

Edwin Hilburn

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine
Written, Edited and
Compiled by
MANLY P. HALL

“Nonsense as a Factor In Soul Growth”
“Atlantis, The Lost Continent”

MAY, 1923

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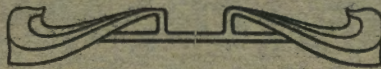
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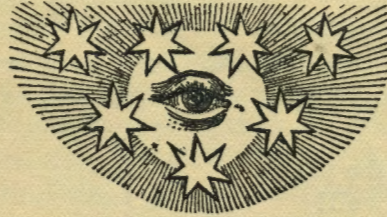
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THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM



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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Immortality of the Soul

By an Inmate of Folsom Prison

Sweet mem'ries flash across my mind
Like dreams of long ago—
Of friendly faces true and kind
That once I used to know;
But when or where I saw them last
I cannot always tell—
I know that somewhere in the past
I knew and loved them well!

For in my dreams I wander far
Beyond this mortal sphere,
Perhaps on some far distant star
Their spirits hovered near!
And in my sleep my soul returns
To scenes it knew of yore,
And step by step my spirit learns
Of lives I've lived before.

My soul has lived since time began,
And must live on alway—
Nor can the puny hand of man
Its onward progress stay!
Though now I walk the paths of earth,
My Father's feet have trod—
Through death my soul shall find rebirth
In closer touch with God.

He made the glowing universe,
The sun, the stars, the sky—
He gave the power to hold converse
Betwixt my soul and I,
And only now and then in dreams,
I scan futurity,
And see my soul as true it seems
In all its purity!

And when the years at last shall roll
The shades of earth away,
I too shall reach the nearing goal
For which I watch and pray.
I too shall see that glorious dawn
The prophets long foretold,
That bids my soul to wander on
Through God's bright gate of gold!

Nonsense as a Factor in Soul Growth

HERE ARE TIMES in the unfolding of human consciousness when the student feels and honestly believes that the entire weight of the Eternal Plan, the salvation of God, man, and the universe and the perpetuation of civilization, rests upon his shoulders. He feels that when he passes out Truth will die with him and that his life must be so filled with duties that he has little, if any, time to demonstrate the qualities of the human race. Religion becomes such a weighty problem that he entirely forgets the necessity of humor and the value of mental and spiritual recreation, or, rather, we may say that lack of use has caused his sense of humor to atrophy.

The inevitable result of losing the ability to laugh and to relax the tension of massive thought and incessant labor is unbalance and ultimate spiritual crystalization, commonly known in the world of affairs as freakishness and crankism. The ability of the philosopher to forget his philosophies and the mystic to lay aside his religion and smile with the world over some hopelessly trivial bit of nonsense is the sign of true superphysical greatness and spiritual balance.

All students of symbolism know that for ages a long face has been considered symbolical of religion and that the more sad you appear and the more dejected your countenance, the holier you are and the closer you are to a God who has long fore-sworn laughter. This idea is based upon an entirely erroneous concept of life. The appreciation of humor is a divine faculty, the quick wit that it develops may be used for much deeper works, while the inevitable radiation of cheer which accompanies the happy person is just as important to the growth of humanity as the philosophical concepts which we expound and the problems of compound ratio.

There are those known in the world as

“wet blankets,” “gloom dispensers” and “Aunty-dolefuls” who in the name of God take all the cheer from life and with their blankets of pessimism totally eclipse the sun which might otherwise send to our hearts at least a solitary ray. If there be an exceptionally high spot in Heaven, a brownstone front in the Great Beyond, we shall undoubtedly find it reserved for those mystics and philosophers, sages and seers, who have not only made man think and pray but have taught him how to laugh.

The world is filled with trials and worries, with long faces and hopeless souls which must be met along the weary road that leads to Light, but the Powers that be have seen fit to bring laughter into the world to cheer the weary hearts of striving men and women and to make this gift doubly sure have supplied a special set of facial muscles for its expression, and it is the duty of every student not only to promote aestheticism but also to bring into faces furrowed with care and hearts frozen in endless snows the happy smile which is indeed the greatest boon of the gods.

All the greatest philosophers have been noted not only for their quickness of mind but for their sharpness of wit and in truth there is nothing which shows the depth of thought and knowledge of life more than an original joke which has something really funny in it. There is an art in jesting which can only be appreciated after a suffering mortal has listened to what the world calls humor. This art should be listed with the seven immortal arts and sciences.

Let us remember the words of an ancient philosopher who said, when referring to the court jester of a king, “It takes the brightest man in all the land to make the greatest fool.” The kingdoms of suffering humanity must have that court fool but few of our so-called religious lights will allow

their faces to relax for fear that their dignity may be affected and their congregation dwindle away.

When we laugh from the depths of our soul, relaxing for a moment the nerves and muscles that have so long been at a tension in fighting the battle of life, it is like a gymnasium exercise for the body and a tonic for the soul. The lungs fill with air, the liver receives its "daily dozen," and the face beams with a greater joy because for one moment the purely human has been given expression in a way which can injure none. Even those people who are unconsciously ridiculous will never realize nor be accredited with the honor that is due them from the fact that they have made others laugh, for while their personality is hurt and in many cases their noses are seriously cracked still that laughter will reach to the ends of creation before its last echoes die away at the very footstool of divinity.

It is said that the Christian theology is the only one that has not at least one laughing god in its train and we cannot but feel that there has been a serious omission. The laughter of the gods sounds through all nature which is filled with cheer, it is the sorrows and discouragements of life which turn all things to a leaden gray. Those who radiate this soot colored expression of life are never popular, never happy, seldom useful, and always a bore. The laughter of children is music in the ears of the Almighty and all living things are children who cry one moment and laugh the next, and of those moments which comes closest to the divine,—the joy or the tear? All human beings are like little ones crying over broken dolls and the toys which have fallen to pieces in their hands, but their sorrows are short-lived and soon the bursts of merry laughter shroud the sorrow in forgetfulness. But there are some who cannot forget and it is the duty of all to cheer them on their way, for every heart is filled with sadness and when we, too, are sad it but brings back memories which do not help but always surround us with thoughts of bitterness or remorse.

It is said that animals do not smile but it seems that they do, for every horse and dog and even the old cat purring on the hearth rug have a contented smiling appearance concealed somewhere about their faces. Even the fowls of the farmyard with all their stateliness and dignity have a certain twinkle in their eyes and a certain upward curve at the corner of their bills which is often missing from the human physiognomy, and their dignity is all the greater because of its absurdity while man's absurdities are always greater because of his dignity.

There is a psychology in humor, a moral effect upon all with whom we come in contact. It makes us friends, we are invited to call again in a voice which means it, it brings us closer to the hearts of others, it tries us more tightly to the truly human, it tears down the barriers of creed and caste and gives us a footing in the hearts of others.

There is no greater power which man can evolve than that of seeing all Nature smiling, every plant and flower wreathed in merriness, smiling because his own soul is laughing, filled and overflowing with that exuberance of spirit which marks the true expression of spiritual growth. To see the laughter in nature, the joy in living, the good concealed beneath the ever painful, is a thing not always easy to do. One must have within himself this Fountain of Mirth, which would have lengthened the life of Ponce de Leon had he not shortened his career by the seriousness of his search, which sees in everything not only the deep and mystical but the divinely and sublimely ridiculous.

When our hearts are about to overflow with sorrow, if we could but see with the eyes of the gods we would smile at least. When we are about to be offended by the words and actions of others, if we could but think a moment we would probably make matters much worse for it would be a Herculean task to restrain the laughter which would bring with it the wrath of our opponent.

You may say what you will, it is better far to see the ridiculous in life than the ever sordid, it is better far to laugh at the mistakes of man than to curse the decrees of God, and those who go around brewing cups of hemlock and radiating avalanches of gloom should indeed be listed with the false prophets and the blasphemers of God. The man who cannot find something pleasant to say no matter where he may be, how unpleasant the experience, how uncongenial those around him, or how contrary to his taste the incident in question, should never claim even the first degrees of spirituality. The mystic knows that in the last analysis all opposites blend, tragedy and comedy are one, and their apparently diverse ways are united at the doorway which leads to heights immortal.

So laugh and list among the benefactors of humanity those who often with hearts filled with sadness have realized the sweetness of a smile and the gloriousness of mirth and who have been the fools to make their brothers laugh, their only reward being the realization that for a moment at least a few hearts have forgotten their sorrows and a few lonely wanderers have seen the sunny side of life.

There is nothing more contagious than joy and nothing more infectious than gloom. These two inseparable companions of mankind walk side by side,—gloom noted for its length, joy for its breadth, and their eternal battle for mastery one over the other must be played out in every human heart.

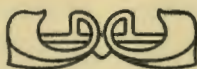
Acid temperaments make acid bodies

and the world is filled with intellectual alkalies which seem to stunt all the glories of nature. The reward of gloom is dyspepsia, ankylotic joints, rheumatism, and sour stomach. Those who cannot smile ferment all the world and spoil a glorious crop by their own tiny apple and too often they do this in the name of God. There are thousands whose motto for life is, "If ye smile upon the Sabbath, ye shall weep ere Monday dawn," and other equally sentimental concepts of God's demand of man.

Let us rather use as our motto "A smile a day keeps the doctor away," and the more smiles, the more "undesirables" are excluded from the aura of our association. There are glooms of all kinds revolving in their orbits around us, but until the wet blanket enters our own hearts we are master of them, and if our own lives are sunny the spirits of negation have little chance of entrance there.

One thing about the Devil that we always admire is the fact that he has a most resounding laugh and in spite of all his villianies there is a certain refreshment which comes over us even as we are chilled by his hilarity. He does the most miserable things in the most jovial and likeable way and can even damn us with a smile upon his face, while many of our friends cannot even say "Good morning" without looking like a heavy storm.

Occultists and occult students must realize that when they forget how to be jovial, they lock the door of Heaven and throw away the key.



Music

HERE IS NO POWER that holds so great a sway over the hearts and souls of living things as the charm of music. From the earliest dawn of time when the primitive civilizations of the world were in the making to our modern and apparently more ethical day, the life of man has been softened, his expressions molded to nobler ends, and his emotions raised to more lofty heights by the power of harmony and rhythm. In the early days of the world the children of the earth learned to imitate the eternal music of Nature, the singing of the birds, the moaning of the winds, the swishing of the waves on rock bound shores, the night cries of bird and beast,—all of these blend into a mystic cadence which we may call in truth the endless symphonies of Nature. The powers of creation are eternally musical, their mystic cadences swell from star to star with note divine. All nature, seen and unseen, formed and unformed, listens in rapt awe to the endless symphonies of the Great Unknown.

