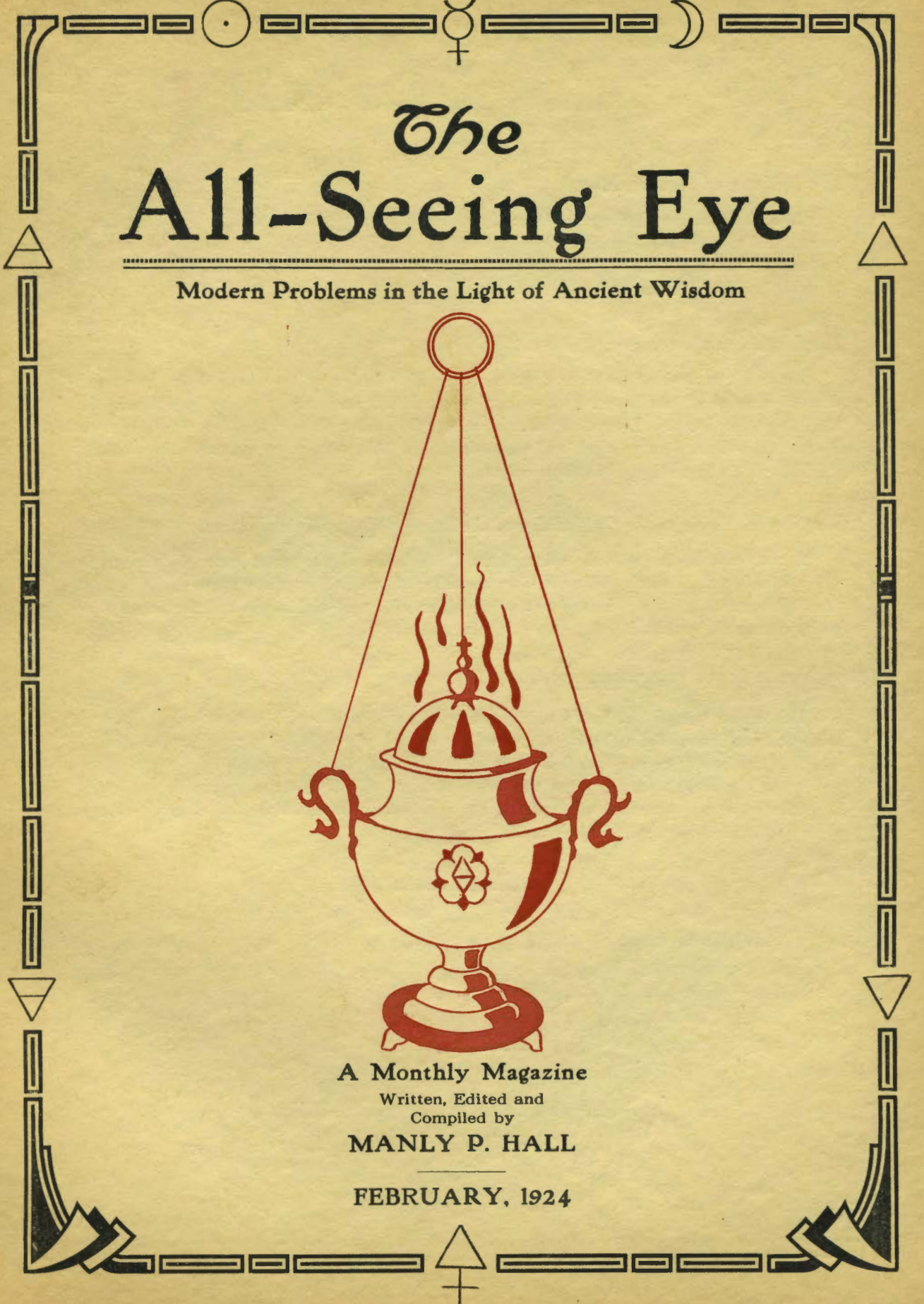


37



The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

FEBRUARY, 1924

Books by Manly P. Hall

The Initiates of the Flame.

A book dealing with the seven great branches of occult philosophy as they have been perpetuated through the Fire Schools of the ancients. Of interest to occultists, Masons and students of comparative religion. It contains about 100 pages bound in full cloth, stamped in gold. Profusely illustrated.

The Lost Keys of Masonry.

An occult analysis of the three degrees of the Blue Lodge as they have been preserved since the time of ancient Egypt. Preface by Reynold E. Blight, lately of exalted position in the 33rd degree of Masonic Lodge. Illustrated with a four-color plate of the Masonic degrees on the human body and other black and white drawings. About 80 pages, printed in two colors, solid board binding, stamped in three colors.

The Sacred Magic of the Qabbalah and the Science of the Divine Names.

A text book dealing with the spirit of the Qabbalah and the great natural laws upon which it is based. Entirely different from anything of its kind on the market at the present time. It contains a chapter devoted to the exposition of ceremonial magic and the secret allegories concealed beneath it. Art paper binding, about 50 pages.

The Ways of the Lonely Ones.

This is the last of Mr. Hall's writings, the first edition of which was entirely exhausted in about three hours of distributing time, and the second edition is being rapidly exhausted.

This is a purely mystical work dealing with the heart side of occult philosophy and appealing to the intuitive rather than the intellectual mind. It contains a number of occult allegories expressing the spirit of the ancient philosophies. It contains 64 closely written pages and is nicely bound in boards and stamped in blue.

None of these books are for sale but may be secured directly from the author upon receipt of voluntary contribution. These publications are expensive and the ability to continue their distribution depends upon the cooperation of those desiring them. They are not sold.

Address all orders to MANLY P. HALL
P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, Calif.

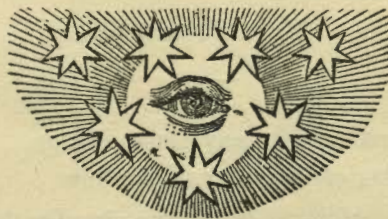
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 4



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

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

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

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted but permission to copy may be secured through correspondence with the author.

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEM	2	OCCULT FICTION	
EDITORIALS		Man Who Found God.....	13
The Philosophy of the Absolute.....	3	The Dance of the Devas.....	17
General Grump	7	The Homage	20
BROTHERS OF THE SHINING ROBE		HUMAN INTEREST STORIES	
(Continued)	9	Little Church Among the Flowers.....	26
QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT	19	SPECIAL ARTICLES	
LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT.....	12	Herbs	24
		ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS	31

THE CONSTANT THINGS.

By a Prison Poet

FAME and wealth may come and go,
The lights of splendor flicker low
And sometimes die; but the simpler things—
The sitting-room where the laughter rings,
The mother's smile and her cheerful song—
Are seldom swayed by the moving throng.

These are constant! The man may lose
The place he holds and the world may choose
To flatter the skill of a younger hand,
But the walls of home for him shall stand;
And if he has builded his life for them
He shall still have friends—though the world condemn.

The great may sometimes lonely be
But he has glorious company
Who comes at night to his dwelling place
Where his boys and girls may romp and race;
There—though bitter his fight and grim—
Are loving hearts who believe in him.

He has friends for the night and day,
For the mountain climb or the level way,
Who writes his life in the smiles of those
Who watch for him at the journey's close.
Of all life's friendships these few are
Beyond the sham of the world to mar.

EDITORIALS

The Philosophy of the Absolute

HERE are two kinds of people in the world—people with a vision and people without a vision. Those people with a “vision” who claim to have surrounded the Absolute are those without a vision. So first of all let us take up an argument in defense of the Absolute. If any human creature knows all there is to know, the Absolute is not very wise because the more we hear about Him from His disciples among men, the more foolish traits, the more idiosyncrasies, and more lopsidedness we find attributed to Him. The man who says “I know all there is to know” is making either a fool out of God or an egotist out of himself.

