

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS

ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF THE



[O. P. Hatch]

*There are some who will see and seeing will perceive,
others hearing will understand.*



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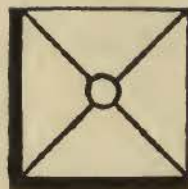
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TRADE



MARK



PREFACE.

Nature has a way of concealing and revealing. She tells half her story out in the sunshine in a loud voice, and the other half in whispers underground.

She is coy like a coquette, and stern like a judge. She excites curiosity in the student, and dread in the debauchee.

She holds the man of science to her breast, but is dumb to the lover of pleasure. She scorns the victim of priestcraft and repudiates the supernatural. The Sage takes his cue from his mother; like Nature, he conceals and reveals. He who would see other than the smiling, scowling *face* of Hermes must search the dark places by the light of his own candle; Hermes locks the gate between the outer and inner

Temple; and he, only, enters the latter, who has the pass word and the key.

In reading this book please notice how the essays vary in style; some of them falling into a weird rhapsody, others laconic and plain—The Mystic will understand the reason of the difference, while another will peruse only the words.

The barbaric splendor of Nature reveals truth and law as surely as does her terrible logic. She speaks in poetry and in prose. Facts are rarely ever naked, but often not only draped but masked. The occult eye sees straight to the heart of a fact, while the normal lens dwells on the habiliments.

Enough has been said save this—*Man inevitably cometh unto his own.*





THE HERMETICS.

Who were they? What are they? They were those who could speak or *keep silent*. They are those who whisper or shout. They believe in *silver* and *gold*. "If speech is silver silence is gold." They believe in the conservation of energy, and its transformation. They believe in the Unit and in the many—the special and the general. They have found the Philosopher's stone—the elixir of life. They catch glimpses of Eldorado—the promised land. They know time and realize eternity. They comprehend distance and space. They circumscribe the square with the circle, and death with life. They teach an eternity of being, and an endless variety of form. They wed involution to evolution, and yesterday to tomorrow. They insist on object as the mirror

of subject, and consciousness as the child of the two. They hold that Nirvana is poise—a motionless motion—the paradox of being.

To find the Hermetic out of Thibet is to discover him next door. He is as likely to be in broadcloth as in adept's robe—and as possible in London as in Benares. He is rare. Gold is not picked up without stooping, nor the *fountain* head discovered without searching. Swine are about and pearls are treasured.

Enough, save this—The false implies the true.—Chaos, order.—The word, secrecy.—
“*The one thing, many.*”

PHILOSOPHY.

With your heart filled with emotions, your head stormy with thought; with your back on the years behind you, facing the years ahead—*you*, a man, stand trembling with the consciousness of self, and wonder what next.

Philosophy! ah me! Philosophy! When the heart beats to the tune of love, or your brain throbs with a master-passion—Philosophy! you plunge headlong into life as the comet into space—living—living—living—only living.

Philosophy! What need have you? Your blood surges up to your heart and on to your head—you feel, you think—Philosophy! Life is for life, you say—Philosophy! but—but—you hav'nt it—life, only a shiver of it—only a thrill of it.

Philosophy brings it—life. She is beautiful—she carries a cup in her hand—it is gold; she begs you to drink and *live*. She is your hand-maiden—Philosophy—the cup is pure metal—the drink is elixir—*life*. As man, you are *mortal*; you have stood in the sunshine so long you are blind. As man, you are drunk with a *drop* of pure life; you have listened so long to the seas, you are deaf. Philosophy brings you the cup and you drink, and you open your eyes; she waits—and you listen and hear—what—what do you see—do you hear?

Yourself—in the sun, in the sea—yourself in the sky, in the air—yourself in the winds, in the stars—yourself in the depths, in the heights—yourself in the distance—yourself nearer home—yourself in the open—yourself in the closed—yourself in the seen and unseen—*yourself everywhere*; yourself in her eyes—Philosophy's eyes—yourself in her voice—Philosophy's voice—yourself in the speech of the beasts, in the song of the birds, the rustling of leaves; in nothing, in something, in naught and in all;

in negative, positive, neither and both; in you and in other, in other and you.

Life!—inward and outward, receding advancing, coming and going—*Life!* Feeling is feeling—thinking is thinking—*Life!* Sleeping is sleeping—waking is waking—*Life!* Living is living—dying is dying—*Life!*

Open the windows and breathe the fresh air—open the windows and look at the sky—open the windows and feel the soft rain—breathe—breathe—breathe full to the chest—breathe.

I've traveled the spaces by thinking—I've mounted the zenith by wishing—I've floated in air by a longing—I've melted in mist when a dreaming—I have flashed in the fire by desiring—I have blended in water by looking—I have entered a soul by aspiring. I am many or one—I am one or the many.

Each day is mine own not anothers; each day is all days, all days are each day.

I floated in blood in the veins of a bird, and beat in his heart to the tune of his wings; I sucked at the breast of a flower and dripped



in the honey of bees; I spun the fine silk of a web, and tied up the knots of a snare; I have lain in the arms of a cloud and turned up my face to the sky; I died and entered the tomb, and rotted away in a corpse; I crawled through the pores of the earth in the succulent bodies of worms, and buried myself in the mire to shiver with cold in a stone. Ah! Life and Philosophy! Wisdom and Life!

Do you ask me the reason of all, I give you the reason of none; do you ask me the reason of none, I give you the *wisdom* of all.

You burn with *desire* and you *thrill*; then dip in the blood of yourself and write on the parchment a scroll, and read in the letters the words, and read in the words the command, and in the command the design, and in the design, the beginning and end; and living you read, and reading you live; and cease to be mortal, but soar as a god.

If ever the bush is on fire harken for language and hear; something is speaking—listen and listen—something is shining—the bush is on fire.

FAITH.

We will present the subject of faith in a secondary aspect, and show you how to make out of it a mighty lever towards accomplishing results. We advise you to be *alert*, and in a certain sense skeptical in all save the principle upon which you found your premise.

Take as a starting point yourself, for it is not necessary to travel far from home in order to find a subject on which to work. Believing in your existence, a priori, and resting upon the fundamental consciousness of the Ego, suppose you branch out into a series of unusual experiments as to what the possibilities of that Ego are.

Most people find certain dominant tendencies uppermost, and are entirely satisfied to develop and live by them, never striving

to discover hidden mines within themselves along lines where they have not taken the trouble to penetrate.

If you see a leaf floating on the wave at sea, you have some reason to think that land is near. May it not be possible that some indication as small as a leaf, floats round on the sea of your being, and you have failed to draw any conclusion from it. The mariner discovers the bit of green, and makes for the shore; you discover the sign of unseen things and sail out into deeper waters.

The lesson we would teach is this, observe the *signs*, no matter how insignificant; let them create in you a sort of *conditional* faith; follow them up and see what you will discover.

The scientist is well used to this conditional faith; it is not absolute faith, but a suspension of judgment, an abandonment of prejudice, and a simple research based upon indications. When the miner strikes a sign of color, a certain faith is developed in him; it is conditional of course; it is based on

possibility, not on probability. It is quite a different thing from a man's faith in gravitation or repulsion. It is what might be called a blind faith; and the only excuse for its being is that in time, it will develop into a certainty or fall through altogether, in other words prove itself.

Suppose for instance, you find at some one time, that you have seen clairvoyantly, treat that as the leaf on the sea of your being; follow it up, and be not astonished if you land on the shore of an *unknown* country. Your faith which was sufficient to lead you to explore, has brought you a *certainty* which translates itself into an added power.

The reason that we insist on a conditional faith such as the scientist has, is this; if you blindly follow signs, so swallowed up in your belief that you are incapacitated to reason, or to think, or to bear disappointment, you will become fanatical, and lose your discrimination and power of judgment.

There is a faith that is prepared for either success or failure; it is a kind of half

belief in a thing, still strong enough to lead one to honest, unbiased investigation about it. It is the proper faith for one who investigates spiritualistic, psychic and sleight-of-hand phenomena; a watchful, fair, considerate faith which weighs the pros and cons in an investigation, and allows no undue influence to be brought to bear either for or against the result sought.

This is strictly the *scientific faith*, and it is the first essential in the mind of the student of Philosophy. It should be laid down as an axiom by all beginners in the pursuit of knowledge, that our *desiring* or *not* desiring a thing to be, cuts no figure in the investigation. Truth does not arrange herself to suit us, but forces us to conform to her.

If we enter the study of Philosophy with certain fixed ideas of what we would like to have, and of how we wish the Universe to be conducted, we are pretty apt to abandon the pursuit when we come to find out that Truth does not cut her clothes after a pattern of our own designing. Truth is safe enough

and we can not improve upon her. It is our business to pursue her, and catch and hold some aspect of her if possible, otherwise we had better return to our delusions.

To find Truth we must use the scientific method, which is always founded upon a temporary faith; a premise assumed for the time being, as a test of the possibility of the solution of the problem. This is not the supreme faith which is founded upon the principle of being, and must be the rock upon which we build up any lasting structure. It is the shifting faith which can be abandoned, as we find the object upon which it is fixed useful or not; but we do insist that when you start out to explore yourself, and to discover the latent possibilities within you, that you do as Columbus did, who hoped to find a new Continent, which up to the day when the first sign of land appeared, was to him and the whole of Europe an image and a dream.

CONCENTRATION.