Then there is another music,—the song of Life, the beating of human hearts, the peals of merry laughter, the broken sobs of sorrow. All these blend into a mystic orchestra, oftentimes unheard, which swells in note invisible through eternity to the very footstool of the Divine. Man's nature pours forth from his being with the expression of living music. The old organist allows his fingers to slip over the keys in an apparently unconscious, mechanical way but the very emotions of his soul pour out in divine harmonies from the instrument that registers and seems to live the innermost thoughts of the musician, the innermost symphonies of his soul.

The deep, wailing notes of the violin seem to speak of the master's touch and the very heart of the musician expresses itself in the harmonies that he plays. The heart that is broken in sorrow sends forth sweet melodies that touch the heartstrings, while the ponderous clashes of massive

themes speak of the weighty minds that bring them forth.

All life is musical for it is a language universally understood. Its strange discords speak of human hate, its harmony of mutual understanding. Upon the seven stringed lyre of its own being, the human soul plays its harmony celestial; each thought and action is but a note of living music. When we live askew and our natures are unbalanced, the instrument is out of tune because the hands of the master do not rest upon the keys. The Stradivarius is dead until the soft fingers of the violinist draw from its latent soul the mystic yearnings of his own heart. So the bodies of man are like instruments in the hands of master musicians. The spirit within each living thing plays upon its bodies, seeking to build them into more glorious instruments for its own expression that its notes may swell the harmonies of cosmos.

When man's life is a sham, when his heart is cold, all the sounds from his living keyboard are inharmonious and discordant, the keys are out of tune, the strings are broken, and the hands that would play them are shackled by the things of earth. But those who have labored long and suffered much are mellowed like old violins, the ages of sorrow and suffering have brought out the greatest that is in them, and they are masterpieces in a master's hand. Each year the tones grow more mellow and the hand that draws the bow brings more perfect harmonies from its hallowed instrument, until at last in the hands of the Great Musician they pour forth in cords and symphonies sublime, each wondrous melody the reflection of the genius of the soul.

Music is a wonderful thing. It melts the hardened heart, softens the stern lines of the face, brings peace to those who long have suffered, and like the child drifting into sleep, lulled by the soft notes of a lullaby, the soul of man finds rest in the music of his own soul and the divine harmony of Nature's plan.

Chinese Cosmogony

RHEEN OR SHANG-TE is the great Prince or model man; He is the Great Father of Gods and men; He is Heaven or the Kosmos animated by a mind or soul and hence He is a sphere or circle; that being the most perfect figure. All parts of the Kosmos, therefore, viz., Heaven, Earth, Man, Sun, Moon, Stars, Mountains, Rivers, Birds, Beasts, Insects, Reptiles, Trees, Vegetables, etc., are all His parts and members and these are all pervaded and animated by the "One Mind" or Soul of Heaven or Shang-te.

In the state religion Shang-te is worshiped in all His parts, beginning with His triplication Heaven, Earth, and Man.

This philosophy is evidently founded upon the Confucianist idea of man transferred to the universe; as man is composed of mind and body so Heaven or the Kosmos is supposed to be composed of mind and matter, and the mind in each is one and the same, therefore Shang-te designated God or the Divinity within. Hence Confucius states that this Heaven or Shang-te is a gigantic Man, also this Shang-te is a sphere containing the whole universe within Himself and is the highest Numen.

From the "Classic of Change,"

By the Rev. Cannon McClatchie, M.A.

This sidelight into the mythology and cosmogony of China shows how closely it is correlated with the teachings of the Hebrew Qabbalah and the alchemical and theosophic concepts of life. This Shang-te, the All Prevading manifesting in its multiplicity of forms, is called by many names in many lands but is the same wherever found. This cosmic Being who made man in His own image and whom we honor as the Creator of our universe has been known and studied for hundreds of thousands of years by the ancient peoples of the eastern countries.

Students who analyze religion soon realize that there is but one to analyze and that the most heathenish concept in the world is to believe in heathens.

The ancients of the western world have symbolized the Grand Man as a great figure twisted backward until His head and feet touch, forming a great sphere. There is little doubt that the ultimate form of all things is spheroid and that the planets which we see in the sky, the sun, etc., are all of them organisms not unlike our own with intelligence, circulation, and consciousness but instead of, like our bodies, being peopled with cells and corpuscles these bodies are peopled with flora and fauna of evolving life.

A true understanding of the mystic philosophies depends upon the willingness of the student to credit all things with intelligence, and to realize that as mind and body expand they eternally express themselves in new environments which are the expressions of need, and that at various times during our growth the forms of our vehicles change.

Man is a universe is himself just as complicated upon a miniature scale as the heavens which unfold around us. Within him are the planets, the great powers of light and darkness and millions of evolving lives,—some have estimated six septillion in the human body. Thus man as he raises his hand to Shang-te, the Father of Light, and the globe-shaped Spirit of Creation, within whose Being we live and move and have our being, must also realize that he himself is Shang-te and that the universe wonderful beyond conception which expresses itself as his bodies is in truth built in the image of the Father, and that he himself is not only a God in the making but is already a great spiritual power to the millions of lives seeking expression through his extension of consciousness.

The Blue Krishna

IN PICTURING the Christ Child of India, Shri-Krishna, the Blue Lotus, we find that He is always painted as having a blue skin. Now let us consider briefly the reason for this rather unusual symbolism. Why the Lord of Love playing upon His flute with Radha in the woods is always colored with this bluish light has caused considerable speculation among students of occult philosophy.

The reason for this is said to be that blue is the symbol of the Father, the highest of the three primary colors. All great spiritual workers are said to be under the protection of the Father, or, as the East would say, enfolded in the cape of Brahma. This blue spiritual wall which divides the Great Ones from men is symbolized by the Oriental by coloring the body of Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, the second Principle of the Indian Trinity, a pale blue color.

Briefly, it is said to mean that between that soul and the world there was forever a wall, and that while Krishna came to the

world He was not of the world but belonged in the home of the Gods. This beautiful symbolism applies to the problems of life. There are many who are in the world, and while apparently they are one with us still they know and we often feel that there is a wall between us. This is the wall of spirit, the wall of greater light and truth which spiritually divides the living from the dead. Those who come to us from behind the veil still wander with us but the blue veil of spirit conceals them, the blue light of spirit shines out from their being, and while they labor with us they are concealed forever behind the blue veil of immortality.

Each will one day step behind this veil and the blue folds of the Father's cape will stand between us and the world as protection and relief. Then we too shall labor in the world concealed forever and divided from mortal man by the blue veil of Krishna, the Blue Lotus of India.

Would Man Gain Anything By Living Forever In One Body ?

AS SOON as the average student realizes that there are certain powers which transcend material things or apparently do so and discovers that there are those who remain for indefinite periods in one body, the student immediately desires to do the same thing because, after all, living and dying appear as very inconvenient phases in the evolution of man. Perpetual life seems to be a novelty which has attracted a number of people who should have much better sense and the fountain of eternal youth is sought for as earnestly now as in the days of Ponce de Leon. But let the student always remember that these great things are effects and that the only cause which can bring them about is mastery and adeptship. Until he lives right, thinks right and becomes master of those lower desires and

passions and emotions which wreck his life he can never hope to lengthen it by spiritual powers.

There are many lessons for man to learn besides those of this plane of nature and in other worlds he learns and studies while the stage is being set here for the next great step in his unfoldment and if he was forced to remain here age in and age out with no one that he knew and the incessant monotony which to him now seems a novelty he would soon pray for death as now he prays for life. But when he has learned to be of use through the ages, when he has completely given up all desire to live for himself alone, when he has become so useful in the Great Plan that he is needed every moment for the good of all, then he will be able to live forever and to do useful works in many worlds to come.

The Third Eye

BANG! The shot sounded through hotel like a clap of thunder in the dead silence of the winter night. A moment later there came a dull thud as of something falling and the loose fixtures in the hotel room shook. Then came the soft patter of footsteps in the hallway, a woman's half broken sob, then all was still again.

The sound of the shot aroused every one in the building, doors opened, and frightened faces appeared in the frames of light.

"What has happened?"

"Is someone killed?"

"Was it a shot?"

"I don't know, do you?"

From mouth to mouth the questions flew along the hallway like wildfire, but on one could be found who seemed in a position to answer them.

It was then that with a tremendous gust of personality Mr. Jeremiah Johnson, the house detective, appeared upon the scene with a glorious blue-green dressing gown draped over pink-striped pajamas. In one hand he carried a revolver while with the other he endeavored to make his scanty attire cover as much ground as possible, not forgetting to brush the nickle-plated star which he fastened conspicuously on the blue-green background of his bizarre attire.

"Where did the shot come from?" he demanded in a booming voice as he scuffed his way in bedroom slippers to the center of the hall and gazed around.

"That is precisely the information with which we desire you to supply us," answered a distinguished looking gentleman, dressed in an iron-grey Vandyke and blue nightshirt, as he gave the house detective a careful inspection through gold pince-nez and then vanished in the direction of his wardrobe.

The detective looked along the hall at the opened doors and startled faces; regis-

tering professional poise and then his eyes fastened themselves upon two portals side by side at the extreme end of the corridor. They were the only two upon the entire floor that had remained closed during the excitement. Many pairs of eyes followed the rather Bohemian figure of Jeremiah as he laid his course for these doors. In a second he was pounding on one of them; he waited a second and knocked again but no answer sounded from within. He tried the door but found it locked so turned his attention to the other. He rapped upon this also but silence alone rewarded his effort. Trying this one and finding it unfastened, Jeremiah opened the door and stepped inside. The portal screen closed behind his back.

About a minute slipped by although it seemed much longer to the watchers in the hall. Then the door reopened and the detective stepped out but it was with a look of horror on his pale and drawn face that Jeremiah Johnson half staggered into the hallway leaning upon the wall for support.

"What was it?" all asked in one breath.

"Yes," reiterated the gentleman with the Vandyke who had reappeared upon the scene, a necktie and smoking jacket added to his wardrobe, "we would be—ah—much obliged if you would elucidate this perplexing problem."

"Murder," muttered the detective, as turning he locked the door with his pass-key, "go back to your rooms everyone and remain there until the inspectors arrive." And without further word Jeremiah Johnson disappeared a trail of pink and green in the direction of the elevator.

"I wonder who the dead person is?" asked a kindly appearing old lady halfway down the hall.

"I don't know," came a shrill voice from across, "but I think it's just too romantic for words!"