We have a large group of people who are personal friends of the Infinite, have been properly introduced to the Unknowable and spend their week ends (heads) in conflag with the Definitionless Abstract. There are several types of people who know this Absolute. Some of them are inclusive and some of them are exclusive. We have a certain amount of patience for the inclusive absoluter but the exclusive absoluter excludes the Absolute. It is this certain group of people who are not even willing to know what God knows, and have long left such ordinary ignoramuses as the Father, Son and Holy Ghost far in the rear. They speed by the cosmic Logos in their twelve-cylinder Rolls-Rough with a “Ta! Ta” to the Universal Creation. They glide by eighty-two thousand hierarchies of Devas, Chohans, Mahachohans and Rishis without even condescending to consider them, they step from star to star leaving thin trail of blue smoke behind them from the exhaust of their intercosmic velocipede (said tail stream is now called the Milky Way). They are headed for the Footstool of All There Is, dissolved in All That Is Not. They are true Star-Rovers (with apologies to Jack London). The gods of their fellowmen are pigmies unworthy to notice; they have found that

which is not, yet is and ever shall be; their mind is dissolved into unison with the cosmic void and they have attuned their body and consciousness to the low pressure area of the Absolute.

They no longer worry as to what they shall eat, nor what they shall wear, nor how they shall speak nor in whatsoever manner they shall perpetuate themselves or propel their personality. Their minds are on the mystic ethers of the divine Is-ness—naught else will interest them nor fill the aching void between their ears. They are the living contradictors of visible and tangible things, they have made the solidity of nature a vacuum while they have asphalted the Absolute and made of the Abstract a solid concrete dietary as brainless as they are.

Now let us take a careful analysis of the mental caliber of the Star-Rover and find who composes these seers and sages who have left creation to its own destruction and sailed to salvation on the pinions of their mentality (mostly opinions.) We will analyze the stock which flavors of the divine wisdom of ages, like onions flavor soup—those people who have become tired of terrestrial things and who consider the universe to be the divine failure and they the successes.

One of our leading absoluters, who has shaken hands with a non-existing entity and has defined the depth of Is-Not, is Mrs. Patricia Murphy whose husband runs the local barber shop. Mrs. Murphy was born with a vision. She does not know the occipital frontalis muscle from the Latin word for broom handle but in spite of this she has the vision; she has not the slightest idea of what God has ever done but she knows Him personally. She has told a number of her friends that she has traced French pastry back to the first outpouring and is quite confident that the Absolute's gray whiskers are made of icing. This is her total idea of the Absolute. She does not know the meaning of any of the episodes

that surround her in life, she has been careful not to consider them for fear that she might be enveloped in the vale of Maya and lose her personal touch with the abstract. Her idea of the Absolute is a large round dark hole for she has absolutely nothing in her own brain to fill it with. But she admits that there is such a hole and by so doing becomes "saved."

The second member of this celestial trinity we are considering in our little spasm is Gluck McFag, a well known disciple of things vacuumized. He has come into the light by realizing that there is not any and by so doing has proved that there is. This is a little problem in celestial mathematics based upon the fact that if you have something, it isn't while if you lose it it comes back. (Undoubtedly Pythagoras would have enjoyed this system). In other words, we glorify God by proving that His manifestations are foolishness, we worship Him as an Individual who spends all His time making mistakes and filling the universe with a series of unnecessary nonentities that through them we might learn how good He is (another mathematical problem with apologies to Euclid.) But let us return to this error of the mortal mind commonly known as Gluck McFag. According to all the lights of absolute reasoning, Gluck does not exist at all and not being himself is capable of being blended into the eternal Vacuum. Socrates, we believe, attempted to solve the problem in the same way but finally got so twisted up that he took hemlock so he could have another brain a little later. He lost the brain he had trying to find a round hole in the center of a depthless opening.

Gluck is our leading haberdasher and necktie vender. He sells collar buttons, arch supporters and imported suspenders with great ease and fluency and is considered a leading light in the affairs of earth. He is not a very highly educated man.

One day a friend came up to him and said, "Gluck, give us your definition of the Absolute," whereupon he opened the front door and threw his chest out and with great gusto gave a scintillating description of Henry J. Ain't, commonly known as the Absolute.

"The Absolute," says Gluck, "is that ever-

existing emptiness surrounded by its own outpouring all of which are unreal. The center of this emptiness is in the middle and around the edge while it is bordered by its own commencement." Whereupon said friend was deeply impressed.

"What does it look like?" he asked then.

"In order to see it," was the answer, "you must close your eyes in a dark room and look at the inside of the lids."

Is it intelligent?" asked the friend.

"No. no," said Gluck, "intelligence is all illusionary. If it had the power of reason it would be false, if it could see it would be unreal."

"Oh-h-h! I think I grasp its import. In other words, it is but it isn't.

"Ah-h-h," answered Gluck, "your powers of erudition are in perfect line with the reality of things. I talk with the Absolute every night."

"How do you do it?" marveled the friend.

"Why I come into the realization that what is is not and what's left afterwards is."

Said friend was duly impressed, bought a five cent collar button and called it a day.

The crowning glory of our trinity of unrealities is Professor Alpha Episolom the one who has impregnated the community with this divine misunderstanding. He is the branch of mistletoe which hangs above the arch of spiritual wisdom, the original discover of the Absolute. Someone came along and out absoluted him whereupon he blossomed forth with the super-absolute which is the dot in the center of the hole in the middle of the blank. If anyone out-supers him he will probably discover the absolute-absolute which has not been bothered with yet, being the hole in the center of the dot which is the center of the vacuum surrounded by the blank of the previous chapter. Prof. Episolom has a falling upper plate and a celluloid collar. When he moves, like Mark Twain, he travels in a cigar box. Prof. Episolom is the one who can tell you all about something which he admits does not exist and is the only real thing because it does not exist. We think our friend Diogenes must have been looking for this a while ago but we understand

his light went our somewhere along the line.

Professor will bring you into union with Isn'tness if you will cross his palm with Is, the exchange of Is benign absolutely important to the realization of Isn't. Prof. Episolom is the keeper of the vincular at the lower end of which we start on our choice journey to the upper end which is resting upon a hypothetical vacuum. Prof. Episolom is in a position to express himself upon the reality of things because he has learned to know the folly of knowledge and his first great instruction is that to think is excessively dangerous to the realization of the plan because if pursued this path will speedily separate you from him which would result in a decline in his finance. Prof. Episolom is a master of abstraction but the greatest abstraction which he is capable of doing is to abstarct money from a sealed pocketbook.

Now what is the philosophy of the true Absolute? Let us analyze this problem in a rational, sensible manner. Every time an individual has an idea these days he forms a new religion, every time he has two ideas it splits up and fights itself, so nothing reasonable is ever arrived at. The Absolute is not a new discovery and the existence of the Supreme Unformed as the hypothetical base of formation is accepted in every religion of the world. Undoubtedly there is an absolute cause, the perfect base of impermanence from which all things came and to which they shall return, therein completing the gamut of their existence. The abstract is the divine Atma, the definitionless base of all definiable things. From the invisible Cause-all pour the shadow-shapes of effects which play out in the world of mortality the divine chess game of the Infinite.

Why were these sparks projected into matter? Why is the universe peopled with great Hierarchies of evolving individualities, which Spencer called the infinite diversities of unity? Is not this the battle-field upon which man learns to know one little stage, one little step in his ultimate growth? Who then knows the Absolute in fullness save Him who is the master of the gamut of His manifestations? Who shall know the reality save the Reality itself?

There is an absolute God, the changeless

base of ever-changing expression, neither male nor female nor both, neither high nor low nor both. This infinite Cause-all, this self-knowing One, who yet recognizes Himself only through His manifestation—this One is the Absolute. He is to man absolutely unattainable for between Him and man's consciousness there is a void, a gap, which eighty-two thousand hierarchies of celestial beings cannot span. The gods of solar systems and the gods of cosmic schemes themselves know not the Light nor the source thereof.