We urged you in the last talk to go on a voyage of discovery in yourself, and see if some waking potentiality was awaiting development. In this paper we desire to insist on the use of concentration to this effect. You who think you know how to concentrate, will find on attempt at a *sustained* effort how difficult it is, and how weak you are.

Look back and see how many things you have begun, how many good resolutions you have made, and how much you have attempted and failed to complete.

Youth climbs up the ladder of his own hopes and scans the prospect; he expects to do every thing, to conquer every thing; he levels mountains of opposition in his own mind. He figures on becoming king



of opportunity and creating it at his own bidding. Notice him ten years later sitting at the foot of the ladder of his dreams. He has spent his summers and his winters, his springs and his autumns in *dabbling*.

First an attempt at this and then at that, tasting here and there of everything and nourished by nothing. He starts down a road to view an object, and slips off into a byway to view something else. He gets to singing a new tune and forgets the first stanza of the old one. He knows people and forgets their names, or he knows their names and forgets their faces. He is forever experimenting and never finishing; he rests half way up the mountain and a positive climax is something that he knows nothing about.

Look over *your* life and see what you have done. You have dipped into books, but they never dipped into you. You have studied human nature and been cheated a hundred times. You have kissed a friend, and then another without reading the heart of the first. You came to the realm of

Philosophy, and wandered around in a maze; you plucked a leaf and threw it away; you inhaled the perfume of a flower and passed on; you gathered a bouquet and tossed it into the stream; you dabbled your feet in the water, and washed your face in the dew; and then, you entered the front door of a church and passed out at the rear.

You tickled the wings of cupid, and he flew away, and sitting down on a grave you sighed; and the next week, you danced. Such your life. Now you come to our doors and knock; and we say to you, from behind the lock, "Can you look at the point of a pin—and *look* and *look*. Can you rest on a premise, and think and think up to the conclusion—can you pile up facts on facts to the pinnacle of a principle—can you study on one line to the very end of the question—can you *act* on your conclusion as against the world—can you resist straying to the right and left when you have started towards a place or condition—can you keep on aiming with the same stone at the same spot till you *hit* it—can you stay

fixed in any pursuit any length of time, or are you a child?"

Start out with yourself and follow the leaf on the wave of your sea; follow—follow—concentrate and follow, by the blind faith of science, some sign in yourself till its value be disclosed. Be like the dog that gives chase, and is bound to be in at the death or the capture.

We tell you now, at the very inception of the study of Philosophy, that you must have two kinds of faith; one absolute, the other secondary and changeable; also *concentration*; without these it is useless to go on.

To cultivate concentration you must practice. Cultivate that bull-dog tenacity to hold on to a thing till you know what it is, if you have once decided to grapple with it.

Look into yourself and see if your past indicates concentration; if not, *begin*.

PRACTICE.

There is something truly pathetic in the lives of those who preach and do not practice; who revel in the generalities of Philosophy as a sort of intellectual tonic, and are at the same time too lazy to try the formulas and hold fast to that which is good.

I desire you to avoid a method of practice that is backed by habit. To take stated times to become good (say Sundays), is not at all after the manner of our system; and if you continually pursue this means, you will grow as fixed as a rock crystal.

Life is your business, all *kinds* of life; rustling among men, eating—drinking—sleeping—just as Christ did; and the best time for you to practice, is *all* the time.

I who give you these instructions, know what life is from its pleasures to its agonies;

from its feasts to its graveyards; and the more of a Philosopher I am, the more do I know of its fulness. So when I tell you to practice, I mean that you are to stay where *you are and practice*.

The great need of the world is the *living* Philosopher. Cloisters are out of date. Monasteries are old fashioned; they belong to the middle ages.

People must clash with each other in order to live; must feel each other's pulse, and jostle shoulder to shoulder; they must mingle magnetism, I might say, and give and take. In this rush, this hurry, is the time to try your cult and test its value.

If you hide a diamond in a box, it loses all its power to be saucy and throw back the sun's rays to the sun; in fact it forgets after a while that it is a diamond at all, and becomes as sullen as a cold pebble. If you have anything good, you must find it out; and you never can do that by shutting yourself up in an *occult* room and imagining.

Do not mistake us; we told you to concentrate, and contemplate the point of a pin,

but not *forever*. While a certain amount of daily retirement into "your closet" is good, just as rest is necessary after exercise, too *much* of it is bad. Learn to concentrate and act too; this is practice of the best kind. Have a purpose, a means, a way, and ACT on it. Having a theory and getting *no* fact out of it, is like having a friend who will never embrace you.

Concentration and action should go together. To be sure, you should reverse and retire into yourself when the *occasion* demands, but never *periodically* and to order. Learn to do it when you have need of it (and you can tell that) but do not do it because you have arranged to.

We preach practice from morning until night; all the time, everywhere. Your Philosophy should stick to you closer than the hairs of your head, and should put in an appearance on every occasion. If it is good for great things, it is good for little things.

This does not mean that you are to be like the self-conscious christian who can never get rid of his sense of responsibility; on the

contrary, it assures you the best that there is in life. It shows you how to extract the most honey from the flower, the gretest beauty from the landscape, and the truest love out of a fellow mortal. It is also a sort of accident policy, it bestows on you a weekly allowance in case of something unfortunate and unforeseen; and if you die, it pays up to the last penny those whom you have left behind.

It is practical, practical, practical, and if what you are getting is not, you hav'nt the right thing. Practice at all times, and whenever you fail in making the application, you are that far short of grasping the situation.

MEMORY.

When you go down into the shadowy place where the sun's rays can not come, you are reconciled to the gloom because you *remember*. What is it that you remember? That the sun still shines. You know very well that not a ray can penetrate where you are; that as far as you are concerned, for the time being, the Giver of Life—the Consoler—the Sun—might as well be put out. It is a dark place—gloom—gloom—gloom every where, and along with the gloom, dampness and chill. But what of it—your memory serves you well—you recall the splendor outside—the half hour ago when you basked in heat and color—all the tints that the sun brings out—all the brilliancy—and instead of a realization, you *substitute a memory*.

In your pursuit of Philosophy, understand that your path will *not* be all sunshine. Philosophy does not undertake to supply glory and glitter, nor does it guarantee you a freedom from shadows and tears. Philosophy does not undertake to change nature; it gives you no seven-leagued boots with which to stride over the land—no sandals like those of Pallas Athene, nor wings of a Mercury. Philosophy lets Dame Nature alone so far as changing her is concerned; in fact she is very self-willed and like all feminine things, has her own way; but here is a secret—Philosophy deals with nature somewhat as a good husband does with a stubborn spouse; Philosophy manages nature through her own attributes. A natural attribute by the way, is memory. Philosophy knowing this, brings it to bear at the right time, and reaps the reward. Philosophy has much tact, just as a wise husband has.

To use *art* in *remembering*, is an essential towards Philosophic life. To be a good forgetter, is as necessary as to be a good



recaller. There is nothing more uncomfortable and out of place, than to have something that you have put under the sod, protrude its head at the wrong time. When you bury, bury deep, and do not dig up the thing unless you want it.

Some memories are bores, just like some people; they stay and stay out of pure viciousness, and the more you curse them the more staying power they show. A Philosopher will never allow this; he knows that he can get rid of one memory by substituting another, just as you would shove an impertinent person out of a chair and put another in his place. As you can *forget* by a sort of *substitution*, you can *remember* by a *mental suggestion*.

When down in the shadow, recall something—a star, a diamond, or a friend's eyes; and see how quickly the place will glow as if a sun had been born, with dropped lids—it is the same. There is a flash and a shimmer in the fire of memory which radiates in the now, if you desire it.

Let us carry this lesson farther. Physical darkness is but *one* phase; there is a mental and a spiritual blackness which tongue can not speak of, nor pen portray. Even in this dungeon of dungeons memory can send a straight ray, and turn black to white, night to day. When you recall the sun, at the time shadows enshroud you, with that recollection comes the consciousness that the sun is a fixed fact—that it exists, and that *shadows* can not extinguish it; this makes you safe; safe in your mind, safe in your heart; you wrap the mantle of darkness about you, and laugh in the face of the night—for the sun IS. *You have remembered.*

When any trouble—gloom—mood, enfolds you in a cloud, remember that the *sun is*, and the rays are warm, *love* warm, and they shine somewhere *even* in your recollection, and with the remembering will come a flash like that of Jupiter on Olympus—like that of a friend's eyes—and black will turn to white and night to day.

This is the office of memory. Memory is your servant, if you can only realize it, memory is your slave, and all slaves impose upon their masters when allowed.

Put impertinent memories to sleep; wake up the right one at the right time; and cheat Dame Nature into believing that she has conquered Philosophy.

IMAGINATION.

To imagine something is to call up an image in the mind by the will. This is voluntary imagination. Involuntary imagination (which is a bad thing always) is that state where the image or images come of their own accord, oftentimes as unwelcome, vulgar or wicked guests.

Most lewd, vile, uncanny people are tools of the imagination. Images which seem to be like conscious entities, persist in dwelling in, and dominating the untrained tenant of an abused brain, and do incalculable mischief to him and those with whom he associates.

Imagination is man's greatest friend and his greatest enemy; if you control him he will serve you; and no artist can paint pictures as beautiful as his. Command him to

sketch the sea, the sky, the stars, the unseen and seen wonders of earth and heaven, and he will produce instantaneous results. He will decorate your castle for you and place you in it; he will create an interior environment that will so overpower your soul that crude outer surroundings will cease to trouble you.

