

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and

Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

JUNE, 1923

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The work contains about eighty pages printed in two colors with a very fine quality of art paper.

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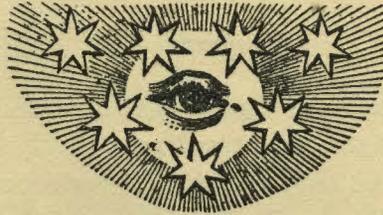
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1

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This magazine is published monthly for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

Those desiring to secure copies of this magazine or who wish to subscribe to it may do so by writing directly to the editor.

This magazine is published and distributed privately to those who make possible with their financial support its publication. The magazine cannot be bought and has no fixed value. Like all of the ancient teachings which it seeks to promulgate it has no comparative value but the students must support it for its own intrinsic merit.

To whom it may concern: It is quite useless to inquire concerning advertising rates or to send manuscripts for publication as this magazine cannot possibly consider either as this is a non-commercial enterprise. All letters and questions, subscriptions, etc., should be mailed to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, California, in care of Manly P. Hall, Editor.

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This magazine does not represent nor promulgate any special sect or teaching but is non-sectarian in all of its viewpoints. Suggestions for its improvement will be gladly considered if presented in the proper manner.

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The Dope Problem.
What Will the Harvest Be?
Orpheus and the Celestial Harmonies.
And Many Others.

THE MASTER

Alone 'mid the throng that surrounds him,
A figure silent and meek,
While the battle of life surges round him,
Still he walks in the ways of the weak.

A soft, sweet look from tender eyes,
The clasp of a comrade's hand,
A word of hope from a world of sighs,
A heart that can understand.

By this he is known in the world of men
As one of that mystic band
Who has turned back to trod again
Life's ever-changing sand.

Where he walks the world seems brighter,
Better for his having trod,
While sorrowing souls grow a little lighter
For having felt their God.

With never a fear, he walks the way
That leads to the heights above
Where the light of Truth holds perfect
sway
'Mid the selfless hearts of love.

This is the way that the Masters go
To the light through a battle won,
Far up from the shade in the depths below
On the path of the Rising Sun.

EDITORIAL

Highbrows and Low Morals

DURING THE COURSE of human events it has come under our personal observation that a certain Mr. Belshazzar Jinx, whose intellectuality and power of analytical reasoning is of international repute, was arrested last night by Officer Murphy who found him intoxicated rushing up and down the main street of a small town with a revolver in each hand shooting wildly. Such a thing came as a wonderful surprise to us for we had fondly believed Mr. Jinx to be the soul of spirituality and learning. To be more explicit as to his strong qualities, he is one of our leading paleontologists, a university man draped with sheepskins and with so many letters after his name that he requires a six-inch calling card, while his small frame seems bent under the weight of honorary degrees. He had been dean of this, honorary president of that, and somebody or something else of the other, and is considered one of the most promising of our men of renown.

We had placed Mr. Jinx on a pedestal and pointed him out as one of the most blossoming of our scientific possibilities. When we heard that he was in for thirty days without bail our idol was shattered into a million pieces and we felt for a short time at least that the world would come to an end. The very idea that Mr. Belshazzar Jinx with his colossal, philosophical dome and his superlative education being so hopelessly lacking in self-control, and our ideas of social decency tore forever this man of letters from our list of speaking and thinking acquaintances.

As we were slowly recovering from this

amazing revelation we received another shock. Mortimer J. Highbrow, Jr., one of our leading religious lights, wonderfully balanced between mystical theology and Chaldean archaeology, whose knowledge was of a nature most complete, and in whose inspiring sermons we had reached heights where our souls had never dared to tread on account of the rarified atmosphere of the high altitudes, had been called into court as the leading light and star of a divorce suit in which he was being sued by a mere member of the ignorant society for alienation of affections. This thunderclap was almost too great to be endured. That Mortimer J. should have done anything like this was beyond the wildest dreams of his worst enemy. Even Mortimer J. himself seemed to be a little amazed at his own audacity, but when we visited court the next morning we found him a most dejected looking individual fighting in a sort of dazed way for liberty against insurmountable evidence.

We went away shaking our heads and sad beyond expression only to meet a good friend, one of those human broadcasting stations, who was running over with a still later bit of news. One of our famous occult teachers, whose knowledge of rounds and periods was something terrific and who had worked out by trigonometry the length of a Night of Brahma, had just vanished from the light of men for ten years as the result of a bootleg still being found in his cellar.

Our heads were spinning around as one after the other the world's highbrows apparently demonstrated their low morals, but the capping of the climax occurred

when Miss Algernida DuBarry, one of the sweetest exponents of Divine Love, was sued for divorce by her dotting spouse as the result of having fractured his skull with a bootjack during a friendly argument.

We left the sight of men for several hours and within the darkness of our own sanctum sanctorum sought an answer to this inexplicable problem which has undoubtedly confronted a large percentage of mystic students who have seen their idols collapse ignominiously at some unexpected moment. After many hours of deliberation we reached a solution which relieved somewhat the ache of our soul. You know this is not only a problem of the worth of a teacher but from a very personal standpoint it is quite a blow to our dignity to witness the weird and woozy actions of those whom we hold up as scintillating examples of human erudition. One after another we have seen our patron saints un-haloed, run out of town on rails, or tarred and feathered in the public square for some surpassing bit of inexcusable villiany, or else we found them sneaking out of the backdoor of certain unsavory places with their hats down over their eyes and their collars turned up. And slowly a peculiar feeling comes over us which clutches us in a grip of terror, we begin to fear that we may become a genius ourselves some day and be found sneaking into the second story of a church to steal the prayer books or cutting the stones out of the stained glass windows.

Practically every genius that we know occasionally demonstrates individual eccentricities or else someone whom we know informs us of their failings. Several of our leading religious shrines are raided occasionally and many an illuminated one has been brought up before the police court to plead not guilty of doing something which it is proved they did. What is the answer to this soul-perplexing, heart-rending problem? These are the conclusions we have reached:

Science has now proven that genius is a mild form of insanity or at least tends in that direction, and we have never found a person yet who could be too long-headed without being hollow somewhere along the line. When they get too broad they get shallow and mud-flats border the stream, when they get too deep they get narrow and fall into ruts, and when they get too high they cease to watch their feet and soon slip over some philosophical or sentimental banana peel and are hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies. If they get too deeply immersed in their problems and only an occasional bubble comes up to the surface, a seismic cataclysm usually follows. When they get too deeply wound up in rare specimens, Latin verbs, or split infinitives, and too busy analyzing the embryonic life of a strombolis gigantis, about that time some other man sues them for something, they wake up with some weird domestic problem, or else they come out of their lethargy long enough to realize they murdered someone in the night or have robbed the leading bank.

There are two reasons for this strange condition, it seems. The first is the unequal development of mental faculties and the fact that the energies which have been drawn to a certain point to feed a brain center, which is being heavily used while certain scientific or philosophical work is being carried out, flood back again to other parts of the body when this work is discontinued. When there is no other legitimate channel for its expression the body does not absorb this energy in a well balanced manner and it breaks out through some part of the being not under control and usually results in some unwise and unbalanced action.

If Balshazzar could have cut wood as well as he talked Latin he would not now be making little ones out of big ones at the county jail; if a well-known lawyer in a small town had played golf as well as he argued he wouldn't have knocked the court clerk over the judge's stand when a

certain trial was over. But these one-sided people do not realize the ebb and flow of energies within themselves, which, when they have only one thing they can do, must in time burst out somewhere along the line. Then, Mrs. G. talking to Mrs. F. over the back fence will say, "I just know he's been that way for years and we didn't know it, the hypocrite, but I always knew he was crooked underneath, he had such a mean look in his eye," et cetera, when in truth the individual discussed is a good, kind-hearted, well-meaning, and hard-working individual, Professor of Bacteriology in a leading university until they found him one morning rolling moth-balls around his room, playing dolls or drunk. Sometimes one of our leading lights in scientific circles is found in a dope den for no other reason at all than that his unbalanced nature as the result of his unnatural life had mastered him through his own disorganized energies.

When a man is mastered by an art or science he is insane and there are few masters of philosophies and religion who are not in truth slaves to their concepts until finally their religion runs them amuck, or, as it was said on the Western plains during the early days, they got "locoed" and we find them doing all kinds of things which they should not do and working up scandals generally.

The need of balance is one of the greatest considerations for the oculist. It is the easiest thing in the world to get so twisted up in theory and argument, science or theology, that the individual becomes mildly insane and hopelessly irresponsible.

The second reason for the degeneration of reputation and complete ruination of celebrities is that compendium of Christian charity which is turned upon them by their loving and sincere disciples. Mr. and Mrs. Buzzzzz are always with us and will probably remain until the last great dawn of eternity folds them in its sable mantle, and their last words will be,

"M'dear, did you hear about buz-buz-?" If anyone can remain thirty days famous without someone making him infamous, if he can boast a reputation for one month in philosophy, religion, or politics, there is but one explanation. It is the direct result of the fact that so much has been found out about him that his doting followers do not know what to say first. Of course, if by chance he happens to be a little short of scandals it only requires a few hours to produce them. The rocking-chair and smoking-room brigade specialize in this work and the record at the present time is two hundred scandals per rock.

A reputation is one of those peculiarly subtle things which like your appendix you do not know you have until you lose it, and strange to say it is taken from you by your nearest and dearest beloved. It is usually a loving friend, a helpful and accommodating relative, or one of these illustrious individuals noted for religious inclinations or leanings whose tongue being hung in the middle and wagging both ways strips you of every vestige or respectability and leaves you shivering before the world, the perfect picture of dejection and misery.

Therefore, between these two evils, your weak points and your strong friends, there is very little chance for a highbrow to keep both ends of his reputation above water. As fast as he gets his philosophy up, either he or someone else pulls his private life down until finally he lands in a padded cell where he remains counting sunbeams and praying the Lord with Abraham Lincoln to deliver him from his friends.

Of course, these may seem exceptional cases but the principle remains, and we cannot be too careful not only of our own lives but in our thoughts and actions with others because each is fighting a great battle, and many a great soul has been completely broken by the harsh words and thoughtless actions of others, when its own battle against the powers of unbalance was as much as it could shoulder.

Art

HERE IS NO POWER that holds a greater sway over the hearts of men than the subtle mystery of color. Who has not stood before the child of a great master and seen on the canvas before him the creation of the master genius? Raphael, Murillo, Titian—their souls have left on mortal canvas traced by the endless motion of their subtle fingers visions from somewhere behind the veil of human consciousness.

Few there are who have the power to know the heart of the master painter whose pictures are not of earth but are the rapt visions of seers illuminated by the great Light brought close through years of dreaming and hours of meditation. As we gaze upon some hallowed painting, a Madonna or some face of Rembrandt, it seems to live, to speak to us from the depths of its gilded frame. We cannot help but feel that art is not of man but of God, that a power unseen works through the master's fingers, a hand unknown mixes the pigments of the pallet. There is no power but God, no creator but the One Divine, who can blend colors into these mystic harmonies which touch the strings of the soul, and it must be true that God made artists to picture Him.