"Brrrrrrrr," muttered the distinguished

gentleman with the Vandyke as his knees shook together, "really if they must murder in this hotel, I would certainly consider it a favor if they would turn on the steam heat first. This is a most undesirable moment for a crime."

As no one could cast any light upon the mystery, one by one the doors closed until the only sound breaking the stillness was a whisper now and then which trickled through some keyhole.

An hour later four very puzzled men stood in the center of the room where the tragedy had occurred. Before them on the floor, illuminated by a reading lamp, lay the dead man fully dressed with a bullet-hole in his back. There were no signs of weapons or apparent motive for the crime, nothing had been touched in the room and as usual the officers could not find the clue upon which to base their further investigations. One of the detectives turned to the hotel inspector, "Have you been able to secure any information concerning the murdered man?"

"Very little," replied Johnson, "the name he signed on the hotel register was Professor Amos Martin. I hear he is a scientist and a globe trotter. I have also gathered from my examination here that he is an author and connected in research work with several well-known universities. He is just back from several years in the Orient. On the table you will find the beginning of the latest book that he was writing. It was to be called "The Third Eye" and is apparently of a very scientific nature. He seems to be basing it on some Eastern sacred writings or something of that sort. So far as I have been able to discover he was not married, has no relatives, and is a long way from his original home. He appears to be well fixed financially and has been in the hotel three days short of a month."

At the word "Orient" the detectives pricked up their ears and looked at each other in a significant way.

"You say he was just back from the Far

East? That is a very important point. Do you know whether there are any Orientals in this neighborhood at the present time, especially stopping at the hotel?"

"Oh, yes! Why didn't I think of it before? There is a Chinaman here who came soon after the Professor's arrival who is supposed to be assisting him in the completion of his great book. He may have been with him last night."

"Where is his room?" asked one of the detectives.

"Wait a minute and I'll find out," replied Jeremiah as he slipped quickly from the room.

While awaiting the return of the house detective, the other three walked over to the desk upon which lay a great mass of typewritten manuscripts. One of them picked up a sheet and read:

"The Third Eye is a small ductless gland in the brain, known to modern science as the pineal gland. In India, China, Thibet I have come across great scientists who have so developed this gland, which is much more powerful than the physical eye, that they can see through solid walls and into the very secrets of the human mind."

"Humph," muttered the detective, scratching his head. He then took a long breath and continued:

"Few people realize the powers which work through this eye when it is awakened. If they did, greater attempts would be made to revivify this partly atrophied organ of cognition. This is only possible, according to those who have awakened this power, through the turning upward of the forces playing through the segments of the spinal canal. These forces dilate the gland which then becomes a superorgan of sense orientation. In the eastern countries much time has been spent in the awakening and training of this very important gland and the purpose of my book is to show the western world the value of this little known organ."

The detective looked at his companions, then down at the dead man on the floor, a

rather peculiar expression playing on his face, then shrugging his shoulders he held the paper under the light and continued:

"There are certain superphysical powers known to the ancients which the western world little understands, but these secrets are still in possession of certain priests and eastern scientists whom I have met during my travels. It is of these mysterious ones that I would write. They are found most frequently in Northern India, Burma, and China, and among the Llamas of Thibet. They have powers of sight far beyond those of the average individual. Their lives as aesthetes and hermits and their self-sacrifices and rigid purification have given them powers over their own being and also over others, which are perfectly uncanny to those unacquainted with the hidden side of human nature and the powers of the universe."

"Oh, tommyrot!" laughed the officer as he threw the paper back among its fellows, "some people are getting dippy over this sort of stuff nowadays. And he looked like a nice, sane, sensible sort of man," and the detectives gazed down on the face of the murdered Professor. "But this is the way they all get when they delve into these things. They either go insane or get killed or something."

At the same instant the house detective returned apparently quite excited, "Why," he exclaimed, "it's all clear now. That Chinaman had the room right next to this one. I hear that he spent nearly all of his time with the Professor and was here with him up to a late hour last night. There's no use talking, boys, when we get him there'll be another feather in the cap of this department." Jeremiah brought his fist down on the big table, his excitement registering through the blow and sending the papers of the late Professor's book skidding around in mad frenzy on the floor.

"My, but I'd like to get my hands on that Chink now!" As Jeremiah Johnson expressed the thoughts flooding his innermost soul, there came a soft knock at the door

which the house detective swung open and then stepped back giving a gasp of amazement.

In the doorway stood a tall Chinese dressed in a long Mandarin gown of sober color but rich in texture. On his massive head was a tiny black cap while a glorious peacock feather hung down his back. In his hand he carried a beautiful fan inlaid with mother-of-pearl which was closed and which he used as a pointer. It was his face, however, which caused the amazement and that uncanny feeling which seemed to pour out from him wherever he went. He had the dome and brow of a philosopher and his eyes, while almond, were wide apart and of such great size and brilliancy that they could be but poorly hidden by the dark shell-rim glasses that he wore. Under his drooping mustache his mouth was fixed in a true oriental smile, a pleasant but absolutely blank expression which hinted many things but never committed itself.

He spoke in a soft, purring voice, English worthy of a college-bred man, "My honorable friend expresses a desire to see me, so I take great pleasure in coming. It is an honor to have important persons such as house detectives and you worthy gentlemen of the police desire my presence."

Some way the thought came into the detectives' minds that this Oriental was deliberately ridiculing them, but his tone was so exemplary and his manner so polite that there was no chance of taking offense, even though Jeremiah fancied he saw the upper lip of the Chinaman quiver slightly at times although this might have been only his imagination.

"Are you S———?" asked the hotel inspector in as sharp and brisk a tone as he could with a sense of a certain personal discomfort and an inexplicable feeling of smallness which had crept over him since the entrance of this gifted Chinese.

The Oriental bowed low, "Ah, the honorable gentleman has taken the pains to learn my unworthy name. So much attention overwhelms me and I can only reply

by saying that I shall pray to my ancestors for your eternal salvation and the extension of your labors."

"Save your prayers for yourself," muttered the detective, "I believe you're going to need them worse than I do in the near future."

"Ah, most honorable gentleman, refuse not the prayers of thy lowly servant," and the Chinese bowed again, "for in my country prayers returned are often needed by those who give them back." At the same instant his eyes fell on the murdered man for the first time.

"Ah," he exclaimed, and the almond eyes became mere slits, "Murdered?" he turned to the detective, "Oh, so many times I have warned him to be more careful and told him what the immortal Confucius, the giver of all wisdom, said, but it was of no avail it seems."

"Of what did you warn him?" The Chinese tapped his jade thumb ring with his fan and bowing low took the liberty of picking a small white thread from the inspector's coat sleeve before making a reply, "Oh, only this, that he had certain weaknesses of which I was aware and I have told him often that some day these little indiscretions would most likely cost him his life, and," the Chinese twisted his foot and gazed at the toe of it as it protruded from his Mandarin cape, "and," he repeated, smiling blandly, "it appears to have done so."

"Um-m," muttered one of the detectives, "so our deceased client was subject to indiscretions?" he turned to the Chinese and bowed sarcastically. "Will you please be a little more explicit?"

The Chinese merely shrugged his arched shoulders and with long, slender fingers picked up a sheet of paper from the table. It was the title page of the Professor's book.

"I should advise my honored friends of the detective force to secure a copy of this most esteemed work should the Gods decree that it ever be finished, for I am

seriously afraid that this useful organ is not properly developed in the brain of our most worthy friend, the hotel inspector."

The detectives looked at each other not quite sure how to act with this Oriental who it now seemed was also slightly unbalanced. But as they themselves had nothing to work on in the form of information they mentally decided that they could not be any worse off so concluded to allow the Chinese to go on.

"Do you know who murdered him?" demanded all in one voice of the Chinese.

"No, no, no," answered the Oriental as he opened his glorious fan to blow away some of the smoke from Jeremiah's none too select cigar, "but I think I can find out for you if you wish me to do so."

The detectives looked at each other and then one of them spoke, "Go on, but remember whatever you say here will be used against you."

"Oh, I don't think so," replied the Oriental, "for this is a matter between honorable friends and as gentlemen I am going to ask you to forget what I have said when I go. In fact, to make this easier I shall even assist you in the forgetting." The Oriental walked to the center of the room and removing his black cap with its glorious peacock feather, he hunched his shoulders and bent his back until the dome of his massive head was pointing directly at the dead man.

The officers then saw that the top part of his head was shaven clean for a piece about the size of a silver dollar and that on this spot a small green snake was traced in dark pigment. With his eyes closed and the crown of his head pointing first in this way and then in that, the Chinese noiselessly slipped about the room and finally spoke in his soft, musical voice.

"It was precisely as I feared. A lady called upon the Professor, my esteemed friend, last evening. How many times have I warned my worthy brother of letters, even going to the extremity of presenting him with a beautiful book of proverbs by

Lao Tze and underlining in red those pertaining to his indiscretions. It was not the first visit of the fair lady but she had married and came to tell the Professor that their friendship was at an end. My honorable friend was so unwise he could not understand the warnings that I gave him although I have prayed to my ancestors to preserve him. He and the lady had a little misunderstanding, shall we say, there was a slight struggle which would not have occurred had he been a Chinese gentleman. My worthy friend losing his temper knocked the lady down with undue expression of western energy, unpardonable in the East, and turned his back. Now it seems that they lady's husband being out a great deal of the time had loaned her one of his revolvers to be used in case of burglars or other emergency. She had brought this with her and when my unfortunate friend turned his back she shot him and dropping the revolver with a scream ran from the room."

"That's a very pretty story," muttered one of the detectives, "but you forget one thing, Chinky, where's the gun?"

"It is still in the room," answered the Chinese, and the Oriental turned his head first in a general circle which he steadily decreased in size until it stopped on Jeremiah Johnson, the house detective.

"The revolver is in the upper pocket of this gentleman's coat where he has hidden it. He concealed it because upon entering the room for the first time he recognized it as the one he had given his wife."

The hotel inspector collapsed.

"How did you know?" he gasped.

The Chinese bowed himself towards the door, the smile still playing around his mouth.

"I should advise our friends, the honorable detectives, to carefully read that little

book of tommyrot which my belated friend will not now be able to complete upon the interesting subject of "The Third Eye."

He slowly closed the door, saying as he passed out, "I do not think any of you will use the information I have given you against me but should that be your intention I can only pray to my fathers for assistance."

The four detectives stood alone, blank expressions on their faces.

"What happened?" asked Jeremiah Johnson as he looked down at the revolver in his hand.

"I don't know," replied the other three.

