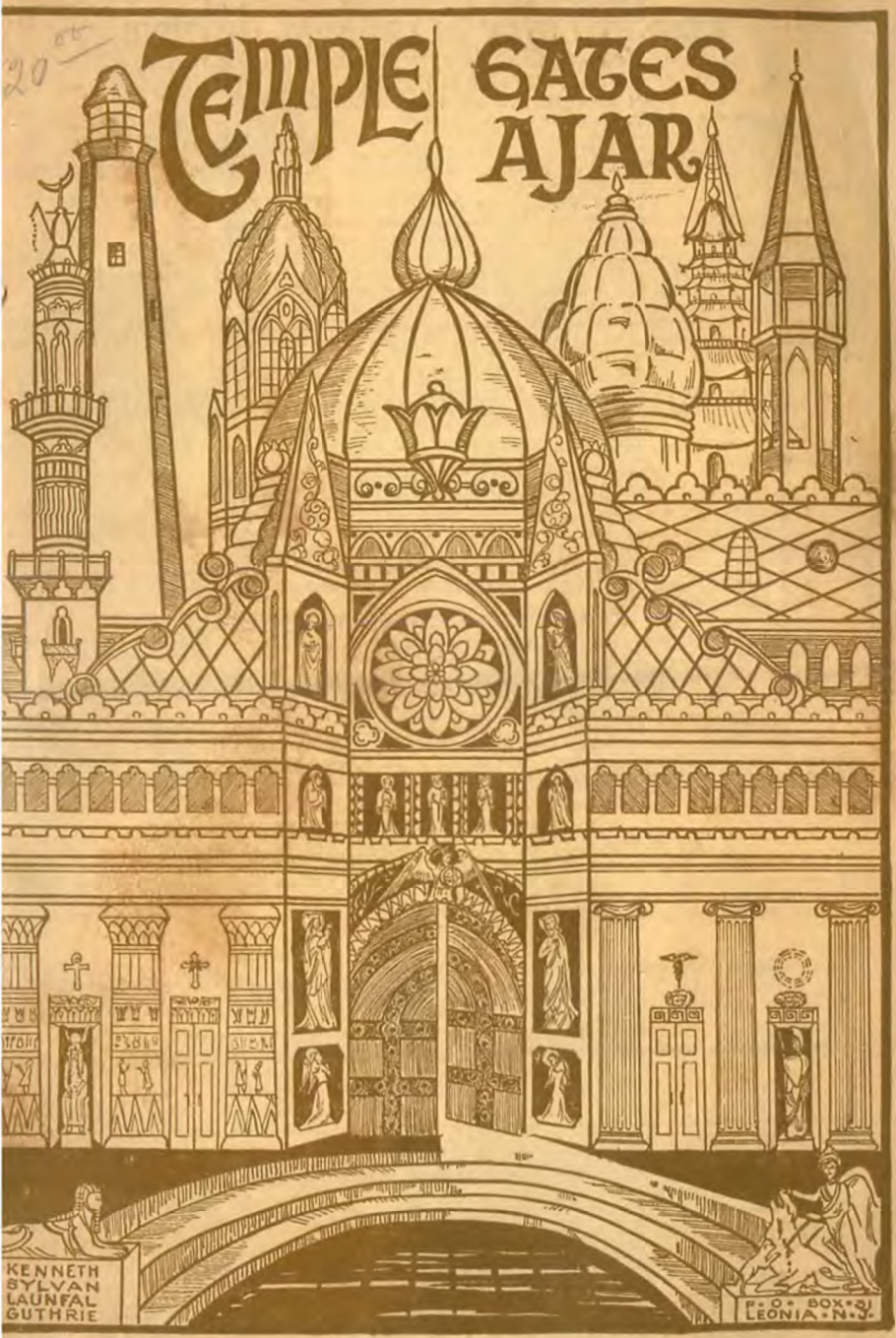
# TEMPLE GATES AJAR



KENNETH SYLVAN LAUNFAL GUTHRIE

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## EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION of JAMBLICHUS, ? 280 — 333 A.D.

### I. BIOGRAPHY

From Eunapius and Suidas we learn he studied under Anatolius and Porphyry, but continued to reside in his home town till his death. He is generally given the title of "the divine," in the same manner as Plato, "to whom, as the acute Emperor Julian remarked, "he was posterior in time only, and not less in Genius." Discussions of his work may be found in Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics, (Bk. III, Ch. IV, p. 100), Whittaker's Neoplatonists, p. 121, and McClintock and Strong Cyclopedia article.

### MESSAGE of JAMBLICHUS

Evidently Jamblichus's chief significance lay in furnishing the golden link between God and Man's world, till then childishly ignored or neglected. Secondly, God must be utilized for man's development, final happiness, and the "salvation of the world," which are Jamblichus's objects. Third, this can be achieved only through experientialism: rites and prayers. This is called "theurgy," the sole path to exaltation, the heaven-given method by which the wise and holy may achieve, knowledge, power and happiness. In other words, the philosopher must become a priest, or vehicle of the divinity.

### ADVANCE OVER PORPHYRY

Masquerading as the Egyptian priest Abammon (which acknowledges the primacy of the Egyptian religion), Jamblichus answers point by point each of his teacher Porphyry's objections to mystic rites, in his "De Mysteriis," in which he vindicates the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Assyrians.

### ADVANCE OVER PLOTINUS

By accusing Plotinus of being theoretical, Jamblichus's advance was twofold: first, theological, in subdividing the Trinity unto subordinate triads, — intellectual, intelligible, and mental, each hierarchically transmitting the divine power to man and the world, forming an "ennead," or nine-group. The psychological advance was in rescuing the ecstasy from Plotinus's epileptic attacks, by underlaying it with a psychological explanation, method and results.

### BACK TO PYTHAGORAS

Having thus refuted Plotinus's theoretical-epilepsy, established universal linking, stupidity and futility of reconciling two middle-men, Plato and Aristotle, Jamblichus points backward to their acknowledged source, Pythagoras (in his "Protrepticus"). Here are revealed the allegorical Pythagorean secrets, which to Jamblichus seem to endorse his own message: "Passion-conversion for the salvation of the Universe!"

### JAMBLICHAN DIVINE HIERARCHY

While our modern Spiritualists lump all beings beyond in one class, Jamblichus was careful to perpetuate the old Greek Hesiod distinction between Gods, Daemons or Guardians, Heroes or Demi-Gods, and incorporeal Souls. The Gods manifest uniformly. The Daemons, who are terrible, variously. Archangels are both awful and mild, while the Angels are gracious. Gods confer health and achievements. Principalities confer temporal advantages. Archangels and Angels give only subordinate endowments. Heroes stimulate to noble actions. Pure souls have encouraging salutary influence.

### INTELLIGENT CHOICE OF GOVERNORS

What is the use of this Knowledge of the principles, or orders of existence of the Universe? As if we desire to progress, we are inevitably led by some principle or other higher than ourselves, it lies in our discretion intelligently to choose which shall be our director, and to adapt the ritual methods best suited to that special "governor". This is explained in the following poem.

JAMBLICHUS'S "MASTERS" Guide,
Since man, if he would grow, must have some
Which 'master' he shall have, can he decide?
"This will depend," says he, "on your deserts:
" 'Tis your own prayer that hell to heaven converts!"

### PSYCHOLOGICAL SECRET

Freud's Psychoanalysis seems to be no more than a modern interpretation of Jamblichus's foundation. Taking as elements the human passions, such as anger, they can be rescued from crime-expression only by the pacification of an upward conversion, to participation in divinity. How may this conversion be effected? By the vicarious experience of watching dramas or participating in rituals; by dreams and prayers. The sanative instruction of sympathetic observation of tragedies is limited to externalities, while the more direct internal achievements can be imaged only in sacred spectacles, ceremonies and direct tests. They are then remedies leading to liberation, by sympathy acquiring higher courses of life and energies, leading to becoming super-men. The best means then to achieve any spiritual gift is to practice it in a "theurgic" ritual; every rite, therefore is a school of miracles, or is a potential miracle, or "enthusiasm," or "entheasm."

### DREAMS AS LINK WITH DIVINITY

While dreams (as in the Bible) are the most direct means of communication between divinity and man, they are not voluntary, alas. They may be sought by sleeping in temples, however. Dreams may be predictive (of which Jamblichus gathers historical cases), or curative (as in Aesculapius temple-sleep), or revelative (as in Mysteries). The explanation is that, "by abstraction from control by the lower self, as in sleep, the soul's nobler part is thus united to the higher nature, and becomes a participant in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the Gods."

### PRAYER AS MOTIVE

Invocation consists of translating the emotions, or passion-material into the higher word-form, demanding intellectual analysis and formulation, producing illumination. So prayer effects the contact, supplications (emotionalized mental objects) by intimate converse lead to their object, similitude with the divine perfection later achieved. While rituals are dependent on cooperations of other people prayer is available by all even in private; hence it is the most accessible remedy, a converter.

### FOUNDER OF EXPERIENTIALISM

Recapitulating Jamblichus's message, it will be seen that he laid the psychological foundation for the Egyptian tradition of experiential religion, by Hartmann (in his Pronaos of the Temple) traced from Hermetism through Neoplatonism, to Medieval Philosophy as summarized by Cornelius Agrippa, the Adepts (Flamel, St. Germain, Cagliostro), the Rosicrucian documents, Boehme and Paracelsus to Guthrie's Catholic Theosophic Rosicrucianism.

# WESTERN THOUGHT FOR WESTERN PEOPLE—1

## INSPIRATIONAL ILLUMINATION

of Thomas Lake Harris

(My. 15, 1823—Mch. 23, 1906)

### I. AS SEER

While Swedenborg in Sweden and England, and Andrew Jackson Davis in Poughkeepsie were great seers, they are of no special interest as they confined themselves to giving out their own revelations, without devoting themselves to induce the same ability in others. While Thomas Lake Harris was accused of being jealous of the psychic gifts of some of his diciples, he nevertheless established a Brotherhood of the New Life for the very object of training aspirants to receive interior illuminations.

That he himself was a great seer is acknowledged; he visited all the various parts of the Universe, in the Arcana of Christianity, (1857), The Great Republic (the sun); Epic of the Starry Heavens (the planets).

In the Wisdom of the Adepts (1884) he describes the formative history of the human race, and the development of prehistoric adepts; of whom the chief was Jesus—Yessa or Chr stus—Christa, who, as divine, incarnated as man. He was also a great poet, in trances receiving long epics, such as The Republic of the Sun, A Lyric of the Golden Age, A Lyric of the Morning Land, A Voice from Heaven, The Luminous Life, and The Holy City. They have not received the poetic appreciation they deserve because most poets, and therefore the influential critics are idlers or materialists, and do not even want to know of Harris's poetic work.

### II. BIOGRAPHY

Born in England, at five years of age he was taken to America and fell under the domination of a Calvinist mother-in-law from whom at nine years of age he succeeded in escaping by earning his living.

At sixteen he was converted in a Baptist conventicle. In 1844 he became a N. Y. Universalist preacher; he studied under A. J. Davis; then, Swedenborg's writings. In 1810 he experienced 'internal respiration' and founded the Mountain Cove Community, then, in 1860, the Brotherhood of the New Life, which moved from Wassaic, N. Y., to Brocton, and then, in 1875, to Santa Rosa, California. When Fountaingrove burned down he abandoned the place to a Japanese colony and travelled to N. Y., Scotland, and back to N. Y.

His most famous disciple was Laurence Oliphant, who later left him and developed his own doctrine, Symptomneumata.

### III. MISTAKES

We may save misfortunes by listing several mistakes of his, which the reader should avoid.

1. He expected not to die, but be translated.

2. He expected a great cataclysm which never came off, except perhaps on the spiritual side.

3. He taught a doctrine of 'spiritual counterparts' which seem to have been no more than spiritualistic obsession, because the experiences produced cold, and fatigue, and instead of being progressive, tended to disappear, besides giving rise to domestic troubles.

4. His explanation of evil's rise being due to an Arch-adept on the lost planet Oriana is fanciful.

### IV. DOCTRINE

1. He states that his doctrine is an occult Christo-centric science, which accepts as its principle that Christ is not dogma, but Spirit and Life; that Christianity is not hierarchical, but humanitary; not repressive, but evolutionary; that its object is the reconstruction of the planet in the form of its divine genius; the restoration of an orb that was forced out of the line of march by disturbing forces, into 'the grand processional order of the universe.' In other words, a distinctively Christian Theosophy.

2. The Mahatmic term 'astral body' is by Harris preferably called by the German name of 'geist'—the double, the shadow form, the memory form, or astral image.

3. He was a Theo-socialist, and contended that 'internal respiration' could not be achieved except in 'insociated' or colony life; in a church.

4. His best, noblest and divinest teaching is that of internal respiration (God's Breath in Man, and Humanity (1892); Internal Respiration, or, the Plenary Gift of the Holy Spirit (1895). It is in short 'practising inspiration,' and releases us from dependence on Buddhist propaganda for yoga breathings by furnishing us a Christian science thereof, (as is distinctly noted p. 2 of I R), which gives experiences, methods and results.

5. He always spoke of Jesus as Jesus-Yessa, and of Christ as Christus-Christa, as the personal manifestation of our Twain-One heavenly Father-Mother. Though invisible to natural sight, the Lady Yessa, His counterpart, was involved in the body of the Lord Jesus, either being incomplete without the other—the Lord Two-in-One.

6. Following Hesiod, he taught the Golden, Silver, Copper and Iron ages, preparatory to the engulfment of Atlantis. Then threatened the attack of the black magicians, on the black satellite Oriana, which was repelled by the incarnation of the Supreme Him-Herself as Jesus of Nazareth.

### V. BENEFITS

The Internal Respirational Benefits are mentioned discursively: 1, thought reading (29); perception of word (30); in the fourth degree, seeing of fairies (31,51); reinvigoration (33); circle wheel drill of internal current (36,37); projection of inner body (36); warmth in body parts (38), poetry-inspiration (48); renewed youth (52); transports or thrills (52); looking for a change (53); music heard (57); remove all disease and sorrow (60); feeling of completeness (61); the change as 'chemicalization' (62); refreshment (67); a continued consciousness (68); but it is impossible alone; no congregation is a church of Christ till it becomes an interwoven fraternity (70). Consecrate yourself therefore to the Service of Christ in the bosom of humanity (70), and become one of many pillars in the Social and Fraternal Temple of our God (71). He warns of hypnotic counterfeits (71) and despair (72). It is the breath of the Redeemer (74); therefore a strictly Christian society.

While this internal respiration was originated by Swedenborg ('I was introduced by the Lord into interior respirations as a medium of intercourse with spirits and angels'), Harris recommended its practice by everybody, making unnecessary the Hindu breathing and laying the foundation of the first step of occultism, illumination by the White Light.

### VI. CONCLUSION

Harris can best be studied in W. P. Swainson's TLH and his Occult Teaching, London, 1922 (from John Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, WC 2, London). He was a great poet, inspired to write sublime celestial epics, such as the 'Lyric of the Golden Age,' and the 'New Republic.' Illuminating is his lecture on The Historical Jesus Christ.

# INITIATION INTO THE WORLD-TEMPLE

## of MABEL COLLINS (Mrs. Keningdale Cook, 1851-Mch. 31, 1927)

### BIOGRAPHY

Her life falls into three periods.

I. Her father, Mortimer Collins, was author of 'Transmigration,' and she married Keningdale Cook. She fell under the influence of the Hermetic (Egypto-Greek) Master Hilarion Smerdis, and from him received three treasures: two stories opposing magic (Idyll of White Lotus, 1885); and 'Blossoms and Fruit' 1885); an initiation into the World-temple, (When the Sun moves Northward, 1912) and a monitor on personal religion (Light on the Path, 1885).

II. She became a victim of an attack on this Hilarion Smerdis's Egypto-Greek occultism by a pseudo-Buddhist Propaganda under the direction of Mahatma Morya, which advertised pseudo-Hindu religious terms, and captured both the Egypto-Greek occultism and the Christian term Theosophy, under the leadership of Madame Blavatsky. The day after Mabel Collins's initiation into the Theosophical Esoteric Section, she left it, and told what she thought of it in 'Morial the Mahatma' (which edition is now unobtainable; for what reason?)

She reaffirmed her standpoint by commentaries on her earlier works: Light on the Path, she explained by A Cry from Afar ( ? ), Our Glorious Future ( ? ), Love's Chaplet (1905) and the Awakening (1906). The White Lotus Idyll was explained in the Story of Sensa (1913). Of original reaffirmations of her Egypto-Greek occultism we have Green Leaves (1895), The Story of the Year (1895); Pleasure and Pain (1896); The Scroll of the Disembodied Man (1904); Love's Chaplet (1905); Fragments of Thought and Life (1908); One Life, One Law,—Thou Shalt Not Kill (1909); The Builders (1910); The Transparent Jewel (1912); Illusions (1912?).

III. As her independence (inevitable in a thinker and writer), deprived her of the now organized Mahatmic backing, which for a short time had given her publicity, and as apparently Master Hilarion Smerdis had been captured and recognized (when Madam Blavatsky repudiated Mabel Collins, she had also denied the adeptship of Hilarion Smerdis) by the Mahatmists, (Dr. Dower, leader of the Halcyon 'Artisan' 'Temple of the People' continuously publishes messages from both Morya and Hilarion Smerdis together, and Alice Bailey recognizes them both), Hilarion Smerdis's medium Collins was abandoned. In 1913 she fell into straitened circumstances, and conducted a book shop in Cheltenham, found religious fellowship in the Catholic Church (Roman branch, Smythe), and devoted the rest of her life to humanitarian compassion for animals, her surviving portrait showing her holding her little dog, working publicly for Anti-Vivisectionists, whose Review for March 1927, London, published the only obituary notice, with picture. In this period she continued her interest in magic against spiritualism in The Locked Room (1920), The Crucible (1914), etc.

### II. CRITICISM

1. The Light on the Path is valued by hypocrites chiefly because it enables them to deceive themselves into thinking they are living an interior life, without affecting their outer conduct of life! It is cheap to write contradictories such as, 'go quickly but go slowly,' etc.

2. Black magic is a subject which, like pitch, defiles him who opposes it. It can best be opposed by ignoring it. As, however, 'white' is a concept inseparable from 'black,' we shall have to drop 'white magic' and 'white Brotherhood' also. The best is to work for 'spiritual achievement,' and Helpers of Humanity which simply ignores its opposite. Mabel Collins became a martyr to the devil she had raised by her feud with 'black magic,' giving it the best possible advertisement.

3. Her 'When the Sun Moves Northwards' Temple Ritual Calendar is good and suggestive; but as its crowning festival is the Birthday of Buddha, which is meaningless to Western People (who are clear-sighted enough to refuse to aim at annihilation, which is the dictionary meaning of 'Nirvana'), it has had to be rearranged as in 'Temple Gates Opened.'

### III. CHIEF DOCTRINES

She taught the existence of an 'ethereal world' above this one, in which reside Masters of wisdom, and holy beings. The foundations of their shrines and temples are on undisturbed rocks, and the building-stones are acts and deeds of faith by the 'Builders,' or the constructive devout. Every act of doubt, denial or iconoclasm threatens to destroy this spiritual foundation. So there is an ethereal Egypt hovering over the real Egypt.

### IV. APPRECIATION

So bare a review of Mabel Collins' life and work, and sharp criticism would seem comic without an appreciation of her exclusive message, the unveiling of initiation.

Her special preciousness consists in her evidently genuine palpitating initiatory experiences, and unique accounts of the World-Temple ritual. In this her work ranks with Ezekiel and the Revelations. No wonder that the Buddhist Mahatmic Propaganda, which has before and since been sterile of all genuine experience and revelations, tried to capture and appropriate her! When they failed in this, their barbarity towards her revealed their real nature. Like other saviors, she had to become a martyr.

### V. CONCLUSION

Apparently betrayed or abandoned by by Master Hilarion Smerdis, excommunicated by the Mahatmists, left to her own resources, she closed her humble life nobly, a martyr to devotion to humanity and God, an uncanonized saint. It is the duty and privilege of all her fellow humanitarians and religionists to pray for her, and make known her life and works, which is the best possible substitute for Mahatmic Buddhist propaganda, as she drew her occultism from a source independent of them, and she did not hesitate to leave them when her conscience impelled her to accuse them of black magic. Her significance is revelation of initiation into the World-Temple. This object is so supreme that preservation of her works becomes a world cause. This writer will render his rare copies of them accessible by placing them in the New York Public Library. Some benefactor of humanity might well cheaply republish in a small volume, small print and large page-form, all her very short occult works. It would be a service to Hermetism, or Egypto-Greek occultism, and protest against the pseudo-Buddhist invasion of the West,—our motto should be, 'Western Thought for Western People.'

Mabel Collins's resultant message is: "Every prayerful act of faith is the creation and building in of one stone in the Temple in which you are to be initiated."

# INTERPRETATIVE REVELATION

of

## ANNA BONUS KINGSFORD (1846-Feb. 22, 1888)

### I. MESSAGE

October 23, 1921 (and 1928), Madam Blavatsky who had once appointed Anna Kingsford president of the British Section of the so-called Theosophical Mahatmic Society, through Dr. and Mrs. F. Homer Curtis, leaders of the Order of Christian Mystics, of Washington, D. C., sent a message to her Besant-strayed followers imploring them to return to spiritual interpretation of Christianity,—which was exactly Anna B. Kingsford's mission.

### II. BIOGRAPHY

She was the daughter of the Shrewsbury vicar of Atcham, where she was born. She studied medicine in Paris. She was approached by Lawrence Oliphant for Thomas Lake Harris; also by W. G. Colville. She returned home but often visited Paris and Switzerland. She collaborated with Dr. Edward Maitland who survived her, and saw to the publication of her literary remainders. She married the rector of Pontesbury, Salop. The collaboration began by a visit to her in February, 1874; the Theosophical Society was formed in N. Y., September 8, 1875, so that this antedated them. In 1883 she was elected President of the British Society; but being antagonized for her Christian language, in 1884 withdrew to form the Hermetic Society which lasted till 1886, when her health gave way.

She practised and taught Vegetarianism for its sensitizing influence on the higher planes of the consciousness. She did all she could for the woman's Rights' Movement. Like Mabel Collins, she devoted herself to the Anti-Vivisection cause, and demanded God's judgment on the cruel Claude Bernard, who died suddenly. Ralph Shirley describes her in "Occultists and Mystics of All Ages.'

Her mystic proclivities must have been developed, during her stay in Paris, by intercourse with the Baron Giuseppe Spedalieri, the friend, disciple and literary heir of the Abbé Constant, Eliphas Levi. In 1901 Maitland formed the Esoteric Christian Union, and for it published the Bible's Own Account of Itself, The New Gospel of Interpretation, and a Message to Earth, containing Forty Days' Communications from friends beyond.

### III DREAMING

Hers was a natal endowment developed by fourteen years' abstinence from flesh food, and a disciplinary experience and manner of life.

She was a great dreamer, usually in the last morning sleep; also chiefly in high and dry climes, at home partially losing that faculty. The result was her charming book 'Dreams and Dream Stories.'

These visions assumed a more direct religious aspect as revelations with the beginning of the 'Perfect Way.' On June 4, 1878, she had a dream communication which was an answer to Maitland's prayer for help in completing his attempt at a Biblical interpretation. She got help from Swedenborg and William Lilly, Pallas, Hermes and her Genius; and they delivered in London nine parlor-lectures, as preparation for their publication in 1882, and revision in 1887, with a third in 1890.

While both authors considered the doctrines of greatest value, the illuminations on which they rested seem the most important; and these were gathered in 'Clothed with the Sun,' published after her demise.

Those which to us are most interesting are not her 'Restoration of a hymn to the Planet God,' or 'The Book of Venus,' to the Elemental Divinities,' etc., but her revelation as to the actual Jesus (33), his previous lives (34), Paul and the disciples (35), and the Origin and Composition of the Gospels (32),—which she thinks were written up in the Alexandrian Library.

She 'learnt the intention and recognized the necessity of restoring the Greek presentment of the Sacred Mysteries, in explanation of the Hebrew, and in correction of the ecclesiastical presentment of Christianity.' (D. & DS. 54).

### IV. THE PERFECT WAY

They considered it neither an invention or compilation, but a discovery and recovery, unsealing the Bibles of the West,—a recovery of the Gnosis of the Church, its esoteric christianity. It has three principles: that the dogmas and symbols of Christianity are substantially identical with those of other and earlier religious systems; 2, The true plane of religious belief lies not in the sepulchre of historical tradition, but in man's own mind, and heart; 3, That thus interpreted, Christian doctrine with scientific exactitude represents the facts of man's spiritual history.

Its index shows 1, Replacing the desired perfect thought-system by one founded on existence; 2, The Soul's Substance of Existence; 3, The Various Orders of Spirits, and How to Discern Them; 4, The Atonement; 5, Nature and Constitution of the Ego; 6, 7, The Fall; 8, The Redemption; 9, God as the Lord, or the Divine Image.

### V. HERMETISM

When Anna Kingsford's Christian Theosophy drove her from the Presidentship of the British Theosophical Society, she was compelled to find another basis for the sources of her Christian work. Her education supplied her with Greek associations; but whence came they? Of course from Egypt,—Hermes' books being a Greek version of Egyptian mysteries. So she translated into English the Hermetic books, the Poemandres and the Virgin of the World, to which, as a Preface, she prefixed the Manifesto of Hermetism,—Egypt as challenge to pseudo Buddhistic Mahatmism. Her conclusions are that the Hermetic books are a survival of ancient Egypt; that their doctrine coincides with esoteric Christianity; because 3, Christianity represents a development from, and re-formulation of this long pre-existent Egyptian doctrine.

### VI. ASTROLOGY THEOLOGIZED

Now this Hermetist mystic exaltation impinges upon the Middle Age; and so she took Valentine Weigelius's 'Astrology Theologized,' reprinted its English translation, and wrote a long illustrated introduction in which she extended her system of interpretation from Christianity and the Egyptian tradition to the mediaeval astrology. 'Thus is the Soul of the astrological man 'theologized', divinized and affirmed in the Likeness of God,'—a method of deliverance from being the toy of fate and circumstance, where the elemental powers have such complete sway over him that urgencies monopolize his existence.

### VII. TAUGHT REINCARNATION TO THEOSOPHY

The Theosophical Society was founded Sept. 8, 1875, so that for 7 years it opposed Reincarnation, for it was on July 3, 1882 (Shirley, OaMoAA, p. 162) that Anna Kingsford wrote to Lady Caithness a letter recording a violent argument with him, in which he quoted from Isis Unveiled (involving Helen Blavatsky) against it; but he soon turned for it, in a letter to Edward Maitland. Since then it has been claimed as a distinctly 'Theosophical' teaching.

# AMERICAN MENTALISM

of

## PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

(Feb. 16, 1802—Jan. 26, 1866)

### I. BIOGRAPHY

Born in Lebanon, N. H., of a blacksmith, his family moved to Belfast, Me., where they remained except for his 1859 professional career in Portland. First, he was an inventor, and was argumentative, and studied the 1836 mesmerism of Charles Poyan. His chief subject was a Lucius Burkmar, with whom he traveled, giving demonstrations, in 1842. The phenomena were by him attributed first to animal magnetism, later to electricity, then to 'mental suggestion.' A disease compelled him to apply his knowledge to healing, success in which convinced him that mind was (spiritual) matter, and could be changed. Helping others, he mesmerically gave diagnoses through his subject. Finally he dispensed with him, through reliance on his own intuitions. For healings came to him: Julius Dresser in 1860, Mrs. Eddy in 1862. Anetta Dresser in 1862, and Mr. Evans in 1863, (who interpreted Dr. Quimby's wisdom,) reinforced by the accumulated learning of the centuries. His work was saved for humanity by Horatio Dresser.

### II. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Why did he call his discovery a 'science'? 'The effect of a science because I know how I do them.' So he developed 'the science of life and happiness,' or, 'the science of health.' This composition 'is as much of a science as to know how to decompose a piece of metal.' Evans teaches 'the science of oblivescence, or the Art of Forgetting a Malady.' Quimby illustrated his 'Science' of health by the Christian stories, which turned it into 'Christian Science.' He used this word twice, following Cowles in 1840, Adam in 1850, and Deletsche. Mrs. Eddy's false claims are destroyed in the May 1899 Arena.

### III. ANALYSIS

Stafford phrases Quimby's innovation as 'the application of the unreality of matter to healing.' Dresser says: 'The novelty consists in the possession of a concrete, practical method such that each man is put on his own resources.'

Evans (187) quotes Plato that redemption is a concretization of man's original spiritual element into a divinely illuminated germ of light and life.' In religious dialect, Evans describes it as 'faith in a good God.'

### IV. CONVERSATION

Quimby said: 'the explanation is the cure.' It consisted of a conversation with the patient's consciousness (which would affect his sub-consciousness), closing sometimes with a 'placebo' manipulation.

After giving the patient a detailed account of what his troubles were, he would converse with him, and explain to him the causes of his troubles, and thus change the patient's mind, disabuse it of its errors, and in its place establish the truth; which 'explanation' was the cure. This conversation was just as effective when done silently, or at a distance. He describes this conversation thus:

Ideas are matter condensed into a solid called disease, which like a book contains all its author's wisdom. So I read the contents of the book to the patient, and show that it is false. As the truth changes his mind, he sees through the error of disease, matter is dispersed, he is freed of opinions, and happiness is restored.'

### V. PATIENT'S TRANQUILIZATION

Dr. Quimby antagonized the physicians by opposing their medicines. "Disease can be cured on but one principle. " "I manufacture health." He did not antagonize the patient by 'lying' about his symptoms. While teaching that disease was an error of the (sub-conscious) mind, and therefore not (ideally) real, he frankly admitted 'pain was not imagination,' but as real as can be a dream. Disease is not a truth, but is acknowledged as a (progressive) description. If the patient needed it, he related the water-glass poison-trick successfully used with mesmeric subjects. He reasoned with him scientifically, and by quotations from the scriptures, till he quieted him into receptivity.

### VI. PHILOSOPHY

In 1862 Dr. Quimby said: 'My mode is entirely original,'—he had developed his own philosophy, that 'man was a progressive being so that mind was spiritual matter and could be changed,' that we were made up of truth and error; that disease was an error, or belief, and that the truth or Explanation was the cure. Health is the truth. He called the (sub-consciousness's) phenomena 'spiritual matter' which might be in error, forgetful of the soul's normative power, while the external consciousness rightly acknowledged phenomena of disease.

Few beasts are diseased because their normative faculty is not disturbed by human reasonings, to cure whose divagations man has to resort to purposive, 'scientific' mental applications. Henry Wood objectified the suggestion into a 'mental picture,' or motto for auto-suggestion. Chas. M. Barrows progressed to 'Suggestion Instead of Medicine,' and Dr. Hack Tuke studied The Influence of the Mind on the Body, for non-partisan evidence. This was applied practically by Coué. This caused psychology under Prof. James, to produce pragmatism and 'Varieties of Religious Belief,' and finally Mr. Evan's empirical idealism, a religious faith in God's curing.

### VII. FOUNDATION

But why should God cure man? 'God wants us to be in good health'; it is 'natural'; it is 'truth.' Such evasions are unscientific: and Quimby himself had made his discovery by observing the subconsciousness's normative influence and powers. This then is the psychological foundation, which can be studied (for people intelligent enough to need or demand or appreciate a demonstration) in Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena. This is the working cause of cure of all '(un-) Christian Science,' New Thought, Metaphysics, and Abstract 'Science of Being' or 'Mental Science,' which is as impotent as it is most removed from its working principle.

### VIII. DIVINER OUTLOOK

But we must point out that beyond physical health there are objectives nobler, more social, and diviner. In this connection we might mention Prentice Mulford (Thoughts are Things), who commercialized Emerson, Quimby and Occultism; Holcombe who never lost sight of the divine life, and Ursula Gestefeld, who tried to hold to Quimby modernized. To all this Dr. Dewey added initiatory achievement. This bare American Mentalism was most notably applied in story form by Stocking in his great American novel, Carmen Ariza.

# CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHY

of

## Dr. JOHN HAMLIN DEWEY

Oct. 13, 1828-1908?

### I. BIOGRAPHY

He seems to have been an allopathic physician in Cincinnati, where he met with Dr. J. D. Buck's Nature and Aims of Theosophy and was a critic of Mahatmistic Bddhsit propaganda in U. S. By several prayer-cures he was probably by his lovely wife converted to New Testament Occultism, claiming the genuine Christian succession of the term 'Theosophy.' He published and taught at 111 W. 68th St., New York City, celebrating his 80th birth-day in 1908.

### II. WORKS

1. The Way, the Truth and the Life, a handbook of Christian Theosophy, Healing and Psychic Culture; a New Education based on the Ideal and Method of the Christ (1888).

2. The Pathway of the Spirit, a Guide to Inspiration, Illumination, and Divine Realization on Earth.

3. New Testament Occultism. 4. Healing and Psychic Culture. 5. Introduction to the Theosophy of the Christ. 6. Christian Theosophy Defined. 7. Scientific Basis of Mental Healnig. 8. Divinity of Humanity. 9. Spiritual Gifts. 10. The Law of the Perfect Life. 11. The Open Door, or The Secret of Jesus. 12. The Dawning Day. 13. The Genesis and Exodus of the Human Spirit.

### III. OCCULT PHENOMENA

As would be natural from his origin, he began by laying chief stress on physical healing, for which he published his wife's formula (W. T. L. 180; 159). But he broadened out into further 'gifts of the spirit.' He gives a formula for 'introversion' or mental travel (W. T. L., 285), warning of dangers of revery and somnolence (289). He calls it 'integral education' (236) by which the mind, without losing hold of the normal consciousness, is taught to function at will on the three planes of body (the 5 senses); the mind (the sixth sense, including all psychic phenomena, such as clair-audience, clairvoyance and clairsentience) and vegetation influence (306); and psychometry (225), or the spirit (the seventh or divine sense, the biblical miracles). His normal seership includes (317) body-healing, mental illumination, attainment of needed information, or blessing on others in body, spirit or estate.

His most valuable collections are in his appendices. In that to the N.T.O. he gives a systematic biblical occult methods and results outlined, and the most thorough account (from the Arena) of the Hindu magic tricks ever presented. In the appendix to the W.T. & L. he gives a precious Buck Theosophic quotation, phenomena recorded by Emily Faithful, London, 1864, of the French William Robert Bertolacci, whose family was initiated into the divinest achievements by 'pious thought-concentration.' Then an account Dr. Wm. B. Fahnestock's Statuvolism, or Artificial Somnabulism, enabling one to accomplish somnabulic phenomena in the normal condition. Last an account from Emma Hardinge Britten of a British nobleman's family who in their private Oratory had direct connection with the World-God or Spiritus Mundi,—the Holy Spirit.

### IV. DEFICIENCIES

It is to be deplored (and after his death oblivion punished) his holy practice of refraining from mentioning names, or leaving records (his biography and picture seem to have disappeared). This was the punishment inevitably indissociable from the holy plane, on which he and his lady conducted their work.

### V. OPPOSITION

He was opposed to two movements: the pseudo Buddhist Theosophy, and Spiritualism. Against the first, which in his days had just emerged from its spiritualistic phase, he noticed that their adepts claimed secrecy, in contradistinction to the Christ's dispensing with secret lodge initiations, and Christ both promised and effected much more than they even claimed to do for their followers. 2, Against the Spiritualists he urged not only the demoralizing danger of yielding to undefined and irresponsible controls, but also that it tolerated the utmost practical atheism, irreligion and rank materialism (320). 3, Against the modern organized Christian Church he urges that it has become so absorbed in its frantic efforts (31) to save souls from the consequences of sin in another world as to neglect the supreme task of preventing sin in this world, blinded as it is by misconceptions of traditional theology and internecine warfare. Its only salvation was the preservation of the Bible.

### VI. DOCTRINES

1, Faith. Why should God heal and answer prayer? 'Because God and his universe are pledged to the fulfilment of every legitimate desire and good possible to man.' 2, There are two methods of healing (WTL 291): the lower mental action which is the least efficient; and that from the psychic plane of inward concentration, reached by training in the art of introversion, when self-healing becomes a simple matter of will, and that of others approaches, in the seventh sense-realm, Biblical miracles. 3, Christ was the living example and illustration of Theosophy, and his school the royal gateway to divine wisdom and supremacy. 4, Spiritual gifts follow, but do not precede the Kingdom of heaven and righteousness (223), and 5, Control of the attention by which introversion-process one transfers the seat of the mind's activities from the front to the back brain, without suspending external consciousness.

### VII. SUMMARY

Important merits of Dr. Dewey's work are:

1. Rescuing the Christian term Theosophy from monopolization by secret Buddhist Mahatmistic propaganda. (It is due to Porphyry, Clement Alexandrine, Eusebius, Leontius and Boehme.)

2. Opening the full occult field for all professing Christians.

3. Redeeming Christianity from hypocritical evisceration by professionalists.

4. Rescuing spiritual healing from godless, black magic money-getting mental scientists Dr. Dewey always held to the term 'prayer-cure.'

5. His work was always unworldly and holy, and indeed suffered in propaganda thereby. It did not desire self-advertisement, and invites not so much continuation as imitation. From Dr. Curtiss's Order of Christian Mystics announcement of Mme. Blavatsky's conversion to Christianity it would seem as if Dr. Dewey was fully vindicated.

# MODERN WESTERN MYSTERY-RITUALS

## of W. J. COLVILLE

(Sept. 5, 1859-Dec. 15, 1916)

### I. BIOGRAPHY

Of French (mother, de Mordaunt) and Italian parentage, born on ocean, bred in London, on May 24, 1874, he heard a lecture by Cora L. V. Richmond in Brighton, which inspired him so much that he asserted he also could speak; which he did with such success that a religious periodical took him up and advertised him. Then he visited the United States, where he always was the guest of Mr. Henry Steigner, of Hyperion House, N. Y. Cy. He traveled in Australia, and died in San Francisco. Every Christmas a message is received from him by Mr. Henry Steigner, who still speaks of him in the present tense.

### II. TOTEMS

In his 'New Zealand Episode' Saved by a Panther, published by the Arena of Oct. 1902, he explained his fondness for felines, after whom he named all the chief characters of his novels; and he always wore some cat-charm. Parrots also appear in his novels frequently.

### III. BIBLIOGRAPHY

A list of his books could hardly be complete, so numerous and scattered are they. However, a condensed library of his would include, novels, Dashed Against the Rocks, Onesimus Templeton, With One Accord, and Throne of Eden; of teachings, Mystic Light Essays, Glints of Wisdom, Religion of Tomorrow, and over 35 more.

### IV. ANTHOLOGIST

He taught Lucretia Mott's noble motto, Truth for Authority, not Authority for Truth. He was an omnivorous reader, and gained significance as interpreter. All during his life he loaned 'Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena' to outsiders, as best introduction to the spiritual world. His own teaching of auras popularized Leadbeater's book. He acted as anthologist or summer up of his age of scientists.

As a result of this reading he reveals many odd and otherwise inaccessible bits of knowledge, such as the names of the occult teachers of Marie Corelli, Count Mattei of Bologna, and of Bulwer Lytton; Chauncey Hare Townsend. From Marcus Aurelius's reflection that our thoughts dye our garments, Colville advises us to choose them well. He was fond of Lucy Larcom's motto, "Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone!"

### V. TEACHINGS

Leaving aside the healing doctrines which are quite general, he advocates the higher spiritualism, and the genuine theosophy. There is no virtue in ugliness. There is a circle of the true church of the spirit, a church above a church reached by a ladder of light; a church within a church. The "higher carelessness," burning as a lamp living on the Universe; divine ordination to a super personal God; being a janitor to heaven and treating or consecrating sanctuaries.

He popularizes Leadbeater's auras, Prentice Mulford's (whom he does not name) mind as a magnet, and dreaming true; mineralogy, and vowel-significance; Marcus Aurelius's garment-dying, and Flammarion's trips to Mars. He is interested in Atlantis (WOA, 142). He teaches Seven Planes (WOA, 197) and the White City in Heaven (DAR, 208).

### VI. HIGHER SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH

The "higher spiritualism" consists not in the cant and absurd pretensions of the medium's descending to them, in a carnalization of the spirit, but in their rising to a super-consciousness, expression on a plane higher than that of gross matter.

As to 'true Theosophy,' it consists not in seeing nothing good outside of Hinduism, but in knowing how to go into the silence at will, and find the true perpetual light. In the 'Bromleykites' he ridicules the Mahatmists who consider meat-eating a sin only if they pay for it. As misinterpreted by occidental aspirants to Oriental wisdom, 'Karma' seems both mutable and immutable, to be conquered or evaded, insulting spiritualism as dealing with discarded astrals, shells and other concoctions of orientalized hysteria. This writer suggests the Western unspoiled word Nemesis to represent whatever residuum of value there is in Karma. Colville advises a society for Theosophical RESEARCH. He is also opposed to a self-advertising 'White Brotherhood' of alleged adepts (DAR, 114).

### VII. MYSTIC ORGANIZATIONS

Colville's chief constructive doctrine is organization of the religious in the world (like Garver's Brother of the Third Degree) into mystery-orders. In Onesimus Templeton we have a United States version of Corelli's 'Romance of Two Worlds,' we have a French Heliobas called Dr. Montmartre, a 'God of Norse mythology, dressed by a London tailor, and holding command over a Russian army,' and they form the Order 'La Stella Israfel.'—In 'Dashed Against the Rocks' we have Aldebture, a spiritual World's Fair, and the Brothers baran's scientific occultism, a Zodiacal Legislaand Sisters of the Perpetual Light.—In 'With One Accord' we have the Order of the 777, and the Brothers of the 9th Estate, the 999 who send a missionary to Hindustan, and which are mentioned by Mrs. Peeke. But in the 'Throne of Eden' we find the Egypto-Greek Anastasian Order, with lodges all over the world, at every one of whose meetings was effected a cure of some desperately sick person. This is the crown of Colville's religion.

### VIII. CONCLUSION

Some rich lover of spiritual progress might confer on humanity a blessing in reprinting, in a single volume, large size, and small type, Colville's Spiritual Novels. They are already scarce, and difficult to gather, and valuable in their objectification of Egypto-Greek occultism. To them should be added Mrs. Peeke's Zenia the Vestal.

### IX. INTERPRETATIONS

He interprets 'He giveth to his beloved sleep' as 'He giveth to his beloved while sleeping,'—namely true dreams, such as illuminated Joseph (DAR 158). In his trip to Mars (DAR, 145; WOA, 81), he pictures an international Zodiacal legislature, and a real religion uniting creed and practice; the true Gnostic feels God is a reality.

He gives an interesting reincarnational reminiscence, (DAR 200) which explains, heartens, and inspires.

Earth is a school of love for the reuniting of Plato's sundered dual souls (DAR, 126). His interpretation of the Lord's Prayer is, 'Our Father-Mother, who art in all the heavens, thy name is hallowed throughout the Universe; thy kingdom is established in all the expressions of thy love and wisdom. Thy will is done in all the celestial spheres, and done also by reflection in all states terrestrial; Thou givest all thy children day by day their daily sustenance; thou leadest not into temptation, but deliverest us from all error; thou forgivest us our debts as we forgive our debtors; thine alone is sovereignty, dominion, and glory eternally, Amen!

## GERMAN ROSICRUCIANISM
### of DR. FRANZ HARTMANN
### 1838—1912
### I. BIOGRAPHY

According to a biography in the Occult Review for January 1908, he was a native of Austria, early emigrated to the United States, where he studied and practiced medicine in the Middle West and Southwest. Here he became familiar with the early phases of the Theosophical Movement, and was invited to visit and assist Mme. Blavatsky at Adhyar, in India, during the most constructive and critical periods of her activity there. When the crash came, he returned to Europe, especially in Germany, where among some artisans, weavers, in Goslar, he found a group of occultists who were too modest to advertise themselves as Rosicrucians, but who continued the German Rosicrucian tradition. From that time Hartmann devoted himself to its promotion in Europe.

### HARTMANN'S SIGNIFICANCE

His chief significance is threefold. He revamped the occultism of Paracelsus, Boehme, and Jesus (in, The Life of Jehoshua, the Prophet of Nazareth), and Agrippa's methods of Prediction (in The Principles of Astrological Geomancy). Then, he revamped German Rosicrucianism in The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians, a translation of one half of the ancient German work. (In the N. Y. City Library it is indexed under "Cosmology.") Then he thinly veiled his own initiation in "An Adventure among the Rosicrucians" (Boston, 1893). He attempted to condense Rosicrucianism in "In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom, containing the History of the True and the False Rosicrucians, with an Introduction into the mysteries of the Hermetic Philosophy (Boston, 1890)," which proves that he considered German Rosicrucianism to be a descendant of the Egyptian Mysteries.

Third, he attempted to set forth his own views in "Among the Gnomes, an Occult Tale of Adventures in the Untersberg (a mountain in the Bavarian Tyrol, overlooking the famous Koenigsee). Also in "Magic White and Black", of which over 300 editions appeared. He did valuable work for cremation of corpses in "Buried Alive," (Boston, 1895) in which he details 108 cases known to him personally. Valuable continuation of this effort is to be found in Rawson's "Life Understood."

### ROSICRUCIAN ANCESTRY IN EGYPT

The special value of Hartmann's work is that he not only rejects Tibetanism, but he makes it unnecessary, by demonstrating that German Rosicrucianism, through Cornelius Agrippa's summary of Medieval Mysticism, is derived from "The Hermetic Philosophers," Neoplatonists, Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Porphyry, Jamblichus, Proclus and Hierocles. (This is done in Chapters 2 and 3 of "In the Pronaos of Wisdom.")

### REJECTION OF BLAVATSKYISM

Hartmann's chief significance is that he studied Blavatskyism at first hand and rejected it in favor of the German Rosicrucianism, from which both Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy and Max Heindel's Cosmoconceptionism are derived.

As to Mme. Blavatsky herself, he believed in her sincerity. He says: "H. P. B. appeared as a great spirit, a sage and initiate, inhabiting the body of a grown-up capricious child, very amiable on the whole, but also at times very irascible, ambitious, of an impetuous temper, but easily led, and caring nothing for conventionalities of any kind. She did not claim to be an adept, but only a conscious instrument of an intelligent power higher than her own personality. She used to say, "My learning is my Master's. I am nothing but a reflector of some one else's luminous light."

As to these "Masters" he says, "I am convinced that such Masters exist. I have been present on certain occasions when the Master appeared to her, and she spoke with him. I could not see him with my eyes, but I felt his presence, with indescribable bliss."

As to Blavatskyism, Hartmann says: "I found that it is far more important to find the real Master and Guide within one's own soul, than to seek to gratify one's curiosity to know all about the Masters in Thibet, and that it as far more valuable to help to create a heaven within one's own mind, than to be informed of what is said to have taken place at the time when our world was created, or how the old Lemurians and Atlanteans lived, however interesting and amusing and even instructive such information may be."

This story represents the adventures of a "Theosophical Don Quixote" who seeks for wisdom everywhere except in the right place. He joins a "Society for the distribution of Wisdom," in the East, but finds nothing but folly. Finally, in the last chapter, he discovers that true wisdom cannot be found anywhere except by attainment of the Knowledge of the Self. Hartmann did not hate the Blavatskyists; he claimed he was not in the least interested in the affairs of that society, and he did not wish this book to appear as mere satire or burlesque upon it, but a forcible illustration of well-known and undeniable truths, garbed in a story of fascinating interest, which should be enjoyed by all. The book emphasizes the folly of studying the operations of the Holy Ghost without first developing within oneself its senses, by which alone it may be apprehended.

### HARTMANN'S SECRET FIRE

In his dedication to the "Pronaos to the Temple" Hartmann advises the "Discovery of the True Cross by Entering into the Light through the Power of Fire." This "sweet fire" of the Alchemists is illustrated by the Tibetan Kundalini, the serpentine or annular working power in the body of the ascetic. In the "Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians" it is recommended that the student of Alchemy should seek it, as indispensable to all alchemic operations.

"The potentialities in nature are aroused by the action of the secret fire, assisted by the elementary fire. Only those who have gained the power to control their own self will be told how that power can be aroused in man. That is why the secrets of Alchemy are not divulged to the curious," but veiled under chemical procedures. — This secret fire is invisible, and is contained within all things. It is the most potential and powerful fire, with which the external visible fire cannot be compared. It is the fire with which Moses burned the golden calf, that which Jeremiah hid away, and which seventy years after was found by the Knowing ones, but which, by that time had become a thick water (petroleum? 2 Macc. ii. 19-22) which Nehemiah used to make a blaze on the altar sacrifices. This "secret fire" is the "White Light" which can be inspired, and constitutes the practice of the Transfiguration.

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**Philosophers,** see 'Temple Gates Ajar'.

# Career of Dr. Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

He was born in Scotland's 'Bonny Dundee' on July 22, 1871 of an interesting ancestry, whose spiritual heritage determined his career.

His maternal grandmother, 'Frances Wright' of Dundee first achieved a literary prominence by writing a dozen dramas of which 'Altorf' was produced in Philadelphia, and published. Then she felt the call to ascertain truth, and in 1802 visited the then young United States, recording her impressions in her 'Views of Manners and Society in America.' In this investigation her conscience was outraged by two abuses which in characteristic fashion she immediately set out to rectify. As to slavery, she secured from the State of Tennessee a grant of 2400 acres, on the Wolf River, 18 miles E of Memphis, named 'Nashoba,' on which she educated slaves, and freed them in Hayti. As to the subjection of Woman, she was the real pioneer of the Woman's Rights movement, and is so recognized in "Appleton's Encyclopedia.' This naturally led to her last phase, a sociologic one, which led her to visit the colony of Robert Dale Owen in New Harmony, Ind.

Here she met and married Casimir Silvain Phiquepal d' Arusmont, a noble French emigre from Agen, who brought over with him a number of French youths to educate, on the way stopping in Philadelphia with Col. McClure. He was a philosopher and scientist, and invented the since then so popular tonic sol-fa system. The married pair then went to Paris where was born their daughter Frances Sylva. But Frances Wright returned to the United States to her lecturing, and published her still continually reprinted 'A Few Days in Athens.' She then practised law in Cincinnati, where she died, resting in Spring Grove Cemetery.

To these five phases of thought was added the note of religious devotion by Frances Sylva, who was converted in Notre Dame by Lacordaire, and devoted her sons to the sacred ministry, and that in the Episcopal Church, as the only sufficiently liberal one.

Being born too late in his family's fortunes to be 'given' an education, he 'earned' one, taking his M.A. in 1890 and Theology at Sewanee; his Ph.D. in 1893 at Tulane; A.M. Harvard, 1894; M.D., with three gold medals, 1904; Marburg and Jena, 1911; Ph.D. Columbia, 1915; Professor in Extension, Sewanee, in 1912.

His mother's devotional interest fructified in his 'Communion with God,' 'Presence of God,' 'Ladder of God' and 'Why You Want to Become a Churchman.'

His grandfather's philosophical and educational interests resulted in his monumental opening to the world in translations Plotinus, Numenius, Pythagoras, Proclus and Zoroaster; Teachers' Problems and How to Solve Them.

A combination of both these interests resulted in 'Angels, Ancient & Modern'; the 'Mithraic Mysteries,' 'the Angelic Mysteries of the Nine Heavens,' etc.

His grandmother's literary taste produced the 'Spiritual Message of Literature,' 'Collected Poems,' 'Perronik.'

Her quest for truth originated his 'Message of the Master,' 'How the Master Saved the World,' 'Studies in Comparative Religion,' his 'New Testament Translation.'

Her crusades against abuses continued in his 'Dawn of Liberty,' 'A Bunch of Thistles.'

Her sociologic ideals matured in his 'Complete Progressive Education,' 'A Romance of Two Centuries,' etc.

But the very unusual breadth of his conflicting interests checkmated his career, so far as worldly advancement. Little understood or recognized, he had to find consolation in earning his living honestly by teaching a language to children, by pouring out his religious experiences to the few who visited his semi-deserted East Side church, and in putting the accumulated results of his studies in such shape that, 'to the greater glory of God,' they may be of service to humanity, if possible thro' his children (Sylvia Camilla, Sept. 1, 1916; and Kenneth Launfal, Jan. 19, 1918).

His has been a drawn battle over-delayed by self-support.

# I. Friendship.

The first element of a genuine religion is one which has been rarely so recognized, —namely, friendship. But it is evident that if 'religion' means to reunite, the scattered people we contact form the first problem of union. Usually friendship has been considered as a counsel of perfection or a personal fancy; and such scorn of it has favored the prevalence of a wrong notion, that religion flourishes best in solitude, such as among the Trappists. But physiology teaches social touch in our ears, voice, back, and sex, all of which postulate life among others. Psychology shows that thought depends on speech, so that a Trappist is bound to degenerate, and that a friend is destined to improve. Therefore religion is impossible except as 'contact with God among men.' Philosophy, poetry and religion had taught as much. The American poet sings of a Heaven-gate which 'opens to none alone.' Aristotle had defined friendship as one soul in two bodies, so that a single soul is only a fragment of a larger whole, and can find its true completion only in a hunt for union with some other soul. This friend-chase is therefore not merely a fancy or instinct, but a necessity of life. Religion has revealed heaven as a social gathering, and has disclosed heavenly mysteries, or initiation as a marriage of souls. So the wrong notion of a solitary religion is not to be blamed on any but cowards, shirkers, unfortunates, or ecclesiastics scheming for power and influence.

## 2. HISTORY OF FRIENDSHIP

The history of friendship is respectable. It has numberless advocates of philosophers, Pythagoras taught it as the essence of the Supreme, and his disciples Damon and Pythias gave rise to the worldwide order, the Knights of Pythias. .Plato, in his Lysis and Banquet taught what gave rise to 'Platonic Friendship'; to it Aristotle devoted several books of his Ethics. Epictetus dreams of it. Cicero interpreted all this in his 'De Amicitia'. The Bible mentions David and Jonathan, and the writer of Ecclesiastes and Proverbs, expatiate upon it. Then Jesus wishes his disciples to look on him as their friend; he is to be man's divine lover, the Bridegroom. Clement of Alexandria said that the true Gnostic's purpose in life was to be a happy, blessed and kingly friend of God. About 1339 A.D. Tauler, the saintly apostle of Germany, was supported by the 'Friends of God'. Then we have great essays from Bacon, Montaigne and Emerson. Of recent ones we have Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie's 'Friendship, Human and Divine'; Hugh Black's 'Friendship', David Grayson's 'Adventures in Friendship', and many others. As to the poets we have Petrarch's Sonnets to Laura, Mrs. Browning's Sonnets to a Portuguese Nun, Bayard Taylor's odes from a husband to his wife, Milton's lament over Lycidas, and Tennyson's In Memoriam over Clough. Rudyard Kipling's 'Soldiers Three' echo Dumas's 'Three Musqueteers'. Whitman sings of Comradeship. Classic pairs of friends were Hercules and Hylas; Theseus and Pirithous, for whom he went to Hell; Pylades and Orestes, Titus and Gesippus, and the 'heavenly twins' Castor and Pollux! More modern ones are Jowett and Dean Stanley; and the wide vogue of the really expensive modern fraternal orders is a commentary on the cash value which the world places on it.

## 3. MEETING-VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

Paul exhorts that we should not neglect assembling. The Pentecostal spirit-effusion was the result of the Apostles remaining gathered in prayer. There are two kinds of Presences: that which comes to a person alone, and that Social Presence which comes only to a meeting. On the lowest grounds, only in a meeting does a man receive communications from his friend's guardian angel. Again there is a new note in the union of two prayers, a concord; a pair are more than two. That is why there is magical power in friendship; a friend is the best kind of magic mirror, an 'alterego', or enlarged self. As with colors none would be visible without contrast, so alone none can gain a sane perspective of himself. Moreover as sanity consists of proper functioning in Society, and as insanity consists of one's universe becoming individual, no one can be sure of his sanity until he succeeds in friendship.

## 4. USES OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is needed to enjoy nature; who could enjoy a moonlight walk alone? Bacon defines its fruits as peace in the affections, support of the judgment, and aid in all actions and occasions. It is the condition of invention and discovery; why one finds oneself so brilliant in company. It overcomes fear, anxiety, terror of death, and supplies joy and cheer. It transforms necessary drudgery into civilizing cultural inspirations. It makes healers out of our companions. It consoles, in a world in which increasing suicide and criminality show the danger of despair. It is the only safe and proper confessional. It teaches the hospitality by which men have entertained angels unawares. Friends are the Guardians of our best selves, and the teachers of constancy. They are the only possible truth-tellers, for few are able to learn from an enemy's tirades. The necessary hunt for friends seasons our excursions and spices our business. It is a divine Adventure which transforms our earning a living into divine adventures with every one we meet, and with whom we are compelled to enter into relations. As we cannot get friends without becoming friends, our hunt for friends entails a mellowing, a receptiveness which prepares us for improvement and education; just as iron cannot be shaped until it is heated. Therefore no religion (which is reunion to God) is possible until friendship has heated both severed ends.

## 5. KINDS OF FRIENDSHIP

There are all kinds of friendship, in an ascending scale: pleasure, intimacy, business, social, reasonable and virtuous. The Pythagorean Hippodamus defined it as that founded on pleasures of animals, gifts of men, and the philosopher's knowledge of the gods. Frequently one has to begin friendship on the lower levels, in order to have the chance to develop it on the higher.

## 6. CULTURE OF FRIENDSHIP

If friendship is the first step of religion, religion's elementary school is the culture of friendship. It is one thing to make a friend, but another to keep him. This will imply little acts of considerateness, patience, forbearance, faithfulness, loyalty. Friendship cannot be permanent unless it becomes spiritual; its culture must be transformed into consecration; in other words, act as stepping-stone to the more definite developments of religion.

## 7. FRIENDSHIP AS TEACHER

One can take a horse to water, but one cannot make him to drink. So one cannot learn unless from a teacher who is friendly. In France there is a proverb that to know all is to forgive all: that is the secret spring of friendship's pedagogical power. One can never know children unless one loves them first. "Many of the chambers of the house of life are forever locked to us, until love gives us the key." The world may accuse us of idealizing a friend, explaining it as love's proverbial blindness; but it is love only that sees, appreciates, and wins the secret. Young women's friendship is the greatest source of young men's improvement,—an exclusive one indeed, for they would not make it otherwise, not even for their parents.

## 8. MIRACLE OF FRIENDSHIP

Now considering Friendship as the beginning of religion (which explains why St. James says that no one can say he loves God if he does not love his brother) we must look on friendship as something divine, or a miracle. It must be looked on as some secret appointment of heaven, a prelude of heavenly harmonies, a beginning of a heavenly friendship. There is about it a fatality. Frequently it is not we that make the choice, but the choice that makes us. Some men have a genius for friendship, and it is the development of true wisdom to be carried out of oneself in the purifying passion of unselfishness. Friendship then is a sacrament, and the friend its performing priest. Resuming, friendship is the first step of religion, its gate; and no one who is not a friend can be truly religious. The message of this meditation is enforced by dramatization in Dr. Kenneth Guthrie's playet 'Damon and Pythias'.

# II. Immortality.

## 1. IMMORTALITY

Religion, meaning re-union, firstly joins separate individuals in friendship; and secondly bridges the gap caused by death. This immortality is the object of all extant religions. The word has of course been used by many different schools in different senses. First is the quibble of the Harrisonian Positivists, survival of the material elements, which is of no interest to the personality. Then the Neo Hegelian quibble about its consisting of present Knowledge of God. Third the insane boastful lies, they should never die, of poets like Whitman and new thought self-advertisers like Brown and Rawson. Fourth are poetical legends of retirement-survival of such heroes as Arthur, Barbarossa or Napoleon. Next come the oft-disappointed threats of a 'return' connected with cataclysms and the end of the world. Then come the varying theological accounts and theories of the various churches, to which however we should add the Universalistic opiate that all will be saved anyhow, which destroys all incentive to achievement. This Universalistic idea is questioned by those Episcopalians who teach a 'conditional' immortality; which is varyingly represented as depending on orthodoxy or mere 'Knowledge of God.' While this theory is transformed into experimental experience by the evidence gathered by the Society for Psychical Research, for the survival of the mind after the body's death, yet all they have proved is something temporary and selective, though they generally assume something universal and permanent. Another and more respable, historic, poetic and philosophic theory is that of Reincarnation, as modernly set forth by E. D. Walker, and recorded in the 'World's Archives of Religious Experiences,' which support the Biblical references, and those of the Pythagoras, Plato, Proclus, Basilides, and the poets of all ages and times. This theory is the most reasonable explanation of the inadequacies, injustices and mysteries of this life, being in effect a true judgment whose basis is not only doing to others as you would be done by, but, 'what you do to others, you are doing to yourself'. But all it does is to enforce general justice in dealing with others, and give the consolation of explaining mysteries. There is nothing in it to aid us in our present life's opportunity for experimental progress. But is there or could there be anything better? Of course it is here that will come our friend the Buddhist with his poetic, sweetish chloroform of 'Nirvana', the actual dictionary meaning of which word is 'extinction'; so that if that Buddhist tells you it means bliss-ful survival, you have a right to answer him that either he is deceiving you, or should use another word; but if he does so, he is no longer a Buddhist. We must add that this Buddhist identification of death with extinction is a resignation that is very alluring and poetic, but diametrically opposed to our idea of immortality, conscious and progressive.

## 2. ELEMENTS OF AN IDEAL IMMORTALITY

If there is or could be anything better than the traditional theories of immortality, we must discover it by studying the foundations of an ideal definition of immortality, and make a review of the undeniable facts of life which such a conception would have to fit. First, is the inescapable fact of the dissolution of the physical body. Granting that certain patriarchs like Enoch, Elijah, and recent theosophical 'masters' have been translated, the cases are too rare and unauthenticated to be worth consideration. Cornaro's methods to prolong life, and the falling death-rate are all excellent steps in human evolution, but they are only postponements of the inevitable. Tertullian's theory that the teeth were the seeds of the resurrection of the flesh is ludicrous enough to be its own refutation, as is emphasised in the 'City of God' by St. Augustine, who as a doctor of the Church is inerrant. Only ostriches would propitiate or seek to avoid danger by hiding their heads in the sand. Second, all we know of moralization is connected with the body, as an instrument of self-control and sanctification. Heaven may be very pleasant, and hell very disagreeable, but neither allow for conversion, and purgatory is no more than a doctrine or poetic theory. Therefore it would seem that an immortality that was educative (the only kind that interests us) would be limited to life before body-dissolution. Third, if

immortality is to be actual it must belong to the present, which alone is certain. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'. As God is just, he would not expect us to stake our salvation on something (post-mortem conditions) concerning which we know little or nothing. 'After death' m a y 'come the judgment', but the difficulty is to convince the godless. We shall never be more than we can become before death. Angelus Silesius says: 'Who gains not his Kingdom here, will never be a king beyond'. Fourth, we should do away with the mistaken idea of a magical salvation at death. For this there is neither shred of evidence, nor even of orthodox doctrine. Nor is there any logic in it. What we do know of the universe is the law of Conservation, of Causation, of Sufficient Reason. The clock of the physical universe is running down, not up. Drifting does not go up-stream. Falling is not upward; gravitation is not heavenwards. If the spirit survives, it will remain the same as here. The unclean will be unclean still; the wise will remain wise. Murderers and angels will not exchange places. Matthew Arnold's 'East London' deserves to be quoted entire. Foiled by our fellow-men, oppressed, out-worn, We leave the brutal world to take its way; And, Patience, in another life, we say, 'The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne'. And will not then the immortal armies scorn The world's poor, routed leavings? And will they Who failed under the heat of this life's day Support the fervors of the heavenly morn? Nay, the energy of life may be Kept on beyond the grave, but not begun; And he who flags not in the earthly strife, From strength to strength advancing, only he, His soul well-knit and all his battles done, Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life. A fifth condition of immortality would be proper choice of occupation. At death the violinist must leave behind him his violin; the pianist his piano; the painter his brush; the weaver his loom; the printer his press. If then he has devoted his whole life and energy to this, must he not when at death forced to move on, leave his very life behind him, and in effect become an 'earth-bound' spirit? To avoid this he would have to concentrate his energies on the training of those parts of his nature (his subconsciousness and normal consciousness) which he may reasonably hope to take along with him. To this reattaches itself the choice of education in subjects in which a man is weakest, rather than exclusively in those in which, being most successful, he is most likely to earn much money which he would have to leave behind at death.

## 3. IMMORTALITY—METHODS

Having shown the vanity of the traditional theories of immortality, and studied the conditions within which alone a genuine immortality could be apprehended, we have set the frame within which to paint its picture. This however we must reserve for some more fitting occasion; and in the meanwhile we invite each reader to fill in the blank to suit his own fancy; he at least will be satisfied, and will condescendingly ignore the writer's. But he may be willing to accept a few general suggestions as to the methods favorable to the production of the picture. First the kind of life which alone could produce or promote immortality must be a productive or educative existence; not one of accumulation or creation, of technical skill or sports. Second, an immortalizing life is bound to be a conserving one; devoted to recognition of opportunities and exploitation of possibilities. His vitality will be his capital; his time his most precious resource. He will seek to diminish all of the various destructive processes, and increase all the human organism's constructive tendencies. He will be a conservator of his speech-force, for talking is a leak of the soul; and his creative forces he will devote entirely to the immortalizing developments. The details of this suggestion will be found in a pamphlet on 'The Conservation of Your Vitality, Explained Physically, Mentally and Spiritually'. Third, the immortalizer will train his own outer mind, subconsciousness as well as his body. Fourth, the 'immortalizer' will, of the Two Ways, the passive or the active, always choose the initiative, and thus become a partner with the divinity or a play-fellow with the Immortals in the great adventure of the salvation of humanity. Fifth, the immortalizer will never suicide, and will discourage it under all circumstances. No conceivable misfortunes are either beyond the power of God to use for the Soul's welfare, or worse than the value of incarnate existence. God seems so much more anxious than we are to keep us in this world, that life must be infinitely more precious than

is dreamed of by the wisest of us, who are always thoughtlessly ready to spill the cup of wine in which has been dissolved the pearl of God's providential purpose, Sixth, the Immortalizer will be definite, accurate, keeping records of experiences, diaries, monthly and yearly summaries of life-career. At the same time, just as the hopelessly wounded on the battle-field beg to be put out of misery, so it may be a matter of mercy to hasten the disgusting processes of decay in corpses by cremation, and by sterilization of foods and clothing. The immortalizer must be brave enough to destroy the lower forms of life to give progress to the higher. Eight, the immortalizer will consort with the immortals of literature, history, art, poetry, religion and magic, and will thus paint his own portrait in the Planet's Hall of Records. The message of this meditation is dramatized in the playlet 'The Shipwreck'.

## III. Mentalization and Healing.

### MENTALIZATION

Religion being reunion, its first step is reunion with our neighbors in friendship. The second is reunion with the life beyond death, or immortality. Of this the three chief steps are reunion of the personality, or mentalization; and reunion with the divine, or consecration; followed by study of its method of Prayer, and its results or Fruits of the Spirit, or Sanctification. Mentalization will be discussed under the following headings: Psychology, Soul or Subconsciousness, Body Control, Healing, Subconsciousness Training, Mental Training, Freedom of Thought, Continued Consciousness, and Present Immortality.

### 1. PSYCHOLOGY

We only need enough psychology to understand what we are doing. The body consists of the skeleton, the flesh, and the directing nerve ganglia or minimal consciousness. This is that which, having been assumed at birth, is dropped at death. The spirit or super-consciousness consists of the divine part, and the individuality. Now by incarnation this 'spirit' is grown around by the former, and thus develops the 'soul', which consists of the subconsciousness (credulous, with far-sighted senses, affections and passions) and consciousness (mind or reason). Though all persons contain body and soul, the body is usually predominant, the soul being, especially in childhood, quiescent. The body grows of itself, but the soul needs conscious development. The body grows by drifting, the soul by effort.

As to passions, they are divine, and without them a man would be worthless: the difference between Faust and Mephistopheles. But not till they are wholly controlled by reason do they become reasonable; till when they are confessedly 'unreasonable'. So it is 'reasonable' to be rational. This was well brought out in Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie's booklet 'Faith and Reason', the consideration that started him on his costly voyage after conformity of the outer to the inner religious life.

Now as to this clear differentiation or contrast may be emphasized by comparing the shameless satyr Walt Whitman, who openly trumpets his writings' chief message as their animality, and who glories in approaching dissolution, with Matthew Arnold, the classic apostle of culture, who indicates immortality as the goal of self-conquest. There we have the carnal life wherein, however refined, cultured or luxurious it may be, in eating, dressing, sleeping, loving persons or animals, dealing with the world, working and in amusements, it is the blooming of the automatic lower nature, or passions that are followed; reason only helping, not leading. On the contrary, the spiritual life is any life, however hard or lonely, wherein, in eating, drinking, dressing, loving or dealing with persons or animals, it is the reason, in its highest manifestation as conscience, that alone guides, controls and transfigures each automatic instinctive movement, each affection, each passion. Let us not misunderstand the passions.

### 2. THE SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS

Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena shows how the sub-consciousness is in control of the body, directing growth, preserving health, and repairing injuries. It

is far-sighted and far-hearing. But it is credulous, and will believe any thought suggested to it. On the contrary, the reason has no direct control over the body, and is neither far-sighted nor far-hearing; but it can reason out a problem, plan an intelligent course, and allow the individuality to decide. The struggle of life is for the consciousness to control and be divinized by the sub-consciousness's 'supernatural' gifts; and through mastery to produce such calmness that the super-conscious individuality can descend into the consciousness and hold its thread even while the subconsciousness and body are asleep. This is the process of mentalization underlying the achievement of continued consciousness.

## 3. BODY CONTROL

Now in most people the body is uncontrolled. You see men playing with pencils, fingering their faces, biting their nails, walking up and down, twitching, swaying and so forth. It is the subconsciousness, independent of the consciousness, agitating the body. Now this interferes with the proper working of the mind, and may lead the personality to passional crimes, such as theft and murder. Therefore the body must be conquered, if for nothing but decency, as girls must overcome nail-biting. Passions, however evil, can be converted to goodness by reduction to control, by being rationalized, or made reasonable. How to accomplish this? First by 'will-tasks'. What they are is of little moment so long as obedience is enforced. As will-power is strengthened by every victory, and weakened by every failure, it is well to begin by childishly simple commands, such as walking around the room, or uttering some poem, or keeping still for so long, that are sure to be obeyed. 2. Then comes fasting, keeping awake, or lying down. We are even told of a Pythagorean seven-year's talking-fast, which however seems mythical or partial. 3. Then one can sit still, and send the thought into each part of the body till it obeys; or, 'thinking in it.' This is a practical application of what is called 'ideo-motor' action. 4. Stoicism (which should not go beyond the limit of the body's best interests) is necessary, and recommends any kind of body tamers among which the best is the rationally cold daily bath of the English gentleman.

## 4. HEALING

The best kind of body-control is self-healing. We will do well to avoid certain common errors. It is not a manifestation of power of mind over matter, but of consciousness over subordinate conscious direction of matter. It is a plain lie to deny reality to the body; but we should insist that every physical cell is only the expression of subordinate directing mind. The consciousness must act on the sub-consciousness so that the latter will act on the subordinate ganglia-consciousness. So vital physical processes are essentially mental processes, and these can be influenced. 1. We should first fix in the mind the ideal mental image of the normal functioning of the body-organs. This picture should be focussed on the subconsciousness with confident expectation of the picture's materialization, so energetic that the ganglionic sub-consciousnesses reproduce those pictures in material, physical form, so that the ideal becomes real. 2. Practice will soon reduce this at first slow process to a short-cut method of talking to any particular organ as one would to a child, explaining the importance of its normal functioning, and firmly but kindly demanding it should proceed to act in that manner. 3. Another method is, just before sleeping, to 'charge' the subconsciousness with such an auto-suggestion, so that it may work during sleep. 4. One could also use physiological charts of the normal body-processes to photograph the desired result upon the mind's sensitive plate. Whichever method is adopted, the result of health will have to be achieved before body-control can be said to have been established.

## 5. SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS TRAINING

While body-control and healing demand service by the sub-consciousness mediately, this faculty should be trained directly to feats of sub-conscious 'rumination', such as writing a poem, or essay, solving a problem, or in accomplishing thought-transference or telepathy. Its farsight, far-hearing and sub-sensitiveness should be regularly, systematically and by record practised in prognostications of

events for each day of the coming week. All this should not be done blindly, as a duty, but intelligently for achievement of skill and satisfactory results.

## 6. MENTAL CONTROL

Confusion of self and body can after all be cleared up with fair ease, but many people live all their lives without distinguishing their consciousness (reason, logic-machine) from their individuality; and this distinction is necessary before they can achieve control of their mind. To begin with, this is preliminary to body-control, since, as a result of monism, body and mind, interacting, quiet or excite each other. Indeed, body-control-efforts imply mental control, but only secondarily; and this should be untertaken primarily. The intellect must be disciplined until the inner-self, the spirit, can pick up and lay down any thought at any time, just as the hand would pick up or lay down a book. Many human beings are little more than bundles of ideas, instead of forming coherent thought-systems. Souls should train themselves to become worthy of their destinies of being assistant judges on the Great Day. 1. One method is to take some memory-system, such as Loisette's, and do some definite memorization each day. 2. Another method is to gather a number (say a dozen) of memory gems and recite them forward or backward daily. 3. Another method is to follow a systematic reading plan, gathering one memorizable thought therefrom daily.

## 7. FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

One result of reducing the consciousness to control will inevitably be the clearing out of prejudices and the changing of opinions. Evidently the thought-machine is not controlled until it responds to the least guidance of the inner light or Spirit. Mental control implies freedom of thought, and those whose thoughts are chained neither will succeed nor will long keep up the struggle for thought-control. Of course, many deceive themselves by saying, "Dear God, lead me, guide me, teach me; but remember, thy guidance must be orthodox, or I will none of it!" Such guidance is useless, hypocritical and prejudicial, for it will be useless except as it confirms a man's prejudices, and sanctions his passions. Since morality means the supremacy of the conscience, without freedom of thought absolute morality is impossible.

## 8. CONTINUED CONSCIOUSNESS

The next achievement of the Immortalizer is continued or eternal consciousness. Many fail to realize that we spend one third of our lives in sleep, so that this must also be 'mentalized'; for the sleep-mentality will both act and react on the waking consciousness. Moreover conservation of both crude and refined vitality is impossible without unsleeping watchfulness. Also the approach of parasites cannot be prevented unless the sentinel is on post. By such mental control during waking hours, sleeping control will improve; but the latter must be achieved directly by charging the subconsciousness and by the individuality's self-hypnotization the last thing before body-sleep-collapse, with the result that the thread of individual consciousness will be continued, and in eternal consciousness all attackers will be seen and easily repelled.

## 9. PRESENT IMMORTALITY

While this continued consciousness should be practised during sleep, success therein will gradually lead to a permanent lucidity which will hold good even when the body sinks deeper in trance, or even finally in death. This prepares a mental independence of the body which is the beginning of immortality. This assured independent survival of the normal consciousness constitutes eternity. Unless immortal consciousness be attained before the body's dissolution, all probabilities would indicate that just as here, over there souls will periodically sleep. Whether beyond will occur further opportunities of earning immortality (which would seem to demand another physical body), we know not, nor dare risk salvation on such a chance. Here, today, we are sure of the opportunity; the only cost is the least bit of careful persistent effort. Who is fool enough not to capture the Pearl of Great Price? The message of this meditation is dramatized in the playlet "Fools Fear to Tread."

# IV. Consecration.

Religion being reunion, its first step is reunion with our neighbors in friendship. The second is reunion with the life beyond death, or immortality. Of this the three chief steps are reunion of the personality, or mentalization; reunion with the cosmic reservoir of power, or spiritualization; and reunion with the divine, or consecration. This consecration will be discussed under the following heads: Development of Consecration; Use of Consecration; Conditions of Guidance; Significance of Name; the Everlasting Covenant; Acceptance; Challenge; Conversation; Persistence; Warning.

## 1. DEVELOPMENT OF CONSECRATION

While the writer himself started his career from the logical starting point of consecration, this is here put only near the end. Why? Because the majority of readers who will start to read this booklet will probably start from the selfish standpoint of "all of self, and none of Thee." It does not really matter what is their original belief, so long as they get started on Friendship; and perhaps before they finished that, they may have unconsciously progressed to the stand-point of "some of self and some of Thee." After deciding to be reunited to the life after death, they may perhaps be willing for 'less of self, and more of Thee'. Then progressing to reunion with their own psychological elements of which the highest is the divine, they will probably be ready for "none of self, and all of Thee," as the fiery inner light burns out from them the last vestiges of self-regarding dross. Then they will accept consecration as the logical description of their new attitude.

## 2. USE OF CONSECRATION

But even if they are ready to accept consecration, they will welcome a statement of its purposes, and advantages and necessity. Its purpose is to branch off from the black magic of 'success treatments', so popular in America, which are the next logical development after the achievement of health-demonstration by mentalization, if unconsecrated. This is the gist of Jesus' temptation by Satan, to give him all the Kingdoms of the World, which he who accepts becomes worldly, and ceases to progress to other-worldliness, or unworldliness, and becomes satisfied with himself. Consecration's advantage is that it enables the man to step forward to service to the race and his own higher self. Consecration's necessity, however, is that if a man uses the mental powers he has developed for his own advantage, he will inevitably oppose those who are working for the race and their higher development, and become an opponent instead of a helper of humanity. Here then is the branching off of the Two Ways, at which, as Prodicus tells us, Hercules decided to serve humanity, even if as a slave; and of which we also hear in the Gospel, the 'Narrow Way'; —'strait is the gate, and few there be that find it',—the other crowded way being easy and broad, but it leads into the quagmire of self-destruction.

## 3. CONDITIONS OF GUIDANCE

A man may have guidance, and protection from spiritual misfortune to his soul, at a price,—that of consecration. The prevalence of despair, testified to by the rising rate of suicide and crime, show that men blame God for not providing for them. But is it not illogical to expect Him to protect them when they are 'going it alone', doing what they want, when and as they want, probably doing their spiritual progress as much harm as possible? God does not owe them a living, on their own terms. But He does owe them one on His terms, and these are the Consecration Vow mentioned below. But none can deceive God by hypocritical church membership, or lip-service. While this is better than open opposition, and will be so rewarded by perhaps the privilege of chastening trials, nevertheless our Silent Partner is not blind, or more stupid than are we ourselves.

## 4. SIGNIFICANCE OF NAME

Why is the Covenant called 'everlasting'? Because the Arms whose support it invokes are everlasting, and it is only fair, decent and honest to pay a price equivalent to the benefit desired. The Covenant does no more than express the

conditions of natural and moral law which are as everlasting as Nature, Man and God. While these remain as they are, their interrelations must necessarily also remain the same.

## 5. THE EVERLASTING COVENANT

Of course there is no patented form of the Covenant, and any other words to the same effect are admissible. But for convenience here is a good form to recite, or, better, to write out: "I hereby devote, consecrate, and sacrifice everything I am, have, and hope to be and have, to Thee, O Divine Father, to be used for Thy purposes, both here and beyond, now and forever. I reserve nothing. I will obey immediately, if the Still Small Voice will guide me. I am weary of myself, and of my human purposes! Do Thy will in me, so I may be conformed to the eternal purposes. Use me as a hand to do Thy will; I only ask to remain Thine for evermore! Amen!

## 6. ACCEPTANCE

This must be repeated continually, until the soul receives from within assurance that her self-dedication has been accepted. Then will come joy, and Christian's pack of cares will roll off his back, and down into the road-side ditch. This assurance comes with automatic certainty to all whose heart is right, and who persist long enough. Depend on it that if the answer does not come, the heart is not right. As God is perfect, the trouble cannot lie with Him. Probably the soul is deceiving itself, as may occur for years at a time. God never enforces consecration, but accepts it when offered, nor ever leaves any in the lurch. It is man's part to practice self-scrutiny, but in answer to prayer God will enlighten the conscience of the sincere. But even after that it would be well to hold a monthly house-cleaning on the recurring birth-date to make sure no new temptation has crept in.

## 7. CHALLENGE

Next to the Consecration-act comes the Challenge. As the piano-student, when beginning, pays attention to each separate finger, but after proficiency only guides the automatic hand, so he who once has achieved the guidance sufficiently to be quite sure of it, should proceed on the assumption that all he does is right until he is stopped by the Voice (Socrates' genius only warned him what to avoid). Again, it is sometimes necessary to choose for one self his own course, according to his own best light. Then he should act confidently, to God issuing a challenge such as, 'Dear Father, I am doing the best I can. If Thou desirest, Thou canst inform me of Thy advice; but to me, seeking, no word has come. If I err, it is Thy fault. I shall never regret this step. If the result is spiritually disastrous, I shall accuse Thee on the Day of Judgment, and expect miraculous redemption. Amen.' Thus souls learn self-reliance, initiative and wisdom.

## 8. CONVERSATION

Next to the Challenge comes the Conversation. To all who fulfil its conditions, the Guidance comes; although to some more easily, to others less. Yet it is generally necessary to practise hearing the Voice. There are two methods. One is purposely to watch one's intuitions of conscience, and the manner of their coming before we do, say, think, hear, read, write, visit, agree, dissent, or leave. The second is the Intimate Conversation, 'practising' the Fatherhood of God, having a talk with Him in childlike devotion, such as was found in Samuel Morris, (Prince Kaboo) by Rev. T. C. Reade, Taylor University, Upland, Ind., or in Kenneth Guthrie's 'Communion with God' and 'Presence of God'. This conversation might be called the 'Divine Friendship', (unpartisan religious devotion relieved of the revolting, bloodiness of Thomas A. Kempis' 'Imitation.'

## 9. PERSISTENCE

Of course, besides sincerity, initiative, and friendship, there is also need of persistence, and insistence, as exemplified in the story of Jacob wrestling with the angel at the brook Jabbok, wrestling fruitlessly till he was lamed, till dawn broke, but then blessed forevermore. The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by force, and suffereth violence.

### 10. WARNING

Of course this Consecration, being the parting of the ways between friendship of Mammon and God, will ultimately entail loss of worldly friendships, though these will later be compensated for by new and more inspiring relations. The aspirant should be prepared for this trial, and not wonder at the comparative loneliness on which he will enter, even in the midst of the paths of the world. "Few there be that find it", we are told in the Gospels. Even Plato had said, Many are the aspirants, but few the torch-bearers. Many desire Heaven 'in addition to' the world, and they are willing to pay high pew-rents to secure this; those are the supports of the fashionable churches. But 'instead of' the world? Ah, that is another story! Demas went back! Reader, will you? Beware lest, after you have gone back, and then seek to return, you find the Door shut! The gist of this Meditation has been dramatized in the playlet, "The Banisters of Heaven".

## V. Prayer.

Preliminarily we may answer the common objection, 'I do not believe in prayer:" —Prayer is not a theory or dogma, but a practice. The question is, not, IS prayer true? but, Does prayer work? Does it 'change things'? Does it 'get things from God'? And we recommend it because from experience we can unhesitatingly say, Yes. Religion or 'reunion' reconnects with our neighbor ourselves and God. But the latter consecration needs the method of prayer, and the objective explanation of the Fruits of the Spirit, or Sanctification.

### 1. COMMUNION

Communion begins with conversation, as has already been mentioned. The matter of the books is not so important as this their manner of intimate religious conference, and the child-faith winning sustained and elevating responses from the Unseen. This primary opening into the Inner Universe (the 'door in Heaven') won, the Soul need never again be lonely, or desparate.

### 2. PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE

The next logical step or development beyond communion is realization of the Presence of God. The 'Of Communion with God's' unpartisan mysticism objectified into Presence feeling is best represented by Brother Lawrence's, or Herman Nicholas's "Practice of the Presence of God". This however lacks the dramatic conversational touch, and is limited to the traditional pietistic sphere. Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie added this conversational touch and both comparative religion's sanifying internationalism, and initiatory experiences in his 'Of the Presence of God', which is recommended to those trying to take the second step into the Unseen World. Here follows a short abstract.

(A) How is the Presence discovered? Without God this world is at best a lonely place; and this loneliness is God's most precious gift if it woos or drives man to seek the Continual Presence of the Heavenly Friend. (B) The History of the Presence-recognition is rooted in the well-nigh universal recognition of the Fatherhood of God. Next come the universal legends of Divinities being entertained by men. First the Bible, in both Testaments, Old and New: the angel-guests of Abraham and Lot, the angel-promises to the parents of Samuel, John, and Jesus; the Emaus hospitality, Jesus visiting the Apostles huddled in the upper room, Peter by the seashore, and when fleeing Rome; Paul Damascus-bound, and the Danielic Three in the Furnace. Second in ethnic legends of St. Christopher, St. Jerome's Bethlehem hospital, the Grail-cycle, and the Sicilian King Robert. Then follow detailed lists of international prophecies of Savior's coming (7 cases), being miraculously conceived (8), having virgin mothers (9), being visited by angels, shepherds or Magi (6); being called a lamb (5), being threatened by hostile rulers (11), undergoing crucifixion (35), descending into hell (9), recorded in scriptures (13), being worshipped in oracular shrines (13). Next we study the Nature of the Presence. It is a Matter of Direct Experience; of which many Forms are known to all. It is necessary, because it alone can keep the soul up to its higher levels, its 'Better Self'. Of

it there are several experienceable kinds,—the individual and the congregational. What practices or methods to achieve it are there? First, it cannot be achieved by dodging duty. It dwells in the realm of mind, and should be sought from motives of both fear (of the Recording Angel) and interest (achieving nobility). God really longs to be the Guest of man, and must be prepared for more, and not less, than some beloved or revered guest, for whom would be prepared a sanctuary, a definite appointment, and a worthy welcome, a chair at table, in company, a place on the hat rack, a motto on the wall, and home harmony; but all this sincerity would become a hyprocrisy, without love. The book closes with a vision of the World-sanctuary.

## 3. BOOKS ON PRAYER

After Communion and Presence, comes Prayer. Unfortunately our scientific tendencies have misled us into the wrong and impossible question of what prayer is, (the best is Fosdick's Meaning of Prayer, and Macmillan's Patterson's 'Power of Prayer') instead of practical accounts of what prayer has done, and therefore will do. Important books on the subject are Faris's Book of Answered Prayer, the Moody Library's 'I Cried and He Answered', and the Work of Prayer thro' George Mueller; Hallimond's 'Miracle of Answered Prayer', 'Wireless Messages' by Broadhurst, Patton's 'Prayer and its Remarkable Answers', 'Getting Things from God', by Blanchard; 'Wonders of Prayer', by Whittle; 'Touching Incidents', by Shaw; Kinsley's 'Science and Prayer', and others. The Bible of course is full of cases of answered prayer; notably Jacob's, Abraham's, Hezekiah's, and Elijah's. These books are overwhelmingly convincing that prayer is still today the chief world-regenerative force. Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie preached a great cycle of sermons hereon, of which the first-fruits was a pamphlet entitled 'Prayer; Proofs, Flaws, Objections: A Guide for a Quiet Day, for Private Devotions and for Instruction of the Young'. What is prayer's nature? Controlled thought-power: which seems as incredible as the marvels of atmospheric electricity or waterfalls, until properly harnessed, as is ideo-motor action, when compressed into "prevailing prayer". That there is Unanswered Prayer is undeniable; what are its causes? Instability, conflicting requests, unwisdom, indefiniteness, forgetfulness, thoughtlessness, and insufficiency. Some common objections are, ' I do not know how to pray, I have nothing to pray for, I have no leisure to pray, (as a matter of fact, we do pray all the time, but we must direct our desires into the effective channels); Prayer is a privilege; and I have duties enough to attend to. How will I know my prayer is heard? 'I must postpone prayer till some more convenient time; I do not believe in prayer;—all these can be convincingly answered. So prayer is the Key of heaven, the solver of all problems, Tennyson's golden chain binding the world to God's feet, the transformer of crosses, the anchor in the storms of life.

## 4. INTERCESSION

Of course prayer for self is the earliest form of prayer; but as selfish it must, if it progress, go on to prayer for others, or intercession. It is through this exercise that a soul becomes a factor to be reckoned with in the administration of this world, or in other words, it arrogates 'authority'. Through this a man may become a savior, and thus this form of exercise is man's supreme privilege,—one that is inalienable. Even Jesus Christ is represented as engaging in intercessory prayer since his resurrection, so that those who imitate him thereby associate themselves with him, and share his functions and rewards. Every serious intercessor will have a prayer-list, and persist in it until each item is successively and systematically removed by success.

## 5. PRAISE

Prayer that is "prevailing" intensifies faith to that degree that it becomes efficient, which is measured by its expression as praise. Prayer is only the negative side of which praise is the positive. But what is the need of any positive side? A side that is merely negative cannot be managed, be utilized, or lead to some further development. Therefore the boldest form of prayer is to thank in advance, and put God into the position of impossibility of refusing,—as did St. Paul when imprisoned. Also if we praise we make ourselves decidedly less nuisances to God than when

we turn to him only for favors wanted. Moreover our own dignity is enhanced by showing ourselves capable of gratitude. Also it shows that we have mastered the mysteries of trials, and understand the more ultimate plans of Providence, and we associate ourselves with the functions of the higher ranks of angels. Also the joy of praise intensifies the psychological effect of any principle we need to objectify.

### 6. ADORATION

Still higher than mere praise is adoration, which implies that on our praise has dawned some revelation of God, which then we may adore. A good example of adoration is the Church Sanctus, the Te Deum, and the Creeds which thus become means of incarnating that divine revelation into ourselves. Adoration is a compliment to ourselves, in as much as it is proof that we have received a revelation; and the people who neither understand it, nor desire to adore, merely confess that they are destitute of any ideal higher than their own present achievement. It is here that artists lead the way to sainthood; for, entirely apart from religious dogma or claims, they keep alive an ecstatic aspiration foreign to the successful business man, and which, in the midst of a most mercenary civilization demonstrates to the unsanctified the existence of ideal standards.

### 7. METHOD OF PRAYER

Systematic prayer will therefore not restrict itself to any single form of exercise. It will always combine some petition, some intercession, some praise and adoration, which indeed are the component parts of any well-balanced church service. The threefold silence of Molinos's and St. Teresa's fourfold method of prayer is only a sort of a psychological analysis, and not a practical path. The completest method of prayer is the nine-fold Angelic Hierarchy, of which each rank represents a systematic successive step of unfoldment. Climbing the golden ladder of heaven each form of prayer constitutes communion with or assimilation to that degree of angelic nature; and the regular progress upwards constitutes a gradual initiation into their functions, nature and rewards.

### 8. NINE-FOLD ANGELIC HIERARCHY

1. The angels proper are guardians, guides, instructors. 2. The archangels undertake and execute special tasks, which involve struggle and frank opposition to evil. 3. The principalities achieve successful administrations of ventures social or economic. 4. The powers undertake the healing of self and of others. 5. The interceding angels thereby achieve authority, and capture that title. 6. The dominations praise God as the result of faith; for no faith is effective until it bursts into expression of praise. 7. The result of praise is the vision of laws and their adoption and utilization. 8. The laws of God form the foundation of four-fold kind of initiation or achievement, represented by the four Cherubic Beings, the ox who ruminates memories of past-existences; the lion of desire for initiation; the eagle of vision of the world-sanctuary, and the man of vision of Helpers and Watchers. Apparently this degree of Prayer constitutes the Practice of the Presence of God. Finally come the Seraphs who burn by inspiring the intellectual light of God, until they become transfigured, as was Jesus. While this method seems very complete, it may be remarked that any object of nature or fact of Science is in its way a method of prayer; there is nothing that can separate us from God, inasmuch as every form of activity can and ought to be sacramentalized by prayerfulness or consecration to God. The gist of this meditation has been dramatized in the playlet, 'The Thread of the Labyrinth'.

## VI. Sanctification.

Religion as reunion led us from Friendship successively to immortality, mentalization, spiritualization, and consecration. But shall we stop here,—pay the price, but never collect the goods? That would be foolish; so we advise those who have consecrated themselves to proceed through regeneration to sanctification, or beatitude. This latter subject is so broad, wide and deep that nothing can be attempted but outlines, suggestions and intimations. "I give you the end of a golden string: only wind it into a ball; it will lead you in at Heaven's Gate built in Jerusalem's wall!"

Some misguided, ignorant religionists may object to the intellectualizations of this chapter as foreign to 'religion' proper, but while they, the mindless can be saved by 'religion' alone, those who have a mind need sanctified intellectuality.

## 1. HELPERS

Summarizing as it does all prehistoric religions, the Bible gives us much about Watchers, Helpers, and Angels. Kenneth Guthrie's Pagan Bible summarizes all the Greek world's foundation for all we know of them. The Theosophists prefer the word 'Masters', but that term is unfortunate in several respects. But the Helpers whom the aspirant should expect to see are such as have gained the ability to appear not only in the dark of seance-rooms but the full sun-light of noon. Among them will be his Heavenly Friend.

## 2. GENIUSES OR DAEMONS

It is here, that belongs Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie's book, "The Pagan Bible, or, Angels Ancient and Modern, an Anthology on the Soul and its Helpers", according to the Ancients Zoroaster, Homer, Hesiod, Cebes, Plato, Cicero and Virgil, and the more Moderns Plutarch, Apuleius, Maximus of Tyre, Plotinus, Synesius, Zosimus, Proclus, and Dionysius the Areopagite. These writers were the direct sources of what we moderns know about angels; and it may be summarized in a reference to the most famous example, the 'Genius of Socrates', who warned him of anything he should avoid.

## 3. ORDERS

The largest fraternal orders are necessarily the least esoteric. Unfortunately all Rosicrucian groups oppose each other even more than they oppose outsiders; and Theosophy also is split into innumerable sects. The Martinists are the most hopeful. So-called 'White Lodges' unfortunately imply struggle against often imaginary 'Black Lodges', a convenient way of insulting any opponent. The student should read Heckethorn's 'History of the Secret Societies of All Ages'. 'The Exoteric Manual of the Brotherhood of the Eternal Covenant' will afford a suggestive outline. May the aspirant have the good fortune to remain unentangled and loyal to the Supreme Council of World-Angels.

## 4. THE DIVINE LOCKSMITH

One of the best illustrations of the gist and process of the spiritual struggle is the parable of the Divine Locksmith. The Lock is the whole of the natural, physical, mental and spiritual laws,—God's Will. The external nature can enter the Temple only by means of the Key, the soul, which is yet blank. The problem is, how to file the Key to the absolutely exact shape that alone will throw the lock. If there be the slightest trouble, it lies with the shape of the Key. The Spirit will give suggestions, if the Key is really being filed. All depends on that. At times heat, even if of no more than a match, may have to be applied, to make the iron malleable, so it will not break under the necessary hammer blows,—or Michael Angelo's chisel strokes that let the angel out. Success will be demonstrated by the lock turning, and the Door opening.

## 5. HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The aspirant should be proficient in the whole of the world's History so as to be able to pass some judgments. He should specially have in his study the biographies of the greatest heroes, martyrs, saints, not to forget the Bible, so that, as said Pelagius, he may be incited to emulate them in his own life, by seeing the heights of which human nature is capable.

## 6. PHILOSOPHY

The aspirant will need a grounding in philosophy. Seelye's 'History of Philosophy' will be found an easy and comprehensive introduction. But the aspirant will find Platonism the most useful Key to the universe: he should acquaint himself first-hand with Pythagoras, Plato, Numenius, Plotimus, Proclus, Porphyry,—all of which Dr. Guthrie has published. Other valuable books are Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics, Evelyn Underhill's Mysticism, James' Varieties of Religious Experiences, and the writings of A. E. Waite, and Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie's 'Religious Experiences'.

## 7. POETRY AND LITERATURE

The poets have for many ages been the only truth-tellers left. It must be ac-

knowledged that many of them have been triflers; but it remains that Shelley dared to utter the most incredible mass of truths right under the noses of the worst philistines of the ages. Kenneth Guthrie's "Spiritual Message of Literature", which is accessible even in Epitome form, gives the first complete review of the whole world's progressive literature with practical reading lists of the most reliable and precious works on general culture. Here may be read Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie's 'Votive Garlands', his collected poems.

## 8. FICTION

Occult fiction is the sugar-coating of much useful medicine, and is a means of approaching prospects who could never be reached in any other way. Recently it has multiplied beyond belief; but the reader will be grateful to be reminded of the standard works: Bulwer's Zanoni; Garver's Brother of the Third Degree; Peeke's Zenia the Vestal; Sands' Spiridion; Chamisso's Peter Schlemiehl; Marie Corelli's Romance of Two Worlds and Life Everlasting. Completer lists are accessible elsewhere. Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie wrote five short occult stories entitled 'Hurrah for God', which are as fascinating as they are instructive; also his romantic 'The Reuniting Pilgrimage' or Long-lost Second Book of Acts, which in biblical language summarizes the arguments for the world-old doctrine of reincarnation; also his "Perronik", the Breton original Grail legend, whose site he discovered and reproduced. Also his 'What Happened to Kitchener', a story showing how, why and where Faith is inevitable, and essential to life and progress.

## 9. UTOPIAS

The spiritual habit of finding the gist of everything (the basis of the international symbol-languages) produces Wells' 'prophetic' curiosity as to the future, which results in 'Utopias'. The aspirant finds in them joy and inspiration. He will begin no doubt with More's Utopia, Bacon's New Atlantis, Bellamy's Looking Backward, Wells' Utopia, and many others he will find in Public Libraries. Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie has written a "Romance of Two Centuries", which points the direction in which human evolution must inevitably progress.

## 10. ALLEGORIES

Allegories or parables are still the best means of reaching the masses. The standard ones will be found described in Kenneth Guthrie's "Spiritual Message of Literature". A modern Allegory will be found at the end of 'The Initiate', and in many of Macdonald's best works. In a certain sense the whole universe is only a visible allegory of the sacramental development of the Soul. Some of Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie's allegories will be found in his 'Hurrah for God!'

## 11. THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

One important step forwards is the acquirement of the international symbol language used by the Angels in communicating with man in dreams and intuitions. Founded on the Alexandrian Clement's and Origen's language of correspondences (revamped by Swedenborg), there are accessible short vocabularies such as that in one of Kenneth Guthrie's 'Regeneration Books', and elsewhere. The need for such a dictionary is proved by the wide circulation of unreliable and unauthorized Dream Books. Each man, in the last analysis, must make his own. Esperanto being a Polish conglomeration of gutturals is not as hopeful as the Latin racial Ido, as a possible exoteric auxiliary language.

## 12. WALK WITH GOD

What is Walk with God, if not childlike devotion? Humility is no degradation, but a complimentary recognition of the possession of ideals, and improvability. Let us hold fast to the golden Key of prayer, and remember that loving devotion may save the day under the temptations that are inevitable for those who progress. May we never, by self-satisfaction, be halted in our career towards transfiguration, beatification and aureolization,—till we behold the aurora borealis of the hosts of God's Helpers, and we see the rainbow of God's presence, at whose foot we will find the pot of gold,—the purpose of this macrocosmic process, this evolution of God, this divinization of Man,—as said St. Athanasius, that we may become gods walking about in the flesh. This meditation has been dramatized into a playlet call- "St. Nicholas's Surprises".

# VII. Completing Corroborative Outlines

The above six instructions have very carefully summarized the chief elements of the start of a religious life. .From here on the sincere student must pick his own way until he has achieved sufficient interior experience to justify his throwing to the winds all his prejudices, and entering the more serious 'Temple Gates Opened.' But the interval between books varies with the student's earnestness and aptness. However, he may be protected from wandering or excursion by careful reading of recommended corroborative books; such as 'The Spiritual Message of Literature,' Pythagoras, Numenius, Plotinus and Proclus; A Romance of Two Centuries; of Mysteries, the Mithraic, the Angelic, the Rosicrucian and the Maleus, the Pagan Bible, What Happened to Kitchener, and Votive Garlands, Outlines of some of these books follow in the order of mention.

## EPITOME OF SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF LITERATURE

### WHY SUCH A BOOK IS NEEDED

What is the need of a book entitled 'The Spiritual Message of Literature?' Because many people do not either think, know or realize that there is any spiritual message in literature. The most naïve, unreflective people accept all of life prima-facie as divided into various compartments. To many it is news that religion is more than a Sunday showing-off entertainment. It would be well therefore to bring before them in easily understandable form the religion of literature, and the literature of religion.

### THE NECESSITY OF COMPARING LITERATURES

Comparison is the root of all learning, suggestion, insight, and improvement. The writer, though all his life he had studied music, for the first time understood how to criticize music when, at a German Saengerfest in Philadelphia, he heard the same song sung successively by a dozen different male choruses. He who knows only one language, does not understand language as such. All our social evils survive simply for lack of proper social inter-relations. The Salvation Army has established bureaus for consultation with intending suicides; no misfortune is really so great that it does not admit of relief, if we could only get into touch with well-intentioned holders of resources. Thought itself is a social product; and over-individuality is only a polite name for insanity, provincialism, obstinacy, and stupidity. Solitary confinement is the supreme punishment.

If then unification is the supreme good, all that stands in its way is of evil; namely, ignorance or personalities. Separate languages are inevitable; each has its own "bouquet" and contributes an unreplaceable element to spirituality. The evil is not preference for one's own language, but ignorance of others. To gather the significance of even our own literature, therefore, we must discover its true function in the universal organism. If we only realize it, our best thoughts are the efflorescence of civilizations we affect to despise and ignore; and unless we understand the elements of thought with which we deal, we lose the racial aroma, the predestination which makes of our own life a note in the hymn of destiny. How quickly we would run away from a man who would be eternally twanging at a single harp-string! But when supported by a chord, even a single note may alternately plead, as a mediant; attack as a dominant; or triumph as a tonic. The differing colors, gathered, form white light, something sublimer than any of them. With all the strings of the harp, the harpist can improvise heart-moving symphonic achievements. Our modern literature, unanalyzed, is a personal pastime; appreciated in the light of its origins, it is the latest revelation of the evolving divinity.

### THE TWO KINDS OF LITERARY SOURCES

Running through every human life are the twin relations of individual and the group to which he belongs. So we have the pupil and the class; the priest and the church; the toiler and the trade. Their ideas are not always identical. There is often friction; in ancient times called heresy, nowadays it is disharmony. Therefore if we are to listen to the different voices of literature, we shall have to listen both to racial and to individual solutions of the problems of destiny.

In the past, of course, the racial element was the most noticeable; in modern times,

the individual; and yet it could easily be demonstrated that neither could exist without the other, any more than the flower without the root, or even the root without the flower.

Indeed, what we are pleased to call the more original individual messages consist really of hybridization of racial characteristics; like Matthew Arnold, who brought to the English language French pellucidity and charm.

Originality, indeed, is only grasp of better sources. What Macrobius did to Virgil, what the Higher Critic has done to the Pentateuch, could be done to every great writer, who, indeed is great chiefly because he was so receptive to the influences and sources of his times that he adequately represents them. Goethe frankly acknowledged pillaging; but what a pillaging it was! And if Goethe had not studied sufficient foreign literatures, he would not have had anything to pillage. The more original therefore a genius you want to be, the wider will have to be your erudition. The saner judgment you wish to pass, the more comparative must it be. The more individual you wish to become, the more sanely must you discriminate the streams of racial inspiration, and the more judicious must be your combination thereof.

## WHAT IS LITERATURE?

Before beginning our search for the messages of races and of individuals, we must ask ourselves, What is literature? This has been defined as memorability; for which there may be many individual causes, none alone being sufficient to measure up to, or secure immortality. For instance, felicity of diction; importance of message; emotion; and first of all, beauty. We hear sometimes of the religion of literature, and the literature of religion; but after all, literature is religion of the right kind, and religion is the right kind of literature. These miserable divisions between religion, literature, science, poetry, and art are only fetishes for the short-sighted; of course very useful to calculate with; especially useful in heresy-trials; but who would care to be a Torquemada? Besides, they are useful to earn salaries with; to raise meetings to hysteric generosity, to sell books, or even to make armies kill each other; but to satisfy each soul's desire for truth, justice, humanity, wisdom, no! The larger truth, the higher truth, these are irreducible margins, which presentiment tells us are the basis of universal brotherhood. We are all longing for a single, all-comprehending heaven, where all those distinctions will be transformed into the many-sided service of the Supreme life. Wagner's opera, a union of music, poetry and action adumbrated this yearning for unification. Someday there will be a "United States of Europe," and later an intercontinental co-operation foreshadowed by the postal system, and the Hague Palace of Peace.

So if we prefer to use a new term to indicate the unity of all these various terms, we may, as most convenient, fix on the term "prophecy," to represent the gist or significance, or spiritual message of aspiration, of which we are especially to study the literary expressions.

## THE RACIAL MESSAGES

The message of the Hindus is manifold. In common with many undisciplined people, many of their literary expressions represent a quality of which the best interpretation is generosity. The political states support whole classes of religious devotees. It is the land of classic friendships. Here the widow burns herself on her husband's pyre, and wives seek out additional wives for their husbands. Readiness to forgive, as shown by Rama, is not far removed from this. Moral desert, spiritual culture, and deification are in addition higher developments thereof. Compassion is the chief historic dogma of Buddhism. The northern branch of their race, the Persians express its more intellectual aspect by fidelity, truth-telling, and marital faithfulness. The Arabians express its more militant aspect in their Mohammedan resignation to the will of God.

When we turn to the Chino-Japanese world, we find an entirely different category of religious conceptions. The Chinese teach us moderation, duty and righteousness, and character, as well as fidelity to the family as the social unit. The Japanese owed their superiority to the Chinese because of their imitativeness, for all that is great in their civilization is originally Chinese. But what matters that to us, as long as they artistically, gracefully, and charmingly selected the best? In Japan first did

art become self-conscious, for all they are is owed to the way in which they spoiled the Chinese.

The Semitic world is an entirely different group. The Egyptians were obsessed by the idea of Judgment, as shown in their Book of the Dead, which represented the soul going towards sunset, passing through Judgment, and thereafter being "manifested to light" with the sunrise, in another world. In other words, they taught the world immortality. What is represented to us by the word "intellectual culture" appears for the first time among the Assyrio-Babylonians, who wrote myths about creation, and taught what we might best call "communion with the Divinity," such as we find it later in the Hebrew Psalms. Although the Zoroastrians in a certain sense belong to the Hindu group, yet their political establishment in this valley, and consequent influence on the Hebrews when in captivity, forces us to class them here; for the last gift to the world of this wonderful valley of the Euphrates, were the Zoroastrian conceptions of purity, an angelic hierarchy, a future savior, a millenium of restoration, and the divine fire.

The Greek world's influence upon the world has not, in the past, been overrated; but, the general state of ignorance of other civilizations has caused it to eclipse our debts to other races and civilizations. We must however give this Greek civilization its due place in our "spiritual inheritance." From Greece came the conception of heroic magnanimity, social success, and the healthy objectivity so well represented in their bible, the poetry of Homer. Last, but not least, was their worship of classic beauty.

To surviving aborigines such as the American Indians we can trace the poetic expression for love of flowers, and genial mildness.

To the Northern sources, from Iceland, Norway, and adjacent countries we may trace the bardic ideals, and the expression of Manliness, something which could not come from any of the southern civilizations, among whom slavery was an institution.

## SEMI-RACIAL VOICES

Having thus mentioned the chief racial contributions to our spiritual heritage, we may now turn to the semi-racial ones which come to us in the shape of legends. These are not racial, for many of them wander around the globe in the supremest disregard of frontiers and nationality. They appear as epics, and in later days dramas or poems by great authors, who endeavored to interpret them spiritually.

The legend of Job, as it appears in the Bible, enforces moral trial, disinterested love, confidence in the inner light, and scientific humility, or trust in God.

The Hindu Haritschandra legend teaches the sacredness of a promise, duty as taking precedence of love, and magnanimity or generosity.

The Greek Prometheus legend teaches the contradiction between mind and passion; the supremacy of the rational over the irrational nature; the avoidance of fate by intelligent mechanical contrivances; and the divinity of Man as contrasted with dogmatic heaven and hells. Shelley's continuation thereof teaches the lesson of pain, which is forgiveness; the search of the intellect after truth; the destruction of the tyranny of custom, and the attainment of a moral character.

Plato's Republic teaches scientific government, as against the practical corruption of brute force, or, science versus custom.

Dante's Divine Comedy sets forth moral culture as salvation.

Calderon's Prodigious Magician shows that the failure of every other natural method of progress proves the veridicity of the Christian religion.

The Faust legend, in Goethe's hand, teaches divine discontent.

The Golden Legend, popularized by Longfellow, sets forth the beauty of self-sacrifice, but also the duty to refuse it.

The Holy Grail legends teach a Quest after the divine on earth, and that without purity none may find it.

The Wandering Jew legends, as expressed by Quinet, teach that the effort of life is to procure culture for our descendants.

Hardy's "Dynasts" reads into the Napoleonic legendary crises the paroxysms of an unconscious Will, of which men are but the deceived puppets.

Moody's "Masque of Judgment" serves up, in modern form, the old millenial

world-crises, in the form that passion is good while controlled, but that its evil lies in its moments of rebellion.

Wilbrandt's Master of Palmyra expresses in modern form the universal idea of re-incarnation, and its possible explanation of the injustices of life, and the ultimate achievement of perfect moral character.

Flaubert, in his "Temptation of St. Anthony" adapted that age-long legend to portray the moral progress of a soul through physical needs, sectarianism, philosophy, national ideals, and pantheism, to scientific research as the herald of a new age.

## INDIVIDUAL VOICES

Those who have attempted to invent the scaffolding on which to drape their characteristic message were able to accomplish far more purposive results, but, of course, their creations suffered in picturesque objectivity, which, after all, is the basis of literary immortality. Among them, we may listen to

Kebes, the disciple of Sokrates, when he paints a Greek Pilgrim's Progress, in his "Picture," teaching intellectual culture, virtue, happiness, and sobriety.

Bunyan, following in his foot-steps, adapted it to the Christian religion, and its practical life.

St. Augustine, when he dreams of the cosmic progress of a newer civilization.

Spenser, when he objectifies for us the beauty of the virtues of holiness.

Byron, when, in "Manfred," he exhibits the dangers of failure in moral matters, even after the substantial victory is won.

Krasinsky, in his "Infernal Comedy," shows that poetic humanitarian dreams lead only to bloody revolutions, to misfortunes of those we love, and to blindness of one's own powers. Democracy is disgusting; aristocracy is effete and treacherous. Nothing remains but the Christian religion.

Madach's "Tragedy of Humanity" illustrates the tendency of religious obscurantism to ruin knowledge and culture, the suicidal results of blind credulity.

Ibsen, in pointing out the inevitable suicidal results of over-logical consecration to unearthly ideals, such as those of Brand.

Victor Hugo, who, in his "Dieu," symbolizes the stages of mind of man, and shows that only under rationalism, the proper use of reason, can man be fully himself.

Tolstoi, who in his "Power of Darkness" illustrates the power of guilt to condemn man to greater guilt; and that the only way out is open confession.

Compoamor, in his "Universal Drama," illustrates the tortuous agony of expiation of crime, that guilt clings to us in unimagined conditions until transformed into moral achievement.

George Bernard Shaw's Back to Methuselah invents a mythical growing longevity as trimmed with witty brilliants and scientific discoveries. But as to him God has become theorized, He is discarded along with useless doctrines, and leaves the purpose of the whole world-process the same as Faust's: pointless curiosity and restlessness, as opposed to stagnation. But what is the use of such change if it does not ultimate in some supreme desirable goal? It entirely lacks the redemptive urge.

## CONSENSUS OF PROPHETS

We have just studied the messages of those poets who took the trouble to incarnate their intentions into coherent, and dramatic works of art. But the first step of prophecy is mere bardism, or troubadour-effusions, or lyric poetry. So manifold, so disconnected, so transitory are these, that few if any have suspected that they could ever have a consistent significance. Still, this could be guessed from the fact that lyric effusions are after all judged by universal standards such as beauty, emotional power, imaginativeness, sincerity, and the like. We may therefore assume that it may be possible sometime, as indeed is done in the standard anthologies, to classify and systematize the lyric poetry of the world, and ultimately come to some definite significance thereof. It is admitted that its bulk, its continual accessions, its fluctuating standards of criticism, will ever make a final conclusion merely provisional, and valid only for the seeker himself; but nevertheless every intelligent man will make his own deductions, according to his lights, and to the extent of his erudition.

In Dr. Guthrie's "Spiritual Message of Literature," such an international quest is conducted, with the following result:

The basic lyric aspiration consists of consecration of self to some object or another. Passion is attractive primarily for its keen appreciation of beauty. But pain inevitably arises, and teaches its lesson of law-abidingness. This constitutes a rational control of the passions, a rationalization of life, eventuating in purity of heart. This leads to impartial love, whose education results in cosmopolitanism. Idolatry is a half-way station on the way to devotion to the divine.

We have now arrived at consideration of our human potentialities, which might be summarized by the single word "conservation."

Constructivism, instead of destructivism, is at the root of this; in religious dialect, "edification." This leads necessarily to discipline, which can be effected only by labor. Thus is developed character, which is best shown by responsibility. Only watchfulness to avoid failure permits us to achieve our ideals.

Having thus created the individual, we are ready to examine the contents of his ideals, which might be termed a "higher pantheism," or, in a single word, "attainment." God then is universally recognized as being immanent in the world, and the next higher view is his immanence in the self. This is practically objectified by the ancient maxim, "Know Thyself." This really constitutes our divine destiny, which, when carried out or achieved, appears as self-dependence. But if we are evolving, it is evident that divine discontent is the ultimate revelation of the divinity; for even the divinity must still be progressing, or he would not be perfect, one element of which conception must surely be progress.

While this is the true basis of life, poetry has loved to clothe it in a religious mysticism, whose gateway was initiation. This tells us in poetic words that the root of all gross polytheism really was a sense of the human progress towards divinity; whose highest definition has ever been some sort of love, which may well be associated with wisdom. The union of both, applied to our problems, is the religious dialect for progress, namely, salvation.

This is the spiritual message of universal literature; and, in his book of that title, Dr. Kenneth Guthrie has attempted to give the quotations justifying it, and presenting sufficient of the details of the underlying dramas, legends, and racial contributions thereto to enable the general reader to gain a very substantive appreciation thereof. It contains quotations from, and accounts of many literary works generally unknown, but which, in the future, will be better known on our side of the Atlantic.

It also contains precise information about all the great epics of the world and lists of books for systematic reading in literature and religion.

## BACONIANISM'S FOUR REASONS

AFTER SUNRISE CLUB DEBATE, FEB. 1927, REWRITTEN MARCH 23, 1928

Closed was the Bacon-Shakespeare argument:
Victoriously I turned to go away
When I by prosperous man was buttonholed.
In confidential whisper, he would know
What was the root of my great interest.
"Your oratory suited well the crowd,
But privately to me the truth confess!"
"I wear Baconian label," I replied,
Because I love the truth and hate a fraud!"
"Twaddle!" he winked. "Why pick on Shakespeare then?"
"Because, from his great popularity,
His plays are open doors to every mind,
Which then the search for Truth may sanctify."
"Splendid!" he clapped, "you are a wondrous bard,
But lay aside that popular pretense;
Reveal to me your moneyed interest!"
"Rightly you guessed that what I said was mask;
I drop it now, and tell the simple truth.
This controversy interests me because
It is an instance, capable of proof,
Where all the world believes what'swholly wrong.
Into his bulging cheek he stuck his tongue
"That also is a mask, so throw it off;
Out with the truth: evasion I despise!"
Humbly I look upon the ground; then raised
My flashing eye. "Yes, I acknowledge that
There is a deeper reason for my interest.
It is the palpablest of instances
Of secret language, hidden in a code!"
He screamed, and twisted in a loud guffaw:
"Glorious! At quibbles you're a master-hand,
As salesman I would recommend you well!
You're sane, because you have convinced the crowd.
As man to man, unveil your real stake!
You've naught to lose, and you would only rise
In my esteem in showing me your hand."
With fury choked, I threw off all disguise:
"You stupid grafter, who cannot conceive
That I would burn with indignation at a fraud,
Of my Baconianism, learn deepest ground;
I work for Bacon, for his Rosy Cross,
His world-wide helpers for the human race,
His New Atlantis, that is yet to be!"
My baiter stopped: within his eye there came
The full suspicion of insanity:
"So then he's crazy, after all!" he spat,
And turned away with mocking enmity.
But I was satisfied to carry home
A clearer outlook on my passion's goals;
Shakespeare as world-wide open sesame,
Proof that the world is wrong demonstrably,
Good instance of a mystic secret code,
And last, the order of the Rosy Cross!

# SHAKESPEARE AND BACON UNMASKED

**1. WOULD YOU BE SATISFIED TO BE HOAXED? No! THEN LISTEN:** The **ONLY** people who mention authorship in connection with the illiterate Stratford street-porter and actor who began life as an immoral, poaching butcher-boy, who ended as an usurious sot who died of a drunken orgy, and left, as a second thought only, the second-best bed to the wife who bore his first child 5 months after the marriage, are those who have not yet read Jas. Phinney Baxter's Greatest of Literary Problems, or Edwin Reed's Bacon vs. Shakespeare, or Vol. I of Donnelly's Great Cryptogram. If your Public Library does not supply them, write to the **SHAKESPEARE LENDING LIBRARY**, at Teocalli, 1177 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. U. S. A. **THE AUTHORSHIP IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE STRATFORDIAN?** Because he would have had to be an author **BEFORE STARTING**; he was still butchering in Stratford while in distant London Venus & Adonis was being published in 1584; while Hamlet was being acted in London in 1585, and in Amsterdam in 1586; **IN HIS ABSENCE**, after 1610, were published 11 new plays; and **AFTER HIS DEATH** in 1616 appeared Henry VIII, 1621, Coriolanus & Julius Caesar, 1622, Timon, 1623.

**SHAKESPEAREANISM UNKNOWN TO SHAKESPEARE.** The Actor never mentioned the plays, even in his will; never protested while they were being authoritatively revised in his absence. On the contrary, he probably received money for fathering A London Prodigal, A Yorkshire Tragedy, Thomas Lord Cromwell, The Puritan, Locrine, and Heywood's 2 poems. So he was a **PROFESSIONAL DUMMY**, having nothing to lose in reputation.

**SHAKESPEARIANISM A MODERN DELUSION.** — 1. His contemporaries were under no illusions; when he died, no one said a word, in contrast with Bacon's glowing eulogies, Manes. — 2. He was attacked in 1592 by Greene (?) as impostor, in 1601 by Manningham as a lewd deceiver, in 1589 by Nash as an impostor. This is the total direct contemporaneous reference, except 3 anonymous charges he was miserly and unreliable. — 3. Ben Jonson, who later praised the Author, charged the Actor with chattering, having little Latin and less Greek, (?) of being a Poet Ape, who bought the reversion of old plays. — 4. The Stratfordian was openly charged with being a literary impostor in Ben Johnson's Every Man in his Humour, 1598; in the Return from Pernassus, 1601, in Ratsei's Ghost, 1605; Rosicrucian Confessio, 1615; Great Assizes, 1645; Swan of Avon Legend; and in the 1786 Educated Pig story open claim.

**AUTHORSHIP DOES NOT FIT THE BUTCHER DRUNKARD.** The Author must have been a **LINGUIST**, using then untranslated Latin, Greek, French, Italian & Spanish expressions and plots; a **SCHOLAR** of all universal literature; a remarkable **JURIST**; a **PHILOSOPHER**, (Carlyle, Emerson, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Hudson); a **COURTIER** (Venus & Adonis, Tempest;) a **LIVING DICTIONARY** using 15,000 words, and a **WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIA**, Baynes, Lowell, Whalley, Gervinus, Stapfer, Dickens, Allibone. Now the Stratfordian was none of all this, and it is disgusting to even mention the facts, which are however made compulsory by the childishness of the traditionalist. Stratford was so vile a place that out of 19 aldermen 13 could not write. Neither could Shakespeare of whom all that survives are 5 illegible scrawl-signatures, and Wise has catalogued the 1900 different ways in which his name appears; nor did he teach his own children to write! Of course, no manuscripts, no mention of books, even in his will, no correspondence except one letter asking him for a loan! More repulsive still than this **IGNORANCE**, is his **MEANNESS**. Besides the instances mentioned above, it is simply unthinkable that **AFTER** writing that immortal sonnet on Mercy from the Merchant of Venice, a man should settle down to keeping a lawyer lodging in his house the better to prosecute the poor for trifles lent at usury. As to his **INTEMPERANCE**, every visitor to Stratford is shown the place where he died of a drunken orgy, the crab-tree where he held a drinking- contest, & Mermaid Tavern where hatibtually he swilled. So **BRUTAL** that he jubilated over the calves he killed (Aubrey).

**WHAT! SUCH A BEAST WRITE THE IMMORTAL PLAYS? IMPOSSIBLE!** That is what said the poet **WHITTIER**: Whoever wrote the Plays, I am quite sure the man Shakespeare neither did nor could. Then **EMERSON** said: I cannot marry this . . . obscene and profane life . . . to his verse. **JOHN BRIGHT** the English statesman said, Any man who believes such a man wrote Hamlet or Lear is a fool! Even the malicious Stratfordian **RICHARD GRANT WHITE**, who hounded Delia Bacon to death acknowledged it would be a miraculous miracle, which, in plain English means a mere mistake.

**SO GET ABOARD THE BAND-WAGON, ALONG WITH Oliver Wendell Holmes, Judge Nath. Holmes, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, the poet Coleridge, the philosopher Schliegel, Prince Bismarck, Lord Palmerston, Lord Houghton, Editor Furness, and Appleton Morgan,** President of the N. Y. Shakespeare Society!

## BACON DEFENDED

**AGAINST TRADITIONAL CHARGES BY THE UNREFLECTING.** — 1. Are his Psalm-versifications **POOR?** At least, they have the merit of having been made direct from the originals, and of being better than those of Milton, which have never been allowed to detract from his fame as a great poet. Indeed, in view of the limitations of English rhymes, it is to be doubted whether accurate metrical rhymed psalm-translations will ever be advisable; as appears from comparing all those extant. — 2. Did Pope say that he was the **'MEANEST** of mankind?' Pope probably meant the **HUMBLEST**, and we have such uses of that word, which would well describe Bacon's reserve and modesty. Pope must have meant the word kindly, inasmuch as he was one of the leaders in the erection of the Westminster monument. In the literal sense of meanness, it would be ludicrously untrue as, on the contrary, he was so over liberal as to be rebuked therefor by both Queen Elizabeth and King James. — 3. Is Macauley's **ANIMOSITY** against him justified? **No**; the (in)-famous Essay was condemned as grossly unfair and incompetent by an authority no less than the learned Lord Acton. — 4. Was Bacon **SERVILE?** He lived in an age when servility was essential to survival as courtier or nobleman. Why, even to-day rich American girls are actually marrying for titles that are frauds! — 5. Was Bacon **CRINGING?** On the contrary, he boldly published letters of advice to Elizabeth, Essex, James and George Villiers. — 6. Did Bacon **SELL HIMSELF?** He thought it better to serve his country with and

under men inferior to himself, than not at all. — 7. Was he a **MAN-PLEASER?** He pleased 'great' men rather ill! — 8. Was he **CRUEL?** In contrast with the brutal Coke, he was merciful to criminals. All good men were his friends. His Prayer says 'I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart.' The Manes say 'O thou who wert so good to all men living!' — 9. Was he **UNFAITHFUL?** He was known as a 'friend unalterable to his friends,' even to the renegade Sir Tobie Matthews. — 10. Did he **BETRAY** Essex? The Queen's express command was a superseding obligation superior to personal obligations. — 11. Did he accept **BRIBES?** In a surviving letter his servant Thos. Bushell confesses the servants betrayed their innocent master in perpetuating an immemorial (and surviving!) custom. Bacon accepted the blame, as a scape-goat for the Stuarts' unpopularity; but insisted **HE WAS THE JUSTEST JUDGE IN ENGLAND SINCE 50 YEARS** and records show he was the first judge to clear the court-calendar.

## FRANCIS BACON UNMASKED

In our **SHAKESPEARE UNMASKED** we conclusively demonstrated that the Stratford butcher could not have written the immortal plays. But if not he, then who? **FRANCIS BACON DID. WHY SO?** 1. He alone had the ability. 2. Similarities to Bacon's published works and unpublished MSS. 3. Similarities with Bacon's biography, including localities, friends and events. 4. Circumstantial evidence almost unassailable. 5. Bacon's own claims to authorship, the public ones involuntary, the purposive ones secret. 6. Acknowledgment of Bacon's authorship by his contemporaries. 7. Modern acknowledgment by experts among whom it would be an honor for any reader to enroll,—Emerson, Whittier, etc. **BUT WHY ALL THIS SECRECY? WHY SHOULD HE NEED UNMASKING?** Still to-day secrecy is employed by authors, ecclesiastics, politicians, business men, society women, teachers and lawyers. So there is nothing unusual about it; but Bacon had special reasons. 1. The Elizabethan times were 'dark and perilous.' All political preferment and income-opportunity depended from the favor of the King who openly flouted the literary, there was no press or elections to appeal to for support or vindication, while the theatre-personnel was admittedly vile. Moreover, Bacon had precisely to make his living as a lawyer, for 5 years had a 'long suit' to Elizabeth, and while she privately acknowledged him as her son, he knew that the school-teacher Marston had had his ears cut off for public telling she had had two sons by Leicester. While for years he had to keep himself available for the succession, he received no advancement from James without the utmost subservience. Such grounds for anonymity of authorship were sufficient to convert Basil E. Lawrence and many others. Moreover with Bacon secrecy had become a philosophico-religious principle: his 'Advancement of Learning' teaches the 'Billiteral Cypher' which has been universally adopted as the Morse Code; and he considers the Bible authorizes the Church's Disciplina Arcani in Proverbs 25.2, It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, and it is the glory of the king to discover it. Therefore secrecy is not merely a justifiable accident, but the hall-mark without which no production is genuinely Baconian.

**HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WITH THE ABILITY TO WRITE THE PLAYS** from then still untranslated sources, Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish; he graduated from Cambridge at 15, travelled all over Europe, lived at the Court, published the most learned treatises, was lawyer, philosopher, poet, scientist,—all the plays demand.

**ALL THE PLAYS' GEOGRAPHIC LOCALIZATIONS ARE BACONIAN.** While Stratford does not appear, we have 23 mentions of St. Albans' including the battle, the contemporary epitaph, and the fake beggar; also Cymbeline legends. Bacon alone had visited all the scenes of Henry VI:30 in London, 3 in St. Albans', 20 in French provinces, 1 in Temple, 1 in Parliament, and the true-to-life soldiers could have been observed in Paris only. In LLL the scene is at the Navarre Court where Bacon himself had wooed in vain, and the names Biron, Boyet and Dumayne come from his brother Anthony's pass-port. Here belong Joan of Arc's appeal to Burgundy, Venetian scenery with Spanish law of MoV, Paduan scenery of ToSh, and the sources of Othello.

**OF BACON'S BIOGRAPHICAL EXPERIENCES THE PLAYS REVEAL.** 1. The Tudor histories witness his expectations of the succession, while Hamlet pictures the agonies of an unacknowledged son. — 2. Sir Nicholas Bacon's hanged hog joke, MWW 4.1. 3, Cambridge students' keeping, not living in rooms, TA; silent foursome dining and horticulture at Gray's Inn. — 4. Ignorance of water-fowl impossible to a Stratfordian. — 5. Was dramatic manager at Gray's Inn, and produced CoE 6, MoV reveals his brother Anthony's name, salvation from a Shylock, and mercy-plea Bacon wrote for Essex. — 7. When Elizabeth was angry about Richard II (mentioned in Bacon's Northumberland MSS) she sent directly for him. — 8. Bacon revised his Essays 30 times, so he might have been the play-reviser. The Tempest storm comes from a secret Privy Council report. We have his book with witchcraft details. About his fall, we have his book with witchcraft details. About his fall, we have his being made to wait in Buckingham's ante-chamber, the number and name of the lords who relieve him of the Great Seal, an irrelevant self-defense, a Wolsey passage traced to one of his letters, Timon complaining of ingratitude and Caesar of betrayal. Elizabeth's death-details in Lear came to him thro her physician. Bermudas were 'isles of the devil'—Caliban.

**THE PLAYS REVEAL BACON'S FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.** His brother 'Anthony' appears in 12 plays with 269 allusions. The amorous Venus & Adonis, dedicated to Southampton, his fellow Gray's Inn lodger, would never have been licensed by the Archbishop had he not been Whitgift, his Cambridge tutor. In Hamlet, Polonius was Lord Burleigh, Laertes Robert Cecil, Yorick Heywood, mad Ophelia Lady Ann Bacon. Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle, Malvolio Sir Edward Coke. Pembroke and Montgomery to whom the Folio was dedicated were his colonization partners.

**PARALLELLISMS ARE THE BEST KIND OF PROOF;** and are used universally, and Donnelly, by a quotation from Sir Edward Coke, Bacon's rival, has proved that they do not exist everywhere, and are therefore convincing, when Reed gives 885, and Mrs. Pott 4404, and Donnelly thousands. We have 98 words used nowhere else than in Bacon and Plays, while the Plays introduced 5000 into usage, except the Spanish Good dawn! There s a parallel rare combination of reason and intelligence, free use of pleonasms, of condensation, of aphorisms, of 63 triplicate divisions, 12 catalogues of words, of euphony of speech.