Imagination controlled by the will, is the one thing to be desired. On the other hand, involuntary imagination, that creature which like a snake slips into your sanctuary in the dark and conceals itself to coil and sting when you are totally unable to combat it, is to be abhorred and dreaded. Not that he is forever ugly—the serpent has an unrivaled grace, and is a marvel in color—not that, but he is unreliable, treacherous and poisonous; he may not sting, but if he does the antidote is hard to find. Worse than that, he is eternally reproducing himself; he brings forth a brood, or rather like the worm, the more you divide him the more alive he becomes; each piece of him in its turn maturing and producing.

He turns your mind into a nest, and wallows in it as the swine wallow in the sty. He loves luxury and splendor as does the harlot; and his beauty, when it glitters has all the fascination of a lewd woman.

The true sage controls his imagination somewhat as he does his memory, putting it out as he would extinguish a lamp, or lighting it as he would kindle a fire. The true sage can build himself an air castle that floats in a cloud, and frescoe it with the pictures of angels. He can conjure forms of grandeur that outrival nature's own work; and create storms, the thunders of which will drown the voice of Jupiter. He can tint the rose and perfume the lily; still further, he can create the NEW, and build palaces that no architect before him has conceived, and design landscapes that as yet, are strangers to the brush. The sage but *wills* and his servant, the imagination, *does*.

On the contrary, he who is unwise, is the coward lackey of his Master Imagination. He grovels at his feet, and hides his head, and stops his ears against the horrors thrust

upon him. He fears the dark, and dreads being alone. He is tortured about his health, and magnifies every twinge of pain into the death agony. All symptoms are to him as fatal; he sleeps in his own coffin every night, and is resurrected from the grave every morning. His dreams are all warnings and prognosticate some future weal or woe.

His animal instincts run riot, while *he* is fettered and bound; his progeny haunt him like bad children, and lean on him for support. The air is peopled with his loathesome offspring, and they follow him wherever he goes.

This fate is inevitable to him who allows his imagination to go rampant. In time, his will falls to sleep and he becomes like one in fever—the prey to uncanny dreams—or like the brandy-soaked victim who is ever terrified at the reptiles which his diseased fancy brings forth.

Take your imagination in hand, and hold it as you would a pair of horses; do not let it break, but pull on the bit even though it foams and writhes. To have

your imagination run with you, is to have it bring you up any where either throwing you upon the rocks or landing you in the gutter.

Every one has imagination in some form. The power to call up images, is in all normal human minds, and the power to bid them leave is there also.

The sage can free his mind of either unpleasant memories or undesired imagination, by an effort of pure will or by a substitution. It is just as easy to substitute one imagination for another as one memory for another.

The power to conjure is a ready power and easy to handle; ghosts, hobgoblins, saints and sinners will come at a wave of the magic wand, and if you did but know it, at another wave they will disappear.

Evil imagination leads to *suspicion*, this (as a rule) is a *bad tenant*. To be forever suspecting, is to go through life as some people go through a kitchen, sniffing right and left for bad smells; searching out hidden corners with an eye for finding

fault; weighing all commodities with a pair of test scales, under pretext of detecting theft; or like one who steals into places at unsuspected times on the lookout for scandal; listening at key-holes, prowling like a cat at night, peeping into windows, over-hauling coat-pockets, rummaging desk drawers, talking in ambiguous phrases, dealing in hints, implying everything and saying next to nothing.

All this is the fruit of an ungoverned imagination; and in its train come jealousy and envy—a hideous pair—who trample on hearts and reputations, and mark their trail with a stream of blood.

Catch your imagination while you can, and wither it with a glance of your eye; otherwise it will curse you—and in cursing you, will *curse the world*.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

It is not the Koran, nor the Bible, nor the Tripitaka. It is not the sky with its glittering pattern of stars, nor objective nature as manifested in the sea, the mountains, the rocks nor the rivers. It is not hidden in the debris of the past, nor written upon the tombs of Egyptian Kings. It is not stamped upon tables of stone, nor will it come in handwriting upon the wall. No savant will search it out for you in some concealed vellum covered thickly with hieroglyphics; nor will some priest of the future reveal it to you, taken down from the mouth of an angel.

To go far to find it will be to waste your time. To wait to have it come to you, will be as fruitless as the waiting for an impossible Judgment Day.

The Book of Revelation exists, nevertheless, and its pages can be counted by hundreds. It is in many volumes, bound in skins finer than that of the sheep or the chamois. Its letters are written in the three fundamental colors intershaded by many tints; some of them flash fire, and some are wet with tears. It is fully illustrated with pictures in pigment mixed with blood, and in etchings of black and white. The scenes are humorous, grotesque, bewildering, sad, ecstatic, divine.

"And where is this book," you ask; I answer, "Look within, read yourself, and *behold the revelation.*"

The skin covers enfolding each volume inclose a life of your being—the *fine skin covers*—the tale is your own sorrowful, happy story which never ends, but has sequel after sequel eternally. The letters pick out the emotions, in dark or light, in blood or fire. The blank pages are your dreamless sleeping hours; and each sentence points the moral like the finger of fate.

It is the Book of Mystery—the record of

the dead and the living—its initial letters speak beginnings and the closing word of every page its endings. You can read this book from first to last, or backward from last to first. It *reveals, reveals, reveals*. The more you read, the more you learn. No two pages are alike; no two scenes are the same, yet one flowers out of the other as naturally as the rose from the bud.

It is an inspired book; inspired by Mother Nature, by the Priest of Friendship, by the God of Love, by the King of Evil.

It contains prophecies innumerable and warnings without number. Its sallies of wit conceal an element of sadness; its snatches of pathos, a strain of gladness. In the reading, your eyes travel between the lines, and up and down and right and left. The words form into things and the things become alive; even the thoughts march on in file, a long procession holding volume to volume, as an army spans a river and binds land to land.

This book was used at your christening, and will be brought forth at your funeral.

It is given to you for a plaything in your cradle and will be folded in your hands in your coffin. It is your Sacred Book—your Bible—your Bhagavat—your Ritual. It encases your prayers and your psalms. Alas! it embodies your evil thoughts and your woes.

Each letter casts a shadow, and the brightest throws the blackest. It is illuminated with its own light, and the color of the glow varies with the turning of the pages. It is written in hieroglyphics which you alone can understand—and even you puzzle over the letters, when naught but the dictionary of objectivity can help.

Study the world, that you may find its final interpretation.

PRIDE/ AND PHILOSOPHY.

It is not strange that pride is the usual vice of all young Philosophers. By young Philosophers I mean those just beginning the pursuit of a *genuine* system. The first result of ardent and earnest investigation is an increase of power, and with power comes pride. A consciousness of strength makes one teem with self-respect, or in other words an emotion which the vulgar call conceit.

To be a few inches higher than your fellow-men on the ladder, enables you to look down upon them, and alas! to despise them. We condemn self-respect, pride, self-love and self-pity, because to respect yourself is, to a great extent, to be satisfied; and to be satisfied in this sense of self-admiration, is to check all further advancement along the line of consciousness.

A respect of self is simply another way

of being proud of self, and this entire sentiment should be replaced by a something which puts the contemplation of self, in the petting, coddling, comforting way, entirely out of your thought.

Pursue a thing for its own sake—beauty—art—health—happiness, and in the pursuit after the *ideal* self-respect will be killed. Do not be alarmed, there is no danger of your going wrong in this; the object of your pursuit will save you from degradation. When you are on the chase, no one can hurt you by enticements or allurements. You will not stop to lie or to steal or to do vulgar acts. You have no time to call names or, in any manner, to lower your moral standard.

Other people will honor your concentration and the results produced by it. You have no need to contemplate yourself, or pay homage to your own soul.

Pride is an uncomfortable thing to have about one; it pricks like a paper of pins; it is easily knocked over, and it falls like lead, and in the overturning makes a noise and

attracts everybody's attention. A haughty, self-respecting person is ever sensitive lest his pride shall be hurt, and challenges the world with his satisfied gaze; which world, proceeds immediately upon the challenge to knock him down.

It is not in the least strange that the young Philosopher is proud, because an increased sense of power makes one superior, and being strong, he takes delight in manifesting this consciousness. There are two reasons for this; one is that he sees the littleness of his fellow-man as he never did before (this is right), and the other reason is that he is not yet himself sufficiently in love with the object of his pursuit (say truth) to rise above this enervating consciousness of self (this is wrong). We find ourselves only in something *outside*, never in dwelling on self *emotionally*. To dwell on self in this way is to sap your own life. This has nothing to do with self-contemplation *intellectually*, which is desirable. We prohibit emotional self-contemplation only.

Pride is an emotion, a feeling ; self-respect explains itself in its name. It is a warming up of self to self, an admiration of self for self, a gloating over, a feeding upon self. This is one of the *greatest* evils.

When the young man came to Christ and informed him in a self-complacent way, that he had kept all the Commandments from his youth up, the Master requested him to sell all that he had and follow him ; meaning, that in pursuit of the *Ideal* he should forget his own goodness.

Do not mistake us. Your final object is to find *yourself*, but you never can do it by self-admiration. As you never have seen your own face except in a mirror, you never can behold yourself except *in another*. When you gaze into the eyes of a friend you find a little image of yourself imbedded there. To find the beauty of the *subject*, you must gaze at the *object*.

