

The

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

A Monthly
Magazine

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--:--CONTENTS--:--

Law of Being
Dr. Mystery

Clairvoyance and Clairaudienc
Marie Harlowe Pulley

The Power of Poetry
Norman M. Douglas

Beloved
Stella Halsten Hohncke



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Nov.=Dec. 1944

If you are interested, a complete file of Dr. Mystery's articles will be invaluable to you. They will be continued. The language and form of expression used are as originally given and may at first be difficult to understand. However, they cannot be changed without altering their meaning.



The
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

RUTH B. DROWN, *Owner and Publisher*

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*Season's
Greetings*

evidence of its existence, the effect, the results of its existence, but we have not gone back into the principle, the cause, underlying this manifestation of causation. That has its root in God's breast. Light warmth, and all of the elements conceivable to finite mind had their root back in the sun's principle. And so law, indivisible expression of God, was born into existence with God's first breath, eternal, after having existence, ever to exist. When God was, law was. To be God, law must be; yet law is not all of God.

The contemplating of law, this marvellous attribute, that brings us poise, that enables us to sweep on and on; yet anywhere, we may stop any moment, we may check our rush and contemplate, here it is, with us here, with us there, in past, in future, now, everywhere and always, law at hand, law now.

Law is order in manifestation.

God may have been, we say, unmanifest; but in the manifestation of God, we can conceive of naught but law as the medium of expression of that God which was, which ever will be. So, in relation to ourselves, we cannot conceive that law is not a part of us. We move on or we stand still; law is inseparable from us. We aspire by obedience to law; we attain, we exist by obedience to fixed law. We are pressed down still with the conscious presence of law, law which cannot be evaded, law which we cannot turn aside from; law which is so close a part of us, yet which is still, while

we in our consciousness, we, as life, are conditioned in motion. Can you grasp the thought I am trying to convey to you, these peculiar opposites? Law, the fixed, the eternal, changeless: Life conditioned in motion, scintillating, sparkling, flowing on forever and forever, young in all its aspects, which come ever to express, to build up character, to build up the expression and the attributes in manifestation which belong to our Divine Nature, to call them out into demonstration.

God, eternal principle that is, is only to us as we contemplate, as we can recognize, as we can grasp or conceive the possibility of his existence. No thing, great or small, is to us except as we recognize the possibility of its being so. If to us the presence of a law is not recognized, it is as absent to us. If to a starving body a littered table of foods is not recognized, that body can starve on. If to us the law which abides eternally, which preserves the order of our being,—if to us it is unrecognized, can you not see how we struggle up-stream, how we batter ourselves against the shores, against the borders, how we struggle in directions which can give us no peace, can give us no fulfillment of our aspiration? Or can you not understand, if we contemplate law, if we become familiar with its workings, if we ultimately observe that it is constructive, that it is progressive in its manifestation,—I mean to say, if we can under-

Law of Being

Dr. Mystery



WE SHOULD begin by a few moments of contemplation of our conception of the word "Law." Law of Being, that stupendous subject. I am sure that none less than God would attempt or would presume to say that they understood the Law of Being. While we have a partial knowledge of some of the workings of Law, we have observed and we have learned that by observation, by contemplation of that law, we come into a closer relationship and co-operation with it and thereby spare ourselves great agony, great confusion, great disorder; but to say that we encompass a knowledge of law of being would indeed be a false statement, though I belong to a race who set aside, each year a season for the contemplation of law. We held sacred this period and somewhat as you recognize the spirit of Lenton season, so did we recognize the necessity of coming back close to the law of our being, in our conscious recognition of its working through a past year; and by observation of our trespasses upon

its immutable results, our attempt to resist, our attempt to withstand, our attempt to evade; by contemplation of this fixed principle, we learned serenity, we learned to calm ourselves; we learned to recognize the immutable justice of this law; this one eternal fixed principle, which brought to us calmness, which brought to us poise, which brought to us reverence and recognition that to mount the ladder of this spiral of evolution we must first learn how to say, "Thy will not my will, be done." We must first learn how to see the eternal passing of a panorama of events through this immovable immutable, changeless, eternal, and ancient principle, "Law"