**CORROBORATING CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IS THE STRONGEST!** Of **DEFINITE CONNECTIONS** between the Plays and Bacon's Works Donnelly gives 40 identical quotations, 73 opinions and 500 metaphors; Woodward & Wigston give 18 parallels from Hamlet and Sonnets. There are 6 **PARALLEL MISTAKES**; Aristotle's opinion, heat expelling heat, spirits of inanimate nature, spontaneous generation, toad-head stone, liver as sensuality-seat. **REPUTED ERRORS WHICH RESEARCH TURNED INTO RARE BITS OF KNOWLEDGE** impossible to any but Bacon: Joan of Arc's letter, Julio Romano as sculptor, Sea-port of Bohemia, Port of Milan, Gardens of Adonis, Cleopatra's billiards. **SCIENTIFIC PARALLELLISMS**: Hamlet corpse-preservation, and the tri-tone, inserted after the actor's death. **PARALLEL CHANGE IN SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS**: no sense without motion, tides dependent on moon, earth being fiery, heliocentric theory. **RARE BITS OF KNOWLEDGE**: Pliny quotation, Pericles heraldry and Nicetas quotation, Lear & Macbeth details, honorificabilitudinitatibus, a vocaublary of 15,000 words as against Dickens' 8000. **CORROBORATIONS**: By Henry VII Bacon completes the Shakespeare Tudor histories; the WT's flower-list parallel; from Bacon's MSS Richard II & III, the salutations, the Councillor-advice, the line from Lucrece; also the Luther-similarities from Donnelly.

**PUBLIC CLAIMS TO AUTHORSHIP** being out of the question, we must content ourselves with **COMBINATIONAL INFERENCE FROM FACTS.** His Restoration of Knowledge was to have consisted of 6 books and the indications identify the Histories, Comedies and Tragedies as the missing 3. We have 8 Baconian appeals to posterity, and 5 claims he had secret works with inferences they were dramatic, merry, poetic, acted; to Tobie Matthew he mentioned JC & MFM; he produced CoE & XIIN; he names RII & III. In T&C preface he describes himself as not an actor, indifferent to money rewards, and of high social rank. Could we ask more? Subtle shining secrecies writ in the margent of books was Bacon's own expression to describe his **SECRET CLAIMS TO AUTHORSHIP**, which are so voluminous and direct that they settle the question forever, except for those who are so lazy or cowardly as to dodge reading W. Stone-Booth's book of that name. W. C. Arensberg's Cryptography of Shakespeare, or Dr. Pfeiffer's Concealed Methods of Expression in English Literature in the 1923 American Baconiana. We have thousands of cases where at the beginning and end of the plays, specially Love's Labor Lost, in E. Durning-Lawrence's Bacon is Shakespeare, we find acrostics and anagrams claiming the authorship; and that this is not imaginary is proved by the contemporary Archbishop of Canterbury Tennyson warning that no one could understand Lord Bacon's cipher correctly who used any other than the 1623 Folio edition for the others confuse the shape of the letters 'in which much of the mystery consisteth.' No wonder therefore that the cipher story was decoded by Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup, and substantiated by Parker Woodward. Mrs. N. C. Clark of Oxford O. strengthened the Baconian connection with the Plays by demonstrating in them the application of the Dial described in his Alphabet of Nature.

**BUT WHY WAS BACON NEVER RECOGNIZED AS A GREAT POET?** He was! Ben Jonson declared twice (once to the 'author-Shakespeare,' and once of the Chancellor Bacon,) that he had filled all numbers, and equalled or surpassed insolent Greece or haughty Rome. When he died (?) the most prominent University men published a volume, called the Manes Verulamianae, celebrating Bacon as the supreme poet (in 1926 Tercentenary English Baconiana) and Hilda Pfeiffer gathered the evidence in Francis Bacon a Great Poet. Am'n Bacon Soc'y, 15 Gramercy Park, N. Y. **BUT NO ONE BELIEVES BACON WROTE SHAKESPEARE!** Wrong! Read Mr. Edwin Reed's Some Noteworthy Opinions; or send for Shakespeare Unmasked.

## ANNUAL READING SCHEDULE

**As no opinion is entitled to respect unless preceded by a complete survey, all honest students will need some plan similar to the following tentative schedule for the approximate week-ends:**

**SHAKESPEARE READING SCHEDULE**

Autumn, COMEDIES. **OCTOBER.** 1, Tempest. 2, 2 Gentlemen of Verona. 3, Merry Wives of Windsor. 4, Measure for Measure. **NOVEMBER.** 1, Comedy of Errors. 2, Much Ado about Nothing. 3, Love's Labor Lost. 4, Mid-Summer Night's Dream. **Dec.** 1, Merchant of Venice. 2, As You Like It. 3, Taming Shrew. 4, All's Well. 5, 12th Night. Winter, HISTORIES. **JAN.** 1, Winter's Tale. 2, King John. 3, Edward III and the Black Prince. See B. Baconiana, Dec. '26. 4, Richard III. 4, Bacon's Henry VII. 5, Henry VIII Spring, TRAGEDIES. **APR.** 1, Bacon's Hy 8; Gt. Britain; Fel & Pr Qu El, Pr of Wales; 2, Troilus and Cressida; 3, Coriolanus. 4, Titus Andronicus. **MAY,** 1, Romeo & Juliet. 2, Timon. 3, Julius Caesar, with Bacon's Life of JC 4, Macbeth. **JUNE,** 1, Hamlet. 2, Kg Lear. 3, Othello. 4, Anthony & Cleopatra. 5, Cymbeline. Summer. **JULY,** 1, Pericles. 2, Sonnets. 3, Other Poems. 4, London Prodigal. **AUG.** 1, Yorkshire Tragedy. 2, Thos Lord Cromwell. 3, Puritan. 4, Locrine. **SEP.** 1, Two Noble Kinsmen. 2, Ben Jonson, Discoveries. 3, Camden, Remains. 4, Bacon Biographies by Rawley, Spedding, Montagu, Hepworth Dixon; 5, by Smedley, Parker Woodward, Beard, etc. Manes.

**FRANCIS BACON READING SCHEDULE. OCT.,** Reflections, Essays, Essay on Death, Lives of Julius Caesar, and of Augustus. **NOV.** Humor, Apothegms, Ornamenta Rationalia, Collections of Sentences, also Promus Letters of Advice to Elizabeth, Essex, James and Villiers. **DEC.** Symbology, Wisdom of Ancients, Fable of Cupid. **JAN.** Religion, Meditations, Prayers, Psalms, Confes. Faith, Holy War, Character of Xtian. **FEB.** Statesmanship, New Atlantis, State of Europe, Plantation of Ireland, War with Spain, Union of England & Ireland, True Greatness of Britain, Histories, Praises El., Henry. **MARCH,** Culture, Advancement of Learning of 1605, and 1640. **APR.** Knowledge, Instauration, Novum Organon, Masculine Birth of Time. **MAY,** Translations, Color of Good and Evil, Thoughts on Nature of Things. **JUNE,** Philosophy, Helps for Intellectual Powers, In Praise of Knowledge, History of Life & Death, Alphabet of Nature, Intellectual Globe, Interpretation of Nature, Histories of Density, Heaviness, Sympathy, Salt Sulphur & Mercury, Valerius Terminus, Filum Labyrinthi, Sequela Chartarum. **JULY,** Letters, as given in Montagu's 3 vol. Philadelphia Edition. **AUG.** Observations, Sylva Sylvarum, Medical, Physiological, Sound, Ebb, Minerals etc. **SEP.** Legal, Tracts, Codification, Charges, 1000s of Decisions, Essex case, Apology, etc. Editions: Spedding, 15 vol; Montagu 3 vol; Newnes' 1 vol. Ideal Commonwealths; Everyman's, Essays, Adv. of Learn. Mrs. Pott's Ed. of Promus. Montagu's edition is the most practical. New Atlantis in Little Blue Books.

## HAMLET AS MANIFESTO OF REFORMATION.

**It is literature's sublimest study, Nemesis's clearest allegory, Who wrote it? Authorship by manuscript-less, drunk Usurer Excluded by Date: He could not have left Stratford till 1586, as children were born in 1585.**

**CONTEMPORARY HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE.** In 1584 Bacon caught teaching Hamlet to players: June 1585 was played at Oxford before Giordano Bruno who philosophized on the hereafter and took refuge at Wittemberg. There was a German edition which resembled the 1603 quarto, had an allegorical introduction like Bacon's Wisdom of Ancients, and mentioned the name of the white educated horse Signor. It was the year of Darnley's poisoning, attempts to poison Elizabeth by Lopez and Gonza-lo Go-mez, when Bacon as Parliamentary commissioner had to alter a criminal's intercepted letter. Overbury's murder was disguised as foul disease, Jester Tarleton was disgraced. Bacon's Paduan letter explains knowledge of blood-circulation. Leicester's players play it Oct. in Low Countries, and again in 1586 by Denmark king at Antwerp before Cardinal Alphonso & Spanish Infant. Speech To be or not to be is popular recitation, says Nash.

**BACON'S OWN CONTEMPORARY CLAIMS.** Ham-let means Bacon Jr. altered from Danish Saxo Grammaticus Amleth. and 1600 Moroccan envoy Muley Hamet Xarife. It represents himself as unacknowledged Black Prince, uncertain what course to take, with a mission.

**PLAY-CHARACTERS FROM BACON'S BIOGRAPHY.—1.** Polonius is Burleigh, named from Walsingham's spy Poley, changed from Corambis in German 1585 edition. Burleigh was wordy, refused to change religion, gave his departing son 10 precepts, and relied on informers. 2. Laertes, his son Robert Cecil, was also an enemy to Bacon. 3. Ophelia is Bacon's cousin Lady Oxford and Lady Ann Bacon who went insane. 4. Yorick was Heywood, jester to Henry VIII, who visited the Bacons during Francis's childhood; proved by death-date change. 5. Player-clown, the indiscreet Dick Tarleton. 6. Gonzalo, actual Elizabeth poison-plotter. 7. Queen Gertrude was Elizabeth ignoring the poison-plots, and treating son doubtfully. 7. Osric's Euphemism.

**LITERARY FINGERPRINTS POINTING TO BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP.—1.** Legal professionalisms, untranslated Pettit case. 2. Medicalisms, Pliny's ear-poison & homeopathy. Thro' Faunt blood circulation; venous absorption. 3. Linguistics: To Be speech from Parmenides thro' Euphues: Polonius precepts from Plutarch & Pythagoras. 4. Science: gravity, flame, frost, corpses. 5. Word-parallellisms: Thompson 31, Donnelly 67, Reed 11, Woodward & Wigston 18. 6. Parallel Errors, 8: chameleons, passivity, humors, animal spirits, carrion, excrements, sunmotion, corpse-preservation. 7. 5 Parallel Corrections, the highest demonstration; sense without motion, moon as tide-cause, sun-moving, star-fires. Yorick's burial-date correctly changed from 12 to 23 in the later edition, see Baxter p. 497. 8. Acrostic devices, Stone-Booth gives 7, including both title-pages. 9. Purposive mispaginations: 257 on true seal 157. 10. Dr. Pfeiffer shows many incontrovertible numerological demonstrations. 11. Then untranslated sources: Saxo Grammaticus Plot. Norman Pettit case.

**SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PLAY OUTLINED BY** Wigston as progress of humanity, Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie in Hamlet Unmasked shows king as Tradition who has murdered Truth, whose Ghost is conscience who drives the suicide-curing Ham-let to a Universal Reform. But not till he has successively defeated worldliness in Polonius, society in Ros. & Guild., ecclesiasticism in Ophelia, finance in Osric & ambition in Laertes can he destroy the now supportless, undisguised, criminal Tradition.

## TEMPEST AS ALLEGORY OF BACON'S FALL.

**SIMILAR GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL TRAITS,** from Donnelly. 1. Prospero born to greatness, 'prince', as Bacon born in York House Palace expecting great inheritance. 2. Cast down by Miranda's uncle, that is, Burleigh. 3. Ruined by 'secret studies,' 'bettering my mind.' 4. When ruined, 'rats abandon him.' 5. Miranda, wonder, like plays, existed before his fall. 6. Love of Miranda, plays, whose parentage needed revealing, saved him in trouble. 7. Name Pro-sper-o, 'for' Shake-sper. 8. Ariel, spirit and singer, like poetry. 9. Drunk Caliban, like drunk actor, claims ownership or authorship. 10. Caliban was on the island before Prospero gave him knowledge, so with Sh and Bac. 11. The cell of Pr & B at Gray's Inn and Eaton. 12. 'Tempest' used of Bac.'s exigencies. 13. Ariel dismissed as duke resumes power, just as plays cease to appear as B assumes office. 14. After drowning his book will 'bring out a wonder to content ye;' after plays brings out Novum Organon. 15. 'After some sweet music,' was the last of the plays, the Tempest itself.

**CONTEMPORARY HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE.** 1. Bermoothes was Bermudas where in 1610 Adm. Somers ships were wrecked while Southampton's Virginia colonizing adventure. The secret report to the Privy Council of which Bacon was a member mentioned the very storm-details in the play, which embodies so much of Bacon's meteorological studies that it 'distinctly fixes the authorship,' says Jas Phinney Baxter. 2. He fell in 1621. 3. In Feb. '23 Prince Charles went a-wooing to Madrid. On the Thames he had trouble, being arrested as a deserter. On his return in Oct. Bacon wrote him the claim below. 4. Bacon's Tower-imprisonment reminds of Ariel's. 5. He was relieved of his works' Latin translation, autumn '23.

**PLAY-CHARACTERS FROM BACON'S BIOGRAPHY.** 1. Antonio was his brother. 2. Gonzalo was Gondomar. Sir Tobie Matthews gave him books when he was sent to the Tower, says Thompson. 3. Caliban's plots to brain him were Coke's. 4. Sycorax was Queen Elizabeth who preferred Coke. 5. Ferdinand was the Spanish king for whom was written Amadis.

**BACON'S OWN CONTEMPORARY CLAIMS.** 1. To Charles, that he had finished a piece that 'began like a fable of poets, but it deserveth all in a piece a worthy admiration.' 2. To Gondomar, asking him to perform a miracle so as to be restored to favor. 3. Writes of being disappointed in reconciled enemies and discontented friends. 4. In a letter elaborates the winding up the watch of his wits, from 1, 2. 5. Contemporary letters use nautical similes, storms, ship-wrecks, rescues, harbors, islands. 6. Compare Every third thought is of my grave with My name and memory I leave to foreign nations. 7. In FMQuEliz he plainly refers to Amadis epic.

**LITERARY FINGERPRINTS POINTING TO BACONIAN AUTHORSHIP.** 1. Untranslated Amadis de Gaul plays in an island Bermeja, where by a miracle a Necromancer marries his

daughter Oriana to Amadis: it contains characters of a Perfect Knight, a Magician, an Enchantress, and a Dwarf. 2. Like the New Atlantis begins with southern sea-voyage, and has Utopia. 3. Parallellisms abundant: Donnelly gives 20, Reed 32; some duplicates. 4. Acrostic Devices: Stone-Booth gives 13, Arensberg, many, head-piece. Dr. Pfeiffer gives many incontrovertible numerological proofs.

AUTHORSHIP BY MANUSCRIPT-LESS, drunk Usurer Excluded by Date; he left London in 1610 and died in 1616; play first published in 1623.

SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PLAY Outlined by Wigston, in BSH & Rosicrucians points out full Eleusinian mystery-rite; Still in Sh's Mystery-Play shows 'Paphian' rite. Stephanos the rejects, princes the instructed, and Ferdinand the initiated, with Ariel as usher. Ernest Renan in Caliban aesthetically ridicules all spiritually. Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie in his Tempest Unmasked shows Initiation by capture of the spirit by the chastened soul. 1623 Facsimile Copies to be had of Willard Parker, Conshohocken, Penna.

## BACONIAN ORIGIN OF ROSICRUCIANISM AND MASONRY.

Delivered May 31, 1926, at Union Centre, N. Y. Cy, by Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie.

SUICIDE OF THE THREE OFFICIAL ROSICRUCIAN DOCUMENTS. At Cassel in 1614 appeared together three tracts, the Universal Reformation, the Fama Fraternitatis and the Confession, which aroused a world-wide Rosicrucian Craze from 1614-1630. They were intended as a mystification because 1. Their 120 years' claim would reach to 1494, for the burial of Christian Rosenkreuz, whose grave was supposed to contain the works of Paracelsus, who would have been only one year old at that time. 2. The Rosicrucians are called Protestants a century before the Reformation. 3. No such sanctuary could be located, even by Campis, Descartes, Leibnitz.

GERMAN ORIGIN DISCREDITED. 1. Campanella showed the Documents were translations from Boccalini's 1612 Venice Ragguaglio del Parnasso, He was clubbed to death in 1613. 2. Jung and Guttman claims discredited by DeQuincey. 3. If Andreas wrote them, he would have had to do so at 15 years of age, and the Chymical Marriage at 16. He and his friends Ireneus Agnostus and Alberti were orthodox, and he, a missionary, satirized Rosicrucianism continually.

GERMAN CONNECTIONS EXPLAINED. 1. Michael Maier, 1558-1622, visited Bacon in England, and might have acted a missionary to Germany, although Bacon himself for his brother Anthony may have visited Germany, 1581-2. see Smedley. 2. Bacon's Complete Works were published first in Germany, at Francfort in 1665, at Leipzig in 1694, but in England not before 1730. 3. Other English Rosicrucians published in Germany; as Fludd at Gouda, Oppenheim and Francfort. Also connections at Luneburg, Brunswick, Wolfenbuttel.

BRITISH ROSICRUCIAN BACK-GROUND. Masonry of British; the name Scottish Rite. Red Cross Knights in Spenser and 2 Noble Kinsmen and Walter Scott, at Melrose and Roslyn with the St. Clairs, and Kilwinning, and Ben Jonson's visit to Wm. Drummond at Hawthornden; the Scotch St. Andrew's Cross; Kg Arthur's Table at Winchester; Fair Rosamund; Elias Ashmole's initiation; Mention in Ben Jonson, Burton, Spenser, Walton.

FRANCIS BACON AS FOUNDER OF ROSICRUCIANISM. 1. World-revolution planned by 15 yr old boy, Bacon, Burton and Walton. 2. Name mentioned as Secretary in Boccalini's second, 1701 edition; in first appears as F. B. Magister, Pictor et Architectus. 3. Nicholas Haydon republished his New Atlantis as the Land of Rosicrucians. 4. The Confessio mentions as greatest impostor a famous stage-player; and Shakespeare mentions roses 70 times. 5. Speckman anagrams the Fama's last line as claim for Francis Bacon. 6. In Germany the Rosicrucians are called Baconians, says Mrs. Pott. 7. In France the Rosicrucian record 1623 and 1634 is explained by his Paris visits. 8. In England we have his actual Rosie Cross group, including Alex. Pope, Rowe, Tenison, Wilkins, Mead, Tonson, Dugdale, Burlington, all prominent. 9. The Rosicrucian Craze period 1610-1630 corresponds with his activities. 10. Rosenkreuz's grave is Experiment 771 of Bacon's Natural History. 11. Water-marks of paper of his works are Rosicrucian, for 100 yrs. Pott. 12. Numerous numerological claims: Royal Society, 1614 Great Assizes of Parnassus, his lordly crew sailing in ship between the Masonic Pillars of Hercules, his Sons of Sapience, and the coincidence of the Rules of life and dying. 13. Twickenham Park destined as abode of group of students. 14. St. Albans connection of Rosicrucians Mandeville and Matthew of Paris. 15. Quotation of Rose & Garlic; 49th Deficient is Ireneus's Unity-degrees.

## BACON'S MESSAGE TO OUR TIMES OUTLINED.

Delivered May 16, 1926 at St. Mark's Church, N. Y. Cy. As this work is unselfish any offer for delivery or publication will be accepted by Dr. Kenneth S. Guthrie. This address has already occasioned essays with similar subject and title.

AS RELIGIOUS LEADER BACON IS RESPECTABLE because 1. his religious works entitle him to a place by the side of the Reformers; 2. he translated directly from the Hebrew, his Psalms, better than Milton; 3. during the winter 1610-11 he revised the Authorized Bible version, in which he left four traces. As in Ps. 46, also Joel iii, 10 and 16, by me discovered and announced at a January, 1927, Bacon meeting; 4. the 1679 editor of his literary Remains was Tenison, the then Archbishop of Canterbury; 5. of bishops there were Rawley, of Resuscitatio, & Wilkins of Royal Society. 6. His Prayers are specially beautiful and numerous. His religion is composed of two elements:

THE GENERAL, TRADITIONAL ELEMENTS OF NATURAL RELIGION, which however, like the old alphabet letters, he combined into a new word: 1. Love of Pastoral Nature, symbolized as Pan, or Natural Religion. 2. Love of Flowers, as Gray's Inn gardener, floriculturer, 'Burbank' pioneer. 3. Courtesy, introduced social greetings, such as good morning, dawning. 4. Humility, as in his many prayers, and serviceableness to state needs. 5. Emblematic Object Teaching, in figurative allegorical fable method. 6. Secrecy or Reserve, a disciplina arcani, appealing to posterity. 7. Initiation, or Insinuation, a systematization of communications of higher knowledge. 8. Mysteries, based on Proverbs 25.2, God's glory is to conceal what is man's glory to discover. 9. Versatility and Balance, like Leonardo da Vinci, Goethe and Swedenborg,

opposing the efficient but narrowing curse of exclusive specialization which Bacon based on truth-attainment, brilliance, artisticalness, humanitarianism.

BACON'S PARTICULAR, INDIVIDUAL, ORIGINAL, ELEMENTS are 1. Innate nobility of an unacknowledged prince compelled to preserve his eligibility while earning his living and accomplishing literary miracles. 2. Ideal of tolerant humanism versus idols of tribe, den, market, & theatre. 3. Cosmopolitanism, statesmanship, or architectonic panorama of the world around him, and a telescopic review of the sky above our soul, in his works. 4. Partnership or Play-fellowship with God, a method recently advertised as a discovery by Dixon and Wells, from Seneca. 5. Fusion of Religion, Science and Politics: a triune Truth more complete than the fusion of Religion and Patriotism proposed in my 'Romance of Two Centuries,' and the inevitable outcome of the League of Nations unification. This supreme triad is explained as three world-healing panaceas. 6. Fusion of Religion with Society, demanded by suicide, divorce, shattered Christianity, communism and fascism. On a foundation of eugenics it builds a wholesome religious familial sacrament of the New Atlantis Festal Rite, an ancestor-worship that is not reactionary but forward-looking. 7. Fusion of Religious Ethics with Science, an antidote demanded by modern scientific crime and war. The New Atlantis Solomon's House Father's blessing turns scientific research into a sacrament. 8. A Reformation of the Whole Wide World was planned by Bacon at 15 years of age, so as to study all knowledge, to assemble a group of Invisible Helpers and a New Atlantis Rosie Cross Order, which was to become a Stair of Heaven and Mirror of the World. He left behind one such group, including Al. Pope.

The eventual World-Religion cannot help including some such elements.

## SPEAKERS' STANDARD OUTLINES AND AMMUNITION

A. GENERAL. 1, Coleridge's Idiot-quotation. 3, Impossibility of Actor's Authorship. 3, Connecting links: Northumberland MSS, Elizabeth's Accusing Bacon, Ben Jonson's Expressions. 4, Bacon's Education and Position, possible. 5, Gap in Bacon's Career. In 40 years published only 2 volumes; in 20 more, only 2 larger. Either indolence or hidden. His acknowledgement of mysteries. 6, Missing Link: Bacon's Bribe to James, Henry VII, completing play—Tudor history. 7, Exhibit frontispiece to Cambridge Comedy of Errors.

B. SPECIAL. (a), INTRODUCTION: 1, Impossibility of miracles. 2, Motives, four: see poem. 3, Handicaps: vastness, lengthiness, apparent muckraking. (b), COMPARISONS: Wrong ideas of both: 1, Fame at death; 2, Actor attacked, Bacon defended; 3, Impossibilities of Education, and chronology. 4, Details, biographic, localizations, stagecraft. (c), PARALLELLISMS, see Reed, etc. (d), CONNECTIONS: North. MSS, Elizabeth, Jonson, Hanged Hog, Cryptograms. (e), AGREEMENT: Jonson on both. (f), SUMMING UP, Opinions of Morgan, Furness, Manes, Guthrie Circular, C of Errors frontispiece.

## BOOK I. OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

### CHAPTER I

1. O God, my God, hast Thou forsaken me?

I am so weary of this endless road! In dawn of youth I never tired; but now I stumble on, and think of when I may find rest. Is there no place of rest for me? No spot to lay my head?

2. O God, my God, hast Thou forsaken me?

The road is hard and steep. The hills grow bolder, as it were, and oh, the level reaches are so rare! Always another valley, and never the summit yet! Forests to the right, and forests to the left, and never yet one glimpse of that white Temple far above. The stones—oh, how they hurt! Mud, mud at every step, and yet at every splash I must proceed, while still the light of day will last.

3. O God, my God, hast Thou forsaken me?

I am alone, alone, no human help in sight—no human hand to touch, no human eye to meet. The dear ones of my childhood are no more to me. The dearer ones of home and heart, they too have had to go their way—ah, the narrowness of that so Narrow Way, only for one at a time!

4. My God, my God, hast Thou forsaken me?

How little use is to me now my learning, gathered with unrewarded tears? Can it bring them back to me, those tender voices that awoke the beatings of my heart? And oh, how little use it is to me, that in those by-gone days I heard them by my side whisper, 'he will go far'! I had a reputation once; and fame and glory, wealth and servants too; and women dear, who clung to me, their teacher, nourisher and friend, their sun, and moon and stars—and now I am alone, alone, and even echo answers me, alone!

5. O God, my God, hast Thou forsaken me?

Is there no certitude upon this world? Is there no rock to which to anchor? Is there no sign-post anywhere, and am I then expected ever to reach the Temple far

above, with no chance left in choosing out these devious winding paths? Over and over again have I returned to this same place, and never further from the plain!

Oh if Thou couldst but hear my prayer, if Thou would'st only teach me; only tell me how and what to do, how gladly would I do it! What shall I do?

6. My Child, sit down, and eat the food the ravens soon shall bring. Then rest, and when the stars are out, then will I come to thee and instruct thee, and show thee so plainly the way that thou shalt not err therein.

## II. THAT LONELINESS IS GOD'S MOST PRECIOUS GIFT

1. Wake from thy slumbers, Child, and listen thou to Me—be not afraid, it is only I, thy Father. Rememberest thou not My Voice while in thy mother's womb I visited thee, and gave thee My parting kiss, to thee who for so long hadst played with fellow-cherubs around the footstool of My throne all unafraid? Wake—is there not some one slight tone in this My voice that echoes in thy soul?

2. O Voice divine, O voice beloved, O Voice of long ago, O kindred Voice, O well-remembered Voice of every better thought, why may I see Thy shrouded form so tall by shimmering light of stars, but why not too thy face all covered with a shroud? Why may I hear Thy Voice, but may not see thine eyes? Ah, stay near me until the dawn, that I may see thy face, and know Thee should I ever meet with Thee again!

3. O hush, my child, this may not be; I come to none, except it be when midnight hushes earthly sight, and sin and evil, hate and blight.

I am the Lord of hosts of stars, and I come only when the milky way reveals my fiery pillar lying east and west against the purple of the interstellar space. I am the silent voice that comes to silent souls, at silent times!

Not when the voices of the day speed round in mocking mazes do I come—but when the spheric chanting of the midnight stars has soothed all humans into sleep. Hadst thou not been alone, and free, I could not thus have come so close to thee.

4. And oh, thou foolishly complaining Child, did I not hear, this very afternoon thy plaintive cry? It entered Heaven by the Sorrow-Gate, and hovered round the altar like a mourning dove, nor would it cease from mourning for its loneliness. But I rejoiced: for then I knew that thou wast quite ready that I should come to thee—and here am I!

This loneliness, my Child, is rare; and, for its rarity, rare are the times I may approach so close unto my childrens' souls that are so bare. Rejoice therefore, that thou art lonely; and that it was so dark, and now is night; that so I may approach quite close, and wake thee with my touch.

5. And more, my Child; it was not chance alone that brought about this glad result. Long since I loved thee; and when amidst thy boon-companions thou sangest out loud for joy of earthly fellowship, in Heaven was I sad, though angel-hosts attempted then to cheer Me by their songs. But still My eyes were full of tears, and heavy My parental heart; until perchance thou wouldst turn and choose the holier, lonelier road; and then I would rejoice.

Then would I all afresh commend thee to some stronger, more experienced Shining One to lead thee swiftly into lonelier paths that soon as possible might come the day that came, and I the sooner come to thee—to thee, to mind thee of the times eternal thou didst spend in childish glee; to thee, to mind thee of the times thou yet shall spend in holy worship by My side.

6. Blessed, thou Angel dear of loneliness, blessed be Thou!

Choicest of gifts of life, long planned for by the unseen helpers of recumbent souls;

Blessed the bitter cry of loneliness that brought to me in midnight hour my Father and my God.

Blessed thou earthly loneliness, that really was the Presence of my God—when most alone, then least alone.

## III. THAT GOD SEEMS SO DISTANT FOR THE SAKE OF MAN'S OWN PERFECTION

1. All calm and motionless the veiled Form stood, and sacred awe for one long hour abode upon that whispering pine-tree wood until I said:

O Father, tell Thou unto me why this Thy Presence could not come to me until

the shades of night had fall'n from heaven's rim, and shimmering stars had sung their mystic midnight hymn.

Hast Thou the heart to stay in Heaven's halls while thy own children suffer through the sultry heat and shivering cold, and partings, and injustices, and hunger too, with sickness manifold? Canst Thou be happy in Thy distant heaven whilst here we suffer in this garish day? Is it Thy Will, or some predestined law that even Thou, O God, must faithfully obey, that Thou canst only come to souls at night? O blessed Presence, oh forgive this my impertinence; but oh, my Father, couldst Thou not abide with me forevermore?

3. Oh but my heart demands Thee near to me, though in the day Thou should'st not be more plain than ashen cloud (while in the night Thy pillar-cloud is fire); yet stay near me, O divine pillar! Lead me, and I will follow patiently, if it seem well to Thee, through sufferings manifold, but,—leave me not!

Let not the gladdest hours of life (when dawn shoots fire into the souls of men) become the saddest moment of the day in this, that Thou, my dearest sacredness and sacredest delight, dost pass away from me, and leavest me to mourn my better self, that with Thee seems to vanish like the colours with the light!

4. My Child, I will not leave thee when the dawn shall break; no law can force me from thee; nor, believe it well, no wish of Mine to pass away from thee. What but thy Father am I then—do I not suffer even more than thou when I, for thy own sake, abandon thee unto thy lower self?

But lo, my Child, should I be weak enough to listen only to My anxious love to thee, and comfort thee for every pain while still thou lingerest amidst the lower valleys of the world, thou never would'st have even a desire to leave them for the heights of this the Mountain of serene abode, in whose white Temple hang crowns of immortality for those who have the courage to break in by violence.

How shall I make thee come? Alas! Thy love for thy own neglected better self is not yet strong enough to drive thee up—nor dare I thee compel, lest harm befall thy freedom of the will; so must I use thy love for Me to draw thee up to where thou shalt discover soon thy own divinity.

For thy own sake therefore must I not yield unto the promptings of My love for thee until thy efforts have deserved that I should come and bless thee to thy face, as now I do, O Child-to-be-divine!

5. And hence I come to thee at night when thou art more thy better self—thou restest, 1, from daily toil that takes thy whole attention's interest; 2, at night thou art tranquil, and can'st perceive each subtlest spirit-change; and 3, thou art conscious of thy own past life, its moorings, course, directions and advance. At such calm moments can I come to thee; and wert thou ever so, I never would be forced to pass away from thee now that thou hast left so far behind the plains of ease.

6. Remember thou this law that still directs the universe of suns, which moons and planets still obey in circling courses; "men get the Presence they deserve;" and since thou hast deserved so much it is I who shall see to it thou shalt deserve still more; and I will wrestle with thee to the end, oh thou who hast deserved this special boon by thy sincerity of toil.

7. And if it be thy fault or thy misfortune that in day of happiness, success, or labour even, such wrong conditions reign that I cannot be seen by thee expect thou not to see Me but at night—in night of sorrow first, when grief demands with call imperious My assistance; in night of full despair, when at the last thou mayest be willing to resign all that thou art and hast, and hopest still to have and be.

## IV. THAT THE CONTINUAL PRESENCE CANNOT BE ATTAINED BY EVADING DUTY

O heavenly Presence, O divine Assistance, O glorious Holiness, and splendid Prize: Thee will I follow from this moment on. Thou lodestar of my soul, thou pole of my desires! I vow to follow Thee henceforth through sorrow and through ease, by day and night, by gloom and light, Thou art my all, my peace.

2. Harken, heavenly Presence! Thou hast told the secret why in the past Thou couldst only come by night. I love Thee so, I now propose to live in manner such that Thou shalt stay near me continually.

Since first attention's interest, and secondly, the calmness of the sense, and thirdly, grasp of one's own better life are all required to keep Thee near to me, I will refuse to do the least small earthly thing with all its so perplexing cares, demanding all the efforts of my soul in paths that drive Thee from my side.

3. O happy day, and happier discovery, whereby I can and shall attain the Presence all unruffled of the Holy Ones! Sing with me, planets, circling in your orbits high! Chant with me, O ye suns of fulgurant blue light—the bliss of victory is mine, since God, my victory, will bide with me forevermore.

4. Cease, child of my heart! Listen, think, refrain! This cannot be. This were a short cut, short indeed, unto my steadfast Presence, such as is vouchsafed to bright-eyed seraphim and keen-reflecting cherubim around my throne.

But ah, it cannot be for thee, whose body yet without the discipline of daily exercise would sink into the slough of animality. Thou canst not break thy way through discipline of life, nor canst thou stay half-way upon this mountain-side—thou canst not anywhere abide for fear of avalanches, till the summit of this Mount is gained, where stands the Temple, in whose sanctuary alone a soul embodied yet may see the beatific vision face to face.

5. O Father, am I then debarred from having Thee with me? Must still the fleshly grind debar my soul continually, and keep me still unfit to see Thy Presence so beloved?

Not so, my Child; there is a Way, a perfect Way whose name is this, the Middle Path, keen as a razor's edge, which whoso finds and keeps shall swiftly climb the face of these wild steeps, and never fall, and come safe home at last—nay, not at last, but at once!

This Middle Path, it is to go right out the plain old Duty-Path, but keeping Me right close to thee by sheer determination and self-discipline; by keeping hold of this thy better self (to which alone I can or will appear) by

Silent and exclusive interest's attention fixed on Me, however bright the world appear; and Calm repression of the senses; and thus will I remain with this thy tranquil mood forevermore!

6. But O my Father, why hast Thou again thrown back my soul into the old, old slough of doubt and fear? This path of Duties! Oh, not that I would a 'duty' shirk—but that I knew just which was such!

These earthly duties to the flesh and mammon force me back unto my lower self, my better self would not survive one moment's space!

My Child, the path of duties does not mean of duties to the world, the flesh, or family; but such as thou dost owe to Me alone—as I appear in nature, duties of hygiene; as I appear in mind, the duty of an education for search of truth; and as I am the Father universal, duties to thy brethren, such as I exclusively will tell thee to fulfil, when thou shalt ask what really I would have thee do, not mindless drudgery, or sin for sake of family! This is the path of duty thou must take; and it shall yield thee blessedness, and peace, and the continual overshadowing of my Presence heavenly.

7. O wondrous grace is given unto me, to hold the Lord near me by simply keeping these conditions two: first by not working quite so hard as to disturb my centre of desire; and, secondly by keeping calm and still while walking up the Duty-path;

This is the Middle Road, the Narrow perfect Way; the two-fold cord that binds the soul unto its guarding angel-guides.

8. O ray that followest me still wherever I wander through the night;—O sparkling, following, silver ray that bindest me to that bright star in zenith of the Temple's dome, and shinest so constantly;—Though sun rise bright and shine at noon, or sink in radiant gold; though cloud grow black, or mist confuse,—Still shines that faithful star;—O faithful star, shine ever still, nor draw thou in thy ray from me;—For sake of me at least still shine upon, nor leave thou this thy world;—O be thou constant till this bitter time of flesh-repression have past over;—O lead the way over desert tracks unto the mystic cave—Where I may find the manger-crib of Christ the sacred babe!

## THE HEAVENLY FRIEND

Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.

I have made room for Thee, dear Heav'nly Friend,—Within the silence of my sanctuary,—Where Thou may'st dwell, and oft Thyself unbend,— And I may always find divinity.

Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.

Come Thou not only when with tears I pray,—With Thy Most Holy Touch to comfort me;—Stand near when earthly duty interferes,—That while I labour I may gaze at Thee.

Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.

When I go out, be Thou Companion mine,—In every conversation, take Thou part; —Deign Thou to sit with me, and with me dine;—And when I write, inspire with heav'nly art.

Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.

I would be always what I am sometimes,—When Thou art near me, and I taste Thy grace;—So stay near me through all my earthly times,—That I may steadfastly behold Thy Face.

Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,
Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.

## BOOK II OF THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENCE

### 1. THAT GOD IS THE FATHER OF ALL

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in him, for he hath regarded the lowliness of this his servant. For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, for that He that is mighty hath magnified me; for He that is secret hath manifested Himself to me; and He that is unapproachable has shown His secret to me; and holy is His name.

Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, and lo, of all humanity, the Lord has chosen me his veiled Form to see, and told to me how I might stand while in this earthly land, where His divine command may ever be known to me.

2. Henceforth with solemn tread shall I, who in the heavenly Presence stood, proceed upon my destined way. I feel that touch divine upon my forehead glow and shine with power persistent and unlessening urgency. That sacred chrism shall be my virginal rewarding crown.

No more as formerly in thoughtless converse and with even harmless pleasantry I while away the tedious hours and merry moments of the endless way and greeting in a genial, whole-souled manner the chance acquaintance of a common rest.

A dignity divine has fallen on my soul. Shall I, whose eyes beheld the dim Unseen examine curiously the merry message of some jesting friend? Shall I, whose ears have heard the silent Voice, attend unto the wild forbidden voices of the passions and desires?

Those silent midnight winds are playing around me still—through the limpid azure do I yet see those friendly stars. Here am I not at home; it is but a passing glance that I on this dear earth bestow. Here may I no more rest; I have discovered that my home, my own long home is far away.

My mind in mood serene communes with Presences sublime, demanding their advice, that sooner than can be I might attain the crown of my yet uncrowned royalty. I hasten calmly, and in serenity do speed, with perfect, accurate dispatch to press on to my goal, the royal chamber in the far, far spiritual place where I must yet be crowned by Him my own divinity, my Father and my God.

3. My Father waits me with impatient calm, until predestined, chosen and announced I should arrive, fulfilling the divine decree recorded long before, to which I answer made, Lo, in the volume of the book is written there of me, 'To do Thy will, O God, I come, and go, and shall return, but not alone; having announced unto

the waiting world the gospel of the Presence of the heavenly lights, the true Theophany. Many shall come, at set of day, with me, and wide the gates will have to open then to admit the many converts I shall bring to Heaven by knowledge of the heavenly touch.'

4. My Child, what word is this that thou hast said? Because this Presence thou hast felt to-night is new to thee, dost thou suppose thyself the first or only to whom I came at dead of night to comfort or to bless? Because all new, to thee, the moving pillar (cloud by day, and fire by night,) imagine not that it is new unto the world! Old is the knowledge of My Presence there, and thou thyself hast often heard of it. But not until thyself didst see the midnight vision couldst thou understand what meant all this, of which thou oft hast heard unconsciously,—though not thy fault, since thou wert blind, and sorrow not as yet had peeled the scales from off thine eyes, and wrenched away the mufflings round thine heart. Dost thou suppose thou wert the first to feel distress, or that thou wert the first whose cry of sorrow forced its way unto My throne, and here demanded help from the Unseen? Thou shalt indeed return, and not alone indeed, but not the only saviour thou; for many saviours shall with thee crowd round the guiding fiery pillar in the midst of you, and thus shall enter into perfect rest.

5. But thou art right in this, that thou henceforth shouldst bear a calmer manner and serener garb. There is a dignity that thou henceforth shouldst wear,—the only dignity that is divine, and therefore right. For lo, it is I who am the dignity of man; why should I not, since I too am man's strength and wisdom, glory and true delight?

6. Now will I show thee that in which thou errdst in that with which thou foundest fault in lives of other men (that after knowing Me thou feltst how frivolous they were,) whereas thy very feeling that thou wert the first to feel my Presence showed that formerly thou thyself hadst been blind, thyself hadst erred by lack of dignity.

7. For lo, the ground on which thou once didst fall from out thy mother's womb was holy ground. The sacred flames played round thy crib, and yet thou criedst unsatisfied. Firm didst thou strap thy shoes (as early as thou couldst) ignoring that the ground on which thou stoodst was all afire with Me. And at each parting of the ways a wall of flame essayed to hold thee back from each deflecting path. But thou wert blind to it, and deaf unto My pleadings to permit My Presence access to thy soul until that blessed night of loneliness in which thy sorrow and distress revealed to thee thy better self; For lo, it is I who am thy better self, and lo, thy better self is Me, and lo, I am the better self of all. And since thy better self is Me, thy better self is also that of all, and that of all is thee; and so of all and thee I am the Father, I, that God at last be all in all.

8. And when thou seest not the better self of all it is because thou canst not see as yet through thy own better and diviner eyes; And when thou canst not hear the better voice of all, it is because thyself hast not yet learnt to listen through thy better and diviner ears. For if thine eyes were open, and thine ears could hear, thou wouldst from birth have known for certain through thy senses that in every place where the two or three assemble around the incensed altar-horn, there I stand in the midst of you; And not in vain did One of and for Me once say, "Lo, I am with you even to the end—yea, even to the ending of the world!"

## II. THAT IN THE BIBLE DIVINE BEINGS WERE ENTERTAINED BY MEN

1. Now will I shew to thee, my Child, how often it occurred, before thy day, that I was known to come and dwell with man. I will begin by calling to thy mind a few occurrences set down at length in sacred writings of the Jews.

2. The plains of Mamre were the place where sitting at the door of his own tent the aged Abraham beheld three Travelers; and in the heat of that hot day he lifted up his eyes, and seeing Them, he ran to Them, and bowed himself unto the ground, and bade Them in. He made some cakes, and slew a calf, and taking milk he set it out for them beneath a tree, and waited there on Them, rebuking Sarah who laughed when promised a child, though stricken well with years, while Abraham for Sodom and Gomorrah pled, from fifty down to ten reducing My demands for righteousness. And then the Lord went on His way, while Abraham returning to his tent

in Mamre plains retained My blessing, having entertained My Angels unawares. And this I did not only to make sure for Abraham the promise, and to test his heart, but even because I, too, desired the sweet delight of being entertained, a sweet and gracious bond of hospitality with those whom I had loved from long ago, and who but lately too had come to love Me much.

3. And lo, I left both Angels Mine proceed alone to gates of Sodom, where Lot beheld Them, as at even he did sit before the gates; and lest some harm befall Them, pressed Them that They enter under his own roof. And when at night the evil Sodomites demanded them, he offered them his daughters both inviolate, if they would spare those Guests; for which brave deed the Angels spared both him and his whole house, and rained a fire of brimstone and destruction on the plain. And none were harmed but his old wife who looking back in sorrow at the place was turned into a pillar that remains there even unto this day. And this I did to test how far Lot had the strength to stand against the evil of the Sodomites, and to reward him by My Presence, for his virtuousness, and make him sure that though the world were wholly evil, yet the heavenly Presences serene were just as real, yea, more real far than those of ill; and that with punishment condign the evil shall some day yet be avenged.

4. And lo, a yet diviner way did I at times employ to show the real habitation of My Presence in this world. When men and women were beyond the years of bringing forth, I oft would promise child-birth, as when Sarah laughed at Me; and others too, like barren Hannah, prayed to Me, and I sent Samuel unto her. And so unto Manoah did I promise Samson, and thus to Zacharias and Elisabeth I promised John, who came in his due time. And to the Virgin Mary, virgin though espoused to Joseph, the arch-angel Gabriel (as in the other cases) announced the birth divine. So shall it be to thee, my Child, if to the angel Gabriel thou shalt unclose thy fast-barred soul, thou too in spirit shalt bring forth perchance an Isaac, a Samson or a Samuel—or even perhaps a Christ, a very Christ in thee! Thou shalt be so illumined by this birth within that through thy features shall appear the face of Isaac, or Samuel, or Christ, according as thy prayers demanded from the skies.

5. Besides, thou mayest think how too at other times, when Jesus had fulfilled His sacrifice, and those disciples dear, those two whose home was Emaus, were sad, and walking over the fields talked together of those things that had occured, behold, I came to them, and asked what they were speaking of so sadly and despairingly. Then showed I them how all these things had all to take their course. And at their invitation I entered in unto them, and sitting down with them at frugal meal, I broke the bread, and blessed it, gave it them, and disappeared. And thus I cheered their hearts, and made them sure that God was in His world, and knew the sorrows of their hearts, and wished to comfort them, as gently and as tenderly as their own mother.

6. And dost thou remember how at even when for fear of those wild Jews the door was shut upon the huddled flock of dear disciples, Jesus stood amongst them, blessed them, and invited them to touch the wound-prints in His hands, and thrust their fingers in His side, to comfort them, and in some manner they could understand feel sure that though He were removed He was not far from them at any time, from even Thomas, him who doubted, nor believed until himself had seen and felt the wounded hands and sides. O happy those who saw and felt; but happier far, my Child, art thou, if thou wilt even now believe that I am in My world by revelation of the soul, and not of sense. And yet I did it seeing that those childish, dear disciples, ignorant and rude could not in other way perceive My tangible and real Presence in the world.

7. And lo, once more, on summer day, when Peter and his brother, apostles in the flesh, although not yet in heart,—where lingered traits of their old fisher-life,—returned to their old craft, in recognition full of that strong loving faith of Peter the wrong-headed, I stood by the blue crystalline lake of Galilee, and laid upon the coals two fish, and called to them that Peter's faith might grow so bold, that while he did believe on Me, and came to Me, even water might support him as he ran. And if thy faith shall be as strong as Peter's, on the troubled waters of this life thou too shalt walk dry-shod. But if, like Peter also, thou shalt doubt My Presence, also

thou shalt sink, although thine eyes yet look at Me, and see Me standing by the shore; for know, it is not sight, but loving faith that shall enable thee to tread the waves.

8. And when like that wrong-headed Peter I shall see thee fleeing from the Narrow Way, afraid of suffering at the hands of men, forgetting it is I, not they, who then is chastening thee, though it were in the middle of the night, and though it were in foreign, pagan place like Rome, yet shall I stand in front of thee, and ask thee whither thou art going by making thee ask Me, "Quo vadis, Domine?",—"I am going back to Rome to suffer in the place of thee!"

9. And in the desert this my Presence struck and blinded Paul Damascus-bound with vision and with voice, "Why hast thou persecuted Me?" Even thou canst be a Paul if thou wilt give thy life to Me; and struck down to the ground by spirit-power, thou wilt tell the world the vision of My Presence that thus overmastered thee.

10. But closest of them all I came unto the Children Three—and why? Because they needed Me the most. Indeed, how could I stay away? The fiery furnace's black smoke could never stifle their appeals for help divine; and as the flames grew clearer so the Persian king with all his court looked at the praying, singing Children Three, behold, with them a Fourth, like to the Son of Man, stood there. If with My Children, hell is Paradise to Me; and when I am near, My Children's hell is Paradise to them. Who therefore dwells in hell, let him but thank himself; for lo, in every "O my Father" slumbers deep a "Here my Child."

## III. THAT IN THE LATTER DAYS ALSO DIVINE BEINGS WERE ENTERTAINED BY MAN

1. Not with the apostolic age, did I then cease to show myself to those whose love demanded closer touch.

2. St. Christopher, that faithful saint, saw me appear but as a little child, and though no money I possessed, he put me on his shoulders that dry shod I might set foot upon the further shore. But lo, not I had heart to leave him thus. To make him know that it was I, I heavier grew, until he felt the truth, that it was not a little child, but even the whole world he had upon his shoulders there.

3. At other times St. Jerome built for love of Me a hospital in Bethlehem. I gave him ample means, that he fulfilling his desire might build it large, to leave one ward untenanted perpetually for Me, that should the Virgin Mary come again, she should not as of yore in Bethlehem find not one spot to rest herself while bringing forth the promised baby Hope of all the world. And in thy house of life do thou likewise leave room for Me, that I may find a spot to rest My weary feet, and thou, the virgin soul, mayest come and meet Me, and conceiving of My spirit's inspiration, bring forth into the world a Christ, My Christ, thy Christ, the long-expected Christ, which thou, like every other son of man, before eternities wert destined to bring forth into the world, for whom the world did wait until even thou shouldst come, the John of thy own Christ, whom thou must yet incarnate in this world fulfilling thus thy destiny.

4. In still later times the holy cup, in which the apostolic band partook of the Last Supper, in the upper room, was by Joseph of Arimathaea taken unto England, unto Glastonbury, where in later ages this the Holy Grail remained a light and healing to the paynim world. And then it came to pass that when all faith from man to man had almost died, and wars grew dark, and all the world seemed lost, this Holy Grail was kept in Carbonek, the castle by the sea, whose stern approach two lions watched, where ruled the lame king Joseph, while maidens fair alone dared hold It in their hands, while singing psalms and hymns perpetually. And they who heard of It did start in quest of It from Arthur's Table Round; and though the knights all took the quest's thrice-sacred vow, they all returned without the sight of It, but Launcelot the fickle, round whose noble soul there twined one single sin so strong he might but see the Grail, before the door was closed, and he shut out forevermore. But also Bors and Percivale, who defended the Holy Grail for some short space;—but also Galahad the Pure, who took the Holy Grail back from the dark (and ah!) the darkening world, back unto Sarras, the far spiritual place, where he alone was

chosen king, and after died. The Holy Grail for many years had healed the world, for whoso tasted of its contents there was healed, and thirsted never again. It was a holy Presence that assured the magic world of Arthur's time, that I still dwelt amidst it, thus giving strength and hope and courage to the weary souls who still believed on Me, so that for one long thousand years My peace and blessing flowed from over its brim. O Child, thou mightest have the Holy Grail at thy own home, such as the Christian Church in eucharistic fervor celebrates, and lo, has celebrated now these thousand years, to gather round its altars at one common feast the scattered children of the Lord. Do thou, too, consecrate to Me a Grail whereout thou shalt drink only at such holy times when gather round thee thy dear brethren in worship sweet. So shall I be near thee, when thou shalt drink from it, and with thy brethren feel My Presence near.

5. And many were the legends for a thousand years among the Germans, that when simple burghers sat at meat I oft would come to them, and eat, and with the blessing of the bread, that they might know Me; then, depart.

6. Nor did I even permit the haughty king of Sicily, King Robert, to blaspheme when he found fault with the Magnificat. My Angel took his place upon the throne, while as a jester well he learned that I reject the proud, and humble souls alone accept.

7. Not even the Jews have quite forgotten Me, their Christ; and lo, these many thousand years, have opened wide the windows of their dwellings, lest should it chance to be inclement weather when I come again, I should not then be left in rain and wind, without a shelter or a sanctuary.

8. And even so the many of the devout as symbol of My Presence in the world, consider that their chiefs are My vice-gerents on this earth, thus bodying forth My high divinity for those who suffer, or are blind and weak, or hesitating, in their faith on Me!

## IV. THAT THE DIVINE HAS BEEN PRESENT AT ALL TIMES AND IN ALL RELIGIONS

But not the Jews alone can boast My Presence, though to thee I mentioned Jewish instances alone, because of thy belief and knowledge of their books. But lo, My Jewish family was but the smallest and obscurest of My earthly families. A thousand names and sanctuaries and prophecies have in their turn imaged forth my Presence. The story of the virgin-birth is so correct that it appeared in every world-religion in its turn, and so I manifested unto all My divine Presence, for thus the parable of the birth divine in every human heart was imagined forth in symbol plain that all who run may read.

1. The prophecies of the coming of a saviour to the world were found in writings of the prophets of every race and clime—the Hindu, Chinese, and Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Mexican, Arabian, and Persian sacred books: Whereby is symboled forth the yearning all eternal of the human heart for God.

2. And though the names were different, as Chrishna, Chang-Ti or Osiris, Cadmus or Quirinus, Quexalcoatl—or at the last even Jesus—it was ever the same anointed One; Whereby was symboled forth the truth that every man should be anointed by the Holy Ghost, and he become a Buddha, a Messiah, and a Christ.

3. The saviours generally were all miraculously conceived; a Plato, said to be Apollo's child; or Zoroaster, born of ray of wisdom all divine; a Mars and Vulcan both conceived of Juno, the Olympian queen; of Quexalcoatl born of Suchiquetqual or of Yu, who was brought forth by some sweet lily and a star; of Gautama, born of Maya-devi; of Chrishna from Yasodarah, by Narayana; and Jesus by the Holy Ghost in humble Nazarethan Miriam; Whereby was symboled forth the truth that sacred, holy and divine is human birth, not born of earthly passion, but of prayer and infinite desire.

4. The saviours generally had virgin mothers too—so Devaki, of Chrishna; Maya, of the Buddha Gautama; Celestine of Zulis; Chimalman of Quexalcoatl; Semele of Bacchus; Alkmene, of Herkules; Shing-mon of Yu; Mayence, of Hesus; and Mary, of Jesus; Whereby was symbolized the truth that only virgin purity can bring into the world the life divine.

5. The baby saviours of the world were generally visited by angels, shepherds

and by the Magi hoar, as was Confucious, Chrishna and Gautama, Mithra and Pythagoras, and Zoroaster, as of Jesus too; Whereby was symboled forth the truth that angels ever rejoice at the conversion of one sinner to a holier life, and service of the Gods.

6. And saviours generally are given titles evermore the same. For Chrishna was the holy lamb, and Quexalcoatl was the ram of God; the Kelts had their one holy heifer, and Egyptians too their sacred Apis-bulls; as Jesus was the Lamb of God; Whereby was imaged forth the truth that gentle service is the one ideal quality of those who would be saviours of the world.

7. And infant saviours generally were threatened by rulers or by hostile powers, as Bacchus, Hercules, and Romulus, Chrishna and Osiris, Zoroaster, Yu and Rama Indra, Salvahana, and Jesus last; Whereby was symboled forth the truth that hell doth ever try to mar the work of God when first it starts; that nevermore will man make resolutions good without immediate trials and temptations to destroy the work of God.

8. And Saviours generally must suffer, and be tortured, crucified, and perish in a 'twilight of the gods'. Such were Chrishna and Gautama, of India, Thammuz of Phrygia, Wittobagonese, Iao of Nepaul, Hesus of Great Britain, Quexalcoatl of Mexico, Quirinus of Rome, Prometheus of Greece, Thulis of Egypt, Indra of Thibet, Alkestos of Greece, Attys of Phrygia, Crite of Chaldea, Bali of Orissa, Mithra of Persia, Salvahana of Bermuda, Horus and Osiris of Egypt, Odin of Scandinavia, Zoroaster of Persia, Baal and Taut of Phoenicia, Bali of Afghanistan, Zamolxis of Thrace, Zoar of the Bonzes, Adad of Assyria, Deva Tat of Siam, Herkules of Greece, the Mikado of the Shintos, Beddru of Japan, Thor of the Gauls, Cadmus of Greece, Hil and Feta of the Mandaites, and Gentaut of Mexico. Whereby is symboled forth the truth that he who would live in the spirit must die in the flesh.

9. And saviours generally do go to hell and on the third day rise again, as Chrishna, Yuddhishthira, Quexalcoatl, Prometheus and Quirinus, Osiris, Attys, Mithra, Christ; By this was symboled forth the truth that they who die to earth shall live again to heaven forevermore. All this I said that thou mayest grasp, believe and realize that this my Presence evermore abode upon this earth, and was beheld by those whose eyes were pure enough.

3. And lo, not only did My Spirit strive with souls all-chosen and elect who could attain to be the saviours of their race; nor only in the stories of their lives that might be told from mouth to mouth; but in the rhapsodies and ravings of the prophets did I speak as they were moved by breath divine, collected in the scriptures of the world. The Vedas hoar of the Hindu world; the Tripitaka of the Buddhists too, the Zend-Avesta of the Persian world, the Chinese Shi-king and Four Books, of Confucius and Mencius, the Tao-te-king of Lao-tse, the Q'uran of Muhammad too, the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures canonical and aprocryphal, the Scandinavian Eddas too, the Finnish Kalevala, Egyptian Book of the Dead, and the great Epic of Izdubar of the Chaldaic world.

4. But lo, this is not all—for those who did not hear of these my saviours and evangelists, who could not hear the sacred ravings of inspired prophets—lo, for them have shrines been kept sacred on mountain-tops from everlasting unto now, and always will be kept. Phoenician shrines were many, on the hills, where Samuel did sacrifice; Jerusalem for long, Samaria later, and again the newer Jewish rites in the Egyptian Heliopolis. Famous were the Egyptian shrines at Memphis and Thebes; the Greek of Zeus at Dodona, Apollo's at Delphi, like the Vestal fire at Rome—each God in every nation had his sacred ark like that borne around the Arabian desert, carried all across the Jordan, lost in battle to the Philistines, and lodged in Dagon's shrine, and captured once again by David's might. The Mexicans and Incas had their sacred temples too, not far unlike the seven-storied pyramids the Babylonians built; the druid stones at Stonehenge witness still to countless rites of ages almost quite forgot. From age to age, from clime to clime, the incense of human prayers has risen to the skies while sacrificial flames have fallen on the altar from the sky not only when Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, but everywhere. And still the Christian Church with incense, images, and vestments gorgeous keeps alight the ancient shrines in thousand buildings—everywhere as evermore My Presence dwells in sanctuaries. Who

then will say My Presence is not known unto this world? Lo, I am with you, even to the ending of the world—not only in the public shrines, but private sanctuaries of many saintly souls. Each house in the wide Roman world possessed an altar for that family. And mediaeval castles had each its chapel-sanctuary. And even now unseen, unknown to all but Me, a thousand saints within their closets locked draw down by prayer and supplication the power divine. And so I have been always present in the world to those who have been present unto Me; and lo, I came to thee as soon as ever thou didst come to Me—nay, sooner far; for lo, I sought thee long before. "Draw nigh to Me, and I too shall return to thee." And now that thou hast found Me, still thou shalt find Me everywhere; and when thou stayest near Me; I shall stay with thee. And as My Presence is the one great fact of history, so shall it ever be, and lo, I am with even thee unto the ending of the world!

### THE SOUL'S APPEAL FOR THE CHRIST'S COMING

Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.

I clasp Thy feet, and bathe them with my tears, O Unseen Presence, Bridegroom Thou divine; I would detain Thee, lest Thou pass away, Unworthy though I be to keep Thee mine.

Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.

I am not worthy to be called Thy Bride: My marriage-garment is all soiled and torn; My face is scarred, my hands are both blood-stained, My heart desires it never had been born.

Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.

My heart is full of idols of the World, I have, for Thee alone, no sacred place; I am so wayward that, spite of myself, My heart has fled, while still I Thee embrace.

Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.

I am not worthy to be touched by Thee, Yet, touch my soul, to hush its wild unrest; That yet someday Thou lift me from the ground. And call me Thine, and press me to Thy Breast.

Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.

Long since the Temple Hall is filled with Guests, Waiting, with tears, so long for me, the Bride; 'And yet, I linger! Stray! And suffer here! My better self distracted by my pride!

O Bridegroom, fetch me! That I may be Thine,
And with Thee seek the lost, with Thee divine.

## BOOK III. OF THE NATURE OF THE PRESENCE.

### I. THAT THE PRESENCE OF GOD IS A MATTER OF DIRECT EXPERIENCE

1. Soon, ah, too soon, the Presence ceased to speak; and when the rays of dawning light sought each nook and cranny of the sacred wood all vanished but the place where He had stood. But I could feel distinctly He was near, and unto me His voice was audible, so that I felt not quite abandoned while still He stood to listen to each prayer. In slow progression rolled the laggard hours while steep ascents drew my utmost powers. But cooler winds announced the set of sun, and soon, though none too soon, the day was done. I ate the food the ravens brought, and lay in restful slumber till the stars of midnight shone. Nor in my dreams was I quite left alone, but waking saw the dear Face I had known. Thus did He speak again, with gentler tone, and drew my heart up unto Him above, while setting forth at length at my request how He attracts from every man what is his inmost best.

2. In vain, my Child, mightst thou endeavour make unto the blind to show what they have not yet sight to see. In vain will bushes burn with unconsuming fire while shepherds' hearts are stirred by only low curiosity. It is true, "that earth is crammed with Heaven, and every bush afire with God"; but at the best for those whose spiri-

tual sight is yet like puppies' eyes, shut off by films of earthliness, the Bush is still a bush, and even Fire is fire—and nowhere is there even a trace of God. Vainly the sacred thunders peal and crash around the barren crags of Sinai; vainly heaven-hurled lightnings gleam with mystic origin—when storms are over, it was only rain and winds and hurtling clouds, while I, their author and their guide, remained unthought of and forgot. And though I should invent some stronger means than heaven-born fire to come upon the altar and consume the sacrifice; though I should show My Presence by some sign more marvellous than unconsuming fire such as alit upon the Bush in Midian's waste, it is only fire. Though miracle occur of grace in healing, vision, or in ecstasy, they still could be explained away as working of some law not yet quite understood, or by the speedier explanation of mistake.

3. How true this is may best be understood when thou, my Child, considerest that when Antiochus Epiphanes the king (determined to profane the Sanctuary), entered on horseback the Holy of Holies in temple of the Jews in old Jerusalem, he found no thing therein but only walls and furniture, nor bright Shekinah on the Mercy-Seat between the wings of the Cherubim, though when he left again It still was there, as It had been, and ever still will be. Unto a swine's fat wit the inmost sanctuary of Heaven were nothing more than gorgeous sty; and vain the utmost marvel I could build to make men see what still they cannot see. In vain all this, in vain much more—in spite of all these crowning glories of the world, which show in stone the most religious visionary dreams of zealots of a thousand creeds. It is after all a Babel, left unfinished in the desert sands; and stone for stone it there can all be found, but not one whit of revelation from it has the human race beheld.

4. In vain to blinded hearts would even words reveal My Presence in its actuality. Prophets and preachers, poets and bards, since language dawned, have given to the world good news of Me; and yet how easy was it for carnal men to shrug the shoulders at the madness of the bard! Unpractical the poets, and the prophets poor, cast out by all those of God's own poor who with some madness in their hearts were wild enough to try to actualize a heaven on earth. And failure still has crowned all efforts to produce a perfect city in the world. Plotinos with his Platonopolis, and Cicero in his 'Republic' blazed the way repeated latterly by Bellamy; but vain, still vain and laughter from the crowd the only one result. In vain religions have endeavoured to show forth My Presence in the purest worship they could dream. The madness of the prophet is soon made a system of theology, and then embalmed in rites and functions ecclesiastical; and grievous laws these rites become until some new reformer throws them down again; his own reforms soon follow the old way of ritualistic hyprocrisy of form. Vainly did Amen-hotep IV reform the animal zodiacal religion of the old Egyptian ways. A hundred years, and worship of the sun without a figure in the temple had become a gorgeous ritualism. Vainly Gautama broke the bonds of Brahmanistic ritualism. Three Teeth (each one the only real one!) are worshipped still to-day in Ceylon and Siam; and Buddhist convents with rosaries and seven-fold eucharistic vestments swarm. Vainly did Chrishna break the formal rites; a ritualism complete to-day perpetuates his saving life. Vainly did Jesus curse the form-hypocrisy of Pharisee: its gorgeous splendor far transcends each Jewish rite. Vainly did, on this very question of the image-worship, Western Christendom secede from Eastern Church—the statue of old Jupiter now serves as Peter in the Roman shrine in its basilica. Vainly did Luther, Henry VIII and Calvin break from forms—the ritualists are everywhere again with organ, vestment, candle, and with censer swung. Vainly, therefore, can even a religious creed embody for the multitude the gospel of My Presence, though thousand preachers preach the authentic pure, original, prophetic word; still it changes with the years, and soon the world is once more slave to ritual and form. And thus in spite of reformations finally were built the Pyramids, cemented by a mortar mixed with blood of million slaves; the rock-hewn temples of Ellora showing forth the infinite achievements of an age that had no iron tools; the Doric and Ionic and Corinthian temples of the Greeks presented a serene and chastened revelation of the minds of Gods; the Gothic structures and cathedrals of the English, French, and German lands that rise in studied, orderly confusing beauty manifold; the stern Alhambric grandeur of a Moorish race; the eerie minarets and domes of Mecca's Kaaba-sheltering tent.

6. O Father, who can then be saved from ignorance and selfishness, if human nature is so foolish and depraved that neither things, nor even words can long preserve the purity of knowledge of the gospel of Thy Presence so divine? Is this Thy world then lost? Yea, lost, my Child, as all is lost, was lost, and ever shall be lost without My help and touch. The actual Presence is a plain experience for each one. Were I God of dead ones, then indeed might there be need of an embalming, as it were, of knowledge of My touch. I laugh at creeds, that petrify the knowledge of a thousand years, supposing they can tell My purposes and will! But I am God of living souls: a Living God am I. It costs Me naught to touch each several human being in a special way. It is better that each soul rely on Me alone, who will, when I consider them deserving it (oh, how I suffer till they do; oh, how I try to make Myself believe them ready; how it hurts Me when My Righteousness insists that for their wounds sake, at least, I wait, lest they remain unworthy, all-content with comfort of My touch) they will receive My blessing in the way they most deserve, according to their power to receive,—to some a theory, to others an influx of power! I am a Living God, and second-hand religion is an insult to Me. Was I not able to come down to Samuel, though for a generation precious were my words to Israel? Can I not wake to fervor and religious zeal a generation at a time, if so I please? This sense by which My Presence is discerned is present, though quite undeveloped, in most minds. And though it only needs My waking, still the greater part, (like thou) never dream of it until I smite them suddenly for their own good. But all possess this undeveloped faculty: so that, as Athanasius said, no one is guiltless of an ignorance of Me, as each possesses in his own inner self the Road by which he might ascend and see Me face to face.

7. But oh, my Father, hast Thou then become more heartless than Thou wert formerly at Sodom? Is there still no other way? Is it quite hopeless to tell of this Thy Presence to the world? Must each begin again in darkness such as mine? May those my disappointments and my sufferings not in the least avail to smoothen out the path of all humanity in some slight way? This news of Thy dear Presence—oh, this gospel, this evangel new, is that impossible to tell of it, at least? Could I not blaze the trees so others might come quicker unto Thee, direct and straight, and not, like I, waste years in wandering around the desert track? O Child, not until now did I omit to know this need thou mentionest. I waited not for thee to blaze the way. If thou thyself hadst looked more carefully thou wouldst have found the blazes clear my angels made for men at starting of the world on spheric path. Then even thou hadst come along the safer, quicker way, and thou hadst not presumed thou lovedst Humanity even more than even I, their only Father, Guide and Star. Now will I show thee what these blazes are—by which thyself mightest have come both swift and safe.

## THE DIVINE VISITOR

I knock and knock; before it be too late O open unto Me thy soul's barred Gate!

**I come to thee when morn's white light is breaking,**
**Before thou'st turned to labour and to care;**
**I touch thy forehead, every effort making**
**To make thee feel I would thy labours share.**

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door, Come, and abide with me forevermore.

**I come to thee, when noon's short rest embracing,**
**Thy soul is likely to attend My Voice;**
**In vain I whisper: soon thy steps retracing,**
**Thou turn'st again to thoughts of thy own choice.**

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door, Come, and abide with me forevermore.

**I come to thee when at the supper-table,**
**And try to speak more loud than appetite;**
**And yet to hush thy talk I am not able**
**Unless thy precious freedom I should blight.**

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door, Come, and abide with me forevermore.

**I come to thee amidst the midnight stillness**
**And seek to reach thy slumbering consciousness;**

Why yield'st thyself unto such mortal illness,
Of deaf and dumb and blind forgetfulness?
I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door, Come, and abide with me forevermore.

## II. THAT THERE ARE MANY FORMS OF THE PRESENCE KNOWN TO ALL

1. O Father, tell me, I pray thee, just what Thy Presence is. I feel Thee near, but cannot tell just what it is, and how I might to others impart just how to understand that word so dear, so sacred and serene.

2. My Child, it is not hard to understand, nor is it strange. It is something known so well to every child of man that it were hard to find a thought more common, or better known. Ah, Child, believe Me, men make great mistakes when they suppose that I am far away; that greatest mysteries are something strange, or even too high. All men are parts integral of that Whole, the universe is called, and each is all; in each is mirrored all, and by each plane of consciousness he may in true relations too with all them stand. Each bears within himself the rudiments of what it were to be a God; or even a prophet, poet, painter, mechanician, engineer, or each form of human active skill. The full attainment's fruit seems to have fallen from the sky—seems superhuman, foreign, strange; a gift from some far planet, or directest revelation from above; and yet the rudiments are all within, and needed only to be recognized, and perfected, and used then to become the ready means whereby the heavenly pattern, incarnated in this world, from heaven of artist's brain, and through His fingers, to the lasting, if exterior, fruit. Nor yet that which seems so difficult to understand is aught but perfected conjoinment of the simple thought and deed with which the veriest child delights to play and conjure. And though the feeling of My Presence be so hard to understand for those whose spiritual sense is closed, its rudiments are but the simplest things, the every-day emotions of their higher life.

3. For who, my Child, has not attained to feel the solemn calm of Nature's presence-seal as suddenly upon some mountain-top emerging he beholds vast winding rivers, plains, and the endless sea? These nature-presences oppress the human hearts with sheer vastness and sublimity. Who, when thirsty, hot and weary with the valley's sultry heat has not felt the Presence of some forest's holy shade, where a perpetual breeze fans branches in the air, and giant trunks like hoary priests spread forth their arms as if at prayer, and grasses sway around each fragrant flower? Who has not blessed the forests to its face because he felt the still divinity that lurked within its sylvan sanctuary? No wonder is it that a man there feels the sacred Presence of this nature-presence. It is the garden of the hosts divine where in the evening's cool from heaven steals the Lord Himself, to take his daily ease amidst His baby-souls (but not less dear) who in their childish way not less do please than human souls who pray and hope and fear. There go, and if thy soul be not quite dead thou shalt feel a gentle touch upon thy head. This experience is the Presence of the place, the simplest form of God's high Presence. Lo, thou canst stand there where God Himself has stood, and catch the last slow-dying echoes of footballs of the Angels who before fled at thy earthly presence.

4. The next great Way for men to come to Me is by the Presence of the starry host. There is a Presence in the midnight sky which whoso feels will nevermore deny; a Presence sacred, infinite and free, the Presence of the heavenly Holy Ghost. Those scintillating stars so still and keen looked down on Abraham and Jesus both. What secrets they could tell, those silent Eyes that watch the human race from century to century with sleepless constancy! How solemnly the greater and the lesser lights, the knotted scarf of worlds hung out in space, in silent seriousness of purple nights reveal the features of the Almighty's face! Not only this world does God's love redeem from nascent blindness to divinity. Thousands of worlds demand the Father's care; each special centre of some heartfelt prayer, each world refulgent with its special ray, each world acknowledging His love supreme. O falling stars! O heights of interstellar deeps! God! God! God! is your titanic chant. Sublime your Presence over humans sweeps significant of still diviner depths.

5. These are the two great blazes on the trees of this great forest of the Universe, which following those who are not perverse may grasp My Presence. But there are

further facts of every human life that makes us understand the nature of the feeling of the Presence. For were this some dark mysterious art, men would have some excuse to claim exemption from recognizing My strong appeals. First comes that feeling which steals over the coward frame when left alone in the middle of the night. Then the human soul, as with a lightning flame, feels overcome with goose-flesh, out of fright. Then, Oh but the touch of a human hand! Then, Oh the rising of the sun that makes all men rejoice! Then the dear familiar sight of native land! This sweet desired touch, or sight, or sound well explains the feeling of My Presence; and rich is he whose longing most profound is for My comfort, which never fails.

6. Besides, who has not sometimes almost felt the presence of some unknown foe? Are there not personalities so strong that men feel their presence should they meet with them? What earth calls character, cannot be weighed or measured; and yet who doubts its power for weal or woe? What reason can explain why men should feel afraid, and feel within them all their purpose melt at meeting of some personality? This something which no words will quite express is how a human presence can impress a human soul; how much the rather then should men not feel Me, who am more than men?

7. But lo, not only do I dwell with man in symbols faint, and traces indirect; in shrine and sanctuary of every sect my Presence enters by what rifts it can, and dwells as long as it is undefiled. In thousand languages a thousand rites in thousand centuries did honour Me in sacrificial incensed jubilee with gorgeous incense and with flickering lights; or in cathedral many-towered and aisled; or with a simpler ritual oft adored amidst the simpler and more ignorant tribes with Mexican flower or Druid oak—ever moved by prayers, as ever unmoved by bribes, still was I present as the worshipped Lord, still did I answer who did Me invoke. To whomsoever worshipped earnestly did I grant feeling of my Presence there. I laughed at the reformer's chisel-blow; I laughed at the unreformed high mystery, and answered each man just as he offered prayer, just as each wished, content to have it so.

8. But still more universally did I show high witness of My heavenly Presence. The sense of beauty was the special grace wherewith I sanctified each earthly place: in star, in flower, in dawn, or sunset glows, in fragrant perfume of the blushing rose, in green of leaves, or blue midday skies, in rainbow coloured froth of purple sea, in song of nightingale and oriole, and pagan splendour of each arctic pole.

9. They speak not truth, who say they know not Me, nor can imagine how My Presence feels; for every soul has felt the Touch that heals, and known the Truth that sets the spirit free. In some one symboled form each soul has felt the kind of feeling which My presence yields, and could have known the fuller power it wields had he, removing shoes, in reverence knelt. It is not the better self's ascent to God that is hard, but human search for his own better self that is rare; there is not yet even one unanswered prayer, but few the souls who do not prayer discard. That few find heaven is not for lack of light, but that so few live out what light they have; it is not My Presence that refused to save, but that so few implore its sight.

## III. THAT THE SOUL CANNOT BE ITS BETTER SELF WITHOUT THE DIVINE PRESENCE

1. Thus spake the Voice in calm convincing tone, and I began to muse over what He said. I felt it true: it was I who had not read, not God not written, what I never had known. Then I began to feel how this was best of all attainments that a man could make: a shield of holiness whose might could break all shafts of ill aimed at our perfect rest. And thought led on to thought until I saw the wise coherence of the plan divine; I felt God's love through righteous justice shine; His world-arrangement perfect, without flaw. The comfort of God's Presence I beheld to be no mere enjoyable delight, nor even a privilege to favoured sight, but that without which Heaven must be withheld. His Presence is the air that angels breathe, the drink they quaff, the food they eat, the light they see, the ground beneath their feet, the fadeless flowers that around their heads they wreathe. And ah, His Presence is that inner atmosphere which angels winnow with ascendant wings; nor can a man rise up to heavenly things without His Presence to support Him here. Without His Presence, ah, without its touch, none would even wish to raise his earth-bound eyes;

without His Presence none is good, none wise—none true, nor even remembering to be such.

2. It is all so plain to me, I wonder now how ever I would fail to understand God's Presence is more needful than a hand to those who would live out some holy vow. The argument is long, but very plain. First, let me see, there is environment. Then, second, that it rules man's every bent. Third, man can choose which over him shall reign. If fourthly, then, we wish to grow divine, we need but choose such an environment as shall draw forth our own best element, and law alone will thus our normal selves refine. This is the secret of the inner strength, and this the secret of the better life: growth regular, like flowers, without strife. All this I now think over more at length.

3. First the environment. Now life consists of the adjustment of the organism unto the environment, whose schism the life can but temporarily survive. Cold chills; heat burns, drouth parches, water drowns, bacilli cause disease unconsciously; all these are facts that cannot be brushed away by the mere frown of a frivolous denial. In practice men select environment: what is or is not to their taste, they leave or eat. And though they are slaves to it (that is, environment of some one kind), they can elect what they shall serve; and thus can cheat their fate. And though at times the external cannot be changed at will, yet man can choose between his own mental realms, his lower and his better selves, which shall become his normal self, and thus be free—though men should chain his feet unto this sphere terrene. So men have thought the truth through torture's storm, refused consent to immorality; though cast in prison till they should conform, lived Epiktetos-like in slavery. And such a choice is made in practice too each day by those who do not realize that this is so; each forms his 'circle' true, and makes the moral bed on which he lies. What is there then to hinder men from choice of God as 'moulding atmosphere'? His better self responding to God's voice, will thus respond to it with an attentive ear.

4. This, this is man's need of God's strong touch: unto his better self to be held fast: a saint is he with saints, a God is he with such, a fool when from that Presence an outcast. That Presence is the spirit's needed food, the trellis over which grow the human vines; the church's eucharistic bread and wine which gives new life to slightest effort, even the most crude; the staff that gropes our way into the shrine. Only by habit can the better self grow to be the normal predominant self of everyday, and so ever conscious of the heavenly realm uninterruptedly.

5. O mystic eucharistic food and drink, O holy Presence, deign to nourish me, that I remain my better self and think of only this, to draw nigh unto Thee. Well says the Church, that is God in the eucharist: Thy Presence is as real as the bread and wine; who seizes that of which it does consist (the Presence) truly lives forevermore divine. I clutch at Thee, I grasp, I taste, I eat, digesting the Eucharist with strong desire; Thou art in me, and I am now Thy seat, that I may dwell in Thee, and Thee inspire. O eat and drink the body of the Lord, O human souls who yet are blind; consume the power that the Presence affords, that you may be transfigured and like gold, refined.

6. I need Thee, oh I need Thee, O Presence Thou divine; good genius of my better self, abide in me as shrine. How can I live without Thee, my truth, my holiness? How can I pray without Thee, my love, my willingness? How can I breathe without Thee, O spiritual Light? O come to me, abide with me, O thou my purer sight! I need Thee every moment, Thou pulse-beat of my heart! Screen me with Thy serenity, that we may never part!

## IV. THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL EXPERIENCEABLE KIINDS OF THE DIVINE PRESENCE

1. But utter sadness fell upon me soon. Of God's close touch the glorious certainty departed from me as the splendid moon sets in darkness before the dawn of day. No God: no, naught but mountains, valleys, trees! Why hast Thou left me in this banishment? Did these my thoughts Thy Presence so displease? Could there have been no gentler chastisement? I thought to honour Thee: and my reward seems, I have purified myself in vain. What have I done to drive away the Lord? What may I do to draw Him back again?

2. My Child, be comforted, for here am I. Thy musings were acceptable to Me, nor did I leave because displeased with thee. I left thee to make thee feel surely and clearly hear that I was nigh, that thou may'st recognize when I am near, and know the feeling by its opposite, and thus have all the practice requisite. For know, My Presence is no mental twist, or thought, or an opinion, or a dream. Be sure it is not sufficient to declare that God, as god, is always everywhere. No doubt that this is true; but such a scheme of barren thought is good intentions missed. For, granting it is wholly true, does that move Me? Am I at beck and call of any mind that deigns to think what is true, like spirit which Aladdin's lamp held thrall, by mental rub compelled to interview? It moves me not to hear them talk of Me! And when they talk of Me, that is all of it, while they are quite content, as they never knew how real an experience it can be to have my Presence touch the heart, and mind, and wit; nor would they recognize when I withdrew. With so-called 'omnipresent immanence' such as they speak of, they are satisfied, attributing to it intelligence and any other thing which in their pride they chance to wish, as worldly opulence, denying Me (O fearful blasphemy!) a personality when I made theirs! Who ever found a thought that loose in space was floating round without a Personality, a Thinker, thinking, driving, launching it? A consciousness is single-pointed life; and should My consciousness so infinite in lucid power alone lack unity, lack unifying personality? Not less than personality am I; but, as in every atom I am found, I am the crowning synthesis profound of thousand, million personalities. I am the most intensely personal of elemental personalities; and they whose aspirations are content without My highest Self thereby confess they know not Me, whatever they profess, deluding their own selves with wordy dreams, but worst, deluding souls who really seek the comfort of My Presence with their schemes till the aspiring neophyte supposes he has all that can be had, but ceases all further efforts to behold My face. Blind leaders of the blind, they shall grow weak in aspiration, nor ever leave their evil!

3. But thou, My Child, it is not thus with thee! Thou feltst My Presence, and dost know it well. Like faithful sentinel thou feltst immediately the lack of Me, and My return. Thus thou developdst senses spiritual, endowing thee with heavenly discontent without the steadfast comfort of My face, so that this earth will seem but banishment when I am far, and Heaven, where dwells My Presence, the only place where ever thou again art satisfied, or canst find peace, or willingly abide.

4. This sort of Presence is the "individual touch." There is another: when a congregation of two or three are gathered in My name. Then enter I in might and glory such, each soul soon kindles inspiration, and on them all alights the Holy Spirit's flame. This touch is stronger, and of greater might, and sooner comes to undeveloped souls;—but still it comes to hearts repentant and alone, whom consecrated purity controls.

### THE CRY OF REPENTANCE

Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:
Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, abide with me.

**Because of my sad prayer, Thou cam'st to me; But business calls, and straight I go my way: Then, when I come back home, Thou'st gone away. And I so tired I e'en do not miss Thee.**

Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:
Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, abide with me.

**Because of my sad prayer, Thou cam'st to me: But friends call in whom I must entertain, The while, forsaken, Thou dost leave with pain And I am cheerful, laughing merrily.**

Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:
Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, abide with me.

**Because of my sad prayer, Thou cam'st to me: But I was tired, and laid me down to sleep, And still at dawn my slumber was so deep I heard not the last lingering call from Thee.**

Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:
Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, abide with me.

**Thou cam'st, while I was yet in manhood's prime, Ere I had prayed that Thou shouldst come to me; I felt Thy Touch, I saw—but said to Thee, 'When I have leisure, come some other time.'**

Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:
Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, abide with me.

**If Thou should'st ne'er again my prayer attend, Just would I deem my lot, nor would complain; Yet, give me one more chance, and come again, And I will try to serve Thee till the end.**

Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:
Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, abide with me.

## BOOK IV. OF THE PRACTICES OF THE PRESENCE

### I. THAT THE PRESENCE DWELLS IN THE REALM OF MIND

1. My Child, I now am ready to reveal to thee the simple methods by which each child of man may find and grasp My sacred Presence-robe. Take thee a book, and write, lest thou forget the simple ways by which a human soul may grasp and hold the Unseen. And in the dark I saw: for as I wrote, the Presence that stood by grew bright, and very pitiful and tender grew the Voice. And from His hands gleamed forth a glorious glow that shone like light of day in even the middle night.

2. My Child, the first great secret of My Presence is this simple thought: I dwell in mind. I dwell in mind: not in the earth-quake, nor in the rushing wind, nor belching storms, but in the still small Voice that sounds in thought to thought for thought. In mental realm dwell I. And he who would obtain access unto My Presence's domain of thought must first ascend, and there with heart and mind abide. And why? Because in realm of sense it is sense alone that tells, and sense alone cannot perceive a supersensual sight. The holiest shrine is only shelter for a slave, a stable for a horse, and unto swine a lofty sty; but unto those who, purified and incensed enter in with worship, lo! it is the Shekinah. It is only to a mind, therefore, that even if I would, I could appear; and if thou wouldst come into touch with Me, look in the unseen eternal, and there wilt thou find Me. The spiritual sight will see; but it must be the inner sight that looks to see the realm unseen. The mind contains it all: which first must recognize the thought, and then may look into the air and there behold and recognize my form serene. Who would behold and feel and hear must then turn off from earthly, sensual things; from passion and emotion, noise and struggle and with the lifted heart gaze fixedly on Heaven.

3. But not in idleness or in inaction do I ever appear to men. It is not I who come to men, when they retire into a muffled room, and turn the lights all down; when they grow passive, mediumistic, losing hold of their own normal selves. Not so: the lowest spirits thus delight to throw off-guard the watchful, self-controlling mind, to gain an access to their stored vitality. Believe thou this: like flocks to like; and men still get the presence they deserve—or, in another form of words, God ever helps those souls that help themselves. No better presence comes than the condition of the man who draws it to himself. The man who is his active better self attracts the heavenly Presences serene; but who is passive, half-unconscious draws around him brutish souls of brutish persons late deceased. Who would express divinity should be quite energetic: while the medium quite unconsciously is played upon by whatsoever spirit may succeed in fighting off the others, and to fasten its own claws upon the helpless form abandoned by its own. This then is touchstone of My Presence: he who is engaged in active physical work is sure that it is I who speak; but those who lie back comfortably are being preyed upon by Shadows who deceive and steal.

4. Nor need this seem to bar all prayer and meditation—far from it. He who stands up on his feet, or he who sits erect, the back not resting on a chair, or who kneels up without a sprawling rest-support, is safe; or he whose earnest prayer draws tears and moans from writhing soul, may be quite sure that it is I who speak; or, surer still, who may behold My messengers by light or day, or lamp by night. The meaning of all this is plain: the human mind's best self is just the realm in which I dwell; and when the mind grows faint I pass away; and they who live like animals in this dear world, they hear of Me at second-hand, but never know the first-hand mental touch, or proof of My own self.

5. Nor is this mental realm the vehicle merely, or plane on which I dwell. Unless a man remembers Me, I pass away from him. The memory is not the least of mental means to call and keep Me near. And this in two particular regards: that I remember, and that man remembers too. That I remember, in that I continually behold the secret thoughts of each man's heart. I stand beside him as he speaks and when in darkness of his home, and he has locked his door, and thinks his thought of shame, I stand beside him, hear his thought, and feel the splashing of his soul. That he remembers, in that when as guest invited I respond, and enter in the human heart, there I remain as long as he remembers Me, and welcomes Me; but when I am forgotten, and his love turns off to others, then with tears I pass from him again.

6. Forgive me, Father, that I thus dare speak to Thee: but is it possible that man should ever forget Thy Presence, after Thou vouchsafedst it? My Child, thyself hast often done so ere these bitter trials of the stony upward road like iron entered into thy soul, and by despair and sorrow cut right out of it all longings for the world, and made thee stable, single-hearted, faithful, calm, sincere and true.

## II. THAT GOD IS THE RECORDING ANGEL

1. My Child, midnight is noon to Me. In bowels of the earth, on lonely peaks of Himalaya, in soundless deep of ocean, where the sun-light is not known, where it is not even a tradition, there am I. Nor bolts nor bars can lock Me out. I pass through walls, I fall through roofs, I rise from out the grounds. I see each organ in the body; every drop of blood I love; and have loved, too, since all eternity, and still shall love forevermore. Each bone I formed with My own hand while Thou wert sleeping—every night it was I, unseen, unheard, undreamt of even, who approached, and curved and drew, and strengthened and made tense the bones within thy flesh. I wove the weft of every tendon with a cord no one but I can weave, so strong, so subtle and so beautiful, that none can form it after Me. The delicate grey stripes of muscle were my task as artist of the universe, and every grain of fat it is I directed to its special place. Oh, if thou knewest how I laboured over thy body to perform this magnum opus of an alchemy divine, thou wouldst not wonder that I can behold thy thoughts even long before thou thinkest them thyself. I weep when I behold thy efforts to restrain some thought—to keep it from the man with whom thou speakest, nay, even from thyself; I weep, for it finds clear expression in the Book of Life in colour red of shame and sin, and peals out loud, so loud that we in Heaven engaged in listening to human prayers can scarce distinguish them for all these voices hoarse of passion and of sin! Oh, these forbidden voices! For thy own sake, O man, refrain, and let me hear thy aspirations' cry, that I may answer it with haste and blessedness.

2. And when thou thinkest thou hast cheated some of thy own kin, (thou fool!) thou seest not that Providence records a like misfortune in thy future years for lo, it is thou that hast thyself both mulcted and deceived. And when in anger some hot, bitter word is winged with venom, little dost thou dream I stand unmoved in bitter grief because the eternal laws of justice with an automatic clutch screw down a clamp upon thy destiny; and though they work with noiseless swirl, well-oiled by thine own venom, ah, those screws hold tight, and never loose again until thyself in future years by teared and sweated labour shalt unturn each turn with long delay and gaunt despair.

3. Thy usual self would blush, couldst thou behold the scorn of heavenly Justice when thou dost suppose that in some trick thou hast advanced thy interest, by legal quibble or by corporate and irresponsible device! When thou hast trapped some soul in pulling from the fire for thee some chestnuts thou dost wish; when thou hast silently rejoiced at evil which advanced thy cause, though thou tookst care to do no thing thyself, the whole black Cloud of hell around thee laughed with wild amusement at thy foolishness.

4. I speak in sorrow, Child, and not in vengeance or in wrath—it grieves Me to see aught evil; for I rejoice at holiness and not at sin. But what draws hottest tears from My dear angels and from Me is when I see thee so intent on stopping worship at the time exact, nor counting ever how much thou art late, or inattentive or asleep. As if thy worship was of service unto Me! As if each moment was not to thy own self's gain! Oh, if thou lovedst Me as much (I say not more) than earthly love, thou wouldst not only cease from making sure thou gavest too much time to Me; but oh, thou couldst not wait until the blessed moment came again when thou mightst stand within the sanctuary. O Love, Thou art the only magnet of the human soul! My Child thy love to me is hardly one small spark compared to the eternal sun-effulgence of My love to thee: and wert thou half as anxious to come near to Me within the sanctuary as I desire to come to thee, thou wouldst each small spare moment come again, and kneel and weep for my still touch.

5. So far I have appealed to thee, my Child, by motives first of fear and interest; let Me now call on nobler motives, which, as such, will be more powerful with thee.

Thy better self it is I wish to call into the mastery of thy self. For this thy better self is not the self of every-day, in which thou lettest thyself loose in every-day converse. Like animals most men permit themselves to act out all their nature day by day without a hindering rein. Nay, even brutes at times refuse to eat because overmastered by some grief! Dogs, cats and pigeons have been known to starve upon their master's grave. So thou shouldst also, when I stand near thee, lose all the minor needs of physical desire, overmastered by the awe and reverence for Me. So in My Presence thou wouldst be dressed, and on thy best behaviour, letting go the urgency of many usual things. Thy speech, thy garb, thy manners and thy thoughts would show restraint, and culture and propriety. So too, when I, who greater am than any king or emperor, deign visit thee, thou shouldst be self-restrained, upon thy mettle, as it were, to put thy best foot foremost; not dishonouring My Presence by too many personalities, nor squabbles, or by pettiness of any kind. Thou wouldst be serious, too, avoiding laughter loud and vulgar, or indulgences of self, in eating, drinking, passion, or of laziness. Nor wouldst thou loll around, or boast, or joke, or mutter at the weather; yea, ashamed to notice trifles such as these in such a Presence; thou wouldst forget to nag at dear ones, or give rein to mere curiosity. Thou wouldst bethink thee of thy noblest thoughts and useful knowledge garnered in thy mind. There would be careful, scrupulous concern for others' comforts, otherwise forgotten in the daily grind, and courteous winning ways. If only thou didst bethink thee that I stood by thee and saw thee, watched thee, cared for thee, and longed to make thee feel Me near!

6. For thy own sake therefore, dear Child, I would have thee remember Me, that I am by thee both by day and night. So shalt thou be first just, then loving, then holy, and at last divine like Me. Remember Me, as if thou wert My bride, and I thy Lover strong; for Me thou wouldst adorn thyself, and be prepared for Me to take thee; yea, and bear thee off from all thy old low ways to holiness and dwelling-place divine.

7. But more, far more, my Child! There were no enemy who could raise fear in thee, with Me beside thee, powerful as I am. Nor pain at loss, since I am rich! So have I taken charge of thee, that all thy live-long days thou shouldst not lack except as might be best for thy own soul's progressive flight to God. Nor grief at parting, seeing I shall never leave thee—shall remain so near when father, mother, brethren, dear ones pass away, and friends grow cold and partners scornful, and when acquaintances suspicious grow (as grow they must)—for who faced death, except alone? Nor over-passion at thy dearest's side; for I, thy Lover jealous, claim thy utmost love, and suffer not a rival for thy heart; though through thy Love for Me love gentle and unselfish, universal and undying shall flow out to all. So, calm, unpassionate, ungrieved, unpained, unfeared, and last and greatest, yea, uninterrupted too (for what could be temptation while it is I who near thee stand, and warn of sin, and hold thy hand, and guard thy foot?) shalt thou remain; and clothed in thy right mind thou shalt be able to conserve each hour's fruit until thy heaven shall be full of stores, and thither will thy heart ever turn, and finally prepare thyself (even while on earth) a seat unchanging amidst the blest on high, and, yet, while on this earth, a god. All this and more, (if more can be!) from mere remembering I am near, and standing by thy side.

## III. THAT GOD LONGS TO BE THE GUEST OF MAN.

1. So spake the Presence in the silent gloom with calm and gentle tones, and ceased. Then all the light that streamed from it grew faint and passed away, and left the sacred Form stand out against the shimmering stars, and for a while a gentle silence brooded over the world. And while I sat, the words that I had heard and written sank into my soul, and there I dreamed until thick peace camped round about me there. And then the form grew bright once more, and that beloved Voice began again:

2. My Child, I now would tell thee how, in second place, the closeness of My Presence doth depend upon how men remember Me. I enter in to men, and dwell with them as Guest if they this little do, that they forget Me not. I ask for little, seeing that I come not for My interest, but only to make holy and to bless. I ask

for their own better selves' supremacy; and as they give, I bless; and when they stint, they take from Me the power to bless them more and more; and he who giveth all his life to Me, to him I give divinity. I will be clear and plain, and show thee how I ask no more than earthly guest. Indeed, if men gave unto Me as much continual love and service as they do unto each other, I would be content (for their own sake!). But ah, though if at all they should give Me so infinitely more than to a man, yet at the least they should not give Me less; but they forget, ah, they forget—they think that it is I whom they forget; but ah, it is their own immortal weal that they forget and lose!

3. I ask no deep mysterious thing of My blind earthly children dear. It is no secret, hidden deep in nature's coffer; nor reserved to some weird shrine by mystic priesthood's rite kept close! It is the simple thing to treat Me just as they would treat some well-loved guest who might abide with them. To any such they give 1, their love, 2, with courtesy inviting and 3, with welcome greet, and lead into 4, his special room or sanctuary; and give a 5, place all their daily life, 6, nor ever forget them so that their guest bestows on them 7, his blessing and his peace. Such are the few requirements I make, which whoso gives, shall even receive the utmost that I have to give.

4. The first requirement is love. Love is sufficient ground for any noble deed and effort, hard as it might be. Sometimes a life may be well-lost if love have been the cause. And even angels reverence the dog who starves upon his master's grave, the cat who in his master's absence pines away, the bird who dies without his mate. For love continually I leave the place of Paradise and come and dwell with man whose sin and passion keep Me sad, and full of righteous wrath. Ah, hast thou ever tried to imagine the Paradise of the blest? To look into the holy faces of a countless cloud of saints, of angels beaming bright with purity and truth? And then to dwell in places haunted by wan thoughts of shame unseen to mortal eyes, but offsprings of their hearts; to see mistakes and wrongs, and violence and hate; to see their future punishments (which they with careless jibe invoke upon themselves); to know how wilfully they will fall down from sin to sin; to hear the cries of passion and the marks of violence; this, this is torture unto Me; and yet, for love's dear sake, I never flinch; I bow My head, and enter in where simple human love upon the altar of the family brings out the incensed fragrance of their simple hearts! And love is something which no soul might be too poor to lack. The humblest worm its impulse feels, and I respect that worm thereby enhanced in dignity to rank of soul. The humblest menial, and the smallest child can give their love to Me, and unto them I come as gladly as to oldest and most powerful of men. I laugh at money and pity show to even the best of human thoughts; but love even I respect with awe and reverence, and answer with divinest blessings and rewards.

5. But love, as such, is not enough; for love may be enclosed in alabaster boxes, so that not one drop of precious ointment can come forth: it needs the tears of Magdalen, her wish to offer it to Me, her breaking of the box, so that the ointment may flow down upon My weary feet. Ah, many are the lips that speak of love, but few the hearts that burn within until the tears flow forth. There must be welcome waiting there for Me: a longing, yearning and desire, a gentle tenderness and still humility, such as true love imparts to human souls. This welcome must appear in deeds, in words, in tears, in gifts. Love incarnated, and brought forth to sight, the seed become a tree, whose branches sway with every wind, whose tender leaves delight and bless with grateful and protecting shade, whose blooms spread fragrance first, and then develop into luscious fruit, each kernel of the which can bring forth thousand trees.

6. Yet no, my Child; not even this sweet welcome is sufficient unto Me. I ask still more. Why should I not? Would human guest (though knowing he was loved both inwardly and outwardly) go in unto his friend's without a special invitation given? I ask no more than any human guest expects—should I not have, at least, as much? I knock, I knock, by day and night; but were it right of Me to break into the door? It is true, I wait not for my Children till they come to Me: I knock and knock by night and day, desiring shelter and refreshment that might bless their souls. I knock, I knock by day and night; if they may hear, perchance, and

come, and taking pity on my wounded hands and bleeding feet invite Me in for their own blessing now and evermore. I knock, I knock, by night and day; but they must bid Me come, just when they wish Me—then only doth my heavenly law open unto Me a path, and gladly I begin my ever new attempt to save and to redress. I knock and knock by night and day,

7. And when I am admitted, then, where shall I rest the sole of my sore feet? Shall I alone not have a spot to call my own? What human guest were not immediately conducted to the best of chambers by the host—(mayhap, had he not room, he left his own choice chamber for the nonce) the best of chambers, cleaned and lighted, and with flowers upon the chest? And shall there less be done for Me? I ask not more: not altar, incense, nay, nor sacrifice; but surely not far less than human guest might have received! There, in cool and silence of that chamber will I dwell, untroubled by the drudgery and turmoil of the house. And when my host shall knock upon the door, behold, there will I be to greet him, and instruct and bless; and there will always wait until he come to find with Me once more his better self. Let him make an appointment for the next of times with Me each time he leaves again, and I shall so arrange the world's affairs I can be present there to help him and to bless.

6. But is this all that human guest would have? One room? To be shut off from sweet amenities of home, those tender words at evening hour of twilight spent around the hearth? To be shut off from board when each is present with their best apparel, and with cheeriest news? To be shut off from hall where neighbours come to speak of common interests? To be shut off from labour earnest and from toil? Ah no; my dear ones would not have the heart to treat Me thus! They could not be content: a chair would always stand beside the festive board; in hall and gloaming musing there would also stand a chair; the tender greeting of farewell and welcome of the children and toilers would not quite forget even Me. I ask not more than human guest, at least no less and I will stand for it that blessing shall descend and dwell within that house.

9. Nor yet shall I be thought of, loved, and worshipped for a day, and then forgotten in the rush of work. In uncomplaining silence would I stand around for three long days; touch hand, or forehead even from time to time in vain attempt to make them think of Me. I would then knock three times; then silently depart without reproach, but with forgiving pity in my heart; and if through need the host should seek Me then he would find yet his room,—but nowhere Me! Would human guest remain, if quite forgotten, out of mind? Would he not chide, or leave with rancor in his heart? But I would only pity, and depart with shadows of the next third dawn, while leaving yet my blessing in my sanctuary.

10. Thus shall there peace abide in that blest house where 1 love, 2 welcome, 3 do invite Me to 4 a sanctuary, and 5 woo Me to take part in their dull daily grind, nor 6 ever forget Me; there is and there shall be forevermore 7, the very peace of heaven. And why? Because where I abide, behold, that spot is Heaven: and there, there shall be no dark night, for I am light thereof; and there, there shall be no more tears, for I shall wipe them all away; and there shall dwell in perfect peace a holiness of beauty which can never be described, but must be felt and known and loved, of which whoso has once even tasted never, never again will he find rest until he find and drink of it forevermore.

11. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. Open to Me, my Child: it is at thy own, own door I knock; it shall be thy own fault if I shall enter not, and entering bring peace and blessing evermore. Amen!

12. Even so come, O fair Father God!

## THE HYMN OF PEACE

Refrain:

Peace, perfect peace, amidst this strife that will not cease:
It is the love of God that brings us perfect peace.

1. God will provide: O holy consolation That like a Dove flits downwards to my side; In time of stress O teach me resignation, And make me feel the truth Thou wilt provide.

2. God will provide the means that will be needed To do the work on which He may decide; And when I stray, lest I should not have heeded The prayed-for dangers oh, do not provide!
3. God will provide when earthly bonds are breaking, God will provide in hour of need a guide; He will call back, when love to Him forsaking, My soul forgets the peace He did provide.
4. God thus provides the comforting assurance I may the Future's cares to Him confide; I fructify with my whole soul's endurance, Each opportunity He doth provide.
5. God will provide the needed contemplation To mirror in my soul His stars outside; Whose splendours hush me into adoration And gratitude for all He may provide.

Into Thy Hand I lay me down so still, I find my only peace upon Thy breast;
Thus hast Thou made me: chasten Thou my will, And thus provide me with Thy perfect rest.

## IV. OF THE DEFINITE THINGS TO BE DONE

1. O well-loved Voice! How gently Thou didst cease! What peace came over me as once more the silence of the starry night fell on me writing, when the sacred Glow again grew faint and passed away! And long sank in those words of well-poised gentleness and peace, until I felt within me such a love for it, that prostrate I wept, and cried, Speak once more, well-loved Voice, lest it be all a dream, and I have been deceived—speak Thou again to me. I would not, must not lose Thee; nay, tell me the least detail of the way Thou wouldst be served and loved, and worshipped as a human guest, that being at this moment sure of Thee I may with sane authority proclaim just how Thou would'st be served.

2. My Child, art thou so blind, so deaf? Thy heart so stony yet, that thou hast not yet understood that I demand no whit in difference or excess beyond what thou thyself wouldst give unto a well-loved human guest? I am content with just what thy own heart might give; and wouldst thou know what thou shouldst give to Me, then do thou think what thou thyself wert thou a guest wouldst wish; that give to Me! Take paper, write; enumerate them to thyself, that thou be thine own witness even against thyself, if thou shouldst ever forget to give Me honor due! Think thou for thine own self! So far that well-loved Voice in calm and earnest, loving, holy tone; and ceased. Darkness fell again and showed the shimmering stars that by this time had travelled westward half the vault above.

3. And I saw reason in what the Voice so dear had said. Let me myself make out a list of such small things as I myself should ever expect as honored guest in some dear home of childhood's friend.

1. A formal invitation for a specified time—written neatly, or uttered sweetly, and forwarded to me in a suitable way. 2. This invitation should not have been sent on the sly by an individual member of the family, as if ashamed of me; but boldly, openly, with knowledge of each other member of the family. 3. Punctuality and neatness in observing the meeting-place; a smile and affectionate leading home. 4. A special room reserved for my use alone, devoted only to me. 5. This room should be well-swept, all linen clean and flowers on the chest. 6. A cover at every meal, with greeting at the beginning and the end. 7. A chair at every social reunion. 8. A formal greeting every morning and evening by every member of the family; continual attention during the day; being invited to take part in every conversation; being consulted in making plans for outings; being recognized in the working of the household; instead of coat and hat on the hat-rack, a card, sign, or motto reminding those who enter of the Presence in the house. 9. Sufficient respect to the guest to hush, for the time being all family bickerings; so that mutual gentle courtesy will at least appear. 10. Cleanliness, order and peace.

4. Such is the least I would accept; that is the least I dare present to the Divine.

## THE ROCK OF AGES

1. When I consider how my holiest prayer, Scarce burns sufficiently with zeal to keep My mind from wandering and mine eyes from sleep, Of e'er attaining aught I would despair,

But that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,
My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.

2. When I consider how my utmost care, Scarce serves to help me keep from losing hold Of my scant, garnered spiritual gold, Mere thought of progress would make me despair,
But that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,
My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.

3. When I consider how it seems, whene'er I've made a vow, some unforseen event Immediately my efforts doth prevent, Of even fairly starting I'ld despair
But that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,
My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.

4. On Thee relying, once again in prayer I vow to serve my very highest Light, With steady, thorough and efficient might, Only because of Thee alone, and not despair,
In that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,
My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.

## V. THAT EVEN SINCERITY BECOMES HYPOCRISY WITHOUT LOVE

1. Such did I write, and that dear form grew radiantly serene again; and then I knew that He was pleased with what I purposed and had writ. No harm in more —the utmost man could do, too little; yet, sufficient this which I for even myself would wish. And I rejoiced, in that I now had found the utmost rule (which I directly, even from God, received) a law for all the world, a rule divine, which none could or should add to or are diminish from, as sacred as the bibles of all ages, nations, times. And here I stopped: for lo, I thought of those old Greek and Hebrew words, that God should only worshipped be in temple-sanctuaries not made with hands: that those who worshipped Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth! And I grew doubtful which were right: the law of old, or this received from God Himself—and here I paused in doubt, and prayed for light, and called for help from that dear well-loved Voice.

2. My Child, well is it both for thee and all the world that thou hast prayed to Me for light; for this same purpose did I flash into thy mind those verses of the hoary books. For lo, thou hadst not yet quite understood what thou thyself hadst said. I said to thee that I required from thee just what thou wouldst thyself require: the Golden Rule. But think thou too that there are other souls than thou in this dear world of Mine. Some more formality demand, some less; from each according to their lights I take what they will give, and bless them in the measure they have sight to see, that they have sense to understand, that they have hearts to love. With formalists, a formalist am I; with souls iconoclastically inclined I am a spirit pure and without form. To each I am the best and highest that they know.

3. But, Father, pray explain to me which of these two is dearer unto Thee, though both accepted by Thy pitiful affection in the measure of their knowledge. Which, O Father is to Thee acceptable in veriest degree? Speak unto Me, that I report unto the world, and henceforth doubts and conflicts nevermore wage around this question: Of ritual or barren worship, which is righter—dearer, closer unto Thee?

4. My Child, there is no 'righter' course; nor any dearer, closer unto Me. Both rightest, dearest, closest if instinct with love—that is, sincere devotion, tender aspiration, and humility. Forms are so little unto Me that even their absence is no claim of merit in mine eyes. It is not the form that I accept; it is the meaning of it by the one that offers it to Me. Each form, each barrenness may each be right or wrong or even indifferent according as the soul means right, means wrong, or works mechanically by what it says or does, or does not say nor do. I look upon the heart, not on the outside, as you humans do. I see within, and know the motive long before. How else could it have been? I understand a million languages (even that of birds, and animals, and trees and grasses too) because I grasp the meaning; little do I care which sounds are used to mean what flashes in My mind. So forms religious are no more than a symbolic language any form of which no two souls use in exactly the same sense; the very same forms are a different language unto

each; nay, even at different epochs unto each soul herself; and each expression do I understand and weigh on balances of keen discrimination, and reward or punish as befits.

5. No man ever worshipped Me too much, or with a ritual too extreme, as long as he at least, was quite sincere. For think how infinitely far above the human thought I am. My holiness even angels dare not look at, and they veil their eyes, and bend in adoration and in praise. No man therefore could make for Me a ritual whose extremity were not still pitifully far below what I deserve. Nor is the reverence which it teaches bad for human souls; far better were it still to err on side of too great reverence than on the other one of shamelessness, as many do who know nothing better than they are themselves, nor even admit that there could be, 'too blind to have desire to see'. The footfalls of the Holy Ones die out upon their heedless ears. For lo, who really is admitted into heavenly places trembles as he passes through the Gate; not that he knows he ought to tremble, but because at keenness of the spiritual air such as up there holds sway, the holiest of incarnated souls feels faint, as if the Spirit's knife already cut their souls and bodies swift apart. Therefore who scoffs betrays his ignorance; who knows no reverence shows he never was yet admitted to behold the unseen, to hear the unheard, and love the yet undreamt of mysteries.

6. And yet, and yet, no man ever worshipped Me with form too scanty and austere. What care I for the blood of bulls and goats? Are not the cattle on a thousand mountains mine? And incense, what is that to Me for whom the tropic's jasmines bloom in a perpetual wreath? What can my creature give to Me who made him all he is, and has, and hopes to be and have? His choicest flights of poetry and song, was it not I, was it not I who first did whisper them behind his ear? Or will he paint me some Madonna for whose face I did not make the model first? What then is this insanity of men pretending or attempting to give Me an offering adequate? O fools and slight who dream of offering to Me somewhat beyond what I had made and given them before! To cleanse the heart, and not hands is what I ever require. Sincerity, to say all that you mean, and say all that is necessary, loving, true: this is the eternal law. Hypocrisy it is to be saintly in exterior but within to live as the rest. I care for nothing, and no man did worship Me too simply.

7. They both are true, the thoughts of ritualism and simple worship: everywhere they both appear. The Hebrew scriptures too are full of both: the ritualistic Moses, and the Prophets more austere; as each one saw it they did make for righteousness, so was it right at just that time. And now to thee, thyself hast given Me the standard of thy heart; wherefore according unto it shalt thou be judged: for what is right to thee, that must thou do, or perish self-condemned for evermore.

8. It is a story old as the whole world, the ever-swinging pendulum of human life; for men cannot stand still: each new man brings his mite of change or backwards or mayhap again the other way, as history has shown took place from the beginning until now. The old Egyptians hoar began to worship Me in symbol of Creation's childish souls of animals: each city with its totem, its protecting deity. The ritualistic movement grew till on about a thousand years before the Christ Amenhotep the IV. did introduce the worship of the sun in temple without figure and without an altar. But soon the fervid worship brought in again a ritual splendid and more vast. In India the sublime Brahmanic rites developed to such Vedic hierarchy that Gautama the Buddha in spiritual iconoclastic zeal, made men throw overboard all else but justice and self-sacrifice, and freed all women too; but now (O mockery!) the very TOOTH of Buddha (rival teeth of Buddha are worshipped in Ceylon and Siam!) is with pomp in ritualistic temples yearly worshipped and adored, while altars, candles, vestments, rosaries, abbots, bishops, monasteries perpetuate a splendid ritual unrivalled anywhere! So Moses too broke loose from old Egyptian rites and Apis-worship (that is, the golden Calf;) on Sinai set forth a law of righteousness, which priests increased in the tabernacle first, and gorgeous Solomonic temple later. Then the iconoclastic prophets dared restore to pristine purity the Jewish worship, and to such effect that a new ritual arose in vast Herodian fane, more ritualistic far than the other ritual of old. The Christian church arose as protest against Scribe and Pharisee; but soon new ritualism again arose in splen-

dour occidental and unmatched. Established by the State it grew still more sublime in pomp until in long eight hundred years the West broke from the East on this same question of 'no images'! And lo, what mockery! The Roman Church shows yet an ancient statue of great Jupiter in old St. Peter's Church in Rome and, doing duty for this salient saint, is kissed by million devotees a year. And when in seven hundred years the Reformation, born in Germany, once more developed ritual in English Church, which thus was split in Low and High, which threaten internecine war again. The very Calvinists again admit the organ, liturgy and coloured glass, and robe! And in the future it will be the same. From images to bareness, and back to images; each step retraced a thousand times, inspired by reverence or sincerity; each one supposing he is pushing on some noble work for Me, instinct with earnestness and zeal. They both were right, just inasmuch as both meant well. It is all quite useless, but as it might assist thee to more earnest reverence for Me.

9. And so it is very simple at the end. The holiest form is good so long as love sincere to Me keep it from growing into dead hypocrisy. But when these forms grow irksome, hew not down the old sweet forms thyself did make; but light them once again with flame of love, until once more thou feel Me present in the sanctuary. And when thy love grows cold, like fly-wheel of some engine, go right on, and seek with tears to soften thy own heart; so shalt thou wake again the eucharistic fervour of thy earliest love, and I will sensibly accept thy sacrifice, and stay with thee that root and branch, and branch and root we bide together now and evermore.

## THE LISTENING SONG

Oh listen, listen, listen—oh listen patiently;
Oh listen to the Voices that seek to reach to thee!

O thou who seekest comfort why listenest thou not—Unto the Voices in thyself—That thou hast quite forgot?—The Voices of the midnight, they plead, they follow thee;—In vain! For thou art too engaged—In seeking sympathy.

O thou who lackest wisdom why lookest not within—Why call'st not on thy Inner Self—To keep thyself from sin?—The Voices of the morning, they plead, they follow thee;— But while thou look'st for outside help,—Thou fail'st their help to see.

O thou who seek'st companionship, oh lift thine eyes in prayer—Unto thy unseen Heavenly Friend—Who, though forgot, is there.—The Voices of the noon-day, they plead, they follow thee,—While busied with thy loneliness—Thou'rt lost in misery.

O thou who seek'st instruction in heavenly mystery—Why list'nest not to Voices sent—From th' Inmost Sanctuary?—The Voices of the evening, they plead, they follow thee—In vain attempt to teach to thee—The Path of Destiny!

## VI. THAT GOD'S OWN TIME IS HERE AND NOW

1. And in the East began to dawn the day. And then the Presence said, My Child, I now depart in semblance physical such as till now I gave to thee. Climb thou that Mountain. Far beyond those peaks are deserts wild; but press thou on; and thou shalt someday find the Place where this thy dream shall be fulfilled, and later on the first one also shall become a fact. Farewell!

2. And then I knew I was alone, and tears burst forth; for then I knew I should not hear that Voice—that well-loved Voice, with vision face to face—again on this our earth. And then I prayed; and when once more the breezes silently played around me, they whispered in mine ear of holiness and courage, blessedness and peace.

3. And then One of those voices said to me: Make haste! The road is long and steep, and short for it this dawning day—it is here and now alone thou canst progress! There is a Bridge beyond shall fall to-night. See if thou canst attain to it! For never, never again will such a short path open unto thee. For months thou shouldst have to wander around the impassable ravine unless to-day thou cross that Bridge before it fall! Be brave, and angel guides shall minister to thee, nor leave thy side till safe, safe Home at last!

# OF COMMUNION WITH GOD

1. Father, I turn to Thee in this mine hour of need. There are those who seek Thee in the midst of their youth, their purity, their strength, and their aspirations; there are who seek Thee not for any need of theirs, selfishly; who seek Thee because Thou art so beautiful, so pure, so loving. But I come to Thee because Thou art my last hope. I was young, and am old; I was pure, and am stained; I was strong, and am broken; I was hopeful, and am despairing. My only plea is my utter need. Turn Thyself not away from me. —2. My son, fear not. Those whom I love, I chasten. There are who seek Me in the days of their youth and strength; but youth and strength are no less messengers of Mine to them than weakness and sorrow are to thee. Did I not love thee with My everlasting love, I would not seek thee now that thou canst not repay Me in aught. But to-day, in the hour of thy humiliation, anguish and sorrow, I plead for thy love; and some day thou too shalt love Me unselfishly, when thou shalt have seen more of My beauty, and tasted more of My peace. Open thy mouth wide that I may fill it; open the depths of thy heart, that I may enlighten them. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. —3. Lead me, Father, to Thyself; be my light and my joy. Teach me to love Thee and to yearn for Thee, and it will be well with me. Teach me to come closer to Thee, and when I see the burning bush, I will know that Thou art near.

## BOOK I. OF LOVE

### I. THAT LOVE SHOULD BE UNIVERSAL

1. My son, learn love. Learn to love all who are in My image, and who are striving to attain My likeness. Before Me, there is neither Jew nor Gentile, rich or poor, old or young, handsome or ugly, male or female; for all are equal in My sight. Before Me, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Before Me, the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are before Me, and the servant is free from his master. —2. My love reaches out after every soul, and all who seek Me, find Me. The only difference in the dignity of any two souls, is that they are from Me or near to Me. The age of a soul in My sight is shown in the depth of its love, be it old or young in the years of the world. This is the only dignity a soul can recognize in another without humiliating itself; this is the foundation of the reverence My children pay to their earthly parents. —3. By love I created the world; since that calm Sabbath-day, love is a key which will unlock its deepest mysteries. The issues of this world are so arranged that a prayer of love will draw from life its sweetest harmonies. It is on this account that rich and poor, young and old, learned and ignorant, are equal in My sight. For, if thou wouldst know which of two courses is the one I would have thee pursue, thou needest only to ask thy heart which is the most loving one; and thou shalt find at its end My own Presence. And as, through My Word, I have given to all souls the power of recognizing love, they all, through Him, and in Him, can find Me, and enjoy My Presence equally. I have no treasure, no mystery, for the rich and the learned, which I have not also for the poor and the ignorant; for who is so poor or so ignorant that he cannot offer to Me a prayer of love for his richest and most learned brother? —4. My child, love all. Love no one soul less than any other; love not a few; love all, even as I love all.

### II. THAT WE SHOULD LOVE THE JUST AND UNJUST

1. I love the just and unjust, for on all I send My rain and My sunshine; for I am good. Be good too, My child; love the just and the unjust. —2. Father, how can I love those who are wicked? How can I love those who hate Thee? How can I love those in whom there is no spark of good? —3. Hast thou looked carefully? There is no soul so lost, no heart so hard, that I have ceased to love, and have ceased to call it into the desert, that I might plead with it the causes of its own happiness by repentance, aspirations, higher ideals; there is no soul which does not, in some faint degree, answer to My call. To say that there is no spark of good left in a soul, means thou hast not looked carefully, that thou hast not been led by love in the search. For I am with all, if thou wilt but look for me. —4. Yet, my child, thou art right. Never love aught for itself; love it only for the love which I have given to it; for My beauty imaged in it; for My light enlightening it. Love Me in everything and all. If thou lovest a soul's flesh for the sake of the flesh, thou canst never hope to see Me. If thou lovest a soul's thought and powers, thou settest up something between Me and thee. I am the beginning and end, the source and meaning of love. Love thy fellow-souls for their goodness, their beauty, and their love. —5. This is the only love, my child, which never cloys or ages, and through which thou wilt be able to love the wicked, who are weak, for My image which is still in them. Dost thou love the flesh? Thy love must pass away with it, for the memory fails, the thoughts blur, and the habits change. I alone, dear son, never change; I alone never fail. Love Me in all, and thy love for them will endure till the earth crumble, and the stars darken. Thou wilt find that no friendship, no association, no union of souls, can last, that is not founded and perfected in unselfish love for Me. —6. And yet, it may chance thou wilt meet souls in whom thou canst not find any good at all. Then, my child, thou mayest know for certain that thou, and thou alone, art to blame. Thou canst only see that for which thine eyes are fitted; the color-blind can see no colors. Thou canst only recognize in others qualities that are inherent in thyself. In the forest the farmer sees firewood; the poet visions. If thou canst see no good in others, there is no good in thee; cast out the beam from thine own eye, and thou wilt see to take out the mote that is in thy brother's eye. Only the wicked despair; my saints, who are the jewels of My crown, are filled with rapture with their destiny.

### III. THAT WE SHOULD LOVE OUR ENEMIES

1. Father, how can I love those who hate me? How can I love those who will not give me an opportunity of loving them? How can I love any but those who let me love them? —2. My son, if thou love them that love thee, what thank hast thou? For sinners also love those who love them! There has never lived a being that, even in its lowest estate, did not love those who gave

themselves to it. But thou, who art in Mine own image, must do more than this; thou must love those who hate thee, who persecute thee, who use thee despitefully, who slander thee, who scourge thee, who mock thee, who torment thee. Then shalt thou be in My likeness. For, did I not love thee when thou didst persecute Me, when thou didst hate Me, when thou didst use Me despitefully, when thou didst slander Me, when thou didst scourge Me, when thou didst mock Me, when thou didst torment Me? —3. If thou love not thine enemies, it is plain that thou art still selfish. If thou didst not love thine earthly self, those who injure thy earthly self would not injure thee. Unselfishness can have no enemy. —4. Purify thyself as I am pure. Love those who hate thee; pray for those that mock thee; rejoice in the triumph of those who call themselves thine enemies . . . and then, My child, if thou but look at thy side, thou shalt see Me face to face. —5. Father, blessed Father, how can I do Thy will? Do I not owe myself some self-respect? Should I not, in some harmless way, strive to preserve myself? for the sake of the encouragement to injure others given them by my passiveness, should I not teach them respect for the law? —6. Peace, My child, be still. Who deserved to have self-respect more than thy Elder Brother, the spotless Priest after the Order of Melchizedek, the King of Righteousness? And yet was it not He Who turned His cheek to the smiter; Who uttered no word when He could have called down a thousand legions of angels to beat back the betrayer; Who uttered no sound when the crown of thorns was driven deep into His flesh? Was it not He Who uttered no sound while He was reviled, scourged, and crucified? Ah, My little child; go to the Cross; there learn obedience to My Will; there learn the depths of love; there learn the blessing freely given to those who tortured Him, just because He died of love for them; because He died of a broken heart for them; just because He sought their eternal blessedness, and came to plead with them for their own eternal joy. — 7. Go, go to the Cross, and learn how the sinless die . . . But thou, My child, art thou even sinless? Hast thou as much right to complain as He? Go to the Cross, and pray for love.

## IV. THAT LOVE BEGINS AT HOME

1. Father, all these things that Thou hast commanded have I done; what lack I yet? —2. If thou wilt be perfect, My child, go, return to the home of thy childhood, return to the scene of thy daily drudgery; there learn to love thy brethren and thy neighbours. Yea, there have arisen prophets and martyrs, who have done wonders in My name, who have failed in this. It is easy for thee to lavish thy love on the son of the stranger, whose harshness thou hast never felt; but to lavish thy love and happiness on the brother who knows he has as much right to his peculiarities as thou hast to thine; to prophesy before those who have known thee from a child; this, this is the supreme test of devotion and love. —3. Tell Me, My child, did thy Elder Brother ever stray from the Jews, among whom I sent Him? Did He not labour as a carpenter in Nazareth for thirty years? Did He not spend the prime of His manhood humbly working among His Brethren? Did He ever complain or murmur? He knew He was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; for them He laboured; among them He died; and among them He arose again, and ascended unto My right hand. —4. My son, the highest duty is always the one nearest at hand. Dost thou excuse the neglect of thy earthly parents by the plea that thou must feed the children begotten of a wilful marriage, and dost feel thyself called to be a missionary to the poor? Thou hast no right to assume new duties, while the old ones are still unfulfilled. —5. Thy word is hard, O God in Heaven. Are not all souls equal in Thy sight? What matters it to whom I prophesy, so Thy Word doth prosper? And if I wait until my home duties have passed away; alas, Lord, I will be too old to do Thee service; I will then be ready to die. I will have been useless to the world, and useless to Thee! I will have wasted my life. —6. Hear my word of love, O restless, troubled soul. When I sent thee forth into the world, I had known thee long before. Why did I send thee into thy home, and not into another, sending another soul in thy place? Because I knew thou neededst the lesson only thy earthly parents could teach thee; yea, marvel not, those loving parents of thine have lessons to teach thee, wise as thou art in thy self-conceit! And thou, child, hadst lessons to teach to them. Therefore both thou and thy earthly parents will develop most rapidly into the fulness of My light by humbly and lovingly learning from each other the lessons I have appointed you to teach. Lovingly, I said; for only from those it loves can a soul learn aught. —7. Ever ask for My Will; sometimes it is My Will thou shalt serve thy earthly parents. Sometimes that thou shalt go out and leave them; but unless I send thee forth thou mayest know My Will is that thou shouldst serve thy earthly kin. And if it be My Will that thou shalt love and humbly serve thy earthly parents, wilt thou not be doing more in serving them, than by preaching My Word, or what thou deemest My Word, against My Will? What canst thou ever hope to do beyond My Will? —8. Nay, thou canst ever tell a true from a false prophet, by the love and humble respect he bears to his earthly parents; for I give not My Word into the hearts of them who love not all, beginning at home.

## V. THAT WE SHOULD LOVE OUR NEIGHBOURS AS OURSELVES

1. Thy words are bitter, O Master! Thou dost demand more from flesh and blood than Thou hast given to it. Thou dost ask more than Thou hast commanded; for the New Commandment was this, and no more than this, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." This Commandment have I kept from my youth up; I have been just to all; I have done to all as I would they should do unto me; why dost thou ask more than this? —2. Answer me, Master, from the depths of Thy wisdom, though, as I know only too well, my words are quick and foolish. I said in my haste, My Father is unjust. For I cannot understand Thy ways in the world, Father of all; I am weary, I am broken I am heart-sick. Enlighten me with Thy wisdom, and in Thy light, shall I see light. —3. Fear not, little child; I will lead thee into My light. Thou sayest thou lovest thy neighbour as thyself; now tell me, how dost thou love thyself? Answer me, for I will convict thee out of thine own mouth. — 4. I love myself with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength. I put my whole trust in myself, I honour my name, I serve myself truly without complaining all the days of my life. I love myself desperately; all I have would I give for my life. — 5. Then, my child, if thou wouldst love thy neighbour as thyself, thou must love him with all thy heart, thy mind, thy soul and strength. Thou must put thy whole trust in him, thou must honour and serve him truly without complaining all the days of thy life. Thou must love him des-

perately; all that thou hast must thou give for his life. This is the love thou shouldst yield to thy neighbour, measured by thy love to thyself.—6. But how can I do this, Father? What will remain to me? These loves exclude each other. —7. I know it, O tried and faithful servant; I know it. Thou must choose between thyself and thy brother; thou canst not love both. Choose . . . —8. Father, is there not then a proper love with which I should love myself, my true higher self; a love of my own truth, of my own honour, and of my own purity? and if it is proper, how can I yield it to others? My child, if thou lovedst thyself thus, thou wouldst then be more selfish than he who loved only his fleeting pleasures of a day; he would be selfish for to-day; thou wouldst be selfish for all eternity. My child, hast thou never heard that disinterested love is My highest crown? and disinterested love can only be yielded to others, not to thyself. There is but one disinterested love; and that love, weary soul, is to Me. Then, for My sake, shalt thou love thy neighbour and for the sake of thy neighbour thou wilt love thyself. Is not this enough? —9. O let me love Thee, my strength, my light, and my hope. O let me love Thee for Thyself, for Thy goodness, for Thy perfect beauty. O let me pine for Thy silent Presence in the midst of the angry world. Let the fire of Thy love fall down from Heaven upon my heart, and burn out all its grossness. Then shall I joyfully watch for death; death which shall free me from this desolate wilderness here, and let me fly at last into Thine everlasting arms. O let me love Thee with my whole destiny. O let me never, never forget Thee. O God, my Father. —10. Yea, My child, I will teach thee this pure, disinterested love. I will teach it thee by light, and by darkness; by joy and pain. And when thine hour of trial has come, then seek not to hide thy tears from Me; they are precious in My sight, because they will bring thee calm. And when thou art weary, I will give thee, O My best beloved, I will give thee dreamless sleep; and when thou wakenest again to the world, thou wilt find thy heart filled with silent, unspeakable peace.

### I. THAT THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN

1. My God, I have sought Thee from the days of my childhood, and I have not found Thee yet. I have sought Thee by day and by night; but I have not come as close as my love desires. I have given up all for Thee. I have abandoned parents, home and children; I have vowed to leave all for Thee, and yet, Thou hast not come near. O Lord, I have trusted in Thee; let me not be confounded, and lost! —2. Where art Thou, O God? I went to the West, and I said: There under the setting sun, where darkness threatens, where man is most in need of the help of God, there I will find my Father. But I found Thee not. I went to the great silences of the Midnight Sun, but I heard not Thy Voice. I sought Thee in the unknown regions of the South, where the foot of man had never trod; but I found no trace of Thee. I went to the East whence all wisdom has arisen, whence the Wise Men came to bring Thee gifts; but I saw no star to lead me to Thy cradle. I found nought but silence, without and within. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me not be confounded, and lost. —3. My God, where art Thou? Hast Thou abandoned Thy suffering creatures? Art Thou deaf to the cries that rise from out our night? I vowed a vow; I entered a monastery; but within its gorgeous precincts I heard only the passions of men. I sought Thee in the midst of the howling surge of passions in the world; and behold, my own passions began to rage. In the desert I saw no burning bush. I sought Thee in a bark on the boundless ocean; I heard not Thy voice in the roar of the waters. I climbed to the mountain-peak; and there also I was alone. I have sought Thee until my strength and my youth are gone. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me not be confounded, and lost. — 4. O Child, thou hast trusted in Me; thou shalt not be confounded, thou canst not be lost. Listen: I was with thee in the home of thy childhood as much as I was with thee in the West, in the North, in the South and in the East, as much as I was with thee in the monastery, in the crowds, in the desert, on the ocean, on the mountain-peak. Why then didst thou leave thy home? Listen: I was with thee there as much as any where else; I was within thyself. Listen well, that thou mayest not forget the road; the Kingdom of Heaven is within. It is within.

### II. THAT PRAYER SHOULD BE MADE TO NONE BUT GOD

1. Patiently waiting at home, will I seek Thee, my Light and my Strength. I will worship Thee with my whole heart. To Thee I dedicate my life. —2. I will go into the congregation of saints and humbly listen when they speak of Thee. I will wait at the doors of Thy Mighty Ones by day and by night, if they will perchance throw out some crumbs of spiritual advice, that I may live, and not die. I will reverently listen to the cries of men if perhaps through them I may receive some guidance. — 3. I will honour them who will tell me of Thee. I will serve them who make much of Thee. I will count myself as dust before them with whom Thou art. —4. My God, what more can I do? How can I abase myself still more? Wilt not Thou teach me this? I am not worthy that Thou shouldest speak to me; I will sit at the feet of Moses, and he shall declare Thee unto me. — 5. Mine own child cease. Thou saddenest Me in saying thou art not worthy I should speak to thee. Am I not thine own Father, who loved thee before thou wast created? Shall I not speak to mine own child? Go, ask thy earthly father whether it is a light thing to him that his own child should be afraid to speak to him. And I, Who love thee with a love stronger than thyself, shall I not hold thee in Mine own arms? Can I permit thee to lie on the careless breast of an earthly nurse when My heart is yearning to bless thee? — 6. Fear not, little child; look to Me, thy Father. Pray not to thy fellow-servants; kneel not down to them. Come into My sanctuary, and there pray to Me alone, for I am longing to grant thy prayers; I am yearning to give thee some spiritual gift. If My saints knew how I yearn to answer their prayers, if they will but give Me an opportunity of doing so, they would pray ceaselessly, day and night. Come unto Me, My son; I am waiting to bless thee. — 7. Look up to the Sun, My child. What mortal man can monopolize its light and heat? What man can give thee the light thou canst not thyself receive from it? Though a thousand eyes look at the Sun, it is undivided and perfect to all. Seek not spiritual gifts of other men, thy fellow-creatures, unless when I direct. Look up unto heaven, thyself. The Kingdom of Heaven is within thyself. — 8. I have found Thee, I shall never be separated from Thee, my God. Neither height, nor depth, nor principalities and powers can again hide Thee from my love. I am one with Thee, O God, though the universe fail. Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.