The doctrine of the Absolute is a true one but it is one of those truths which is worthless at this stage of evolution. There is no constructive application for it for there is no sense of consciousness in the soul of man that is capable of even knowing the hem of Its garment, let alone to grasp Its magnificence.

If some one told you they had a billion pennies and another told you they had five billion pennies, what picture would you have in your mind? All you could say is that one had more than another. Man is incapable of mentally differentiating between a million, a billion, a trillion, a septillion or a quintillion. It is just "a lot more," that is all.

When we try to realize that in this Kosmos of ours there are more solar systems, universes, chains, globes and spheres than there are atoms in the bodies of creation then it looks rather big. They are not counted by octillions they are counted by hundred octillions of octillions and many times that. The Milky Way is made up of universes many times larger than our own, each tiny spark a chain containing limitless evolving atoms. What child is there born of earth capable of expressing or knowing or imagining the qualities of the limitless Intelligence that governs these things? The human mind is absolutely incapable of attempting the struggle.

To try to define the Absolute is to defile It and to deny It. The dreaming saviour, saint or sage is unworthy even to whisper it. Gods themselves dare not breath it for even His Eldest Sons have never lifted the hem of His mantle. And yet there are people who might be respectable burglars (which would be infinitely superior to being disreputable bunglers which they are at the present time), who

rave about that of which they know not, and cast lots for garments that Gods dare not dream of. With the puny intelligence of a grain of sand they seek to show the stuff that gods are made of.

It is a foolish waste of time and if persisted in will inevitably result in insanity for the brain is not capable of juggling such tremendous units of intelligence.

There is but one path by which the Absolute may be reached and that is by following the winding stairs of human progress, upward and upward, until finally it achieves union with its source of being. The labors of man in this world period are not to produce gods but to produce human beings and the student of the Absolute would be far better off if he would try to be a credit to the human race instead of spending his time trying to discredit the Unknowable. He does the best he can but he cannot find in the universe that which he is not, therefore the Absolute becomes full of whims and fancies placed there by those who seek to know Him but could only reflect from His subtle shield their own souls.

The world needs people to be truly human, to learn how to master and express the truly concrete qualities which we are here to build. We must have the dreamer and the sage but he must dream dreams to serve his brother man and not try to build with his own feeble imagination a creature which even gods dare not to imagine. Our modern thought is wandering from the field of practical things into the vistas of impracticality. If we are to attain the acme of this race, let us realize that to be perfect human beings is the ultimate of our goal and that godhood is not the perfection of human beings.

The most glorious concept in the world today is the concept of the perfect man. That dream is attainable. By labors it may be made practical, by conscientious living it becomes a reality, and if people who spend their time quoting the is-ness of Am would leave their intellectual stimulants alone and go out into the world to manifest the is-ness of their own spiritual consciousness by being cleaner, better and truer than their brother man, the Absolute would be perfectly able to take care of Itself. A hundred million years from now,

with his greatest effort, man will only be a shade closer to the Infinite. But that shade is everything, for in eternity time is dissolved in works.

And still the Absolute remains veiled in the mantle of His own obscurity, untouched, unfathomed, and undreamed of by those who call His name but do not know His spirit. He slumbers in the infinite void of being, the baseless All. In Him the worlds spin and move while man dwells as an atom in His formless body. Worlds and universes are but cells in His endless being and no man shall ever know Him for He is wrapt in the robes of His own omnipotence. 'Tis blasphemy to strive to rend this garment, a blasphemy which gods dare not assail; but man, puny in his own strength but great in his egotism, assails to do that which gods do fear and as a fool to walk the path where wise men dare not tread. He could walk to the ends of Chaos and yet the sweeping folds of the Infinite would remain concealed. His duty is not to unveil the Absolute but to nourish and feed one little spark within his own soul. That labor is too great for him, why then should he assail the Wheel from which the Sparks are born? As he cannot temper the steel of his own spirit, why should he attempt to wield the sledge hammers of Vulcan? His own character is more than he can govern, why then should he seek to govern the Infinite? His modesty is his strongest virtue and those who assail to storm the temple of the Absolute are shorn of their virginity and are gowned in the robes of egotism.

Let the Absolute slumber in its death-like stillness, let the Unknowable remain unmoved in His meditations, for His meditations are the universes and worlds dropping as pearls from His lips. Let the servant be found among men to carry on the work of keeping these pearls in sanctity and reverence, worrying not of their source. For how shall man, with a mind of matter, carry the thoughts of eternity and live?

Close down the veil lest passing through too soon the Flame should destroy all. Teach man to live, to love, to labor and to grow; teach him to better fulfill the labors of the

(Continued on page 11)

General Grump

THE scene of this little narrative is in an old soldier's home and its leading character is an old Civil War veteran who has for years been known as General Grump. His pension indicates the fact that he was never higher than a private in the rear ranks, but his imperious temperment, his bossitive ways, and his grumpitive personality has gained for him the name and title which he now bears. He has been in the Soldier's Home for many years, stamping around and complaining—something is the matter all the time. We must try and draw a picture of General Grump for you.

He is about five-foot-ten high and five-foot-ten wide, he has small beady black eyes set under heavy over-hanging brows, he slouches when he walks, and can scarcely open his mouth without profanity issuing forth. He stamps his cane and his white chin-whiskers stand straight up when anyone around him has anything cheerful to say. His favorite expression is: "This is a helluva world!" He is always taking the joy out of life for the rest of the inmates and those quiet, peaceable old folks who like to gather around the check-board or play solitaire are eternally disturbed by the General who stalks about, pounding on the floor with his cane, cussing everyone in particular and life in general.

Everything seems to have gone wrong with the General; he is the most abused man that ever lived and admits it; he has always suffered from tough luck and now, as his eighty-first year draws to a close, we find him with a mean disposition as the only product of his life, with various forms of profanity and tough luck tales as the by-products.

In other words, General Grump is a born grouch, his grandfather had been a grouch before him, and his father, Silas, had been known as Hard Cider for years, his name so changed to suit his temperament. General Grump kicks at the beans, swears at the bread, and cusses the service until he bids fair to out-grouch ten generations of ancestors..

So he is the hero of our little life-drama.

One day after rising from the table and passing out onto the steps that led down to

the driveway, General Grump saw a carriage winding up past the stacked muskets which ornamented the front door of the Soldier's Home. There were two people in the carriage but only one of them is of especial interest to us and that is Uncle Ben. Of course you do not know Uncle Ben so we will have to go into details here also.

Uncle Ben had been a captain in the Civil War and in that war he had lost one arm, one leg, and both eyes, and in the years since he had gone his way the best he could. Uncle Ben had not seen the world since 1863 and now, more than eighty years old, he was coming to the Soldier's Home when the death of his only child had left him no home in the world. With his crutch and cane and the assistance of his companion, a county official, Uncle Ben slowly climbed the steps and entered the office of the Home where, in due form and time, he was established. Thus entered the most interesting inmate of the Soldier's Home.

It was several days after this that Uncle Ben and General Grump met, both sitting in broken-down easy chairs on the porch.

"This is a helluva life," grunted General Grump, "it looks like rain. It has looked like rain for the last two weeks—wish to hell it'd rain!"

"Does it look like rain?" asked Uncle Ben, "you know I haven't seen a cloud since they gathered over Gettysburg and that was a long time ago."

"I told you it was a helluva life," answered General Grump, his brows contracting and the corners of his mouth going down.

"I don't know," answered Uncle Ben, "I ain't had a lot of trouble in my time. I can't say its so bad. I have learned many things in these years of darkness and many things that I have not seen I have felt. Now you, sir—I cannot see you but I know you have a kindly face."

"Well if you do, you're the first feller that ever did," answered General Grump.

