

also mailed to Mrs. P. 175.
See Nov. 1914 P. 84.



The Temple Artisan

FEBRUARY, 1910

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Mysticism, Social Science and Ethics

PUBLISHED AT
HALCYON, CALIFORNIA

Price 10 Cents

\$1.00 Per Year

THE TEMPLE

PRIMARILY, The Temple is a cosmic organic centre, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun—the Universal Heart—came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

The development of outer conditions, planes and personalities must keep pace with and correspond to the development of the interior man, or evolutionary force would be diverted from its proper channels.

When the Craftsman or Apprentice to any Degree has finished his term of service, and has mastered all the details of the work, he is “recognized” by the Master Builder, and raised to a higher Degree, although he may never be conscious of the presence of that Master, until his apprenticeship is completed, and he in turn becomes a Master of a lower Degree.

The organization of The Temple, the members of which belong by evolutionary right to a certain Degree of Cosmic Life, which Degree is subdivided into seven Orders, is the continuation and expansion of the work of the Masters revived in this country a quarter of a century ago by certain chelas or disciples.

To the efforts of the Masters is due the impulse which has caused the great advance in scientific, philosophical and social endeavor; for they are the guardians of Ancient Wisdom and Knowledge, in which lies the root of all progress; and the work of The Temple is to cultivate and embody the highest principles of all such endeavor in one stupendous living organic whole.

It is a common belief that the fires on the altars of the Ancient Temples have been permitted to die out: but “those who know” say this is not true; that they are but hidden from the view of the masses, awaiting the time when the veil of ignorance and corruption hanging before the hearts of the humanity of this transitory period, shall be rent asunder, and the light of the ages become manifest to all. The time is comparatively close at hand when the doors of “The Temple of the Mysteries” shall once more swing outward. The Site of that once wonderful structure has been rediscovered, and when the Lord, the Saviour, the Elder Brother of the human race once more reappears to claim his own, He will find a place prepared for him by those who, having heard this call, “Come over and help us,” have faithfully responded, and have taken up their share of the burden of responsibility. Are you of that number?

Address THE TEMPLE, HALEYON, California.

The Temple Artisan

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 9

Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

THE GUERDON OR THE LOSS.

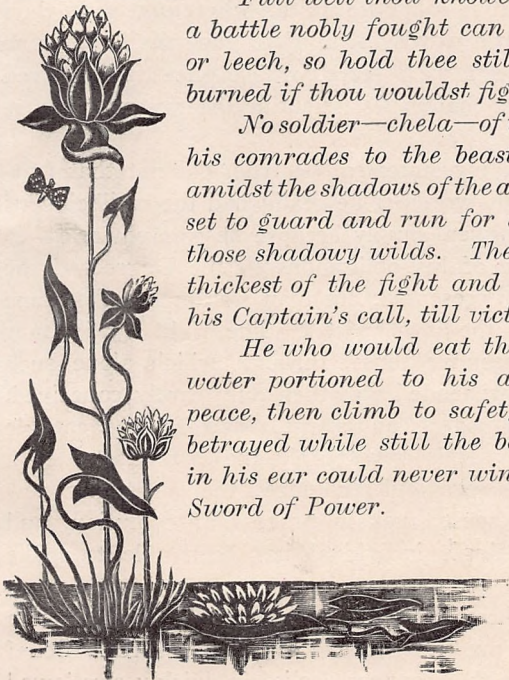
Have the Demons of Cowardice, Indolence and Self-aggrandizement seized and bound thee fast ; thou child of the Dawn ?

Art thou held in thrall by the children of Night—and fain would now escape ? Then would I bid thee loudly call upon the Brothers of the fire mist to burn the cords that bind thee fast and set thee free to take thy place amidst the Warriors of the Light.

Full well thou knoweth that the guerdon of a battle nobly fought can never fall to renegade or leech, so hold thee still until thy bonds are burned if thou wouldst fight to win.

No soldier—chela—of the Mysteries will leave his comrades to the beasts of prey which lurk amidst the shadows of the army's rear he hath been set to guard and run for safety to the demons of those shadowy wilds. The proven chela seeks the thickest of the fight and there remains, within his Captain's call, till victory comes.

He who would eat the bread and drink the water portioned to his army corps in time of peace, then climb to safety o'er the dead he had betrayed while still the battle cry was sounding in his ear could never win the crown of life ; the Sword of Power.



THE OCCULT SCIENCES.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS. OPEN SERIES No. XCI.

(Continued from January ARTISAN)

A little light may be thrown upon the nature of each principle by the power of imagination.