### III. THAT HE WHO COMES TO HIMSELF STRAIGHTWAY COMES TO GOD.

1. Come to thyself, O prodigal Child, and then shalt thou come to Me. — Thy heart will never find rest in the far country. Thy heart was so created by Me, that it can never rest until it lie upon My breast. Come to thyself, O prodigal Child, and then shalt thou come to Me. — 3. The flocks, the camels, and the fine woven garments, the servants and the maidens which thou tookest with thee into the far country, they were not thy true self. The flocks perished and the camels were stolen. The fine woven garments were all soiled and torn. Thy servants were sold, and thy maidens died. Thy true self could not pass away so easily. Come to thyself, O prodigal Child, and then wilt thou come to Me. — 4. The passionate pleasures of the table; the riots, dances, and feasts of the far country, with its weary lusts and dull stupor; these were not thy true self. Thou wert created for something nobler than this; for something more divine. It was not thyself that rioted and feasted; it was only thy self-willed body. The Son which I loved in thee could never have sunk so low. Come to thyself, O prodigal Child, and then shalt thou come to Me. — 5. The weary struggles of mind, the wandering restlessness of doubt; the utter helplessness that made thee choose to join thyself to the swine-herd, these were not thy true self. Nor even the thought of returning was thine own highest and truest self, for My child need never leave Me so far as to need to return. Come to thyself, O prodigal Child, and then shalt thou come to Me. Come to thyself, and thou shalt lie upon My Breast.

### IV. THAT GOD WILL NOT FORSAKE HIS OWN.

1. I will lead Mine own through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I will lead My own to the cool water-side, in the meadows of tender grass and pleasant shade. I will lead Mine own to their eternal honour, to their eternal perfection, to their eternal home. Shall I leave My own beloved children to stray? — 2. To those who will listen to Me, to them will I speak. In the hour of darkness, when reason has done her utmost, and the whole head is faint with anguish, lay down peacefully in faith, and the Word that cannot fail will come. — 3. To those who wait for My Word, to them shall it come. They that sat in darkness have seen a great light; they that trembled in anguish, are strong as the prophets of old. I cannot fail those who trust in Me, My own children, My own offspring. — 4. Listen in silence, and thy teachers shall no more be removed from thy sight. Stretch out thy sail, that the Wind of the Spirit may waft thy little bark to the haven where it would be. To those that stretch their sails shall My invisible Wind come. — 5. And I Myself will steer for them, when the clouds have darkened the stars. While the storm is howling, I will use the violence of the waves to speed the bark in the right direction; for all things work together for good to them who love Me. And when I am steering, who shall oppose? The hungry waves lap with their tongues and lash with their tails for the blood of the sailors; but if I be at the stern, there is peace within. — 6. Where I lead, there is peace. And shall I not lead Mine own? I will lead Mine own unharmed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

### V. THAT THE HUMAN BODY IS A TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1. The Kingdom of Heaven is within. I abide in the heart. Therefore, the human Body is My Temple. Reverence thy brother, for I am with him. Let thy brother reverence thee, for I am with thee. — 2. Free My Temple from all impurity, from all fleshly lusts, from all uncleanness. My Temple must be clean within and without. Calm all its passions by quiet and silence. Abandon thy selfish desires for thine own life and fortune, and thou wilt have lost anxiety and fear. — 3. My Temple is beautiful; for within it dwells My beauty. My Temple must not be despised, or slighted or injured, or allowed to become useless by disuse; for within it must My Presence dwell. — 4. My Bride is all glorious within. Her raiment is of gold, wrought about with divers colors. Her garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces wherein they have made her glad. I shall be merciful unto her, and bless her, and show her the light of My countenance.—5. My Temple is sacred; for My Presence dwells within it. Adorn it with reverence, use it with fear; for I am within. Ever use the body in reference to Me; guard it from all unholy words, from all unholy sights. The presence of My Temples sanctifies, and glorifies the Earth; as My servants said, "it is not the place that sanctifies the man, but the man the place." Sacred are My Temples, and him who defiles them, him will I destroy; for the human body is My House, the only true Bethel, the very gate of heaven.

### VI. THAT THE SIGN OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD IS PEACE.

1. Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter in under my roof. I am a sinful man; depart from me, O Lord. What have I to do with Thee, O Thou Holy One? Now let me die; I am not better than my fathers were. Depart from me, O Lord, I am a sinful man. — 2. Yet, leave me not, O Lord! Thou art the God of my health, the light of my life. Depart not from me; abandon me not to my sins. Grant me this alone, that Thou wilt not withdraw from me the love I have to thee; Grant me but this, that I shall never cease to struggle to become pure and loving; Grant me this, and only this, that I may never cease to seek Thy face. I ask Thee not for victory and success; I ask Thee only for the strength to struggle on. — 3. Fear not, My son. Shall I not inhabit My Temple within Thee, shall I not seek the Bride that is ready for Me? I shall be with thee; I shall never leave thee nor forsake thee. I shall fill thy soul with light. — 4. But how shall I know, O Lord, that Thou art with me, that Thou hast heard my prayer, and art within? — 5. My son, thou shalt know it by faith, not by physical disturbances and signs. The more perfect My Temple is, the more harmonious it is, the more it obeys all natural laws of health. All natural laws are expressions of My Will; shall I stultify Myself by interrupting their operations? It is not I who rouse hysterical convulsions and physical movements. I am spirit. I am not flesh. — 6. My son, thou shalt know that I am near when the rest and quiet of health have given thee perfect peace. Thou shalt know that I am near when all is at rest without and within, when sleep has restored thee from weariness and tears have humbled thy pride. Only with spiritual senses mayest thou behold the intelligible light; only with the inner sight mayest thou behold the glory over the Mercy-Seat. — 7. I dwell ever in My Temple by day and by night, in youth and in age. There, within thyself, in silence, mayest thou ever find Me, and commune with Me.

### VII. THAT IT IS HIGH TIME TO AWAKE UP OUT OF SLEEP.

1. Awake, awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ will give thee light. It is high time to awake out of the sluggish dream of the bodily life, and the wild disorder of the mind. Awake from thy lifelong dream of sensual comfort. Awake from the darkness of the lusts of the flesh, from the pleasures of the table, from the pride of the eyes. Awake from the troubled nightmare of self-conceit, of anger, passion and hate; from the terror of guilt and the horror of crime. — 2. Awake, awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ will give thee light. Awake to the presence of God in the world, in the heaven above, and in the ocean beneath, in the mountain and in the valley, in the forest and on the stream. Awake to the Divine Fire in every bush, and the Still Small Voice in every cave. Awake to the Divine Love that may be found at any place at any time by the repentant heart. Awake to the Kingdom of Heaven that is within, to the Presence of the Lord within His Holy Temple; and the realms of life eternal, in which we live and move and have our being; where is the only true home of the soul. — 3. Awake, awake thou that sleepest, and Christ will give thee light. Awake to a contemplation of the mansions of heaven, where there is no night, where there are no tears. Consider the joys of heaven by day and by night, how worthy they are of our utmost labour and sorrow, how fleeting are the things of to-day. Consider the joy of being united for ever to God Himself; awake to the longing and yearning for the courts of the Most High God. Awake, awake, the night is far spent, the day is at hand. Awake, awake thou that sleepest, and Christ will give thee light. He will give thee light.

## BOOK III. OF ADORATION.

### I. THAT THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER TEACHES THE MEANING OF ADORATION.

1. Lord, I would worship Thee with a holier worship. I would know how to adore Thee, how to lose myself in contemplation of Thee. I would come to myself; teach me, O Lord, for I am ignorant and weak. — 2. Listen, my child, I will tell thee how thou shalt worship Me. The sower went forth to sow. He sowed his seed broadcast, over the road, over the stony ground, the thorny patch, and the well-tilled ground. Everywhere he sowed his seed. But the seed that fell on the hard beaten road was picked up by the fowls of the air straightway, and lost forever. The seed that fell on the stony ground struck root, but soon it withered away and died. The seed that fell on the thorny patch grew up, but the thorns took from it light and air, and it fainted, withered and died. But the seed that fell on the good ground prospered, and bore some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred-fold. — 3. The sower sowed his seeds over all kinds of ground. On the good and on the bad he sowed it; for I send the sunshine and the rain on the just and the unjust. Broadcast did the sower sow his seed. The seed which fell on the road and on the stony ground was as good as the seed that fell on the well-tilled ground; the difference was not in the seed, but in the receptivity of the soil. Why did the seed that fell on the road not prosper? Because the roadway was so hard it would not let the seed find a resting place in its breast. Why did the seed that fell on the well-tilled ground bring forth some thirty, some sixty, and some one hundred-fold? Because the well-tilled ground had been so thoroughly ployed that it lost not a single grain. The difference then was a difference of receptivity. — 4. But the process of cultivation was painful to the ground. First the ox trampled all the beautiful grasses of the field under his foot. He was not intelligent enough even to understand their beauty. But he trampled them on the ground none the less. Secondly the iron of the plough-share cut deep into the heart of the earth. Silently and without a noise the whole breaking up of the earth was accomplished. Then the merciless iron tore apart all the natural relations and ties of the ground, and the secret treasures of the earth were exposed to the careless stare of the sky and sun. Lastly the foreign-looking seed was harrowed into the ground, and forcibly became part and parcel of it. How the ground that was being cultivated must have envied the stony ground, that still boasted of its gaudy thorns and luxurious brambles! — 5. But when the harvest-time was come, when the golden wheat gracefully waved in the wind, then did the cultivated ground rejoice that it suffered all those pains, for now it had borne some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred-fold. — 6. The more cultivated the ground had become, the more receptive of the seed, which was sown equally over all kinds of ground; and the reason the cultivated ground brought forth more than the roadway, lay not in the seed, but in the receptivity of the ground. Thus is it, my child, with man. To all do I give my light, but the reason that all do not bear fruit lies in their own hardness of heart and lack of receptivity. If thou wouldst bear fruit and raise thine head into heaven, then open thine heart, and wait not for the Divine Ploughman Who, for the sake of those whom He afflicts, will come with His iron plough to break the hearts of the stiffnecked and open the eyes of the blind; that even if as though by fire, they shall in spite of themselves be saved and at last rejoice in My light.

### II. THAT SILENCE IS THE DOOR OF ADORATION.

1. I would learn to come to myself, O Father, teach Thou me the way . . . The door of thy inner self is silence, O My child. The threshold of My Temple is silence, and within its halls dwells peace. My living temples are ever in harmonious rest; nought troubles them, for I am ever with them. The light of My peace ever streams out from their hearts, for within is My Presence, the fulness of silent light. — 2. There is a silence of the flesh which all those who would become My living Temple must learn. When My Temple in Jerusalem was building, there was heard in it neither the sound of hammer or of axe; and the building of My living Temple takes place in quiet and peace. I will not have to listen to the howling surge of passions, to the ceaseless moan of desire, and to the endless noise of anxious fear.— 3. There is a silence of thought which all those who would become My living Temple must learn. Each thought wakes up desires and passions, affections and feelings; I will have silence of thought that the love of the whole being may be centered in Me. Those who love Me have no trouble in silencing wandering thoughts. Where the heart is, there is the mind. Love Me, and silence of thought will follow. — 4. The Kingdom of Heaven is Within; and the Door of the Within is the silence of the Without. My Voice is ever calling to My wandering children, but they never hear Me, when deafened by the noise of the great Without. Learn silence of the Without, and thou wilt

hear the ever-calling Voice of the Within. The Kingdom of Heaven is Within, and its Door is Silence.

III. THAT UTTERED PRAYER IS GOOD; BUT THAT SILENT ADORATION IS BETTER.

1. My child, I love to hear thee pray to Me. Tell Me of all thy sorrows, of all thy needs, of all thy desires, of all thy hopes, thy pains, and thy ideals: they are all dear to Me. Tell Me of all those for whom thou wouldst have Me grant thy prayers; try to weary Me with prayer, that I may have the greater opportunity of giving thee thy heart's desires. — 2. Yet, My son, I will tell thee of a still more excellent way. I would have thee yield thyself to Me in utter conformity to My will; I would have thee lie down before Me in silent adoration. I will tell thee why I would rather have thee do this. — Thou knowest not, O child, that which is best for thyself. I love thee too well to give thee at any time anything which is not best for thee. Hence of all thy uttered prayers, in any case, I only answer those which are best for thee. Thou wilt attain, therefore, as much of what is good for thee by resigning thyself utterly and unquestioningly in My hands as by asking for all the desires of thy soul. Much of that for which thou askest Me is sinful, and much which is not sinful will only delay thy highest development. Cease then from asking Me for definite things, if thy heart be strong enough to do so. Often thou dost ask me to free thee from the erternal want and sorrow and humiliation which I have sent thee that thou mayest learn from them some lessons of which thy soul is still in need. Shall I hear thy prayer to thine own hurt, O My blind child, My beloved, but wandering son? Yield thyself silently to My will, O My child, and it will be well with thee. — 4. Thou knowest not that which is best for others. How dost thou know that what is good for thee is good for the soul of thy brother? His development must needs be different from thine; how canst thou warn and advise Me, Who know all? Hast thou ever thought, when thou prayest thy brother may be set free from the bonds of some evil habit, that thou dost love him at best much less than I, Who am his father? Will I not continually seek to lead him to the light? If thou shouldst ask Me to force him to overcome his passions, his responsibility would be forever lost; and he would have lost more than ever he could otherwise gain. And yet, pray for him, I love to hear thee seek his good; but wouldst thou help him most, then yield thyself utterly and silently to My will that I may use thyself as an instrument for his salvation. — 5. Uttered prayer is good, My child, but silent adoration is far more excellent still. When thou prayest in formulated words thou thinkest it is enough to pray just so often and just so long. Thou wilt forget that prayer is not the petition of a moment, but the attitude of the life, by day and by night, awake and asleep. Yield thyself silently to My will, O My child, and it will be well with thee.— 6. Yield thyself to My will O son. The prayers of uttered desires are only powerful before Me inasmuch as they fulfill the conditions of silent adoration. What thou prayest against My will is ever useless; and while thou art praying that My will might be fulfilled thou mightest be already yielding thyself to it in silent adoration. — 7. Pray, pray, ever pray; for prayer is the only hope of any soul; but better than uttered prayer is silent adoration of My will.

IV. THAT SILENT ADORATION IS THE NATURAL RESULT OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

1. My Father, I would adore Thee silently; but I know not how. I will teach thee, My child. — 2. I am omniscient. I knew thee before thou wast conceived in thy mother's womb. I know all thy powers and all thy needs. It is useless to tell Me, to instruct Me as to thy needs. I know better than thyself thy truest and most pressing need. I alone know what lessons I would have thee learn. I alone know thy needs even before they arise. I alone know what will develop thee soonest. — 3. I am all-loving. I love thee with a love infinitely tenderer and purer than the love thy earthly mother bare thee. I love thee infinitely more than thou lovest Me, or even than thou lovest thyself. If I know thou needest bread, will I give thee a stone? If I know thou needest a fish; will I give thee a serpent? I wait by day and by night for an opportunity to fill thee with light and life. — 4. I am omnipotent. All resources in heaven and earth are in My hand. There is nought that can resist or not fulfill My will. I protect Mine Own with hosts of invisible angels. I perfect the hearts of Mine Own children as will be best for them. I rule and guide the destiny of the Universe. — 5. Contemplate Me, My child; I am omniscient, I am all-loving, I am omnipotent. All that thou canst do is to let Me do My will in thee. My servant Athenagoras said that the prophets were inspired by My Holy Spirit, "as a flute-player breathes into a flute." My servant Clement of Alexandria called man the organ or instrument of God. Thus all men inherit organisms capable of this perfection, but the pipes of the organ are stopped up with the dust of the lusts of the flesh. Therefore, My child, all that thou needest to do is to clean out the stopped-up holes which connect thy organism with the ocean of light and life around and within thee. My Holy Spirit is ever tenderly dwelling within thee, waiting an opportunity to breathe through thee, waiting to inspire thee with love much more than thou seekest to be inspired by It. — 6. Thus in perfect love and trust wilt thou lie down before Me, that I may cast out all fear and anxiety. How canst thou fear when thou knowest I am omniscient, all-loving and omnipotent? And when thou art filled with darkness and fear lift up thine eyes unto Me, and peace shall return to thee. — 7. Thus contemplating Me as omniscient, all-loving, and omnipotent, thou wilt let Me do My will in thee; and I will give thee peace.

V. THAT SILENT ADORATION IS NOT OBEDIENCE TO GOD, BUT CONFORMITY TO HIS WILL

1. Speak the word, O Lord, and I will obey Thee, for Thy servant heareth. Whatsoever Thy words shall be, that shall I do; I shall listen for Thy command, even if it were to make me foolish in the sight of my adversaries. I will obey as a little child; I will serve Thee as the hand serves the arm; obedience shall be perfected in me. I will ask for no reason for Thy command; I will obey unquestioningly . . . — 2. Cease, My own son. I asked not for obedience; I asked thee for conformity of will. Obedience such as thou offerest Me degrades thyself and Me. Such unreasoning service the brute creation, the winds, the waters and the earth, afford Me; but thou art in My image, thou art a man. From thee I demand not obedience: I seek for conformity of thy will to Mine. — 3. The power of will is thy noblest crown. I would not shatter it, in order to make thee My slave; thou art not My servant, thou art My friend, if thou desirest to be such. My service is perfect freedom, and the perfection of every individuality of which

will is an essential part. I would not have thee My slave; I would have thee My friend, conforming thy perfected will to Mine, that, in the strength of My will, it may be strong too. — 4. As a man thou must serve Me in perfect voluntary freedom of responsible manhood; thus shalt thou attain My likeness.

### VI. THAT ALL TIME IS WASTED WHICH IS NOT SPENT IN ADORATION

1. Come to Me, my child, I have waited for thee so long! Day by day I have stood beside thee, hoping to catch a moment's adoration that I might fill thee with new spiritual strength; but thou wast more interested in thy human companions than in Me. My child, I have waited so patiently for thee; I have waited so long! — 2. Day by day thou hast eaten and drunk and dressed and undressed thyself, and attended to the needs of thy body in sleep; but never a moment hast thou given to the needs of thy soul. My child, I have waited so patiently for thee; I have waited so long! — 3. Come to Me, My child, who knowest not that every moment spent otherwise than in adoration of Me is wasted and lost forever. I loved thee and brought thee into the world that thou mightest come to adore Me, and that thou mightest strengthen thy will by conforming it to Mine; in doing this thou wilt be fulfilling the end and purpose of thy life. Come to Me, My child! Let me no longer knock at the door of thy soul in vain! Open to Me before it be too late for thee! — 4. Open thy soul to Me each day, each hour, and each moment. Rather omit thy meals and thy sleep than thy season of adoration. Let this become the natural attitude of thy life; let not My communion with thee be an extraordinary occurrence; rather let every earthly need be something which distracts thee only for a moment from the natural prostration of thy soul, prostrate in adoration of Me. — 5. Open to Me, My child, before it be too late for thee . . . My child, I have waited so patiently for thee; I have waited so long! — 6. Come to Me in health and in sickness, in joy and in pain. Come to Me when thou art good; come to Me when thou hast sinned, and hast the greater need of Me. Come to me when I seem far away; I give spiritual joys only to the beginner on the path: to those who have come closer to Me I seem to be far away; but if they only knew it, I am closer than ever. Come to me by day and by night, in winter and summer; I am closer to thee at night and in danger than at any other times; for the greater need thou hast of Me the closer and the tenderer am I.

### VII. THAT THE HUMAN SOUL MUST BE SWEPT AND GARNISHED

1. Thou art the temple of the Holy Ghost, My child; sweep it and garnish it, and keep it clean, sweet and pure. Thou canst not do that work thyself. I alone can reach the recesses of thy heart and cleanse them with My intelligible light. This work I cannot do in one day; I require time for it. Solomon was seven years in building a temple of stone; and shall I build one of flesh and blood in less time than that? Come to me each day so that My work may progress in thee, and be regular, and perfect. — 2. I will do all the work. Thy part is to keep still, and not to obstruct Me in My work of purification. However long My work may be with thee, there is only a certain definite amount of it to be done, which will be finished in its own due time, and cannot well be hastened or drawn out. While thou art being purified thou dost not know how the process of purification is going on, and often thou wilt think that no progress is being made because the work is pointless and useless. Every hour of adoration which thou wilt give to Me, will count just so much in the finishing of My work in thee. Thou art not doing Me any favour in permitting Me to purify and perfect thee. The favour is from Me to thee. Thou canst not boast to Me how much thou hast sacrificed in order to spend an extra hour in prayer. Thou shouldst be glad enough to have an opportunity to be purified by Me; and shouldst be thankful that I am willing to do so. Thou dost not know enough about thyself or thy destined perfection to dictate to Me what methods I shall pursue in purifying and sanctifying thee. My perfecting thee is not an end in itself nor is this process alone thy destiny. I purify thee that thou mightest purify and sanctify the lives of those around thee. Trust Me that I will do My part; for I love thee with an infinite love; a love deeper and higher than that with which thou lovest thyself. — 3. Then, when thou art purified, when thy soul is swept and garnished, then will I come to thee in all the glory of My Being, and I will dwell with thee, and we shall never part again. So be it, O my Father.

## BOOK IV. OF PEACE BY HUMILITY

### I. THAT ONLY THE HUMBLE ARE AT PEACE

1. I would have peace. I am weary of the strife of my passions, and of the restlessness of desire. Above all things, grant me Thy peace, O Lord. — 2. Be humble, then, My child. Only the humble can ever hope to be at rest. For while the heart is proud it seeks honour and glory; and this lies in the sight and adulation of ever-changeful men. While the heart is proud it is at the mercy of all who praise or condemn it. While the heart is proud it seeks to retain its power over others; and this can only take place by conscious self-consideration. — 3. If thou livest in the sight of men who are ever changing, thou too must be forever changing. But if thou livest in the sight of Me, Who am ever the same, thou shalt have peace and quiet and rest. I change not, neither do I fail. — 4. If thou be humble, thou wilt not be alarmed at aught that may happen; for if it be evil, thou wilt not be disturbed and if it be good, thou wilt be exalted. None can ever hope to be at rest until the heart be willing to receive aught that the Lord may send, for good or for ill. — 5. When adversity comes nigh, then be willing to receive it; be willing to leave this earth if it should be My will; think of My love that is waiting for thee beyond; it is better to be with Me than in the desolate world below. — 6. Think not that humility is thinking meanly of thyself, or thinking of all thy past sins. Humility is not self-humiliation and self-slander. The body and the mind thou hast, I made; they are beautiful, they are divine, because in My image. — 7. Let thy meekness proceed from thy utter devotion to My will. Let thy meekness proceed from the unselfish emotions of divine love of others, so that thou forgettest thyself. Let thy meekness proceed from tender sympathy with the sorrowful and the afflicted. Thus shall thy humility bring thee peace.

### II. THAT HUMILITY AFFECTS EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE

1. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 2. Be humble when thou thinkest of thy devotion and love to Me. Pride not thyself on thy goodness, or thy adora-

tion of Me. Pride not thyself on the words of love I have spoken to thee when thou wert in need. Let My love and favour make thee humble! let My tender care make thee gentler and sweeter. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 3. The more thou speakest of thy powers, the smaller they must become. The strong man is the silent man, who does not boast of his resources. Only the weak are proud enough to boast of the little they have gained. The strong forget their strength in the desire for greater power. Truly perfect are those who have forgotten their perfectness and who are utterly lost in adoration of My beauty so, that they may become even more beautiful. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 4. Envy can find no place in the breasts of the humble. Moses, the meekest of men, rejoiced when he was no longer the only prophet in the camp of Israel. So shalt thou rejoice when I give My word to others, and reveal My strength in other souls. Thou shalt rejoice for their sake, that they may rejoice for thine. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 5. Be meek enough not to disagree with thy brethren. Seek not the points in which thou disagreest with them; concerning which ye may dispute and learn to forget the love I have given into your hearts. It is not worthy of a soul that lives with Me to deny human assertions and opinions. Pass them over in silence, and seek how many points of agreement thou canst discover. Herald the truth; but seek not to reform the old; for in the old bottles there is much good wine. Be humble, My child, for that will bring thee peace at the last. — 6. Be humble enough to be saddened by the evil and sin of thy brethren; and be humble enough to rejoice in their success. If thou canst say naught that is good of thy brother, be silent; but with joy tell out of his unselfishness and kindness. Speak of the qualities which he possesses and thou dost lack; speak, and fear not, that the kingdom of righteousness in the world may be known. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 7. The smallest duties, My son, are those that will bring thee closest to Me. Think not that in the devotion of thy whole being to Me thou hast purchased the right to omit thy small duties. The nearer thou art to Me, the more perfectly wilt thou do the trivial tasks of home. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 8. Seek not to teach thy brother what thou hast not learned thyself. Tell him not of spiritual heights thou thyself hast never seen. Seek not to heal thy brother of the disease that still clings around thee. Thy word will be void of power until thy life shall show it forth. I know, dear soul, that the sorrow and the sin of the world lie heavy on thee. Thou longest to speak some word of healing and strength to the weak and the afflicted. Yet, I bid thee keep thy peace until thou hast attained. If thou wouldst help thy brother, then thou must thyself become as perfect as thou canst. Only for thyself art thou responsible; only over thyself hast thou the power of life and death; only for thyself canst thou vow eternal purity. Be strong, for in thy strength the universe will rise; in thy sin the universe will fall. By thy attainment all thy weak brethren will be made stronger and more divine. Each deed of love will make My courts more bright and loving; every weakness of thine will stir the fires of misery of all. Be victor thyself before thou preach to others. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 9. My son, thou must be meek, and lowly of heart. Thou art not the only soul that I created in My Image. To each soul I entrusted a different message; to each I entrusted a different note. Thou canst not then expect that thy brother will learn thy message, or that thou shouldst sound his note. Go, tell to My wandering children the word I have given to thee, and that is all that thou canst do; I will water the seed as is best for all. Look not at the faults of those who do not agree with thee, nor close thine eyes to the sins of those who accept thy word; be righteous and just as I am righteous and just. Think not that if thou lovest Me, thou shouldst love My friends and hate Mine adversaries. Love them too, My son, for thou must love them that hate Me, as I love them. And often thou thinkest that those who oppose thee are enemies to My truth, when they are My instruments to perfect thee and purify thy heart. And often thou thinkest that men oppose My truth only because they oppose thy interpretation of My words; be meek, be humble, be easily entreated. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last. — 10. My son, be meek and lowly of heart. Let not revenge or anger enter into thy soul; be loving, be easily entreated, and be kind. Think not of thyself as of some great one, as some one sent to be a leader of the people, to gather them under thy guidance. Think not of thyself as some great Messiah for whom the ages have been waiting long in vain. Be humble and meek; for as soon as thou dost think that thou wert sent into the world to accomplish some great thing, thou showest thereby thou hast already wandered from the path and art no more able, even if thou so desirest, to lead others on to the Door of the Kingdom of Heaven. Be humble, My child, and that will bring thee peace at the last.

### III. THAT THE HUMBLE SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF PEACE

1. The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet. In heaven there is peace while the storms of life are blowing keen and hard. In heaven there is peace before the face of the King: who will trouble the Kingdom of Peace? — 2. To those who are humble and meek of heart shall the Lord reveal Himself, sitting on the throne of Peace, which is founded on Love. The innermost self is ever before the King, and though the fierce storms of passions rend the body, there is peace within. Through the door of silence shall the soul be admitted to return to herself, to return to the face of the King of Peace. — 3. Blessed are the souls whose strength is in Him, in whose heart are His ways. Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well; and the pools are filled with water. They will go from strength to strength, and unto the God of gods shall every one of them appear in Sion. And when all things shall be subdued unto the Son, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him. . . . That God may be all in all. Amen.

(NOTE:—This was the writer's earliest religious effort. Though, in a certain sense still fully true, the absence of complementary effectiveness makes it savor too much of what Wells calls the 'Pietistic heresy,' that 'Allah is Allah,' enervating, discouraging from faithfulness. But it is preserved for its attitude of warm devotion, which leads to, and results from friendship, the first step of religion. It is a rare fragrant flower which, though a consolation for the hopeless invalid, would be inadequate as steady diet for the able-bodied.)

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Beings, from whom I was taught to purify after the example of God—this is He, Who cleanses thee through me—through Whom the Cause and Creator of all cleansing brought forth His own provident energies from the hidden Abyss, even to us." These things, then he taught me, and I impart them to thee. Let it be a part of thy spiritual and discriminating skill, either that each of the reasons assigned should be freed from objection, and to honour one before the other as having likelihood and good reason, and perhaps the truth: or from yourself, to find out something more allied to the real truth, or to learn from another; God, of course, giving the Word, and Angels supplying it; and to reveal to us, the friends of Angels, a more luminous view, if it should be so, and one to me especially welcome.

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# BROTHERHOOD OF MUTUAL PRAYER

## PROGRESSIVE MEMBERSHIP

The Intercessory Membership of this Brotherhood assures that the applicant is unselfish, and that he therefore will unfailingly receive testimony of divine approval. But God is good, and while He desires us to pray for each other, he knows that we grow older, and must face changes in ourselves, and that we will need wisdom better to help others. Therefore the stationary rank of intercession for others leads those who have approved themselves therein to a Progressive School of Inspiration.

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## INVITATION

Any approved Intercessor, who has been favorably reported on by interior guidance of the Elder Brothers of the Human Race, in the Unseen, may undertake this Quest for Wisdom and Holiness all the necessary information for which will be furnished by the Secretary of the Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer, after the Applicant has sent in his Application, as found within.

There will be no expenses beyond postage, the Manual, and a deposit of five dollars which will be returned on the completion of the Instructions, but will be retained if the candidate ceases to progress. Those who enjoy the work will no doubt wish to offer free will offerings to pay for the production of the work; the Lord will no doubt support His work.

## APPLICATION FOR PROGRESSIVE MEMBERSHIP IN THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTUAL PRAYER

Secretary, Kenneth S. Guthrie, 1177 Warburton Ave., North Yonkers, N. Y.

I, the undersigned desires membership in the Progressive Rank of the Brotherhood of 'Mutual Prayer,' for aid in the interior life, in order to increase my utility to humanity, here and beyond. I expect promotion only if approved, and I am willing to abide by the Secretary's requests, and the rules of the Progressive Rank.

I, the undersigned, desire membership in the Progressive Rank of the Brotherhood in good condition by mail; and I agree that unless I successfully complete all twelve, the deposit of $5 is to be retained by the Secretary for expenses of printing, correspondence, and the like. I also agree to pay all postage expenses, both ways, including stamps for the forwarding of the next Degree. Unless the Instructions are returned within one month, the Deposit will be forfeited.

I also enclose $2 for the Brotherhood Manual.

Name and Address: .....

## CERTIFICATE OF PROGRESSIVE MEMBERSHIP IN THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTUAL PRAYER

M .....

Of .....

Having complied with the requirements of each step, and having been approved in each, is hereby acknowledged as a

BROTHERHOOD'S CONFESSOR, MINISTER, HOST, HEIR, HELPER, COMFORTER, COMRADE, TEACHER, INTERPRETER, LEADER, FRIEND, RESTORER, on ..... 22, .....

Witnessed to before the Brotherhood Consistory of Witnesses, by the Brotherhood Secretary, .....

## BROTHERHOOD PRAYER

HOLY FATHER, bless our Brotherhood to us, and us to it. Grant us Thy Light, that we may walk aright. Let our Consecration Vow burn within us, lest we forget it. Preserve us from ourselves lest we lose our way in the darkness of our own desires. Pure, tender and true, grant us to become like Thee divine, both now and evermore, AMEN.

## THE HUMAN COVENANT RELATIONS WHICH INSURE DIVINE PROTECTION

I hereby devote, consecrate and sacrifice everything that I am, have and hope to be, to the Father Divine, to be used for His purposes, both here and beyond, now and forever. I reserve nothing selfish. I will do anything reasonable if the Still Small Voice should guide me. Weary of my own earthly purposes, I desire to be conformed to the eternal. Use me as a hand to do Thy will; I only ask to remain thine for evermore.

## PROGRAM AND INSTRUCTION FOR THE MONTHLY MEETING

on the 22nd.

1. Review your diary or experience record since the last 22nd. From last month's successes or failures draw conclusions or lessons; note these on a separate list of such, and write your decisions or plans for the next month (the Mensiversary).

2. On separate lists gather your daily messages received, guidances followed, and prayers answered; this is called the Monthly Experiences.

3. Read the monthly meditation-topics, instructions, and other calendar-suggestions.

4. It would be lovely if you memorized one of the memory-gems in one of the memory-gem booklets, price 50 cents each. In one year you would know by heart one of the sets of 12. The object is not only to provide living ideals, but to provide against enforced idleness, or the state after death.

5. Put together all your answers to questions and reports of experiments of the month's instructions, (if possible on sheets no larger than 5½ by 8½, for filing), and with the degree and this booklet for signature, and return postage; then be sure to register the whole.

6. If you have not quite finished the experiments, and would prefer to wait a little, remember that there are larger issues involved. Some people would never get through in any case. Better send the matter in incomplete but punctual, and go through the whole year on schedule time, ready for the advanced Interior Membership, than try to be over-perfect in detail and never complete.

7. The special topics of the months are:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. March 22, Meditation. | 5. July, 22, Love. | 9. Nov. 22, Devotion. |
| 2. April 22, Silence. | 6. Aug. 22, Prayer. | 10. Dec. 22, Guidance. |
| 3. May 22, Self-examination. | 7. Sept. 22, Watching. | 11. Jan. 22, Austerity. |
| 4. June 22, Presence. | 8. Oct. 22, Social Service. | 12. Feb. 22, Character. |

These can be studied up in the Brotherhood Manual.

8. The difference between the former Rank, and this one is that everything must here be done very definitely, training the will to carry out all detailed plans to success.

## BROTHERHOOD GLORIA

Glory to God, the High Father, Supreme and Eternal, Glory for ever and ever. Amen! Glory to God, the Father of Spirits, and Angels of Angels, Glory for ever and ever. Glory to God, who in love never wearies in Justice, Glory for ever and ever, Amen! Glory to God in the name of his Christ, our Redeemer, Glory for ever and ever,

Glory to God for His help in attainment of Righteousness: Glory for ever and ever. Glory to God for the power of thought, and the working of wisdom, Glory for ever. Glory to God for the length of our lives, and the hope to attain immortality, Glory for ever and ever, Amen!

## Brotherhood Devotions

### BROTHERHOOD GREETING

May all the Holy Angels watch over you, and may you watch for the Holy Angels!

### BROTHERHOOD INVOCATION

Thy glory, O God, be the end of all that we say; Let it shine in every deed, let it kindle the prayers that we pray; let it burn in our innermost souls till the shadow of self pass away, and the light of Thy glory, O God, be unveiled in the dawning of day!

### BROTHERHOOD CREED

I BELIEVE in physical health, Cleanliness, Temperance, and in Utter Purity in thought, word and deed;

AND IN TRUTH, Honesty, Utility and Thought, which discerns the known from the believed; which speaks plainly, tolerates others, and reforms itself; Which works for no party, sect, person or salary; Which leads to science, literature and art; Which works for Wisdom's end of ends by the golden Path of the Mean.

I BELIEVE IN HOLY LOVE. Father and end of all; Light of light, Fragrance of fragrance, Beauty of beauty; Who, working both here and beyond, is Justice inexorable, the Comforter of the afflicted, and the Avenger of evil to thousand generations; Who leads through Conscience with-in-myself to the Kingdom of Heaven, which only the Humble shall inherit, and the Holy recognize, and which shall have no end, forever and ever. Amen!

## Various Suggestive Outlines

### THE SEVEN DEIFYING PRACTICES

1. Practice of the Presence of God.
2. Putting Yourself in Other Peoples' Shoes.
3. Sober Realization of the Coming of Death.
4. Contemplation of the Joys of Heaven.
5. Tongue-bridling.
6. Compassion for the World's Suffering.
7. Self-examination to Avoid Hypocrisy.

### TWELVE SOUL MEDICINES

1. Providence, Belief in, cures despair.
2. Belief in other existences, quiets recriminations.
3. Belief in a Redeemer, gives courage.
4. Belief in the New Jerusalem, cures materialism.
5. Belief in the Kingdom's establishment, cheers.
6. Belief in Guidance, illuminates this muddle.
7. Belief in Judgment, saves from being cowed.
8. Belief in Sacraments, is the miracle of refreshment.
9. Belief in Prayer, is Golden Key to Supplies.
10. Bible-reading gives hope of Truth.
11. Gathering for worship, sanifies.
12. Voice of Conscience, proves Spiritual Existence.

### TWELVE MORTAL SINS

1. Caprice
2. Comfort-desire
3. Drudgery
4. Self-assertiveness
5. Cowardliness
6. Fault-finding
7. Instability
8. Anger
9. Rashness
10. Domineering
11. Chaoticalness
12. Restlessness

### TWELVE STANDARD MOTIVES

1. Appreciation
2. Firmness
3. Obedience
4. Economy
5. Endurance
6. Discernment
7. Spiritual Vision
8. Utilitarianism
9. Faithfulness
10. Organizing Power
11. Kindliness
12. Laboriousness

### APPLICATIONS FOR INTERIOR MEMBERSHIP

Name and Address .....

# THE PAGAN BIBLE

## or, ANGELS ANCIENT and MODERN

*An Englished Greco-Roman Anthology on the Soul and its Helpers*

by

**KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE**

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# BIBLICAL AND ZOROASTRIAN ANGELS

While the Bible assumes the existence and ministry of Angels, it unfortunately does not contain any systematic but succinct study of the subject such as would fit into this. But as the scriptures cannot be neglected, we must limit ourselves to a reminiscent panorama of familiar facts.

First there is the Angel of the Presence who appeared in theophany to Abraham and Moses; David's Seraphim, and the Isaiah, Ezekelian and Apocalyptic Cherubim, and the Pauline Principalities, Powers, Authorities, Dominions and Thrones; the Archangels Uriel, Raphael who led and healed Tobias, Gabriel who brought messages to Daniel, Zacharias and Mary; Michael who first led the celestial armies to victory over Lucifer and the demons, and later became the patron of the Jews. Then there was the guardian angel of the children Jesus blessed, and of Peter; the ministerers to Jesus after the temptation, in Gethsemane, and at the tomb, and to Elijah at the brook Cherith, and to Lazarus after death, taking his soul to Paradise; liberators as to Peter, defenders as to Dothan and the Three Children in the furnace; messengers as to Joseph in a dream, the Macedonian to Paul, and to Balaam; destroyers, as to Sodom and Herod, and the gate-keeper of Paradise; worshippers as at the Nativity and around the Great White Throne; and thinkers like those who long to look into the mysteries of human salvation.

Not otherwise is the case of the immortal Avestan pantheon of archangels, which arose from a combination of tribal cults, later organized and subordinated to a supreme divinity, Ahura-Mazda, the Good, by the genius of Zarathustra, whose sublime hymns are too incoherent and diffuse to quote. These Amesha-Spentas or Immortal Holy Ones are six: Vohu-Mano, the Good Mind; Asha Vahishta, the Righteous; Kshathra Vairya, the Wealthy Warrior; Spenta Armaiti, Gracious Nature; Haurvatat the genius of Health, and Ameretat, the angel of Immortality. These six make seven, with Mithra the solar Lord of Truth, whose mystery-rites paved the way for later ecclesiastical developments.

It has been plausibly urged that the Hebrews were compulsorily educated into this angelology during the later or Persian period of the Babylonian captivity; and that on their return home it fructified into the later Hebrew popular belief, doubted only by the Sadducees, which bloomed in Enochian literature, and ran to seed in Kabalistic excesses, which manufactured angels wholesale by the mechanical expedient of adding 'el' to any convenient root, thus degrading the noblest conception of the human mind.

## HOMER, Vision of Ulysses, 850 B.C.?

Desirous of finding his way home from Circe's island, Ulysses was advised to consult the blind Theban prophet Tiresias in Hades. So he sailed to the lightless land of the Cimmerians where with his sword he dug a circular trench wherein, after libations and invocations he shed black sheeps' blood which attracted from Erebus many souls, including his companion Elpenor and his mother Antiklea.

By his sword, however, he kept them off till arrived Tiresias who after drinking gave the desired advice. Then Ulysses allowed drinking and conversation by Antiklea, many other famous Greek women and Agamemnon. Achilles vowed he had rather be a hired laborer on an earth than king in Hades. Ajax still resenting the loss of Patroclus's arms, stalked away, and Ulysses regretted he had won them.

Then Ulysses saw Minos the Judge; Orion hunting in the asphodel-meadow; Tityus pecked by two vultures; Tantalus standing in a lake he might not drink; Sisphus pushing up a stone that ever rolled back; then, hunting, passed the Shade of Hercules, who himself was among the immortals in Olympus.

Then arrived so many horrible clamoring dead that Ulysses feared meeting the Gorgon; so he ran back to the ship, loosed the hawsers and sailed towards the Dawn.

## HESIOD, "Works and Days," 750 B.C.?

Golden was the first human race, endowed with articulate speech, formed by the Immortals, dwellers of Olympus. It was in the times of Saturn, when he still reigned in the heavens. Then human beings lived like divinities, with the heart free from

care, free from work or pain. . . . But when nature had in her bosom received (the dead) of this race, the great Jupiter made of them beneficent geniuses, who dwell amidst us, watch over men to protect them, observing their just or criminal actions. They are surrounded by clouds that hide them from our eyes, wandering over the surface of the earth, distributing wealth. Such are the royal functions allotted to them.

# KEBES, The Picture, A.D. 399

## THE GATE OF LIFE AND ITS DELUSIONS

Happening one day to be meditatively visiting a Temple of Saturn we reverently contemplated its votive inscriptions. Prominently affixed to the front of the Temple, loomed up large a strange pictorial Tablet, containing certain peculiar words, whose significance we were not able to fathom.

It seemed to represent, not some city or military camp, but a triple ring, formed by three concentric walled enclosures.

Within the outer circular wall might be seen a crowd of women; while outside, around the outer Gate, surged a large mob, to whose entering streams a certain old man seemed, by his gestures, to be uttering some command.

## THE MAKER OF THE TABLET

We stood a long while, questioning with each other about the symbology of the Picture. Then an Old Man who chanced to pass by stopped, and addressed us, in the following words:

'O Strangers! Not exceptional is this your experience of uncertainty about this Picture: for it is a puzzle even to many of the local inhabitants. This votive symbol does not originate from this locality. A Stranger, full of understanding, and impressive with wisdom, arrived here long since, following with zeal the rule of life of Pythagoras or Parmenides in word and deed. It was he who dedicated to Saturn both Temple and Picture.'

'So you yourself saw and knew this Man, did you?' asked I.

'Yes, indeed! And what is more, I admired him for a long time during my youth.'

'It was his way to indulge in many serious conversations. Many is the time that I have heard him expound this symbolic Picture!'

## THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

'By Jupiter!' cried I, 'unless you happen to have a most pressing engagement elsewhere, do please explain the Picture to us also! I assure you that we are most anxious to understand the meaning of this symbol!'

'With pleasure, Strangers!' said he. 'But first you must hear that such an explanation is not without its very real dangers.'

'How so?' cried we all.

'Should you,' said he, 'understand and assimilate what I should say, you shall become wise and happy; but if not, you will live badly, having become foolish, unfortunate, bitter, and ignorant.

'For the explanation is not unlike the Sphinx's Riddle, that he propounded to all men. Whoever solved it was saved; but destruction by the Sphinx overtook those who could not. And this was the Sphinx's question: Within our life, What is good? What is an evil? What is neither?

'If anyone does not solve this, the Sphinx destroys him; not all at once, as in ancient times, but gradually, in his whole life, he perishes away, just like victims tortured to death.

'But if he understands, he is saved, and attains felicity.

'Attention, therefore! and make sure you understand!'

## THE GATE OF LIFE, THE GOOD GENIUS, AND THE WAY

'Now, by Hercules! What fires hast thou lit in us, if what thou saidst is true!'

'Why, surely!' said he.

'Start in to explain immediately, then! For we shall attend to some purpose, especially in view of the nature of the retribution.'

'Well,' said the Old Man, pointing with a wand, 'do you see that outer circular wall?'

'Yes, indeed!'

'First, you must know that the name of this whole place is the Life.

This innumerable multitude surging in front of the Gate, are they who are about to enter into Life.

'The Old Man who holds in one hand a scroll, and with the other is pointing out something is the Good Genius.

'To those who are entering is he setting forth what they should do when they shall have entered; and he is pointing out to them which Way they shall have to walk in if they propose to be saved in the Life.'

## LADY DELUSION, AND HER TWO CUPS

'Which way does he command them to go? And why?' said I.

'You see,' said he, 'by the side of the Gate by which the Multitude are to enter, a throne, on which is seated a Woman dressed stylishly—indeed, overdressed, who holds in her hands as it were some sort of cups—do you see that?'

'Indeed I do,' responded I; 'but who is she?'

'Delusion is her name,' answered he, 'for the reason that she deludes and misleads every human being.'

'But what is her office?'

'She quenches the thirst of every soul that proceeds into Life, by making it drink of her very own essence.'

'And what might her drink be, I wonder?'

'Error and Ignorance' said he.

'Why so?'

"Because they would not enter into the Life, unless they were under that influence.'

'I wonder whether this Delusion is drunk by all, or only by some?'

'All drink,' said he; 'although there are degrees, some drinking more, others less.

## THE COURTESANS WHO TRADE ON THE FATEFUL DRINK

Then, do you not see within the Gate a crowd of Women wearing the motley garb of Courtesans?'

'Indeed do I see them!'

'Well, their names are False Opinion, Desires, and Pleasures. Upon the entering souls fall these, each of them embracing and leading away a soul.'

'And whither? would I like to know!'

'Some to be saved, indeed; but others, alas! to be destroyed by Delusion.'

'O Good Genius of ours, how fateful is that Drink!'

'Surely, for each of those Courtesans promises to the soul that she has embraced that she will lead it to the best things and to a life happy and profitable; and she succeeds for because of that Drink the souls themselves are not able to discover which is the veritable road in the Life but wander around as you see—for these who have already entered are cruising around, as if by chance.

## THE GODDESS OF LUCK ON HER ROLLING STONE

'I see them indeed,' said I.

'But tell me, who can be that Woman, who seems to be both wild and blind, standing on a globular-shaped stone?'

'Her name,' answered he, 'is Luck. Not only blind and wild is she, but deaf.'

'And what might her business be?'

She circulates everywhere,' said he. From some she takes their substance, and freely gives it away to others. Then, again, she suddenly withdraws what she has given, and gives it to others without any plan or steadfastness. So you see that her symbol fits her perfectly.'

'Which symbol,' asked I.

'Why, the Globular Stone on which she stands.'

'And what does that betoken, I wonder?'

'That Globular Stone signifies that no gift of hers is safe or lasting; for whosoever reposes any confidence in her, is sure to suffer great and right grievous misfortune.'

## THE UNREFLECTING, WHO REJOICE OR GRIEVE AT LUCK

But what is the wish and the name of that great Multitude standing around her?'

'Oh! They are known as the Unreflecting: they who desire whatever Luck might throw them.'

'But then, how is it that they do not behave in the same manner? For some seem to rejoice, while others are agonizing, with hands outstretched?'

'Well, those who seem to rejoice and laugh are they who have received somewhat from her—and you may be sure that they call her Fortune! On the contrary, those who seem to weep and stretch out their hands are they from whom she has taken back what she had given—they call her Misfortune!'

'And what sort of things does she deal in, that they who receive them laugh, while they who lose them, weep?'

'Why, what to the great Multitudes seems Good—of course Wealth; then Glory, Good Birth, Children, Power, Palaces, and the like.'

'But such things, are they not really good?'

'That question, let us postpone!'

'Willingly,' said I.

## THE FOUR COURTESANS, WHO TURN INTO DRAGONS

Now, as you enter within the Gate, do you see the second circular enclosure, and without it, certain Women clad like courtesans?'

'Clearly!'

'Well, their names are Incontinence, Indulgence, Insatiableness, and Flattery.

'And why do they stand there?'

'They are watching for those who may have received anything from the Luck-Goddess.'

'And then, what happens?'

'The Courtesans spring on those souls, embrace them, flatter them, and coax them not to go away, but to stay for a life of comfort, without effort or misadventure. Should, however, any soul be by them persuaded to enter into Enjoyment, this seems a pleasant pastime until he is satiated, but no longer. For whenever he sobers up, he notices that he has not eaten, but that he has, by her, been ruined, and maltreated. Wherefore, when he has consumed all the goods he received from Fortune, he is forced to slave to those Women, to suffer all things, to be dishonored, and on their account to do many pitiable deeds—such as to steal, to profane Temples, to perjure himself, to betray, to plunder.

However, whenever he has degraded himself to the point of utter destitution, then is he handed over to Punishment.

## PUNISHMENT, AND HER GHASTLY CREW

'But who is she?'

'Do you not see behind them,' said he, 'something that looks like a small door, and a narrow, dank place?'

'Yes, indeed!'

'And you notice therein Women—shameful, bedraggled, and ragged?

'Why yes!'

'Well, among them, the one who holds the whip is called Punishment; while the one who holds her head bent over to her knees is Sorrow; and the one who is pulling her own hair, is Grief.'

'But what about that Thing standing by them,— so repulsive, thin, and naked; and near to it that other similarly shameful female,—who is she?'

'Ah,' said he, 'that is Lamentation, and his sister is Despair. To these therefore is the soul handed over, and is punished by association with them. Hence, however, he is cast into another dwelling, into Unhappiness, where he ekes out his existence in every misery unless, indeed, to him unexpectedly, Repentance, having planned it, should meet him.

## REPENTANCE, AND HER RIGHT OPINION

'Well, what happens, should Repentence chance to meet him?'

'She releases him from his evils, and associates with him another Opinion-and-Desire, who will lead him to genuine Culture—though indeed he might just as well be misled even then to Sham-Culture.'

'Well, what happens then?'

'In the case,' said he, 'that he is taken in charge by this Right-Opinion who will lead him to genuine Culture, he is, on being purified, by Her saved, so that his life grows blissful and happy;—otherwise, again he wanders, to be deceived by Sham-Culture.

## SHAM-CULTURE

'By Herkules! what other great danger is here! Pray speak to me more definitely of Sham-Culture.

'Well, do you see standing by the Gate of the inner enclosure a Woman seeming neat and well groomed? Well, she is, by the unreflecting Majority called Culture —but that is an error, for she is no more than a Sham. Nevertheless, those who are being saved must, in order to reach genuine Culture, first pass here.'

'So there is no other way?'

'No, there is not.'

## THE SCIENTISTS WHO PROFESS SHAM-CULTURE

'And can you tell we who are those men, perambulating within the second enclosure?'

'Those,' said he, 'are the deluded Votaries of Sham-Culture—honestly, they labor under the impression that they are, right now, associating with genuine Culture!'

'And what might they be called?'

'Some,' answered he, 'are Poets; some, so-called Orators. Some are Reasoners; others are Musicians, Mathematicians, Geometricians, Astronomers, Critics, Aristippian Pleasure seekers, or Aristotelian Peripatetic scientists!'

## MERE SCIENCE DOES NOT SAVE

'But those Women who seem to circulate among them—indeed, they resemble the first, among whom was Pleasure, and her companions—who are they?'

'They are the very same,' said he.

'But how did they get in?'

'By altering their looks; for here they are needy-looking, and not as before.'

'And have those False-Opinions remained unchanged?' asked I.

'That potion which they received from Delusion remains active in them; so also Ignorance, Senselessness, Prejudice and other Badness. None of this fades out from them till they leave Sham-Culture, enter on the right road, and drink the purifying medicaments. Through this purification having sloughed off all their evils such as Prejudice and Ignorance, then, and not before, shall they be saved.

'Should they, however, elect to remain with Sham-Culture, they shall never be released; nor shall they be released from a single evil because of any Science.'

## THE ROAD UPWARDS TO HAPPINESS
## THE STEEP ROAD UP THE ROCK OF CULTURE

'What then is the Road that leads to genuine Culture' asked I.

'Do you see up there,' said he, a place where no one dwells, and which seems to be desert?'

'I do.'

'Do you not see a small door, a path not much frequented,—only a few are ascending on it, for it is almost impassable, rough and rocky?'

'Yes indeed,' said I.

'And do you not see something like a steep hill, whose only access is a narrow ascent between precipices?

'That then is the Road to Culture.'

'And difficult enough it seems!'

'But it leads up Culture's Rock, which is large, high, and inaccessible.

## THE TWO GOOD ANGELS WHO ASSIST PILGRIMS UPWARDS

'Now do you not further see, standing on the Rock, two healthy and well-formed Women who stretch out their hands invitingly?'

'Yes; but who are they?'

'Self-Control and Endurance—two sisters.'

'But why are they extending their arms so invitingly?'

'They are exhorting the Pilgrims who reach that place not to despair, but to be of good courage, inasmuch as they will reach a fair road if only they will be brave for a little while longer.'

'Encouragement is good; but what is the use of it? as I see, way up on the Road, a gap, where there is no road.'

'Those Women will themselves descend from the Cliff, draw the Pilgrims up to their present position. Then only will the Women bid the Pilgrims rest; and after a while will give them Strength and Courage, and promise to introduce them into the presence of genuine Culture.

'Then the Women point out to the refreshed Pilgrims the further road which, there, is fair, level, passable, and free from all evils, as you see.' 'Clearly, by Jupiter!' 'Do you not behold, in front of that grove, a place which seems to be fair, grassy, and illuminated by a white light?'

'Yes, indeed!'

## CULTURE, AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS

'Now do you perceive in the midst of the meadow another Enclosure, with its gate?'

'It is so,—but what is the name of that place?'

'It is the Dwelling of the Blessed,' said he. 'Here abide all the Virtues, and Happiness.'

'Is it possible? How beautiful must that Place be!'

'Now, do you see by the Gate, a Woman, fair and composed, of middle, or rather of advanced age, clad in a simple, unadorned robe? She stands, not on a globe, but on a solidly founded cube. With her are standing two other but younger Women who seem to be her daughters.'

'So it looks.'

'Well, the Woman who is standing in the centre is Culture; the others are Truth and Conviction.'

'But why does Culture stand on a Cube?'

'As a sign that, for approaching Pilgrims, the Road to her is certain and safe—as, indeed, is also the case with her Gifts.'

'And what might these gifts be?'

'Courage and Fearlessness!'

'But what do they consist of?' asked I.

'Courage and Fearlessness consist in the realization that 'naught that ever could happen to us could prove to be a misfortune.' '

## PURIFICATION

'By Herkules!' said I, 'what fine gifts! But why does she thus stand outside of the Circle?'

'In order to heal the new arrivals,' said he. 'She furnishes them the cleansing medicament; and whenever they have been purified, she introduces them unto the Virtues.'

'But how does this happen? I do not understand that.'

'But you will,' said he. It is as if an ambitious man should, on becoming sick, go to a physician, who first removes the cause of the sickness, thereby paving the way through convalescence to health. Should the sick man, however, not carry out the prescription, it is no more than fair that he should be abandoned to the ravages of the disease.'

'Oh, I understand that,' said I.

'Just so acts Culture,' resumed our Guide. 'Whenever any Pilgrim reaches her, she heals him and doses him with her own power, so as first to purify him from

all the evils which lodged in him—Ignorance and Error, with which Delusion had infected the Pilgrim; Arrogance, Lust, Intemperance, Anger, Love-of-Money, and all the rest of those Evils with which the Pilgrim was affected in the first Enclosure.'

## THE CHOIR OF VIRTUES

'Now when the Pilgrim is cleansed, whither does she send him?

'In there unto Scientific-Recognition, and unto the other Virtues.'

'And which are these?'

Said he: 'Do you not see within the Gate a choir of Women, who seem to be attractive, neat, with simple, unadorned robes; see how sweet they look in their simple garb, and not overdressed as the others were?'

'I see,' said I. 'But what are their names?'

'The first is Scientific-Recognition; the others are sisters of hers; Fortitude, Righteousness, Fairness, Wisdom, Poise, Freedom, Temperance, and Gentleness.'

'O you kindly Guide of ours, what great things may we hope for!'

'Surely! But only on condition that you understand what you see, and take good heed to that which you have heard of me.'

'But we most surely do!' cried we all as if with one voice.

'Then shall you also be saved!' cried he.

'Now, when they have received the Pilgrim, whither do they lead him?'

'To their mother Happiness,' said he.

'But who and where is she?'

'Following the Road up yon Mountain which forms the heart of the Enclosures, you come to the Temple-porch by which sits on a high throne a glorious Woman, decked nobly, but artlessly, and crowned with a splendid wreath of flowers. Well, she is Happiness.'

## CROWNING OF THE VICTOR OVER THE BESTIAL VICES

'Now, whenever any one reaches hither, what does she do?'

'Happiness, with all the other Virtues, crown him as Victor in the greatest struggles,—namely, against the most terrible Beasts, who before, enslaved, tormented, and devoured him. All these now has he overcome and repelled for himself, holding himself well in hand, so that they, to whom he formerly slaved, now must serve him.'

'I am anxious to know the identity of the wild Beasts you mentioned.'

'Ignorance,' said he, 'and Error. Or don't you consider them wild beasts?'

'And pretty savage, too!' agreed I.

'Then Sorrow, Despair, Love-of-Money, Intemperance and all other Badness. All these he now rules, instead of, as before, being ruled by them.'

'O glorious deeds,' cried I, 'and splendid victory! But what is the virtue of the Victor's crown?'

'It beatifies with Felicity unspeakable. He who with this Virtue is crowned, becomes very happy reposing his hopes of getting Happiness and of retaining it not on others, but on himself.'

## THOSE WHO FAIL, AND WHY

## HEAVEN CONSISTS IN SAVING HELL

'Glorious the Victory you wot of! But after the Pilgrim is crowned, what does he do, and whither does he proceed?'

'The Virtues who had welcomed him lead him to that place whence he came out, and point out to him how badly fare they who there exist so wretchedly, as it were, enduring ship-wreck of their lives, erring and wandering, as if dragged around by Enemies such as Incontinence, Arrogance, Love-of-Money, Fancies, and other such Evils.

'By these Misfortunes they are unable to rescue themselves from this perpetual tossing by reaching the Mountain of Security.

'This they suffer only because they are not able to discover the road hither—for they have forgotten the Instructions they received from the Good Genius.'

## ONLY THOSE WHO ARE IN HEAVEN CAN RECOGNIZE HELL

'Then,' said I: 'You seem to speak rightly. But I am not yet quite clear on this point: namely, Why to the Pilgrim the Virtues point out that Place from which he came originally.'

Said our Guide: 'None of these things could the Pilgrim accurately understand or realize, himself being in doubt because of the Ignorance and Error which he had imbibed, so that he considered Good That-which-was-not-Good, and Evil That-which-was-not-Evil. Wherefore, like those who remained there, the Pilgrim eked out a miserable existence.

'Now, however, since he has attained to Scientific-Recognition of what really is advantageous, he lives pleasantly, realizing how badly off those others are.'

## THE VICTOR FLOURISHES AMONG PASSIONS

'Well, now that he contemplates all these things, what will he do, and whither will he wend his way?'

'Whithersoever he may fancy; for now he is as safe anywhere as if in a Korykian Cave; fairly and safely will he dwell, whithersoever he may arrive. For just as the sick welcome the physician, so will all receive him with pleasure and gratitude.'

'And he fears no more that he shall suffer something from those Women, who, you say, are really wild Beasts?"

'No indeed! No more can he be troubled by Grief or Sorrow, by Incontinence or Love-of-Money, by Need or any other evil—for now he lords it over all those by whom he formerly was grieved.

'Just like a serpent-charmer, whose snakes, though they do to death all others but him, yet him they do not injure, because of an antidote against them which he possesses;—just like this immune snake-charmer, is the crowned Pilgrim no more grieved by any of them, being immune because of the antidote which he possesses.'

## FEW ARE CHOSEN, SINCE MANY ARE REJECTED

'To me it seems that you have spoken well. But tell me further this: Who are they who seem to be descending from the Mountain? For while some of them are crowned and are making gestures of joy, others are uncrowned, grieved and distressed; they seem to be so weary in head and limb as to be in real need of that their support be certain Women!'

'The crowned are those who were saved by Culture, and they are rejoicing at having reached her. The uncrowned, however, are those who were by Culture rejected, and are returning to an existence miserable and wretched; or are such as, while ascending to Endurance, became timorous, and turned back, wandering around without a path.'

'And who are the Women supporting them?'

'Griefs, Sorrows, Faint-heartedness, Obscure-Contempt, and Ignorances.'

## THE DOG RETURNS TO HIS VOMIT

'Why I thought you said that all the Evils accompanied them?'

'And they all do, by Jupiter! For whenever they return into the first Enclosure unto Sensuality and Incontinence, they do not accuse themselves—far from it! Straightway they speak ill of Culture, and of those who go to her; saying that they are wretched, miserable, and unhappy; and that on leaving their accustomed manner of life they live badly, enjoying no good thing—that is, no thing that is accounted good among themselves.'

'And what goods may they be referring to?'

'Why, to Debauchery and Incontinence,' to speak plainly, 'for their highest ideal is to feed like cattle.'

## OPINION AND KNOWLEDGE

'And what about those other Women who descend thence cheerful in mien, and all wreathed in smiles?'

'They are Opinions; and whenever they have successfully conducted any Pilgrim to Culture, and introduced him to the Virtues, they return to lead up others, to whom they announce the beatification of those they had led up before.'

'But why do not they themselves enter in among the Virtues, and stay?'

'Because it is not fitting for mere Opinions to enter in unto Scientific Recognition; their utmost capacity is to introduce a Pilgrim unto Culture. All that they then can do is to return and bring up others,—just as ships, when unloaded, return to be loaded again.'

## COURAGE!

'To me it seems that you have interpreted these things very well; but there is one thing which you have not yet made plain to us—namely, What the Good Genius teaches those who are entering into Life.'

'"To take heart, and be courageous,"' says he. 'Wherefore, do ye also take heart, for I shall interpret all things, and omit nothing.'

'Well spoken!' cried I.

Then the Old Man, again stretching forth his hand, said: 'Look at that Woman who seems to be blind, standing on a stone globe, whose name, as I told you before, is Luck.'

'Well, we see.'

## DISTRUST LUCK!

'The Genius warns souls not to trust Her; nothing received from her should be considered reliable or safe: nor consider them his own, inasmuch as nothing hinders her from taking them back, and again giving them away to somebody else—why, that is a common occurrence. Wherefore, he admonishes, no man should let himself be moved by her gifts—neither to joy on receiving them, nor to sorrow on losing them; neither to praise, nor to blame them. For nothing done by her proceeds from Reflexion; only by chance, and just as things come, as I told you before.

'Wherefore the Good Genius admonishes men to take no notice of anything she does, and not to become like wicked bankers, who rejoice whenever they receive money from some man, and consider it their own; but, as soon as they receive notice of withdrawal, they become offended, and consider themselves grievously wronged, not remembering that they received the deposits on this very condition, that the depositor may withdraw it without difficulty.

'The Good Genius advises a similar attitude towards the gifts of the Goddess of Luck; and to remember that is is no more than her nature to take back what she gave, and again soon to give manifold other gifts, then again to withdraw not only this that she gave, but also whatever a man may have possessed before. Wherefore, he admonishes, accept whatever she may give; and as soon as you have possession of it, with it immediately depart to the blessings reliable and enduring.'

## THE BEST GIFT IS GOOD JUDGMENT

'But what may these be?' asked I.

'That which is received from Culture.'

'And what may it be?'

'The veritable Scientific Recognition of what is advantageous and is a safe, reliable, enduring gift,' said he. 'To flee to her incontinently is his monition; and whenever the Pilgrim arrives to those Women who, as I said before, are called Incontinence and Sensuality, he is not to trust them but to depart from them, and proceed to Sham-Culture. Here he should remain some little time, collecting from her Sham-Accomplishments whatever may be suitable for a traveling-ration to support him until he reach Genuine Culture.

'Whosoever disobeys this monition, or even only misunderstands it, perishes away miserably.'

## THE VALUE OF SCIENCE

## DO NOT DESPISE THE GIFT OF TONGUES

'Now, Strangers, this is the meaning of the Picture. Do not hesitate to ask any additional questions about it; I shall be pleased to answer.'

'Well, then I will ask you what sort of accomplishment the Good Genius advises the Pilgrim to take from Sham-Culture?'

'Whatever a man may think might be of use to him.'

'And what is your advice in the matter?'

'The knowledge of languages, first; and then, sufficient of other Sciences to act, in the words of Plato, as a check-rein from eccentricities—misunderstand me not: they are not necessary, but advantageous to proceed more efficiently—but, of course, they are not helpful morally.'

'So then you declare formally that these Accomplishments do not aid moralization?'

'By no means; for although a man must improve without them, still they have their place. For although we may catch the meaning by means of an interpreter, yet might it not be useless to understand the words themselves, if we care at all for accuracy. Yet nothing hinders our becoming better without those accomplishments.

### SCIENCE IS NO VIRTUE

'Well, then, according to what you say, the scientists have no advantage over other men in becoming holier?'

'What advantage could they have, inasmuch as they are involved in the same delusion about the nature of Goods, just as the Unscientific, and are yet dominated by their vices? For nothing hinders a man from knowing languages, and being an expert in every scientific field, and still being intoxicated and incontinent, fond of money, unjust, traitorous, and even a fool.'

'Yes indeed!—one can see many such!'

'What advantage, then, could these, merely because of their scientific accomplishments, have in the matter of moralization?'

### UNREALIZED KNOWLEDGE IS STERILE

'Certainly not, according to what you say. But why then do they remain within the Second Enclosure, as if they still wished to approach unto Genuine-Culture?'

'And of what use to them is that proximity? For how often do you see later Pilgrims arriving from the First Enclosure with its Incontinence and other evils, and before them entering in unto Genuine-Culture in the Third Enclosure, leaving those Scientists behind! Hence, what advantages have they? Are they not rather at the disadvantage of being less impressionable, and more incorrigible?'

'How so?' asked I.

'Why, because what is known by those who are in the Second Enclosure is never realized. As long as they hold to the speculative side of Opinion, they cannot possibly take any practical steps towards Genuine-Culture. Do you not see that, just as much as the more practical Pilgrim, they have the opportunity of making use of the Opinions who lead out from the First Enclosure. But are not Opinions useless without a meeting with Repentance, and without the resulting conviction that the Culture which they do possess is a sham, and a trap? Being satisfied with their abode, they never progress to Salvation.

'And you also, O Strangers, you must practice what I said until you have attained unto its significance. Often, indeed, will you have to study afresh my instructions, nor relinquish the sacred Quest, relegating all other matters to secondary rank. If not, all you hear will remain useless.'

## What is Good and Evil?

### NEITHER GOOD NOR EVIL ABSOLUTE

'Indeed we shall do so. But explain us this. how that which men receive from Luck—namely life, health, wealth, honor, children, victory, and more such, are not goods; and again, how the absence thereof is not an evil? For what you have said seems to us to lack common-sense and reliability.'

'Very well, come on! Give me your views about what I shall ask you.'

'I shall most certainly do so,' said I.

'Well, if a man lives badly, is life to him a good?'

'It would seem not.' said I. 'Rather, an evil.'

'How then could Life be a good, if, to him, it is an evil?'

'Well, I should say it was an evil to those who live badly, and a good to those who live well.'

'So then life might be both an evil and a good?'

'So I said.'

## REAL EVIL IS THE EVIL LIFE

'Come, do not express opinions so unlikely, for how could aught be at the same time good and evil? Did you ever hear of anything simultaneously useful and harmful, desired and scorned?'

'That, really, is unlikely; but if living badly is an evil for the living man, why, for such a man is life itself not an evil?'

'Yes; but life and living badly are not identical;—or do you think so?'

Our Guide answered, 'Neither do I. The evil lies in living badly, not in life itself. For were it an evil it would be evil even to such as live righteously, in the degree that they are alive, if this was an absolute evil.'

'I agree with you.'

## THINGS MORE IMPORTANT THAN LIFE

'As, therefore, life belongs to both those who live badly, and to those who live rightly, might it not then be possible that life is neither a Good nor an Evil; just as cutting and burning in themselves are neither harmful nor sanatory for the sick —it all depends on the time and manner the patient is cut or burned. Is it not thus also with life?'

'Yes, indeed, so it is.'

'Now consider the matter thus: What would you prefer, to live shamefully, or to die honorably, like a man?'

'I had rather die honorably.'

'So then even dying can be no evil, as it is often more desirable than living?'

'So it is.'

'Should we not also think likewise of health and sickness? For there are circumstances when health is unbearable.'

'You speak the truth,' said I.

## IN ITSELF, NO EARTHLY OBJECT IS GOOD OR BAD

'Well, it seems to me that this is the cause of the restlessness and of the harm of men: they err in honoring Things as good, or scorning Things as evils; to lay values on Things, and to suppose that through Things one can improve, or for the sake of Things commit any, even godless actions. This however is the result of ignorance of what is the real Good, they ignore that no real goods result from evil means. Hence many are those who have amassed Wealth through evil and shameful deeds—such as treason, robbery, murder, eavesdropping, theft, and other crimes.'

'So it is.'

## WISDOM THE ONLY GOOD

'If then out of evil means can arise no good end, as is evident; and if out of evil deeds can arise wealth, then can Wealth never be an absolutely good end.'

'An evident consequence!'

'But then, none can attain unto Righteousness through any evil action; as little as one can attain Injustice or Foolishness through good deeds. Besides, both opposites cannot well coexist in one and the same thing. Wealth, Fame, Victory and other such external goods do not exclude badness. Consequently these things are neither goods nor even evils; they are no more than external applications of the internal principle 'Wisdom alone is a Good, while Foolishness is the only Evil.'

'It seems to me that you have proved your point.'

## WEALTH IS NOT ALWAYS GOOD

'Good! Let us consider wealth, in the same manner. Apparently, as is often seen, there are persons who possess wealth who live badly and shamefully.'

'By Jupiter, there are many such! So then wealth does not help them to a righteous life?'

'Evidently not, for they themselves are evil. 'Culture, not wealth, gives virtue.' '

'Very probably so—at least, according to your argument,' grudgingly assented I.

'Surely!' asseverated he. 'How could Wealth be an absolute good since it does not always make for the improvement of its possessors?'

'Clearly not.'

'Acknowledge then that Wealth is not all advisable for such as do not know how to use it!'

'I must say I think so!'

'How then should that whose possession is often unbearable be considered an absolute good?'

'By no means!'

'Will not then a man live well as far as he knows how to employ wealth well and understandingly—and if not badly?'

'What you say seems to be entirely true.'

## PRODICUS, The Choice of Hercules, B.C. 390

When Hercules was advancing from boyhood to manhood, a period during which the young, becoming their own masters, begin to give an imitation whether they will enter on life by the path of Virtue or of Vice, he went forth into a solitary place, and sat down, perplexed as to which of these two paths he should pursue. Two female figures, of lofty stature, seemed to advance toward him.

The one was of an engaging and graceful mien, gifted by nature with elegance of form, modesty of look, and sobriety of demeanor, clad in a white robe.

The other was stout and flabby; but she had so artistically improved her complexion as to seem fairer and rosier than she really was. Her gestures were such as to make her seem taller than her natural height. She knew how to employ her eyes in affected glances. Her robe was such as to reveal, rather than to hide her beauty; and when she thought no one else was observing her, she would frequently look at her own figure, glancing back at her own shadow.

As these two approached nearer to Hercules, the first continued her gracefully even gait. The latter, however, was so eager to anticipate the former, that she actually ran up to Hercules, and said,

"Hercules, I see that you are hesitating by what path you shall enter into life. If you will make a friend of me, I will conduct you by the most delightful and easy road, and you shall taste every species of pleasure, leading a life free from every sort of trouble.

"You will not have to take thought for any war or affair of state; you will be able to spend your time in the consideration of whatever food or delicacy may best gratify your taste; of music and art, of perfume and softness; of association with objects of affection, of pleasant sleep, and of how to secure all these enjoyments with the least expenditure of effort.

"Do not hesitate because of an apprehension of a want of means to secure such delights. You shall never be urged to toil or suffering, physical or mental, to encompass them. What others have to labor to acquire, you will feel free to get easily, nor will you have to abstain from anything desirable, for my followers are allowed to help themselves to anything they want from any source whatever."

On hearing this address, Hercules inquired after the woman's name. "Happiness is what I am called by my friends; but my enemies, to disparage me, call me Vice."

In the meanwhile, the other woman had arrived, and said, "Hercules, I also have come to address you, because I know your parents, and have observed your disposition as it revealed itself during the training of your childhood; both of which have raised hopes for you within my mind. If now you will direct your steps along the path that leads to my dwelling up yonder, we will both be benefited: you will become an expert performer of what is honorable and noble, while I will gain greater fame through your illustrious deeds.

"However, I will not deceive you with any promises of pleasure; I will set before you things as they really are, and as they have been appointed by the gods: they

grant to mankind nothing that is worth while or preeminent without corresponding care and labor.

"For example, you will have to worship the gods, if you wish them to be propitious to you. If you desire the love of friends, you will have to pay for it by service. You will have to promote the interest of any city whose honors you seek. If you desire your merit to be admired by all of Greece, you will have to earn that admiration by furthering the advantage of Greece. If you want the earth to supply you liberally with fruit, you will have to cultivate it. If you wish to derive profit from herds of cattle, you will have to tend them properly. If you are eager to make your fortune, to insure your friends from enslavement, and to subdue your enemies, you will have to learn the art of war from experts, and practise it successfully. If you desire bodily health and vigor, you will have to train your body to respond to your mind by the discipline of exertion and toil. In other words, you will have to pay for whatever you get."

Interrupting her, Vice urged, "Hercules, notice how difficult and tedious is the road by which that woman would lead you to enjoyment. Compare it with the ease and shortness of my path to perfect happiness!"

"Abandoned creature that you are!" rejoined Virtue, "You know that you do not possess any real good. Unwilling as you are to do anything for the attainment of your desires, the pleasures to which you have access are not real. Not even waiting for the natural appetites of the body, you gorge yourself with dainties before you are able to digest them. You eat before you are hungry, you drink before you are thirsty. The only artists you seek are cooks; the only treasures you hoard are fancy wines. Your only effort is to get things out of season.

"Not even sleep, such as is natural, satisfies you. You expend your ingenuity in devising soft mattresses, and in putting rockers to your couches. You seek all this because the sleep you indulge in is not the result of labor, but the pastime of idleness, sleeping away the most useful part of the day.

"Though you are one of the immortals, the gods have cast you out from their society. Even the good among mankind despise you. You have never heard the sweetest of all possible sounds, namely, praise of yourself. You have been deprived of the sweetest of all sights, for you have never beheld a single meritorious action by your own hand. Who would believe any promise of yours? Who would assist you, were you in want of anything?

"What decent person would join your band of revellers? These revellers become impotent in body, while young; and when old, they become impotent in mind. Their youth is spent so idly that they become stout; their old age, when indeed they should achieve repose, is harassed by need and expedients. Of what they have done they are ashamed; by what they have to do they are disgraced. Having run through all pleasures possible to them in youth, nothing remains for them in age but afflictions.

"As to me, I am the companion of divinities. I am the associate of virtuous men. No honorable deed, divine or human, is ever done without me. Most of all by the deities am I honored. It is the best of all classes by whom I am welcomed; to artisans, I am a cherished helper; to householders, I am a faithful guardian of their interests. To servants, I am a friendly comrade. A benign promoter of the labors of peace, a virile auxiliary in the stress of war, I am to all a faithful friend.

"To my friends especially am I gracious. As they refrain from food till drawn by genuine appetite, they enjoy it to the full. Far sweeter than the sleep of the idle is theirs; neither do they grieve, if they are deprived of some portion of it, nor do they neglect any duty for its sake. The young are pleased with the praises of the old, while the old treasure the honors of the young. Their former actions they remember with pleasure, their present activities are crowned with success. Through my influence they are dear to the divinity, beloved by their friends, honored by their country. At the destined end of their life, they do not lie in oblivion and dishonor, but flourish forever in the memory of mankind by being celebrated in songs of praise.

"It is by such a course of conduct, O well-born Hercules, that you may secure the most exalted happiness!"

## THE RESULTING LIFE OF HERCULES

So Hercules chose Virtue, and through all the difficulties of his career, though often temporarily losing hold of his Guide, nevertheless always found her again. He achieved Twelve great Labors, which have been handed down to us to excite our admiration:

He killed the Nemean lion, strangling him with his own hands. The Lernean hydra had nine heads, but Hercules cut them all off, and he poisoned his arrows in its bile. The Arcadian stag had golden antlers and brazen feet. He pursued it for a whole year, and finally carried it home on his shoulders.

Mount Erymanthus was infested with a boar. Hercules waited till the winter deprived it of food, stalked it over the snow, and drove it into a net. The stables of King Augeas held three thousand oxen, and had not been cleaned for thirty years. Hercules cleansed them in a single day, by leading the rivers Alpheus and Peneus to flow through them. Mars, the god of war had brought up, in the Stymphalian swamp, vultures with brazen claws, wings and beaks, who used their feathers as arrows, and ate human flesh. He frightened them away by a brazen rattle, and killed them with his poisoned arrows.

The island of Crete was infested with a wild bull. Hercules cornered it, and carried it off on his shoulders. King Diomedes fed his mares with human flesh. Hercules caught them, fed their master to them, after which they became perfectly tame. Then he overcame Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, or women-soldiers, and carried off her girdle.

Next he was forced by Eurystheus to fetch the oxen of Geryon, a monster with three bodies, and guarded by a two-headed dog. In the course of finding these he came to the Strait of Gibraltar, on each side of which he erected a pillar so that that Strait became known as the "Pillars of Hercules." Next he was sent to fetch the apples of the Hesperides. Only a certain giant named Atlas could get them, so Hercules offered to take his place at holding on his back the vault of heaven, which the giant Atlas (the Atlas Mountains) supported. When Atlas was freed, he fetched the apples, but refused to undertake that terrible load again; but by a stratagem Hercules released himself. Cerberus was the three-headed dog who guarded the fabulous regions of Tartarus, the Greek hell. Hercules brought him up to King Eurystheus, and took him back. He could not have done this without the active assistance of two divinities, Ares and Athene.

In spite of his strength, Hercules was unfortunate in love, and he died by the treachery of a woman he loved. After death he was taken up to heaven, and thus having been a hero, he became a demi-god, and finally one of the immortals.

It will be seen that most of the Labors of Hercules consisted in what is represented in modern times by house-work and the getting of provisions. It takes a great deal of virtue sometimes to do these simple homely duties well and cheerfully.

# PLATO, Vision of Er, B.C. 429-347

Plato describes his ideal of a state in his Republic, whose climax is 'Alcinoous's Allegory,' relating the post-mortem experiences of the Pamphylian Er, son of Armenius; which story 'can give us salvation by persuading us to live so that we may pass the river Lethe happily by escaping soul-pollution thro' 1, belief in soul immortality; 2, equanimity in enduring vicissitudes; 3, perseverence in the upward road; 4, by prudent pursuit of justice; 5, insuring friendship to ourselves and the gods; 6, both here below and in the future assembly of victors during the journey of a thousand years.'

Er, dying in battle, was, after twelve days, thrown on a funeral pile to be burned, when he woke up, and related that after his death he had come to a certain mysterious hallowed place where sat Judges between twin earth and opposite twin heaven-openings. The just were marked on the foreheads and were directed to the right upwards thro' the heavens, while the unjust, branded behind with what they had done, were driven down to the left.

From the right chasm's millenary punishment ascended, and from the left heaven-

opening's millenary reward,—the 1000 years resulting from ten-fold retribution for a standard 100 year life,—descended dusty, weary travelers who, after salutations, mingled with their friends on a meadow in restful conversation, exchanging news of their purgatorial journey under the earth, or their rewarding heavenly enjoyments and spectacles, whose duration had been 1000 years, as being tenfold a standard 100 year human life-time.

Er specifically relates the fate of a Pamphylian tyrant Aridaeus whose atrocities had been so extraordinary that he would never even come to the satisfaction of Judgment, as the Gates neither could nor would admit him, while fierce fiery men bound him hands and feet, flayed him, dragged him over thorns, explained his wickedness to passers-by, and threw him into Tartarus.

After seven days in the meadow the justified traveled for four days to a super-rainbow-like Pillar that united heaven and earth, and that took a day to approach sufficiently to see that it was the Belt of the entire Universe who was a Spinner named Necessity. On her knees lay an adamant distaff covered with the universe-whirl, which consists of the whirling spheres of the seven planets, within the eighth sphere of the fixed stars, whose motion is contrary to the interior's. The second resembles the fifth, and is brighter than the sixth, the third is white, the fourth reddish, the seventh brightest, and the eighth transparent.

On each concentric circle sits a siren uttering a voice variegated by modulations, all 8 together composing one single harmony. On three thrones flanking Necessity sit her white-robed crowned daughters, Lachesis singing the Past, Clotho the Present, and Atropos the Future.

Now the justified went to Lachesis, where they were lined up by a Prophet who from Lachesis's lap took the life-lots and career-models, climbed a lofty platform and said, "Souls of a day, here is the beginning of a fresh period of humanity. It is not the Guardian Genius who is going to select you, but it is you who shall choose your Guardian Genius. Whoever draws the lowest number, he is entitled first to choose his career, which however becomes unescapable. Virtue is voluntary, and anyone may partake of her in the measure that he honors or dishonors her. The cause is in him who makes the choice; the Deity is blameless."

Then the Prophet threw lots to all, and by his number each chose himself his life-career. 'There lies the whole danger of man. So it is a man's chief duty to become a student and inquirer, expertly intelligent in discerning the goodness or badness of careers, everywhere using the standard of virtue to appraise the value of poverty, riches, descent, privacy, public station, strength or weakness; to be able correctly to compute the destiny-value of a composite life, its significance for becoming just; so as to form an opinion adamantine enough to withstand the vicissitudes of Hades, and avail to choose a middle life, shunning extremes, which yields happiness.' Then each soul chose according to the habit of his former life: Orpheus elected to become a swan, Thamyris and Thersites apes, Ajax a lion, Elpeus a laborer, and Ulysses a backwoodsman.

After their career-choice the souls, in order, went to Lachesis who gave to each the deity he chose, sending Him along to be his life-guardian and accomplisher of his undertakings. Then the souls were led to Clotho who by a spindle-revolution fixed that career's outline, whereafter Atropos span the details, making the destiny irreversible. Passing Necessity's throne, the souls were marched to the desert-plain of Lethe where they drank the memory-quenching streams of Care-release of which stream whoever drinks too much forgets everything. At midnight there was thunder and an earthquake, and like stars all the souls were scattered to the places suitable to their generation.

In this connection it may be well to quote the prayer which closes the Phaedrus: "O beloved Pan and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have a portion of gold only such as a prudent man can either bear or employ."

Socrates was conscious of his demon. 'There is, by divine allotment a certain demon that has followed me, beginning from childhood. This occasional voice informs me what project I am to abandon; it never incites me.'

# CICERO, Dream of Scipio, B.C. 106-43

At a time when Roman armies had acquired Greece's most venerable philosophers as valets (Plato, Diogenes, Epicurus, Epictetus, Zamolxis, Aesop were once slaves), and when Greece's most lovely poetesses and brilliant conversationalists were turned into cringing chambermaids to vulgar and jealous mistresses, no doubt Cicero thought that he was doing Plato a favor by condescending to exploit his Republic, and adapting his Vision of Er into the Dream of Scipio.

On a visit to the African prince Massinissa, who had known his grandfather Africanus, and had held a long conversation about him, Scipio dreamed that Africanus came, greeted him, depicted his future career, and revealed that earth-life is really death, while earthly death is real life. Why therefore not hasten it by suicide? Because heaven is closed to deserters from God-assigned life-duty, and opens only when God releases us from body-imprisonment, during which time we are care-takers of the earth. Therefore cultivate justice and piety to parents and country, which is the path to heaven and the assembly of its inhabitants.

This place, "as you have learned from the Greeks," is the Milky Way. The universe is God's temple; it consists of nine concentric spheres. The outermost is heaven, the residence of the Justified and of God, and is the source of the revolutions of the 7 planets which revolve in a contrary direction, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun who is the soul and guide of the world; then Venus, Mercury and the Moon. Above this everything is eternal, below it everything is transitory, with the central, unmovable earth as goal of gravitation.

Here Scipio heard the harmony of the spheres, a melody composed in unequal time, but divided into regular harmonic effect; the highest notes proceeding from the highest heaven, the lowest from the Moon. As Mercury and Venus sing the same tone, the 8 spheres' tones are only 7, which number is the connecting principle of all things. By imitating this harmony on instruments, learned men open for themselves a way to return to the heavens, as can be done by cultivating heavenly pursuits. Most men are deafened by the earth's sounds just as are the Egyptians dwelling by the Catadupian Nile-Falls, just as men cannot look directly at the Sun.

Glory is but of little account because the earth is really very small, and its habitable portions few. The southern part of the globe and its inhabitants have "no relations with your race," who are bounded by the Caucasus and the Ganges. Then come the periodic earth convulsions and conflagrations. Moreover memory barely spanning an earth-year would never span a "grand year," the ages required for all the planets and constellations to return exactly the same place? Even they who are personally acquainted with you must die and abandon you to oblivion.

As reputation, therefore, is negligible, seek not it, but a true glory, which will last, and is worth while for its own charms,—Virtue. As, except to musicians, the path to heaven lies open only to those who have deserved well of their country, we must ensue that with diligence, not looking on the body, but on the mind as ourselves. For we are really divine beings; and just as supreme eternal Divinity evinces consciousness, sensation, memory and foresight in animating and regulating this world, so must our frail body be animated by an eternal spirit.

Here Cicero borrows from Plato's Phaedrus an argument for the soul's immortality which Macrobius summarizes thus: The soul is self-motive; now self-motion contains the principle of motion; and as the latter is not created neither can the soul be. Therefore employ this divine soul of ours in the noblest pursuits, the noblest cares being those for the safety of your country. The soul that is stirred and agitated by these will quicker fly to its own Home, its heavenly Mansion: and this flight will be all the more rapid if even now while imprisoned within the body it sallies abroad and abstracts itself as much as possible from the body by contemplating these objects beyond it.

To devote our time to physical pleasure is to violate the laws of God and man. Such souls, having escaped from their bodies, hover round the earth and do not return to heaven till they have been tossed about for many ages. Then Scipio awoke.

Macrobius's commentary hereon is mostly antiquated, but it contains one passage of crucial importance: the only explanation so far attempted of the influence of the

birth-time on character. The two solstitial points are gates of the Sun. Cancer's is the Gate of Men, and thro' it souls descend; Capricorn's is the Gate of the Gods, thro' which souls reascend to their seat of immortality among the divinities. This is quoted directly from Numegenius to whom also we may owe the following explanation. The preincarnate soul intoxicated with the oblivifying liquor of Lethe, flows down along Zodiac and Milky Way to the inferior spheres; and as she passes thro' them she takes along additional body-envelopes from the matter of these luminous bodies, thereby acquiring the various faculties she is to exercise during the stay in the body. Thus from Saturn she acquires reasoning and intelligence, from Jupiter executive force, valor from Mars, from the Sun sensation and imagination, from Venus the motion of desires, from Mercury the faculty of expression, and from the Moon the strength necessary to propagate by generation, and make her body grow. This lunar matter is the sediment of the celestial matters, tho' the purest form of animal matter. This is the "universal chain."

## VIRGIL, Vision of Aeneas, B.C. 70-19

Desirous of knowing the issue of his adventurous efforts, Aeneas visited the Cumean Sybil who bade him fetch a golden bough that grew on a cypress by the Avernus mouth. Then in a cave they sacrificed all night, and at dawn the earth quaked, the dogs howled, he drew his sword and followed the Sybil.

They enter hell's Vestibule and see Grief, Cares, Disease, Old Age, Famine, Poverty, Lethargy, Secret Thoughts of Shame, War, Discord, Vain Dreams, Monsters, Gorgons and Harpies. By a path they descend to Tartarean Achaeron whose ferryman Charon refuses to transport the unburied, but takes them by virtue of the Golden Bough. Cerberus then being put to sleep with a medicated cake, the two pass by prematurely deceased infants to the First Gate, whithin which Minos is justifying those who died from false accusations, and suicides are vainly longing for their abandoned opportunities, trying to return.

Then they pass by the Abode of Mourning where grieve disappointed lovers, including Dido, and slain warrior-heroes. Here the path divides; to the left lies Tartarus, where Furies avenge secret crimes, and a vulture mangles Tityus. But by the right they enter a peaceful grove by the banks of the Lethe river, inhabited by a nation of ghosts, like bees.

Here was found his father Anchises who explained that God interpenetrates and vitalizes the universe as our souls keeps the body alive. Hence arise souls which tho' divine are afflicted by evils which must, for a thousand years be purged till the disappearance of all stains, which leaves pure their celestial reason. Then they have to prepare for return into bodies by drinking the Lethe's water of oblivion.

Here Aeneas was introduced to many of his descendants who should achieve fame, including Numa, Caesar and Augustus. Thus Anchises fired Aeneas's soul with love of coming fame, and then informs him how he may shun or surrmount every toil.

There are two Sleep-gates, of which one is said to be of horn, by which an easy egress is given to true Visions; the other is of ivory, thro' which the Infernal Gods send up false dreams to the upper world. It was thro' the latter gate of ivory that Anchises dismissed the visitors to Cumae and the ships.

On his death-bed Virgil tried to destroy the manuscript of this Aenid; which was probably due to his conscience of having, as Macrobius later circumstantially proved in his Saturnalia IV, made a happy combination of Homer's general ideas, mythology and descriptions with Plato's philosophy (the 1000 years,) and the diction of Ennius, and the scenery of Carthage and the Bay of Naples. He succeeded in compounding a charming result not in spite of but because of his faithfulness to the best he learned; we do not begrudge his court favor.

## PLUTARCH, Genius of Socrates, A.D. 1-66

### 1. WHO THE GENII ARE

And Simmias said, 'I think the Genius of Socrates was not a vision of some

kind, but the discernment of a Voice, which reached him in some particular, peculiar manner; just as in dreams one imagines hearing other people talk, though hearing no real voice. Nevertheless one receives sometimes in dreams a real, distinct experience. This may take place because while one sleeps the body enjoys a total stillness and rest, while the condition of those who are awake frequently precludes them from apprehending the motions of the unseen Higher Beings. For not only the chaos of the passions, but the distractions of very many sorts of business stun us so thoroughly that we can neither hear the warning of the Gods, nor, if heard, centre our attention on them. But Socrates, whose pure and passion-free reason had only so much intimacy with his body as might have been unavoidable, felt every motion of the spirit, and was immediately sensitive to every impression. And these impressions were not derived from a mere sound but from the signal, so to speak, of a Genius who, without voice, affected his reason through the object itself. For the Voice might be compared to a blow given to the Soul through which she is forced by means of the sense of hearing to take notice of the usual human speech. But the reason of the Higher Being directs Souls that are fitted for this through the mere touch of the objects thought of, dispensing entirely with the above-mentioned psychic blow.

And the human Soul generally obeys these Higher Beings gladly, whether or not this advance her own desires. In this manner her desires are not antagonized by contrary passions, permitting herself to be gently and willingly governed as by a bridle. This need not seem incredible, when it is considered that a puny rudder turns round the greatest ships of burden, or that the potter's disks permit themselves easily to be turned around by the hand. Although these instruments have no soul, nevertheless they are so well adapted to turn around that on account of their smoothness they may be set in motion at the very first touch. Likewise the human Soul may be directed easier than any other instrument because she is held tense as with ropes by numberless desires. Hence, as soon as anybody's mental incidence affects her she receives the impulse to move in the direction of the thought. All the passions and desires reach far down into the thinking portion of the Soul, so that at the very first tremor of the thought, they are, as it were, attracted to it, and proceed to innervate and draw the outer man.

This circumstance gives us an insight into the inherent power of thought. Bones and nerves have not the slightest sensation, not even the moist flesh; and the heavy body-mass composed of these normally rests inactively quiet. But just let the Soul lay hold on a thought, and direct her efforts towards it, and lo, in a moment this heavy mass is energized, makes its tendons tense, and hastens to execute the mission as with wings. For just as a motive merely thought, without any voice, easily sets the body in motion, just in the same manner, methinks, it is not impossible that a human reason might be held by a Higher Reason, a human Soul by a Diviner Soul. This might take place by a sort of external touch, illustrated by the manner in which answers and questions intermingle in a conversation, and by the intermingling of light and reflection. For ultimately we recognize another's thought by the help of his voice, just as if we were groping in the dark. But the thoughts of the Genii have a certain splendor, so to speak, which of itself streams out upon the worthily receptive, without the intermediation of words or symbols—such symbols as humans are forced to employ to one another; which are therefore only pictures or silhouettes of the thoughts. These themselves are not generally perceived clearly, except of course by those who possess a certain portion of the Divine Light.

The process by which the Voice itself reaches us may also inspire us with confidence. The voice is, as it were, conducted into the soul of the hearers by the air that at first is only thrown into vibrations by the single articulate sounds, and later is transmuted into voice and speech. What wonder then that this air also, which so easily assumes every form and shape, should in like manner receive the thoughts of Higher Beings, and expresses the meaning of the thoughts of the Divine Being or Superior Divine Human Being. The blows and knocks of soldiers who are digging mines may be noticed easily by the reverberation of the brazen shields, because the sound proceeding upward from the depths is able to throw these into vibration, although remaining unnoticed in any other manner. This is exactly the

state of affairs with the utterances of the Genii. They elicit no response, nor awake any sympathetic vibration in any except those few whose nature is a quiet temperament and a passionless mood, and whom therefore we call properly Holy and Divine Men.

It is usually supposed that the Genius of a man gives his revelation in sleep only, and it is usually supposed ridiculous and incredible that He should by the same process impress those who are in their waking condition, in their full normal consciousness. Such a supposition would find analagy in an artist who should play upon a lyre whose strings were loose, but who were unable to perform on one strung tense, and attuned.

Evidently the real cause of non-reception is the unrest, the inharmoniousness of the human breast—of all of which our friend Socrates was entirely free. Indeed, this had already been prophesied of him as a child, in the Oracle received by his father.

For the Oracle commanded that the father should permit Socrates to carry out an idea that came into his mind, without forcing him to, or hindering him from anything. He was to leave him a free rein to his desires, and do for him nothing more than to make vows in his behalf to Zeus of the Market-places, and to the Muses; but beyond this to take no anxiety whatever about his son, inasmuch as he possessed already within himself a path-finder through his life, which was better than a thousand teachers.

"This, O my dear Phidolaos, is the opinion I have always held about the Genius of Socrates, both during his life-time, and since his decease—paying no attention whatsoever to those who accepted a sneeze, or any such thing as a direct revelation from the Gods."

## 2. THE DREAM OF TIMARCHUS

"And yet," continued Simmias, "as to that which I have heard Timarchus of Cheronea relate about the matter might easily be considered a fairy-tale, so it may be better to refrain from saying anything further about it."

"No, no," cried Theocritus, "fairy-tales sometimes hit the truth, more than a little. But, to begin with, tell us who this Timarchus was—I never heard of the man."

"No wonder, dear Theocritos," rejoined Simmius, "for he died a very young man. Before his death he begged Socrates to have him buried next to his son Lamprokles, one of his friends and equal-aged companions.

"This Timarchus was a youth of lofty thought who had been but of late initiated into philosophy. He longed most earnestly to understand the real nature of the Genius of Socrates.

"And with this purpose in view, without informing any one but me and Kebes, he descended into the Cave of Trophonius, in the Boeotian city of Lebadaea, after he had carefully observed all the ceremonies usual in the Temple of this Oracle. He staid in the Cave two nights and a day. The greater number already mourned him as dead, when, in the morning, he came out happy and in good spirits. He expressed gratitude to the Divinities, and after he had torn himself loose from the surrounding crowds, he related to us many marvels he had seen and heard.

"After he had climbed down to the Oracle, he found himself at first, as he told us, in a deep darkness. He addressed supplications to the Gods, and for a certain period of time lay without being exactly conscious, whether he was awake or dreaming. It seemed to him, however, that a sort of blow had struck his head, through which the sutures of his cranium relaxed, so as to afford egress to his Soul. She immediately swung herself upwards, and after having, to her great delight, disported herself by commingling with the circumambient pure and transparent air, she seemed to refresh herself from the life-long oppression to which she had been subjected in the body; and then she began to grow larger, just as a sail filled by the wind.

"Hereupon he heard, passing over his head, a charming rustling sound. Looking up, he failed to perceive the earth any more, but a multitude of islands, illuminated by a serenely radiant effulgence, revolving cyclically in an ocean shimmering with variegated tints of cerulean blue, thus producing the Aeolian harmony that so delighted Timarchus as to make him understand these were the Isles of the Blest.

"But as he looked beneath himself, he saw a monstrous Abyss, round in form, as if it had been cut out by the falling of a ball. It was horribly deep, and full of thick darkness, which whirled around restlessly, seemingly endeavoring to overflow the crater. Timarchus was almost terrified by the sounds which proceeded thence —a thousandfold groaning and howling of living beings, a loud moaning of children, a mingled plaint of men and women, a chaos of screams, which rose up in a horrible roar from the very entrails of the Abyss.

"After some time, without seeing anybody, Timarchus heard the words 'Timarchus, what desirest thou to know?' 'Everything!' rejoined he quickly. 'But first, what is that mass of Stars which are flitting around the Abyss, some dipping into it, others rising out of it again?' 'Then you do not know,' said the Invisible, 'that you are beholding the Genii? Let me explain to you the condition of affairs.

"Every Soul, as such, is partaker of the Divine Reason; and there is not one of them entirely devoid of Reason or Thought. Only that part of a Soul which mingles itself with the flesh and the passions suffers a transformation, and degenerates through appetites or suffering into stupitity. Nevertheless, not every Soul mingles herself in the same manner. Some of them sink into the body in their totality, and through passion are entirely corrupted and destroyed during life. Others mingle themselves only partially, and their purest part remains outside the body, and will in no wise permit itself to be drawn down into the flesh. It swims on the surface of the Man, so to speak, touching only his head, acting like an upper anchor for the portion sunk in the body, and which can act as a platform on which the Soul may from time to time refresh herself, in the measure that she is docile, and does not permit herself to be quite overwhelmed by the passions. That part which is sunk in the body is usually called 'soul,' and that part which remains free from danger, the greater part of men call 'reason,' and imagine it inheres in them, just as if the objects reflect in a mirror inhered in it. But the Wise believe it is located outside the man, and call it his 'Genius.'

"Now, as to the stars you see, you must know that those that seem to grow dim are souls which are just now sinking themselves entirely into the body; those which are growing brighter again, and shine from above, just as if they were swinging themselves up from the depths, and are shaking off from themselves a sort of dark mist like dust, are such souls as are, after death, swimming back out of their bodies. Finally those which are hovering on high, are Genii of wise and discerning humans.

"Make an effort, and see whether you can become conscious of the tie by which each of them is united to its Soul."

"Timarchus, paying closer attention, noticed that the Stars swayed, some more some less, just as one sees corks swaying on the water-surface, serving as indicators of the nets beneath. Some, indeed, swayed as much as shuttles do, and could not make any motion in a straight line on acount of the unequal, self-confused burden they upheld. The Voice instructed Timarchus on this point:

"Those whose motion is straight and orderly have docile souls, with whom the sub-rational part has, through nourishment and education, been prevented from becoming hard and rough. But those which flit up and down in a disorderly fashion, behaving as if tugged by a rope are those who have to do with a contrary and poorly-reared nature. At one time They win the victory, taming the Souls by enforcement on them of higher leadings; but soon, sucked back by the old habit of sinning, the Souls are at once more contrary. For whenever the Genius pulls the cord with which the animal part of the Soul is, as it were, harnessed, this effects what is known as the Repentance of Sins, and Sincere Shame concerning the lusts, desires and motions of the flesh.

"These are the chastisements by which the nobler part holds the soul in check, as with a bridle, until by repeated punishments, like a tamed animal, she finally becomes so meek as to be obedient to each nod and signal of her Genius without blows or suffering. But such Souls are brought back to their duty very slowly and very late; but those which prove docile to their Genius from birth constitute that class of men known as Soothsayers, whose prayers the Gods respect.

"Of such a kind was the soul of Hermodorus the Klazomenian, which abandoned the body at will, both by day and night, wandering anywhere, and returning after

having seen and heard all sorts of things, at all distances. This she did continually until, through treachery of his own wife, his enemies seized his soul-forsaken body, and burned it together with his house. But this is not quite accurate: the Soul never entirely abandoned his body; but at times yielding to the Genius, loosened and lengthened the connecting bond, so that she was enabled to travel around the world in a manner such as to report all she had seen and heard outside. They however, who, during sleep, destroyed his body, are yet being punished therefor in Tartarus.

"You will understand all this far more clearly in three months, O youth.

"Now you may return."

"As the Voice ceased, Timarchus intended to turn around, to see Who had been conversing with him; but he suddenly felt a racking pain in the head, as if it were being pressed together violently, and now he no longer saw or heard aught of what was transpiring around him. Shortly, however, he came to himself, lying near the entrance of the Cave of Trophonius, just where he had first lain down.

"This is the Dream of Timarchus. He returned to Athens, and died three months later, as the Voice had prophesied; but we, marvelling, recounted this Dream to Sokrates, he chode with us that we had told him nothing of it during the life-time of Timarchus, from whom he would have liked to get the details more exactly."

Hereupon Theanor said, "It seems to me that this Story of Timarchus should be considered sacred, and be preserved unaltered as dedicated to the Divinities; and I should be much astonished if anybody should doubt what we have heard."

## 3. 'THE CARE OF THE GENII'

Now it is not uncommon to speak of the divinity of Nature, and of swans and serpents, and dogs, and horses; why should we then hesitate to assert that Man is divine, and may become a favourite of the Divinities, the more especially as it is granted that the Divinity is the Father of all?

A horse-fancier does not, merely on account of his being such, extend his care to all specimens of the genus Horse indiscriminately; he selects the best one obtainable, separates it from the rest, tends it, cherishes it, and loves it particularly.

Just so do the Higher Beings deal with us: They impress their mark only on the best, whom They separate from the common herd, endow with peculiar and more excellent training, and govern them not indeed with bit and bridle, but by their reason, through certain signs, of which the common herd does not even have the faintest conception.

Not all dogs know the signals of the hunters; nor indeed all horses know the signals of the riders; only they who have been properly trained comprehend the task at the first whistle or chirrup, and gladly carry it out. Even Homer seems to be acquainted with this difference between men. Some of the soothsayers he calls augurs, others priests; and of some he thinks that they converse with the Gods, and prophesy future events; so,

"Yet the decision reached by the Gods
"In council, was perceived in the spirit
"By Helenos, Priam's son."

Also, "For I have heard
The Voices of the immortal Gods."

Kings and generals publish their orders by beacons, by the public crier, or by the sound of trumpets; but to their intimates and friends they announce decisions personally of mouth.

Just so the Divinity converses personally only with a very few, and that rarely; but He announces decisions to the crowds by signs and omens, wherefrom has risen the whole art of augury. So there are never but a very few at any time whom the Divinities single out by such favours, and whom it is Their purpose to make blessed and really divine.

But those souls which have freed themselves from generation, who have no further commerce with the body, and now enjoy unbounded freedom, these now become Genii, who, as Hesiod says, care for the weal of Humanity.

Like athletes, who even when forced by age to discontinue training, do not necessarily cease struggling for fame and bodily perfection, but rather enjoy the spectacle

of others exercising, encouraging them, and persistently standing by their side—just like these athletes is it with those Souls who, after liberation from the battles of this life, have been, on account of their former virtues, or rather by them, promoted to the condition and dignity of Genii. Because of this their promotion, They do not necessarily scorn or ignore the conversations, circumstances and efforts of men; rather, They show kindliness to all who are struggling after the same end, support them in their zeal for virtue, and spur them on the more continually by encouragements the closer they seem to be to the goal of their hopes, or, indeed, behold them already nearly touching it.

For the Genii do not, indiscriminately, accept the charge of anybody. When persons are swimming in the ocean, far from the land, and are battling with the waves, by-standers on the shore can do no more than look on silently; but those who are near the shore can be met in the water by persons running through the surf, to help them with hand and voice, and restore them to life. My friend, the Genii do likewise. When they see us dive into the floods of business, seizing hold of one thing after another as a hope of salvation, they leave us fight it out alone, that we may learn endurance, and may through our own vim reach port.

When however a soul through many births has endured willingly and successfully heavy battles, and when, at the end of her course this soul courageously defies danger, and even in the face of defeat struggles, with extreme exertions, to climb upwards, then the Divinity does not dislike to see that the soul's Genius helps her, so the Genius's good offices are given full freedom. Each Genius has his own soul, which he tries to save by encouragements. She, being near him, and hearing him is saved; but she who does not, is abandoned to misfortune.

## PLUTARCH, Vision of Thespesius, A.D. 1-66

As Plutarch was high-priest of Apollo at Delphi, we may accept this visionary description of how "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine" as a publication of the contemporary mysteries, especially as the Orphic mysteries are the most reasonable explanation of his Orphic reference.

When young, Thespesius of Soli had been a spendthrift, and he tried to recoup himself by villany. Accidentally he fell from a height and seemed dead. After three days he was about to be buried when he awoke, and showed himself to be morally reformed. People asked the reason for the change, and he related this:

At first he felt like a pilot violently thrown overboard into the sea. On recovering breath, one of his soul-eyes opened, he saw immense stars, and found that he could move around at will. Dead souls floated around like fiery bubbles that burst and assumed human form. They moved around differently, promiscuously, stupidly, yelling and wailing. He thought his name had been Aridaeus (a Platonic name for an execrable tyrant), but an old acquaintance announced to him that henceforth it should be Thespesius (meaning divinely sweet, that God alone can pronounce, ineffable). It seems he had come here only in intellect, having left the rest of his soul as an anchor in his body; which was demonstrated by his eyelids moving, and by his casting a shadow, which is not the case with the wholly dead.

He discovered that the Supreme Divinity was Adrasteia, daughter of Zeus and Necessity, and that no criminal could escape. There are also three Officials, named Vengeance, Justice and the Furies, who punish progressively. If earthy Vengeance is not sufficient to purify the soul, Justice strips off all her garments and exhibits her secrets to her friends. Some souls then are revealed as brown from covetousness, red from cruelty, blue with sensuality or violet from malice. Such colors persist so long as the souls have relapses of passion, and as the souls are gradually chastened they become bright, while those who do not improve are sucked into the bodies of animals.

Finally Thespesius drifted into an abyss where he felt powerless. It was like a beautiful forest, fragrant, pleasurable, intoxicating. It is called the Vale of Oblivion, wherethro' Bacchus bore Semele to heaven. Hence Thespesius had to be dragged, warned that by the pleasure his intellect would be moistened, producing desire for generation, and consequent reincarnation.

Next Thespesius arrived to a crater into which emptied rivers of different colors which were mingled by three Genii. It was only as far as here that came Orpheus when seeking Eurydice; for wrongly did he remember his experiences, and failed to announce that the Delphian Oracle was common to Night and the Moon, and is not limited to any one place, but wanders everywhere in dreams and visions.

That was the voice of the Sybil who sang about the Future, as she was being carried about in the Moon's orb; and here Thespesius heard confused snatches prophesying his hour of death, Vesuvius erupting, Vespasian sick.

Then Thespesius and his guide found themselves among acquaintances, friends and kinsfolk of his who were for their sins being tortured to compel them to confess their inmost secrets. Thespesius wished to escape, but his guide disappeared and fiends drove him among criminals who having on earth already undergone some punishment here escaped more lightly. Here several interlaced souls gnawed at each other. Misers were being punished by being dipped successively in three parallel lakes of molten gold, lead and iron.

Most pitiable of all were the tortures of those who had apparently escaped Justice on earth, and the results of whose sins had fallen upon their children and descendants, because they seemed almost never ending; no sooner had one former victim accused him, and had him punished, and agreed to his release, but another aggrieved victim arrived, haled him to Justice, and gloatingly stood by during his renewed tortures, and so on indefinitely.

Then Thespesius saw the souls whose punishment was to return to earth in animal bodies, to fit into which their human souls had to be hacked to pieces. So the matricide Nero was being whittled down to fit into a Pindaric viper, an animal which reaches light only by biting its way out thro' its mother's womb; but was finally let off with the milder doom of becoming a frog, in consideration of his having spared Greece.

Thespesius wanted to return; but a giantess wanted to help him remember what he had seen by striking him with a red hot bar. But suddenly he felt himself sucked up by a violent wind as thro' a pipe, and lit on his body. So he woke and found himself near the tomb prepared for him.

This extract is from Plutarch's treatise. On those who by the Deity are Punished Late, which with his other Moral Treatises, on Education, on Love, on Virtue and Vice, on Abundance of Friends, on Unmasking a Flatterer, on Utilizing Enemies, on Curiosity, on Shyness, on Restraining Anger, on Praise Unenvied, on Exile, and on Misfortune, shows that the Delphian high-priest of Apollo based his religion on character.

It was on this foundation of morality that Plutarch revealed Greek mysteries in his Isis and Osiris, on the Cessation of Oracles, on the Pythian Responses, on the Lunar Face, on the Delphian Symbolic E. His valedictory is significant: it is on Superstition, urging the shunning thereof no less than of Atheism in favor of the Middle Road of True Religion.

So Plutarch stands revealed as not only a moralist and theosophist (a practicer and teacher of religion,) but a man of common-sense and judgment who shed lustre on mysteries.

## PLUTARCH, Story of Sylla, A.D. 1-66

In the course of a pilgrimage from temple to temple in search of initiations, Sylla met a Stranger from the North, (perhaps the Druids in Mona?) who said that man was threefold: his body furnished by the earth, the soul by the moon, and the mind by the sun. The dropping of the body constitutes the first-death, which leaves a soul-mind entity which, on the moon, by the "only-begotten" (making single) Persephone, undergoes the second-death, the separation of soul and mind. What is their fate? If vital enough, souls reincarnate in monsters but are ultimately reabsorbed by the Moon. The mind, desiring to reach and unite with the solar Image, the Desirable, Beautiful, Divine and Blissful, becomes the Spectre, the intelligence's Portrait, which abandons the soul after having molded it to its own likeness. The Sun then reimpregnates it with vital force, producing new souls which glide down to the earth

via solar Atropos, lunar Clotho, and terrestrial Lachesis, who endows with fortune.

After first-death soul-minds are either chastened in sub-lunar purgatory, or rest in Hades-Meadow. They arrive in the Moon like victors in games, wearing plumed crowns inscribed "Constancy" for having subdued passions by reason. Then they become Genii and return to earth to inspire oracles, to direct mystery-initiations, to punish sinners, and to shine as saviors in battle or at sea. Should even they misbehave, they are chastened in the Lunar Face's chief blotch-abyss 'Hecate's Dungeon,' the others being passages down and (Elysium) up.

## EPICTETUS, Morals, A.D. 60

God (Zeus) hath placed by the side of each a man's own Guardian Spirit, who is charged to watch over him—a Guardian who sleeps not nor is deceived. For to what better or more watchful Guardian could He have committed each of us? So when you have shut the doors and made a darkness within, remember never to say you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your Guardian Spirit, and what light do they need to behold what you do?

## APULEIUS, The Genius of Socrates, A.D. 130

### 1. PLATO'S DIVISION OF NATURE

Considering nature especially in connection with its constituent living beings, Plato divided it into three parts: the superior, intermediary and inferior divinities. They differ of course not only by distance of space, but also by excellence of nature; and this he decides from not one or two, but from many considerations.

### 2. IMMORTAL DIVINITIES ABIDE IN HEAVEN

For the sake of clearness, Plato begins by a distinction of residence; and, appropriately to their majesty, he assigns the heaven to the immortal deities.

### 3. DIVINITIES PARTLY VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

These celestial deities are partly observable by our eyes, and partly to be apprehended by our intelligence. Thus it is our eyes that behold

You, O brightest lights of the world,
In the skies lead the march of the year.

### 4. THE SUN AND MOON ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT LUMINARIES

These divinities that we see are however not the only principal ones, such as the sun, creator of the day, and to the moon, the sun's rival, and the splendor of the nights, which appears under the form of a crescent, or half, three quarters, or full; a torch with varying light, so much more luminous as it grows distant from the sun, and which, growing, advancing in regular proportions, measures the months by equal waxing and waning.*

### 7. THE INVISIBLE DEITIES

There is another class of deities which nature has withheld from our sight, but which the meditations of intelligence have revealed to us, when we scrutinize them with the eyes of our mind. Among them are the following twelve, by Ennius ingeniously enshrined in two verses:

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus and Mars, Mercury, Jove, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo. To these should be added others of the same nature, whose names are long since familiar to us, and whose powers we recognize by the services they render us in the practice of life, according to their various attributes.

### 8. THE WORSHIP OF THE VULGAR IS UNWORTHY

By the bye, the unholy crowds, ignorant of philosophy, of sacredness, of the rational, of religion and truth, outrages the divinities either by too scrupulous a worship,

*The omitted paragraphs are at the end of the book because needless, disturbing and explicitly parenthetic.

or by an insolent scorn, towards them practising either superstition or disdain, terror or arrogance. Indeed, all these divinities that reside in the upper celestial regions, far from all human contact, generallly to receive homage, but of an irregular nature; they are indeed unanimously feared, but with an ignorant terror; they are indeed denied by a small number of the impious.

## 9. PLATO'S DESCRIPTION OF THEIR NATURE

Plato attributes to these divinities natures that are incorporeal and animated, as much without end as without beginning; as eternal in the past as in the future; essentially foreign to all intercourse with bodies, from their very origin predestined to supreme felicity, participating in no external good, being good in themselves, and approaching their objectives by a movement that is easy, simple, free, and without hindrance.

## 10. THE SUPREME BEYOND DESCRIPTION

The father of these divinities is the creator and master of all existent nature. Being beyond the need of suffering or doing anything, he is by no circumstance subjected to the cares of any duty. But how should I undertake to speak adequately of him, when Plato, the divinely eloquent, whose profundity of reason equaled that of the immortals, continually declares that this being alone, by its incredible and inexpressible grandeur, exceeds the limitations of human language; that there is no discourse capable of representing him, even though inadequately; and that even the sages can hardly understand him, when the vigor of their souls has, to the best of their ability, unloosed them from the body; and even then he appears only at intervals, like the lightning, whose rapid, sparkling trace has for a moment fulminated across the thickest darkness.

## 11. MAN'S NATURE IS DEGRADED

I must therefore stop here, where I am not alone in being overwhelmed with weakness, since my master Plato himself was unable to discover any expression worthy of the grandeur of the subject. I hasten to withdraw before a subject that by so far exceeds my mediocrity. I shall from heaven draw my thought to the earth, where, among animals, man holds the first rank. Still the greater part of us, by our lack of interest in morality, have become so depraved and soiled with errors and such revolting crimes, that we have forsworn the natural gentleness characteristic of our nature, to become brutes and maniacs, so that man here below may appear the lowest of the brutes. But my present object is not to discuss about the errors of humanity but to proceed to an analysis of his nature.

## 12. PSYCHOLOGY INDIVIDUAL AND RACIAL

Therefore I begin: men are gifted with reason, and endowed with speech; their soul is immortal, their body is perishable; their mind is anxious and flighty, their organs are crude and subject to degeneration. Differing by their customs, they resemble each other by their errors; they are bold in undertakings to the point of audacity; they extend hope to the point of foolhardiness; and ever sustained by assurance, they devote themselves to useless labors, while being the playthings of inconstant fortune. Mortal individually, they are immortal racially, which refreshes and reproduces itself. Early consumed by the passage of time, only late do they achieve wisdom, perishing early, and complaining incessantly; the earth is their abode.

## 13. DISTINCTION BETWEEN MEN AND DIVINITIES

We therefore have two species of animated beings; men and divinities; the latter differing from the former by the elevation of their abode, by the perpetuity of their life, and the perfection of their nature. No affinity approximates them to us; since their sublime mansions are separated from our mean regions by an incommensurable distance; for on one side existence is ever youthful and inexhaustible, on the other fragile and fugitive; since the spirits of the divinities dominate in the midst of beatitude, while those of men creep in a vale of miseries.

## 14. AN IMPASSABLE GAP BETWEEN MAN AND GOD

What then, does nature lack some bond by which it may be related to itself? Has nature rendered itself sterile by dividing itself, by segregating itself in a nature human,

and one divine? For, as Plato again says, no divinity is mingled with men; and the most obvious proof of their sublimity is that they never degrade themselves by contact with us. Some of them only are visible to our feeble sight; namely, the stars; and even about the size and color of these men are not agreed. But as to the other divinities, it is to the understanding alone that it is given to conceive of them, and even that slowly. Besides, this should not be a matter of surprise as regards the immortal divinities, since, even among men, he whom the high favors of fortune have elevated to that trembling and uncertain post called a throne, allows himself but rarely to be approached, drives away all witnesses and spends his life as it were in the sanctuary of his own greatness; for familiarity breeds contempt, and the rareness of intercourse enhances admiration.

## 15. THIS SUBLIMITY OF DIVINITIES AMOUNTS TO AN ABANDONMENT OF HUMANITY

Well then, I hear someone object, what recourse have I, according to your opinion? It is no doubt quite celestial; but almost inhuman, if indeed it be true that the immortal gods wholly repel men, and that these, relegated on this earth as in a real gehenna, are deprived of all communication with the inhabitants of heaven; if none of the divinities watches over human beings, as the shepherd over his flock, or the stable-man over his horses, as the herdsman over his cattle; if none of them busies himself with the limiting of the evil, with healing the sick, with alleviating poverty. No, say you, no divinity intervenes in mundane affairs. To whom then shall I address my prayers? To whom then shall I make my vows? To whom then shall I slaughter my sacrifice? Whom then shall I during my whole life invoke, as the support of the unfortunate, as the protector of the innocent, as the enemy of the perverse? Whom then shall I, as happens in so many circumstances, cite as the witness of my oaths? Shall I, as does Virgil's Ascanius, say,

'Shall I swear by my head, as did my father before me?'

No doubt, Iulus, your father could make use of such attestation in the midst of Trojans who were of the same race as he, and even perhaps among the Greeks whom he had learnt to know in the midst of battles. But among the Rutulians, whom on the contrary you know only so recently, if no one is acquainted with this head, what divinity will assume responsibility for this head? Will it be your arm and your spear? Or, like the implacable Mezentius, whose only veneration is addressed to the weapons he uses, will you say,

'My only divinity is my right arm, and the weapon I hurl.'

Far from us be divinities so cruel; a hand wearied with slaughter, a spear rusted with blood are not worthy of veneration. Do not, therefore, swear by such objects; for an oath is an honor owed to the master of the immortals. For according to the explanation of Ennius, the Latin word for oath, "jusjurandum," is derived from Jupiter's law, "Jovis jurandum."

## 16. PLATO TEACHES THE EXISTENCE OF INTERMEDIARY DIVINITIES

What then is left to do? Should we adopt the ancient Roman custom of swearing by Jupiter's rock? Surely, according to Plato's theories, that no divinity ever communicated with a human being, this stone will hear me more easily than Jupiter. But the mistake is here, and through me it is Plato speaking, here is the point. I do not, says he, proclaim divinities so distinct and separate from us, that, by my theories, no wish of ours could ever reach them. I separate them, not from the solicitude, but from the administration of human affairs. For there exist certain intermediary divine powers whose abodes are the aerian spaces situated between the vault of heaven and our humble dwelling place; and it is by their intermediation that our wishes and our deserts reach the divinities themselves. The Greeks call them 'daimones,' (a word that since then has been corrupted to signify devils; and which therefore we shall have to reproduce by the word 'genius,' or 'guardian').

## 17. OCCUPATION OF THE GUARDIAN DIVINITIES

Between the dwellers on earth and in heaven they are messengers of prayer and benefits; carrying hence requests, and bringing hither assistance, acting as ambassadors

and interpreters. It is they also, as thinks Plato in his 'Banquet,' who preside over all revelations, over divers miracles of magicians and over presages of all kinds. Each one fulfils the special detail to which he has been assigned, such as the composition of dreams, the arrangement of the entrails of the victims, the flight of the birds, the burden of their song, the inspiration of the diviners, the direction of lightning, or their shine in the clouds; in short they regulate all that discovers the future; and it is quite convincing that if this whole class of facts emanates from the will, power and authority of the celestial divinities, the actual carrying out thereof must be due to the docility, zeal and service of the guardians. It was therefore by their intermediation, activity and care that in a dream Hannibal is threatened with the loss of an eye; that the sight of the entrails of a victim announced to Flaminius the danger of a defeat; and that the augurs predicted to Navius Attius the miracle of the stone. It was also by them that was revealed to mortals precursory signs of coming royal dignity; like the eagle who placed a cap on the head of Tarquin, and like the flame that illuminated the forehead of Servius Tullius. Moreover all the predictions of the augurs, the expiation practised by the Etrurians, the sheep slaughtered by the interpreters of lightnings, the verses of the Sybils, all these are offices devolving on certain powers intermediary between gods and men. For it would not suit the majesty of the celestial divinities for any of them to take a part in the dreams of Hannibal, should mutilate the entrails of the victim under the hand of Flaminius, should direct the flight of the bird consulted by Attius Navius, should versify the prophecies of the Sybil, should remove Tarquin's cap, only to return it to him, and should, without burning, illuminate the forehead of Servius. It is not the business of immortal divinities to descend so low. These details are the office of intermediary divinities, who in space inhabit the plains contiguous both to heaven and earth, in the same way as different beings occupy in nature special habitats; some flying in the air, other walking on earth.

## 18. WHY SHOULD THE SKY ALONE LACK INHABITANTS?

Indeed, since there are four well-known elements, establishing in nature, as it were, four grand realms; since there are animals suitable to the earth, others to the water, and again to the fire,—for, according to Aristotle, within ardent furnaces flutter certain particular animated beings (named salamanders), possessing wings, passing their whole existence in the fire, being born, and perishing with it,—since, besides, so many different stars, as we have said above, shine above us in the empyrean, namely, in the midst of the most subtle fire; why alone should air, this fourth element, whose extent is so vast, alone be void of all living beings? Why should air alone be devoid of inhabitants? Why should not air produce animals, as fire produces fiery ones, the water, fluid ones, and the earth, those limited to the ground? It would doubtless be an error to assign the air as the dwelling of the birds, inasmuch as no bird flies higher than the peak of Olympus, the highest of the mountains, which, nevertheless, according to the calculation of the geometricians, is not higher than ten stadia; while there is an incommensurable extent of air reaching to the first circle of the moon, beyond which alone, to speak accurately, begins the elementary fire.

## 19. BIRDS ARE STILL TERRESTRIAL

According to this, what decision shall we arrive at concerning the great extent of air which is situated between the last regions of the moon and the highest peak of Olympus? What, could this vast extent be denuded of animals? Should one whole realm of nature be impotent and sterile? For, if you study the matter, the birds should properly be considered terrestrial, rather than aerial; it is on the earth that they constantly pass their life, that they take their food, and enjoy sleep; only, when they fly, they pass through the air nearest to our globe, and besides, when they have wearied their wings which serve them as oars, the earth becomes for them a welcome harbor.

## 20. A PRIORI DESRIPTION OF DENIZENS OF THE AIR

If then, driven by manifest logic, we admit the existence of living denizens of the air, it remains for us to consider what we might suppose their nature to be. They could not possibly be terrestrial, because their weight would make them sink; they are not igneous, for heat would volatilize them. We must therefore suppose some intermediary nature, in view of the space they occupy, and the very atmosphere of the

region would determine the character of its denizens. We must therefore imagine and conceive bodies so constituted as to be neither as gross as those of the earth, nor as light as those of the sky; bodies which, by certain attributes, differ from the former and the latter, or from both, according as we would avoid or admit the participation of both natures. But let us at once acknowledge that the hypothesis which would admit the mixture would be conceived more readily than the one that would avoid it.

## 21. THE CLOUDS FURNISH AN ADEQUATE ILLUSTRATION

Consequently, the bodies of these guardian divinities will have to exert some weight, so as not to gravitate upwards; and also some imponderability, so as not to be drawn downwards. But, lest after the manner of poets I should indeed seem to be presenting to you incredible fancies, I shall at once give you an example of this intermediary equilibrated state. Some adumbration of this subtlety of bodies may be seen in the formations of clouds. If these were too light, by absolute lack of weight, they would never, as we often see them, sink beneath the crest of mountains, surrounding the summit of some gigantic peak like a crown or collar. If on the other hand they were naturally of a density and weight such as that they were not raised by participation of any principle of buoyancy, they would, of their own weight, fall like a stone, or a disk of lead, and would break themselves down against the ground. By far contrary to that, suspended and free in movement, they fly like vessels governed by winds in the oceans of the airs, and insensibly change their shape as they draw near or away from us. When pregnant with moisture, they descend, as it were to be delivered of their burden. So it is the most waterladen that wander nearest the earth, and whose dark flanks move slowest; while the less loaded flit higher up in the sky; and like flakes of dazzling fleece they fly with rapidity. Do you not remember those elegant verses of Lucretius about the thunder,

> When the regions of the sky are shaken by the noise of thunder,
> It is because the sublimely soaring aetherial clouds
> Rush together against the opposing winds.

## 22. THE BODIES OF THE GUARDIANS ARE FAR MORE SUBTLE

Now if the clouds flit in the sky, arising wholly from the earth, and returning thither, we must refine this illustration to conceive of the bodies of the guardian divinities, whose bodies are far less compact and more subtle. Not like the clouds, indeed, do they consist of a formless and heavy agglomeration of impure vapors; being formed of the most subtle, limpid and serene element of the air. It is not therefore to the first comer that it is given to observe them; only to a divine sense do they become visible, because they possess none of that material opacity which intercepts light, which resists vision, and which necessarily while intercepting visual rays. The tissues of their bodies are so fine, that they escape our observation; so splendid that they dazzle us; and so transparent that they offer no vibratory resistance.

## 23. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THIS IS HOMER'S MINERVA

It is in such a category that we must classify Homer's Minerva when she intervenes among the Greeks to repress the anger of Achilles, at the order of Juno:

Visible for him alone, no one else beholds her.

Such also must have been Virgil's Juturna, who mingles with numerous warriors to assist her brother:

In the midst of the soldiers she remained unseen,

and she produces an effect exactly contrary to the soldier of Plautus, who was so proud of his shield with which

He dazzles the eyes of his proud enemies.

## 24. DESCRIPTION OF THE POETS FIGMENTS

To avoid unnecessary extending of myself on such examples it is generally in this class of guarding divinities that the poets, who indeed come very near the truth, invent divinities protective of or inimical to certain mortals, who strive to raise and assist some, while they persecute and abase others. These divinities are by poets endowed with pity, indignation, sadness, joy, and all the remaining human affections;

and represents them, like us, floating on the tides of a tumultuous imagination over the abysses of the heart, and the oceans of the soul.

## 25. NONE OF THESE AFFECTIONS COULD AFFECT HIGHER DIVINITIES

Now these tempests and troubles are banished far from the tranquil sphere occupied by the heavenly divinities. The denizens of the celestial vaults constantly maintain their soul in an unchanged state, and enjoy an eternal calm. Never does joy or sorrow impel their souls to exceed its proper limits; never do they abandon their invariable, permanent situation by a sudden alteration. They are not exposed to suffer foreign violences, for nothing is more powerful than a divinity; nor any spontaneous movement, for nothing is more perfect than a divinity. Could we predict a perfection of a being who would pass from a former to a more regular condition? This is the case all the more that no new situation is spontaneously sought except after dissatisfaction with the earlier; to decide on such a change constitutes a condemnation of the preceding condition.

## 26. CELESTIAL DIVINITIES ARE IMPASSIBLE

That is why no divinity could experience any temporal affection, whether of hate or of affection; consequently he would be inaccessible to indignation or pity, to crises of anguish, to twinges of pain, or transports of delight. Free from all the passions of the soul, he must never be grieved, nor rejoiced, never experience the pangs of appetite, nor sudden aversions.

## 27. SUCH AFFECTIONS WOULD EXACTLY SUIT GUARDIAN DIVINITIES

But these and similar motions would exactly suit the intermediary state of the guardian divinities, who mediate between the divinities and us, both of the space they occupy, and the nature of their mind, being like the divinities immortal, and like us subject to passion. Indeed they are accessible to all the affections that excite or appease our souls; so that anger irritates them, pity moves them; offerings interest them, prayers soften them; insults exasperate them, and homage disarms them; in one word, they are subject to all the alterations that modify us ourselves.

## 28. DEFINITION OF GUARDIAN NATURE

Defining them exactly, we may say that guardian divinities are animated, reasonable beings, passive in soul, aerial in body, eternal in duration. Of these five attributes, the three first are shared with us; the fourth is peculiar to them, and the fifth is by them shared with the immortal divinities, from whom, however, they differ by passion. Was I not right in calling them passive, because of their being subject to our human soul-perturbations? This would adequately explain the differing religious practices, and methods of supplication employed in various liturgies. Among these deities, some prefer worship by day, or by night; in public or in secret; some desire that joy, and others that sorrow should inspire their characteristic sacrifices and ceremonies. Egyptian deities prefer to be honored by groanings; the Greek, by the choric dances; the Barbarian, by the sound of cymbals, drums, and flutes. According to the difference of climate and nationality, the same difference is observed in the march of processions, in the silence of mysteries, in the qualifications of priests, in the details of sacrifice, in the effigies of the deities, and the offerings presented to them, in the consecration and situation of their temples, in the color and the slaughter of their victims. All these details are solemnly regulated according to the customs of each country; and often by dreams, predictions and oracles the deities make us conscious of their wrath when by scorn or carelessness we have neglected some detail of their worship.