It would be as easy to choose for our topic the explanation of what God Himself is. More readily can we comprehend this subject, God principle; for to us—we are reflections, created in the image and likeness of God and we can contemplate his attributes, his characteristics, his consciousness, with a sense of our relationship, with a sense of looking through a telescope, toward a greater self, a greater and more perfect self. But when we attempt to contemplate Law, which is from God a part—we must realize God is law, it is true; God is love, it is true; God is strength, it is true; but strength is not all of God; love is not all of God; law is not all of God. We contemplate the sun; we think that none have so contemplated the sun; we have contemplated its manifestation, the

evidence of its existence, the effect, the results of its existence, but we have not gone back into the principle, the cause, underlying this manifestation of causation. That has its root in God's breast. Light warmth, and all of the elements conceivable to finite mind had their root back in the sun's principle. And so law, indivisible expression of God, was born into existence with God's first breath, eternal, after having existence, ever to exist. When God was, law was. To be God, law must be; yet law is not all of God.

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stand that law in its fixedness is like a sieve through which these manifestations flow, always dividing, always combining, always constructing; and forever and forever this life which is conditioned in motion sieves itself through this law. Forever and forever this life, this experience, this consciousness of our changing of form, can pass itself through this wheel, this eternal course of evolution that in itself is fixed and staid all through, which we must press up to which we must climb; This ladder fixed but surely leading toward a higher and a higher plane: If we can gain ultimately this recognition of the eternal fixedness of law and the eternal change of conditions, of environment, of experience, of our power to observe by a larger grasp of consciousness; if we can cease confounding and confusing Law with Life, remembering that they are both one apart, both parts of the great whole principle God, Source of Being.

We say of God, "God is Life, God is law;" and we speak true; but when we say law is all, it is a cold, immutable, unresponsive conception we have of law. When we say love is all, it is the warm, responsive, vibrant conception we have of the all of God. But when we say both, in both darkness and light, God is both, is all things, both sides of all things conceivable to the finite or to the infinite mind, we come to realize that the immovable, the un-motion of law, the immutable law that is fixed and staid, and the

ceaseless action of life which is ever vibrant, are to be studied apart for a time, are to be grasped by contemplation of them for a time, until we thoroughly can classify these attributes, these qualities. Thus by our larger comprehension of them, we bring them together; and we enable ourselves by the one,—by this ladder, fixed and staid, to mount, to climb higher and higher on, this inspiral course of evolution, to mount upward and onward, at a speed first slow, as the arousing of the consciousness is quickened, a little more and little more, the speed of evolution is faster and faster. You can observe through your comparison in history today the difference in the speed of the evolution today in the consciousness of the race than a few hundred years ago. And as we go higher and higher in this ladder of organic consciousness, we come to that place where speed is so quickened, we seem to be absolutely still, here in the heights of attainment, where life conditioned in action, life conditioned in motion seems to be at one with law fixed, immovable immutable and still. Can you comprehend a vibration so high and so swift that you cannot see that it is in motion? Can you comprehend a refinement of essence or substance, as some express matter, as substance but not material? Let us express the objective things which are visible to the senses.

Have you not seen so-called matter starting into

vibrations, lifted up through artificial means to an action swifter and swifter, until as you look upon the whole wheel with many, many spokes, it seems to you like simply one round ball revolving before you? And so when we come to contemplate law, it is necessary for us not to think of it as an on-rushing tide, which millions of people think about law, as if it were a something crushing down, pushing down, overtaking, crushing under and passing beyond them. This is a false conception of law. Law is not thus. Life is the eternal flowing river. We have said to you, life flows on forever; we have said to you that your very bodies flow on, flow on forever. We have said to you, when you have an understanding of law and of life to a greater degree than this race holds it today, you will be able to renew and renew and revitalize and revivify your life, your body or your vehicle and your environment, with as rapid speed as you can think a change for it, just as the wills from higher spheres think they desire to go to a certain place; they think their thought at that place, they desire to approach those loved ones, and they are there. And so with you, when you come into higher understanding even on this plane here, you will learn that life is conditioned in motion; that it is life, eternal, perpetual life, active, vibrant life, that holds together the atoms of your body, that holds together the atoms of your furniture, that holds together the atoms of the trees of the for-

