,
But with the Sun, ruler of the day,
You must share my love in every way.
For without him, all your magnetic power
You cannot create the beauty of this hour.
You can gather the clouds together
And hide his face for days, but not forever;
For you cannot shine without his light
O beautiful Moon; Queen of the night.

—Emma Sherwood.

A Vision

By Beth.

This is to be and will be *realized*. I was awake. It was between evening and morning. A Fire-Mist was about me, and in the mist the room vanished and I stood in space enveloped and sustained by that Fire-Mist. On either side of me burned an ordinary candle. I marvelled at the candles for the brighter they burned, the larger and taller they grew, until finally they became pillars of light, opalescent and quivering, yet substantial like marble. The crest of flame finally found an arch above me. Then it seemed as if I, too, were almost aflame, for I glowed in the Fire-Mist and waited until the portal was perfectly defined. Out of the Mist a Golden Key seemed to be precipitated as though particle by particle or drop by drop it had been gathered from the Mist. It floated toward me. I opened my mouth and swallowed it.

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Life without love is like day without sunshine,
Roses bereft of sweet nature's perfume;
Love is the guide mark to those who are weary
Of waiting and watching in darkness and gloom.

Love to the heart is like dewdrops to violets
Left on the dust-ridden roadside to die;
Love leads the way to our highest endeavors,
Lightens and lessens the pain of each sigh.

Life without love is like Spring without flowers,
Brook-streams that move not, or star-bereft sky;
Love creates efforts most worthy and noble,
Prompts us to live and resigns us to die.

Arthur G Lewis.