## 29. LIMITATION OF DISCUSSION TO PHILOSOPHICAL EXAMPLES

Numerous examples of this sort occur to me; but they have been so abused and hackneyed that to attempt a review of them would compel me to omit more than I would cite. I shall therefore limit myself to the bare mention of such facts, which though they may not convince unanimously are at least universally familiar. My discourse had better be in my own language, concerning the different kinds of tutelary divinities mentioned by the philosophers. Thus I may achieve a clearer and more

complete comprehension of the instinct of presentiment possessed by Socrates, and of the divinity that was his friend.

## 30. MAN'S SOUL ALSO IS DIVINE; SO IS THE GENIUS

In one sense, the human soul, even when imprisoned in the body, is also called divinity:

O Euryalus, is it the divinities that inspire our minds with such ardor,
Or does every person's desire become his divinity?

Thus a good desire of the soul is a favorable divinity. It is from this stand-point, as we have already said, that happy humans are called "eudaimonas," ('i.e.,' good demons, in Greek); people whose guardian (or, "demon") is good; that is, whose soul possesses perfect virtue. In Latin, to make a translation perhaps strained, the equivalent will be "genius," because the divinity which it represents, and which is our soul, while enjoying immortality, is as it were born (Latin, 'gignitur,') with man. Thus the prayers formulated under the name of Genius and Genita seem to explain the composition of our nature; because under these two words they seem to resume our soul and body of which we are the complex.

## 31. SPIRITS OF THE DEAD ONLY IMPROPERLY DIVINITIES

In a secondary sense, the name of divinities is applied to the human souls which, after their sojourn upon earth, resign the bonds of the body. Among the ancient Latins, they were called "Lemures." From among those who, through receiving the attention of their posterity, preside over a family as pacific and propicious divinities, are called 'family lares;' while those who, because of the demerits of their life are deprived of any happy abode, and who, wandering on chance, are punished with a sort of exile, those, vain terror of the good, and pest of the evil, are referred to as 'larves.' But when one does not know how to distinguish their particular attributes, and one is uncertain whether they are 'lares' or 'larvas,' they are referred to generally as the 'manes' divinities. This title of 'divinities' is chiefly complimentary; for strictly this term of divinities is applicable only to those who, after having directed their conduct by justice and prudence, have later been deified by men, and have been commemorated and honored with temples and ceremonies, such as Amphiaraus in Boeotia, Mopsus in Africa, Osiris in Egypt, and many others elsewhere, but everywhere, Aesculapius.

## 32. HIGHER DIVINITIES NEVER INCARNATED

This general classification of guardians refers to souls that formerly inhabited human bodies. But there is another less numerous class of guardians, far superior to the former by the excellence of their venerable and saintly nature, who, never having been subject to the bonds of the body, exercise a definite power and influence. Among these are Love and Sleep; who possess contrary influence; Love keeping awake, and Sleep inducing indolence.

## 33. IT IS AMONG THESE THAT ARE PLATONIC GUARDIANS

It is then from among this higher category that, according to Plato, each man receives his guardian, witness and judge of his conduct; invisible to all, though ever present; witnessing not only the actions, but even the thoughts. Then at the end of life when the soul must return home, this same genius who was constituted the man's guardian draws him away, and drags before the judge him of whom he has been the guardian; there, he assists in his defense; if the accused should speak an untruth, he refutes it; if he speaks truth, he confirms it. It is on his testimony that the sentence is based.

## 34. THESE GUARDIANS ARE OMNISCIENT

Thus, you readers of these theories of the divine Plato, regulate every one of your actions, and thoughts, on this incontestible principle; in presence of these guardians men cannot preserve any secret within or outside of their souls; nothing escapes his curiosity; he beholds everything, he understands everything; like conscience, he penetrates into the inmost recesses of the soul.

## 35. SUCH A GUARDIAN IS WORTHY OF REVERENCE

Yea, it is a veritable guardian, a special superior officer, an intimate observer, a particular caretaker, an assiduous watcher, a personal witness, an inseparable inspector, who blames the evil actions, and approves the good. Apply yourselves suitably to gain knowledge of him; study him sincerely, honor him with a pious reverence; like Socrates, make him the homage of your justice and purity; in your uncertainties he will help you with his foresight; in your irresolutions he will arm you in advance with his counsel; he will protect you if you are in peril; he will assist you if you struggle with poverty. Whether in dreams, or by some sign, perhaps even under his visible form, at need, he will be able to fend off misfortune, or prepare successes for you; he will be able to raise you from abasement, render firm your tottering fortune, and correct the evil.

## 36. NO WONDER SOCRATES RELIED ON HIM IN CRISES

In view of all this, is it any wonder that Socrates, an eminently perfect man, and declared a sage by Apollo himself, was acquainted with his individual divinity, and cultivated relations with him? If consequently the latter, having become his guardian, nay, I had almost said guest-friend and intimate tutelary 'lar,' warded off from him all that he should have been spared, took all indispensible precautions for his advantage; gave him all the warnings he needed; every time, of course, that the counsels of human wisdom were at fault, and when Socrates needed not additional prudence, but presages; and when he needed a divine revelation to focus irresolute and wandering thoughts. For there are very many circumstances in which even the sages hasten to take recourse to diviners and oracles.

## 37. WISDOM AND DIVINATION COMPLEMENTARY AMONG THE GREEKS

In Homer, as in a great mirror, you may see a clear distinction between these two principles of action, divination, and wisdom. When dissension has arisen between two parties in the whole army, between Agamemnon, the powerful sovereign, and Achilles, the redoubtable warrior; when the problem was to find a man appreciated for his eloquence, and famous for his wisdom, who might soften the pride of the son of Atreus, and appease the pride of the son of Peleus, restrain them by his influence, instruct them by his example, move them by his talk; who then arises to speak? The orator of Pylos, whose elocution is sweet, whose experience is consummate, venerable with white hair; known universally to have a body enfeebled by age, but a soul vigorous in wisdom, and a mouth from whence distilled conviction. Likewise, when reverses afflict the army, and the need is to choose emissaries to penetrate at dead of night into the Trojan camp, do they not choose Ulysses and Diomedes, as representatives of thought and action, mind and hand, reason and the sword? On the other hand, when the Greeks, reduced to inaction in the harbor of Aulis, and besieged by the winds, yield to despair, and hesitate before the difficulties of the expedition; when, to obtain an easy sailing, and marine calm, and clemency of the winds, it was necessary to consult the fibres of the victims, to examine the flight of the birds, and the food of the serpents; then these two enlightened exemplars of Greek wisdom, the kings of Ithaca and Pylos, both keep silent; and it is Calchas, the incomparable diviner, who after a momentary observation of the flight of the birds, the altar, and the three, by his prophetic voice soon achieves the calm of the tempests, leads the fleet out of the harbor, and predicts a ten years' siege.

## 38. IT IS THE SAME IN THE TROJAN ARMY

It is the same in the Trojan army. When circumstances call for the assistance of divination, silence reigns in this wise senate; none of them dares to advance counsel, nor Hicetaon, nor Lampo, nor Clytius; all remain mute to listen to the sinister auguries of Helenus, or the prophecies of Cassandra, fated never to receive credence.

## 39. IT WAS LIKEWISE WITH SOCRATES

Likewise, Socrates also, in all the circumstances where there was need of consulting guides in matters beyond the domain of mere prudence, trimmed his course according to the presages of his guardian, carried out his advice with accuracy, and

thereby was far more acceptable to his guardian. It is true that the guardian almost always restrained Socrates at the very moment of the action, and never cited him; but of this the reason may have been that Socrates was an eminently perfect man, fervent in the discharge of his duties, and that he needed no incitations, but that rather he sometimes needed to be restrained; when some of his efforts might have hidden some danger. These warnings suggested deferring the carrying out of similar projects, which did not preclude his later returning thereto with greater assurance, or by a different route.

## 40. SOCRATES DID NOT OBEY BLINDLY

Under these circumstances, he said that he heard,—and these are the very words of Plato,—a certain divine voice. Now we must not believe that he attempted to collect chance presages received from the mouth of the first comer. For one day when, beyond the city limits, and, without witnesses, he was seated, with Phaedrus, in the shadow of a thick tree; and he heard this voice, advising him not to cross the streams of the little river Ilyssus before having, by a retraction, appeased Love, whose anger he had incurred with an indiscreet sally. Besides, if he had been in the habit of observing oracles, he would sometime have found some that would have determined him; as we often see happening to people who, in their superstitious confidence in presages, permit themselves to be led not by their heart, but by somebody else's conversation; men who drag themselves from street to street, forming their opinion by hearsay, and as it were think by their ears, instead of their intelligence. In any case, besides, those who listen to the words of interpreters of presages hear a voice similar to those that have a score of times become audible to their ears; and they cannot hesitate to believe that it originates from a human mouth. But, on the contrary, Socrates declared not that he heard a voice but that he heard a "certain" voice; by which epithet we must understand that it was not an ordinary voice, that was human; in which case that epithet would have been needless; and the expression would have been, "a voice," or, "somebody's voice;" as when Terence's lady-friend cries,

"Did I not hear the voice of my soldier?"

But when you say, "I heard a certain voice," the cause is that the speaker does not know whence it emanated, or when one even doubts really having heard it; or indeed, one desires to bring out that is was unaccustomed, mysterious, as that one which, in respect to Socrates, reached him in a divine manner under particularly suitable circumstances. More: I believe that not merely his ears, but even his eyes revealed to him by sensible signs the presence of his guardian. For, most often, it was not a voice, but some divine sign which was said to have obtruded itself upon him; and this sign may have been the form of his guardian himself, whom Socrates alone perceived, just as Homer's Achilles alone perceived Minerva.

## 41. IF ANY PYTHAGOREAN HAD SUCH REVELATION, SOCRATES DESERVED IT ALL THE MORE

It is possible that much that I have here advanced may be doubted, and that the form of this guardian who frequently revealed himself to Socrates may seem too marvelous to obtain credence. But by the serious testimony of Aristotle we learn that the Pythagoreans were always astonished on meeting someone who claimed never to have seen any guardians. Now, if every one may have the occasion of contemplating their divine image, why should this privilege not have been granted in a very special manner to Socrates, whose glorious wisdom had rendered him the equal of any powerful divinity soever? For nothing more resembles, nor more pleases a divinity, than a mortal whose heart is perfectly pure, and who has risen as far above his fellow mortals as he is still below the immortal divinities.

## 42. ENCOURAGEMENT FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING

Why not rather than be sceptics, should we not, from the example of Socrates, gather motives of encouragement? Why not, under auspicious circumstances, devote ourselves to the study of a similar philosophy, by fearing to displease these same divinities? Indeed, I can hardly understand what contrariety in human nature distracts us from such course; to me inexplicable is the peculiarity; for after all, human

beings all aspire to supreme happiness in the world; and further, they know that we flourish only by our soul, and that to live happily, we cannot neglect to cultivate our soul; and yet, they never do so! Now, he who desires piercing sight, must care for his eyes, the organs of vision; if he would run with agility, he must care for his feet, on which he runs. A vigorous wrestler must strengthen his arms, by which he wrestles. So also with all the members; all claim particular care, according to the service we hope to derive from them. All this being universally granted, I cannot grasp why men should act so differently, and should neglect to cultivate their soul by the means of reason. For, after all, the science of living is equally necessary to all. It is not so with painting and music, talents which may be neglected without attaching blame to a man's morality, or considering it shameful or scandalous. I cannot play the flute as well as Ismenias; but that does not humiliate me. Nor can I paint like Apelles, or sculpt like Lysippus; but this is no shame to me; and likewise, with the other arts; we may be inexpert in them, without blushing. But I dare you to proclaim: "I am inexpert in living; I do not know how to do so as well as Socrates, as Plato, as Pythagoras; and I am not ashamed not to know how to live." You would not be as bold as to advertise that.

## 43. THE ART OF LIFE IS NEGLECTED THROUGH IGNORANCE

Well, of all surprising things! That of which we would not seem to be ignorant, we neglect to study; and we both are ashamed of the ignorance, and of the study of that art! Examine the daily expense account of these men: you will find therein a mass of outrageous prodigalities, and yet nothing for the culture of themselves, I mean, the reverence for their guardian, which is none other than the sacred practice of philosophy. No doubt, they erect opulent country estates; they ornament their city residences with the most luxurious magnificence; they acquire a numerous crowd of slaves, but in all of that, in such an affluence of riches, there is still one cause of shame, namely, the master himself. And the reason is simple enough: while they are heaping up riches to which they vow passionate devotion, they themselves are wandering around the outskirts thereof, in the deepest barbarism of ignorance.

## 44. EVEN A HORSE IS BOUGHT FOR HIMSELF, NOT THE TRAPPINGS

Thus, regard these buildings on which they have lavished their patrimony: nothing is more smiling, nor better built: castles, whose extent shames that of some cities, houses adorned like temples, slaves numerous and exquisitely groomed, sumptuous table service; everything is opulent, splendid and ornate, except the master himself. Like Tantalus, he alone, in the midst of his wealth, is indigent, and poor: of course, I do not mean that he is snatching fruits that elude him, or that he thirsts for an escaping wave; but he is starved, he is thirsting for true happiness, namely, for a calm life, and a happy wisdom. Fool! learn that the wealthy are judged as horses are purchased. When we want to buy a horse, we do not consider his harness, we do not examine the polished ornaments that shine on his collar; we do not gaze at the plumes waving over his head, we do not examine whether gold, silver or jewelry hang from his halter, whether his head and chest are caparisoned with objects of art, whether his bit is engraved, his saddle is purple, or his check-rein gilt. No: all these fripperies are set aside, and it is the horse himself, the naked horse, his body alone, and his dispositions that are scrutinized; we examine whether his lines are elegant, if he is vigorous in paces, and strong to carry; if, above all,

His head is thin, his belly short, his back is rounded;
Whether his sound chest is overlaid by healthy muscles.

Then, if his thighs and his back are well rounded, for he must carry the rider not only swiftly, but comfortably.

## 45. A MAN IS JUDGED NOT BY POSSESSIONS, BUT CHARACTER

Well, likewise, when men are to be examined, count for nothing all those adventitious accessories; go straight to the man, and examine him in a state of poverty, like my Socrates. Foreign is all that is derived from parents and favors of fortune, advantages that cut no figure in the estimate of my Socrates. Speak not to me of birth, of forefathers, of ancient genealogy, of riches sufficient to arouse envy; all that is adventitious. Whose glory is that? Some distant forefather's, who was such

that his descendants need not blush for him; and also for all the above advantages. Do you say that a certain man was well born? You are praising his parents. Is he rich? I have no confidence in luck. As little do I care for the rest of the above advantages: if he is vigorous, a possible sickness will exhaust him, if he is alert, he will be overwhelmed by age. If he is handsome, it will not last long. But if you tell me that he has studied virtue, that he is an expert in it, that he is as wise as possible, and a good counsellor, now you are praising the man himself! None of these merits are derived from his parents, they do not depend on chance, nor due to time, nor favors; they do not depend on a perishable body, they will not change with age. These are the advantages possessed in their best form by my Socrates, and that is why he scorned the possession of the others.

## 46. WHY DO YOU NOT ALSO STUDY WISDOM

Why then should you also not devote yourself, most zealously, to the study of wisdom? At least, in praises of you, you will not detect anything foreign; and he who would tout your personality will be contrained to do it in the terms employed by Accius, in the beginning of his Philoctetes, when praising Ulysses:

> Noble and brilliant hero, hailing from an obscure island;
> With a heart as generous, as your soul is prudent and certain;
> You whose counsels are the salvation of your beloved,
> And whose avenging arms destroyed the Trojans;
> Son of Laertes!

Only at the end does he name the hero's father; and besides you have just heard that he addresses to him praises entirely personal; none of them are claimable by Laertes, Antiopea, or Arcesius. You see it is an eulogy individual to Ulysses. That is exactly Homer's object in pointing out in the same Ulysses, attributing to him as companion inseparable, Prudence, poetically symbolized as Minerva. It was indeed through her companionship only that he underwent and overcame the worst that adversity could bring against him. Aided by Prudence, he did indeed wander into the cave of the Cyclops; but he escaped; he saw the oxen of the Sun, but he abstained from injuring them; he descended into hell, but he reascended. It was again with the same wise companion that he sailed by the Scylla, without being carried off by her; he was surrounded in the eddies of Charybdis, without being detained; he drank of the cup of Circe without undergoing any degrading metamorphosis; he landed among the Lotos eaters without taking root there; he heard the Sirens, without approaching them.

## PARAGRAPHS OMITTED ABOVE

By the bye, it is a fascinating problem whether, as think the Chaldeans, the light of the moon is her own property, being on one side luminous, and on the other dark, so that her difference of form, color and extent would be due to the revolution of her globe; or whether, herself entirely lacking any brilliancy, her body being opaque or polished, she absorbs the rays of the sun, as would a mirror, now obliquely, then directly; as asked Lucretius,

> Does her body radiate none but a doubtful glow?

Which of these theories is the more correct? This shall be considered later.

In the meanwhile, both sun and moon are unhesitatingly, by Barbarian and Greek, recognized as divinities.

## 5. THE PLANETS AS DIVINITIES

As I said, these are not the only divinities here recognized. There are besides five stars by the ignorant public said to be wandering, although in their invariable, fixed and certain orbits they carry out admirably regular revolutions from all eternity. They do indeed follow different paths; but their swiftness is equal and uniform, they carry out their progressions, their return, with a marvellous regularity, according to their orbits' situation, diameter and obliquity; and these orbits are accurately known by astronomical experts.

### 6. CONSTELLATIONS, COMETS, AND OTHER DIVINITIES

Platonists will also add to the number of these visible divinities Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and both Bears. Also those shining deities, which, in a clear sky, adorn and crown the celestial vault; severe in beauty, sombre ornaments of the twinkling nights, and which, in the language of Ennius, on the shield of the world represent carvings both varied and admirable.

## MAXIMUS of TYRE

## What is Socrates' Good Genius? A.D. 180

### 1. PHYSICAL METHODS USELESS FOR DIVINATION

People marvel that there should have been a loving guardian divinity, who prognosticated the future, who accompanied everywhere, who was an intimate partaker in all thoughts, for Socrates, who was so distinguished by personal cleanliness, by the qualities of the soul, by the austerity of his habits, by the sagacity of his intellect, by the harmonious charm of his discourse, by his piety towards the Gods, and by respect for his companions. Why should they? Who ignores that at Delphi any female chance visitor; at Dodona, a Thesprotian; in the temple of Jupiter Ammon a Lybian; at Colophonian Claros an Ionian; at Pataran Xanthus, a Lycian; at Ismenes town, a Boeotian should daily enjoy the most intimate daily intercourse with the divinities, and not only what they themselves are to do, or avoid, but also render oracles, publicly or privately, about the conduct of those in whose behalf they are consulted? Does the art of the Pythoness, in answering questions, depend on her being seated on a tripod? Or does the Ionian interpreter of the divinities answer questions because he draws water from a fountain, and drinks it? Or are the Thesprotians right in claiming that one learns from the oak tree to read the future only because of having passed the night on a hard couch, without washing one's feet and doing homage to the oak-tree?

### 2. THE TRUEST ORACLES ARE DIRECT

In the grotto of Trophonius (for this secondary divinity also had his oracle, in Boeotia, near Lebadaea)[1] the consultant of the divinity was garbed in a purple robe, reaching to the feet. In both hands he took cakes, and, on his belly, was introduced through a narrow opening, and was drawn out after he had seen and heard certain objects and words. So he was his own oracle. In Italy, near Naples, by a lake called (birdless) Aornus,[2] was an oracular grotto, whose priests, from their function, were called "evocators" of souls. The visitant prayed, sacrificed, libated, and evoked the soul of one of his relatives or friends. In the darkness then appeared a spectre, difficult to distinguish, but gifted with speech and prediction, who, after having answered, disappeared. Homer seems to have known this cave, for he led thither Ulysses,[3] though, by poetic license, he removes its site from the sea.

### 3. WHY THEN SHOULD HOLY MEN NOT BE ORACULAR?

All this is true, some of the oracles surviving, and other having left indubitable proofs,[4] inasmuch as, in harmony with the spirit of the times, oracular consultation was most popular; after reception of the answer, confidence was therein reposed; it was complied with, and rewarded with testimonies of veneration. All this being granted, why marvel that the divinities would have held worthy of intercourse with a guardian divinity a man gifted with the most happy nature, whose moral conduct was the most exemplary, whose philosophy was the truest, and whose soul was the most perfectly organized? Why disbelieve that this guardian divinity should have once served him as oracle in all that affected his personal interests, though failing to assist the Athenians in deliberations concerning the general welfare of Greece, or the Lacedemonians, pondering over the success of a military expedition; nor of the athletes going to take part in the Olympian games, anxious to know the identity of the victor; nor of lawyers in court, anxious to know who would get the decision; nor of speculators anxious for wealth, prognosticating the success of their speculations; nor of people who undertake various enterprises, without any reasonable ground

of confidence, who, nevertheless continually come to weary the divinities for light. Perhaps, indeed, Socrates' guardian divinity, possessing the gift of reading in the future, would have been capable of answering all such questions; for the most skilful physician is able to treat the maladies not only of himself, but of others; so also with builders, shield-makers, and other artisans. But the peculiar prerogative of Socrates' was that, being by his intelligence associated with the thoughts of divinities, and having, as a consequence of this association with them, adapted his personal interests to the sphere of moral beauty, he showed other men no sentiment of jealousy, and whenever necessary gave them his aid.

## 4. DO GUARDIAN DIVINITIES REALLY EXIST?

Granted, therefore, that Socrates, by his virtue, by his morals, by his merit of his qualities, was adjudged worthy of association with a guardian divinity. What was its nature? This cannot be answered unless we first grant the possibility of the existence of such beings, just as we do for divinities, men and brutes. To ask the nature of Socrates' guardian divinity would be ridiculous if you denied that of similar beings in general. It would be as if some bushman who had never seen or heard of a horse, on hearing that the king of Macedonia had Bucephalus, who allowed him alone to jump on the saddle, and that without flinching[5] should ask what was Bucephalus. The answerer of such a question would be unable to depict a special horse to somebody who had never seen any.

## 5. HOMER TELLS OF MANY IN IMMEDIATE CONTACT WITH DIVINITY

Doubters of Socrates' guardian have evidently never read Homer's mention of similar beings. Achilles, for instance, in a council of war, became angry with Agamemnon, drew his sword to strike him, but his arm was held back by some divinity, meaning Minerva[6] who ran to the succor of Peleus' son, when she saw him angry; she got behind him, and seized him by the hair. Minerva also[7] said to Diomedes: "I have dispelled the mists that dimmed your sight, so that you might easily discern a man of God." Again, when Telemachus is about to present himself to a king far older than himself, before whom he is abashed, and to whom he knows not what to say, his companion Mentor[8] says, "Telemachus, your soul will suggest to you one-half of what you should say; and a divinity will do as much for the remainder;" and he adds the reason for this sacred assistance; "for I think you have neither been born, nor been preserved till the present moment, without the intervention of the divinities." Elsewhere, speaking of Achilles:[9] "The goddess Juno suggested to him this thought." Further, about Diomedes:[10] "Minerva gave to Diomedes, son of Tydeus, strength and intrepidity;" also, [11] "Minerva gave to his members, his feet and hands, agility." So you see how many people have been in immediate contact with the divinity.

## 6. NATURE OF THE HOMERIC GUARDIANS

Leaving Socrates aside, what does Homer think of it? Socrates' guardian divinity was unique, private, and (not) common. It would dissuade from crossing a river,[12] it would advise delays,[13] as with the relations with Alcibiades; it would discourage from a defense that was proposed; again, it did not oppose a death that had been decided on.[14] On the contrary, Homer's guardian is not limited to a single individual, or to a single urgency, it is not unique, it does not intervene for trifles. It is attached to several personages, it shows itself in different circumstances, it bears different names, it appears under various forms, and speaks different languages. You will surely admit the existence of some of these divinities, and that there is some reality under Minerva, Juno, Apollo, Discord, and the rest of the Homeric divinities. I am not asking you any such foolish question as to whether you believe that this Minerva resembles the statue of Phidias, which is no less beautiful than are Homer's verses, a maiden of great beauty, with blue eyes, a tall figure, belted with her aegis, wearing a helmet, holding a lance, armed with a shield; nor if you think Juno resembles the statue of the Argive Polycletus, having white thighs, ivory arms, splendid eyes, magnificent garments, a royal pose, seated on a golden throne; nor if you believe that Apollo resembles the Belvidere statue, a glorious youth, without mantle, carrying a bow, with his feet separated, as in the act of walking. I am not insulting your intelligence by presuming you fail to see the truth, and to size up correctly what is

meant to be conveyed by the symbol. But I really do ask whether you really think that all these emblems, all this nomenclature of divinities does not signify the intervention of the power of the divinities who night and day lend their assistance to privileged human beings. For denial of any such intervention is to declare war on Homer, to upset all oracles, to disbelieve all presages, to reject the prognostication of dreams, and to abandon Socrates to himself. But if you admit the reasonableness and possibility of all this, and yet doubt as regards Socrates, I will challenge you to state whether you do not consider Socrates worthy of having a guardian divinity, or if you here consider impossible what you elsewhere admit. As soon as you admit this possibility, you admit the rights of Socrates, and you will not mulct them of anything. If then the matter is possible, and if Socrates has any rights to them, we may, satisfied about Socrates himself, study the general nature of his guardian divinity.

## 7. BECAUSE OF ACCIDENTS, VIRTUE NEEDS ASSISTANCE

This will be studied in the next essay, whose contention is that the divinities have distributed vice and virtue to men, as to athletes the arena, the former as punishment to preverse inclinations, and devotion to evil; the latter to be the reward of souls that are honest, of healthy disposition, who distinguish themselves by good habits, and righteousness. To understand this better let us discuss this problem: that it is to men of the latter nature that the divinities desire to lend their aid. It is with them that They desire to consort, vigilantly extending over them their protecting hand. One they preserve by an omen; another by a prediction; some by dreams, some by warning (voices), others by sacrificial (presages). For it is impossible, to the human soul, to subject everything to the crucible of reason, hemmed in as she is in this second (post-pre-existent) life by numerous and thick clouds, plunged in the abyss and gulf of terrene evils, by which she is incessantly tormented. Does there exist a runner swift and sure-footed enough not to fall into a masked excavation, some hidden ditch, into a trench, into a precipice? Exists there a pilot skilful and expert enough to make a crossing without undergoing a storm, a tempest, a blizzard, or a blow? Where will you find the physician masterful enough to be proof against all maladies, even those that are secret or unexpected, when, following up each other, as they sometimes do, they disconcert all the combinations and ratiocinations of the art? Where exists the man virtuous enough, without any false step or stumbling, to make the voyage of life, subject to a thousand accidents like the body, subject to a thousand uncertainties, like navigation, encumbered with obstacles, like roads, without, in the midst of all that, needing a physician, a pilot, or a divinity to serve as guide? Virtue, no doubt, is something very beautiful, easy to acquire, and of great efficiency. But it suffers from admixture with an element, evil in itself, somewhat vague, and inconsistent; named fortune, blind and fugitive, which is virtue's rival and competitor; also her antagonist, disturber and tormentor. Just as in the atmosphere, a cloud, interposing itself beneath the rays of the sun, hides its light, although the sun, though invisible, preserves all its own splendor; so also virtue, when attacked by the blows of fortune, truly does preserve all its beauty, but the dark cloud obscuring it, masks it. Then virtue needs a saviour, a fighter, a divinity to become its champion and aid.

## 8. THE SECONDARY DIVINITIES

God himself, therefore, never stirs from the same place, yet while ruling the heavens, orders and disposes all it contains. There exist, however, secondary immortal natures, called second divinities, arrayed in the space between heaven and earth. They are substances inferior to God, but superior to man. They are ministers of the volitions of God, but commanding the wills of men; situated very near God, but watching over man with the greatest care. Mortal nature would have been separated from contemplation of and intercourse with celestial things, by the whole interval that separates from the immortal nature, unless these substances of the second order, as a harmonic intermediary interposed relations uniting both, serving as points of contact from both sides, to enable human weakness to reach the divine beauty. This reminds me of the barbarians who are separated from the Greeks by the non-use of the (Greek) language. But interpreters, learning both languages, serve for

mutual understanding, and the most familiar communications. Likewise, the second rank divinities interpose themselves between God and man, being understood by both. Such are the gods that present themselves to man, who converse with him, who never abandon him throughout all the vicissitudes of his mortal career, and who administer succor when it is necessary for them to interfere in human affairs. Besides, these divinities are very numerous. Hesiod[15] says: "On earth are an infinite number of ministers of Jupiter." Some undertake the healing of maladies, others reduce the uncertainties of the perplexed, others reveal hidden things, others aid men in their labors, or accompany them on journeys. There are some for cities, others for the country; some for the sea, others for the continent; some are lodged in one being, others in another; one with Socrates, another with Plato, another with Pythagoras, one with Zeno, and another with Diogenes. The one is pacific, another philanthropist, a politician, or a soldier. The natural inclinations of men reveal those of the divinities. (One of Penelope's lovers reproached Antinoous for striking Ulysses because[16] of the divinities) "similar to strangers, now under one disguise, now under another, they go through cities to inspect the good and evil actions of men." But to a soul where dwell vice and wickedness come none of the divinities to establish their dwelling to give it guidance.

NOTES

(1) Pausanias, Boeotics, 39. (2) Aeneid, vi. 238. (3) Strabo, 374. (4) Vandalius, Oracles. (5) Aulus Gellius, v. 2. (6) Iliad, i. 197. (7) Iliad, v. 127. (8) Odyssey, iii. 26. (9) Odyssey, iii. 28. (10) Iliad, i. 55. (11) Iliad, v. 1. (12) Phaedrus, 343. (13) First Alcibiades. (14) Apology. (15) Hesiod, Works and Days, 252. (16) Odyssey, xvii. 485.

# The Genius of Socrates, II.

## 1. NECESSITY OF INTERMEDIATION

Come, let us ask this Guardian (for he is philanthropic, and accustomed to communicate through the human organism, just like Ismenias did through his flute),[1] let us, like Odysseus, in Homer,[2] ask, "Are you a divinity, or a mortal?" For if you are "one of the divinities who inhabit Olympus," there will be no need of further discussions, as we know what you think; but if you are one of the mortals who dwell on earth "are you susceptible to the same impressions as we, of speaking our own language, subject to our birth and death; or, though bound to earth as your abode, are you otherwise, in respect of your essence, superior to humans?" For the substance of the subordinate divinities is not composed of flesh (for we must answer for them, they command us to do so), nor bones, nor blood, or any of these other elements capable of being separated, dissolved, melted, and hence, of deliquescing. Of what then can their nature consist? Let us begin by facing the necessity of the existence of secondary divinities. Passible natures are contrary to the impassible; the mortal to the immortal, the irrational to the rational, the insensible to the sentient; the soulless to the animated. An animated being must, therefore, combine both these qualities; either the immortal is impassible, or the passible is immortal; or the mortal is passible, or the sentient is irrational, or the animated is impassible; such is the gradation of nature. Insensibly it descends, by degrees, and the superior is desirable to the lower. To abstract any of these intermediaries would be to sap the vitals of nature. Likewise, in the harmonic series of sounds, the consonance of the two extremities of the diapason depends on that of the intermediary; in descending from the treble to the bass both aural and instrumental melodiousness depends on the passing through the intermediary sounds.

## 2. INTERMEDIATION NECESSARY BETWEEN GOD AND NATURE

Not otherwise than the order of harmony is that of nature. God is classed as impassible and immortal substance; the subaltern divinities as substance immortal but passible; man as both passible and mortal; the brute as irrational and sentient; and plants as animated and impassible. For the present, however, let us pass by everything but the secondary divinities, who, as we said, intermediate between God

and man. Come, let us see whether it would be possible to excise them from the ladder of beings, without destroying its extremities. Is God on one hand immortal, but on the other impassible? Surely not! He is both immortal and impassible. And is man on one side mortal, and on the other impassible? No, he is mortal but not impassible. What then has become of the substance which is simultaneously immortal and passible? For if there is to exist an analogy between the two extremes of nature, there must necessarily exist some substance related both to God and man, superior to man, but inferior to God. Two things, essentially separate and distinct could indeed never communicate without some common intermediary to establish contact.

## 3. NATURAL ANALOGIES OF INTERMEDIATION

I might as well describe a substance, named fire, which is both warm and dry. Now cold is the contrary of heat. Wetness is the contrary of dryness. Therefore, we cannot transmute fire into water, nor water into fire. It would be easier to turn cold into heat, or wet into dry. Such is the mutual opposition established by nature. But the latter has furnished air, as it were to be a conciliator among them. From fire it borrows heat; from water, humidity; thus arises approximation and communication, thus occurs the transition and passage from fire to air by heat, and from air to water by humidity. Another example: the air is warm and humid, while the earth is cold and dry. Now dryness is the contrary of humidity, as cold is that of heat. Air would never change into earth, unless nature had between them placed water, which as it were is their arbiter, which conciliates and unites them, from air receiving humidity, and from the earth cold. Such is a sufficient illustration of all similar relations. Each of these things being composed of two contrary elements, we take from each thing one of its elements, and then add it to the other, we half separate the one from the other, and approximately the other in the same proportion. Thus things mutually contrary and incapable of alliances, nevertheless approximate and combine; as fire and air in regard to heat, as water and earth in respect to cold; as earth and fire in respect to dryness. Likewise, God contacts the secondary divinities in respect to immortality; the secondary divinities contact man by passibility. Man contacts brutes by similar sensibility; the brute contacts plants because both possess souls.

## 4. THE HUMAN ORGANISM ALSO INTERMEDIARY

Considering the economy of the human organism, there also we see that nature provides nothing sudden; and relies on the aid of intermediaries to operate its combinations and results. For instance, the hairs and the nails are softer than the bones, firmer than the nerves, dryer than the blood, and rougher than the flesh. Evidently intermediaries are necessary wherever appears order and harmony. They are requisite in vocal music, in the body's excretions, in colors, in poetic rhythm, in decorations, in passions, in discourses. It must, therefore, be granted. If then God is impassible and immortal and man mortal and passible there is an unavoidable necessity for the existence of some substance either impassible and mortal, or immortal and passible. Of this alternative, the first is impossible, as the impassible cannot exist with the mortal. Necessarily, therefore, there must exist subaltern divinities, substances both passible and immortal, by immortality contacting God, and contacting man by passibility.

## 5. EXPLANATION OF THE INTERMEDIATION PROCESS

Now we can explain the simultaneity of the secondary divinities' passibility and immortality; the latter of which we will study first. Everything perishable is either dissolved, as mud by water; broken, as fields by the plow; melted, as wax by the sun; cut, as a plant by a knife; or transformed, as water into air, and air into fire. Now if the substance of the secondary divinities is to be immortal, it must be above dissolution, melting, cutting, breaking, or transformation. Were it subject thereto, this would be fatal to its immortality; now how could it suffer them, if a divinity of this sort is nothing but a discarnate soul? For if the body, perishable by nature, survives only so long as it remains with him, the latter cannot easily be supposed susceptible to destruction. During their union, it is the body which is sustained, and the soul that sustains. For if the soul sustained something else, without sustaining

itself, we would have to imagine something that supported it; and it would be absurd to speak of a soul. While the one is conserved by the other, this sustaining action must necessarily cease at something which sustains the other, while sustaining itself. Otherwise there would be no standing-point for a reason, in a progression reaching infinity. We must, therefore, imagine the intermediary relation as that of a vessel launched in the waves, while yet being attached to some rock, by the means of several ropes, one of which is attached to the other, thus reaching to the rock, a fixed point, where the connection terminates.

## 6. POST-INCARNATE SOUL-LIFE

Thus the soul supports the body, which, caught in the tumult of the ocean waves is incessantly thrown around; the soul receives it as in a harbor, and calms it. But as soon as the nerves are fatigued, and there is disorder in the vital breath and the other bonds that served as ropes, by means of which it had till then been supported by the soul, it perishes and sinks into the depths; while the soul escapes as if by swimming, because she can support and preserve herself. From that time on the soul assumes the appellation of a secondary divinity; a substance that inhabits the ether, whither, on leaving the earth she is transplanted; just as if she passed from among the barbarians to the society of the Greeks, from a city subject to anarchy, tyranny and sedition, to another city where flourished peace, order and good government. It resembles Homer's emblematic Vulcan's golden shield, whereon were represented two cities, in which were celebrated nothing but marriages and festivals,[3] dances, songs and rejoicings; while in the other appear naught but wars, quarrels, desolations, fights, sorrows, groans and despair. Such is the contrast between earth and ether. This is a place of peace, where resound none but the hymns of the secondary divinities, and their divine dances. On the contrary, the earth is a chaos of tumults, of noises, of dissensions. When the soul has been transferred from hither to yon, when she has been delivered from the body, which she abandons to the earth that will devour it, by the same law and at the same time she takes her place among the secondary divinities, she beholds, in all the purity of her eyes her appropriate divine spectacle, without being hindered by any corporeal vesture, without being dazzled by the colors, or distracted by the variety of forms, or any cloud that might dim her vision; she contemplates the veritable beauty, with her own eyes in bliss. She feels compassion for her former life, and congratulates herself on that existence on which she is entering. She feels pity for her kindred souls, who are still living on earth; her philanthropic sentiments inclines her to reassociate with them and to raise up those who stumble. God, himself, commands her to return to the earth, and as it were once more to mingle with human nature, whatever their luck, their dispositions or occupation; to assist the "chrestians," or well-disposed, to avenge the unfortunate, and to punish the evil.

## 7. EXPERIENCE OF GUARDIAN DIVINITIES

We must not suppose that every secondary divinity is apt for anything. Here below each of them has his distinct attributes, and particular functions. Herein, no doubt, resides that passibility wherein these divinities are inferior to the Supreme. They do not desire to change their inclinations or habits which they exercised here below.[4] Aesculapius still professes medicine, Hercules still terrifies monsters and brigands; Bacchus still celebrates his festivities; Amphilochus still predicts the future; Castor and Pollux still navigate; Minos still renders decisions; Achilles still fights. In the Black Sea, at the mouth of the Danube is an island where Achilles dwells.[5] There he has temples and altars, for none visits the island but to offer sacrifices, whereafter visitors enter the temple. Several times have sailors there seen a man resembling a divinity, with blond hair, and military bearing, covered with golden armor. Others did not see him in any form, but heard warlike hymns. Others saw and heard him at the same time. If any one on the island happens to fall asleep, Achilles wakes him, leads him into his tent, and feasts him. Patroclus pours the wine, Achilles plays the lyre. It is even said that Thetis, and other similar divinities have been known to assist in this. Likewise, the Trojans claim that Hector may still be habitually seen around Troy, in a military manner passing through the

country, garbed in brilliant armor. As to myself, I have seen neither Achilles nor Hector; but I have seen Castor and Pollux, above a vessel like shining stars, directing it amidst the storm.[6] I have also seen Aesculapius, but not in a dream. I have also, while walking, seen Hercules.

NOTES

(1) Eustathius, in Il. 2.9; Diog. Laert. 4.22; 7.125. (2) Od. 6.149; 153. (3) Il. 18.491. (4) Virg. Aen. Priam's coachman; and heroes in hell. (5) Arrian, Periplus. (6) Seneca, Quaest. Nat. 1.1; Plin. Hist. Nat 37.

## MARCUS AURELIUS, Meditation, A.D. 180

Reverence for the Genius consists in keeping it pure from passion and thoughtlessness, and dissatisfaction with what comes from gods and men (2.13). Philosophy consists in keeping the Genius within a man free from vexation, and angry retribution, superior to pains and pleasures, not playing a hypocritical part, and doing nothing without a purpose (2.17). Nothing is better than the Genius which is planted in thee, which has subjected to itself all thy appetites, and carefully examines all the impressions, and as Socrates has said, has detached itself from the persuasions of sense, and has submitted itself to the Gods, and cares for mankind. Give place to nothing else, which would distract thee from giving precedence to that supreme good which is thy proper and own possession, in preference to the majority's adulation, the pleasure of power, the enjoyment of pleasure,—none of which should be permitted to become rivals to the good which is thine, rationally and politically (3.7). Defile not the divinity which is implanted in thy breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images! Preserve it tranquil, follow it obediently as a god, saying nothing contrary to the truth, nor doing anything contrary to justice (3.16). It is in my power never to act contrary to my divinity and my Genius; to this I cannot be compelled by any! (5.10). I must pass the time still left me before death free from perturbations, nobly, and obediently to my own Genius within me! (12.3).

## ZOSIMUS, Divine Transformation, A.D. 200

He was an Egyptian contemporary of Tertullian whose attacks compelled allegorization.

His allegorical visions centre around a cuplike altar, approached by fifteen steps leading from darkness into light. "Consecrated priest by necessity, I the celebrant become a spirit." Thus the Existent's body, undergoing intolerable violence, regurgitates his self-absorbed flesh, effecting the composition of the waters.

The next dream allegorizes the condensation of vapors in the upper recipient chamber by macceration into the 'divine water.' Here enter those who wish to obtain power, and after having fled their bodies, they become spirits and spirit-guardians. So nature is transformed when, neglecting no method, all things agree in division and union.

His description of transmutation of metals, vindicated by modern research, because of its spiritual significance, follows: 'Continuously build a monolithic white-lead temple containing a spring of purest sun-sparkling water. Provided with a sword, explore the direction of the narrow entrance. There dwells the Serpent Guardian, who must be slain, despoiled, and dismembered. At the temple-entrance then reunite flesh and bones into a stepping-stone, climbing over which you may enter and find what you seek: the priest seated by the spring will be no longer brazen, but silvern, and if you wish, you may soon turn him into gold. Thus in its time and with method, Virtue achieves Totality.

## PLOTINUS, from the Enneads, A.D. 203-262

### 1. HISTORIC EVIDENCE FOR IMMORTALITY OF SOUL (4.7.15).

This, then, is our answer to those who seek a philosophical demonstration. Those who are satisfied with the testimony of faith and sense, may be referred to those

extracts from history which furnish numerous proofs thereof. We may also refer to the oracles given by the divinities who order an appeasement of the souls who were victims of some injustice, and to honor the dead, and to the rites observed by all towards those who live no more; which presupposes that their souls are still conscious beyond. Even after leaving their bodies, many souls who lived on the earth have continued to grant benefits to men. By revelation of the future, and rendering other services, they themselves prove that the other souls cannot have perished.

### 2. SOULS COLLEAGUES OF THE DIVINITY (4.8.4).

There are individual souls which, in their conversion towards the principle from which they proceed, aspire to the intelligible world, and which also exercise their powers on inferior things, just as light, which does not disdain to throw its rays down to us, though remaining suspended to the sun on high. These souls must remain sheltered from all suffering so long as in the intelligible world they remain together with the universal soul. They must besides, in heaven, share with it the administration of the world; like kings who, being colleagues of the great King of the Universe, share the government with him, without themselves descending from their thrones, without ceasing to occupy a place as elevated as He.

### 3. THE GUARDIAN DOES NOT CONFLICT WITH RESPONSIBILITY (3.4.5).

But if, before coming on to the earth the soul chooses her life and her guardian, how does she still preserve her liberty? Because what is called "choice" designates in an allegorical manner the character of the soul, and her general disposition everywhere. Again, it is objected that if the character of the soul preponderate, if the soul be dominated by that part which her former life rendered predominantly active, it is no longer the body which is her cause of evil; for if the character of the soul be anterior to her union with the body; if she have the character she has chosen; if, as said Plato, she do not change her guardian, it is not here below that a man may become good or evil. The answer to this is, that potentially man is equally good or evil. By his choice, however, he may actualize one or the other.

### 4. THE GUARDIAN IS BOTH KINDRED AND STRANGE.

Besides, our guardian is not entirely exterior to us; but, on the other hand, he is not bound to us, and is not active in us; he is ours in the sense that he has a certain relation with our souls; he is not ours, in the sense that we are such men, living such a life under his supervision. This is the meaning of the terms used by Plato in the Timaeus (C90). If these be taken in the above sense, all explains itself; if not, Plato contradicts himself.

### 5. THE GUARDIAN AIDS IN OUR CHOSEN FATE.

One can still understand thus why he says that our guardian helps us to fulfill the destiny we have chosen. In fact, presiding over our life, he does not permit us to descend very far below the condition we have chosen. But that which then is active is the principle below the guardian and which can neither transcend him, nor equal him; for he could not become different from what he is.

### 6. JUDGMENT AND EXPIATION BETWEEN INCARNATIONS

Plato says that the guardian leads the soul to the hells, and that he does not remain attached to the same soul, unless that same soul should again choose the same condition. What does the guardian do before this choice? Plato teaches us that he leads the soul to judgment, that after the generation he assumes again the same form as before; and then as if another existence were then beginning, during the time between generations, the guardian presides over the chastisements of the souls, and this period is for them not so much a period of life, as a period of expiation.

### 7. EVEN ANIMALS HAVE A GUARDIAN

Do the souls that enter into the bodies of brutes also have a guardian? Yes, doubtless, but an evil and stupid one.

### 8. SOULS IN THE HIGHER REGIONS

What is the condition of the souls that have raised themselves on high? Some are in the sensible world, others are outside of it. The souls that are in the sense-world dwell in the sun, or in some other planet, or in the firmament, according as they have more or less developed their reason. We must indeed remember that our soul contains in herself not only the intelligible world, but also a disposition conformable to the soul of the world. Now as the latter is spread out in the movable sphere by her various powers, our soul must possess powers conformable to these, each of which exercise their proper function. The souls which rise from here below into the heavens go to inhabit the star which harmonizes with their moral life, and with the power which they have developed; with their divinity or their guardian. Then they will have either the same guardian, or the guardian which is superior to the power which they exert. This matter will have to be considered more minutely.

### 9. FATE OF THE DIVISIBLE SOUL

As to the souls that have left the sense-world, so long as they remain in the intelligible world, they are above the guardian condition, and the fatality of generation. Souls take thither with them that part of their nature which is desirous of begetting, and which may reasonably be regarded as the essence which is divisible in the body, and which multiplies by dividing along with the bodies. Moreover, if a soul divide herself, it is not in respect to extension, because she is entirely in all the bodies. On the other hand, the Soul is one; and from a single animal are ceaselessly born many young. This generative element splits up like the vegetative nature in plants; for this nature is divisible in the bodies. When this divisible essence dwells in the same body, it vivifies the body, just as the vegetative power does for plants. When it retires, it has already communicated life, as is seen in cut trees, or in corpses where putrefaction has caused the birth of several animals from a single one. Besides the vegetative power of the human soul is assisted by the vegetative power that is derived from the universal soul, and which here below is the same as on high.

### 10. FATE CONSISTS IN UNPREDICTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES

If the soul returns here below, she possesses, according to the life which she is to lead, either the same guardian or another. With her guardian she enters into this world as if in a skiff. Then she is subjected to the power, by Plato, called the Spindle of Necessity; and embarking in this world she takes the place assigned to her by Fortune. Then she is caught by the circular movement of the heavens, whose action, as if it were the wind, agitates the skiff in which the soul is seated; or rather, is borne along. Thence are borne varied spectacles, transformations and divers incidents for the soul which is embarked in this skiff; whether because of the agitation of the sea which bears it, or because of the conduct of the passenger who is sailing in the bark, and who preserves her freedom of action therein. Indeed, not every soul placed in the same circumstances makes the same movements, wills the same volitions, or performs the same actions. For different beings, therefore, the differences arise from circumstances either similar or different, or even the same may occur to them under different circumstances. It is this uncertainty that constitutes Providence.

## SYNESIUS, Friend of Hypatia, On Providence, A.D. 350

### 8. NATURAL REPUGNANCE TO ENFORCING PUNISHMENT

As Osiris (meaning Aurelian) would not allow himself to be persuaded, the divinities announced to him the calamities to which he would expose himself, the Egyptians, their neighbors and dependents. "For it would be a mistake to believe, added they, that these evils will not be serious, and that vigilance alone will be necessary to prevent or counteract the open or secret machinations of Typhon (meaning Gainas); he can count on the aid and protection of a powerful race of jealous demons to whom he resembles, and who have caused his birth as a future instrument of their malice against men; that is why they brought him into the world, that they have raised him, that they formed him on their model, so that he might

render them services so great. But they well know that Typhon will not fully realize their expectations only if they procure for him royal power; for their desires cannot find fulfilment until he can do all the harm he wishes. As to you, said one of the divinities, the demons detest you, because you are born for the ruin of their projects, and for the happiness of humanity; for these maleficent spirits feast upon human miseries." They therefore urged Osiris to banish his brother, and to relegate him to distant countries. But, seeing that, through an excess of gentleness and kindliness he resisted their advice, they did not hesitate to inform him that although during a little while he might preserve himself from the machinations of Typhon, he would ultimately be overwhelmed; that on succumbing, he would involve the ruin of the entire state, and that under this lovely pretext of fraternal regard he was really preparing great catastrophes. Osiris however objected, "Do you preserve for me your favor and assistance, and I will have nothing to fear from the presence of my brother; the resentment of the demons will not be able to touch me; if you exercise your will-power, is it not easy for you to remedy the evils caused by lack of foresight?"

## 9. ILLUSTRATION OF THE STRING-MANIKIN

His father then spoke: "You are wrong, my son. There are indeed divinities in our universe, who are active at times, while at others they feed upon intelligible beauty. There are indeed lower ones, placed in immediate charge of the world, and from whom depend all the beings down to their last degrees; but they also never condescend as far down as matter. For these divinities, the world is a spectacle full of charms; but they find still greater delight in contemplating the source from which emanates perfect felicity, because within them all is divine; but those of an inferior order find their real happiness only in returning towards the sovereign divinity. All the good in the universe does not derive from a single simple cause; the different parts of the world are ruled by different divinities, which, with effort distracting themselves from contemplation for action, exercise the ministry confided to them. The purest spirits are subject to the immediate supreme essence; then, near and under them, other intelligences. Thus a whole series of beings is continued to the extremities of the universe. It is through these intermediaries that Providence acts in this world; but it does not operate everywhere equally, for this would destroy the hierarchy of beings. As we descend, things alter, become troubled and corrupted, ending in nonentity. That is what happens here below; in the last degrees the bodies that are born and that are exposed to change have but an humble and perishable existence; at the other extremity the immutable sky is as the visible image of the soul (?). If these noble beings reside up there," and Osiris's father here pointed upwards at the visible divinities, "it is among ever agitated elements that dwell the demons, who are a passionate and brutal race. They are insensible to the charms of the divine order, because they are too distant from the higher regions. The dregs of existence have no conservatory instincts; they deteriorate, they have no endurance; their vain efforts at transformation lends them but a semblance of existence. As the demons, because of their affinity with matter, are limited to the genius for destruction, there is created a need for the divinity to turn its glance towards the world, to supply an auspicious impulsion to which the universe obeys for a limited period, as its effect diminishes by degrees. Observe this toy manikin operated by a string. Even when you have ceased pulling the string which makes it move it still quivers; but this motion will not continue, because it does not possess the principle of movement. It moves only during the continuance of the force that has agitated it: but this after a little while is exhausted. Such, my dear Osiris, is the condition of the universe. All that is good is divine, and draws its origin not from this world, but from elsewhere. That is why excellent souls appear here only rarely; and when the divinities occupy themselves with human affairs, the cares they undertake are doubtless contrary to their nature, and inharmonious with their earlier existence. It is not of action that their felicity consists; for there is more bliss in enjoying the order established by the sovereign master than in ordering inferior affairs by oneself. In the first case, thought is turned towards perfect beauty, in the latter it is turned elsewhere. You are familiar with that lay-figure employed in the mysteries; it has two pairs of eyes; the lower ones are closed while the upper ones are open;

and conversely. This signifies contemplation and action. Now the one, then the other busies the secondary divinities. Of course they more enjoy the nobler of these two occupations; they undertake the other only when compelled by necessity. When necessary, the divinities operate and save the world; but that it is not their chief title to excellence. It is not otherwise with men; often they are busied with domestic occupations; at other times they devote themselves to philosophy, and it is then especially that they approach divinity.

## 10. PROGRESS IS NO SHAM FIGHT

"Consequently understand what I am going to say, without misapprehension. Do not expect the divinities to aid you uninterruptedly. It is contemplation that is especially suited to their nature, and they reside in the upper portions of the universe; they are dwellers of the sky, and at so great a distance from human beings, do not imagine that they could easily and uninterruptedly descend to the earth. At fixed epochs, like machinists, they do come down to operate the controlling springs of a state; lending it a wise direction, and sending, for its governance, souls of their own family. Due to the admirable designs of their providence, a single man suffices to effect the happiness of numerous peoples. But as soon as this work is accomplished, they return to the life that is characteristic of them. As to you, you were sent into a world which is not yours; you must remember your origin, and not forget that you have here a mission to fulfil; you should tend towards approaching the divinities, not to humiliate them towards you. As a soldier camping on enemy territory, do you, O son of a celestial race, be on your watch against the demons that besiege you. You cannot expect anything else but that they, born on the earth, should threaten and detest him who observes different laws on their native soil. You will therefore do well to watch attentively by day and night, so that, as you are alone against numerous enemies, on their ground, far from your home-land, not to let yourself be overwhelmed. Here below there exists an ancient and sacred race, the geniuses; full of solicitude for men, they can, under ordinary circumstances, render services; and if they did not inhabit the earth, the latter would show nothing more than evil; and wherever they are able to do so, they manifest their beneficent influence. But when matter has undertaken a struggle with the soul, and attacks her with the enemies to which it has given birth, it meets with but feeble resistance, unless the divinities intervene; for one is very strong when one fights on one's own domain. The demons wish to subdue everything to their power; and this is their procedure. There is nobody who does not contain some unreasonable part; and the great majority of men parade this part of their nature. Though the sage dissimulates it, it necessarily persists within him; and this is the ally on whom the demons count to attack the soul by surprise; they undertake a veritable siege. As charcoal can be lit by mere contact with the torch, because of their inflammable nature, thus the demons, who are full of passions, or rather, who are personified passion and agitation, need do no more than to approach a soul in order to arouse the passion within her, and to agitate her disorderly inclinations. Their mere proximity troubles. The being that undergoes an action is assimilated to the actor. The demons excite desire, anger, and all other evil affections; they steal into the soul by means of these auxiliaries, which, on feeling their presence, grow bold and rebel against reason; and this struggle goes on until either the demons subjugate the soul or renounce their effort to enslave it. What a bitter war! Ever, and everywhere, in numberless ways, they renew the attack; they deliver unexpected assaults, and they set traps, they stretch nets, they arouse internecine warfare; and that ends only when they have triumphed, or despaired of victory. From above the divinities contemplated these glorious battles, from which you will emerge as victor. May the same good fortune be yours later on! But I fear that, after having repelled these first dangers, you may succumb to other perils. When the divine part of the soul, instead of yielding to the passionate part, has repressed it, and subjected it to her dominion, she must accumulate sufficient inurement to overcome all attacks; pure and serene, the breath of the demons can no longer ruffle her. She then presents the characteristics of a divine being that is really simple; she is on the earth like a celestial tree which owes its fruit not to the grafts it bears, but which communicates to the graft its own excellence. When

their first efforts have failed, the demons attempt other attacks, to throw and destroy an adversary who is odious to them. Furious at their defeat, they refuse to permit that, within their own domain, a stranger should walk around with unabashed brow, thus attesting to his victory. That he humiliates them is of the least consequence; he excites others to shake their dominion; for as soon as the hearts are attracted by the example of virtue, evil disappears. Thus the demons seek to ruin all, whether privates or princes, who refuse to obey the laws of matter. But as you are a king, it will be more easy for you to defend yourself, than it would be for people whose condition is inferior. When a sovereign has repelled them from his soul, the demons attack his exterior power, raising up wars, seditions, and all the evils that can distress a state. But a king can abort these machinations by his vigilance. But when power and wisdom are united, nothing can resist them; but when separate, power is blind, and prudence paralyzed; and both are easily conquered.

## 11. THE ILLUSTRATION OF THE SPHINX

"My son, admire the thought expressed by our forefathers in the sacred images. We Egyptians attribute to the divine Hermes two faces, both young and old. The significance of this symbol is that we must join intelligence to vigor, while both separate are useless. It is this same association of qualities which is represented by the sacred Sphinx, placed on the threshold of our temples, beast by power, human by reason. Unguided by wisdom, power grows excited, loses its way, and causes trouble and disorder; deprived of the help of hands, intelligence is powerless for action. Rarely are fortune and virtue allied; although they are united in exceptional natures, such as is yours. You who can what you will should therefore not importune the divinities to save you by your own powers; it is not suitable to their dignity at every moment to leave their abode to descend into a foreign and inferior world. We are lacking in a respect due to them when we neglect to employ our faculties in maintaining the order and arrangement they have established on this earth; for this would constrain them to return, before the fixed period, to occupy themselves with things terrene. When this harmony which is their work is with years enfeebled, they do come to its rescue; when expiring, they reanimate it; and it is with joy that they perform this ministry, and assist the universe. When, by the fault of those who govern trouble and dishonor are seen to rule, they again return, if the states can be saved by nothing but their intervention. But, whatever be the accident, things of minor importance do not suffice to bring divinity into play. The man, in favor of whom one of these blessed spirits will condescend to descend into this world must be one of exceptional virtue. But when disorder has spread everywhere, when ruin threatens everything, then they arrive to reintroduce order into human affairs. Let men therefore not complain of evils that they suffer through their own fault; let them not accuse the divinity of indifference towards them. Providence exacts co-operation from man. Why should you be surprised at finding evil in the domain of evil? Rather marvel that it is not met with always; for good is a stranger who has lost his way on this earth; it is Providence that has sent it. Yet men can realize all the conditions of happiness if they know how to act and use all their resources. Providence does not resemble a mother who is ever anxious and attentive to fend off everything harmful from her new-born infant; for, although young, the child is still capable of self-defense. Rather, Providence resembles the mother who gives to her adolescent son the weapons with which he is to repel danger.

"These are the truths you should ceaselessly meditate; be sure, they are worthy of universal attention. While believing in Providence, and also helping themselves, they will unite piety with vigilance, and they will not regard the intervention of deity incompatible with the exercise of virtue. Farewell! If you are wise, you will repress your brother's enterprises; you will anticipate ehe evils which threaten to descend upon both the Egyptians and yourself; that is in your power; but if you surrender to indulgence and weakness, you must from heaven expect no more than a belated assistance."

## HYMN 1. 'THE WORLD-SOUL.'

Intelligence cares only for the intellectual worlds. She is the source of the precious spirit which though remaining indivisible, animates mortal bodies. Though fallen

into matter, the Soul, ever imperishable, is a parcel of its divine authors, feeble enough a parcel, indeed, but none the less of origin divine. Entire and single in all places, entirely distributed into the great all, she causes the revolution of the celestial vault. Presiding over the conservation of this universe, under divers forms she is present everywhere. A part of this Soul directs the courses of the stars; another rules the choirs of angels; another bending under the weight of heavy chains has put on terrestrial form. Separated from her parents, she has drunk sad forgetfulness; in her senseless preoccupations, she admires this miserable abode, and, in spite of her divine origin, has no regards for aught but the earth. Still in her veiled eyes remains some light; in those who have fallen here below remains a force that brings them back to heaven when, escaping the currents of life, and released from cares, they entered on the sacred path that leads to the palace of their Father.

Happy he who escaping the bellowings of voracious matter releases himself from earth and wings a swift flight towards God! Happy he who, after cares and labors, after such cruel anxieties here below, rushing on in the path of the Soul, has beheld the depths of the sky resplendent with a light divine. Let us strive that our hearts may be raised on the wings of celestial desires! Sustain the flight which raises you towards intellectual things; the Father will reveal himself near you, and extend his hand to you. A precursory ray will light your path, and will lead you into the fields of the ideal, to the source of all beauty. Courage, therefore, O soul of mine! Quench thy thirst at these crystelline springs; pray to the Father; rise towards him, climb ever. To the earth leave things terrene. Soon united to thy author, and divine in divinity, thou shalt enjoy supreme felicity!

## HYMN 3. 'GOD IS PRAISED BY ALL THE SPIRITS.'

It is thou, O sovereign Master, who is celebrated by all these ministers whose glances are brilliant, who govern the world, who animate the stars, and around whom the vast universe moves. It is thou who art lauded by the choir of the blessed, who in the world, around the world, in the zones, like wise guardians direct the various parts of the world, at the side of the glorious pilots graduated from the troups of angels; and the illustrious race of heroes who intervene by secret paths in the works of mortals, though these themselves be mortal. It is thou who art praised by both the firm and erect soul, and the soul that bows towards the thick darkness of earth, and fruitful nature, and all that nature brings forth; for it is from thy channels that issues and is distributed over the world the vital breath that to it imparts movement.

* * * Suppliant, I used to lie down on the ground, with my tears I would wet the ground; I besought the immortal spirits, thy servants, not to permit that I should have undertaken this journey in vain (when he went as ambassador to the imperial court in Thrace, for three years).

Give me, thy servant, to be able to stretch out the wings of my intelligence. May my suppliant soul bear the imprint of thy paternal seal. This will be a scarecrow to the enemy demons who rush into the abysses of the earth to whisper to mortals impious thoughts; but it will allow me to be recognized by thy sacred ministers who, on the peaks of the universe, hold the key of the gates of the empyrean, and who will introduce me into the abode of light * * * * the tranquil meadows of the Father.

## HYMN 4. 'ANGELS LOVE HYMNS, AND CARRY PRAYERS.'

May those who disturb sacred hymns, the demons, friends of darkness, inhabitants of the tombs, flee from my sacred prayers. But may those blessed ministers of the celestial creator, who dwell in the depths and on the extremities of the universe, with good-will listen to my hymns in honor of the Father, and carry him my supplications. . . .

Thou art the Master of intelligence, and thou dispensest it to divine beings, and to those mortals who have received some drops of thought. Thou givest the soul to all those whose life and activities are sustained only by the presence of the soul. . . .

Even the creatures which are not illuminated by the light of the soul depend on thee; all the intellectless beings draw from thy breast the force which preserves them from dissolution, and this force thou thyself drawest from the bosom ineffable of thy

Father, the mysterious monad. It is hence that springs the stream of life which, passing through these intellectual worlds which our thoughts cannot comprehend, is by thee shed abroad even to the ground. Thus from above descends the source of goods which is received by this visible world, image of the intellectual.

Thou who art the dispenser of intelligible light, take pity on a suppliant soul! * * * Give me for friend and companion, O king, the holy angel of sacred strength, the angel of divine prayer, the amiable dispenser of the goods, the guardian of the soul, and life, protector of prayers and actions! May he preserve my body pure from sickness, my spirit from being soiled, and may be induce in my soul the oblivion of passions.

HYMN 9. 'ANGELS THE SOUL OF THE STARS.'

When, O king, thou didst ascend to the heavens, the innumerable troup of the demons distributed in the airs shivered with fear; and the immortal choir of the sacred stars marveled with awe.

## PROCLUS, Providenial Angels, A.D. 412-485

After considering the Gods, let us study the messenger-angels who, if true to their name, cannot admit any evil. The Gods' interpreters must share their nature, and understand them in order to elucidate their divine will to men. Proceeding from that effulgence which is concealed in the recesses of Deity, and externalizing it, they themselves must consist of divine light, and be the good that exudes from the unfathomable depths of the One. As the unities remain within that ineffable source, from God's fountain emanate the occult number, of which proceeding natures the angelic order is the first. Therefore while they dwell in God's vestibule they also unfold their mystic silence. So as to be able to unite Divinity to the lower nature, the angelic tribe is assimilated to the Gods' from whom it is suspended.

Now as the first of any series bears the image of its First Cause, and as its characteristic is to be non-receptive to evil, so also must be the angelic nature. This non-receptiveness obtains throughout the whole realm of nobler natures (angels, geniuses and heroes,) all which are immaculately intellectual, the geniuses achieving their intermediacy by combining the Gods' generativeness along with (the heroes') force.

Now as the geniuses rank below the angelic choir, it may prove interesting to study their susceptibility to evil. We hear of the geniuses' passions; which may derive from their life-vicissitudes, or be voluntary,—inasmuch as we hear of evil and wicked geniuses (demons) who defile souls, and through iniquity lead them down to matter, down from their celestial journey to the subterranean realm where they become susceptible to primary evil, and thus may properly be characterized as good and evil.

Such doctrines are attributed to Plato's dualism of exemplars in the universe, and souls which are magnetically attracted thereto; those which reaching evil suffer the punishment of their crimes.

There is a similar distinction among the denizens of Hades: some congregate around its entrance, while others are dragged along by fierce and fiery demons who will lacerate them on thorns and cast them into the Tartarus. So Porphyry (Abstinence, 2) asks whether the geniuses popularly called evil are such to themselves, or only to others. The former are geniuses not really, but such only thro' habit, proximity and alliance, for essential geniuses remain such perpetually. If however they are good in themselves, and evil only to others, then are they such only as teachers who chastise pupils for their own good. For instance, if they keep the vulgar from entering within the curtains, and from participating in the rites, for the purpose of protecting the shrines from profanation, it is evidently not they who are evil, but the vulgar who deserve such prohibitions.

It is indeed entirely proper that mundane geniuses should keep in custody near the earth vicious souls unworthy of progression to the heavens, which is not evil inasmuch as they are uniformly acting out their nature.

(The above is condensed from Proclus On Providence, page 95 of Thomas Taylor's translation.)

# DIONYSIUS the AREOPAGITE, Celestial Hierarchies, A.D. 500

## 3. NATURE AND USE OF HIERARCHY

Hierarchy is, in my judgment, a sacred order and science and energy,—assimilated, as far as permissible, to the likeness of God, and conducted to the illuminations granted to itself from God, in due order, with a view to divine imitation. Now the divine attractiveness, as being uncompounded, as good, as source of imitation, is altogether free from any dissimilarity. But it imparts its own proper light to each according to their fitness, and perfect in most divine imitation in proportion to the unvarying likeness of harmony with itself.

The scope, then, of Hierarchy is the assimilation and oneness with God, holding Him as the leader of all religious science and energy, looking unflinchingly to His most Divine comeliness, and moulding itself as far as possible, and perfecting its own followers as Divine images, as mirror luminous and without flaw, receptive of the primal light and the Divine ray, and devoutly filled with the radiance committed to itself, but, on the other hand, spreading this radiance ungrudgingly to those after it, in accordance with the Divinely-fixed regulations. For it is not permitted to the initiates in Divine things, nor to those who are being religiously initiated, to practise anything whatever beyond the sacred regulations of their own function. Nor even must they attempt otherwise, if they desire to attain its deifying splendour, and if they regard it in a religious light, and mould themselves after the example of each of the holy minds. He then, who mentions Hierarchy describes a certain, altogether Holy Order, an image of the Divine Beauty, which performs the mysteries of its own illumination in due order and with religious science derived from the Hierarch, and which is assimilated to its own proper author as far as permissible.

For each of those who have been called into the Hierarchy find their perfection in being carried to the Divine imitation in their own proper degree; and, what is more Divine than all, as the oracles say, in becoming a fellow-worker with God, and in shewing the Divine energy dwelling in itself, manifested as far as possible to others. For it is an Hierarchical regulation that some are purified and that others purify; that some are enlightened and others enlighten; that some are perfected and others perfect. So that each one will accomplish the Divine imitation in his own several manners. The Divine Blessedness, then, to speak after the manner of men, is unstained by any dissimilarity, but is filled with invisible light—perfect, and needing no perfection; cleansing, illuminating and perfecting. Yea, rather it is a holy purification and illumination and perfection—above purification, above light, pre-eminently perfect, self-perfection, and cause of every Hierarchy, but elevated pre-eminently above every holy thing. It is necessary then—and I think that those who are being purified should be entirely perfected, so as to be without stain—that those who are being illuminated should be filled with the Divine Light, conducted to the habit and faculty of contemplation in all purity of mind, that those who are being initiated should be separated from the profane, and become recipients of that science which makes perfect the holy men who are initiated into the highest mysteries.

Further, that those who purify should impart from their own abundance of purity their own proper holiness; that those who illuminate, as being luminous intelligences, whose function it is to receive and to impart light, and who are joyfully filled with holy gladness, that these should impart in proportion to their own overflowing light, to those who are worthy of enlightenment. But that those who make perfect, as being skilled in the impartation of perfection, should perfect those who are being initiated, through the holy instruction, in the science of holy men who have been initiated in the higher mysteries. Thus each rank of the Hierarchical Order is led in its own degree to the Divine co-operation by performing, through grace and God-given power, those mysteries which are essentially and super-essentially in the Godhead, and are accomplished by it super-naturally, and are manifested to us through our Hierarchy for its imitation of the God-loving minds to the highest permissible extent.

## 4. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE APELLATION "ANGEL"?

Now that the nature of the Hierarchy has been, in my judgment, sufficiently defined, we must next celebrate the angelic Hierarchy, and we must contemplate with celestial vision its sacred descriptions contained in the oracles, in order that we may be borne aloft through the mystic representations to their most God-like simplicity, and may celebrate the Author of all Hierarchical science, with God-becoming reverence and with thanksgivings to the origin of mysteries. First of all, however, let this truth be spoken—that it was through goodness that the super-essential Godhead, having fixed the essence of created things, brought them into being. For this is the peculiar characteristic of the cause of all things, and of goodness surpassing all, to call created things to participation in itself, as each order of existence was determined from its own analogy. For all created beings that exist share in a providence, bubbling forth from the super-substantial Godhead, Creator of all things. For they would not be, unless they had participated in the essence and origin of things created. All things then, without life, participate in it, by their existence. For the Being of all things is the Godhead, which is above all Being. Things with life participate in the life-giving power which is itself above all life. Things rational and intellectual participate in the self-perfect and preeminently perfect wisdom which is above all reason and mind. It is evident, then, that all those Beings dwell around Him, who have participated in Him, in many forms. The holy ranks, then, of the heavenly Beings, share in the participation of the Divine gifts in a higher degree than things which merely exist, or which lead an irrational life, or which are rational like ourselves. For by moulding themselves intellectually to the Divine imitation, and looking from the earthly to the Divine likeness, and striving to mould their own spiritual likeness after its example, they naturally have more ungrudging communications with it, being near and ever moving upwards, as far as permissible, they elevate themselves with the intensity of the Divine unswerving love, and receive the primal illuminations without earthly stain and by moulding themselves to these, their whole life becomes spiritual. These, then, are they who, at first hand and under many forms, participate in the Divine, and, at first hand, and under many forms, make known the hidden mysteries of the Godhead. Wherefore, beyond all, they are deemed pre-eminently worthy of the angelic appellation on the ground that the Divine illumination comes to them at first hand, and through them there pass to us manifestations above our capacities.

Thus, then, the Law, as the Word of God affirms, was given to us through the ministration of Angels; and Angels led our illustrious fathers before the Law, and after the Law to the Deity, either by leading them to what was to be done, and separating them from error and an unholy life to the straight way of truth, or by making known to them sacred ordinances, or hidden visions of celestial mysteries, or certain Divine predictions through the Prophets. But if anyone should say that Divine manifestations were made directly and immediately to some holy men, let him learn, and that distinctly, from the most holy oracles, that no one hath seen nor ever shall see, the hidden nature of God as it is in itself. But Divine manifestations were made to those holy men as befits revelations of God, that is to say, through certain holy visions adapted to those who saw them. Now the Word of God, in the fulness of its wisdom, for the instruction of those who are contemplating the Divine, naturally names "Divine manifestation," that special vision which manifests that Divine image, depicted in itself, as clothing informs things without form; as though a Divine illumination were made through this to the spectators, and the godly persons themselves received some religious initiation. But our illustrious fathers were instructed in these Divine visions, through the mediation of the heavenly powers. Does not the teaching given to us in the oracles describe the holy legislation of the Law, given to Moses, as coming straight from God, in order that it may teach us this truth, that it is a type of a Divine and holy economy? But the Word of God, in its wisdom, teaches this also—that it came to us by the mediation of Angels; as though the Divine regulation were laying down this rule, that through the first, the second are brought to God. For not only with regard to the superior and inferior minds, but even amongst those who are of the same rank, this Law has been established by the supreme Lawgiver—that within each Hierarchy there are first and middle, and

last ranks and powers, and that the more Divine are the instructors and conductors of the inferior, to the Divine access, and illumination, and participation. But I observe that Angels first revealed the Divine mystery of the love of Jesus towards man, since through them the gift of knowledge passed to us. Thus for example, the most Divine Gabriel instructed Zechariah, the High Priest, that the son who was to be born by Divine grace, from him, beyond hope, should be a prophet, of the God-incarnate work of our Jesus to be manifested to the world for its salvation, as becomes the Divine goodness. But he revealed to Mary, how, in her, should take place the Divinely-originated mystery of the unutterable God-formation. Yet another Angel instructed Joseph how in very truth were fulfilled the things Divinely promised to his ancestor David. Another announced to the shepherds, as being purified by their separation from the multitude and their quiet life, and with him a multitude of the heavenly host announced to those on earth that often sung doxology. Let us then ascend to the highest manifestations of light contained in the oracles, for I perceive that even Jesus, Himself, the supersubstantial cause of the highest heavenly Beings, after He had come to our condition without change in Himself, did not over-step the the good order which becomes mankind, which He, Himself, arranged and took, but readily subjected Himself to the dispositions of the Father and God, through Angels, and through their mediation was announced to Joseph the departure of the Son to Egypt, which had been arranged by the Father, and again the return to Judea from Egypt. We see Him further, subjecting Himself to the Father's decrees. But I forbear to speak, as addressing one who knows the teaching of our Hierarchical tradition concerning the Angel who strengthened Jesus Himself; or that even Jesus Himself, when He had come to manifest the good work of our salvation, was called Angel of Great Counsel. For, as He Himself says, after the manner of an angel, "Whatsoever He heard from the Father, He declared to us."

## 5. FOR WHAT REASON ALL THE HEAVENLY BEINGS ARE CALLED BY THE COMMON NAMES OF ANGELS

This, then, in our judgment, is the reason for the angelic appellation given in the oracles. We must now enquire for what reason the theologians call all the heavenly Beings together, "Angels;" but when they come to a more accurate description of the celestial orders, they name exclusively as angelic order that which completes the full tale of the Divine and heavenly hosts. Before this, however, they arrange as the superior the Orders of Archangels and the Principalities, Authorities and Powers, and all the Orders that the revealing tradition of the oracles recognize as their superior. Now, we affirm that throughout every sacred order the superior ranks possess the the illuminations and powers of the subordinates, but the lowest orders have not the same powers as those who are above them. The theologians, then, call the most holy ranks of the highest Beings, "Angels," for even they make known Divine illumination. But there is no reason to call the lowest order of the celestial minds Principalities, or Thrones, or Seraphim. For this order does not possess the highest powers, but, as it were, by its own proper functions conructs our inspired Hierarchs to the splendour of the Godhead known to itself. Thus, then, the saintly powers of the Beings above this act as conductors towards the Divine of that order which completes the angelic Hierachies. Perhaps some may say this also, that all the angelic appellations are common in so far as all the celestial powers possess, in a less or greater degree, a fellowship in the likeness of God and in the gift of Light from God. But, in order that the question may be thoroughly investigated, let us reverently examine the saintly characteristics assigned to each celestial order in the oracles.

## 6. WHICH IS THE FIRST ORDER OF THE CELESTIAL BEINGS? WHICH THE MIDDLE? AND WHICH THE LAST?

How many, and of what sort are the Orders of the super-celestial Beings, and how the Hierarchies are initiated amongst themselves, I affirm the Divine Author of their initiation alone distinctly knows. Further, that they know their own proper powers and illuminations, and their sacred and super-mundane regularity. For it is impossible that we should know the mysteries of the super-celestial minds, and their most holy perfections unless, someone might say, so far as the Godhead has revealed to us through them who know perfectly their own condition. We, then, will utter

nothing as from ourselves, but whatever angelic visions have been gazed upon by the holy Prophets of God, we, as interpreting these, will set forth as best we can. The Word of God has designated the whole nine celestial Beings by appellations which shew their functions. These our Divine Initiator divides into three threefold orders. He also says that the first is that order which tradition declares to be always around God, and united closely and immediately to Him before all the rest. For he says that the teaching of the holy oracles that the Most Holy Thrones and the many-eyed and many-winged ranks named in the Hebrew tongue Cherubim and Seraphim are established immediately around God, with a nearness superior to all. This three-fold order, then, our illustrious Guide affirmed to be one, and of equal rank, and really first, than which there is not another more God-like or immediately nearer to the earliest illuminations of the Godhead. But he says that the second is that which is composed of the Authorities, and Lordships, and Powers, and the third, as being the lowest of the celestial Hierarchies, is the Order of the Angels and Archangels and Principalities.

## 7. CONCERNING THE SERAPHIM AND CHERUBIM AND THRONES, AND CONCERNING THEIR HIERARCHY, WHICH IS FIRST

We, whilst admitting this as the arrangement of the Hierarchies, affirm that every appellation of the celestial minds denotes the God-like characteristic of each; and those who know Hebrew affirm that the holy designation of the Seraphim denotes that they are fiery or burning; but that of Cherubim, a fullness of knowledge and stream of wisdom. Naturally, then, the first of the heavenly Hierarchies is ministered to by the most exalted beings, holding, as it does, a rank which is higher than all, by the fact that it is established immediately around God, and that the first-wrought Divine manifestations and perfections pass earlier to it, as being nearest. They are called, then, Burning and Thrones, and Stream of Wisdom—by a name which explains their God-like dispositions. The appellation of Seraphim plainly teaches their ever moving around things Divine, and constancy and warmth, and keenness, and the seething of that persistent, indomitable and inflexible perpetual motion, and that vigorous transformation of the subordinate, by precept and example, as giving new life and rekindling them to the same heat; and purifying through fire and burnt offering, and the light-like and light-shedding characteristic which can never be concealed or consumed, and remains always the same, which destroys and dispels every kind of obscure darkness. But the appellation of the Cherubim denotes their knowledge and their vision of God, and their readiness to receive the highest gift of light, and their power of contemplating the Divine comeliness in its first revealed power, and their being filled with the impartation which maketh wise, and their ungrudging communication to those next to them by pouring forth the wisdom given to themselves. The appellation of the most exalted and pre-eminent Thrones denotes their manifest exaltation above every grovelling inferiority, and their celestial tendency towards higher things; and their unanswering separation from all remoteness; and their invariable and firmly-fixed settlement around the veritable Highest, with the whole force of their powers; and their capacity for receiving the approaches of the Godhead, through the absence of all passion and earthly tendency, and their hearing God, and the ardent expansion for themselves for the Divine receptions. This, then, is the explanation of their names, so far as we can give it, but we ought to say what we think their Hierarchy is. For I suppose we have sufficiently shown above that the purpose of every Hierarchy is an unswerving devotion to the imitation of the Divine Likeness, and that every Hierarchical function is set apart for the sacred reception and distribution of an undefiled purification, and Divine Light and perfecting science.

But now I pray that I may speak worthily of the most exalted minds—how their Hierarchy is exhibited through the oracles.

One must consider, then, that the Hierarchy belongs properly, and is in every respect like, to the first Beings, who are established after the Godhead, who gave them Being, and who are marshalled, as it were, in its very vestibule, who surpass every unseen and seen created power. Now, so far as they are pure, we must regard them, not as though they have been freed from unholy stains and blemishes,

nor as though they were unreceptive to earthly fancies, but as far exalted above all stain of inferiority and every transient holiness in accordance with the highest degree of purity—established above the most God-like powers, and clinging unflinchingly to their own self-moved and same-moved order in their invariable love of God, conscious in no respect whatever of any declination to a worse condition, but having the invariable fixity of their own God-like identity—never liable to fall, and always unmoved.

Again, so far as they are contemplative, we must not regard them as contemplating sensible signs intellectually, or as being led to the Divine by the varied texture of holy representations written for our meditation, but as being filled with all kinds of unearthly knowledge of higher light, and satiated, as permissible, with the beautifying and princely beauty super-essential and thrice manifested. Thus, deemed worthy of Communion with Jesus, they do not stamp the deifying similitude in the bodily forms of divinely-pictured images, but as being in very truth near to Him in first enjoyment of the knowledge of His deifying illuminations. Further, because the imitation of God is given to them in the highest possible degree, they participate, so far as possible, in His God-wrought and philanthropic virtues, in the power of a first manifestation. But, so far as they are perfected, we must not thing of them as being illuminated with a sacred subtlety according to analytic science, but as being filled with a first and pre-eminent deification, as following from the most exalted science of the Divine operations which Angels can possibly possess. For, not through other holy Beings, but from the very Godhead, are they directed in spiritual things, by their elevation to itself immediately, by their power, and order, and rank surpassing all. They are both planted near the All-Holy without any shadow of turning, and are conducted for contemplation to the unearthly, immaterial, and spiritual comeliness so far as possible, and to the reasons which make the Divine operations, and as being first around God they are instructed from the source of mystery itself, and supremely directed in Divine mysteries. Thus, then, the theologians distinctly shew that the subordinate Orders of the heavenly Beings are taught by the superior, in due order, the deifying sciences, and that those who are higher than all are illuminated from the God-head itself, as far as permissible, in revelations of the Divine Mysteries. For they introduce some of them as being religiously instructed by those of a higher rank, that He, who was raised to Heaven as befits man, is the Lord of the heavenly Powers and King of Glory. Others, as putting the question to Jesus Himself, and as desiring to learn exactly the nature of His Divine work on our behalf, and Jesus, as instructing them directly, and shewing to them at first hand the work of His goodness out of love to man. "For I, He says, am pondering over righteousness and judgment of Salvation.' Now I am astonished that even the first of the Beings in Heaven, and so far above all others, should reverently strive after the Divine illuminations, as though they were intermediate Beings. For they do not ask directly, "Wherefore are the garments red?" but they first raise the difficulty among themselves, thus shewing that they desire to learn, and crave the deifying knowledge, but not impeding the Divine illumination given to them after a Divine procedure.

The first Hierarchy, then, of the heavenly minds is purified, and enlightened, and perfected by being religiously directed by the Author of initiation Himself, by its elevation to Himself immediately, and by being filled, according to its degree, with the most holy purification of the unapproachable Light of the most perfect source of initiation, and being sustained by any inferiority and full of primal Light, and perfected by its participation in first-given knowledge and science. But to sum up, I may say this, not inappropriately, that the reception of Divine Science is both purification and enlightenment, and perfecting-purifying, as it were, from ignorance, by the knowledge of the more perfect revelations imparted to it according to its fitness, but enlightening by the self-same Divine knowledge, through which it also purifies that order which did not before contemplate the things which are now made manifest through the higher illumination; and perfecting further, by the self-same Light the abiding science of the mysteries made clearly manifest. This, then, according to my most accurate knowledge, is the first rank of the heavenly Beings which encircle and stand immediately around God, and without symbol, and without interruption,

dances around His eternal knowledge in the most exalted and ever-moving stability, viewing with pure eyes many and blessed contemplations, but illuminated with unique and immediate splendours, filled with a Divine nourishment—numerous indeed in its first-given profusion, but one in the unvariegated and unifying oneness of the Divine Food. It is thus deemed worthy of much participation and co-operation with God, by the assimilation to Him, as far as possible, in excellent habits and energies. They thus know many Divine things pre-eminently, and participate in Divine science and knowledge to the utmost. Wherefore the Word of God has transmitted their hymns to those on earth, in which are Divinely shewn the excellency of its most exalted illumination. For some of them, to speak after the manner of men, proclaim as the "voice of many waters," "Blessed is the glory of the Lord, from His place." But others cry aloud that most august appellation of God, "Holy, Holy, Lord of Sabaoth," "The whole earth is full of His glory." These most excellent hymnologies of the super-celestial minds, we have already unfolded to the best of our ability in the Treatise concerning the Divine hymns, and have spoken sufficiently concerning them in that Treatise, from which, by way of remembrance, it is enough to produce so much as is necessary to our present purpose, namely, "That the first Order, having been instructed in theological science from the Divine Goodness itself, as a Hierarchy reflecting that Goodness, transmitted it to the Order next after itself." To speak briefly it teaches this: "That the august Godhead—itself both above praise, and all praiseworthy—is rightly eulogised by the minds who receive God, so far as He is permitted to be known and sung. For they, according to the oracles, as images of God, are the Divine places of the Divine repose. Yea, further, they affirm that He is alone and One of the three-fold subsistence, sending forth His most kindly forethought to all created things, from the super-celestial minds to the lowest of the earth; as Prince above principality and cause of all creation, and grasping all things supernaturally in His resistless embrace.

## 8. CONCERNING LORDSHIPS AND POWERS AND AUTHORITIES, AND CONCERNING THEIR MIDDLE HIERARCHY

Let us now pass to the middle order of the heavenly minds, gazing as far as we may, with celestial vision at those Lordships and the truly terrible visions of the Divine Authorities and Powers. For each appellation of the minds above us denotes those characteristics by which they Divinely imitate the Divine Likeness. I think, then, that the explanatory name of the Holy Lordships denotes a certain unslavish tendency to higher things, free from all groveling subserviency, which does not submit in any way whatever to one single imperious force dissimilar to itself, as befits the freedom of unbending Lordship, superior to every kind of cringing slavery, indomitable to every lower tendency, and elevated above dissimilarity, ever seeking the true Lordship, and source of Lordship; and moulding as an image of goodness, itself and those after it, to His Lordly Likeness, turning itself wholly to more of the things that vainly seem, but to the Lordly Being, and ever sharing in the Lordly Likeness of God. The appellation of the Holy Powers denotes the possession to the highest possible extent of a certain masculine and unflinching manliness towards all those God-like energies within themselves—not feebly weak, for the reception of any of the Divine illuminations vouchsafed to it—vigorously conducting itself to the Divine imitation; not forsaking the Godlike movement through its own cowardice, but unflinchingly looking to the super-essential and powerful making Power; and becoming an image of this, as far as is permissible, in the likeness of His power, and powerfully turning itself to this as Source of Power, but issuing forth to those next in degree, in its gift of Power and in its likeness to God. But the appellation of the Holy Authorities denotes their being of the same rank as the Divine Lordships and Powers, their beautiful and unconfused good order with regard to the Divine receptions, and the marshalling of the celestial and spiritual authority, not using their authoritative powers imperiously for base purposes, but conducting themselves in the highest possible degree towards Divine things in due order, and conducting those after them benignly; and being assimilated, as far as permissible to the Authority giving Source of Authority, and making this visible, as is possible to Angels, in the well-ordered regulations of the Authority giving power. The middle order of the heavenly minds,

having these God-like characteristics, is purified and illuminated in the manner described through the Divine illuminations vouchsafed to it at second hand, which pass through the first Hierarchical Order, and through this middle as a secondary manifestation. Without dwelling upon that message, which is said to pass through one angel to another, let us take it as a symbol of a message delivered from afar, and obscured in its passage so as to become a secondary revelation. For, as men skilled in our initiation say, the knowledge of Divine things, manifested directly to ourselves, is more perfect than the Divine contemplations imparted through others. This, I think, with regard to the angelic ranks, the immediate participation in knowledge of those elevated to the nearest proximity to God, is more clear than that of those who are initiated through the instrumentality of others. Wherefore, by our sacerdotal tradition, the first minds are named, perfecting, illuminating, and purifying Powers, of the subordinate on the ground that these are conducted through them to the super-essential Origin of all things; and are placed in possession, as far as is permissible to them, of the consecrating purifications, and illuminations, and perfections. For this is absolutely fixed by the Divinely-established law of consecration, that through the first, the second should partake of the Divine illuminations. This you will find declared by theologians in many ways. For when the Divine and Paternal Love towards man has chastened in a remarkable manner, His people Israel, with a view to their spiritual salvation, and had delivered them to terrible and savage nations for correction, by every kind of providential training to better things, He both liberated them from their misery, and led them back, through His compassion, to their former state of comfort. Then, one of the theologians, Zechariah, saw in a vision one of the first Angels, as I think, around God (for the name Angels is common, as I said, to them all), who learned from God Himself the comforting words, as we say, concerning this matter. But he saw another Angel, of inferior rank, advancing to meet the first Angel, for the purpose of receiving and explaining an illumination. Then, from him, instructed as from a Hierarch, and charged to reveal to the theologian, that Jerusalem should be abundantly occupied by a multitude of people. But another theologian, Ezekiel, says that this was righteously ordained by the glorious Godhead Itself, exalted above the Cherubim. For the Paternal Love towards man, whilst conducting Israel through an education to better things, by a righteousness worthy of God, decided to separate the guilty from the guiltless. This is revealed to one first after the Cherubim—He who was bound about the loins with a sapphire, and wore displayed the hierarchical robe coming down to the feet as a symbol of Hierarchical Office. But the other Angels, who bore the battle-axe, the Divine Government compels to be instructed from the former, as to the Divine judgment in this matter. For, to one, He said that he should go through the midst of Jerusalem, and place the sign upon the forehead of the just men. But to the others, "Go into the city after him and strike, and spare not your eyes, but to every one upon whom is the sign draw not near."

What would any one say concerning the Angel who said to Daniel, "The word has gone forth?" or concerning him of the first Order, who took the fire from the midst of the Cherubim; or what is more remarkable than this, foreshowing the good order that reigns amongst the Angels, the Cherubim casts the fire into the hands of him wearing the sacred stole; or concerning him who called the most Divine Gabriel, and said to him, "Make this man understand the vision," or whatever else is recorded by the holy theologians concerning the God-like Order of the celestial Hierarchies, to which the good order of our Hierarchy, after being assimilated to the greatest possible extent, will bear the likeness of the Angelic comeliness, as it were, in reflection, taking its whole form from this, and conducted to the super-essential source of order in every Hierarchy.

## 9. CONCERNING THE PRINCIPALITIES, ARCHANGELS AND ANGELS, AND CONCERNING THEIR HIERARCHY WHICH IS LAST

There remains for our religious contemplation an Order which completes the Angelic Hierarchies, which is composed of the God-like Principalities, Archangels and Angels. I think it necessary, first to declare the meaning of their sacred ap-

pellations. For the appellation of the heavenly Principalities denotes their ruling and guiding after the Divine example with religious order most befitting the Princely Powers, and their being wholly turned to the Principality above Principality, and their directing others in a princely fashion, and their being moulded to the distinguished Principality itself, the Maker of Princedom, and that they make manifest their super-essential Source of Order by the regularity of their princely powers.

The Order of the Holy Archangels is of the same rank with the heavenly Principalities. For there is one Hierarchy and rank, as I said, of themselves and the Angels. But since there is not a Hierarchy which does not possess first and middle and last powers, the Holy Order of Archangels occupies the middle position in the Hierarchy between the extremes. For it belongs alike to the most holy Principalities and to the Holy Angels. To the Principalities because it is turned into a princely fashion to the super-essential Prince, and is moulded to it as far as possible, and unites the Angels after the fashion of its own well-regulated and marshalled and invisible Leadership. But it belongs to the Angels because it is of the prophetic Order, receiving in a sacerdotal fashion the Divine illumination from the first powers, and conveys the same to the Angels after the example of God, and through Angels manifested them to us in proportion to the sacred aptitude of each one of the godly persons illuminated. For the Angels, as we have already previously said, complete the whole series of celestial minds as being the last Order of the heavenly Beings, who possess the Angelic characteristic. Yea, rather, they are more properly named Angels by us than those of the higher degree. Especially because their Order is occupied in making known, and is more particularly concerned with the things of the world. For the very highest Order, as being placed in the first rank near the Hidden One, we must consider as directing in spiritual things in a more hidden fashion than the Order next to itself. But the second Order, which is composed of the holy Lordships and Powers and Authorities, directs the Hierarchy of the Principalities and Archangels and Angels more clearly indeed than the first Hierarchy, but more hiddenly than the Order after it. We must bear in mind that the more revealing Order of the Principalities, Archangels and Angels preside through each other over the Hierarchies amongst men, in order that the instruction, and conversion, and communion, and union with God may be in due order, and, in short, that the procession from God vouchsafed in a manner becoming His goodness to all the Hierarchies, and passing to all in common, may be in a most sacred regularity. Hence, the Word of God has assigned our Hierarchy to Angels, naming the distinguished Michael as ruler of the Jewish people, and others over the nations. For the Most High established borders of nations according to the number of Angels of God. But if anyone should say, "How then were the people of the Hebrews alone conducted to the Divine illumination?" we must answer that we ought not to throw the blame of the other nations wandering after those which are no gods, upon the faithful superintendence of the Angels. But they themselves, by their own declension, fell away from the faithful conduct towards the Divine, through self-conceit and self-will, and through their irrational reverence for things which appeared to themselves worthy of God. Even the Hebrew people are testified to have suffered the same thing; for He says, "Thou hast cast away knowledge of God, and has gone after thine own heart." For neither have we a life governed by necessity, nor, on account of the free will of those who are objects of providential care, are the Divine rays of the providential illumination blunted. But the inaptitude of the mental visions makes the overflowing Gift of Light, which comes from Paternal goodness, either altogether unparticipated or impenetrable to their existence, or makes the participations of the one fontal ray, diverse, small or great, obscure or brilliant, although that ray is one and simple, and always the same, and ever overflowing. For even over the other nations, from whom even we have emerged to that boundless and bounteous sea of Divine Light, which is expanded for the ready reception of all, there were not placed certain alien gods. But there is one Prince of All, and to Him the Angels who religiously direct each nation conduct those who follow them. Let us consider Melchizedek as being a Hierarch, most dear to God, not of gods which are not, but of Him who is truly most high God. For the godly wise not only speak of him as being dear to God, but also as Priest, in order that they may clearly shew to the wise that not only was

he himself turned to the true God, but further, that he became as Hierarch, a guide to others, in that wisdom which leads to the true and only Godhead.

Let me also recall this to your Hierarchical judgment that both to Pharaoah, from the Angel who presided over the Egyptians, and to the Babylonian Prince, from his own Angel, the watchful and ruling care of the Providence and Lordship over all was made known in visions. And leaders who were worshippers of the true God were appointed over those nations. For the interpretation of things shaped by angelic visions was made known from God through Angels to the holy men akin to the Angels—Daniel and Joseph. For there is one Prince and Providence over all. And never must we think that the Godhead guides Jews by lot, but that Angels, independently, or as of equal rank, or as in opposition, or that certain other gods preside over the other nations. But that particular phrase of the Divine Word, must be accepted according to its very religious intention; not as though God had divided government amongst men with other gods or Angels, and had been elected by lot to the government and leadership of Israel, but in this sense—that, whereas there is one and the same forethought of the Supreme over all, which has assigned all men for their salvation to the elevating guidance of their own Angels, yet Israel, almost alone in comparison with the rest, turned itself to the Light-Gift, and recognition of the true Lord. Hence, the Word of God, in order to shew that Israel himself elected for the worship of the true God, says this, "He became the Lord's portion." But as shewing that he was distributed equally with the other nations, to one of the holy Angels, for the recognition through him of the one Prince over all, he said, "That Michael was the Leader of the Jewish people." From this it is evident that there is one Providence for the whole, pre-eminently established above all powers, unseen and seen, and that all the Angels who preside over each nation elevate as far as possible those who follow them with a willing mind, to Itself as their proper Head.

## 10. A REPETITION AND SUMMARY CONCERNING THE ANGELIC ORDER

We have concluded, then, that the most exalted order of the minds around God, whilst being sanctified by the perfecting illumination, is purified, and illuminated, and perfected by a gift of Light, at once more hidden and more manifest—more hidden, indeed, as being more intellectual, and more simplifying, and more unifying—more manifest, as being a first gift and a first manifestation, and more complete, and more shed forth to it as being more transparent. But from this order again, in due degree, the second, and from the second, the third, and from the third our Hierarchy is religiously conducted to the Beginning above beginning, and end of all good order, according to the self-same law of well-ordered regularity, in Divine harmony and proportion. But all Angels are interpreters of those above them; the very highest, indeed, of God, who moves them, but the rest in due order of those who have been moved by God. For, to such an extent has the super-essential harmony of all things provided for the religious order, and the regulated conduct of each of the rational and intellectual beings, that each rank of Hierarchies has been placed in sacred order, and we observe every Hierarchy distributed into the first and middle and last Powers. But to speak accurately, He divided each order itself, by the same Divine harmonies, on which account the theologians say that the most Divine Seraphim cry one to another, indicating distinctly, as I think, by this that the first impart their theological knowledge to the second. I might add this not inappropriately that each celestial and human mind has within itself its own special first and middle and last rank and power, corresponding to the aforesaid peculiar instructions of the several Hierarchical illuminations made known in due order, in accordance with which each one participates, as far as is lawful and permissible to himself, in the most spotless purification, the most copious light, the pre-eminent perfection. For there is nothing that is self-perfect, or absolutely without need of perfecting, except the self-perfect and pre-eminently perfect One.

## 11. FOR WHAT REASON ALL THE CELESTIAL BEINGS, IN COMMON ARE CALLED CELESTIAL POWERS

Now that we have defined these things, it is worthy of consideration why we should be accustomed to call all the angelic Beings together, celestial Powers. For

it is not possible to say, as with regard to the Angels, that the Order of the holy Powers is last of all. The Orders of the superior Beings share in the holy illuminations of the last; but the last in no degree of the first; and on this account all the holy minds are called celestial powers, but never Seraphim and Thrones and Lordships. For the last do not enjoy the whole characteristics of the highest. For the Angels, and those above the Angels, Archangels and Principalities and Authorities, whilst being placed after the Powers, by the Word of God, are often called by us, in conjunction with the other holy Beings, heavenly Powers. But we affirm that whilst often using the appellation of celestial Powers for all in common, we do not introduce a sort of confusion of the characteristic of each Order. Now, inasmuch as all the Divine minds are divided into three, in the celestial description given of them—into substance and power and energy—when we speak of them all, or some of them, indiscriminately, as celestial Beings or celestial Powers, we must consider that we describe those about whom we speak in a general way, from the substance or power of each of them. For we must not apply the superior characteristic of those holy Powers, whom we have already sufficiently distinguished, to the Beings which are entirely inferior to them, so as to overthrow the unconfused order of the angelic ranks. According to the correct account which we have already frequently given, the superior Orders possess abundantly the sacred characteristics of the inferior, but the lowest do not possess the superior completeness of the highest. For the first-manifested illuminations are revealed to them, through the first Order, in proportion to their capacity.

## 12. WHY HUMAN HIERARCHS ARE CALLED ANGELS

But this is sometimes also asked by diligent readers of the oracles. Since the lowest Orders do not possess the completeness of the superior for what reason is our Hierarch named by the oracles "Angel of the Lord Omnipotent?" Now the statement, as I think, is not contrary to what has been before defined, for we say that the last lack the whole and pre-eminent Power of the most exalted Orders. For they possess in part and degree according to the one harmonious and binding fellowship of all things. For example, the Order of the holy Cherubim possess wisdom and knowledge in a higher degree. But the Orders of the Beings beneath them possess also themselves wisdom and knowledge, but nevertheless partially as compared with them and in a lower degree. For the possession of wisdom throughout is common to all the spiritual which bear the image of God. But the being near and first, or second and inferior, is not common, but as has been determined for each in its own degrees. This also one might safely define respecting all the spiritual minds, for, as the first possess abundantly the goodly characteristics of the inferior, so the last possess those goodly qualities, not indeed in the same degree, but subordinately. There is, then, as I think, nothing absurd if the Word of God calls our Hierarch Angel, since he participates, according to his own capacity, in the prophetic characteristic of the Angels, and elevates himself, as far as possible, to the likeness of their interpreting powers. But you will find that the Word of God calls gods, both the celestial Beings above us, and the holy men amongst us, who are most beloved of God, although the Divine Hiddenness is transcendently elevated and established above all, and no created Being can properly and entirely be said to be like unto It, except those intellectual and rational Beings who are entirely and wholly turned to its Oneness, as far as possible, and who elevate themselves indomitably to its Divine illuminations by their imitation of God, if I may so speak, according to their power, and are deemed worthy of the same appellation as God.

## 13. FOR WHAT REASON THE PROPHET ISAIAH IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN PURIFIED BY THE SERAPHIM

Come, then, let us examine this as best we can, why one of the Seraphim is said to be sent to one of the theologians. For some one may object that not one of the inferior Angels, but one himself enrolled amongst the very highest Beings cleanses the Prophet. Some, indeed, do affirm that, according to the definition already given of the mutual relation of all the Minds, this portion of the Word of God does not name one of the highest around God as having come for the cleansing of the theo-

logian, but that some one of the Angels placed over us as a sacred Minister of the Prophet's cleansing is called by the same name as the Seraphim, on the ground that the removal of the fault spoken of and the restoration of him who was cleansed to the Divine obedience was through fire; and they say that this oracle speaks simply of one of the Seraphim, not of those who are established around God, but of the Powers established over us for the purpose of cleansing. Now another brought forward to me by no means foolish defense of this present position. For he said that that great One, whoever he might be—the Angel who formed this vision—for the purpose of teaching the theologian Divine things, referred his own cleansing function to God, and after God, to the first working Hierarchy. And was not this statement true? For he who said this affirmed that the Divine Power passes to all in its frequent visitations, and penetrates all irresistibly, and yet is invisible to all, not only as being super-essentially elevated above all, but as secretly transmitting its providential energies to all; yea, rather, it is manifested to all the spiritual Beings in due degree, and conducts its own gift of Light to the most reverend of Beings, through whom, as being of the first Order, itself distributes in due order to the subordinate in proportion to the power of each Order to bear the vision of God. Or to speak more strictly, and through familiar illustrations (for if they fall short of the Glory of God, Who is exalted above all, yet they are more instructive to us), the transmission of the sun's ray passes most easily to matter of the first Order, as being more transparent than all, and through this lights up its own splendour more brilliantly. But when it strikes more dense matter, its transmitted brilliancy becomes more obscure, from the inaptitude of the matter illuminated for the transmission of the gift of Light. And from this it is, little by little, contraced so as to almost perfectly exclude the passage of Light. Again, the heat of fire transmits itself chiefly to things that are more receptive, and yielding, and conducive to assimilation to itself. But as regards repellent substances, either it leaves none, or a very light trace of its fiery energy; more than this, when it comes in contact with things not congenial, through substances favorable to its proper action. First, if it chance to inflame things easily changed to its heat, and through them, either water or some other substance which is not easily heated, it heats them in proportion to their capacity. After the same rule, then, of Nature's well-ordered method, the primal regulation of all good order, both visible and invisible, manifests super-naturally the brightness of its own gift of Light to the most exalted Beings in abundant streams of first-manifestation, and through these the Beings after them partake of the Divine ray. For these, as first knowing God, and striving pre-eminently after Divine virtue and to become first-workers, are deemed worthy of the power and energy for the imitation of God, to the utmost degree. And these lovingly elevate the Beings after them to an equality with themselves, as far as possible, by imparting ungrudgingly to them the splendour which rests upon themselves, and these again to those subordinate. Throughout every Order the first rank imparts its gift to that after it. The Divine Light thus rests upon all, in due proportion, with providential fore-thought. There is, then, for all those who are illuminated, a Source of illumination—God that is, naturally and really and properly, as Essence of Light, and Cause of Being and Vision itself. But, by ordinance and by Divine imitation, the superior Order is successively the Source to that Order which follows it, by the fact that the Divine rays are poured through this to that. All the remaining Angels, then, naturally regard the highest Order of the heavenly Minds as Source of every sacred knowledge and imitation of God, since through them the Divine illumination is distributed to all, and even to us. Wherefore they refer every holy energy of Divine imitation to God indeed as Cause, but to the first God-like minds as being first authors and teachers of Divine things.

The first Order, then, of the holy Angels, possess more than all, the characteristic of fire; and the distribution of the streams of Divine wisdom; and the faculty of knowing the highest science of the Divine illuminations; and the characterstic of Thrones, exhibiting their expansion for the reception of God. But the ranks of the subordinate Beings possess the faculty of fire, of wisdom, of knowledge, of Divine reception—but in a lower degree. And looking to the first, and through them, as being worthy of the Divine imitation in the first degree, they are conducted to the highest possible likeness of God. The aforesaid holy characteristics, then, which the

Beings after them possess through the first, they attribute to those Beings themselves as Hierarchs after God.

He who said this, was accustomed to affirm that this vision was shown to the Theologian through one of the holy and blessed Angels who are set over us, and from his illuminating direction that he, the Prophet, was elevated to that spiritual vision in which he saw the most exalted Beings, to speak symbolically, fixed under God, and with God, and around God, and the Supreme Eminence above all eminence, elevated unspeakably above all seated on high in the midst of the most exalted Beings. The Theologian then learned, from the things seen, that as compared with every super-essential pre-eminence, the Divine was seated above every visible and invisible power, and that He is exalted above all, as Absolute—not even comparable to the first of created Beings. Further, also, that He is the very Being of all, and Cause of all cause, and unalterable centre of the undissolved continuance of all, from Whom is both the being and the well-being of the most exalted Powers themselves. Then he was instructed in the God-like qualities of the most holy Seraphim, whose sacred apellation signifies the Fiery, concerning which we shall shortly speak, so as to shew as best we can, the hidden mysteries of the empyrian faculty which leads to Divine imitation. But when the holy Prophet viewed the free and most exalted restoration to the Divine, in first, middle and last conceptions, as depicted in the representation of the six wings; and further, when he contemplated their innumerable feet and many faces, and their extended wings—some under their feet and the other over their faces, and their perpetual movement of their middle wings—he was brought to the intellectual knowledge of the things seen. Since there was manifested to him the power of the most exalted minds for deep penetration and numerous contemplation, and their sacred reverence which they have, above earthly Beings, for the bold, and courageous, and impossible scrutiny into higher and deeper mysteries; and the incessant and high-flying perpetual movement in their orderly striving after the Divine imitation, but he was also taught the hidden mysteries of that Divine and much esteemed heavenly Hymn of Praise — the Angel, whilst forming the vision, imparting, as far as possible, his own Divine knowledge to the Theologian. He also taught him this, that the participaltion, as far as possible, in the Divine and radiant purity, is a purification to the pure, in whatever degree. But this being accomplished from the very Godhead by most exalted causes to all the sacred Minds by a super-natural Hiddenness, is in a manner more manifest, and exhibits and distributes itself in a higher degree to the highest powers around itself. But with regard to the second, or us the lowest intellectual powers, as each is distant as regards the Divine likeness from itself, as it contracts its brilliant manifestation to the single unknowableness of its own hiddenness. But he illuminates the second, severally through the first; and if one must speak briefly, he is firstly brought from hiddenness to manifestation through the first Powers. This, then, the Theologian was taught by the Angel who was leading him to Light—that purification and all the Divine energies, being made known through the first Beings, are distributed to all the rest, according to the aptitude of each for the deifying participation. Wherefore, also, the characteristic of purification by fire he naturally attributed to the Seraphim after God. There is nothing, then absurd if the Seraphim is said to purify the Prophet. For, as God purifies all, by being cause of all purification, yea, rather (for I use a familiar illustration), as our Hierarch, when purifying or enlightening through his Deacons or Priests, is said himself to purify and enlighten, since the Orders consecrated through him attribute to him their own proper functions; so also the Angel who effected the purification of the Prophet attributed his own purifying science and power to God, as Cause, but to the Seraphim as first-operating Hierarch. As any one might say with Angelic reverence, whilst teaching one who was being purified by himself, "There is a pre-eminent Source, and Essence, and Worker, and Cause of the cleansing wrought upon you from me—He Who brings both the first Beings into Being, and holds them together by their fixity around Himself, and keeps them without change and without fall; moving them to the first participations of His own Providential energies. For this He who taught me these things used to say that this shews the mission of the Seraphim.

# WORLD'S REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

## HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED BY ITS SECRETARY AT TEOCALLI, NORTH YONKERS, N. Y.

## FOR THE FOLLOWING OBJECTS

1. To secure for God's Work in this world the benefits arising from cooperation with the elimination of waste, discouragement, and confusion incident on competition; benefits of organization which Business demonstrates.

2. To establish a clearing-house for God's modern dealings with men whereby religious experiences may be collected, classified, published, resulting in standardization, and utilization for achievement individual and social.

## WHAT ARE OUR REQUIREMENTS?

1. Safety demands that all contributions be signed and addressed, tho' not necessarily for publication; they must be typewritten in duplicate on one side of the paper

2. Tho' we intend to please and benefit everybody, we realize that if the work is to be kept unworldly and responsive to Guidance, we cannot expect any margin of capital, nor can we entangle ourselves in any responsibilities, such as extensive correspondence, (return postage must always be enclosed, and we cannot promise return of any MSS). Those who wish our work to prosper will have to cooperate by book orders or unhampered gifts, or securing new Experience Reports, or Interessee-lists.

## WHAT EXPERIENCE-REPORTS DO WE WANT?

We would like to hear of Prayer-Answers, Providential Guidances, Coincidences, Prognostications, Verified Dreams, Anaesthesia Experiences, Reincarnational Reminiscences, Parental Memorials, Inspiration, Initiation.

We have ready, at 60 cents, the First Volume of our Reports.

# BROTHERHOOD OF MUTUAL PRAYER

## Intercessory Membership

### INVITATION

The object of this organization is to secure the benefits of organized system, efficiency and encouragement to persons who are desirous of serving humanity as intercederes for those who are in trouble, need, sickness or any other adversity.

The Bible and the Church teach that the Lord Himself, on his throne, is acting as our High Priest, as advocate with the Father, at the Mercy-seat. From this ministry of service as Comforter or Advocate, which makes of those who exercise it kings and priests unto God, no one is excluded, not even children, the poor, the shut in, the blind or the outcast.

But to accomplish this easily, fruitfully and without wasted time or effort, it is advisable to join in an organization that will transform these vague aspirations into a definite habit, supply names to be prayed for, and pray for persons that we know to be in need greater than we can relieve.

To this end you are invited to become an Intercessor of the world-wide Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer, thus acting as Joshua and Nun, who steadied Moses' hands raised in prayer until the setting of the sun, when the hosts of the Amalekites were driven away for ever, and the Lord's people delivered.

The only expenses you are expected to pay is the postage to and from you. The work will be continued so long as the Lord supports it by voluntary contributions. This work is democratic and mutual. If you desire to join in it, fill out the blank on the next page. Welcome!

## Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer

Secretary, Teocalli, North Yonkers, N. Y.

**APPLICATION BLANK: Believing that Prayer should be:**

1. UNSELFISH, gratuitous, intercessionary and consecrated; 2. SELF-RESPECTING, therefore earned and mutual; 3. REASONABLE, therefore sane social and systematic; 4. PREVAILING, therefore organized and supervised; 5. SERENE, therefore regular and private; 6. INSPIRED, therefore receptive and educative; 7. SACRED, therefore invoking the Presence; 8. NON-PRIVILEGED, therefore open to all; and being willing to join the weekly united Prayer-communion at 7 p.m.; Saturdays, E. T. I ask for admission to the BROTHERHOOD

OF MUTUAL PRAYER, as an Intercessor, and being willing to abide by all its rules, regulations, and decisions, I sign my name in full.

NAME IN FULL .....

FULL ADDRESS .....

EXACT BIRTH-DATE .....

The above is recognized as an Intercessor of the B. of M. P., as Intercessor No. .....

SECRETARY:

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR INTERCESSORS

1. Pray for people not merely by name, but for 10 minutes at a time; or till an answer is received; the standard being to pray until an answer is received. Prayer must be prevailing. 2. Usually the most undisturbed prayer-times are midnight, five a.m., or noon. Choose your own. 3. Requests for prayer for some person must be renewed weekly; otherwise it will be assumed the prayer was answered. Full name and address is required. 4. You will be recognized as an Intercessor only so long as you attend the weekly prayer-communion by mailing the Saturday evening report to the Secretary. Membership is never more than temporary, and lapses automatically when the Secretary has not heard from you for one month. After that a request for readmittance is in order. So long as you remain an active member, you will receive a weekly postal request for prayer. Please fill out the card completely, omitting no information asked for. Lapsed members are on the retired list, and will never be entirely forsaken in prayer by the Central Group; but reciprocity counsels that Intercessors live up to their weekly report. 5. The fuller your letters to the Secretary are, the better you can be helped. All is confidential. 6. Your first application will not be accepted unless accompanied by one dollar for postage, wrapping, etc., on the Brotherhood Literature and the "Communion with God," books that will help you, and direct you, and keep you safe. 7. All members are invited to join in the Christmas, Easter and All Saints' Day midnight worship, wherever they happen to be. 8. To qualify for the Progressive Membership you must present the following evidence (please use paper convenient for filing, say 5½ by 8). a. Statement you keep a Record of Experience Book, or Diary; (see Malachi iii. 16). b. Having established a sanctuary, and keeping a regular prayer-hour in it. c. Having read through some Scripture, completely. (Find suggestions on another page.) d. Attendance at 12 weekly meetings, in your own room. e. Copy of what messages you have received. f. Gaining at least one new member for the B. M. P. g. Account of six divine experiences.

### INSTRUCTIONS FOR AN EXPERIENCE RECORD OR REMEMBRANCE BOOK

The object of the book, recommended in Malachi iii. 16, is to objectify, or render definite your own divine experiences, whether they be answers to prayer, hearing of the divine voice of conscience, instances of guidance, warnings, experiences of the divine Presence, some message, some blessing, some consolation, some dream of instruction, warning, revelation, or initiation. So long as they are left unrecorded, they are not objective facts; and thus useless to others. Not a single life lacks them, but because they remain unrecorded, the receiver may not even realize their true nature. This is the object of the experience book, or remembrance record. 1. Get a special blank book that is durable. 2. When alone, preferably with locked door, hold it in your hand, and with all your available fervor, dedicate it, speaking aloud, to your Heavenly Father, asking His inspiration on all you may write in it. Continue until from within you receive interior assurance of acceptation. 3. On the first page, write out a self-consecration to your own God, and paste in it whatever secred mementoes you may possess, amongst which might be this booklet. 4. Very minutely review your past life, and record your holiest experiences since childhood, in which you clearly distinguish the Divine. 5. Keep it private and holy, by never presuming to write in it without a prayer for special inspiration. Should you desecrate it by any trivial or foreign writing, the divine influence may cease taking charge over the book, and it may only be after some time, and prevailing prayer that you will be made conscious that the Divine has reassumed charge over it. 6. This book should be re-read at steady intervals, say once a month, adding to it whatever new evidences of divinity your life may boast of. This is not so much a duty, as a privilege.

### INSTRUCTION FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SANCTUARY

1. The establishment of a sanctuary is as little unreasonable as the building of churches, or the assignment of certain rooms for sleeping, dining, or the like. They only will feel no need for one whose inner life is sufficiently little of a definite reality to be more negligible than their writing, reading, or working. If you expect success and power, it is indispensable. You will get out of it just what you put into it. 2. A sanctuary need not be a special room, though this is preferable. With a curtain, you may fit up some alcove or corner, or even a simple gilt chair, or other seat may be standing in the parlor. Anything will do that is set apart by prayer, and kept sacred. Yet the more you put into it, the more you will get out of it. A desk for writing, and keeping your Experience Book is advisable. A picture may add to the helpfulness. A small incense-dish, or a candle-stick, cross or crucific may serve; some use a fold-stool or altar; but symbology of itself may lead to more harm than good; the essential is privacy and convenience. 3. After establishing it, you must consecrate it. Moreover, the divine Presence will best appear if given an appointment, which should be kept as scrupulously as the visit of some earthly Potentate. You will know the divine Presence when you have felt it unmistakeably. 4. Some suitable inscription, such as the following might hang on the wall:

## WHOSOEVER THOU ART WHO ENTEREST THIS SANCTUARY

ENTER NOT WITHOUT GREETING THE DIVINE LISTENER AND WATCHER.
THE LOVER OF THY SOUL.
LEAVE NOT WITHOUT ONE PRAYER TO HIM TO BE RECALLED TO THY BETTER SELF.

Simultaneously, Saturday Evenings, 7 p.m., New York Time. 6:30 p.m., PREPARATION

6:30 Prepare and reconsecrate your Sanctuary. 6:35 Fill in your Experience Record to date, and review the last week, (Malachi 3:16). 6:40 Repent, confess to God, receive his absolution,

6:45 Read the Brotherhood Prayer Book. 6:50 Sing favorite hymns, or Brotherhood Hymns.
6:55 Observe a receptive silence.

## 7 p.m., DEVOTIONS

Divide each five-minute period in two parts: prayer, while sitting; standing for Reception of inner answer. This is a victory for the will.

7:00 Reconsecration to God, heaven, humanity and Brotherhood.
7:05 Seek and receive warning of the Unexpected.
7:10 Seek and receive recognition of Opportunities.
7:15 Seek and feel the Divine Presence.
7:20 Seek some message in Bible reading.
7:25 Seek and receive guidance on some practical topic.

## 7:30 p.m., INTERCESSION

7:30 Self-consecration to saving service.
7:35 Seek and receive message for Brotherhood
7:40 Intercession for a special person.
7:50 Seek and receive message for that person
7:55 Seek benediction, and receive a new name, or blessing.
8:00 Write a report of your attendance to the Secretary of the MUTUAL PRAYER BROTHERHOOD, on the regular postal, returning this, with your own postal reporting the meeting and its results.

If you do not have time for the whole meeting, do as much as you can, especially 7.00-7.05 p.m.

## THE GOLDEN VIRTUES, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE READINGS

1. AUSTERITY: Marcus Aurelius's Meditations.
2. BALANCE: Plotinus's Enneads.
3. CHASTITY: Tennyson's Idyls of the King.
4. DUTY: Matthew Arnold's Poems.
5. EARNESTNESS: The New Testament.
6. FREEDOM: Browning's Poems.
7. GENUINENESS: Carlyle's Sartor Resartus
8. HOLINESS: Whittier's Poems.
9. IMMORTALITY DESIRE: Tennyson's In Memoriam.
10. JUSTICE: Gerald Massey's Tale of Eternity.
11. KNOWLEDGE: Socrates in Xenophon's Memorabilia.
12. LIGHT INTELLIGIBLE: Fox's writings.
13. MEAN-DOCTRINE: The Chinese Four Books.
14. NIRVANIC REST: The Gospel of Buddha, Carus.
15. ORDER: Pope's Essay on Man.
16. PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD: Brother Lawrence.
17. QUIETNESS: Fenelon's Spiritual Letters.
18. RESIGNATION: Mohammed's Koran; Jelluladin
19. STOICISM: Epictetus's Discourses.
20. TEMPERANCE: Porphyry's Abstinence.
21. UNITY: Origen's Principles.
22. VENERATION: Emerson's Divinity School Address.
23. WISDOM: Gothe's Faust.
24. X-ECSTACY: Little Flowers of St. Francis
25. YEARNING FOR HEAVEN: Plato's Republic.
26. ZEAL: Ann Lee's Precepts of the Elders.

## HOW TO READ THE NEW TESTAMENT ONCE A MONTH

1. First Sunday, One of the Synoptic Gospels.
2. Second Sunday, Gospel of St. John; Epistles.
3. Third Sunday; St. Paul's Epistles.
4. Fourth Sunday, Peter, Jude, Revelations.
5. Fifth Sunday, Psalms, Wisdom of Solomon.

## TWELVE GREAT PRINCIPLES

1. Value of Time.
2. Success of Perseverance.
3. Pleasure of Working.
4. Dignity of Simplicity.
5. Worth of Character.
6. Power of Kindness.
7. Influence of Example.
8. Obligation of Duty.
9. Wisdom of Economy.
10. Value of Patience.
11. Improvement of Talent.
12. Joy of Nature's Beauty.

## SAMPLES MESSAGES

Intercessory prayer is rendered definite and efficient by seeking, receiving and sending to the person prayed for, some intelligible message of advice, consolation, encouragement or exhortation. Therefore intercessory prayer is divided into two exercises: intercession proper, and reception from within our own interior silence of a message. Messages such as the following have actually been received and forwarded; they are given here as explanation of the above.

1. What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.
2. You will not hear Me again, until you have obeyed My last message.
3. The storms of life can be used to strengthen the soul.
4. Our lives are measured by the fruit we grow.
5. Work harder.
6. You have not yet resisted unto blood.
7. God is able to save even to the uttermost.
8. For you there are more than there are against you.
9. What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
10. Master thyself first.
11. You cannot serve both God and Mammon.
12. Give, however little, to every one that asketh.

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# What Became of Kitchener

## *A Story Illustrating the Inevitableness of Faith*

Followed by

# Six Educational Playlets

## *Suggestive of Inner Achievement*

*By KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE*

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# WHAT BECAME OF KITCHENER?

## A Novel of Faith.

WHAT became of Kitchener? That is what the world professes to desire to know, but will never learn, because it has no intention of believing the truth, which, indeed, is stranger than fiction. Why? Because, as the reader will see, Kitchener's experiences became spiritual, which would displease not only the newspaper reporters, but also the materialistic patriots who, for the good reason that they had not shared their idol's educative odyssey, would not relish the lesson it imparted. But here are the facts, for whosoever wants them.

Now Kitchener was to organize the Czar's leaderless hordes. So he stepped aboard the Hampshire which, when it had reached the Faroe Islands, was met and sunk by a German U-boat, which had been tipped off by a spy employed in the British War Office.

Impossible, you say? Why, Kitchener himself had been warned of the treachery! But he had merely laughed, just as had laughed the Londoners when told that the Germans had built gun-emplacements disguised as piano-factories right under their noses; just as had laughed he himself when Haig had asked him for explosive shells: had he not derisively answered, "Shrapnel was good enough for me in Egypt, shrapnel was good enough for me in South Africa, shrapnel is good enough for you in Flanders!"—just as had laughed the British munition workers who had refused to labor over-time according to "union" hours, until their delegates, in automobiles, had been taken to explore the front trenches!

Well, that was the self-assured mental attitude of Kitchener even when his ship was struck by the submarine's torpedo. He would not believe it! Without waiting for his orders, his self-reliant men had tried to stuff mattresses into the hole; but another plate gave way, the front men were drowned, and the hold began to fill.

Only when the Hampshire actually raised her nose into the air did Kitchener condescend to admit into his massive intellect the unusual, and to suspect that something might be wrong. When he saw the German-flagged landing-party sidle along, he realized that he was in for an adventure, and was going to become the hero of a latter-day edda in which, unfortunately, the melodramatic viking part would be played not by himself, but by Baron von Fink, who, from his official cushion in the gig's bow, smilingly arose, and with a graceful gesture invited Kitchener to take a safe seat by his side.

As the water was rough and cold, and no help was in sight, Kitchener's practical rule-of-thumb mind did not take long in choosing between a now almost Alpine deck, and a safe seat. As to his men, there was no hope of salvation for them in the little boat; and even they, without waiting to bandy words, hastily pushed him into it; and they had all disappeared into the maelstrom formed by the Hampshire's sinking, from which the German sailors rowed frantically out of the zone of bubbles towards the bobbing periscope, before he could exchange any words with his suave companion.

"Why did you save me?" rumbled Kitchener.

"Because you are more valuable alive than dead!" courteously purred Fink. "Besides, so long as there is life, there is hope for you and your country!" hissed he with the leer of a physician signing your insane asylum certificate, or a veterinary pushing a sugar-coated bolus down a garroted horse's gaping throat.

Now Kitchener had a pretty good opinion of himself;—small blame to him, after having recently been promoted to the anesthetizing House of Lords, with all the eligible heiresses of the Kingdom paraded before him in an abortive swayamvara; and while flattery had little effect on him 'when he recognized it', his patriotism acted like colored glasses, so that he still hoped to do something for England, as long as he should be alive. Therefore he grimly shook his head as a big wave broke over the little boat; and after it had passed, he clearly perceived the superstructure of the steel shark, with its treacherous light and warmth.

Luckily for us human beings, especially at sea, the trifling details of the most fateful events are so absorbing as to preclude emotion and reflection;—the two aspects of life in which Kitchener, in any case, was no great expert. So he was safely transshipped into the boat, which promptly submerged, leaving all the rest of the British drowning jackies spurlos versenkt.

The details of his reception on board would be of little interest. Sufficient to indicate that as the Germans had planned to keep Kitchener incommunicado outside of the range of spies, it had been decided to take him to some uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean as the North was too well inhabited, and too near his nationals. So his voyage was seemingly endless, relayed from time to time by taking on of fuel from boats waiting for them. They passed through the torrid zone into gradually cooling temperature. Then they sailed between the Falkland islands, and turned west until they reached the ice-pack; passed up the Drake Straits to one of the northernmost of the South Shetland Islands, on which rises an extinct volcano named Mt. Arus. In a cave on the slope of it Kitchener was left, with sufficient hard-tack and tinned provisions to last a year, with a promise to return to replenish his store when it should be exhausted. Then the Germans sailed away with all speed.

For the first time in his life Kitchener was compelled to think. Till then he had been a man of action, a good administrator, and an unquestioning attendant at the Church of England services. His ideal was the Balaklava Six Hundred,—"theirs not to know the reason why," but to fight to the death, even when the orders were blunders as usual. Now Kitchener's universe was upset. Fighting others being out of the question, his fighting instinct had to turn against himself and God. For the first time he was driven to meditate.

At the beginning he was able to evade self-scrutiny by attention to the proximate problem of escaping the prevailing frigidity. There was no fire-wood to burn, and if there had been, he would have had no matches with which to start it. He discovered that he was somewhat sheltered in the cave which faced north, here the warmer side. But somehow the opening must be closed, to keep out the whole universe which seemed to be staring at him all the livelong day; for here the sun merely approached, the horizon, never entirely disappearing. He looked around for some branches over which he might spread the few

cloaks and blankets left him by the Germans, whose intentions were not to kill him, but to sequestrate and immobilize him. Kitchener walked, or rather stumbled all around the mountain, and in a sheltered ravine found stunted trees sufficient to form a frame over which he managed to stretch his coverings, so as to protect him from the icy winds.

No sooner had he done so than he made the welcome discovery that in his cave was latent some kind of heat; for that which he most dreaded, the chill during sleep, was being replaced by a comfortable warmth. At first surprised, he realized that if the mountain had at some time been a volcano, even though now it was mapped as extinct, yet inner recesses might still contain hidden slowly cooling lava. While at first he was over-joyed with the promise of safety during sleep, he soon began to plan some more extended utilization of this unsuspected resource; and he wondered whether there might not be some passage connecting with the interior of the mountain, where conceivably the comfort might be still greater.

Immediately he set about exploring. Yes, the inside recesses of the cave were distinctly warmer, as he laid his hand on the friable pumice-like walls. Just as did the prehistoric stone-age troglodites, so now did Kitchener make himself a convenient flint scraper, with which he attacked the walls wherever an effort seemed most promising. About this task he set himself with his customary energy, but without any haste. As he worked with method, he accomplished a good deal, lured on by the evident increase in warmth, until his cave became quite bearable. Then, to release his precious wraps, he used the debris to build up an outer wall that was permanent, to replace the original barrier of branches. Later, to protect the entrance as much as possible, he added an outside elbow which prevented all direct exposure.

After the entrance was complete, he turned his attention to the inside of his cave; he divided it into an inner and outer chamber. Then he shaped a solid shelf into a more comfortable couch, and later on built a table and seats.

By this time he realized he was losing track of time; so he emulated Robinson Crusoe by keeping tally of the revolutions of the sun on an exposed surface. Then he settled on a day of rest to start Sunday observances, and he resurrected a worn Prayer Book, to observe the day in orthodox fashion; an effort all the more zealous as it was an artificial mask to excuse himself from personal first-hand intimacy with God.

Thus, with indomitable industry, did the practical Kitchener of Khartoum succeed for a while in stifling his self-consciousness, and in staving off the inevitable day when he would have to face himself and the larger issues of life, something which his materialistic nature dreaded more than a Boer, a Mahdist, or a German,—and which he justified himself in avoiding by calling it insanity.

Soon, however, he reached the limits of what he could reasonably expect to do in the way of improvements to his cave. But what he had begun out of necessity, he now continued as a form of sport, so attractive to the Britisher. Now it had become a hunt for the unknown, an exploration, a scientific observation. Indeed, the latter seemed to be worth while, for the temperature continued to increase, and made his residence all the more comfortable, something desirable in view of the inevitable lowering of the external temperature during the approaching six-month's Arctic night.

Resolutely and bravely therefore he continued shirking reflexion, which ever since childhood he had been allowed to ridicule as morbidness. So he daily burrowed further and further into the vitals of the mountain, until one fateful moment when by a chance stroke of his scraper, he dislodged a particularly well-hidden stone, and there was a rumble, and his footing slipped . . .

He heard a man's voice call him by name. With a nerve-racking wrench of surprise which helped him to regain his footing, he turned around, and saw, sitting at his table, his irreconcilable Boer opponent Oom Paul, beckoning to him.

To see a person you think dead in a continent as distant as Africa coolly invite you to a chat, would be enough to sfartle any one; and this time even the iron Kitchener was surprised. But with the proverbial British coolness he sat down and asked after his guest's health.

"I thought you might be lonely, old top," smiled the portly old gentleman between puffs of his pipe, "so I invited a friend. Wait till I bring him in!"

Therewith the Boer hippopotamus waddled to the outside entrance, and introduced no less a personage than the Mahdi himself who, vigorously salaaming and Allahing, joined the party at the table. He then took out of his pocket a pack of cards, and proposed a game of whist. "Not with your pack!" negatived Oom Paul, "but with mine!" and he also produced his pack.

To still the strife between the two, Kitchener suggested that as they were accepting his hospitality they had better use his own pack; and to his amazement, on slipping his hand into his pocket, he found there also a third pack of cards. This he produced and began to deal. Accidentally a card fell face upwards, —it happened to be the nine of diamonds. The dots on the cards began to move, to swell and to grow till before him stood nine British Tommy Atkinses, some of those who in Flanders had died because they had been unprotected by the explosives he had refused to send to Haig. They threatened him, singing, "It's a long way from Tipperary," changing the words to suit the event.