Pore over self, look into self, analyze self, dissect self; but never shed one tear upon the soil of your own soul; if you do, something rank and poisonous will grow with

roots so deep, that it will take your whole *Unit of Force* to pull it out.

The true Philosopher does not carry his pride with him long. Before he enters the narrow path he is stripped naked and his pride falls first. He is allowed nothing heavy about him, and pride is heavy; he has to run, for he is after something which eludes and evades him. His eye must be steadily fixed on the object or it will escape him; and self-respect would be a fatal encumbrance. He becomes so in earnest in viewing himself in the thing that he is after that he forgets himself altogether; this proves that one who would save his life must lose it in the life of another.

The first sorrow that comes to the young Philosopher is the fall of his pride; when it has been broken he becomes a servant; and that to the very ones upon whom he formerly looked down. "He that is first shall be last." He *stoops to conquer*, and when he again holds up his head, it is for the purpose of seeing better, rather than that of looking over the hats of people.

The object of this Philosophy is *to gain power*; not that we may come down on others with crushing blows, but that we may give them a lift upward. You might stiffen your back till you walked like a heathen king, but as your strut becomes intensified your line of equipoise might be overlooked and your next position would be that of a fool in the dirt.

Save your energy for the race; you are supposed to be after something and very much in earnest. Other people will see you running and possibly they will start in too, just for the running's sake, and later on they may find an object to chase.

If you have a vestige of pride left, if your self-respect still lingers; if your self-love whimpers and whines, get rid of them *all*. They will block your way where ever you turn; and as long as you harbor these vices you will get no where. Your haughty looks will set others to laughing; and you will freeze yourself. Before you go farther strangle your pride, lest it get too heavy for you and throw you down.

WHO ARE OUR CRANKS?

What are cranks ? Who are they ? These questions are easily answered. First let me say, that there are all degrees of cranks, from absolute to comparative ; that they range from a fool to a knave and from a king down to a peasant. Let me add also, that they are dangerous every one of them, from the highest to the lowest. A crank is an unbalanced person ; by this we do not mean insane, but one whose consciousness is clouded ; he wears a veil and does not see straight ; he is cross eyed and *intrinsically* evil.

A person may be ignorant and not be a crank ; he may see but a short distance but his vision will be correct as far as it goes. He will not have a mountain-top sweep, but he can make out a horse or a dog as truly

as could Lord Bacon. Ignorance and short-sightedness do not mean crankism.

A crank has crooked sight; no matter what he sees nor how far, everything is out of gear, distorted. To be seen properly even a small thing should be consistent with itself and to the one who sees. A crank's vision is out of focus; not only his physical vision, but his mental and psychical vision as well.

The mass of humanity have a vast deal of common sense. Selfishness develops this very early. The great body of mankind adjust themselves to their environment without knowing why. They avoid spectacles and steer clear of oculists. They have a sort of horse understanding which enables them to find a stable and fodder. Selfishness is the cause of this, but it is a proper selfishness and of a different kind from that of the crank.

If the crank is not born an Egoist he very soon becomes one, for it is almost invariably the love of notoriety that leads him into eccentricities. He longs for some sort of

fame, any sort. The idea of the *love of truth for itself* has never entered his head. His first ambition is to be looked up to. He begins by becoming odd, and thus attracts notice. There is so much of the fakir about him, that he grows more eccentric as people stare. If he gets a following, he begins to believe in himself and finally concludes that he is inspired; having no balance, but only love of fame, he does more and more absurd things until the world hisses him down.

His disciples become contaminated with his *unholy* magnetism, and become lesser cranks themselves, rushing with their erratic Master to destruction.

There are religious, scientific, artistic, scholastic, dogmatic cranks; cranks of both sexes; cranks among the rich and the poor. They run after all sorts of absurdities which have no basis of reason. They like concealment and mystery; they hate the light of the sun and sense. Alas! a vast proportion are women, whose little minds dabble right and left in mysterious cults, that they may

have hobbies and fads. They bring greater cranks to their drawing rooms to lecture them on X plus nothing, and that they may drink in *words* as a toper swallows rum. They ask no questions other than, "Is it new?" "Is it strange?" They never once inquire "On what is it based?" "Is it sound?" They *abhor* logic, evidence and facts; they *adore* theories, dreams and assertions. They love one who will state to them something in positive tones with divine authority. They delight in being hypnotized by fools more foolish than themselves. They glory in the Kingdom of Fooldom and long to dwell there forever.

Talk to them in plain Saxon, and they accuse you of being rough; present them a syllogism and they dub you as dry; preach to them plain facts, and they call you common; give them experience and they banish you at once. They desire and promulgate hypotheses and theories; they stand with each foot on an assertion and shake their fists at reason.

You will find the crank on nearly every

street of every city in America, to say nothing of Europe and the Holy East. But the Arch Crank is rarer; and like the Chief Devil is slippery and evasive. He is around though, and he has one quality that the ordinary crank has not—*wickedness*; his very crankiness is abnormal self-interest and sin. Beware of the others, but very much of him; he is horned and hooved and clawed. He can hurt you with his head or his feet or his hands, even with his eyes. In fact, His Majesty the Prince of Evil, is a crank, if crookedness means anything.

You ask anxiously, "How shall we recognize those who are truly clairvoyant and honest?" By one simple rule—a *common sense* seeker after synthetic truth for truth's sake is never a crank. If he is in earnest, fame and notoriety are side issues. He is so serious that he forgets to pose; he is not sitting for his photograph, he is engaged in *living*. Life is his object, not position; he may appear cranky at times, and exceedingly absurd, but his motive, if he let you see it, will clear his name. The would-be

Sage often seems like a fool, but to *look* the crank and to *be* one, are vastly different.

"Are there no honest cranks?" you ask. Yes, a few. They are the great specialists, who have scarcely any power of *generalization*; they accomplish something in one particular line, but their vision is narrow; they see straight ahead, but they cannot look out at the sides. They have a defect of vision which the doctors find hard to cure.

The all-round Sage has eyes peering to all points of the compass. Try to "evolute" eyes; the more eyes you have, the less of a crank you will be.

ONE DAY.

In the dark we dream of the dawn and youth — divine youth — starry-eyed. We pray for the morning—and the flash—a sky warm with the bud of passion—a form soft-limbed and strong. It comes—We have prayed. It comes—morning—youth.

We stand somewhere on a high place, and thrill with our blood—and the sunrise. The bud steals' up on the sky like the promise of a fiery rose—the blood mounts to our cheeks like a prophesy of creation. But it is opening—the great flower. The sky quivers with red rapture—youth is fulfilled—passion is rising—our soul is on fire.

Alas! We stare at the sun and he puts out our eyes—the new sun—the young sun—he stabs us with needles of light till pleasure is pain. And our passion—the

flower of our youth—pierces us through and through till ecstasy weeps.

Alas! We long for the *noon*—the *climax*—the zenith. We go in the dark and wait.

Up the high path of the sky the sun triumphantly marches—and we wait in the dark. The *noon* of our life—the climax—the zenith—when glitters the mind like steel in the battle—when the heart beats time to the fight—when our muscles are hard like a rock—our nerves tense like the string of a bow.

Alas! We uncover our heads and go out at the stroke of the clock—High noon when the mass is said and the aged die—And we stare, but the sun more cruel than fate pierces us through with its darts. We are blind—struck by the light.

Alas! Our blood had grown rich—we were ripe—our muscles and nerves were tense—our heart beat time to the march of our feet—We lifted our arm, our strong right arm, and hurled the lance—It was noon—it struck at the sun in the zenith

above, and backward it flew to our heart—straight to our heart. The rose of our passion was dead—killed by our strong right arm.

We go in the dark and pray—pray for the eve and the setting sun—for the splendors that usher in night, when the stars of hope come out. We pray for the calm of our poisoned blood—for the cool of the slow heart beat—for the quiet of sleep—for comforting dreams.

Alas! the sun goes down and we stare in its face—but our eyes are gone—eaten by worms—the worm of *age*. And we fall to the ground for our limbs are weak—they shake with years. And we look within but we cannot see, for our blood is cold and thick—our heart is ice, and beats with a noise like the cracking of snow.

Alas! Alas!! But wait!!! The GODS do face the *sun*. BE GODS.



SECRET GRIEF.

You will understand it, and how impossible it is to seek sympathy anywhere. You would go to the rack ere you would tell it; torture could never force it from you. You hide it and hide it deeper and deeper for fear some far-reaching eye will pierce to the secret. It is yours, emphatically yours. Your closest friend never suspects it, or if he does he cannot divine it. Shame would paint your face redder than roses if it were dreamed of; not the shame of guilt, but the shame of shyness. You know that no mortal can comprehend it, no mortal but you; even God must be puzzled about it you are sure. It is utterly inexplicable, and simply *is* as life is. It is something so foreign to what you would tolerate in another, that you wonder that you nurse it in yourself.

It is altogether out of the Conventional, and has a close kinship to Mother Nature unpainted and unpowdered by the hand of Civilization.

It is an enigma, and yet you comprehend it in a way and feel that it is the key to yourself. Could you discover the meaning of it, you would know who you are, what you have been, and will be. Your Secret Grief is sacred; it dwells in your innermost heart where no other may enter. It puts your character in a strange light—the after-glow of a long gone past floods it, and the dawn of tomorrow gilds its edge. It is not so much something that you have done, as a something that you have felt and still feel; a something that Society says you shall not feel; that man prohibits. As if Society and man could stop the natural beat of the heart, and escape the brand of Cain.