If the Ego incarnated in a physical body were capable of imparting life, intelligence, being, to every atom of a reflection cast upon a mirror by its physical body, and the light in itself by which the reflection was cast was also sifting through the interstices and made visible between the atoms of that physical body, thus exerting the pressure which bound together the atoms of the reflected image, the phenomena thus produced would exemplify the relation between Akasha and Ether. The latter is the background upon or within which Akasha, spiritual Will, casts its reflections by means of its inherent light, and those reflections eventually become the various forms of life on the visible planes of the universe.

How little the great majority of teachers of Christianity have ever suspected the deep scientific truths revealed in countless utterances of their founder! Age after age has passed since the utterance was voiced, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" yet in those simple words the Initiate gave the key to one of Nature's mightiest secrets; a secret which once fully solved will revolutionize many of the deepest scientific theories ever recognized by man.

You may ask why, if my statement be true, did not that Initiate more fully explain his words if he really had the wellbeing of humanity at heart? I answer, simply because he was powerless to do so, not alone because of his obligations to the Degree of the White Lodge which he represented, but man was not at that time capable of externalizing the idea voiced. The right cyclic hour had not struck. The peculiar sense, through which alone such deep truths might be apprehended was then only barely conceived, and had not been developed to an extent where it was capable of solving that mystery. It is only within the last quarter of a century that mankind has seen and recognized the fact that a new sense, termed the sixth sense, was in process of evolution, and only here and there a single individual has been able to make any use of the same.

The term faith has been made interchangeable with the term belief, while in fact they are two poles of one potent force. Belief is lost in faith. When faith disappears belief is quickly swallowed

up in unbelief. The possessor of faith can do much more than remove the proverbial mountain. He can build or destroy a world. Yet that, together with many other equally potent expressions of the Initiates are frequently classed as "drivel," wearisome platitudes, etc., by those who are tirelessly seeking for the clue to the great mystery of Cosmic energy, which was given repeatedly by the Initiate and also by his disciples, but it will escape the latter until they have still further evolved the sense by which alone it is made perceptible and of which it is a most important part. Strange as the last statement may seem, when you have reached the point where the same Initiate's reproof and injunction, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me," falls with sufficient intensity, and commands immediate obedience, a point where all the concerns of other individuals, all the petty trivialities of every day life, the faults and weaknesses of co-disciples become as nothing you will not merit such reproof as is contained in the first part of the expression. Without faith you cannot "follow the Christ" which the Initiate represents in the sense indicated by him, therefore cannot touch the clue to the great secret which the Christ principle expresses in and by the sixth sense, for faith is the substance-force by which the etheric base of all power is tapped.

It would seem a far cry from the Christ principle as generally understood to the energy which moves the sun and stars in their orbits and which gives the power of locomotion expressed by the word "flight," to a tiny insect, yet it is one and the same.

Man's inability to accept the fact that faith, will, mentality, etc., are forms of substance, cripples his investigations. He cries wildly for knowledge, for justice, for truth, and while the cry is on his lips deliberately flings back into the faces of the Gods the opportunities showered upon him for obtaining his desires and then whines like a whipped cur at the inevitable results of his revolt or indifference.

Is it to be wondered at that the observer of the same often cries out with the prophets of old, "How long, oh Lord, how long wilt thou suffer this people?"



QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY THE MASTER.

QUESTION: What fits a disciple for exoteric work for the Lodge?

ANSWER: Indifference, and again I say indifference. As long as a disciple can be spiritually hurt or can be incapacitated for

doing his best work by the attacks, the opinions, the criticisms of others, so long can he be turned aside from his mission.

QUESTION: Is what the world calls "good character" an essential to the highest service in a disciple?