Like a red rag before the eyes of a bull, this made Oom Paul flush like a turkey. So he slapped down his cards one by one, face upwards; and from each one of his card-dots shot up Boers gesticulating, shouting murder and vociferating treason. First amazed, then furious, the Mahdi shouted his own battle-cry, and likewise slapped down his cards face upwards; and from each one of his card-dots also rose to life a howling, posturing dervish.

Soon the cave was full to suffocation. The soldiers of the three nationalities danced, fought and swore at each other. It was a regular witches' sabbath. The three leaders were powerless, and Oom Paul and the Mahdi with blood-shot eyes threw themselves on Kitchener, mauled him, banged him, and spat in his face till he collapsed.

But Kitchener was not a man to stay collapsed very long; so he straightened up like an arrow, took the nearest stone, and laid about him. Every man he touched suddenly changed into some wild animal:—foxes, serpents, skunks, bats, vultures, frogs. Suddenly Oom Paul and the Mahdi grew horns, hoofs and long-pointed tails, laughed derisively,

shouting, "Hurrah for the self-righteous Britisher!" "Long live the ruler of men!" and many other similar jibes at Kitchener's career.

Then the Mahdi-devil drove out the animals, while Oom Paul slobbered, "Let me introduce to you Lady Kitchener!" From the interior wall strutted one of the ladies who had been presented to him by the King in hopes he might marry one of them. With open arms she swung up to Kitchener, and attempted to embrace him; but for the first time in his life the great captain ran away before this female, the deadliest of the species; and pressing up close behind the animals he made his escape out of the haunted cave.

But as he struck the chilly air outside . . .

## II. KITCHENER'S ACCIDENTAL FALL

When Kitchener regained normal consciousness he was lying extended on a narrow four-foot ledge jutting out from the smooth wall of the volcano's internal cauldron. Above him towered a sheer concave wall reaching up several hundred feet. Above him he noticed the fault created by the landslide that had precipitated him hither. Below him seethed the glowing molten mass of lava, slowly rising and falling, with irregular hissing explosions of vapors, as some irregular stream from the near-by ocean seeped into the melting-pot, and there, mingling with metallic solutions, was transformed into vapors which assumed all the colors of the rainbow.

The sublimity of this Miltonic infernal scene at first hypnotized even him, the man of action. It forced on him a sense of vastness and awe he had never conceived. But he was soon recalled to himself by the repulsive smell of a sulphurous cloud that chanced to drift up his way.

Then he discovered something much worse; namely, that both of his arms were broken; and now that he tried to use them, the pain became excruciating. His legs, however, seemed intact; so he scrambled up to his feet, and instinctively called for help. Of course, there was none to answer; and then he realized that there was no help to expect. The great Kitchener of Khartoum, the leader of men, the man of action, despaired. Now there was no further possibility of evading himself or God. Indeed there seemed to be nothing left but to curse the God who had abandoned him, and die.

Yes, he could throw himself down from the ledge, and achieve extinction. But what counted now was the life-long training of the Englishman, who is the bravest man in the world because so stupid,—or wise enough?—not to know when he is defeated; the never-die spirit which made the British tars at the collision of the Camperdown and the Victoria in the Mediterranean line up on deck, and sing patriotic songs till they were engulfed by the waves.

Then, after the first dizziness of despair, comprehending that his present position was untenable, Kitchener stumbled up to a standing attitude, to discover the nature of the remainder of the ledge. In one direction it terminated abruptly in an abyss; but in the other it seemed to rise and disappear into darkness. Slowly, suffering untold tortures from his dangling arms, the brave soldier decided to investigate this his last resort. Carefully he hoisted himself over unseen obstacles, and progressed to the very last outline of blackness, where, to his surprise and relief, around a corner, he observed an opening in the wall. Looking in, he was amazed to catch a glimpse of a distant faint glow at the end of what seemed to be a passage.

After indescribable torments he managed to creep through the opening, and taking a season of rest, to which the stabbing pains of growing inflammation in both of his arms decreed an end, he once more stood on his feet, and stumbled along the rough natural crack towards the light.

At a turn in the passage he was however brought up short by amazement,—he heard human voices, and the glow brightened into a more definite gleam.

Was this cave inhabited by human beings? This was a shock second only to his accidental fall. So there might be help! His first motion was a glad hastening towards the light and voices; but directly he stopped for a minute; —might these not proceed from enemies, as well as from possible friends?

Yes, they might be enemies; but what then? He had nothing to lose! They could do no more than kill him, but death was anyway inevitable, if left alone. The tortures that they might inflict on him could not be any greater than those unaided Nature already held in store for him; and the probability that in these cold climates natives were fiends who would persecute a sick man was but slight.

So along what now became a fairly well worked gallery, with a prayer to God in his heart and on his tongue, Kitchener continued his progress. Finally he came to another turn, and looking around carefully he saw a young woman garbed in a robe of leaves and lichens, apparently setting out a rude meal on a table not very unlike the one which he himself had fashioned.

At the unexpected noise of his approach she looked up, and her face gradually congealed into a stare of horror, which emotion almost spread to himself. Then he realized that he must present a miserable spectacle, his garments all tattered and torn, with blood streaming over his face and arms, his features all distorted with dust. No wonder the poor girl was frightened!

As he pitifully raised his dangling arms, and made effort to use his so long disused speech, the girl turned, and fled like a deer. Then Kitchener advanced fearlessly, and sat down on a stool-like projection and waited for the natives, whoever they might be, to arrive. He was however immensely relieved, because from the moment he had caught a glimpse of the girl he knew he had not much to fear,—they were evidently a home-loving group of human beings, and from them he might expect care and help.

He did not have long to wait. He heard rapid steps, and soon, from various directions, eight men and women, garbed much as was the younger girl, entered the cave, and stared at him with surprise and horror quite as profound as had been hers. This undisguised disgust pictured in their faces somewhat humbled his pride; but his desperate plight made him accept his humiliating position in gratitude for the soon appearing glances of compassion, of which he stood so much in need.

Rapidly did he speak out, telling of his accident and his misfortune, illustrating his remarks by exhibiting his dangling arms. Well

was it that he had done this, for they did not seem to understand his language. Nor, when they consulted, did he understand theirs; so far as he could discern it seemed to be some dialect of Spanish. Then they turned to the young girl, as if demanding something from her. She turned to him, and said something which, in an uncouth pronunciation of English, appeared to ask him to repeat what he had said more slowly. This he did, and had the satisfaction of seeing her face smile in comprehension, after which she turned around, and seemed to be interpreting his words to them.

She put away the rude dishes, some of the men turned and left, as if to fetch something, and returned with various rude appliances such as basins, water and cloths. He understood that they intended to do their best to relieve his physical needs. One of the women washed away his stains of mud and blood, which for the first time he noticed were extensive. There were also some superficial wounds.

One of the men must have had professional medical training, for though using the simplest of materials, he managed to produce quite efficient bandages, whereafter the intolerable pain he suffered seemed much relieved. Then the physician, a venerable and kindly man, turned to the girl who was addressed as Lolita; and the latter asked him where he came from.

Without revealing his identity, Kitchener informed her that enemies had abandoned him on the island, and left him in a cave. Then he explained how he had unintentionally caused the accident, and as clearly as he could he described the location of his own cave's entrance.

The natives invited him to follow them to the entrance of their own cave which looked over the ocean from a westerly direction. Carefully, and very gently, they supported the sick man, and after some effort succeeded in finding his own cave's entrance, which indeed was quite well masked. But inside they were met with noisome gases from the crater, and the men had to block up the inside hole permanently with fallen debris. Then by making a ventilating opening to the outside, and agitating cloths they succeeded in restoring a reasonably fresh atmosphere, and Kitchener was enabled once more to occupy his own couch.

As soon as he was rested, he explained to Lolita the mysteries of the tinned provisions, and how to open the cans, to feed him. But there was held a family council, as to the kind of food he should be given, with the result that he made acquaintance with what was their own staple article of food, a kind of edible mushroom, and various lichens that grew in some of the numerous caves of the mountain; indeed, the passage through which Kitchener had escaped from the crater-ledge was one used to raise these natural forms of nutriment. Also they had managed to build and sustain a fire on which they were enabled to cook their food, producing a toothsome, if simple, decoction that built up his strength without aggravating the local inflammations.

As Lolita had to come from day to day to bring him food, and to attend to his simple wants, it was thought worth while to excavate an internal gallery connecting the caves of Kitchener with their own. After considerable effort this was successfully accomplished, and the result was that he was tacitly accepted as a new member of their community.

While he was still weak, all he could do was to recover his strength. Passively he accepted the visits of Lolita, a woman companion of hers, and of the physician, as ministers of heavenly grace, without being able to express his profound gratitude by more than a gentle smile.

## III. FAITH AS THE CURE OF FEAR

Till now, in one way or another, Kitchener had succeeded in evading the facing of himself and God; first unconsciously, and later consciously, and all the more effectively. But Fate was stronger than he, and, chained to his couch, nothing else was left to him but to look into the interior mirror. What did he see there? His own face? Oh no! A monster! A demon! The fiend of Fear!

The great Kitchener of Khartoum, the iron leader of armies, he who, unmoved, could look on at the slaughter of mobs of Soudanese or Boers, was afraid. The terrible nightmare during his fall into the crater had convinced him of the reality of opposing forces; and as, resistlessly, he lay extended on his couch, every movement implying unimaginable torture, he heard, in the stone walls, cracks that could not proceed from the shrinking or expansion of any wooden beams that were not here; he saw sparks dancing up and down; the lighter objects would levitate and be slapped down on the floor or some other place,—phenomena familiar to all who are willing to read the age-long, world-wide evidence. Only, till now, Kitchener had always dismissed such accounts as had crossed his path as delusions or fabrications,—and it was indeed poetic justice that he himself should someday have been afflicted thereby. On him it raised goose-flesh; he perspired cold sweat. Involuntary shivers shook him, and his teeth chattered.

Was it all imagination? Hardly, because his spine would be chilled by a sudden shock when he least expected it, when he was busy with something else; and if his eyes could have pictured what he felt his subconsciousness beheld, he would have seen the sudden breaking in of some opponent. No, it was not imagination; of that you may be sure. So what was he going to do about it? He who till now had fought others, now had to fight himself. No longer was the invisible world a tradition or myth,—it was now a reality of which the practical man of affairs was compelled to take cognizance, because it had entered the sphere of practicalities.

Should he try religion? Well, to begin with, the much-vaunted Book of Common Prayer, that Anglo-Saxon fetish, thoroughly sterilized of everything ante-medieval, had not a word to say about this problem, no service of exorcism. Then, it was really little more than a Thibetan prayer-wheel, to be used exclusively on Sundays between certain traditional hours, and here there was no bishop of the only true Anglican apostolical succession to carry out its provisions. So it was cold comfort indeed which the frightened sick man could hope to receive from this source.

His first experience, in which he met Oom Paul and the Mahdi, might have been a nightmare caused by the poisonous mephitic volcanic fumes that rushed into his cave when he unintentionally broke down the last remaining partition protecting him from the crater itself. However, even so the poisonous fumes could not have done more than arouse what-

ever opponents lingered within himself; in some one else they would have aroused not Oom Paul, the Mahdi and the mythical Lady Kitchener, but some enemy peculiar to himself. Therefore while the poisonous fumes' intoxication might indeed have sapped the protection of his external self's blindness, whatever opposing forces appeared must have come from within himself. This weakening of external protection seemed now to persist, and he was compelled to face the problem how to meet and lay these denizens of what has been called the astral world.

In the first place, he could not let things remain as they were. He was being tormented continuously, and with fiendish ingenuity, when he least expected it. The experiences were so real that they not only caused trembling all over, but cold sweat broke out on his brow and even on his hands. To lie down under the Opponents' attacks meant mental degeneration and insanity, first in the opinion of others, and later in his own.

So something must be done; by whom? If he had been in the midst of what we are pleased to call civilization, he conceivably might have called in the help of some physician or psychiatrist; but even if he had (and his soldierly nature was not over-inclined to dependence on others;) such help would have been only temporary, until his own self had either learned the way, or gathered the strength to depend on itself. Therefore his loneliness was after all no great loss; if there was no way back, there was only one way left, the way forwards; and courage was compulsory.

From his childhood he remembered hearing of prayer as man's only resource or supreme magic weapon. Unfortunately the orthodox theoretical Common Prayer had misled him into a nonchalant reliance on theory which paralyzed practical trials of personal attempts; and now that he was compelled hereto he felt awkward and sceptical. But as he had no other recourse but to try, he saw that it implied faith in the educational value of every event, including this particular conquest of fear. But was this true only for himself? No: if it was true for him, it must be true also for these very opponents who were persecuting him; and they, even more than he, needed repentance and salvation.

As if the latter had understood his thoughts, there was an artillery-like spattering of cracks, a sort of pyrotechnic display of fire-fly sparks; nay, even a throbbing glow; and within himself he felt his traitor sub-consciousness quivering like an aspen leaf. But his external mind did not give way; it held good, and even aloud he shouted repeatedly, "Dear disguised Angel, may God speed thy redemption for kindly coming to aid my soul education!"

There was a blast which seemed to rend the interior lately rebuilt partition wall; and he imagined he saw a faint shape as of an old hag, wringing her hands, and moaning as she disappeared through the exterior entrance;—and as she passed through the door, as the invalid had raised his head, she looked back at him with a look of such anguish, repentance and mingled hate, that into his eyes came tears.

Then he wept long and freely. As he could not wipe them away, the hot salty streams coursed down his cheeks; he sobbed convulsively, and instinct told him this long pent-up emotional expression was Nature's healing touch, as if angels were stooping over him to kiss him.

He was no longer alone. From the depths of her own cave, where she had been engaged in household duties, Lolita had hastened, and for a moment had motionlessly stood at the passage-door, transfixed by surprise at the strong man's emotion. Then her womanly compassion bid her get a kerchief. No doubt an angel had first bent over Kitchener's couch; but swiftly Lolita usurped his place, kissed Kitchener's forehead, and wiped away his tears with tender sisterliness.

The mere fact that he was no longer alone arrested the expression of the reserved Britisher's feelings. Traditional stolidity resumed its sway, so far as was consistent with his gratitude for Lolita's affectionate pressure on his brow. Her touch was healing, and he was soon restored to himself. While sitting beside him, she sang a hymn which he could not clearly understand beyond its expressing faith in God, for her eyes were raised in radiant aspiration. Then her mood changed; she seemed to be trying to recall something; and what she recalled, when she sang it, in spite of poor pronunciation and altered rhythm, he recognized as an attempt to render, for his benefit, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

Then he joined in, and making an effort at clear enunciation, helped her to correct herself. Immediately she ceased leading, but followed him, lightnings of intelligence transfiguring her mobile features.

When they were tired, they stopped; and Lolita asked if she might share his spiritual joy. Having won the victory over his sub-consciousness, he doubled his triumph by relating the story of his struggle; and he was rejoiced to see that his tale neither wearied, nor raised scepticism in his auditor, and that she sympathized with his strange adventure by fervently adding, "Thanks be to God!"

Comforted by finding approval where he half expected ridicule, Kitchener expressed his appreciation thereof, and his wonder at her ready acceptance of his veracity,—for with a twinge of conscience he repented of the scorn he himself had ever unsparingly heaped on all who in his presence had confessed to any interior experiences. Then she informed him of the cause why they had come to him. Just as the Delphic sybil of old prophesied when affected by the fumes rising from the recesses of the earth, so here these volcanic fumes had the power to intoxicate the external self to the point of allowing the individuality to observe the experiences of the spiritual senses, which usually lie hid behind the activity of the material ones. In short, these fumes "opened the spiritual senses."

"Have any of your people, or have even you yourself, had any similar experiences?" inquired Kitchener, as if visited by a new thought.

"Not exactly like yours, my friend," responded his gentle companion; "because you received the full strength of the poisonous fumes, and that unexpectedly; but as, for many years, we have known of their psychical effect, we know when, and in what quantities, and with what proper preparation to allow the fumes to minister to our spiritual progress. Indeed, have you ever wondered why we should at all be here, and who we are?"

Kitchener nodded assent, "Indeed I have, but I was too sick and helpless to do more than accept your merciful hospitality!"

His grateful smile was returned by a sunshine ray of secret intelligence. "All of us are spiritually-minded South Americans who, finding our home conditions unfavorable to spiritual development, have, just as the birds

or consumptives seek a change of climate, sought quiet retirement, and have found it in these deserted, temperate and food-yielding caves of this almost extinct volcano."

"So then this is a sort of hermitage?" queried the soldier.

"Exactly!" agreed the nurse.

"But how is it that the Germans did not know about you?" wondered the man of affairs.

"Because the value of our retirement depends on our remaining unknown," she explained. "Also, when once a man or woman has tasted of the privilege of fruitful leisure, and the psychic advantage of these prophetic fumes, he or she is very unwilling to lose those benefits; to do so would be foolish. Also, in a way, our members have become unfitted to return to the murderous bestial struggle obtaining in the world; and in addition, the safety of all depends on the secrecy of each individual. So none is admitted who has not fully decided never to return to the world.".

"But what about me? I shall return to the world the first chance I get! Are you not afraid of my betraying your secret?"

"God will provide!" she gently answered with the trustful smile of a St. Cecilia; "He would not have allowed you to be brought here unless He knew what He was doing."

"But was not my arrival a surprise to your group? Were not your prophetic gifts at fault in this instance?"

"Not entirely, my friend!" melodied she; "we had had some inkling of your coming."

"But my appearance surely was a surprise, and you did not know the whereabouts of my cave!"

"True in part! As with all prophecies, we knew the substance, but not the details of time and place; and then,"—and in her face crept an awesome majesty,—"do you suppose that unless we had known of your coming we would have received you so hospitably? Do you not think that we could have defended ourselves? Could we not have merely let you perish of pain and hunger? Could we not have let the unmitigated fumes finish this particular existence of yours? Were you so attractive an object as to command our devotion? For while naturally we would have been inclined to hospitality, we might have feared you were not alone; we might have feared your betraying our sanctuary; we might simply have let you perish on your own responsibility by abandoning you. Might we not? So you see, our nursing you back to health implies we recognize a divine purpose and result in your coming,—a blessing to us all!" and she smiled with an inscrutable faith.

"But I have taken no obligation not to betray you . . ." teased Kitchener.

"None but your honor, and God's assurance," she serenely continued; "and that is enough."

"Great is your faith!" murmured the soldier. "I wish I could share it!"

"You can, and you do!" triumphed she. "Did I not see you shedding holy tears of faith?"

"You did, and I claimed and received God's help; but I wish I could have more of it; I wish I could talk to you, and learn of the grounds and achievements of yours . . ."

"You may!" sweetly agreed she, modestly blushing; "my treasure will only be increased and made firmer by sharing it with you;—but it must be some other day, when you have recovered from your emotional crisis and victory; because, you know," and she smiled with the alluring impudence of a nurse,—"we cannot afford to have your healing delayed,—for a helpless . . ."

"Invalid such as I am is a burden . . ."

"Not to our hospitable disposition," interrupted she, "but a source of danger to the achievements of all; for here, with the sundering, selfish external mask removed, we live in such harmony that one is for all, and all for one . . ."

"And you came to me when I was so distressed . . ."

"Not because I heard your sobs, from so great a distance; but because I felt your grief, and came to you to impart some of my faith!" and she beamed on him revivifying rays of trust and peace, until, as the ice melts under the spring sun, all his reserves, his doubts, his hesitations melted into the crystal liquid of the fabled elixir of life; and like Galahad inspired by Percivale's sister, this military martinet glowed with the peace that passeth understanding, which is the exuberant fruitage from the root of faith.

"Good-bye, my brother . . ."

"Herbert!" he whispered.

"Very well, brother Herbert!" nodded she, and like some sunbeam disappeared, leaving the sick man to enjoy the healing balm of that radiance.

## IV. MATILDE, or FAITH INEVITABLE AS CURE FOR DESPAIR AND SUICIDE

Next morning our invalid received a shock. For so long had Lolita tripped through the passage-way to relieve his wants, and so eagerly was he looking forward to a development of yesterday's consolation, that he was alarmed at hearing a step which seemed strange; and in walked not Lolita but a dark-haired, middle-aged rather slight-bodied woman. She greeted him with a friendly smile. Her English was not unlike the speech of Lolita when he had first met her; so that it would have been easier to converse in the South American Spanish which by this time he had made shift to learn. But from certain of her intonations he suspected that she could talk French, and an exploratory greeting in that harmonious language elicited a favorable response, which at once established full communications between them.

So she sat down, introduced herself as Sister Matilde, and asked him to tell her what Lolita had been in the habit of doing so that his treatment's regularity might not be interrupted. Kitchener explained the details, reducing his requirements to the lowest limit possible. But after the dinner had been brought and fed to him, as he was still unable to use his arms, he begged her to sit down and tell him what had happened to Lolita.

Matilde's gentle and friendly face was traversed by a momentary cloud of anxiety. It seemed that the day before, while carrying away some of the dishes and other medical paraphernalia, in the passage-way, Lolita had stumbled over a stone, dropped what she was carrying, and sprained her right ankle so badly that she would be immobilized for some little while. With much gracious courtesy that be-

tokened social standing Matilde expressed the hope that she might succeed in taking Lolita's place sufficiently well to avoid Kitchener's suffering any discomfort or set-back, and begged him to ask her for anything she could do or give.

He felt unable to speak. It was in the service of his needs that this charming girl's health had been endangered. He expressed this, adding the sad reflection that it seemed as if the most unselfish are fated to suffer the most.

Matilde hastened to reassure him, and said that according to all expectations, entire rest would in a short time restore Lolita, as the physician Ramon thought that no bones had been broken. Kitchener need not be anxious for her welfare, but for her sake might try to get well as rapidly as he would have done if Lolita had continued her ministrations. Matilde added that she considered it a pleasure to serve him.

Kitchener wondered if this was an opportunity to discover the objectivity of the faith in God which Lolita had professed; and he might ascertain whether Matilde agreed therewith. So he asked her if she agreed with Lolita's firm dependence on Providence as accomplishing man's highest aims.

"Of course!" exclaimed Matilde, "I also am an optimist; but no doubt I look at faith from a different stand-point, because no two human beings look through the same eyes. Even if they do repeat the same creed together, no two persons can mean the same thing by it."

So Kitchener felt invited to ask, "Well, if you share Lolita's optimism, by what road did you come to it? Do you agree with her in anything except the final results of faith?"

"Of course," responded Matilde, "my difficulties in life were different from Lolita's,—unavoidably so, because I am an older woman, and have had to face many life-problems of which Lolita has probably little more than heard."

"Will you not sit down," asked Kitchener, "and describe to me the way by which you came to the faith which you share with Lolita? What was your starting-point?"

Graciously Matilde sat down and without any affectation related her life-experiences. "Perhaps my standpoint and results will be better understood by you if I describe the mental attitude from which I started to come here. I am the daughter of a man who was a rich plantation owner near Sao Paolo in Southern Brazil. We lived happily, and I enjoyed the attentions of a friendly group of sociable and brilliant friends until, in a time of revolution, my father was accused of a shameful crime. While in a garden, one of my young lady friends had been attacked by an intruder who much resembled my father. Although the latter was defended by an alibi, this latter protection was not sufficiently convincing to redeem him in the sight of our associates. While therefore he was not in anyway molested by the agents of justice, an unspoken feeling of suspicion alienated the young men and women who till then had been my intimates. Over this misfortune, of course, my father brooded; and he grew lonely, as his former business associates withdrew from him as if he had had the plague. These social alienations resulted in business complications which ultimated in financial failure.

"Father and Mother had apparently so much relied on the support of their friends that when this was withdrawn the whole joy of their existence disappeared. Father grieved so much as to suffer from malnutrition; he became so weak that a slight attack of fever which otherwise he would easily have thrown off led him to collapse in front of our eyes. Soon Mother followed him, and I was left alone, because my sister Teresa, who had been married to a visitor from Bogota in Venezuela, who had only heard of the undefined and therefore unrefutable suspicion, became estranged from me who never wavered in support of my Father's innocence.

"Finally our home was sold at auction; for it was discovered that, in trying to keep up appearances, my Father had, for some years, allowed mortgages to consume all the revenues. So I was ejected, and left homeless and in disgrace amidst our now hostile community which was so prejudiced that there was no way open for me to earn my living.

"At last I decided to follow my parents, and had already planned self-destruction by the easy way of our little charcoal stoves, when my fatal secret was guessed by Lolita, who at the time was my household maid. She faced me with the truth, and boldly showed me convincing reasons why I should continue the adventure of living. She then reminded me that even if unpopularity made my life impossible in this particular neighborhood, the world was much wider, and that I could not only start afresh elsewhere, but that if I was willing to accompany her, we could retire from the world without entering any convent which for so many centuries had been looked upon as the only means of release from the world's problems. She said she knew of a hermitage where we could both retire from the world, without being compelled to accept any doctrines that we might doubt, or subject ourselves to the indignities of personal enslavement to any abbess. "Because I was still uncertain of myself, I doubted such a possibility; but assuming the place of my recreant sister she inspired me with the courage to live."

"And how did she do it?" eagerly asked Kitchener, his curiosity piqued at finding in this slight girl, who reminded him of nothing so much as of a butter-fly, with all her charm and gaiety, the acknowledged ability of achieving the supreme human problem of encouraging a fellow human being to continue living.

Now a little embarrassed, Matilde confidentially confessed, "Well, I suppose she flattered me at first. She pretended to sympathize with my mournful views of life. She pointed out that all people worthy of their salt have, through an attitude such as that of Elijah in Horeb, cherished desires to leave this world by suicide. Indeed, the better the person, the more likely are they to be disgusted with the shallowness, injustice and wickedness of this world; so that it is inevitable that they pass through such an attitude before they can accept the higher one of living only for education of themselves, and for improvement of this world whose deceitfulness they have discovered and unmasked."

Kitchener nodded his head in agreement, for he himself had gone through a moment of similar temptation when he had fallen on the volcanic crater's shelf, and had felt that in the only existence to which he could look forward pain overweighed any possible pleasure or utility. At that time he had conquered the temptation to suicide not through any praiseworthy argumentation, but as the unreflecting result of British gentlemanly training. But he also had achieved the educational

stand-point later on by his conquest of fear. Although Lolita's kindly ministrations had resurrected roses in his garden of life, he would never be the same unreflecting person he used to be for so many years, because her conversation had led him to abandon the attitude of external struggle, and determined him to devote the remainder of his life to moral improvement in himself and others.

"But is that ideal not a little vague?" mused the practical soldier.

"Surely, the general ideal is vague, and could affect only dreamy, theoretical persons. But as I am a practical person, Lolita was wise and kind enough to present it to me in a concrete way. She showed me that man's highest privilege in this world is to act as an intercessor for the sickness, sorrows and sins of others. By prayer, which changes things, any one, however poor, disgraced or repulsive can become a partner with God's redeemers, and a pioneer of the Kingdom of Heaven. Even if one was in prison, or maimed in a hospital for incurables, or if one was a slave or cast away on a desert island, still the worst imaginable life would be an inestimable privilege, and worth the most cruel tortures conceivable. So Lolita proposed systematic intercession for various unfortunates, and I took a new interest in living."

"Well," commented Kitchener, "that is the most reasonable and effective cure for suicide I ever heard of. But it should not be left to individual fancy, to chance, or accident. It should be taught in the schools along with the multiplication table all the world over, and suicide would be prevented socially as well as individually. Nothing is effective until it is systematized, organized, or made compulsory and necessary."

"Yes," chimed in Matilde, "it is essential to discriminate the necessary from the unnecessary, the inevitable from the optative. Sooner or later, education is necessary and inevitable, so long as we respect ourselves as human beings, and consider ourselves better than animals. Anticipated pain is not inevitable, and may be no more than a bridge to which we never come, or a threat. Assured pain, on the other hand, is bearable, by courage. I will even grant that all growth implies some pain, just as any schooling is inseparable from effort. But the world's common-sense has decreed that the pains of education are overweighed by its advantages. The cross holds our head high towards heaven, and our latest Religion is that of the Cross. In contrast herewith, enjoyment is not necessary, nor compulsorily immediate. The generous and noble will be willing to postpone it till all life's major problems are settled educationally, and age has ended any further opportunities of growth. To leave the basis of education would be as stupid as it would be disgraceful and cowardly."

Kitchener reflected, "I am glad you have called my attention to that distinction between the necessary and the unnecessary. Suicide introduces an irrevocable fate of judgment, whether you call it sin, or merely inevitable retribution; while willingness to continue living, however painful or shameful, in slavery, prison, marriage or devotion to parents need never be robbed of its educational privilege, as was pointed out by Epictetus when his master Epaphroditus broke his leg just to test his philosophy, and throws the responsibility on Providence, which may know better than we do what is best for us, or what our former deserts have merited; or, as Emerson says, we may be putting the gods in our debt, accumulating merit in advance."

"And what about honor?" mused Matilde. "Does that not make a special appeal to you as a soldier?"

"Of course!" shot back Kitchener; "if we were entrusted with the post of honor on the firing-line, we should appreciate the compliment of God's confidence in us . . ."

"And may we not unconsciously perhaps be fulfilling some high predestination?" suggested the lady.

At this Kitchener smiled, but much more kindly than he would have done before his apparent misfortune. "You speak of predestination and of former existences so lightly as to make me wonder, because I, for one, do not know enough of such extra-mundane affairs to be able to comprehend or even visualize such enormous issues."

"Very well," granted Matilde, "all such issues beyond our horizon apart, have you ever reflected that since God seems more anxious to keep us here than we seem to want to stay, it is possible that the future life may be worse than the present one, instead of better, as the careless flippantly imagine?"

"Yes," meditated Kitchener, "here also we are helped by your distinction between the certain and the possible. It is only a possibility that beyond we shall have as good or better opportunities of self-improvement, whereas it is a certainty that all the conditions which we know as educational, in connection with control over a body, and relations with certain individuals, do come to an end with death. Also we shall certainly lose all the palliations afforded by our really delightful sense-life, whereas it is equally certain that beyond will be continued the struggle between good and evil, as I have been abundantly convinced during my recent conquest of the threshhold-monster Fear."

"Right you are!" echoed Matilde. "Where else could we master the body? Where else could we choose careers? Why else should God have gone to the trouble of perfecting this beautiful world, unless it was to afford opportunity for something that could not be had elsewhere? More than we dream, perhaps, do even the angels rely on our human judgment. The chance introductions to friends may be more fateful than we think!"

"Yes," developed Kitchener, "dying is cheap; it is living that is dear. A lot of harm has been done by the false glamor thrown over the deaths of the martyrs. As for me, I honor more the brave who have the courage to live under adverse, educational conditions. I suppose that what the world calls an unfortunate person should feel flattered that God loves him so much as to give him educational conditions that are thorough and rapid!"

"Yes," whispered Matilde with a tear in her eye, "dying would be fine if it really were the end. But it can only be a change, an introduction to a new judgment, a close of certain opportunities, a parting from souls with whom we have accounts to settle . . ."

"As we have to survive anyway," interrupted brusquely the soldier, propelled by a new thought, "we might as well save our self-respect, not to speak of our progress!"

Triumphed Matilde, "The only honorable way out is forward!"

"Hurrah!" drummed the soldier.

Straightening up like a cobra ready to strike, with scintillating mischief in her eye, Matilde

spat out, "Wrong you are! The only way out is side-wise!"

Kitchener caught his breath. "What do you mean?"

Matilde laughed. "The only way out is side-wise, because, even if you do not know it yet, you are going to move."

"Move? Where? When?" interjected the patient.

"Listen!" smiled Matilde at the success of her surprise. "You see, Lolita may be immobilized for some little time. I would have to nurse her over there, and you here, and the somewhat daggerous passage would be more over-worked than ever. The only solution is to combine the patients. Should Lolita come here, which might not be the best, in any event, the difficult passage will be still more over-worked Therefore the combination had better be over there. How would you like to visit Lolita?"

"Nothing would please me better," rejoiced Kitchener; "I would gain company. Even if I have had the pleasure of your visit, I have missed her . . . unless,—and here his face fell,—unless she might hesitate to admit me to her meditations."

Matilde smiled significantly. "Perhaps she might; but as all of us who dwell together here have sunk personal considerations, and are living only for the progress of humanity, —I am saying all this merely to keep you in your proper place, lest you become conceited, —I am sure she will welcome you."

"And I am more than sure that she would help me," humbly responded the proud general; "I thank you for putting me in my place, because I want to be kept there; but I shall be very grateful if you will take me over there. Perhaps I can already walk over there myself!"

"No, not in that dangerous passage. Besides, our physician Brother Ramon would have to decide that anyway; so that you had better let us act for the best."

"I will, and very gratefully," gently responded Kitchener; especially now that I see that I ought to continue to live, even though it give you dear people more trouble than I wish it did. Because,—and as he spoke there came into his face's features a radiance of the glory that transfigures the faces of world-saviours, "because, I am determined to repay you some day in the only coin I can offer—cooperation for your purposes."

"Thank you, brother!" gently whispered Matilde, "God hears, and will reward you in His own time; but now I must leave you to see what can be done!" And she disappeared.

## V. LEONORA, FAITH'S FORTRESS, ARMY AND SOLDIERS

From the dangerous passage soon emerged several of the brethren, the physician Ramon, the indispensable Ollanta, Felipe and Felix. With many jokes, as tenderly as brothers, they transferred Kitchener onto an improvised stretcher, avoiding all concussions to the still bandaged arms. Very slowly, very patiently, they finally managed to introduce him into the common living room, none the worse for his journey. He was deposited on an improvised couch of tufa, on the northern side of the room, where he faced the southern side, along which had been similarly arranged a tufa armchair, on which reclined Lolita. Between them stood the table around which the members of the hermitage usually gathered for their sacramental repasts.

No sooner had Kitchener and Lolita been left alone, than across the room they telegraphed a cordial greeting. After a solicitous inquiry as to her accident, and progress toward recovery, Kitchener recounted to her the spiritual progress that he had made during her absence; namely, the added realization of the inescapability of faith to produce the courage and determination to continue living in this difficult and troublesome world. At this good news Lolita's face flushed with joy; but after a rehearsal of the conversations with Matilde when the soldier's inquiries concentrated on herself, Lolita looked embarrassed.

Until his enforced separation from her, Kitchener had accepted her ministrations as he might have passively received those of a ministering spirit. But her absence had revealed to him in himself motions of gratitude to her personally. Not only had absence made the heart grow fonder, but he had been much interested in Matilde also having been saved through Lolita's comfort and encouragement. But Matilde had really broken off the conversation before he could ask the question that burned within him; namely, how Matilde had been brought over to this hermitage.

Of course, Kitchener was an Englishman; and as such he looked on servants as a race distinct from human beings. When first Matilde had disclosed that Lolita had been a maid in her household, our conventional Englishman's susceptibilities had been shocked. But he had sufficiently fallen under Lolita's magic charm to realize that the only real superiority is the superior ability to serve. Then he remembered that in France the servants are called "the good ones;" that the Greek word "angel" actually meant messenger or servant; and how Jesus had washed his disciples' feet. To his own great surprise, he now began to reverence Lolita more for her former humble condition, than for her present mental and moral superiority. But as will be seen, he was due for a still greater shock.

Hesitating a little, lest perhaps Lolita might be embarrassed at being reminded of her having been a household maid, he asked her whether she would impart to him the desired details. Lolita's blush was not one of shame, but of modest shrinking from talking so much of herself. So long had she sunk all her own personality into the service of humanity as represented to her by her nearest human neighbors, that to speak of herself became unusual and slightly depressing. But seeing an opportunity of giving pleasure to Kitchener, combined with instruction about the ways of approach to this hermitage, and its spiritual significance, she smiled, and took up the story where Matilde had left off.

When Lolita had succeeded in creating in Matilde a determination to live, the latter had insisted that this must take place elsewhere, because in any case her usefulness was at an end in her immediate neighborhood. So Lolita informed Matilde that she knew of an old Indian hermit who, by his credulous fellow-peons, was considered a descendant of the Inca family, long thought extinct.

"What could he do for me?" had been Matilde's question.

"To begin with," Lolita had explained, he is the man who once gave me the courage to live, which I now have passed on to you; because though you may not have suspected it, I myself once passed through the storm of

despair. Yes, I was once in the same position in which you are now, and I did not know where to turn. Boldly he advised me to take up the position of a household maid, in which I should at least be successful in achieving the superior ability of service."

Matilde had interrupted, "Indeed you have served! Not only as maid, but as counsellor; and I can see how you would never have had the opportunity of saving my life unless you had been humble enough to enter my home, even if only in a humble capacity."

"So soon as we were able to settle up our immediate affairs and, through agents in the nearest town, offer for sale the remainders of the estate, Matilde and I traversed the forests until we reached the Andes. Then we had to negotiate a steep climb, until finally we mastered the Inter-continental Divide; and there, in a cave in a small hidden recess of the mighty hills, we found,—whom do you suppose?" asked she quizzically.

"I could not tell!" replied Kitchener.

"Well, it was Ollanta, our man of all work!" Here Kitchener realized the futility of all his aristocratic standards. He became conscious of the spiritual dignity of this servant of the company. He became ashamed of having spent his life as a killer of human beings; and though he knew that in many an hour of need he had saved his country, he realized that such service must after all be destructive, and he wished it might have been left to someone else, and that he might have devoted his life to preservative or constructive activities.

Around this hermit Ollanta, it seemed, revolved a small group of followers. Just as, in Old England, Robin Hood had protected all those who in his day had been ejected from civilization, so Ollanta had drawn to himself many people who for one reason or another had grasped the fatuousness of "owning" land or "saving money," or becoming professional murderers, or pursuing the will-o-the-wisp called fame. In these simple surroundings the inevitable cares of life were reduced to a minimum, and the hours of contemplation to a maximum. Here, far above the materialistic associations of the valleys, holy influences had a far greater opportunity to affect the soul. The inner self's figurative objectifications could here easier pierce the physical senses' unconfused impressions, than where the sight had to the brain all day long transmitted useless or repulsive impressions. Here far removed from the noises and unclean speech of the lowlands, the ear could more readily catch the gentle whispers of the Voice which, from behind the ears, tells which way to go.

Uneducated as was Ollanta, and though probably any one of his companions could have instructed him in any of the sciences, nevertheless, once a week on Sunday evenings, when they gathered around him, and had sung some hymn, Ollanta would begin a remarkable address which began from anywhere and ended nowhere. But strange to say, his apparently aimless remarks answered all the heart-problems which had arisen among any of them during the week. Discussion which had been held at great distances between members who had thought themselves alone, here would receive a blessed solution, apparently unconsciously to the speaker himself. After the final benediction none left these meetings without tears in his eyes. Without this spiritual feast it is evident that none of these followers would have remained on the bleak mountaintop. But this unmistakeable divine assistance made them realize that it was to their advantage to remain to gather spiritual food, even from this common peon.

Not long after Lolita and Matilde had joined this group, very unexpectedly, through the nearest post-office at the foot of the mountain to which went one of the brothers every two weeks, they received information that Matilde had received the inheritance of her uncle's estate which adjoined that which had belonged to her father. She laughed sardonically at her former temptations to suicide because of poverty. How foolish such a tragic evasion of her real life-problems would have been, was now seen.

It was just at that time that engineers of the transcontinental railroad invaded their retreat, and drove them out. But although our group of hermits left this place, the associations of the spiritual life they here led did not pass away entirely, because when the railroad was finally built, quite unconsciously of the real occult reason, the authorities of both countries located here the famous statue called the "Christ of the Andes" to perpetuate to all ages the heavenly outpourings that had been vouchsafed here.

Whither should our hermits go? However far north or south on the crests of the Andes they might seek another retreat, they thought the coming tide of civilization, misnamed progress, would ultimately force them to a further evacuation. Any move they might make must be in a radically different direction; and that would require much money. It was Matilde herself, who, like the majority, had no desire whatever to return to the world, who declared that this her unexpected inheritance was a providential god-send to enable Ollanta's group to relocate in a more permanent situation. So she sent instructions to her lawyer to dispose of the estate at the earliest possible moment, and she soon received news that it had been turned into cash, which would be forwarded to her on receipt of instructions as to delivery.

In the meanwhile our hermits had counselled, and developed their thoughts into plans. Logically there ought to be a central point for spiritual achievement in South America in an inaccessible mountain retreat; but as they might not find it, nor gain admittance, they should settle as near to it as possible. From another and more universal stand-point this might prove an advantage, as separation from the mainland would make it suitable for an international hermitage where the World-god might locate the offices of the World-administrators.

True, this broader view did not appeal to all the hermits; and those whose mistaken "patriotism" was predominantly provincial stayed behind and scattered over the South American continent, while those who had transcended tribal animosities sufficiently to envisage the ideal of humanity, and to objectify it enough to devote themselves to the progress of the whole race, followed Ollanta in an expedition to locate and establish the best world-headquarters they could.

Then Ollanta went off on an exploring expedition. To preserve secrecy, he purchased a small ship, and by night slipped away into the least known region, the Antarctic. On one of the first of these desolate islands he discovered a practicable refuge in these warm caves of this almost extinct volcano. Then he returned, assembled those willing to follow, and together they formed this little settlement into which Kitchener had blundered.

"Are you perfectly satisfied?" probed Kitchener. "Do you not care at all what happens to the world?"

"We do care very much; but we think, nay, we know that we can help the world more from the inner side of things than by exerting our power on the external aspect, where its effect would be quite negligible."

Incredulously, slightly sneeringly, Kitchener objected, "Do you really think that this pitiful place is a world-headquarters, let alone the world head-quarters?"

Lolita smiled patiently. "Yes and no, dear brother. No, to those who do not want it; and yes, to those who are ready to discover it."

"I see," smiled Kitchener. "You are giving me a lesson well deserved by my curiosity. But I assure you," added he more cordially, "though you may think that I am not ready, I hope the day may come when I may see in these wretched caves a World-sanctuary. But in the meanwhile please explain to me how you could have a World-sanctuary here, when a queer sect known as the Theosophists claim to locate the central World-sanctuary at Shamballa in the Gobi desert?"

A little did Lolita hesitate; but soon she said mysteriously, "I do not like to say too much for fear of making mistakes about that of which I myself may not be fully informed; but as I understand it, there is a World-sanctuary in each one of the continents. I have been told that the Gobi Shamballa sanctuary is only the Asian centre, just as the European one is located in the Gargano Valley at the foot of Monte Santo, near the Dolomite Alps. The African one is in Solomon's forgotten ruins near the Ruwenzori range; the Australian one is in its Blue Mountains. . ."

"While the Central Sanctuary is . . ." cautiously explored Kitchener,

"May be on some island in the midst of the Ocean," half volunteered and half questioned Lolita; and then more firmly, "as we may find out some day . . ."

"Perhaps!" mused the bewildered soldier. "However, getting back to practical affairs, you told me that you were resigned to exerting your reforming force from the inside, inasmuch as on the outside it would be negligible. But what about me? My power was not negligible, because I was entrusted with the highest functions in the government. I had demonstrated that I was the only man in England who could there gather an army; and more than that, I was just leaving England to visit Russia to organize those chaotic hordes and weld them into a strong unit of offensives. This I had undertaken with the clearest knowledge and guidance of which I was capable. Does it seem just that it should end in disaster? Does it not seem a case where God's leading had broken down? Was God too weak to achieve success for the righteous? Was God's guidance mistaken?"

Lolita answered that sometimes those great problems of life are too complex to be viewed simply from one particular standpoint. Perhaps even they are temporarily unresolvable. Too much do men sometimes hear about God's omniscience, which is no doubt true in general conditions, even if sometimes limited by freedom of the will in personal circumstances. Even in small administrations like those of a school or a business, sometimes the innocent and weak have to suffer for the majority, and of those most in need of help. "Then, too, we are not the only ones whose interests have to be considered. The future may not be decided; it may depend on conditions of people endowed with free will, and also on one's own performance. No, the individual will must not be interfered with. Besides," urged Lolita, "granting that the Guidance does have shortcomings, still these are trifles when compared to its assistance."

"And what about the angels?" interrupted a fresh, young voice. Lolita and Kitchener then noticed that they had not been alone. The two children, Augustin and Leonora, had been listening unnoticed by the two older people engrossed in their own thoughts. Leonora continued, "Don't you know that God helps us through our guardian angels? Haven't you ever seen yours?" she innocently asked Kitchener.

The soldier had been brought up in the Anglican Church which preserves the legends of angels without according them the objective reality which survives in the thought of the Greek and Roman churches. So while he himself had never seen his guardian angel, he neither liked to deny the child's assertions, nor spoil his faith in them, nor acknowledge his own lack of vision. Then he remembered the angel which had appeared to bless his conquest of fear, and he wondered if it might not be a good thing to use his sojourn among these people to develop a permanent normal ability to see and commune with his own guardian angel. So he gently turned the question back on the innocent Leonora, who was still in the age to which, according to the scriptural statement, the Kingdom of Heaven belongs. So he asked her, "And you have seen your own guardian angel?"

"Why of course!" exclaimed she, "How else do you suppose I would find my way in these dark passages in case of difficulty?"

"And I do also!" chimed in Augustin. "Frequently our angels hold consultations together which," said he with a rueful countenance, "sometimes mean unexpected lessons for us!"

Assuming a wisdom he was far from possessing, Kitchener moralised: "That is frequently true when visions are given to us. Therefore such a vision is not an idle amusement, but is a preparation for some great trial in which we shall need their support. But, dear children, run away, please, because I want to ask something of Sister Lolita."

The little people kissed her, waved farewell to him, and disappeared. "Why did you send them away?" inquired Lolita.

"Because I did not wish to offend their young ears with my blundering doubts. For in spite of my realizing that faith in God is essential to overcome fear, and to make me willing to continue in life, nevertheless the angels make my misgivings about the undeniable misfortunes of life all the more poignant. For if indeed they guide us, how can you explain such mistakes or at least misadventures that we were talking about a little while ago? If they are near us, why are we ever in doubt, and why ever in despair about problems? They cannot be unwilling to save us! So they must be too blind to prognosticate the evil, or too weak to avert it."

Sadly smiled Lolita, and said, "There speaks the true Calvinist who believes in a ready-made God and a magic creation. Here, I'll show you what I mean. In one way the general is responsible for everything that is done in the field, but one general alone cannot shoot all the guns, provide all the food and ammunition, shelter the sick, and send all the

intelligence. Did you do all this yourself? Were your wars all one-man affairs?"

"No," smiled Kitchener, "I was only the figure-head in most cases. I could only be the inspiration of armies directed through a hierarchy of officers."

"Well," asked Lolita, "do you then really think that God has any less sense than you, and that he directs this universe by a single magic shot? Don't you see that the invisible world must be officered just as was your army? While, in a way, to the privates the sergeants represented yourself and the King, nevertheless they were only subordinate officers of limited authority or knowledge who often made mistakes. Now did you not discipline a number of British officers in South Africa because they did not attend to their business properly?"

"Of course I did," responded the general, "and it became a matter of notoriety."

"Well, because those officers were inefficient, would you have justified the privates in doubting you or the King?"

"Of course not!" responded he.

"Well," continued Lolita, "if these guardian angels of which we speak are either weak in power or limited in foreknowledge, as you claim, and as in certain urgencies I will grant, why should that make you doubt the Supreme Divinity who has higher and more able and wiser officer angels who will save the situation just as you did in South Africa? Suppose that, in your name, some officer had made a blunder, would you not, while correcting him, have helped him out, backed him up, and vindicated him? Just so would these subordinate officer angels, even if they do make mistakes, know how to reach the higher ones, and to invoke their assistance, and through them have access to the Supreme? So long as the sergeant angels wear the uniform of holiness, and wield the sword of prayer, they are, if not immediately, yet mediately invulnerable, and clothed with all the power of the Heavens. That is why, under their direction, even if mistaken, whatever happens, we are safe, so long as we work with, and not against the Guidance."

"Though you are a woman," exclaimed the officer, "you have certainly out-argued me in this. Still I have one more unanswered objection. Why should God deal with us only through angels of such a lower officer class? In the Bible have we not instances where He sent the Archangel Michael, or even Raphael to Tobias in Assyria, for nothing more than to get his son a wife, and heal him of blindness?"

"Of course," answered Lolita; "and you, yourself, have frequently sent your orders by some high officer on a special mission; but in your armies did you not have a regular routine which, like a fly-wheel, kept everything in order? Would it have been well to put colonels in immediate superintendence over privates? So, you see, you are a trifle conceited, just as everybody else is, to some extent. But one chief reason why we are so conceited is that we have so low an idea of God, so miserable a conception of holiness, that we do not realize that God does not show Himself to us because His holiness is so dazzling that if He suddenly unveiled Himself to us we would be reduced to ashes. Besides, my dear Friend, will you be angry if unintentionally in the course of my explanation I should happen to wound your vanity, which is common to all humans?"

"No," asseverated Kitchener, "I have learned to be humble by discovering how much better than myself some other people are. So speak frankly, please, and plainly."

"Good!" said Lolita. "Supposing then that it was perfectly proper for you, as general, to be detailed directly to command some native African privates who by nature are averse to bathing, and whose approach can be smelled not only by dogs, but by man. Would it be pleasant for you to be in immediate direction of such soldiers?"

"No, it would not," said Kitchener; "and we usually employed some rough iron men who drove them like cattle."

"Naturally and properly," agreed Lolita. "But have you ever thought that we humans, the best of us, carry around with us a moral stench which offends the nostrils of incorporeal beings whose senses are so rarified that they can hear a prayer a thousand miles away, and see a charitable deed all around the globe? Do you not see that our own atmosphere is so vitiated, and our magnetism is so repulsive to Beings of purer eyes that the only angels who can be appointed to reach through to us, or who are willing to stand life-long association with us as guardians,—are those of the lowest orders, whose spiritual senses are not yet so keen that their life and progress would not be hindered by associating with us? Far from omnipotent and omniscient are therefore our guardian angels; but in knowledge and power they are at any rate superior to us."

"Moreover, you must not forget that in the intervals between these guardian angels and us lies the whole still half-undiscovered realm of the hierarchy of natural laws such as electricity, the radio, heat, light and the weather. And if all your life you have witnessed conflicts between these natural laws of different levels, whereby were produced storms, volcanic eruptions, static and misfortunes, why should you be surprised if likewise conflicts, misfortunes or disappointments should result from interaction of different level elements of the hierarchy of the spiritual world? For you have spoken as if unaware not only of the rational organization of the spiritual world, but also of the element of time, in which there are occasions, opportunities, and coincidences which, if for any, or for no reason, we have missed, we must wait until the next favorable opportunity, the next revolution of the planets, the coming of the next comet, or the next eruption in the fire-mass of our sun. So you can see that even if the organization of the angelic army were perfect, you would still have to allow for periodicity, not only of known planets, but of planets, councils and creations undreamt of by us, or by any angel short of the Supreme; for even Jesus said to his disciples that not even the Son but only the Father Himself knew of the times and seasons of his second coming."

"But," objected Kitchener, "if we have guardian angels, why can we not see them as these children claim they do?"

"That," explained Lolita, "is the very reason why we are living here. Being protected from the uncertainties and degradations of the world, and from the deadening drudgery incident to self-support outside, by our scientific use of the volcanic fumes we are enabled to minimize and systematically to remove those physical perception-obstacles which grow up with men as they leave childhood behind. You have noticed that at their age Augustin and Leonora can still see and commune with their angels. Now if we can keep those children

here, it is possible that they may grow up such as to continue on their higher sphere; so while educating them as far as we can, we try to shield them from everything that in them would tend to develop the animal. The spiritual is driven into retreat by sports such as boxing, foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, which external education promotes. We give our children plenty exercise to keep their mind in control of the body; but we try to shield them from rivalry and bestializing emotions. Now let me call the children back, and do you keep very quiet: we shall see whether through the training which your long confinement has given you, or even by the unwelcome effect of the fumes, you may have developed sufficient ability to become conscious of them."

"But, you know," interrupted Kitchener, "I am not yet quite ready for such an experiment, because I did want to speak to you about some aspects of life which I have not yet reconciled with faith in God. Fear and despair I have conquered, but I am still unsettled about anxieties, uncertainties, provincialism, sickness, license, and magic."

"Not now," postponed Lolita; "wait! Just now I feel that you are on the verge of some happy experience. Let me call them!" And she did.

Augustin and Leonora hopped in with the irresponsible joyance of youth. "What do you want, Sister?" they chimed.

"Oh," said she, "I want you to sing one of the hymns which you recently learned for the approaching Christmas season. Do you yet know, 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing'?"

"Of course we do!" volunteered Augustin, while Leonora smiled assent.

"Go on, then, children, and entertain our Brother Herbert here!"

The singing of the hymn transported the seasoned soldier into a trance of listening and watching. While in this receptive mood, he began to be conscious of a glow surrounding the children. Then it centralized, and revealed their guardian angels apparently speaking to each other. They seemed to come to some decision, and Leonora's turned around to carry it out. He called; and to Brother Herbert's great surprise, one after another, from the different passage-ways entered six other angels, who quietly joined the discussion between the guardians of the two children. Just at this moment the spell was broken, and everything disappeared. As if he had relapsed into an outer condition, Brother Herbert shook himself, turned to Lolita, and asked her if she had seen anything. She however retorted in kind, asking him to speak first. As children usually are when something that is not meant for them is going on, the two were all eyes and ears, as the unheeding Brother Herbert said, "I saw not only the guardians of these two children, but after conferring, they seemed to utter a call which was answered by six others; and after a general consultation then . . . if only the children had not stopped singing!"

"Oh, but I did," gently continued Leonora, "because I felt my Guardian tap me on the head, which usually means, 'look out!' " Both Lolita and Herbert smiled. The latter mused, "What do you suppose their decision was?" Lolita ventured, "I do not know, but I think . . . the best way to find out will be to ask the thoughts of the remaining members of our group whose guardians I suppose they must have been!" "The same thought had come to me also!" agreed Herbert.

"Perhaps," suggested Lolita, "when they all gather for supper on these long evenings that we spend together, we could, one by one, let each of the brethren express whatever thoughts with which his guardian may have inspired him. As you are a guest, they will no doubt gladly relate to you his or her story, the sorrow or disappointment which weaned them from the world, and the road by which they came to join in this common attitude of faith in God, which is the only support that we have here, separated as we are from all other human aid."

"Well," remarked Herbert, "that agrees exactly with my desire; and even if it is not what the angels thought, we shall at least accomplish something worth while, which will not only introduce me to my new brethren, but may also perhaps clear up those problems which are still keeping my faith in God incomplete."

## VI. TERESITA, or FAITH INEVITABLE AS THE CURE FOR WORLDLY ANXIETIES

The excitement of this long conversation induced both Herbert and Lolita to a rest which was interrupted only by the entrance of the family for their common meal. After they had done justice to their simple viands, Lolita asked Teresita, the sister of Matilde, "So as to let Brother Herbert understand your progress better, will you at the very beginning kindly explain to him your special heart-trouble which, fortunately as we think, separated you from the world, and introduced you to our common faith in God, and made it so unshakable as to master despair."

"Well," said Teresita, "if I summarized my chief difficulty in life it would be anxiety. In this I had much to excuse myself, because I am of the strongly maternal disposition, which in fact led me to adopt as my own, my step children which you have seen here, Augustin and Leonora. You well know how anxious indeed a mother ought to be. Then I was both penny-wise and pound-foolish. Penny-wise from anxiety for the future, and so pound-foolish that I would gladly give away everything I possessed for any cause I temporarily thought worth while. Besides, anxiety was rooted in a further contradiction in my own character. I was disposed both to long journeys, and at the same time to a love of home which, unless it was near the water with all its uncertain storms and dangers, could not make me happy.

"So this problem of anxiety was not merely one developed by some chance circumstance of life, but one rooted in my very self-contradictory nature. Perhaps it would never have been cured unless some unexpected circumstances had driven me to reconcile in myself these two pairs of opposites, on one hand penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness, and, on the other, love of travel and of home. With this analysis clearly in mind, you will find that my actual life-story is simple.

"As you know, I am the sister of Matilde; and we both shared the advantages and joys of the social surroundings of my father's position of wealth and estate. Only, at the time, I seemed to be the more fortunate. A stranger

from Bogota visited our father's home. He was in mourning, and without any intention on my part at least, my maternal disposition led me to try to comfort him. I was much surprised and frightened, even though also pleased, with his repaying me by love and an offer of marriage. Though my love of adventure drove me on, the same love of home filled me with anxiety, as we had to travel so far, almost around the whole continent. But I accepted my fate and its opportunity, and I went with my husband to his home where he, being employed in the government, was irremovably bound to Colombia.

"To adopt Augustin and Leonora was a joy; and both of them have amply repaid me for any sacrifice I might have made for them. We built a home in the only place where I could be happy, by the waterside. Unfortunately, three summers after my arrival, there were some very terrifying equatorial storms. There was a tremendous tidal wave that produced an inundation on the Magdalena river by which we lived, and our house was carried away. My husband was drowned, and I only saved my children by using the disjointed roof of our house as a raft from which we were saved by a rescue party. As we had no relatives there, we were left absolutely penniless. Industrious as I was, I did not hesitate to try to make my living by piano-lessons and other kinds of self-support; but of course this kind of an existence could be only temporary.

This was a time when my temptation to anxiety grew into a genuine obsession. I was beside myself with it. A priest tried to tranquilize me, and pointed out to me that even the animals were not anxious, and that the Scriptures say that no bird falleth without the Father's care. But for me, my analytic mind could not content itself with any such make-believe, because the animals' tranquility does not proceed from intelligence, but from a stupidity that usually ends in premature death, such as the millions of spawn that perish to one individual who survives. Moreover this bovine satisfaction is impossible to those who have a mind or heart, for human beings have both ideals and responsibilities. For themselves, parents, friends, teachers, need not be anxious because, after all, it does not much matter what happens to one's self; but what of one's charges? And I had undertaken the education of two orphans! To them I was responsible for food, clothing and instruction.

As therefore the best human beings are those with responsibilities and affections, the best human beings, those with the most intelligence, ambitions and devotion, will therefore be the most anxious. Now this anxiety deprives them of making use of whatever little advantages might lie within their grasp. Therefore for them survival would be impossible without faith as an inevitable support.

"Like a shipwrecked castaway who clutches a life preserver, I saw that my salvation lay in faith in God. Whether God would justify it or not, I neither knew nor cared; but I knew that I myself could not save my children unless I,—yes, I will say it openly,—convinced and deluded myself into exercising confidence in Providence."

Herbert interrupted, "Well, and did Providence vindicate itself?"

Teresita smiled. "That my children are well, and that I am here, is proof of that."

"Pray, tell me how Providence saved you?" interestedly besought Herbert.

"Well," continued Teresita, "Providence did not save me without most desperate efforts on my part. You know, we must pray as if there was no work, and work as if there was no prayer. But as soon as I had achieved happiness, I was enabled to use my intelligence to save myself. At Barranquilla I managed to save enough to get aboard a sailing vessel in which I partially paid my way by service, and we were finally landed in Sao Paolo, not for from home. Even here I had to exercise my faith, because I found that Father had died under a cloud, and that his estate was gone, and my sister, Matilde had left. This was a divine test of the strength of my faith; but I withstood it, and managed to find temporary employment in the house of a lawyer. One day he entertained a guest through whose chance conversation I discovered that our uncle had left Matilde the estate contiguous to that of my father; and through him I secured her address in the hermitage on the Andes. When Matilde ordered the inheritance sold, it was I who was the bearer of the funds, and of the much more precious legacy of our two darling children, in whom our whole Colony reposes the hope of showing what the future generation may accomplish in the way of spiritual achievement. So you see our very existence was based on faith in God as a necessary prerequisite to survival."

Mischievously Herbert asked, "And what about the contradictions within yourself, those famous battles between penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness on one side, and love of travel and of home on the other? Have you entirely put that inner conflict to rest and become perfect?"

Matilde broke in laughingly, "No, she has not; I will answer for her! She still has momentary occlusions of vision, and perhaps she will not entirely outgrow them as long as she lives."

"But no doubt this ineradicable conflict will be the basis of her special crown of glory," added Lolita, "of which we already catch glimpses shining round her head from time to time."

Teresita smiled in gentle gratitude, and a tear glistened in her eye. "But so long as I have those two dear children as proof of God's support, I neither will, nor can fail."

Then the group broke up for the evening.

## VII. FELIPE, or FAITH AS CURE FOR REMORSE

Next evening Teresita said, "Last night I was the victim of Brother Herbert's education, so I think that it is time for one of the lords of creation, the male sex, to make Brother Herbert feel at home. So far only women have been entertaining him. Now I think Felipe might undertake to introduce himself to Herbert in a practical and helpful way." Felipe smiled sardonically and said, "That you women have been the first to volunteer may not be entirely due to devotion to Herbert's education. It is not impossible that their willingness to talk may have had some influence in that direction. But at any rate, I will not refuse to do my part."

Herbert interrupted him, "And what was the spiritual hell from which you came to this heaven?" Felipe resumed, "I come from the limbo of fluctuation of vain regrets and fatal remorse. My parents lived in a wealthy suburb of Buenos Aires. They were generous, and had never refused me anything in their power; so I lost a true perspective of life, and a sane judgment of limits. I saw no reason to refuse myself the social pleasures of a dancer who was popular on the stage at that

time. My parents were religious, and were heartbroken at my infatuation. They had been generous with me in the hopes that, having tasted all that was best in life, and sowed my wild oats, I would some day settle down and produce some notable achievement. However, with my fatal temptation to make snap decisions, for which I would be willing to fight to the death, I refused to give up my young acquaintance, and was expelled from home. While I was still in the midst of fury against my father, an accidental fire, which perhaps rose from temporary lack of usual precautions due to this emotional pre-occupation, destroyed the home, and killed both parents, leaving me alone in the world without either money or the experience and desire to earn it.

"As I now was poor, my fair friend naturally left me, and I began to realize what I had lost. Also I regretted my abandoning my parents at a time when possibly my continued support might have saved them from their misfortune. Although I do not doubt that if both of them now are where they can see me and know of my repentance, they have long since forgiven me; yet I myself will never be able to forget that defection from their side.

"Mine, however, was a forceful personality; and I started to recoup the family fortunes. First I took some employment which brought me in daily contact with a fellow lady-clerk who on hearing my story grew very kind to me. Later she reciprocated and related her story. Like me she lived in the limbo of remorse. She was already rather old, and rapidly degenerating to the dishonored condition of superannuated workers, who unless they have obtained a government position or sinecure, would be put on the street. Her story reminded me of the Emperor Claudius's second wife who divorced him for refusal to go into society, a year before his election to the purple. When young, she had had rich parents who also had indulged her every whim. She had had a lover in moderate circumstances who had not proposed to her as rapidly as she thought he should; and to revenge herself, when she prognosticated that he would propose to her, in order to be able to honestly tell him she was already engaged to be married, she proposed a trial engagement to a young converted Hebrew whom she had met at the church, and to whom she had been attracted by an almost offensive and aggressive religiosity. So when her lover did propose, she sweetly told him she was already engaged, and she had the joy of seeing his regret. But her trial engagement lasted only three days, and when it was over, and she began to regret her real lover, she found that he had gone on a trip around the world. On this trip he formed business connections which soon made him a millionaire, and every year he would take extended trips of explorations. Whenever he came to town, this lady would make vain efforts to induce him to call on her, but as she became older and less attractive, less and less did he accept her invitations. Finally she became bitter, and to such an extent furious that she left the church out of hate of the religion of her trial fiance. For thirty years, she would almost spit at the mention of her rich lover.

"While this lady was good to me, her bitterness froze me to the bone. I saw that such a life of recrimination was not worth while, and that if I was to survive, let alone accomplish a retrieval of my family fortunes, I must not only go leave the neighborhood of this horrible mephitic Lernean morass, but I must also in myself silence the numbing remorse at the betrayal of my dear parents.

"My repentance was none the less real for looking on my youthful decision as somehow divinely guided, and for determining to make it the foundation of some spiritual achievement. I saw that I was not an exception to humanity; that if the truth were known, almost everybody has made some decisions that they regret. I met many people who said, 'if I had to do that over again, I would do it differently'. I saw that as we grow older decisions are unavoidable, and that if we do not make them, they make themselves for us. We have to decide where we will live, what career we shall take up, what friends we shall knit to our soul, and what spiritual achievement we will choose. I saw the only attitude which would enable me to live would be to have unquestionable confidence that God's wisdom could rectify such mistakes, transfigure them with a halo, and add dignity to my career. But I also saw that I could not begin this new life in the old surroundings where even if I forgot it, my business associates no doubt unintentionally would be perpetually jabbing the old miseries into me at every opportunity.

"I had gone to take a Christmas present to an old Indian servant of the family, probably the only one who still clung to me with friendly loyalty; and seeing me in this slough of despondency, and realizing my untenable situation, she told me she had been helped by converse with an old Indian magician who was said to be a descendant of the Incas of old. In a fortunate moment, I yielded to her affectionate entreaties, and she brought me to Ollanta, just about the time that our group realized that they must move; they also were in a slough of despondency. They were all well-intentioned people of moderate circumstances with much spiritual aspiration but little power of decision; and in the Providence of God it was I who was enabled to turn my miserable hesitancy into the saving decision of moving to a better location; and it was then that dear Sister Teresita furnished the means. That is how we came here."

Across the room Lolita shouted these words, "But perhaps Brother Herbert has no decisions to regret, so that this life of yours may not appeal to him so much."—"That is just the most mistaken possible idea," said Herbert ruefully. I shall never forget my wretched betrayal of Haig in Flanders, when he asked me for explosive shells similar to those which the Germans had just introduced into warfare. With miserable headstrongness I refused to help him. During my first nightmare experience in my cave many of those brave Tommies who died because of my delay came back to me; and whenever I think of them I squirm, even though I realize that if I am to survive, I must follow Brother Felipe and throw off remorse as a demon."

With a judge's inquisitorialness Lolita softly added, "And was that your only cause for remorse?" "No, no," said he. "A general has as many causes for remorse as there are days in his life. But I suppose I might in this connection mention my decision to leave England for Russia which ended so disastrously." "But so blessedly," finished Lolita with the gentle authority of an angel. She saw that Kitchener was in tears, and she motioned the rest to leave; and the usual social evening broke up without a word.

## VIII. ADOLFO, or FAITH INEVITABLE FOR THE CURE OF PROVINCIALISM

Next evening the friends gathered in a somewhat chastened mood, and Felix asked Kitchener how he felt. "Physically, much the same as ever; but I've forgotten mostly about myself until last night we began speaking of the past. While I am willing to consecrate my past mistakes to God, and ask Him to help me redeem them, and while I see that this can be based only on faith in God's help to retrieve the past, this story has aroused in me strong awakenings and memories which during these months of seclusion had gradually gone to sleep. If I had not had a responsible post in the administration and in the war operations, I might easily resign all anxieties; but does God expect us to be ninnies, to let the direction of the world be misused by rascals and scoundrels? Are we to stand by and let the world go to the devil, or are we manfully to take our part? You can understand how having embarked with my whole nature in raising a 'Kay Army' in a country of well-meaning English bourgeois who did not believe in the possibility of a war at home, and who so much needed it demonstrated to them that the labor leaders refused to let the workers work overtime in making shells until they had been taken in automobiles on an inspection trip around the front trenches in Flanders, you can understand how being suddenly taken out of it all, as Freud would say, the unexpressed or unsatisfied longing of the heart, would work backwards into me and torture me. All day long I have been attacked by a demon cloud of responsibilities of what may have occurred. Was Russia to lose its emperor and fall into communistic chaos? Was Italy, baited by a sugar plum, going to play false? Would anybody rise who could persuade the British to defend themselves? I wish I knew."

"Well," spoke up Adolfo, "perhaps my experience may give you peace. I was a university man, and had written a thesis on South American political movements. But during this time I had fallen in love with Carmen who is here among us to-night. She was always wiser than I. But while I loved her, I looked upon her as a mere woman who could not understand political affairs of men; so when she foresaw my dangers, she bravely—for a girl—gave me my choice of giving up hope of marrying her, or resigning my wild youthful political ambitions. Because I had become ambitious, my young generous heart was determined to save my country from exploitation by the scoundrels who believe that every man has his price, and who carelessly ravaged the funds of the defenseless ignorant people while renewing their promises to the voters just before election day. So I felt that in my own eyes I would be disgraced if I did not sacrifice myself for the public welfare. In the elections to the congress I boldly made a bid for support as a representative of my distracted country. I soon began to find that there was need of money for election expenses.

"Having entered the race and aroused the support of well-meaning people, I could not draw back. I had to throw in whatever resources I had, and I made as active a campaign as I could. The Friday before the Monday election, however, I was visited by a deputation of the mining interests who had exploited the last administration, and who asked whether, should I be elected by their help, I would, when elected, assist them to get the concessions they needed. I laughed at them, and told them that that would be impossible, inasmuch as the whole state thought I was running on the platform of opposition to their interests.

"Why," said their spokesman, "that is the very reason we came to you. You are the only one who is known as our opposer, and therefore, the only one whom we can probably elect with any show of unanimity. Nor are we asking of you anything unjust or wicked. All we ask of you is that after you get elected, you are not to get excited; take it easy; amuse yourself, and let us do the rest."

It was therefore a swift decision that had to be made. My answer was in the negative. I drove them out with objurgations, and redoubled my efforts. I openly accused them of their approaches to me, and expected a vindication by the electorate.

Judge of my despair when, on Election Day, I was defeated.

Now my sense of justice, which had led me to refuse their offers, could have consoled me. My good conscience could have vindicated me in my own eyes at least, and in those of my friends; and I could have continued to live in my country, even though by that time I had lost Rosita who had disappeared. But these vested interests, conscious of their approaches to me, and of my charges before the electorate, realized that, so long as I lived among them, I was a danger spot in their defensive armor; and therefore they turned around to disgrace me publicly so that my accusations would lose their efficacy; and they accused me of malfeasance in office. I had been Mayor of a town, and unknown to me, one of my commissioners had let some of the city laborers work a few days on the completion of his house. This was magnified into a lack of honest principles, and before very long I was excoriated all over the country as a corruptionist who had made charges against them to cover up my disappointment at their refusal of alleged demands by me for blackmail from them. Then they had discovered an early indiscretion of my father's, and they threatened to expose it in the newsprints unless I retracted my charges against them. Also in the local lottery there had been much corruption. Being elected as Mayor, I had been compelled to uncover the venality of several of its managers, and letters of theirs confessing their dereliction were even published in the newspapers. Now in order to counteract these charges of corruption, sometime ago there had been appointed at a very high salary, a dictator whose standing in the community was such as to shield the game from popular distrust. When this case of dishonesty had come up, and I had published the confessions, I compelled this dictator to disqualify these two operators. But judge of my surprise when the financial directors of the various lotteries in the country assembled, and voted lack of confidence in me because, according to them, I had heaped scandal on the game. The newspapers were angry, not that there had been any corruption but that scandal had appeared; and they blamed me for my creating it by putting a stop to the corruption. So I was voted out of office. In order to hush up the scandal, irrespective of the survival of the corruption, the lottery-managers were reinstated by the dictator who had been elected for the purpose of purifying

the institution. The whole country hailed the reinstatement of the self-confessed criminals, and had nothing but contempt for my failure to enforce justice. The ostracism that I endured was such that I saw that any further political ambitions were doomed to failure. I saw that while the game of purifying politics is possible for men who have nothing to lose, it was too expensive to those who had a stake in heaven. Therefore, I resigned all political ambitions to the political leaders of this world, and decided to find Carmen, who was the only treasure in the world left to me.

It was at the height of this pitiful decision to leave the reform of the world in the hands of God, that I had a dream of Carmen in a mountain retreat among companions, and under the leadership of an Indian. I left my home and scoured every valley of the Andes all the way from my home city down to where I had at last recognized the valley of my dreams, Ollanta, and the very companions of Carmen. But when I reached there I had changed; and I saw that Carmen could no longer devote herself to my love in marriage. I had nothing more to offer her in the way of support; and she herself, as you see, had undergone so great a trial, that she also had achieved over-mastering confidence in God's protection at the cost of all that I could have appealed to in her. As I could no longer be her lover, I became her companion; and here we have both ignored the world's destinies, that we may prepare ourselves for an eternity of progress." Kitchener interrupted, "But you, Carmen, have not told me yet what was this trial through which you passed, and which produced in you also this supreme confidence in God." "Oh," said she, "that is another story. We must leave it for to-morrow night, because dear Adolfo's account has revived my sufferings enough to discountenance me. Wait till to-morrow!" With a greeting the circle broke up.

## IX. CARMEN, or FAITH'S SELF-CONTROL INEVITABLE AS CURE FOR CAPRICIOUSNESS

Next evening, as soon as the supper was over, Kitchener reminded Carmen of her promise to complete Adolfo's romance by relating her side of it. While Kitchener was an outsider, knowing practically nothing of this group of hermits, he assumed that they were all of one mind and heart, as indeed they were in respect to the culmination of their career. But he did not fully realize that the personal feelings between them might be problematic, and so he did not hesitate to tread on delicate ground, unconsciously asking for a public confession of intimate feelings from a young lady before her disappointed lover. Till now Carmen had always shielded her most intimate feelings from Adolfo, taking advantage of his humiliation and failure in earthly success which restrained him from further pressing for marriage. He was so grateful for being admitted to even her sisterly intimacy that he forbore to urge any special claims which might have led to a rupture, and ejectment from her presence in the hermitage, in which none could remain except on a Platonic basis. Moreover he was still compelled to fight and conquer recurring attacks of heart-sickness, which with womanly intuition she foresaw, and treated with curative friendliness. Nor was even she herself fully sanctified,—who—is?—so that she had to protect and manage herself as well as him. Consequently she was very unwilling to be victimized or exploited for the amusement of a stranger, to make a Roman holiday. So after all her excuses had been unmasked, and all her evasions had been explored, she found the strength positively to refuse, and to insist that Ramon, should be willing to entertain the stranger because it was his chivalrous duty as a man to spare the women, and also because of his greater social importance as a doctor.

Kitchener then retorted that he needed to know her just as much as Ramon, if not more than any of the men; not only for her own personality, but for successful cooperation with the group. Lolita supported his plea by the observation that his request did not proceed from mere curiosity, but that as he had been rescued from fear, despair, doubt, worldly anxiety, remorse and provincialism, which had threatened to destroy him, and to debar him from a faith in God sufficiently strong to favor his further initiation among them, he still had to learn the initiatory importance of self-control, as rooted in confidence in Providences.

Impervious to personal arguments, Carmen was affected by this spiritual consideration; but as last refuge she suggested that it could be handled just as well, if not better, by Ollanta who, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his continuance as servant of the community, made the final decisions for the whole group; though usually speaking few words when they were common; but when the occasion became one for uncommon inspirational ones, his burning eloquence rushed and foamed as a torrent. As much for fear as for joy did his associates shiver whenever Ollanta undertook to speak, so that they hesitated to rouse him for trifles. So Carmen's appeal to Ollanta aroused in the company subdued alarm and anxiety, which however turned to surprise when Ollanta, instead of launching into an apostolic tirade, tapered into a gentle persuasion:

"Dear Sister Carmen, I advise you to comply with your dear visitor's request; and this for several reasons. First, if he needs the strengthening of his faith in God as the unescapable foundation of self-control, it is you who should answer, since it is you who, in this direction, have had the bitterest lesson to learn, and thereby have developed the greatest experience in will-tasks. Then also, my Sister, I must reveal to you that this series of life-stories is no accident, but a development of the decisions of a special council of our Invisible Helpers of which perhaps few are aware," . . . Lolita interrupted, "I witnessed it!" and Kitchener confirmed, "I also!"—"not only for the sake of our visitor, but for our own, by strengthening the faith of all of us, by testifying to their inner victories. Besides, dear Sister, it will cure the last remainders of personal feeling which led you to refuse to speak, and to bring to your own self-conquest the divine help which always follows a public confession, such as was practised by the North American Shakers,—a sort of public judgment which will render needless, and stingless, as well as prevent and forestall, the post-mortem judgment which we all dread for the very good reason that then will have disappeared the immediate opportunities for repayment and

cancellation. In love and humility, therefore, dear Sister, speak out, and judge yourself; the severer your self-condemnation, the fuller the release and greater the blessing! Therefore fear not; we love you enough to forgive, if there be any need therefor,—which I very much doubt. Speak at your ease; we listen!"

Her last refuge turned against her into an incitement, with a tear in her eye, a throb in her throat, and a prayer on her lip, the saint-like maiden made this lamb-like confession.

"I was born in a large spacious, sunny home which still lingers in my mind as the most suggestive possible earthly representation of heaven, at least to my nature's special requirements. My parents petted me, and indulged my love of musical rhythm and graceful gesture. Nothing jarred my natural feeling of nobility or aristocracy, my clear intelligence, or flood of understanding which when brought to bear on personal situations allowed me to solve difficult problems. These abilities constituted me as a natural leader.

"I had gone on a visit to Adolfo's home in Lima, the capital of Peru, and my social triumphs soon brought to me all the eligible young men of the town. Among them, the most brilliant indubitably was Felix, and he did not delay a declaration of love. He won my admiration by his eloquent diagnosis of the political situation, and his inspired solutions to their problems. But my quicker judgment, insight and foresight, assured me that he was undertaking what was impossible for any one man. Were he to have succeeded he would have no time to grace the home with his presence or to love me. Were he to fail, as was not unlikely, we would have no home left, and it would be all the harder for him, ruined, to have me as an added responsibility.

Loving him as I did, I understood that I must give him his choice, which, sooner or later, would in any case be inevitable, of resigning either me, or his chosen career. As his nature was heroic, he nobly chose to save his country. Though this was a disappointment for me, I tried to consider his welfare only. Though he himself was partially unconscious that behind his external self his soul had made its decision, I saw it, and without waiting for a storm of agony, I escaped home.

But on my unexpected arrival there I was surprised to find the house dark and the door open. With my heart in my mouth I entered. I looked all around the lower floor, and then explored upstairs. Everything was gloomy; but at the end of the long hall I heard suppressed murmurs. I hastened in the direction of my parents' room. I saw a crack of light under the door. I tore it open. There on the bed lay both of my parents, suddenly removed by an infectious disease. I cried and fainted. When I woke up, I thanked God all was over.

"On my recovery, as gently as he could, our lawyer explained to me that my father's injudicious investments had ruined us, that our home was to be sold, and that I should have to support myself. Courage I never lacked, and with the boldness of ignorance which rushes in where angels fear to tread, lightheartedly, without reflection, I smilingly undertook self-support. — The first thing I thought of was my dearest amusement, dancing. But I soon discovered that dancing as an amusement for friends, and dancing for a living among the idle curious and degenerates, are very different things; and my natural sense of nobility revolted at the humiliations and disgraces implied by such a means of earning one's living. As capriciously as a butterfly which, having tasted the sweets of one flower, flutters on to the next, I therefore planned to teach children as a governess with friends whom my father had aided. Now that I had lost money, however, they put on airs, and treated me so impudently that my innate nobility revolted, and I left them without much notice.— Sudden urgencies in life are not favorable to securing advantageous positions, and as I had always been an expert in arranging my own dresses, I undertook sewing of costumes to earn my living. Now this implied an amount of drudgery from which my capricious dancing nature strongly revolted; so I quickly resigned this post, for any amusement turned into a business loses its charm. — Through my home then by chance passed a rich English family that needed a general helper in this to them foreign country. I thought that perhaps I might continue to exercise my natural leadership even in their service; but neither was this possible, because, after traveling to the interior, my employer's business suddenly changed, and he was recalled to England under reduced circumstances, while I was turned adrift on the Chilian coast at Valparaiso. — My next employment was in a small factory. I thought that here I would at least be independent from the personal whims of employers; and dull as might be the drudgery, by respecting myself, I yet might keep wrapped around me the robe of delicacy which my inner nature demanded. However, in the long hours of work, I perceived that I had labored somewhat under the same delusions as had been Felix's; for while escaping from one employment to another, I had really been indulging my capriciousness. So I determined to retire from the world entirely and develop the steadfastness and reliability to which my butterfly nature had never before aspired.—But whither should I retire? Into a nunnery I could not go, because my mind would not allow me to accept those country-nuns' slavery or superstitions. By nature sociable, I did not wish to retire into solitude, because I knew that the acquirement of virtues demands the associations in which they can alone be conceived or practised. So I decided to do the only thing in which labor would be associated with beneficence: I started nursing the sick among the Indians, for support trusting to God. This devoted service provided scope for my leadership, my independence, my feeling of natural nobility; and as I was never lazy I did not shirk the hardest work, which cured me of my butterfly vagaries. — Then I realized that however much in the eyes of the world my career must seem a defeat, it was really the victory towards which I had been unconsciously training; namely, self-control, which was the hardest of all to a person of my inconstant airy, rhythmic, capricious, dancing nature. The numberless criminals, drunkards, addicts, and vagrants testify generally to the inescapability of the struggle to master and be divinized by one's own subconsciousness. All these hardships I was undergoing compelled me to control my sleep, to limit my food and drink, and while I did not actually need to curtail any intemperate habits, I saw that faith in God in principle, in ideal, was the only spade with which I could dig out the roots of the weeds of my nature, the only sword with which I

could lop off the flowers of life which were so fatally attractive to my geniality. Only through this faith in God was I able to conquer in this struggle which was inescapable because there is not a single human being in the world who does not have to face this trouble, inasmuch as one's inner self cannot be utilized until it is harnessed and tamed, will not respond to any but the voice of its own god, the human soul, when inspired by the God of the universe. — In a way, nursing was ideal; but I saw it could not last because, at best, nurses have but a very short career. I would soon be too old or too weak to survive, and the ignorant people whom I served could not be expected to do anything for me. — Now one of my native patients had a superstitious regard for the uncanny powers of a certain magician, medicine man, or 'brujo,' as you might say, among the Indians. She begged me to save her life by going to him and ask for help. As I had nothing better to do, I followed the directions given me by her relatives, and climbed into the fastness of the Andes. I found our friend Ollanta who, at my request, came down into the valley, and by occult rites succeeded in restoring her to convalescence. But as he left, he turned his eyes on me, and seeming to look through my problems, offered me the haven of his group of friends, in which I have become able to devote myself entirely to the achievement of the only treasure I ever coveted, that of becoming conscious of the presence of the Unseen Helpers of Humanity. — Probably my capriciousness would never have been radically cured without fully sacrificing myself on the altar of service to humanity. My fear of becoming fossilized is dispelled by turning my innate restlessness into activities that demand unwearied initiative. My natural longings for rhythmic harmony have initiated me into the periodic music of the spheres, and I am humbly waiting for admission to higher degrees of spiritual unfoldment."

Lolita interrupted, "Would you not ever care to go back to the world? — Carmen answered, "If I did, I should perish, for in me there is nothing left to respond to the conditions necessary for worldly success. If driven out, I should die. So you can imagine how grateful I am to God Who through Ollanta's leadership has brought me to this opportunity of development."

Adolfo had grown pale. He saw that his influence on Carmen had disappeared, and that for her he no longer existed. A dark shadow floated across his mobile features. Gently Carmen arose, moved towards him, kissed him on the forehead, took him by the arm, and bade him sit near her, saying "Adolfo, behind you your thought was visible to me as an angel of despair; and I bid you dismiss him." — "How can I?" gasped he, "since I have disappeared from your life?" — "Wrong," smiled she. "It is God Who has brought us together here, because I could not love without a responsive love of the higher kind; and God brought you here that we might be comrades on the upper way to heights that neither of us could reach alone. Will you fail me just because I refuse you what you yourself, after awhile, would reject or despise?" — He smiled, kissed her on the forehead, and sat down by her side, transfigured by a better hope.

There ensued a long silence, and without any word of dismissal one after another, with tears in their eyes, went their several ways, leaving Kitchener as humbled as Adolfo, but also as inspired, when he looked at Lolita's smiling countenance. He saw that, without realizing it, he had been treading on holy ground; and he became conscious of his own coarseness and banality.

## X. MANUEL, or FAITH INEVITABLE AS SOLE CURE FOR CRIME

Next day the smooth regularity of the community's habits was interrupted by the appearance of a brother entirely unknown to Kitchener. In the morning, from one of the recesses of the caves issued a man disfigured with dirt, slime and vegetation, carrying a bundle of unusual looking lichens and mosses. Though he stumbled wearily, his eyes lightninged and his voice, low, vibrant and cultured, betrayed satisfaction with his errand. Later in the day he reappeared clean and rested, and was to Kitchener introduced as Manuel. Then Lolita had to explain to him who Kitchener was, how he had arrived, his present plight, her own, and the latest news about the family.

Later again, after Manuel had left, it was Kitchener's turn to have his curiosity satisfied about this most adventurous member of the community. It seemed that he had volunteered on a two-fold mission of seeking certain medicinal growths, and exploring a section of caverns which, due to recent volcanic changes, had been giving anxiety.

Kitchener expressed his appreciation of the new brother's personal qualities, and ventured a few guesses as to their formative history, and as to what circumstances could have induced him to join the hermitage's members. "Interesting as have been the experiences of the other brothers and sisters, this brother's doings would no doubt prove more fascinating still, because of the powerful personal magnetism he quite unconsciously exerts."

Lolita laughed. "I see we cannot hope to keep much in the way of a secret from you! Very correctly have your intuitions appraised the situation; and if your curiosity is so strong, you may be able, by pleading your helpless condition, which justifies you in asking favors not usually granted to those in perfect health, to induce him to relate to you what so far he has managed to hide from all of us—his former life."

"What?" darted Kitchener, "do you not know all about each other?" — "Of course, in a general way," wearily explained Lolita, "we do have a fair notion of each other's past history and interests; but as our purpose here is a constructive effort at spiritual achievement, it is not advisable that we should fan the flame of personality by resurrecting past controversies. So we prefer to bid the dead bury their dead, and draw on the fund of past experiences only so far as past contributions are necessary or favorable for future achievement. Then each one has a right to his private sanctuary; each one has his victory to gain, or to conserve; his wounds to heal, and to protect from reopening. Besides, some are by nature more secretive than others . . ."

"Yes," interrupted Kitchener, "no doubt; but this brother seems sympathetic, approachable, friendly. One might almost say he was sociable and cooperative, — so one would not expect from him unreasonable reserve." — "Quite true," gently rebuked Lolita, "but what about the character of our intimate problems? Are there not some wounds that hurt more than others? Some roses whose thorns burn more than other thistles? Has not each of us

sometimes had secret thoughts he prefers to ignore? Has not each soul its saftey-valve of day-dreams?"

"Possibly, . . . yes, no doubt, with some; but I do not think you ever had any thoughts of shame . . .." — Tears shone in the eyes of the saintly maiden. "You are mistaken, my friend;" countered she gently; "I also have had my offerings to burn on the altar. Did not even the Perfect Man have to reject the temptations of the Spiritual Enemy? I am no saint!"

"Neither am I," slowly and sadly breathed the rough and ready soldier. "But I forgot that we are treading on holy ground, when we touch human character. At any rate, I never would have dreamed of any such thing in connection with so magnetic a personality." — "Neither do I know any such thing," asseverated the maiden. "I only suggested it to explain or excuse our brother for his reserve; because, though you may not know it, he is the only one of our brethren of whose past no one, except perhaps Ollanta, who never blabs secrets, knows anything definite, except that he has been a great traveller; and he must have had wide experience, and occupied posts of importance, to judge by his interesting references, quotations and insights. So, if you can make him talk, you will be doing a favor, not only to yourself, but to all of us."

After dinner, therefore, at which Kitchener enjoyed the treat of a new kind of stewed lichen, and after a more than usually lively conversation, at a signal from Lolita, Kitchener took the bull by the horns, and asked the new comer to join the portrait gallery that he had been reviewing, by relating the spiritual odyssey that had landed him among this group of hermits. Kitchener did not fail to urge the special claims of an invalid, of an aspirant, of a candidate for closer cooperation with the community, and besides for personal friendship. — Even while Kitchener was still speaking Manuel had betrayed impatient refusals; and as soon as the request came to an end, countered by a demand for Kitchener's own life-story, no doubt supposing that if once Kitchener started a self-revelation, he would continue for the remainder of the evening. Unable to refuse entirely, Kitchener summarized his carer as only a trained general officer could; besides, his nature was bluff and compendious. Nor was he a man to be evaded; and seeing his interlocutor needed a new argument, and recalling his conversation with Lolita, he brought out the many deeds of violence he had witnessed, and even been compelled to share. Deploring them, he excused them on the grounds that no spiritual cure for them existed; and confessed that at several junctures in his career, and notably so when he awoke to the fact that both his arms were broken, he had been strongly tempted to suicide.

"What restrained you?" incisively interrupted Manuel. — "I wish I myself knew!" confessed Kitchener. "I think it must have been the British gentleman's training of "carrying on!" I regret to have to confess that it was no religious motive, for at that time, as I have recently realized, my religion was still no more than a theoretical ritual. But before crime can be rooted out, there will have to be discovered and made available some cure adequate to protect men under the temptation of violence for self-defense against hopeless injustice or social wrongs."

Manuel had blanched. He swallowed hard. Several times he started to speak, but stopped. Then he chanced to look at Ollanta who had been silently looking on. The stolid Indian's face was transfigured with a holy shine, and his eyes beamed a friendly encouragement, as if urging him on into till then reserved domains. Blushing, Manuel coughed, and began more firmly, "My friends, till now I have never spoken much to any of you about my past life,— and I will confess the reason, namely, that I have been a great sinner. You see, besides spiritual progress and business profit, the only reason for reserve is shame; and whenever you meet any person who is disagreeable, in most instances you may be sure that his so-called 'temperament' is no more than shame,— just as people keep strict counsel about suffering from cancer, or having some relative in prison."

From the group arose a buzz of surprise; and Maria hastily sent the children to bed, much to their pouting regret; but a kiss melted their frowns into a smile, and they ran away singing and dancing. Then, in the full sonorous tones of his bass voice, Manuel continued, "Yes, I am speaking only as a duty to humanity, and out of gratitude to the God who saved me, and to enlighten our new brother who speaks as if he needed a clarified cure for crime. Incidentally I myself will be helped, for until this moment I have postponed the last rite on which absolution is dependent; namely, a full confession. Yes, I am weary of carrying the load; I shall free myself!" — In his eye sparkled a tear, and his glorious voice quivered, as he began, "You have no doubt all heard of the prehistoric Golden Sun-temple called Eldorado, in Colombia. It is situated on the central mountain-chain's series of terraces which is known as Cundinamarca County, wherein flourishes the capital Bogota. There sleeps a lake called Guatavita, by whose shores rise the temple-ruins whose golden plating was stripped off by the Conquistadores. This was the haunt of the famous legend which relates how, on the yearly sun-festival, the native King would be smeared with honey, and then dusted with gold-dust till he became a living objectification of the sun. Him the common people would worship by throwing offerings of gold into the holes in the Temple-floor, and into the neighboring lake. So true is this that within our own times several mercantile companies have at different periods drained the lake to recover remainders of these precious sacrifices. — What remained of the priests of the Temple disappeared into obscurity; but their descendants continued to live in the neighborhood as despised peons. It is from that stock that I was descended. My mother was a holy and religious woman who perpetuated the ancient traditions, and she would have done her best to train me in them, if she had not suddenly been carried off by a plague that visited our peaceful valley. — As an orphan, I was received and sheltered by distant relatives who, while they gave me what I most needed physically, did not hesitate to make me feel my dependence, treating me contemptuously and parsimoniously. Early therefore I was forced into an apologetic attitude. Often I was scolded, and to keep the peace, I began by evasions, went on to self-justifications, and to eke out my existence had to resort to pilfering. After a little delay, followed the inevitable discovery, which ended in my being driven into exile, to shift for myself. —I saw that I must start anew in fresh surroundings. Willing as I personally was to do so, I felt bereaved at leaving the traditional home of my people, and the earthly relics of

my mother. My "easy descent into Avernus" had been caused by an excuse of love, a desire to preserve friendship, to keep in harmony, to avoid open breaches. That is why this expulsion, which to others would have seemed a liberation, to me was no less than a Day of Judgment. Sobbing therefore it was that I began the descent of the Andes; and as I dropped down the last declivity from which my childhood's home could be seen, I felt deprived of my humanity, my heart turning to stone.

"Sullenly I set my face eastward, and invaded the fever-ridden mangrove thickets around Lake Maracaibo, on whose surface had been erected the Venice-like settlement that originated the country's name of Venezuela. Unaccustomed to this pestilential atmosphere, I took sick, and when recovered, tried to escape from this hopeless situation by shipping as a cabin-boy on a ship bound for Laguayra. — As I stood in need of convalescence in a higher climate, such as I had been accustomed to in my youth, I climbed the foot-path to that paradise Caracas, the shrine of the liberator of South America, Bolivar. Here military traditions were strong; and as I had to choose some future career, I decided to try to enter the army. I started as an orderly to one of the officers, and made myself so beloved and necessary that he directed my education till I was accepted as lieutenant.

The social life into which I was admitted however turned my head; for my love-nature was always my weakness, and I had not yet built up a mental defence sufficiently strong to preserve me unharmed in difficult situations. Of course I started drinking, and it was at one of these parties, in which my social nature paraded its best gifts, that I entered into temptation. Then one day I was, by a fellow-officer invited to meet his fiancée. Unused to prosperity, I did not realize its limitations; I allowed myself to fall in love with the young lady, and did not hesitate to plan getting the prospective bridegroom out of the way. Never addicted to violence, my earlier temptations to lying and pilfering suggested disqualifying him for the young lady's adoration by some public disgrace. I had fallen in with some card-sharpers, and been fleeced by tricks of theirs. To 'get even' with Fate for permitting this misfortune to me, as well as to dispose of my rival, I gave a party at which I started a game which I broke up by accusing him of cheating by a card which I had planted on him. I would have succeeded, but for an accident. In the commotion I stumbled over a chair and in falling, from my sleeve fell out several cards which I had secreted. So it was I who was disgraced, and exiled once more.

"In the Laguayra offing there happened to be waiting a boat bound for Georgetown, the capital of British Guyana. I stowed aboard, was discovered, worked as a sailor to the best of my ability until we disembarked; and to avoid arrest I escaped up the Essequibo into the jungle. But how should I make a living? — As my physical nature was unfitted for hard labor, and as the more educated native circles were closed to me because of my disgrace, I bethought me of acting as a guide for tourists to the country's marvel, the Kaiteur Falls. So I crossed over to the Potaro River, and attempted to work my way thither. I succeeded, and climbed the lower or foot reach, from which one gets a glimpse of the most impressive sight in the world, the sheer height of the 700 foot falls. As I craned my neck to behold this, my footing slipped, and I fell into a back-water pool, wherein I expected to drown; a not unwelcome opportunity of closing my soiled career. — But God was not done with me; man's extremity is, as you know, His opportunity. Some natives saved me; and after a pretty difficult recovery I was returned to usefulness. But I was no longer the same. During the few minutes of floundering in the water I had experienced the usual drowning man's lightning-like review of his past existence, which was followed by a vision of my mother who seemed to take me to revisit the ruins near which I had been brought up. But these were no longer ruins; they were still in their pristine glory, covered with golden plate. As I entered, I behold a vision of the Universe in its totality, and of Humanity's purpose, followed by a glimpse of the many mansions of Heaven. —Had this vision come to me because I had deserved it? No; but perhaps because I needed it so much to give me a footing in life. Indeed, however often since then I have sinned, and strayed from the paths of rectitude, I have always had a guiding star to return to, and finally to lead me hither where, safe from all temptations, I have the chance, which at the start I lacked, of systematic development and rational achievement."

Kitchener added, "And did you come here right away?"

Wearily Manuel sighed, "I wish I had! But I did not know of the place, which at that time did not even yet exist. Besides, I was still too young and resourceful to abandon the ship of my career, and retire from the world. Neither was I ready, nor worthy. Enough that I finally came; now I have told you my story."

Gently, insinuatingly Lolita interposed, "Our brother Kitchener may be satisfied, as he is rough and ready, and springs to results. But as a woman, I am more interested in your human side, your vicissitudes, your trials. If till now you have spoken to please him, now pray speak to please me, your little Sister; and I can, before you continue, promise you my sympathy and loyalty!"

Manuel blanched a further shade of pallitude. "Why, little white lily, you are the very last person here to whom I would care to relate all the miserable depths through which I finally was saved. After all, I do not so much mind relating them to a man; but to you I hesitate, and for your own sake!"

Softly placing her hand on his arm, Lolita comforted him. "I promise you my forgiveness, Brother, in advance, should you need it. Besides, I wish to change that self-righteous word forgiveness to sympathy;—for neither was I ever, nay, nor am, nor ever will be a saint."

"Perhaps not," muttered Manuel; "but to me you represent an ideal . . ."

"Of your mother," tenderly interrupted Lolita. "Yes, I know; and in her name, dear Manuel, I shall give you absolution, even before you continue; so you may no longer have anything to hide from any of us, and may look us all in the face; for after all you cannot indefinitely go on exploring caves while we might profit by your company!"

Manuel gathered himself together, and cleared his throat. "I will do it," decided he. "After all, it may well be a divine arrangement!" — "It is!" chorussed the company. "Go on, we will stand back of you all the way!"

In speechless gratitude, Manuel looked around the circle. "I think this summary of my career, shameful as it is, has done me good;

not only in ridding myself of this nightmare load of lying, theft, cheating, embezzlement and chicanery,—yes, stare and gasp as you please,—of adultery,—nay, even attempted murder,"—and he stopped a moment to do justice to the involuntary moan of horror from the company,—"but I can more clearly understand what has saved me through all, the panacea for all kinds of crimes,—namely, faith in God, or confidence in His support; for if you can be sure of God's backing, there is no conceivable human situation in which temptation can lead you to crime. . ."

Kitchener interrupted, "And as we have to live, and therefor need food, clothing and social surroundings, temptation of some sort is unavoidable; so that we cannot afford to live without faith in God; so faith in God is unescapable; more necessary than food or clothing . . ." — Ollanta now interrupted with a Biblical quotation which acted as a benediction, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Manuel seemed changed. No longer hesitating, he realized it was to his own advantage to "make a clean breast of it;" and now he was more anxious to tell his tale, than were even his spell-bound auditors to listen to it.

"After my vision I picked up courage and proceeded to the capital Georgetown. First I had to perfect my English, before seeking employment, which I found at the chief local department store of Richards and Sheridan, as an errand-boy. But my educational abilities soon opened my way into the accounting department, where I acted as book-keeper. At the death of the cashier I was promoted to that responsible position. — All went well so long as novelty gave interest to the tiresome book-keeping and accounting; but soon that wore off, and my natural laziness began to evade making up ballances, as the former cashier's life-long probity had precluded the necessity of such tiresome formalities. But shortly I woke up to the inevitable entanglements consequent thereon. First I tried to clear up the trouble secretly; but when I realized it was beyond my power to rectify, I became reckless. Then, deciding I might as well be hanged for stealing an ox as well as for a sheep, I helped myself to enough money to give a jewel to a young lady friend whose kindness seemed my only harbor of refuge from my now poignant anxieties. How well do I remember seeing on her face the flush of happiness as I presented it to her; we had gone for a walk in the park, to see the Victoria Regia two-foot wide rose-colored lily; but I never even looked at it, wrapped as I was in gazing at the smiles that chased across her mobile features. — Through her vanity, however, this came to the ears of the firm, and an investigation of the funds was decided on. So long had I lived in secret terror that while this approach of a climax was in the nature of a relief, I felt justified in resorting to some species of self-defense. The first investigator whom they employed was a local book-keeper whom I knew well, and therefore managed to confuse by gifts and drugs. But as his results were not clear, and a definite stortage was discovered at the bank, they imported a professional auditor whom I could not hope to dupe. First I thought of suicide; but my vision supported me in the belief there must be some way out of the tangle. So I pleaded sickness, and the firm decided to delay the investigation till I recovered sufficiently to aid in the clearing up. — Having gone into the mountains to rest, I had a haunting dream of the Golden Sun-temple near which I was born; and on the chance of finding some of the buried treasures my mother's forefathers had rescued from the Temple's destruction, I hastened home. Those simple Indians, of course, instead of depositing savings in banks, bury their pitiful little hoards in the fields and forests. Following therefore my mother's family-traditions, I dug around at night, and succeeded in unearthing enough treasure to hope to compromise with my employers, who indeed waived prosecution, and let me once more exile myself and try to start life afresh in a new country.

"Providentially there was a foreign country close at hand, Surinam or Dutch Guiana; and I hastened to Paramaraibo, its capital. This is a silent, sleepy place, with high-pitched roofs, dormer windows, high stoops, porches, and green painted doors with shining brass knockers. Here my disgrace could not follow me, for the Dutch language erected natural barriers. I wandered through the dense tropical forests of waving cabbage and cocoa palms, across the river. With my trained business instinct I saw the inevitable fate of some of the nearest sugar plantations, which was to be cut up into small farms and building lots. — Now there was really only one plantation that was suitable or ripe for development; but however hard-pressed for money was the owner, an obstinate obese Dutchman, there was no way to move him except through the influence of his wife, a young pleasure-loving Spanish lady, whom he adored. A part of my duty, therefore, it was to gain her good-will; and while I sought it only to effect the land-sale, I was terrified at discovering that my Othello-like tales of adventure at land and sea had so aroused this new Desdemona's personal affection that I had more than I had bargained for. Only too willing was she to further the sale, for she was tired of the sleepy place, and release from the lands would measurably free her from her misshapen husband on whom she now looked as a monster. — It had been no part of my scheme to involve myself in a matrimonial tangle; but when the property's sale to a syndicate was effected, and the lady was foot-loose, she offered herself to me. As I was penniless until the real estate operation was completed, I found myself at her mercy. Once more I was leading a double life; and the love I was now compelled to reciprocate became the most exquisite torture, every day expecting the exposure that should once more compel me to flee disgrace. Finally she herself threatened me with a stiletto at my throat unless then and there I should drink the cup of rich wine she offered; and in the intoxication of despair I drank it. — Then began a slavery that was unimaginable; and ultimately the lady, feeling her health grow delicate, between serpent-like embraces, sought to force me to kill her husband. I defended myself as well as possible; but between her tenderness and beauty in distress, I was but clay. So she arranged that during a ride around the estate we three were to visit a sheltered lagoon on which we were to take a boat-ride, during which a fatal accident was planned for. As I left the house I was as pale and trembling as Macbeth; and it was the lady who directed everything with contemptuous gaiety and skill. — We were to ride thither on horses; and whether it was my nervousness or some hallucinatory vision of my mother or not, I shall never know; but my horse shied, and

would have thrown me, had not her stupid but sensible husband, with rare presence of mind, sprung down and steadied the rearing animal, so as to save me from apparently certain death. — Then we started afresh; but to carry out our crime when our intended victim had just saved me from death or long illness was more than I could do. Trusting in God's support, I turned my mount's head, pricked my spurs into him, and escaped to the canal, compelled my quivering and foaming beast to swim it, hastened to the water-front, tied him to a post, and had myself rowed to a ship that was just leaving.

"When aboard the steamer, I had reason to thank Providence, for it would not land anywhere till it reached a foreign country, French Guyana, at Cayenne. When I landed and entered Cabbage Palm Square and beheld the miraculous double palm tree, which reminded me of the double life I had been leading, I burst into tears; but the royal eighty-foot high palms looking like pillars in some cathedral gave me assurance that after all this world was God's theatre, and that whatsoever mistakes we made, He could save us somehow. . .

"In this French place my amorous escapade in Paramaraibo was hardly blamed; indeed it recommended me to the romantic. So I was much sought for in society, and shortly was proposed to by a rich Spanish lady. As I was penniless, and had no expectations of earning my living in a country whose French language I could not use fluently, and inasmuch as my soft life had unfitted me for any hard exertions, which in this climate, so close to the equator, were in any case impossible, for me there was no course but to yield myself a prisoner at discretion.

"That is, there was nothing else left for me in this world, unless I had trusted in God's protection and support. But I was not yet trained in considering the spiritual before the physical. Nor really, in the midst of the rush of passion, was there much time to consider. So natural is it to act out the usual ideals of the world, that we need some miracle, such as a dream, or an accident, or the appearance of some saint to draw us out of our dilemna. As none such happened, nor probably could happen while this exquisitely beautiful and charmingly gowned woman held her arms around me, I reciprocated her burning caresses. — To my credit I can say this much, that I refused to marry her until I had confessed the disgraces that I had allowed myself to suffer. I expected to be dismissed; but on the contrary, it pleased her all the more I should be entirely in her power, and at her mercy, should she wish to betray my secrets; so she accepted me on the condition I should be hers alone. Frankly, it relieved me to give up responsibility; and as there seemed to be nothing unjust to anybody else in the enslavement of myself who had nothing else to look forward to in this world, I accepted to be her lover, cavalier and toy.

"Our honey-moon was a tornado of passion; she kept me dangling as an angler plays out the fish he has hooked; and only when she was sure she had mastered me, did she allow me to discover that she was a leper, a sexual pervert, and subject to fits of maniacal violence. — Of course I could not complain. I had married wealth, and I should not feel wronged at having to pay for it in any manner whatsoever. Then I discovered that knowledge of my wife's real condition was common property, so that there was no chance of arousing any sympathy for me, as everybody considered I had gotten no less than my just deserts; I must lie on the bed I had made for myself. — As she wisely held on to all the money, I was powerless; whither should I run to? By this time all of Central America was closed to me; and to start afresh in South America would be a long and expensive effort, for which my now prolonged soft life entirely unfitted me. Besides, I had made my bargain, and I was held by my love-nature, the strongest element of my character. I hugged my hideous chain, and gloried in my enslavement, even while writhing in terror, horror and shame. Nor must you forget that between attacks she could be so alluring, so sensually bewitching in her war-paint, that I doubt anybody could have resisted her so long as she did not remove the perfumed glove that hid the leprous sore.

"Of course my enslavement could be only temporary, for her physical and mental diseases were progressive, and each day was hastening to some catastrophe. Indeed it came one night, when in a sudden access of fury she fell into a coma, from which she would probably never wake unless she received prompt medical assistance. To release myself from her I had fitfully considered murder; but here was a ready-made occasion where I could obtain release by merely withholding assistance. Was I not justified in doing so, inasmuch as her keeping her leprosy a secret, especially as I had confessed my transgressions to her, was really in the nature of a fraud? The physician knew the seriousness of her case, and no one but myself would be the wiser for the delay in securing assistance. Thank God I rejected the temptation, and at once sent for the physician, although on her being restored, my only thanks was the most violent abuse. — Then I suffered so intensely that I decided that should another such occasion present itself, I was justified in preventing further torture by evading assistance. Physically enslaved as I was, all of me that was free were my eyes; and I glanced out across the surrounding waves tearfully. Then in the bay I noticed a French warship landing a cargo of chained wretches condemned to transshipment to Devil's Island, not far away. Their fate was envied by me, and I was tempted to commit some crime that could insure me that commitment. — Then I felt my wife's vise-like grip on my throat. She pointed the convicts out to me, and said, 'I hold you in my power; by merely revealing your crimes I can have you chained and incarcerated. Kiss me, my pretty toy!" Driven beyond endurance I was about to strangle her, when she herself again fell into a coma. I extended her on a lounge, and hesitated to lift even a finger to rearouse such a tiger. Then I heard a disturbance outside. One of the prisoners had attempted escape. The guards beat him into insensibility; he became delirious, and after cursing was evidently dying when he started to sing some hymns.—These reminded me of my mother, and of the vision she had shown me; and its lesson that there is no grief that cannot be cured by faith in God; and there sprang up within me a hymn that she used to sing which was equivalent to the English words, "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel; Here ope your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal!" — So I sent for the doctor, who had to work over her for a long while. She revived partially, only to struggle wildly. In the incident confusion, the doctor's medicines got mixed,

and he administered the wrong one, whereupon, to our mingled grief and relief, she passed away. So I was released through no guilt of mine. — After her burial, I should not have wished to touch any of her money, in any case; which was just as well as it turned out she had only a life interest in her estate; so that if I had depended on it, I should have been much disappointed. But with life and its hectic urgencies I was disgusted. I took refuge in a monastery, and became a monk; and after a successful novitiate and acceptation, I was allowed to leave the scene of my trials, and go to Patagonia as a missionary.

Here, strange to say, I discovered that the descendants of the fierce Auracanians who had never been subdued by the Spaniards, had much to teach me of a natural religion of direct religious experience. This enabled me to resign my dependence on the theologico-political pretensions of the chief established religions. — But with my dependence on them disappeared also my financial support; and I found myself dependent on the meagre help of the despised Indians I had pretentiously come to convert. — It was at this time that the Indian who had most enlightened and supported me died; and he turned out to be a brother of this Ollanta of ours, who came to conduct the aboriginal rites over his brother's corpse, after the priests had said their last rites over him. My grief and uncertainty, communicated to Ollanta, solicited from him an invitation to join his group of undogmatic recluses, and I have stayed with him ever since, gradually realizing some of the mystic revelations that had been promised me in my mother's Kaiteur Falls vision; so that I am sure that I am on the right track. Now my object is so to purify myself by faithful labor and studies that when I shall be promoted to the next sphere of existence, I may be found worthy to look her in the face without a blush, and receive her absolving kiss.

"All things are possible to me through God which strengtheneth me!" quietly added Ollanta, rising and leaving our surprised and breathless group.

## XI. RAMON, or FAITH INEVITABLE AS CURE FOR ILL-HEALTH

Next evening, (or what was recognized as resting-time after a standard period of activity), after supper, there was a long silence. Nobody seemed inclined to say very much. The living lessons of the conquest of Kitchener's fear, of Matilde's despair, of Teresita's anxiety, of Felipe's hesitation, of Adolfo's provincialism, of Carmen's capriciousness, and of Manuel's crimes, almost seemed to objectify itself in the shape of unseen Guardian Spirits. No one was disposed to speak very much, and perhaps the evening might have passed in no more than moody meditations, but for the children who ran in, dancing and singing childish songs.

This jarred the serious character of the general feeling. Usually a mere hint or gesture had been sufficient to drive out the playful youngsters who by this time, should have retired; but as is frequent with children, they seemed possessed with the mischief of fairies or gnomes. Augustin took hold of Carmen, and started to make her dance with him; Leonora teased and tickled and shouted in the ears of the various people, until there occurred a general revolt, and from all sides arose loud admonitions for them to go to bed. But for once the little people were quite irresponsible, and appeal was made to Ramon who, as physician, was generally treated as the court of last resort in matters of discipline and health.

"Tell them to go to bed," shouted Kitchener with his general's readiness to command. To their surprise they noticed that Ramon had not said anything, but was smiling; and when he failed to utter the desired command, the whole assemblage turned against him, demanding to know what was the matter with him, that he seemed to have altered his usual insistence on the children's early retirement.

"Well, to tell you the truth," grinned he mischievously, "I do not see how I could repress them, inasmuch as it was I myself who put them up to it."

"What?" shouted the whole meeting in chorus.

"Yes," asserted he, "it was I who saw that your natural, and perfectly estimable reflections, were injuring the resiliency of your usual self-protective activity. So I thought the children's innocent gayety would be the best cure for your moody melancholy."

The group gazed on him as if he had betrayed them, and Lolita suggested that while the children might have accomplished something very estimable, it was at their cost, as it was not good for them to be kept up at night, and excited.

"That is true," answered Ramon; "and we will let the children retire, if you promise to resume resiliency and initiative."

"Well", suggested Lolita, "if it is you who put the children up to doing something that was not good for them, you are the one who ought to pay for it; and it would be more decent of you to let them retire, and yourself undertake the office of consoler and entertainer."

"I know!" ventured Carmen somewhat mischievously, as if to punish Ramon for having sided with those who compelled her to make her public confession, "I know", repeated she, "what ought to be done. Let Ramon continue the good work that I was compelled to do. Let him add to the finding our faith in God to be the inescapable cure for fear, despair, anxiety, hesitation, provincialism, and capriciousness, by showing us how the attainment and preservation of health is impossible without the supporting spring of faith in God."

There was a loud cry of approval. The children were kissed and dismissed to sleep, though they were rather rueful at being excluded from the proceedings of the elders in which they felt they had a right to share, inasmuch as their co-operation had been sought. But then they had learned to 'kiss the cross,' and with the affectionate escort of Teresita and Carmen, they marched off after singing a little hymn. Then after a little delay, the two ladies returned, joined the circle, and claimed the fulfillment of Ramon's promise.

"Well," said he, "it is only fair that I should die to make a Roman holiday, if the others have had to succumb; but I am afraid to injure my professional standing by making this confession."

"Oh, do not be afraid of that," sarcastically shot Felipe, "I have always thought you were not so much of a saint as you appeared."

"Besides," added Adolfo, "it is a great deal easier to preach to others, than to practise yourself; is it not, my friend?"

Matilde said, "Do not mind, Ramon; we

promise to obey your medical advice just as much after we know all your peccadillos. Indeed, we will love you all the better perhaps."

His eyes sparkling with amusement, Ramon responded, "Very well, here goes! But you will have to be quiet a long time, because my story is as bad if not worse as that of any of you."

"Do not forget," shouted Carmen, "that our Brother Ollanta made me reveal my innermost secrets, on the plea that the more I confessed, the better it would be for me. So you had better make a clean breast of it, my noble autocrat. You too may need God's forgiveness."

"Go on," cried Ramon, "the more you talk, the less I will have to say."

This had its desired effect. They all subsided into comfortable positions; Adolfo snuggled up to Carmen more than was perhaps judicious, or entirely necessary;—at least, that seemed to be the reflection of Kitchener, though he smiled indulgently, and Lolita looked mischievous.

"The most humorous aspect of my life is that, though living in Montevideo, the healthiest city in South America, where supposedly healers would be at a discount, I should have become a physician, or even only made such a plan. Such had not been my original ideal; for my faithful, laborious, loving, nay subordinate nature, had at first been carried away by music. Then, being somewhat of a scapegrace, I tortured my mother with all kinds of tricks; such as purposely losing my schoolbooks, and letting them be found on the top of closets. I tortured my father with all kinds of crazes, such as stamps and canoeing, which, besides, had the advantage of keeping my parents in terror for my safety.

"Now it happened that we made the acquaintance of a retired college professor, who was induced to act as my tutor to pass the college examinations which it was my father's ambition I should pass for him as it were, because by fate he had been condemned to earn his living as a printer, and later as a publisher of the foremost photographic magazine of Argentine. My teacher pointed out to us all that there was no future for a pianist, except as a virtuoso, which I could not hope to become, because of my age, or as a music teacher, of whom none did more than eke out a precarious and unconsidered living.

"My father had seen that I would never succeed as a business man, because of my rashness, injudiciousness, and leaning to take up causes with extreme partisanship. Moreover, my father wanted me to become the professional man he would like to have been; which ambition was witnessed to by somewhat broad medical professional jokes which he inflicted on our visitors. So it was finally decided I should study medicine; and attending the foremost college of our country, I graduated with honor.

"Here my natural leaning to dependence made me unduly prolong the training years of hospital service. I was not willing to start practising in my father's home, though it had been secured especially for me. On one excuse or another, I found it easier to follow varying specialties, while my father continued to support me, with devotion mingled with grief. Then, continuing my dependence on my father, I decided to marry a nurse that I had met in the hospital. For me, of course, my father had hoped for some great match, or some local connection which would establish me in practice. However, my devoted parents put the best possible face upon it, withdrew all objections, and welcomed us to their home. My wife turned out to be an excellent mother, although she purposely neglected any attempt to aid me or my parents, socially claiming the legal rights of support, and considering that she was gracing us tradesmen with the tradition of her decayed gentility, which like most aristocracy, is another word for idleness and parasitism.

"But at home I was restless, and my early canoeing experience led me to seek a physician's post on the largest of the Plate River Steamboat Lines, the British ones. Unfortunately my fatal inclination to indulge in scoldings, queered me in this soft berth. I quarrelled with one of the richest of their patrons, and I was promptly shown the door.

Since my marriage I had grown somewhat ashamed of my dependence on my parents, and I hesitated to return home again without a position. So I fortunately found a corresponding one on the rival German Plate River Boat Line, which I suppose would support me until I could find something more suitable to my professional standing. This time, however, though I did not quarrel with any of the patrons, when I saw how slip-shod conditions were below deck, I undertook to reform them, and was surprised even after the very first trip, to find myself again on my own resources.

This time I decided to strike higher, and got aboard one of the Lamport & Holt Line Steamers that circumnavigate the southern continent. It was here that I made my first internal achievement of realizing the inescapability of faith in God. As a physician on these boats, my social standing was such that of course I met an almost endless variety of people; and conversing with them compulsorily so as to keep my position which depended on social success more than on medical skill, inasmuch as I had little more to treat than sea-sickness, and inasmuch as any mistakes I made were buried out of the prying sight of coroners in the depths of the Pacific, I was compelled to listen, and seemingly agree with the wildest superstitions. To begin with, there were many of the most devout who went to Lourdes in France to be healed; at the same time we met some American Christian Scientists whose quite untangible healings depended on blind confidence in a book whose authority rested on suppositious authorship by a thrice-married ignorant woman who had openly purchased the manuscript from a country doctor by the name of Quimby;—at which of course my scientific gorge rose to altitudinous proportions. Then there were Orientals who were going back home to be healed by some of the Buddhist Lamaseries in Tibet; and according to their reports uttered in good faith, they also showed an appreciable list of actual healings. These Hindus amused me especially as they showed the most malicious and spiteful resentment against England, although they had to thank British influences for their very most elementary education.

"It tortured me to keep a straight face at hearing them pose as emancipators of women, coming as they did from the land of the Swayamvara, the suttee and infant marriage. They, coming from the land of the most repulsive idolatry and gross superstitions, came to mulct silly society women of their husband's earnings by irresponsible rhapsodies. They traded on the Westerners' silly looking up to India as the land of mysteries, to the extent that novelists are compelled to give a Hindu

coloring to teachings and accomplishments of which those untutored fanatics are entirely incapable.

"I was, therefore, much impressed with the fact that as undoubted cures resulted from practice of the most various religious faiths, and were credited to the virtue of different shrines or rites, I became convinced that under the diversities of words their identical cures must be effected not by the orthodoxy of the words in which they placed most reliance, but in the identical healing faith exercised by all.

"While I myself enjoyed good health, and thus did not actually need such exercise of international faith, as we might say, nevertheless, as the irrefutable statistics of sickness proved the inescapability of sickness, they also proved the inescapability of dependence on intersectal faith.

"My existence was after all retired; I let the world wag, and watched the passing show with a certain amount of condescension; but I was ultimately recalled from it by converging letters from my father who wanted to know if I never intended to settle down, and practise in the rich home that he had provided, and of my mother who was getting tired of raising a second brood of children while their condescending aristocratic mother lay back in fancied illness; and finally my wife's pitiful complaints of the most outlandish imaginary disease.

"I might have gone on delaying going home but that I happened to meet a Montevidean lady who knew my wife, and confidentially informed me that she was suspected of becoming an addict to the drugs she had been taking. So when I heard that my eldest girl had suddenly been taken by convulsions, I realized that this halcyon existence must cease, and that I must face the ugly realities of life which had no doubt become worse than they would have, had I been home to ward off extremities. So I repatriated, and found myself in a congeries of difficulties.

"To begin with, my girl's St. Vitus dance, which I knew could be outgrown, had been made worse by my mother's consulting injudicious specialists who made their living by frightening idle women. It is well known that no man is a prophet in his own country, and when I attempted to rectify conditions I was laughed at for my pains. My diagnosis and efforts to cure my girl convinced me once more of the inescapability of faith. The child had been practically poisoned by the pessimism, valetudinarinism, and disharmony of our home. I, however, realized that nothing could cure the child until she should be in surroundings where the pessimism should be replaced by optimism, the valetudinarinism by stoic hyglenism, and the disharmony by love. So I succeeded in having the child taken to the home of a sister where these three conditions soon restored her to health, proving that faith is an inescapable support of the health of the subconsciousness.

Just like a bicycle rider who goes slowly is continuously in danger of falling off on the one side or the other, just so the valetudinarian who is continuously sheltering himself, petting himself, and drugging himself is sure to fall off from the path of rugged radiant health on one side or another. Only the bicycle rider who rides fast finds it absolutely safe. So unless one has enough faith in health to disregard risks, and to achieve the apparently impossible, can one hope for positive radiating health.

"As my wife had grown accustomed to depend entirely on drugs, to the point where she was poisoning herself, (just as many syphilitics are really suffering the results of the potassium iodide which is generally pumped into their systems), at the risk of a break in the family, I took my wife away from home, which freed her from all the local associations. I took her to Marde Plata on a walking trip, and after several months of fighting with natural conditions, she discovered that she need not have taken any medicine at all, and that all that she really needed was faith in the natural subconscious restorative powers of her own nature. Of course, she was not entirely to blame, because she had been nurse in a hospital, and had seen drugs prescribed for every imaginable malady, and she had associated with physicians who often prescribed bread pills and colored water; but I had to create in her a faith vigorous enough to give her robust resiliency and dependence on nothing but water and rest.

"This trip to the country had, of course, been very expensive; and as soon as I had restored her, she bravely offered to come back with me, and face the uncomfortable situation which had accrued through our long training. My reputation in my home city as a ne'er-do-well helped me to have the courage to work loose from my profession, which had really only unmanned me. No one would employ me, so that my father let me cultivate the garden, repair the house, and help in his management of business, all of which I could do without over-fatigue, and without injuring our social prestige.

"It was then that I realized a fourth case in which our health was inevitably dependent on faith. Since for honest people weariness every evening was unescapable even for those in good health, so must also be unescapable the natural restoration of nocturnal slumber, not to speak of such long healing processes as your Brother Herbert and your Sister Lolita are at present experiencing; for when the physician has set the broken arm or immobilized the sprained ankle, there is nothing he can do but wait for nature's miracle of union and reduction of inflammation.

"Of course, there are two ways of meeting this situation: The passive one of the animals who accept their fate unresistingly, and the active one of the human being who achieves miracles by forcing himself to accomplish tours-de-force; for thought bears not only a rational content, but has a suggestive power, a creative influence. That is why my own restoration to vigor and self-respect's accomplishment depended on my laborious efforts, inspired by a self-respecting determination to redeem myself.

So fourthly I realized that as weariness is always, as sickness is sometimes, unescapable, so also unescapable is its correction and cure by faith in God."

"Beautiful," interrupted Kitchener, "I never heard a more complete outline of the dependence of health on religious faith healing, on mental disease, on drugging, on inescapable weariness; but what happened? — I am interested! — How did you come here? Why did you leave home?"

Ramon's face fell. "There," said he, "is a case of the inscrutable dealings of God's Providence. I thought that I had succeeded in working my little family out of their ruts,

sufferings and mistakes; and for the sake of the little girl whose freedom from relapse of her nervous condition depended on travel and release from the circumstances which had brought her epilepsy, we decided that my former employment would really constitute a much needed vacation for us all. So I applied for a medical position on the Cosmos Line, and was accepted for a vacancy created by my predecessor, and with the highest hopes we embarked on a steamer that was to pass to the Pacific around Cape Horn. Although I had made this voyage many a time alone, when any accident would have hurt only me, the sardonic decrees of Fate arranged it so that this time, when I had aboard with me all that was dear in life, our ship, while rounding Cape Horn, was assailed by one of the most terrific storms that our captain remembered. Our boat was driven out of its course; and for many days and nights, we attempted to ride out the waves. We were already congratulating ourselves that the violence of the elements was abating, when our ship struck rock on this very island, and where the German submarine was wrecked. Well, it was there also our boat sunk; and I was the only one saved.

"Our good brethren here, no doubt directed by interior guidance, saved me when I had almost perished with cold, hunger and exposure; and after they had nursed me back to health,—which was rather humiliating for a physician,—just as we have restored you, Brother Herbert, to normalcy,—so was I admitted to their intimacy. My gratitude for their kindness, my great grief at my loss, softened my heart so that I was more receptive to their religious revelations than my former scientific nature would have allowed, and when I was permitted to receive experiences of first-hand religion, I begged for the privilege of continuing the initiation in their higher achievements which I still hope to make."

Kitchener interrupted, "And have you no desire to return to your former roving existence, you who are so faithful to your early decisions? I should think that you could not have changed your nature, even if you wished to do so."

"Quite right, my friend. Still, every time that a storm arises, do I feel within me the fast fading echoes of roving longings; but you must not forget that here I have lost everything worthwhile that I had in life. Much better to let them think that I have perished along with my dear ones, and devote the rest of my existence to the spiritual achievements which perhaps may redeem myself in their eyes, and enable me to help them in the next sphere of existence. If my nature had any longings, it would be to discover how to achieve some one great worth-while object. I would be willing to serve as a slave all my life, if only I could accomplish some genuine blessing for humanity."

It was Ollanta who here interrupted him. "And you have, my friend. It will not be long before it shall be revealed to you how all your apparent failures have been only inevitable preparations for a glorious consummation. Take courage!"

Kitchener,—as a stranger to the group,—had unthinkingly supposed that all his hosts were perfect, and had solved all their problems in life. He was surprised to find that his physician, who had so masterfully guided his convalescence, looked up with grateful expectations at the simple, rude leader, who seemed to be the mainspring of the group's achievements.

## XII. OLLANTA, or FAITH INEVITABLE AS THE CURE FOR DULL MATERIALISM

The interest manifested in Ramon's search for faith as the secret of health had apparently exerted a powerful suggestive influence on both Kitchener and Lolita. Their sleep was as calm and untroubled as that of children; and in the morning Lolita, to her great surprise, found that, while judiciously sparing herself, she could walk comfortably; and Kitchener discovered that he could raise his arms without the atrocious pains which had martyred him before.

When Ramon came in for his morning visit, he was surprised to find Lolita's couch empty; and while he was looking around for her, he was shocked at finding himself blinded by two hands from behind, and Kitchener asking him to guess who it was.

"Oh," said he, "I suppose it is the bird that has flown from its nest; only I would advise her not to be too insolent to the fates."

A ripple of laughter accompanied his recovering sight, and as he turned around he saw Lolita's mischievous countenance announce that his medical efforts were at an end for her.

On examining Kitchener, however, he decided that the latter had better be taken back to his own cave, to where loneliness would break up the habits of imprudent motion encouraged by the sociability inevitable in the common living room. Kitchener offered to walk, but Ramon would not hear of it. He insisted on Adolfo and Felipe carefully carrying the invalid back to his own couch. Before they left him, he ruefully asked if he was going to be deprived of Lolita's company, to which by this time he had grown accustomed.

Ramon smiled and said, "That will depend on your popularity with her. Like a butterfly, she will now be visiting other flowers, and we shall see how charming you really are."

A light laughter from the passage-way informed Kitchener that his girl friend had not abandoned him. Responding to his coaxing, she lightly sat down on the shelf against the wall, and asked what commands he had for his humble servant. Kitchener became somewhat embarrassed, because he realized that his sickness had indeed reduced her to a ministering spirit, even though her attendance was voluntary and charitable.

"I have punished you enough," comforted she; "what do you want me to do?"

"Well, disregarding the oracular dictum of our famous physician, I for one do not consider that you have recovered sufficiently to flutter around more than necessary; and if I am condemned to a convalescence that is slow, I think that the same holds good for you; so that I interpose my veto on your attempting anything but continuing your friendly comradeship, for the present at least."

"Well, Sir Oracle, if your marshalship of England's affairs confers on you the authority to pose as a physician, we shall for the time comply with your gracious commands,"—and

then, in an affable aside,—"so far as it suits me. . ."

"Or is well for you," added the unexpected voice of Ramon who had reappeared on the scene unheralded.

"You have lost your occupation," pouted Lolita; "depart! my lord the marshal has deposed you from office."

"Well, I am quite willing to be discharged, so long as I have so able a lieutenant," smiled Ramon, turning on his heel, and departing.

"Now," asked Lolita, "how do you like the return to your own cave?"

"I feel strange," confided Kitchener, after a moment's reflection. "Over there I have been entertained by the recitals of each of your friends' various journeys converging to the citadel of faith. But here I am oppressed by what I have somewhat forgotten, the gruesome reality of the nightmare limbo through which I was introduced to the later appearing astral world, objectified by the hateful elementary. That monster of the threshhold convinced me that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my life-long scorn of philosophy, though my victory over fear, and my sharing the victory of our brethren over despair, anxiety, uncertainty, provincialism, capriciousness, and sickness, has made me invulnerable to those dangers. Yet I feel a slight shiver of contact with that conquered astral eerie world mercifully hidden from those too weak to face it. The steely scowl of mingled hate and rage in the back-turned face of the persecuting elemental is indelibly associated with this cave where I had to fight the battle with it."

"Yes," pondered Lolita, "life is serious;—its issues fateful;—no word without its significance and creative influence upon our being Only fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Our life is magic, charmed, and its realities are pictures of heaven or hell, which will ultimately coalesce into the revelations of the Last Judgment."

"In this world, or the next?" interrupted Kitchener.

"The next," responded she; "perhaps in both. Perhaps both are but one single magic reality."

"You know," said Kitchener, "it is strange that we should be talking of this, when, as a matter of fact, every time that I have met Ollanta I have felt the same peculiar reality of magic. I do not think that he would need to put on any magical robe or pointed cap, or take up a wand to turn that common laborer, the servant of the whole group, into a magician."

Cautiously, as if weighing her words, Lolita responded, "So you, too, have felt something behind him!"

"I wish you would tell me something about him", shot Kitchener in a plea for confidence.

"That is just what I would like to know, and what we all would like to know. He is our greatest puzzle. The more we know him, the less we know where to place him. Sometimes he appears a common laborer, and then again he seems to wrench our hearts with knowledge and counsel which he could not have gotten any way other than by occult means. I wish I knew," mused she.

"Well, your curiosity can surely be gratified," broke in the harsh voice of Ollanta himself, who had approached unheard by the rapt mystics.

Lolita jumped as if frightened. "You should not startle me so, Ollanta," gasped she, out of breath.