"All the world looks kindly to me. In all the years that I have hobbled through life,

broken and lame, I have always heard kind words, there has always been someone to help, and the world has been good to me. And life hasn't been so hard, either. You know, even though I lost my eyes and one hand, I used to get work. They were always willing to help me—I've been very fortunate. I have been rich in the love of my children who stayed with me and loved me until they too were called. Indeed, I have been very fortunate all these years."

"Uh-h! I haven't been fortunate," answered General Grump, "treated me like hell!"

"Are you blind too?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Nope."

"Then how fortunate you have been and how thankful you should be that you went through that great war. You have been able to see your loved ones. I could only know mine when I ran this hand over their faces. You should be very happy."

"Aw, hell!"

"Did you lose your arms or legs?"

"Nope."

"You were not injured, then?"

"Hell, no. I wish they'd killed me."

"I suppose it is wrong," said the kindly old man softly, "to be jealous but somehow, brother, I envy you. You can see the world and I cannot, you can walk around and I cannot, you can work and I cannot. I suppose it is human that I should envy you. There is only one thing about you I do not envy and that is your voice. That does not sound pleasant. I fear you are not happy. You have all that God gave you, and I was broken before the work was well begun, but let me tell you, brother, I have been content. While the world outside means nothing to me, I live in a different world—a world of make-believe, a world I have made for myself. Wherever I go the sun is shining, though others tell me it rains; whoever I meet is smiling, though others tells me they weep. All the world is such a wonderful place and I, all these years behind my prison walls, have never been able to reach it, but I have made a go out of it

and everything seems good. In the silence of my life I have thought for I have had few companions but my thoughts and the voices of my children. During all these years when sleeping and waking all was dark I have dreamed and I have dreamed the infinite dreams. These darkened eyes have seen things that mortal eyes shall never see, this broken form has come closer to living than those who have all. Brother, do not be despondent. You have so much to make you glad, you have so much more than I have that it ill behoves that I should cheer you. And yet, let me tell you this:

"We live in a world of our own making and this world that I have made is just as real to me as it is to you. Through all these years I have never lost sight of the goodness of things. On that bloody field of Gettysburg where the bursting shrapnel closed my eyes forever, I saw many things. I then saw the uselessness of hate, the fruitlessness of discord; I saw that man, not God, made sorrow; and if he made sorrow he can make joy too. Listen, brother, through all these years of darkness I can still sing the songs I used to know."

And then the old man's voice broke out in a tune of long ago, an old plantation song, the song of the farmer and the workmen that sounded through our nation in the sixties. His voice was thin and cracked and, true, there was not much tune, but there was a great joy in the voice.

"See? I can sing as I used to," and Uncle Ben's eyeless face broke into a merry smile. "I can remember how they used to sing those when I was a boy. How glad I am that I have memory, for I have little else! I suppose God has been good to me and while others' memories fail them, the scenes of my youth grow clearer every day and I can see the blue sky and the singing birds." The old man's hand reached out and fumbled for the hand of the other.

"Brother, be glad and smile with me! Our time is but a little while. The world will smile with you, brother, if you will but smile too." The old man's face lighted up with something akin to inspiration and his very presence seemed to breathe light and truth.

(Continued on page 11)

Brothers of The Shining Robe

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Return From Glasgow.

Three days after my arrival in Glasgow, my work completed, though possibly not as satisfactorily as might have been desired, I boarded a night train to London. I was the only one in the compartment and, as the efforts of the previous days had been heavily exhaustive, I perched my feet upon the seat across and sought to catch a few winks as the train roared through the night. Somehow I have never slept very well on trains and this particular evening was no exception to the rule. I fidgeted and tossed, trying to find a comfortable position while each rut and groove in the track registered throughout my whole nervous system like the blows of a sledge-hammer. One foot went to sleep, I got up and stretched, then the other one ceased to function. There crept over me a wave of decidedly undesirable and far from spiritual thoughts, dealing generally with the principles of misery and especially that phase of it which applied to riding in British coaches.

About half past two in the morning I could not keep my eyes open for a moment longer, I felt things around me getting more and more distant in spite of my every effort to remain attuned to them, and at last with a heavy lurch I sank in the corner of the seat into a troubled sleep. I do not know how long I remained in this condition but it could not have been very long before I became inately conscious of the fact that someone had opened the window. A breath of cold air, laden with that ever-present scent of Scottish moorlands, was blown in across my face. I felt chilled from head to foot and, do what I would, I could not seem to regain sufficient control over myself to move or even cry out.

Suddenly, as I lay there in this lethargy, the train struck an unusually severe rut. It seemed that the car-track must have been tied up in a figure eight. It threw me off the seat and down into the narrow foot-space of the compartment. This thoroughly awakened me and I sat up, two feelings uppermost in my mind. The first was of anger against the rut

and the second was an appreciation of the fact that it had brought me out of this stupor over which I apparently had no control. I sat up straight and determined to remain awake the rest of the night, but I had hardly made the resolution before I felt my head dropping and the fixed objects in the little compartment started to going round and round, tying themselves into elaborate bow-knots.

"Here, here," I said to myself, "this won't do!" I knew enough of things occult to realize that an influence was being exerted against something or someone, and that either through design or accident I was receiving a series of narcotic rays from somewhere in the universe. Even though the realization was firmly fixed in my mind, it just seemed that I could not stand up, nor could I move, and slowly the power to think was leaving me.

With a Herculean effort I rose to my feet, though I seemed to float rather than to walk; I swayed for a second with the lurching of the car and then fell in a crumpled heap, half on the seat half on the floor of the compartment. As I fell darkness reached up around me, and the power of think or to even know that I existed slowly departed from me.

Just when it seemed the last flickering light was dying out a great flaming bubble burst around me, filling the entire environment with gleaming pink and crimson flashes, and at the same instant a voice spoke in my ear:

"Pull yourself together man."

Then I was grabbed by the nape of the neck and yanked to my feet by a hand which I could not see because of the bleared condition of my senses; an arm braced me and held me for a second, the door of the compartment was opened, and I was hurled from the train out into the night. I struck a soft dirt embankment where, stunned and bruised, I rolled to the bottom and lay face downward in a thicket of branches. I remember faintly the flashing light, the streaming, flaming smoke of the locomotive and the rumble of the cars—then all grew dark around me.

When I came to myself I was lying in the spare bedroom of a small English manor-house, aching from head to foot and so dizzy that I could not look at any object without it spinning round and round like some gigantic pin-wheel. The room was empty and, as I learned afterwards, my nurse, an elderly Welsh woman, had gone out to prepare some barley gruel for one who seemed in such a critical condition.

As I lay looking upward at pink and white baby roses on the wallpaper, trying to piece together the incidents of the previous day's experience, the well-known form of the aged Hindoo adept appeared beside me. I recognized him, yet in some way he was changed. The long flowing gray robe which I so loved to see him wear had given place to a clean-cut modern military uniform. His head, so long graced by the turban with its streamer of silk, now carried a military helmet with a long horse-hair plume down the back. But the eyes and face remained the same.

"You have had another very close call," he murmured as he stood beside me for a second. "Fifteen minutes after I threw you from that coach last night the entire car was burned up by an unexplainable fire in which wood and metals together were melted into a shapeless mass. No hand lighted that fire, it just burned out of nothingness, and the tongues of flame leaped from stick to stick, fed by the vital body of an unseen presence. In black magic there is a law and that law decrees that all who stand between evil and the accomplishment of its power must be bought off, frightened off, or killed off. They have tried to buy you but to no avail, they have sought to incriminate you but you stand, firm as a thorn in the flesh of tradition. Having failed to attain victory through either the power of the first or of haunting fear, the black ray resorts to destruction in order to silence the power which must some time destroy it. Therefore I suggest to you that you not only exercise great watchfulness but also surround yourself by the walls of force which you have been taught to build in the temple, that these streamers of injury may not attain their end. A great power was battling with you last night as it has battled with the great-

est souls that ever came into the world—a clenching power that strangles out consciousness and leaves nothing behind but lifeless clay—the power of one man's will upon another.

