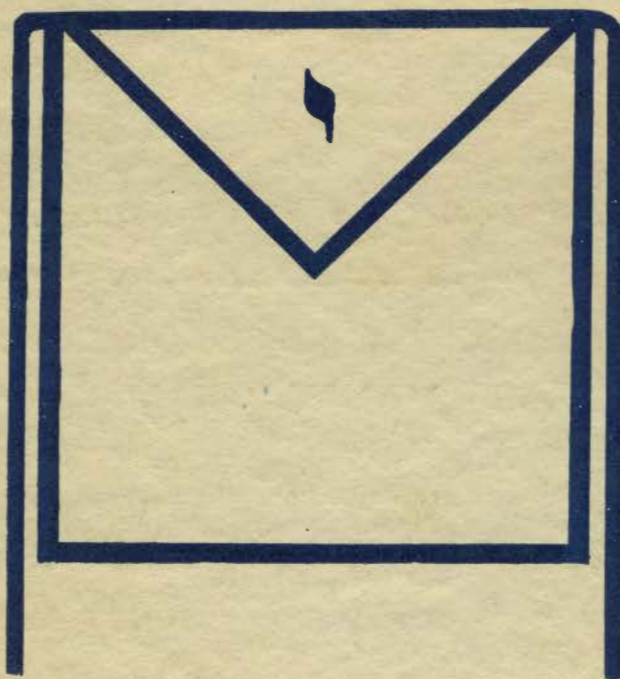


The **All-Seeing Eye**

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL



AUGUST, 1923

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- Prologue, the Masonic allegory, "In the Fields of Chaos."
- Chapter One—"The Candidate."
- Chapter Two—"The Entered Apprentice."
- Chapter Three—"The Fellow Craft."
- Chapter Four—"The Master Mason."
- Chapter Five—"The Qualifications of a True Mason."
- Epilogue—"In the Temple of Cosmos."

The entire presented in a sensible, comprehensive manner which can be understood by those not otherwise acquainted with the subject.

The book is handsomely illustrated with a four-color plate of the human body showing the position of the three Masonic Lodges on the cosmic man, also other pictures in black and white. The book is handsomely bound in solid cover with three-color cover design.

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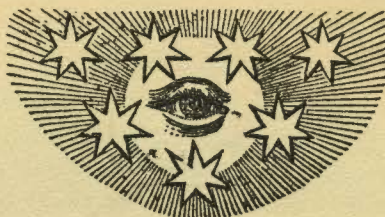
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

VOL. 1

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., AUGUST, 1923

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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.

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Faith

As the sun rose over the gray parapet,
And the mosque with its dome of gold,
A figure alone on the tall minaret
Called the wandering sheep to the fold.

While out in the rolling desert sand
The prayer rug is spread each morn,
And there each roving Bedouin band
Offers prayer to the spirit of dawn.

To Allah, the Greatest, they sing their song,
And I a Christian beside them pray
That my God and their God all day long
May keep us in the perfect way.

Be it Christ or Mohammed whose praise they
sing
It matters but little to me,
For a wonderful peace the faithful bring
To those who have eyes to see.

Though race and religion divide us,
Together we kneel and together we pray
That the hand of Allah may guide us
Through the night to the dawn of day.

EDITORIAL

Spiritual Fellowship

HERE are now over one hundred and fifty organizations in the United States alone which have brotherhood as their motto. Nearly all of the religious concepts of our day are based upon the rock of spiritual fellowship, unity, and truth, and in nearly every case we find their members sneaking down dark alleys late at night with sandbags and leadpipes laying in wait like beasts of prey with thoughts far from loving fellowship for all members of other than their own groups. Over their front door is a glorious gilded motto with such inspiring words as "Love ye one another" or "Fellowship in spiritual conclave" while under the back stoop there are other sentiments expressed, such as "Do one another and do 'em good," "Each good soak deserves another," and other similar epigrammatic concepts of sweet charity and loving service.

It is the same with individuals as with organizations. Our leading exponents of divine brotherhood spend half their time knocking chips off other peoples shoulders or hoisting young oaks on their own. Where there is no brotherhood there is no growth, no spirituality, and no power. Man has a very analytical mind and it seems that he loves to argue, to pick flaws in, to dislike and to find fault with individuals, when it is just as easy to seek the divine spirit of good and truth within themselves and those with whom they come in contact.

It is a very sad thing to see how much brotherhood is preached and how little it is lived in the daily life of our people. Among those who claim to be spiritual there is a wonderful opportunity to combine forces, to fight with the sword of truth and light side by side, unselfishly and unreservedly laboring for the furtherance and expression

of that noble spiritual teaching which the world recognizes as the Ancient Wisdom.

Brotherhood is the key of the new age. It is shouted from the pulpit and rostrum and its noble ideals are portrayed in every expression of life, and yet nowhere is there so little of it, it seems, as among those who claim to be fellow servers and brother workers in the name of the one God. The inevitable result of this competitive and combative expression of religion is the undermining of noble work, the tearing down of great ideals, and the ruination of ethical enterprises, for where the spirit of cooperative brotherhood, one-for-all and all-for-one, is missing there can be no work done either for God or for man.

One of the great things that the exponents of Christianity and occult philosophy must learn to realize, is, that the desire for self-superiority is the greatest known cause of competitive ethics, and that when one man seeks to be greater, holier, or more exalted than his brother he loses entirely his usefulness in the plan of human evolution. Spiritual workers must cease to feel that they are better than anybody else; they must come down off their high horses; they must kick out their pomposity and "persnickertiveness" and annihilate forever the spirit of "conspiration" which they manifest in every expression of their lives. Side by side, each helping the other, each working for the other, each sweet and kind to the other, they were born and must forever remain free and equal.

Simplicity and self-abnegation are the secret of spiritual power, for only those can have power who save it. Those who waste it can no longer have it. The exercise of power constructively without the taint of domineerance is the test of the soul, and the one who masters and passes successfully this

test is the one who has learned to possess power without exercising it. The exercise of power over others by those who have not reached a conscious unity with the divine initiators results only in competitive theologies and combative lives, and where such sentiments exist the spirit of God is not.

The Initiate is always marked and known among men by his sweet simplicity and non-irritating personality. He carries no chips, issues no commands, demands no obedience, and hampers the free expression of none, and as a result he is surrounded by those types of spiritual entities who will serve for the love of serving and will obey him unto death because he has never asked them to carry out a single command.

With one hundred and fifty organizations preaching the principles of brotherhood in the United States through hundreds of thousands of branches, it would seem that we should see more of it but the end will never be gained while the spiritual consciousness of individuals is a slave to personality, for it is eternally personalities that open the way to misunderstandings. The spirit of man is never insulted by anything for it recognizes nothing but its God; the spirit of man is never tempestuous nor fussy nor does it have that terrible habit of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel; neither is it on the lookout for opportunities to express power. These things are of no interest to the spiritual consciousness but they do mold to a great degree the personalities of living creatures, and man is only subject to irritabilities and temperamental uncertainties when he is mastered by either his personal dignity, his conceit, or his emotional "persquisitiveness".

It is here that the spiritual student has a glorious opportunity of showing the beauty of his creeds but in the majority of cases he just becomes another swell-headed idiot who proves by his every thought and action that he hasn't nearly as much spirituality as the average guinea-pig.

Man cannot serve two masters and when he is a slave to his own feelings and is jealously guarding them he cannot be a

servant of his God. But, alas, at this day and age of the world man is supremely jealous, supremely selfish, and divinely egotistic, not to mention heavenly impossible. He may fondly believe that he has mastered these things and is qualified to stand in the slippery places, but when he has really reached that state of simplicity and selflessness he has arrived at that stage of consciousness when he isn't sure of anything except the need of further effort.

Selfishness is the true cause of contention; it is the basis of religious and fraternal ruptions and individual brawls. When people claiming brotherhood are living like cats and dogs and organizations whose keynote is fellowship are at each others throats half the time, we cannot blame people for wandering through the world faithless and apparently disillusioned.

The reason for these conditions is that selfish fellowship is based upon the "me first" platform. There is no fellowship where there is inequality of ideals or personalities or where people build walls around themselves. There is no fellowship where there are people who egotistically know that they know more than others, for fellowship consists in the bridging of gaps and the uniting of opposites and brotherhood stands for the cognition of the fundamental oneness of life and form. Too often this is forgotten and in order to produce the sham mask of apparent cooperation many have to bow in unwilling servility at the feet of domineering overlords. Such a process in which people serve because they must and are restricted in their expression of individuality produces only eye-servants who do as we will when they are with us but hate us and belittle us behind our backs, in which case there is no one to blame but ourselves. Domineerance is not productive either of growth or spirituality but is the war-cry of personality, and that war-cry is the death-rattle of a dying civilization based upon the principles of individual omnipotence.

Brotherhood consists of overlooking unpleasant conditions and not altogether seeking to exterminate them. It demands the

breaching of the aura of impregnable egotism which surrounds individuals and the uniting of the spiritual consciousness consciously, for unconsciously it has been one since the beginning of the world. People must learn to be elastic, never rigid and taut in their lives, always ready to bend to the center, their motto being, "I'd rather be imposed upon a hundred times than to impose upon another once." The answer may come back that when we live in this way we are the brunt of injustice but that problem does not concern the spiritual seeker, for being absolutely selfless there is nothing to be hurt, offended, or angered by the world's returns. When man is subject to the actions of others and his happiness depends upon the subjugation of those about him, he is still living in those barbaric ages when physical brawn was the keynote of worth.

The sting must be taken out of life before brotherhood can be established and brotherhood is the one and only base of spirituality. The brotherhood of body cells makes the individual, the brotherhood of organs perpetuates his form, the brotherhood of brain cells makes possible his thoughts, and the brotherhood of worlds makes possible his cosmic evolution. Wherever nature is expressing herself, in the higher and more divine sense, she is divinely cooperative, placing herself upon the level of all things and never standing above looking down.

Life is filled with petty jealousies and stings; it is filled with the love of revenge, the holding of grudges, satisfaction at others' discomfiture, and all those hellish little qualities which produce pandemonium on earth. There is always a certain satisfaction which we feel when we can discomfort a rival, there is a certain glory with which we gloat over unpleasant conditions into which we entangle people whom we do not like. All of these qualities belong to the lowest, most detestable and most hopelessly materialistic concepts of life which are the result of the development and encouragement of organs and centers of consciousness which are entirely personal and selfish in their sentiments.

These conditions are no more present any-

where than among our spiritual students who go around perpetually seeking for opportunities to pick scraps or else they are so covered with chips and sharp points that people cannot get close to them without friction of some kind being started. If you tell these very same people that they are mean, niggardly, and undesirable they will loose the wrath of the gods upon your head and leave you in a flutter of righteous wrath because you have failed to agree that hairsplitting, bacteria-amputating and dissecting and concept-pulling is not the height of spiritual and ethical professions.

There is a divine quality in the human soul which overlooks things. To this quality grudges, buffets, et cetera, do not attune themselves and there are those who are capable of transmuting every unkind thought, every harsh word of others into such a shower of blessings that they are ready to worship the person who has offended them or who sought to offend them. We must have more such people as this who sweetly and unselfishly go through life blessing those who despitefully use them and praying for those who injure them. It is safe to say that those who do not forgive and overlook injuries and mistakes will sometime wait a long while to have theirs forgiven.

It is within the spiritual range of everybody to pick a fuss. It can be done without half trying under any known human conditions and if you are looking for trouble you will always be able to find it within the aura of your acquaintances for it sticks its nose out of every conceivable place at every inconceivable moment. Anyone can catch and express irritation and can do so without any spiritual training although it usually takes considerable experience to become truly proficient in insolence and meanness, qualities for which many people have earned diplomas. It takes, however, a master to go through the world without picking a fight or having an argument or raising Ned with somebody under the glorious arch of some religious or fraternal order which has "Love

ye one another" painted in gold letters over its door.