There are few old masters today who like the ones of centuries gone by have beheld with broader vision the grandeur of the universe and whose skilled fingers have placed upon canvas and carved into stone the visions that filled their souls. They were the master artists who bowed in reverence before One who with colors no mortals ever used, with the artist's eye far greater than human sense, the hand more skilled than any earthly fingers, paints eternally in colors indescribable life and all living things. He is the Genius and all that

mortal artists can hope is to reproduce His art but never to excel it. Who of earth can paint with the colors of the sunset? What artist of mortal school can discover the wondrous pigments that shade the autumn leaf? Where is the hand of skill consummate? Where is the eye which divines the perfect blending?

There is but one great Artist and He is the Master of the human school, and above all mortal instructors there is one true Genius of living art. Today this Master lives incarnate in the creations of His students. Through brush and pen He lives for His heart is ever filled with a mystic harmony which has been expressed by few of this world as it is revealed in the brush strokes of Guido Rene, in the massive marbles of Michelangelo, or in the simple Angelus of Millet.

But there is a more glorious art within the soul of man which paints anew all things of nature. There is a master school which paints not on canvas that perishes but on the living background of the human soul. There are fingers that with the deft touch of the true genius paint again with bright color cheeks that have long been paled. There are souls who bring sunshine again to the dark clouds of sorrow, there are master painters who dry the eyes that weep and with the brush of love remove furrows from the souls of men.

Here and there is a great genius who comes to the world to paint that one eternal masterpiece of the gods. In colors rich with light and truth he takes away the shadows from the canvas and with the inspired touch of genius paints all life in living colors. These are the Master's immortal, the truly great artists, who are pupils of that one great Genius whose nameless paintings are the basis of all human aspiration.

Man the Human Violin

ALL existing things divide themselves into two general classes, objective and receptive. For all times the outpouring, vitalizing power or that expression which is the source of light, power, and motion we call spirit, the divine Father, the positive expression of existing things. It is called positive because it expresses mentally, physically, or spiritually animated qualities; it is called the spirit that goes forth and that which goes forth has always been symbolized as positive and is known as the Father-ray. Opposed to this principle is the divine negative element. This negative element represents cessation of animation for it is the basis of matter, and matter is spirit the rate of vibration of which has been slowed down by one of two reasons, either obstruction to the passage of spirit or else the rates of vibration have so far to go before reaching the end of their wave that the slowing of these rates produces matter. In other words, so-called matter is a crystallization of energy which crystallization inhibits its expression. Matter is a globular substance in which the latent life germ is incapable of expressing itself through the walls of negation or not-being. This negative element depends upon the vitalization of external energy for the liberation of its own latent life. Therefore, matter is said to be divinely receptive and is referred to by the ancients as the divine Mother principle. For ages life and the fiery sun globe have represented the fierce, blazing Father while the verdant, liquid sustained earth, the reposing place of the spirits of life has been referred to as the moist and harmless receptive principle of nature which is known to all students as the Mother of spirit. All matter enfolds within itself a germ of life, thus matter is the incubator which protects and like a wall or shell surrounds latent life qualities with protecting substances. Matter, being life asleep, is incapable of individual self-expression

while in latency, consequently it depends upon the life within it for its expression, and matter manifests the state of growth reached by its indwelling, central, flame-born consciousness. For this reason spirit has been symbolized as self-expressing force which striking against the walls of negation is thrown back from these as are the notes of music from the sounding-board of a violin.

All the way down through the ages the Wisdom Teachings have taught that the unfolding of the body is necessary to the clearness and beauty of the notes of spirit, which as rates of vibration and spirited substance in motion strike this natural sounding board. In other words, we may symbolize spirit as the divine musician, which, in the intelligent kingdoms of nature, is incessantly playing upon and expressing itself through the medium of harmonies which depend for their sweetness upon the quality of matter and its arrangement as it expresses itself in bodies.

The same rates of vibration vary in physical expression in accordance with the quality, shape, and size of the instrument which is played. The same rates of vibration do not produce the same sound on all instruments, the same spiritual influx which makes one man a saint leaves another a sinner. The same thing which produces divine harmony will produce divine discord if the instrument is not what it should be.

Life expresses itself in the world of affairs in many ways but its beauty is always limited by the quality of the instrument through which it is manifesting. We cannot see vibration, neither can we see spirit which expresses itself through vibration, but spirit manifests in the world of affairs as thought, action, and desire, and we are either charmed or irritated not by the ideals of the musician but upon the registering of these ideals in the world of concrete things, and this is only possible

through a material vehicle of expression. Our daily lives are visible, tangible, comprehensive evidences of things unseen and unknown which can be wholly felt or believed only on the abstract planes of consciousness. The most beautiful thoughts are often unrevealed because the thinker has no words to express them; most glorious melodies are lost to the world because the one who feels them is incapable of expressing them musically.

Man's vehicles of expression must always limit the life and while he may dream on forever beautiful dreams, if he does not properly attune his instrument he dreams for himself alone, and oftimes he cannot even formulate clearly within his own mind the dreams which fill his soul.

Vibration is caused by the animation of substances and the setting of air or ether in motion. Every word that comes out of our mouths is toned by the mouth. It is changed and often ruined by the shape of the teeth, the position of the tongue, and the quality of the sound-box at the back of the mouth. As the rates of vibration pass out of the throat into the various chambers of the head and chest they produce the various tones which we admire or dislike. Wherever there is impediment in the natural expression of vibration we have the so-called nasal tone, which is out of tune because it isn't nasal, and the passages being stopped up inhibits the flow of the vitalized energies. The results of developing the cavities in the head and chest are the building of resonant tones which striking the ear-drum in a harmonious way we recognize as melodies and harmonies, and every known tone is the result of air in motion passing through chambers differing from each other in two things. First, size, shape, and location; second, the quality of the material forming their walls.

In the beginning it is said that man was created through the outbreathing of God, who, as He outpours the vibrations from the celestial sound-box of cosmos, becomes the great Father principle of creation for He is sending forth the sparks of life from

His own mouth. These strike matter and the various combinations of these two forces produce the differentiation in form, shape, and quality. All the varying expressions of life in form of which we can conceive are the result of motion striking the lack of motion, the result being spiritual, mental, or physical harmonies or sounds, which are tuned according to the sounding board of cosmic root substance upon which these harmonies strike in their search for expression.

The same sound wave we hear in a cor-net passes also through the bass horn but the notes of the latter are heavier and deeper and in many ways different, the only cause being that the general form, magnitude, and orifices of the two instruments are different in size and shape. The same setting in motion of atmosphere takes place and the same noted energy is used in drawing the bows of both a cello and a violin but the result of the action differs on account of the difference in the instruments.

In the spiritual things of life the same principle is true. Man is completely limited by the quality of the instrument upon which he is seeking to play the celestial harmonies. There are no two individuals who ever have been or ever will be exactly the same in their thoughts, desires, and actions, and these in turn mold the instrument of matter into an expression of their own quality which results in the distinct individuality of specie. In spiritual things we find a perfect analogy, for the spiritual waves of living substances in motion are molding eternally their own keyboard into an expression of themselves and this keyboard is in turn defining and limiting the expression of its own creator.

Spirit or God is an intelligent force which being creative itself bequeathes the power of creation upon everything which expresses it. Man is a creator every time he animates substances and he animates certain substances with every expression of active energy, mental, physical, or spiritual. Whenever he speaks or even thinks the result is a chain of vibratory waves

which on the various planes of nature mold the vehicles of man into expressions of their own intrinsic vibratory power. These vehicles in turn are the concrete expressions of man's innermost ideals, and the spirit, the I Am, manifesting imperfectly through the not-self or what are called the spiritual centers of the body, is hampered in turn in its own expression by the limitations which its thoughts, actions, and desires place upon the unfoldment of its bodies.

The sounding board makes the instrument. Thought, action, and desire create the sounding board and the sounding board limits the expression of the divine in man. Our bodies are the sounding boards and as vehicles of consciousness the three bodies are under the control of individual intelligences. Each of these intelligences is twofold in its expression, selfish and selfless. When each body strives for individual mastery then we have unbalance in people whose thoughts, actions, or emotions run away with them and who cannot control their own bodies. When this condition is present it means that the sounding board is being limited by bodily intelligences which are in turn limiting the spirit of man which should be served by these intelligences.

If, on the other hand, the body consciousness centers of thought, emotion, and action are selfless in their expression and governed wisely and selectively by the spiritual consciousness and used always to build more stately mansions for the soul, then the sounding board is limited only by the spiritual consciousness itself and quickly responds to every note which strikes it, and harmony will be the eternal result for if the body is married to the spirit, their union being unimpeded by expression of individual bodies, the result is that each body becomes a pen in the hand of a ready writer which will always be in harmony with itself if not interrupted by inharmonious relations between centers of sense consciousness.

The true musician realizes that quality

does not depend upon pedigree alone, neither does harmony depend upon commercial value, but that the value of a violin is in its tone. Our bodies are violins upon which the spirit plays varying harmonies and discords until finally they attune themselves with the music of the spheres. As the violin depends for tone upon the quality of the materials composing it and the harmony depends upon the tone, so the bodies of men depend for their quality upon the things which are incorporated into them mentally, physically and spiritually. Man's most valuable asset at this time is the tail appendage of consciousness which he calls the physical body. If it be poorly constructed the individual who inhabits it will never be a functioning genius for he will always be limited in some way by the organic quality of his vehicles, and the result will be a series of squeaks and rasps which grate not only upon the ears of the musician but upon the whole world which hears consciously or unconsciously his discordant expressions.

The centers of the four bodies within us can be called the strings of the instrument and the spiritual consciousness within our being plays upon these centers, and they in turn through their vibratory qualities produce in the finely evolved individual the same spiritual, bell-like tones that physically sound out from a master's violin. Two things are absolutely necessary to the full of the genius and the instrument worthy of a master. The result of this combination is divine harmony. But if you take a genius and give him a cheap instrument, though his technique be perfect, he will never be satisfied either with the instrument or with himself. In fact, a truly great musician would refuse to play on a cheap instrument, it would grate against his soul. Then, again, take a master of music and give him a cheap violin and there will be within him a repugnance, he is disgraced, for with the soul of genius there comes something else, and although he be blindfolded and not allowed to touch the strings the master musician will feel the quality of his instru-

ment. Then let us look at it in another way. Suppose you take an instrument worth thousands of dollars and give it to someone who cannot play, does the value of the instrument make him a musician? No. In all nature two things are needed, the instrument and the player. These are the basis of all expression and in nature they are called spirit and matter. The existence of either means struggle until there is a mutual harmony and an agreement of quality between the two. A good body in the hands of a sleeping spirit is like a grand violin in the hands of an amateur; a beautiful soul in a shapeless body filled with inharmony and discord is likened to a master with a cheap instrument. The result is always inharmony.