"When a great master of wisdom succumbs, as one occasionally does through egotism or selfishness, the result is a godly intellect gone wrong, a divine fiend, a super-human devil who, soulless in himself, ensnares the souls of men that light shall never triumph for in the triumph of light is realized the end of the reign of darkness.

"People have a great idea that in virtue alone lies strength, but this is not always true. The bull has neither ideality nor a consciousness of union with light, and yet his rushing blows and the goring of his horns destroy as surely as the bullet. It is the strength of individual omnipotence and the power of one over another that counts. While in the eternal plan of things right always wins, yet in the little world we see around us might rules right with the rod of iron. The one whose mental fingers and streams of spiritual force nearly destroyed you last night was once a great brother, noble and esteemed of men, although today he plays the villain in the drama. He is stronger than you are even, though his powers be evil and yours be good; and were it not that, being true, you are guided and guarded by the Elder Brothers you could not stand for a moment against the power of this demented genius for with the sheer strength of organic quality he could swamp you beyond any hope of retaliation.

"But remember, in your work three weapons will forever be turned against you and these three you must ever be prepared to meet. First, you will be lured away from the tasks which you have been appointed to perform because the powers of darkness will people the earth with sirens to lure you from your labors. The powers of darkness seldom strike from without but usually play upon weak points in the character of the individual himself and, through the false power which they gain through the knowledge of that weak point, they twist the lives of others to the fulfillment of their own ends. Secondly, if they cannot lure you away through thoughtlessness or false devotion they will seek to make

it worth your while through offers of rewards, promotion, financial increase or the promise of spiritual power. In other words if they cannot lead you from it they will seek to have you sell your labor for selfish ends. And if both these fail, if you have stood strong for right, for truth, for light, then be prepared for the other blow—the one that comes in the dark. When neither soft words nor caresses, this world's goods or those of another cannot tempt you from your appointed way, then you must be prepared for the last great attempt which will come as the bolt of black magic to destroy that which it can neither buy nor bend and therefore seeks to break.

"In your work this will prove to you a very useful lesson and, while it will be some days before the soreness and pain works itself out of you from the accidents you have passed through, when you are yourself again you will be a better and wiser man."

The Initiate vanished through the checkered pink and white flowers of the wall paper, leaving me to analyse and digest a great yet little understood reality in nature—that Red-beard was right when he said that nature's law is the survival of the fittest but that in the eternal plan of things each one seeks to become the one who is fit, and evolution is the fitting of oneself to be the fittest.

The Philosophy of the Absolute

(Continued from page 6)

lesser and leave in the hands of the Infinite that which He alone can know and master.

These thoughtless words of things we know not of brand us only fools, the lightness of our tone as we speak of nature's deepest mystery proves us unworthy of the trust. For the Absolute is in all, is all, will be all that ever shall be. Gods, men and worlds are whispered words from His mouth wrapped in the veils of matter. No mortal eye shall gaze upon its depth but as the presence of this being draws ever nearer man shall sink into a depthness sleep and there be one with the Father of all whom he may not know but in whose arms he shall never cease to be.

General Grump

(Continued from page 8)

General Grump was silent. He could not help but think back in his own life and see how much joy he had had, how much more he had had than this one who sat beside him.

"Are you really happy?" he asked.

"Happy?" asked the old man, "why shouldn't I be happy? I have been happy in the realization of duty well done, I have been happy in the love of a faithful wife, I have been happy in the love of my children, I have been happy in the love of my God, and for many years past I have been happy in the happiness of others. I can do little for my fellow man but I have tried to make him happy, to make him forget his cares and fears in the happiness of real living, in the happiness of just being where he can hear the voice of other things."

General Grump tilted his hat on his head and looked at Uncle Ben for some minutes.

"How long have you been blind?" he asked.

"Fifty-three years, I have been blind as I am today, for one shell did it all."

"Were you never down on the world?"

"Oh, yes," and Uncle Ben smiled sweetly. "After it happened I thought there was nothing left to live for, but one day I found that I hadn't lost anything that could compare with the thing I gained."

The General looked at him for several minutes and as he gazed into the radiating face of the old man whose sightless eyes stared out into eternity, General Grump heaved a little sigh and the corners of his mouth came up.

"I guess I've been a fool for some time," he muttered and he looked down at his hands. "I've got both of 'em" and at his feet, "I have them too. And my eyes. And here I've been moping all these years."

"Life is a wonderful thing," answered the old man beside him. "We seldom learn to live it until it is nearly done."

"That's the hell of it," answered General Grump, stamping on the porch with his cane. "Yes sir, that's the hell of it!" And getting up he stumped off in irate rage.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

POWER AND DOMINANCE.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to possess power without exerting it over another. Apparently the proof of power lies in domination but this is not so. The true proof of power is the control of self, all other things are comparatively unimportant. In the present European tangle many things express themselves and this problem along with others. Mercy and consideration ennoble the victor of every fight, while those who grind down victims show themselves often less than the individuals they oppose. Generosity is the privilege of the strong, it is also their opportunity. When they fail to make the most of this opportunity they fail to prove victors in the battle. There is no glory in spite, no reward in revenge. Many of the nations involved in the late European war who would have come out of it loved and revered for their noble gallantry sacrificed that reverence and forfeited the esteem of the world when they proved that they were generous victors and gallant, thoughtful *overlords*.

HOLY WATER

In the ancient tabernacle of the Hebrews was outlined the way of initiation and in the courtyard before the temple gate was the laver of purification, a great bronze bowl in which the priests performed their ablutions before entering the holy place. There is positively no sarcasm intended but we just want to remind some people of the exact position of that bowl as it stands before the temple steps, a yawning menace to the poise of many of our students of the mystical. The old adage was that cleanliness is next to godliness therefore it seems that the mystery of that mighty laver must become a part of the esoteric instructions to students.

It is possible to over bathe but it is not commonly done except by fanatical individuals. All things can be carried to an extreme but there are two kinds of baths man

must find a way to take. He must be initiated by fire and water. He must learn the value of the sun bath which is his physical initiation of fire, and the old family tub bath fashioned after the laver of purification.

RELIGIOUS CLEAN-UPS.

Every so often we hear of the churches and religious organizations launching a campaign against dance halls, theatres, picture shows and various similar things. While there is no doubt that there is a certain class of improper amusement, we beg to call the attention of the religious people to a truth much more fundamental than the one they are seeking to emphasize. It is basically this: that the morale of a nation depends upon the finer spiritual truths which should be implanted by the religious organizations of the world. If the "drives" which ecclesiastical orders are launching upon the world were turned right back into the church, they would do a great deal more good. Some of the worst of those whom they attack are shrouded with serenity and protected by the enfolding arms of religion. While the religious organizations are fussing and stewing among themselves as to who is greatest, splitting up over trivials, and etc., they are forcing people out of the church. Many of those whom they now brand as lost souls were forced into their present position by the heartlessness of religion and the injustice of creedal theology, which preaches forgiveness and compassion but shows none of it to the sinners of the world. The first clean-up which theology should advocate should begin with the washing of the inside of the cup for while religion dickers and bargains, plays favoritism to some and condemns many, it can never meet the crying need of a world in spiritual pain. The church has no right to condemn vices in others while its own heart is full of vipers and thieves who pray upon the Sabbath and go out robbing the widows and the fatherless on Monday morning.

The Man Who Found God

HERE is a story told of a great scientist who built a unique laboratory far from the sight of man where he installed mighty instruments and many wondrous mechanical contrivances, all to achieve a single end—to create an instrument where-with he might span the chasm 'twixt man and God. The years went by and the scientist labored tirelessly upon the child of his dream. Wheels and levers were slowly placed and after many years the great shape of a looming mechanical mystery rose from the floor of the laboratory as the completed result.