If you listen to some noble exponents of brotherly love and divine simplicity, spiritual fellowship, et cetera, when their acquaintances are not present you will hear such sweet sentiments as these pouring out from their souls when some unsuspecting creature steps on a pet corn:

"You d—d little runt you! you blooey, smooey, bang woof! you insect! you rat! you microbe! you non-entitled know-nothing! you crook! thief! burglar! grafter! you d—d—d—d— Blang! ?!&@"&'@"**(**" (Heard at one of our lectures).

Such sweet sentiments as these are not uncommon among occultists, especially when two combatting theorists get together. They take books, inkstands, hymnals and Bibles, open them to paragraphs on brotherly love and slam them in each other's faces, praying to the Lord to give them strength in their right arm. Or if they are not of a violent nature they will sulk for three or four months over a stolen lollypop or because someone told them the earth was flat instead of round or that their favorite teacher looked like a zebra or an ape.

So it goes. And every night theoretical stretcher-bearers are carrying out the combatants from mystic and occult gatherings while astral entities and forms resembling daggers, bombs, and stilettos flit around the halos of our divine incarnations of spiritual wisdom. And so the world wags! The brotherhood label is still on the bottle but it is often filled with carbolic acid and H₂S₀₄.

Brotherhood is a very elusive insect which can slip away in a very few moments and seldom survives a hard word or hasty action. We do not expect a great deal of it among prize-fighters and professional thugs but we do expect a respectable amount of it from people claiming to be following in the way of Initiates. But as usual, blessed is he who expecteth nothing for we seldom find it in a truly useable form.

Below we list a recipe for the development of brotherhood within the soul of anyone who will forget his own likes and dislikes

long enough to follow it. We might add at this point that there are no students too great, too advanced, or too close to initiation to be brothers for the greatest of all is the one who will give his all for his enemy every day of his life.

The recipe is as follows:

First: Forget yourself. You are not very much anyway and nothing will be lost if you forget what you are. If by any chance you feel that you are made of a little better stock than your fellowmen you are merely sick—go out and run around the pasture for a while. If by any chance you have within your soul that inherent feeling that you are close to God, remember that the one who is closest is the one who has come the closest to hammering down the wall of personality with its likes and dislikes which in the majority of cases is thicker than rhinoceros hide.

Second: Put padding on all your sore points. If you have certain traits of temperament which stick out and get in other people's way chop them off and use for firewood, they don't mean anything anyway. If you have any bunions, trim them. If you don't keep them short don't blame anybody else for stepping on them. If there are any places where the skin is off, slivers under the nail, et cetera, get them out and forget them—never nurse them. If you have boils, carbuncles, or spiritual itches, keep them to yourself until cured, nobody else wants them. And if you have a mean streak on, jump into the ocean from the highest building you can find and be sure there are plenty of rocks beneath. This will at least divide you from your personality in very short order. (Not to be done literally, however.)

Third: If there is anyone you do not like, try to figure out why you don't and you will find it much easier to like them than to find the reason for the dislike. It is impossible to find any real reason for ninety-nine per cent of the grouches which fill the aura of our being. Most have had a case of stomach trouble and they started to hate someone because of the general discomfort that filled their being and once having

started to dislike they do not want to admit their mistake by making up.

Fourth: If you happen to be jealous of somebody, forget about that too. Only small minds are jealous. Learn to do or to be the thing in which they excel, which is the cause of your jealousy, and if you must have consolation look for it in the dictionary, you will find it listed under the C's.

Fifth: If you think for a moment that the Lord has placed you in charge of his workmen, forget it. (There are many things to forget and most people would be much better off if they entirely forgot themselves.) Cooperate with everyone but never try to be the big cheese for it is full of holes and doesn't mean much. Many people who think they are holy are merely holey or filled with a masterful combination of bubbles and general disintegration which lends that heart-enthraling aroma to rockefort and limburger.

Sixth: When looking for a mean disposition or when we find it necessary to expend animal exuberance on something, let us look in the mirror and behold the greatest fool that ever lived, bar none, and realize that in the average case the only point wherein we excel is in the ignorance that our laurels are uncoveted.

In other words, man is a compendium of foolishness and sore spots and he howls in five different colors when anyone hurts him, leans roughly on some soft little corn or steps on his tail. Consequently he jumps for the other fellow's face and starts something which makes it impossible for his neighbors to sleep or his world to be at rest. In other words, dissension, stewing, fussing, jealousy and deceit, not to forget sore-heads, are nothing more or less than the teething process of human consciousness which while not serious keeps the individual in a fever for years. It doesn't mean anything but only shows how awfully small we are to people whom we are trying to impress with our size.

So let us call it off, forget it, have a new sign painted and hung up to cover the old one which was smashed in a peace fight, and still claim fraternity and brotherhood as our slogan and try to do better, realizing that any fool can start a fuss but it sometimes takes the Lord himself to stop it when once started. Therefore, let us follow in the footsteps of the truly wise man who takes the sign of brotherhood away from the door and hangs it in his own heart, there to shine forth as an illuminating light through his daily actions, his thoughts, and his ideals.

The Dope Problem

IT IS safe to say that there has never been a time in the history of the world when the dope problem was more acute than it is now, when in spite of ever stricter laws and the increasing vigilance of city and state officials, co-operating with the national powers, the menace still flourishes, eating to the very heart of our homes and extending from the humblest of our people to the very highest places in the land.

In our days of prosaic and unsophisticated thought, when superstitions are limited to horse-shoes, bent pins, ladders, and four-leaf clovers, we have very little time for anything that is not tangible to our physical senses or capable of analysis in the scientific laboratory, but the greatest of philoso-

phers and thinkers, whose books are now in our public schools and whose names are listed with the benefactors of humanity, have realized that behind each visible, tangible effect there is an invisible, intangible cause. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, we must realize that there is something deeper and more subtle than the physical drug behind the dope problem.

Man is learning more and more rapidly that there is an unseen, unknown element which may be called the third party in the transaction of being. For ages we have heard of the spirits of the plagues and how the messengers of death have walked with men and we know from literal statistics how disease and seismic cataclysms follow war and martial disorders as the result of subtle,

intelligent, natural reaction.

Somewhere in nature there is a reservoir in which is stored the expressions of energy radiating from the actions of man. There is a little sorting room there such as can be seen in a postoffice where mail is being distributed. Among the other divisions there is a rendezvous where bad spirits congregate, these bad spirits being composed of human weaknesses and perversions. These gathering together from the many subject to the same shortcomings produce vitalized forms capable of being felt in world affairs.

The ancients said that great vices such as dope, wars, crime, etc., built forms which they call demons and elemental beings who after a time nourished by the perversions of mankind and supplied with power by those addicted to their perversion become menacing creatures, which brooding over the world gather into their tentacles those who while not strong enough to withstand this concentrated force would otherwise never become addicted to crime, dope, or excesses. Each new addict joins the great throng who worship at the altars of death and bow before the shrine of self-destruction, and through the languor of morphine and heroin they feed the great demon spirit of dope with their own life blood, while cocaine with its frantic outbursts of uncontrollable passion not only wrecks the addict but the expression of his perverted energy perpetuated in the living substances of nature go forth on an endless round of destruction.

Not only must we fight the dope problem from the purely physical basis, with the two-edged sword of education as a precautionary and medical treatment as a reparative measure but we must also fight this invisible something,—the Spirit of Dope. This can only be done when the great bloodless boycott is laid upon every expression of nature and each individual mentally and physically combining for the good of all labors to stamp out this plague and blight against proper thinking and normal living.

Man is learning more and more rapidly that thoughts are things. Certain vibratory rays pour from him as the result of thought,

action, and desire, and he himself may be responsible for suffering and pain thousands of miles from his own being as the result of the energies which he radiates through nature which are perpetuated like the little rings in the water when a stone is dropped. Our thoughts and emotions have much to do with the external things of nature which fact has been proven by our latest scientific investigations.

Auto-suggestion, as demonstrated by Dr. Coue, is a mental process which undoubtedly has an effect upon the organism of the patient and in a similar way the combined thoughts of individuals affect the entire human family. The demoralizing effect of dope upon the manhood and womanhood of America results not only from the habit-forming qualities of cocaine, heroin, and morphine but also depends upon a certain, subtle something, unformed and intangible, which takes hold of the victim when he first makes himself receptive to its influences by building the dope into his physical organism which action ties him by the law of attraction to the Spirit of Dope.

The power of thought and its effect upon the physical organism has been proven, and as the human race in the last analysis is but a single organism so the thought power of the race is brought to bear for good or ill by thoughtless individuals upon the ailments and dissensions of the race. All mental, physical, and emotional excesses of individuals help to perpetuate the crimes of their peoples. Weak-kneed and destructive thinking is a curse to humanity. The "I-told-you-so's", the "I-knew-it-all-the-time's", the "Well, he-deserves-it", and those people who are ever feeding nature with destructive thoughts and criticizing eternally their brothers are helping to nourish and feed the spirits of crime and are the mainstay of diet for demons such as dope, while each constructive thought of helpfulness, cheerfulness, and the innate desire of individuals to assist the suffering and to cleanse the stables of the world with clean, constructive thoughts, busy hands, and soft hearts will help to stamp out this Demon Dope in a way which will never be possible through the powers of law alone.

The Spirit of the Snows

GES SIR, I been through more'n most of them in this here country but I don't mind tellin' ye, pardner, I'm down on my luck. If ye'll stake me I'll give it back to you some of these days when I strike mine, honest I will." The figure leaned over the little table, a strange, pathetic expression in his big, grey eyes. He was a sourdough from the creeks was honest Jim Harley, as straight and honest a man as ever came over the trail. He was a typical Alaskan as the country was in the days of its glory; for though he was rough and unkempt with grisly beard and matted hair Jim Harley was a gentleman from the boots up.

It was whispered around that Jim was a man who had been something in the old country but that he had got into a scrape at home and had fled unknown in the early days to the new Bonanza, not so much for gold, though he had panned of it aplenty, but just to be away where no one could see him and where none would talk to him about things which filled his heart with sadness and despondency. Those were the days when Jim Harley had the biggest poke in the country and wherever he went he was loaded for bear; they were the days when the sourdoughs shelled out the gold just to pan the sawdust on the barroom floor for gold flowed like whiskey when Jim Harley was in his prime.

Jim had married up in the country, but I guess you know that already. He married Rosy, one of the dance-hall girls, and built a little cabin where a small creek ran into the Yukon. If you talk with Jim a little while he'll tell you the story and he'll tell you another, too, of how the romance ended, and he'd never known anything about it, he says, if it hadn't been for the Jap he met on the riverboat coming up the inside passage.

He made friends with the little fellow from the island of the Pacific and he says that the Jap was a wonder, Hairukoo he called him and I guess that was his name,

but he sure was a queer character, for he brought with him the legends of his own country and through the long winter nights he and Jim Harley would sit by the hour while the Oriental told the strange stories and legends of his people.

Jim Harley was always fond of that kind of stuff, people used to say he was queer, and after a certain night when the Northern lights came down like wondrous arches of coral from the sky, and strange temples of gleaming fire shone forth and wavy lace curtains of light streamed across the heavens, everybody agreed that he was insane. They called him "poor Jim Harley" after that but he went on his way. And if you get him a drink or stake him to a meal he will tell you about what happened on a certain night in November when the alcohol was down sixty below and even the malamutes were shut up and no sound broke the night but the cracking of logs and an occasional "pung" when a nail flew out of the wood.

Jim and Hairukoo were sitting by the fire and Jim's wife was in the other room—for Jim had some cabin in those days—it had two rooms in it—when—but I suppose I'd better let Jim tell it himself, so I'll slip him a five and you shall hear it from his own lips.

"Here y'are, Jim. Things are tough with me, too, but here's five. And by the way, I don't think you ever told me that story about you and the Jap."