It may be a secret love which the very secrecy sanctifies. It may be a secret hate, which God suffers. It may be an unfulfilled aspiration at which the world would laugh. It may be a memory upon which

Priests frown and God smiles. It may be a regret which grows like a tropic palm, because of your scalding tears. Whatever it is, it is not as *man* would have it, and you are satisfied. You wander in the wilderness with your Ishmael and no one sees. It is your sacred property, the text of your scripture. It is the unnatural child, dearer to the mother than the one born in wed-lock. It is the wild flower, sweeter in scent than the garden rose. It is the crystal spring, hid in the height of inaccessible mountains. It is the ocean depth which the plumb line misses. It is the star out of sight which pulls on the planets. Stop a moment! Think! Now do you *know*? Do you *understand*.

There are open secrets, honorable sorrows, respectable griefs where mourners stand about, and sympathizers swarm. There is priceless crepe, there are flowers and coffins satin-lined. The minister condoles and prays, and angels stop their ears. There are donated years when sorrows sit down in the house, well dressed in black; when com-

forters come and go, in black; when light steals into the eyes through black—respectable black—and the clock calculates the time for the wearing of black—and the seasons are ravens in black.

But one with the Secret Grief steals up to his room alone and looks out in the dark on the sky, and catching a glimpse of the moon he melts her with his eyes. The moon of flint floats in the mist—the *mist of his eyes*. He locks the door and bids his Secret Grief come forth. Her face chiseled by Destiny defiantly meets his own. She kisses him. Her form, hewn by the Fates, enfolds him. Her hair, shaded from dark to light by the ages, entangles him. Her Karmic eyes meet his and absorb them. Her teeth, hardened by time, bite with their passion his tender flesh. He writhes and quivers in throes of delicious despair. He loves her, and the more he loves the more she tortures. She melts into him and is lost again—deep—deep in his heart.

Then, calmly and unflinchingly he carries her about in the mart of trade, to church

even to his own fire-side. He talks with friends; they know not. He smiles in women's eyes and they smile back. He dances, eats and laughs. He earns gold and spends. He studies and invents. He dies. And when they try to bury him, something weighs the coffin down—the bearers stagger. The Grief is there—'tis like a stone. *He left it when he died.*

COLD DESPAIR.

A feeling of despair once felt, is ever afterward appearing in memory, somewhat as a death escaped comes back torturing like a phantom fiend. Very few on earth have drank the cup to the dregs. To drain the cup, is reserved for the elect.

Sorrow has touched you, and you call it despair. Agony has passed before you, and you name it despair. Pain has vanquished you, and you have imagined despair; but the horrid thing, the never-forgotten thing, comes *rarely*. As long as Hope casts a single ray, despair is not, for the creature glows with its own light—the lurid, sulphuric, blue glitter of hell.

Hope shrouds one in white mist through which the eyes cannot penetrate. Where Hope is, all is white mist—the fog of

illusion. But despair crawls on its belly, and lights up the night with the shine of its scales—phosphorescent like fire-flies. There are things that are light and cold. Despair is light and cold—colder than ice—colder than space—colder than the dead. To feel its touch, checks the flow of your blood, and neither the fire nor the sun can warm you. You shrink back and back into yourself, farther, farther back in search of heat—of the white heat of life. But the furnace is cold, the fire smoulders. Despair waits his chance. He bides his time. He catches Hope napping, and he freezes her; and *then*, he seizes you with his eyes. If Hope is not frozen stiff, if she be not stark and dead, she will arouse and veil your face and Despair will wander off; but Memory, like his slimy trail, will stay.

What can you do, what will you do if he appear?

“Fore warned, fore armed.”

Despair and Hope are twins, born from the same womb at the same hour. The secret sympathy between the two, you can

not fail to feel. Where one is, there the other dwells. Though Hope shrouds you in her veil until Despair is not, beware! for this illusion veil—this maze of tint and light—this many colored rainbow shroud—this cloud of bubbles and dew—this iridescent lace entwined with opals, amethysts and pearls—this dainty dream of splendor dazzling while it soothes, is but the burial shroud of truth. It is the mist upon the microscopic lens. It is the mote within the telescopic eye. It is the mask upon a woman's face. It is the fool's cap on the Sage's head.

In flying from Despair you leave fair Hope behind. Fair Hope! The aphrodite of your dreams—the golden-haired—the amber-eyed. Fair Hope! who points to something yet unseen—who smiles on something yet unknown.

Truth will have none of her, for like a harlot, she conceals within her ample skirts her brother—Cold Despair. She hides him mid the draperies and dances madly in the sun—her partner hugged close to her

breast—but when she tires and falls upon the ground asleep, sometimes alas! sometimes the dew trailed mystery of her robe is rent, and from her very vitals does her awful mate come forth. Sometimes—but you who never dance with Hope, see him not. Sorrow, agony and pain have been your guests, but Cold Despair is yet to come.

Beware! beware of *Hope*, and seek ye *wisdom*. Truth neither hopes nor fears; she understands. What she sees is *essence*, more glittering than illusion in the glare of fire, more brilliant than all the suns above, more real than Karma, more enduring than the Fates. And on the door-post of her temple there is writ in blood, "He who enters here, leaves Hope behind."

BEAUTY—ART—POWER.

What is it you desire, Beauty? What for? Is it to please a friend? Is it to win a heart! Is it to gain admiration, flattery or fame, or is it for the love of it?

The object of this Philosophy is *power*. You ask for Beauty for the reason, perhaps, that you love it, but still more for the sake of power. Now pay close attention. The sense of Beauty is in some sense the most pleasing of all the abstractions; for it is a sense and an abstraction. Beauty is that certain combination of things that appeals to us in a manner to fascinate. In this sense it is rather different from all other abstractions. The abstraction lies in the law of the combination. The same things thrown together in some other way, would be governed by another abstraction which would not be that of Beauty.

Suppose you desire this result, Beauty, in

order to please a friend, or to win a heart. What comes? Beauty, but not in the form which appeals to the heart you desire to engage. *It comes to you as you appreciate*, and fails to do the work desired. You are duped, and have missed your end. The love of *Beauty* not being the ultimate, but the love of the friend, you have neither a reward from the abstraction nor the desired heart. Alas! desolation. Your premise was wrong. To gain power from Beauty you must seek it *for its own sake*, leaving out of your mind all thought of what it will do with others, and filling yourself with the idea of what it will do with you. Out of this goes and comes *Power*. Beauty blesses you, and with the touch of the tips of her fingers, you feel the magnetic thrill. Your magic then over others comes not from your conception of Beauty, nor your passion for her, but from the added power which your *consciousness* of her bestows.

Your effect upon others comes always from a concealed power; and a love of Beauty

for itself, aids that power. Having such a devotion to the abstraction, you find it manifests in form everywhere and always congruous. Beauty is never incongruous ; she combines well and appropriately. She does not adorn her sea-nymphs in muslin ball dresses, nor her belles of the dance in a bathing suit. She puts the right thing in the right place, and makes it fit to the landscape and environment.

A woman devoted to the beautiful would endeavor to be so even on a desert where no eye, not even her own, could behold her. She would seek—all things being equal—for the adored one, and would beg her company. She would instinctively adorn herself for the Beauty's sake, even though her conception of her be different from all others ; and in this converse with the divine abstraction—harmony manifested in the *Real*—she would grow strong.

In the world no one can laugh down the Beauty lover. He is supremely happy in his divine association and smiles back on the scorner in his consciousness of power.

Do you desire Art? What for—for whom? If for another, to gain by it, to hold another, your quest is vain; but if your motto is, "Art for Art's sake," pray on. Like Beauty, Art is an abstraction growing out of combination. It has a meaning, subtle, and its own. It includes *consistency* and congruity. But Beauty is not necessarily its divine consort.

Art brings holy satisfaction, in fact a species of ecstasy; but the rapture is different from that of Beauty or Love. There is a sense of the dual nature of Truth about Art, which is not found in the glamour of Cupid. In the trail of Art is a stream of blood—on the brow of Art is the shadow of hate—in the eyes of Art is the lust of life.

Art like a white star, twinkles in all tints—fire which burns heaven's blue and blackness. Art is master of heaven and hell—he soars to the zenith and dives to the center. He is awful—he is sweet—he appeals to the worst and the best in you. He is a God, all-sided. He fires you with the lust of a fiend, and inspires you with



the love of an angel. He tempts you to the low, and beckons you to the high. Splendid! magnificent! he stands on the rock-granite foundation of earth, and lizards crawl over his feet. But the towering head rears itself into the cold spaces where feeling is lost in intellect and fear in knowledge. The heat of the planet's internal fires warm him—the cold of the sky's chilling ethers freeze him—Art the *terrible*—Art the *divine*.

Would you know him, touch him—kneel at his feet? Let me whisper a secret—only for his own sake, will he have you—*only for his own sake*—And more, while you crawl near his skirts and pick flowers, he is likely to tread on your form. He will think you a worm. Rise up. Stand near, and measure stature with him. Though he towers to the stars, stand near. *Dare thou to stand*; and gazing on him thou wilt grow taller—taller—elbow to elbow—shoulder to shoulder—taller—taller—neck to neck—head to head—eyes to eyes.

Power—Beauty—Art—Power!

SPIRITS AND DEVILS.