ANSWER: All that may be summed up in the words, virtue, discretion, tact, honesty, etc., may be, and often is, requisite for service in many fields of life. But for the service which leads to attainment of the highest gifts in the power of the Lodge to bestow, the possession of one of these characteristics alone, or all together, as the world interprets them, are not sufficient for admission to the ranks of accepted disciples. These characteristics are all embodied in, combined, and overruled by another all-important attribute which will live and endure when all differentiations in the line of characteristics are in abeyance. What the world calls good character in an individual is as a rule the combined result of some years of ambition, emulation and adaptation to certain ideals fixed in the mentality of the race. The essential attribute for the accepted chela is the result of ages of effort by countless races. The former is something which may be lost by a single unpremeditated act or as a result of yielding to an overwhelming temptation. But the attribute which the examining Master first seeks, in the hour of a disciple's examination, is Charity—the love of the infinite life in which all things are engulfed. Where charity exists all truly desirable characteristics must inevitably evolve in time. Only long struggle, suffering, sacrifice and unspeakable longing can arouse the long atrophied center of the human brain which will respond to the vibrations of divine love and such response is necessary before the disciple can answer aright the demand of the Master, but when that centre is aroused and in action it will be found that all other requisites for service are at the command of the disciple. Yielding to temptation may plunge a disciple for the time being back into some gulf from which he has escaped, but the power of the attribute which he has gained through his personal struggle will bring him back in safety; where the one possessed of the before-mentioned "good character" alone, might fall into a similar gulf never to rise again in one life. The former disciple may suffer worse than he ever had suffered before in order to win out, but he *will win*, and that is the important thing.

QUESTION: Having been warned that the disciple who goes into the world to preach the truths of our philosophy, or any other good tidings, must meet attacks upon the foundation of his belief, the character of his Master or Guru, the nature or means of his

material existence, what course should such disciple take to combat the same?

ANSWER: He should never combat any such criticism. He should refuse absolutely and persistently to discuss a single outer feature of an attack. He is not sent into the world to prove to others the nature, circumstances, character or works of any person or group of persons with whom he is associated. If he is an accredited disciple of the White Lodge he goes with a message to the sick, the weary, the heart-atrophied human race, who, as it were, stand by their own open graves and know not that they are graves, or that they themselves are dead, and his mission is to help to resurrect them or keep them from entering these graves. And no matter what intervenes, nor how hard the brothers of the shadow strive to keep their hold on the "dead in life," the disciple should cling to his message alone and should throw up that message as a shield against every weapon raised to injure him or his work. He should try to show his hearers the nature of the methods used by the black brothers to mix the issues and cripple his work by diverting the mind from the one all-important subject of that message. He must become one with his message. It must dominate his nature and his hearers. It must sink so deeply into his soul that it carries the soul by its very weight and importance to the heart of Infinity and back again with every expression of it.

When the people of the world come to recognize the fact of the disciple's impersonality, compassion, and desire to serve them unselfishly they will do as they have always done—"follow like sheep" that disciple who has been made their leader by the very force of his devotion to them individually and collectively.

Never should the disciple forget this. Never should he allow himself to be turned aside for a moment; for in that moment all the baffled, malignant forces of the negative side of life may drag him down, and make him commence the hard climb over again. The imminence of the danger, the importance of the issues, should be the "hurry call" to action for every Templar.

A WEIRD TALE.

PART I.

The readers of this (*The Path*) magazine have read in its pages narratives far more curious and taxing to belief than the one I am about to give fragments of. The extraordinary Russian

tale of the adept at the rich man's castle when the infant assumed the appearance of an old man will not be forgotten. But the present tale, while not, in the writer's opinion, containing anything extremely new, differs from many others in that I shall relate some things I myself saw. At this time, too, the relation is not inopportune, and perhaps some things here set down may become for many, explanations of various curious occurrences during the past five years in India and Europe.

To begin with, this partial story is written in accordance with a direction received from a source which I cannot disobey, and in that alone must possess interest, because we are led to speculate why it is needed now.

Nearly all my friends in India and Europe are aware that I have traveled often to the northern part of the South American continent, and also to Mexico. The fact has been indeed noticed in this magazine. One very warm day in July, 1881, I was standing at the vestibule of the Church of St. Theresa in the city of Caracas, Venezuela. This town was settled by the Spaniards who invaded Peru and Mexico and contains a Spanish-speaking people. A great crowd of people were at the door and just then a procession emerged with a small boy running ahead and clapping a loud clapper to frighten away the devil. As I noticed this a voice in English said to me, "Curious that they have preserved that singular ancient custom." Turning, I saw a remarkable looking old man who smiled peculiarly and said, "Come with me and have a talk." I complied, and he soon led me to a house which I had often noticed, over the door being a curious old Spanish tablet devoting the place to the patronage of St. Joseph and Mary. On his invitation I entered and saw at once that here was not an ordinary Caracas house. Instead of lazy, dirty Venezuelan servants, there were only clean Hindoos such as I had often seen in the neighboring English island of Trinidad; in the place of the disagreeable fumes of garlic and other things usual in the town, there hung in the air the delightful perfumes known only to the Easterners. So I at once concluded that I had come across a delightful adventure.