"Didn't I?" exclaimed Jim, brightening up, "Now, pardner, I sure am obliged to you, 'cause as soon as summer comes I'm goin' up in the country ag'in—back where them mountains are. But y'know I never go up while the snow is on. No, sir, it's twenty years since I been outdoors while it wuz snowin'. I don't suppose you know why—but that's the story. And if ye'll shove up a little closer I'll tell ye what happened to me in the snowstorm of '99 when Hairukoo, the wife, and I wuz stakin' it in Nugget Creek.

"Well, sir, it wuz evenin' and I plumb fer-

git what the wife wuz doin', poor kid, when Hairukoo and I were sittin' close to the stove—close as we could git—for y' know that wuz the coldest snap of the year and the snow wuz heapin' up over the roof of our little shack. You should'a heard them logs crackin', pardner; why you could pretty nigh see 'em move she wuz gittin' that cold. But that ain't the story, I must tell you about Hairukoo.

"He wuz a strange fellow, that little Japanee. Yes, sir, as white a soul as I ever met and no fool neither. Y'know I ain't never been a religious man or anything like that, fact I couldn't tell you the names of the saints from sardine labels today—course I knew 'em then—but it seems as I've forgotten everything, pardner, everything but that night. But I can tell you I never felt in all my life so much like religion as when that little Japanee wuz around. He used to tell stories about Buddha and the ways of the holy men in Japan and the East, and y'know I got so I lived better and felt better every time Hairukoo was around me.

"Well, we wuz sittin' there and he wuz a'tellin' me one of the most beautiful legend stories I ever heard in my life. Just then an awful heavy wind started to sigh and cry and above it all a strange tappin' sound came at the door of the cabin. I'll swear the little Japanee turned white and I wuz powerful frightened myself 'cause we both knew that there wuz six feet of snow in front of that door.

"Gently the tappin' sounded agin'.

"'Yuki-Onna,' whispered the Japanee, graspin' me by the arm, 'I've heard it before and I know what it means.'

"'What is it?' I asked in amazement.

"'It is the Lady of the Snows,' he whispered, 'she come through the silence of the storm and Death comes with her. Silently she tap, you can barely hear the gentle rappin', but she will come in before the mornin' and kiss one of us to everlastin' sleep.'

"I turned to my companion to see if he wuz in earnest but one look at his staring eyes and drawn face told me that he meant every word he said.

"'Have you never heard of the Lady of the Snows?' he whispered as the gentle tap-

pin' continued, 'who steals softly with flut-terin' garments and closes the eyes of those who die in the storm? She is Yuki-Onna, the Lady of White, and when she taps one must go forth to join the spirits of the snow.'

"For some minutes we set in silence and slowly the head of the little Japanee sunk on his chest and I felt a strange drowsiness creepin' over me, too, which I couldn't understand. I tried to set up but couldn't and little by little my head too sunk on my breast and I seemed to slumber. But though I could not move, my eyes wuz open and I could see what wuz happenin' around me. The tappin' continued gently on the door and slowly I saw the wooden beam that closed it move from the old wooden socket and gently, oh, how gently, the door opened and in there poured an avalanche of snow, swirlin', twistin', and turnin', fanned by the wings of the storm!

"Then slowly out of the snow there formed a strange creature, a woman of shinin' white robed in glistenin', gleamin' snowflakes. Her skin wuz as white as her garments as wuz the glorious pearly curls of her hair. Yes she wuz indeed a creature of snow, yet alive. She didn't have any feet for her body trailed off in a swirl of snowflakes as she seemed to float and flutter in the cabin doorway.

"Without a sound she entered and I felt a strange chill come over me as she leaned over Hairukoo and myself, a strange chill like that of the cold snow that marked her comin', and I remembered the time when I had been lost in the snowy waste with my dogs dead and the food gone for the same chill as of eternal night crept over me now as then. Slowly the floatin' form passed on and stood before the door that led to the other room.

"A great fear gnawed at my soul and in terror I tried to move—wuz this white spectre goin' to claim the one I loved? I could not move and wuz forced to watch in agony. The door slowly opened and the figure of blindin' snowflakes passed in to the second room. Only a few minutes went by and then the portal opened agin but there wuz two shinin' figures instead of one. I gave a scream of mortal agony for my wife was the second figure of shinin' snowflakes

that passed slowly out into the great unseen world of swirlin' death and gleamin' ice! Then the door closed once more and the room seemed just as it had been before. It wuz just about that time that somethin' snapped in me and all went black.

"When I came to I found Hairukoo trying to bring me back to consciousness. The first words I asked him wuz of my wife and he sadly shook his head.

"'Yuki-Onna has taken her away,' he whispered softly, and true enough the girl I loved was dead, stolen away by that cursed spirit of the snow. An open shutter, a frozen form, a room filled with swirlin' snowflakes was all that remained to tell of the tragedy of my life.

"Well, sir, I told Hairukoo how the second figure had gone with the first and he sadly shook his head.

"'Yes,' he answered, 'she has gone forever. She has become another spirit of the snow, for all who die in the frozen northlands become spirits of the snow and live forever in the soft and crystal whiteness of the snowflakes.'

"Well, sir, that's my story. Yes, sir, and it's true. I ain't never been the same since that night, sir, for my Rosy took my heart with her out there into the snow—out there into the wintry night—where she now lives forever as one of the spirits of the snow. So I never go out in the snowstorm now, sir, cause I don't want to see her out there, livin', dancin', swayin' in her robes of shinin' colors and like Yuki-Onna kissin' the wanderers to sleep as they join her in a rendezvous with death. She's there, pardner, she's there, and somehow I know that some day I'll be with her out there in that eternal whiteness.

"I know y'think I'm crazy, pardner, they all do. But I ain't, it's God's gospel truth. But thanks for the poke, pardner, I'm goin' out soon as the snow clears to stake a rich one in them mountains, cause I know it's there and I want all kinds of money, sir, yes, just to pay up all my friends as has been kind to me. And when I find that big stake its gonna be worth millions and I'm gonna stake you to a quarter interest, pardner, for

the five you loaned me tonight. Goo'bye, pardner, I must be goin'. It's quit snowin and I'll have time to get to the company store 'fore it starts agin. God bless you, pardner, and whatever you do when you go out in the snow remember Yuki-Onna who will come as sure as fate and you'll hear her knockin' at your cabin door."

Jim Harley staggered to his feet and pulling his rough hat down over his matted hair lurched out of the little room where I had been sitting with him into the cold Alaskan night. And that is the last time that Jim Harley was ever seen alive—when he left my cabin door. He had only been gone a few minutes when the blizzard broke again, blinding sheets of snow and swirling hail which lasted for many hours. When it stopped and the temperature rose some fellows went out and there they found Jim Harley lying dead in the snow less than a block from my cabin. He had a piece of paper in his hand and a broken pencil stub and he had tried to write something but no one ever knew what it was. His face had a happy look and he seemed glad so I kinda reckon the Lady of the Snow must have found Jim, too, and as her white form bent over him and her cold lips rested upon his forehead, I kinda guess he must have looked up and seen the face of his Rosy who died in the cabin so many years before. I'm just sayin' that 'cause he looked so happy.

Well, about the Japanee Hairukoo — I don't know anything about him, I guess he went back to Japan. Maybe he's dead, too. Every time it snows around here I can't help but think that maybe the spirits of Jim Harley and his Rosy are somewher among the snowflakes. There ain't no tellin, pardner, maybe one of these days I'll wander out in the snow, get in a drift on the Great White Pass or lined up on the White Horse or maybe just naturally get mine in the freeze-up. If I do and you don't know what's happened to me—I don't know where I'll be—maybe it'll be in hell, 'cause I ain't done nothing good in my life—that is particularly good. Or maybe I'll be out there somewhere among the snowflakes—'cause Hairukoo says that all who die in the snow live on forever in the snowflakes.

The Brothers of the Shining Robe

CHAPTER TWO

The Mirror of Eternity

(Continued)

I gazed into the great abyss of the mystic mirror, fascinated by the terrific scene that unrolled itself before my eyes. Little can man understand the great cataclysm that burst over the Atlantean world, sweeping a mighty continent from end to end with flames and ashes and burying it forever beneath the ceaseless waves of a mighty ocean. I had never realized it myself until I gazed into that great frame of living glass in whose crystal depths the world's works were unfolded.

The Master beside me still had his hand upon my shoulder and I felt a strange thrill pass through me as though a power unseen was radiating from the tips of his fingers. My flesh grew warm beneath his touch and before I realized it I was cringing for it seemed that the hand upon me was a blazing coal that singed and seared the flesh. I seemed to live again in the days that were past and before my mind's eye unrolled the picture of my Atlantean life, and from that moment the doctrine of rebirth was a fact to me. I knew that that land torn and broken by nature's wrath and the avenging hand of a mistreated God had been my land, and my heart ached as I saw its wondrous glory vanish in the darkness.

"O! that such glories as these should vanish from the light of men," I whispered to my guide.

"It is the way of men," answered the Oriental. "All through the ages man has fought for the great illusion; he has made a truth of that which could never be and has glorified the unrealty. Remember the world we live in, the things we touch, the ones we love, they are the great illusion which never has been and never can be the answer to the problem of our souls. There is but one reality, the spirit of Truth. All else is Maya, the great illusion. Behold the City of Illusion! for here man built his towers, his

temples, and his minarets; here he measured and trued and labored among the things of earth and in a moment they are gone. Just one brief second and the labors of a million years, the thoughts of sages, the problems of philosophers, all these are gone. The labor of a million hands, the prayers of a million hearts, all vanish in a single night. And how much like this mighty city of the shining gates is the life of man and the world of his desires. For though he labors to build, though he dies that the works of his hands may live, the storm passes over and they are no more. The illusions return again to the dark treasure chest of the unknown, the works are gone forever, what remains?"

The old Hindu gazed long and meditatively into the depths of that mystic haze through whose sombre shadows the last ruins of an empire dimly shone.

"What remains?" He turned to me, his eyes lit up with a fire that spoke of powers unknowable. "I remain. Forever my works go back to the formless clay from whence they came; the dust that I have molded with my fingers is scattered to the cloudless wastes of eternity, but I remain. Cities that are built fall, armies of men scatter the stones of their fortresses, and the ploughman with his oxen oftentimes ploughs fields where once mighty temples raised their domes. They are the great illusions, for there is no falseness as false as the reward of works. The works are the great eternal truth, their fruits the endless illusion. Labor not for rewards, neither build among the impermanent things for they shall go and the place shall know them no more. Yet through the endless ages of oblivion there shines one light divine, I AM. My works are not, my thoughts are not, my bodies are not, I AM. That which is not I remaineth but a little while and is gone, for from the open mouth of Brahma pour out sparks unnumbered and one by one they shine out in the everlasting vistas of eternity. Brahma remains, unnamed and unknowable,

before mountains and valleys were brought forth, before gods and worlds were ordained, before the stars were fixed upon their course, I AM. My works have vanished in an endless night and yet I have all that I have ever done. I am wealthy with riches that far exceed the heritage of kings, for the fruits of all my labors mean nought beside the power that has come to me through the works that I have done. Man labors for two in his life, the forms that surround him and the life which ensouls him. But the work that he does he but performs to learn the way it should be done and those who are slaves to the things they do are worshippers at the shrine of illusion. When man serves the whims of man he but builds lofty temples from the substances of not-being which some day must fall around him a broken ruin like the city whose fallen towers and crushed ideals loom in the shadows of this mystic frame. Serve not the impermanent, nor store up your treasures on earth, for the ever-changing globe soon swallows up forever the creations of man and the place where they were is broken and barren and the life that loved them is stricken with remorse. Serve rather the light, the permanent, the true. Not the passing day should we consider but the Eternal Now, unlimited by time, unmeasured by comparison, that should we serve. In the ages past, in the dark vistas of the unknown, you laid the foundation of a great work which you vowed that you would achieve and having finished it allow it to slip through your fingers to be forgotten. For the joy of man is to forget, while the joy of God is to remember. Blessed are those who are untied by pains or pleasures, unfastened by remorse, unchained by the shadow-shapes of Maya. Out of the world you have been called to learn the way that leads to heights eternal, a chosen son of God ordained in the temple of the rising sun to serve without reward, to labor with the great unknown and never to see the works of your hand.