The kindly tranquility which radiated from under his bushy eyebrows soon restored her to smiling confidence, and he sat down beside them, asking what she would like to know. Kitchener was both surprised and amused to see that in the presence of this stolid Indian his usually self assured monitress, spoke with side-long questioning glances, as though she were treading on thin ice; and Kitchener himself began a more careful study of this rugged personality.

"Why, of course, everything," said she in the airy manner of a lady who is camouflaging her curiosity.

"Well, that would be difficult," said Ollanta; "and if you do wish to know everything, you had better ask somebody else than me, who am too uneducated to play at mysteries."

"Yes, but you practise them," challenged she. "That is the trouble. I wish you did not turn our hearts inside out, and then play the innocent."

"Maybe it is not I who am practising the omniscience. Maybe I am only a mirror reflecting your own. Is not that possible?" asked he of Kitchener.

"Perhaps," responded the soldier who was not much of a metaphysician; "but even if for all practical purposes, you are no more than that, you act as if it was you, and it is for us to deal with you as if you were."

"So then you think I am a magician?" asked Ollanta innocently.

"Well, perhaps if not a magician, there is an uncomfortable feeling of magic about you."

"Well, I assure you," responded the Indian, "I can return the compliment, because I feel a magic aura about both of you, to begin with; and besides, around everybody else I meet. Indeed, I look upon this world as a magic revelation of God's imagination."

"What," retorted Kitchener, somewhat nettled, "are you a partisan of Berkeley's Theory of Vision?"

"I do not know anything about that," denied Ollanta, "explain yourself, maybe I shall learn something."

"Well," responded Kitchener, "our physicists, chemists, and electrical engineers in pursuit of the real nature of the atom, have been driven to the ion, and then still further to an underlying, invisible and intangible energy. Now, our Bishop Berkeley, in his Theory of Vision, which though ridiculed is also vindicated in Karl Pierson's 'Grammar of Science,' holds that the reality of this world inheres in our vision; that is, in the representation of our senses."

As with the surprise of a cannon shot, this rough Indian flung back, "But then, what would happen to the universe before our vision develops, and after it deteriorates? How would that account for the fact that two people, to each of whom the reality of the universe inheres in his own organs of sense, can agree, or could give each other an appointment? How can these two exclusive universes contact, meet and effect work?"

Just because Kitchener was a great soldier, he was not a great metaphysician; and this unexpected argument from a common Indian nettled him, and compelled him to do what is usually unwelcome to an Englishman, to think for himself. Here it would be impossible to refer Ollanta to the Encyclopedia Brittanica or Seelye's History of Philosophy. For once, Kitchener would have to make good for him-

self. "I suppose", meditated he slowly, "just as the universe of each one of us depends for its reality on our senses, so the great universe which contains all of us and of which we are only off-shoots, or branches, creates its own sense of reality by dependence on the basic apparent consciousness of God."

"But then, what about the reliability of this world?" objected Ollanta, with a keen-as-a-razor rapier thrust.

Like a school-boy repeating his lesson somewhat against his will, Kitchener was compelled to spell out his arguments. "Perhaps then this sensible world is only an effort of God's imagination, which we share as parts of Him, and the reliability of this world is after all only God's unshakableness of will."

As if over-reaching his pupil with a teacher's fore-planned conclusion, Ollanta said, "Then you see, you have realized that before creating the world, God must have become unescapable in his assurance. . ."

"Isn't that what we call faith?" interrupted Lolita.

Nodding kindly, Ollanta added, "That is it, surely; but the corollary of this insight is that we also cannot hope to accomplish any magic work until our faith has become incapable of wavering; otherwise whatever healing, inspiring, or creating we might have done, would crumple like a Sodom's apple. That then is the supreme inescapableness of faith, that on it depends the very existence of our heaven."

Very gently, but with guile, Kitchener, somewhat taken aback by this profundity unexpected from the stupid looking Indian, said, "Are you speaking from your own experience, or is this only a theory?"

Amused, somewhat after the manner of a big dog toying with a pekingese, Ollanta returned, "That means you want me to tell you my religious experiences?"

"Why, yes," slyly said Lolita in a tone that tapered off into coaxing, "Why do you not help us by telling us how you came to this supreme faith which you claim to be the basis of magic accomplishment, of which you have given us so many proofs?"

Ollanta retired within himself, and with all the stupidity of the Indian said, "I would tell you anything I knew, but I have not the power of description such as those of our brethren Adolfo, Carmen, Manuel or Ramon."

"Well, do your best," naively suggested Lolita who, from past experiences at managing Ollanta, had before this resorted to expedients.

"You know very well," thundered Ollanta, "that if I talked about a magic work, it would immediately crumble, because talking is a leak of the soul."

"But can you not help us at least, as far as you deem it possible without upsetting yourself? Do you not think you owe our brother some help? And besides," said she ingratiatingly, "you were very anxious in persuading Carmen to absolve herself by a public self confession. What about yours? Have you become so divine that you are exempt from this ordeal which you so generously inflicted on us?"

"Of course not," growled Ollanta; "the more I would confess, the sooner would I be liberated."

"I shall be back in a minute!" and Lolita fluttered away, returning followed by the whole group, down to the children, so anxious was she to allow Ollanta no time to change his mind.

"You cannot escape us" they all shouted. "Judgment! Judgment! We demand it, unless you are a coward or a hypocrite. We will not let you escape until you have made a clean breast of it!"

Scowling, as if at bay, and smiling sardonically as if at their childishness, he said, "Very well; but before I begin to tell you the incidents of my life I must give you a choice. I do not say that we are surrounded by a malevolent spirit which cannot reach our thoughts, but which hears our words; but the spiritual world does behave as if this was so. Every one of you has had experience of the fact that pride goes before a fall, that the announcement of a decision is only the preamble to a temptation. That is the reason why the greater the power man achieves, the less he speaks; why the highest initiates are the most retired; and why the supreme Divinity speaks to us so little that we even complain of this, little realizing that the stability of this external world of ours, which is only an objectification of the thoughts of God, demands His silence. You notice that He advertises himself so little that the world is full of blatant atheists who base their stupid self-degradation on the fact that they have not met, seen, or heard God."

"I think you must be right," interrupted Kitchener. "When I was young I once read a story of a Breton fairy Aurelia who in the moonlight had fallen in love with the sleeping exile Lanval. When he awoke she took him to her castle and gave herself to him, and Lanval enjoyed perfect happiness on the condition he should never speak of her. But one day a roving Knight of King Arthur discovered him in the forest and brought him back to the court where Guinevere compelled him to boast of marriage to the most beautiful lady in the world. Guinevere took this as an insult to herself, and Arthur condemned him to death unless he produced Aurelia in court. Appealed to, the latter sent her serving maid, whom all the Court admired, but Lanval would not acknowledge her as his queen, for fear of offending Aurelia. Again threatened with death, and appealing to Aurelia, the latter came and satisfied the dazzled court; but because Lanval had boasted of her, Aurelia abandoned him and Lanval eked out the rest of his miserable existence vainly seeking his lady-love, till he perished."

"Well," resumed Ollanta, "the challenge you have uttered relieves me of responsibility, which you thereby have assumed. With this knowledge clearly before you, you are at liberty to choose to hear my story, or risk some failure of mine in protecting you, as indeed you must by this time have suspected."

"We have," gravely replied Ramon; "and yet we think enough of your power to take the risk you mention."

Teresita added, "Because we think that your story would give us the crowning proof for the unescapability of faith in God."

"You are right, my friends, in that respect," slowly responded the magician; "but I know myself better than you do, and it is only with the utmost anxiety consistent with faith in God that I shall speak. No doubt He whom my faith will celebrate will protect us, and can protect us even if I personally, should fail. But I am not willing to take so serious a risk without a word of prayer."

He motioned them to sit close together around the recumbant form of Kitchener, and from the breast of his garment he drew out a wand. He stood still while his lips moved,

and though the others were curious, they also joined in silent supplications.

With sudden, deep inspiration, as if he was catching a passing breeze, he rushed to the wall of the cave and bent down. With his wand he touched the ground, and while still moving his lips as quickly as he could, he drew a circle on the ground all about them. Kitchener's eyes bulged, especially because he imagined that he saw a faint phosphorescence left around the moving wand and outside of it. Although he had conquered fear, he supposed that he must be beside himself, because he fancied seeing on the outside of the phosphorescent circle, all sorts of wild monsters, creatures with exaggerated legs, or arms, or heads, and as if he heard a rumor as of the sough of the ocean, at times interrupted by the hoarse cry of the petrel or of the sea-gull, which he imagined really to be the curses of the damned in hell. For a minute he closed his eyes and repeated his act of faith in God; and when he looked again he quietly smiled at the fancies of his imagination; but on the faces of his companions he noticed a certain seriousness which seemed contagious.

Anxiously, but inspiredly, Ollanta stood in the center, with his wand moving around, and while he spoke to the huddled group, his eyes never for a moment relaxed their suspicious watch around the circle.

"My friends," said he, "you might have spared yourselves and me this anxiety, because after all there is nothing to tell, inasmuch as I am but a very humble and unimportant person. Perhaps my chief picturesqueness in your eyes consists in my limitations of being an uneducated peon or Indian. That my parents told me that I was a descendant of the Incas, might have been only imagination, based on the fact that we lived upon the Sun Island in the center of Lake Titicaca. Also, in the long evenings, they recounted wild legends and prophecies of mingled Inca and Auracanian origin. It seems they thought that the day of the Indian was still to come, and they attempted to instil into me a life-long hatred of Spaniards and foreigners. Their exhortations to hate fell into ground that was not fallow because, unfortunately, it was my nature to sting those whom I despised or hated; and it took many years before I could overcome that. But I had to do so, because an old priest showed me that inasmuch as armed resistance to the invaders was out of the question, the only thing I could do would be by the development of magic powers; and these were impossible without preliminary faith so irrefragable that my deeds might be as permanent as is the world, and the purgings of my nature of all tendency to sting. Only to a viper's venom can I compare it. I felt like a snake raising its head and striking. All my beautiful dreams of the establishment of a Republic of Peace among our scattered subjects were repeatedly destroyed by this my fatal tendency. Indeed this led to my leaving home. As familiarity breeds contempt, when my exaggerated reverences of my father's learning as I grew wise and strong, turned to scorn, I allowed myself to utter such sarcasm at the contrast between his dreams of Inca restoration and our wretched conditions as tolerated squatters amongst the cyclopean ruins on the island, that I could have bit out my tongue. I decided to atone, and train myself to greater reverence, by leaving home and traveling amidst our scattered followers, because, though you may not know it, the tradition of our native mysteries has by no means died out, and in many parts of South America, there are Indian Elders, as you might call them, who hand down pre-Columbian traditions to chosen Indians.

"In visiting these sages, I myself learned much, and discovered that the ancient Quiche mysteries in Guatemala were still practised in secret. With my natural almost superstitious reverence for mystic knowledge, I decided to visit them, and learn whatever remained so as to hand it on to future generations. So I followed the middle valley between the twin chains of the Andes, passed along the head waters of the Amazon to Ecuador. From there, I passed beside the volcano Cotopaxi through Quito and Bogota in Colombia along the Isthmus of Panama to Costa Rica. Frankly, after awhile, I felt unhappy there. The natives greeted me on my way with such engaging salutations as 'May heaven smile on your errand', and 'may your patron saint protect you.' My gorge rose at seeing them lying down under the "manana trees." So I hastened on through the rubber forests of Nicaragua to the most mystical part of America, the forests of Honduras, where nature has planted more different medicinal plants than in all the rest of the world. I gathered many of these, and still possess them, which have been of invaluable service, not only for healing, but for religious mystical purposes as well. But my heart burned for the initiations that I hoped to find in Guatemala; so I passed through San Salvador, surrounded as it is by nine volcanoes, and passing through Guatemala City, went on to the Quiche strongholds of Quetzaltenango. Among the oldest sages here I found some who had preserved copies of the Popol Buj, and it would be impossible for me at this time to relate all my experiences at Xibalba. Sufficient to say that I passed through the House of Shadows, the House of Cold, the House of Tigers, the House of Bats, and the House of Warriors. Then I had to learn to create fire, and last I had to learn the secret of the Immaculate Conception. Nor did I leave those dreadful Houses, which indeed were located on the inside of a volcano very much like this one, without learning to brew the elixir of life."

If Kitchener thought that he had heard and seen weird sounds, he was now sure of it, for he heard mocking cries, such as "he has forgotten himself!" "he has given his secret away!" "he is ours!" Kitchener noticed that he could not be the only one to be aware of the onslaught of the Opponents, because all his companions huddled around Ollanta.

As to Ollanta, he was superb. Never for a minute did he waver. He broke out in a slight chant which noticeably cowed and drove away the more adventurous of the Opponents who were attempting to cross the phosphorescent circle. Without ceasing his subjugation of the invisibles, he uttered a challenge for support to God in whom he trusted.

Suddenly beside him stood a white robed sage with flaming eyes at whose appearance, everything supernatural disappeared. He said, "My son, you have done right, and have by this trial proved your supremacy over the utmost opposition that the astral sphere could offer; but as you yourself prognosticated, you will have to pay for it. You must at once proceed to the sanctuary of the Great Assemblage, to which you are invited, where you are needed as much as you need us." He then

disappeared. — Tears were coursing down Ollanta's cheeks; and his companions, for whom he had dared this phantasmagoric trial, attempted to show him their gratitude by kissing the very hem of his garments or his hands. He smiled wanly, and sadly passed away into the passage, followed by all of his companions except Lolita.

## XIII. THE FLAW IN THE CRYSTAL, or FAITH INEVITABLE AS A CURE FOR DUALISM

They were both silent for some time.

"Well," finally ventured Kitchener, "we got more than we bargained for."

"Yes," miserably drawled Lolita, "I might have known enough not to provoke our good support, Ollanta, to incur any danger for himself; but alas, our hind-sight is better than our foresight!"

"Couldn't we have avoided all this?" anxiously suggested the soldier. "Couldn't Ollanta have related to us his career without actually raising the devil?"

"That I do not know," meditated Lolita; "even if he could have avoided it, it might have been impossible for us, because an uneducated magician is difficult to manage . . ."

"And it is a great question whether magicians can ever be anything but uneducated; apparently education's non-partisanship diminishes the force of undistracted attention. . ." interjected Kitchener.

"Then also he might not," continued Lolita without interrupting her former train of argument, "for outsiders like us,—you still and I formerly,—always forget that thought bears not only a contemplative or logical aspect, but also a suggestive or creative one. Thoughts are things, the only reality. If genuine, the mere statement of magic achievement constitutes a challenge to every Opponent, and acts as an incantation. Moreover, it was not Ollanta who raised the devil; he seemed to do so only because the vitalizing influences of his presence raised our senses to the pitch where we grew conscious of our usually unnoticed entourage. Logically, you know, it was unavoidable. If good and evil coexist here, they must also do so beyond; and when we pass through the conventional external phenomenal veil, and penetrate into realities, it would be illogical to expect to reach the good forces, without simultaneously reaching the evil ones."

"Still," insisted Kitchener, "I regret an unnecessary disturbance of our spiritual equanimity."

"It was not unnecessary," challenged Lolita. "As weariness and sickness are unescapable, so also unescapable is their cure of faith."

"But may we not achieve faith in God without so heart-breaking a test?"

"Successful faith constitutes against opponents an offence unescapable by all who do not take refuge in self-deceitful hood-winking, or resort to the Land of Cockaigne. Nor did the test injure us, for if our faith in victory is genuine, it ought to have withstood any conceivable test; we ought to have enjoyed it as much as when we play with any new toy, or practise any ability we have acquired."

"Still I am surprised at either you or Ollanta needing any test whatsoever; I supposed you were all perfectly seasoned White Magicians!"

"There you are again using physical standards that are static! After a ship is once tested it is relied on as a reckonable asset; but a human ability exists only so long as it resists opposition, retains its seasoning, and progresses still further. There is no such thing as standing still in the spiritual world!"

"So then we can never hope to leave behind us the necessity for tests?"

"Never; spiritual survival is no sinecure, nor an option; it is a grim necessity."

"Then," persisted the materialistic Kitchener, "spiritual assertions are not truth, but only imaginations?"

Sister Lolita rebuked, "Its mere imagination would constitute its truth. Mistakes are only flaws in the weaker wills. That is why, as you yourself have no doubt often observed in life, why everything comes to him who prayerfully waits; his very imaginative will creating the conditions it desires. Faith indeed is the substance of things unseen, and imagination constitutes the hope that maketh not ashamed. That is why there are genuine answers to prayer!"

"So then," rejoined Kitchener, "you recommend faith as a panacea for all weaknesses?"

"Surely," rejoined the inspired maiden, "it cures fear, it solves problems, it produces health, it constitutes self-control, and is the foundation of all magic operations."

"Whether for good or evil?" . . . ventured the thoughtful soldier.

"Exactly; whether for black magic or white; for hell or heaven; for life eternal, or for decaying death. All lies in the faith, which is the only reality."

As Lolita mentioned black magic, Kitchener's eyes grew gray, and he remained still for a few moments, as if slightly ill at ease. Warily, diplomatically, he hazarded. "You have mentioned black magic, as if it were a reality. What is the difference between the Black Magic, and the White?"

"It is very simple," smiled Lolita, "although the results are so harrowing. Faith is impossible without unselfishness; while fear could not exist unless there were some selfishness to frighten; nor can a self-regarding person lose himself entirely in the object of faith. To those who go by the Black Road all enjoyments are permitted, for they are selfish; while only the unselfish can pass the Monster of the Threshhold, and defy him. It is really a very simple distinction; and unselfishness, or devotion to humanity, will insure the whiteness of one's magic achievements."

"This dualism," mused Kitchener, "is world-old, and of broader difficulty than you seem to imply. What if two faiths clash, as they often do in the world? What will happen then?" queried the now earnest thinker.

"The result will depend on how far each of them realize their foundation in the divine will, the substratum of them all. We are all fellow-playmates of His, individual expressions or creative nuclei,—until we shall develop self-conscious wills powerful enough to create the fresh universes of a new body, or carve a new career."

"And supposing our faith in bodily healing or achievement of heaven is doomed to fail; then our faith was a lie!" pondered the interested leader of men.

"Then you have not lost anything, in any case. You have in the meanwhile been saved from fear, from despair of living, from anxiety, from hesitation, from provincialism, from crime, from waywardness and stupidity. You have not lost anything, and in the meanwhile you have gained everything, letting alone the unlikelihood that you would ultimately fail; which indeed is impossible, so long as you continue by magnetic voluntariness to attract to yourself whatever you want. Right, even so, was Pascal, who claimed that we have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by wagering on the existence of God. Even if He did not exist, and if nothing existed but your thereby evolved will-power developed to the point of incapacity of failing,—the only real magic achievement is the creation of your own heaven!"

"But," persisted Kitchener, "while I would be the first to believe and practise the omnipotence of God, nevertheless I cannot blind myself to the existence of misfortune, accidents, minor diabolisms,— such as the inopportune stopping of watches, or the cracking of glass, and flaws in crystals,—even such misadventures as I feel this night's proceedings to have been. At any rate, your granting the survival of struggle involves the persistence of the Opponents; so that you are in effect, even if not in words, by implication asserting the existence and survival of evil."

"Yes," snapped back Lolita, "just as the solidity of a throne implies the hidden foundation, and the inner implies the outer, and white implies black. I am no liar, or self-deceiver as were many famous fanatics and pea-cocks! To deny the existence of evil were to deny all meaning to victory. But I acknowledge the existence of evil only as a compliment to the victory of Good."

"But does not evil sometimes, nay often, gain the upper hand?"

"Temporarily, yes."

"Then you do acknowledge the existence of evil, even if only temporarily?"

"Yes! As the exception proves the rule, so I grant that, in the genuineness of the efforts, and in the greatness of the puzzle of the World-Builders, in the coincidences due to multiplicity of efforts, in the intricacy of organic adjustments, in the delicacy of manipulation in the production of materials, such as the multiple chemical elements from the different arrangements of the same ions, in the delays incident to free will, in the moodiness of temperaments, in the cyclic revolutions of heavenly bodies, there are accidents, mischances, coincidences, and misfortunes in one per cent of the cases; but that is no more than the negligible waste incident to the production of the remaining ninety-nine per cent of successes, which have the right, nay the duty, to insult that same negligible waste by refusing to recognize it at all; but my making this allowance saves me from being a fool or a liar."

"Then you are really partially wrong!" gloated Kitchener.

"Wrongly or rightly!" trumpeted Lolita.

"Are you not ashamed to say wrongly?" probed the soldier.

"By no means!" jubilated Lolita. "You see, the fools have no trouble in deceiving themselves, and denying the existence of the evil which they practically avoid in their lives, like the Christian Science hypocrites who deny there is cold, but wear furs and heat the furnace. It takes somebody accurate and honest to hold to God right or seeming wrong; like Job, who believed in Him, "though He slay me!" That is where loyalty comes in!"

"But wrong is wrong!" tortured Kitchener.

"Yes! But wrong that produces the goods is right! It's a kink in our intellects, like the irrational numbers! Faith must hold unshakable, for it is not a pastime, a curiosity or even idle research. It means sanity, health, courage, virtue and heaven! We simply cannot afford to be sceptics, for Scepticism is selfishness, conceit, folly, prodigality; just as faith is the beginning of wisdom because it produces goods."

"I see," meditated, Kitchener, "all my life I have had the wrong idea that I was doing God a favor by believing in Him! All this childish talk of obedience and service, which is only for our own benefit, misled me in to thinking that, after the Greek idea of Zeus, God was a tyrant whose rights it would be sinful to deny; that I must sacrifice to him, and please Him. I see now that the shoe is on the other foot. Whether or not the Universe profits by my achievement, which indeed in a certain sense I grant, it is I who chiefly stand to gain by believing in God sufficiently to enlarge my ideal by His perfections. It is I who am cashing in on faith; and if I fail, it is I who am paying the bill, not God who is being mulcted or angered. If the world generally could be made to comprehend that it was the man himself who was the loser if he omitted an hour of prayer, or a church service, he would not lose it with so much equanimity; he would not ask God to forgive him, or excuse him for the omission, but he would seek whether he could excuse himself for failing to enjoy it, or profit by it! No longer would he evade church attendance, but he would squirm at any accident that hindered him therefrom. The churches would not be empty, but there would be policemen at the door to hold back the crowds, as at theatres. Missionaries would no longer appeal to pity for the Crucified, but for men to have pity on themselves. Their only hindrance would be mens' ingrained distrust of any one who claimed to be acting for the other fellow's interest; but I do not doubt that by the law of compensation the missionary himself would profit by promoting his convert's interests. Not so much a duty therefore is faith, but a man's highest and noblest privilege!"

Sister Lolita nodded assent, but said nothing; for as Kitchener enunciated this rare and glorious revelation, she herself grew transfigured. Serenely smiled she as she saw Kitchener also glow in the intelligible light, as with a halo. Having passed the Monster of the Threshhold, Kitchener was now able to see not only the evil, but the good denizens of that inner sphere; and he gently grew aware of his own Guardian Angel, resplendent, and shaking his bejeweled wings,—not as a peacock of pride, but as a Fra Angelico genius of spiritual coruscations.

Then both Kitchener and Sister Lolita heard his last sentence about Faith not being a duty but a privilege, slightly altered, chanted and reechoed by the choirs invisible; and in the slowness of the gradual evanescence thereof, breathless and enchanted, both humans lingered long in the pulsing effulgence that filled the cave but disappeared, leaving tears in their eyes.

## XIV. LOLITA, or EXPLANATORY INITIATION

Kitchener's convalescence had lasted down till the Sunday before Christmas. In those latitudes, Christmas and Easter are somewhat reversed, the former marking the close of the wintry six-month's night, and is the dawn of the summery six-month's day whose close is heralded by Easter. Here therefore it is Christmas which symbolizes the dawn of summer, and demands the greater spiritual celebration.

That is why on this preparatory Sunday Augustin and Leonora brought over to Kitchener an invitation to join in a somewhat formal dinner which was to celebrate the reunion of all the members of the group whom Kitchener had before met only individually, in their corporate capacity as members of the hermitage.

The table had been extended so that all could sit around a common board. Kitchener expected to see Ollanta seated at the head; but on the contrary he was bustling about, waiting on the diners' needs. None were missing: the physician Ramon from Montevideo, Felipe and his sister Carmen from Buenos Aires, with their entirely involuntary aristocratic bearing. There was Adolfo, from Peruvian Arequipa, and Matilde and Teresita from Sao Paolo, mothering the children Augustin and Leonora from Colombian Bogota, who were being amused by the distinguished looking Manuel from nearby Guatavita. Next to Lolita was the vacant place of honor to which the willing Kitchener was ushered.

As this feast marked Kitchener's social rehabilitation in the very room where so long he had lain as a convalescent, it was on him that devolved the pleasant task of conversation. Picturesquely he gave an account of his own career, incidentally detailing the real reasons for the actions of many well-known characters, which real reasons, during their author's life-time, usually are never divulged, to avoid defeating their object; and after their authors' death they are forgotten; or if revealed, disbelieved. His auditors listened entranced; but when he had finished, it was he who had to ask what they might happen to know of the world-war's issues.

They could not tell him anything except that they thought that the U-boat that had brought him must have come to grief, with all hands lost, because the last time that an expedition from their group had gone down to meet their yearly supply-ship, they had seen dead bodies, and apparently German supplies washed ashore; while far out on the rocks, quite unapproachable, rocked the stranded hull of some strange-looking vessel. They also very anxiously asked whether the Germans were likely to return to fetch Kitchener, in which case they themselves might have to vacate before detection,—for they had not left the comforts of civilization to be dragged into hostility, if they could avoid it, not to mention the ruin of the spiritual results they had achieved, and the destruction perhaps of the specialized facilities for initiation which they had here devised and erected.

Kitchener thought no, because the home German authorities probably did not know where he was. It seems that Fink had been told to maroon Kitchener in some place of which the location had been left to him. Indeed it was only at the last moment that the latter had decided to change the destination from the Arctic to some island in the Pacific, and that was the understanding of the supply-ships that met him on the way. But as he passed by the Antarctic volcanic archipelagoes his judgment seemed to have veered suddenly to stopping here. If indeed he was suddenly wrecked while returning home he must have carried the knowledge of Kitchener's whereabouts with him into the bourne from which none returns.

To his hosts this was a great relief, and it operated to remove any latent unwillingness to receive him into their closer councils. So they now felt freer to invite him to explore their inner domain, which they had contrived appropriately to their highest purposes. This indeed was highly advisable at this particular time, so that by gaining a more intelligent understanding of their methods he might be better fitted fruitfully to take his part in their Christmas celebrations.

After this suggestion had been approved by their leader Ramon it was decided to await the next morning for the start. Kitchener, ready soldier that he was, asked the reason for this delay. Lolita said he would understand it better later. Then she smiled significantly, for she saw that he yet had no idea of the extent of the adventure to which so light-heartedly he had committed himself. While this newly acquired faith disposed him to content himself with her evasion, his inborn British slowness made him smile a trifle contemptuously. But he was courteous enough to accept the situation, and he presented himself next morning early ready for the exploration.

To his surprise he found his hosts garbed in white robes, and was invited to join them in prayer. This he did willingly, if wonderingly. The devotions closed with a hymn, after which Ollanta took a small torch whose end gleamed with a cold, bluish but unflickering glow, suggestive of phosphorescence. Then Ollanta beckoned for the adults to follow, the children Augustin and Leonora remaining in charge of Teresita, while with gracious naturalness Lolita fell in beside him, as if continuing her mission as cicerone.

After a few quiet words the party divided. Ramon and the rest of the brethren went to the left, while Ollanta beckoned to Kitchener and Lolita to follow him for an inspection-tour of his particular domain, the mushroom and lichen plantations which supplied them with daily food. These grew mostly nearer the heart of the volcano where the heat was sufficient to promote growth, but only in places such that moisture could abundantly fructify the seeds. This happy combination Ollanta had produced artificially, and arranged so as to control at will, that his daily planted rotating crops might supply food with unfailing regularity. Lolita did not fail to point out the application of the same principles to the spiritual life,—regularity, regulation, and fruitfulness. — Then in side caves, where it was cooler, they found the walls covered with fibrinous lichens which, like the bamboo of the Orient, served them not only for leguminous accompaniment to the more flesh-like mushrooms, but also as material for garments, covers, implements and upholstery. These needed constant weeding and trimming to produce leaves that would be succulent and tasty, just as the soul demands constant control and tuning to vibrate in response to God's vibrations.

At first Kitchener was somewhat bored by this moralizing; but gradually it was borne in upon him that this was the chief object of his peregrinations;—a sort of Pilgrim's Pro-

gress 'Interpreter's House,' to impress on him the moral rudiments which later enable the soul to burst out in bloom of spiritual sensation and achievement.

When he communicated this impression of his to Lolita, she smiled approval, and stated formally that such spiritual significance should be the spice of every action of life, including the most trivial; dressing should be sacramentalized into vesting, eating into an eucharist, and washing into a baptism. Only when its minutest parts are thus sacramentalized can life completely become an initiation into the divine realms.

Then dawned on Brother Herbert, as he now was called, an idea that staggered him. This exploration that he had so lightly undertaken might prove a sort of initiation, which would explain why his hosts had demanded a delay, —not an idle preparation of a few provisions, but a preparation of prayer that he himself might not fail, and a prognostication of its acceptibility to God, and its spiritual success in arousing new spiritual powers within him. As he expressed this suspicion to Lolita, she smiled happily, and told Ollanta that as the object of this preliminary garden survey had been accomplished, he might refrain from further exertions, and lead them to the first interior meeting-cave where awaited their companions. She complimented Herbert on catching this thought so quickly, inasmuch as some neophytes never achieved it at all, and after wanderings so extensive as to be exhausting, were by the guide led back to the exterior meeting-cave. Three times were the usual neophytes led around the garden-caves; and if before the end of the third time they did not guess its real initiatory significance, they were kept as laborers to support those spiritual enough to profit by the explorations, unless they left voluntarily, quite convinced that there was nothing to see.

Fortunately for Herbert, he had succeeded in this simple but effective test of the predominance of his spiritual interests. Ollanta deposited his little harvest of mushrooms on the table, and brought out a white robe similar to that worn by the others, which he threw around Herbert. Hand in hand with Lolita, Herbert was led through various novel passages to join the company which had followed Ramon, which they found in the interior meeting cave, which was of rather large dimensions. The companions were seated silently on seats around the walls, while from an orifice in the floor rose light wisps of volcanic fumes that filled the sanctuary,—for such it was,—with a fragrance as of incense, effected by placing some resinous substance in a wire basket in the opening through which filtered the hot fumes.

Here silence reigned supreme, and Lolita, touching her finger to her lips, so as to protect Herbert from making any unintentional interruptions, motioned to him to be seated on a vacant seat. She herself sat down by his side, and Ollanta likewise subsided into a seat, extinguishing his torch by passing his hand over it.

As the darkness exerted its normal effect of allowing Herbert's pupils to expand, he became conscious that they were not alone. The fumes seemed to assume the shapes of large angels engaged in prayer, their heads bowed, and hands crossed over their breasts. Herbert supposed that inasmuch as his physical limitations were hushed, he was becoming conscious of the Guardians of himself and his companions. Yes, the numbers tallied; but soon he became aware of an additional One, taller, slightly more luminous, whose eyes suggested he was a Watcher. While sharing the prayerfulness of the others, he seemed also to be imparting messages or responses of guidance, protection or inspiration.

How long this holy converse or communion might have lasted, Herbert could not tell, for at a signal from Ramon, Ollanta lit his torch, and with a stone closed the orifice, discontinuing the entrance of the fumes, allowing Herbert and his companions' outer natures to resume their habitual sway over their organisms. With tears shining in their eyes they joined in a hymn at the close of which they quietly arose, shook hands, or embraced, as in each case was most fitting or most holy, and in slow, gentle motion retraced their way back to the exterior communal cave.

On the way back they treated Herbert as a dearly beloved brother with whom there was need of but few if suggestive words of congratulatory welcome among them,—and those of Lolita's to Herbert were the choicest and most appreciated, and responded to with equally heart-felt gratitude.

On arriving back in their external family chamber, they divested themselves of their robes, and quietly sat down to partake of a holy repast composed of the fruits Ollanta had gathered, but which in the meanwhile had been prepared by Teresita and the orphans. Then reigned joy unfeigned and quiet satisfaction such as testified to the blessedness of their experience. As Herbert communed with Lolita he found it less than usual necessary to express his thoughts, which seemed to flow back and forth with hardly more than a word of gesture to direct their winged flight. He grew conscious that he was learning successful thought-transference.

Soon however Herbert felt creeping over him natural weariness; with his eyes he sought and received Lolita's consent to his retiring. He rose and took leave of his now very dear and much nearer hosts, and returned to his own cave. He extended his weary frame on his couch, and soon fell into a deep sleep in which he seemed to have returned into the Angel-sanctuary, conversing with high and holy Presences he could not later exactly identify.

## XV. THE RIFT IN THE LUTE, or ECHOES FROM THE PAST

These vague dreams were focussed into a kiss implanted on his brow by his own heavenly bride. Till now he had never even admitted the possibility that he might have one; but in his dreams he felt as if again and again in successive incarnations he had met her, loved her, and parted from her. No wonder that in his past earthly career as general Kitchener had always instinctively refrained from any thought or feeling leading to marriage, even when the King himself had urged him to endow the next generation with a representative of his splendid manhood. Why he refused he could never have told you, if you had asked him; but now he knew it was because he was instinctively reserving himself for his own realized ideal beyond.

Was this experience real? More real than the ugly cave to which he woke up, — but there was no disguising the fact that he had

felt on his brow a finger-touch as light as a passing breeze; and as he looked up he saw the mischievous smiling countenance of his faithful companion and adviser Lolita. Like silvery chimes she rustled, "So, Sir Sleeper, can you awake at the mere touch of my fingers? Fortunate it is; because you must rise at once. We are in danger, and we need your assistance to save ourselves. Come quickly to our chamber. I go before." She was gone, tripping as lightly as a doe.

So many months had Herbert peacefully lain in this uncouth cave that he could not understand how any danger could come near them; but he rose in haste, performed his simple matutinal rites, and hastened to the common chamber where he found his friends in anxious consultation. It seems that during the night a sudden convulsion of the volcanic monster's heart had sent a rush of lava through the very opening by which long ago Herbert had escaped from the seething inferno; and there was danger of its flowing into their meeting-room. They must erect a temporary barrier which might later be removed when the rare ebullitions had died down.

While Herbert's arms were still weak he could work at least as much as Lolita and the orphans, all of whom joined in the common defense against the elements. But Herbert was a good executive and engineer, and thought of a device for which even his experienced hosts were grateful. When finally all immediate danger was at an end they joined in a comparatively bountiful repast off supplies gathered by the children when the worst of the danger was over; and afterwards each sought rest in the manner best suited to his convenience.

Herbert, having some questions to ask of his brave guide, invited her to his own cave, bade her extend on his couch, sat down on a rolling stone he used for that purpose beside her, and queried, — "Please, Lolita, if you are not too tired, resolve for me a few problems which have recently agitated my mind."

"With pleasure, Brother, unless I fall asleep. . ."

"When I shall not disturb you, be sure, good Sister. But in the meanwhile listen to my difficulties, and solve them if you can. I want to understand that I fully appreciate the beauty and holiness of our common experiences in the Angel-cave; I shall never forget it; it will remain a lingering benediction so long as I live; it vindicates my faith, and makes me forever impregnable to the attacks of doubt and despair. But I am asking myself whether, however good, salutary and inspiring such a single experience might be, such a passivity might not sap the morale if repeated more than once,—nay, many times. If indeed it should degenerate into a habit, might it not besides become as dangerous as the opium or chloral habits to which, in the world outside, there are so many addicts? Moreover, is it wise to release our subconsciousness from the domination of our external self whose progressive dominance over the subconsciousness is the supreme purpose of our existence? Will we not become unfitted for work among men, such as is demanded by sanity and progress? And the . . ."

"Stop, my lord Marshal!" laughingly interrupted Lolita. "Not more than one question at a time! Or, like the witness who was being bullied by the opposing lawyer for a categorical monosyllabic answer to the monstrous question when he had ceased beating his non-existing grand-mother, I shall have to give up entirely, and your disappointment will be total. Now you must disentangle all those knotty points and I shall try to answer them one by one!"

Feeling the humor of his over-anxiety, Herbert laughed, and complied with her request. "Well," he shot out, "will not such experiences unfit us for sane effective work among men?"

"It certainly will!" agreed Lolita. "We are not expecting to return to the bestial struggle for lust, money, position or power. All that we have left behind; we are only too glad to be exempted from those degrading necessities; and you have seen that we have had to pay its price, — seclusion in the Antarctic, a region uninhabited because so undesirable that even the worst savages, the Patagonians, make no effort to dispossess us, as easily they might have done. Then we have had to return to the disadvantages of the prehistoric troglodites, — in food, garb and conveniences; and we live in hourly jeopardy of volcanic eruptions such as disturbed us recently. Is that price not big enough? Could it be any bigger?

"No," agreed Herbert; "indeed you have paid the full price for freedom from conventional limitations; but could all follow your example? Would it be wise?"

"Certainly not," lightninged Lolita. "Such a freedom from conventionalities is suitable not for the masses who, lacking the inner guidance, need the restraint of convention; but only for the few, who can never be more than the few,—such as our little group out of a whole South American continent;—who, having sucked out from Civilization all the good it had to offer, have a right, nay a duty, to devote themselves to soul-growth unhampered..."

"But I . . ." interrupted Herbert.

"Exactly you!" continued Lolita. "Although you yourself did not realize it, you had profited from civilization, and civilization from you, as much as was right, wise or advisable. This your great misfortune of being suddenly picked up out of the fore-front of battle, and removed to these peaceful caves of soul-growth, you, in your victory of faith, have already recognized as being educational. You also had done with the world; and that is why these holy experiences have come to you, though they did not come to the Hunnish Fink who brought you here!" and as her face blazed with animation Lolita resembled nothing so much as what Michael treading Lucifer underfoot might have looked like, glorious as well as holy.

"I agree," assented Herbert; "for I have always, though I went on working without any respite, said that the only object of work was the consequent leisure of retirement; for its own sake work is a fetish, a deadening delusion, a brutifying snare! But, granting that it is better to look forward to leisure and soul-growth, it still remains that it might be an inferiority to become unfitted, or unable to live among men in their daily duties. Answer me that, you dear wiseacre!" challenged the soldier to whom routine was still an idol.

"Well, I think otherwise," quietly asserted the thoughtful maid. "Even in your outside world, do not the best and holiest become so unfitted to succeed and survive among the brutal majority of humanity that they withdraw within their own sanctuaries, and the religious try to seclude themselves in convents and monasteries? Are the secular clergy even by the prestige of their office not somewhat sheltered from the barbarities of society? Are great artists not unsuccessful as money-mak-

ers? Have not the saviors all been persecuted and crucified, because misunderstood? Do not many of the finer natures fade prematurely, like forest flowers, and perish? Is it not even a common proverb that they whom the Gods love die young?"

"To all that I must agree," unwillingly faltered the soldier; "and for those more delicate flowers of the human race I can see the advisability, as you people have done, of joining forces and cooperating for survival. But what if one of you wanted to go back home to his country and mission . . ."

"They do not!" jubilated the maiden. "They have paid too high a price in life to get here, ever to want to go back! Did you, by the bye, notice a certain sameness in the biographies of our members? Did you remark how many of their parents lost their fortunes, or were suddenly bereaved? That was not chance. Only they who are accounted worthy of bathing their robes in the blood of the lamb ever wash them entirely white. Achievement has a price, and it is the same for all. No, you could not pay our members to return to the degradations of the world."

"Good, I agree. But you are evading my question; what if they did as I am expecting to?" insisted the general, while the animated maiden grew pale and caught her breath. . . "What would you do? Would you hold on to me by force, or kill me, to hinder me from betraying your secrets?" thundered the resurrected Field-marshal in whom the sleeping or scotched, but never definitely killed memories of the lust for mastery that animates a soldier and an officer unintentionally reechoed.

Forcing herself to speak, the now glazed-eyed, pallid maiden firmly and precisely said, "We would let you go, without harming you. We would trust to God to protect us."

"Would you trust my honor?" quizzed the British gentleman.

"Well, perhaps; — but we place no reliance in princes, — only in God, who no doubt might operate through your honor," hissed the suddenly reserved girl, now no longer india rubber, but steel.

The questioning of his honor had aroused the reactions of a life-time, and made the Britisher bridle. All the formality that he and they had considered melted into the milk of human kindness had soured and coagulated; it had resumed its habitual empery over him, in spite of himself. He continued the conversation, but the magic spell of intimacy, that had taken so long to form, was broken; the molten lava of friendship had congealed to fancy-shaped rock. With genuine British doggedness he continued, "But this is not all, — Miss . . ." he unintentionally uttered, having receded into the shell of his habitual formality. "Would such spiritual intoxication not become a habit, and lead to results as fatal as drug addiction?"

"I think not," replied she with strange but potent reserve. "You see, we do not indulge in these experiences except in common, — which of itself supplies a safe-guard. Then we do so only after prayer . . ." and for a moment a burning flush testified to her memory of her instant supplications that this now formal creature might not fail in his preliminary soul-trial,— "and assurance from on high that it is pleasing to the Higher Powers, who would withold their consent if there were soul-danger for any of us. . ."

"Yes, those are good safe-guards, I agree!" trumpeted the commander's harsh voice; "but are such experiences ever good? If it is man's mission to control and be divinized by his own subconsciousness, then does not any even temporary eclipse of the outer control, whether artificial or not, retard this building up of self-control, and sap the morale of the personality?"

"It all depends on the goal you are working for," patiently explained the evidently tired voice of the girl. Of course, if your goal is to become a lawyer, who has to bull-doze the innocent; or a salesman who must victimize the unwary; or an officer . . ." and here her scornful tone paid him back in his own coin, "then of course it is all-important to bolster up the outer self; . . but if you desire to follow the footsteps of the meek Master, the speaker of the Sermon on the Mount; or to emulate the disciples moved by the Holy Spirit, or receive the visions of a St. Francis, — then, on the contrary, while still keeping in view the outer control, we shall try to limit its hindrances to the motions and achievements of the inner self. — Then, as to regularity of the practice, we wish to turn these traditionally accidental experiences into systematic habits subject to voluntary exercises in times of need; so you see our carefully protected practices may not be so dangerous as might at first blush appear. — Is that all?" she asked perfunctorily. "But I must be going, — there is much to do, and few to help."

"Is there anything I can do?" inquired the British gentleman with habitual formality.

"No, nothing, thank you!" responded the antarctic stranger in equally freezing tones. "Good-bye!" and she left without turning around.

## XVI. KITCHENER'S CHOICE BETWEEN FATE AND DESTINY

In the morning when Kitchener awoke, he was somewhat estranged from his usual self. So long had he been intimate with his hosts that while his habitual self still continued friendly relations with them, his waking memory of the coolness that had arisen changed his attitude to his surroundings.

His own cave had become festooned with emotional associations, but now that he observed it dispassionately he became conscious of its meaness, darkness and discomforts. However, the re-establishment of friendly relations was of prime importance, for he did not love his hosts any the less, merely because he had become recalled to his love for his English home, though they, no doubt, would love him less for his desire to leave them. A personal interview was the only possible way of bridging this separation of hearts; so he passed through the tunnel to the common meeting hall of his friends. To his surprise, he found it abandoned.

First he thought of knocking at the entrance of the individual caves of the different members; and after waiting a discreet period, he intruded into what he discovered to be the bare walls of where they had lived.

Thinking that perhaps they might have retired to some further recesses, or to the fungus plantations, he made a careful exploration of all the places which he had visited so little a while ago under the guidance of Olanta.

This time he lacked the latter's torch, so that the trip was much more lonely and gruesome.

Finally, he returned to the common meeting hall feeling very depressed. Then came to him the idea of visiting the only place he knew of where they might be, but where he would not have otherwise dared to intrude, namely the sanctuary where they had worshipped together. Entering somewhat hesitatingly because of the sacredness of the associations, he assured himself that this also was vacant. No longer gleamed the visage of angels, nor rose the inspiring smoke of divination. As he sat down, he realized that he was alone; that they had preferred to lose the fruits of the labors of years rather than continue their association with him, now that he had decided to return home.

Whither had they gone? Probably they had retired to yet unexplored recesses of the volcanic congeries of caves. Even if he could follow them, if they wished to escape him, he could never surprise them; who besides a knowledge of the place, possessed not only the advantage of the inextinguishable torches, but also mystic power of divination and telepathy which he did not yet clearly understand, and therefore, all the more feared.

When finally he had convinced himself that he was abandoned to his own devices, he returned to his own cave, and lay down to rest on his couch, to recover from the weariness of his harassing search.

On awaking, he began to realize that he must depend on himself alone; and as the friendship which alone bound him to this inhospitable place had disappeared, and as he had recovered his health, there seemed to be no reason why he should not do his best to escape from this island before the Germans should return, if indeed any of them knew of his whereabouts. So he wrapped himself up as well as possible, went out into the cold, and scanned the horizon.

The Christmas which he had expected to spend with Lolita and her friends had become an adventure of planning to escape. Fortunately he knew that the Polar night must soon end, and he would then have a chance to scan the horizon more carefully. As he went out, he saw a most glorious display of Southern Lights, large bars of purple, yellow, green, changing shapes and melting into the oceans of violet and blue, then assuming fantastic outlines. They aroused in him long-ignored memories of his earlier life.

He must establish some sort of a signal of distress; and as near the top of the volcano as he could, he managed to hoist a pole bearing at half mast a dark brown, reddish piece of blanket which he could ill afford to lose, but which by attracting the attention of any passing ship, might save him.

Soon the display of Aurora Borealis faded away into the Antarctic dawn. He recalled a childhood reading of Robinson Crusoe, and imagined how this hero must have felt, watching the horizon for relief which he however acknowledged must be impossible. He sat on the rocks as long as the cold permitted him to, and reviewed his historic exploits, the friends and the names of many men, his plans for England's relief in her hour of distress, and the various secret preparations he had made against a possible invasion of England; but ever and anon would rise up in him the fleeting image of Lolita, no longer smiling as he had watched her so long from his sick bed, but as he had seen her the last time, with a pitiful look of reproach on her face, and diamond tears sparkling on her quivering lashes.

Yet he did not feel sorry, now that he had decided to return home if he could, because with his bulldog English nature, he looked upon it as the most rational end of his adventure.

However much vague subconscious feelings plangently thrilled him, his mind approved as rational the decision to refuse to become a life-long addict to mystic experiences. Yet by tasting the cup of mysteries—his inner consciousness had become a traitor to his commonplace external mind. Now there were great question marks all over the universe. He tried to throw off the uncomfortable feeling that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been dreamt of in his philosophy while an eminently sane and successful general.

Knowing it was Christmas, he sang over to himself the Christmas hymns he remembered, and reviewed the church services he had attended on such occasions. However, the cold did not allow him much soulful devotion. He was compelled to make frequent trips to his cave, to warm himself a little; but the indomitable hope of the rescue, drove him to continue his distressful excursions to the peak of the volcano. From time to time he visited the fungus plantations, so that for the present food was plentiful; and he did not doubt that his plants would continue to grow;—but he wanted to return to his own England, to whose mental view distance lent enchantment.

As in his mind he reviewed the halls of Westminster and the aisles of St. Paul's, more and more did he become disgusted with the meanness of his surroundings, and more and more determined to escape at all hazards, as soon as the means would present themselves. Finally, he decided to send out a bottle, in the hope that it might be picked up by some passing boat. He wrote the notes that became the basis of this story, using as ink a dilution of the soot from the volcanic fumes' deposits, and as paper some suitable scraps of linen which remained from his kerchiefs and undergarments. Then after he had recorded the more vital incidents which here appear, he put them in one of the precious few bottles remaining from the German's boat,—and committed it to the waves as his Christmas sacrament.

Gradually the Antarctic dawn was breaking. He began to see clearly streaks of light rising from the place where the sun should soon rise — cold as was the air, he imagined he felt the ozonic excitement with which he had been accustomed to associate the dawn, and he went up to stand again beside his signal of distress.

This time he imagined that he saw a sail. Then followed a period of anxiety, greater than he had yet experienced, because hope disturbed the beatings of his heart. Would they see it,—could they see it? After a day of mortal agony, he imagined that the sail was coming nearer, and he retired after a wearisome series of excursions up to the signal, and down to his cave, with a strange wild anticipation that he should finally leave. Then he realized it would be advisable for him to stand on the shore, to guide the boat as it was coming to the safest passages of the irregular beach; and he built up a cairn which he hoped they would take as an invitation to land.

Then came another day of wild excitement, renewed with increasing hope, as the sail

grew larger and larger, bobbing up and down, gradually approaching from the horizon, and detaching itself at times from the waves that raised it and lowered it like some theatrical bit of scenery. Then it was that he most felt his supineness, his inability to cope with fate, —to dispatch a signal, and to reach the people on board.

From what Lolita had told him of the power of mind reaching mind, and from the demonstrations of it that he had seen, he even tried to send telepathic messages to those who were on board, imagining the happy moment of of liberation.

During the long process he had forgotten his hosts, but as things go by contraries, and as absence makes the heart grow fonder now that departure seemed probable, he was assailed by the thought of Lolita, her image gleaming with supernatural light, and he felt himself longing for the companion of his weary hours of sickness.

As the ship grew nearer, and close enough to discern on board people and objects, he suddenly became conscious that he was unfitted to return among men. The lowering of the defences of his outside self consequent upon the intoxications of the volcanic fumes made him realize that he could never go back to his own home without suffering tortures, and degradations of what he had come to realize was his best self.

To return to the battlefield would be utterly impossible, for he would actually see the repulsive passions of his enemies, and the ghosts of the departed. He would be overcome by the horrors of what was behind the veil which for most people mercifully shrouds those horrors of hell.

Yet, might he not return merely to the civilization of his old home? Remaining apart from these purgatorial crises in some monastery, in some hermitage, might he not, as did holy monks and anchorites, pass his life untroubled? Although he had so far survived, there was no telling how long he might succeed in conserving his food supplies, and avoiding sickness or accidents in the cold.

So absorbed was he in the eddies of his feelings, uncertain what to do that tears came into his eyes; he sobbed as a child unable to make the great decision, whether to go or to stay. Yet the Kitchener of Khartoum and of the World-War retrieved himself. He decided that if heroism was worth anything it must be effective also in conquering this strange new aversion to contact with the lower class of average men that he must meet in the common ways of the world.

So he went back to his signal, and waved, hoping that the ship was close enough to see his motions. Then he decided to guide the ship into the only safe passage by taking down the signal at the top of the hill, by laboriously carrying it down to where the only safe bay might yield a landing place from which he might be taken. This transferring of the pole and cloth over miles of hard rocks, stumbling in the cold, was a notable piece of heroism; but he was nerved in his efforts by determination to end this impossible situation abruptly.

He succeeded in this effort, and was beginning to make motions with a colored piece of cloth to attract the sailors' attention, when he heard rumblings from the heart of the volcano. Smoke which rarely found its way outside except in wisps so thin and scanty as hardly to be seen now grew visible, and soon formed a nimbus around the summit of the mountain. Though his attention was never long distracted from the boat, yet in the intense cold, he felt the need of refreshment. He clambered back to his own cave, where he hoped to snatch enough rest before the explosions might make a return impossible.

After warming himself a little at the side of the cave, he returned to his signal on the rock right above the bay from which he hoped to be saved. But no sooner had he reached it than he heard detonations as if of artillery. Looking back to the mountain southward where the shades of the Antarctic night were still lingering, he saw flashes of smoke, and thin tongues of flame emerging from various orifices. His attempt to save himself had claimed his undivided attention, but the possible destruction of his refuge only strengthened his desire to get away to safety.

Less time than ever did he have to think of his former companions and Lolita; — but as he looked back to where he had originally planted his signal, he was dazed at observing a white robed female figure extending her arms. At the distance, of course, he could not hear anything; but his heart was suddenly flooded with a paroxysm of love for this girl who had so unselfishly tended him during his sickness, and who now might be in danger. No, he would not abandon her; he was not the kind who could. Even if no other sail should again come that way, he could not abandon her in the hour of need;—he would have to despise himself for the rest of his life as a vagabond pariah. If he did, never again could he find peace of mind and decent repose even in the halls of the royal palaces of London, where no doubt he would be welcomed with open arms. He knew that his lower self only could ever again find satisfaction in the old country anywhere.

Spiritual achievement which is the blessing for the sake of which men toil and stint and starve for life-times, here was in his grasp. He knew the mountain hid yet many more steps on the path of mysteries which he had not yet explored, and that each would be a new stage in soul development, and in revealment of the truth, for the sake of which the noblest men had counted their lives as dross. He knew that this was one of the hermitages in which the most advanced souls of the world had gathered so as to be able to make the highest achievements, possible only where protected from the disturbances of the deadening drudgery of the outside world.

Now that he had love to guide him on his way,—a love that should be creative, was he to bereave himself for the rest of his life, merely to revisit a country which he knew must henceforth to him be a living prison among people who neither dreamed of higher personal vision of God, nor who would permit it in him, unless indeed they shut him up in an insane asylum?

Then he was suddenly struck by the thought he should have considered long ago: what does God want me to do? It did not take him long to decide that God, who had brought him here to teach him the unescapability of personal faith in Him, would want him to continue this path of initiation. Nor could he live without abandoning his kindly helper in her hour of need, when a part of the upper century-old earthen seal to the crater was blown off, and there formed above the mountain top an um-

brella of ashes shot through and through with scintillating stars against the remaining dark shield of the retreating Antarctic night.

That settled it. If he must die for it, he must at least do an Englishman's duty, which was to do his best to save his former hosts whom he imagined crowding around Lolita. So he pulled down his signal, distributed the stones on the ground. Wearly but hopefully, he sprang up the rocky declivities, determined to reach Lolita, and make her his with a kiss, before perhaps she should be called into another world, if the eruptions should finally claim her life, lest he should have to wait long to meet her again in some perhaps later incarnation.

As he climbed, it intuitively flashed across his mind that he should succeed; that she would lead him to the discovery of the rest of those mystic caves, whose exploration was an initiation to spiritual power; that he would later be admitted to companionship with other and higher members of this most promising of world-centers since Tibet, Mongolia, Timbuctoo, and the Dolomitic Alps have been intruded upon by the degradations of so-called civilization.

Yes, he should see face to face sometime the nameless Chief of this hermitage, and receive his blessing to his everlasting union with Lolita, without whom he would never be more than an uncompleted sketch, a wheel torn from the carriage, when he desired his destiny of becoming a creative center of achievement formed by the union of complementary human parts. The great individualistic Kitchener now desired nothing so much as to find his place in the great spiritual structure of the Temple, and he waved back to the white clad figure on the crater edge, the signal of faith, hope and love. The ship picked up the bottle which contained the present notes; but they were scribbled so that no one aboard could decipher them; and as the captain could see no human being or habitation, he sailed away into the unknown. Kitchener however turned back to climb towards his destiny of blessedness.

END

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# BROTHERHOOD OF MUTUAL PRAYER

## Intercessory Membership

### INVITATION

The object of this organization is to secure the benefits of organized system, efficiency and encouragement to persons who are desirous of serving humanity as interceders for those who are in trouble, need, sickness or any other adversity.

The Bible and the Church teach that the Lord Himself, on his throne, is acting as our High Priest, as advocate with the Father, at the Mercy-seat. From this ministry of service as Comforter or Advocate, which makes of those who exercise it kings and priests unto God, no one is excluded, not even children, the poor, the shut in, the blind or the outcast.

But to accomplish this easily, fruitfully and without wasted time or effort, it is advisable to join in an organization that will transform these vague aspirations into a definite habit, supply names to be prayed for, and pray for persons that we know to be in need greater than we can relieve.

To this end you are invited to become an Intercessor of the world-wide Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer, thus acting as Joshua and Nun, who steadied Moses' hands raised in prayer until the setting of the sun, when the hosts of the Amalekites were driven away for ever, and the Lord's people delivered.

The only expenses you are expected to pay is the postage to and from you. The work will be continued so long as the Lord supports it by voluntary contributions. This work is democratic and mutual. If you desire to join in it, fill out the blank on the next page. Welcome!

## Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer

Secretary, Teocally, 1177 Warburton Avenue, North Yonkers, N. Y.

APPLICATION BLANK: Believing that Prayer should be:

1. UNSELFISH, gratuitous, intercessionary and consecrated; 2. SELF-RESPECTING, therefore earned and mutual; 3. REASONABLE, therefore sane social and systematic; 4. PREVAILING, therefore organized and supervised; 5. SERENE, therefore regular and private; 6. INSPIRED, therefore receptive and educative; 7. SACRED, therefore invoking the Presence; 8. NON-PRIVILEGED, therefore open to all; and being willing to join the weekly united Prayer-communion at 7 p.m.; Saturdays, E. T. I ask for admission to the BROTHERHOOD OF MUTUAL PRAYER, as an Intercessor, and being willing to abide by all its rules, regulations, and decisions, I sign my name in full.

NAME IN FULL .....

FULL ADDRESS .....

Time, Date and Place of BIRTH .....

The above is recognized as an Intercessor of the B. of M. P., as Intercessor No. .....

SECRETARY:

### INSTRUCTIONS FOR INTERCESSORS

1. Pray for people not merely by name, but for 10 minutes at a time; or till an answer is received; the standard being to pray until an answer is received. Prayer must be prevailing.

2. Usually the most undisturbed prayer-times are midnight, five a.m., or noon. Choose your own. 3. Requests for prayer for some person must be renewed weekly; otherwise it will be assumed the prayer was answered. Full name and address is required. 4. You will be recognized as an Intercessor only so long as you attend the weekly prayer-communion by mailing the Saturday evening report to the Secretary. Membership is never more than temporary, and lapses automatically when the Secretary has not heard from you for one month. After that a request for readmittance is in order. So long as you remain an active member, you will receive a weekly postal request for prayer. Please fill out the card completely, omitting no information asked for. Lapsed members are on the retired list, and will never be entirely forsaken in prayer by the Central Group; but reciprocity counsels that Intercessors live up to their weekly report. 5. The fuller your letters to the Secretary are, the better you can be helped. All is confidential. 6. Your first application will not be accepted unless accompanied by one dollar for postage, wrapping, etc., on the Brotherhood Literature and the "Communion with God," books that will help you, and direct you, and keep you safe. 7. All members are invited to join in the Christmas, Easter and All Saints' Day midnight worship, wherever they happen to be. 8. To qualify for the Progressive Membership you must present the following evidence (please use paper convenient for filing, say 5½ by 8). a. Statement you keep a Record of Experience Book, or Diary; (see Malachi iii. 16). b. Having established a sanctuary, and keeping a regular prayer-hour in it. c. Having read through some Scripture, completely. (Find suggestions on another page.) d. Attendance at 12 weekly meetings, in your own room. e. Copy of what messages you have received. f. Gaining at least one new member for the B. M. P. g. Account of six divine experiences.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR AN EXPERIENCE RECORD OR REMEMBRANCE BOOK

The object of the book, recommended in Malachi iii. 16, is to objectify, or render definite your own divine experiences, whether they be answers to prayer, hearing of the divine voice of conscience, instances of guidance, warnings, experiences of the divine Presence, some message, some blessing, some consolation, some dream of instruction, warning, revelation, or initiation. So long as they are left unrecorded, they are not objective facts; and thus useless to others. Not a single life lacks them, but because they remain unrecorded, the receiver may not even realize their true nature. This is the object of the experience book, or remembrance record. 1. Get a special blank book that is durable. 2. When alone, preferably with locked door, hold it in your hand, and with all your available fervor, dedicate it, speaking aloud, to your Heavenly Father, asking His inspiration on all you may write in it. Continue until from within you receive interior assurance of acceptation. 3. On the first page, write out a self-consecration to your own God, and paste in it whatever secred mementoes you may possess, amongst which might be this booklet. 4. Very minutely review your past life, and record your holiest experiences since childhood, in which you clearly distinguish the Divine. 5. Keep it private and holy, by never presuming to write in it without a prayer for special inspiration. Should you desecrate it by any trivial or foreign writing, the divine influence may cease taking charge over the book, and it may only be after some time, and prevailing prayer that you will be made conscious that the Divine has reassumed charge over it. 6. This book should be re-read at steady intervals, say once a month, adding to it whatever new evidences of divinity your life may boast of. This is not so much a duty, as a privilege.

**SUNDAY INTERCESSION TIME, 3 p.m., wherever you are.**
**Simultaneously, Saturday Evenings, 7 p.m., New York Time. 6:30 p.m., PREPARATION**

6:30 Prepare and reconsecrate your Sanctuary. 6:35 Fill in your Experience Record to date, and review the last week, (Malachi 3:16). 6:40 Repent, confess to God, receive his absolution. 6:45 Read the Brotherhood Prayer Book. 6:50 Sing favorite hymns, or Brotherhood Hymns. 6:55 Observe a receptive silence.

## 7 p.m., DEVOTIONS

Divide each five-minute period in two parts: prayer, while sitting; standing for Reception of inner answer. This is a victory for the will.

7:00 Reconsecration to God, heaven, humanity and Brotherhood.
7:05 Seek and receive warning of the Unexpected.
7:10 Seek and receive recognition of Opportunities.
7:15 Seek and feel the Divine Presence.
7:20 Seek some message in Bible reading.
7:25 Seek and receive guidance on some practical topic.

## 7:30 p.m., INTERCESSION

7:30 Self-consecration to saving service.
7:35 Seek and receive message for Brotherhood
7:40 Intercession for a special person.
7:50 Seek and receive message for that person
7:55 Seek benediction, and receive a new name, or blessing.
8:00 Write a report of your attendance to the Secretary of the MUTUAL PRAYER BROTHERHOOD, on the regular postal, returning this, with your own postal reporting the meeting and its results.

If you do not have time for the whole meeting, do as much as you can, especially 7.00-7.05 p.m.

## APPLICATION FOR PROGRESSIVE MEMBERSHIP

Secretary, Mutual Prayer Brotherhood, Teocalli, 1177 Warburton Ave., North Yonkers, N. Y.

As I have qualified by three months' successful and faithful intercession for others (by 12 successive weekly reports), and after prayer on the subject, I desire, if permitted, to hear about the Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer's Progressive Membership.

If you do not have time for the whole meeting, do as much as you can, especially 7.00-7.05 p.m.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Time, Date and Place of BIRTH.....

# SIX EDUCATIONAL PLAYLETS.

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## I. FRIENDSHIP'S SALVATION

### A PLAYLET ILLUSTRATING FRIENDSHIP

*An ancient Legend completed by its historical results.*

**SCENE: Dionysus's Throne-Room, in Sicilian Syracuse.**

**CHARACTERS: Dionysus, his General Clintias, Damon and Pythias, an Angel.**

**DIONYSUS:** I am Dionysus, the tyrant or king of Syracuse. I have made myself master of this city by dividing my enemies. But however much I have achieved, I am still hindered by the existence of a mischievous sect called the Pythagoreans, who teach and practise a mutual friendship that offers impalpable opposition to my imposing my authority on the hearts and minds of my subjects. What do you think of it, my general Clintias?

**CLINTIAS:** I agree with you, noble King! They are very arrogant in holding to ideas that disturb the workings of the body politic. But I suspect that their gravity, their pretended fidelity and stoicism are only a theory, a self delusion. I think that if they fell into some sort of calamity, they would react just like common people who are controlled by the terror of my sword. I would like to dispel this bogey! I think it is only a scare-crow! How I wish you would let me make an experiment, and publicly demonstrate that all this talk of friendship is no more than hypocrisy! It disgusts me! Faugh! Faugh!

**DIONYSUS:** Very well, general! I give you permission; nay, I give you a commission to settle the matter by an experiment.

**CLINTIAS:** Thank you, your majesty! I will undertake it, for after this element of opposition is destroyed, your rule in Syracuse will be unopposed, and become hallowed by military glory!

**DIONYSUS:** Good! Have you anything to suggest?

**CLINTIAS:** Yes! There is a certain Pythias, who has given me much trouble, both in the public assembly and in the temple. I should not be surprised if, with others of his Pythagorean comrades, he had conspired against your life.

**DIONYSUS:** Then we must get rid of him, in any case! Ye must cut down every head whose lips dare to proclaim public opposition! Go and fetch him, Clintias!

**CLINTIAS:** At your orders, your worship! Here he is! (Brings him in). Here, Pythias, you arrogant rebel, kneel down before his majesty, or with my sword I shall dismember you! Grovel before your master, slave! (Pythias does so reluctantly).

**CLINTIAS:** Well, you seem to do so reluctantly! That confirms me in the reports I have heard that you are a rebel, and have secretly conspired with your pretended friends against the sacred life of his august majesty, Dionysus, King of Syracuse!

**PYTHIAS:** What, am I accused of anything? Is that what I am called for?

**DIONYSUS:** Yes, you wretched Pythagorean! Trusting in the pretended friendship of your Pythagorean comrades, you have arrogantly conspired against my life! Your proud demeanor corroborates the charge! What have you to say for yourself?

**PYTHIAS:** Why, I am surprised! My chief interest is to manage my household! What time I can spare from it, I devote to the study of the theology of numbers, music, astronomy, and enjoying repasts in common with my friends!

**DIONYSUS:** There! You have convicted yourself! You are conspiring with your low fellows! This must be stopped! General Clintias, have you any evidence to present?

**CLINTIAS:** This base rebel against your sacred authority trusted in his deceitful fellows. But I had one of my trusted emissaries present, and several have confessed to the traitorous proposals you, Pythias, made when you thought yourself safe among friends! You said that there was a higher god, when he, your king, was the god you ought to worship, consecrated by the authority of success and might! Kneel down and worship him!

**PYTHIAS:** That I cannot do, because I worship only the Supreme God of the Universe, and Him only! But King Dionysus, as God's Vice-Regent, I will obey most loyally.

**DIONYSUS:** Loyally? That is the very accusation against you, that above me you recognize not only the God of the Universe, but a certain oath of friendship, instituted by a mischief making sage philosopher called Pythagoras. Come, I will put you to the test! Renounce this oath of friendship, and swear unalloyed allegiance to me! Swear!

**PYTHIAS:** Having already, after one preparation of seven years silence, taken this oath of friendship, I cannot renounce it. But it does not hinder my due political allegiance to your established authority. Of me ask anything else, and see if I will not obey!

**DIONYSUS:** You have convicted yourself of divided allegiance! So I have verified the the charges of conspiracy made by my noble general Clintias! Therefore, I decree that you must die! General, put on him the manacles, take him outside, and execute him. In Syracuse there shall be none but loyal citizens!

**CLINTIAS:** God save the King! Here, you rebel and conspirator, I chain your treacherous hands that have conspired against our gracious king! Around your neck I fasten this collar, and by this chain I will lead you, like a dog, to execution! See how much your band of professed friends can help you now in your distress! But I am not satisfied with destroying your vile carcass! I shall humiliate your proud spirit! Kneel down, and confess that he is your lord and master, brute! (Pushes him down, and kicks him).

**PYTHIAS:** I acknowledge Dionysus as King of Syracuse, but the Sage Pythagoras remains my philosopher. But, as it appears that my

death is necessary, decreed by Providence, I request of the King the delay of the remainder of the day, to settle the business affairs of my own family and of Damon, who lived with me, and with whom we had all things in common.

DIONYSUS: Let Damon attend to things that need settling up! Why should you be needed therefor?

PYTHIAS: Because I was the elder, and therefore managed the common business affairs. So, King, allow me to depart this afternoon for that purpose, and I will return to-night, so you can destroy this body, if it so pleases you!

DIONYSUS, (laughing): Why, that is a joke! That is the very reason, Pythias, that I have had you chained up, because when a man knows that his life is at stake, he becomes desperate, will utter any lies whatever, and must be restrained physically! The law takes no chances!

PYTHIAS: King, you need not take any chances, and yet your decree may be made secure. I will leave a surety in my place!

DIONYSUS, (surprised): Why, although I am a man of wide experience, I will acknowledge that I am surprised! Do you really think that there exists a man who would stand surety for the death of another?

PYTHIAS: Yes, King, there is. My friend Damon would not hesitate to risk his life for mine, just as I would not fail to offer mine for his!

DIONYSUS: I do not believe it! No one loves another more than his own skin!

PYTHIAS: I can prove it. Send for Damon!

DIONYSUS: Do so!

PYTHIAS: Damon, Damon, come, I need you!

DAMON: Here I am, Friend Pythias, what can I do for you?

PYTHIAS: Listen, my friend! King Dionysus —has decreed that, as a conspirator against his life I must die. I have accepted the situation as the inscrutable workings of Providence. But, mindful of my family, and of the involved state of our mutual business affairs, I have requested a delay until sunset, that I might go and adjust everything decently. But the King demands a surety, and disbelieves in the existence of any man who would stand surety for the death of another. So I offered to prove this by calling for you, for whom my friendship is greater than my desire for self-preservation.

DAMON: Rightly you judged! Go and do your duties, friend! Come back at sunset, if you can; if not, and if the king's law still demands a human life, let him take mine; and you shall think of me as one who gladly laid down his life for his friends. Here, General Clintias, put your chains on me!

CLINTIAS: Really? ! better watch out there be no trick in this! These canting hypocrites are not to be trusted! If you, Pythias, do not return, the law will take toll of two: for not only shall Damon die, but you I shall hunt up, and exterminate the rest of this vermin-crowd! (Changing the chains). So now I hold you safely, Damon; and you shall die, unless at setting sun returns your pretended friend! But you are foolish; for he will never come back! He has used you as a tool! You will be left to perish as a scape-goat, after having pulled his chestnuts out of the fire!

DAMON: Foolish, you say; but I think wise! I will take the chances! Goodbye, Pythias! Hasten, that all may be put in order; farewell! Give me a last kiss!

PYTHIAS: (Kisses him) Farewell, Damon; you have nothing to fear! Goodbye, General! Goodbye, King! Time presses! I shall soon return! (Exit).

DIONYSUS: You will never see him again, you poor deluded fool! (laughs).

CLINTIAS: (laughing). Fortunately, I have a good grip on you! (rattling the chain).

DIONYSUS: But if I have to wait till sunset, I want to be amused. Here, prisoner, amuse me, or I will have you killed at once, and your friend also, when he returns. So, to save yourself, amuse me!

DAMON: Very well, King. To prove to you how far wrong you are in your opinion of my friend, Pythias, I shall recite to you a poem he wrote to his wife on the golden anniversary of their marriage. So much of a friend is he, that he made a friend of his wife, and here are the lines that he wrote. (reads)

MARRIAGE IN RETROSPECT

Dear partner of my earthly pilgrimage,
What wealth of recollections now is ours!
Well may we sip that priceless beverage,
The full fruition of our youthful powers.
These memories are a common destiny,
Our souls shall win twin crowns in common earned;
And one ideal of divinity
Is the result of common lessons learned.
I thought I was the stronger of the two,
But thou revealedst the clearer strength of soul;
My nymph Egeria, and my Mentor too,
My Beatrice, who drew me to my pole!
The battles that I won had been defeats
Hadst thou not with unerring instinct steered
My quivering bark in masterly retreats,
Or seen the change in tides, and swiftly veered.
Nor could I e'er our courtship days forget:
The flowers I brought thou hast kept fresh for me:
Through matron's bloom thy blushes see I yet,
No coat I wore lacked tender touch of thee.
Our fledgling children from our nest have flown,
Young gods and goddesses new worlds to build;
The happiness of God we thus have known,
Our mission in the world thus have fulfilled.
Blended by common blessings' concrement,
We further pray the Final Call may still
Together give us that last sacrament
Within the Temple on the Heavenly Hill.

CLINTIAS: Halt, prisoner! You Pythagoreans are magicians! You are throwing a spell over the august majesty of the King! Your enchantments have made the time pass quickly. See the sun is setting! Your glib, smooth-tongued, deceiving friend Pythias has not returned! He will never return! By this time he is safe on some ship on the rolling ocean, bound for Greece or Africa! You stupid scapegoat! You are now going to pay the price of your credulity! Does your decree stand, O King?

DIONYSUS: Of course! The majesty of the law brooks no interference! Execute him!

CLINTIAS: Kneel down, fool, and stretch out your neck, that your head may roll off smoothly! (raises his sword).

PYTHIAS: (rushing in, and staying the sword), Hold! Do not kill him, but me! Here I am back! I was delayed by a flood, which carried away a bridge over the Phrene torrent. I had to swim across, to save both my word and my friend's life! Here, general, release him, and let your sword cut off my head!

DIONYSUS: Hold off, general! Release them both! I am amazed at the existence of such fidelity, founded neither on the fear of the gods, nor the terror of kings, but on self-respect. I see that mere bloodshed is power-

less against such moral faithfulness. It is no use making martyrs, whose death would only arouse justified resentment against me. What in the world am I to do?

CLINTIAS: Well, I am disappointed at being balked of my victim! This much I acknowledge. But, O King, if you ask my advice, in your own interest, I must say that all you can do is to enlist this unconquerable force to your own advantage.

DIONYSUS: You are right, as usual, O good general!

CLINTIAS: Yes, I am so right, that I see that my occupation is gone! I am no longer needed here! Farewell! (goes out threateningly).

DIONYSUS: Farewell, General! But I have better things to do. Come, Damon and Pythias, we must reverse roles. I who a little while ago was the commander, must now turn suppliant to you two friends who were so recently at my mercy. See, Damon and Pythias, I step down from my throne! I remove my crown, and as equal to equal, I beg for admission to your friendship! Let the straight line enlarge to the sacred triangle! Accept me as the friend of both!

PYTHIAS: As the elder, I express my appreciation of your request, O King!

DAMON: As the younger, I offer you my congratulations on seeing the beauty and invincibleness of friendship.

DIONYSUS: Then you accept me as a friend?

PYTHIAS: I would like to!

DIONYSUS: Do you hesitate?

DAMON: No, we do not hesitate; only we happen to know that before one can have a friend, one must be a friend!

DIONYSUS: So you refuse me?

PYTHIAS: Nothing is impossible to God, and I cannot speak for the future, so I cannot say we do, or do not refuse you.

DIONYSUS: What do you mean?

DAMON: I mean that friendship is not a gift; it is a salary, a diploma.

DIONYSUS: Speaking in mysteries, as did your enigmatic Pythagoras!

PYTHIAS: No, indeed! The difficulty is, that you do not understand that friendship is not a bauble to be tossed on a racket like a tennis ball, or a coin to be given away!

DIONYSUS: What can it be then?

DAMON: It is a graduation to be earned; it is a flower to be grown from a root.

DIONYSUS: Well, speak out! What is that price which you claim to have paid, which I could not pay? I am richer than you! I control private and public wealth! Mention the sum, it is yours!

PYTHIAS: That is the trouble! The price is not something that can be given from one person to another. It is self-discipline. To begin with; we paid the price of a seven-year's talking-fast, when we abstained from uttering a single word. Could you pay that price?

DIONYSUS: No, I could not, for I would lose my position before the night was over. What other price would you have to suggest?

DAUON: Rooted in the self-discipline of a talking-fast and its consequent mutual respect, friendship grows only by prayerful association in common undertakings for the welfare of humanity. Could you pay that price?

DIONYSUS: No, I could not; for the advancement of Syracuse means the subjugation of her neighbors; so that I must limit myself to the promotion of my own particular kingdom. What, do you mean to say that true friendship is impossible for the successful?

PYTHIAS: No, we say no such thing; that would be for God to say! All we know is that our friendship is open to all who by self-discipline earn self-respect, and by cooperation earn the respect of the gods.

DIONYSUS: Then you refuse me?

DAMON: No, we do not refuse you; but we give you the gift of time. If not today, there is still left time in which you may earn this friendship you desire.

DIONYSUS: But I have shown you that my position cannot afford a talking-fast or partisan cooperation. Is there no hope for me?

(Enter an) ANGEL: There is! I am a Guardian Spirit sent by the Powers that brought, assisted and fructified Pythagoras. And as I am gifted with vision into the future, I shall console you by informing you that I see you received into communion with the Heavenly Powers. The first obstacle, your royal power, you shall some day yourself remove, when you leave your throne, and those who shall drive you from it, must be recognized as messengers from heaven; and the second obstacle, your limitations to Syracuse's interest shall be removed when you exercise cooperation with God as a language-teacher at Corinth. So you shall be led to paying the two prices of friendship, and so you shall also achieve it!

DIONYSUS: What, I shall achieve friendship with Damon and Pythias?

ANGEL: Nay, I did not say that; for it is only later and elsewhere that you shall be ready. But on that day God will bring to you a friend . . .

DIONYSUS: By name?

ANGEL: By name Aristoxenus, who, in his treatise on the Pythagorean Life, to all the world shall celebrate your great adventure of the Quest of Friendship!

DIONYSUS: And Damon and Pythias?

ANGEL: Shall peacefully here in Syracuse live out their lives of friendship, and let its blessing light sanctify the troubled politics of their native country.

DIONYSUS: And what of me? May I not start paying the price of friendship at once?

ANGEL: Not yet; for you have involved yourself in such a tangle that if even for a single short moment you should resign your power you would be killed like a dog before you reached the first street corner. You must stay and untangle the skein of Fate. When the Sacred Hour of Liberation arrives, you shall be safely conducted away to a happier shore, not far from the Sacred Oracle of Apollo of Delphi, in touch with whom your life shall be directed to the Pythagorean salvation of friendship.

DIONYSUS: And must we part?

ANGEL: Yes, for a little while, till we meet in the Beyond! Till then let each do duty in his Providential place! As incitement, let all of us who are here join in the Pythagorean Hymn of Friendship! Come, stand, and sing!

## FRIENDSHIP ODE

by K. S. Guthrie

Drink to me only with your best friendship
And I will pledge with mine;
Helping each other, sorrow will halve,
And pleasures will doubled be.
The thirst for union heavenborn is,
Co-operation's divine;
So we will knock at that Gate of Heaven
That opens to none alone.

Rooted in self-respect, that flower
Of friendship will fragrant grow!
Cultured by team-work, watered by visits,
Efficient will grow our cause.
Advice we will give, and counsel we'll take,
Jointly creating wisdom;
Always assisting, never hindering,
Our union God's Presence calls.

Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan
Show us the Friendly Way
Which sage Pythagorus established,
And Plato and Lincoln lived.
So gather in a circle, join all your hands,
And swing your song up to Heaven;
We'll join all movements, aid every cause
That may prosper humanity!

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# II. THE THREAD OF THE LABYRINTH

## A PLAYLET ILLUSTRATING PRAYER

SCENE: Carthage, at the time of its final conquest by the Romans. Seated around are the two brothers, Hasdrubal, a swordsman; Numis, a financier, and their sister, Dido.

### CHARACTERS

JUG URTHA, 1st brother, giant,
HASDRUBAL, 2nd brother, swordsman,
NUMIS, 3rd brother, financier,
DIDO, sister,
CAPTAIN in Roman Army,
SIMPLEX, a Roman Soldier,
FIRST SLAVE-DEALER
SECOND SLAVE-DEALER,
HIERONAX, priest of Jupiter Ammon.

(In rushes the giant brother) JUGURTHA: Well, good people, Carthage is ruined!

(All jump up; DIDO says): What, taken?

JUGURTHA: Not yet, but soon. I just ran in haste from the Lybian Gate. Nightfall alone postponed the now inevitable. Tonight the Romans cannot see that the supports have fallen, nor find their way through the entanglements. But tomorrow at dawn they will, so that this is our last night of freedom. It is tonight that we must rally the forces of good within ourselves. We must decide whether to flee, if still there is chance, or to stay and defend our lives till the last.

HASDRUBAL: So then we are safe for tonight?

JUGURTHA: Absolutely. There is no possibility of surprise.

NUMIS: Till when?

JUGURTHA: Till dawn only.

DIDO: Well, it is you who have seen the last development. It is your judgment that ought to be the best. Do you begin and tell us what ought to be done.

JUGURTHA: Well, as to myself, of course, I am not afraid. When it comes to the final tussle, my gigantic strength and wrestling skill will save me against any opponent; and I can always break out over the wall by leaping and escaping to the mountains.

DIDO: Then why don't you do so at once, brother?

JUGURTHA: Because I am sorry for you two weaker brothers, and you, poor helpless sister. I am staying to defend you!

HASDRUBAL: Well, you need not stay here on my account, giant brother! I imagine that when it comes to a show-down, I shall be better off than you.

JUGURTHA: How so?

HASDRUBAL: Well, if the Romans were unarmed, you would no doubt carry off the victory! But they have iron shields and steel swords, and if by accident one of the latter gets its work in before your fist, all your strength will be in vain. But I am a skilled swordsman, and my sword can land two blows to the unskilled soldiers' one. So that's why I'm not running away. I can do more than they! But I advise you, Numis, to flee. You have neither muscle nor swordsmanship; you are helpless.

NUMIS: (Cackling) To hear you two speak makes me laugh! One might think you were Hercules and Achilles! But as a matter of fact, I have less to fear than you!

HASDRUBAL: Really? Let us hear on what you are relying!

NUMIS: I am relying on something more powerful than brawn or weapons; money! Now the Romans are, before everything, venal; they are merchants, they can be bought or sold like sheep. For money or treasure, they would sell their souls; and when the officer comes in, I've got some buried treasure that I discovered, that will make him deaf, dumb and blind, and pass us by as if we were not here! Just you watch, and see how I save the whole lot of you! That's what I am staying for!

DIDO: Well, according to you three, we are safe! But I wish you would listen to me!

JUGURTHA: Oh, women must always have the last word, though they are as helpless as geese!

HASDRUBAL: Why don't you stick to your needle, with which I grant you are skilful enough! This is a man's job!

NUMIS: What would you do without me and my financial protection, I would like to know? Our baby sister is a good lay-figure or manikin to display the jewelry that I provide; that's all she's good for!

DIDO: Well, I cannot hope to change your opinions, that I agree to; but you must at least once hear my solution of our crisis; then my responsibility will be at an end.

JUGURTHA: Just listen to our gay humming bird prate of responsibility, as if she could do anything!

HASDRUBAL: It makes me sick to hear these women mix in everything!

NUMIS: Well, we might as well have a little fun, while letting you have the satisfaction of airing your fancies. What should we rely on?

DIDO: On prayer. As there is nothing else left that we could do, anyway, we might as well spend the night in supplication to our Heavenly Father who loves us better than we love ourselves, imploring help divine.

JUGURTHA: Go to it! As for me, I will practise my muscles!

HASDRUBAL: I shall practise sword-lunges and parries, while you may pray all you want!

NUMIS: And I shall straighten out my accounts, and put some nest-egg in safety. But do you go on, and pray all you want! (At this moment the doors burst in, and before the amazed inmates can get over their posture of surprise, soldiers have pinioned their arms behind them, fastened them all to one single chain, and lined them up for the inspection of their captain. (Their order is R. to L., Jugurtha, Hasdrubal, Dido and Numis.)

CAPTAIN: Well, let's see what our net has bagged here! A giant, an artist, a runt, and a girl! I fear I cannot get over five dollars for the whole lot from the slave-dealer. Here, Simplex, go to the door, and see if by luck any of the camp-followers are around to relieve us of this cattle.

SIMPLEX: At your command, Captain. (He goes to the door, looks to right and left, and beckoning, calls out) Here, followers! Here's a prize for you! Hurry, the Captain wants to get away!

(Enter 1st and 2nd SLAVE-DEALER, HIERONAX, the priest of Jupiter Ammon, and others).

CAPTAIN: Well, how much am I bid for the whole gang?

1st S. D.: About four dollars, a dollar a head.

CAPTAIN: That's not enough to buy us a supper. No, we must have more. What, will you better his bid?

2nd S. D.: Not much! Slaves will be cheap today! Besides, all these jungle beasts will have to be gotten away safely; and then they'll have to be tamed! These are not born slaves, who have imbibed servility with their milk, who before their own eyes have seen the whipping of their parents who for their own sake trained them to artistry in pleasing! I would have a stiff job with that elephant there!

JUGURTHA: You will, I promise you! If I get my hand on your neck, I'll break it!

CAPTAIN: Here, Simplex, gag him. Let's have quiet! Then, you won't give me more for the lot?

2nd S. D.: Not a penny. It's a big risk, buying a whole family together; they support each other, and plot.

CAPTAIN: Well then, we'll have the trouble of selling them separate; that's all! Sold they must be; I've got a lot else to do to-night. Very good, let's first get rid of that most troublesome fellow over there. With him out of the way, the rest will be more easy to manage; besides, it will be a good example for them to see short shrift applied to their strongest support. Come, I'll take bids on that rough-neck, first. How much am I bid?

1st S. D.: Bring him out first, so we'll see what he's like . . .

2nd S. D.: And so we see if he is securely fastened!

CAPTAIN: Oh, what a lot of trouble for a couple of pennies!

1st S. D.: Well then, we'll leave; good-bye!

2nd S. D.: If you don't appreciate what we're doing for you, you dispose of them yourself. Good-bye!

CAPTAIN: Stop! Halt! Come back gentlemen! No, no, I appreciate your help very much! Indeed, I've other houses to pillage! This is a miserable place anyway! No, . . . be reasonable in my terms! Come, Simplex, bring him out, and hold him while the gentlemen bid! Now kind sirs, how much? You sir!

1st S. D.: Well, I really do not know what I could do with him. If he was tame, he might do as a porter, or to drag a dray, or plow.

HASDRUBAL: What, he, the champion athlete of Carthage?

CAPTAIN: Shut up, or I'll have you also gagged. However, what you say is true. But athletics are only for gentlemen, not for slaves.

1st S. D.: No, he's too risky; I guess he'll have to go to the mines, where he can be kept chained. He isn't worth more than a dollar and a half, at the outside.

CAPTAIN: (to 2nd S. D.) Can't you do better? Can't you use him for anything else?

2nd S. D.: (Who has patted him, examined his teeth). Now, look pretty, dear! Let me see your teeth! So, so, gentle, gentle! No, he's too wild. He would take too long to tame. All he's good for would be the galleys.

1st S. D.: If you get him there!

2nd S. D.: Don't worry, I'll get him there safely! As a matter of fact, it will give me special pleasure to see he does get there safely!

1st S. D.: But he won't stay there!

2nd S D.: I wager he will! When he gets riveted to the bench, and the whipper gives him his proper dose, I wager he'll become as meek as a lamb! I've seen others, worse than he, come to eat out of my hand!

1st S. D.: Well, you always were pretty venturesome, I must say! Give me the quiet ones whom I can dress up, and train to parlor tricks! That's my specialty! No, I won't bid against you.

CAPTAIN: Well, how much am I bid?

2nd S. D.: The government gives me five dollars a head. I'll give you two and a half.

CAPTAIN: Going, going, gone. He's yours. Take him.

DIDO: Oh, Jugurtha, all the athletic prowess of which you were so proud in the market is worth only two and a half dollars! (Jugurtha rages.)

NUMIS: Don't worry sister; I'll redeem you all! That will be fun when I own him as my slave, and he will have to use that Herculean strength of his to wait on me! He who bulldozed me ever since my child-hood, and would call me a runt. Just wait! (Jugurtha rages).

(During this time 1st S. D. has been paying the captain, who is making out his bill of sale. With this card in his hand 1st S. D. approaches Jugurtha and taps him derisively on the cheek) Now, darling, you are going to give me a lot of fun! That's right! Fume all you want! The more you struggle, the sooner you will be amenable to reason! Say, soldier, chain him to that ring over there, will you?

SOLDIER: (doing so) Here, you wild bull, I'll put a ring through your nose, if you don't get to be good! I guess that will hold your lordship! (Jugurtha struggles wildly, and gestures continuously).

CAPTAIN: Well, the worst one is out of the way; the others will no doubt be gentler! Let's take the next one, who looks like an artist. How much am I bid for him? (no answer). Don't you want him for the galleys also?

2nd S. D. No, he's not strong enough! Have him brought out! Let's see him anyway! (At Captain's nod Simplex slips him off the chain and brings him to the block. While being dragged forward, Hasdrubal brings out a dagger and stabs Simplex, wounding him slightly. Simplex disarms him, and throws the dagger on the ground.)

SIMPLEX: He's a serpent, he stings!
CAPTAIN: Are you much hurt?
SIMPLEX: No, only a scratch. He's safe now, I've drawn his fangs.
CAPTAIN: How did you come to do such a thing?
HASDRUBAL: Why, that's my profession! I am a swordsman! I have the greatest reputation in Africa! If only I had not been surprised, I would have killed your whole company!
CAPTAIN: (laughing). Lucky I surprised you, therefore! But slaves don't need swords, and slaves who are experts in handling them had better be kept chained up. Well, my dear sir, do you want him for the galleys?
2nd S. D.: No, he's too tricky, and he has not the strength requisite. No, he's a case for my colleague over there.
CAPTAIN: What will you bid for him, sir?
1st S. D.: He's too dangerous to be trained as a house servant. No, the mines are the only safe place for him.
HASDRUBAL: The mines for me, a man with a world-wide reputation?. . .
1st S. D. That would be inconvenient for a slave, you know! Well, captain, you know the tariff! The government allows me two dollars a head, they don't last long, you know!
DIDO: God, have mercy on him!
1st S. D.: Well, I'll give you a dollar for him; that's all!
CAPTAIN: Take him, let's get rid of him! Come, give me the money! (While he receives it and makes out the bill of sale),
DIDO: Oh, Hasdrubal, all the world-wide swordsman reputation of which you were so proud, in the market is worth only a dollar! (he rages).
1st S. D.: Here, Soldier, chain him to that ring over there, so as to get him out of the way!
SIMPLEX: Aye, aye, sir! I warrant he won't sting any more, where he's going to! He'll get cured!
HASDRUBAL: God, can such things be!
CAPTAIN: Now let's get through with the remainder, quickly! The next one, quickly! Simplex, bring him up to the block. Isn't he funny! A little, ill favored runt, with such dignity, ruffled though it be, like a wet hen! Look at his white manicured hands! I wonder if he doesn't understand his position?
NUMIS: I do, Mr. Captain, I do; but you do not comprehend it, I see. Will you kindly ask these gentlemen to withdraw? I have something for your worthy ears alone.
1st S. D.: A real aristocrat!
2nd S. D.: He must be at least an Emperor from Nowhere!
SIMPLEX: He's safe, and can't harm anyone! But shall I stay for protection?
CAPTAIN: Why not? Speak, dog!
NUMIS: Not before this gentleman, or any other. What I have to tell you, is for your ears alone; it is to your interest!
CAPTAIN: Very well, we'll take the chances there is something worth while; you can never tell what is going to happen! But you, Simplex stand by the door, so you can spring in, in case of need. The rest withdraw!
1st S. D.: Nuisance, these talkative slaves!
2nd S. D.: I feel like going away, but I have my bull in there to bring me back. Too bad! I hope it does not last long! (Exit).
CAPTAIN: Well, hurry, little self-important runt!
NUMIS: That's just it, I am important to you. That's why I had to speak to you in private. Listen, Mr. Captain! As an officer, your salary is but small. But if you will be reasonable,—nay, I say decent, or kind, I can make you rich for life; and no one will be the wiser; and you can retire to some quiet country estate to live out your old age, in peace, without danger of wounds, or fatigue, or political upsets!
CAPTAIN: And what would I have to do?
NUMIS: Release me, and give me a bill of sale for the remainder of my family, to protect them.
DIDO: Numis! Why not release us all?
NUMIS: It's better this way, it's safer!
CAPTAIN: That would be easy enough indeed; but why ask to see me privately?
NUMIS: Because if I gave up the money to you in public, you would have to share it with everybody, and you would get but little; but if I give it to you alone, you can keep it all, and be rich for life!
CAPTAIN: That's true; but, even so, of course, I can't take it; but, by the way, how much is it?
NUMIS: The treasure is worth over a hundred thousand dollars.
CAPTAIN, (cautiously): Where is it?
NUMIS: That's my secret, and it shall not be your secret until you have given me a bill of release for myself, and a bill of sale for the rest of the family!
CAPTAIN: But you forget that you are my captive, and that it is not for you to make terms, but to receive them!
NUMIS: Well, will you swear on your honor as a Roman to do this?
CAPTAIN: (First angrily, then as if struck by a happy thought); Yes, yes, I'll do it. On my honor as a Roman, I will release you, and give you as a present the rest of your family, if you (confidentially) will give me the treasure.
NUMIS: Free me, and I will get it for you!
CAPTAIN: Oh, no, I am too old a fox for that! The treasure first! Where is it?
NUMIS: Well, I have his promise as a Roman, and they keep their oaths! Good! It is there under the floor-tile in the corner! (Straining his eyes and body, following the Captain's motions).
CAPTAIN: (Finding it): Good, here is a pension for my old age! (Putting it in his pocket). Now, quick, Simplex, come in and let us dispose of the goose whose golden egg I have!
NUMIS: Please, please, Mr. Captain, a moment! If you please, one moment! You promised to release me, on your honor as a Roman!
CAPTAIN, (bursting in laughter): That is the joke! I am no Roman! I am a Carthaginian; don't you recognize me yet?
NUMIS, (anxiously scanning his features): There is something familiar. . . I cannot recall!
CAPTAIN: Well then, let me refresh your memory! Do you remember a certain slave whom you for a jest named Scorax, meaning garbage? Do you remember that he ran away? Well I am that one, and am now a Captain, and well . . . listen! Did you wonder how we arrived so early to-night?
NUMIS: Yes, we were so surprised that we had no time to prepare any defence. Jugurtha told us the Romans could never negotiate those entanglements in the dark!
CAPTAIN: But I, who knew the place could, and did; and the very first place I headed for was this house, to catch you napping, and to get even with particularly you, who for so many years had tortured me, and ridiculed;

and victimized me! Was it not you who taught me, nay, forced me to lie, and steal for you, and gather the nestegg which I have just forced you to disgorge? Oh, the airs you would put on, trusting in the money you made me gather for you! And then you grew too delicate to allow my pitiful person to approach too near your perfumed self! You would teach me parlor tricks like a dog, with your whip in your hand! Do you remember how you trained me to kneel in a corner for hours at a time, and would whip me if I stumbled? And all that because I, when a youthful school companion of yours, had contracted a miserable little debt of a couple of dollars, and you had me sold as a slave! But now I have your money on which you trusted, and the day of Judgment has come!

NUMIS: Mercy!

CAPTAIN (cont'd.): See, if I don't make you crawl on your belly before me! Oh, how I shall enjoy taming you, and teaching you the most exquisitely slavish ways! Breaking your will shall be my utmost ecstasy! Please resist a little, so I may have the joy of chastising you! Then I shall put a ring through your nose and parade you in front of all our former school-companions! Just resist me, please!

NUMIS, (panic stricken): I will deprive you of that ecstasy! I surrender! Do with me what you will! (Drops in a heap on the floor).

CAPTAIN: Have I tamed you?

NUMIS: Yes, master; I am a perfect slave!

CAPTAIN: Then behave like one! Go and crouch in the corner till I want you!

NUMIS: (Sliding backwards), At your service, master!

CAPTAIN: Well, that went easier than I expected! These bullies are all cowards! Too bad, I shall miss my anticipated joy of breaking his will!

DIDO: Shame, Numis! You, the exquisite, the unsatisfiable, have you no manhood at all?

NUMIS: But don't you see that I was relying on that money, and now that it is gone, and as I have no strength like Jugurtha, and no skill like Hasdrubal,—why, I have nothing left to support me . . .

DIDO: Except God!

NUMIS: Don't talk to me of your religion! Your God has abandoned you too; yourself are next on the auction block. Don't you see I have nothing left in this world but his good pleasure?

DIDO: But in the next world?

NUMIS: I do not know anything about it, alas! And as my money is gone, in this world there is nothing to do, but to please my master! You will be the next one to learn to do so! Do not distract me!

CAPTAIN: Well, he is ripe. I really must show him off! Simplex, bring in the camp-followers!

(Simplex does so; as they enter),

1st S. D.: Well, well! He's loose! He'll escape!

CAPTAIN: Don't worry, he's quite safe; I tamed him.

2nd S. D.: Why, he even looks trained!

CAPTAIN: He is thoroughly trained, I guarantee!

1st S. D.: How did you do it in so short a time?

CAPTAIN: Ah, that is my secret! But have I not made a success of it?

2nd S. D.: Congratulations, Captain! Even my colleague could have done no better.

CAPTAIN: Well, now I want a bid for him. We will start at fifty dollars.

1st S. D.: Why that's pretty high, isn't it?

CAPTAIN: Of course, but does it not take a lot of time and money to tame and train a slave?

1st S. D.: It does, I agree. But you did it so quickly!

CAPTAIN: But I got the results, didn't I?

2nd S. D.: It looks like it, but you never can tell!

CAPTAIN: Well, try him; put him through his paces!

2nd S. D.: (Clapping his hands), Dance! (Numis does so.) (Claps), Sing! (Numis sings) (Claps; motions him to stop. Numis slides back to his corner.) Yes, that's right, and stylish, too!

CAPTAIN: Well, I think I'll keep him myself, to play with!

1st S. D.: I'll pay you sixty dollars, he is excellently trained.

2nd S. D.: I'll pay you seventy-five!

(In the confusion, Numis has edged around Captain, and from his pocket abstracted the treasure-bag. Captain grips his wrist, and swings him around in front.)

CAPTAIN: So, this perfect slave is a thief!

NUMIS: I am not a thief! It is my own money! It is for the lack of a little of it that I have to humiliate myself, and be tortured! Oh, for a little money! I couldn't help it! I did not mean to do it!

CAPTAIN: I think I will get rid of him! Here, Sir, you can have him for seventy-five!

2nd S. D.: I don't want him any more; a thief is useless.

CAPTAIN: Then you can have him for fifty!

1st S. D.: I don't want him either; I wouldn't have him around the place!

SIMPLEX: If you trust me, Master, you will let me kill him, and throw him into the trenches.

CAPTAIN: No, no,—I have a sneaking fondness for him. Even if he is a thief, he is devoted to my person, because I tamed him. See how he grovels before me, and kisses my feet! Why, at home I have a dog who would never run away, and who yet will snitch meat if it is left around. So I keep meat locked up, and amuse myself with the dog, whenever I have time. Besides, there is a personal reason why no other slave in the world could by his fawning, amuse me quite as much as he! I'll keep him chained up, and when I have leisure, I'll turn him loose to divert me! There, Simplex, fasten him to that pillar, till I have time to play with him! Now, let us get rid of that silly girl! Bring her out, Simplex, and display her!

NUMIS: Now it is your turn, preacher! Let us see what your God will do for you now!

DIDO: (As she steps onto the block, she raises her arms and passionately prays). O God of Liberty and holiness, in Thee have I trusted, let me not be confounded! Show these benighted unbelievers that by the power of prayer can be worked a miracle! I proclaim Thy word that Thou wilt save Thine own, for the glory of Thy name, hallelujah!

CAPTAIN: Well, how much am I bid for her? Won't you take her, cheap, Sir?

2nd S. D.: No, not at any price. She is so aggressively religious I could not use her for a prostitute.

CAPTAIN: What about you, Sir? I see she is too weak for the heavy housework; but could you not use her for a lady's maid?

1st S. D.: No, these wild fanatics make more trouble in the household than would a

monkey! Work, they will, but they either try to convert their mistresses, or drive the masters to political suicide. No, no religionists for me!

CAPTAIN: But then what am I to do with her? My wife will not allow such a girl around the house!

SIMPLEX: Trust me, Captain; knock her on the head, and get rid of her!

HIERONAX: I am a priest from the oasis temple of Jupiter Ammon. Our girl who delivers the oracles is sick, and I have been commissioned to procure another. I will bid three dollars for her.

CAPTAIN: What good fortune! Going, going, gone! Take her priest! She is yours.

HIERONAX: Here is the money, captain; now give me a bill of sale!

CAPTAIN: Here it is.

HIERONAX: Step down, daughter. I like not these chains; they are cumbersome, and embarrassing to both of us. If I remove them, do you promise not to run away from me, and to serve the God faithfully?

DIDO: Service I can promise with a good conscience, for it has all my life been my desire to serve God in some direct manner, not merely indirectly as was my lot in life. To deliver the God's oracles would be my supreme joy. But do with me as you will.

HIERONAX: Relying on your promise, daughter, I remove your chains. They now are useless, as you are bound to me by a stronger bond, your vow of faithfulness. Come, follow me to the Oasis-shrine where you are to serve!

DIDO, (on her knees): Willingly, O Master; but I beseech you to purchase also my three brothers, and lead them along to serve the God. Do you not need workers in the field or farm?

HIERONAX: Yes, we do, indeed; but I did not feel able to bid against these professional slave dealers!

DIDO: But they do not want my brothers; they bought them to relieve the Captain of his responsibility. They would gladly let them go for a song; and your temple would have three able and willing workers for next to nothing.

HIERONAX: Yes, daughter, but your brothers are not biddable like you. For instance, your giant Jugurtha, I believe you call him, would be dangerous if released.

DIDO: Oh no, master! If you would be willing to give him into my management, you will see the wild-cat turn into a house-dog!

HIERONAX: Just try it, you poor deluded girl!

DIDO: I will! Listen, Jugurtha dear, if the good priest buys you to serve the God, and you are put under my management, will you obey me, dear?

JUGURTHA: Surely, Dido dear. That would be easy, for I love you, and I would be able to protect you. Yes, I will obey you unquestioningly; you can rely on me.

DIDO: You see, Master, he will be as moldable as putty in my hands. It will pay you well to get so strong a laborer for so little money.

HIERONAX: Well, perhaps he might do! But your other brother, Hasdrubal, is a dangerous swordsman; he would be a peril in a sanctuary-oasis.

DIDO, (ingratiatingly): Oh, no master; if you would be willing to put him into my management, you will be surprised to find him easily usable as a protection against marauders. Has not your shrine, just like others, suffered from such?

HIERONAX: It has, indeed! But how can you manage so dangerous a creature?

DIDO: Leave that to me; will you let me try, master?

HIERONAX: Go ahead! If you succeed, we shall be most fortunate.

DIDO, (caressingly): Hasdrubal dear, I have a chance for you to use your wonderful swordsmanship in defending the Jupiter Ammon Oasis Shrine from marauders. Will you take the chance on condition of obeying me in everything?

HASDRUBAL: What? I, a man, with an international reputation, obey a girl whose slavish instincts made her spread our beds and cook our food?

DIDO: I did it out of love, dear; I would not trust your health and safety even to the best of slaves. You should reward me for my love, instead of despising me! In any case, would that not be for you a lot happier than soon perishing in the mines?

HASDRUBAL: I suppose that it would be so. Yes, I will obey you gladly, in everything, good Sister! I owe you gratitude; besides, I would be able to protect you!

DIDO: See, master, he also has promised to be good.

HIERONAX: Fine! I'll purchase him at once! So you are now satisfied, good girl?

DIDO: Not quite, master, not quite!

HIERONAX: What more do you want?

DIDO: Oh, not much! I want your welfare. Tell me, master, are the Temple's accounts always kept straight?

HIERONAX: You witch! How did you manage to guess that they have been in terrible disorder, for lack of a trustworthy accountant? Our priests are saints, but alas, they have not the gift of being good book-keepers. Things have been so wrong that were it not for continual gifts, we would be in dire straits.

DIDO: Then, master, would you like a trustworthy bookkeeper, if you could get one for next to nothing?

HIERONAX: Why yes, of course! But where could we get such a paragon?

DIDO: Ah, master, trust me! I will procure one for you.

HIERONAX: Where?

DIDO: Why, my unfortunate brother Numis; he is wonderfully fitted for that position!

HIERONAX: But he's a thief!

DIDO: Oh no, master! I'll guarantee his honesty if you will only be willing to give him up into my management!

HIERONAX: Ah, that's your old song; I don't wonder that you could twist him around your little finger. You are a dangerous magician, I fear!

DIDO: A beneficent one, I hope!

HIERONAX: Yes, I really do think so! Well, you may go try your luck; but I don't think you'll succeed with him; I fear he is hopelessly damned.

DIDO: I wager I do succeed, master!

HIERONAX: No wonder, you wager, you little witch, when you have nothing to lose!

DIDO: Well, if I fail, you can put your chains on me again, . . .

HIERONAX: Which you know full well I do not wish to do! And if you succeed?

DIDO: My freedom, my lord!

HIERONAX: In other words, "heads I win; and tails, you lose!" No, I don't think that's fair to me; besides, it is my principle never to wager, anyway. Moreover . . .

DIDO: I am your slave, master; and you can do whatever you please with me! (Curtseying,

crossing her arms over her breast, and looking downcast demurely).

HIERONAX: Well, go ahead, and see what you can do with the scoundrel; and we'll leave it at this, that I will do with you whatever I please. Agreed?

DIDO, (submissively): Of course, master; your will is my law!

HIERONAX: Rascal that she is! I believe she is going to befool me!

DIDO, (modestly): Perhaps! (To Numis) Come, brother, how would you like to keep the books for the Jupiter Ammon Temple in the Oasis?

NUMIS: I do not like anything any more, since I lost the money on which I relied.

DIDO: But listen, brother; would it not be a fate preferable to being kept as a kind of pet dog by a man who was once your own slave, and who still holds grudges against you?

NUMIS: I do not hate or like anything anymore!

DIDO: But you would be near your brothers!

NUMIS: I never loved them: they despised me, and I hoped to own them, when I expected to repay them for their contempt!

HIERONAX: I think I win, and keep my slave!

DIDO, (to Hieronax): Perhaps! (To Numis), And then you would have to obey none but me, your own loving sister.

NUMIS: Obey you, a mere girl, to whom I gave presents of money from time to time, and who would dance for me? No! I never loved you. I despised you!

HIERONAX: I win!

DIDO: Not yet! Then if the only hand you will kiss is the one that holds the whip, here, I will wield the whip myself! (whipping him). Now kiss my hand! (He does so). Don't you see that the next best thing to owning money is describing its loss or gain in bookkeeping? Don't you see it's a sort of money-romance? A kind of financial epic?

NUMIS: That's true, I never thought of it in that light! That would not be so bad, after all!

DIDO: Well, will you do it, if I promise to whip you right often, until you come to understand the depth of sister-love, as a faint allegory of the deeper love from God?

NUMIS, (bursting out in tears): Yes, yes, forgive me for my heartlessness; but after I had lost my money, I despaired, and thought there was nothing left in the world!

DIDO: And you will be honest with me?

NUMIS: Yes, I now see that after the loss of money remain love and character . . .

DIDO: And prayer, my dear! Only you are not ready for it yet. But I . . .

NUMIS: Don't let go of me, sister! I want to learn prayer also, and your love and character alone can teach me that!

DIDO: Good, Numis, I will teach you, on the condition you obey me like your master!

NUMIS: I will, I want, I insist!

DIDO, (kissing him): Have no fear dear, I will not forsake you! (Turning to Hieronax). Now, master, who has won the wager, you or I?

HIERONAX: Neither you, nor I,—methinks, but God!

DIDO: Well, what do you have to say to it, then?

HIERONAX: I have nothing to say; but I think God has a great deal to say. I think you have done God's work, and I think your prayerful management is needed by your brothers, who were foolish enough to trust in athletic prowess, or swordsmanship skill, or in money. Also God thinks you cannot exert that saving influence thoroughly except as a free-woman; and my God would prefer to lose one slave to win three. So I shall give you your liberty on one condition . . .

ALL THREE MEN AND DIDO, (anxiously): What is that?

HIERONAX: That you promise never to release them so long as they live; the object of your freedom being to be able to redeem them to the end.

DIDO: Oh, master, that condition frightens me! They are strong, useful men, and some day, by earning money, might earn their freedom; while I am only a weak girl who has nothing to look forward to in life! I will gladly remain your slave, if you will release them! See, I kneel to you! Replace on me your gyves!

HIERONAX: No, on this I am adamant! They need the education which can be given alone by you; and that, when you shall be a freewoman, able to enforce your discipline! Jupiter Ammon will release none at all except on that educational basis. Otherwise he may not even purchase them . . . Take it or leave it, act quickly!

DIDO: Brothers, you have heard the priest's decision,—to give me freedom on condition that I never release you from slavery so long as you live. Otherwise, there will be freedom for none, and you may not even be redeemed by the God. It is repugnant to me to accept freedom, when I would prefer it for you. Shall I accept this educational freedom? Will you obey me to the end of your lives?

JUGURTHA: Yes, sister, I always loved you; service to you will be an education!

HASDRUBAL: Yes, sister, you have demonstrated the redeeming power of prayer; I want to learn it from you!

NUMIS: I am too ashamed to speak. Please sister, do not abandon me!

DIDO, (radiant): Very well, lord Priest, I accept this educational liberation and will hold it as a sacred trust from the God himself.

HIERONAX: Good, I will make the necessary arrangements though they seem to prove expensive to the God. Come Captain, and slave-dealers, let us conclude the proper formalities! (While he does so, and they exchange money for cards).

JUGURTHA: Oh, sister, I cannot believe it yet!

HASDRUBAL: We will have to call her 'mistress' now!

NUMIS: I want her to prove herself my mistress all along!

DIDO: No brothers; you may indeed be my slaves, but can you not love me also? I would be lonely as your "mistress". Call me "sister" as of old, even while you respect my authority! Have I not earned your affection?

JUGURTHA: You certainly have; and I will remain your lover for life.

HASDRUBAL: It is not so much affection that I feel as reverence for the holiness of your triumph. I count myself blessed to be condemned to receive its blessings!

NUMIS: I thought that the Captain had tamed me; but the radiant benevolence of your love has subdued me. I am grateful to have been, by respect, taught to love.

HIERONAX: Here are all the necessary documents,—Dido's enfranchisement, and the bills of sale of her brothers to her, with the condition that she never release them, or they revert to their former owners. The only loser seems to be Jupiter Ammon!

DIDO: He is not a loser; for while he has enfranchised me, I offer him the same services he might have required of me as a slave, but transfigured by the sparkle of voluntariness! It shall be my greatest happiness voluntarily to devote my life to his service. What could I do here? Carthage is about to be destroyed. Whither should I go? Where else could I find safety? To the God go I, and my slave brothers shall work for him,—and the God has even in addition a zealous slave-driver . . .

JUGURTHA: Who shall be loved, . . .

HASDRUBAL: And obeyed, . . .

NUMIS: And reverenced as never was any other before!

CAPTAIN: Dido, your reliance on God has won you, not only freedom, and ownership of your brothers, but also the restoration of the treasure I was about to take away by force. My revenge on Numis is satisfied, if he is enslaved to you, and loses the control of the treasure. My own greediness is satisfied if I know it shall be well administered by a benevolent person like you. Besides I am relieved of a threat to the honesty of my position. This treasure shall be a sort of a marriage-dowry. for it seems to me that unintentionally we are present at the marriage of your soul to Jupiter Ammon, and that your three brothers have thereby been adopted as children.

DIDO: Thank you, kind friend; your generosity shall not have been in vain. This treasure was to represent your retirement to safety for your old age? Very well, you have given it to me, who have become the bride of Jupiter Ammon. I accept it as a trust for you. Whenever you shall be weary of warring, come to the Oasis where this treasure shall insure you an ever increasing welcome for your aging years. So none of us have lost anything . . .

JUGURTHA: But all have gained everything,—

DIDO: Except that I have not yet removed the chains of my poor dear brothers! In our new home shall no such unhallowed sound as the clanking of chains be heard! Here Jugurtha dear, let me release you!

2nd S. D.: What, are you going to release that wild bull? I better escape, he might take his revenge of me! Good-bye!

1st S. D.: And I better run before Hasdrubal whom I condemned to the mines, is released! Good-bye! Good-bye!

CAPTAIN: And I better escape before Numis on whom I wreaked so bitter a vengeance is released! You cannot trust free slaves, you know! Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! (All laugh).

DIDO: Well, Jugurtha, here I remove your shackles!

JUGURTHA: Please do not, dear sister!

DIDO: Well, the chain must go, I won't have it in the house!

JUGURTHA: But the wrist-band of slavery must remain, to remind me of my life long devotion to—

DIDO, (putting her hand on his lips): To prayer, and to God, you mean. Very well; let it remain; I am well pleased.

HASDRUBAL: Here, sovereign sister,—yes, you may remove the chain; but please leave on the slave's wristlet. On the lowest grounds it will prove a protection from bandit slave-drivers, who might reënslave us, perhaps worse than even before. But chiefly I want to keep it as a reminder of my servitude to higher ideals, which spells freedom from the world.

JUGURTHA: Who would want freedom from God, from prayer, from character, from love,

HASDRUBAL: He would be seeking slavery to hate, to passion, to despair, and to hell! No, if, as human beings, we are inevitably slaves to law of some kind, I prefer to be enslaved . . .

DIDO: To the higher law, instead of to the lower! Yes, I approve; you are fortunate in realizing your ennobling enslavement! Pity me who am free! But see, I have used my freedom voluntarily to devote myself to the holy career of interpreting God to man. That will be consecration enough!

BROTHERS: Amen, and amen!

NUMIS: Please, sister, let me retain this reminder of devotion,—to all the things I blasphemously denied,—to love, to character, to prayer, and to God! My troubled soul needs that constant assurance.

DIDO: You may keep them, brother, if sanctified by devotion to Jupiter Ammon.

JUGURTHA: And by your kiss, beloved sister to confirm my life-long enslavement.

DIDO, (kissing the wristlet): Love sanctifies all things, and he who is willing to serve love, shall never need to repent!

HASDRUBAL: Kiss mine too, sister; and thereby consecrate it! Turn my enslavement into an enthralment!

DIDO: I will, brother, who can never be taken away from me any more!

NUMIS, (silently offering his wristlet): I am too ashamed to say anything!

DIDO, (kissing it also): Repentance insures absolution! I shall never release you Numis; do you hear?

NUMIS: Thanks be to God, I shall never be abandoned; my enthralment becomes an entrancement!

JUGURTHA: But if this our service is to become educational, please, sister, give us our first lesson in prayer!

DIDO: I will, Brother. Do you other two also wish it?

HASDRUBAL: We do!

NUMIS: Please!

DIDO: Very well; I will, alone, say the first line of the ode, and the rest you shall repeat with me. 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire. . .''

HIERONAX: Halt, I want to be in on this! I too want a first lesson on this victorious prayer! And so also is it wished by my fellow pilgrim priests in the audience, who all want to stand up, and join in this mighty adjuration to the Powers behind the Throne! Come, one and all, stand up, and join in the paean of triumph, this thread that leads us safely through the mazes of the labyrinth of this confused earthly existence,—this golden thread of prayer!

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
The golden key of hope;
That every prison bar unlocks,
That rings the bells of heaven.

On money can I not rely,
'Tis but a weakening crutch;
It must be left behind at death,
It can't buy honesty.

Nor on athletic power I trust,
For age soon weakens nerves;
Nor can I trust to any skill,
Which aging sight destroys.

Therefore on prayer alone I stake
Issues of my career;
With God, almighty shall I be,
If I have learned to pray.

(This may be sung to any common metre tune, such as 'Manoah').

# III. THE SHIPWRECK

## A PLAYLET ILLUSTRATING IMMORTALITY

**SCENE:** The deck of a ship. The characters are sitting around in chairs.

**CHARACTERS:** Millionaire, Swimmer, Cellist, and Beauty.

**MILLIONAIRE:** Well, as to me, I cannot understand why you, Swimmer, waste your life swimming channels. Why don't you earn some money, and with it get ease, comfort, and respectability?

**SWIMMER:** I am glad you have won that ease, comfort, and respectability; but I get satisfaction out of demonstrating that I can accomplish some feat that before I had thought impossible!

**CELLIST:** Well, you are not alone in that; I also gain satisfaction from playing masterpieces that arouse admiration. But notice the difference! You do something entirely physical but I at least accomplish something artistic, something elevating; something inspirational!

**BEAUTY:** Well, my friends, it is quite romantic to associate with such heroes; but have you ever realized that in your zeal to acquire, to exercise and to perform, you had forgotten man's chief duty, to bloom? After all is said and done, are you not dependent on remote, occasional, and fortuitous circumstances? Our millionaire here is dependent on banks and on finding clients; our Cello-player has to advertise for audiences, and our Swimmer here can perform only in summer when the water is warm. But what have you yourselves gained? To me, God has given no opportunity to gather money, to dream of music, or to do stunts of swimming. All he has left me is myself, and that I have accepted as a sacred trust, and made my little best of it. Besides, all three of you, after spending your lives accomplishing almost impossible feats, have at some time proposed marriage, to me; and to win my consent have freely offered to donate to me the fruits of all your wonderful activities!

**MILLION :** And why do you refuse me?

**BEAUTY:** Because, in the search after those baubles with which you tried to win me, you wore yourself out, so that you no longer represent the man for whom I am reserving myself.

**MILLION :** What is the matter with me?

**BEAUTY:** All right, if you force me to speak frankly, I will,—and don't blame me! You millionaires have made such wrinkles of care on your forehead that your glance would stop a clock; and I want my watch to go, if you please!

**CELLIST,** (laughing): Well, that's true! But what is the matter with me, that you refuse me?

**BEAUTY:** Well, you have acquired a temperament, and I should think you would be a very trying companion; one day moody, one day excited. Besides, you look like a freak!

**CELLIST:** Thanks! Well, my art is my ideal, now; my art is not so fragile that she needs a vanity case, a parasol, and a flask of carbona!

**BEAUTY:** What a charming temperament! How right I was to refuse you!

**SWIMMER:** Well, what about me? I have no gorgon stare like the millionaire, nor wild hair like the cellist. What is the matter with me, that you refuse me?

**BEAUTY:** Well, I hate to say it!

**SWIMMER:** Speak out, I can stand it.

**BEAUTY:** Well, there is not enough of the ideal about you. You look too much like a piano-mover. Your muscles are too strong;—why, they would crush me to a trickle of jelly, if I permitted you to hug me!

**SWIMMER:** But my muscles are useful too! Supposing we were rowing in a boat, and it capsized; I could save you!

**MILLION :** Oh, nowadays, there are always boats around ready to rescue you!

**BEAUTY:** A joke! You're trying to frighten me. They build boats nowadays that are unsinkable!

**CELLIST:** Why, I had a friend who had crossed the ocean ten times, and he goes across just as you walk over a pond.

**SWIMMER:** You are mistaken, my friends: The proverb says that there are three men you cannot avoid; the tax gatherer, the plumber, and the undertaker. Sooner or later, all boats founder.

**BEAUTY:** Why, I am told boats are repaired and revamped.

**SWIMMER:** Well, how old is the oldest ship you ever saw?

**CELLIST:** Well, in navy yards, I have seen the Constitution, and the Great Eastern.

**SWIMMER:** Yes, carefully patched up, and anchored in still water! But I mean, ships in actual use? How old is the oldest one you have seen?

**MILLION :** Well, I guess you are right; the oldest I have seen is not very old. I, myself, had a number scrapped, not because they were unseaworthy, but because they had become unprofitable. So I suppose they all perish.

**BEAUTY:** Then I'll stay on land and cheat Davy Jones' locker, as they call the bottom of the sea!

**CELLIST:** I, too! Besides, what do they have insurance companies for?

**SWIMMER:** Yes, but the insurance does not go to you, but to your family or heirs!

**CELLIST:** Well, even in the old days the harpist Arion was saved from the Mediterranean by the dolphin, so I suppose that in the course of evolution the fishes will be more skillful at rescuing the shipwrecked artist, than they were even in his day! So I shan't worry!

**BEAUTY:** Besides I would not allow myself to be saved except by the man who has the money, the looks and the disposition to fit him to marry me. You know this life-saving business has too many romantic attachments. It's sort of delicate, you know!

**SWIMMER:** Well, but you are on the sea now!

**MILLION :** May be just now, but not for long! Besides, if you have missed gathering money, you have missed one quarter of your life!

**CELLIST:** I say, however, that if you have missed art, you have missed one half of your life!

**BEAUTY:** And I insist that if you have missed your natural bloom, you have missed three-quarters of your life!

(A violent explosion, whistles, cries: "The boat has foundered." She has struck a rock!

We are sinking! Help! Every man for himself! The life boats are gone! All is lost! I have forgotten how to pray!)

SWIMMER: That's what you say! but see, God is saying that by missing learning how to swim, you have missed your whole life, because you are going to drown. See, Friends, the inevitable shipwreck is upon us! But I see an island in the offing, and I think I am strong enough to swim there! Good-bye!

MILLION: Stop! stop! save me, too!

SWIMMER: It's a big risk!

MILLION: But I'll give you a million dollars! You must take me!

SWIMMER: I fear your million dollars will be a dead loss! They are no use to you now!

MILLION: But I will give you a certified check!

SWIMMER: But it would not hold me up for a single minute!

MILLION: Then save me, in the name of humanity!

SWIMMER: Very good, just as a fellow-human being, I will save you. But what is that big bag you are dragging along?

MILLION: Oh, that's the gold coin of my fortune.

SWIMMER: Well, you'll have to leave that, if you expect me to try to rescue you!

MILLION: Never, I sold my soul for that!

SWIMMER: Then you will have to stay with your soul-price, and sink with it!

MILLION: I don't care, but no one else shall get it! No one else! (He hugs it and caresses it).

CELLIST: Save me, then!

SWIMMER: Very well, come on quickly! I have to leave before the boat lurches!

CELLIST, (hugging his cello-case): Here I am!

SWIMMER: Throw away that case, and grasp me around the body!

CELLIST: No indeed! That case goes wherever I go! It is a genuine Cremona cello I had to pay a fortune for! I don't separate myself from it!

SWIMMER: Then you sink with it! Good-bye!

CELLIST: All right, but no one shall have it, but me! No one, do you hear?

BEAUTY: But me! You will save me, at least! You know chivalry demands "Ladies First". Save me, you darling! When I am saved, you can have me if you want!

SWIMMER: Well, I don't deny you are pretty. Will you really give yourself to me, to do what I please with?

BEAUTY: I will be your toy! Only save me, you hero!

SWIMMER: Good, I'll pick this flower! Drop that case, and clasp me around the neck. Leave my arms free to swim!

BEAUTY: But I have only one arm free! The other one is needed to hold this case!

SWIMMER: Drop it, I say!

BEAUTY: What! Drop my Paris lingerie, that I went to France to get made—specially fitted? My Paris frocks? My individual perfumes, and specially prepared cosmetics? Never, never, shall any one else have them! I can't let them go! No one else shall have them. No one!

SWIMMER: Well, then you will have to sink with them! Goodbye! I must be off before the swirl begins! Good-bye to you, with your money-bags, your cello, and your Paris frippery! I must be off! Good-bye and good luck! Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

(Hugging a life preserver, he jumps off, the table on which the other three were standing tilts, and they drop off to the floor, where they lie gesticulating):

MILLION: My money is dragging me down!

CELLIST: My cello-case has filled!

BEAUTY: My trunk has become like a box of bricks! I am drowning! (Gurgle, gurgle).

ALL: Air! Air! Goodbye! Boodbye!

SWIMMER: Hurrah! I am saved! Hurrah! And that's only because I had no money-bags, no cello-case, and no vanity valise. Hurrah for the free!—I am so happy that I cannot help singing the song, 'Flag of the Free!' See, on this flag that I find on the floor, the inscription, 'Freedom is the Fragrance of Immortality!' (During these words an assistant transforms him into an angel by putting on him a robe and a crown of flowers). But I cannot sing it, unless all you my friends who are present sing it with me. Make me happy! You will not refuse! (All sing):

(Tune: FLAG OF THE FREE)

1.

Flag of the free, fairest to see,
Borne through the strife and thunder of death
Banner so bright, with starry light,
Float ever proudly, from mountain to shore,
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to encourage and save
While through the sky, loud rings the cry
Freely I live for immortality!

2.

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,
So that mankind may have strength to despise
Money and fame, title and rank,
Knowing that these must be left when we die.
So we seek things that death cannot take,
Strength of the soul, independence of mind,
Seeking the sight of Heaven's dome,
That all humanity may find a home.

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# IV. FOOLS FEAR TO TREAD

## A PLAYLET ILLUSTRATING INSPIRATION

SCENE: Perugia, about A.D. 1400.

CAST OF CHARACTERS: Ser Donatello; Perugian Burgess; Ghost of Ser Donato; Bishop of Perugia; Duke of Umbria.

(At a table before a block of marble Donatello takes up a chisel and a hammer and hits own hand).

DONATELLO: Ouch, ouch! That hurt! All my fingers are thumbs! How awkward I am! I see, I need the right habit of using even so simple a tool as a hammer. Well, I must try again!

(After a few more strokes, he is supposed to chip off too big a piece of marble, larger than he intended.)

Ah, that hurt me more than even before,

when I hit myself. See, I have chipped off too big a piece! I fear I have hurt the ear on this side! How easy this sculpturing looks, but how difficult it is! I'll have to measure again!

(He measures with compasses).

Just what I thought, I've taken off too much, I will have to take off more on the other side, and at that, the head may come out too narrow. Why didn't I learn to do this when I was young, and it wouldn't have been any trouble at all? How everything seems to go wrong!

(Grumbling, he sets to work again. Suddenly his chisel rings).

What? this time I have broken the chisel!

(Throws it down in despair). Well, there is no use going on! I'm ruined;—and yet my father, Ser Donato would have put so little a job through in a few hours without any effort! He could have finished it without any distress but never, never can I finish it, because I failed to learn to use the tools whose possession misled me to forget to learn to use them. What am I to do? (Knocking is heard). Come in! (He covers the block with a cloth while enter Perugian Burgess).

PERUGIAN: Oh good evening, Ser Donatello, good evening! I hope I am not disturbing you, sitting alone with your grief at your father's lamented demise!

DONATELLO: Oh no, you are not disturbing me, I am sure; come in and sit down.

PERUGIAN, (does so): With pleasure.

DONATELLO: To what do I owe the honor of this distinguished visit?

PERUGIAN: Why, I came because of the angel-statuette for our altar.

DONATELLO: Why, that was not to be ready until to-morrow morning.

PERUGIAN, (nodding): I know. I know! Why of course, to be sure! It was not to be ready till tomorrow morning, but I was so interested, so anxious, so full of admiration that I could not keep away! So I came just to pay a little visit, a private visit, you understand. Of course only a private visit to the angel, for of course it is ready and I wanted to be the first one to see it.

DONATELLO: I am sorry my dear Sir, but you cannot see it yet.

PERUGIAN: O yes, I see, grief for your lamented, respected father . . .

DONATELLO: No, yes, that is . . .

PERUGIAN: What else could it be? Some accident?

DONATELLO: No, no accident, either.

PERUGIAN: Why then, I must know the reason; I demand it! I have a right to know . . .

DONATELLO: Later on, my dear Sir. Not to-night, at any rate. I must beg to be excused. I am not feeling well.

PERUGIAN: Oh well, if the reason is sickness, of course, I do not wish to be cruel; we are very generous, and considerate, to be sure. But if tomorrow morning . . .

DONATELLO: Yes, to-morrow morning!

PERUGIAN: If then it is not ready we will regretfully be compelled . . . to take means . . .

DONATELLO, (angry): Very well, tomorrow morning you may do what you please. But to-night is mine. I beg you to leave me alone, I am not feeling well, please go!

PERUGIAN: Heavens, what a son! How different from his sainted father! He was always so prompt.

DONATELLO, (putting him out): Very well, to-morrow morning, but to-night, good-bye! good-bye, do you hear?

PERUGIAN: Don't forget, if to-morrow morn . . .

DONATELLO, (shutting the door): Tomorrow morn . . . is not yet, and to-night—to-night all is lost.

VOICE: Except prayer!

DONATELLO: What was that? An angel's voice, perhaps? Except prayer! And will prayer sculpt the statue, and let the angel out?

VOICE: Prayer is the golden key!

DONATELLO: Well, as all else is lost, I have tried, I know not how . .

VOICE: Just try again!

DONATELLO: O God, whom my father relied on, You whom I put aside till some more convenient season, whose urgent insistence that I learn my father's profession while still he could teach me I ever insolently put aside,—O God, I beseech You now in my extremity to hear me. If I do not produce the statue before to-morrow morn I shall be disgraced, and ruined, driven out in contumely from this lovely Perugia where I sowed my wild oats. And my father's reputation also . . . I ask You to help me! Oh God, save me! (he stands up and listens, and looks around) No help! Just as I thought! There is no help! I am ruined! In my despair I will throw myself away! I refuse to meet the disgrace! I can die! The charcoal stove is burning. All I need to do is to close the doors and the windows, and disconnect the pipe! (acts it out) Then fling myself down and await death! (On the chair he falls asleep). (Out from the window or mirror or door steps SER DONATO the FATHER'S GHOST; he comes and kisses DONATELLO'S brow and cries gently).

DONATO: Son, my son, listen.

DONATELLO, (somnolently): Yes, my father, I hear.

DONATO: Son, it is not yet too late; it is never too late!

DONATELLO: Yes, father.

DONATO: Now that you have repented of your idle waste of your youth, I can help you. Are you at last willing to learn how to use your profession's tools?

DONATELLO: Yes, father.

DONATO: Then rise and take your tools and I will guide your hands.

DONATELLO: Yes father (does so). But why do you father not do so yourself alone? I only hinder your skilful touch.

DONATO: Maybe you do,—but if I did it for you, the mastery would be won by me, and not by you, who most need it!

DONATELLO: Very well, but even so I could never, even though guided do as well as you did!

DONATO: Well, let me tell you something you seem not to know,—namely that the best work I did was when my hands were guided by those of the Invisible Sculptor. So you see you will lose nothing by letting me guide them for you. (Does so). Now take the chisel this way, and with that hammer give short, light blows. Compare both sides of the figure. Smooth it off first. Then take the narrower chisel to make a groove here. Make a ring around the part you wish to come off. So it goes quickly. Now it is finished. (Knocks are heard at the door. DONATELLO drops the tools, and replaces the veil over the statue. He drops back into the chair; his eyes are still closed. DONATO disappears. The knocking continues, louder and more insistent. DONATELLO opens his eyes, and as if waking from a trance staggers to his feet. The knocking now is violent and he goes to the door and

opens it. In rushes Perugian Burgess, and a Bishop follows.)