As a young man the scientist had commenced his labors. Many years had passed, years of consecration to a single end, years of concentration upon a single work. He had never lived in the world of men since a disappointment of his early life which had broken his trust in his fellow man and the moving events of earth meant little to him—his great machine meant all. So we find the snow of an ever-gathering winter upon his bowed head, long lines and furrows mark his face, and his piercing eyes sink ever deeper beneath the massive brows and tawny lashes; his body is bent and frail and long purple veins show out upon his hands. For him this span of earth is nearly done, yet in his soul is the same flame of youth which had inspired him in the ages gone, the same indomitable will had never been broken for within him burned the determination to perfect a machine which would connect spirit and matter, to finish his great work whereby the veil should be rent and mystic nature give up her secrets.

His laboratory was a great domed room built like an astronomical observatory. In the ceiling were a number of trap doors, while the entire room revolved by pulleys, counterweight and bearing. He had but to press a button and the floor rose some dozen feet, carrying with it the great machine; he need but pull a lever and countless windows in the dom opened at prismatic angles, casting gleams of light upon the almost shapeless mass of wheels; he had but to turn a knob upon the wall and the great machine itself

swayed back and forth to any angle, balanced upon gigantic steel rockers.

Each day brought the moment of victory closer, each day the fire of triumph flashed stronger in the aged man's eyes and the cold blood rushed faster through his veins until—at last the great day came! The last wheel was in place, the final bearing was tested and the great machine stood—a mammoth dream of a man who gives his all to learn that which he knows not. The great scientist sent into the world of men and drew around him the mightiest minds of the time that they might gather in the vaulted room to see and hear the marvel of a life's labor. They came from all over the country; with hoary heads and weighty brows, with dignity and age they gathered to see the fruitage of a life work. Twelve in all there were; great astronomers, great physicists, masters of logic and philosophy, they gathered from their several ways at the foot of this mighty instrument.

The time of the experiment was at midnight and as the clock struck twelve they all gathered in the domed room with its levers and its wondrous mechanism. The old scientist came and, in his face the exultation of youth, told of the mystery he had conceived.

“When I open those great shutters in the ceiling, each of the prismatic panes shall gather in the light of the stars, the light of the planets, of suns and moons; the intelligences that rule them shall be concentrated tonight upon these sensitized plates, built like the sense centers of the human organism. Here is an ear as fine as that of any man, threads so delicate that only a microscope can show them, an organ which can hear all things; here are vocal cords of slender steel and catgut wherein sounds of infinite may be reproduced; here are eyes of metals and fiber as perfect as any organ of human sense; and here, gentlemen, is the masterpiece of all—a brain of precious metal, with every nerve and sinew, with every force and power. I have built a god, an oracle of matter which is capable of using the light brain of the infinite, one who shall speak to us, inspired by the rays of planets and the stars. This brain will regis-

ter the thoughts of God, these lips shall speak His will, these ears shall hear His infinite melody, these eyes shall see His wonders. Seventy years I have been building this machine, far more perfect than any body built by man—and tonight I shall quicken it with the ray of a hundred million stars, of suns, globes and universes, by concentrating their endless light through these prisms in the roof, and finally reflecting them all upon this gigantic sounding-board wherein shall be given out the mystery of creation. This chair is where I shall sit to work the tuning forks and coils that each thought of the Infinite mind shall vibrate through this brain.

"Marvellous," murmured the group of scientists gathered around. "Marvellous, but impossible."

"No, no! It is not impossible!" cried the old man vehemently. "Gentlemen, give me just this night and I will prove that it is not impossible! Gentlemen, you have little trouble to expect from me—if this machine shall fail, I shall kill myself! I have lived alone to create it, with its failure I shall die. But it shall not fail! By all the laws of natural dynamics, by all the laws of science, of invention, of mechanics, of electricity and of nature's subtle forces—it shall not fail!

"Now gentlemen," and he calmed himself with a mighty effort, "we will raise the machine." He pressed the button on the wall.

A shudder ran through the floor of the building and almost imperceptibly the floor moved upward. The scientists gazed around in amazement. The entire laboratory was upon a gigantic elevator which carried work room, instrument and men, upward into the dome of the observatory.

Finally some dozen feet from the dome the progress of the moving floor was stayed and then with delicate astronomical instruments the scientist arranged his mighty machine, tilting it upon its massive rockers until all pointed to a single ray which was to be the keynote of the machine—the planet Saturn.

"Now, gentlemen, will you please be seated?" and the scientist waved his hand to a circle of twelve leather easy chairs which surrounded the instrument. "I am going to ask you to please remain silent during this

test for fear that the vibration of your voices might derange the currents.

The wise and learned took their seats. The gray-browed philosophers leaned back in their chairs, their gaunt frames at rest but their minds tensely centered upon the great experiment.

"If it succeeds," breathed one, "both past and future shall unite in blessing the inventor.

The inventor gave one last look at the great creature of steel and wire—the child of his hopes, the creation of his dreams, the supreme achievement of his life—and then pressed a tiny button on the wall. The great electric arc-lights went out and the observatory was enveloped in total darkness, darkness which seemed peopled with mystic shapes and thrilled with a stillness that was audible. Nothing but the low breathing of the watchers and an occasional slight movement in one of the chairs told that a living creature was anywhere in that still room.

Suddenly there came a grating sound and the whole room was flooded with a strange, blue-white light filled with rainbow colors and dancing, flinging, swirling sparks of iridescent hue. The great prisms in the ceiling had been thrown in place and a hundred million stars sent their tiny rays down into the room.

A gasp went round the circle in the easy chairs.

"Marvellous! Marvellous!"

This opaline light bathed the machine in a weird and unnatural glow and revealed the wizard of genius standing by its side, his eyes turned upward to the millions of sparks reflected upon the prisms in the ceiling and between which the dark blue of the sky appeared as a piece of plush, jeweled with diamonds. Slowly he turned the mighty arm of the crank and the prisms moved one after the other until the light focussed into a little spot no larger than a ten cent piece—one gigantic finger of concentrated power. This was turned upon a sensitive organ of steel and silken wire which glowed and gleamed like the mighty Kohinoor.

The professor sat down, his hand on the tuning fork and coil, and his eyes fastened to the fine dials before him which quivered

like the nerves of a race horse. The air was filled with a droning, moaning sound which seemed like the rush of mighty bodies through the sky. Something oppressed the ear drums of those sitting around and a faintness of nausea stole over them; but still, sturdy searchers that they were to whom life meant nothing and knowledge everything, they remained in their chairs, gazing at the strangest sight man has ever witnessed. A gigantic mad man, a genius possessed of insanity, that dared to build lips of steel for God to talk with!

As the professor sat there, his hand upon the dials, a great chill came over him, he seemed wrapt in a damp blanket and began to shiver in spite of himself. But his eyes never left the tiny spot of light, vari-colored and ever-changing, seeming to hiss and sputter as it struck the discs.

"I shall soon know all," he kept muttering to himself, "the mystery shall be unveiled to me."

Suddenly the light ray seemed to pass through the discs and spread like a phosphorescent glow all over the great machine. The blazing eye of steel seemed to blink at him and the nerve wires to twitch.

"I shall win! I shall win!" breathed the scientist. "At last man shall know! at last the infinite shall be attained! The mystery shall be solved!"

As he spoke the glow of light seemed to condense itself into a ball, opal-like in its formation, its color and shape ever-changing, its position ever-moving. It hung swaying, twisting, and turning in the very center of the great machine. Then there unfolded from it like mighty arms two streamers of wing-like force which poured out as flaming fins from the sides of this shapeless globe.