"Look! the mirror is clearing, the red blood of a people bathed in iniquity is giving place to the pale calm of cosmic night. The

clouds of doubt and misgivings which surrounded this ancient people are gone. But it is not to see these things that you have been called out of the ranks of men to labor with the divine. It is because a great work must be done, a work without limitation, a work which you vowed you would accomplish before the stars took their present course. A great battle is to be fought, a bloodless war, a war of love, a war of compassion, a struggle concealing itself beneath the garb of peace. The world in which we live is facing a great crisis, far greater than the eyes of man can see or his heart can comprehend. In the silence of this cave I hear voices, the chanting of the Shiddas and the low muttering of the Zin. A great day is dawning for the world stands as it stood in the days of the Lost Continent, the red walls of hate and lust are blotting out the light of heaven's sun, the hosts of evil have armed themselves for a conflict to the death. The battle which you have been called to fight is a battle of intellects, a battle of souls. The hosts of light are gathering at the sound of a call that is ringing through the seven worlds. Little does humanity dream of the silent powers which are molding the destiny of its world; little do the souls of living things understand how the sons of light, the flame-born spirits of the eternal God, are gathering in endless train in the spheres. Little does man see the waving curtain of power which sway like streamers through the cosmic night nor does he know or understand those secret powers of death, hate, crime, murder and perversion which stalk like demons amid the depths of ignorance. The powers of Bahoppat, Prince of Darkness, have gathered from the spheres of gloom and that great negation, the spirit of death, is loosened upon mankind. The same dark clouds gather that gathered o'er the temples of Atlantis, the same powers hover here today that once changed the destiny of worlds. And you have been called to fight with the powers of Light that the black-robed spectres of evil may not master the lives of men. The Brothers of the Shining Robe are being called and though they

know it not the vows they took in the ages past they are now about to fulfill.

"The world is crying for light, yearning for truth, praying for help through the darkness of ignorance. And here in the Temple of the Caves the silent conclave meets to carry on the sun-globe in its thunderous path. The powers of darkness shall not win, for the gods are fighting for souls and spirits and the life of man. You are one who has been called; you may not know who the others are, your duty is to go out into the world of men and acclaim yourself as you are one of the helpers seeking with spirit and with truth to fight the battle of human growth. This you shall do in accordance with the plans laid out for your being and this night in the silence of this cave you shall be ordained anew a Brother of the Shining Robe. Then shall you put on your garments of glory, you who did not know that you possessed them, and go out into the world of men to carry the message of the Great Light.

"Thus it is written in the Infinite Hand, thus shall you obey."

Slowly the old priest moved away from the mirror and as I followed his stately figure in its robe of gleaming gray which now seemed iridescent like mother-of-pearl, shining with the colors of a thousand rainbows, I heard a strange voice within me speak as though from the depths of my soul. Its words were,

"Go thou, also."

I turned towards the aged Mahatma whose eyes rested upon mine with a wondrous compassion. As I neared him I grew dizzy and was forced to stop. The walls of the temple seemed to fade and swim around me in a hopeless mass of lights; the carved elephants gleamed and glowed and finally vanished in a mystic haze until only the figure of the priest remained seemingly suspended in the midst of an endless oblivion. As I watched him his body seemed to unfold in great streamers of light that poured forth in

swelling radiances. Blue and yellow and the most glorious shades of violet and rose, the gold of the sun and the silver of the summer moon, seemed to shine out from his soul, a great, gleaming heart of living fire that blazed within the center of his being. For miles it seemed these strange streamers poured into a vast eternity until his body became but a tiny speck surrounded by a wondrous halo of a million-colored flame.

I was blinded and raised my hand to cover my eyes, and although they were closed I could still see the shining figure. My body seemed thrilled with the rays of light which poured into it from the mystic form. As I watched in spite of myself a great globe of golden light detached itself from the center of the glowing form and passed out like a tiny sun of flame towards me through the radiance of the mystic aura. I knelt upon some unknown foundation that I could not see and as I did so the globe of light struck my breast and was swallowed up in the darkness of my own being. But it was not hidden; from my hands and feet, my eyes, and even the pores of my skin, it poured out and I too was surrounded by a shining light which dazzled me with its brilliancy.

A voice from the great halo which gleamed around the mystic, shadowy form of the Mahatma spoke:

"In the name of the living God, Brahma the Divine, go to thy works, my son, for from the beginning of time thy labors have been ordained. Go carry them out into the world of men for thou art one of that mystic band, the Brothers of the Shining Robe."

It all faded as though it had not been and I found myself kneeling on a broken pinnacle of rock on the side of those lofty mountains which reach up to touch the sky. Before me rose that mighty mountain in whose heart was the Temple of the Caves. But now it seemed my way was in another direction for the narrow path that led back to the home of men stretched out like a tiny silver thread against the darkness of the night.

(To be continued)

Balder the Beautiful

OUR little story is laid among those romantic cliffs and fjords which make Norway and Sweden God's masterpieces in natural grandeur. It seems that each stone and hill has a mystic legend all its own and the whole land tells of strange heroes, wondrous gods and goddesses, who while now forgotten by many still claim the hearts of those who attune themselves to the mystic grandeur of the Northlands. Mountains, valleys, picturesque waterfalls, and quaint villages dot this beautiful country while sturdy folk with simple ideals and hearts of gold dwell among the rocks and cliffs and valleys of this strange land. This is the country of the Norsemen and the Vikings of old, sturdy warriors of the seven seas who in their winged dragons sailed even to the coasts of Vineland when Eric the Red was their leader. This is a land of torn and warring things but now the sturdy hearts are at rest and busy with the toils of the day they have forgotten the glory of the past.

The Scandinavian Peninsula is a world unto itself, a land of romance and mystic glory. Still the bards seem to wander from hamlet to hamlet telling the story of gods who fought with men, of Odin the All-father, of Thor and his mighty hammer, and of Balder the Beautiful. Still in the shade of evening one may live again in those mystery schools where the drotters taught their disciples of the wonders of the soul, of the great temple of Upsala, of the world tree Yggdrasil, and of Asgard the temple of the gods, and Valhalla the home of the slain. Still in the silence of the night if you have the poetic ear of the seer you may hear the cry of the Valkyrie and shadowy shapes will seem to pass through the shades of night as when the gods of old rode out on the Great Hunt.

Indeed, this is the land of mystic beings and oh that the soul of man might learn to live again in the mysteries of the past. But they are forgotten forever, it seems, for the younger generation that dwells in this

wondrous country of romance and legends knows little of its divine allegories, its sublime myths and legends, which conceal under rune and symbol the will of the gods.

In a little village surrounded by this mystic grandeur of a faith forgotten there lived two youths who had for many years been brothers in spirit until the rivalry of love had broken their bond of friendship and turned them into bitter enemies. These two were as different as the snow of winter and the heat of summer in the strange land that was their home. Olaf was a true son of ancient Norway, still in his soul was the heart of the Viking, the tempestuous spirit of barbaric freedom. He had never embraced the Christian faith of his country but still a youth he lived in the ages of the dead and the ancient spirit of the Northland ran through his veins in streams of living fire. Wild, tempestuous, yet wonderfully loving and sweet, in his childlike simplicity he seemed a figure from ages past when the sailing dragons weathered the storms of many seas and the crown of rulership was placed upon the head of an infant king in some mystic cave. Karl, on the other hand, lived in a world of modern things. He had been educated in Stockholm and his life was much the same as in this country. In line with his family he was a Christian and honestly believed the concepts of the Master's faith. All he knew of the ancient faiths were the legends he had read in school. Peaceful and quiet he lived on a little farm raising cattle and tilling the fertile ground. So while Olaf wandered among the mountain crags and precipices, Karl tended the flocks that he had gathered and lived the uneventful life of a farmer.

It was these two who had sought to win favor in the eyes of Hilda and she had chosen the better educated, prosperous Karl rather than the uncertain, wandering spirit of Olaf. It was then that rivalry took the place of friendship and as the hours drew close when Karl and Hilda were to be married in the little church in the valley,

Olaf, brooding and grieving, wandered among the hills and cliffs crying out to his gods and nursing within his soul the spirit of vengeance. It was so unlike Olaf, too, for his spirit was as carefree as that of a child, but in some way this disappointment of the heart had turned him against the world.

From rock to rock he jumped until at last he stood at the very peak of a lofty precipice below which in the valley the little village snuggled in the encircling arms of the hills. As Olaf looked over toward the town he seemed to see the little church with its spire and with bitterness and hate he felt that this strange God of the Christians had something to do with this separation from the one he loved. The youth sat down on a broken boulder, his head between his hands, devising some way to win back Hilda or discredit his rival. There through the hours of afternoon Olaf sat like a figure of stone and there within his soul was born the spirit of hate which glowed like a dark red coal, clouding his whole being with its angry gleam, his bright, boyish face shaded by its clouds that stole from him the beauty and sweetness which marked this son of the frozen North.

Slowly the shades of evening drew around him and the little village vanished in the shadows of the hills. Tiny sparks of light shone forth as lamps were lit and their warm glow seemed to deepen the chill in the heart of Olaf. The fiery hate of the Norseman was in his soul but his hands clenched only the empty air when he would that he could close them over the sword of a Viking.

Suddenly a peal of silvery laughter sounded up from the winding road below that twisted in and out among the rocks. Olaf shrank back with a cry, he recognized the voice and also another which now spoke up and he knew that along the winding path below him Hilda and Karl were walking. The voices drew closer and closer until at last Olaf looking over the edge of the rocks saw some ten feet below him the two who so strangely claimed dominion over the two sides of his nature, Hilda whom he loved and Karl of whom he was insanely jealous. On

a little cleft of broken stones below him the two stopped and seating themselves whispered of the plans which they had made for the future, little realizing the presence of the agonized listener above.

Olaf crept to the edge of the broken rocks and gazed over, then slowly there dawned upon his mind a plan. He was surrounded by broken boulders. What if one of them should fall and strike his rival? The fierce light of hate flashed again in his eyes. No one could ever know. His hand closed over a stone and his fingers clenched its surface until the very bones ached as there surged through his being a passion indescribable. Slowly he raised the rock with which he intended to shatter forever the romance below.

As he picked it up to cast down on the head of the unsuspecting youth, something seemed to say within his own soul, "Is that what your gods would decree?" He hesitated. "His god?" Olaf closed his eyes and thought of his father and the mystic lessons that his parents had given him in the forgotten religion of his people.

"What do the gods care for the works of men?" he laughed to himself. "Mayhap I shall suffer but no agony could be like unto that I suffer now." And again he lifted the stone and poised it over the head of his victim. A merry laugh sounded from below which tore Olaf to the very soul and with a hand steady with some power unnameable he aimed the stone at the dim form of his rival.

"As the gods decree," he whispered and cast it with all his strength.

As he did so a great arm appeared out of the night, a phantom form of shining light which carried a mighty shield from the surface of which gleamed forth a golden sun. The stone struck the buckler and vanished in a cloud of dust never reaching the two seated upon the rocks below.

Olaf, with a cry of terror, leaped backwards and fell half senseless to the ground. As he did so there appeared before him a shining figure such as the eyes of man have seldom looked upon. A glorious youth stood

before him robed from head to foot in pale turquoise blue, trimmed with white fur and golden ornaments. His cape was thrown back and his breastplate was a lion's head of solid gold. On his arm he carried the mighty shield which Olaf had seen but a moment before, while in the other hand this phantom stranger carried a branch of mistletoe.

It was not his garb, however, which fascinated Olaf, it was the face of the mystic form. The figure that stood before him was a glorious blond-haired, blue-eyed youth whose flowing beard of golden yellow melted with the curls upon his forehead and the ringlets on his shoulders. His whole being spoke of light and warmth and peace.