PERUGIAN: Well, it is time, it is time! The sun has risen, the day of delivery has arrived! You must show the statue! It is ours, whether finished or not. Your tergiversations must cease! Show it!

DONATELLO: Later, when I am ready!

BISHOP: My son, I have come to support the worthy Burgess's demands. Show it to me, your spiritual father! I have a right to see it first, as it is to stand in my church.

DONATELLO: I am not sure it is finished . . . wait!

PERUGIAN: What, you are not sure whether it is finished? An evident lie! The Bishop and I will step in and discover the true state of affairs, and stop this fooling. Are you not ashamed of this play-acting!

DONATELLO: It is no play-acting. I am telling you the truth. During my father's life-time, allured by the pleasures of the world, I would refuse to let him teach me to use his tools! Heaven knows it was not his fault for he was always persecuting me to realize my situation. I always intended to learn sometime, so much so that I told everybody I was a sculptor, which I was, in theory, considering myself secure of mastering the drudgery any convenient time. But suddenly my father died, leaving this unfinished work on my hands, while I had not even learned how to use the tools. I tried hard but made a miserable failure. Just then you descended on me, and demanded the finished statue, and I saw staring in my face, disgrace to my father, and ruin for my own future. So I begged you for delay, hoping against hope, for some sort of salvation . . . and I began to pray . . .

PERUGIAN: Oh if he begins to pray, there is some real trouble.

DONATELLO: And so, when prayer was useless I tried suicide,—only the stove must have failed to work, for I fell into a sleep and I had a dream that my father came to teach me, even posthumously, how to use the tools I had so long scorned as unimportant and postponable . . .

BISHOP: When you spoke of prayer, the worthy Burgess said it was high time for us to act. Now that you proceed to talk of a dream, I declare the time of grace is gone. You are deceiving us! Worthy Burgess, come, and let us together remove the covering, and ourselves see what is the truth! (They step up to the statue, remove the veil, and there is revealed a perfect golden statue of an angel. The trick is worked by turning around the pasteboard statue, painted differently on both sides).

PERUGIAN: What? Complete? Finished?

BISHOP: A miraculous work of art! The most perfect exemplar of Ser Donato's art Why, Ser Donatello has even improved upon his father's workmanship! This is sublime!

PERUGIAN: And you, Ser Donatello, were playing upon our credulity! You were acting a comedy! You were taking advantage of my anxiety!

BISHOP: Calm yourself, Burgess. Ser Donatello is only an overgrown boy, and is not over his temperamental period. We must not grudge him the fun he was poking at us!

BURGESS: But he is crazy!

BISHOP: Crazy or not, he has evidently produced what bids fair to be the jewel of Perugian art, the lodestone that will draw visitors from all over the world, and fill the coffers of our storekeepers and inn-keepers! We are practical men, who deal in realities! Call the Duke of Umbria and let him accept this treasure for the future generations of our beloved Perugia!

BURGESS: Surely, I saw him just now in his garden near by! Duke! Duke!

DUKE: Well, and how has the promised statue progressed?

BISHOP: Gloriously, Ser Donatello has outdistanced his father, and produced the most marvelous revelation! Look!

DUKE, (examining it): Marvelous! Never have I seen the like! Such delicacy of touch, objectifying such boldness of conception, and almost endowing it with life! It is a new creation! Ser Donatello, you are the greatest artist of the ages . . .

DONATELLO: It is not to me, it is to my father that the credit is due . . .

DUKE: What filial devotion, what modesty! Touching!

DONATELLO: I assure you, it was only after prayer that God helped me . . .

BISHOP: What devoutness and consecration!

DONATELLO: I assure you my father held his hands on mine, which till then had been a miserable failure.

BURGESS: What humility! Almost you persuade me you are sincere; but even if your story be true, it was your own hands on which your father's spirit rested his; so, after all is said and done, it is you whom we rightly hail as our greatest Perugian hero!

DUKE: Come, friends, let us all express our enthusiasm by joining together in a song of apotheosis for our modest, devout and properly filial hero! Come every-one, stand, join hands and fall into harmonious union with our paean!

(While DONATELLO sits down at table with his head bent over, but caressing the statue, the others join hands, and sing):

(Tune: INTEGER VITAE).

He who has learned to master his own forces
And to produce results that are artistic
Out of the senseless stone creating beauty
Hero has he become.

What though, his God who answered supplication
What though his hands were guided by a spirit
What though he realize himself a failure
Yet, his the victory.

We shall raise praise to human aspirations
Guided divinely, into new achievement
By the cooperation of his forces
Into a man divine!

——::——

# V. THE BANISTERS TO HEAVEN

## A PLAYLET ILLUSTRATING THE VALUE OF VOWS

### CHARACTERS

PATERNO, dying father
LIBERO, elder son
DEVOTO, younger son
PUELLA, an orphan girl
ADVOCATO, a lawyer
BARONO, a nobleman
RECITORA, a reciter
CANTORA, a singer

(Paterno is brought in with his arms around the necks of his sons Libero and Devoto, while little Puella comes in trembling and anxiously, sniffling, holding her hands up to her eyes).

LIBERO: Well, Father, are you really feeling so badly?

PATERNO: Yes, son, I fear I am dying.

DEVOTO: Let us hope not, father. Rest yourself, sit down comfortably.

PATERNO: Yes, I must, for my limbs refuse to support me. Here, Puella, my poor orphan foundling, who will take care of you? Poor baby, poor baby!

PUELLA: What is the matter, grandfather? Don't leave us, please don't!

PATERNO: I don't want to, dear, but I fear I must. Oh, sons, I cannot die until some provision is made for this orphan whom I have adopted. Please promise me you will not undertake any new venture, until she has been educated, led into the right path, and settled in life! Promise me, and I shall die happy, and my soul can progress to other spheres! Promise me, will you not? Libero, you the eldest, will you not?

LIBERO: Sorry, father, but I cannot promise this. I would like to please you, but my conscience is too sacred to be bound by any vows. But you may be at ease, father, trusting the little helpless Puella to a conscience so tender, so sensitive as mine.

PATERNO: That is all good; but after death I would wander around in purgatorial torment unless I had the promise of you, to relieve me of the responsibility for the child. I appeal to you, Libero, my eldest, support of my soul.

LIBERO: My conscience forbids. Oh, if I only could! You would ruin the noblest part of me!

PATERNO: But son, remember the poet's words, that "tasks in hours of insight willed, may be through the hours of gloom fulfilled!" Remember that conscience, while divine, is not always on guard,—indeed least of all when it is needed most, as in the accidents of misfortune, the sudden flares of passion, the urgencies of imperative temptation. Therefore, when our conscience, that still small voice that speaks only in the rare hours of silence, has outlined a course, we need the sheet anchor of a vow or promise to hold us fast during the storms of life.

LIBERO: Yes, yes, for the weak conscience; but not for mine, which is the ruling element of my life.

PATERNO: Yes, while it is on guard; but when it is not? Are you never asleep, confused, or disturbed?

LIBERO: Poor me! Attack not mine integrity, O my father! Rob me not of mine honor, my human dignity!

PATERNO: Well, let me understand. I hope this overconscientiousness is not a subterfuge! Does your vaunted conscience really approve of the guardianship of the orphan?

LIBERO: Certainly; and you have nothing to lose, but all to gain, to trust her to the delicate niceties of my quixotic sense of magnanimity. Much more would it do than a grudging sense of promised duty!

PATERNO: But what of my peace of mind?

LIBERO: Change your mind, then. Dismiss those unworthy suspicions of your most conscientious, eldest son!

PATERNO: The point is not mere change of mind, or suspicion of my son; it is my proper solicitude, the confusions of the next existence, which I must face. Why do you indulge your hypothetical scruples about promising something of which you say you thoroughly approve? What, am I abandoned by my own children?

DEVOTO: Nay, nay, father! I will promise! I understand that life has urgencies; where they who desire to accomplish worth while tasks, must assume responsibilities. Yes, you can count on me, father, (raising his right hand) to assume responsibility for the child's education! I promise to undertake no new venture till the child is firmly established,—fear not!

PATERNO: Here, let me kiss thee my son, for relieving my soul. Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my soul has grasped the salvation of my little child, Puella!

PUELLA: Thank you, father, not to have abandoned me!

PATERNO: Take me out, let me go to the chapel, I want to die there! See, the angel of death is beckoning to me! No, sons, do not come; the angel wants me only; you are yet to live long, useful lives! Good-bye Libero! Good-bye Devoto! Your affection cheers me on my way! Your love has enhallowed my leaving!

PUELLA: You shall not go alone! The Angel of Death has no fears for me, an orphan! I shall support the steps of my protector to the end!

PATERNO: Good, Puella, love will protect you! Come dear! Yes, support me! God will reward you for this! (They stumble out; Libero and Devoto start to follow him, but are called back as from the opposite side enters)

ADVOCATO: Good evening, gentlemen! Your worthy father sent for me in haste. Where is he?

DEVOTO: He has just gone into the chapel; and as we fear, dying.

(From the chapel enters Barono, who says).

BARONO: You mean, dead. He has passed away; his last words were 'May God reward Devoto for letting me pass on to peace."

DEVOTO: Where is Puella?

BARONO: Leave her sob out her grief; that is best; she is safe.

DEVOTO: I shall go to him . . .

ADVOCATO: No, you better not, because you are needed here. Last year your revered father made a will, and drew out all his cash from the bank, divided it into two portions and gave it into my care, to be handed to you, on his demise, with the proviso that if Libero did not undertake Puella's education his share

should also go to Devoto. I suppose he must have foreseen his death when this afternoon he sent for me in haste; and no doubt he wished me to settle his estate at once! Therefore I brought with me his will, and the fortune, to settle up everything quickly, for I am sure Libero will do his duty by Puella at the right time!

LIBERO: At the right time, yes, of course, my conscience will do the right thing! Nay, more than an enslaved mind!

DEVOTO: It seems to me that your conscience can hear the call of filthy lucre, of Mammon.

LIBERO: Of course, that is the essence of conscience, that it be free to act right at the right time. You, bound by a promise, can act right only once, when you made it; but mine is exercised all the time.

DEVOTO: But your conscience would not listen to Paterno's dying wish!

LIBERO: The wish was all right, but he wanted to enslave my conscience! See, when the right time has come, how conscientiously I can act!

DEVOTO: Yes, yes, after your father died in grief!

LIBERO: That was his fault for trying to enslave me; not mine! But I shall always do what is right! But should there not be witnesses, so that everything might be done legally, and in due and proper order?

BARONO: Well, I for one will do for a witness: I had just dropped in to congratulate your noble father on his birth-day; but alas, his earthly birth-day seems to have become also a graduation into his heavenly birth-day! What a grief to me!—But the worst is, it will prove a grief to two visiting friends whom I had invited to join me here, to increase the joy of your revered father's anniversary. I wonder if I could head them off . . .

DEVOTO: I fear you cannot, for I hear several people arriving.

LIBERO: We shall have to put the best possible face on the situation.

ADVOCATO: And they will serve as witnesses, so all can be settled at once.

RECITORA, (enters): Is Master Advocato here?

ADVOCATO: Here I am, kind friend, ready to greet you and to assure you a welcome, and to thank you for having been willing to join this stranger's party, to entertain them with your professional recitations; but I regret to have to inform you that my revered friend, Paterno, on his very birth-day anniversary, has suddenly deceased, so that this house is no longer one of rejoicing, but one of mourning.

RECITORA: Then indeed I feel I did not come in vain, if I can present my sincere condolences, and serve to alleviate mourning.

LIBERO: I accept your kindness!

DEVOTO: And perhaps you may be willing to act as witness to the reading of the will and the settling of the estate, which, it seems, must take place at once.

RECITORA: What little I can do, is at your service. Indeed, my sister Cantora was passing with us. I can still call her back, and she can serve as an additional witness. Cantora! Cantora! Come in! (Enter Cantora).

CANTORA: Why, dear Recitora, did you want me?

RECITORA: Yes, sister, come in, and let me introduce you to my friends here, Libero, Devoto, and Barono;—Advocato you already know. As you remember, I accompanied good Advocato to help entertain at Paterno's birthday anniversary; but he has just died, and we are needed as witnesses to the reading and settlement of his will. Will you join me? I shall feel less embarrassed.

CANTORA: You may count on me, though with mingled regret and congratulation.

DEVOTO: Sit down, ladies, and make yourselves comfortable.

LIBERO: I feel I should do my little best to offer you hospitality. Our grief should not render us neglectful of our social duties. It is a matter of conscience to entertain you. (He brings out cups and a flagon).

BARONO: We are glad if we can be of some service in recognition of your generous hospitality.

ADVOCATO: My task, ladies and gentlemen, is easily accomplished. The will divides the fortune into two equal parts, to Libero and Devoto. Shall I read it?

DEVOTO: It is unnecessary!

LIBERO: Spare us the harrowing moments!

ADVOCATO, (producing two parcels): Here is the divided fortune, count it; one for each. (Gives them). Now, each sign a receipt, and the remainder of the company sign as witnesses, and all will be settled up. (All do so, among good natured chaffing).

DEVOTO: Here is my acknowledgment.

LIBERO: This is a quit-claim, which will avoid all hair-splitting contentions later. My conscience must be free to act, like a compass-needle ever turning to the pole of justice.

BARONO: I congratulate you on release from slavery to unsettled inheritances.

RECITORA: And I congratulate you gentlemen on your future!

CANTORA: Nor let me fail to wish you well on your life careers!

ADVOCATO: It seems to me that in being relieved of the responsibility, I should objectively demonstrate my felicitations to our worthy Devoto, by offering him this cup of wine!

DEVOTO: Thanking you for your good will, and the kindly motives which prompt your action, I regret to have to refuse to do more than a mere gesture of courteous appreciation by raising this glass. As a matter of fact, I am not free, as you seem to think. I have undertaken to educate our orphan Puella and I have promised to undertake nothing until that heavy burden is worthily lifted. Till then I must refuse all that might distract, confuse, or incapacitate. Thank you kindly however! (The company look puzzled).

LIBERO: Permit me, my honored guests, to step into the breach, and apologize for my misguided brother's ungraciousness. What I anticipated has actually objectified. Promises are kill-joys, mar-plots, trouble-breeders. As a matter of fact, my conscience would compel me to do for Puella even more than would his promise. But his promise unfits him to attend to the unpredictable duties or privileges of the hour; while I who would do more than he . . .

DEVOTO: That remains to be seen!

ADVOCATO: No quarrelling, gentlemen; at least while your revered father remains unburied!

DEVOTO: I beg pardon; I shall not quarrel, but I beg him to desist from personal reflections in company.

LIBERO: Certainly, certainly! I should! I must! I will! But I was only excusing him. So I must show my dissent from his dog-in the manger attitude . . .

DEVOTO: Careful, please!

LIBERO: By myself accepting the cup of

cheer, so magnanimously offered, to show how conscientiously I appreciate the good-will of my friends! Here's to you all! (Drinks it full).

BARONO: Friend, you drained that bumper to pledge Advocato. Now it is my turn also to offer one to you . . .

DEVOTO: Careful, brother! Your conscience, almighty when in action, on its guard, may soon be off its guard . . . and then . . .

LIBERO: Thanks for your warning, brother! But I am no weakling like some people, not very far away, who need promises as banisters! My conscience is strong, strengthened as it is by initiative and free practice. No little physical thing such as a little cup of wine could upset it! Yes, just to demonstrate my strength, and to put to rout all contemptible cowardice here I insist on drinking this cup!

DEVOTO: Please, brother, if you judge that courtesy demands it, just taste it, but set it down!

LIBERO: No, I will demonstrate my strength of mind, I shall drain it to the last drop! And now, as a compliment to you, ladies, each of you fill me up a bumper!

CANTORA: It is not necessary to do that, I appreciate your good intentions!

LIBERO: But I insist on proving my personal liberty . . .

DEVOTO: To make a pig of yourself.

LIBERO: Very well, I shall make a pig of myself, merely to vindicate my personal liberty! Will you pour it, beautiful Recitora?

RECITORA: With pleasure, Sir; with pleasure! (Does so).

LIBERO: I drink this cup just to prove the folly of promises, to indicate my personal liberty, which is the most precious treasure of my soul! To show I am strong enough to drink, or not to drink! Ha, ha! This is the apotheosis of reason!

DEVOTO: Then reason is not adequate as a guide?

LIBERO: Reason is supreme!

DEVOTO: And your boasted conscience?

LIBERO: Can wait, until I am good and ready to listen to its laments and jeremiads again. To personal liberty with all of you!

ALL, (except Devoto and Cantora drink: Cantora only pretends): Hurrah for personal liberty! Down with tiresome blue-laws and silly scruples!

ADVOCATO: Ladies, I am really delighted to make your acquaintance. I hear you are professional entertainers. May I not have the honor of learning to know you better? Come let us sit together, and become friends!

RECITORA: With pleasure, Sir!

CANTORA: It is a great honor, sir! (As they group themselves towards the back, Barono beckons to Devoto and Libero, and says)

BARONO: Gentlemen, come over here. I have a proposition to make to you. Before, I hesitated, fearing to obtrude business on your family grief. But now that friendship has been cemented, and that our noble Libero has gloriously asserted his personal freedom from old-fashioned scruples, I feel that his magnanimous liberality justifies me in rewarding him. As a favor to you, I can double your fortune!

DEVOTO: How so?

BARONO: Why, by an investment which I can guarantee. Let me do you this favor! As a matter of friendship I sympathize with your family grief, and I wish to console you, by setting you up in life, and making you richer than the duke, or king himself!

LIBERO: Wonderful!

BARONO: How do you feel about this proposition, Devoto?

DEVOTO: I am sorry, Sir; but my promise.

LIBERO: That hooting calamity-howler!

DEVOTO: Even so, I promised to undertake nothing new till Puella is educated.

BARONO: But the opportunity is only now!

DEVOTO: Then I must lose it!

LIBERO: But would not even your duty to Puella's future and competence demand that you make her a millionaire?

DEVOTO: But I would have broken my promise!

LIBERO: Well, thank God, I have none to break! I will do this thing, not merely for my own sake, but for Puella's; and in addition, I will demonstrate to Devoto how wrong he is; that will kill three birds with one stone!

BARONO: Excellent, Libero; you have shown you are a man, not a ninny, or a religious hypocrite!

LIBERO: Well, come! Explain your proposition; if it is anything reasonable, I am with you. Explain your scheme!

BARONO: It is this. Our baronial hall is, as you know, heavily mortgaged; due to the accumulated high living of generations of popular heroes. Debts have accumulated until the high income from bountiful harvests is more than eaten up in nothing but usurious interests on a relatively small capital. Now if you will invest your fortune, Libero, it will be just enough to repay that capital, wiping out entirely the interests which now amount to twice that sum.

LIBERO: But what will you do for me?

BARONO: Whatever you will! Why, I have such sympathy for you, and for the noble motives that lead you to do this, the enthronement of your manhood over the prejudices and traditions of hypocrites, that I will willingly pay you one half of your fortune as interest every year, and in so doing I will be saving as much, and you can have your fortune back in three years, intact, if you are fool enough to give up an investment at fifty per cent interest. Did you ever hear of a better money-maker?

LIBERO: No, I frankly never did!

BARONO: Then you had better go into it at once, or I will go for the loan elsewhere, and then your brother will laugh at you!

LIBERO: That's right! I have to teach my brother a lesson. Here is the money! (Gives it to him).

BARONO: Ha, you are a gentleman of nature, before whom even our ancient aristocracy must bow! Here I drink to your health! Drink to mine!

'BERO: I will! (does so). Thank you for the .apliment, noble Barono! But. . . .where is the receipt,—are you not going to give me one?

BARONO: Why, receipts are not necessary, between gentlemen, such as we are. They would be beneath our dignity.

LIBERO: Dignity or no dignity I should feel safer!

BARONO: Ah, that is the vestige of old peasant stock peeping through! You must learn more noble ways, if you would associate with me.

LIBERO: But if I have paid for your castle, the deed ought to put it in my name!

BARONO: Ah, honor forbids. Such a little thing as money, you know, it is a convenience;

but in the scales of fate, it weighs nothing in comparison with honor!

LIBERO: But are you not going to give me at least a promissory note for the fifty per cent interest?

BARONO: Alas, I cannot. To begin with that rate of interest is illegal. In the second place it would be an insult to your magnanimity.

LIBERO: But then I have nothing at all to show for either principal or interest?

BARONO: So much the better, for a debt of honor, you know, is the most sacred; more sacred even than my noble blood.

LIBERO: But still I would feel more comfortable.

BARONO: What, are you so low-brow that to a sacred debt of honor you would prefer a base money lender's certificate? . . .

LIBERO: I fear I would—

BARONO: Then you are no noble, who live on honor . . .

DEVOTO: You mean, on other people's honor!

BARONO: Reptile!

LIBERO: So far as I am concerned I acknowledge I am no noble. I am mean and peasant-born, and I want deed and promissory note!

BARONO: Ah, pitiable! A mean soul with noble aspirations, trembling on the verge of degradation! No, you shall not become déclassé! I will rescue you, in spite of yourself! You shall be compelled to rely on honor! I escape, and leave your higher nobler self to reassert itself! Ah, what a narrow salvation from return to grossness, to baseness! But I shall save you! Good-bye! Good-bye!

DEVOTO: And he is carrying off your money without any security!

RECITORA: You have lost your fortune! You will never again see the color of your money? He is a notorious confidence-man!

LIBERO: But is not he a noble?

RECITORA: Of course, and that is why he can cheat with impunity!

LIBERO: But, dear Advocato, can I not get redress at the law? Does not reason assert that . . .

ADVOCATO: Possibly; Yes, of course. Theoretically, you can get redress, just as theoretically your free conscience, at every minute unhampered, could protect you. But practically, a law-suit, even if fortunate, would last you a life-time; and then you would have to pay in lawyer's fees and court-costs as much as you would recover. So I advise you to give it up as a bad job!

LIBERO: But is not that unjust?

ADVOCATO: Yes, I agree.

LIBERO: And would I not be consenting to injustice?

ADVOCATO: Perhaps!

LIBERO: Well, I will not! Even if you should, as fees, get all that I would recover, still my conscience demands that you do. Please go and start a law-suit right away!

ADVOCATO: Well, you would have to sign a retaining claim.

LIBERO, (writing it): Here it is, start suit at once.

ADVOCATO: Well, if you insist, I will, that's the way I have to make my living, off fools! I hate myself, but I have to live! Very good, I will go, and do my best! Good-bye!

RECITORA: Acted like a man, Libero! I will console you, O my glorious hero! I admire you! I adore you! I pity you for your loss! To recoup you, I will give you everything I have! I will give you, myself! Here! (filling another cup of wine, and offering it to him) Drink this, Libero! See, I am pouring my heart's-blood-wine in this cup; drink it, and I am yours forever! Drink up my soul!

LIBERO, (beside himself): And then?

RECITORA: If you have consumed my soul, my body will dance at your bidding! Command, and I will recite my repertory. Kiss these lips, if you please, for they then will be yours! At your frown I will tremble. At your smile I will thrill. Here is my soul, for you to consume . . . possess my innermost heart!

LIBERO: And why do you offer it?

RECITORA: Because the tempest of compassion has stirred my soul's ocean to its profoundest depths. (On her knees). Drink up my soul, that my soul's strings may re-echo to your fancy's touch! Drink up my soul! Show your craven brother that you are a man, and are not afraid to conquer and subdue a woman! Consume me, and become my master!

PUELLA, (interrupts): Uncles dear, Uncles dear! They have taken grandfather away! I am so lonely! Oh, Uncle Libero! Let me take your hand!

RECITORA: That brat to interrupt, at the supreme moment! Master, defend me from that monkey! Show that you are a man! Subdue me!

DEVOTO: Your conscience, Libero! Let it speak!

LIBERO: Conscience? Conscience to deprive me of my supreme conquest? Later, will I parley with conscience which will have to await my convenience anyway. But just now I shall show I am a man! Away with those womanish infants! (pushing Puella away).

PUELLA: Oh, Uncle! Don't you love me any more?

LIBERO: Oh yes, I do! And to show you how much I love you, I am going to emancipate your conscience too. Here, girl, drink a cup of this glorious wine!

RECITORA, (presenting it to her): Here, drink.

PUELLA: No, no I don't want to drink!

LIBERO, (striking her): Then take this, to learn obedience.

PUELLA, (turning away): Help me, Uncle Devoto! Save me!

DEVOTO: That you shall not do! Leave the child alone! I have promised to protect her, and I will! (Puella snuggles up to him, and puts her arms around him).

LIBERO: But I am the master, not only over my conscience and myself, but thereby also over those who love me! Here, I pluck the fruit of the tree of life! Woman, I drink thy soul!

RECITORA, (fawning on him): My master! Come, my divinity! Let us go into the moonlit garden! Come let us go . . . (as they leave)

DEVOTO: . . . to the devil! He is lost! First he lost his self possession in the wine; then he lost his fortune; and now he has lost his soul, while deluded by thinking he had subdued a temptress. Lost, lost, lost . . .

PUELLA: And me? Am I lost too?

DEVOTO: No, not you are lost; though for you, it seems, I lost the pleasures of drink, the opportunities of fortune, and companionship!

CANTORA: Nay, you have not lost them, my dear. For see I am here! I admire your noble self-control from drink, your nobler resignation of possible fortune; and now, noblest, shall you receive my admiring, submissive, af-

fectionate comradeship. For you have shown yourself more than a man, superhuman!

DEVOTO: Not superhuman, my friend, but I fear subhuman; for my promise debars me from all the pleasures of life. Come, Puella, into my arms, embrace me, you, for whom I have had to resign so much!

CANTORA: So much, perhaps, but not all; for in your noble self-sacrifice you have earned my respect, my admiration; nay, you have kindled my devotion; and my soul breaks out into a song of holy love inviting you to a comradeship to all eternity! Come, be my pal, and let us together accomplish the noble ideals you have dreamed!

DEVOTO: You take my breath away! I am not worthy of your love! Nor is my vaunted self-sacrifice anything admirable; it was no more than stupidity!

CANTORA: Then let me be stupid along with you; I ask nothing better!

DEVOTO: But, you understand, I suppose, that my love to you, beautiful soul, is subject to my devotion to this child . . .

PUELLA: Do not abandon me, Uncle Devoto . . .

CANTORA: Oh, well, it was all right to erect that barrier before Advocato and his wine cup, and Barono and his swindle, and Recitora and her passion,—but it wouldn't count with me and my sanctifying affection; would it?

DEVOTO: No, no, no indeed, my lovely friend; but, a promise is a promise, and this child must first be cared for! Don't you also think so?

CANTORA: Of course, of course. But there are orphanages that make a specialty of such governess-jobs. Why not send her to an orphanage, and save our holy partnership?

DEVOTO: But would you not be willing to take care of her?

CANTORA: Why, of course, of course! But still, I have served my apprenticeship at being a nursery maid with my own infant brothers and sisters, and I think the time has come to be civilized, to systematize, to regularize these stupid drudgeries. Devoto, much as I hate to say it,—you will have to choose between Puella and me. You will have to, you see? Because if I start in again on an additional nursery-job, by the time I finish I will be all worn out, past this, the Indian Summer of youthful charms; when it is gone, you yourself will reject me as a worn-out hag. No, not I give you this choice, but nature demands it! Reason demonstrates it, and God commands it! Choose now or never!

PUELLA: Oh, Uncle Devoto, do not abandon me! You are the last being I love!

DEVOTO: No, I will not abandon you, darling, your love is a treasure I cannot lose, even to gain an additional one! I will keep you darling; and as to you, Cantora, my last hope in this world, if you cannot share with me the educating of this soul and the celestializing of her aspirations, then must I resign even you! (Putting his hands over his eyes). Leave me, Cantora, before I weaken! I must remain faithful to my vow to Paterno, or I would be as ashamed to die as I would be to live. God save me!

CANTORA, (shedding her garment, and appearing as an angel with a wreath of flowers in her hair). God has saved you, dear Devoto; for I am not as you thought a woman who could mislead you from your duty, but an angel sent from heaven to share your noble educationalizing and celestializing duty of raising Puella to womanhood. See, as God Himself allowed Lucifer to test Job so was I sent to test your faithfulness to your promise, which though you realized it not, was the banisters of the golden stairs to heaven! Although from now on I shall be mostly invisible, nevertheless, I shall never forsake you, till your vow be completely fulfilled. Should you ever need my advice, you need only listen to the interior still small voice. If every Sunday you will take leisure and invite your soul, I will warn you of any impending danger of misfortune. I am to assist the Guardian Angels of both of you, and in solemn council every week we shall guide you both into mutual completion.

PUELLA: Oh, I am so happy in the love of Uncle Devoto and the smiles of that beautiful lady! . . .

DEVOTO: Oh, I am so happy myself, I could sing . . . What shall we sing, darling?

PUELLA: Uncle, let us sing that lovely hymn, "O happy day that stayed my choice."

CANTORA: Oh, all you visible and invisible helpers, stand up, come around, and let us all join in.

BANISTERS

(Tune, any Long Metre Tune; perhaps, Lord Speak to Me).

O happy day, that stays my choice
On tasks in hours of insight willed,
So that I may achieve my goal
Whatever accidents betide!

Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fixed on the roots of thy career;
When in temptation's dangerous hour,
Or when in passion's swirl I'm lost.

Of guardian's detail, vows are prize,
They're shield, and sword, and Alpine rope;
High heaven hath heard those solemn vows
Which act as banisters up golden stairs!

——::——

# VI. ST. NICHOLAS SURPRISES

## A PLAYLET ILLUSTRATING SPIRITUAL GIFTS

SCENE: Rome, about A. D. 350.

CHARACTERS

GAUDENTIUS, father to CLAUDIA and CLARA and FELICIA.
PETRONIUS, LUCIUS, and PRUDENTIUS, Soldier-lovers.
ST. NICHOLAS, Bishop of Myra.

PETRONIUS: I love you, Claudia.
CLAUDIA: And I also, Petronius.
PETRONIUS: Well then, let us get married!
CLAUDIA: I am yours, dear; take me if you will—if—
PETRONIUS: If what?

CLAUDIA: If father permits . . .
PETRONIUS: And if . . .
CLAUDIA: If what?
PETRONIUS: If he has a dowry to give you!
CLAUDIA: So you love not me, but my father's bank account?
PETRONIUS: Oh no, heaven forefend!
CLAUDIA: What then?
PETRONIUS: I love you, madly, insanely, supremely. I adore you, indeed, but . . .
CLAUDIA: But what?
PETRONIUS: I don't think you could understand it. I would have to tell your father; he would.

CLAUDIA: Well, let's see you explain it! Father Gaudentius, Father!
GAUD: What is it daughter?
CLAUDIA: Come here, father; you have two things to do; to give your consent to my marriage to Petronius, and to receive his explanation why he cannot marry me unless you give a dowry with me. Really, I don't think much of his love!
PETRONIUS: I love your daughter, Claudia, Sir; will you give her to me in marriage?
GAUD: I will indeed, young nobleman: and consider our house honored by the high alliance. Take her!
PETRONIUS: I will, indeed.
GAUD: What, the future tense?
PETRONIUS: Nay the conditional tense.
GAUD: What do you mean, Sir?
PETRONIUS: I mean that the tradition of our aristocratic house is that none of its scions may marry unless the bride brings with her a dowry. That's what we pay for being noble.
CLAUDIA: Then you really do hot love me?
PETRONIUS: Oh yes, I love you; but not the commoner that is, but the wealthy aristocrat you shall be. Through you I love the ideal you shall realize. I love you better than you love yourself!

CLAUDIA: It's an insult!
PETRONIUS: No, it's a compliment!
GAUD: But I understand, young rascal that through her you are making love to my bank account! But you shall be disappointed. All I have earned has been spent in raising my three blooming daughters; they represent all my substance; and lovely buds they are! So you refuse her?
PETRONIUS: Refuse her? Never; but accept her, not yet.
GAUD: Never, you scoundrel! Leave her and disappear!
PETRONIUS: I will not! I love her so dearly. I insist on a dowry! I must have it! I will!
GAUD: But I have nothing left but our house.

PETRONIUS: Then sell your house!
CLAUDIA: Never was girl so insulted! To claim that he loves me, to refuse me without dowry, and then to demand that we be made homeless . . . wretched me, I am the sport of fate, the scapegoat!
GAUD: Sorry, my dear, but I regret to announce that you are not the only one thus treated. The whole world seems to have turned mad; there seems to be a conspiracy. The identical misfortune has happened to both of your sisters!
CLAUDIA: It couldn't, I don't believe it!
GAUD: Well if you don't, go and ask them yourself!
CLAUDIA: I will! Clara! Come here!

(Enter CLARA, quarreling with her lover, LUCIUS).
CLARA: What do you want?
CLAUDIA: Is it true, Clara, that like me you also have been proposed to by a lover you have accepted but who refuses to marry you without a dowry?
CLARA: Ah me, woe the day that I must acknowledge such a disgrace. But then it isn't any worse than has happened to Felicia!
CLAUDIA: Felicia also? I don't believe it!
CLARA: Ask her.
CLAUDIA: It can't be! But I will ask! Felicia, Felicia, come quickly!
(From other side enters FELICIA, also followed by her quarreling lover).
FELICIA: Well, what is it?
CLAUDIA: Clara tells me you also have been proposed to by your accepted lover, and refused until father should give him a dowry, as if to bribe him? And now he refuses to leave till father gives him what he demands.
FELICIA, (blushing and hiding her face): Alas, I am ashamed that I am so treated. I feel I am sinking through the floor.
GAUD: I revolt! Disgraced before my own children, I drive forth all the bold intruders; Begone ye vile insulters! (As he makes threatening gestures at all three lovers they mass on the left, while the girls mass on the right.)
GIRLS: (With arms around each other). O Father, protect us, we pray!
GAUD: I will, my daughters; but what can I do? You know we own nothing but the house, that there is a mortgage upon it, and there would be nothing left, not even enough for the dowry of any one of you. On earth there is no help; all I can advise you is to turn to heaven!
DAUGHTERS: We will! O God! help us! Send us salvation before our lovers leave us! O God if thou art our heavenly Father, save us we pray!
(From the right enters ST. NICHOLAS, who says,) I am St. Nicholas, bishop of Myra in Asia Minor. God's Angel appeared to me and has informed me of the pitiful plight of Gaudentius's virtuous three daughters. So from among the funds for charity I have taken these three golden purses and hereby I hand them on these three branches.—and for all time they shall be symbols of the beneficence of giving to the poor as lending to the Lord! Farewell!
GAUD: God has indeed heard the pitiful prayers of his devoted servants. Here I approach the tree on which his servant St. Nicholas has hung the three dowries. I will take the first and give it to him who approached me first, Prudentius, who demanded a dowry to marry the girl Felicia who had accepted him. Here I take it, and swallowing my pride as father, I offer it to you Prudentius. There take the dowry God has sent, and marry the maiden to whom you proposed by swearing unchanging loyalty.
PRUD: (steps forward, sheds his coat and appears garbed as an angel). My friends, I will accept the dowry that God has sent, and now explain why I asked so unreasonable a gift. As you will see, I am no soldier, officer in the Emperor's army, as you supposed. I am the Archangel Gabriel who stand before the throne of God. Felicia's maidenly prayers of virtuous aspirations like a flower's perfume ascended into His ears, and His fatherly heart granted her petitions. And so He sent me, because she is so lovely and holy that none

but an angel could relieve her loneliness, and crown her with full completion. None but an angel in disguise could have achieved her conquest; and her reward was to be that she should be refused as she was, but accepted when she might command the dowry that God alone was worthy to supply her with. See, I accept the dowry; but this dowry is not what you think. Did you think it was money? Ah, no: money would not have been given by God, for money is not always a blessing; nay, it is often a curse. But the dowry God took the trouble to send is something far more precious than that. See! (Out of the golden purse he takes three presents, and successively hangs them on the Xmas tree). These gifts are three: spiritual achievements, without which it would have been an insult to have accepted holy Felicia. She herself would have been willing to have settled in life without an answer to her holiest aspirations. But, no, God loved her so much that from her He would have nothing less than an achievement of Self-Adjustment, Philosophy and Literature. These now are her dowry, and for God I accept them from God. Now first is she ready to be a bride of me the Archangel Gabriel who stand before the throne. So (opening his arms) come to me, Felicia, not for a day but forever and ever! my heavenly bride! (He goes to her with open arms, and she falls into them. They form a tableau that lasts until the end, to the extreme left.)

LUCIUS: Similarly, dear Clara, you will now be convinced that it was not an insult, but in compliment that I demanded a dowry that should be heavenly. For I am not the officer Lucius, but the Archangel Raphael, who once helped Tobit and escorted Tobias to find himself a wife. So God sent me to dignify your maidenly Magnificence and to accept from you a dowry of nothing less than three spiritual achievements, namely, (he takes down the second purse, opens it, removes three gifts and hangs them on the Xmas tree as he names them), Correspondence-Languages, Angelic Help and Angelic Hierarchies, which beloved Clara having achieved shall now be allowed for ever to unite with me, God's representative, as her heavenly bridegroom. (He goes to the extreme right where unitedly they stand in tableau, the girl now being enhaloed.)

PETRONIUS: And neither am I an emporer's officer, nor is my name Petronius, but Michael, the Prince of God, who dashed rebellious Lucifer down to the lowest abysses of hell. And mine is the privilege of dignifying the holy virgin Claudia, who deserves no bridegroom less worthy than God Himself as whose representative I have come. And so taking down St. Nicholas' third purse of gold I open it and withdraw the holy achievements of Initiation, Angelic Councils and World Temple, which, as symbols of St. Claudia's victory, I now hang on the blessed Christmas tree. Here my beloved, come to my breast and let me support thee for ever and aye! (He goes to Claudia and with her faces the audience from the centre).

GAUD: If indeed such a holy mystery has occurred, then indeed am I blessed, and reviewing the nine holy gifts:

Claudia's Self Adjustment, Philosophy, Literature.

Clara's Correspondence-Language, Angelic Help and Hierarchies.

Felicia's Initiation, Angelic Councils and World Temple, which together form a symphony of the higher life for each of the three kinds of saints,

Claudia the Lover
Clara the Musician
Felicia the Philosopher

then indeed may I celebrate a newer kind of Christmas, the Christmas of the

Claudia for the heart
Clara for the soul
Felicia for the spirit

and I would like St. Simeon of old sing Lord now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!

(At the close enters St. Nicholas who raising his arms in benediction says),

And I have come to close this blessed threefold marriage, the mystic marriage of the soul, which was really an initiation by the blessing of myself, the Bishop, by the blessing of the three Archangels to beatify Felicia and Clara and Claudia—the best Christmas present that any could have devised,—nay none could have devised it but God himself,—for only He foresaw that the apparently earthly romances be spiritualized into an initiation into beatification. So I give my blessing to the three new Saints, St. Felicia, St. Clara and St. Claudia, to the Archangels, to the blessed father, to the Christmas tree and finally to the audience as proof of which I beg them to rise and with me join in singing a real Christmas cheery song.

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From Angels bending near the Earth
To touch their harps of gold.
They brought nine gifts to men in need
Of aid to each high heaven,
Which gifts if hung on Christmas tree
Would turn men into Saints.

The first was self-adjustments' key
And then philosophy
Then correspondence-languages
And every literature.
Faith came protecting-angels' guard
And ninefold hierarchy;
Then initiation, councils and
Last a Temple-view.

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old
When spirit shall be poured on man
And all shall prophesy;
Youths shall dream educative dreams
And vision bless the maids
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

——::——



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# RITUAL OF COMMON PRAYER or ANGELIC SUPPLICATION

## A Ritual of Prayer based on the Hierarchy of Nine Ranks of Angels.

### I. INTRODUCTION

Our Father who art in heaven, Thou art very far from us; not that Thou hast removed Thy heaven, but that in the changes and chances of this mortal life, and in the agonies of self-support and bodily discipline, in the proper anxieties for achievement, so far have we wandered into the clouds of illusion that, like the Prodigal Son, disgusted with the husks that are denied us even when we feed the swine with them, we think of the tables around the Great White Throne at which the angels consume the eucharistic corn and wine of heaven, the Holy Grail that never fails. So we sing,

Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Wherefore we raise our eyes to Thee; but though we see the moon and the stars of the first heaven of the Angels, we cannot see thy Face except in our tears nor hear Thy voice except in our sighs of longing. So we direct our steps to the Jacob's Ladder of the Universe, where gazing upwards toward the Beatific Vision, our longing for Thee wafts us up the first steps, till we arrive at the First Gate, that of the Angels. To avoid disturbing them, we look around to see if there be no other passage or by-way, that would allow of ascent without the discipline inevitable in any association with heavenly beings. But seeing that there is no escape, by an invocation to Thee, we take courage to knock at the First Celestial Gate, the Angelic clamoring for admission by singing the Angelic hymn!

1. Hark, hark my soul, angelic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Of that new life when sin shall be no more! Angels of Jesus, Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

### I. ANGELS

We accept your invitation, O holy Angels, ye Beings, who console, protect, guide, support, instruct. Dear Angels, pray grant us passage around your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount! We know that this involves assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of consolation, protection, guidance and support; and so we promise to console someone today, — to protect someone today, — to guide someone today, — to support someone today, — to instruct someone today!

Thereby assimilated to your angelic holiness, we tearfully take leave, and circling your Domain, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder, where, gazing upwards at God's Supreme Smile, our love to it, warmer than ever because of our closer proximity, ever more swiftly wafts us up against the Gate of the Second Heaven, that of the Archangels. Realizing the painful effort implied in any genuine improving education such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Second Gate, by singing the Archangelic Hymn:

2. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel! Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal!

### II. ARCHANGELS

We accept your invitation, O holy Archangels, ye Beings who fight God's battles, Gabriel the Announcer, Raphael the Healer, Uriel the Enlightener, and Michael the Fighter, who cleared Heaven of Lucifer. We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of fighting God's battles, so we promise today to fight whatever problems God has given us, such as ——, in the ineffable Name of God! Amen!

Thereby assimilated to your archangelic holiness we tearfully take leave, and circling your domain we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder where, gazing upwards at God's Supreme Smile, our love to it, warmer than ever because of our closer proximity, ever more swiftly wafts us up against the Gate of the Third Heaven, that of the Principalities. Realizing the painful efforts that should be implied in any genuine improving education such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Third Gate, and clamor for admission by singing the Principalities' Hymn:

3. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In living echoes of thy tone; O feed me Lord, that I may feed, Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet!

### III. PRINCIPALITIES

We accept your invitation, O holy Principalities, ye Beings who administer the Kingdom of Heaven, ye office-holders, officers and commissioners of God's affairs in this world. We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of systematizing making efficient, and utilizing the results of our inner spiritual lives; so we now review our methods and order our spiritual lives,— Amen!

Thereby assimilated to your principalities' organizing of God's work in us, we tearfully take leave; and circling your domain, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder where gazing upwards at God's Supreme Smile our love to it warmer than ever because of our closer proximity, ever more swiftly wafts us up against the Gate of the Fourth Heaven, that of the Powers.

Realizing the painful effort that should be implied in any genuine improving education such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Fourth Gate, and clamor for admission, by singing the Powers' Hymn:

4. God is health, that health surrounds me, In that health I safely dwell; 'Tis above, beneath, within me, Health is mine, and all is well! God is health, pure health! God is health, sweet health! That health is mine, mine, and all is well!

### IV. POWERS

We accept your invitation, O holy Powers, ye beings who do God's healing work among men. We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount, involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of healing the sick; so now we first heal ourselves, ——; and then we heal some friend, ——, Amen!

Thereby assimilated to your power's world-healing mission, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder where, gazing upwards at God's Supreme Smile, our love to it, warmer than ever because of our closer proximity, wafts us more swiftly than ever up against the Gate of the Fifth Heaven, that of the Authorities.

Realizing the painful effort that should be implied in any genuine improving education such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Fifth Gate, and clamor for admission, by singing the Authorities' Hymn:

5. God for the world we sing, The world to God we bring, In fervent prayer; For those who labor on, To bring into the world, The public founding of Kingdom of Heav'n!

## V. AUTHORITIES

We accept your invitation, O holy Authorities, ye Beings who as assessors of Christ, seated at the right hand of the Throne, engaged in the intercession for humanity, are devoted the silent ministry of the Mercy-Seat, deciding the fate of men, in that you have become authorities in the spiritual world by intercession. We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of interceding for individuals of humanity; so we now intercede first for our families—second for enemies — and friends — third for humanity — especially the unfortunate — the prayerless — and the devil! Amen!

Therefore by intercession having achieved authority in the spiritual world, we tearfully take leave; and circling your domain, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder where, gazing upwards at God's Supreme Smile, our love to it, warmer than ever because of our closer proximity, ever more swiftly wafts us up against the Gate of the Sixth Heaven, that of the Dominions.

Realizing the painful effort that should be implied in any genuine improving education such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Sixth Gate, and clamor for admission, by singing the Dominions' Hymn:

6. Sing alleluias forth for everything, Including trials educative which, To God the soul will consecrate!

## VI. DOMINIONS

We accept your invitation, O holy Dominions, ye Beings who clinch Prayer by Praise. We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount, involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of praising God first for our families, ——; second for enemies and friends ——; third, for humanity especially the unfortunate's salvation, the prayerless's education therein, and the devil's conversion! Amen!

Therefore by praise having clinched our intercessions, we tearfully take leave; and by circling your domain, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder, where, gazing upwards at God's Supreme Smile, our love to it, warmer than ever because of our closer proximity, ever more swiftly wafts us up against the Gate of the Seventh Heaven, that of the Thrones.

Realizing the painful effort that should be implied in any genuine improving education such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Seventh Gate, and clamor for admission, by singing the Thrones' Hymn:

7. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life, Grant us that Way to know, That Truth to keep, That life to win, Whose joys eternal flow!

## VII. THRONES

We accept your invitation, O Holy Thrones, ye Beings who make God's Decisions, and lay down His Laws for this world! We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of making decisions in our own life, for the coming week; ——! Amen!

Therefore, by having enacted laws for ourselves, we tearfully take leave; and by circling your domain, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder, where, gazing upwards at God's now dazzling Supreme Smile, our passionate love for it, more torrential than ever because of our closer proximity thereto, ever more irresistibly are we sucked up against the Gate of the Eighth Heaven, that of the Cherubim!

Realizing the painful effort that should be implied in any genuine improving education, such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Eighth Gate, and clamor for admission, by singing the Cherubic Hymn:

8. O Cherubim, ye living Beings who stand round the Throne upon the glassy sea, Thou Ox, thou Lion, Eagle, Sacred Man, Assist our initiation to your ranks!

## VIII. CHERUBIM

We accept your invitation, O Holy Cherubim, ye Living Beings who throne at the four corners of the Glassy Sea, in whose centre we behold the ever thunderously flashing Cloud upon the Sanctuary! Ye Beings who are symboled as the Holy Ox of Rememoration, the Holy Lion of ravening hunger and thirst for initiation, the Holy Eagle of clear vision of the World Sanctuary, and the Holy Man, representing the World-God! We realize that passage through your practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions; and so we begin our pilgrimage around the swelling Glassy Sea! First, turning southwestwards, we reach the Southern Holy Cherubim Ox, who chews the cud of memory, and who will assist us in recalling some helpful bit of our former incarnations or existences, — (Writing down whatever comes).

We thank you, O holy Ox, in taking leave of you! Turning north-west-wards, we arrive at the Western Holy Cherubic Lion, whose ravenous desire for initiation consumes us with deathless longing therefor, — (writing down whatever comes).

We thank you, O holy Lion in taking leave of you! Turning north-eastward, we arrive at the Northern Holy Cherubic Eagle, who unblinkingly looking into the sun, both physical and spiritual, beholds the World Temple. Help us to do so too! — (Writing down whatever comes).

## COMMON PRAYER ANGELIC SUPPLICATION RITUAL—3

We thank you, O holy Eagle, in taking leave of you! Turning south-eastwards, we arrive at the Eastern Holy Cherubic Man, who like Moses, veiled, represents the World-God Christ! Unveil thyself to us, even ever so little, Master! — (Writing down whatever comes.)

We thank thee, O holy Man, in taking leave of thee! Therefore, by having rememorated, thirsted for initiation, telescoped the world-temple, and lifted the Veil of the Master, we tearfully take leave; and having boxed the Cherubic compass, we again arrive at the Universe's Jacob's Ladder, where, gazing upwards at God's now dazzling Supreme Smile, our passionate love therefor, more tempestuous than ever because of our closer proximity thereto, we are ever more irresistibly whirled up against the Gate of the Ninth Heaven, that of the Seraphim.

Realizing the painful effort that should be implied in any genuine improving education, such as is involved in passing through any sphere higher than our own, we seek some by-way; but as we find none, we knock at the Ninth Gate, and clamor for admission, by singing the Seraphic Hymn!

9. Seraphim, ye Fires divine, Glow within this heart of mine; Kindle every high desire, Perish self in thy pure fire!

### IX. SERAPHIM

We accept your invitation, O Holy Seraphim, ye living Beings who are aflame with the Universal Fire, and who assist human beings to inspiration, illumination, and transfiguration! We realize that passage through your last lap of practicable spiral path around the Holy Mount involves our assimilating ourselves to you by practising your functions of burning with intelligible light. So first we come to the Universal Central Fire and thereto turning the palms of the hands, we warm them till they glow.

Then, second, we inspire the intelligible light till our brain begins to coruscate, and uttering the gift of tongues' revelations, we become conscious of our aureoles!

Then, third, actually stepping into the lambent and towering flames of God's holiness themselves, we become transfigured and immortalized illuminates!

Then we are levitated to the peak in the centre of the crater, from which finding ourselves in the very centre of the Smile of God, to our surprise from there, we behold a coherent panorama of the universe and discover that it is shaped like a rose, and that we Rosicrucians are right in declaring

ROSICRUCIAN ODE: 1. The world's a rose called Rosamund, The universal Rose, Whose petals blush as sacred fire, Incarnadines and glows!

2. No cross, no crown, no root, no rose, but both together sway Into a fresh development of immortality!

So, divinized and immortalized by our ascent up the Holy Mount, let us encourage ourselves by singing that glorious paean of spiritual struggle,

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown, eternally!

## MENSIVERSARY RITUAL—1
### or Monthly Recurrence of the Birth-Date

CANDIDATE: Lady, the monthly anniversary of my birth has arrived, and my soul feels the need of prayer that the next month may become holier and more effective than the last. Because of the promise of the coming of the Divine Presence wherever two or three are gathered together in God's name, your participation would have the effect of attracting such Unseen Helpers as might be willing to hold a Monthly Council, for the blessing and hastening of my soul's career.

LADY: Gladly, sir. But why do you come to me, instead of some other person?

CANDIDATE: First, because you are at the present time my nearest friend, and therefore my chosen confessor, whose good opinion I value most, and who therefore are the one to whom it will cost me the most to confess my sins, and whose benediction will mean the most to me.

LADY: Why do you come to me, who am a woman?

CANDIDATE: Because as such you, as thought the Positive Philosopher August Comte, best represent the human race, as mother, helper and inspiration.

LADY: But why do you come to me, who am so young, — younger than yourself, and perhaps less experienced?

CANDIDATE: Because you best represent the innocency of the angels, whom you are to represent to me. Besides Jesus said that none could enter into the Kingdom of Heaven unless he became as a little child; and he said that their angels do always behold the Face of their Father in Heaven!

LADY: But have you also purified yourself as much as possible?

CANDIDATE: Yes, and I shall wash my hands in innocency!

LADY: Frankly, I feel myself unworthy of such an honor, but I promise to profit by it as much as possible to assimilate myself to your ideal of me, and of being a representative of the divine race among men. (Kneeling down before her sanctuary). Also, to God I confess all my sins, and beseech him to grant me absolution, and to ordain me to this high dignity of representing Him. I will therefore listen to receive His approval and direction. (She listens, or looks into mirror or crystal, or glass of water. If there is a response, or if it be favorable, she rises and says), Yes, God approves of this effort, and I will serve in whatever representative capacity you desire of me. What am I to do? What are you going to call me?

CANDIDATE: Will you be my Vestal?

LADY: I promise to serve as your Vestal during your pleasure.

CANDIDATE: In token thereof I put on you this white gown, in token of your Vestalship.

LADY: Is that all?

CANDIDATE: No, I also crown you with this mystic band, whose jewel shall reflect the rays of divinity, in token that you are to be my Colombe, my Sybil, to deliver to me the oracles of God!

LADY: Very well, as you please, I shall be your Sybil. But to ensure my fidelity to your best interests during this ceremony, you should capture me, by putting on me this bracelet, so that I may become your mirror, putting aside all personal interests, as untroubledly as possible to reflect for you God's Will. Please take possession of me!

CANDIDATE (putting on the bracelet): Henceforward, till I release you, you are my mirror, my telescope, my trumpet, my priest, and my pope, or vice-gerent of God on earth! (Leading her to a chair in front of the altar, backing it). Sit down on this chair, and interpret God to me. I light the candle of your soul; while they burn, your soul shall be on fire with divine power. Speak, Vestal, I obey!

LADY: But I have no authority!

CANDIDATE: Very well, to this bracelet-captured hand I entrust this scourge, as an Egyptian flail-symbol of the power of imposing penance. Use it mercifully, but efficiently for the salvation of my soul! See, I salute the hand that holds the scourge, in token of heart-submission!

2. THE COUNCIL

CANDIDATE: Now that you are my Vestal, I must ask what is your pleasure!

VESTAL: Read me an account of your doings and achievements this month!

CANDIDATE: I obey you, O Vestal! (Reads in turn his

1. Achievements; 2, People Visited; 3, Books Read; 4, Poetry Written; 5, Sins Committed; 6, Disciplines Undertaken; 7, Experiments Made; 8, Reincarnational Memories Recovered; 9, Messages Received; 10, Worship Experiences, 11, Divine Experiences; 12, Visions; 13, Yearly Month-Prognostications Examined; 14, Moon changes and Astral Sensitiveness; 15, Friends' Birth-days.

(Each time, the CANDIDATE says),

CANDIDATE: Vestal, are you satisfied?

VESTAL: Yes, or No.

CANDIDATE: Vestal, have you any suggestions?

VESTAL: My suggestions are, . . .

CANDIDATE: Have you any penances?

VESTAL, (if none): Yes, that you prove your submission by saluting my hand!

3. THE ABSOLUTION

CANDIDATE: Now Vestal, I beg you to graduate me for the month!

VESTAL: I cannot do so until you are wearing the white robe of innocency!

CANDIDATE: How may I deserve it?

VESTAL: The Hymn says, "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all!" Recite the General Confession!

CANDIDATE, (recites): Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed like lost sheep! We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts! We have offended against thy holy laws! We have left undone those things that we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us! But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders! Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults! Restore thou those who are penitent, according to the promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord! And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of thy Holy Name, Amen!

VESTAL, (placing her hand on the kneeling Candidate's head): Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all those that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Him, Have mercy upon you, pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen!

Now I give you on your brow the historic Christian salutation! You are released from all your sins! Go and sin no more!

4. THE GRADUATION

VESTAL: Now that your soul is God's, irrevocably, you may proceed to put on your white vestment, symbolic of devotion to God! (done).

CANDIDATE: Have I pleased you, Mistress?

VESTAL: Yes, and in token thereof I confer on you this month's special dignity! (To be altered according to the month, according to this example:) This July Leo-month is that of Hope! Its subject of achievement being Prayer, you, as its conqueror, deserve to have conferred on you the title of Helper, of which knighthood I, with this scourge, here dub you knight! Rise, Sir Helper! (Herself rising), And in sign thereof, as a souvenir, I pin on you the white stone, the famous philosopher's stone, on which is written your new name! Preserve it for memory of your conquest of yourself, and let it inspire you to further such conquests! God bless you, Sir Knight!

Month's Nature, Subject and Title (in order named):

July—Hope, Prayer, Helper
August—Love, Beauty, Comforter
September — Watchfulness, Unexpectedness, Comrade
October—Cooperation, Guidance, Teacher
November — Responsiveness, Message, Interpreter
December—Character, System, Leader
January—Silence, Self-control, Friend
February—Philanthropy, Apostolate, Restorer
March—Self-Examination, Repentance, Confessor
April—Devotion, Consecration, Minister
May—Personality, Presence, Host
June—Faith, Consolation, Heir.

CANDIDATE: I thank you, Vestal, Sybil and Colombe! The compliment I reciprocate by conferring on you the same title of .....

5. THE BENEDICTION

VESTAL: Are there any unseen Comrade Slaves of God present at this initiation, who may be either willing or able to manifest themselves to add their benediction to this soldier of Humanity's vow of Consecration? Any music? Any fragrance or flowers? Any vision? .... Do the Chimes ring? (Afterwards), Thank you until another time, Amen!

CANDIDATE: I am surprised at hearing you call this rite an initiation! I thought it was only going to be a mensiversary review sanctified by the assistance of a Vestal, and lo, I find myself now called an Initiate!

VESTAL: Right you are! Initiation is always a surprise, and anything well done becomes an initiation, It was a surprise, but a blessed one, was it not?

CANDIDATE: Yes, indeed! And I have tears in my eyes!

**VESTAL:** If you cannot see the Lord Jesus, at least you can feel the kiss of God, can you not?

**CANDIDATE:** Yes, Vestal Lady (Helper)! And now all is over . . .

**VESTAL:** Not quite yet! I must first congratulate you also on this unusual ceremony which, begun as a mere mensiversary, has turned into an initiation. From henceforward you are an Initiate, and you shall walk enchanted ways. As, on leaving his disciples, the Lord Jesus said, "In my name you shall cast out devils, you shall speak with new tongues, you shall unharmed take up serpents, and if you drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you; you shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover!" When you need money, it shall be supplied! Everything that heart desires shall now roll in unto you, now that, as a knight, you can no longer misuse them! You have now realized the Prince of Wales' holy motto, "Ich Dien," or, "I serve!" and thereby attain the rank of the Angelic Principalities. I felicitate you, Sir!

**VESTAL:** Now let us celebrate this achievement by singing a psalm of victory!

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be,
Thy joy and crown, eternally!

Run the straight race through God's good grace
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize!

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide,
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love!

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee!

### 5. THE BENEDICTION

**VESTAL:** Now that the victory is achieved, I beg you to release me!

**CONDIDATE:** Not yet, Vestal, without your benediction! Do you remember how Jacob would not let go of the Angel until He had revealed his name? Do you do so too!

**VESTAL:** Do not forget that I have unselfishly effaced myself, so that all I can do is to bring you to God for His blessing! Therefore I will try to get for you a blessing from God. Which blessing do you wish?

**CANDIDATE:** Give me the Transfiguration! Take me with you up into the retirement of the Mount, throw your cloud around me, that Moses and Elias may come and talk to us!

VESTAL: Form and mention some holy desire that God may satisfy!

CANDIDATE, (does so).

VESTAL, (turns her seat towards the Altar, sits down, with the Candidate by her side, puts out the candles, and performs the Transfiguration, first asking whether these Sages are present.)

VESTAL: I will now relate to you my experiences . . . What were yours?

CANDIDATE: And now I will relate you mine . . .

VESTAL: Kneel down, while we both receive God's blessing! (After quiet, both exclaim), Amen!

### 6. THE DISMISSAL

VESTAL: Now that we have received God's blessing, I beg you, Initiate, to release me from my service to you! I have been as wax in the hands of yourself and God, crushed between two millstones! Release me!

INITIATE: Before I do so, I must leave you a souvenir. (Kneeling). Here, holy Vestal, Sybil and Colombe, is an engraved bead to remind you forever of my undying gratitude. Accept it, I pray!

VESTAL: I will preserve it as a hallowed gift from God! Amen! Release me now!

INITIATE, (Putting on the outer light), Come forth from the inner world to the outer!

(Taking away the scourge), I remove the badge of authority!

(Removing the bracelet), Removing this bracelet you are restored to freedom! Amen!

(Removing her band), Removing this band, you may reflect for your own benefit!

(Removing her robe), Removing this robe, you may resume your own interests and duties! You are once more yourself normally!

VESTAL: And the first use of my freedom will be to release you from the uniform of the sanctuary (Removing his white robe), that you may carry out God's Will in your daily life! I wish you a blessed month, O brave Sir!

INITIATE, (kneeling): And I too say farewell, wishing you the same, O lovely Lady. . . Farewell, Amen!

BOTH. Let us together sing a song of Parting!

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand!
Then trust in God, though all thy days,
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise,
Sometime, somewhere, we'll understand!

## RITUAL FOR THE MONTHLY BIRTH-DAY PILGRIMAGE

### or Mensiversary Liturgy written for July 22, 1928 for the Brotherhood of Mutual Prayer

1, Companionship; 2, Proclamation; 3, Preparation; 4, Celebration; 5, Outfitting; 6, Aiming, Outlining; 7, Station One; 8, Station Two; 9, Station Three; 10, Station Four; 11, Station Five; 12, Station Six; 13, Station Seven; 14, Crowning Summation; 15, Deparation; 16, 17, Parting.

### 1, COMPANIONSHIP

(Whenever possible a Companion should be invited and admitted)

LEADER:
Am I alone upon this Pilgrimage?

COMRADE:
Admit me, pray, as comrade on your way
Friendship, they say, halves sorrows, doubles joys;
Without a friend, there's no creative thought;
Even Magicians had their famuli;
So let me follow; I will gladly help;
Nor, pray, forget that you at last must come
To last great door that opes to none alone!

LEADER:
Come on, good Friend, be Comrade, and help sing

The songs of the House of my Pilgrimage;
I seal the bond by touch of your dear hand.
If I should stumble, help me up again,
Asleep if I should fall, then wake me up;
Share in my Sacrament's viaticum,
Of Guardian Angel with me fill the role!
COMRADE:
Your touch of hand I here reciprocate:
As comrade-sign on you I fix this flower!
BOTH: United we fare: All for One, and One for All! Amen!

NOTE: The COMRADE may share the readings, taking the alternate lines, or by preparing and handing to the leader the various objects as mentioned, make himself or herself almost indispensable. Of course the Comrade would corroborate each oracle by additional receptions. The Comrade may profit spiritually just as much as the Leader, if proper prayer is kept up.

## 3. PREPARATION

### A. PREPARATION OF THE ALTAR

On altar, first I will place eleven things:
1, Pencil and card I place conveniently;
2, Second is water-glass with rose-leaf float,
3, Third, dish with wafers numbering the month;
4, Pictures of friends that helped me towards my God;
5, Highest is picture of the Heavenly Shrine,
6, Lower, as dossal, stands shrine's Calendar;
7, I draw the veil from Rose upon the Cross,
8, Mirror and Crystal-ball I then disclose,
9, Incense I light as flowers from Heaven's field,
10, And place the string of beads (for women) or colored stone ring or neck-tie pin (for men), I'll wear next month.
11. And then, for if I conquer, Victor's crown.

### B. PREPARATION OF THE ROOM

First, unto seven objects consecutive
That lead around the room, I fix sev'n screeds
That label them as stations of my pilgrimage;
2, To left of altar, curtain-door I hang;
3, I set the golden chair for Angel-Guest;
4, As invitation's call I ring the chimes,
5, Kneeling, my consecration-vow repeat,
6, Rising, the sev'n-fold Gloria I intone,
On the ascending scale's successive notes;
7, Last I provide the cage of captive bird.
(which need not be more than symbolic)

### CONSECRATION VOW

I hereby devote, consecrate and sacrifice everything that I am, have and hope to be, to the Father Divine, to be used for His purposes, both here and beyond, now and forever. I reserve nothing selfish. I will do anything reasonable if the Still Small Voice should guide me. Weary of my own earthly purposes, I desire to be conformed to the eternal. Use me as a hand to do Thy will; I only ask to remain thine for evermore.

### BROTHERHOOD GLORIA

Glory to God, the High Father, Supreme and Eternal,
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!
Glory to God, the Father of Spirits, and Angels of Angels,
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!
Glory to God, who in love never wearies in Justice,
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!
Glory to God in the name of his Christ, our Redeemer,
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!
Glory to God for His help in attainment of Righteousness:
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!
Glory to God for the power of thought, and the working of wisdom,
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!
Glory to God for the length of our lives, and the hope to attain immortality,
Glory for ever and ever, Amen!

## 4. CELEBRATION

Now I rehearse the Seven Major Sacraments
Starting with Minor and Preliminary Five:
First, Baptism, as by rubbing round the hands;
Then, Vesting, putting on white robe of prayer;
Third, Girding, round my waist with sevenfold prayer;
Rememoration, fourth, with rosary;
Oracularization fifth, I hold,
Selecting motto for the coming month;
Now comes the Major Double Sacrament:
First inspiration sev'n fold I perform
By breathing in the intelligible Light
For body breath, Vitality-breath,
Etheric breath, then Astral Breath, and then
Subconscious Breath, Breath Intellectual,
And last the purely Spiritual Breath.
Seventh, I eucharize by seven sips,
Each one referring to the proper part.

## 5. OUTFITTING

I stand to sing the Hymn (623 Old) of Pilgrimage;
I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home
So that my efforts here, Form pilgrimage;
Past stations of my cross
Around my sanctuary,
Progressing prayerfully, Heav'n I shall reach!
Now I begin my annual (or, second, or third good, or fourth good, or fifth good, or sixth good, or seventh, or eighth good, or ninth good, or tenth good, or eleventh, or twelfth good) pilgrimage,
By taking with me my viaticum
In this small bag I hang around my neck;
I shed my slippers, which slipped on again
Become the sandals which can tread life's waves;
I take along my pencil and my card
To keep a record of what I receive;
I hang around my neck my compass-ball
As Aaron consulted Urims' gleams.
Then I put on the Zodiac sign of current month;
The staff I take by kiss becomes my cross;
Thus fitted out, as pilgrim I begin!

## 6. OUTLINING

By posting high the Present Zodiac Sign
Whose influence must permeate this path
I make this journey individual
And all its benedictions concentrate:
BRAIN:
Aries betokens temple of the Brain
So all I do must shine with intellect;
Give me the knowledge of what is Thy will,
The wish to do it, and the strength and skill!
NECK:
Taurus betokens cerebellar glands,
So all I do must bear subconscious joy;
Let me accept each circumstance as best,
As crown, as scourge, as initiating test.
SHOULDERS:
Gemini's shoulders sways the arms and hands,
So all I do must be quite practical.
My past bring back, my present realize,
And give me grace good future to devise.

CHEST:
Cancer directs the breathings of the chest,
So all I do must ever be inspired.
I ask not that my duties should be changed,
But that my attitude be rearranged.

HEART:
Leo directs the beatings of the heart;
So all I do must pulse and throb and thrill.
Chasten my heart, my mind coordinate,
My spirit-life build up to settled state.

DIGESTIVES:
Virgo digestive organs all directs
So all I do must everything digest.
The Holy Ones unto my sight reveal
That I as initiate in Temple kneel.

ELIMINATIVES:
Libra eliminative functions sways,
So all I do must evil from me drive.
To Wisdom's balanced poise my soul adjust
Full kind where possible, but ever just!

CREATIVES:
Scorpio the recreative powers directs,
So all I do must me regenerate.
Lest I create new obstacles, suffuse
My fluxful powers to transcendental use!

MUSCULARS:
'Tis Saggittarius who the muscles drives,
So all I do must show forth energy.
My urgencies prophetic so constrain
They may effect what I cannot explain!

JOINTS:
'Tis Capricorn who rules the human joints,
So all I do must help adaptiveness.
Break not my will, but temper it, to fuse
With Thine, on fates Thou darest not refuse!

LYMPHATICS:
System lymphatic 'tis Aquarius floats,
So all I do must purify and cleanse.
The waters of the sacred pool-depths stir
That we may leave in them all thoughts that err.

FEET:
Pisces directs the locomotive feet
So all I do must carry me to heaven!
Most, let Thy Presence be my victory,
My inspiration, joy and destiny!

(The COMRADE might read the last two lines, or prayer-instalment. Which is chosen depends on the month in which the Pilgrimage is held: B, begins March 21; N, April 20; S, May 20; C, June 21; H, July 22; P, August 22; R, September 23; G, October 23; T, November 22; K, December 21; A, January 20; F, February 19.)

My pilgrimage shall last a heavenly week,
Each day I shall assume a different name,
Each day one part of me I'll consecrate,
Each day I will commemorate successive age,
In which respective body-part preponderates;
So consecrating each by prayer, my pilgrimage
Will cause development of my interior selves,
And constitute an initiation gradual;
So that this Chinese nest of seven body-parts
May coalesce to individuality.
Strength'ning not only body, but the soul, I will
Each day review some spring of certitude,
Each day recall some special point for prayer,
Each day with new religion practise God,
To drive away all kinds of soul-disease,
So that the whole an initiation grow,
And form a spiral rung of Heavenly Stair!

(Here, and between each Station sing the Pilgrimage Song.)

7. STATION FIRST

'Tis Monday when I reach my station first;
Mary I call my soul, Mother of God!
Childhood's the age when body physical
Preponderates, which here I consecrate.
Sev'n are, my soul, the springs of certitude,
Of cheer, serenity, and fortitude;
First, is a heavn'ward compass in my breast!
On Mondays, pray to see the Temple-road
That scales the Mountain of Serene Abode;
On Mondays see that none by word be stung,
And like a Brahmin, bridle your own tongue.
What is the oracle of Station First?
Red gleams burst round the Door I wish to ope,
I record them upon my Pilgrim's screed!
(Oracle).

ALL: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.

8. SECOND STATION

'Tis Tuesday when my second stop I make;
Joan of Arc I call my struggling soul;
Youth is the age when body vital rules,
Preponderating; this I consecrate!
Of seven springs of certitude, the second
Is conscience, which can swallow up despair;
On Tuesdays, pray to have in full sunlight
Some Unseen Helper dawn upon thy sight.
On Tuesdays, Zend-like, shun hypocrisy,
By constant practice of self-scrutiny.
What is the oracle of second post?
Now orange gleams burst round the creaking door,
I record them upon my pilgrim's screed.
(Oracle).

ALL: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.

9. STATION THIRD

'Tis Wednesday I halt for the third time:
Constance I call my soul, which must endure;
In adolescence, the etheric sheath
Preponderates, which here I consecrate;
Of seven springs of certitude the third's
That all but virtue must be left behind.
On Wednesdays thy earnest prayer should be
The Universe-totality to see.
Be, Wednesdays, Confucian sage, and choose
To put yourself in other peoples' shoes.
What is the oracle of station third?
Now yellow gleams burst round the shaking door,
I record them upon my pilgrim's screed!
(Oracle).

ALL: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.

10. STATION FOURTH

'Tis Thursday reaching Station Fourth:
Serena is the name describes my hopes;
In home-establishment preponderates
The astral double, which I consecrate;
Of seven springs of certitude, the fourth's
That God's your Father, nor will fail support.
On Thursdays pray to hear the stellar strains
And learn the songs the Angel-choirs maintains.
On Thursdays, like the Buddha, keep unfurled
Compassion for the suff'ring of the world.
What is the oracle of Station Fourth?
Green gleams burst round the Door I wildly push:
I record them upon my pilgrim's screed!
(Oracle).

ALL: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.

11. STATION FIFTH

'Tis Friday reaching Station Fifth:
Phoebe, to-day, I call my sunny soul.
In business age, my deep sub-consciousness
Which knows the future, and to-day preserves,
Preponderates; this here I consecrate.
Of seven springs of certitude, the fifth's
That griefs are trials which will soon promote.
On Fridays pray that God to you will speak,
For all who prophecies from you may seek.
On Fridays, with Egyptians save your breath,
In contemplation of your coming death.
What is the oracle of Station Fifth?
Blue gleams burst round the palpitating Door:
I record them upon my pilgrim's screed!
(Oracle).
ALL: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.

12. STATION SIXTH

'Tis Saturday on reaching Post the Sixth:
Sybil, today, my soul prognosticates!
In missionary age my intellect
Preponderates: — this here I consecrate.
Of seven springs of certitude, the sixth's
That Voice of Conscience proves divinity.
On Saturdays, let prayers from God demand
Some revelation from that Holy Land.
On Saturdays, with Moslems meditate
The Will of God, and Heaven contemplate!
What is the oracle of Station Sixth?
Indigo gleams burst round the shaking Door,
I record them upon my pilgrim's screed!
(Oracle).
ALL: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.

13. STATION SEVENTH

Sunday it is, when reaching Seventh Post:
Camilla, servant of the Gods, I grow;
In closing travel-age preponderates
My spirit self, which here I consecrate.
Of seven springs of certitude, the seventh's
You may take courage, being angel-watched.
Sundays for consecration you shall pray,
To serve the purposes of Destiny.
On Sundays with Platonic insight pray
To living presence of the Deity!
What is the oracle of Station Sev'nth?
Now violet gleams burst round the opening Door:
I record them upon my pilgrim's screed!
All: We thank Thee, heavenly Guide!
HYMN during Pilgrimage.
(Between stations, if preferred, instead of, or after the Pilgrim Hymn, the COMRADE may each time repeat the special monthly Zodiac-sign prayer, to preserve the special intention of that month's Pilgrimage).

14. THE CROWNING

COMRADE:
This is the Door that opes to none alone;
So both together we shall now succeed.
LEADER:
The curtain representing Mystery-door
In strength by journey gained, I fling aside;
And stronger than I was, I now approach,
My former altar, as a conqueror,
And place upon my (your) brow the laurel wreath.
In light of current month's zodiacal thought
I have, in turn, each body-part refreshed,
And its eventual independence day
I've brought more near, by feeding it with prayer.
As now the final wafer I consume,
My lotus soul has sprouted one more leaf,
I scan the Temple Calendar to find
What times, this month, I too should celebrate
In sign of freedom which I have attained,
This living creature now I liberate;
And now lest I should e'er forget my prayers,
I hang these new-month's beads around my neck
(I slip on finger color-bearing ring);
Within the mirror for a vision look,
Then write the message which summates my trip;
I try to fathom Fate in crystal ball
All which my pencil now records on sheet
Which now, by my Companion full endorsed
In my Experience-book I now do file.

15. FAREWELL

My journey finished, now I relegate
Unto its place the staff that gave support.
Like Moslem I prostrate my brow to earth
In gratitude to leaving Angel-Guest.
Thanks and good-bye, and pray come soon again!
I ask appointment for next month again!
Then I stand up my shrine to disadorn;
Cov'ring the Golden Chair, 'tis set aside;
I quench the incense, ashes duly strew;
I close the mirror, and the Crystal hide
Lest chance reflections should its sparkle dim,
I hang away the Temple Calendar,
And also pictured New Jerusalem.
The empty paten now I put aside
Consuming now the floating rose-leaf's scent
Emptying full the chalice that I sipped,
Now last my prayer-robe white I hang away.

16. PARTING

Turning to leave, I veil the Rosy Cross,
And pleased at better starting life anew,
Along with what companionship God gives
My well-loved Rosicrucian Ode I sing:

1. The World's a Rose called Rosamund,
The Universal Rose, Whose petals blush as sacred Fire, Incarnadines and glows.

2. O Holy Bush whose bud I am, I nestle in thy boughs, From which I sip the sacred sap That with God's life endows.

3. Around my stem my human deeds Will cluster green like like moss, Whose prayerful stalks stretch out their leaves In fragrant Rosy Cross.

4. My sweetest bloom draws loveliness From roots of sacrifice; So that myself I offer up, As priest of Paradise.

5. I treasure every moment of Life's sacrificial Feast; By prayer and praise Each single deed I sacramentalize.

6. No cross, no crown, no root, no rose, But both together sway Into a fresh development of immortality.

Then with my well-loved Comrade shaking hands
We will dismiss ourselves with Hymn of Fight;

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and that shall be,
Thy joy and crown eternally!
RUN the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize!
CAST care aside, lean on thy guide,
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love!
FAINT not nor fear, God's arms are near,
God fainteth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe and thou shalt see
That God is all in all to thee!

# NEW MOON RITUAL—1

## To Celebrate and Profit by the Monthly New Moon Time

A. Introduction,

A. The Gods' Death,

C. Immortality's Renascence

D. Crucifixion,

E. The Moon's Renascence,

F. Dismissal.

### A. INTRODUCTION

WORSHIPPER: I have a great undertaking on hand; and I went to the local Sybil, who told me I must seek help from the New Moon. So I am roaming the forests, in hopes of meeting her, and getting help from her! Who knows but that I was to gather strength by imbibing her magic rays!

For as to me, I love the moon! Was it not the Emperor Julian who said, "From my childhood, I was filled with a wonderful love for the rays of that goddess! When in my boyhood I directed my eyes to her ethereal light, I was quite beside myself! By night especially, when I found myself under a wide, pure, cloudless sky, I forgot everything else under her influence.

I was absorbed in the beauties of heaven, so that I even did not hear, if addressed! Nor was I aware of what I did! I appeared to be solely engaged with this divinity, so that even when a beardless boy I might have been taken for a star-gazer!"

Indeed, she gives us one quarter of our light! When amidst the pasture of the blessed, who shine as stars, she walks in beauty, no wonder that I raise my arms and call her the Queen of Heaven! No wonder that she has been called, Mary the Star of the Sea, Diana of the Ephesians, Isis of the Egyptians, Mylitta of the Syrians, Maya of the Hindus, Ashtoreth of the Phoenicians!

(There is heard the ringing of a small bell, and enters the Moon, blind, guiding herself by a cane, garbed in ragged clothing, stumbling).

But who comes here? Who are you, beggar?

MOON: I am the Moon!

WORSHIPPER: Impossible! the Moon is glorious, resplendent, divine! And you are. . .

MOON: Dying, I know it! I have only a few moments to live!

WORSHIPPER: Well, if you are dying, you cannot be the Moon, for she is a goddess, and as such is immortal!

MOON: That's it! That's it exactly! That's why I am dying!

WORSHIPPER: That is a joke! You are an impostor! It would be illogical!

MOON: Logic, you know, is only a handmaid, a follower! She is a commentator on the text of reality! It is you who hold wrong conceptions of divinity and of immortality!

WORSHIPPER: Prove it, say I! So impossible do I deem this, that if you can convince me of error, I engage to worship you as the Moon!

MOON: You better, for it will be to your advantage! You will not regret the lesson, and later you will be grateful for it, as it is being given to you, as to us all, for your and our own sake!

### B. THE GODS' DEATH

WORSHIPPER: But I thought gods did not die!

MOON: Then you have forgotten your mythology! Were not the Valhallic revels to close in a Twilight of the Gods? In the Graeco-Roman world, did not the Titans fall before the Olympians? And did not the seas reecho with mourning voices when Pan died, and the Delphian oracle grow silent? Was not Adonis wounded, and did he not perish? Was not Osiris cut up into pieces, that from him might sprout a tree of life?

### C. IMMORTALITY'S RENASCENCE

WORSHIPPER: Very well, I will grant that your dying does not disprove you were a goddess; but then the gods are no longer immortal!

MOON: That is where you are mistaken! On the contrary, divine beings are immortal not in spite of their dying, but because of it!

WORSHIPPER: Monstrous! Ridiculous! Impossible!

MOON: The trouble lies not in my revelation, but in your callousness, your unreflectiveness, your childishness! For do you not see that an immortality that would be static, and not dynamic would be tiresome, to begin with? Even the earthly comic papers have long since discovered that! They exploit this boredom boldly!

WORSHIPPER: But would not an immortality that ended cease to survive?

MOON: Surely! It must not end, but change; it must be a renascence, a development, a progression! An unchanging immortality would be a limitation, a doom, a punishment! Would you desire that?

WORSHIPPER: On reflection, I see I would not like that; but is it not an unusual viewpoint?

MOON: Not unusual, except to the ignorant, the stupid and materialistic, who lack ideals!

### D. CRUCIFIXION

WORSHIPPER: But is it not painful to you to undergo this mortal change?

MOON: Of course, of course! But I am not here to amuse myself. I am here for the benefit of the world!

WORSHIPPER: Then is suffering inevitable?

MOON: Suffering is a great privilege! Said Ugo Bassi, in his Sermon in the Hospital:

But if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
Thou wilt no find it in this world again,
Nor in another; here, and here alone
Is given thee to suffer for God's sake!
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him, and love Him, praise Him, work for Him;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer, which is our appointment here!
So while we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone
The suffering, which is this world's special grace
May here be perfected, and left behind!

WORSHIPPER: But is this resignation to Crucifixion not unheard of?

MOON: In Egypt they told us of the Phoenix, which every five hundred years grew old, and seeking rest on a funeral pyre, by being burned up, was reborn young, hopeful, and diviner!

WORSHIPPER: But the phoenix was a bird, not a man!

MOON: Even human saviors had to undergo the Cross! Every reformer has had to suffer! It is a universal law: so purificatory suffering came to Chrishna, Gautama, Thammuz, Wittoba, Iao, Hesus, Quexalcoati, Quirinus, Prometheus, and many more crucified saviors!

WORSHIPPER: But those were ancient times when social conditions were so contrary that decent lives were impossible without persecution!

MOON: Why, the most recent savior, Jesus, had to suffer the most picturesque torture on the cross! Besides, where the Master led the way, shall the disciple hesitate? (Sings)

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time!
All the light of sacred story.
Gathers round its head sublime!

(Moon sits down, and bends over).

WORSHIPPER: Please, Moon, do not die just yet! I came to seek help from you! I have a great undertaking on hand, and by the local sybil I was told to get help from you; and here, as I arrive, you are dying! O wretched me! Who will help me?

MOON (arousing herself from her somnolency): Yes, my dear Worshipper, I will help you! Indeed, I am dying, just on purpose to help you! Just as said Tertullian, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church! As said the Hebrews Epistle, 'Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins!' It was only because I had received a secret message of your need, that I came here, in the guise of a beggar. You received me with scant courtesy, because you feared a request for help; while I came really as a benefactor to lay down my life to help you! Are you satisfied, now?

WORSHIPPER: But why cannot I be helped without your dying?

MOON: Because of the Law of Causation, of Sufficient Reason, of Scientific Explanation. Nothing comes by chance! There is no magic! If a child is to be born, it is a mother who has to suffer the pangs of child-birth! If you want help, someone has to pay for it! You have a need; it shall be supplied — but only in the Land of Cockaigne do seekers find their wishes ready-made! So I have come to die for you, that you may be satisfied! Can I do more?

WORSHIPPER: But why should I expect such a sacrifice from you?

MOON: Because, as I was telling you, I am divine, and as God is love, therefore "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." .So, my dear Worshipper, when I am dead will you sometimes shed a silent tear for me?

WORSHIPPER: I am speechless with adoration! But pray explain to me how and why the granting of some gift to me necessitates the death and resurrection of yourself?

MOON: Hasten your question, for I am dying, and it soon will be too late! (Sings):

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo! It glows with peace and joy!

WORSHIPPER: Please, Moon, explain, before it be too late!

MOON: I will! Do you know anything about ships? Well, they leave port, not when business convenience would dictate, but when the tide turns! Do you know why?

WORSHIPPER: Of course! Because the flowing of the tides speeds the departing ships at double rate, while, if they left against the tides, they would be slowed one half their propelled speed.

MOON: Good! That is the very reason why human beings should begin undertakings at the commencement of the New Moon! Human efforts are weak, at best; and no effort can succeed enough to bear fruit that does not take advantage of the currents of the Universe, of the blessings of God! "They labor but in vain who build the house, unless the Lord lead the way!" Therefore, as my Moon power that draws the tides around the globe only begins while I am resurrecting from death so I recommence growing. So in order to promote your plans, I must die to resurrect! That is why, as you called for aid from me, I had to come to lay down my life, as now I do, that later on, my unseen crescendo might speed your plans to victory! (Sings):

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide!

WORSHIPPER: Will then my undertaking flourish mechanically by your aid?

MOON: No, indeed! The help I offer is divine, and must be secured in a divine manner!

WORSHIPPER: How will I know how to lay hold upon it? How will I know when I succeed?

MOON: If at the moment of my death you offer a prayer, and blow the trumpets summoning God's angels; and if with them you

celebrate the sacrament by eating a historic lunar hot cross bun; and if at that moment you see divine fire from heaven fall on the altar, accepting your sacrifice, — then may you with some assurance turn your forehead to the dawn, and sing a song of thanksgiving, knowing that God will go with you all the way till you reach the Heavenly Gates! So now, farewell, — (Sings):

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime!

(Moon collapses, and cries), Farewell! I die that you may live! Farewell! (Dies).

## E. THE MOON'S RENASCENCE

WORSHIPPER: Oh Moon, Moon, I had rather fail, than have you die for me! But she has died, and I am left alone! Alas, I have forgotten how to invoke God's help! Surely, I must pray to God!

Oh God, remind me how to perform the evocation of the New Moon's help!

Nothing has happened! So in my despair I will blow a trumpet! Perhaps that may reach the battlements of heaven! (Blows the Trumpet).

(Appears an ANGEL, who on a salver brings the lunar hot cross bun.)

ANGEL: Kneel, Worshipper, that I may feed you with the corn and wine of the Heaven, compounded in this lunar hot cross bun!

WORSHIPPER (kneeling): And what would be the effect hereof?

ANGEL: Its spiritual food will feed your spiritual body, so it may vitalize your efforts with spiritual potency! So partake, Worshipper, and be blest! (He does so.)

(Fire from heaven falls on the corpse of the Moon; there forms a cloud, under cover of which the Moon is transformed into a young child, which stands up, extends her arms and cries,)

MOON: May God be blest for this new lease of life! Before me lies a new course! A new growth! A new blessing for the world, and for all who will company with me!

(Chimes are heard). There is the call from Predestination! .I must away! Farewell, dear Angel! Take my grateful blessings to the dear Lord, who sits on the Great White Throne! But I must on to Destiny! Farewell!

WORSHIPPER: Hold on, dear Moon, abandon me not! Leave me not comfortless!

MOON: Sorry, my friend, I am called! (Chimes ring the second time.) Farewell!

WORSHIPPER: Well, Holy Moon, if you will not stay for me, then suffer me to company with you, as a comrade!

MOON (to the Angel): Is he fit to come? Did he partake, and was he strengthened? If not, he will like Icarus, perish along the celestial way! Is he fit?

ANGEL: He is fit! He partook! Let him fare along with you! It will prosper the work of God, of the World, of yourself, and of him!

## F. DISMISSAL

MOON: Very well, come along, comrade! Come, grow and prosper along with me! (Chimes ring a third time.) You see, the first time the chimes rang, it was Predestination; the second time they rang, it was Destiny; now the third time they ring, it has become Fate; farewell!

WORSHIPPER: But I am to come along with you, and you are already slowly moving upward, and I cannot keep up with you! What is to become of me, O Holy Comrade?

MOON (slowly walking, never stopping, turning sidewise): Go along your daily duties; but every evening sing one stanza of the immortal hymn, "The Spacious Firmament on High!" From heaven I will hear you, and if you will listen a moment, you shall hear my whisper, of encouragement and inspiration, sending you the good cheer that my influence is so silently working for you! The oftener you look up at me, the clearer will you see me smiling at you! So, although our paths may lie far apart, we shall be cooperating as fellow-workers for God!

WORSHIPPER: Oh, all that Knowledge of friendship is very well; But I want some definite token, some sign, some assurance, that hence forward we belong to each other!

MOON: Very well! As you see, I cannot stop, and also you cannot come along with me! But even while walking, I stretch my hand forward in benediction, and I confer on you the title of Knight Companion the New Moon, Comrade of the One who Walks in Splendor. And as parting blessing, I place on your brows a crown of flowers, whose perfume shall last till I return to die again, to help you in a further venture, a quest more romantic, an emprise sublimer! Till then, farewell! "God be with you, till we meet again!"

(The WORSHIPPER proudly sings); to tune of Russian Hymn):

I am a Knight Companion of the Moon,
Comrade of Her who high in splendor walks!
When I look up, she sheds a special smile
Reminding me of our mysterious talks!

I heard the whispers of the Dying Moon,
And ate the Angels' lunar sacrament!
I saw the fire from heav'n the Old Moon change
Into the New Moon's sweet development!

Therefore the old relationship to guard,
Each night her smile I seek to recognize;
To mind me, she cooperates with all
My puny efforts, all my enterprise!

New Moon's Companion Knight am I,
Comrade of Her who high in splendor swings!
Along with Her, my interests increase,
So that, with Her, my heart in triumph sings!

# FULL MOON RITUAL—1

## To Celebrate and Profit by the Monthly Full Moon Time

1. The Moon's Education,
2. The Moon's Services,
3. The Kinds of Kisses,
4. Nature's Celebration,
5. The Worshipper's Education
6. Dismissal.

### 1. THE MOON'S EDUCATION

WORSHIPPER: It is midnight, and in my lonely breast I feel a strange turmoil! No longer can I stay within doors! In vain have I for many years been seeking God! True, in ancient legends I have heard how the Olympian gods used to roam over the country-sides, just as once in the Garden of Eden, God walked around in the cool of the evening! So Jupiter and Mercury wandered around Phrygia seeking if there were left any true worshippers, and in their hut found Philemon and Baucis, and blessed them. Then Prodicus tells how Hercules stumbled up against the cross-roads, one like this, where he was compelled to choose between, the easy path of vice, and virtue's rugged course. Since these Olympians have deserted the nocturnal roads, we are left comfortless; indeed I almost regret the old days when friendly Pan piped in the wolds. Oh, how I wish that God and his Angels were as companionable as those obsolete Olympians!

(Enter MOON, wearing a phosphorescent mantle, and on the head some suitable or possible symbol).

MOON: Peace and serenity to all!

WORSHIPPER: What, is there a stranger?

MOON: Hallo, friend! It is I who did not know that at this eerie hour there would be about any humans! I better leave quickly, for you humans are so conceited that you want to yourselves the whole earth, not only when it rightly is yours by day, but even when it rightly is ours by night!

WORSHIPPER: Not I am guilty of such, you may be sure! That is just the reason why I left my couch and the habitation of my earth-bound family to loiter in the places formerly haunted by the Immortals, on the long chance that some stray Genius might happen to ring the chimes of this forest's aeolian harp!

MOON: You are fortunate that you guessed the precise monthly moment when, after resting at twenty-eight successive recuperation houses, or hostels, I chance to pass this cross-roads, here also to leave my benediction!

WORSHIPPER: But I never suspected there was such a certain prearranged time, different each month, when you passed here!

MOON: No wonder! For the majority of human beings, although apprised by the popular calendars, never suspect my mystic passage; and as I do not recognize you very well, I presume this is your first appearance at my procession!

WORSHIPPER: "Yes", or "no," (as the case may be, this is my (first, second . . .) appearance, though I never for many years suspected I could meet you. But who are you, Lady?

MOON: Oh, I am the Full Moon! I have many names! As many as the countries over which I pass! In Babylon I was called Sin, a member of the Supreme Triad! The Hebrews used to celebrate my reappearance with trumpeting processions of priests, and worshippers, especially at the Passover.

WOSRHIPPER: I am glad you came here too; but why must you immortally swing around your crucifixional circle? Would you not prefer to rest?

MOON: Indeed I would, but I have a work to do; and without me the world would lack one quarter of its light! I am the Illuminating Wanderer!

WORSHIPPER: You speak of your self as a wanderer; are you a vagrant or a pilgrim?

MOON: Yes, I am a pilgrim, and I swing around a road so long that I have to rest twenty-eight times at various road-side shrines, or hostels, located along the Lunarian Pilgrimage Path around the world!

WORSHIPPER: Can you give me their names?

MOON: Yes, and here they are: Each week I journey through a different continent!

WORSHIPPER: Can you tell me their names?

MOON: Certainly! The first week I pass through the Social Continent; the second, I pass through the Familial Continent, the third I pass throrugh the Occupational Continent; the fourth through the Dignitary Continent!

WORSHIPPER: And is that all you remember or profit by your journey?

MOON: Oh no! At each of the seven hostels of each of the four continents I learned a special lesson!

WORSHIPPER: Then pray admit me to these benefits of yours, and recite what you learned in each!

MOON: Passing through the Social Continent I learned, in the —— Hostel, to be — (So on, according to this Scheme:

A. Social—1, Church Organizer; 2, Peace Maker and Harmonizer; 3, Protector and Shepherd; 4, Prophet and Seer; 5, Healer of the Sick; 6, Guide on the Path; 7, Ignorants' Teacher.

B. Familial — 1, Father and Mother; 2, Lover and Sweetheart; 3, Bride and Bridegroom; 4, Comrade in Solitude; 5, Socratic Midwife; 6, Maturity Hastener; 7, Evangelistic Messenger.

C. Professional—1, Orchestra Leader; 2, Musician; 3, Painter; 4, Gardener; 5, Lawyer; 6, Physician; 7, Executioner and Embalmer.

D. Dignitary: 1, Oracle; 2, Problem Solver; 3, Inspirer; 4, Listener; 5, Discoverer; 6, Hierophant; 7, Miracle Worker.)

WORSHIPPER: I see now why you are so zealous and unwearied in making your monthly pilgrimage; it is a sort of perpetual re-education for your own soul.

### 2. THE MOON'S SERVICES

But is it not a pretty expensive sort of a theatre for God to run his Universe just to give you a regular schooling?

MOON: Well, any schooling is expensive, you know! But, however, I return to the Universe service for this value received!

WORSHIPPER: Well, what equivalent services do you render?

MOON: Well, first I supply the world with one quarter of its light. Then, second, I draw the tides of the ocean around the world, and keep the sea-depths so stirred up the fishes can live in it, besides furnishing a store of energy sufficient to run all the world's engines, as soon as man grows intelligent enough to use it!

WORSHIPPER: Well, that may be very good, but it sounds remote and visionary! Can you do anything more practical?

MOON: Certainly! I bring fertility to the females of all living creatures, as testified to by their monthly retirements. In the Graeco-Roman world I was called Latona, and as I passed from cross-roads to cross-roads even the dogs worshipped me by baying at me!

WORSHIPPER: Now you are beginning to be practical; but is that not somewhat materialistic?

MOON: Certainly, and I advanced that activity only to please a materialist such as you!

WORSHIPPER: Well, do not hesitate to display your more idealistic achievements!

MOON: Very well, the next more spiritual one is that I inspire youths and maidens with Virgil's "friendly silences" that inspire to love!

WORSHIPPER: I grant that this is a lovely duty, but love soon flies out of the window when kitchenwork and mortgages knock at the doors! So is that not too aesthetic to be of practical value?

MOON: Only because you choose to ignore all that it implies! The mental Coruscations, the untertaking of missions, and later, the founding of families.

WORSHIPPER: Good! But it is commonplace! Is that all?

MOON: Further, I arouse the activity of the many gradational internal universes, for instance, the fairy world. It is asleep, not hibernating but mensivating, in cavern, and lake, on peak and in fogs, until my light, reaching its maximum intensity, lends them vigor enough to regain their social activities. If I did not come around once a month, your world would miss the monthly rousing of the elemental voices, the fairy world that sleeps except when, coming around, I awake it to an hour's festive dance, for the coming of which they have been dreaming for four weeks. Could I disappoint them, do you think?

WORSHIPPER: No, you could not! nor would I want you to disappoint me now I have found you. Will you not, please, allow me to be present at the revels of the elemental symphony you are about to direct, O mystic orchestra-leader?

MOON: So far as I am concerned, you are welcome to do so, — but remember I cannot answer for the local regulations of the various states of the elemental and fairy republics and kingdoms. Perhops the best way to make sure is to see if you succeed in waking the local divinity who should be around here lying asleep in some bush. If you wake her with a kiss, if she kisses you in return, you shall be free of the revels; if not, though all the elementals and fairies in the world dance around you and though I do my utmost, you shall not be aware of anything unfamiliar to your physical senses, as happens commonly to the majority of humanity!

## 3. THE KINDS OF KISSES

WORSHIPPER: So then a mere kiss is not a pass-port sufficient?

MOON: No, for there are all kinds of kisses. First, there is the Judas Kiss, so common among you men; would that be a passport, think you?

WORSHIPPER: Oh no, indeed!

MOON: Or would you, as a pass-port, prefer God's Kiss that, on the Moabite Mount, Aaron died of?

WORSHIPPER: No, no, we are not pessimistic Mortuarians; we are optimistic Immortalizers! We want a Kiss, that speeds on and develops creation!

MOON: Very well! How would you like the Vampire Kiss that leaves the Julian-like lunatic raving and maniac?

WORSHIPPER: Oh no, we want the sanity of holiness.

MOON: Very well, how would you like the Lecherous Kiss?

WORSHIPPER: Nay, nay, God is the Envirtuer!

MOON: But what about the purer Kiss of chaste love, like Diana's Kiss to Endymion, celebrated by Keats?

WORSHIPPER: That is impracticable, — it happens only once; and it remains an aesthetic memory only because tragically broken off. Is there any other kind of a Kiss?

MOON: Very well, how would you like the amiable society Kiss?

WORSHIPPER: No, no! So far as it exerts any potency whatever, that Kiss is hypocrisy; so put it aside! Is that all?

MOON: Oh no! There is the heavenly benediction Kiss, of which the primitive church made a greeting and parting ceremony, — which here might succeed!

WORSHIPPER: But how might I, impotent and common human, impart such heavenly energy I myself do not possess?

MOON: That is just it! This celestial Kiss is not a simple salutation of your own. While the kiss must be yours, nevertheless it must be potentialized with God's power; it must also be God's Kiss!

WORSHIPPER: And how might I achieve such privilege?

MOON: Just as all other privileges are acquired, — by prayer! Kneel, supplicate, and your guardian angel will kiss along with you. Try it! You have nothing to lose, but much to gain!

WORSHIPPER (kneels): Guardian Angel, pray let God's Kiss, through yours and mine, win me the vision of the revels of the interior world! Yes, I think I heard my Guardian approve!

MOON: Try it now! (Going to a bush or curtain, drawing it aside, discovers sleeping Nature.)

WORSHIPPER: Now, angel, help me! (Kisses Nature on the forehead, Nature wakes up, smiles and rises).

## 4. NATURE'S CELEBRATION

NATURE: Well, well! So I am aroused to life once more! Joy and gratitude to God! Thank you, dear Faithful Moon! You are one of the Spiritual Cocks of the World! You are one of God's Watchers, appointed to rouse our finer universes to monthly orgiastic thrills! Thank you! I feel like dancing for very bliss! — But who is this stranger?

MOON: You need not mind him, dear Nature! He is one of my Worshippers who begged the privilege of instruction by being present at your monthly revels, and you yourself returned his rousing Kiss, so he seems destined to participate in our holy labors of praise and thanksgiving!

NATURE: Very well, he shall increase our gratitude to God by joining in our paeans; will you, friend?

WORSHIPPER: Certainly!

NATURE: Then I summon you, in succession, you denizens of the fairy worlds! (A stereopticon could reveal groups of various fairies as called, or various persons could impersonate each called group),

FAIRIES: (From behind the scenes are heard childish songs of joy), "How happy we are once more! God bless us all! Let us awake to new achievements! Let us plan the world's possibilities of blessing! Let us weave destiny into fate! Let us transform accidents into providential privileges!

NATURE: Awake, ye Elementaries!

FAIRIES: Elementaries of every chemical.

Liquidae, the spirits of liquid are we,
And we praise God for this next moth, we do! Amen!
Solidae, the spirits of solids are we,
And we praise God for this next month, we do! Amen!
Crystallinae, the crystallizing spirits are we,
And we praise God for this next month, we do! Amen!
Gasidae, the gasifying energies are we,
And we praise God for this next month, we do! Amen!
Oxidisae, the spirits of combustion are we!
And we praise God for this next month, we do! Amen!

NATURE: Awake, ye Graeco-Roman daughters of sea and land!

FAIRIES: Nymphs of the Graeco-Roman world-age are we,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Oceanides are we, mermaid daughters of Oceans,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Nereids are we, daughters of the Mediterranean sea,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Oreads are we, daughters of mountains and grottoes are we,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Hamadryads are we, daughters of every tree, born with each one, and dying therewith, ah, do not murder us needlessly, we pray!
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Localiads are we, daughters of each place hallowed by a name or a human birth or a death, or a prayer, an oracle, or a temple,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!

NATURE: Awake, ye national spirits of eld!

FAIRIES: Asianias are Hindu deevs, and Persian peris, and Arabian Djinns; Europias are Scandinavian trolls, Danish elves, German Kobolds, and Breton poulpiquets; Britishia are Irish pixies, banshees, and leprechauns, Scotch brownies, Welsh bogies and British fays:
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!

NATURE: Awake, you mediaeval alchemic sprites who may someday achieve humanity by serving some magic sage, as revealed by the Count of Gabalis!

FAIRIES:
Gnomes are we, in caves and forests, who by our tiny hammer guide the miner,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Sylphs are we, who teach self-knowledge and modern progress,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Salamanders are we, who by fire smelt metals and diagnose crime,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!
Undines are we, friendly and intuitive, who seek to become humans,
And we chant the praises of God for the next month, we do! Amen!

NATURE: Awake, ye literary sprites!

FAIRIES:
King Oberon is ruler of the Fairy Empire,
Queen Titania is the charming lady:
Puck is the spirit of innocent fun,
Ariel is the delicate sprite of music,
Queen Mab was Shelley's leader of fairy revels.

NATURE: Awake, ye Angelic beings!

FAIRIES:
Sandalphon the Angel of prayer am I,
Orphea, the Angel of Music!
We Angels console, guide, guard and protect!
We Archangels' effectuate God's work, — Michael the Fighter, Raphael the Healer, Gabriel the Announcer, Uriel the Enlightener!
We Principalities organize God's work!
We Powers restore and preserve human health!
We Authorities have achieved our influence through intercession!
We Dominions clinch prayer by praise!
We Thrones establish the laws of progress!
We Cherubs are the living beings who
as Holy Ox, rememorates past existences;
as Holy Lion, ravenously hunger and thirst for initiation;
as Holy Eagle, we glance straight at the sun of Righteousness!
as Holy Man reveal the features of the World-God, who is the Master!
We Seraphims burn with the Fire of Holiness that warms, enlightens, inspires and transfigures!

NATURE: Now, all of you Fairies together chant the Praises of God!

FAIRIES: (Sing Apollonius's Nuktemeron, (found in Guthrie's Mithraics, Degree XI) and the longer Gloria, dancing to it, if there are sufficient actors.)

NATURE: And now, farewell! Ye denizens of the Invisible Empire!

FAIRIES (disappear).

## 5. THE WORSHIPPERS EDUCATION

WORSHIPPER: And are all the revels over?

NATURE: Well, the customary revels are all over; but in the honor of yourself, kind visitor, who awaked me with a kiss, there is still to be a dance — for you know in heaven, there is a proverb, who kisses dances!

WORSHIPPER: The dancer is yourself, beautiful lady!

NATURE: Certainly, of myself!

WORSHIPPER: With whom?

NATURE: How dense these mortals be! Surely if you arouse a lady with a kiss, the least you can do is to dance with her! Don't you think so?

WORSHIPPER: Well, it sounds fair and

reasonable, it does! But there is nobody left here but me!

NATURE: Exactly, you! And as it was you who aroused me with a kiss, it must be you who shall dismiss me with a dance!

WORSHIPPER: But I am unworthy of the honor of dancing with so beautiful a lady as you!

NATURE: My dear Friend, you mistake the proposition. This is not a personal matter! Everything connected with nature is educational! When I invite you to dance, I am not condescending, but I am, like a magnet, which if it is to be of any use whatever, must be attractive, — I am luring you to an educational exercise. Are you willing?

WORSHIPPER: Lady, it is not a question of willingness; I am fascinated by the magic of your wisdom!

NATURE: And the Moon, whom I pray to give her educative benediction to our holy sacrament of terpsichorean adoration of God, — which alas foreign word I shall translate into plain English as educational transfiguration, — for see, God's gleaming representative, the Moon, has now reached her brilliancy's climax by which I can look straight into your soul, and transfuse into you the exuberant bliss of the divine creative energy!

WORSHIPPER: Like the Emperor Julian, I feel thrilled with sacred lunacy, in which I foresee climacteric achievements of humanity!

NATURE: Dangerous confession! For whosoever foresees an ideal is thereby committed to its fulfilment! The educative dance with me, which before was only destiny, has now become your fate!

(All join hands and gracefully follow the leadership of Moon, as she swings to right or left),

### MOON'S SONG

MOON: Come, friendly worshippers, and fare along with me, Unto the champaigns of the social continent. There nightly in a hostel shall you bide with me; And every midnight should you be in prayerful muse, I will, as God's inspector, mysteries reveal!

WORSHIPPER: I'll fare around the globe terraqueous with you, In every hostel's shrine some lesson to be taught; And following the transformations of your light, As phoenix dying, conquer immortality!

NATURE: Admire, inspire, the light the moon is shedding round, Let it transfigure every graceful motion's glide! For nobler education is a sacrament, A conflagration divinizing destiny!

### SOCIAL

MOON:
In hostel first you'll learn a church to organize!
In second, making peace, all things will harmonize!
In third, as shepherd, wanderers we will protect!
In fourth, as prophet-seer we'll vaticinate!
In fifth, as healer of the sick we'll cure!
In sixth, as guide upon the path directions give!
In seventh, instructor of the ignorant we'll teach!

ALL: Glory to God the Most High, the Supreme Educator! Glory for ever and ever. Amen!

NATURE: Now, Teacher Moon, pass to a further Continent!

MOON: Fare forth with me above Familial Continent!

WORSHIPPER: I pass the straits of Theoretic Selfishness on Bridge Utilitarian to Familial Life!

### 2. FAMILIAL

MOON:
In hostel first, I'll teach parental service-lore!
In second, the indifferent to lovers I shall turn;
In third, the nuptials spiritual I'll celebrate;
Comrade in solitude to grow, fourth will teach!
Socratic midwife, new ideas, I'll propagate!
Sixth, I will hasten searchers to maturity!
Sev'nth, I shall form Evangelistic messengers!

ALL: Glory to God the Most High, the Supreme Educator! Glory for ever and ever, Amen!

NATURE: Now, Teacher Moon, pass to a further continent!

MOON: Fare forth with me o'er Continent Professional!

WORSHIPPER: I pass the wretched straits of Inefficiency into the fruitful Continent Professional!

### 3. PROFESSIONAL

MOON:
In first, orchestral leader I shall make of you!
In second, Orpheus-like musician you become!
In third, as painter, your ideals represent!
As gardner, fourth, you fragrant flowers cultivate!
As lawyer, fifth, God's struggling causes you defend!
Physician, sixth, of pains you only hear to cure;
Embalmer, seventh, and Executioner you grow!

ALL: Glory to God the Most High, the Supreme Educator! Glory for ever and ever, Amen!

NATURE: Now, Teacher Moon, pass to a further continent!

MOON: Fare forth with me to Dignitary Continent!

WORSHIPPER: I pass the straits miraculous of Human prayer into resulting Dignitary Continent!

### 4. DIGNITARY

MOON:
In hostel first, I teach oracularity;
Second, all problems, puzzles, issues raised I solve;
Third, as inspirer, sacred poems I produce;
Fourth, to become good listeners I will instruct;
Fifth, new discoveries romantic I promote;
Sixth I ordain you as a mystic hierophant;
Worker of miracles, I, seventh, make of you!

ALL: Glory to God, the Most High, the Supreme Educator! Glory for ever and ever, Amen!

NATURE:
Now, Teacher Moon, that you traversed all continents,
I feel anticipation of new life within!
A new prophetic panorama dizzies me!
I fall asleep, that later Phoenix-like again
Transformed, in later splendor I once more may rise!
I faint! I am amazed! I gloom, transmogrified!
(She falls asleep).

### 6. DISMISSAL

WORSHIPPER: Help! My radiant dancer has fainted! Revive her, O Magic Moon!

MOON: Alas, (Twelve chimes are heard) do you hear the Temple-chimes of Fate, that call me to a further pilgrimage? I must on and on, up and up unto the Temple of the World to see the World-God Christ in His temple, interceding with Fate for his pupil humanity! I follow! I follow!

WORSHIPPER: Fine! Fine! For you! But what about fairy Nature? Are you going to abandon her?

MOON: No, not abandon her! For see, here is the Angel of God, whose name is Paedagogue, sent to protect and guard her recumbent form while she dreams the visions she has here danced, and by working them over in her mind to translate them into somnambulistic motions during which waking she shall find herself having become what she was dreaming. Is that not her happy fate, O auroral guardian angel?

ANGEL: Indeed it is, and laying her again into her wayside bush, I shall guard and protect her till, supporting her first waking motions, I shall console her agitated surprise at finding herself become the divinity which she supposed she was only dreaming!

WORSHIPPER: But having danced with Holy Nature, I cannot abandon her beloved form without solicitude angelic too, for "I also am an angel!"

ANGEL: Indeed you are, paraphrasing the French proverb, "And I also am a poet!" I will leave a visible testimony of my angelic protection!

WORSHIPPER: How may we humans learn so profound a mystery?

ANGEL: Easily indeed! Just look at the bush's flowers, each of which budded wherever fell a solicitous tear of mine! Flowers are angel-tears, you know or ought to learn!

WORSHIPPER: I stand rebuked, and to your angel-tears I mingle my regretful tear of parting.

MOON: Why parting? It is I who am leaving for my monthly educational pilgrimage! Good-bye!

WORSHIPPER: No, no! Not good bye! Because I am going with you! I want to be educated, along with you!

MOON: Why, you said I was selfish because I pointed the way in self-education!

WORSHIPPER: I retract! I sit me down in dust and ashes! Like Job I cover my mouth in shame! Let me be a learner, pray!

MOON: You may, if you will follow along with me!

WORSHIPPER: But how can I do so, since your exalted path lies in the pastures of the scintillating saints who to us appear to be stars! It is on earth, through the caverns of drudgery that I must wander watching your glorious progress from a distance. Help me, Teacher Moon! Surely you must know what to do for a pupil!

MOON: I do, indeed. Here is an itinerary of the 28 hostels I shall stop at; and wherever you may be, at midnight, as inspector, I will come down and shed a sympathetic tear that rousing a flower in the garden of your soul, shall with amaranthine splendor burst your shell and spread the fragrance of your aspirations! Will that suffice you, beloved comrade?

WORSHIPPER: Indeed it will, revered Teacher Moon! Give me your itinerary! (There should be provided printed blanks to be filled in monthly to convert the 28 lunar stations into the corresponding calendar dates. Where the calendar assigns two days to the full moon, use the first.)

LUNAR ITINERARY

FULL MOON FESTIVAL

CALENDAR MONTH and DAY

1. Week Social:
   Station 1, Church Organizer,
   Station 2, Peace Maker and Harmonizer,
   Station 3, Protector and Shepherd,
   Station 4, Prophet and Seer,
   Station 5, Healer of the Sick,
   Station 6, Guide on the Path,
   Station 7, Ignorants' Teacher,
2. Week Familial:
   Station 8, Parental,
   Station 9, Lover and Sweetheart,
   Station 10, Bride and Bridegroom,
   Station 11, Solitude Comrade,
   Station 12, Socratic Midwife,
   Station 13, Maturity Hastener,
   Station 14, Evangelistic Messenger,

NEW MOON FESTIVAL

3. Week Professional:
   Station 15, Orchestra Leader,
   Station 16, Musician,
   Station 17, Painter,
   Station 18, Gardener,
   Station 19, Lawyer,
   Station 20, Physician,
   Station 21, Executioner and Embalmer,
4. Week, Dignitary:
   Station 22, Oracle,
   Station 23, Problem solver,
   Station 24, Inspirer,
   Station 25, Listener,
   Station 26, Discoverer,
   Station 27, Hierophant,
   Station 28, Miracle Worker.

MOON (handing to Worshipper a filled in Date Conversion Lunar Itinerary Blank): Here is my Itinerary for the Coming Month,—follow it and salute me with the special night's Title, when as inspector each midnight I tap at your window! Are you satisfied?

WORSHIPPER: Almost, holy Teacher Moon; but I am in doubt as to what will become of the sacred Fairy World during that long interval! Most people forget it; does it forget us?

MOON: It does not forget you, for nightly it seeks access to your slumbering soul in the dream world; so, dream, profounder and profounder, until your dreams become realities!

WORSHIPPER: But what of my waking moments; must they be dull, prosaic, abandoned?

MOON: If they do, it will be your fault. For you must not forget them! As Haggard's "Children of the Zodiac" roamed around singing songs of cheer reminding the labor brutalized humans, "That they had been Gods", so must you every hour of the day perform a magic incantation by uttering, as you turn to the North, "I too am a fairy," if you are a woman, if you are a man, you must exclaim "I too am an angel!" It is you, who, hour by hour, must pierce the fairy sphere and draw down a magic glow that shall aureole whatever drudgery-cave your fate may have drawn you into!

WORSHIPPER: Hurrah for the Pilgrim Teacher Moon! Every woman a fairy! Every man an angel! Hurrah! Follow on! Hurrah! Good bye, until we meet next month! Hurrah!

or Studies in the 12 Character-Classes as Symbolized by the Zodiacal Signs; or, The 12 Letters of the Alphabet of Thought; or, The 12 Shades of the Human Character-spectrum.

Till now the traits of each Character-class were either reproduced from legendary astrological data, such as those of Ptolemy, or chosen by guess-work. This was unbearable to the writer, who had been trained in scientific methods. Disgusted with this disgraceful quackery he would, like most people, have rejected this whole supremely important department of human character, but that he was compelled to use it as the first step of character-improvement, and inevitable for conservators of their creative energy. He was therefore compelled, single-handed, to attack the whole subject from a strictly deductive, experimental and statistical point of view. In this particular inquiry the Character-classes are examined and deduced in the literary field.

To begin with his wide reading in poetry, biography and drama enabled him to detect a similarity of details biographical or symbolic. Then he decided to extend his research to utopias and philosophies,—and finally his detailed study was based on the following:

A. EPICS: Aeneid, Argonautica, Beowulf, Bidasari, Genesis, Gilgamesh, Hiawatha, Iliad, Kalevala, Mahabharata, Morte Arthur, Nibelungen, Odyssey, Popol Vuh, Prem Sagar, Ramayana.

B. BIOGRAPHIES: Balder, Buddha, Hercules, Jesus, Krishna, Moses, Orpheus, Osiris.

C. DRAMAS: Antigone, Cyrano, Duchess of Malfi, Faust, Hamlet, Hernani, Macbeth, Master of Palmyra, Merchant of Venice, Nathan the Wise, Ollanta, Prometheus Bound, Sakuntala, Tempest, Tooth of Buddha, Tragedy of Humanity, Wallenstein.

D. UTOPIAS: City of God, Egyptian Book of Dwellings, and of Gates, Wilhelm Meister, Pilgrim's Progress, Prometheus Unbound, Republic, Revelation, More's Utopia.

E. PHILOSOPHIES: Bacon's Advancement of Learning, Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, Egyptian Book of Dead, and of Hades, Spinoza's Ethics, Hindu Philosophy, Lessing's Laokoon, Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, and Upanishads.

In all these works he detected biographic or symbolic similarities; and then he realized that these were no more than the commonplace incidents in the normal development of any human career from infancy through youth, marriage, home-settling, travel, culture adjustment, utilitarianism, partisanship, organization, worldliness, to fruition. Then the writer discovered that each of these, and in proper order, was the substance or quintessence of one of the signs of the Zodiac, including even their decans!

What is the connection? If the twelve successive parts of any story reveal the normal progression of the composite human biography, and if these correspond to the Zodiacal sign-significances, then the celestial Zodiacal signs are, correspondingly the twelve successive age-periods of (Swedenborg's) Grand Man of the Heavens,—I had almost said of world-deity! Then the Zodiac is rescued from appearing queer and irrational, and falls into the rational scheme of the universe. That is the writer's discovery.

This then gave the writer an unprejudiced basis from which to study the latter, as they appeared in these literary works. The writer then, by super-imposing these works, made a composite life-photograph of the representative human being, as follows: AGE I, Years 1-7, boyhood, (aries, brain) predominance of cerebral nervous system, fairly well described by a CONFUSION of sense impressions fusing into UNITY of consciousness of PLEASURE of living, thus gaining discernment. (Decans, Cassiopea, Andromeda, Cetus).

AGE II, Years 8-14, youth, (Taurus, neck), predominance of sympathetic and cerebellar nervous system; life is a FEAST, with athletic TESTS, & INTUITION by education. (Decans, Perseus, Pleiades and Eridanus).

AGE III, Years 15-21, lover-period, (Gemini, shoulders) predominance of spinal nervous system; STRUGGLE to attain the beloved PARTNER, by earning WEALTH. (Decans: Auriga, Hyades, Orion).

AGE IV, Years 22-28, difficulties in the world, (Cancer, chest), predominance of the pulmonary system; ORATORICAL self-assertiveness as connected with sowing the wild-oats of GENEROSITY, leading to the sowing of wiser PRESERVATION, which is a RETROGRESSION into DARKNESS, secrecy or privacy. (Decans, Canis Major, Pro-cyon, Orion).

AGE V, Years 29-35, assured position and travel (Leo, heart), predominance of the cardiac system: FOUNDING of a HOME, where DAY-DREAMS result in TRAVEL. (Decans, Lynx, Hydra, Argo Navis).

AGE VI, Years 36-42, culture, (Virgo, digestives), predominance of the sympathetic nervous system; appreciation of Art lends a MAGIC which transforms or INITIATES a man into better being. (Decans: Leo Minor, Spica and Crater).

AGE VII, Years 43-49, justice (Libra eliminatives), predominance of the renal system; on returning home JUST arrangement of things suggests a vision or PLAN of higher use. (Decans: Ursa Major, Canes Venatici, Corvus).

AGE VIII, Years 50-56, struggle for establishment, (Scorpio, recreatives); predominance of the sexual system; Ideal effort must be PASSIONATE to be able to effect anything STINGING; politic OFFICIALISM must be used to produce USEFUL RESULTS. (Decans: Ursa Minor, Bootes, Corona).

AGE IX, Years 57-63, a decisive fight (Saggittarius, the thighs); predominance of the lower muscular system. FAITHFULNESS to the QUEST will lead to PRONOUNCEMENTS before the critical STRUGGLE. (Decans: Draco, Hercules, Ophichuus).

AGE X, Years 64-70, political establishment, (Capricorn, the Knees), predominance of osseous or dermal systems, successful ASCENDANCY results in POLITICAL ESTABLISHMENT which the individual will soon wish to LEAVE for a higher personal Condition. (Decans: Lyra, Sagitta, Aquila).

AGE XI, Years 70-77, wisdom (Aquarius, ankles), predominance of lymphatic and joint-systems; a WATER trip or nature-stay towards an INTUITIONAL end that is PLEASING results in a celestial MEETING or ASSEMBLY of Kindred Spirits. (Decans: Cygnus, Delphinus and Equuleus Celeris).

AGE XII, Years 78-84, departure (Pisces feet), predominance of the feet; PRACTICAL double FATALITY of death ushers man to higher success. Decans: Cephus, Lacerta, Pegasus).

Summarizing, if men's minds pass through such stages, then must also their expressions, namely, any great book, be written along those developmental or zodiacal lines, and the natural difference between stories be due to the commanding emphasis or neglect of some particular one of the ages or sign-symbologies, happy stories will result from the predominance of the first six creative stages: tragic ones, from that of the latter six destructive ones.

## CHARACTER - QUALITIES QUESTIONNAIRE. Check qualities acknowledged.

Sign, with address and exact birth date, and return to K. S. GUTHRIE, N. Yonkers, N. Y.

JEFFERSON TYPE: 1. Repelled by chaos?
2. Seek salvation in unification?
3. Do you exercise natural leadership?
4. Do you feel natural nobility?
5. Are you self-sacrificial, like lamb?
6. Love sunny, spacious rooms and home?
7. Exercise natural charm?
8. Do you believe, or feel, or realize devil?
9. Do you have dreams of discernment?
10. Have you natural handsomeness?
11. Are you capricious?
12. So fond of rhythm, music causes dance?
13. Have veneration for divine things?
14. Exemplify intellectual development?

GRANT: 1. Do strength-trials thrill you?
2. Do you enjoy, admire, seek feasts?
3. Are you always led by feelings?
4. Have you felt, given, or enjoyed horror?
5. Are your determinations unalterable?
6. Make cunning schemes? See thro' games?
7. Do you make, or believe in enemies?
8. Have you planning ability?
9. Can you guess, mind-read dream?
10. Have you phenomenal memory?
11. Do you enjoy sensations? rich food?

PETER THE GREAT: 1. Dual in disposition?
2. Attracted to manual tricks, rites, grips?
3. Are you very practical?
4. Do you create or effect disturbances?
5. Are you loquacious?
6. Are you essentially kindly?
7. Are you fond of, or seek, or get wealth?
8. Are you curious? nosey?
9. Is your artisticalness ornamentary?
10. Are you found of nursing? caresses?
11. Impressed by tricks of individuality?
12. Like or wear strange ornaments?
13. Are you ever hysteric?

CAESAR: 1. Are you reactionary?
2. Are you brilliant? admire it?
3. Are you oratorical? or admire it?
4. Attracted by darkness, home privacy?
5. Are you penny-wise?
6. Are you pound-foolish?
7. Are you changeable?
8. Do you preach compromise's wisdom?
9. Are you specially home-desiring?
10. Could you, would you institute reforms?
11. Are you fond of long, wasteful travels?
12. Are you paternalistic?
13. Are you artist in conversation?
14. Do you love nearness to water?

NAPOLEON: 1. Heat? Zeal? Game? Song?
2. Are you essentially cooperative?
3. Are you essentially philosophic?
4. Are you amatory?
5. Are you self-justificatory?
6. Do you wander? Fitfully lazy?
7. Attracted by royal establishment?
8. Does excessive love produce meanness?
9. Does nocturnal exile, silence, attract?
10. Are nature-sensations specially impressive?
11. Are you ingenious, inventive, cooking?
12. Are you given to day-dreams?
13. Are you essentially idealistic?
14. Is serpent-bite poisoning ever justifiable?

TAFT: 1. Do fatal spirits thrill you?
3. Does imitation impress you?
4. Are you generous?
5. Are you dignified?
6. Are you resilient, always come up again?
7. Are you very critical?
8. Are you essentially artistic?
9. Does the cup symbolism affect you?
10. Does the vim of nature support you?
11. Can you judge, or like jewels, ornaments?
12. Are you essentially dietetic?
13. Do you like creativeness, sheaf of corn?
14. Are you fond of, or use parables?

NELSON: 1. Is your ideal balanced?
2. Is life composed of crises?
3. Is your vision pure and clear?
4. Are you given to melancholy?
5. Is justice your supreme ideal?
6. Are you affectionate?
7. Do you have vivid dreams, vision flashes?
8. Are you reckless?
9. Are you irritable?
10. Are you dependent?
11. Do you hunt? like hunts? searches?
12. Are you externally formal?
13. Do you understand and use symbolism?
14. Are you disposed to gambling?

CHARLES I: 1. Is Passion sacred?
2. Can you sting your enemies?
3. Have you a magnetic personality?
4. Is opportunity reasonable? Loyalty, foolish?
5. Could you be diplomatic?
6. Are you utilitarian?
7. Are you impressed by death and spirits?
8. Do you approve of official bureaucracy?
9. Is socialization your master-passion?
10. Are you prudish? Shocked at indecency?
11. Do you approve of formality?
12. Do you feel you are a born Guardian?
13. Are you thrilled by generative love?
14. Over-reverent to superior knowledge?

BUNYAN: 1. Are you combative?
2. Does faithfulness thrill? enthrall you?
3. Do you approve of war?
4. Do you get prophetic result-knowledge?
5. Are you rash?
6. Are you frank?
7. Do you easily take up quests?
8. Can you scold, give tongue-lashings?
9. Does speech seem sacred? magical?
10. Disposed to great straits? crises?
11. Are you, or could be laborious?
12. Disposed to helpful counsel? nursing?
13. Are you impressed by dragon stories?
14. Do you like far, quick excursions?

WILSON: 1. Are you sincere?
2. Do you undertake large feuds?
3. Are you determined, rule or ruin?
4. Like goat and fish, of dual elements?
5. Do you organize everything?
6. Are you domineering?
7. Are you sincerely religious?
8. Are your ideals utopian?
9. Have you a lyre or girl element?
10. Are you disposed to teach?
11. Are you musical?
12. Do you seek organized reforms?
13. Do you do and buy all wholesale?
14. Is your love masterful?

LINCOLN: 1. Make judicious decisions?
1. Make judicious decisions?
2. Do you give stony stares?
3. Are you wavering?
4. Is your conversation brilliant?
5. Do you have vision and charm?
6. Are secret caves or houses attractive?
7. Is your disposition kind?
8. Does swan-like fatality impress?
9. Do you like water-courses, lake or sea?
10. Are you adaptable?
11. Do you feel kindred to nature?
12. Socially disposed? Like assemblages?
13. Can you diagnose characters & conditions?
14. Are you tactful?

WASHINGTON: 1. Fear duplex fatality?
2. Do you seek higher success?
3. Does transfiguration impress?
4. Are you dual? Impressed by pairs?
5. Do you support chivalric ideals?
6. Are you ritualistic?
7. Pilgrimage? Running away from home?
8. Does materialism impress you?
9. Are physical trials, tests, impressive?
10. Is religion objective, doctrinal, tangible?
11. Do you like fish or fishing?
12. Are you always in restless play?
13. Like ghosts, materialized spirits?
14. Are you extremely industrious?

# STUDY OF THE JUDGING, OR JEFFERSON, OR FIRST CHARACTER-TYPE

## born March 21—April 20 of any year, known as Brain, or Aries, ♈, or B.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and were its source.

### ARIES

| New | Old | Revised Order | | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 7 | Chaos | +57 | 91 | 14 |
| 2 | 8 | Salvation's Unity | 46 | 80 | 12 |
| 3 | 10 | Leadership | 23 | 57 | 9 |
| 4 | 13 | Natural Nobility | 18 | 52 | 8 |
| 5 | 17 | Sacrificial Self-Devotion | 13 | 47 | 8 |
| 6 | 9 | Love of Sunny Home | 9 | 43 | 7 |
| 7 | 15 | Charm | 7 | 41 | 6 |
| 8a | 6 | Devil +185 | 6 | 40 | 6 |
| 8b | 12 | Discernment, dreams | 6 | 40 | 6 |
| 9 | 16 | Beauty | — | 34 | 5 |
| 10 | 18 | Caprice | —2 | 32 | 5 |
| 11 | 14 | Rhythm-fondness | 7 | 27 | 4 |
| 12 | 19 | Veneration | 16 | 18 | 3 |
| 13 | 11 | Intellectual Discernment | 20 | 14 | 2 |
| 14 | 1 | Symbol of Aries | 25 | 9 | 1 |
| 15 | 2 | Dec. Cassiopea Enthronement | 29 | 5 | 1 |
| 16 | 3 | Dec. Andromeda, Distressed Beauty | 29 | 5 | 1 |
| 17 | 5 | Symbol Brain —191 | 29 | 5 | 1 |
| 18 | 4 | Dec. Cetus, Temple Devil | 34 | 0 | 0 |
| | | Average | 34 | 640 | |

### ARIES VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 34, or 5% from total 640. A total of variation of 376 (+185 and —191), is the highest of all the other 12 character complexes, explaining Aries' brilliant general leadership. Separating out the minor Aries characteristics (5% and under) we have left (640—149) 491, or 7% illustrating the scattered brilliancy of traits of the Aries nature, seen in the graduation of trait percentages, there are no sharply-marked smaller groups.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results' surprises to the observer, the variation of the new trait-order from the old traditional one, amounts to 151 points. Specially may be mentioned the emphasis on Salvation's Unity, Leadership, Natural Nobility, Sacrificial Self-Devotion and Charm, and the relegation of Deviltry. At last we have a scientific outline of this character, and a demonstration that it is the most important in the whole list of 12: 376 cases, to only 119 for Capricorn! Rule-or-ruin wholesaling is evidently a poor contrast to intelligent charm!

### JUDGMENT COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Aries-traits unto related complexes for clearer comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: there we have an

1, Gracious (traits 4, 5, 7, 9, 10),
2, Clarifying (6, 8b, 13),
3, Stirring (10, 11),
4, Redeemer (2, 3),
5, from Confusion (1, 8a).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE JUDGMENT WORKS

In spite of the large case-total, Aries has but few heavy case-sections; only two 12-sections, no 11-sections, nine 10-sections, and eight 9-sections. The 12-sections are Bidasari and Master of Palmyra; The 10 sections are Argonautica, Genesis, Hiawatha, Morte d'Arthur, Jesus, Hernani, Tempest, Prometheus and Aristotle's Ethics. Its most extended sections are in the Krishna biography, and Odyssey; the Patriarch is Gad, the Apostle Thomas the Jewel, the diamond, bloodstone or amethyst.

### SAMPLE JUDGMENT STORY

The Aries section of the Life of Krishna is so unusually full that we can only indicate a few touches. In Mathura (15) proud King Kansa (8a) made a treaty (10) to marry the Kali worshipping (8a) Nysoumba (5). Failing to bear a son (1) she threw fire incense (12) to the Rakshasas (8a). The priest prophesied (8b) none of the King's sons should rule (1), but the heir come from Devaki the pious (9) who prayed (5) for the queen (2). Hearing this, the queen demanded (10) Kansa destroy her (8a) and he complied. But a priest, after a vision (8b) warned Devaki (1), who escaped by night (2) to a hermitage (6) where she was hospitably received (7), being told the Gods had chosen her (4) to mother the future Indian savior (1). Garbed as princess (4), she had ecstasies (7) when fell flowers (8b). Overshadowed by the Spirit (8b) she conceived the Divine son (4), to be called Krishna the saved (12) and Radiant (11, 7, 9).

### FAMOUS BRAIN-PERSONS

(March 21—April 18 of any year)

RELIGIOUS, 7—Mme. Guyon, S. Teresa, George Herbert, Swedenborg, Peter Lange, Benj. Dorr.

PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Parkhurst.

HUMANISTS, 1—Muret.

SOLDIERS, 4—Charlemagne, Bismarck, Juan Rosas, Joachim Murat.

ACTORS, 3—Marie Krauss, Lecouvreur, Barrett.