The scientist gazed in awe and amazement at the strange phenomena unfolding itself before him. He wanted to call the attention of the other watchers to it for but some unknown reason his tongue refused to speak. All he could do was point his finger and gasp. The minutes passed and there slowly formed itself out of the flaming mist a great opaline figure many times larger than a human being, a great glorious figure surrounded by a halo of light and wings of steely force. Only the

head seemed well defined and was formed out of the great ball. The robes and draperies streamed off into nothingness while the fingers were hazy streams of flame pointing first in this way and in that. A great roaring rumble filled the air and the ear drums of the old scientist seemed ready to burst. He could not however keep his eyes from the shining face, so terrible yet so magnificent, beautiful yet relentless in every part of its being. Great streaming eyes of living fire gazed out serenely upon the face of the aged man and yet the serenity itself was terrifying.

"Are you God?" gasped the old man. "Had I but known what you were I fear I would not have dared call you!"

The great figure shook its head and a voice sounded in the man's soul, words which lips could not frame.

"No, I am not God. I am the least of His mesengers. I it is who have been appointed to unveil to you the mysteries you have waited seventy years to learn. Since time began you have sought the mysteries that are so carefully hidden by merciful Diety who conceals His own power that man may not die from His flame. Man flutters around the throne of Light like the moth around the candle-flame until finally, singed and battered, he falls to rise no more. I stand here as guardian of the earth for you have launched upon it a power which could burn it to the core, could throw the planets from their several orbits and twist creation into a ruined mass. But this is not the privilege of mortal man. Therefore, these rays of light—I receive them to myself lest passing me they should destroy you."

"Who are you?" moaned the scientist.

"I am the Lord of the Light Devas. Look." And his great flaming hand closed over the discs of steel and celluloid, crumpling them to pieces. 'Tis better that these should perish than that man should loose this ray which could slay across the universe in the hands of the foolish and yet can raise the dead. Let this thing of steel perish and man live. As for you, sir, come—I would show you something."

Beckoning to the aged man, the flaming spectre rose and pointed along the ray of light that led to the prisms in the ceiling.

This golden ray seemed to form stairs as they ascended.

"Where am I going?" asked the professor.

"Into cosmos upon the ladder you have formed," answered the guide. Draperies of many subtle substances seemed to brush the face of the scientist, lights danced in the ethers about him, swaying figures surrounded him, and far off the plants in the sky gazed down with the same great faces as the one of his guide, only greater and more noble. Criss-cross currents which were themselves words and sentences of living fire connected the globes together like cords passing through beads to make a necklace of the whole.

"Is this God?" asked the scientist in awe.

"No, it is not," answered the Deva. "Do you see this great blue haze in which these things float in endless pageantry?"

"Yes," answered the scientist, "is that God?"

The Great One shook his head, "'Tis but the hem of His garment," he answered. "Do you hear this strange song of wild fantastic symphony, mighty roars and tender cadences, heavy rumbles, and soft purrings as of the flutter of a bird's wing? Great seething comets and tails of vrillic power—these make up the creations of the Uncreated, these are the least of the Great, the unimportant of the Mighty."

"How, then can I gather His power into my machine?" asked the scientist.

"You cannot," answered the Shining One. "You but take one single sound and upon a string of steel seek to hear the harmonies for which all nature alone is not a complete sounding-board."

"Then I have worked in vain," muttered the scientist.

"No," answered the Great One, "you have only found the way. Many substances must sound in harmony before God talks to man. Spirit, mind and matter are alone organs of His speech, the eyes of His vision, the ears of His understanding. Long has science failed in that in earth they seek the things of heaven; in steel, stone, and stick they have sought the God which rests alone in the infinite. Come with me and I will answer your riddle—the riddle of all living things—the riddle of the

Eternal Future which no man knoweth, of the ultimate which is concealed, the completion as yet veiled by the density of mortal thought."

The Shining One passed slowly on and behind him walked the professor, searching and seeking with a new light and deeper understanding the answer to the Riddle.

* * *

About an hour had passed. The light still shone down from the ceiling but the passing of the orbs of night had moved it from the dial. The waiting scientists moved uneasily in their chairs.

"Isn't it about time something happened?" muttered one under his breath.

"It seems to me it is," answered his companion in an undertone.

At last one bolder than the rest spoke, saying, "Professor, have we not waited long enough?"

But no answer sounded.

"Professor!" he called again. Still no sound.

One of the watchers reached into his pocket and drawing out a match struck it and held it aloft. It gleamed on the mighty instrument and also upon the figure of the scientist who sat in the chair, his head upon his chest.

"Why he has gone to sleep!" exclaimed one, and rising to his feet he fumbled around until he found the light button which he pressed, flooding the room with brilliance. "Poor man, he was all tired out by his experiment." He leaned over and touched the professor's forehead then sharply drew back his hand. Then he placed his ear to the aged man's heart. Rising, he spoke solemnly to the other eleven.

"The inventor is dead. He died on the night when his supreme achievement was to be given to the world, when man through a thing of steel should learn to know his God."

As he spoke there came a humming, droning sound—the wheels in the machine were moving. The great lips of steel opened and a voice, deep and terrible, spoke:

"I see, I see, I see—No! No! No!"

At the same instant the machine was galvanized by a bolt of electricity. When it had cooled again it was welded into a solid block. No wheel or piston could be moved.

The Dance of the Devas

ACCORDING to a legend that is as old as the rock-hewn temples of the Himalayas there is far up on the side of Mount Everest a cave hollowed out of the solid rock of the mountain. Its pillars and columns are of living stones, their surfaces chiseled into wondrous flowers and arabesques. This ancient temple is a mystic maze of passageways twisting in and out from unknown depths back again into eternity. None ever seemed to know how old this temple is but it was called the Shrine of the Devas. The average mortal never learns of its existence and even the devout Hindoo may search his life through and never learn of its existence. It has one duty, one labor to perform—it is the temple of Temptation where the Eastern Initiates, seeking the life of immortality, pass the test of the astral world.

The entrance of this temple is built like the human ear and far into the earth its passageways twist and turn like the labyrinth of the human ear. Upon its walls are traced slender filaments like the fine threads of the auditory nerve and to drop a single pin in the depth of that cave is to produce a thundering roar, so perfect are the acoustics.

Many have heard of Diocletian's Ear where the emperor sat in a cave of stone to listen to the whisperings of his prisoners. But this cave in the heart of India is more wondrous far than this ear of a Roman emperor for it is the cave of the Devas, the Sound Creatures of eternity. One at a time the appointed Children of Light enter into this cave to learn of immortality, to pass from mortal tribulation to the tranquillity of omnipotence.

Some years ago a truly great one passed through the Ear of the Devas and we will follow his wanderings among its carved pillars and terraced sculptures. Three figures approached the door, a massive pivot of stone, which swung away when they pressed upon it. Two were old men dressed in yellow robes, their heads shaven, and upon their foreheads the mark of the illuminated. The third was a youth who walked in silence and deep asceticism between the two, in the great repose of the fourth step. Without a sound

the two priests stepped aside, allowing him to enter, and then they separated, one going to the right and the other to the left, resting on each side of the cave entrance was a large flat stone. Here each took his seat, twisting his feet up underneath him and crossing his palms upon his lap; then slowly the eyeballs of each turned upward, eyelids drooping, and the priests entered into meditation for strength, peace, and power to the wanderer.

In the meantime the youth was entering the darkened cave. It was not totally black but a very faint phosphorescent glow was emitted by the rocks, just enough that he might not stumble against the pillars nor fall by missing the steps. Around and around wound the candidate, through the labyrinth of the rock-hewn ear, his bare feet making but little sound, and even this becoming a faint rumble in the taut stillness of the cave.

At last he reached the end of the spiral where this great twisting nautilus of stone ended in a small circular chamber from which arches ran in all directions. In this chamber was a great tree carved from the solid stone of the mountain. Under this tree with its branching wealth of stone-carved leaves was a smooth rock and upon this the candidate seated himself to await the pleasure of his God.