We have a good deal to say on this subject, and what we do not put into words may be easily read *between* the lines. In the first place, to go spirit hunting is *bad* business, unless—here we make a dash—, for there are conditions.

If you have the scientific mind, which is nothing other than one bent on knowing for the knowing's sake; if you are sure of yourself, you may search after ghosts. Anything you can find in the Universe is a good thing, if it comes to you in the form of a *hard fact*. Do not congratulate yourself; it is possible that you have not as yet evolved the scientific mind.

But wait a moment, there is another condition; perhaps you have lost a friend—one very much loved; that the living

without him is a long agony; possibly you have not gone far enough in philosophy to understand the full meaning of this, so you call him to come to you—out of the darkness—out of the unseen—if only the *vapor* him—that you may know his breath on your cheek—cold like the wind of winter, but *his*. Have you the right to this—you have.

The “touch of the vanished hand” will set you singing again; only—know this, that where you head, *there is danger*. In the wet where the lilies grow, the devil is hid; those pale ghost lilies spring from the slime where the wallowing snake lies low.

In the seance room, His Majesty sits, where the horse-shoe circle divides. He pays no money and laughs in his scarlet sleeve when you pay yours. Respectable ghosts stay away, all SPIRITS except himself—all. If as savant you seek for a ghost, keep clear of the seance room where a fee is paid. And more, look out for the unseen guest who laughs in his scarlet sleeve. If you seek for the loved

and lost, keep clear of the seance room for they *never* come that way.

His Majesty cheats you again in the guise and form of a bride or a friend. Some day we will tell you how. Satan goes round disguised as a ghost, and devils both great and small emerge from the curtained box—*unseen* but *real*.

DEATH—WHAT OF IT?

“If I should die,” you say, “If I should die just at the moment when I have learned to live, what good? Philosophy is for life, *life*—but *death*! What has the frozen corpse, embalmed, shrouded, boxed, to do with truth? The charnel-house is a dreary place; the grave is foul; even the mausoleum, touched up with gold, is a lonesome spot. “If I should die—what then?”

Philosophy is for life, we still reiterate, *for life*; nor do we deny that death is stalking up and down the world to meet even you—*you*. Some day the wind will blow—colder than ever before—it will lay you low, and transform you into a fallen statue. The breath of Death! more chill than the winds of the Arctic—Death! He has a twin

brother—sleep—a zephyr of him, yet bleak. He lowers your pulse and lays you down and closes your eyes.

Where does 'Truth sit while you sleep? Have you watched the sea when the tide is low—have you heard it sigh in its dreams?

You sleep, and the tide of your life goes down—down to the ebb—and you sigh in your dreams; but 'Truth never closes her eyes; she watches through night and day—and she smiles when you sigh—when the sea sighs.

When you die you will grow so cold that you will forget to breathe—your brain will be frozen hard—your lungs will turn to ice—you will even forget to think—to love. But wait! Philosophy, garbed in the robes of 'Truth will watch the tomb for three long days, till the butterfly breaks the cocoon; till the seed bursts open its husk; till the chick is hatched from the egg; *till the tide begins to rise*; till the stone is rolled away and the *Christ comes forth*.

Remember that death is the soil of life

and life is the despair of death. Remember you enter the womb to come out; you come out to return again. What manner of man goeth in, cometh out; what manner of man cometh out, Philosophy knows. She meets her own at the gate of birth, and walks by his side to the gate of death. Three days in the tomb—three days.

When you wake from sleep, you take up the thread and weave it into the warp where it dropped the night before; if you find it knotted—Alas! you left it so. When you wake from the ebb-tide of death and open your eyes in the realms of self, you pick up your thread and weave again where you ceased to weave the night before. If knotted—Alas! you left it so.

O loved ones do you not see that the silken cord never breaks; you pick it up, now here, now there, and you spin, and spin, and spin, like the sisters of fate. You spin as the spider spins, and fasten yourself to the web. You spin with the *silver cord*, as fine as a silken hair, as strong as the fiber of life.

The fabric you weave hangs high twixt this and the other world. 'Tis a veil of gossamer stuff, perfect on either side. You look through its meshes without—you look through its meshes within—now standing in front in the cold—now standing behind in the heat. 'Tis an endless veil—and you spin, and spin, and spin—but what do you spin?

The genius seeks his muse and kneels at her feet—"O muse! One look from thee—that I may know eternity."

You who die, remember *Philosophy*—your muse! She closes your eyelids in sleep, and sits at your side the long night through. Dawn comes in, you open your eyes, your questioning looks melt into hers. She has watched through the night with steady gaze. She saw the stars come up and the moon dip into the sea. Her glance swept the spaces and comprehended the drama of earth. She saw Love's rhapsody and Hate's gore. She beheld sorrow, weeping and pain writhing. She watched the Mother in the pangs of child-birth and the sufferer on his

bed of death. All this time you breathed softly—your pulse was low—*you slept*.

When death touches you and the wind blows cold, your muse *stands firm*. She wraps you in her cloak and lays you out. She braces herself against death as a single will defies the universe. She faces the Arctic winds. She sets her teeth, and for three days challenges hell. Out upon her leap the devils of Inferno. She stands fast. Calmly you sleep on—as calmly as the plant sleeps under the snow.

Your muse calls heaven to help her—the saints—the cherubs—the seraphs—the angels—the arch-angels—*God*. She dares with her eyes the terrible glitter of the dog star. She shifts her gaze to the awful flash of Arcturus. She appeals to the majesty of Orion. She draws on the fires of the Pleiades. She summons the combined forces of Hercules. She faces all heaven. Her soul drinks at the firmament—and *you sleep on*.

When the Sage of Athens drank the hemlock his muse shuddered, but stood firm.

When the heart of Christ broke, his muse wept, but lived on. When death meets you, your muse will conquer hell, and face the eternal fires. *Fear not.*

NATURE'S JEST.

Our whimsical old Mother Nature is apparently a great jester. So it would seem from the expression of her face, but beware! She may be more in earnest than you imagine.

Madame Beauty stands before her mirror and weeps bitter tears as she drapes herself in rags, but Poverty, off in the corner, laughs and laughs. It is a pitiful picture, but not to Poverty, who laughs and laughs. Beauty might pose for Venus naked—but now! Ha! Ha! How Poverty laughs! There stands the idol of men in the sunlight, with hair that wreathes her round and round—magic hair! so electric that a glint of fire is in it—perfumed hair! Nature's own aroma!

But where is the jeweled barb with which

to fasten it? Beauty is too poor! and her eyes! Tears make them brighter as dew freshens the roses! Her white breast is but half covered—Alas! the rags are rent where the skin is softest, where the cold strikes coldest.

Poor Beauty! She is honest—no daub of rouge, nor puff of powder, nor roue's kiss has touched her, only the wind nipping at her ears, and her shoulders and her pink finger-tips. Her tears freeze in her dimples, she has forgotten to smile, but Poverty laughs—laughs till the wind is lost in her voice—laughs till the sound of the church bell is drowned—laughs till the city's roar is faint—and Beauty stares in her bit of glass, which is lit with the flash of her eyes.

Is Nature playing a joke, or is she adjusting the scales?

Madame Ugliness sparkles with gems. They shine in her ears—gross ears that gather scandals and lies, as the pitcher plant gobbles the flies—they shine round her neck, gaunt like the arm of a sycamore tree—wrinkled and old—they shine in her hair

where it clings to her head, as moss in patches sticks to a stone. They shine on her fingers, knotted like claws and destined to scratch—scratch. She is swathed in satin and silk as a mummy is swathed; bound and banded and draped till her cracking bones, and her shrunken flesh and her bosomless chest are rigid and stiff.

She fears to gaze in the glittering lake, she dreads the mirror and shining pool, she shuns reflecting eyes. Wealth stands by and sneers—wealth, her consort, secretly sneers and jingles his money-bags. She is so ugly he covers her up with things of beauty, and sneers; he piles on more and more and sneers and sneers.

But what of Nature—the Wise? Does she jest when she brings forth Beauty and sends her adrift with rags on her back, while hugging Ugliness close to her breast where the rich milk flows?

Ah! Beauty! thy rags but *emphasize thee*—the white of thine arms, the pose of thy limbs. Thine hair is thy robe. The sun is thy love. Thou holdest thy glass.

But Ugliness—thou? Can Nature balance the scale where beauty is weighed? She loads on the silks, the satins, the furs; she heaps on the rubies and gold, she piles in the diamonds, the emeralds, the pearls, and yet, even yet, Beauty is heavy, gold is a feather, the jewels a speck. And Nature, despairing, goes down to the sea, she dives for more jewels, and more, she digs into earth and brings up more treasure and more. She slaughters the beast and the bird, she tears off the hide and the plume, but Ugliness crouches, light as the skin of a fish, while Beauty outbalances all.

Ah! Nature! you jest, unless time and causes long gone can be caught to weigh down things as they seem.

YOUR FRIEND.

Is he hateful today—think of tomorrow, remember last week. Is he scowling, recall his smile. Has his tongue twisted itself into harsh words—forget not the sweet ones you have caught from his lips.