Many instruments look alike but they are not, for many lack the soul of the maker. There are two ways of making instruments. There are those just made to sell, maybe turned out at the rate of fifty a day, they look just like the greater instruments that it has taken a lifetime to build, but they are not the same. Then there are the instruments made by those who loved their craft, who labored for the joy of building, and who raised these children of their souls with the same tenderness and care that loving parents bestow upon their children, for the great musicians love their instruments and the great makers feel that they have built gods.

In the same way there are two kinds of people living in the world. There are those who work as fast as they can to get things done. They do not care whether they build well, if they get through it's all right. They labor because they must eat. And there are others who get spiritual because they believe it is the only way to escape work and hard knocks. They are just like the people who build instruments to sell. The soul is missing that in some mystic way adds beauty to its tone. Then there are those who do not care how much they labor for they serve for the joy of serving, they build for the joy of building, to them their labors are divine, they almost worship the creations of their hand,

to them their creations have a soul—their soul. And though the workmanship may be unskilled, often the instrument is more beautiful than some mechanically made masterpiece.

It is the same with our bodies. There are bodies thrown together, pressed together, crammed together, and there are bodies that are gathered through ages of experience, the sublime desire of the spirit to unfold the godhood within itself, not just to get through but for the joy of the building. All these considerations play their part in the making of the master's instrument, and every student must realize that the most glorious work is not to unfold the spirit but to unfold bodies through which the spirit may speak for the spirit can never be greater than the temple where it is enshrined. There can be no soul where there are no bodies, no life where there is no shape, no color where there is no substance. Remove the worlds of material things and you will leave just the life itself which cannot even know itself, for in taking away matter you have removed the brain through which mind thinks, you have removed the mind which is also a thing of matter through which spirit speaks, for this is a great truth: If you remove not-being, being can never know itself.

Let us picture for a moment a great and wonderful violin, one of those master instruments which have come down to us through the ages. Many a broken heart has wept alone clasping it to his breast, many a lone life has whispered its innermost dreams through the strings of an ancient instrument, for it is beloved by its user and worshipped by its maker. It is said that Stradivarius, probably one of the greatest known violin makers, expressed himself in the following way: "God made Antonio to make violins." It is sad to think how few love the living temple of their own body as the old musician cherishes his beloved violin. It is said that Antonio Stradivarius made his greatest violins from the bell-post of an old church and that the wood was many years old when it was cut

down, for it is known that great violins are made out of wood that is seasoned. Whenever there is water or moisture in the wood the tone is injured and the master's instrument must be made of seasoned wood.

All musicians know that a violin grows sweeter with age. People do not realize this fact but it is true. The tones of these instruments which have lasted hundreds of years are sweeter far than any made today. For the tone changes, every hour it grows mellower and sweeter, and the old violin weighs much less than the new one for it has dried out until it is merely a shell devoid of self-expression, it is nothing but a sounding board which registers each fine vibratory tone.

Now the spiritual consciousness of man is a very peculiar thing. Every expression of the bodies is sharp and harsh until finally with age the spiritual consciousness of man becomes master of the selfless body. It is experience, growth, sorrow, the things with which man battles through the ages which mold the body and the mind into the more seasoned and spiritual instrument. All the outside contacts of life build certain qualities in man and as he wanders through the ages the instrument of his body grows sweeter and sweeter as in spiritual powers as he grows older and older. The soul and the body of man are mellowed through the ages like great violins. The rough edges, the false tones, the selfish phase of the instrument, the great I Am, are nothing more or less than a drop of water in the wood, a bit of resin which is the sour note all through the ages, until at last after experience and growth and bitter sorrows the self part goes forever and the soul is all that is left. The bodies have gone and from them has been born a wondrous, selfless thing—the true companion of the self—and this is the divine instrument of the master genius and upon the strings of its selfless sounding board he plays the harmonies celestial.

The world is filled with people who grate upon us and who seem unsavory. The

explanation is this, the instrument is new, and it has not been mellowed. The same deft fingers are trying to play it, the same sweet spirit tries to express itself but it cannot for the depth of tone is not yet there. We should not feel that our brothers are below us for their violins when mellowed may be wonderful instruments and they have not been laboring as they might, maybe, and then again we all have a sour note somewhere. Everyone has a flaw in his being which injures the tone of his instrument, but as the ages go by these flaws seem to disappear and for some unknown reason the violin that was sour when new is sweet and mellow when old. Many an instrument has been discarded by its maker as of no use and many, many years later, hundreds perhaps, it was taken out and found to have a master tone.

There is a wonderful lesson in this for everyone. You and I are like Antonio, the Lord has made us to make violins. Like Antonio, God has given us the work of making bodies, each complex organism is a master's labors through the ages, it is the eternal problem of spiritual consciousness and some day in the mystic future we shall learn to make a perfect instrument. Many people do not think, oftentimes they do not want to think, they do not like to feel the responsibility of creation rests upon them. And yet it does. It is our duty and each of us must build a master instrument which is to give perfect expression to the genius within his own soul.

Then comes another great consideration. Take a great violin and crack it and the sound is gone until it is repaired and often then it is more beautiful than before. It is the same way we take an individual, a child for instance, and abuse and break that instrument, or not being strong enough for the battle it is damaged by the blows of life and the sweetness is gone, oftentimes it is many ages before the soul can repair the break caused by the thoughtless actions of others.

(To be continued.)

The Magical Mountain of the Moon

A Letter From the Brothers of the R. C.
to

Eugenius Philalethes

(Continued)

IN LAST MONTH'S EDITION of this magazine we published the letter from the Brothers as it is found in the original edition of "Lumen de Lumine," and now it is well to consider what Thomas Vaughan, who uses the pen-name of Philalethes, has to say concerning this mystical and magical Mountain of the Moon. On page 24 of his book, published in 1651, we find the following statement:

"This is the emblematical, magical type which Thalia delivered to me in the invisible guiana. The first and superior part of it represents the mountains of the moon. The philosophers commonly call them the mountains of India on whose tops grow their secret and famous Lunaria; it is an herb easy to find but that men are blind for it discovers itself and shines after night like pearls. The earth of these mountains is very red beyond all expression, it is full of crystalline rocks which the philosophers call their glass and their stone: birds and fish say they bring it to them. Of these mountains speaks Hali the Arabian, a most excellent, judicious author. Vade fili ad Montes India ad Cavernas suas, accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liquefiunt in Aqut, quando commiscentur eis. Go, my son, to the mountains of India and to their quarries or caverns and take thence our precious stones which dissolve or melt in water when they are mingled therewith. Much indeed might be spoken concerning these mountains if it were lawful to publish their mysteries, but one thing I shall not forbear to tell you. They are very dangerous places after night for they are haunted with fires and other strange apparitions, occasioned (as I am told by the Magi) by certain spirits which dabble licitiously with the sperm of the world and

imprint their imagination in it producing many times fantastic and monstrous generations. The access and pilgrimage to this place with the difficulties which attend them are faithfully and majestically described by the Brothers of R. C. Their language indeed is very simple and with most men perhaps contemptible, but to speak finely was no part of their design, their learning lies not in phrase but in the sense and that is it which I have proposed to the consideration of the reader."

After having read this slight introduction by the renowned alchemist and mystic, it would be well for the reader to consider again the letter which was published in last month's edition and then let us study the general symbolism of the entire work.

Among all the ancient peoples mountains were held sacred and the points most sacred to every land were its lofty hills. Among the ancient Greeks the temple of their gods was upon the top of Mount Olympus where far above the clouds the gods dwelt and labored with man, coming down occasionally into the valley to sojourn with and direct the energies of their children. Among the Scandinavians we find Asgard, the home of the twelve gods, far upon the top of a magical mountain which was symbolized as the highest point of the world. We are all acquainted with the sacred mountain of the Jewish people, Mount Sinai, where the Lord spoke to Moses, and Mount Moriah over the brow of which Hiram Abiff, the Masonic hero, was buried. Among the Orientals we have Mount Moru, and the world still turns in awe to the shadowy heights of the Himalayas where many people yet believe the gods to dwell. The knights of the Holy Grail had their castle far up among the crags of Mount Salvart in ancient Spain, and among the Andes of the western world we still find the ruins of massive altars at

the very top of pyramids and mountains.

The entire story of the magical mountains is based upon the analogy between the world and man. Each individual is a universe, a god, a planet, an infinitesimal bit of something all in one. We find the human body to be the plan of the temple, it is undoubtedly the symbol of Calvary, and where the head of man is in the ancient churches there were steps leading up to an altar. There are three worlds of human consciousness in which man is particularly interested. There is Hel, the land of darkness and dissolution, the land of dead things, lighted only by the fires of perversion; then there is the middle garden of the earth-world which man knows, the world of purely human affairs; then far up on the heights of a lofty mountain is the heaven world of man with the skull as its dome. Now, all the powers which man really uses are centered upon the top of the mountain of his body in the domed temple of his own head. It is within this superior world of which the lower is a counterpart, for all the functions of the human body and its organs are duplicated in the brain, that the treasure of great price is concealed. The path that leads to light is the path taken by the consciousness of man up through the red mountain of his own body into the superior, mystical world concealed upon its top. The twelve convolutions of the brain are the twelve disciples or gods who govern and regulate the destiny of human affairs, and it is the passing of the spiritual consciousness upward through the thirty-three segments of the spinal column that constitutes the path of initiation up through the Magical Mountain of the Moon. It is known to alchemists and all students that the world is divided into two general divisions,—the sun and the moon. The sun has to do with spiritual things while the moon affects material things, and here it is important to note that the magical mountain of the bodies forms the living throne upon the very crest and in the very heart of which is concealed the "quintessia vitra," the philosopher's elixir. The passing upward of the consciousness

of the individual through regenerated thought and action is by means of the mastery of things. He grows through mastery, and initiation is the mastery of certain elements by the consciousness or spiritual power within.

It is stated above in the letter that the path which leads to this mountain is beset with many dangers and any student who has attempted to walk the spiritual path realizes that this is true. The terrible beasts, dragons, and reptiles represent our own lower natures which are ever between us and the path that leads to higher things. There is, as it is said, but one weapon with which we can fight them and this is the weapon of truth, light, and non-resistance. The only way of overcoming evil is through the boycott system as the student will discover before he reaches the goal he seeks.

Three tests confronted the candidate according to this allegory, three great natural elements were called into play, a very mighty wind, a terrific earthquake, and a consuming fire. These may very briefly be explained as thought which along spiritual lines breaks up the rocks of crystallization, this thought being symbolized by air which blowing the clouds across the sky was symbolized by the ancients as the ideas of man in the blue dome of the skull. As the result of this thought there is the expression of physical action and the action of physical bodies, which are commonly listed under the heading of earth conditions and are symbolized as the earthquake, which, more spiritually interpreted, represents the changes which take place in the physical organism when the candidate begins his active, spiritual work. The fire is the spiritual power generated by the previous processes which loosened upon the individual by his thoughts and actions immediately burns away whatever is not fit for its own works, the alchemy of transmutation within its own soul.