est; it is life; and when life scatters, when the center becomes no longer a center predominated over by the master-ego or consciousness; When the great consciousness, the great entity of a great forest monarch withdraws, scatters, goes back into the elements, it is that which it has accumulated, that vehicle through which it was expressing and with which it had lifted itself up in its great majesty, that held together, so long as it clung to consciousness, so long as the governing mastering consciousness was intact. But so soon as it began to yield, as soon as it began to grow negative, you will say of this vehicle, it has died. But it is the life that has scattered out, that has ceased its contracting sense, its collecting process or method of experiencing or manifesting; *life has not died!* It has gone out into the ebb instead of the flow; it has gone out, it has let go instead of collecting. So with the consciousness of beings in these bodies. When the entity, the ego that is using an instrument in its contracting, collecting, mastering consciousness, is calling to itself more, when it has use for more than it has used before, it is claiming that which it needs, it is developing, it is growing, building, constructing. As the infant recognizes in the father an ideal of something larger, something more mighty than it is yet, it has its vision before it, it has its design before it; and when finally it says; "I am large enough," its collecting power ceases; when it says, "I have reach-

ed now the end of the image or vision," it ceases to grow. If you could experiment with the consciousness of a child even. If you could set before it, not the ideals or visions of other beings, the commonplace of other lives or bodies of a certain stature, but place before it the ideal that it reach this seven feet or nine feet height and you shall be then able to do the mighty work that you planned for: Reach out for this mighty power, this mighty strength, grow up to this model, reach for the goal before you. And as long as that consciousness kept claiming, "I have more, I need more, I have to expand, I have to grow in mind and power, to this greater thing;" so long as it keeps manifesting that which it is calling for, It continues to grow. As soon as it says of itself "I am through collecting on the physical plane, now I can rest, materially and mentally; I have reached this height, with the burdens that I see around me and with these others excelling me, and with the youths coming up, stronger and more ambitious and enthusiastic than I, there is not much hope of my excelling much further than I have gone, I have reached the finish of my life and I cannot attain to the heights I once dreamed of attaining. Others can do it better than I can; others are coming on with greater confidence in themselves"—the moment it begins to relinquish, that moment the symbol is disintegration: He is continually placing limit-

ations around himself, he is projecting for a little while and then he is receding, his is collecting for a little while and then he is yielding. He has ebbed and flowed negatively long enough. And by the contemplation of this law which I have been speaking of, this law which is eternal, this law which ever has been and ever will be, and by the supply of this life, this boundless, this ceaseless, this vibrant life, this living in its supply and its flood, you need never know the beginning of decay, you need never know the finish to your attainment and you need never know what you call death, or failure. You need never know the time when you are not more than you ever were before in manifestation, you need never meet the time when you must yield up your body to indignity because you cannot hold or use it any longer: but you may attain to a time when you like masters have at last indeed overcome that last enemy, death, which One, whose words were truth, declared to you again and again, that you should finally overcome the last enemy, death.

Now death, when understood, has much meaning, both constructive and destructive, but the human mind of the past has quickly grasped but the one phase of the meaning of the word death. So with the life that quarters itself in the great tree, and with this life that quarters itself even in these bodies; when the great entity having used it withdraws from

it, you say, this body is dead. *This body is not dead.* Nothing has died, according to what you call death, for life is conditioned in motion and life is everywhere. You cannot take a needle point and touch it where life is not, in the atmosphere, in the material, in any condition, be it solidified in the iron, into ores, the metal, or wherever in the universe you can think of touching with a needle point, it touches life.

The life of the body has changed its manifestation; when this monarch, the sole master of a body, who collected it, who ordered it or manifested through it as its supreme master withdraws, he leaves it to the next ruling power, but that next ruling power is *life*. If you were to take a microscope and look upon a part of a body which you have named as dead, and see what disintegration really means, you would see that it means a new expression of life, a new manifestation of life to the old manifestation of life that was in that same vehicle before. The myriad of little entities that were under the mastery, that were under the control of this mightier entity—(for remember, the positive rules the negative, the conscious rules the unconscious). The conscious mind governed the negative, lesser entities that it had collected out of the elements of the universe for its use, to make the vehicle through which it might express and manifest its life. Poorly equipped monarch though the soul who has flown may have been to rule his body well,

he was sufficiently superior to all of the elements which composed that body, in his power as a predominating consciousness,, to have governed it for his use; and these entities left there to play at will are carrying out the law of their being actively, they are carrying out their experience. The law is unchanged. It is the same there as it was when the other entity ruled that body, and so in this whole universe and throughout the experience that you have upon this earth, if you can contemplate life as an active force, as an active principle as a vibrant, flowing product of God, we will say; and if you can conceive of law as mounting stones, as the ladder, as the spiral course, as the means or the instrument over which God reflects as a mirror—through which God manifests off of these active principles,, His Being, Then better will you understand how to gain your calmness in the midst of battle, better will you understand how to take your stand even in the torrent of the maddest stream; better will you understand how to hold your life, to control your life, to direct its course according to the law that holds it in order, the law that holds it under government, the law that holds that life so far but no farther. No power of manifestation except through the law, by the law, obedience to the law, no manifestation that can manifest to the consciousness a higher expression or attainment or demonstration.