Seating ourselves in a room hung with tapestry and cooled by waving punkahas that had evidently not been long put up, we engaged in conversation. I tried to find out who this man was, but he evaded me. Although he would not admit or deny knowledge of the Theosophical Society or of Madam Blavatsky or of the Mahatmas, he constantly made such references that I was sure he

knew all about them and had approached me at the church designedly. After quite a long talk, during which I saw he was watching me and felt the influence of his eye, he said that he had liberty to explain a little as we had become sufficiently acquainted. It was not pleasure nor profit that called him there, but duty alone. I referred to the subterranean passages said to exist in Peru full of treasure, and then he said the story was true and his presence there connected with it. Those passages extended up from Peru as far as Caracas, where we then were. In Peru they were hidden and obstructed beyond man's power to get them; but in this place the entrances were not as well guarded, although in 1812 an awful earthquake had leveled much of the town. The Venezuelans were rapacious, and these men in India who keep the secret had sent him there to prevent any one finding the entrances. At certain seasons only there were possibilities of discovery; the season over, he could depart in security, as until the period came again no one could find the openings without the consent and help of the adepts. Just then a curious bell sound broke on the air and he begged me to remain until he returned, as he was called, and then left the room. I waited a long time, filled with speculations, and as it was getting late and past the dinner hour I was about to leave. Just as I did so a Hindoo servant quickly entered and stood in front of the only door. As he stood there I heard a voice say as though through a long pipe: "Stir not yet." Re-seating myself I saw that on the wall, where I had not before noticed it, hung a curious broad silver plate, brightly shining. The hour of the day had come when the sun's light struck this plate and I saw that on it were figures which I could not decipher. Accidentally looking at the opposite wall I saw that the plate threw a reflection there upon a surface evidently prepared for that purpose, and there was reproduced the surface of the plate. It was a diagram with compass, sign and curious marks. I went closer to examine but just at that moment the sun dipped behind the houses and the figures were lost. All that I could make out was that the figures looked like exaggerated Tamil or Telugu—perhaps Zend. Another faint bell sounded and the old man returned. He apologized, saying that he had been far away, but that we would meet again. I asked where, and he said, "In London." Promising to return, I hurried away. Next day I could not find him at all, and discovered that there were two houses devoted to Joseph and Mary, and I could not tell which I had seen him in. But in each I found Spaniards, Spanish servants and Spanish smells.

In 1884 I went to London and had forgotten the adventure. One day I strolled into an old alley to examine the old Roman wall in the Strand, which is said to be 2,000 years old. As I entered and gazed at the work I perceived a man of foreign aspect there who looked at me as I entered. I felt as if he knew me or that I had met him, but was utterly unable to be sure. His eyes did not seem to belong to his body, and his appearance was at once startling and attractive. He spoke to the attendant, but his voice did not help me. Then the attendant went out, and he, approaching me, said:

"Have you forgotten the house of Joseph and Mary?"

In a moment I knew the expression that looked out from those windows of the soul, but still this was not the same man. Determined to give him no satisfaction I simply said "No," and waited.

"Did you succeed in making out the reflection from the silver plate on the wall?" Here was complete identification of place, but not of person.

"Well," I said, "I saw your eyes in Caracas, but not your body." He then laughed and said, "I forgot that I am the same man, but I have borrowed this body for the present and must indeed use it for some time, but I find it pretty hard work to control it. It is not quite to my liking. The expression of my eyes of course you knew, but I lost sight of the fact that you looked at the body with ordinary eyes."

Once more I accompanied him to his residence, and when not thinking of his person but only listening with the soul, I forgot the change. Yet it was ever present, and he kindly gave me an account of some things connected with himself, of absorbing interest. He began in this way:

"I was allowing myself to deceive myself, forgetting the Bhagavad Gita where it tells us that a man is his soul's friend and his soul's enemy, in that retreat in northern India where I had spent many years. But the chance again arose to retrieve the loss incurred by that, and I was given the choice of assuming this body."

At this point again I heard the signal bell and he again left me. When he returned he resumed the story.

If I can soon again get the opportunity I will describe that scene, but for the present must here take a halt.

W. Q. J.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Temple Artisan

Published by The Temple on first of each month.

Annual Subscription, \$1.00.

Single Copies, 10 Cents

Entered as second-class matter July 1st, 1908, at Post-office, Halcyon, Calif.

Address all communications to THE TEMPLE ARTISAN, Halcyon, Calif.

EDITORIAL MIRROR.