The rising of the day star symbolizes the extension of the soul which has been referred to as the "star body" by the an-

cients. Through the rising of the Light, the spiritual center of consciousness within him, after having passed through the three grand initiations of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, air, fire, and earth, man is then enabled to see within himself the Magical Mountain of the Moon and the wondrous treasure that is contained upon its top. These treasures are entirely of a spiritual nature and have nothing to do with material things, the gold and precious

stones referred to symbolizing the awakened centers which are jewel-like and the streams of transmuted vital energies which the ancients called gold, and it is this gold which is said to pave the streets of the New Jerusalem.

In next month's magazine we shall continue the consideration of this mystic message of the Magical Mountain of the Moon and the mystery of the Magi referred to by Philalethes in his wonderful book.

A Little Episode from Life

IN EVERY LARGE CITY of the world we see those solitary figures which whisper of life's tragedy. On almost every street corner we find someone sick, blind, or poor, asking for the consideration and kindness of others. Among the eastern peoples we hear the eternal cry, "Alms! In the name of Allah!" and in our western world there are many who hold out their hands asking those who have to aid those who have not. In every land there are those for whom the battle of life has been too severe and one after another they sink down beside the way and ask our aid that they may live. The Master expressed a great truth when He said to His disciples, "The poor ye shall have with you always."

Huddled on the street corners we find them and while some no doubt use these methods to evade honest labor, still there are many broken souls who if it were not for the coins of the passersby would find life cold, indeed, and we should remember the bond of brotherhood that ties all living beings together, for it is better by far to give to a dozen who do not need than to miss the truly worthy one.

There is a little drama played out here as in all things of life, a little story that should etch itself into the soul, and I want to tell you of one little drama witnessed on a street corner just a few days ago.

In a darkened doorway away from the passing through a little old lady sat on a broken stool, her face was tired and worn, pinched with suffering and poverty, and

while many may seek in the road of begging sympathy and easy money this little soul bore the stamp of sincerity. She had an accordian on which she was playing and a little tin cup for the coins of thoughtful persons. She was playing old-fashioned tunes and it is to be admitted that she did not play them well nor was the little broken voice in tune with the squeaky notes of the cheap accordian, still there was a certain pathos, a certain sweetness and softness which spoke of sorrow and suffering and disappointment. Who can say what stretched behind in the years that had passed? Who can tell of children now in other parts of the world, maybe dead, possibly only thoughtless? Who can know the shattered hopes, the broken idols, the crushed ideals, hidden away beneath that tattered shawl of camel's hair? And still there must have been hidden beneath that broken body the star of hope which even in the cold desolation of life still shines eternal in the human heart. . . . This little figure whispered of better days, of years more filled with joy than those which stretch before her. It may be in truth that she should be in the home for the old; very possibly her present position was the result of her own mistake, in some way it must have been, but that is not the drama with which we are interested.

As we stood there listening to the plaintive wail of the cheap accordian we watched the throngs go by as the drama played itself out. First comes a stout busi-

(Continued on Page 30)

Brothers Of the Shining Robe

Chapter One

The Temple of Caves, Continued

I CREDIT MYSELF with being in a position to know, for I have been in the Catacombs of Rome, through the dungeons of the Coliseum, in the Palace of the Doges, and through the vaulted chambers of the Pyramids. So far as the eyes could see, the room stretched on in avenues and rows of natural pillars carved into gigantic elephants holding up with raised tusks and trunks the ceiling above. On one side of me was a great god with hundreds of arms and whose hundreds of heads gazed down from the vaulted archway. On the other side sat the Elephant God upon a couch of lions.

In the center of this great room stood a massive stone bowl, the pedestal of which was a great green cobra carved from marble. In the bowl blazed a fire of many colors, the light of which I had seen reflected on the wall without. Around the edge of this great room which grew dimly visible as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw twelve great doorways leading into recesses which I could not fathom, and at once the thought came into my mind, one which I hardly dared to believe myself, that I was in the Temple of the Caves cut from the heart of a living mountain.

There was no one in sight save my lonely guide and he led me silently across the great room and along the temple pillars to where a great shrine opened in the wall and here three great mysterious Beings looked down from recesses which had no end. You might call them gods or idols in the outer world, but they did not seem such here and to this day I do not know whether they were made of stone or of strange living substances. If they were stone they were of some other kind than that which is known in the world for they

glowed and gleamed and seemed never still, not with the reflected light of the fire but with a glow and blaze from within themselves.

The Three together supported a great frame which seemed of solid gold and around the frame great serpents twined and within was a strange, bluish, transparent haze of unknown depth.

My curiosity, which was of true European type and incapable of the stoic attitude of the East, overcame me and in spite of what might be the result of my actions, I stepped forward to examine the relics and reaching out my hand sought to touch the mirror, for that was the only thing which it seemed to resemble in my mind.

Then a smile came over me, a smile, however, filled with terror and awe. I had sought to step forward but I had not moved, I had tried to raise my hand but it did not lift, and I realized that I was in a place unknown to the outer world and that the laws which govern ordinary man were not effective here.

My companion now broke the silence for the first time and although I spoke both Hindustani and Sanskrit he addressed me in flawless English.

"Well, my friend, this is the first time that you have seen me but it is not the first time I have known you. A strange series of apparent coincidences have occurred, not only within the last short span of years but in the ages that are past. All things work as the gods decree and before the coming of the Compassionate Ones, when these great stone walls had not yet had the builder's hand upon them, the work which we do today was ordained. Look back over your life and its restless wandering and can you not see the hand of Destiny which is molding you, has molded you, until today you stand within the shrine of the living god in the Temple of the Caves? Forever, there has been between you and man the blue veil of the gods and the restless wan-

dering of your own soul must have whispered that you were not as other men. Some great reason yet unknown you must realize has been the potent factor of your being. I have been watching you and in this silent room have guided you in the ways of light. I have been near you in loves and fears, preparing a great way that later you shall walk. In this strange mirror, not of glass but of living ethers, I will show you the reason for all things, the labors that have stretched behind, the works to come, how you are fulfilling vows you made when worlds were in the forming, and why now you have been called out of the multitudes of men, for I put the words in the mendicant's heart that led you here. You do not know us or believe in the sacred ways and yet before this body returns to the earth from which it came you shall be listed with the Compassionate Ones."

Chapter Two

The Mirror of Eternity

I LISTENED with close attention while my strange companion made the remarks which concluded the preceding chapter. I was not a religious man, I did not understand nor particularly care about the spiritual things of life. From the time when I first entered the world I had been told that I was supremely selfish, and all the conditions of my childhood tended to bring out my egotism, self-aggrandizement, and laziness, and I felt that I had been pretty true to my early teachings.

Still at his words I felt a tugging at some invisible cord within my own being and in spite of myself my eyes turned to the strange, blue haze which filled the frame supported by the three gods.

In the old guide I recognized the great saint referred to by holy men and I remained silent as he continued his discourse.

"I know, my son, that you do not understand or rather that you fail to remember

the things which I am telling you, therefore be very attentive to my words. The fact that you alone out of all the holy men of India are the first in nearly forty years to find this sacred place proves beyond all words that a great reason lies behind your coming, and in order that you too may understand all that lies around you I shall tell you of this sacred mirror.

"In the days now gone by when the gods lived with men, when the great devas from the higher plane and the Manu himself walked the earth in flesh, he built himself in a single night this wondrous temple and left in it his most precious gifts of which this wondrous glass which reflects the worlds invisible to the eyes of men is not the least. From the ever-changing substances of nature this glass draws forth each hidden secret and is indeed the Mirror of Eternity. For, know you, that there surrounds and interpenetrates the world which we know other worlds that we do not see, and this mirror while of this world is sanctified in other worlds and shows to those who look the records of Brahma's Day preserved within the living beings of earth. Look!"—and he pointed at the fathomless depths.

As he spoke great swirling, twisting clouds appeared in the bottomless abyss of the sacred mirror. I looked and before my eyes there slowly formed out of the whirling clouds a strange world that stretched into the infinity of darkness. It was a world of broken things, great, twisted, gnawed trees of types unknown, their trunks blackened as though by fire, raised their branches like supplicating arms. Great cloudy, smouldering flames burst forth from cracks and crevices in the rocks and in the air great banks of sulphurous smoke tinted by the flames formed into twisting clouds of oily red. In my ears was the moaning and sighing of the winds and the dashing of the waves upon a broken shore.

I tried to recall from somewhere out of the past this strange scene but nowhere,

even among the volcano and lava beds of Vesuvius and Etna, had such clouds of smoke ever gathered.

"What is this strange scene?" I asked my guide.

"That, my son, is called the Land of the Lonely Ones," answered the Oriental, "Although the eyes of mortal cannot see it, what you now behold is built of the thoughts and desires of the people of earth. You are now gazing on the home of men as it has been seen by the Compassionate Ones. From this strange land of death and dissolution there pour forth the spirits of the flame, the demons of war, the miseries, strife, and contention which fill the world. It is here that the work you are to do begins, it is here in the world of Causes that the Compassionate Ones labor for their brothers."

I gazed at the picture again and a strange chill came over my being. It was

so cold, so cheerless, so dead, and yet from within came the echo of an accusing voice, and although I was loath to admit it I realized that beneath the life I lived my own being wandered in a wilderness as gloomy and desolate as the scene I beheld.

As I watched I saw a tiny, golden star shine out through the darkness. Wherever its beams fell the broken, confused mass of ragged rocks melted away with its glow and the deep, angry red of the smouldering fires turned golden with its warmth. As I looked more closely I saw that this little star was carried in the form of a lantern by a strange, mystic figure which walked or rather floated over the scene of desolation.

"Who is that?" I muttered under my breath.

"Watch," answered my strange companion.

(To be continued)

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

In this work the study of numbers and the Hebrew alphabet is taken up in a way never before undertaken. No system of numerology or cabalism is promulgated but a few underlying principles are given here useful to all students of mystic, occult and cabalistic philosophy. The work is divided into three parts as listed below:

Part OneThe Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

A Study of the flaming letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the creation of the Sacred Name, the mystey of the vowel points and the unwritten books of Moses.

Part Two.....The Origin and Mystery of Numbers.

Under this heading are grouped the natural laws as they are expressed in numbers from 1 to 10, and the application of these laws to the problems of daily living.

Part Three.....The Power of Invocation and

In this part of the work transcendental The Science of the Sacred Names. ancient rituals of calling up spirits is exposed magic is completely unveiled and the and the finding of the lost Word is presentand the true meaning of transcendentalism Christ. A most unique and unusual documeted to the student, including the invocation of in an art cardboard cover. This work shouldnt containing over fifty pages, neatly bound to be believed but to be considered. be in the library of all occult students, not

As is the case with our other publications you must fix your own price for the work, not to cover your share of the responsibility but that the entire work may go on and you and others may be in a position to receive the work which we are putting out.

This month's issue also contains a rare occult plate taken from the writings of Robert Fludd, the English Rosicrucian and alchemist. The original is dated 1619.

The description of this plate will appear in next month's magazine.