"Who are you, sir?" cried Olaf as he gazed upward into the sad eyes of the stranger. "Who are you that comes thus in my moment of agony?"

"I," answered the stranger in his wondrous, musical voice, "know you not who I am? You who have lived so long and believed so truly the ancient faith which is now forgotten, know you not the son of Odin, the All-Father?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Olaf, "I know thee now, for many times hast my father spoken of thee. Do with me as thou wilt, Master, I am thy slave, for art thou not Balder, Balder the Beautiful?"

The figure nodded its head and spoke once more.

"I am he. Do you not love me, Olaf, I who am indeed the spirit of love and truth?"

"Yes! yes!" cried the terror-stricken youth at the feet of the god.

"Then," answered the stranger, "if you love me, do not slay me. Do you see this mistletoe branch? This was the rock you threw at Karl."

"I do not understand the words you speak, Master," answered the trembling youth.

"Then listen, in the name of the ancient faith, and I will tell you. I, Balder, am the spirit of love and truth, gladness and sunshine, and those who love and are loved are under my protection and shall rest in safety beneath the shelter of my shield. For I have been given by my Father the work of guard-

ing the joys of mankind. When I was a child all nature swore to love me, all but this branch of mistletoe. Nothing can harm me but this, a parasite. Know you that this mistletoe which alone can kill the god of light is jealousy, the murderer of truth."

As he spoke Olaf gave a gasp for there appeared in front of Balder another figure, a giant of living flames who carried in his hands a bow of angry red.

"This," said Balder, "is Loki, the keeper of the fires."

The figure of fiery light wrenched the slip of mistletoe from the hand of the god and quickly formed of it an arrow which he drew to the head of the flaming bow that he carried and fired it straight at the breast of the light-god and then with a cry of exaltation Loki vanished in the night.

Balder the Beautiful swayed for a second, his eyes lit up with an agony divine, then the god fell at the feet of Olaf who sprang to the side of the figure which lay dying upon the ground. It was then that the dying god whispered in his ear in a voice faint and broken the mystic lesson of his life.

"Oh, Olaf, from your angry thoughts was born Loki, god of the flames, from that rock you cast the mistletoe. And here at your feet I die, murdered by your shaft, never to rise again until all things of earth are redeemed."

Olaf fell broken-hearted at the side of the god who continued in his soft sweet tone as the blood poured from the wound in his breast.

"Oh, son of earth, listen to your teacher, the spirit of God, and know that I am hidden in your soul and in the soul of all that lives. I am the spirit of love and harmony and peace. I rule supreme in the temple of the gods as the beloved of my Father until Loki, the spirit of hate, passion, and jealousy is born in the soul of man. Then with the mistletoe arrow of perversion I am slain by my own children. So have you slain this night the god of love who has never done anything but love you and guide you and serve you, for from your own hate is born the demon who slays the god of harmony. Let me not die in vain who has died so often

for the world."

Suddenly, as Olaf watched, the figure changed and was robed in a simple white garment and on his head was a wreath of thorns.

"Yes," continued the god, as Olaf gasped in amazement, "I am the same. I am the spirit who is slain eternally for the sins of the world. I am Balder the Beautiful in whose heart is the arrow of Loki. I am the Christ in whose side is buried the spear of the centurian. And, oh, if the children of men would only know that they slay me every day when I do nought but pray for them!"

Olaf said no more for his heart was too full for words. With a cry he fell upon the body of the god. A hand rested upon his head and a voice weak and dying spoke:

"Forgive him, Father, for he knows not what he does."

The god fell back and lay face upward, bathed in the light of the silver moon shining over the top of the hills.

How long Olaf lay there he did not know but it seemed like all eternity. When he came to himself again he was lying on the

plateau of rock stretched out across a broken heap of stones. Rising to his feet he gazed in all directions seeking for the dying god but there was no one to be seen. The sun was already peeping over the cleft in the mountains. Day was dawning. Olaf gazed down where the lovers had been sitting but of course there was no one there.

A strange, new life had come, however, to this spirit of the Vikings, a new world had opened to Olaf, and as he climbed slowly down the hills and returned to the little village a great glory shone from his being until he almost looked as radiant and wonderful as the god himself.

Three days later in the little church Karl and Hilda were married and Olaf, the restless spirit of the Northlands, was there. Yes, Olaf was the best man. And it seemed that through him a hand invisible united those two souls, and many of the old folks whispered that Olaf looked more like a god that day than a mortal man. Others said that in his eyes shone the fire of the immortals and one saintly soul whispered to another beside her that it almost seemed that Balder the Beautiful, the spirit of love and truth, was at the wedding.

"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:

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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.

Description of Plate in Last Month's Magazine

In the July issue of the All-Seeing Eye we published another rare plate taken from the writings of Robert Fludd, the name of which is "The Principle of the Great Creation or the Creation of the Great Universe." Some of our students have asked that we have the Latin translated but it seems that greater good would be gained if the student will have that done himself and search and wait, if necessary, some time to find this information rather than have it given to him.

These plates are not issued just to amuse or entertain but rather to instruct and the student remembers best that which he has the greatest amount of trouble in securing and he prizes more highly the thing which he is forced to labor for himself. For that reason the explanation accompanying the plates are very meagre, leaving it for the student himself to work out the problem.

The following points may be of help, however, in giving the student a basic principle with which to work:

First: The plate represents the creation of the universe out of the four elements of earth, fire, air and water, as you will see if you study the picture. These four elements represent the four fixed signs of the zodiac which we commonly know as Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius. These four elements represent also the four ethers and it is the nature spirits working through these elements who bring forth the material universe out of chaos. Each one of these elements is under control of one of the four great life waves which have already reached human consciousness, or passed it.

Second: The four elements as shown in the plate also represent the four bodies of man and the spiritual principle which animates them. According to the ancients, the air represents the mind and as it surrounds all the other elements it illustrates how the universe is protected by the encircling power of the Divine Mind. The flames represent the fire principle in nature, the base of motion, heat and emotion and the great urge

behind action and the power of desire and is particularly correlated with the human heart and the red blood. The third element, water, is located in the solar plexus of the human body and represents the ethers which play so great a part in the evolution of man. These waters represent vitality and are the basis of growth; they are lunar in their power and are susceptible to the crystalizing influence of the moon. The fourth element represents the physical body, the earth, or as occultists call it the last creation. And these four added together contain the vital elements of the seed or the germinal essence and protoplasm and are the basis of all expression, for each element creates the others out of itself and reacting upon each other they bring into existence all things in the lower world.

Third: These elements also represent the cross for they are the essences in which is buried the spiritual germ life in man. The four elements represent bodies and have been symbolized by the ancients as a cube. These bodies limit expression, consequently they are said to crucify their lord and master.

Fourth: The reaction of these elements one upon another are the basis of growth and the harmonization of their principles is the basis of initiation and mastership. They are the principles with which man is creating his own universe out of himself by the purification within himself of these four vital streams of life and power.

Further study will bring to the student's mind other wonderful facts in connection with this problem. But with this as a base, great things are possible to the thinking individual.

This month's edition of the magazine contains a very remarkable chart or table referring to the celestial powers, the super-human hierarchies and the forces controlling creation. It is taken from the same work as the preceding two and we will have a few words to say about it next month.

The Veil of Krishna and the Doctrine of Renunciation

BEFORE we take up the subject of these individual incarnations of the light spirit, let us first analyze the foundation or the source from which all of the Christos legends arise. There are in nature three great powers, the power to create, the power to preserve or regenerate, and the power to disintegrate. The scientists and philosophers of all people have realized the power of these three invisible but omniscient agents. Whoever studies nature and her works finds them. Wherever we seek for light and experience we ultimately arrive at these fundamental phases of consciousness, birth, growth, and decay; the coming in, the perpetuating, and the going out; and after all the resurrection.

The ancients sought in nature for incarnated principles with which to correlate their gods and they all agree that there is one great life behind all things. This life is unseen, unformed, and unknown and they call it the All-father. They also knew that there was one of His eldest sons whose work was to illuminate, to give life, and to carry on the works of his Father, the Unseen. They looked through nature to find something that was eternally feeding, nourishing, and unfolding material things and all who looked found the same thing, the Sun. Wherever they looked for the symbol of light, the sun was the greatest of all lights; whenever they looked for that which gave energy, vitality, and heat, they found the sun; when they looked for the positive expression of energy, once more the radiating orb of day greeted them as the greatest of all symbols.

Consequently among nearly every race of people the sun has been worshipped as the saviour of the universe. Light saves the world and the ancients knew that when we are turned close to the sun we have the summer months of growth when all dead things come to life and that when in winter the sun goes away all things die. The sun is the light and life giver and has always been symbolical of the preserver of created

things. The sun is a round globe, therefore it was called punctos and the dot in the circle of creation; it has been symbolized as the smiling face of God for when the sun beams on the world all are happy; in the Bible the sun is called Samson and when his hair was cut off by Delilah (Virgo, the first of the fall months) he lost his strength.

We find two kinds of theology, solar and lunar. God was, of course, a Great Man and naturally must have eyes like man and according to the ancients His eyes were the sun and moon, for one or the other of them was supposed to gaze on us all the time. Sometimes He would close one eye very slowly and that was when the moon changed its phases. The moon was small and not so strong or as luminous and was a reflector rather than a center of illumination and as man was then the ruling power of the world and woman was in subjugation the moon was called feminine and the sun masculine. There was, of course, also a deeper reason for this which will be taken up at another time. The positive is the father ray, which is the greatest and strongest in nature, and the energy which makes people active and industrious and dynamic regardless of their sex is the influx from the father ray. The sun is the center of every world religion because it is the spirit of benevolence which guards and takes care of the earth in a paternal way. The unseen spirit shows his love for mankind through his sun, therefore the sun of God comes to bear witness unto his Father and to glorify the Father whose energy he uses, and in the words of an incarnated principle of the sun, It is not the sun but the unseen Father who doeth the works but whosoever hath seen the sun hath seen the Father for the Father is in the sun and the sun is in the Father. The sun the principle of the Christ, the divine illuminator, is the celestial preserver of creation and is revered under the name of Christos or fire-oil in nearly every country of the world. The lesser luminary was called

the Holy Ghost or the breath because he has charge of matter with its breath-like ebb and flow and working with the lowest expression of creation is referred to as the least of the three although he is the body builder.

In different nations the ancients gave the sun different names. He was called the Great Illuminator; and as he works with nature and unfolds form he was called the Great Architect; as his vital rays healed the sick they called him the Great Physician, and so on. Rather than giving him a name they designated him according to his attributes. To some he was one eyed, therefore they called him the All-Seeing Eye. In Egypt, India, Chaldea, Phoenicia, and Arabia he carried various names but they were always the same in meaning. In Persia he was Mazda and we have called our electric light bulbs by the same name for they are also givers of light. We talk about heathen gods but we know not whereof we speak for all nations are merely giving names in their own languages to the nameless principles of nature. Odin is the Father-god of Scandinavia; his name means "the one-eyed".

The spiritual life of the universe is somewhere behind the sun but it is manifesting through this single globe which is its mystic eye. Sun and son mean the same thing; the Sun of God is the spiritual globe while the Son of Man crucified is that phase of the same energy which sacrifices itself for the regeneration of matter. The sun of light is a reflector of God, the sun reflects the light which strikes against it and pours out to the other negative bodies in the solar system the unseen life of God; therefore it comes in the name of the Father that all men and things may be saved.

Buddha means "an eye" and is a title given to those who have built a sun within their own souls, while Zoroaster also brought the mystic truth of the worship of light. Wherever we find fire, light, unfoldment, growth and perpetuation, we find a son of man who is the incarnate, personified principle of the sun, the great saviour of nature. In Egypt the rising sun is called Ra which

means "a glorification and a rejoicing" and the Father-god was called Ammon the Great Unapproachable. We find the Egyptian kings called Rameses or servants of Ra, the spirit of light.