Do your friend justice. Place him on the scale of your own conjuring and weigh yourself with him. Perhaps after all he is heavier, a better man than you. When you judge another make two columns in your mind, the pros and cons. Reckon them up as you would a sum, and subtract one result from the other. If there is more good than bad—more that is delightful than repellant—more sweetness than gall, hold fast to him forever. You have found a jewel, one with a flaw to be sure, but a jewel. It is not

paste nor pebble, but a gem. It will flash in a comparatively dark place, brighter than in the sunshine. Wear it on your breast, and look into the glass when the light is dim. But if the balance is against him, if the cons outweigh the pros, avoid him. He may shine for another, but not for you. By no amount of polishing can you make a diamond of him, or a ruby, or a pearl. Another may, but not you.

Never let your heart deluge your head, when friendship comes your way. The head must be above tears and smiles—in clear cold air—where it can think.

The heart is a fountain whose stream flows forever, warm and gushing. You can not stop it nor would you. But keep your head high, that you may see clearly, to turn the course of the waters where the flowers of friendship can best grow. It is better to overlook a field of ice with cold judging eyes, than to raise a crop of weeds in a soil watered by tears.

Be just to your friend and you will deal squarely with yourself. Await his coming

—It may be a long time ere he appears—
You can afford it—wait.

Jewels are not used for side-walks, nor stars for street-paving. You may find the pearl in the oyster you would eat, possibly at the retailers. Be sure it is a pearl before you set it. If it is precious conceal it, for there are thieves about. If it is luminous hide it, for it might dazzle some one else.

Your friend is your own—not anothers—in *that* which makes him yours; otherwise go friendless, and live with the birds, the mountains and the sky. In nature some aspect of *you* is concealed, find that.



THE ONE THING.

Man wearies of everything save *one*. He plucks the flower he has striven after, inhales its perfume and withers with it. Every thing tires him, even the most loved. When the flame goes out, he finds ashes—black and gray. No outer splendor holds his eye long. He turns wearily from the vale to the mountain, and again from the mountain to a star. In the face of the star he closes his eyes. *He is tired*, even of the smile of his loved friend. At times he would fly from it. He wearies of the days of his youth—He throws no kiss after them—He is glad they have gone—He wearies of his prime and seeks to escape it, into the easy chair of age. He wearies of old age, and of the old clothes which alone suit it. He makes his own coffin while yet alive. He drives the nails himself, and longs to lie down therein, even before he dies. He is tired—surfeited with everything.

This is the natural man, the man of rhythm. He rubs off the down from the peach and eats it—He wins a heart to trample it—All because he is tired. Because the demon—change—has told but half his story, shutting its mouth in the midst of the tale.

But the One Thing—What of the One Thing? Is there somewhere a bird of paradise whose feet never touch the earth? Is there a gem that charms the eye to flash ever? Is there a flower that excites one to ecstasy by its breath? Is there a song that one sings always? Is there a land where the grass never withers? Alas! no. The One Thing is subtle and mighty—It dwells out of sight. No eye has beheld it nor ear heard its voice. Philosophy—Truth—fascinating as the Ideal, faithful as the Real, ready at all times every where to fit change to change—as the lapidary fits gem to gem—linking incident to incident, mood to mood, hour to hour, day to day, year to year with the goldsmith's art. Of IT—This power which ties and binds, holds and con-

nects, fits and matches—you never weary. The mood may worry you, the day may exhaust you, but the art to adapt and link them, is the Master Creative Art—the *magic* power, which if once you feel, will reveal the ONE THING.

The charm of conquering, solving, blending, combining, is the charm of God. It is the power which adapted Earth to the Sun and Venus to Mars. It is the potency which patterns the constellations and spangles the sky with starry designs. This master power of adjusting our moods and our hours one to another—this art of swaying to environment, has in its essence the charm of the new—The ecstasy of creation—This *Art* is the Philosopher's own. The normal man knows nothing of it—He is forever tired—but the Sage smiles at prosperity, and goes with it, as man does with woman even to the precipice of adversity, where he smiles again and ties a knot—He has bound the two firmly like husband and wife, and he blesses them both. The Philosopher bares his head to the gale and lets

the wind's sharp fingers tear at his blowing hair—He suffers the knives of ice to prick to his bones—He tests himself on the grindstone of fate—and finds the *new*.

Each morn a new sun peers over the borders of dawn—Each eve a new splendor melts into the bosom of the night—Each day is a virgin immaculate, who conceives and gives birth to a Christ. A mystery appalling, but sweet, challenges the Wise with each fresh beat of his heart, for to him is given the *One Thing*—the *power to Create*.

All other men tire. They sicken with the stench of the *old*, the fetid, the stale. They shrink from the same dull colors and shapes—the picture comes back at each turn of the wheel—*the same*. They start at familiar sounds, the shriek of the whistle, the roll of the drum—the same from cradle to grave—the same—But the Sage! He touches the old—A Philosopher's touch—as soft as the falling of snow—the kiss of a friend—and lo! the *new*.

THE DEVIL.

He is out of fashion. He went off the stage with Jonathan Edwards and men of his cult. The masters of the "new theology" have not fist enough to shake at his phantom, so they deny him. They stand in their pulpits and preach goodness, love, music, flowers, paradise. They believe in an eternal heaven of splendors without the "great white throne." They have banished the angels and the harps, and they give you Nature (when she smiles). The storms they ignore. When the wind blows they become as deaf as stones—They hear nothing. When it is cold, they sit over their church furnaces and declare it is warm. They are

as one-sided as the moon. If they have another face, they conceal it. This is "namby-pamby." It is gush.

We face facts. We believe that everything has two sides. If there is an up, there is a down. If there is a white, there is a black. We know very well that lilies thrive in mud, and roses in decay. We have seen the cat eat the mouse and the dog kill the cat. Insects destroy trees, and elephants tread on worms. We are also aware that man builds his ladder to fame out of dead bodies, and climbs to the stars to the tune of dying shrieks. The sea fish gorge themselves with one another, the air fiends in the shape of birds dive out of heaven after helpless victims.

You may call the Devil by whatever name you choose, *evil is a fact* or good could not be. We believe in the *Pairs*—the *Parallels*. Life and death go arm in arm. Pain and pleasure are close linked. Heaven is on the verge of hell. God implies the Devil. We believe he takes a thousand forms, a *million*, a *billion*. He is not con-

fined to hoofs and claws. Like that of Good his coat is "many-colored."

We have told you to practice. We have spoken emphatically, and you ask with reason—"On what?" On the Devil. He is the best muscle developer known. He can put you through a regular course. He will teach you to aim a straight blow and hit between the eyes. To be sure you will be knocked down over and over again, but get up. To lie and groan is to give him a chance. You must be quick, as quick as he is. You will grow as strong as a Greek athlete, and be ready for the ring on all occasions. He does you a good turn in giving you the chance. In time you will glory in your own strength as a young man does. In fact the Devil is mightily afraid of the Philosopher, he prefers the nervous man, one who loses his head.

Philosophy is the "*bete noire*" of the Arch Fiend. He fears naught else than that. There is a smile on the Sage's lip that makes his majesty shrivel. There is a steadiness in the wise man's eye that galls

even the Devil. He is sarcastic, but the Philosopher is more so—and when the fire fights fire, you know the outcome.

So then we accept him, as we do the other side of heaven, for the inner implies the outer—The height the depth.

THE PAIRS.

One's illusions vanish one after another ; what today we deem real tomorrow will be a dream. We are building day after day upon the shifting sand, and the tide comes up and washes the shining bits away. Hopes fondly cherished break like bubbles or drown our hearts in tears.

By and by our eyes will be dry, no tears will come, and we will stare dimly and straight ahead into vacancy, to see nothing, not even an illusion. Then upon all men we will smile a ghastly smile, hoping for, believing in, wanting *nothing*. At this point we reverse and look in. Something appears, some one, and that appearance, that one makes the illusion plain. This appear-

ance which looks into our eyes is the *Real*, the everlasting mate of the *Unreal*.

Had you not dreamed—Had you not suffered—Had you not sobbed on your pillow at night alone—alone—Had you not longed and longed when the stars came out—Had you not begged the grass-blades to speak to you, and the leaves to whisper to you—Had you not looked on the back of your friend whose eyes were turned elsewhere—Had the sky not rained on you, and the sea sought to clutch you—Had the mirage not come nor the dim island faded, the *Real* would have failed.

Mortal man goes on and on, plodding and plodding; he eats, he drinks, he sleeps, *alas! he does not dream*. His wife makes his bed and his bread. The beasts in his yard are his kin. *He dies*. No castle ever faded out of his sky. No bird with fire-tinted wing flew over his head; and the *Real*—the *face* he has failed to see.

When you have drank the wine down to the dregs—When the golden bowl breaks—When love flies off to the moon—When

the blood congeals and will not flow, and Beauty flaunts her hair in your face, *look in*.

The bank must need follow the fickle river, the inconstant river, but on the bank the water-rushes grow. Ah! the meandering stream. Ah! the constant shore and the water-rushes. When drowning in the cruel river, forget not the shore and the faithful reeds. Wet and dripping you seek refuge deep within the rushes—*deep* within the rushes.

Drenched in the fog of illusion you rush inland and look into a pair of *faithful* eyes. I have brushed the cob-webs from mine forever, the spider's web, and now I see straight to the heart of a star. But to my friend I am a mystery. Now and again he *hates* me, and yet he loves me too. He turns here and there for something better; he tries to go; he lies to himself, *but he comes back*.

Look well to the opposites. The Pairs are faithful. The dream, the illusion, is the other half of the Real. It shimmers like the light on the sea—It goes and comes like

the moon—It lives and dies like ripe corn,
but the arc of heaven which Iris bears in
her hands, overshadows her *never*. Iris
still brings news from heaven and tells the
tale of Zeus.