"Say, was that Chink in here or not?"

"I don't know."

"Then where did the gun come from? Whose is it?"

The oldest of the four detectives scratched his head and turned to the other three, "What have we been doing this last half hour? It seems like I've been asleep. I can't remember anything."

"It is the same with me," answered one after the other in turn.

They looked down upon the dead man and there upon the ground beside him lay the title page of his book. In the meantime the Chinese, his hands crossed in his sleeves, shuffled slowly down the corridor, his face set in the placid satisfaction of the Oriental.

"I really do hope that these honored gentlemen will not use anything that I have said against me. In fact, I very much believe they will not be able to do so, for my good brothers in the western world have short memories—on problems of this nature. Poor Professor, if he had only developed that Third Eye a little himself he might have been spared by the gods to complete that honorable work!"

The Brothers of the Shining Robe

Chapter I

The Temple of Caves

WHY I CAME into the world with this deep seated wanderlust I have never been able to explain. Relatives and friends said that it was the blood of ten generations of soldiers and fighters for the British crown, but I have always believed that these things are not inherited but rather are the results of peculiar phases of individuality, the true explanation of which has only come to me in later years. Suffice it to say by way of introduction that I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth,—from the South Sea Islands to the great salmon fisheries of Alaska and Columbia, from plague stricken Burma to the Deserts of Mexico, from Tartary to Algeria, from the blue lagoons of Venice to the domes and mosques of Constantinople, I have wandered in an endless search.

I came into this world with a larger fortune than is good for most, the younger son of an Earl. None of the responsibilities of my family worried me for it seemed improbable, with two elder brothers, that the cares and problems of an estate would ever descend upon my shoulders. So year after year I wandered over three-quarters of the known globe. At last one sultry evening I found myself standing on a point of rock jutting out from the sides of a great cliff, before me unrolling in majestic grandeur rose the snow-topped glaciers of the Himalayas. Straight in front the sheer crest of Mt. Everest shot heavenward and the rays of the fast setting sun bathed it in purple and rose shadows so that its glacial peak gleamed like the diamonds in the crowns of Emperors.

The strange land of the East had always held a fascination for me, and now I stood looking out at this great expanse of natural majesty hundreds of miles from the nearest white man merely as the result of fancy.

During my wanderings in Northern and Central India, which had occupied some five years I had come closer to a true understanding of the Oriental mind than many white men. I had eaten with them, slept with them, prayed with them, tended, with practical knowledge which is the inherent right of the western world, their sick, read their books, loved them and hated with them, and as the result I believe I can honestly say that to some degree at least I know the East.

While talking one day with one of their learned and holy men he told me a little, with the trust of many months of friendship, of the centerground of their faith, pointing to where the blue haze of the sky was broken by the line of mountains, in a voice filled with awe and reverence he told me of the sacred Temple of the Caves. He said that there lived in this ancient monastery a very wise man beloved of God and the mouthpiece of Brahma. Then he became silent and would say no more, but my inquisitiveness was aroused and I asked many learned Brahmans to give me more details of this sacred temple, but all shook their heads and despite their high regard either knew nothing or refused to reveal that which they did know. It was that short legend, those few involuntary words of the old mendicant, that changed the destiny of my life, for with the impetuosity which remained with me even after the days of my youth, I decided to wander these hills and mountains until I myself found the Temple of the Caves and spoke with this great wise man whom legend told me lived there.

My readers would suppose that a simple thing like this was of small importance, but to a mind like mine which knew nothing of the responsibilities of one phase of life the mere carrying out of a desire was all important.

As evening fell on the day in question, I stood on the crag of rocks overlooking the

valley in whose dark and gloomy depths a fine mountain stream fed by the glaciers flowed on in silence to spread later and be lost in the marshlands below. Five months I had climbed through the mountains, among the caves of the holy men, through cities long deserted, through jungles and among broken rocks, and like many other searchers who had gone before found no trace of the thing I sought. At my feet on the boulder lay a heap of human bones. Some other wanderer had ended his pilgrimage where I had but started mine. Slowly the beautiful view vanished in the haze of night and a pale blue light from the waning moon took the place of the sun, and slowly turning I descended again to the plateau some fifty feet below.

As I did so my eyes wandered upward past a great cleft of rock where I had been standing. Walls of granite and stone rose nearly a thousand feet in rough, broken grandeur. But as I stood gazing out and up a strange feeling possessed me. I do not know whether you have ever felt when alone that someone was standing behind you looking at you, but this feeling suddenly swept over me and in the eerie stillness I felt I was not alone, and yet as far as I could see in the pale moonlight no living thing was visible.

Suddenly over the rough ground at my feet a dark shadow passed as though a great bird had soared over the cliffs and rocks but the shadow was not that of a bird. It was that of a tall human being passing silently somewhere between me and the moon. Looking quickly to the top of the cliff, I was in time to see a stately whiterobed figure with long gray beard and white turban pass the field of vision between me and the light and vanish between two great rocky boulders.

Around this figure hovered a number of flashing, dancing lights of shining white and after he had gone for several seconds the opening gleamed and glowed as though by some hidden fire. Then even that vanished

I cannot explain the reason but the thought crossed my mind in a flash that this figure was in some way connected with the place I sought, and regardless of tearing my hands and clothing I climbed as rapidly as possible upward and in some ten minutes stood where the shining one had been. I found that I was in a natural hallway of rock which reminded me of the roofless temples of Karnac. On each side massive pillars of natural stone rose from thirty to fifty feet above me to be lost in the shadows of night, and the tiny, winding path led straight into the side of a lofty hill invisible from below.

I hesitated for I realized that it is not always safe to enter the temples of the East, but my hand closing over the hilt of my revolver reassured me, and with the bravado which shows lack of better sense I took a hitch at my belt and started up the mountain.

I must have gone nearly a mile in gloom which grew ever deeper before I realized that the walls had closed above me and that that I was no longer in a great canyon or cleft but was in a cave. There was no sign of human being and save for the narrow path it seemed that no living thing had ever entered there. My matches had given out but I had taken the precaution to pick up a broken stick which I had lighted and with this firebrand I kept on my way. The ruddy light of my torch made each outcropping rock appear to be a living thing.

Suddenly I stopped,—another light was added to that of my torch. Outlined against the smooth stone wall was a lighted doorway reflected from some angle invisible from my present position and in the doorway was the silhouette of a tall, thin figure whose hands seemed clasped upon his breast. Drawing my revolver I started to advance and suddenly a cold chill ran up and down my spine,—I could not move. My eyes, my hands and feet could move but I could go neither forward nor backward. As far as I could see there was nothing to prevent me but when I tried to take a for-

ward step it seemed that I struck a wall which no power of mine could pass through. Then slowly a strange numbing sensation passed over me, my revolver dropped from a hand that could no longer hold it, and my firebrand struck the ground with it. I could do nothing but gaze at the red shadow outlined on the wall, a shadow which told by its flickering motion that it was caused by a blazing fire.

Slowly the figure moved and around an elbow of the rock there appeared a solitary being, the strangest that my eyes have ever looked upon. The man was nearly six and a half feet tall, robed from head to foot in a glistening, shining, pearl grey garment which in the moonlight outside I had mistaken for white. Around his head was a turban, one end of which fell upon his shoulder. His age none could tell but he appeared to be beyond the prime of life for his full black beard was flecked with grey as was his hair that fell contrary to custom on his shoulders from under the edge of his turban.

As I looked at him it seemed that my eyes too were paralyzed for in spite of all

the efforts that I made I could not take them from his face. His eyes, though large and piercing, still held in them a look of gentleness and kindness. The feeling of fear changed to a strange attraction and warmth and comfort surrounded me the moment he turned his face to mine. All around his body which seemed powerful but spare, strange flickering shadows seemed to twist and turn. I felt in spite of myself and my disregard for heathen ideals that if I had not been paralyzed I would have been on my knees before him for there was something in that cave which no words of mine can express.

He slowly came forward and taking me by the hand motioned me to advance. As he did so it seemed that the metal fetters and bonds dropped from me, my consciousness and power of locomotion returned, and with perfect ease I followed him where before I could not go, and passing through an arch of natural stone I entered into one of the strangest rooms I believe that human being was ever in.

(To be continued)

"THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALLAH"

The Science of the Divine Names.

By

Manly P. Hall

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

Part OneThe Key to the Sacred Wisdom.

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

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

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

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

The Science of the Sacred Names.

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

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.

Masonry: "The Robe Of Blue and Gold"

THREE SILENT BEINGS hidden in the depths of the Unknown weave eternally the thread of human fate, three sisters known to the world as the Norns or Fates incessantly twist between their fingers a tiny cord which is one day to be woven into a living garment, the coronation robe of a king. Under many names this garment is known among the mystics and occult students of the world. To some it is the simple yellow robe of Buddhahood, by the ancient Jews it was symbolized as the robe of the High Priest and the garment of glory unto the Lord, while to the Masonic Brother it is the Robe of Blue and Gold, the Star of Bethlehem, the wedding garment of the spirit.

Three Fates weave this living garment and man himself is the creator of his fates. The triple thread of thought, action, and desire binds him when he enters into the sacred place or seeks admittance to the Lodge, but later this same cord is woven into the wedding garment whose purified folds shroud the sacred spark of his being.

We all like to be well dressed and robes of velvet and ermine seem to us symbols of rank and glory, but many an ermine cape has covered an empty heart while many a crown has rested on a tyrant's brow and many a velvet cloak has gowned an empty void. These symbols are earthly things and in the worlds of matter are too often misplaced. But the true coronation robe, the true garments of the Mason, are not of earth for his robe of glory tells of spiritual growth. The garments of the High Priest of the Tabernacle were but symbols of the bodies of men, which purified and transmuted glorify the life within, and the little silver bells tinkled with never ending music from the fringe of his vestments, their silver note telling of a harmonious life while the breastplate reflected the gleams of Heavenly Truth from its many-sided gems.

There is one garment without a seam which was worn often by the Masonic Brothers of old, in the day of the Essenes when the monastery of the lowly Nazarenes rose in gloomy grandeur from the steep sides of Mount Tabor to be reflected in the silent waters of the Dead Sea. This one-piece garment woven without a seam is the spiral thread of human life, which, when purified by right motive and right living, becomes a tiny line of golden light which weaves eternally the purified garment of regenerated bodies. Like the white of the lambskin apron it stands for the simple, the pure, and the harmless, the requirements of the Master Mason, who must give up forever the pomp and vanity of this world and seek to weave with his own soul that simple one-piece robe which marks the Master.