"Thus it has ever been with those who seek ambitiously to become leaders, guides on the path their own feet have never trod, teachers of the science of life before they have learned the first elements of right living. Playing upon the selfish tendencies of their followers, by subtle touches of flattery, they bring them at last into abject servitude. Even the sincere and worthy student may become the prey of such false teachers, following them until he finds, as inevitably he must, that his aspirations have been travesties, his inner life desecrated."

—*Beacon Fires.*



We find one of life's queer paradoxes in the fact that the one highest in power, in the sense of capability, unselfishness and good judgment, out of a number of those in similar positions in a number of groups, societies or organizations, is the one who cares the least for position, and when it comes to making an effort to combine the different groups into one organization, is the one that is pushed to the wall by others, notwithstanding the fact that he would be the only binding force among them—the only one who could possibly weld the heterogenous elements into one body.



Unfortunately, as it seems, his very indifference as regards position causes him to remain quiescent in the midst of the turmoil resulting from the effort to unite any number of bodies, unless he is dominated by a sense of duty always at war with his indifference.

But such persons are usually passed over, and the blatant, grasping demagogue, if showy enough, will generally appeal to the masses more strongly and fairly force himself into position where, for lack of that binding force alone, the effort at combination fails or, if at first successful, soon falls apart by dissension, avarice or ambition.



The natural holding and binding forces in the form of leaders

are of those who are chosen by the Higher Law, to rule over and maintain the nations and peoples of a planet, as a great cycle of manifestation sweeps upward toward the completing point.



The extension and unfolding of the stored up life in the seed of every living thing and creature conveys one of the deepest lessons to the open mind, bringing as it does into outer expression the one concentrated consciousness that will impinge upon or touch every other thing and creature within its sphere of radiation, as each stalk, twig, leaf or flower, and every organ of a physical body, unfolds and expresses a different phase of that consciousness, as well as the cyclic infolding, the re-absorption of those various expressions, and the mass as a whole gradually assuming a homogeneous condition, always guided by the same consciousness.



The study of the law of periodicity, the unfolding and infolding, the evident wisdom as exemplified in the choice of environment, rejection and acceptance of improper and proper nourishment, all used by the individual consciousness of each living thing and creature are far better and surer guides to understanding of the laws of super-nature and the evolution and involution of the soul, than are the average instructions of psychics or communications from mediums.



If we can bring ourselves to acknowledge that every sorrow, sin and pain that we have endured was primarily caused by our ignorance of the action of some one of nature's irrevocable laws, and are made aware of the fact that it is possible not only for us to learn the nature of those laws but to work in harmony with them, then the sorrow, sin and suffering may be relegated to the past.

If we intuitively feel that there is something greater, more noble, more powerful in the depths of our nature than we have ever been able to express—something that has been smothered, been forced down and kept from coming to the surface of our mentality—which, if it could be released and brought into outer expression, would place us in the ranks of those whom now humanity delights to honor, how much more than foolish are we if we refuse or neglect to take advantage of the knowledge some other

human being might possess—knowledge which, if bestowed upon us, would enable us to seek out and find that Greater Self and permit it to function through the threefold entity, only one part of which we now so ignorantly call *ourselves*. B. S.

OCCULTISM FOR BEGINNERS.

II.

The Physical Body is the Cellular Man. Each grade of matter composing the body from marrow to bone, tendon, muscle, fat, blood and nerve tissue, is made up of billions of microscopic cells. Each cell is an entity having its life cycle from birth to death and possessing consciousness and memory, as well as function—its life work. The collective consciousness of all the cells of the body is the consciousness of the physical man, thus enabling the physical body to perform all its diverse functions. In other words, we can say that the whole physical body is to each cell of the same, what God is to man. In the physical body each cell lives, moves and has its being. In the universal Man-God we live, move and have our Being. Complete identification of consciousness with the Greater Being is possible when complete correlation is made by any *one* Unit with the inner light—life of all Units. Then the one becomes the All.

What is the cell? From mud-puddle to man is the history of the evolution of the cell, and we still have histological evidence of living examples of all the stages passed through. Scoop a handful of muddy water from the nearest mud puddle, or ditch, and place a drop of same under a high power microscope, by careful observation we soon separate from other objects a small irregularly rounded object, and as we watch, we note its form changing more or less and that it has the power to move by protruding a part of itself and then drawing the other part after. It is almost transparent but we note clearly defined, the limiting membrane or outer cell wall and inner nucleus. This object we are observing is called the AMOEBA—a one-celled creature. What is the difference between this amoeba and physical man? The amoeba is made up of *one* cell; physical man is made up of BILLIONS of cells.