We see these bodies go back to dust, and we consider it retrograding; not so; it is a phase of the same progress. It is a part of the same law of being which we have observed in the building up; it is but the ebbing and flowing; it is the expression of the collecting and of the giving out. One is as progressive, as constructive, as necessary to the great universal process as the other. And when we cease to condemn, when we learn how to utilize and construct, when we choose to construct and reject, we will learn how to master our lives and become moulders of our own destiny; When we learn how to select out of the great vocabulary the terms that suggest construction and set aside the terms which express fear or negative thought, we have only then begun to co-operate with the law, to make use of it, to ride on the crest of this great wave instead of resisting and battling against the current.

Have you not been upon moving vehicles and suddenly, you have seemed to feel something is speeding past you instead of the fact that you are speeding past something? And so in terms we have even grown to talk of the motion as if of a wave, not like the on-rushing tide of the law of progress, and these things have been confounded with law of being. ,

To be continued in next issue

Clairvoyance and Clairaudience

Marie Harlowe Pulley

God-consciousness exists on all planes according to the degree in which the individual abides in it, or in the degree in which man functions in all planes. God is Mind, Supreme Intelligence. All contacts with others on this or astral planes are made through Mind and minds. Even if man is expressing in physical life and ways, there is a mind back of the physical which governs it. As sincere students of spiritual science we desire the highest contact possible in Mind.

Paul declared that "whether in the body or out of the body we have the same mind." Mind contacts mind, regardless of the limitation of time or space. The simplest method of contacting other minds is through telepathy or the communication between minds at a distance without the use of any physical means in a system of thought transference. Thoughts are transmitted like (electro) magnetic waves. Like waves of electrical energy, thoughts must be qualified to proceed from place to place. As with the necessary receiving set of a radio, this flow of energy of the mind to mind must be qualified by the nervous sys-

tem; in fact, the nervous system reverses its order in transmitting such messages, which is why there is sometimes a slight shudder at the contact (a shudder which is sometimes greatly exaggerated by the medium as a part of showmanship.)

In the phenomena of telepathic communication an actual part of the self emanates or extends to great distances. In this projected consciousness of raised (heightened) and increasing rates of vibration (which changes the atomic structure of the mind and body) the mind is enabled to see and hear at a distance. The seeing thus is called clairvoyance, the hearing, clairaudience.

The spiritualist medium operates on a low, negative plane of consciousness for the most part, while true clairvoyance and clairaudience, the true psychic power, is of the "psyche", soul, within is a development of the inner faculties, a raising of the individual vibration to higher—not lower, planes.

The dictionary defines "clairvoyance" as the "ability of perceiving things not visible to the normal sight under ordinary conditions"—"second sight"—"the ability to see independently of physical sense or sight." These definitions should be noted carefully. Clairvoyant vision is not visible to normal sight; a "second sight" must be developed. The mind must be prepared for it, consciously prepared, which is done in Meditation. Thus honest psychics know that clair-

voyance is not produced at will

Clairvoyance is an expansion of consciousness which includes increasing the vibration of the optic nerve. As with opera glasses, which can be adjusted by opening and closing, so the consciousness may be opened to perceive more than it has ever done before. Seeing one tree, or the forest, is a matter of mental adjustment only.

Human emanations of ectoplasmic matter are soluble in light and as shown in the rays of photography, most manifestations are produced in the dark. The Egyptians of ancient day expressed the Diety, out of which all things come, as Darkness. A brief consideration of the nature of light may here serve as a basis of understanding of both clairvoyance, dealing with light waves, and clairaudience dealing with sound waves.

There is a definite connection between light and sound, and between clairvoyance and clairaudience. Many in psychic development come into the use of both faculties simultaneously.