We can still see the lowly Nazarene in His spotless robe of white, a garment no king could buy but worthy of a god. This robe is woven by the daily actions of our lives, each expression weaving a thread, black or white, according to our actions and the motives which prompted them.

As the Master Mason labors in accordance with his vows, he slowly weaves this spotless robe out of the transmuted expressions of his energies. It is this white robe which prepares and sanctifies him for the robe of glory which can only be worn over the spotless, seamless garment of his purified life.

Now comes the moment when the candidate, purified and regenerated, begins to radiate the life powers of the divine. From him pour forth streams of light and a great aura of many colored fires surrounds him with its radiance. This wonderful garment of which all earthly robes are but symbols is built of the highest qualities of human nature, the noblest of ideals, the greatest of aspirations, the purification of bodies, the unselfish service to others. All these things build into the Mason spiritual pow-

ers which radiate as a wonderful body of living fire. This is the Robe of Glory, this is the garment of Blue and Gold, which shining out as a five-pointed star of light heralds the birth of the Christ within. Man is then, indeed, a Sun of God pouring out through the tubes of his own being the life rays which are the Light of men.

This spiritual ray, striking hearts that long were cold raises them from the dead; it is the living light which illuminates those still buried in the darkness of materiality; it is the power which raises by the Grip of the Lion's Paw; it is the Great Light which seeks forever the spark within all living things and finding it awakens again dead ideals with the power of the Master's word. Then the Master Mason becomes, indeed, the Sun in Leo and reaching downward into the darkness of crystallization and materiality raises his murdered Builder from the dead by the grip of the Master Mason.

As the sun awakens the seedlings in the ground, so this Son of Man, glowing with the Light divine, pours out from his own purified being the mystic spears of redeeming light which awaken the seeds of hope and truth and nobler lives in others where discouragement and suffering have too often brought down the temple and buried beneath its debris the true reason for being and the true motive for growth.

It is this robe which enfolds all things, warming them and preserving them with

its light and life as the glorious robe of the sun, the symbol of all life, bathes and warms all things with its glow. Man is a god in the making and on the potter's wheel he is being molded as in the mystic myths of Egypt. As his light shines out to lift and preserve all things, he accepts the triple crown of godhood and joins the throng of Master Masons who in their garments of glory, the Robes of Blue and Gold, are seeking to illuminate the darkness of night with the triple light of the Masonic Lodge.

Ceaselessly the Norns spin the thread of human fate. Age in and age out upon the loom of destiny are woven the living garments of God. Some are rich in glorious colors and wondrous fabrics, others are broken and frayed before they leave the loom. But all are woven by the Three Sisters, thought, action, and desire, which in the hands of the ignorant build around them walls of mud and bricks of slime, while in the hands of the pure of heart this living thread is woven into raiments celestial and garments divine.

Do what we will, we cannot stop the nimble fingers that twist the threads but we can take the thread and use it as we will. The wool may be red with the blood of others, it may be dark with the uncertainties of life, but if we will we may restore its whiteness and weave from it the seamless garment of a perfect life.

Blessed are they that know and know that they know, for they are wise; blessed are they who know not and know that they know not, for they can be instructed; cursed are those who know not and know not that they know not for they are foolish; cursed are they who know and know not that they know, for they are asleep, and who shall awaken them?

The Triangle on the Mason's Ring

ALL CREATED THINGS express themselves through a trinity as the Yod, the Eternal Flame, manifests through the triangle of differentiation. The triangle is used in practically all the Mystery Schools, representing the three outpourings of the Unmanifest. The triple scepter and the threefold crown also symbolize the same general principles. Radiating out from man, the equilateral triangle symbolizes:



First side—

Mastery of the celestial world—Heaven.

Second side—

Mastery of the material world—Earth.

Third side

Mastery of the denomiacial world—Hell.

Taking the three general divisions of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, as they are played out in nature, we find them symbolical in the religions and philosophies of the world of the following principles:

Heaven, the superior	Earth, balanced	Hell, the inferior
Above	Center	Below
God	Man	Demon
Spirit	Mind	Matter
Sulphur	Mercury	Salt
Brain	Heart	Procreative System
Fire	Earth	Water
Altruism	Balance	Egotism
To be raised	Equilibrium	To be Lowered
Light	Firemist	Darkness
East	South	West
Vitalization	Vitalized matter	Crystalization
Oxygeniza- tion	Blending	Carbonization
Regeneration	Generation	Degeneration
Light	Shade	Darkness
Thought	Heart Sentiments	The Strength of Hand

The Great Triangle of human existence consists of the powers that bring in, the powers which preserve, and the forces which take out. These three form the Trinity of religious thought and have been personified as three phases of the Godhead, namely:

The Father	The Son	The Holy Ghost
The Creator	The Preserver	The Destroyer
Brahma	Vishnu	Shiva
Odin	Balder	Thor
Blue	Yellow	Red

These three are expressions of God whose color is indigo and who manifests in this world through His Three Witnesses which we know as the Triangle.

To a Mason the triangle is symbolical of balance. It teaches him that as a student of the mystic and the occult it is his duty to balance and harmonize all of these series of extremes, each one of which is dependent upon the others. All opposites are dependent one upon the other for existence and the initiate is one who has blended and unified all diversity. These three sides of the triangle represent the three kings of the Masonic temple glorifying their God but they also become murderers and prison walls when they are perverted through human ignorance and the animal tendencies.

(To be continued.)

The Magical Mountain of the Moon

SCHOLÆ MAGICÆ TYPVS.



Ro. Vaughan. sculn.

From the Rare Work, "Lumen de Lumine" by Eugenius

Philalethes, London, 1651

A Letter From the Brothers of the Rose Cross

Concerning the Invisible Magical Mountain and the Treasure Therein Contained

EVERY MAN naturally desires a superiority, to have treasures of gold and silver, and to seem great in the eyes of the world. God, indeed, created all things for the use of man that he might rule over them and acknowledge therein the singular goodness and omnipotence of God, give Him thanks for His benefits, honor him and praise Him. But there is no man looks after these things, otherwise than by spending his days idly, they would enjoy them without any previous labor and danger, neither do they look for them out of that place where God hath treasured them up who expects also that man should seek for them there and to those that seek will He give them. But there is not any that labors for a profession in that place, therefore these riches are not found, for the way to this place and the place itself hath been unknown for a long time and it is hidden from the greatest part of the world. But notwithstanding it be difficult to find out this way and place, yet the place should be sought after. But it is not the will of God to conceal anything from those that are His, and therefore in this last age, before the final judgment comes, all these things shall be manifested to those that are worthy: As He Himself (though obscurely, lest it should be manifest to the unworthy) hath spoken in a certain place; there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed and hidden that shall not be known. We, therefore, being moved by the spirit of God do declare the will of God to the world which we have also already performed, (a) and published in several languages. But most men either revile or condemn that our manifesto or else waving the spirit of God they expect the proposals thereof from us, supposing we will straightway

teach them how to make gold by art or furnish them with ample treasure, whereby they may live pompously in the face of the world, swagger, and make wars, turn vultures, gluttons, and drunkards, live unchastely and defile their whole life with several other things, all which things are contrary to the blessed will of God. These men should have learned from those ten Virgins (whereof five that were foolish demanded oil for their lamps from those five that were wise) how that the case is much otherwise. It is expedient that every man should labor for this treasure by the assistance of God, and his own particular search and industry. But the perverse intentions of these fellows we understand out of their own writings, by the singular grace and revelation of God; we do stop our ears and wrap ourselves as it were in clouds to avoid the bellowings and howlings of those men, who in vain cry out for gold. And hence, indeed, it comes to pass that they brand us with infinite calumnies and slanders which notwithstanding we do not resent but God in His good time will judge them for it. But after that we had well known (though unknown to you) and perceived also by your writings how diligent you are to pursue the Holy Scripture and seek the true knowledge of God; we have also above many thousands thought you worthy of some answer, and we signify this much to you by the will of God and the admonition of the Holy Ghost.

There is a mountain situated in the midst of the earth or center of the world which is both small and great. It is soft also above measure hard and stony, it is far off and near at hand but by the Providence of God invisible. In it are hidden most ample treasures which the world is not able to value. This mountain by envy of the Devil who always opposes the glory of God and the happiness of man is compassed about with very cruel beasts and other ravenous

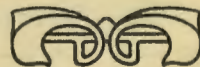
birds which make the way thither both difficult and dangerous: and therefore hitherto because the time is not yet come the way thither could not be sought after nor found out but now at last the way is to be found by those that are worthy but notwithstanding by every man's self labor and endeavors.

To this mountain you shall go in a certain night (when it comes) most long and most dark and see that you prepare yourself by prayer. Insist upon the way that leads to the mountain but ask not of any man where the way lies, only follow your guide who will offer himself to you and will meet you in the way, but you shall not know him. This guide will bring you to the mountain at midnight when all things are silent and dark. It is necessary that you arm yourself with a resolute, heroic courage lest you fear those things that will happen and so fall back. You need no sword nor any bodily weapon, only call upon God sincerely and heartily. When you have discovered the mountain the first miracle that will appear is this: a most vehement and very great wind that will shake the mountain and shatter the rocks to pieces; you shall be encountered also by lions and dragons and other terrible beasts but fear not any of these things. Be resolute and take heed that you return not, for your guide who brought you hither will not suffer any evil to befall you. As for the treasure, it is not yet discovered but it is very near. After this wind will come an earthquake that will overthrow those things which the wind has left and make all flat but be sure that you fall not off. The earthquake being past there shall follow a fire that will consume the earthly rubbish

and discover the treasure but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things and near the daybreak there shall be a great calm and you shall see the day star arise and the dawning will appear and you shall perceive a great treasure. The chiefest thing in it and the most perfect is a certain exalted tincture with which the world (if it served God and were worthy of such gifts) might be tinged and turned into most pure gold.

This tincture being used as your guide shall teach you will make you young when you are old and you shall perceive no disease in any part of your body. By means of this tincture also you shall find pearls of that excellency which cannot be imaged. But do not you arrogate anything to yourselves because of your present power but be contented with that which your guide shall communicate to you. Praise God perpetually for this His gift and have a special care that you use it not for worldly pride but employ it in such works which are contrary to the world. Use it rightly and enjoy it so as if you had it not, live a temperate life and beware of all sin, otherwise your guide will forsake you and you shall be deprived of this happiness. For know this of a truth whosoever abuses this tincture and lives not exemplary, purely and devoutly before man shall lose this benefit and scarce any hope will there be left ever to recover it afterwards.