Physical man has millions of muscle and bone cells to help him move from place to place. He also has millions of other kinds of cells to digest his food; millions of others to aid the circulation of the fluids in his body; millions of others to receive and trans-

mit his nervous forces; millions of others to generate his kind; millions of others to think with. In the case of the AMOEBA, it has but one cell to do all this with. But it *does* all these things singly, in that lesser degree, one cell working alone as compared to countless numbers operating together. For the AMOEBA has a nervous, muscular, circulatory, reproductive, digestive, secretory and excretory systems—but these are all *combined in one cell*. It is like thinking of the heart and lungs of man digesting his food, or of breathing with the stomach, or of all the functions of the body now done by many specialized cells, being done by *any* one of them.

A cell may be defined as a microscopic mass of matter called PROTOPLASM enclosing another smaller mass of matter called the NUCLEUS. In the egg we have a visible example of the constitution of a cell. The shell is the outer limiting membrane; the white of the egg is the protoplasm; the yolk is the nucleus. Likewise every microscopic cell is made up of outer limiting membrane, fluid contents of protoplasm, and the nucleus. In some lower forms of life the nucleus may be absent. The highly evolved nerve cells have a nucleus within the nucleus, called the nucleolus. PROTOPLASM is a very complex body, but is made up mainly of albumenoid material. Granules are frequently present in the protoplasm; also small cavities full of fluid which appear and disappear and change their position from time to time.

The NUCLEUS is the centre of the *formative* activity of the cell. It is the vehicle of the Ego of the cell. The cell itself is the seat of NUTRITION and FUNCTION. Thus Health and Disease are terms referring, not to the body as a whole, but to the cells of which it consists.

The Physical Body is the correspondence of the Spiritual Body. To know the physical body we must know the nature of the cells. Future lessons will show this, and how Unity, Co-operation and Brotherhood depend upon the minute units getting together as the cells do to form an organ, or as the planets do to form the solar system, before larger Celestial or Terrestrial advancement is possible. *There are no little things.*

The next lesson will show particularly the occult correspondence and the Seven-fold Division of the Cell.

W. H. D.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Temple Builders—Lesson 70

THE KING'S VALENTINE.

In this little story of fairy land you will see that Fairyland is

just the same as the Big-land we know, except that it is dolly-size, and that it could all be made over into grown-up size without any trouble at all. It is about the King of Life in a fairy country who wanted to send a valentine to his people. The peculiar thing about this valentine that he wanted to send was that he had to have the people themselves help him to make it.

From opposite sides of the sky the king hung two great ribbons. One was of a glorious beautiful red, the other of white, soft, filmy, transparent and shining. He named the red ribbon Love and the white one Purity, but the great beauty of what these ribbons meant will have to be in your imagination.

Now all that Fairyland had to do about it was to tie these two ribbons across the sky into a bowknot; not very much, you would think, but, oh dear, do you know that no two people could be found in all the Land who could carry, one from one side, the other from the other side of the sky, and join these two ribbons? Many tried and though it seemed so simple, something always happened to prevent the tying of the bow, until at last it was given up as impossible. You have probably guessed that some serious trouble was in the way. True. Something was very much wrong, for it was a land peopled with deaf fairies, and the deafness was of a kind that comes from a disease far worse than mumps or any of those things. It was called Hardening of the Heart, was very contagious and meant that those who had it couldn't know the Song of Life, and the ribbons simply refused to tie together for anyone who didn't know it.

But the king, who did know all about the Song of Life, loved his poor little fairies, else he never would have tried to send them a valentine, so he sent doctors all over the land with little bags of curing things. These doctors went about and gave everyone trill teas, note pills, E, G, B. D. F salve, F, A, C, E powder, essence of G, B, D, F, A, tincture of A, C, E, G and treble extract of Bass. Still no one could tie the ribbons and it was plain that the medicine had done no good.

But the king loved his fairies still, for they were his very own, so he sent them toys to play upon, hoping they might find the Song within from the shell of sound that came from them. But although the poor little fairies could hear the outer part of the sound coming from instruments like a harp or piano, they could not hear the chords from tree or grass instruments; and though their ears caught a clang from the tapping of the gong in metal shape of bells, they could not hear its tones when it grew in the same shape in

their gardens. They couldn't hear the sweet music of these things that grew all over the land, although they listened with pleasure to the blowing and tooting on the imitation instruments that were only sent them to teach them to listen to the music of the real trumpets and reeds. Even the lovely notes of the violin, formed in likeness to themselves failed to teach them the Song of their own lives, and they lived on as unmusical in their thoughts, as deaf in their hearts as ever. At last the king, who would not give it up, sent a great measure of note seeds, all especially tuned to the Song, and ready to burst into music. Special wind messengers carried them everywhere, and as they fell they quickly sprouted into half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes, the little wings on the notes changing into leaves and bursting into a flower of song at the top.