ADONAI.

To invoke Adonai is to call upon that in your universe of consciousness which is akin to the ecstasy of love, by no means a physical, but a purely spiritual emotion. You call out of yourself, into your consciousness, the charm and holy glamour of being. You throw yourself, by an effort of will, into a state where soul is manifested in its beauty, as the flowers display the sex-charm of plants. You call up from the depths of soul its melody, for soul in its most gracious form is music, the singing as it were of the bird to its mate.

To invoke Adonai is to enter the world of variety where habit is abandoned, drudgery forgotten, and conventionality is no more. All things *common* are hid from view. It is the world of form, of sound, of languor, and of dream. It is the world of haze and

splendor — the illumined — the shadowy. Here time ceases, the past melts away, the future is unforeshadowed.

You ask, "Is Adonai a spirit, a Being?" We answer, there is a Being, there are Beings who revel in this Paradise, who hear these sounds and see these sights — Beings who dwell forever in a dim glory softened by a veil such as fell over Isis — Beings whose sight is clouded by tears of rapture, more entranced than those who smile — Beings who hear voices echoing back and forth along the spaces of Heaven — Beings who see tender colors when their eyes are closed, and one of them the Mystics call Adonai.

Life that throes and throes till each throb sings — Life born out of continence till every nerve is thrilling with its own identity, is the spell which Adonai weaves upon himself till he twines his form in rainbows and flashes light from his deep eyes, even as the sun throws flame.

Adonis kissed too much by Venus drags his wings — Adonis free soars upward.

"Can we" you ask, "Can we as Mystics invoke Adonai?" We answer, unless you do, you are doomed to see, to face and struggle with the *common place*. Crude ugliness will strike you hour after hour hard blows—The soul of things will be hid, and only the half of every story will be told—Your nostrils will be greeted by bad smells—Your eyes with ugly sights—Your ears will hear revolting sounds—The barren wash-day grayness of the world will stare you in the face—Your friends will unveil all their petty faults, the very pimples on their foreheads will stand out—The great beyond in them will be boxed up in illshaped skulls—Their tongues will say rough things and lap coarse food—*Ordinary*, all ordinary.

You have no power to discern what they have brought to you, what they yet will bring—You measure but the size of their shoes, and count the spots on their clothes—You have no gift for looking back nor seeing far ahead—You are marching in the ranks where grease and oil besmirch the



hands of artisans—You smell of lumber, of fresh fish and blood—You toil till sweat soaks through your clothes, and gazing up you think it rains.

Your mother is a woman who breeds and nurses young—Your father is a man who gloats and drinks—Your brothers kill live things, and laugh—Your sisters stuff rag dolls—Your wife courts your stomach—And gnats and insects suck your blood. You have no heaven nor hell. *You serve the common place.*

But lo! how this doth change when you besiege the pearly gates of your own heart, and to the *half truth* add the *other half*. Does he come in the sunlight of morning or the sunlight of evening—It matters not. Does he look down from the zenith or up from the depths—What difference? Does he appear without or within—Who cares? He is Adonai the Beautiful! With him you get the full meaning—the illumination—the glory. When you see him, your feet scorn the earth—When you hear him, you answer back.

Venus adores and yet fears him, for he scatters light as he moves, and the flashes heat and thrill you. His countenance beams even though veiled, and his eyes pierce and transfix you. All things seen through the mist of him are beautiful. Beside each leaf on the tree is another like silver, which the sun turns to gold.

To invoke Adonai is not always to bring him. . Oft times he is taken by force like the kingdom of heaven. If he will not come by your wooing, plunge down in yourself and drag him out of the depths, for he may be asleep.

Beware of the common place. Better look into heaven one moment and down into hell the next, than to set your house in strict order, starch up your linen, and eat for the palate.

Beware of the common place—That mood where you yawn and stretch, and hunt out your aches and pains as old people do, who gloat over sores and decay. Beware of scavengers, buzzards and flies.

MAGIC.

You may follow Christianity to the yawning grave, you may suck the breast of Buddhism dry, and yet miss Magic—an Aphrodite poising on the foam of the sea.

The magician can subtract glamour from the heart of things ; he can manipulate combinations—he can balance on foam. Out of himself comes a magnetism which envelops and transforms environment. As love turns hell into heaven, so the magician plays at his art.

Nature covers the woman's skeleton with voluptuous curves of flesh—She spreads a pond of slime with water-lilies—She bids exquisite ferns to peep from ghastly crevices—She paints the sky at the brink of the desert—*sometimes*—when the mood is on

her—*sometimes*. She touches up the vulture in the empyrean, till he has the majesty of a heaven sent messenger—She glitters in the purity of the gull till he rivals a white-throated angel—On winter she breathes, and brings hot splendor out of snow and fire out of ice.

Magic never goes naked—She is as real as the soul of woman, but she drapes herself as did Isis. Her eyes look at you through the veil of her hair—her limbs gleam but from the meshes of a net—She has the art of the spider; she catches and holds, but unlike it she never devours you.

Her food is the pollen of flowers, her drink is the dew on their breasts.

Truth is truth, but she is sometimes non-committal. Whatever she bestows is *one* aspect of her—not all. Veiled in glamour she gives you her smile, and bewitches, tantalizes, lures, and bewilders. Her form is clear-cut and awful, like the scars on the brow of Olympus, but her smile is myriad and seen through a veil.

Mystery and Magic are some way related.

The half known transfixes you—its spell pierces you, like the glance of a wise man's eyes. The mystery of the moon is in Magic—The side which you wonder about is the half that charms. If the satellite turned, Love's dream would vanish.

We hear strange rumors of Adepts in Thibet and the fakirs in India. We have read fairy tales about the miracles of Christ, and the wonder working of Mahomet. We are familiar with the account of the birth of Gautama, and the magic of Moses. In the face of it all we would tell you, that this is as the blowing of a soap bubble compared with the mystery of the seed or the passion of the plant.

Nature is a hypnotist and a magician. She arrests the busy man in his round of work, and holds him spell-bound before a growing grass blade—She stops the devotee of science on his road to fame, and bewitches him with the remains of a mastodon—She glitters in the scalpel of the surgeon, and flashes on the edge of the dissecting knife—She rouges the consumptive's cheek, and

tantalizes Esculapius with microbes—She tempts the diver to risk the jaws of the shark, and turns the ill of the oyster into pearls—She foils the explorer with her North Pole, and entices the aeronaut to a pitiful rivalry with the chick-a-dee.

The poet is her victim par excellence. He sees things through the mist of his own eyes—a trait from nature by the terrible law of heredity. He is eternally hypnotized and walks about in a dream. Nature's spell is on him from birth to death, and he, as her true child, shines by his own light. He is not a planet but a lesser sun, that warms itself at its own fire. He generates heat and radiates it from his eyes and fingers. Cold people sit at his feet, as beggars lie out in the light. The rabble follow him as the poor followed Christ. They touch his skirts and warm their bodies in electric heat. Like the magician of India, he draws an ignorant crowd, who know nothing except that he is warm. Each word of his is a spark, which sets something on fire. He is rich with smiles, that tickle the half-dead nerves, and

metaphors that shock the heart to renewed life. He moves in a glory like the column of fire, and he casts a shadow like the fallen cloud. He is Ariel captured by Earth. He is a god wedded to woman.

But what of Venus Urania, who makes matches in heaven, and kindles her heart at the shrine of Vesta. What of the love that blends souls rather than bodies, and creates her children in celestial spaces on the down pillows of ether? What of the splendor of Eden, when the gods walked in the garden, and the serpent lay hid in the glitter of his own skin? Even yet magic eyes sweep the horizon, where the sky lies softly on the breast of the sea. Even yet, on the altar of Vesta, burn the sacred fires. Even yet, the loves of paradise hold the sun in its place—and the moon.

Would you know the art of Magic? Would you discover the magician in yourself and wake him out of sleep? Retire within, far back, away from things seen by the natural eye; and the long-lashed lids of a spirit's orbs will unloose—when, lo!

the land of dream! the realm of memories stored by the ages *in you*. But look—still farther back, to the magic region of ice and storm and snow, when the world, like a cold corpse, lay wrapt in her icy shroud—you, *you* were there. Or into those tropic regions where strange plants grew, watered by mists, heated by a seething immensity of sun—you were there. Or, if your eyes weary with wonder, and the fringed lids drop, listen! Hark with the ears of a spirit—backward—down the aeons of time. Listen to the crashing of the avalanches of the terrible ice period, when chaos roared as the captain shouts in a storm at sea. Listen to the strange note of a long-lost bird that lived in the days of a terrible sun. Listen to the voice which spoke to you, ere Christ traveled the banks of the Galilee, or Caesar mastered the spirit of Rome. *It is speaking still.*

Magic!! Away with the fakir fraud, who gives you a lie for a paradox—while truth is truth. Away with the mummary of a false act and a sham occultism—while the Phil-

osopher's stone exists. Away with the devil's cauldron or the craft of priests—while the great laboratory of nature, manipulated by the witches of science, is seething with the heat of *divine* alchemy.

Would you be a magician, stir up the smoldering coals at your own fireside. Begin to burn. Feel your blood hot in your veins. Warm yourself with memories of sun-tinted dreams. *Pray—pray—pray* at the shrine of the Sphinx.