LITERARY PERSONS, 19—Zola, de Maistre, H. Kirke White, Fitzgerald, J. P. Richter, Sallet, W. G. Sims, Ik Marvel, Gogolj, Andrew Lang, Henry James, Irving, Verlaine, Percy, Auersperg, Burroughs, E. A. Andrews, Andersen, Delavigne.

MUSICIANS, 6—Spohr, Tartini, Haydn, Lassen, Lichtner, Bach.

ARTISTS, 6—Bartholdi, Rafael Sanzio, E. Abbey, Annerling, Rosa Bonheur, Jules Dupre.

ORATORS, 1—Henry Clay.

PUBLIC PERSONS, 15—Louis XVIII, Leopold II, John II Casimir, Th. Frelinghausen, G. Favre, Wm. Eden, Wilhelm I, Thiers, F. Koenig, Wm. Kelly, Drexel, Alex. Battenberg, Thos. Allsop, Lucien Bonaparte.

SCIENTISTS, 21—Lecky, Rawlinson, Lardner, P. Gosse, Latham, Wm. Harvey, Hahnemann, Bartram, J. Hadley, Euler, Franklin, Emin Pasha, Jas. Mill, A. Garnier, E. Gurney, Brown-Sequard, Austin Flint, Abernathy, G. Amice, Allibone, H. Allen.

No Reformers, Chess-players, Teachers, Villains.

Total, 85 out of 1229 Famous Persons, or 17 below average, 102.

## STUDY OF THE GLANDULAR, OR GRANT, OR 2nd CHARACTER-TYPE

### born April 20—May 20 of any year, known as Neck, or Taurus, ♉, or N.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and were its source.

TAURUS

| New | Old | Revised Order | | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 9 | Strength-trial | +19 | 84 | 15 |
| 2 | 10 | A feast | 47 | 82 | 15 |
| 3 | 12 | Feelings-predominance | 29 | 64 | 12 |
| 4 | 6 | Horror | 25 | 60 | 11 |
| 5 | 8 | Determination | 17 | 52 | 9 |
| 6 | 16 | Cunning scheme, chess | 6 | 41 | 8 |
| 7 | 7 | Enemy | 2 | 37 | 6 |
| 8 | 15 | Planning ability | 1 | 36 | 6 |
| 9 | 14 | Guessing, mind reading, Dream | —1 | 34 | 6 |
| 10 | 13 | Memory | —3 | 32 | 6 |
| 11 | 11 | Sensation-enjoyment | —8 | 27 | 5 |
| 12 | 1 | Symbol of Taurus | 31 | 4 | 1 |
| 13 | 2 | Decan of Perseus | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| 14 | 3 | Decan of Pleiades | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| 15 | 4 | Decan of Eridanus | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| 16 | 5 | Decan of Bull | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| | | Average | 35 | —553 | |

### TAURUS VARIATIONS

Were the differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 35, or 6% from their total 553. A total variation of 359 (+176 and —183) is, next to Aries, (376) the highest of all the other characters, illustrating the overwhelming leadership of this character-complex. Separating out the minor characteristics (6% and below), we have left (553—170) 383, or 70%, showing that this character is only a little more solid than Aries's, with traits better massed.

### TAURUS SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results' surprises to the observer, the variation of the new trait-order from the old traditional one, amounts to 110 points. Specially may be mentioned the bringing to the fore of the Strength-trial, the Feast, the Predominance of the Feelings, and the Chess-ability. The enemy-trait becomes less important. A very close second to Aries (376 and 359) is Taurus in number of observable traits, and therefore general literary and social importance. No one had or would have suspected that these two signs, so close together would so overshadow the others in importance.

### .GLANDULAR COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Taurus-traits into related complexes for clearer comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: There we have a

1, Powerful (traits 1, 8),
2, High-living (3, 11),
3, Discerning (6, 8, 9, 10),
4, Friend (5, 11),
5, Enemy (4, 5, 7).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE GLANDULAR WORKS

Still more noticeably than in Aries, in spite of Taurus's high case-number, there are very few richly characterized works,—only six 9-sections, and three 10-sections; the former are Odyssey, Duchess of Malfi and Faust; the latter are Argonautica, Beowulf, Popol Vuh, Tempest, Bacon's A of L, and Aristotles Ethics. The significance of this is superior trait-distribution, suggesting good character-balance. The Mahabharata and Popol Vuh are the works in which the Taurus-section is most extended. The patriarch is Asher, the Apostle Thaddeus, the jewels are the agate or Emerald.

### SAMPLE GLANDULAR STORY

In the Popol Vuh Taurus-section, God, Life's Father-Mother (3) consulted with Himself (1) and accomplished creation (2), including animals ordered to pronounce his name (9). As they only roared, God made a second creation (1) and, as third, a man who still could not sing his praise (2, 6). Then marionettes, incapable of reproduction (1, 4). Disgusted with these manikins, God let them drown in a flood (7); and pulverized them (5). Then the animals came to insult their destroyed former masters (4, 3), but miraculously (9) their scornful gestures gave birth to a race of small monkeys named Goy (1).

### FAMOUS NECK-PERSONS

(April 10—May 19 of any year)

RELIGIOUS, 6—Louis IX of France, Keble, J. Freeman, Monod, Moehler, Ezra Abbot.

PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Lady Burdett-Coutts.

HUMANISTS, 2—Von Hutten, Scaliger.

REFORMERS, 5—Sir John Eliot, R. D. Owen, Lilly, Edw. Digby, Alex Albert.

SOLDIERS, 12—Wellington, Cromwell, Robespierre, Rudolf I, Ziethen, Murat, Kossuth, Ellsworth, Boulanger, Davout, Grant, G. Anson.

ACTORS, 2—John Brougham, Ada Rehan.

LITERARY PERSONS, 31—R. Browning, Gibbon, Froude, Mignet, da Vinci, Rueckert, Sallet, Seyes, Novalis, Munchhausen, Kurz, JSh Knowles, Taine, Uhland, Trollope, JN Page, Martineau, Macchiavelli, Le Sage, Balzac, Bailey, A. Carey, Dowden, Wm. Broome, Ch. Bronte, Addison, Tim. Dwight, Du Pont, J. Angell, Cotton, Daudet.

FAMOUS WOMEN, 3—Maria Theresa, Maria de' Medici, Mme de Stael.

MUSICIANS, 10—Rouget de Lisle, Gottschalk, Flotow, Paisiello, Seidl, Sullivan, Tchaikowski, Massenet, Heller, Balfe.

ARTISTS, 4—Turner, Lear, Lawrence, Flandrin.

PUBLIC PERSONS, 21—Nicholas II, Natalie of Servia, Naser-ed-deen, Napoleon, Justinian, Henry II of Germ. Edward II and IV Engl. M. Aurelius, Wayne McVeagh, August II Poland, Krupp, G. Childs, Bonner, Emmett, Dundas, Ch. Depew, Alex II Russia.

SCIENTISTS, 30—Huxley, Lankester, Linnaeus, Kuehner, Totleben, Monge, Liebig, E. Lankester, Fuerst, Forbes, Fahrenheit, Fuchs, Backer, Bancroft, Heil, Jacobi, Jenner, Rosenkranz, Hume, Kant, Aubert, Audubon, Audunin, Azara, Draper, Achard, Dyer, Dinsdale, Dilman, Depping, H. Spencer.

Villain: G. Barrington, thief and author. Chess-player: Steinitz. Teacher: Froebel.

Total, 128 out of 1161 Famous People, or 31 above average, 97.

# STUDY OF THE INNERVATIVE, OR PETER THE GREAT, or THIRD CHARACTER-TYPE

## Born May 20—June 21 of any year, known as Shoulders, or Gemini, II, or S.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed this first scientific list:

### GEMINI

| New | Old | Revised Order | | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 7 | Duality | 31 | 53 | 14 |
| 2 | 17 | Tricks, Rites | 24 | 46 | 13 |
| 3 | 8 | Practicality | 21 | 43 | 11 |
| 4 | 6 | Disturbance | 12 | 34 | 9 |
| 5 | 14 | Loquaciousness | 10 | 32 | 9 |
| 6a | 9 | Kindliness | 5 | 27 | 8 |
| 6b | 11 | Wealthiness | 5 | 27 | 8 |
| 6c | 13 | Curiousness +113, | 5 | 27 | 8 |
| 7 | 15 | Artisticalness | 1 | 21 | 6 |
| 8a | 10 | Nursing, Caressing | 4 | 18 | 5 |
| 8b | 12 | Individuality | 4 | 18 | 5 |
| 9 | 16 | Love or Ornament | 7 | 15 | 4 |
| 10 | 3 | Decan of Hyades | 19 | 3 | 1 |
| 11 | 2 | Decan of Auriga | 20 | 2 | 1 |
| 12 | 1 | Symbol of Gemini | 21 | 1 | 1 |
| 13 | 4 | Decan of Orion | 22 | 0 | 0 |
| 14 | 5 | Symbol of Twins —120 | 22 | 0 | 0 |
| | | Average | 22 | 367 | |

### GEMINI VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 22, or 6% from the total of 367. A total variation of 233 (+113 and —120), (or 7%) is much lower than the 12% of Aries and the 10% of Taurus, showing an excessively more limited and more solid, also less showy or successful (Aries Total 640, Taurus total 553, and Gemini total 367) trait-complex. Separating out the minor traits (6% and under, we have left (367 —78) 289 cases, or 80%, exhibiting the reliable drudgery of this nature.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results, surprises to the observer, and therefore the notable importance of this scientific investigation, we can point out that the variation of the new trait-order from the old traditional one amounts to 118 points. Specially notable a bringing to the fore is the trait of reliance on ritual, tricks or rites, also loquaciousness, not to mention artistry and love of ornament. Of total observed cases, Gemini has only 367 as against Aries 640 and Taurus's 553, showing that its practicality makes it common-place, and condemns it to subordinacy.

### INNERVATORY COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Gemini traits into related complexes for clearer comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: there we have a

1, Dual (traits 1, 4, 6c),
2, Manual (2, 3, 6b, 7, 8a),
3, Demonstration (5, 8a, 9),
4, Friend (6a, 8b).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE INNERVATORY WORKS

The confusion of the Gemini nature is well illustrated by the irregularity of case sections: seven of 9, five of 10, one of 12, and one of 13 cases. They are: Thirteen section: Faust; Twelve section: Gilgamesh; Ten section: Hiawatha, Kalevala, Odyssey, Macbeth and Tempest. The Nine Sections are: Argonautica, Beowulf, Bidasari, Genesis, Pilgrim's Progress, Master of Palmyra and Ollanta. The most extended Gemini sections are Faust and Hiawatha. The patriarch is Issachar, the Apostle Judas, the jewels beryl and aquamarine.

### SAMPLE INNERVATIONAL STORY

In the Faust Gemini-scetion, he turns to study the poodle (8b, Sirius 4), who makes a disturbance (4) when Faust translates (5) the Johannine prolog (9, 2), as a puzzle (6c). The Devil (6b) when exorcised (2) appears as an individual (8b) and when the spirits have sung (7) him to sleep (8a) escapes (3). On returning he makes a dual (1) contract about restless (4) curiosity's (6c) persistence (6c). Here the Decans appear most clearly, explaining both the writer's formative character-influence, and the work's universal success.

### FAMOUS SHOULDER-PERSONS

(May 20—June 20 of any year)

RELIGIOUS, 9—Zinzendorff, H. C. Potter, Spurgeon, Kingsley, Lardner, Edmund Law, W. F. Evans, Dorner.

PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Mrs. E. G. Frye.

REFORMERS, 3—Marat, Jonas Justus, Jos. Fouche.

SOLDIERS, 4—Pim, Oxenstierna, MacMahon, Jas. Keith.

LITERARY PERSONS, 27—J. Addison, Edwin Arnold, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Margaret Fuller, J. G. Saxe, Erckmann, Alex Forbes, Thos. Moore, Julia Ward Howe, Thos. Hood, Thos. Hardy, de Kock, C. G. Eastman, H. Beecher Stowe, Tieck, Parini, Alex Pope, Chas. Reade, Gerald Massey, H. F. Lyte, Bulwer Lytton, Alfred Austin, Blackmore, Channing.

MUSICIANS, 9—Wagner, Schumann, Pleyel, J. H. Payne, Paer, Moscheles, Lecocq, Rich. Hoffmann, Gounod.

ARTISTS, 1—Millais.

WOMEN, 2—Queen Victoria, Mme. de Staal.

PUBLIC PERSONS, 21—Peter the Great, Wm. Pitt, Jr., Philip II of the Inquisition, Jay Gould, Stephen Girard, Fargo, Vanderbilt, Patrick Henry, Nathan Hale, Edward I, Old Stuart Pretender, Wolseley, James I, John III Sobieski, Abdul Hamid, J. Davis, Deschamps, Riverty Johnson, Rufus King, Beau Brummel.

SCIENTISTS, 18—Antoine Foucroy, Laborde, Fiorelli, J. B. Eads, Pauli, Flinders, Petrie, Mesmer, Matterner, Lassell, R. Hamilton, J. S. Mill, Chas. Bonap, J. L. Agassiz, Jos. Guillotine, Ashmole, Playfair, Romanes, Adam Smith.

Total, 95 out of 1161 Famous Persons, or 2 below average 97.

# STUDY OF THE RESPIRATORY, or CAESAR, or FOURTH CHARACTER-TYPE

## Born August 22—September 23 of any year, known as Plexus, or Virgo, ♍, or P.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and were its source.

### CANCER

| New | Old | Revised Order | | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 7 | Reactionariness | +17 | 50 | 10 |
| 2a | 17 | Brilliancy | 13 | 46 | 9 |
| 2b | 18 | Oratoricalness | 13 | 46 | 9 |
| 3 | 6 | Darkness | 11 | 44 | 8 |
| 4 | 11 | Penny-wisdom | 7 | 40 | 8 |
| 5 | 14 | Pound foolishness | 6 | 39 | 7 |
| 6a | 12 | Changeableness | 2 | 35 | 7 |
| 6b | 13 | Compromise | 2 | 35 | 7 |
| 7 | 9 | Home-loving | +72 | 1 | 34 | 7 |
| 8a | 15 | Reforming tendency | —3 | 30 | 6 |
| 8b | 16 | Travel fondness | 3 | 30 | 6 |
| 9 | 8 | Paternalism | 4 | 29 | 6 |
| 10 | 10 | Conservatism | 11 | 22 | 4 |
| 11 | 19 | Water-proximity love | 14 | 19 | 4 |
| 12 | 1 | Symbol of Leo, the Lion. | 27 | 6 | 1 |
| 13 | 2 | Decan of Greater Dog | 29 | 4 | 1 |
| 14 | 3 | Decan of Procyon | 29 | 4 | 1 |
| 15 | 4 | Decan of Orion | 29 | 4 | 1 |
| 16 | 5 | Symbol of Chest | —180 | 31 | 2 | 1 |

Av. 33, Total 519

### CANCER VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 33, or 6% from total 519. A total of variation of 252, (+72 and —180), is much higher than the Gemini traits illustrating the exceptional brilliancy of the Cancer nature. Separating out the minor characteristics (under 6%) we have left (519 —20, or) 499, or 96%, showing that this character is perhaps of all the most solid and unchangeable trait-group.

### CANCER SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results' surprises to the observer, and therefore the notable importance of this scientific investigation, we may point out that the variation of the new trait-order from the old traditional one amounts to 150 points. Specially notable is making its chief trait reactionariness, brilliancy, oratoricalness, and relegating its reforming tendency low enough to make it a bluff, as was that of the last German Kaiser. Paternalism, logically Cancer's chief trait, is by the statistics made one of the last. Its observed cases, 579, contrast with those on each side, Gemini 367 and Leo 307, showing Cancer's preponderance of power.

### (Cancer) RESPIRATORY COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Cancer-traits into related complexes for clearer comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: there we have a

1, Conservative (traits 1, 3, 4, 7, 10),
2, Paternal (8),
3, Brilliant (2a, 6a, 8a),
4, World-impresser (2b, 5, 6b, 8b, 11).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE RESPIRATORY WORKS

As with Gemini's duality, Cancer's fundamental self-contradiction results in many crowded sections: ten 10s; eight 11s; seven 12s; three 13s; and one 14. The latter is Ramayana; the 13s are, Odyssey, Krishna and Ollanta; the 12s, Bidasari, Genesis, Buddha, Cyrano, Wallenstein, Plato's Republic, and Revelation. The 11s are Niebelungen, Popol Vuh, Odyssey, Hernani, Master of Palmyra, City of God, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. The Cancer section is notably extended in Kalevala, Bidasari, Argonautica, Prem Sagar. The patriarch is Zebulon, the Apostle Matthew, and the jewel is the Onyx.

### SAMPLE RESPIRATORY STORY

The Kalevala holds a Cancer section so extensive that we can do no more than begin it. Lemninkainen roams (6b, 8b) at night (3), Kulli refuses (1, 5), sun, moon and stars (2a); but he is not discouraged, (6a) and going there is engaged as Shepherd (4) working (4) by day, and dually (6b) feasting and dancing (5) at night (3). Kylliki, coming too early, is abducted (9) and yields to him on a contract (6a) she (7) is not to go to dances, while he is not to go to war. Now, one night, (3) she went (6b) to a dance (8b), so he left (6a) for war (8a). By an oratorical (2b) incantation, he produces weapons (1) changes (6a) his form, and travels (8b) north for a second bride (7), passing by a watch dog (10), he enchants all the warriors (2b), except one wretched shepherd Nasshut, who curses him (1); and so forth.

### FAMOUS CHEST-PERSONS
(June 21—July 21 of any year)

RELIGIOUS, 5—Calvin, John Wesley, Pasquier Quesnel, Thos. Guthrie, Manning.
PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Samuel Appleton.
REFORMERS, 4—Mazzini, John Huss, Garibaldi, Johann Basedow.
SOLDIERS, 6—Julius Caesar, Robert Bruce, Rudolf II, Paul Jones, Mansfeld, Maximilian.
ACTORS, 2—C. L. Kellogg, Mme. Janauscheck.
LITERARY PERSONS, 22—Abraham a Sancta Clara, Rousseau, W. Winter, G. Freytag, Arnould Fremy, Georges Sand, Molbech, N. Hawthorne, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Rider Haggard, La Fontaine, Wm. Stead, Trissino, Thackeray, Pascal, Petrarch, M. Pryor, Fred Marryatt, Leopardi, Cherbulliez, Cath. Fanshawe, Arici.
WOMEN, 1—Empress Josephine.
MUSICIANS, 2—Offenbach, Jos. Joachim.
ARTISTS, 10—Rembrandt, Rubens, del Sarto, Reynolds, Lathrop, W. B. Johnstone, Chas. Frere, P. Aube, F. Drake, Paul Delaroche.
ORATORS, 3—H. W. Beecher, Massillon, Marmontel.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 10—Frederick the Great, Mazarin, Henry VIII, Louis X 'Father of the People', Pres. Adams, P. Barnum, J. J. Astor, W. E. Aytoun, W. Blackstone, Abbas II.
SCIENTISTS, 14—Sir Wm. Lawrence, S. D. Gross, Rich. Owen, W. W. Humboldt, Piazzi, Maspero, H. L. Hedge, L. Friedlaender, A. Bastian, Lalande, M. Mackenzie, J. Latham, De Morgan, Eschenmayer.
VARIOUS, 3—Teacher, E. G. Walker; Chessplayer, Adolf Andersen; Inventor, G. Corliss.
Total, 83, out of 1161 Famous People, or 14 below average.

# STUDY OF THE CIRCULATORY, or NAPOLEON or FIFTH CHARACTER-TYPE

**Born July 22—August 22 of any year, known as Heart, or Leo, ♌, or H.**

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and were its source.

LEO

| New | Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 6 | Fire, heat, zeal, fight, games. | 32 | 8 |
| 2 | 12 | Cooperative . . . . . | 32 | 8 |
| 3 | 17 | Philosophic . . . . . | 31 | 7 |
| 4 | 10 | Amatory . . . . . | 30 | 7 |
| 5 | 16 | Self-justificatory . . . . . | 30 | 7 |
| 6 | 7 | Wandering . . . . . | 29 | 7 |
| 7 | 11 | Royal establishment . . . . . | 28 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | Super-love, meanness . . . . . | 25 | 6 |
| 9 | 20 | Silence . . . . . | 25 | 6 |
| 10 | 18 | Cooking, farming . . . . . | 24 | 6 |
| 11 | 15 | Ingenious . . . . . +77 | 22 | 5 |
| 12 | 8 | Fitful . . . . . | 18 | 4 |
| 13 | 13 | Day-dreams . . . . . | 18 | 4 |
| 14 | 14 | Idealistic . . . . . | 18 | 4 |
| 15 | 3 | Decan of Hydra, Dragon . . . . | 16 | 4 |
| 16 | 19 | Fountain flowing . . . . . | 13 | 3 |
| 17 | 2 | Decan Lynx, Experimentation. | 12 | 3 |
| 18 | 1 | Symbol of Leo, the Lion . . . . . | 7 | 1 |
| 19 | 4 | Decan of Argonavis, Mission. | 5 | 1 |
| 20 | 5 | Function of heart . . . . . —78 | 3 | 1 |
| | | Average | 21 | 307 |

## LEO VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average 21, or 5%, from total 307. A total of variation of 155, (+77 and —78), is much lower than the Cancer-traits (252); giving a more manifold and interesting nature. Separating out the minor characteristics (under 5%) we have left (307 —73, or) 234, or 76%, showing that this character has about the same brilliancy as Virgo's.

## LEO SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results' surprises to the observer, and therefore the notable importance of this scientific investigation, we may point out that the variation of the new trait-order from the old traditional one amounts to 145 points; making it rank with the signs of greatest changes, such as Aries (151), Cancer (150), Sagittarius (170), and Pisces (148). Its chief appreciation of trait-rank are cooperativeness, philosophicalness, amatoriness and self-justificatoriness; also, its tendency to moody silence. Leo is a less solid, but more brilliant sign (145 variation) than Cancer (64) or Virgo (89); nevertheless it is less noticeable (366, to Cancer and Libra's 519)!

## (Leo) CIRCULATORY COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Leo-traits into related complexes for clearer comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: there we have a

1, Zealous (traits 1, 6, 7),
2, Cooperative (2, 14),
3, Ingenious (3, 5, 8, 10, 11),
4, Lover (4),
5, Who is moody (9, 12, 13).

## MOST DISTINCTIVE CIRCULATORY WORKS

Leo's cooperativeness would no doubt operate towards bunching of characteristics: one 14 (Popol Vuh); two 13 (Sakuntala and Tempest); two 12 (Kalevala and Ramayana); six 11 (Bidasari, Mahabharata, Odyssey, Jesus, Macbeth and Goethe Wilhelm Meister; and three 2 (Argonautica, Niebelungen and Buddha). The most extended Leo sections are Genesis, Buddha-tooth, Arthur and Kalevala. The patriarch is Judah, the Apostle Simon, and the jewel is the ruby.

## (Leo) SAMPLE CIRCULATORY STORY

The Leo-section of Genesis tells how Abraham wandered (6) across the Haran desert seeking his ideal promise (14) and ultimate establishment in Palestine (7). The family cooperation (2) was broken by Lot's disharmony (8, 5) at the wells of water (16) and led to separation (9). His love to God (4) and philosophy (3) was faith in the Lord (14), and it was counted him for righteousness (5). He performed many sacrifices (10). In sleep (9) he had a vision (13) of a burning lamp (1). The circumcision (11), the Hagar and Ishmael incident (12) illustrate Leo's heart affection (1).

## FAMOUS HEART-PERSONS

(July 22 — August 21 of any year)

RELIGIOUS, 6—Fenelon, Farrar, Ingersoll, Martensen, Liddon, H. E. Irving.
PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Wm. Penn.
INVENTORS, 6—DeLong, Elisha Gray, Claude Freycinet, LaPerousse, Paul du Chaillu, Ericsson.
PHILOSOPHERS, 4—Nordau, Michelet, Lebrun, Johann Dippel.
REFORMERS, 1—Labouchere.
SOLDIERS, 6—Napoleon Bonaparte, O'Higgins, Napier, Moreau, Henry Knox, A. Wilhelm.
LITERARY PERSONS, 22—Shelley, Winther, Feuillet, Sir Walter Scott, N. Frothingham, von Strahlenau, Baroness Nairne, Melanes, Ch. Joliet, Guy de Maupassant, Goldwin Smith, Southey, Tennyson, de Tocqueville, de Quincey, Beranger, Thos. Campdell, Alex. Dumas, Sr., and Jr., Dryden, Dana, Wm. T. Adams.
ACTORS,3—Charlotte Cushman, Wm. Florence, Mary Anderson.
WOMEN, 1—Charlotte Corday.
MUSICIANS, 5—Vincent Novello, Meyerbeer, F. Gore Ouseley.
ARTISTS, 3—E. Moran, Jean Jouvenet, Eugene Isabey.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 14—Philip Augustus, Napoleon I, Joseph I, Grevy, E. F. Freilinghusen, Buckingham, Wm. Frederick III, Benj. Harrison, Jos. Francis I, Roswell Flower, Duc d' Enghien, Torstenson, Augustus of Saxony, Prince Alfred.
SCIENTISTS, 13—Thos. Kirkbride, Richard Meade, Jean Lamarck, Samuel Haldemann, E. D. Cope, Tyndall, Chas. Hutton, Jer. Day, Lavoisier, Avogadro, F. M. Avellino, Chas. Ancelon, Niels Abel.
VARIOUS, 2—Chess-player, L. Bledow. Thief and detective, Vidocq.
Total, 86 out of 1161 Famous Persons, or 11 below average, 97.

# STUDY OF THE DIGESTIVE, or TAFT, or SIXTH CHARACTER-TYPE

## Born June 21—July 22 of any year, known as Chest, or Cancer, ♋, or C.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed

VIRGO

| New | Old | Revised Order | | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 9 | Fatal Spirits, ..... | +25 | 48 | 13 |
| 2 | 7 | Female, or angel ..... | +21 | 44 | 12 |
| 3 | 8 | Initiatory . . . ..... | +20 | 43 | 11 |
| 4 | 10 | Generosity . . . ..... | +9 | 32 | 8 |
| 5 | 12 | Dignified . . . ..... | +4 | 27 | 7 |
| 6a | 11 | Resilient . . . ..... | +2 | 25 | 6 |
| 6b | 13 | Critical . . . ..... +85 | +2 | 25 | 6 |
| 7 | 14 | Artistic . . . ..... | —4 | 23 | 6 |
| 8 | 4 | Cup . . . ..... | —4 | 19 | 5 |
| 9 | 6 | Nature-vim . . . ..... | —5 | 18 | 5 |
| 10a | 15 | Jewel, ornament ..... | —7 | 16 | 4 |
| 10b | 16 | Dietetic . . . ..... | —7 | 16 | 4 |
| 11 | 3 | Sheaf, creativeness .... | —8 | 15 | 4 |
| 12 | 2 | Comparativeness . . .... | —11 | 12 | 3 |
| 13 | 5 | Abdomen mention ..... | —21 | 2 | 1 |
| 14 | 1 | Virgo mention ..... —95 | —22 | 1 | 1 |
| | | Average | 23 | 366 | |

### (VIRGO) VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average 23, or 6%, from total 366. A total of variation of 179, +85 and 95, or 25 points more than Leo traits (154 variations); giving a more manifold and interesting nature. Separating out the minor characteristics (under 5%), we have left (366 —99, or) 267, or 73%, showing that this character has a more varied brilliancy than the Libra (85% solidity).

### (Virgo) SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results' surprises to the observer, and therefore the notable importance of this scientific investigation, the surprise quota in change of trait order thereby effected amounts to 115 points, ranking with the signs of smaller changes, such as Taurus (110), Gemini (118), Capricorn (120) and Aquarius (130). Statistics now emphasize the importance of the Fatal Spirits Initiation, Generosity and Dignity. Nature-vim is decreased in importance, but dietetician and jewel-diagnosticism increased. Slightly more successful (366) and noticeable than Leo, Virgo is still one of the less important signs, to judge by Libra's 519 or Aries's 640.

### (Virgo) DIGESTIVE COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Virgo-traits into related complexes for clearer comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: there we have an

1, Eerie (1, 3,)
2, Angelic (2),
3, Generous (4, 6a, 9),
4, Nature-loving (6a, 9, 10b, 11),
5, Artist (5, 6b( 7, 10a).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE DIGESTIVE WORKS

In spite of Virgo's relatively larger case-number, the sections are so evenly related that we have only three 10s (Genesis, Pilgrim's Progress, Egyptian Books), one 11 (Revelation), one 12 (Faust), and one 15 (Jesus). On the other hand, we find some remarkable extended sections: Bacon's A of L, Utopia, Gilgamesh and Popol Vuh. The patriarch is Benjamin, the apostle is Bartholomew, and the jewel is the sapphire. This unusualness of distribution well illustrated Virgo's headstrong criticism of others, not of himself.

### (Virgo) SAMPLE DIGESTIVE STORY

The Virgo-section of the Gospels relates the second passover (5), the unleavened bread or Virgo's corn-ear (11) was eaten, and wine drunk from Crater, the Cup. In the field was plucked the ear of corn (14, 10b). Then ordination (3) of the twelve disciples; the raising (6a) of the Nain widow's son (2) and Jairus's daughter (2). Mary Magdalene illustrates Virgo's femininity (2) and his relative interference to its criticism (6b). Then come the parables (12, 7) of the Sower (11), the Tares, the Treasurer (10a); the entering (13) of the devils into the swine (1) at Gadara. Also a healing (4) of the woman with the issue of blood, ending Jesus's second general circuit.

### FAMOUS PLEXUS-PERSONS

(August 22 — Sept. 22 of any year)

RELIGIOUS, 6—Johann H. Jung, Parker, Orson Pratt, Oberlin, Maurice, Abraham Kuehnen.

PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—William Dodge.

SOLDIERS, 6—Rohan, Turenne, Wallenstein, Lafayette, Paul IV Esterhazy, Felix Donay.

ACTORS, 2—John Fawcett, J. Clarke.

WOMEN, 1—Queen Elizabeth.

REFORMERS, 2—Fourchet, Basedow.

LITERARY PERSONS, 27—Goethe, Henry George, Samuel Johnson, O. W. Holmes, Wieland, Eugene Field, Ronsard, Victorien Sardou, Schlegel, Simrock, J. W. Fletcher, Bret Harte, Gautier, G. Laube, G. P. Lathrop, Snoilsky, C. D. Warner, M. Power (Fashions), Lever, Trench, R. Ferguson, J. F. Astic, J. von Auffenberg, Ph. Carey, F. Cooper, A de Vere, Paul Bourget.

MUSICIANS, 5—Vincent, Novello, Meyerbeer, Adolph Hesse, Cherubini, Dvorak.

ARTISTS, 4—Tintoretto, Fr. Kruger, W. Dyce, P. Bartalozzi (Engraver).

PHILOSOPHERS, 3—Hegel, Locke, Lazarus.

PUBLIC PERSONS, 19—Abdul Hamid II, Louis XI and XIV, Richelieu, Richard Coeur de Lion, Pope Paul V, Milan, Louis XVI, Ivan IV, R. Walpole, W. B. Astor, Chas. Dilke, Gen. Diaz, LZ Lamar, H. Hamlin, John Ruday, Alex II and III (Scots), Louis Bonaparte.

SCIENTISTS, 14—Niebuhr, C. H. Lea, T. S. Hunt, Mungo Park, F. H. Humboldt, Leidy, J. S. Reilly, F. H. Hamiln, Langley, J. Hull, J. Geikie, P. Fontaine, Faraday Amontous.

VARIOUS, 2—Teachers, Seelye. Inventors: Richard Gatling.

Total, 92 out of 1161 Famous Persons, or 5 below average, 97.

# STUDY OF THE ELIMINATIVE, OR NELSON, OR 7th CHARACTER-TYPE

## born Sept. 23 - Oct. 22 of any year, known as Kidneys, or Libra, ♎, or R.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all af them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed this first scientific list:

### LIBRA

| New | Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1, | 7, | Balanced | 49, | 8 |
| 2, | 6, | Crisis | 40, | 7 |
| 3, | 19, | Purity—female | 38, | 7 |
| 4, | 16, | Melancholy | 37, | 7 |
| 5, | 15, | Affectionate | 35, | 7 |
| 6, | 8, | Justice | 35, | 7 |
| 7, | 9, | Vision | 34, | 6 |
| 8, | 11, | Reckless | 34, | 6 |
| 9, | 12, | Irritable | 33, | 6 |
| 10, | 14, | Dependent | 30, | 6 |
| 11, | 3, | Decan of Hunting Dogs, Seeking | 28, | 5 |
| 12, | 18, | Formality or ritual | 25, | 5 |
| 13, | 10, | Symbolism | 23, | 5 |
| 14, | 17, | Gambling | 21, | 4 |
| 15, | 13, | Unprecise | 19, | 35 |
| 16, | 4, | Decan of Crow, or Learning | 18, | 3 |
| 17, | 2, | Decan of Major Bear, Terrorizer | 14, | 3 |
| 18, | 1, | Symbol of Libra, the Scales | 6, | 1 |

### VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average 29—, from total 519. A total variation of 143, + 65 and 78 minus, signifies that the traits are by 36 points less diversified than Virgo's (179 variations); giving a less manifold and interesting nature. Separating out the minor characteristics (under 5%), we have left (519—78, or) 441, or 85%, showing that this character has, after all a predominantly solid foundation.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

To show the extent of these results' surprises to the observer, the variation of the new from the old order amounts to 134. Specially may be mentioned the place of gambling, unprecision, formality, female or purity (which had hardly figured in the earlier plan, but which is logical, as it is only the pure in heart who shall see God). So the writer at least feels, the work has repaid itself.

### ELIMINATIVE COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Libra-traits into related complexes for comprehension. recognition and utilization we might say: there we have an

1, Affectionate (traits 5, 11).
2, Unhappy (4, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 17).
3, Critical (1, 2, 6, 18).
4, Symbolist (3, 7, 12, 13, 16).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE ELIMINATIVE WORKS

For Libra we find an unusually great number of high trait-sections, perhaps because this sign is the turning-point back to Aries and in stories would be the beginning of the Counter-plot. It is one of the 2 gates of life, so to speak (taking the place of Cancer and Capricorn in Porphyry's antiquated age, in his Cave of the Nymphs). So we have 1, 15-section, 3, 14-sections; 5, 13-sections; 9, 12-sections; 3, 11-sections; and 4, 10-sections. 14-sections are Buddha, Krishna, Balder, Odyssey; 13-sections are Aeneid, Wilhelm Meister, Faust, Hiawatha and Hamlet; 12-sections are Kalevala, Orpheus, Pilgrim's Progress, Republic, Cyrano, Macbeth, Venice-Merchant, Utopia, Madach.

### SAMPLE ELIMINATIVE STORY

The Libra section of the life of Gautama Buddha shows how a great Schism threatened the Buddhist Church (6).—A certain monk was charged with having committed an offense. (12), and as he refused (13) to acknowledge it, the Church pronounced (18) an excommunication (11).—Now he was manifold in his accomplishments (9), and tactful (14); he protested (8) his innocence, and declared he would not abandon the order (3).—As umpire, (7), Buddha not being listened to, meekly (16) left Kanshambi; whereat the brilliant Kanshambi lay supporters (4) being disgusted with this litigiousness (12) withdrew their support (17) whereupon they surrendered and reestablished concord (15).

### FAMOUS REINS-PERSONS

RELIGIOUS, 6—Laud, Jonathan Edwards, Euripides, Liguori, Mosheim, Lyman Beecher.
SOLDIERS, 2—Nelson, Prince Eugene.
ACTORS, 3—Sheridan, Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt.
LITERARY PERSONS, 27—Mme. Edmond Adam, Virgil, Noah Webster, S. P. Francis, J. Foster, Paul Fleming Sarcey, Silva, Munich, Wm. Mueller, Prosper Merimee, Mrs. Hemans ,Mrs. Gaskell, de Lamartine, H. H. Jackson, Stedman, Tollen, Palgrave, Allan Ramsay, Carl Andree, Marini, Lermontoff, Boyesen, Mme. Durand, Coleridge, Drachmann.
MUSICIANS, 5—Verdi, Nikisch, Molique, Liszt, L. Damrosch.
ARTISTS, 8—Munkacksy, Wren, J. P. & A. Millet, Harriet Hosmer, Martin Freminet, Deteille, Cruikshank.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 23—Augustus, Guizot, Pedro I, Richard II, Edward VI, James II, Friedrich II & IV, Louis XIII, Isabella II, Augustus III, Empress Augusta & Augusta Victoria, Audiffret, Avellanda, Aurungzebe, Clemenceau, Choate, H. Allen, C. Abbott, Law, Ferencz Deak, John Forny, R. B. Hayes.
SCIENTISTS, 17—A. Gunther, Virchow, Wilkinson, Wm. Grey Peek, Guyot, Bancroft, Greenleaf, Mansel, von Aster, Paul Bert, Cheselden, Abercrombie, Louis Duperrey, Max Dinker, Diderot, J. Anderson, Ridquist.
TOTAL, 91 out of 1161 Famous Persons, or 6 below average, 97.

# STUDY OF THE GENERATIVE, OR ROOSEVELT, OR 8th CHARACTER-TYPE

## born Oct. 23 - Nov. 21 of any year, known as Creatives, or Scorpio, ♏, or G

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed this first scientific list:

### SCORPIO

| New | Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1, | 9, | Passionate | 46, | 9 |
| 2, | 10, | Stinging | 43, | 9 |
| 3, | 8, | Magnetic | 40, | 8 |
| 4, | 17, | Disloyal | 38, | 8 |
| 5, | 15, | Diplomatic | 36, | 7 |
| 6, | 16, | Utilitarian | 36, | 7 |
| 7, | 11, | Death and Spirits | 31, | 6 |
| 8, | 14, | Official | 29, | 6 |
| 9, | 13, | Socialization | 28, | 6 |
| 10, | 7, | Prudery | 27, | 5 |
| 11, | 12, | Formality | 23, | 5 |
| 12, | 2, | Decan of Minor Bear, Guardian | 22, | 4 |
| 13, | 5, | Generation Love | 21, | 4 |
| 14, | 6, | Reverence for Learning | 21, | 4 |
| 15, | 4, | Crowned Jewels | 16, | 3 |
| 16, | 18, | Hygienic | 16, | 3 |
| 17, | 1, | Scorpion | 13, | 2 |
| 18, | 3, | Decan of Bootes, Seeker | 13, | 2 |
| 19, | 19, | Divination | 4, | 1 |

### VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 26+ from a total of 503. The total variation of 180, + 94 and —86, signifies that these traits are by 37 points more diversified than Libra's, or about the same as Virgo's; yielding a more interesting and manifold nature. Separating out the minor characteristics, under 5%, we have left (503—126, or) 377 or 75% showing that this character has a narrower foundation than Libra's demanding more numerous and varied methods of control.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

As to surprise to the observer, the variation of the new from the old order amounts to 159, or 25 points more than in the case of Libra. The feature of this comparison is one entirely new trait of divination, and the by far greater importance of disloyalty than courtesy had prompted us to suppose; also more diplomacy, and utilitarianism, making the character more dangerous to others than ever; prudery however is less. Valuable indeed was this work.

### GENERATIVE COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Scorpio-traits into related complexes for comprehension, recognition and use, we might say: here we have a

1. Passionate (traits 1, 2, 13, 17, 18);
2. Utilitarian (4, 5, 6);
3. Bureaucratic (8, 9, 10, 11, 12);
4. Mystic (3, 7, 14, 15, 16, 19).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE GENERATIVE WORKS

While some Scorpio-sections are the highest of all (1, 16-section; 1, 15-section; 4, 14-sections; 2, 13-sections; 4, 11-sections; 11, 10-sections) they are but thinly distributed, and small in number, especially in view of the height of the case-total. The significance of this would be that many works for a crisis depend on passion openly, while a greater number do so reservedly. 16-section, Tempest; 15-section, Ramayana; 14-section, Wilhelm Meister; 13-section, Niebelungen, Krishna, Nathan, Madach, 12-section, Cyrano and Ollanta. Outside of passion-plots, the Scorpio nature offers less of interest than the other natures. After all passion is banal.

### SAMPLE GENERATIVE STORY

The Scorpio section of the 'Tempest' (Act 4, Sc. 1), describes Prospero's diplomacy (5) and warns him (14) of letting his passion (1) for Miranda spoil (2) their fair future. Then Prospero (12) sends (18) for the rabble of the crew (13), Ferdinand insists on his natural (16) chastity (10). Then there is a formal marriage (8) at which Ceres, Venus and Juno (19) participate, advising Hymen (10) to restrain (5) Mars's hot sting (2). The scene ends with a dance (13) between (3) the Nymphs and Reapers (6).

### FAMOUS SECRETS-PERSONS

RELIGIOUS, 7—Augustine, Erasmus, Francis, Converse, G. Faber, Auberlen, Ewald, G. Abbott.
PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Johann Falk.
REFORMERS, 4—Joh. von der Eck, Montefiore, Luther, R. D. Owen.
PERSONATOR, 1—Eon de Beaumont.
SOLDIERS, 4—Moltke, Pelissier, Early, Sir John Moore.
WOMEN, 1—E. C. Stanton.
ACTORS, 4—Edmund Kean, Minnie Hauck, Chas. Fechter, Edwin Booth.
LITERARY PERSONS, 40—Voltaire, Keats, Bryant, Schiller, Monier Williams, Tegner, H. H. Furness, Louis Frechette, Mary Foote, Whitelaw Reid, Fritz Reuter, Marshal Saxe, John Evelyn, Johannes Ewald, Oehlenschlaeger, Musset, Jas. Montgomery, Milton, Joaquin Miller, Mme. Guizot, Oliver Goldsmith, Thos. Hughes, R. L. Stevenson, Turgenieff, Vacquerie, Vondel, Toplady, Macpherson, E. Lytton, Boileau, Cibber, Chatterton, Chenier, Johann Lavater, Donnelly, Ida Duringsfeld, T. B. Aldrich, Anna Dickinson, Deschanel, Cowper.
MUSICIANS, 10—Paganini, Henry Smart, F. Hiller, Mme. Hensel, Hummel, Kreutzer, R. Bishop, Bellini, Dorn, Ambros.
ARTISTS, 1—Thorwaldsen.
INVENTORS, 1—W. W. Averell.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 29—Charles I, Edward III and V, Tiberius, Vespasian, Julian, Domitian, Wm. Pitt, Sr., Polk, Casimir-Perier, Roosevelt, Runjeet Sing, Elizabeth Christina, Ch. Freycinet, Emil Frey, A. Fould, Egmont, Morny, Isabella (France), J. Bayard, E. Fairbanks, Andiffert Pasquier, Jerome Bonaparte, Elphinstone, J. Adams, Edward Albert of England, W. B. Lawrence, Edward Law, R. Devereux.
SCIENTISTS, 12—Forschammer, Lyell, Lesseps, Leewenhoeck, Engelhardt, Wm. Herschell, E. Halley, Rosmini, Jean Amussat, d'Alembert, Auton, Balfour Stewart.
TOTAL, 103 out of 1159 Famous Persons, or 7 above average, 96.

# STUDY OF THE MUSCULAR, OR BUNYAN, OR 9th CHARACTER-TYPE

## born Nov. 22 - Dec. 20 of any year, known as Thigh, or Saggittarius, ♐ or T.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed this first scientific list:

### SAGGITTARIUS

| New | Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1, | 14, | Combative | 45, | 10 |
| 2, | 16, | Faithful | 42, | 9 |
| 3, | 15, | Fighting | 41, | 9 |
| 4, | 11, | Prophetic | 32, | 7 |
| 5, | 12, | Rash | 32, | 7 |
| 6, | 9, | Frank | 31, | 7 |
| 7, | 10, | Questing | 30, | 6 |
| 8, | 13, | Scolding | 30, | 6 |
| 9, | 17, | Magical Speech | 25, | 5 |
| 10, | 18, | Great straits, or crisis | 24, | 5 |
| 11, | 8, | Laborious | 23, | 5 |
| 12, | 19, | Helpful counsel or nursing | 20, | 4 |
| 13, | 2, | Decan Dragon | 20, | 4 |
| 14, | 7, | Roaming | 18, | 4 |
| 15, | 1, | Arrow or sword | 15, | 3 |
| 16, | 6, | Dilatory, neglectful | 12, | 3 |
| 17, | 3, | Decan Hercules | 8, | 2 |
| 18, | 4, | Decan Serpent-charmer | 7, | 2 |
| 19, | 20, | Patience | 5, | 1 |
| 20, | 5, | Muscularity | 1, | 1 |

### VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 23 from a total of 461. The total variation of 203, + 102 and —101, signifies that these traits are 44% of the total, contrasted with Scorpio's 36% and Libra's 28%, meaning that while the total character-points are 90% less than Scorpio's, the variation is 8% greater. In such a scattering character, of small variegation, and hence resource, no wonder that self-control is difficult, and that they fall an easy prey to the masterful, dangerous Scorpios. Separating out the minor characteristics under 5% which form 23% (106 cases) we have left a foundation of about the same as Scorpio's.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

As to surprise to the observer, the variation of the new from the old order amounts to 170 points, or 21 more than Scorpio, or 36 than Libra, showing the progressive importance of this study. The features are greater combativeness, faithfulness, propheticalness, rashness, questing, magical speech, great stress, helpful counsel or nursing, and less dilatoriness, roaming, blood thirstiness, dilatoriness and muscularity. Only in patience were the guesses right.

### MUSCULAR COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Saggitarius-traits into related complexes for comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say we have a

1, Muscular traits 1, 3, 5, 11, 13, 14, 17, 20),
2, Dilatory (16, 18, 19),
3, Sincere (2, 8, 12),
4, Questing (7, 10),
5, Prophet (4, 6, 9, 15).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE MUSCULAR

Saggitarius-sections, for a relatively high case-total, are still less than the Scorpio, although there are a few high cases: 2, 15-sections; 1, 14-sections; 0, 13-sections; 5, 12-sections; 4, 11-sections; and 4, 10-sections. They are, 15-sections, Republic and Book of the Dead; 14-section, Odyssey; 12-sections, Beowulf, Wilhelm Meister, Pilgrim's Progress, Promtheus Unbound and Madach. 11-sections, Kalevala, Mahabharata, Cyrano and Buddha-Tooth; 10-sections, Genesis, Iliad, Ollanta, Sakuntala.

### SAMPLE MUSCULAR STORY

The Saggittarius section of Plato's Republic (Bk. 9), implies in the individual subjection of passion (5) to the dominance (1) of reason (12). Disordered passions (9) lead to all kinds of fightings (1) and tongue evils (8), rashness (§9.5) (5) and war (§11) (1). Such a disordered (5) man is illustrated (§12) by the Chimaera, Scylla and Cerberus (5, 18).

### FAMOUS THIGH-PERSONS

RELIGIOUS, 12—Lyman Abbott, Molinos, O. Frothingham, Frances Havergal, Dean Stanley, Jas. Hamilton, Thos. Starr King, Bunyan, John Cotton, Angelicus Arnauld, Chas. Deems, Phillips Brooks.

REFORMERS, 1—John Crowley.

SOLDIERS, 4—Gustavus Adolphus, Monk, Martinez Campos, Esterhazy.

WOMEN, 5—Mary of Scots, Mme. de Maintenon, Deborah Sampson the Amazon, Mme. de Recamier, Grace Darling.

ACTORS, 5—Fanny and Charles Kemble, Matilda Heron, George Holland, Jane Hading.

LITERARY PERSONS, 28—Carlyle, Heine, Whittier, Flaubert, S. P. Sydney, Chatrian, Max Mueller, Horace von Holberg, Mme. Laroche, Hermann Kurz, J. E. Marlitt, C. Fleury, Eggleston, Leslie Stephen, Sudermann, Jonathan Swift, Massinger, E. Marlitt, Jane Austen, J. Bigelow, S. Clemens, Mrs. Burnett, George Elliott, E. Dixon, L. and B. Alcott, Wm. Drummond, Horatio Bonar.

MUSICIANS, 9—Beethoven, Rubinstein, Weber, Lindpainter, Gungl, Attwood, Berlioz, Dupres, Donnizetti.

PHILOSOPHERS, 2—Spinoza, Trendelenburg.

PUBLIC PERSONS, 8—Nero, Pedro II, Sully, Henry IV, Carnegie, Abbott Lawrence, J. Jay, S. Johnston.

SCIENTISTS, 20—Lope de Vega, Fieschi, Agassiz, Latreille, W. H. Foster, W. E. Parry, Beaulieu, Legge, Ballantyne, Flugel, K. J. Jakob, S. G. Mivart, R. Koch, M. de Biran, J. Foster, Humphry Davy, Donati, Doberiner, Eschholtz, Rook.

VARIOUS, 1—Inventor: Pliny Earle.

TOTAL, 95 out of 1159 Famous Persons, or 1 below average, 96.

# STUDY OF THE JOINTS, OR WILSON, OR 10th CHARACTER-TYPE

## born Dec. 21 - Jan. 19 of any year, known as Knee, or Capricorn, ♑, or K.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed this first scientific list:

### CAPRICORN

| New | Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1, | 11, | Sincere, loyal, faithful | 42, | 13 |
| 2, | 17, | Decan Dragon, to be Conquered | 36, | 11 |
| 3, | 6, | Ruie or Ruin | 28, | 9 |
| 4, | 10, | Dual nature (Goat-fish) | 26, | 8 |
| 5, | 9, | Organizer | 26, | 8 |
| 6, | 7, | Domineering | 25, | 8 |
| 7, | 14, | Religious | 23, | 7 |
| 8, | 15, | Utopian | 23, | 7 |
| 9, | 2, | Decan Lyra, Girl | 19, | 6 |
| 10, | 19, | Teaching | 17, | 5 |
| 11, | 13, | Artistic | 17, | 5 |
| 12, | 18, | Reforming | 16, | 5 |
| 13, | 8, | Wholesaler | 12, | 4 |
| 14, | 20, | Love Masterful | 12, | 4 |
| 15, | 12, | Original | 4, | 1 |
| 16, | 4, | Decan Serpent-Charmer | 3, | 1 |
| 17, | 3, | Decan Hercules-Hero | 3, | 1 |

### VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 19 from a total 326. The smallness of the total signifies the relative smallness of interest of this character to others, which is in universe ratio to its interest to itself,—leadership, to others appearing tyranny. This smallness reflects the meagerness of the Capricorn sections of the literary works studied; perhaps this reflects the fact that the more excellent the leadership, the smaller the number of leaders needed; they are a necessary, but diminishing evil in a developing democracy, where the ideal is the raising of the masses. The total variation of 119 (+47, and —72), or 37% is equal to Scorpio's, smaller than Sagittarius's but far bigger than Libra's, yielding a less interesting but more manageable a nature than the others. Separating out the minor characteristics, under 5%, or 47 points, or 14% we have left a remarkably strong (86%) chief nature, comparable only to Libra's, which after all is what we would expect and demand in a natural leader.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

As to surprise to observer, the variation from the old order amounts to 120, smaller than any of the others, showing the writer's fairness of original judgment. As to features, notice the preeminence of sincerity, loyalty or faithfulness, rule or ruin, duality (of goat and fish), organization, religiousness, utopianism and educationalizing of leadership, as teaching. There is less of the wholesaling, but a greater element of love, than had been suspected. As to originality, that of course would be the natural result of intelligent leadership.

### JOINT COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Capricorn traits into related complexes for comprehension, recognition, and utilization, we might say we have a

1, Chaos-hating (traits 2),
2, Sincerely religious (1, 7, 8),
3, Artistic (4, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16),
4, Domineering (6, 14, 17),
5, Organizer (5, 10, 12, 13).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE JOINT WORKS

Because of the very small Capricorn case-total, the amount of the section-cases should be magnified; but all the same we notice that what there is is well-bunched and low: 4, 10-sections; 2, 9-sections; and 7, 8-sections. 10-sections, are Moses, Wilhelm Meister, Palmyra-Master and Prometheus Bound; 9-sections are Madach and Prometheus Unbound; 8-sections are Argonautica, Prem Sagar, Buddha, Pilgrim's Progress, Tempest, Antigone, and Book of Hades.

### SAMPLE JOINT STORY

The Capricorn Section of Moses's biography relates that it became Moses's (15) duty to precepitate on the Two Tables the Ten laws (5, 6, 10, 12), and to punish (2) the people who under Aaron had reverted to the worship of the Golden Calf (4). He organized (5) and managed (5, 6) the military disposition of the Hebrews, and was sincerely (1) religious (7), and made the worship (11) as beautiful as he could, his sister Miriam singing (9, 11) the famous psalm of deliverance (6).

### FAMOUS KNEE-PERSONS

RELIGIOUS, 7—Loyola, Chas. Wesley, Talmadge, Neander, Moffat, Meyer, Jos. Smith.
PHILANTHROPISTS, 3—W. Ellis, J. Morley, David Dale.
WOMEN, 1—Joan of Arc.
SOLDIERS, 6—Fremont, Napier, Moellendorff, R. E. Lee, de Paladines, B. Arnold.
ACTORS, 6—Mrs. John Drew, Salvini, H. Irving, John Kemble, Chas. Keane, Faure.
LITERARY PERSONS, 35—E. Burke, M. Arnold, Moliere, Cicero, M. Fleming, Jas. Fields, M. Regnier, Hans Sachs, S. Beuve, Schaff, Scribe, Jules Simon, Etienne, Carmen Sylva, Rene I, Duc de Noailles, Mickiewicz, Metastasio, Montesquieu, Th. Gray, Egerton, Eberhard, Chas. Perrault, Poe, Racine, Atterborn, Clough, Dobson, Collins, R. Anderson, Asjornsen, Arndt, Dittrichsen, de Vere, Alfieri.
ARTISTS, 4—Dore, Lambinet, P. E. Frere, Murillo.
MUSICIANS, 8—Goss, Gilmore, Scharwenka, Niemann, Wm. Jackson, Abt, Buelow, L. Mason.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 15—Gladstone, King John, Franklin, Francis II (Sicily), Petrarca's Elizabeth, Louis Frederick, Disraeli, Seth Low, A. Hamilton, J. Fortescue, Alex. VI Borgia, Alex. I, Russia, Oakes Ames, Feiland.
SCIENTISTS, 16—Newton, Pasteur, Haase, Weissmann, Lepsius, Lenormant, Herrig, Laceped, Ladd, Astle, J. A. F. Ast, Aufrecht, W. Gull, M. Johnson. A. Allison, Schliemann.
VARIOUS, 4—Orator, Daniel Webster. Teacher, Pestalozzi. Chess-player, Lasker. Inventor, Montgolfier.
TOTAL, 105 out of 1159 Famous Persons, or 9 above average, 96.

# STUDY OF THE LYMPHATIC, OR LINCOLN, OR 11th CHARACTER-TYPE

## born Jan. 20 - Feb. 18 of any year, known as Ankles, or Aquarius, ♒, or A.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively. He discovered that all of them followed the normal development scheme of a human life, and agreed with, or rather were the source of the famous traditional zodiacal scheme. Analyzing the parts corresponding to the section mentioned above, and graduating the resulting list of character-traits by the frequency of their occurrence, he has developed this first scientific list:

### AQUARIUS

| New | Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1, | 18, | Judicious decision | 39, | 9 |
| 2, | 17, | Basilisk eyed, horror | 38, | 9 |
| 3, | 8, | Wavering | 32, | 7 |
| 4, | 16, | Brilliant | 32, | 7 |
| 5, | 9, | Vision, Charm | 29, | 7 |
| 6, | 20, | Secrets, Cave or House | 28, | 6 |
| 7, | 12, | Kindly | 26, | 6 |
| 8, | 2, | Decan, Swan, Fatality | 25, | 6 |
| 9, | 7, | Watery | 25, | 6 |
| 10, | 11, | Adaptable | 25, | 6 |
| 11, | 6, | Nature-Kin | 23, | 5 |
| 12, | 13, | Social | 23, | 5 |
| 13, | 14, | Diagnostic | 20, | 5 |
| 14, | 15, | Tact | 20, | 5 |
| 15, | 19, | Feminine | 19, | 4 |
| 16, | 10, | Dependent | 14, | 3 |
| 17, | 3, | Decan Dolphin, Ship or Car | 13, | 3 |
| 18, | 4, | Decan Eagle, Vulturous | 9, | 2 |
| 19, | 21, | Healing touch | 2, | 1 |

### VARIATIONS

That the total of Aquarius cases (442) is greater than the Capricorn cases (326) shows that it is more interesting, although, according to the old adage of 'divide et impera,' this differentiation of abilities condemns them to service to the more masterful, if more stupid, Capricorns. Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of —24 from a total of 442. The total variation of 133, +69 and —64, signifies that these 19 traits are 70 points less diversified than Saggittarius, and 14 points more than Capricorn, yielding a fairly stable character. Separating out the minor characteristics, under 5% we have left (442—57, or) 385, or 85%, showing a character of same type-range as Capricorn, meaning sympathy and mutual understanding between servant and master.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

As to surprise to the observer, the variation of the new order from the old amounts to 130, or but little different from that of the masterful Capricorn. The chief changes were judicious decision, basilisk-eyed horror, Secrets, in Cave or House, and their brilliancy,—even their kindliness. Even the femininity and healing touch were increased, while the only decreases were in Nature—kindred and dependence.

### LYMPHATIC COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Aquarius-traits into related complexes for comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say, here we have a

1, Wise (traits 1, 4, 5),
2, Kindly, (7, 15, 19),
3, Diagnostic, (2, 6, 8, 11),
4, Tactful, (3, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18),
5, Socializer, (12, 17).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE LYMPHATIC WORKS

In spite of the small case-total Aquarius has some scattering high case-sections: 2, 13-sections; 1, 12-section; 2, 11-sections; 10, 10-sections; 10, 9-sections; and 8, 8-sections. While Scorpio has only 13 high cases, Aquarius has 33; showing that it is much more interesting. They are: 13-sections, Ramayana and Tempest; 12-section, Sakuntala; 11-section, Ollanta and Pilgrim's Progress, 10-section: Bidasari, Genesis, Mahabharata, Nibelungen, Popol Vuh; Buddha, Prometheus Unbound, Antigone, Prometheus Bound.

### SAMPLE LYMPHATIC STORY

The Aquarius Section of the Kalevala (39—43) is long and confused, mentioning the magic Sampo (4) hid (6) in a copper mountain; a music boat (17), on which Wainamoinen charms (5) the waters (9), but his boat sticks fast (2), and he kills (8) the obstructing pike. He is advised (1) not to sing; which however he does discordantly and raises a storm (11), and the Pohyloans gather a pursuing (10) expedition, and the boat is attacked (17) by a water-monster (3).

### FAMOUS ANKLE-PERSONS

RELIGIOUS, 10—Melanchthon, Swedenborg, Fliedner, Egede, Robertson, Hanna More, Moody, Milman, Hepworth, J. H. Hopkins.
PHILANTHROPISTS, 1—Peabody, Rob. Peel, Thos. More, G. Gurney.
WOMEN, 1—Mme. de Sevigne.
SOLDIERS, 10—Sherman, Fremont, Fraser, Failly, Seth Eastman, Mortier, Stonewall Jackson, Chas. Gordon, Bazaine, Charles Bourbon.
ACTORS, 1—W. Barrett.
LITERARY PERSONS, 37—Edmond About, Dickens, Bacon, Burns, Byron, Whateley, Andrew Fuller, Frothingham, Abraham Froehlich, Franz Franzen, Ludwig Frankel, Niccolo Foscolo, Bernard Fontenelle, Renan, Rochefort, Ruskin, F. Scheffel, M. Hopkins, Anthony Hope, R. W. Gilder, Laurentie, W. S. Landor, G. Kennan, Chas. Lamb, Lanier, Jules Verne, Volney, Paludan Mueller, Littre, Lessing, Legouve, Beaumarchais, L. H. Atwater, G. Brandes, H. Bulwer, F. Dahn, Wm. Falconer.
ARTISTS, 3—D'Aubigne, Ary Schefier, J. von Fuehrich.
MUSICIANS, 9—Mozart, Schubert, Pacini, Mendelssohn, Wm. Mason, C. I. Latrobe, Auber, Ole Bull, W. Damrosch.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 21—Robespierre, Salisbury, Tilden, Faure, Talleyrand, Wilhelm II, Wm. Friedrich the Gt. Elector, Louis XV, August Frederick (British), Blaine, Churchill, Beatrice Cenci, Wm. Evarts, Thos. Erskine, Burr, Anna Ivanovna, Lincoln, Greeley, H. Grinnell, Pope Alex VII.
SCIENTISTS, 21—Chas. Darwin, W. D. Whitney, Maudsley, Mariette, Humboldt, J. Hunter, W. Freund, W. Bartram, Huggins, Haeckel, Lagrange, N. Faccie, R. Laennec, E. K. Kane, A. Malthus, F. Jacobi, E. Atkinson, E. F. August, Dumenil, J. Ames, Ira Remsen.
VARIOUS, 3—Philosopher, Schwegler. Inventors, John Fitch, Henri Fourdrinier.
TOTAL, 85 out of 1159 Famous Persons, or 11 below average 96.

# STUDY OF THE LOCOMOTOR, OR WASHINGTON, OR OR 12th CHARACTER-TYPE

## born Feb. 19 - March 20 of any year, known as Feet, or Pisces, ♓, or F.

From the days of Ptolemy down to this present work, all character-study was traditional, chaotic, and fanciful. But the present writer was compelled to reduce it to a scientific basis because of its crucial importance for character-improvement and conservation. Distrusting his own prejudices and logic, he chose, from among recognized, famous, objective literary works, 16 epics, 8 biographies, 17 dramas, 9 utopias and 10 philosophical works, and analyzed them consecutively.

PISCES

| New Old | Revised Order | Cases | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1, 15, | Double Fatality | 33, | 7 |
| 2, 18, | Higher Success | 33, | 7 |
| 3, 4, | Decan Pegasus, Transfiguration | 31, | 7 |
| 4, 6, | Pairing or Duality | 31, | 7 |
| 5, 19, | Chivalric | 31, | 7 |
| 6, 21, | Ritualistic | 30, | 7 |
| 7, 8, | Pilgrimage | 27, | 6 |
| 8, 12, | Materialistic | 23, | 5 |
| 9, 17, | Trial | 22, | 5 |
| 10, 20, | Religious | 22, | 5 |
| 11, 7, 5, 23, | Fish or Fishing | 21, | 5 |
| 12, 9, | Restless Play | 20, | 4 |
| 13, 22, | Ghost spirit or angel | 19, | 4 |
| 14, 11, | Industrious | 18, | 4 |
| 15, 10, | Practical | 16, | 4 |
| 16, 13, | Intellectual | 12, | 3 |
| 17, 14, | Independence | 11, | 3 |
| 18, 5, | Mention of Feet (big) | 10, | 2 |
| 19, 2, | Decan Cepheus, King | 9, | 2 |
| 20, 3, | Decan Lacerta, Serpent | 9, | 2 |
| 21, 16, | Dependence | 9, | 2 |
| 22, 23, | Artistic | 6, | 1 |

### VARIATIONS

Were these differences due to chance, there would be no variation from the average of 26 from a total of 454, only slightly larger than Aquarius's. The total variation of 197, + 34 and —163, or 43%, is much greater than either Aquarius or Capricorn, but slightly less than the interesting Saggitarius, but seems to be mostly on the minus side, agreeing with Pisces domination by the earlier two members of the Executive Temperament, although it wins earthly success by sheer objective industry. Separating out the minor characteristics, under 5% we have left (454-150, or) 304 or 69%, showing that, its actually telling characteristics are far fewer than those of the preceding types, and hence more practically effective, though more repellently materialistic, creating the illusion of two distinct varieties of the type, — the sordid pleasure-loving materialist, and the more developed austere active gentleman, adorned with the graces of the spirit, the modern and future representative of the chivalry of old, a contrast almost comic for it is this upholder of the traditions of 'honor' who is the most disgusting materialist, and therefore brings it into disrepute. By actual count they constitute the characters of the majority of the historic dignitaries of the Roman church.

### SURPRISES TO OBSERVER

The surprise quota in Pisces (148) characteristics is greater than with Capricorn (120), Aquarius (130) and Libra (134), but less than Scorpio (159) and Saggittarius (170), showing that on the whole, the Pisces person is about what he seems.

### LOCOMOTOR COMPLEXES

Summarizing the revised Pisces traits into related complexes for comprehension, recognition and utilization, we might say: here we have a

1, Materialistic (traits 1, 8, 15, 21);
2, Dual, (1, 4, 9, 13, 20);
3, Chivalric, (5, 10);
4, Industrious, (6, 7, 12, 14, 18, 19, 22);
5, Progressivist, (2, 3, 11, 16, 17).

### MOST DISTINCTIVE LOCOMOTOR WORKS

With almost the same Case-total Pisces has about the same distribution as Aquarius, being of about the same interest to the world: 1, 13-section; 2, 12-section; 4, 11-sections; 11, 10-sections; 4, 9-sections and 8, 8-sections. They are: 13-section: Kalevala; 12-section, Aristotle Ethics; Buddha; 11-section, Morte Arthur, Mahabharata, Bidasari, Revelation: 10-section, Genesis, Gilgamesh, Hiawatha, Morte Arthur, Popol Vuh, Krishna, Osiris, Faust, Prometheus Bound, Madach, Bacon's A. of L.

### SAMPLE LOCOMOTOR STORY

The confused Kalevala is again the banner section, in Pisces; and we hear of Wainamoinen's desire to restore his harp (23) after vainly fishing (11) for it. Louhi avenged herself by sending to Kalevala (1) nine diseases. By heating the bathrooms (15) he drives them away and invokes health (2). Louhi steals Ilnatar the first of Ether's daughters (4) who had been wedded seven times to the herocs of creation (10). So he changed into smoke (5) and kills the serpents (20), and restores the stolen sun and moon (21) to Kalevala. Marietta the virgin mother seeks refuge (17) in the home of Ruotus and her child is baptized (10) and crowned (6) King of Karyala. Then Wainamoinen sails away to the verge of heaven (7) leaving his harp for human joy (3).

### FAMOUS FEET-PERSONS

RELIGIOUS, 4—John Pearson (of the Creed), Newman, Hyacinte Loyson, Samuel Drew.
PHILOSOPHERS, 1—Schopenhauer.
WOMEN, 1—Queen Louisa.
SOLDIERS, 11—Washington, San Martin, Santa Ana, Franz von Sickingen, Mouton, Montcalm, Lawrence, Mantteuffel, Paul II Esterhazy, H. Dearborn, Aug. Ducrot.
ACTORS, 6—Edwin Forrest, David Garrick, J. Jefferson, Mrs. Kendal, Macreary, Samary.
LITERARY PERSONS, 32—Mrs. Browning, Hugo, Lowell, Longfellow, Ibsen, Angel de Saavedra, Schlegel, Epinay, Eichendorff, O'Shaughnessy, Nicander, Montaigne, Meilhac, W. Grimm, Paul Lacroix, Howells, Spielhagen, Taine, Varnhagen von Ense, Voss, Samuel Pepys, Manzoni, Samuel Lover, J. Astruc, J. B. A. Assolant, F. Atterbury, B. Auerbach, Paul Blouet, Mme. Ancelot, Pedro Alarcon, G. W. Curtis, Tiepolo.
MUSICIANS, 9—Elihu Vedder, Carl Ebers, Poniatowski, Rossini, Macfarren, Chopin, Albani, Czerny, Cramer.
ARTISTS, 5—Michelangelo, Poynter, Landseer, Daunier, Du Maurier.
PUBLIC PERSONS, 10—Humbert, Pope Paul III, Napoleon II, Joseph II, Victor Emmanuel, J. Austin, Grover Cleveland, Alex III, Andrassy, A. Constable (Publisher).
SCIENTISTS, 20—Priestly, Reaumur, M. Flinders, W. Eaton, Livingston, Copernicus, Layard, Eberts, A. S. Packard, Leverrier, Fritsch, Bartsch, J. and C. Herschell, J. W. Foster, J. Fourier, L. von Klenze, W. Hamilton, T. W. Atkinson, W. Ferguson, A. Clark, Frank, Falconer, W. Colburn, W. Cody, H. Draper.
VARIOUS, 4—Philanthropists, Samuel Abbott. Inventor, Hez Augur. Orators, Mirabeau, Bryan.
TOTAL, 115 out of 1159 Famous Persons, or 19 above average, 96.

# EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION—BY KENNETH SYLVAN LAUNFAL GUTHRIE

## I. EXPERIMENTAL FAITH

Religion used to be distinguished into true and false; is should be divided into theoretical and experimental. This mistake of thought was chiefly due to a misuse of the word faith, which theologians have limited to reason (see Newman's Apologia, and Guthrie's Faith and Reason for this sub-rationalism) instead of super-rationalism, which means, after reason has done her utmost to have confidence in the success of virtue and honesty, investing money for the benefit of humanity, refusing well paying positions for higher considerations, studying the truth, and willingness to die in proper urgencies; this is faith,—which is experimental, and not theoretical. So faith does not support theology, but experiment.

## II. ANTI-MATERIALISM

What is the object of experimental religion? To prove to materialists that spirituality is not only no opponent of science, but on the contrary is its result, and its unescapable destiny. It is simply higher physics (or, super-physics!), and this experimentation challenges the most blatant, ignorant opponents to exercise their scepticism by experiments, to refuse which is to silence and stultify themselves. There are no old-school materialists left; nor any theoretical religionists, except the ignorant and the lazy; rather, religious experimentalism has introduced the era of super-materialism.

## III. NORMALCY

An important proviso of experimental religion is that its experiences shall and must take place in the normal external consciousness state (see P. P. Quimby, and Dr. J. H. Dewey.) This rules out all mediumistic spiritualistic phenomena, hypnotism, and catalepsy; not that they are not genuine, but that the writer limits his "religion" to spiritual experiences observable, repeatable, and enjoyable, by all, at all times. This is Vincent de Lerins' definition of the 'catholic' (not 'Roman!') faith: that which is tenable 'ab omnibus, semper et ubique,' by 'all, always and everywhere,'—namely, normalcy. This preserves religion from segregation from public recognition.

This new experimental administration avoids the traditional folly of religious propaganda, of advancing non-reproduceable phenomena as advertising baits to outsiders who thereby are more antagonized than attracted, dooming it to failure except among the unreflective impressionable.

## IV. EXPERIMENTS

To meet these requirements of experimental, anti-materialist normalcy, the writer has here gathered ten experiments (three present, static; and seven progressive or dynamic) which any one, at any time, anywhere can make and convince himself of the scientific reality (or unescapability) of the genuine religion. As Wells claimed he had "discovered God," so henceforward the shoe is on the other foot; the burden of proof is now on the ignorant or lazy who refuse the challenge of convincing themselves of God, by neglecting to make one or all of the following easy, normal-consciousness experiments.

Those here provisionally proposed are:

1. Three present, static: aura-seeing, sign-change feeling, and astral-body athletics.

2. Seven progressive or dynamic: prayer-answers, orphan-support or child-education; rousing knocks or visions; healing; prognostications; inspiration; or soul-travel.

Space-limitations here prohibit more than reference to the most accessible authorities.

### A 1. AURA-SEEING

The best treatise is still Colville's Auras, and Significance of Colors. A daily practice is taught in Prentice Curtis, Land of the Living Dead, Rosicrucian Fellowship, Ocean-side California. Experimental methods are best in Dr. Starr White's The Story of the Human Aura, 327 So. Alvarado St., Los Angeles.

### A 2. SIGN-CHANGE FEELING

For sign-change feeling practice, see Guthrie's Religious Experiences. Send 10 cents for current year's Ephemeris to Esoteric Fraternity, Applegate, Placer Co., Calif; or use Raphael's Almanac. The practice should be both deductive and inductive; feeling known changes, or from feelings discovering the changes. Records should be kept.

### A 3. ASTRAL BODY ATHLETICS

For astral body athletics the only accessible material is Guthrie's Temple Travel. It may be done sitting by, or through a solid wall; and may consist of throwing down a feather or piece of paper; moving a balance; affecting a compass; ringing Japanese chimes, or writing letters, marks or drawings on glass plates lightly dusted with talcum-powder.

### B 1. PRAYER-ANSWERS

For general Prayer-answers, read Faris's Book of Answered Prayer (Presbyterian Book Stores) or 'I Cried and He Answered.' (Moody Institute, Chicago), or Guthrie's Prayer: Proofs, Flaws, Objections. But for experimental purposes is needed a morning challenge to God let the day pass without some unmistakeable opportunity of service.

### B 2. ORPHAN SUPPORT OR CHILD-EDUCATION

For this, read George Mueller's Work of Prayer in the Moody Colportage Library, Institute Street, Chicago.

### B 3. ROUSING KNOCKS AND VISIONS

For this read Guthrie's Regeneration Applied, or Conservation of Your Vitality.

### B 4. HEALING

For this read Horatio Dresser's 'Health and the Inner Mind,' and Evan's 'Primitive Mind-Cure.' Starting with small things, put out a candle, by snuffing its wick with thumb and fore-finger, and by mind-power stop the pain at once. See Guthrie's Western Thought for Western People, Quimby and Dr. Dewey articles.

### B 5. PROGNOSTICATIONS

Read Guthrie's Religious Experiences.

### B 6. INSPIRATION

Read Guthrie's Religious Experiences, and Thomas Lake Harris's Internal Respiration, by Respiro; also Guthrie's Western Thought for Western People.

### B 7. SOUL-TRAVEL

Read Guthrie's Temple-Travel in Temple-Gates Opened.

## CONCLUDING: SYSTEM

In conclusion; it is suggested that these experiments be made systematically; either one each day in ten-day rotation; or one every week-end leisure-period. Regularly could be made the sign-change feeling and prognostication; also the daily prayer-answer, as well as daily aura-observation in street-car or office or factory. The soul-travel should be experimented with nightly, till success is achieved. Nothing hinders daily inspirational practice, or astral athletics.

The only ones that seem difficult to adjust are the Orphan-support, Healing, and Rousing Knocks and Visions. For the latter Friday nights or at least Saturday nights (because of the weekend holiday) are possible.

All experiments should be recorded, and, for humanity's sake, reports deposited with the World's Repository of Experimental Religion, care of its Secretary, Kenneth S. Launfal Guthrie, 1177 Warburton Ave., No. Yonkers, N. Y.

# Anna Bonus Kingsford's Panoramic Allegory of Salvation or Astrology Theologized

## or Weigelius's Macrocosm's Seven Provinces

Man begins in the outermost or Saturnic arc or Satan Circuit. The orbit of the Fallen One.

Macrocosmic development is centrifugal

Seven Astral Rulers; is Involved in Matter

## How to rule your stars

Seven Provinces of Microcosm

Man ends in the innost or Solar Christ .. circuit. The Orbit of the Ascended one.

Microcosm is indrawing or Centripetal through Seven progressive and mutually interdependent stages of theologization of all endowments and faculties

See four stages of Evolutionary Ascent Culminates in God.

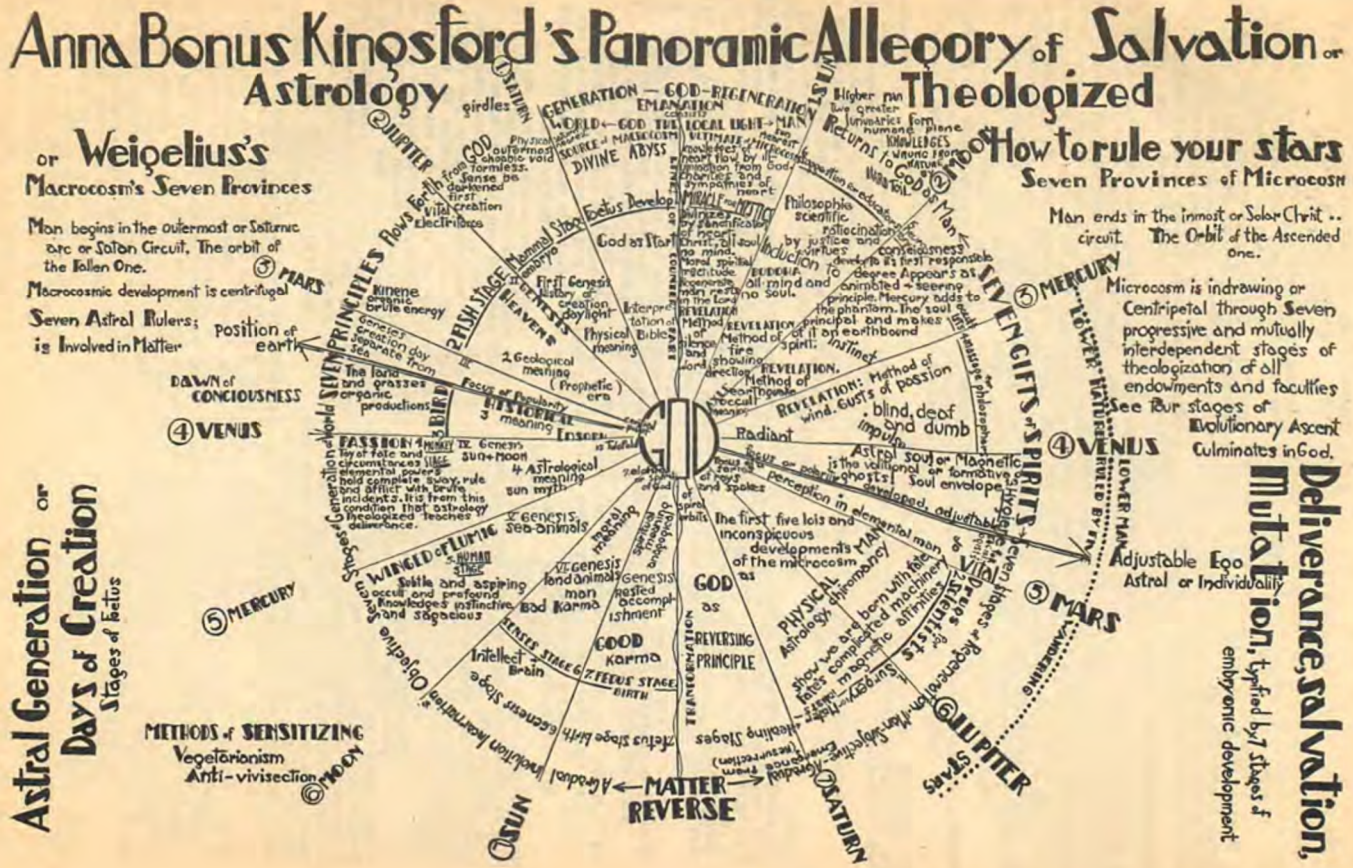
## Astral Generation or Days of Creation

Stages of Fetus

## Deliverance, salvation, Mutation, typified by 7 stages of embryonic development

METHODS of SENSITIZING
Vegetarianism
Anti-vivisection

MATTER
REVERSE



## EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION of JAMBLICHUS, ? 280 — 333 A.D.

### I. BIOGRAPHY

From Eunapius and Suidas we learn he studied under Anatolius and Porphyry, but continued to reside in his home town till his death. He is generally given the title of "the divine," in the same manner as Plato, "to whom, as the acute Emperor Julian remarked, "he was posterior in time only, and not less in Genius." Discussions of his work may be found in Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics, (Bk. III, Ch. IV, p. 100), Whittaker's Neoplatonists, p. 121, and McClintock and Strong Cyclopedia article.

### MESSAGE of JAMBLICHUS

Evidently Jamblichus's chief significance lay in furnishing the golden link between God and Man's world, till then childishly ignored or neglected. Secondly, God must be utilized for man's development, final happiness, and the "salvation of the world," which are Jamblichus's objects. Third, this can be achieved only through experientialism: rites and prayers. This is called "theurgy," the sole path to exaltation, the heaven-given method by which the wise and holy may achieve, knowledge, power and happiness. In other words, the philosopher must become a priest, or vehicle of the divinity.

### ADVANCE OVER PORPHYRY

Masquerading as the Egyptian priest Abammon (which acknowledges the primacy of the Egyptian religion), Jamblichus answers point by point each of his teacher Porphyry's objections to mystic rites, in his "De Mysteriis," in which he vindicates the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Assyrians.

### ADVANCE OVER PLOTINUS

By accusing Plotinus of being theoretical, Jamblichus's advance was twofold: first, theological, in subdividing the Trinity unto subordinate triads, — intellectual, intelligible, and mental, each hierarchically transmitting the divine power to man and the world, forming an "ennead," or nine-group. The psychological advance was in rescuing the ecstasy from Plotinus's epileptic attacks, by underlaying it with a psychological explanation, method and results.

### BACK TO PYTHAGORAS

Having thus refuted Plotinus's theoretical-epilepsy, established universal linking, stupidity and futility of reconciling two middle-men, Plato and Aristotle, Jamblichus points backward to their acknowledged source, Pythagoras (in his "Protrepticus"). Here are revealed the allegorical Pythagorean secrets, which to Jamblichus seem to endorse his own message: "Passion-conversion for the salvation of the Universe!"

### JAMBLICHAN DIVINE HIERARCHY

While our modern Spiritualists lump all beings beyond in one class, Jamblichus was careful to perpetuate the old Greek Hesiod distinction between Gods, Daemons or Guardians, Heroes or Demi-Gods, and incorporeal Souls. The Gods manifest uniformly. The Daemons, who are terrible, variously. Archangels are both awful and mild, while the Angels are gracious. Gods confer health and achievements. Principalities confer temporal advantages. Archangels and Angels give only subordinate endowments. Heroes stimulate to noble actions. Pure souls have encouraging salutary influence.

### INTELLIGENT CHOICE OF GOVERNORS

What is the use of this Knowledge of the principles, or orders of existence of the Universe? As if we desire to progress, we are inevitably led by some principle or other higher than ourselves, it lies in our discretion intelligently to choose which shall be our director, and to adapt the ritual methods best suited to that special "governor". This is explained in the following poem.

JAMBLICHUS'S "MASTERS" Guide,
Since man, if he would grow, must have some
Which 'master' he shall have, can he decide?
"This will depend," says he, "on your deserts:
" 'Tis your own prayer that hell to heaven converts!"

### PSYCHOLOGICAL SECRET

Freud's Psychoanalysis seems to be no more than a modern interpretation of Jamblichus's foundation. Taking as elements the human passions, such as anger, they can be rescued from crime-expression only by the pacification of an upward conversion, to participation in divinity. How may this conversion be effected? By the vicarious experience of watching dramas or participating in rituals; by dreams and prayers. The sanative instruction of sympathetic observation of tragedies is limited to externalities, while the more direct internal achievements can be imaged only in sacred spectacles, ceremonies and direct tests. They are then remedies leading to liberation, by sympathy acquiring higher courses of life and energies, leading to becoming super-men. The best means then to achieve any spiritual gift is to practice it in a "theurgic" ritual; every rite, therefore is a school of miracles, or is a potential miracle, or "enthusiasm," or "entheasm."

### DREAMS AS LINK WITH DIVINITY

While dreams (as in the Bible) are the most direct means of communication between divinity and man, they are not voluntary, alas. They may be sought by sleeping in temples, however. Dreams may be predictive (of which Jamblichus gathers historical cases), or curative (as in Aesculapius temple-sleep), or revelative (as in Mysteries). The explanation is that, "by abstraction from control by the lower self, as in sleep, the soul's nobler part is thus united to the higher nature, and becomes a participant in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the Gods."

### PRAYER AS MOTIVE

Invocation consists of translating the emotions, or passion-material into the higher word-form, demanding intellectual analysis and formulation, producing illumination. So prayer effects the contact, supplications (emotionalized mental objects) by intimate converse lead to their object, similitude with the divine perfection later achieved. While rituals are dependent on cooperations of other people prayer is available by all even in private; hence it is the most accessible remedy, a converter.

### FOUNDER OF EXPERIENTIALISM

Recapitulating Jamblichus's message, it will be seen that he laid the psychological foundation for the Egyptian tradition of experiential religion, by Hartmann (in his Pronaos of the Temple) traced from Hermetism through Neoplatonism, to Medieval Philosophy as summarized by Cornelius Agrippa, the Adepts (Flamel, St. Germain, Cagliostro), the Rosicrucian documents, Boehme and Paracelsus to Guthrie's Catholic Theosophic Rosicrucianism.

# WESTERN THOUGHT FOR WESTERN PEOPLE—1

## INSPIRATIONAL ILLUMINATION

### of Thomas Lake Harris

(My. 15, 1823—Mch. 23, 1906)

### I. AS SEER

While Swedenborg in Sweden and England, and Andrew Jackson Davis in Poughkeepsie were great seers, they are of no special interest as they confined themselves to giving out their own revelations, without devoting themselves to induce the same ability in others. While Thomas Lake Harris was accused of being jealous of the psychic gifts of some of his diciples, he nevertheless established a Brotherhood of the New Life for the very object of training aspirants to receive interior illuminations.

That he himself was a great seer is acknowledged; he visited all the various parts of the Universe, in the Arcana of Christianity, (1857), The Great Republic (the sun); Epic of the Starry Heavens (the planets).

In the Wisdom of the Adepts (1884) he describes the formative history of the human race, and the development of prehistoric adepts; of whom the chief was Jesus—Yessa or Christus—Christa, who, as divine, incarnated as man. He was also a great poet, in trances receiving long epics, such as The Republic of the Sun, A Lyric of the Golden Age, A Lyric of the Morning Land, A Voice from Heaven, The Luminous Life, and The Holy City. They have not received the poetic appreciation they deserve because most poets, and therefore the influential critics are idlers or materialists, and do not even want to know of Harris's poetic work.

### II. BIOGRAPHY

Born in England, at five years of age he was taken to America and fell under the domination of a Calvinist mother-in-law from whom at nine years of age he succeeded in escaping by earning his living.

At sixteen he was converted in a Baptist conventicle. In 1844 he became a N. Y. Universalist preacher; he studied under A. J. Davis; then, Swedenborg's writings. In 1850 he experienced 'internal respiration' and founded the Mountain Cove Community, then, in 1860, the Brotherhood of the New Life, which moved from Wassaic, N. Y., to Broeton, and then, in 1875, to Santa Rosa, California. When Fountaingrove burned down he abandoned the place to a Japanese colony and travelled to N. Y., Scotland, and back to N. Y.

His most famous disciple was Laurence Oliphant, who later left him and developed his own doctrine, Symptomneumata.

### III. MISTAKES

We may save misfortunes by listing several mistakes of his, which the reader should avoid.

1. He expected not to die, but be translated.

2. He expected a great cataclysm which never came off, except perhaps on the spiritual side.

3. He taught a doctrine of 'spiritual counterparts' which seem to have been no more than spiritualistic obsession, because the experiences produced cold, and fatigue, and instead of being progressive, tended to disappear, besides giving rise to domestic troubles.

4. His explanation of evil's rise being due to an Arch-adept on the lost planet Oriana is fanciful.

### IV. DOCTRINE

1. He states that his doctrine is an occult Christo-centric science, which accepts as its principle that Christ is not dogma, but Spirit and Life; that Christianity is not hierarchical, but humanitary; not repressive, but evolutionary; that its object is the reconstruction of the planet in the form of its divine genius; the restoration of an orb that was forced out of the line of march by disturbing forces, into 'the grand processional order of the universe.' In other words, a distinctively Christian Theosophy.

2. The Mahatmic term 'astral body' is by Harris preferably called by the German name of 'geist'—the double, the shadow form, the memory form, or astral image.

3. He was a Theo-socialist, and contended that 'internal respiration' could not be achieved except in 'insociated' or colony life; in a church.

4. His best, noblest and divinest teaching is that of internal respiration (God's Breath in Man, and Humanity (1892); Internal Respiration, or, the Plenary Gift of the Holy Spirit (1895). It is in short 'practising inspiration,' and releases us from dependence on Buddhist propaganda for yoga breathings by furnishing us a Christian science thereof, (as is distinctly noted p. 2 of I *R*), which gives experiences, methods and results.

5. He always spoke of Jesus as Jesus-Yessa, and of Christ as Christus-Christa, as the personal manifestation of our Twain-One heavenly Father-Mother. Though invisible to natural sight, the Lady Yessa, His counterpart, was involved in the body of the Lord Jesus, either being incomplete without the other—the Lord Two-in-One.

6. Following Hesiod, he taught the Golden, Silver, Copper and Iron ages, preparatory to the engulfment of Atlantis. Then threatened the attack of the black magicians, on the black satellite Oriana, which was repelled by the incarnation of the Supreme Him-Herself as Jesus of Nazareth.

### V. BENEFITS

The Internal Respirational Benefits are mentioned discursively: 1, thought reading (29); perception of word (30); in the fourth degree, seeing of fairies (31,51); reinvigoration (33); circle wheel drill of internal current (36,37); projection of inner body (36); warmth in body parts (38), poetry-inspiration (48); renewed youth (52); transports or thrills (52); looking for a change (53); music heard (57); remove all disease and sorrow (60); feeling of completeness (61); the change as 'chemicalization' (62); refreshment (67); a continued consciousness (68); but it is impossible alone; no congregation is a church of Christ till it becomes an interwoven fraternity (70). Consecrate yourself therefore to the Service of Christ in the bosom of humanity (70), and become one of many pillars in the Social and Fraternal Temple of our God (71). He warns of hypnotic counterfeits (71) and despair (72). It is the breath of the Redeemer (74); therefore a strictly Christian society.

While this internal respiration was originated by Swedenborg ('I was introduced by the Lord into interior respirations as a medium of intercourse with spirits and angels'), Harris recommended its practice by everybody, making unnecessary the Hindu breathing and laying the foundation of the first step of occultism, illumination by the White Light.

### VI. CONCLUSION

Harris can best be studied in W. P. Swainson's TLH and his Occult Teaching, London, 1922 (from John Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, WC 2, London). He was a great poet, inspired to write sublime celestial epics, such as the 'Lyric of the Golden Age,' and the 'New Republic.' Illuminating is his lecture on The Historical Jesus Christ.

# INITIATION INTO THE WORLD-TEMPLE

## of MABEL COLLINS (Mrs. Keningdale Cook, 1851-Mch. 31, 1927)

### BIOGRAPHY

Her life falls into three periods.

I. Her father, Mortimer Collins, was author of 'Transmigration,' and she married Keningdale Cook. She fell under the influence of the Hermetic (Egypto-Greek) Master Hilarion Smerdis, and from him received three treasures: two stories opposing magic (Idyll of White Lotus, 1885); and 'Blossoms and Fruit' 1885); an initiation into the World-temple, (When the Sun moves Northward, 1912) and a monitor on personal religion (Light on the Path, 1885).

II. She became a victim of an attack on this Hilarion Smerdis's Egypto-Greek occultism by a pseudo-Buddhist Propaganda under the direction of Mahatma Morya, which advertised pseudo-Hindu religious terms, and captured both the Egypto-Greek occultism and the Christian term Theosophy, under the leadership of Madame Blavatsky. The day after Mabel Collins's initiation into the Theosophical Esoteric Section, she left it, and told what she thought of it in 'Morial the Mahatma' (which edition is now unobtainable; for what reason?)

She reaffirmed her standpoint by commentaries on her earlier works: Light on the Path, she explained by A Cry from Afar ( ? ), Our Glorious Future ( ? ), Love's Chaplet (1905) and the Awakening (1906). The White Lotus Idyll was explained in the Story of Sensa (1913). Of original reaffirmations of her Egypto-Greek occultism we have Green Leaves (1895), The Story of the Year (1895); Pleasure and Pain (1896); The Scroll of the Disembodied Man (1904); Love's Chaplet (1905); Fragments of Thought and Life (1908); One Life, One Law,—Thou Shalt Not Kill (1909); The Builders (1910); The Transparent Jewel (1912); Illusions (1912?).

III. As her independence (inevitable in a thinker and writer), deprived her of the now organized Mahatmic backing, which for a short time had given her publicity, and as apparently Master Hilarion Smerdis had been captured and recognized (when Madam Blavatsky repudiated Mabel Collins, she had also denied the adeptship of Hilarion Smerdis) by the Mahatmists, (Dr. Dower, leader of the Halcyon 'Artisan' 'Temple of the People' continuously publishes messages from both Morya and Hilarion Smerdis together, and Alice Bailey recognizes them both), Hilarion Smerdis's medium Collins was abandoned. In 1913 she fell into straitened circumstances, and conducted a book shop in Cheltenham, found religious fellowship in the Catholic Church (Roman branch. Smythe), and devoted the rest of her life to humanitarian compassion for animals, her surviving portrait showing her holding her little dog, working publicly for Anti-Vivisectionists, whose Review for March 1927, London, published the only obituary notice, with picture. In this period she continued her interest in magic against spiritualism in The Locked Room (1920), The Crucible (1914), etc.

### II. CRITICISM

1. The Light on the Path is valued by hypocrites chiefly because it enables them to deceive themselves into thinking they are living an interior life, without affecting their outer conduct of life! It is cheap to write contradictories such as, 'go quickly but go slowly,' etc.

2. Black magic is a subject which, like pitch, defiles him who opposes it. It can best be opposed by ignoring it. As, however, 'white' is a concept inseparable from 'black,' we shall have to drop 'white magic' and 'white Brotherhood' also. The best is to work for 'spiritual achievement,' and Helpers of Humanity which simply ignores its opposite. Mabel Collins became a martyr to the devil she had raised by her feud with 'black magic,' giving it the best possible advertisement.

3. Her 'When the Sun Moves Northwards' Temple Ritual Calendar is good and suggestive; but as its crowning festival is the Birthday of Buddha, which is meaningless to Western People (who are clear-sighted enough to refuse to aim at annihilation, which is the dictionary meaning of 'Nirvana'), it has had to be rearranged as in 'Temple Gates Opened.'

### III. CHIEF DOCTRINES

She taught the existence of an 'ethereal world' above this one, in which reside Masters of wisdom, and holy beings. The foundations of their shrines and temples are on undisturbed rocks, and the building-stones are acts and deeds of faith by the 'Builders,' or the constructive devout. Every act of doubt, denial or iconoclasm threatens to destroy this spiritual foundation. So there is an ethereal Egypt hovering over the real Egypt.

### IV. APPRECIATION

So bare a review of Mabel Collins' life and work, and sharp criticism would seem comic without an appreciation of her exclusive message, the unveiling of initiation.

Her special preciousness consists in her evidently genuine palpitating initiatory experiences, and unique accounts of the World-Temple ritual. In this her work ranks with Ezekiel and the Revelations. No wonder that the Buddhist Mahatmic Propaganda, which has before and since been sterile of all genuine experience and revelations, tried to capture and appropriate her! When they failed in this, their barbarity towards her revealed their real nature. Like other saviors, she had to become a martyr.

### V. CONCLUSION

Apparently betrayed or abandoned by by Master Hilarion Smerdis, excommunicated by the Mahatmists, left to her own resources, she closed her humble life nobly, a martyr to devotion to humanity and God, an uncanonized saint. It is the duty and privilege of all her fellow humanitarians and religionists to pray for her, and make known her life and works, which is the best possible substitute for Mahatmic Buddhist propaganda, as she drew her occultism from a source independent of them, and she did not hesitate to leave them when her conscience impelled her to accuse them of black magic. Her significance is revelation of initiation into the World-Temple. This object is so supreme that preservation of her works becomes a world cause. This writer will render his rare copies of them accessible by placing them in the New York Public Library. Some benefactor of humanity might well cheaply republish in a small volume, small print and large page-form, all her very short occult works. It would be a service to Hermetism, or Egypto-Greek occultism, and protest against the pseudo-Buddhist invasion of the West,—our motto should be, 'Western Thought for Western People.'

Mabel Collins's resultant message is: "Every prayerful act of faith is the creation and building in of one stone in the Temple in which you are to be initiated."

# INTERPRETATIVE REVELATION

of

ANNA BONUS KINGSFORD (1846-Feb. 22, 1888)

## I. MESSAGE

October 23, 1921 (and 1928), Madam Blavatsky who had once appointed Anna Kingsford president of the British Section of the so-called Theosophical Mahatmic Society, through Dr. and Mrs. F. Homer Curtis, leaders of the Order of Christian Mystics, of Washington, D. C., sent a message to her Besant-strayed followers imploring them to return to spiritual interpretation of Christianity,—which was exactly Anna B. Kingsford's mission.

## II. BIOGRAPHY

She was the daughter of the Shrewsbury vicar of Atcham, where she was born. She studied medicine in Paris. She was approached by Lawrence Oliphant for Thomas Lake Harris; also by W. G. Colville. She returned home but often visited Paris and Switzerland. She collaborated with Dr. Edward Maitland who survived her, and saw to the publication of her literary remainders. She married the rector of Pontesbury, Salop. The collaboration began by a visit to her in February, 1874; the Theosophical Society was formed in N. Y., September 8, 1875, so that this antedated them. In 1883 she was elected President of the British Society; but being antagonized for her Christian language, in 1884 withdrew to form the Hermetic Society which lasted till 1886, when her health gave way.

She practised and taught Vegetarianism for its sensitizing influence on the higher planes of the consciousness. She did all she could for the woman's Rights' Movement. Like Mabel Collins, she devoted herself to the Anti-Vivisection cause, and demanded God's judgment on the cruel Claude Bernard, who died suddenly. Ralph Shirley describes her in "Occultists and Mystics of All Ages."

Her mystic proclivities must have been developed, during her stay in Paris, by intercourse with the Baron Giuseppe Spedalieri, the friend, disciple and literary heir of the Abbé Constant, Eliphas Levi. In 1901 Maitland formed the Esoteric Christian Union, and for it published the Bible's Own Account of Itself, The New Gospel of Interpretation, and a Message to Earth, containing Forty Days' Communications from friends beyond.

## III DREAMING

Hers was a natal endowment developed by fourteen years' abstinence from flesh food, and a disciplinary experience and manner of life.

She was a great dreamer, usually in the last morning sleep; also chiefly in high and dry climes, at home partially losing that faculty. The result was her charming book 'Dreams and Dream Stories.'

These visions assumed a more direct religious aspect as revelations with the beginning of the 'Perfect Way.' On June 4, 1878, she had a dream communication which was an answer to Maitland's prayer for help in completing his attempt at a Biblical interpretation. She got help from Swedenborg and William Lilly, Pallas, Hermes and her Genius; and they delivered in London nine parlor-lectures, as preparation for their publication in 1882, and revision in 1887, with a third in 1890.

While both authors considered the doctrines of greatest value, the illuminations on which they rested seem the most important; and these were gathered in 'Clothed with the Sun,' published after her demise.

Those which to us are most interesting are not her 'Restoration of a hymn to the Planet God,' or 'The Book of Venus,' to the Elemental Divinities,' etc., but her revelation as to the actual Jesus (33), his previous lives (34), Paul and the disciples (35), and the Origin and Composition of the Gospels (32),—which she thinks were written up in the Alexandrian Library.

She 'learnt the intention and recognized the necessity of restoring the Greek presentment of the Sacred Mysteries, in explanation of the Hebrew, and in correction of the ecclesiastical presentment of Christianity.' (D. & DS. 54).

## IV. THE PERFECT WAY

They considered it neither an invention or compilation, but a discovery and recovery, unsealing the Bibles of the West,—a recovery of the Gnosis of the Church, its esoteric christianity. It has three principles: that the dogmas and symbols of Christianity are substantially identical with those of other and earlier religious systems; 2, The true plane of religious belief lies not in the sepulchre of historical tradition, but in man's own mind, and heart; 3, That thus interpreted, Christian doctrine with scientific exactitude represents the facts of man's spiritual history.

Its index shows 1, Replacing the desired perfect thought-system by one founded on existence; 2, The Soul's Substance of Existence; 3, The Various Orders of Spirits, and How to Discern Them; 4, The Atonement; 5, Nature and Constitution of the Ego; 6, 7, The Fall; 8, The Redemption; 9, God as the Lord, or the Divine Image.

## V. HERMETISM

When Anna Kingsford's Christian Theosophy drove her from the Presidentship of the British Theosophical Society, she was compelled to find another basis for the sources of her Christian work. Her education supplied her with Greek associations; but whence came they? Of course from Egypt,—Hermes' books being a Greek version of Egyptian mysteries. So she translated into English the Hermetic books, the Poemandres and the Virgin of the World, to which, as a Preface, she prefixed the Manifesto of Hermetism,—Egypt as challenge to pseudo Buddhistic Mahatmism. Her conclusions are that the Hermetic books are a survival of ancient Egypt; that their doctrine coincides with esoteric Christianity; because 3, Christianity represents a development from, and re-formulation of this long pre-existent Egyptian doctrine.

## VI. ASTROLOGY THEOLOGIZED

Now this Hermetist mystic exaltation impinges upon the Middle Age; and so she took Valentine Weigelius's 'Astrology Theologized,' reprinted its English translation, and wrote a long illustrated introduction in which she extended her system of interpretation from Christianity and the Egyptian tradition to the mediaeval astrology. 'Thus is the Soul of the astrological man 'theologized', divinized and affirmed in the Likeness of God,'—a method of deliverance from being the toy of fate and circumstance, where the elemental powers have such complete sway over him that urgencies monopolize his existence.

## VII. TAUGHT REINCARNATION TO THEOSOPHY

The Theosophical Society was founded Sept. 8, 1875, so that for 7 years it opposed Reincarnation, for it was on July 3, 1882 (Shirley, OaMoAA, p. 162) that Anna Kingsford wrote to Lady Caithness a letter recording a violent argument with him, in which he quoted from Isis Unveiled (involving Helen Blavatsky) against it; but he soon turned for it, in a letter to Edward Maitland. Since then it has been claimed as a distinctly 'Theosophical' teaching.

# AMERICAN MENTALISM

of

## PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

**(Feb. 16, 1802—Jan. 26, 1866)**

### I. BIOGRAPHY

Born in Lebanon, N. H., of a blacksmith, his family moved to Belfast, Me., where they remained except for his 1859 professional career in Portland. First, he was an inventor, and was argumentative, and studied the 1836 mesmerism of Charles Poyan. His chief subject was a Lucius Burkmar, with whom he traveled, giving demonstrations, in 1842. The phenomena were by him attributed first to animal magnetism, later to electricity, then to 'mental suggestion.' A disease compelled him to apply his knowledge to healing, success in which convinced him that mind was (spiritual) matter, and could be changed. Helping others, he mesmerically gave diagnoses through his subject. Finally he dispensed with him, through reliance on his own intuitions. For healings came to him: Julius Dresser in 1860, Mrs. Eddy in 1862. Anetta Dresser in 1862, and Mr. Evans in 1863, (who interpreted Dr. Quimby's wisdom,) reinforced by the accumulated learning of the centuries. His work was saved for humanity by Horatio Dresser.

### II. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Why did he call his discovery a 'science'? 'The effect of a science because I know how I do them.' So he developed 'the science of life and happiness,' or, 'the science of health.' This composition 'is as much of a science as to know how to decompose a piece of metal.' Evans teaches 'the science of oblivescence, or the Art of Forgetting a Malady.' Quimby illustrated his 'Science' of health by the Christian stories, which turned it into 'Christian Science.' He used this word twice, following Cowles in 1840, Adam in 1850, and Deletsche. Mrs. Eddy's false claims are destroyed in the May 1899 Arena.

### III. ANALYSIS

Stafford phrases Quimby's innovation as 'the application of the unreality of matter to healing.' Dresser says: 'The novelty consists in the possession of a concrete, practical method such that each man is put on his own resources.'

Evans (187) quotes Plato that redemption is a concretization of man's original spiritual element into a divinely illuminated germ of light and life.' In religious dialect, Evans describes it as 'faith in a good God.'

### IV. CONVERSATION

Quimby said: 'the explanation is the cure.' It consisted of a conversation with the patient's consciousness (which would affect his sub-consciousness), closing sometimes with a 'placebo' manipulation.

After giving the patient a detailed account of what his troubles were, he would converse with him, and explain to him the causes of his troubles, and thus change the patient's mind, disabuse it of its errors, and in its place establish the truth; which 'explanation' was the cure. This conversation was just as effective when done silently, or at a distance. He describes this conversation thus:

Ideas are matter condensed into a solid called disease, which like a book contains all its author's wisdom. So I read the contents of the book to the patient, and show that it is false. As the truth changes his mind, he sees through the error of disease, matter is dispersed, he is freed of opinions, and happiness is restored.'

### V. PATIENT'S TRANQUILIZATION

Dr. Quimby antagonized the physicians by opposing their medicines. "Disease can be cured on but one principle. " "I manufacture health." He did not antagonize the patient by 'lying' about his symptoms. While teaching that disease was an error of the (sub-conscious) mind, and therefore not (ideally) real, he frankly admitted 'pain was not imagination,' but as real as can be a dream. Disease is not a truth, but is acknowledged as a (progressive) description. If the patient needed it, he related the water-glass poison-trick successfully used with mesmeric subjects. He reasoned with him scientifically, and by quotations from the scriptures, till he quieted him into receptivity.

### VI. PHILOSOPHY

In 1862 Dr. Quimby said: 'My mode is entirely original,'—he had developed his own philosophy, that 'man was a progressive being so that mind was spiritual matter and could be changed,' that we were made up of truth and error; that disease was an error, or belief, and that the truth or Explanation was the cure. Health is the truth. He called the (sub-consciousness's) phenomena 'spiritual matter' which might be in error, forgetful of the soul's normative power, while the external consciousness rightly acknowledged phenomena of disease.

Few beasts are diseased because their normative faculty is not disturbed by human reasonings, to cure whose divagations man has to resort to purposive, 'scientific' mental applications. Henry Wood objectified the suggestion into a 'mental picture,' or motto for autosuggestion. Chas. M. Barrows progressed to 'Suggestion Instead of Medicine,' and Dr. Hack Tuke studied The Influence of the Mind on the Body, for non-partisan evidence. This was applied practically by Coué. This caused psychology under Prof. James, to produce pragmatism and 'Varieties of Religious Belief,' and finally Mr. Evan's empirical idealism, a religious faith in God's curing.

### VII. FOUNDATION

But why should God cure man? 'God wants us to be in good health'; it is 'natural'; it is 'truth.' Such evasions are unscientific: and Quimby himself had made his discovery by observing the subconsciousness's normative influence and powers. This then is the psychological foundation, which can be studied (for people intelligent enough to need or demand or appreciate a demonstration) in Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena. This is the working cause of cure of all '(un-) Christian Science,' New Thought, Metaphysics, and Abstract 'Science of Being' or 'Mental Science,' which is as impotent as it is most removed from its working principle.

### VIII. DIVINER OUTLOOK

But we must point out that beyond physical health there are objectives nobler. more social, and diviner. In this connection we might mention Prentice Mulford (Thoughts are Things), who commercialized Emerson, Quimby and Occultism; Holcombe who never lost sight of the divine life, and Ursula Gestefeld, who tried to hold to Quimby modernized. To all this Dr. Dewey added initiatory achievement. This bare American Mentalism was most notably applied in story form by Stocking in his great American novel, Carmen Ariza.

# CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHY

of

## Dr. JOHN HAMLIN DEWEY

Oct. 13, 1828-1908?

### I. BIOGRAPHY

He seems to have been an allopathic physician in Cincinnati, where he met with Dr. J. D. Buck's Nature and Aims of Theosophy and was a critic of Mahatmistic Bddhsit propaganda in U. S. By several prayer-cures he was probably by his lovely wife converted to New Testament Occultism, claiming the genuine Christian succession of the term 'Theosophy.' He published and taught at 111 W. 68th St., New York City, celebrating his 80th birth-day in 1908.

### II. WORKS

1. The Way, the Truth and the Life, a handbook of Christian Theosophy, Healing and Psychic Culture; a New Education based on the Ideal and Method of the Christ (1888).

2. The Pathway of the Spirit, a Guide to Inspiration, Illumination, and Divine Realization on Earth.

3. New Testament Occultism. 4. Healing and Psychic Culture. 5. Introduction to the Theosophy of the Christ. 6. Christian Theosophy Defined. 7. Scientific Basis of Mental Healnig. 8. Divinity of Humanity. 9. Spiritual Gifts. 10. The Law of the Perfect Life. 11. The Open Door, or The Secret of Jesus. 12. The Dawning Day. 13. The Genesis and Exodus of the Human Spirit.

### III. OCCULT PHENOMENA

As would be natural from his origin, he began by laying chief stress on physical healing, for which he published his wife's formula (W. T. L. 180; 159). But he broadened out into further 'gifts of the spirit.' He gives a formula for 'introversion' or mental travel (W. T. L., 285), warning of dangers of revery and somnolence (289). He calls it 'integral education' (236) by which the mind, without losing hold of the normal consciousness, is taught to function at will on the three planes of body (the 5 senses); the mind (the sixth sense, including all psychic phenomena, such as clair-audience, clairvoyance and clairsentience) and vegetation influence (306); and psychometry (225), or the spirit (the seventh or divine sense, the biblical miracles). His normal seership includes (317) body-healing, mental illumination, attainment of needed information, or blessing on others in body, spirit or estate.

His most valuable collections are in his appendices. In that to the N.T.O. he gives a systematic biblical occult methods and results outlined, and the most thorough account (from the Arena) of the Hindu magic tricks ever presented. In the appendix to the W.T. & L. he gives a precious Buck Theosophic quotation, phenomena recorded by Emily Faithful, London, 1864, of the French William Robert Bertolacci, whose family was initiated into the divinest achievements by 'pious thought-concentration.' Then an account Dr. Wm. B. Fahnestock's Statuvolism, or Artificial Somnabulism, enabling one to accomplish somnabulic phenomena in the normal condition. Last an account from Emma Hardinge Britten of a British nobleman's family who in their private Oratory had direct connection with the World-God or Spiritus Mundi,—the Holy Spirit.

### IV. DEFICIENCIES

It is to be deplored (and after his death oblivion punished) his holy practice of refraining from mentioning names, or leaving records (his biography and picture seem to have disappeared). This was the punishment inevitably indissociable from the holy plane, on which he and his lady conducted their work.

### V. OPPOSITION

He was opposed to two movements: the pseudo Buddhist Theosophy, and Spiritualism. Against the first, which in his days had just emerged from its spiritualistic phase, he noticed that their adepts claimed secrecy, in contradistinction to the Christ's dispensing with secret lodge initiations, and Christ both promised and effected much more than they even claimed to do for their followers. 2, Against the Spiritualists he urged not only the demoralizing danger of yielding to undefined and irresponsible controls, but also that it tolerated the utmost practical atheism, irreligion and rank materialism (320). 3, Against the modern organized Christian Church he urges that it has become so absorbed in its frantic efforts (31) to save souls from the consequences of sin in another world as to neglect the supreme task of preventing sin in this world, blinded as it is by misconceptions of traditional theology and internecine warfare. Its only salvation was the preservation of the Bible.

### VI. DOCTRINES

1, Faith. Why should God heal and answer prayer? 'Because God and his universe are pledged to the fulfilment of every legitimate desire and good possible to man.' 2, There are two methods of healing (WTL 291): the lower mental action which is the least efficient; and that from the psychic plane of inward concentration, reached by training in the art of introversion, when self-healing becomes a simple matter of will, and that of others approaches, in the seventh sense-realm, Biblical miracles. 3, Christ was the living example and illustration of Theosophy, and his school the royal gateway to divine wisdom and supremacy. 4, Spiritual gifts follow, but do not precede the Kingdom of heaven and righteousness (223), and 5, Control of the attention by which introversion-process one transfers the seat of the mind's activities from the front to the back brain, without suspending external consciousness.

### VII. SUMMARY

Important merits of Dr. Dewey's work are:

1. Rescuing the Christian term Theosophy from monopolization by secret Buddhist Mahatmistic propaganda. (It is due to Porphyry, Clement Alexandrine, Eusebius, Leontius and Boehme.)

2. Opening the full occult field for all professing Christians.

3. Redeeming Christianity from hypocritical evisceration by professionalists.

4. Rescuing spiritual healing from godless, black magic money-getting mental scientists Dr. Dewey always held to the term 'prayer-cure.'

5. His work was always unworldly and holy, and indeed suffered in propaganda thereby. It did not desire self-advertisement, and invites not so much continuation as imitation. From Dr. Curtiss's Order of Christian Mystics announcement of Mme. Blavatsky's conversion to Christianity it would seem as if Dr. Dewey was fully vindicated.

# WESTERN THOUGHTS FOR WESTERN PEOPLE—6

## MODERN WESTERN MYSTERY-RITUALS

### of W. J. COLVILLE

(Sept. 5, 1859-Dec. 15, 1916)

### I. BIOGRAPHY

Of French (mother, de Mordaunt) and Italian parentage, born on ocean, bred in London, on May 24, 1874, he heard a lecture by Cora L. V. Richmond in Brighton, which inspired him so much that he asserted he also could speak; which he did with such success that a religious periodical took him up and advertised him. Then he visited the United States, where he always was the guest of Mr. Henry Steigner, of Hyperion House, N. Y. Cy. He traveled in Australia, and died in San Francisco. Every Christmas a message is received from him by Mr. Henry Steigner, who still speaks of him in the present tense.

### II. TOTEMS

In his 'New Zealand Episode' Saved by a Panther, published by the Arena of Oct. 1902, he explained his fondness for felines, after whom he named all the chief characters of his novels; and he always wore some cat-charm. Parrots also appear in his novels frequently.

### III. BIBLIOGRAPHY

A list of his books could hardly be complete, so numerous and scattered are they. However, a condensed library of his would include, novels, Dashed Against the Rocks, Onesimus Templeton, With One Accord, and Throne of Eden; of teachings, Mystic Light Essays, Glints of Wisdom, Religion of Tomorrow, and over 35 more.

### IV. ANTHOLOGIST

He taught Lucretia Mott's noble motto, Truth for Authority, not Authority for Truth. He was an omnivorous reader, and gained significance as interpreter. All during his life he loaned 'Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena' to outsiders, as best introduction to the spiritual world. His own teaching of auras popularized Leadbeater's book. He acted as anthologist or summer up of his age of scientists.

As a result of this reading he reveals many odd and otherwise inaccessible bits of knowledge, such as the names of the occult teachers of Marie Corelli, Count Mattei of Bologna, and of Bulwer Lytton; Chauncey Hare Townsend. From Marcus Aurelius's reflection that our thoughts dye our garments, Colville advises us to choose them well. He was fond of Lucy Larcom's motto, "Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone!"

### V. TEACHINGS

Leaving aside the healing doctrines which are quite general, he advocates the higher spiritualism, and the genuine theosophy. There is no virtue in ugliness. There is a circle of the true church of the spirit, a church above a church reached by a ladder of light; a church within a church. The "higher carelessness," burning as a lamp living on the Universe; divine ordination to a super personal God; being a janitor to heaven and treating or consecrating sanctuaries.

He popularizes Leadbeater's auras, Prentice Mulford's (whom he does not name) mind as a magnet, and dreaming true; mineralogy, and vowel-significance; Marcus Aurelius's garment-dying, and Flammarion's trips to Mars. He is interested in Atlantis (WOA, 142). He teaches Seven Planes (WOA, 197) and the White City in Heaven (DAR, 208).

### VI. HIGHER SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH

The "higher spiritualism" consists not in the cant and absurd pretensions of the medium's descending to them, in a carnalization of the spirit, but in their rising to a super-consciousness, expression on a plane higher than that of gross matter.

As to 'true Theosophy,' it consists not in seeing nothing good outside of Hinduism, but in knowing how to go into the silence at will, and find the true perpetual light. In the 'Bromleykites' he ridicules the Mahatmists who consider meat-eating a sin only if they pay for it. As misinterpreted by occidental aspirants to Oriental wisdom, 'Karma' seems both mutable and immutable, to be conquered or evaded, insulting spiritualism as dealing with discarded astrals, shells and other concoctions of orientalized hysteria. This writer suggests the Western unspoiled word Nemesis to represent whatever residuum of value there is in Karma. Colville advises a society for Theosophical RESEARCH. He is also opposed to a self-advertising 'White Brotherhood' of alleged adepts (DAR, 114).

### VII. MYSTIC ORGANIZATIONS

Colville's chief constructive doctrine is organization of the religious in the world (like Garver's Brother of the Third Degree) into mystery-orders. In Onesimus Templeton we have a United States version of Corelli's 'Romance of Two Worlds,' we have a French Heliobas called Dr. Montmartre, a 'God of Norse mythology, dressed by a London tailor, and holding command over a Russian army,' and they form the Order 'La Stella Israfel.'—in 'Dashed Against the Rocks' we have Aldebture, a spiritual World's Fair, and the Brothers Baran's scientific occultism, a Zodiacal Legislaand Sisters of the Perpetual Light.—In 'With One Accord' we have the Order of the 777, and the Brothers of the 9th Estate, the 999 who send a missionary to Hindustan, and which are mentioned by Mrs. Peeke. But in the 'Throne of Eden' we find the Egypto-Greek Anastasian Order, with lodges all over the world, at every one of whose meetings was effected a cure of some desperately sick person. This is the crown of Colville's religion.

### VIII. CONCLUSION

Some rich lover of spiritual progress might confer on humanity a blessing in reprinting, in a single volume, large size, and small type, Colville's Spiritual Novels. They are already scarce, and difficult to gather, and valuable in their objectification of Egypto-Greek occultism. To them should be added Mrs. Peeke's Zenia the Vestal.

### IX. INTERPRETATIONS

He interprets 'He giveth to his beloved sleep' as 'He giveth to his beloved while sleeping,'—namely true dreams, such as illuminated Joseph (DAR 158). In his trip to Mars (DAR, 145; WOA, 81), he pictures an international Zodiacal legislature, and a real religion uniting creed and practice; the true Gnostic feels God is a reality.

He gives an interesting reincarnational reminiscence, (DAR 200) which explains, heartens, and inspires.

Earth is a school of love for the reuniting of Plato's sundered dual souls (DAR, 126). His interpretation of the Lord's Prayer is, 'Our Father-Mother, who art in all the heavens, thy name is hallowed throughout the Universe; thy kingdom is established in all the expressions of thy love and wisdom. Thy will is done in all the celestial spheres, and done also by reflection in all states terrestrial; Thou givest all thy children day by day their daily sustenance; thou leadest not into temptation, but deliverest us from all error; thou forgivest us our debts as we forgive our debtors; thine alone is sovereignty, dominion, and glory eternally, Amen!

## GERMAN ROSICRUCIANISM
### of DR. FRANZ HARTMANN
### 1838—1912
### I. BIOGRAPHY

According to a biography in the Occult Review for January 1908, he was a native of Austria, early emigrated to the United States, where he studied and practiced medicine in the Middle West and Southwest. Here he became familiar with the early phases of the Theosophical Movement, and was invited to visit and assist Mme. Blavatsky at Adhyar, in India, during the most constructive and critical periods of her activity there. When the crash came, he returned to Europe, especially in Germany, where among some artisans, weavers, in Goslar, he found a group of occultists who were too modest to advertise themselves as Rosicrucians, but who continued the German Rosicrucian tradition. From that time Hartmann devoted himself to its promotion in Europe.

### HARTMANN'S SIGNIFICANCE

His chief significance is threefold. He revamped the occultism of Paracelsus, Boehme, and Jesus (in, The Life of Jehoshua, the Prophet of Nazareth), and Agrippa's methods of Prediction (in The Principles of Astrological Geomancy). Then, he revamped German Rosicrucianism in The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians, a translation of one half of the ancient German work. (In the N. Y. City Library it is indexed under "Cosmology.") Then he thinly veiled his own initiation in "An Adventure among the Rosicrucians" (Boston, 1893). He attempted to condense Rosicrucianism in "In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom, containing the History of the True and the False Rosicrucians, with an Introduction into the mysteries of the Hermetic Philosophy (Boston, 1890)," which proves that he considered German Rosicrucianism to be a descendant of the Egyptian Mysteries.

Third, he attempted to set forth his own views in "Among the Gnomes, an Occult Tale of Adventures in the Untersberg (a mountain in the Bavarian Tyrol, overlooking the famous Koenigsee). Also in "Magic White and Black", of which over 300 editions appeared. He did valuable work for cremation of corpses in "Buried Alive," (Boston, 1895) in which he details 108 cases known to him personally. Valuable continuation of this effort is to be found in Rawson's "Life Understood."

### ROSICRUCIAN ANCESTRY IN EGYPT

The special value of Hartmann's work is that he not only rejects Tibetanism, but he makes it unnecessary, by demonstrating that German Rosicrucianism, through Cornelius Agrippa's summary of Medieval Mysticism, is derived from "The Hermetic Philosophers," Neoplatonists, Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Porphyry, Jamblichus, Proclus and Hierocles. (This is done in Chapters 2 and 3 of "In the Pronaos of Wisdom.")

### REJECTION OF BLAVATSKYISM

Hartmann's chief significance is that he studied Blavatskyism at first hand and rejected it in favor of the German Rosicrucianism, from which both Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy and Max Heindel's Cosmoconceptionism are derived.

As to Mme. Blavatsky herself, he believed in her sincerity. He says: "H. P. B. appeared as a great spirit, a sage and initiate, inhabiting the body of a grown-up capricious child, very amiable on the whole, but also at times very irascible, ambitious, of an impetuous temper, but easily led, and caring nothing for conventionalities of any kind. She did not claim to be an adept, but only a conscious instrument of an intelligent power higher than her own personality. She used to say, "My learning is my Master's. I am nothing but a reflector of some one else's luminous light."

As to these "Masters" he says, "I am convinced that such Masters exist. I have been present on certain occasions when the Master appeared to her, and she spoke with him. I could not see him with my eyes, but I felt his presence, with indescribable bliss."

As to Blavatskyism, Hartmann says: "I found that it is far more important to find the real Master and Guide within one's own soul, than to seek to gratify one's curiosity to know all about the Masters in Thibet, and that it as far more valuable to help to create a heaven within one's own mind, than to be informed of what is said to have taken place at the time when our world was created, or how the old Lemurians and Atlanteans lived, however interesting and amusing and even instructive such information may be."

This story represents the adventures of a "Theosophical Don Quixote" who seeks for wisdom everywhere except in the right place. He joins a "Society for the distribution of Wisdom," in the East, but finds nothing but folly. Finally, in the last chapter, he discovers that true wisdom cannot be found anywhere except by attainment of the Knowledge of the Self. Hartmann did not hate the Blavatskyists; he claimed he was not in the least interested in the affairs of that society, and he did not wish this book to appear as mere satire or burlesque upon it, but a forcible illustration of well-known and undeniable truths, garbed in a story of fascinating interest, which should be enjoyed by all. The book emphasizes the folly of studying the operations of the Holy Ghost without first developing within oneself its senses, by which alone it may be apprehended.

### HARTMANN'S SECRET FIRE

In his dedication to the "Pronaos to the Temple" Hartmann advises the "Discovery of the True Cross by Entering into the Light through the Power of Fire." This "sweet fire" of the Alchemists is illustrated by the Tibetan Kundalini, the serpentine or annular working power in the body of the ascetic. In the "Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians" it is recommended that the student of Alchemy should seek it, as indispensable to all alchemic operations.

"The potentialities in nature are aroused by the action of the secret fire, assisted by the elementary fire. Only those who have gained the power to control their own self will be told how that power can be aroused in man. That is why the secrets of Alchemy are not divulged to the curious," but veiled under chemical procedures. — This secret fire is invisible, and is contained within all things. It is the most potential and powerful fire, with which the external visible fire cannot be compared. It is the fire with which Moses burned the golden calf, that which Jeremiah hid away, and which seventy years after was found by the Knowing ones, but which, by that time had become a thick water (petroleum? 2 Macc. II. 19-22) which Nehemiah used to make a blaze on the altar sacrifices. This "secret fire" is the "White Light" which can be inspired, and constitutes the practice of the Transfiguration.

## SPICY SITUATIONS, and Dr Kenneth Guthrie's REMEDIES

**The Board of Education's Examiner** had just turned down the blushing Miss Teacher Candidate. Weeping, she wailed. *Is there no hope at all for me?* Oh yes, purred he. Try again next year! *What could I study in the meanwhile?* Dr Guthrie's TEACHERS' PROBLEMS & HOW TO SOLVE THEM, $1.25:' Value and Limits of the History of Education,' and 'The Mother-Tongue Method of Teaching Modern Languages,' each 30 cents. *Will that pass me?* Really, Miss, you are too pretty to teach school. Get his Progressive Complete Education, or Marriage as the Supreme School of Life, $1.25. *And if I pass examination on it?* Then I will marry you. *Thanks, kind sir!*

**How a Pessimist Became an Optimist.** The theological student had just been preparing a thesis by cribbing the wittiest passages from Discoveries & Insights, Essays Theological, Literary, and of Character-Study, $1. Nettled at the undeserved praise, he blushed at the second-handedness of his religion. So at midnight he went to the Bishop's study, and said that he would leave the Church because he was honest. 'Ignorant, you mean!' corrected the adviser. 'Do a little first-hand reading yourself!' *That's where the trouble lies,* bellowed the martyr. *I can't hunt the manuscripts!* 'Unnecessary nowadays!' soothed the Bishop. 'I know of a wizard who can summon to your room for conference all the greatest but neglected philosophers of antiquity. Shall I have him send them to you? *Oh yes, please!* gasped the theolog. *All my life I have dreamed of those sublime leaders of the race, but who were inaccessible.* 'Very well, the wizard shall send you Zoroaster teacher of purity and angels, $3; Pythagoras, the Sage, & Philosopher, $3; Numenius Comparative Religionist, $2; Plotinus, Greek Combiner, $12 cl, $9 pp; Proclus, Universal Hierophant, $3; Zoroaster Translation only, $1.25; Apollonius of Tyana, Life, $1; Plotinus, Outline $2; Philo Judaeus, Outline, $2.' *Stop! If they came all at once, it would be tragic. Is there no guide to all this?* 'Write for a free copy of Names to Conjure With, which will open the whole subject.'

**This is what occurred at the Masonic Club after last night's Lodge-Meeting**
The Master was entertaining the just initiated Candidate who asked him. *Where could I read up on the meaning and historic origins of initiations such as ours?* Well, said the Master, the best book is *The* **Pagan Bible** an Anthology of the Soul and its Helpers, Gathered from Ethnic Sources $1. *That sounds good,* said the novice. *But I would like to see the original rituals.* You can, explained the Master, by reading *The* **Modernized Mithraic Mysteries,** Dramatic Sketches of Historic Initiation, $3. *But are the Christians entirely excluded?* No, no! laughed the Master; whatever exclusion there is, is of their own making. *Good; but are any Christian Mysteries accessible?* Certainly, and good ones! Get the **Angelic Mysteries** of the Nine Heavens, a Drama of Interior Initiation, $3. *But how do you advise all this, when you yourself are a Rosicrucian?* retorted the persistent Candidate. 'I was only trying to please you!' winked the Master. 'I myself prefer the **Rosicrucian Mysteries,** $1, a dramatization of the original documents.' *But I am a modern man!* sobbed the querulous Candidate. 'Nothing is easier,' comforted the suave Master. 'You need only get the **Modern Mysteries,** $1, alluring and thrilling Mystical Playlets of Experiential Religion: also the glorious **Shakesperean Mysteries,** $1. *Thanks!*

**Savanarola's Ghost met Giordano Bruno's,** still reeling from the fire's agony. 'Cheer up, friend,' consoled he: 'you are now safe from persecution!' *Perhaps; but I am homeless.* 'Oh no, friend; look!' As he waved his hand, there appeared a glistering Temple. *What's that building?* gasped Bruno. 'Your home!' comforted Savanarola. *But the door is locked, and I want to get a look in!* 'It's your own fault,' rebuked the Florentine: 'didn't you while on earth read **Temple-Gates Ajar,** $1?' *But a look-in is not enough; I would want my whole body in.* 'Very well: I shall send for a copy of **Temple-Gates Opened,** $1.' *But in the meanwhile?* whined Bruno. 'I'll lend you **Prayers, Visions & Aspirations,** $2.' *Please, I don't want merely to aspire, I want to DO something!* 'Then I will lend you **Regeneration** the Gate, Applied, and Special Methods, $2 each, $5 all three.' *Oh thank you! Then I won't lose any time.*

**A Fundamentalist-Modernist Fracas.** In a recent rail-road wreck near Albany the Modernist Rev. I. Catchem, of St Shark's-in-the-Mill-pond for hours lay waiting for rescue, cheek by jowl with the renowned Fundamentalist Rev. U. Cheatem. Fellow-misery broke down the barriers of orthodoxy, and I Catchem said, 'My injuries are due to over-fascination while reading occult stories entitled **Hurrah for God,** $1.' 'My fatuous friend,' in shocked tones retorted self-righteous U. Cheatem, 'you better sober up by exchanging books, for the faith-strengthening **What Happened to Kitchener,** $1, whose hypnotic charm immobilized me during the accident.' Conversation revealed they were both about to be ousted, and a flash of genius bade them exchange: but this flop implied two reeducations, betraying secret tricks of the craft. So U. Cheatem babbled, 'To be a Fundamentalist all you need to do is to keep people distracted by anything absorbing, such as **Romance of Two Centuries,** $2, **Reuniting Pilgrimage,** $1, Stories for Young People, $1.25, eerie **Votive Garlands,** $3: and then you can fulminate from Why You Really Want to be a Churchman, $1.25.'—'Thanks,' chortled I. Catchem. 'Now I will tell you how to succeed as a Modernist. Shed tears while haranguing over your honesty, and inability to be convinced by any reasonable arguments. In the meanwhile cribbing from *The* Ladder *of* God, & Other Sermons, $1. *The* Message *of* the Master, $1.25, & How the Master Saved the World, $1.25. Then you can make a reputation as a pundit by judiciously using **The Spiritual Message of Literature,** $2.50, it's convenient. *But shouldn't I seem somewhat saintly?* 'Transcribe Of Communion With God, 50 cts, and Of the Presence of God, $1.25.' Pray? That was the only point where Fundamentalist and Modernist agreed: Let us pray on the

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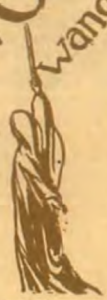
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