Each note-plant sang its own song, the melody to which it was born, and the whole earth was like a symphony orchestra in which each knew its own part so well and loved the Song so much that it couldn't lose its place or get out of tune.

All this, you say, for a land of deaf-hearted fairy children who couldn't help their king send them a valentine? Ah, but you do not know how the king loved his deaf children!

Listen, the king now sent messengers everywhere, from house to house, and they went like the prince looking for Cinderella, trying to find some one who had heard the note plants, for the king had said that whoever could hear their song would be able to help tie the red ribbon to the white one.

The messengers searched long and far, and were very much laughed at, of course. But a few were sad to confess that they didn't know what it was all about and made a resolution to find out what was wrong and to try to get rid of the difficulty, and this alone was enough to reward the king for his trouble. But wonderful things often happen at the very last minute, and so, just as the messengers had nearly given up the search, and still no one had heard a peep from any of the note-seeds, a tired little messenger stumbled upon a cottage around a corner in a forgotten street. It was so tiny that you would know not more than one and a half people could have lived in it, but the smoke sang out of its chimney in merry whirling wreaths of soft purring sound, and the messenger felt a queer happiness go into his heart when he knocked at the door.

A little old, old woman opened it. She was very bent and twisted in her body, but her eyes, though all wrinkled round, had such a lovely light of love in them that the messenger almost forgot

what to say. Then as he stood looking at the dear granny, a little boy came up behind her. He had just dropped an armload of wood almost as big as himself into the granny's wood box, and now he looked at the messenger and then up at granny, with the same kind of a look in his eyes that was in hers. Now the messenger knew his search was at an end and he cried joyfully, "I come from the King!"

"Ah," said the granny and the boy in one breath, and looked at each other with that wonderful love in their eyes that told the messenger how well they knew the king.

"And he sends me to ask you whether any of the note seeds he sent into the world lately have sung up in your garden?"

"Oh!" and the boy looked at his granny as if a secret had been spoken.

"He comes from the king," she said to him, and they smiled together, agreeing. So they both told him yes to his question and that their note song was just a little cabbage.

"It sings more beautifully than anything we have," said the granny.

"Though everything in our garden has always sung," said the boy.

"Does no one else hear the song of your garden?" asked the messenger, hopefully.

Both faces fell. "No," they said, as if it were such sorrowful news that they could hardly bear to tell it, and for a moment all three were sad together.

Then the messenger said, "You are the two for whom the king is seaching. Come."

Neither asked any questions, because the messenger was from the king, and he led them to where the two wonderful ribbons hung, the granny to one and the boy to the other. They were filled with awe, of course, for no words can describe the exquisite texture of those miraculous ribbons.

Now the messenger said, "Tie them into a big bow-knot!"

Without the least trouble, they ran together and tied them! Then as they fell back to look at the bow the ends of the ribbons fell in such a way as to form a heart, so lovely and bright that all in the land knew at once something had happened. And how happy the king was, for he knew that all, even those who could not help with the valentine had become a little less deaf because the granny and the boy had showed that hardening of the heart could be cured, and how a true valentine was made. So he took the val-

entine and sent it to the King of the Kings of all the Fairy Lands to keep in His great album forever.

GRACE TANQUARY HILLYARD.

INNER LIGHT ON SACRED WRIT.

QUESTION: If Divine Forces brought everything into existence, why was Sin and Evil included to tempt humanity?

We know that in the vegetable and animal kingdom they passed through many degrees or stages before perfection was attained, and why not the human race? Direct from nature's laws animals were made cruel, ferocious; we know the lowest type of human were savages; that trait direct from the animals, and it assumed different forms and color, as ages produced the races characterized by all we know of barbarism—selfish intolerance, every sin, and wrong, which no little enlightenment could invent. Although I have a book telling of sixteen crucified Saviors, Jesus was the only Perfect One given to us to love and imitate. Humanity of that time reigned with so much terror and sordid ignorance, Divine Forces saw a relief must come, and the darkness so prevalent lifted. But sin had not reached its climax then, for the Christians were tortured in every conceivable way. If the All-Seeing Eye knew all this why was it allowed, is the question. Occultism says, to enable human beings to reach the Godhood they must experience all that mortals have been subjected to from the beginning; for in that way alone can Divine Wisdom be ours. The cross in all its varied forms we must bear.