This letter was written by the Brothers of the Rose Cross to Eugenius Philalethes and appears in his work now rare and out of date *Lumen de Lumine*, published in London, 1651, and in next month's issue we will consider the occult and Rosicrucian interpretation of this symbolical letter.



Atlantis, The Lost Continent

Very few people know of this wonderful land now one with the land of forgotten things for today there is very little to remind us of this ancient continent that was once so fair and greater even than ours in glory and beauty, a land filled with happy homes, with peasants, statesmen and philosophers, and all those things which we now think of in connection with the highest and greatest phases of life.

This great continent now lost, the great land of Atlantis, is now somewhere miles beneath the ocean and over it pass our great ocean liners and sailing ships. Strange sea creatures now play through the pillars of its ancient temples, weeds and mosses are twined around its ancient gateways, its libraries containing the sacred tomes of ages have vanished from the light of day and are now known only to the finny denizens of the deep, a land of desolation miles under the surface of the sea-blue waters, its wondrous arches thick with coral and its statues deep beneath the shifting sands of the ocean bottom.

In truth it is a continent that is gone, a land forgotten save by a few poets whose ancient songs tell of its vanished glory. Can we say that it is lost? No, nothing in nature can be lost, but great changes have come in the eternal program of divinity. As a land it is no more but as a memory it will remain forever in the soul of the mystic while the wondrous lesson that it teaches is well worth the glory that is gone.

Nature is like the changing surface of the sea and the waves that come and go. Today a thing is, tomorrow it is no more, but somewhere in the endless vistas of the infinite the thing that once has been shall always be. In a new environment, in settings changed, its life goes on manifesting the powers of the Creator. The broken flower is gone, not dead; it has vanished but is not lost. Somewhere mid stick or star it will bloom again. In other lands it will carry on its work of charming the eyes of the world and building ever more stately mansions and more complex organisms to give greater expression to its tiny life; its message is eternal and its life is without an

end.

In order to understand the sublime message and the wondrous mystery of Atlantis it is necessary to realize the indestructibility of all things, and while its continent now lies beneath the ocean its work still goes on, its memory remains, its finger prints are on the marble slabs of eternity. Its work is never done but when it needs new fields for its endeavors, nobler channels for its expression, it goes on to other worlds, to other lands, to other beings, and its empty, broken shell moulds from the sight of men.

Let us picture for a moment this lost continent inhabited by a strange race, a few broken remnants of which still wander the earth, tottering slowly towards the veil of oblivion. Here and there still walks a Red Man, the remnants of a dying people. The ancient Egyptian of the Pharaohs is gone and now there lives in his place another people; the glory of Egypt is crumbled to the dust and the Temples of the Rising Sun are buried beneath its desert sands. The ancient Red Man is fast vanishing from our midst, he is no more, his last great stronghold in the Western Americas has been broken and as a dying wanderer he passes silently into the eternal West. Many are they who have hastened the day of his destruction, many are there today who have upon their hearts and hands the blood of this ancient people. But the law works eternally and those who have helped to bring about the destruction of even the least of these ancient peoples shall live to see their own land in ruins, and the time will come when the white race shall lie down in an endless tomb to be listed with the forgotten, to be laid side by side with the mighty kings of Atlantis. But that does not concern us at the moment.

Let us picture the Red Man in the days of his glory. A few remnants of broken temples on the Peninsula of Yucatan, a few deserted altars amid the snow peaks of the Andes, here and there a lonely pyramid rising from a desert waste, a sphinx of stone that never speaks, a handful of dried bones, a few old philosophies and heaps of

broken stone, are all that is left to tell us of an ancient civilization upon whom the wrath of the gods was loosened and whose annihilation is practically complete. They had brewed their cups of poison which they themselves drained to the dregs. Their iniquity overflowed and they vanished as all must do.

Let us pass again back through the ages to the dawn of human thought, let us read again their record in the living powers of nature. As we gaze into the eternal mystery we see great mountains rise from the blue waters of the Atlantic; great plains clothed in verdure glorious appear from the darkness of the tomb; wondrous cities with twisting spiral minarets rise upward to the sky; colleges and universities paved in marble dot the fairest of all lands; great coliseums and amphitheatres, which modern man has never sought to build, rise out of the mists and bring back memories of days gone by. A beautiful land stretches before our eyes, a continent that blossoms as a rose, which extended all over that great area where now the mighty Atlantic rolls.

Far up in Iceland and Scandinavia, from Nova Scotia and Labrador, through banks of ice and snow great mountains rise, peopled with strange, wild beings. Further South the beautiful lands of the temperate zone rise out of the deep, from the British Isles to the coast of the United States, a great host of phantoms rise from the forgotten past, a mighty race of copper colored beings. Down through Egypt and South Africa they pass in steady streams; even through South America they wandered mid fertile fields which they tilled and over wondrous mountains that they climbed. A mighty race of happy, laughing people, strong of arm, great of heart, glorious in ideals. They were the Red Men that are now fast disappearing in the setting sun.

There amidst them great nations were established, princely governments were built, great universities spread knowledge to the corners of creation, kings and emperors in robes of silk and gold, in jewels and diamonds the heritage of gods, ruled over mighty peoples as numberless as

blades of grass.

Here there came into being the Priest Kings of ancient times; the divine servants of the gods with the snakes upon their brows ruled Atlantis in the days of its glory, for it was not a land as we know it but a world of demigods, a land of masters. Life as we know it now was very different in the world in which they lived. Their civilization was wild, massive, and grand. The ignorance of many but the divine wisdom of a few marked the civilization of that ancient Empire.

During those days great giants labored on the earth. Man was no puny being as he is today but stood rather like the one-eyed Cyclop gods of Homer and the strange beings of the Odyssey and Iliad. There the Frost Giants of Scandinavia walked the earth in the millions of years that are past. And the glorious, grand, and wonderful truth is, that these giants are not dead, the Hercules of myth still lives, the bodies have changed but so surely as these ancient peoples wandered the earth in the dawn of this day of creation so surely we are those peoples.

You and I have wandered amid the temples of Atlantis. The City of the Golden Gates has open its portals that we might enter. We are the ones whose footsteps sounded on its streets of marble in the days of the greatest race that yet has been. Row after row of pillars, mile upon mile of fluted columns, millions of domed roofs, marked the civilization of Atlantis. Then the pyramids were in their glory and the casing stones had not yet known the vandalism of neglect. On ancient tablets now lost, in languages forgotten were engraved the history of mighty things, of the world in its making, of the glory of gods and sages that walked with men.

You and I were there in the ages listed with the dead, we wandered through the pillars of the ancient temples, in the robes of glory we stood before the altar fires, we gazed down from the mountain tops in pride and glory upon the works of our hands. Stone by stone we built the City of the Golden Gates, we were the Atlanteans who raised temples on the mountain peaks to the glory of our gods. Through the ages we

labored, as slaves we have known the master's whip, as kings we have held the sceptre, and today we are living the things we once were as we raise our eyes and gaze into the future as of old from the mountain peaks of Atlantis.

In order that we may appreciate the civilization of the ancients, it is necessary for us to accept the great fundamental principle of the continuity of life. Those unwilling to accept this principle can never learn the mysteries of Atlantis, they can never know why that continent came and vanished again. In order to find the true reason, we must gaze back to the things we were and realize again how the altar fires in the temples burned low and dying buried beneath them the nations of the dead.

Let us try to picture one of the great Atlanteans,—his massive frame, his glorious brow, his eyes filled with the lustre of primitive life, unhampered by the ties which bury races, unbroken by the millstone of today's affairs, which in this land of ours are grinding human hearts to feed ambition. They had many things that we have lost, we have many things they never knew.

The reason for it all is that man must grow along many lines. If it were only necessary for him to have a glorious body and strength divine then the world would have ended with Atlantis or its end might have come in the days of classic Greece and the work would have been well finished, but there were other things to do.

Today we are the fifth great race of beings that have inhabited our world, the Atlanteans were the fourth, they lived their day and now have passed on to endless sleep, but the spirit continues its march eternal. Man has not yet reached the grandeur of Atlantis in the new civilization with which he works, but one day in the mystic future he will pass beyond anything that ever was before, and, having reached the heights of all, the white race will draw its shroud around it and vanish to make way for other peoples and other works, but the same spirits will remain.

Let us learn the lesson of Atlantis and build again in the mirror of the mind the

things that brought about its grand destruction in the seventh day of its creation. We are the breakers of new ground but 'ere we go on we must review the old, we must live again that great power of concrete thought which was the crowning genius of Atlantis, we must remember its philosophies and sciences. Then shall we be crowned with a new power to which end all races are striving,—the power of creative genius, the power of abstract thought, the power to unite, and that spiritual eye which sees the oneness of life and the brotherhood of man.

The keynote of Atlantis was the survival of the fittest, its great ones were great because the weak were weaker, but in our day a new power is being added. We have not yet reached the glory of the Aztec king before the coming of the white race, but we will reach it and pass beyond it with the great power of compassion crowning us more gloriously than ever, but, in passing, let us learn the lessons on the way.

Our world today stands as Atlantis stood, our buildings rise upward, their many towers pointing to the skies, our libraries are filled with ancient wisdom, our scientists and philosophers are exploring the mysteries of nature, again we fly through the air and under the sea, again we walk the path that Atlantis walked, but we must go on, we must survive to the glory of a greater work. The great birthright of every people is to labor with new things. This new world has dreams which Atlantis never dared to conceive and possibilities undreamt of by the men of old. But to do great things we must have the courage of conviction and the power to pave the way. You see we have other works to do in other ways. For a day we have forgotten the things we were, a veil conceals the past that we may learn the new thing in a different way. We are unfolding new powers, building new faculties, mastering new arts, creating new ideals.

The old soul, its years measured by the labors it has done, is now confronted with a great problem. It is our duty to take the best that Atlantis had to give, to learn the mysteries that Lemuria, now lost beneath the waters of Australasia, gave us in times

more ancient even than Atlantis, and use them as steps to build upon their top a new temple based upon the foundations of the old. To go higher, to reach ever heavenward, is the age-long cry of the mysteries. It is the same cry that sounded through the temples of Atlantis. It is the fulfillment of this inner urge that makes necessary new experiences, that bring new worlds out of the waters and causes others, their labors finished, to vanish from the sight of men.