Man fell from heaven that he might have light for light is the basis of self-consciousness and those who are in the light are slaves of no man. Man has been chained to the rock like Prometheus because he brought the light down from heaven, for while it is the spirit of good, in the ignorant it is a destroying power. It must not only be present but its value depends upon its proper use. Light is the universal symbol of the world's religions, the cry, "More light, O God, more light!" has sounded down through the ages since the unknown beginning.

In India the Spirit of Light carries many names. He is generally known as Vishnu, the great preservative spirit of God, the second expression of divinity. He is said to incarnate ten times and each time he comes into the world to do a certain work, to overcome certain limitations, and to bring greater freedom to his people. Like the story of our Christ he is connected with the fish and in one of his incarnations he was thrown from a fish's mouth.

In India there was born one who bore the name of Krishna, which means the same as our Christ, and the wise men of India heralded his coming as the wise men of the East heralded the coming of Jesus. In many instances the life of Christ and the life of Krishna are the same for they are both legends of the sun given in different ways to meet the needs of different peoples. Krishna is called the Blue Lotus and is probably the most revered of all the gods of the Brahman theology, for Shiva is violent, Brahma is over-powering, Kali is also violent and tempestuous, but Krishna is the ever lovable. Krishna is the god of love because he seeks with peace, compassion, harmony and light to teach the world the secrets of salvation. God has two ways of doing things, one way is by force and the other way is by love. He always uses love first and seeks to help man in the way that he should go; when

love fails He uses force but His force is always tempered with love. God is the creative fire which has two powers, one to warm and the other to burn. We have thus these two principles, the principle of light, knowledge, and truth through suffering and the principle of light, knowledge, and truth through love. And Krishna always comes in love and simplicity. The various gods of India speak often with an angry voice, even as Jesus came to man and showed the principles of love, faith, and justice, yet sometimes justice with a sting. But Krishna came to India with nothing but love. His cult has always taught brotherhood, love, and compassion. Of course his followers do not entirely carry it out but neither do any other people. If humanity followed the instructions of their initiated it would be in heaven now. But regardless of their misapplications there is no doctrine in the world that teaches with greater love and beauty and compassion than that which marks the wisdom of Krishna, the Indian Christ, for his love was divinely just and compassionately stern and immovable.

Krishna was the incarnation of Vishnu, the divine sun principle. He came to India at a time when the country was torn with strife and contention. He was born of an immaculate conception as was Jesus and being different from all other things was called like Buddha a white elephant. Krishna is the Child of God and is seldom worshipped as a man but usually as a child from five to fifteen years of age and as such he is pictured. The reason for this is twofold; a child is not ruled by the mind but by the heart for the cord that connects its mind has not yet united. Therefore Christ and Krishna we prefer to consider as young for they both taught the heart doctrine of childlike faith and simplicity.

Among the followers of Krishna we find a very beautiful custom which has been preserved for many generations. The true devotee always carries with him a little package which he keeps spiritually close to his heart. It contains several little things, usually a little book of Sanskrit mantrams

and sayings of the Blessed One and also a little picture, hand-painted, sometimes on ivory or bone, but always a work of art. It is the picture of a little child standing on a lotus blossom or in the forest playing upon a flute. It is the beloved Krishna, the child god of India. The strange feature is that the body of the little figure is always painted blue.

And this little Blue Krishna who represents the essence of love and simplicity is the most sacred ideal of the East Indian. He is the god of harmony for he is always at peace with all living things and his doctrine is compassion and love. In moments when his heart is torn by indecision and discord the Hindu will take out this little picture, probably given to him by his mother or father, and think how pure, sweet, and beautiful Krishna was. It helps him to live and serve better through the memory of this beautiful child who came to teach the world love and simplicity. It means to him that he must be as a little child, too, with the same purity, faith, and simple unselfishness that characterize the beauty of early childhood. He honors him and tries to be like him and kneels as a child in prayer to his god in the same deep sincerity which marks the childlike faith in the all-guiding Father.

Krishna is said to have the sweetest love story that the world ever knew, for when he was just a child he chose from among his people Radha, a beautiful young shepherd-girl. Radha was the spirit of nature and Krishna was the spirit of the sun, and he heaped upon her all the glory that was his. They used to swing together in a swing of flowers out in the forest among the birds and beasts. He would play beautiful melodies on his flute and all the animals and fowls of the air would come to sing with him and nestle at his feet for he was the god of love and truth who made life sweet for all of them. When he played all nature listened for he represented the spirit in man who plays the divine harmonies and quiets the storms of passion in his own bodies.

In due course of time Krishna was called to his God to become a Great One in the

heavens and float over the world in his great winged dragon boat. This ever youthful spirit of good represents the immortal in man which knows no age and his spirit floating over the world personifies the sun which never grows old but inspires all living creatures to noble things.

When Krishna was alive it was said that always between him and the world was a strange haze which was called the veil of the gods for it was said that Krishna was not of earth but of heaven, and while the gods gave him power to come to earth and teach man they forever protected him and no thing in nature could harm the spirit of Krishna, the god of love, and while he might suffer and die for humanity he was forever surrounded by the blue veil of the initiated. And this is the reason why he was called the blue god.

The blue veil of the gods is the blue of the sky and the sun always floats in the deep blue haze as did Krishna in his veil of immortality. He is also said to be the progenitor of the blue peoples, the next world race whose bodies will be made of ether which is blue, and as Krishna was superior to all living things they said he belonged to the mystic race of the gods whose bodies were formed of the deep blue spiritual ethers of the heavens.

The ancients said that there is ever a veil between the mortal and the immortal and while the immortals walk with man they are not one with man nor are they of man for between them and the lower worlds is the blue veil of the gods. In this world we cannot see the color but we can feel it for it is a wall that divides us from others. There are people who are different from all others, they are behind the veil. Some are deep buried beneath the red veil of materiality and others are behind the shining veil of spirit. There are those to whom you feel drawn in spite of yourself and others you feel do not belong near you for they are millions of miles away in spiritual temperament. There are those you would not slap on the back although they are your best friends, a power you cannot understand holds you

back and surrounds them by a wall you cannot break. There is no apparent reason except that in some way they are different.

There are people who serve all, labor with all, yet notwithstanding their brotherliness and love you can never become familiar with them, a mystic something divides you from them. They are not of the world and the world knows it. Between the Initiate and all others is a veil which cannot be pierced, it is a wall which divides the false from the true, and none may cross that awful gap save those who in simplicity and renunciation pass through that veil to return no more.

Those who go behind that spiritual wall may believe that heaven is going to open up to them but they find that this is not so, they only discover that they are strangers in a strange land and their joy or their sorrow depends upon the motive which brought them behind the veil. If they came seeking peace, rest and personal comfort, only suffering and agony await them; but if they came with service as the keynote of their being, then indeed they are in heaven. But he who would become one with the gods must renounce forever the things which are of man, for when the blue veil surrounds him the candidate is no longer of earth but of things celestial, and forever there is a wall between him and the things he has left behind. That wall seems as limitless as consciousness itself and to the uninitiated does not exist at all, but those who have passed behind it know that it is more solid than the thickest granite, more resistless than steel, and thousands have battered themselves against the wall of the gods whose fortress is impregnable.

Students studying out of the body often strike this wall and are thrown back into the body again; in spite of all their power they cannot pass the invisible barrier against which they strike to be thrown back time after time. But if the student is ready for the thing concealed behind that wall it vanishes as he passes. There are walls of vibration which divide all grades of consciousness. The Master is of a different grade from man and is separated by his own works and his

own ideals from the world of men. Once having seen a great truth man cannot forget it and can never be one again with the ignorance he left behind. The joys that once filled his soul no longer interest him; the ways in which he once spent his time now seem foolish; it is his own life that divides him from the world. For when one becomes an intelligent worker in the Great Plan he has new joys and new fears and the wall of mutual interest divides him from the things he once held dear.

In improperly developed candidates a terrible condition presents itself. They want to go forward and sometimes succeed in passing through the veil and they place the blue wall between them and the life they have lived. This is because they have forced themselves through ambition or desire to take steps with which the soul was not in tune. They pass beyond the veil not in sweet simplicity and devotion but with the great determination to get there at any price, and their souls are filled with a great longing for the things which they know they should not have. In consciousness, ideal, life, and love they are tied to earth while by the force of action and mentality they have become citizens of another world. The result is agony, mental, physical, and spiritual, and ultimate insanity.

Man must be a worker with motives and he should not seek to go on until his whole soul is ready to give all as the price of truth. Otherwise he must stand like the child before the window of a candy store longing for the thing he cannot have, for the desire is still alive and he has sought to become one with the greater without giving up the lesser. When he must sit and watch the beefsteak which he longs to eat and knows that he cannot or watch his best girl dissolving in the ethers, the soul of man cannot be very happy. He has not killed the desire but his vow has removed his ability to satisfy it. By vows most sacred he has renounced the world and yet he wants the world and the craving for the things he cannot have becomes an obsession and a de-

stroyer. Many have reached a position half way through the veil of human consciousness; they aspire to heaven while the lower man holds them tightly to earth; a terrible rupture of the organism is the only result of such a path.

Therefore, man must learn renunciation, not of the mind but of the spirit, for until he gives up all things of earth freely and willingly initiation is hell. For if man lifts himself to the planes of the immortals while every human desire cries out for gratification, he is damned in spirit and in soul. This is one of the most important considerations in the study of occultism; we cannot get away from the thing we really are and we must build slowly on the solid foundation of harmonized growth. There are thousands of people today studying occultism who will be insane in time; the world is filled with folks who see strange things of all kinds floating through the air and who go around imagining they are reincarnations of Napoleon or Joan of Arc. There are dozens of incarnations of Plato, hundreds of Cleopatras, scores of Du Barrys and La Toscas, and enough Julius Caesars to start a Roman Empire, but not one Judas has been found or anyone who wishes to claim his laurels. Slowly they go crazy one after another. They have honestly and sincerely tried to do that which can never be done by trying but must be the natural process. Man must willingly and gladly go on because he has honestly ceased to be interested in the things behind. Beauty of spirit, light and truth, and the finer sentiments belong on one side of the veil, the side of the Masters, and the "Do 'em before they do you" type belong on the other, and the consciousness of man cannot be in both places at one time. Many people are spiritually sitting on a beautiful throne playing on a harp, wearing a halo supported by a small brass rod up the back, and all, but at the same time they are trying to stifle a desire for pork chops and to keep their tempers under control. Such a system as this in which man tries to subjugate his desires by strength can never produce any satisfactory result.

We are divided between our ideals and our dispositions and those who seek for initiation and at the same time try to preserve their selfish traits and qualities find that only a hell awaits them if they gain the thing which they seek.

The problem that presents itself is an impossible position if they go forward and self destruction if they revert. If they seek to go back and satisfy their desires the organism which they have partly spiritualized is destroyed by the material vibrations, they become insane, idiotic and completely wreck their being. If they go forward under such conditions they only pass on to greater sacrifice and more inexplicable agony.

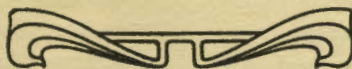
There is only one answer. Before going on the individual must be through with the thing left behind; he must have worked out, finished, mastered, and completely sealed and closed the book of the past. No duties shirked but each thing finished and honestly completed; no love or hate left behind. We cannot go to heaven or to the higher spheres of being carrying with us grudges, likes, dislikes, eccentricities, and diabolical temperaments. In many ways we do these things and they destroy us; we meditate at night, adore in the morning and concentrate at midday, and spend the rest of the time in exercising the meanest qualities we possess. We apply practically nothing and force whatever growth we do make on the power of will. The trouble with most students and occult organizations is that they are fussing and stewing at the same time they are trying to be spiritual. They are trying to cover one side of the wall and also keep a little place on the other. The result is they go forward in an unbalanced way and many really become adepts while still a slave in part to their lower organisms. Heaven looks nice to many people but so does mince pie; spirituality is nice but a spree once in a

while is not to be depreciated. The result is self-destruction. We cannot split our powers between two such extremes.