OCCULT MASONRY

The Shrine

AMONG THE MASONIC CRAFTS there are many wonderful degrees but none has a deeper or more beautiful sentiment than the Mohammedan Shrine. Let us drop for the present the social side of Masonry for it is only an accessory which means nothing to the true art and science of the active craft. The Mason is a builder throughout eternity, and in the beautiful degree of the Shrine a wonderful thought is given to him which should assist him to better thinking and better living, otherwise its profound significance in Masonry is lost to the craft.

Let us go back to the ancient peoples where practically all of the modern symbolism had its origin, and here we find many wonderful facts concerning the mystery of the Shrine.

Man is eternally a worker, but to what end? That is a question which only mystics and philosophers can answer. What is the great reward for years of sorrow and labor? What is man's recompense for his works and his life? The answer is that man is a builder of Shrines.

From the beginning of time to the end of eternity man is building a wondrous altar piece for his living temple; he is fashioning a wonderful and glorious decoration to adorn an empty niche. In other words, with thought, action and desire, through his thousands and millions of years of growth he is laboring consciously or unconsciously to a single end. This end is the preparing of a holy place to be the dwelling of the Most High. Therefore, in spirit and in truth man is a Shriner, a builder of shrines.

Now, in many ways man carries on his appointed destiny, and all through the ages he is building eternally many things, and on all planes of nature he is laying up treasures with which to adorn this won-

drous altar piece,—the living shrine of his own soul.

In India there are many wonderful shrines of gold and jewels, brass and glorious lacquers, stone and wood, carved by the hands of the faithful into ornaments and decorations to embellish and make more grand the altars of the gods they worship. It is said that only the heathen build shrines but we know that this is not true, for only the finest, the purest, the most noble of human beings can build a shrine, and not even the end of time as we know it shall bring to completion the shrine building of the soul.

Now, the world as we know it at the present time is the great rough block from which man must cut this beautiful shrine. With love, compassion, joy, and a deeper understanding of the mysteries of life, he must take the brutal, the cruel, the rough, and the unfinished, and with the vision of the true seer carve with loving thoughts, joyful hands, and a contrite spirit, this rough and broken mass into the glorious shrine of spirit.

Let man realize that he is building a strange and subtle thing and a new power and zeal inspires his efforts. Its wonderful pillars he carves from the granite blocks of matter. With thought, word, and actions he decorates it and glorifies it until it becomes a thing of beauty and grandeur. Into the settings he has fashioned, he places the stones of knowledge and love, each flower, each little figure, carved by loving hands for the glory of his God. As he works through the ages he realizes that his own body, the world in which he lives, and the world of his friends and those around him are the materials from which this shrine must be built. It is from the dross of his own soul that he must cut the golden key, and his own being must be-

come the glorious setting to contain the most precious of all jewels,—the Pearl of Great Price and the Philosopher's Stone.

Man is ever human and being human he is impatient, thoughtless, and unsettled as to the reason for his own being. Therefore, he makes a great mistake, a sad and terrible mistake, yet who shall blame him for it? It is a mistake which seems almost godlike and which sometimes even the Masters make, and yet how can we judge them? When man builds this sacred shrine he fails to realize there is but one thing worthy to fill that hallowed spot. Some god of earth he seeks to raise to heaven's height, enshrined beside the Infinite, a cherished thought, a loved one of this world, who has called to him or who has heard the whisper of his soul.

But how can a god of clay fill a shrine of gold? The answer lies in the broken heart at the foot of the shrine, when the one we sought to raise to the height of a god proves to be only a creature of earth. How many hours and years of sorrow man must experience when he allows the human to fill the shrine of the Divine! None can answer that problem save those who have seen the shrine shattered and the figure crumble which they worshipped as a God. Therefore, the shriner learns that that sacred place is the dwelling of the Most High and that there can be no other gods before Him.

As man labors through the ages to build the shrine he must never seek to fill it with an idol of wood or stone which he glorifies as the divine, for soon the beloved lies at his feet a broken ruin, only less broken than the heart of the worshipper.

Close to his heart man must keep the ones he adores, deep in his soul should he etch the picture of those who are dear, but never let him place within this hallowed shrine any save the living God. Our world is filled with those who have known the pain of a broken heart because something of earth came too close to the things of God. Broken we lie at the feet of our

idols, crushed and disconsolate, and for years we do not labor with the shrine because it seems that whatever we build into it, a glorious love or life, is shattered into a thousand places and nought have we in our hands but broken clay. The soul of the dreamer is broken with the idol at his feet, the heart of love is cold as it sees the creature of its adoration fall a heap of broken dust before it.

But there is the mystery of the shrine. Through the ages man is to build this glorious altar but not to fill it. Man will never know, it seems, the glory of being able to fill that shrine with those adored. His is the work to build it, to finish it with all the beauty and grandeur that his soul may know, but forever the empty niche must face him, never to be filled. Forever he seems to be building a golden ring around an empty void, but from his hands there shall come a strange craftsmanship. The mercy seat shall be built into the shrine, and as the last touch is completed and the architect lays aside his plans, the shrine-builder shall kneel in adoration before his works and know at last the mystery of the Shrine.

In the heart of the altar he has finished, in the niche of that sacred shrine, a great Light shall come and descend upon him. It is the Light he cannot build, it is the presence of the Lord, which nothing of earth can give him. Whatever else he may worship becomes as nothing before that mystic thing and whoever in this world he cherished no longer fills the shrine, for each loved thing has an altar, everything we cherish has its own little worshipping place in the heart. The shrine of the soul is for the spirit alone, and when man has finished his work and built his temple after the order of the Most High, then shall the spirit of the Lord inhabit it and the shrine shall be filled forever.

No longer will the idol crumble for now the ideal fills the shrine, no longer will man's heart be broken as those he trusts fail him in the moment of his extremity, for

the presence in the shrine will never leave it but as a pillar of flame by night and a column of smoke by day the shriner is ever protected by the Light of God.

So in Masonry we have the privilege and duty of building this mystic shrine, the living temple of the living God, and the beauty of this wonderful Mohammedan degree is as sweet and as divine as any Christian concept. So, seekers of the Great Light, let us make our pilgrimage to Mecca and there pay our homage to the green banner of the prophet, and then wrapping the veil around our turbans or fez let us

return to build more wonderful and more mystic shrines as we labor in the completion of the great one which is to be within us the dwelling place of the living God, for there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet.

Five times a day the Moslem calls to prayer, five times the son of Islam faces the Kabba and there offers up his prayer to the living God. Let us pray to the same God that the time may not be far off when we shall more truly build His shrine that He may dwell within it.

Adam and Eve and the Flaming Sword

I DO NOT SUPPOSE there is anyone who does not speculate, at least a little, over the story of the cherubim with the flaming sword that guarded the way to the gates of Eden to prevent the return of our primal ancestors to their heavenly home. The same little story is played out every day of our lives if we will but see it.

First, Eden represents paradise or heaven, that particular form of earthly joy which is the direct result of man's living in accordance with the plan of his being. In other words, when man is in a harmonious state of consciousness, when his organism is properly balanced, etc., he then lives in a new world of his own creation or rather to which he has become attuned through his life, and this is in fact the garden of the Lord.

Man has been cast out of the garden of balance and peace by his perversions, and the flaming sword of Eden undoubtedly represents the descending spirit fire which drives the spiritual consciousness of man out of his peace and joy. The cherubim with the flaming sword that stood at the gates of Eden had four heads. These four heads symbolize the four bodies of man,

while the flaming sword is the fire of passion. It is the emotion body of man, uncurbed and unregenerated, that stands as a flaming sword between him and the higher worlds. Nearly all the suffering in the world at the present time is the result of emotion in which individuals have lost control of themselves and have allowed the passion body to dominate their lives. So long as this is permitted, the cherubim with the flaming sword will stand between the spiritual consciousness of man and the realization of his ideals. It is only when this body is mastered that peace can return.

When man masters his lower being the down-pointing sword is turned upward through spiritual regeneration and man is then able to enter again the garden of the Lord. But so long as we are a slave to our lower natures and to the animal fires, just so long does the flaming sword stand between us and our true spiritual home, and we are forced to wander the earth dressed in the skins of animals until as purified egos we pass through the fire of the flaming sword and the bodies which like the Sphinx of old guard the entrance to the higher worlds.

The Mystery of Initiation

DURING THE LAST few years a great wave of mysticism has swept over the world. The heart of mankind is hungry for greater knowledge, the soul yearning for fuller understanding, has sought to tear away the veil which forever drapes the figure of Wisdom. Man has sought to learn those mystic truths so long lost to the world, and in his study and search he has found that there are strange and mysterious beings known to the world as Initiates. Among the ancient works and the mystery schools of those peoples now dead, strange ceremonies called initiations were given in some mysterious way and the popular mind has come to believe that there is a mystic rite, an initiative ceremonial, which makes man one with the immortals, and in the name of this wonderful and mystic concept terrible crimes have been committed against the spiritual and occult teachings. There is probably no word in the English language that has been so abused, so misused, so often used and so little understood, as the word "Initiation." Every dream, every phantom form, every unusual happening, has been called the initiation and all over the world temples have sprung up in the name of the mystery schools to initiate candidates into the Wisdom teachings, some of them without cost but in the majority of cases a heavy fee accompanies the initiation in which for, say, \$25.00 the candidate is dubbed "Sir Somebody" or made a leading luminary in some mystic shrine.

The result of this perversion is that the sacredness, the beauty, and the true realization of the meaning of initiation has been lost to the world, for it is very true that there are none who can so damage a religion or an idea as those who claim to be its followers. How long it will take the world to learn that initiations are not ceremonials it is difficult to say, but sometime each individual must realize that swinging robes and incense burners and other trimmings do not constitute initiation, and that

no one on the face of the earth could buy it for the fortune of Croesus nor in any way receive it until he himself by his life has become worthy of its mystic blessing.

There are few in this world who know what real initiation is, and there are fewer still who having discovered it really want to so live that this mystic rite may be unfolded within their souls. The true initiate is a very wondrous and mysterious being and any words that we can say concerning such a one are very poor, in deed. Those who have not already walked the path can have but a feeble idea of what an initiate really is, for such a one has unfolded within himself or herself, as the case may be, certain principles of which the average layman knows nothing. The powers of life and death, the powers of destruction and construction, the mystic principles of integration and disintegration, all these are in the hands of the Great Ones of God. The knowledge of life is the mystic power of the Initiate, for only those who have walked the ways of many can ever know what the laurels of initiation mean. Only when his heart is filled with love for humanity and with the great suffering and great peace of those who know, can he so express the powers within himself that he is of use in so great a plan.

The Initiate has the mindless mind of spirit which thinks only the thoughts of life, to the source of which he each day draws nearer; he is filled with the understanding of nature's plan for her children and only this knowledge holds in check a heart that would otherwise break with sorrow. He knows that strange, sweet melancholy, that mystic feeling few have ever realized, such as must have filled the soul of Jesus as He wept over Jerusalem. The true initiate is initiated by God and not by man and he will give his life, his soul, his very being, to lift the suffering in the name of the Father.