"In the beginning the light shown in the darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not." Although everyone would be blind, the light might still shine. As with the case of radio waves interpenetrating all space, but only those with receiving sets tuned hear the waves, so there are many invisible and unheard (to physical sense) waves filling the ether. Science

has recently discovered a "black light" which penetrates, but does not dispel the darkness. "Let your light so shine," and "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" are not mere figures of speech. There is a light within man, a vibratory rate of activity and being, which in most men is but an undeveloped spark, but which is alchemically converted in the solar plexus to become the human aura. Science teaches that light and heat are two great motor powers of form and being.

We shall come in a moment to see the connection between light and heat, and between clairvoyance and clairaudience.

The dictionary defines "clairaudience" as the "ability to perceive sounds not within reach of the ear under normal conditions." This indicates that by preparing, expanding and developing a transcendent consciousness one is able to hear these sounds which exist even though not heard. That the faculties are elastic is seen in the fact that a man may hear both a voice spoken in one room and a telephone bell ringing in another room at the same time. Indeed the mental faculties of man are both microscopic and telescopic

Science has revealed that sound and light, both vibrations are definitely connected. One can hear colors and see sounds. It is popularly declared that a person has a "loud" tie or dress. The Russian inventor

Theremin, has a machine which illustrates the twin nature of sound and light. As sounds are but an expansion of the one basic note, so colors are merely the manifestation of the prism broken into its many parts from the one original white.

The Hindus in their chanting of *Aum* also the Jewish and Gregorian chants, deal with this basis original sound. Individual man has a keynote which may be ascertained in a certain way and used to definite results. If a complete musical scale is played on a violin including half-notes, quarter notes, etc. to get a complete range of tones, each individual will respond to a certain vibration which is akin to his own. When this note is heard, the individual has the sense of having been struck a blow at the back of the neck. If this note is played softly and soothingly over and over again, or is prominent in some piece of music, the patient's mind and body can be harmonized by it to complete healing. If, on the other hand, the note is played harshly, it is possible to so disharmonize, so disorganize the vibratory and atomic structure of an individual as to produce death.

Sound and color are therefore degrees of soul development psyche-development. The undeveloped soul which does not respond to the more developed, more delicate tones, is moved only by coarse jazz music and bright colors. In this development, man makes

of himself a sounding-board and he can hear words spoken on the astral and other planes, aye—even the “music of the spheres.”

Clairaudience, like claidvoyance, is not produced at will. The Bible relates how it took three days to generate the force necessary to make the Voice audible. “And it came to pass on the third day in the morning. . . . and the voice of a trumpet. . . .”

Allied to the development of the clairvoyance and clairaudient sense the soul or psyche is developed also in the quality of clairolfactance,—the possessing of an exceedingly fine sense of smell. There is also the faculty of psychometry, the sense derived from the contact or proximity of things touched or approached where even the skin is sensitive to impressions through this expanding consciousness, functioning even in wider fields of mental-spiritual development

* * *

When the Pilgrims arrived in New England they found a very small Indian population there. There had just been a plague that had killed thousands of the natives.

The electric ray and the electric eel catch their prey by paralyzing them with an electric shock.

Try rough water as well as the smooth. Rough water can teach lessons worth knowing. —Emerson

The Power of Poetry

Norman M. Douglas

In last month's issue we themed Homer and Sappho; but epic poets as great as Homer and lyric poets like Sappho have (as in the case of Virgil or Pindar) been themes for work composing volumes. Hence, with space allotted, if we can show the power and influence of the minor or—as Longfellow terms—the humbler poets, shall we not be augmenting that of the major or “Grand Old Masters”?—

the ancient bards sublime

“Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time . . .”

Let us theme the humbler poet

“Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wondrous melodies. . . .”

If, as Shelly tells us, poetry is connate with the origin of man; and if, as presumable, the first pul-

sation to awaken the souls of Clio and Calliope stirred when some prehistroic archer caught the sound of Apollo's voice in the "twang" of his bowstring, far be it from us to venture beyond Homer and Sappho for an introduction to Erato and Euterpe. What must be the power and influence of poetry when—(apart from the "Immortal Masters"—) humble bards have become immortal through the creation of one poem. For instance: writing on botany and looking for something on Thomas Gray, the American scientist who spent decades in the study of biological plant life—as well as years of work in research on the origin of certain plant species in both local and foreign fields, we find: "Gray, Thomas (1716-71) English poet; author of *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*." and as

*"A verse may find him who a sermon flies
And turn into delight a sacrifice"*

we wondered what apart from having writeen "*Elegy In a Country Churchyard*"—Thomas Gray, the poet, did to have merited such universal recognition. Verily is there enough—of what it takes—in one poem, themed on graves, to challange the duration of *Agis*? Known to young and old the world o'er, this *Elegy* has vested Thomas Gray, the poet, in the cloak of immortality. With his portrait gracing memorial halls from those of British palace to our National Portrait Gallery, and his fame growing as *Agis* ushers

in another age, where are the scientists, the nobility,
or kings of his day? Verily, and in truth—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth o’er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o’er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honor’s voice provoke the silent dust

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?”