This does not mean that we have to be sad, dejected, or what is commonly called super-religious. But it does mean that the destructive qualities must be renounced. We cannot take the power which we are seeking to build on the spiritual planes of nature and use it to settle an account with the Jones family over last year's lawnmower or employ our newly evolved powers to digest something we shouldn't have eaten. There are three results in the disobedience of these laws,—death, insanity, and idiocy.

Balance, brotherhood, and love are the slow but sure path that leads through the veil of initiation. There are others who dedicate their lives to a more difficult path that they may secure more speedy results. They have taken the great spiritual path of renunciation that they may return later as teachers and benefactors of humanity; but whichever path is taken must be trod with the eyes open and the full realization that the reward of failure is death.

Let us remember this and that the greatest step of life is the one that takes man behind the veil, the blue veil of the gods. Those who cross from one side to the other make the supreme adjustment of life and if they are impure they take their lives in their hands. Those who wish to be listed with God's messengers among men must be willing to renounce self, ambition, desire and all things mortal before they seek to become immortal. The only passion of the god is compassion. This is the veil of blue that shrouds the form of Krishna, the veil that divides the earthly from the heavenly. Each must pass through but each must know the way, the means, and the time; otherwise all is lost.



ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

SIGN OF GEMINI

In this month's edition of the magazine we are listing a few brief keywords by which it will be possible to give a general delineation of the Gemini temperament.

Gemini is the third sign of the Zodiac according to the geo-centric system of Astrology, and as it is symbolized by two children it is a double sign, and those people who find it either ascending at birth or their sun posited in it should consider well not only the strong and constructive side of the sign but should seek to curb its more undesirable elements. The Wheel of Birth and Death is undoubtedly the great Zodiac of the heavens and so long as man is limited by perverse habits, unconquered tendencies, and destructive expressions of energy, he will be chained to the Wheel of Birth and Death. But there are those who have no rising sign for they have raised themselves above all the limitations of material astrology. They are then above the law because they have so perfected their being that the laws of unbalance neither affect or sway them. Man is seeking to become a priest after the Order Melchizedek who is above the law and he is only this when his life is above reproach. So round and round the endless circle he must go until finally he has learned and applied all the lessons that it has to teach. When this glorious day comes he is then above the law for the celestial impulses have no power over the man who is a power unto himself. Astrology rules the willy-nilly blowing types who know but do not do, while man when he rules his own organisms is the master of his planets.

Gemini, the Third Sign of the Zodiac

Gemini is a movable sign.

Airy	Speaking
Vernal	Fortunate
Hot	Bi-corporeal
Sanguine	Sweet sign
Moist	Ruled by Mercury

Masculine
Human
Barren
Common
Whole
Changeable

Exhaltation of
the Dragon's
Head
Detriment of
Jupiter
Oriental

General Characteristics.

Dual in temperament
Pleasant
Versatile
Entertaining
Intellectual
Artistic
Argumentative

Ambitious
Analytical
Self-assertive
Quick-tempered
Studious
Fond of Travel

Gemini does not always know its own mind. It is changeable in its decisions and contradictory in its attitudes. As it is of a double sign it is a double nature, usually expressing through two absolute opposites. The thing it likes one minute it will dislike the next; does not keep friends very well; will stand very little domineering; is free in finances but seldom wealthy; quite studious and fond of colors, music and all artistic pursuits.

Physical Appearance.

Usually tall
Straight in lines
May be either light or dark but usually light
If dark will have sanguine complexion
Clear skin
Well-shaped, usually long face
Long Arms
Short, fleshy hands and feet
Dark hazel eyes
Dark brown hair
Quick sight
Smart, active, business-like appearance
Well poised before people.

We do not always find full and complete types nor do the above indications always hold true in their full expression. The reason for this is that the planets and their position in the sign often change the entire

shape and form of the body, and also if the ruler of the sign, Mercury, is in bad aspect or the Sun is seriously afflicted the whole organism may be torn down and so changed that it is only recognizable by an expert.

Health

Gemini is subject to nervous ailments and also to injury to the chest and arms and accidents to those parts of the body. The presence of Neptune in Gemini often points to weak lungs, tuberculosis, pleurisy, and coughs and colds in the bronchials, chest and lungs. It governs the arms, shoulders, lungs, and lower cervicals in the human body. Its diseases have been listed as follows by the ancients:

- Brain fever
- Nervous impediments
- Injuries to the arms and shoulders
- Bad blood conditions
- Stomach trouble
- Headaches
- Coughs and colds
- Mental delusions
- Air in the arteries and veins
- Fractures
- Nervous breakdowns
- Melancholia
- Injury to the upper ribs
- Poor circulation

Gemini is not always as careful in problems of diet as it might be and must watch carefully that which goes into the system, realizing that food and air make or break the organism.

Domestic Problems

Gemini is not a domestic sign. It craves independence and self-expression, and usually possesses executive ability to such an extreme degree that it does not blend well with other people. It is not a fruitful sign and unless some very beneficent planet is found they seldom if ever raise large families. Gemini usually marries more than once, is seldom happy in matrimony, but usually recovers from any heart-break through which it passes. One of the hardest things to get along with in Gemini people is a peculiar trait that they have of suddenly

changing their viewpoint on problems and scolding a person for doing the very things they asked them to do. These temperaments must be mastered and overcome in order that the greatest happiness may come to the Gemini life. Its keynote is duality and diversity and Gemini is never happy until it unifies the dissenting factions.

Countries Under Influence of Gemini

The Southwest part of England	
Eastern third of the United States	
Lower Egypt	
Flanders	Sardinia
Lombardy	Armenia

Cities Under the Control of Gemini

London	Mentz
Versailles	Bruges
Brabant	Louvaine
Wittenberg	Cordova
Nuremberg	

According to Ptolemy the fixed stars in the sign of Gemini are divided in their influence as follows: The stars in the feet of the twins have an influence similar to that of Mercury with a little of Venus. The bright stars in the thighs take the qualities of Saturn and the two great stars, Castor and Pollux, have the qualities of Mercury and Mars, respectively.

The colors of Gemini are red, white and violet, sometimes orange.

Gemini rules from about the 20th of May to the 20th of June, and, according to the ancients, of the twelve orders of Blessed Spirits it rules the Thrones; of the twelve Angels which rule the twelve signs it is governed by Ambriel; of the twelve tribes, Judah; of the twelve prophets, Zachariah; of the twelve Apostles, Simon; of the twelve plants, the bending vervain; of the twelve stones it rules the topaz; of the twelve principal parts of the body, the arms; of the twelve degrees of the damned and the devils, it rules the vassals of iniquity.

Gemini is a mental sign which seldom finds great depth of heart sentiment but when it does make that contact it is one of the most beautiful signs of the Zodiac.

Man the Human Violin

Part II--The God of Music

NAR back in the dawn of human consciousness where only myth can reach, there is the legend of Orpheus and his celestial music. We are no longer dealing just with the story but once again with a great Being, a willing instrument in the hands of a still greater, who in his day and age of the world labored to bring to the souls of men a fuller consciousness of the Divine. In Orpheus we see the Initiate and an example for us to follow and within each of us the great Initiates continue their labors and the great power of Orpheus still seeks to awaken the latent qualities to be evolved within living things.

Orpheus received from his Father, the Sun God, a wondrous lyre and from its strings he brought forth strains of music that charmed all living things, and for ages he has stood as the symbol of those qualities in man which when awakened sound forth from his spiritual nature as celestial harmonies. Man also has received from his Father, the divine God of Light, a seven-stringed instrument which he is through the ages learning to play. This instrument represents his body, his senses, and organs of consciousness. His life is a wonderful orchestra, its music harmonious or inharmonious according to how he plays upon the strings of his being. Man is eternally working to transmute the discordant sounds into living harmonies which he may offer upon the altar of his gods.

Orpheus, the spirit of harmony in man, is seeking to spiritualize the lower phase of his being with its animal desires and emotions and to lift it from the land of darkness where it has been sent because it has been bitten by the snake of passion, and around this sublime truth has been wound the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the allegory Orpheus stands for the divine principle of truth and harmony in man and the universe, which is seeking to lift the lower expression of itself out of the darkness of

Pluto's realm. Orpheus does succeed in saving Eurydice but the lower not yet transmuted to the consciousness of the higher fails, as is shown by the world today because of its lack of trust in the divine, so like humanity it is forced back again into the Great Unknown.

It is said that Orpheus reached so great a position before God and man that the powers of the universe at the time of his death caught up in fingers invisible his celestial lyre and placed it among the stars where it is still to be seen as a great constellation.

The story is told that Orpheus used to stand and allow javelins and arrows to be thrown at him but he was so wondrous and the music of his soul was so beautiful that even the weapons fell at his feet charmed by the celestial harmony. This great truth is ever present in our lives. If we are radiating this divine harmony and beauty, the taunts of the world, hate, and anger, the javelins of our brothers, fall harmless at our feet, for nothing can fail to be charmed when within the soul of man harmony and truth prevail.

Through the development of bodies and sense centers man bringing into dynamic power the energies implanted in embryo within him has awakened a wondrous instrument, his vehicle of self-expression. His daily life is the music which he plays upon his enchanted lyre and when the tones are in harmony the powers of darkness though they conspire are unable to injure him. But let this music be drowned or silenced by the powers of emotion and the beings of the astral plane and all of his power is gone, and he is torn limb from limb and his body and his heart are cast into the river Hebrus or the stream of suffering into which those fall who fail to master responsibilities and conditions.

Of course the entire legend of Orpheus is an ancient initiative ritual, part of the Greek

Mystery School, and as such is a symbol of God, man, and the universe. The seven planetary rays are the seven strings of the celestial lyre and power is given to each of these strings through Apollo, the Sun-god. Man has himself centers of consciousness which are the receiving poles of these planetary rays. If they are awakened and harmonized he receives only good but when they are unawakened or the ray is impeded, mentally, physically, or spiritually, he must suffer for the unbalance. These seven rays in various combinations under the direction of the gods build and create all things. All of these rays are harmonious of themselves and there is not a planet in the entire solar system that is truly malefic. In astronomy, which in ancient times embraced the study of astrology, we find planets which were considered evil because they seemed to injure man with their powers, but in truth this is only so because man has not raised himself to a true knowledge of their powers. It is well for the student to remember that all these heavenly bodies are one-eyed gods, their rays are neither good nor bad but eternally neutral. It is the adjustment of the receiving pole which causes any in-harmony the individual may suffer, for these are all strings on a celestial musical instrument and while they may be out of tune and combined in discords still each string is perfect if properly played.

Orpheus represents the individual who has mastered this seven-stringed instrument by mastering the qualities and attributes within himself of the seven-stringed lyre of planetary and celestial influxes.

Man consists of two poles which manifest as spirit and matter. Spirit is eternally working with matter attempting to liberate it and raise it into harmony with itself in order that it may function through and with it in accordance with the plan. Orpheus represents the spirit in each human being who wandering in the darkness of his lower nature is seeking to release and transmute the essences imprisoned there which have been forced through ignorance or misuse to serve evil instead of the natural good.

We find that the serpent, which symbolizes perversion while crawling on the ground and mastership when raised, is the cause of the death of Eurydice and all students know that it is the serpent power in man which if misused sends the soul into the land of darkness. The higher man, the spirit, is ever confronted with the eternal problem of lifting the lower nature up from the regions of death into the world of light. In order to do this, Orpheus, the higher powers, took his seven-stringed lyre and like the Initiate went down into the lower worlds to rescue the one whom he loved. He passed the three-headed dog, the guardian of the threshold, the creature built of his own perversion, and like all the Initiates entered the land of death while still numbered with the living. He implored Pluto, god of the underworld, to return to him the one chained by the powers of darkness. There again we see the spiritual man descending into matter with the lyre of spiritual influx working and striving to lift the lower nature into union with itself.