It is only those who have a heart great enough to enfold all creation, a conscious-

ness as great and broad as life itself, who are even on the road to initiation, those whose very being is a mirror of the Divine, whose every thought is to save, whose every power is expanded to raise, whose every action is a blessing, who reach out with hands ever stronger to aid suffering humanity. Those and those alone know the true meaning of initiation. Those whose eyes have never seen suffering, those whose hearts have never been broken, those who are tied by earthly ambitions, can never receive that celestial influx of life which comes to those who have prepared their vehicles in the way of the law and the great love.

The Initiate is slowly reaching out into the Great Unknown, lighting each corner of chaos with his own glory, bathing all life in the warmth of his own soul, limited only by his own unfoldment. On through the ages he is dispelling ignorance and darkness by the ever broadening sphere of his own light. It is those who have dedicated their lives and being to feed the flame of the Eternal One that its light may shine more brightly whom we call the Initiates and, oh, how few they are! How few have given up the kingdoms of the earth! How few are ready to give up earthly desires to walk the path that leads to Divinity, holding out the little alms-dish of the Buddha for the words of wisdom and love that are given to those who seek for help that they in turn may serve. To those who seek it in any other way than this, initiation is only a terrible demon. The student may gain growth, the wisdom or so-called power of the Adept may come to him, but still if selfishness is his motive he is cursed to suffer and to go without the things of this world as well as the other, for he is cursed with knowledge, and knowledge brings with it a weight that few shoulders are strong enough to bear.

It is only when that mystic thing comes, the strange, spiritual power of initiation, that to man is given the strength to carry knowledge in the way of light. There are only a few who are ready to take up the

cross and follow in the footsteps of those who have consecrated their lives to their fellowmen. There are only a few with strength enough to see the veil of the future lifted and remain sane. There are few who could see the veil of their own destiny raised and still have strength enough to walk the way, and even to those who can stand this great light there comes the still greater test of standing alone in the high places of the world without even the staff of comradeship, for the initiate is ever alone but when truly ordained of the spirit is never lonely.

For with this knowledge that no tongue can speak, no coin of man can buy, there comes something else, a still whisper, the word of eternal life that passes eternally through the soul of the saved. While the Initiate sees the bleeding hearts of his fellowman and the breaking and tearing of living things, he still sees the eternal justice of all things, to him there comes the realization that all is working for good. He sees the divine hand working through the apparent chaos of things and that behind the human discord there is the divine reason.

Can we face this Great Unknown as the Great Ones have faced it? Can we pass through with the glorious vision of Nirvana forever before us? If we can we are on the path upward that leads to the feet of the Great Ones who look down on man with never-changing eyes of love. Very few are there in the world today who are ready to make the great renunciation which the world knows as initiation.

There comes a time in every soul when there is a parting of the ways, and there are few who will take the stony path, give up the kingdoms of earth, and ascend the rocky crags to the feet of the Liberator. Those who take that path are the true essence of the life we live. Eventually, all will take the path as the light dawns upon them.

If we would take that silent way we must renounce the selfishness of materiality and slowly and painfully meet bravely

the buffets of the world and go on and on in the endless paths that leads into the Unknown. It is those who have done this, sacrificing all without a murmur, whom we know as the Initiates, and we owe them respect and love for they are in truth our Elder Brothers who have gone a little ways before that they may come back and show us the path to tread.

A time comes when each soul after having passed the first degrees of initiation receives the greatest test of all. It is when he reaches the veil that divides him from the world. Nirvana with all its blessings shines before him while those wandering in the wilderness cry out for help from the darkness below. He stands at the parting of the ways—which path will he choose? The path of initiation is forever the path of sacrifice. No glory, no power, just a selfless willingness to serve the highest. In the robes of the mendicant the Initiate returns to wander the earth and serve others. While they are apparently imperfect and torn and slandered by the world, yet the hosts of heaven look down and bless them. Those who give up all, even the paradise well earned and the rest that is theirs and come back to walk in the muck and mire,—they are the Initiates. It is at that moment the Star of Bethlehem shines out to tell that another Son of God is born among men.

There are many on earth who have made this great renunciation. They have given up peace to walk the streets in rags, to be laughed at and ridiculed, to teach the few who would listen. They have gained great knowledge and great intellect but still they live and speak of simple things. We only see them occasionally and we say that these great ones have been blessed but we do not know the price that they have paid, how they have bathed their souls in tears, how they have been garbed only in their own blood and crucified by their own disciples. This is the price of initiation and it is through these things great souls are born.

We have grown to think that there is only one Son of God but we are all his

children, and when one really takes the path that leads to Light, the voice of the Father speaks spiritually within his soul, saying, "This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." It is only then that the candidate climbs the steps that lead to immortality.

It is sad to think how few who seek the powers of the masters are willing to pay for them with love and thought. With a few paltry dollars and a few fine robes they honestly believe they can receive that for which Gods have died, which great souls have been crucified to attain and martyrs met their death in the arena. It is a pitiful thing, man's concept of the road to God. "It is sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child," and how many of them the gods have today!

What is the path that leads to the Initiates? It is the lifting of consciousness through this strange drama which we call life. Along the great road all beings are plodding slowly, old and young alike, all walking the same path, the road that leads to the feet of the Masters. There are many shrines along the way, many religions, many creeds, many little chapels where the seeker stops to pray and the weary to rest. But ever onward all must go until they reach the temple on the top of the lofty crags. In daily life we have our tests; the thought comes to our mind that we hate someone, but what have we to hate? Then thoughts of fear haunt us and sorrow bows us down. Then through the ages comes the realization that all things lead to good. Slowly we gain the great compassion, the great balance, the heart that is free of pain and pleasure. We have the vision of the great Truth and seek to enfold all living things within the cape of our love.

When thoughts like these come to the student, he is learning. It is that feeling of glory that brings with it the touch of pain. Everything we do carries with it a great responsibility. Those who wish to wear the robe of the Initiate must be willing to wear it over a broken heart.

With many people their greatest desire is to escape responsibility or to gain the glory of a great reward but so long as these thoughts fill the soul initiation is impossible. Until the aspirant is living the ritual he can never learn its mystery; until he can see in his own spiritual being the dying Christ on the cross he can never truly learn of initiation. It is bought with the gold of spirit and service. When he has so lived as to be worthy of it, then comes the Light. In the darkness of his own closet, far from his brother man, in the silence of his own soul the great mystery unfolds.

Thousands of figures gather round him and the Grand Master is there in his robe of Blue and Gold, the teachers of the ages gather round him; he is in the great hall of his own body through which he must pass to enter the inner room. There alone he passes through things no mortal tongue can speak; there he sees the reason for his being; the things that he must do; the greater works he is privileged to accomplish. And having learned much, his new responsibility is likewise great; having seen the work to be done he can no longer rest but must wander the world like a lost soul to labor in the endless cause. He lives for one brief moment with those things which are eternal and having glimpsed those wondrous beings, service means everything. He must help all living things to find the light that he has found. Just a silent soul alone, unfolding its wondrous mystery to its own being,—that is Initiation.

Having gone through these tests and removed the love of materiality he is given the privilege of knowing and realizing the true reason for at least part of the Plan. He goes on now, step by step, coming into the powers which were always his, not in heaven but in hell, for the place of the Initiate is not in the worlds above but in the worlds of darkness for he has consecrated his soul to the redemption of man.

We have among us today those who claim to have passed through great initiations, but do their lives show it? Are they

willing to work unseen and unknown with the powers that never shine before the eyes of men? Do they work with the humility and simplicity which is the divine expression of the soul? All true Initiates point out the way by their own beings that others may follow the path to which they have dedicated their lives.

Everyone wants to be an Initiate but if they were the sun would soon go out forever from their lives. Like children, man is always wanting something and weeping for it like a child. The soul filled with uncertainty, selfishness, and materiality can never have the strength of purpose and the unity of balance, to carry the burdens of Initiation. It is a blessing then that many are not what they want to be. If it were not so, hearts would be broken that have not the strength to mend. If we could be initiated now it would do us no good, for each true, upward step must be hewn out of the solid rock of experience that each may take the path by removing from his life the personal things that stand between him and that which he seeks. We must take each cruel word and change it into a dove before we send it on its way.

When we go hence to enter into our Father's house, the greatest reward that can come to us is the privilege of laboring there. Not our will but the Master's should regulate the expression of our life.

If those who seek Initiation today could only know what it really means they would realize how false their concepts have been. What have we done that we have the right to join that little throng of God's chosen ones? If we would labor with them we must take upon our shoulders their burdens and be one of those who are responsible for the lives of men, and when we have raised our consciousness, our lives, our actions and our thoughts to this point, then we are Initiates in spirit and in truth, for the light of God's plan for man shines forth and envelopes us in its glory and its first gleam shining upon our souls show us the end to which all Initiation leads,—a lonely cross upon a hill.

ASTROLOGY

Keywords of Aries

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who wish a brief, comprehensive series of keywords, the general trend of which can be easily memorized, to assist them in judging the rising signs of individuals, we have arranged and compiled the following series which will answer practically all the needs of the elementary astrologer. The following sources have been drawn from in the preparation of this series of articles which will appear each month until the twelve signs have been analyzed:

Astrology, by William Lilly, London, 1647.

Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos, edited by J. M. Ashmand, London, 1822.

The Complete Dictionary of Astrology, James Wilson, Esq., London, 1819.

The Astrological Judgment of Disease, by Nicholas Culpeper, London, 1671.

The Celestial Science of Astrology, Ebenezer Sibly, London, 1785.

We will take the signs of the Zodiac in the order in which they come, listing under them a general compendium of known facts concerning them.

Aries, the First Sign of the Zodiac

Aries is a cardinal sign,

Fiery

Masculine

Dry

Hot

Vernal

Equinoctial

Movable

Eastern

Diurnal

Short ascension

Bitter sign

Exaltation of the sun

Detriment of Venus

Day house of Mars

Fall of Saturn

General Characteristics

Choleric
Luxuriant
Violent
Fortunate
Hoarse
Commanding
Tempestuous
Militant
Self-assertive
Pioneering
A ruler
Scientific
Explorative
Amative
Versatile
Energetic
Powerful will
Sharp
Hasty
Domineering
Combative

Physical Appearance

Usually slender
Strong and spare
Body rather dry
Piercing eyes
Long face
High cheek-bones
Black eyebrows
Rather long neck
Thick shoulders
Swarthy complexion
Red or dark brown hair
Disposition violent and intemperate
Loose-jointed and strong-boned
Aries governs the head and face
Subject to accidents

Health

Aries is subject to many forms of sudden ailments, also all things which have to do with impediments in the dynamic system. Listed below are the ones most commonly met with:

Smallpox
Eruptions on the face and body

Measles
 Sunburn
 Ringworm
 Headaches
 Shingles
 Vertigo
 Epilepsy
 Frenzy
 Temper fits
 Apoplexy
 Lethargy
 Fevers
 Forgetfulness
 Convulsions
 Catalepsy
 Palsy
 Megrims
 Coma
 Falling sickness
 Baldness
 Diseases caused by heat
 Cramps through various parts of the
 body
 Melancholia
 Trembling
 Toothache
 Hair-lip

Aries is also susceptible to ailments as the result of early indiscretions, and it also burns up too much energy and often lives for many years on plain will power. Aries is also susceptible to ailments in the liver and kidney trouble and poor digestion on account of excitement and Aries energy which tries to do too many things at once.