Death—graves! What a theme! But there are no
dull or dead themes—only dull, dead writers. And
while some of them need atmosphere for their writing—a hide-out in the mountains, a beach-cabin or a
secluded spot in the woods, here is the poet surrounded by tombstones, graves—“Where heaves the turf in
many a mould’ring heap,” with prelude:—

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

Not much of an atmosphere for the creation of Light and Beauty as they are found in Gray's lyric—even though it be an Elegy. But the poet is ever greater than his environment—or aught he might theme. Taking leave of Thomas Gray for now—yet not unmindful of our concern in the foregoing, who save Melpomene could sing of Death as Masfield carols here:—

“...Something was in this brain and in this eager hand.

Death is so dumb and blind, Death cannot understand.

Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the young limbs glory,

Death makes women a dream and men a traveller's story,

Death drives the lovely soul to wander under the sky,

Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die!”

We think Milton a greater poet than Dante because his devil, *Python*, shines with more infernal glamour and granduer than Dante's satan, *Dis*. The Reader's true Self is a stranger to ugliness, weakness or evil; and, regardless of how low, vile or heinous be the poet's theme or subject, he—in himself—must surpass it to where he can *ray* it with some beauty or virtue.

Only a poet could feel that "Stone walls do not a prison make; Nor iron bars, a cage."

For—as was shown recently, a prisoner (perhaps an alien to either Polymnia or Thalia) ran the following ad in a local paper: Wanted; a way out of this jail and information leading to source of:—"Stone walls do not a prison make; nor iron bars, a cage." The mayor, liking the fellow's originality and learning his charge was not serious, had him released on probation. But here's the rub: a columnist (no doubt an alien to both Polymnia and Thalia) wrote the incident as "A revelation in the fantasy of poetry." Yet if to image is to feel, and poetry is "the expression of the imagination," the poet can create only what he, himself, has felt. We have Dante, though imprisoned, penning sonnets; Voltaire, cunningly courting the king's favor and, in poems thereto, obtaining his release from prison. Bunyon, likewise: though in jail, wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. In truth, Byron—whose name is written on the wall of Chillon's dungeon, sang in his sonnet thereto:

"Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

When, after visiting Chillon, Shelly wrote an immortal ode on beauty, Byron's Bonnivard, though his fate was one of the saddest, the most pitiful and unbelievable, shows us courage, strength and beauty in the Divine Resignation of:—

"... At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.

And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown,
A hermitage—and all my own.

With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,

Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are;—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh."

To be continued next month

* * *

WITHIN

Within every flower is ridden the Divine Ideal; there is within it an Urge, which ever makes it strive after a more perfect expression. Within man is hidden the same Divine Ideal the Infinite Perfection striving to find expression in his life, but unless he listens in the Silence he hears not the voice of wisdom, neither does he become conscious of the Divine Urge which would seek to impel him forward to lofty achievement—he remains lifeless and uninspired.

H. T. Hamblin in *The Message of a Flower*

* * *

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not themselves; and, under the rule of a just God, cannot long retain it

—Lincoln.

* * *

Happiness lies in the attainment of the things he does not possess.

Hall

Beloved

When I am gone, beloved, and all is still,
The flowers fade, which tender hands had left,
When that which came from dust to dust returned,
And all but you forget and go their way—
Then you shall seek, beloved, and shall find
The thought of me,
In simple things so loved by you and I.
In the heart of the rose that blooms by the way;
In the song of the lark at the close of the day;
In the scent of the clover, fragrant and sweet,
As we gathered the blooms which grew at our feet;
In the mother's song, her child to still;
In the sunset rays over valley and hill;
In the gleam of the rainbow, the soft cloudin the sky,
And the murmuring brook as it rippled by.
When I am gone, beloved,
Then do not mourn!
For you shall seek and find again,
The thought of me,
In simple things so loved by you and I.

Stella Halsten Hohncke

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