In Atlantis many of the things we call sublime would have formed but kindergarten classes amid those ancient philosophers. White-domed temples of education filled Atlantis. Every city not matter how small was crowned by its universities and colleges and in the City of the Golden Gates were the divine sources of learning which initiated those who came out of the world into the way of the gods. We have taught many things they did not know but they taught things which today we cannot remember but still have hidden in our souls to be used again when the moment arises. Or mayhaps we were thoughtless then as we are now and today we little realize life because we never lived or studied it then. Therefore we wander through the mazes of religion, our spiritual teachers contradict each other eternally, and when we read the mysteries of Revelation we believe the writer must have written for himself alone. We wander betwixt sacred philosophies and moral ethics which are sealed truths that mean nothing to our souls. We were the drones amid the hives of learning as oftimes we are today, so now we know what we learned then and tomorrow we shall be known by what we learn today.

We can tell the world how to live but we cannot make them live it. Those who were told but did not practice, today know not the lessons that they might have learned.

There was in the City of the Golden Gates a temple dedicated to the worship of Light, the divine principle of human knowledge. This Light was served by the priestcraft, it was served also by the legislator, it was honored and adored by all the powers of that ancient land. From between the pillars of this temple came forth the Priest Kings. Here humbly before the altar

they prayed that the divine light from the seven stars might come down to them, but the years went by and materiality took the place of spirituality. Then came the hand-writing on the wall, the stars in their courses upon the heavens penned strange, celestial words upon the blue field of eternity, and the priests raising their crucifixes, cried, "Behold! the Sun-God is murdered, the Light is passing over into darkness!"

Then the great cataclysms came that shook this mighty people to the very foundations of their world. The savages from the North and South fought with the civilized people who tried to enslave and defraud them. They were driven back but the debt of blood was upon the hands of Atlantis and the priests of the ancient temples cried in the marketplaces, "With the spilling of blood Atlantis has sealed its doom!"

Its high spiritual ideals were buried beneath materiality, death and pestilence walked in its ways, degeneracy and lust overran its people, and its nations were drenched in blood.

There are many kinds of blood. There is that which comes from broken hearts, there is the life blood that pours from the soul, there is the blood of our fellowmen, and all this was loosened by the falling peoples of Atlantis. Again the warning of the gods broke upon it, its nations were split and torn, but more and more the black light took the place of the white. Slowly the divine Priest King lost his touch with God, his connection with divine powers which mold the destiny of worlds was broken, the priestcraft lost its sacred word, the name of the Living God; the light went out upon the altars; magic and sorcery took the place of the sacred mysteries and from the gods no longer flowed the life which makes nations live.

A new people was born out of the land of darkness to carry the dying fires and the Shekinah's glory out of the lost land. All glorious things it seems must sometime wither; all the flowers that bloom must one day fade. Blessed are those who know that the fading flower but marks the passing of a life to a more glorious work, for man need not be always in the trough of the sea but may step from the crest of one wave to the

crest of the next. So a new race was born to take charge of those who were true, and the Great White Brotherhood slowly formed a new people amid the falling temple pillars of the old, and the sacred Ark with the Cherubim sacred to the Lord passed slowly onward to the West. Around them gathered the faithful ones and the Great Light went out in the land of darkness which again was shattered by mighty cataclysms. Its people were torn by an unknown fire; none knew what that fire was for they had not read the handwriting on the wall; they had not heard the warning which the white-robed priests had spoken to them from the housetops nor the sacred words which were chanted from the temple steps for their ranklings and dissensions had drowned its note.

But the voice had sounded from the temples of Atlantis, saying, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." The Great White Brotherhood worked on however in a mysterious way and a new continent was unrolled for the chosen peoples, a great pathway was made in the waters and those who still served the noble and true passed onward into the promised land.

All that was left of the Continent of Atlantis was a single island. At last about 9000 B.C., or a little later, this dying remnant of Atlantis sank and in less than twenty-four hours millions of souls were freed from their molds of clay.

Now comes the problem. With all their arts and sciences crystalization crept in, which is the end of all that lives, the crystalization of thought, vitality, and growth. Nothing has to crystalize but all things do that stagnate. Today we face the same problems that brought about the destruction of Atlantis in the ages that are past. Our lands stretch out in peace and plenty and we too feel secure. Nothing, surely, can happen to us! Yet the moment no man knoweth. But one thing we do know, either the work must be done and done well, either the soul must learn its lessons or else new environments are necessary to make completion possible.

When we allow the fires upon our altars to die out, when we allow our higher be-

ings to starve, then we are failing in the great work. Then again will the thunderbolts of Jove be loosened and the eternal scythe reap in its harvest.

Let us consider some of the causes that brought about the destruction of Atlantis. The first was blood. All those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword and with the first drop of blood that man sheds comes the price,—his own must flow. Blood feeds the flames of passion and when the animal in man is fed he becomes as a ravening wolf and the Four Horsemen ride forth again on their journey of destruction. Only peace can bring peace and that must come from man himself. We are all the body of the Father, we are all the Christ in flesh, and when each of us does as he should things will prosper, not with the transcending prosperity that rises up and then disappears like a comet but with the slow, gradual growth that marks the spreading oak. Unless man learns the ways of peace the day is not far off when the blue waves will break over his homes and the Light will go on to other lands.

The second necessity of man is to find the lost art of beauty. Probably you do not know what beauty means, for beauty is a mystic thing. We can look at a man like Lincoln, as homely as the fence rails that he split, and yet there is beauty there. We can look around us and many are there whom we call handsome but beauty is not there. There is much prettiness but little beauty. As we look at the gods of Greece and Rome we find what the world has long called beauty, but when you look at the eyes you will find a blank for the sculptures did not fill them in. Few realize what beauty is or how subtle are its ways. None know it who have it; none realize who really possess it. It is something that shines out and molds man into an expression of itself. Gold trinkets, ribbons, and a powderpuff are not the secrets of beauty. Beauty is of the soul and we need more of it. We must have more of that beauty that molds form into the ideal. The eyes of form see the beauty of form alone but the true mystic realizes that the source of beauty is not the form, it is the soul that shines within. We may look over the world

at those who are now judged as the beautiful, the handsome, the distinguished, and yet always there is something missing, and it was the loss of that something that sank the Continent of Atlantis. We must have more beauty and the world must realize more and more that "Beauty is as beauty does." Never mind how perfect the form if the soul and mind be not there it is an empty shell. It is a dead thing without a reason for its being. The beauty of harmony based upon strength, the beauty of peace strong on the foundation of compassion, the beauty of purity supported by knowledge, is missing. It was missing with the later Atlanteans and if we would not follow in their footsteps we must find it again today.

We must mold our lives into that divine glory we seek under the name of Christ, into the grandeur that was found in the temples of the ancients where a beautiful life molded a body worthy of a Greek god. The beauty of compassion, of love, and of spiritual thought is sadly missing in the world today. It is the first to go. We hardly know when it goes; slowly it fades away and with it fades the strength of a people. Long before the inharmony breaks forth as a ravenous flood, this subtle something vanishes in the night. It is the handwriting on the wall, a warning to all who live, for when beauty goes with it goes the strength of a people. We can bring it back, this elusive thing, this Psyche, floating over the marshlands, veiled in a mystic haze, a something unseen but felt. It must come back, if our age is to reach the goal it seeks.

There is something else also that must return,—the universities of Atlantis must be built again. We must raise again the schools of learning, by learning how to live, for the ignorant are dead and there are none so ignorant as those who will not learn, there are none so blind as those who will not see. Yet we forget, but let this thought be in our minds, those who forget shall be forgotten. Our world is filled with forgetful people who forget by habit, they have forgotten so long that now they cannot remember, but in some way they must be helped to learn. We must understand the meaning of education, educo, to draw

forth, not to cram in, to bring out that which we have already built within. From the heart of our beings blaze forth the fires of Atlantis, in our souls is the history of peoples as we have lived it. We must remember it, we must draw forth that knowledge, for the great things we would build can only be raised upon the things we know. If we are to create dream castles in the ethers we must bring back again the power of dreaming. We cannot imagine that which we have never known or think of that which we have never been, therefore education means to draw forth and profit by the things that we have been and the lessons that we have learned.

This world must learn. If it learns as Atlantis did it will die, but if it profits by the lessons of Atlantis it will live, and each of us were the Atlanteans and have studied the lessons that can save our lands. It is no longer a problem of what we want to do, it is what we should do, it is what the duties of nature demand of us. In the name of the gods we must act. Let us remember the blood that sank Atlantis. Blood is heat, strife, and confusion. It is the life force of the universe, it is the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world, it is the power of a people. We must take the golden chalice and catching in it the life blood that now we waste return it to the altar of our God.

Then too we must have beauty, beauty of thought, glory of ideal. The loves of men must give place to the loves of God, the passions of our age must be transmuted into the compassions of the gods, form must give place to spirit, or again we shall be numbered with the dust.

We must have education, if we do not we shall find out to our sorrow that the strength of a people depends upon the knowledge that it applies; not upon hopes, wishes, or the willy-nilly blowing of concepts but upon the solid rock of truth must our nations stand.

Man is a slave of his fears, a servant of ignorance, and a grovelling wretch at the feet of the Unknown. He must rise and taking his light explore the recesses of each mystic cave. Each individual, if he does not know how to live, to eat, to think, must

find out; the gods will never tell him unless he hears the voices of the gods in the wisdom of his fellowmen. The way of knowledge, brotherhood, and service, the way of purity and truth, alone can liberate us from the wheels of birth and death. We may talk of our shortcuts, backdoors, second stories, patent medicine spirituality, canned religion, just-as-goods, etc., to say nothing of the advanced spiritual teachings which transcend common sense, but unless we live the life to which we aspire we shall be numbered with Atlantis.

It is more important to know these things by far than rounds and periods, for upon them rests life itself. We are governed by the laws of cause and effect and today we are building the causes which sank the Atlantean world and we can expect nothing better for ourselves. We must realize that the earth beneath our feet is indeed the Son of Necessity born that man may live. It will mold itself into the needs of man but his needs are seldom his wants. Humanity needs a good housecleaning but they do not want it, and it must either come about through our loving service and labors with our fellowman or the thunderbolts of Jove.

Let the spiritual fires of our universities rise from the planes of matter, let the grandeur of ancient Greece be ours, let us so live that we shall be a credit to creation and to the plan that brought us into being. As Luther Burbank converted the cactus with its prickly thorns into a nutritious food product by removing the sting, so let us transmute the powers of the people that they may rebuild and recreate. It is more important far to help someone who is not able to help himself than to have been cloistered for hours with the sages. We warn all occultists and true students that their place is in the world working and not in the temple praying, that their duty is to make the world their temple, to don the white armor of purity and ideals, and armed with the greatest of all weapons, which leaves no sting, the sword of truth, knowledge, and light, to go out and labor for the right.