Domestic Problems

Aries is not a home-loving sign and in the majority of cases is too strongly organized and energized to remain quietly at anything. Aries homes are usually more or less unhappy.

Countries Under the Influence of Aries

Great Britain
 France
 Germany
 Switzerland
 Denmark
 Lesser Poland
 Syria
 Palestine

Cities Under Its Control

Naples
 Capua
 Ancona
 Verona
 Florence
 Ferrara
 Padua
 Saragossa
 Marseilles
 Silesia
 Burgundy
 Utrecht
 Cracow

According to Ptolemy the fixed stars in the sign of Aries have the following qualities:

Stars in the head of Aries produce influences similar to Mars and Saturn;

Those in the mouth have the qualities of Mercury and to some degree Saturn;

Those in the hinder foot of the Ram have the qualities of Mars;

While those in the tail of Aries take the qualities of Venus;

Aries, according to the ancients, is a constellation consisting of twelve stars; modern astronomy says otherwise.

Colors

Red and white.

According to Henri Cornelius Agrippa and, later, Francis Barrett, F.R.C., the following list is found under the head of Aries: Of the twelve orders of blessed spirits, Aries rules the Seraphim; of the twelve angels over the twelve signs, Malchidial is ruled by Aries; of the twelve tribes, Dan; of the twelve prophets, Malachi; of the twelve Apostles, Matthias; of the twelve months, March 20th to April 20th; of the twelve plants, the Sang; of the twelve stones, the sardonius; of the twelve principle parts of the body, the head; of the twelve degrees of the damned, the false gods.

Broken Dolls

AS YOU WATCH life through the eyes of one who has walked the path, you see spreading out before you not only a graveyard of broken hopes and shattered ideals but also a wondrous kindergarten where men, gods in the making, pass through the hours of their childhood until the Eternal Hand calls them to greater things.

Here we see the little ones, often old in years but young ever in spirit, laughing and playing each in his own free way, few of the worries and responsibilities of real life in its true sense realized or understood for man knows little of living but with care-free spirit he goes on in this way and in that, playing through the years of his youth and his manhood and passing into the Great Beyond still clasping a toy in his arms.

Off to one side, away from the laughing, playing children, there sits a little one alone for whom the world has come to an end. The little chubby cheeks are streaked with tears, a little heart is broken, and from one little life the light of the sun has gone out forever. With its face clasped between its hands it sobs its little soul away, while upon the ground before it lies a broken doll with its funny little face seamed and cracked and its sawdust body broken and twisted by the ruthless cruelty of an older child.

This is the endless story of the broken doll. It may seem at this age of the world that man does not play with toys like these but still in his heart he is ever a child; to the very day when ends his work here he is just a little one laughing with the children, playing with them, and then creeping away to weep alone over a broken toy.

The world is not filled with sinners but with thoughtless people. It is filled with those who do not realize the agony greater far than mortal mind can ever understand,

the soul anguish which gnaws to the very being of a child when its toy is broken. If man could only understand how the little things we love, the little castles we build in the air, the little shrines we make and in which we place gods and goddesses of clay—if the world could only realize the soul each of the other it would not with the ruthless hand of hate and the heartless touch of selfishness tear down these little dream castles of the air; it would not leave us crying by the empty shrines made desolate by their thoughtlessness; it would not leave us heart-broken before the toy that it has shattered, the ideal it has forever slain.

Our toys are very fragile things, just one harsh word, a few unhappy seconds, and the dream of the child is shattered and its life is bent askew. All the children of men are dreamers, dreaming wondrous dreams and building in the heavens castles of rainbow colors. To many these dreams are just toys, just make-believes, and too often our quick word shatters them, and while to us they meant nothing they seemed all to some little soul who must walk the lonely way in darkness because we have torn down the fairy world which made its life sweeter.

So let us be careful of their playthings for the heart of the world bleeds too often and little souls pine away beside the toy that is shattered, which in its broken little pieces symbolizes often the shattered soul of the dreamer. Let us realize more fully that man is ever a child, living ever in the world of make-believe, and that the things which he cherishes and the ones whom he loves become gods and goddesses in truth. His life to the very grave is filled with fairy stories and forever to the soul of the mystic child the prince comes riding, forever in our souls we build little toys, and when all others go away and leave us we bring them out from their sacred closet and sitting

alone with our own souls plays with the dolls of the years gone by. Again the little tin soldier comes out of his box, the fluffy little dog is there, and the old rag doll in whose simple, homely being our hearts are often hidden. Only these are no longer physical toys, they are the playthings of the mind and the soul. Instead of being of wood and painted lead the little toy soldiers who fight so true are our friends and those we love, and when friendship is broken, when man betrays his trust one to another, the soul sits alone in its closet and cries heart-broken over a shattered toy.

Let us realize that each of us in enshrined in the soul of another somewhere in the world and that when we betray our trust someone must cry over a broken doll, a soul not strong enough to stand the weight of a thing to us so trivial will know the pains and anguish of a broken heart over the toy which we have shattered. If we could only realize in our homes how love builds toys in the soul we would not tear down these gods from their shrines, we would not break the hearts of those we love by our thoughtless words and heartless deeds which to us mean so little and still fill the world of another with sorrow and sadness.

The soul of man must stay young, he must forever be a dreamer building from

the subtle, unseen things toys to fill the loneliness of life. Let him build them, let him dress them as he will, let him play as he will, and deny him not his toys, for when you destroy them you leave behind a mark deep in the soul of things, a scar which the years cannot heal, which only the Masters understand who have wept for ages over broken dolls.

Man must worship something. Someone must to him seem divine, someone in whose ear he may whisper the thoughts, the emotions, and the ideals which surge through his soul. Something either of this world drawn by bonds unknown or a little cherished toy hidden in the heart,—something he must worship in the name of God. Wherever this thing is not, the life is cold.

So let us always help our brothers in the world to play more beautiful games in more beautiful ways with their toys. Let our words and actions make the rag doll more divine and in the true spirit of compassion let us play with the child that its castles may be fairer. Never, in the name of God, tear the toy from the child's arms and leave it sitting on the curbstone which borders the road of life with broken heart and shattered ideals, weeping in an anguish that our hearts can never know for a broken doll.

Ships That Pass In The Night

THERE ARE FEW who realize the power that they themselves as individuals have in molding the destinies of peoples, worlds, and gods. No man lives by himself alone, neither do our thoughts or actions affect us alone. They go on and on in a world of many mysteries and these little birds of clay which we mold fly on eternally ever closer and closer to the circling orbs of light.

The world is a great sea and the eternal,

never ceasing sway of living things can be likened to the soft swishing of the ocean waves, and in too many lives this world in which we live is a stormy sea where the waves of broken hopes dash themselves to pieces upon the rocky shores of discouragement. Too many times in life we hear the moaning and sighing as of mighty winds and the night cries in the wilderness when the snowy crests of breaking waves beat against the encircling arms of the shore.

Through this stormy sea of oblivion, this endless battle and turmoil of life there silently pass thousands of little ships, the souls of living things seeking to cross this endless sea, hoping to find a peaceful harbor and there to rest in safety protected from the buffets of the storm. Too many times this world is filled with darkness, the thunderclouds fill our lives and all seems bleak and desolate. Too many times we sense the great oppression, the indescribable sense of loneliness, and the utter chill of the world. We do not see beneath this surging water the softer, sweeter and more beautiful, but lonely barks upon an endless sea with the rudder lashed and sails set, driven by every wind that blows and manned only by a crew of ghastly spectres, our ship passes silently and hopelessly through the night of cosmic oblivion.

Let us for a moment float like some mystic spectre from another world over the darkness of the seas and watch the ships that pass silently in the night. Through the darkness they come, lonely, bleak, and desolate, derelicts on the ceaseless waves of night, and they pass looking neither to the right nor to the left. We shudder, a chill comes over us, we feel the oppression of that ghostly crew of broken hopes and shattered ideals.

Many a living ship is manned only by the ghastly crews of death, set faces that cannot smile peer out from broken portholes and eyes that stare with glassy fixedness of despair gaze out from these silent ships that pass in the night. They do not know where they go. Long ago the compass of courage and ideal has been swept overboard, long before the captain has fallen a victim to the mutiny of his crew. The soft, sweet human touch, the cheery voices of the sailors as they draw on the ropes, and the song of the willing workmen,—all these are silent. Many a human bark, battered and tossed by the sea of life, waits

longingly for the waves to break forever over its broken craft, there are souls crying out to their Creator to end their suffering in blissful dissolution.

These are the ships that pass in the night, these are the grim skeletons of dead hopes, these are the vessels that have for ages wandered in the darkness of the storm. One by one the noble aspirations have died, one by one the fiery desires have been chilled forever, and the hearts that once beat as other men's now dream only of lost hopes. The world is filled with these ships that must wander it seems until Judgment Day when through the darkness of the night a light shines out, there is the cheery ringing of a bell, or the starlike gleam of a lighthouse, which brings peace to these broken wanderers, rest to their shattered lives.

Far out in the darkness a tiny pillar of stone rises upward in the night on a broken crag of rock where the endless beating of the waves alone is heard, and the white crests reach upward to envelop this frail thing of man but as the lonely lighthouse stands so great souls have gone out forever from the peace and security of the shore to be broken as battered ships in order that they may keep alight the lamp for the world. The lighthouse keeper at sea is serving ships that pass in the night as the world is served by the lighthouse keepers on the rocks of life. Their gleam shines out no longer from the revolving lenses of the tower above, for in this world the lighthouse is our own being and its light shines out through the eyes, through the soft words, the generous ideals, and the great compassion which marks the lighthouse keepers on the broken seas of the world.

Still the waves break and toss and battle with each other through the eternal night of human ignorance, still the lonely vessel rocked and torn by the storm wanders o'er the sea of life, awaiting the day of liberation and the haven of peace.

A Little Episode from Life

(Continued from Page 14)

ness man with a bowler hat over his eyes and a full cut spring overcoat draped over his portly frame. He is one of the leading lights of high finance and is considered a Rockefeller in the making. He is headed for the cafeteria for the bells within and without have summoned him to lunch. He passed with a springy step, his head set straight forward on a copious neck, his nose turned slightly askew to allow the smoke of his cigar to go upwards without passing back into his nose. He passes the little figure, the notes of the accordion strike his ear but he has no time to waste, he knows but one master, the call of the inner man, and the only music that can touch his soul is the gentle cadence of sizzling bacon, and the gentle purr of a knife across a beefsteak.