MRS. E. P. TALLANT.

The *question* above includes much that is true of the answer. It is said that any one who has ability to ask a question has the ability to answer it, else they could not ask it.

The question as to why, what we call sin and evil should exist is a profound one which theology has ever wrestled with and never solved. The literal meaning of sin is "to miss the mark." Evil is good inverted. Whether evolution of mind and body could take place on any planet without "missing the mark" is a question. Practice makes perfect whether we are shooting at a target or playing a symphony. Perhaps the humanity on some planets never "sinned" and evolution has gone on in an orderly manner without the "discords"—yet even to miss the mark is an experience, and experience gives real knowledge and the fruit of real knowledge is Wisdom. Sin is the result of separateness. It could not exist in Complete Unity—the Godhead. Then, if we could see *all* the effects

on *all the planes* when a sin is committed, we might not call it sin but adjustment. We are limited, fenced off, from the Whole, and therefore only see partial results of any action—and are likely to see it as distortion. If the Divine Forces permitted sin to enter the world, then the Divine Forces are involved in the result of the sin and will gain by the process when the Great Balance or Adjustment is struck.

W. H. D.

THE OX AND THE LION.

(Quoted from *Halcyon Clarion*)

Ten years ago the Temple transmitted to the world a prophecy received from a high spiritual source, a Master of high degree in the Great White Brotherhood. This prophecy has been sent out to members of the Temple and has been referred to frequently in Temple writings. The prophecy reads as follows:

"The bear will growl at the lion; the eagle will alight on the bear's head and pluck out its left eye; the ox and the lion will close in a struggle to the death. The eagle, the lion, the ox and the bear will form a square, from the center of which will arise the architect who will rule the earth."

The interpretation of this is racial and more. It is hierarchial—and yet races and nations play detailed parts in it. It also has its interpretation in other fields than national affairs, as in the economic war going on in the world between the clash of the varied interests.

Certain national phases are of interest at this time. For a long time, up to the time of the Russo-Japanese war, the bear (Russia) growled at the lion (England). The bear may growl still more at the lion before the prophecy be fulfilled. Just how much Japan represented the Eagle in its great conflict with the bear, time will disclose more fully. We think of the United States as the eagle, naturally. So far the United States, as the eagle, has seemed to play no part with the bear, save as a peace maker. As said, we must think of hierarchial lines, which might include several nations for a proper understanding of this prophecy.

At this time the attitude of the ox (Germany) and the lion (England) is of extraordinary interest. The papers and magazines are today filled with the probabilities of a great struggle soon to come between these two great nations. The foremost leaders and statesmen of England do not seem to hesitate in declaring that war is inevitable, as it involves the naval supremacy of the latter country, which means the protection of its vast colonial and commercial

interest in all parts of the world. Germany, on the other hand, is increasing her commercial and other interests enormously, in all parts of the world, and is a formidable rival to England. In addition, Germany is suspected of "hankering" after large slices of colonial territory now held by England and other countries. At any rate Germany is building so many battleships of the Dreadnaught type and so rapidly increasing her naval armament, that England regards it as a menace to her, and seems to be inclined to act accordingly. From a standpoint of commercial interest, she may have to strike before Germany is her equal in naval power. If war come, the cause will be commercial entirely—the result of a selfish, competitive age. After a terrible struggle, which, no doubt, would involve more than the two nations mentioned, will come peace—a getting together in agreement, forming a square—from which will issue the constructive force, which will rule the world.

Does this mean the end of a selfish competitive, commercial age? Time will tell.

W. H. D.

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES.

Sister Alice Carr of Victoria, B. C., spent several days at the Centre during January.

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Topics discussed at Headquarters at Sunday meetings during January were: Talks on Genesis from the Temple View Point, and The Relationship of the Soul to Light.

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The Temple Builders Lyceum is a large attractive bungalow tent recently built on the Halcyon grounds. The building is mainly of wood, nicely painted, and furnished for children's educational work and lectures, and will now be the rallying point for the Temple Builders.

* * * *

Our Sister, Mrs. Ida J. Wilkins, started on her journey East Friday evening, October 1st, 1909, arriving in Denver October 5th. She was met by friends and a meeting was held on the evening of the 6th and a 36 meeting on the afternoon of the 7th.

The night of the 7th she went on to Lincoln, Nebraska, and was met by two of our old comrades.

Owing to a mistake at the newspaper office the notice of a public

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