We cannot escape the sorrows of the world but we can go out and change its tears to laughter and be in a happier world

that we ourselves have made.

So as we stand on the cliffs of lost Atlantis and see the restless sea breaking upon the shore and hear the dark waves which are like the surgings of a lost people, let us realize that they are our own broken lives and that our own voices speak to us from the depths of the waters salty with the bitterness of the tears of millions who allowed black magic to replace the true mysteries, even as we do today. Black magic means the perversion of things. When we use energy to destroy, when we tear down the dream castles of those we love, when we fill our lives with sordidness, we are black magicians. When we take the powers of God and use them to deceive our fellowmen, when we use the powers God gave us to free our souls, to cast down, then we are black magicians who have not learned our lesson from the sinking of Atlantis.

Let us open wide the gates, let the gates of brass swing open and man come forth. Let the tombstones be rolled away and the divine in man be released from the shackles that now bind him, let the divine in us be liberated, and Christ call unto the lower man, "Lazarus, come forth!" Let our ideals be gleaming lights upon the hilltops. We must tear up the thistles and briars before it is too late and plant flowers in their place and dedicate our lives to helping, serving, lifting, purifying, and glorifying, mentally, physically, and spiritually, all with whom we come in contact. We shall then be listed with the white robed Brothers, who, carrying the sacred relics, pass with them into the promised land.

A new race is to be born. Who will be its parents? There are few of earth who are ready to give to the new land a proper birthright. Let us remember once more the three things which bring with them the loss of all, the price of blood, the loss of beauty, and the perversion of education which sank an Empire greater far than our own, and that the same power will sink this continent unless in each individual peace and brotherhood takes the place of blood and hate, beauty of spirit replaces sordidness of life, and that great eternal light, knowledge, supplants human ignorance.

Books and Their Place in Occultism

OF ALL THE THINGS in the universe which mold themselves into the expression of individual likes and dislikes, there are none with such elastic consciousness as books for regardless of our feelings or the conditions which have colored the day we always find something congenial in the pages of a good book. There are no truer friends than volumes whose treasured contents have become etched into our souls. The average individual's idea of a friend is someone who will agree with them and a book is the most obliging of all. If you feel lazy the book will be most uninteresting, if you feel mean, meanness gleams from every page, if sarcasm holds you in its grasp every word of the author seems a satire, while if you feel hungry for a certain line of information the book is eager to give it to you.

Those who have found joy in reading and bringing into play upon their lives the wisdom of past ages as it is immortalized in ancient tomes have reached a great point in the growth of their being. But, above all, if we realize that the book gives to us that which we have given it, we then understand that mirrored in its pages are the thoughts and ideals of our own lives.

In reading ancient books we see pass before our mind's eye the thoughts of others brought down to us through the ages from races and cultures now extinct, yet to all of them we must give understanding through the light within our own soul and with the keys of our own being unlock their sealed pages.

There is no more wonderful place in all the world than the bookstores such as we find in the old countries, with rows and rows of musty volumes, where stepladders lead up to shades unknown, and ancient tomes some of which have slept upon their shelves since the days of Cromwell line the walls as far as the eye can see. The hands that wrote them are long since laid to rest and many an aged philosopher has put

them aside to wander in some distant land, yet the thoughts, ideals, and aspirations of thousands live again for posterity through the words in their books. They are dead and yet they live eternally in their thoughts and these thoughts live on through the ages in the leaves of their books.

We feel a certain reverence and awe as we enter one of these hallowed spots, the curiosity shops of the human mind. We can feel that the shades and shadows of author and poet hover still around the children of their genius. A subdued hush falls upon our being as we stand before a mighty book, for it seems that we are in the presence of a great and superior thing. Before us stands a throbbing brain stored with information and its old bindings seem to enfold the massive brows of philosophers.

As we go to various parts of these ancient shops we find many wondrous things, beautiful books illuminated with glorious faces and flowered letters by monks in their meditation, when lives were spent in the writing of a single work. Some are in ancient parchments, others in old block bindings, while a few here and there have been desecrated by the hands of man and their torn and tattered pages speak of the vandalism of human nature.

These old books bring back to us the days that are past and tie the breathing, living today to the yesterdays numbered with the dead. All these wondrous relics of thought recall sacred memories as they stand like silent headstones on the drooping shelves, for in truth bookstores are graveyards of the human mind. As cemeteries are filled with the children of men so these old book stores conceal in their numberless niches, shrouded in darkness, the children of human thought. But the thoughts live on eternally and within the rude coffins of their ancient bindings they wait to be liberated by those who love them.

Let us roll away the stones which mark their resting place and with the light of our own thoughts and the vision of our own lives carry on these beautiful truths. Many of them are the dying bequests of those who have given all for man, written at a time when every penstroke was a hardship, when to express a thought or an ideal was to court destruction at the stake or wheel. These books stand as living testimonials of the courage of great souls, for they are the last word to the world of poets and mystics, the dreamers of the ages who have suffered much and given all that their dreams might survive to posterity.

Good books, indeed, are treasures for the very soul of the author speaks through the pages that he wrote. Today, alas, books with great ideals and noble thoughts are few but in those days they were the labors of a lifetime and their every word was illuminated by the blood of the author. Every book has behind it a quaint pathos which is irresistibly fascinating to those students who have developed organs of veneration. Why should man not feel reverence as he clasps in his hands the life work of another human being who now lies silently in some little churchyard while the thing for which he gave so much rests undusted on the shelves?

If the clairvoyant could but go there he would see lives and wars, hates and fears, loves and sorrows, living again among the lives around him, speaking again from the silent walls while loving hands behind the veil still fondly guard the children of their souls.

There are many reasons why we should love to wander among these old bookstores and digging into the past bring forth these treasured writings, for in some mystic way they seem to whisper of the libraries lost in the darkness of the human soul. Among the mystics there are those who spend their lives in doing nothing but preparing and preserving ancient writings, and far from the sight of our ordinary lives these great souls have dedicated their beings to the transcribing again from the akashic rec-

ords of nature the mystic truths now lost to mankind.

The average individual does not know how to read a book, if he did he would not read so many. Reading is an art and there are few indeed who know how to glean the treasures from the printed page. Books have to be read as they were written, thought for thought, spirit for spirit, and to know the works of philosophers we must ourselves be philosophers. To understand the meaning of ancient truths our minds must be attuned to the souls who wrote them. One who really reads belongs to the realms of the immortals for every sentence is something to be lived for years, every thought a child entrusted to our care. Few, indeed, ever learn the mystery of the wondrous lives immortal concealed beneath their broken covers. An old book is an oracle which not only gives forth the thoughts of the author but whispers in the voice of the age in which it was written the living story of human progression.

The rows of ancient books that fill the curiosity shops of Europe sink into oblivion beside the cosmic library of human consciousness, the lost libraries of the human soul. Up in the dusty attic of the human brain is a room filled with ancient heirlooms, memories of a forgotten day, and in this room a library is stored away. It is not seen by everyone and even its existence is dreamed of but by few, but there you will find under the cobwebs of time the rare occult tomes of other days, the sacred books of mystery and magic, philosophy and art, which are missing from the bookshelves of the world. In this little room, stored away, are the lost library of Alexandria, the sacred books of the Incas and the Aztecs, and the mystic scriptures of the ancients. All these are the rightful possessions of every living soul. If only man would break through the dust of ages and enter once more that little room! This is the great library of thought, immortal in the human mind, and books are merely thoughts put on paper.

Each day we inscribe in the great Book

of Life the history of our world as seen through the eyes of the soul, each life we turn a page and store away the ancient manuscripts somewhere in the darkened attics of the past. As we walk the path that leads to greater understanding and the light within shines forth more brightly we find ourselves amid these ancient rooms, surrounded by these mystic tomes, and if we would read we have but to take them from their shelves and within their dusty pages is the history of our being. In the brain of man is an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and truth hidden away and accessible only to those who have found the

knock that will open the door. Millions of years man has been writing this library, tracing its letters in flames and tears. Some wonderful day we shall find this little room and there surrounded with the ideals of the past we shall know again the things that we have done and the powers that we have been. Then we shall realize that our labors have never been lost for in this great domed library of our own consciousness on records of living ether is stored away our every thought and action, and like the ancient volumes on the bookshelves we have but to take them out and read again the message they contain.

The Light of Asia

HERE IS no more beautiful character in the world than that of Buddha, immortalized by Arnold's wonderful poem, "The Light of Asia." As the Christian worlds, divided by so many barriers from the East, seek to walk the path that leads to Light, they oftentimes overlook this great Light which has shone on over half the known world and the wonderful message which he has given out to the children of men.

God works in many ways, through many vehicles, in many lands, but if there ever was one through whom the Almighty labored it was the Prince Sidartha, the Compassionate Lord of the Lotus. His teachings filled with truths divine in no way combat the principles of Christianity but rather give to the western world keys with the aid of which it may labor more successfully.

To this Great One we owe our greatest understanding of the doctrine of Reincarnation, one of the fundamental principles of spiritual growth. This hypothesis is generally neglected not because of its improbability but because it is so different from the accepted concepts which we have. There is no real reason for our disputing it; nowhere in our sacred Scriptures are there any words against it but in many places it

appears that an understanding of this law was taken for granted.

Reincarnation is the only concept of life which is universal in opportunity, personal in responsibility, impersonal as to environment, and all-promising in its possibilities. The accepting of this law, while it does not bring Heaven closer, forever dissipates the concept of Hell eternal, the bugaboo of the Christian religion. It gives noble incentive to greater labors, it promises sure rewards for work well done, it is socialistic in its concept, and the entire doctrine of Reincarnation as it has been presented by Buddha, the great Oriental educator and non-radical socialist, can be stated as follows:

The doctrine of Reincarnation teaches equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none, success being the reward for work well done and failure the result of indolence. Buddha, in giving to man this law, has presented the only concept of life which could be acceptable to a just Creator and still explain the inequalities of human consciousness.

Therefore we are grateful to the bearer for the Light which he has brought,—who brings it matters not for the Light is of Heaven. And as these concepts of life become universalized we shall recognize the Light of Asia as one of the Lights of the world.

"The Lost Keys of Masonry"

By

MANLY P. HALL

In this work an attempt has been made to dig from the ruins of Speculative Masonry the lost keys to the operative craft. In it the three degrees of the Blue Lodge are taken up separately, their requirements explained and the real meaning of the Masonic allegory given out for the benefit of Masons and Masonic students. The book contains a preface by a well-known Los Angeles Mason.

The following headings are discussed in the work:

- 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."
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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.

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