As he passes from the field of vision there comes up the street from the other direction a tall, slender youth, the most conspicuous part of his attire being his light violet, striped socks and a roll-down jersey. He has a Lucky Strike under one ear and his cap is tilted well over his nose and threatens to slide off from his polished hair glistening brightly with a generous dose of brilliantine. He is whistling "Clementine" with sundry original variations, including the "Stars and Stripes Forever," and with his hands in his pockets and his chest slumped in he is headed God alone knows where, but the graveyard is undoubtedly the end of the trip. Upon his ears, also, fall the strains of the accordion but he is not interested, he has just had a break with his "steady" who'd seen him out with his "once-in-a-while."

Just then from across the corner there hove in sight one of our leading society dowagers, the heavily constructed Mrs. Gotrox, accompanied by her daughter, this season's prize for the highest bidder, who has been acclaimed the most eligible and desirable debutante in the west district. Mr. Gotrox has just made millions in his seedless pickle project.

"M'dear," says mother, "what is this peculiar squeaky noise I hear?"

"It must be that old lady over there playing the accordion," gurgled the blossoming member of the younger set.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the mother, who had been Cylenthe McGillicutty before her marriage, "I wish they'd pass a law against allowing beggars on the street, I'll bet she has more money than I have, every one of these old women is rolling in cash, but I'll tell you right now she'll get none of mine!" And with quite a gust of personality they sailed off, a streaming duo of ostrich plumes and real mink, headed for a well known beauty parlor where Madame was taking out wrinkles for mama and trying to add an indestructible kink to daughter's hair.

Several seconds passed and the corner seemed nearly deserted when another figure appeared, a promising young clerk from one of the downtown stores in the neighborhood. This young lady was one of those liquid types which threatened to collapse at every step. She was built on the lines of a weeping willow and from the head downward every muscular articulation expressed itself as a drizzle. As this figure came galloping by it extracted with a hairpin a small wad of gum affixed to the third molar and with a semi-hysterical gesture animated by a general disintegration of the trapezoid muscle, threatening a general collapse, she lazily tossed the gum over one shoulder, said gum landing on the head of the old lady playing the accordion.

Happening to follow its course this promising member of our younger generation twisted her mouth under one ear and bellowed forth in this fashion:

"Well, grandma, if ye hadn't been there it wouldn't 'a hit yuh! Whatter you think you're doing, parking yourself on the sidewalk, this ain't no bone orchard?" and with this elegant excerpt from the classics our flapper careened off with as much grace and dignity as four and a half inches of French heels and weak ankles would permit.

The old lady still sat playing the accor-

dion. She had brushed away the gum and was perhaps recalling the days when she had been as young and foolish as the girl who had passed and possibly wondering if that girl's fate would be the same as hers.

One by one the people passed, the highest, the richest, and the most educated in the fair city. Here and there one would drop a nickle or dime into the cup but the majority went by. Then through the crowd another little figure appeared.

It was an old lady dressed in black. She wore a little bonnet with the ribbons tied under her chin, an old-fashioned cashmere shawl hung around her shoulders, and her plain clothes, while neat, showed the thrift which is the result of none too sufficient funds. She was the mother of a large family very likely but one after another they had gone away to their separate lives and as is usually the case none wanted her. She was alone and though the black she wore showed that her own partner had been laid away in the grave no doubt his picture rested ever in her heart. She was one of the few of an age of simple things fast disappearing from the things we know. For her it was a problem to make both ends meet but with frugal life and simple tastes she seemed like one of those who live on some little pension away from the eyes of the world.

As this old lady reached the huddled figure in the doorway playing on the squeaky accordion, she stopped and her sweet, old face grew sad and with a little black bordered handkerchief she wiped away a tear from under her glasses.

"You poor, dear soul!" she exclaimed, taking out her little pocketbook which contained only a few small coins, "I know how hard things must be for you, for the world has not been kind to me, either. Here, this is all I have to give, but, oh, how I wish that it were a hundred times more!"

The figure huddled in the doorway tried to smile but tears came into her eyes, too, for she had learned the tragedy of life. The little old lady in black went happily along, smiling through her tears at the pleasure her gift had given her, and no

doubt went without the things she needed as a sacrifice for the little offering she had made. It was not the first time this had happened; the lonely woman in the doorway had witnessed it many times.

This is one of the little tragedies that is played out so many times in life. The rich and the thoughtless go their way, each living for himself, while only the poor it seems have learned to help the poor, only the suffering ones have reached the point where they know how to share one with the other.

In those darkened places where the down and outers huddle together we find more brotherhood by far than in the homes of riches. Some broken figure, aged and gray, itself standing on the brink of dissolution, will gladly share its crust with another, some life broken with sorrow will enfold another suffering one within its arms and try to bring peace to another breaking heart when its own has long since died.

Is not this in truth a tragedy, yet a divinely sweet symbol of the soul of man? Only those who have walked the silent ways know the joy of sharing, and so as we watch the beggars on the street we find that it is nearly always the poor who give to them of the little which they have which often leaves them poorer than the one they serve. Here we see again the Master's face as it shines forth from the souls of those who have but little.

If the Master came today into this world and stood on the street corner begging for the soul of men it would be the poor and the suffering alone who would feel the depth of His message. It would only be those who have not who would long to give while those who have plenty only wish to receive.

So the little old lady still plays the old accordion in the open doorway. She knows something that it takes many years to discover, and yet life is much sweeter and more beautiful when we realize how sorrow softens the heart, how poverty broadens the soul, and how true brotherhood rises among those who are down and out.

Pearly Gates Gazette

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WAR IN HEAVEN THREATENS Jupiter In Critical Condition

BAD STORMS ARE GATHERING

Conditions Very Uncertain

The Pearly Gates weather bureau announces that warm weather is expected. Several leading occult lights are due to arrive in heaven this morning and will undoubtedly bring a hot air wave with them. Low pressure area is threatening.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BARGAIN PICKUP

For Sale: A corner apartment site, three blocks east of Mercury on paved boulevard, direct route between heaven and hell. Thriving business in neighborhood, particularly South. A pickup. Will take solid gold halo in exchange, must be fourteen cara.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Investors Wanted: Young men with small capital can get rich over night in the Non Est Oil Company. Three gushers within the last two weeks. A large number of angels have gotten rich. Invest now while the stock is down. Autos leave every morning from the Cloudbeam Station, two blocks East of Pearly Gate. Barbecue meal will be served on the Milky Way. Expert hot air gushers accompany each car.

Fashion Notes

Father Time appeared with a clean shave this morning. When asked the reason for it, he said that things had been moving so fast lately that his whiskers had worn until they looked so ragged that a shave was necessary.

JUPITER MAY DIE TODAY

Doctors Give Up All Hope

Jupiter was taken seriously ill this evening. One of our leading physicians diagnosed the case as congested liver, the result of "over proteins" in the nectar and ambrosia which the god drank at a little social gathering the previous night.

FOOD EXPERT ARRIVES SUDDENLY

We also have with us Mr. Will Knock, a well-known food crank. Mr. Knock is not expected to stay long owing to the fact that he is dissatisfied with the diet.

ON OUR PRIVATE WIRE

Special Wire From Our War Correspondent on Mars

Venus was fined \$10.00 this morning for parking too close to Mars during non-parking hours and for disobeying the left urn ordinance.

Special on Our Private Wire From Saturn

Saturn is to appear in court tomorrow morning on the charge of exceeding the speed limit at night with no tail light. It is suspected that he was drinking.

WANTED

Wanted: Two or three laboring men, steady, hard workers. Heathens preferred, we can't get the Christians to do the work.

FIVE HOMES BROKEN UP

War About to Be Declared

Mrs. Buzz arrived last week but was asked to leave this morning. She has already broken up the homes of five of the gods and has so many scandals on tap that a second war in heaven is imminent. She is an occult student from the planet Earth. It's funny but we have more trouble with these mystics than the Mohammedans and Zulu Islanders. The husband of Mrs. Buzz passed over several years ago but could not be found during his wife's sojourn here.

AGED MAN NEWEST ARRIVAL

Mr. Henry Jones, aged 115, arrived in heaven this morning on an eastbound cloud. When asked to what he accredited his long life he said that he had a better start than most people, he was born before germs were discovered.

PROFESSOR ARRIVES THIS MORNING

Special Wire From Jupiter

Prof. Algernon Gump, one of the leading theorists and statisticians of Earth, arrived in heaven on the Allnight Flier after a very sudden death. Prof. Gump strangled last night when he got so tangled up in scientific red tape that he couldn't breathe. He was debating the relative size of electrons.

"The Initiates of the Flame"

By

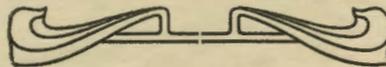
MANLY P. HALL

A comprehensive study in the Wisdom Religion as it has been perpetuated through symbolism and mythology. This work is of interest to all students of mystic and occult philosophies or Masonry. The work is beautifully illustrated with drawings to explain its principles, some by the author and others of an alchemical and mystic nature. The table of contents is as follows:

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A discussion of Old Testament symbolism showing how the spiritual powers of nature reflect themselves through the spiritual centers in the human body which we know as the jewels in the breastplate of Aaron. This booklet is out of print but an attempt will be made to secure a few copies for any desiring them. Illustrated.

Buddha, the Divine Wanderer

A new application of the life of the Prince of India as it is worked out in the individual growth of every student who is in truth seeking for the Yellow Robe.

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The Song Celestial with its wonderful story of the Battle of Life interpreted for students of practical religion. The mystery of the Blue Krishna and his work with men.

The Father of the Gods

A mystic allegory based upon the mythology of the peoples of Norway and Sweden and the legend of Odin the All-Father of the Northlands.

Questions and Answers, Part One

Questions and Answers, Part Two

Questions and Answers, Part Three

In these three booklets have been gathered about fifty of the thousands of questions answered in the past work gathered together for the benefit of students.

Occult Masonry

This booklet consists of the condensed notes on a class in mystic Masonry given in Los Angeles. It covers a number of important Masonic symbols and the supply is rapidly being exhausted.

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The explanation of the serpent of Genesis and serpent-worship as it is found among the mystery religions of the world and in the Christian Bible. Illustrated.

The Analysis of the Book of Revelation

A short study in this little understood book in the Bible, five lessons in one folder as given in class work during the past year.

The Unfoldment of Man

A study of the evolution of the body and mind and the causes which bring about mental and physical growth, a practical work for practical people.

Occult Psychology

Notes of an advanced class on this subject dealing in a comprehensive way with ten of its fundamental principles as given to students of classes in Los Angeles on this very important subject.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

An entirely new view of Wagner's wonderful opera with its three wonderful acts as they are applied to the three grand divisions of human life, the Legend of the Holy Grail, which will interest in its interpretation both mystics and music lovers.

Faust, the Eternal Drama

This booklet is a companion to the above and forms the second of a series of opera interpretations of which more will follow. The mystic drama by Goethe is analyzed from the standpoint of its application to the problem of individual advancement and its wonderful warning explained to the reader.