Orpheus' appeal was so wonderfully expressed and so enhanced by the music of his lyre that even the god of death relented and promised him that if he would take his bride back to the light without once looking back until they reached the outer world she might have her life. Orpheus failed in this great duty, for like men and women of today he broke the vow of eternal progression, and having taken the path that led to Light he allowed the temptations of the lower to cause him to look back and Eurydice vanished again and the gap between the spirit and the soul was widened instead of becoming narrower.

But the work is going on eternally and within each of us it is being slowly carried out until the time will come when we shall raise the lower from the dead and bring it to the surface of the higher worlds without breaking the vows of nature.

The teachings of Orpheus as a great individual are almost unknown but the result of his work is still obtainable under the
(Continued on Page 31)

MASONRY

An Appeal for Better Masons

IN THE world in which we live today there is a great need which few seem to be willing to study that they may supply the necessary thing. There is nothing more important to the growth of man than the realization of individual responsibility. The average person does not shoulder the duties of his life as he should, he does not live up to the best that he knows, he is not true to the things which he claims to believe, but with selfishness and perversion he desecrates the ideals which he should express in his service and labor.

This is equally true among those whom we call society and that other group who claim to have found a great light or at least to be searchers for it. The average Mason is thoughtless, he is not a criminal nor is he false intentionally to the concepts which he holds, but he is preoccupied and he feels no responsibility, no individual obligation, in connection with the study of Masonry.

When it comes right down to the truth the average thirty-second degree Mason knows little or nothing of even the first principles of Masonry because he has not assumed the responsibility and the individual duties which make him one with the spirit of Masonry. When those wondrous rituals are unfolded before him, he is thoughtless; when the lectures are delivered to him, he is thoughtless; as he dons the apron, as he transacts the business of his lodge, he is thoughtless; so he passes on year after year in close touch with the most beautiful and lofty of human sentiments yet absolutely blind to both their purpose and meaning.

Why? Because he has failed to take a personal interest or realize an individual responsibility. If the Mason only realized that the spirit of the ancient craft can only live in its craftsmen and that the divine light of Masonry must shine out through the lives of Masons, he would then become worthy of his craft in seeking to glorify Masonry by his own example.

For many years Masonic candidates have been recruited from various walks of life and various motives have led the seeker to the temple door, yet only about one in a thousand is really seeking either spiritual light or philosophical growth. Business is the usual motive which prompts Masonic affiliation; a desire for social prestige and the privilege of romping around at Shriner's frolics also gathers quite a percentage of individuals who believe that little red fezes will be becoming; still another group joins that they may have an honorable excuse for being away from home one night a week; some are Masons because their fathers were Masons; others because their fathers were not.

This is not malicious nor is it wicked but it is decidedly unfortunate for it has absolutely murdered the spirit of Masonry. The ancient mysteries, those glorious temple rites of a people who knew their gods, have been handed down to modern, everyday affairs. In the ancient days the High Priest, that living link between God and man through whose being shone the light of the Infinite and who was in truth the incarnation of the rising sun, sat in the eternal East in a glorious chair of light with the wisdom of a god,

the compassion of a saviour, and the power of a Hercules.

Not being a Mason myself and having taken the "separate look" at the problem on hand, the answer that seems to present itself is this. There is no finer body of men in the world than the members of the ancient and accepted craft, but ninety-nine out of a hundred of them while excellent fellows have not even a dream consciousness of either Masonry or its ideals.

There is only one remedy to this problem for Masonry is probably the most beautiful and most glorious religious philosophy that the world has ever known. In it there is material for thousands of years of study and consideration. Its sublime allegories and wondrous symbols have behind them truths which are the answers to the world's problems.

A few Masons realize this. That grand old man of Masonry, Albert Pike, saw what few Masons have ever found. Dr. J. D. Buck, a sainted Masonic soul, found and taught the mystic rites. Frank C. Higgins, with his knowledge of mathematics, geometry and cabalism, is an honor to the craft. They have found the truth of Masonry and they are living according to their knowledge of its ideals. But where are all the others? Just one or two out of a million; where are all the others? They are asleep, they have not lived the Masonic life, they have not dedicated their souls to the answer of the eternal Masonic problem; they have not gone forth in humility and simplicity to search for that which was lost.

And the result is that a glorious truth is neglected, a wonderful work has been cast aside, and Masonry which depends upon Masons for expression is retreating again to the silent caves where for ages the illuminated few have guarded the destinies of the ignorant many.

Masons, wake up before it is too late! Your creed and your craft demand the best that is in you, they demand the sanctifying of a life, the regeneration of a body, the purification of a soul, and the ordination of a spirit! You have a glorious opportunity,—wake and grasp it 'ere it passes on to other peoples! Realize that your great privilege is to illuminate the world; not alone the work in your tiled lodge but in your home, your business, and your association with your fellowmen is the basis of your Masonic power.

Masonry can only be what Masons are but its spirit is the Wisdom of God. Your temple is a holy place, a sacred place, not to be defamed by material thoughts and dissensions. Drive the money-lenders from your steps, the materialists from your shrines, the schemers from your ranks, or else so live that these shall be regenerated and transmuted while among you. Show your light to the world and as true builders of the Father's house labor for the good of humanity. Forget your robes, your tinsels, and your jewelry and make of your living body and soul ornaments of your lodge. Let not the tinsel drape an empty void but cover the hearts of noble men.

MAN THE HUMAN VIOLIN

(Continued from Page 29)

allegory of myth and legend. All myths refer to internal as well as external truths and the story of Orpheus is no exception to this rule, and our work is to learn to play this wonderful instrument of the body as Orpheus played his lyre and not to look back once we have taken the path.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is the eternal romance, the mystic love story, the basis of all human affections. It is the story of the spirit and the soul which must sometime be united in an everlasting union when man shall have rescued Eurydice from the land of darkness and destruction.

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NOTED SCIENTISTS GIVE UP HOPE Marvel of Surgery Performed

KING TUT HAS A RELAPSE

In the last issue of the Pearly Gates Gazette we announced that His Majesty King Tutankhamen was improving. We are now very sorry to say he has suffered a severe relapse. The Pharaoh stood the various publicity statements very well until he heard a new jazz phonograph record named after him, then His Majesty went into convulsions and hasn't been conscious since. We understand that he becomes quite violent at times.

PEARLY GATES VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT ANNOUNCES SPECIALTY

An automobile load of jazz orchestricians went over an embankment on Earth last night and arrived here this morning. They will present a splendid repertoire at the Skydome Auditorium tonight. Madame Whoop, contralto, will sing several solos. A five-reel feature photoplay on the dope problem will complete the program. The public is invited to attend for the narcotic menace is becoming quite acute here. The Pearly Gates Police Department, plainclothes division, arrested nine peddlars yesterday who were fluttering around our municipal building.

STRIKERS SEND IN APPEAL

Municipal workmen engaged by the city to hang out stars and regulate comet traffic went on a strike last week for shorter hours and higher pay. This was the result of the arrival in heaven of Mortimer Gusto, one of our strike promoters from Earth. It will probably be impossible to give the workmen shorter hours owing to the fact that the city is already short-handed. Workmen are very scarce in heaven as everyone is here for a rest.

SPECIAL CLASS IN PSYCHOLOGY

Prof. Algernon Soakem is opening a special class on Advanced Psychology in the lecture hall adjoining the Skydome Auditorium. Prof. Soakem says: "My class will positively produce winning personalities, charming temperaments, prosperous business conditions, happy marriage and long life. Complete course of five lectures—only \$25,000.00."

REQUEST TO CURB SMOKE

Tobacco smoke from the Earth has brought on an epidemic of catarrh in heaven. A petition has been sent to Earth for them to ease up a little as the smoke rises rapidly and the last session of the Pearly Gates Police Court had to adjourn on account of the stifling fumes.

SOCIETY NOTE

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Moneybags are spending their summer on a nearby comet and have returned to Pearly Gates for a brief stay. Mrs. Moneybags is receiving Thursday afternoons in her palatial house on Highbrow Row. A jazz teaparty will be given by Mrs. Moneybags and her charming daughter the next time the moon enters a fixed sign. Full dress.

PHONE NUMBERS CHANGED

The Pearly Gates Telephone Co. is changing all of their numbers this month.

A few changes that have been made in the name of efficiency are:

The Police Station at Pearly Gates was Ether 1982, it has been changed to Goshwhatarush 7982 Party J-X2 and the Hospital was Skydome 8400 is now Odontognostrumvarilorim 72439 - J. X. Party 4 V. P. X. X.

We feel that these changes will simplify matters.

BULLETS EXTRACTED FROM ANATOMY OF H. BREEZE

Nine bullets were extracted from the anatomy of Henry Breeze who arrived in heaven this morning. Mr. Breeze is one of our leading peace advocates and arrived as the result of a slight riot in a brotherhood meeting held on Earth. Accompanying him is the dove of peace which was stepped on during the same riot. Mr. Breeze's subject was the "Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God." Nearly four hundred shots were fired by representatives of the peace convention. Only nine bullets entered Mr. Breeze who fell before the others reached him. He is survived by a large number of peace candidates. Special note: The dove was doing well and resting quietly at the last issue of the bulletin.

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR RENT. A nice housekeeping apartment on Quiet Street, ten minutes fly from Pearly Gates. Restricted neighborhood, very desirable. 3 rooms and ether shower. All built-in features. Suitable for young couple or two bachelor angels. Room for twelve-foot wing spread. Garage at back. Rent \$450 a month. See Mr. Soakem, Mgr., Cloudview Apts., Aerial Flyway.

All aristocratic angels smoke Flor del Ropa cigars—2 for 15c, \$5.00 a box. All the tobacco in these cigars is grown just to the South of Pearly Gates.

The Pearly Gates Undertaking Bureau announces the erection of a beautiful mausoleum in a quiet suburb for the exclusive use of the elite. Cremation services are secured through co-operation with the Hell Crematory.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

SECOND EDITION

(First Edition exhausted in one week)

"The Ways of the Lonely Ones"

When the Sons of Compassion Speak

By MANLY P. HALL

This is the latest work of this author and approaches the problem of spiritual enfoldment and growth in a manner both new and unusual.

The book contains six allegorical stories dealing with the spiritual development and initiation of mystical characters EACH ONE OF WHICH CAN BE PLACED IN THE LIFE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE WISDOM TEACHINGS. THE READER IS THE HERO OF EACH OF THE MYTHS, and concealed under the fables are many of the very deepest principles of occultism.

The book contains the following chapters:

The Maker of Gods.

This deals with the regeneration of matter and the transmutation of bodies.

The Master of the Blue Cape.

In this chapter the mystic meaning of the elixer of life and the philosophers' stone is given to the reader. Also the inner meaning of Alchemy.

The Face of The Christ.

The mystery of the last supper and the great problem of the second coming of the Christ is taken up from the occult standpoint, and presented in an understandable way.

The Guardian of the Light.

The duties and labors of one who seeks to be given charge of the Divine Wisdom are set forth in this chapter. Also the price of the Mystic Truth.

The One Who Turned Back.

This is the allegory of one who reached the gate of Liberation and renounced freedom to return again into the world. A study in Mystic Initiation.

The Glory of the Lord.

What happens to those who seek to enter the presence of the Lord without purifying themselves according to His laws? Read what happened to one, in the Tabernacle of the Jews.

The book is well printed on good paper and bound in boards stamped in blue. It contains sixty-four pages closely written.

This work like all of these publications is presented to the public without fixed price, leaving it to your own higher sentiments to show you your part in the work we are carrying.

The edition of this book is limited, so if you are interested send at once enclosing the contribution that you wish to make, not to pay just for the book but to help the work along, and you will receive your copy in the return mail.

Address all orders to Manly P. Hall, P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Cal.

These booklets by the same author may be secured by sending to Postoffice Box 695, Los Angeles, California, care of Manly P. Hall.

Price. These publications are not for sale but may be secured through voluntary contribution to help meet the cost of publication.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

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.

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

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.

Wands and Serpents

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.