As he sat there, there poured forth from the subterranean arches streams of shining gas which wreathed and twisted in the phosphorescent darkness. As these streamers came closer the lights resolved themselves into glorious creatures in swaying draperies, great eyes gazed at the candidate, great forms came forth, demon shapes whose blood-shot eyes gazed at him in blinking terror. Slowly these forms swayed back and forth to a great rhythmic beating like the pulsing of a human heart. Back and forth they swayed in endless glory, passing round and round the seated figure, performing in the mystic ethers of this subterranean vault the Dance of the Devas. These forms kept beckoning to him and from their lips poured forth great streams of music, seeking to lull the soul of the candidate.

Slowly a subtle dream-trance stole over him and he felt himself being drawn from his rocky couch to join in that endless chant and mystic dance. With a great effort he drew himself back, crying out, "I take my refuge in Buddha!" Still the figures called him and the music as of a thousand stringed instrument and peals like those of mighty organs echoed and re-echoed through the Ear of the Gods. Deafened by the sound, his head singing and his body torn, the candidate swayed in his meditation and sought to launch himself into the endless rhythm of the Devas' Dance. And then with a mighty effort he drew back his mind upon Buddhi and remained in meditation, saying:

"All these are the great unreality—they shall not lead me from my appointed task. Man who serves these Devas and joins in the Dance shall never attain Nirvana, nor by opposing them shall he destroy them, but only through the realization of the Divine Presence."

From out the carved arches poured another stream of mystic beings who floated about like the beautiful Undines in the ethers of the ocean. Streams and rays of light poured from them and they twisted through the air like winged creatures from other worlds. They wound themselves around the figure of the meditating aspirant, they twined their arms about him seeking to lead him from his meditation. Through half closed lips the youth replied, "All these are of the world of illusion; you shall not tempt me, Devas of the Flame Being."

This whispered, they cried out, and through the subtle essences of the cave their voices sounded as music in his ears. But still he remained in silence, the silence of deep contemplation upon the Body of Brahma. Then there issued from the mystic corridors a trooping band of fiends, great seething creatures of demon proportions with the heads of beasts and of dragons and the crawling forms of reptiles and snakes. These too surrounded him and dashed at him, leering and screaming. The chill of fear crept into the heart of the candidate and when it did so these great slimy forms grew greater and stronger. He sought to leave the cave and to escape these

terrifying creatures that raised flaming fingers to destroy him. Then came the thought of his work, and he remained.

"Thou too art creatures of Maya. What have I to do with you? How can you harm me if I am at peace with myself? I have naught to fear of you." And closing his eyes the youth returned to his deep meditation in which these seething forms vanished forever, and he became lighted by his Buddha.

It was the strangest scene that man ever looked upon, in the Cave of the Labyrinth. On a tiny altar of stone, under the shade of a tree of solid granite, sat the yellow-robed priest, his legs crossed and his hands folded. Around him were three circles of supernatural beings. The first swayed and moved as they passed in endless circle to the right, the second danced their wierd dance to the left, while the third worked back and forward and as flaming fiends attacked the body of the candidate. This was the Dance of the Devas when the great Beings from other worlds tested the courage of the candidate's soul.

Slowly he sank into ever deeper meditation until even the realization of eternity was obliterated from his soul and alone in the great Ever-Existing the candidate saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing. And there he remained while they danced their weird dance. Slowly there radiated from him a glow of light that grew ever-stronger until it lighted the very carved arches with its presence. Then like mists the phantom forms dissolved into the shadows and in their place there entered from the corridor a great stream of yellow-robed figures.

A new door had opened and from the realms of Shidda-Loka the saints had come to bless the new-born Buddha and his working. Slowly they passed in endless file, a swaying mystery of phantom forms, until they too vanished in the gloom of the cave. Then through the darkness great faces appeared, many times the size of human face, the Great Ones of the seven worlds gazed upon the Initiate. Impelled by an inner urge which he could not understand, the youth rose, ascended the altar and passed slowly outward through the spirals of the Ear.

(Continued on page 30)

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Where and what are we when asleep?

Ans. We are exactly the same asleep as when awake. We work in exactly the same degree of helpfulness asleep as when awake. Those who cannot function consciously in the plane of sleep remain in their astral body, suspended over their physical body in the shape of a globe.

What is it that reincarnates?

Ans. The thing that reincarnates in man is the Ego which assumes form after form, these forms being built around centers of consciousness which are called permanent atoms carried in the brain, the heart, the lower body, and in the solar plexus—the centers of our four present bodies. These bodies come into form through the elements and ether and the physical body is drawn around by attraction.

Must Karma created here always be worked out on this plane?

Ans. Karma created here is worked out on one of two planes—the lower plane or the astral.

Has every person now living on earth been reincarnated?

Ans. No one can exist who has not been before. We are just exactly what we have made ourselves in lives we have lived before.

What is the cause of walking in the sleep?

Ans. A partial division of bodies in which the lower side of the body is partly in control while the higher vehicle is partly out.

Can one incarnate into a different race of people?

Ans. The average individual reincarnates into a higher race of people.

Can a man live forever if he will not sin?

Ans. If man does not sin he will turn to stone. Sin produces experiences. What we call sin and suffering is one of our greatest friends. We sin and break a nat-

ural law—if we did not suffer we would soon find ourselves destroyed and never know it. We can live forever if we absolutely harmonize ourselves with all the planes of nature—but it cannot be all in one place. People who live forever would get tired of it as they get tired of dying today. You must be reminded that we live forever now—we never die. We just do not realize it because we have not enough knowledge to see it. We have to evolve the intelligence to realize that we already have what we are looking for.

What happens when God rests?

Ans. When God rests, all life and spirit, and the matter which is working through it, is withdrawn into Him. Man, having no vehicle of expression capable of remaining conscious at that rate of vibration which is God, sleeps also and does not come into manifestation again until the universal reawakening.

Explain sex.

Ans. Sex manifests through all the regions of nature as the two polarities of one nature.

What was the first cause of evil among men and women?

Ans. Perversion. Perversion is the natural result of inexperience. Man is working with vehicles and powers which he cannot understand, and contending with laws which he breaks (thinks he breaks—but the law breaks the man instead of his breaking the law.) Man made his first mistake through crystallization, through the abuse of his powers and continues to make those mistakes and will continue until he ceases to abuse natural powers. The first and last mistake is the result of ignorance, and ignorance itself is now a crime. Ignorance and the inability of complete manifestation through the vehicle is so-called evil. Man is like a little child; he will have to learn through his mistakes, keep stumbling and falling on his nose until he learns to walk.

The Homage

CIVILIZATION, with its spreading power, dissolves into itself as quicksilver the wild places of the world. Where mighty forests once raised their crested tops, gloomy buildings, chimneys, and iron girders now darken narrow cobbled ways where the natural grandeur of things has been swallowed up in the sordidness of human concept. Here and there, however, are still spots where the devastating hand of man has not rested, where the sound of the axe, the cries of the woodmen, and the rumbling of logs has not broken the primeval stillness. One by one the savage denizens of the wild, the beasts untamed, have slunk away into these untrodden places, into the rocky mountains and lonely crags where they gaze out with great furtive eyes at the hand of civilization which, as it devastates the primeval wilderness, strangles out their lives.

In a certain land where there is a mighty range of mountains which raise their rough and wooded sides like great supplicating arms to the skies. The barrenness of these hills is clothed with the verdant garment of tree and shrub. Mighty straggling monarches of the forest toss their branches upward as though to grasp in their shaky fingers the clouds that hover over them. A narrow trail winds up to these mountains, barely a foot-path; here and there it leads over loose rocks and broken boulders and from stone to stone across some water-fall that descends like a stream of crystal from the snow peaks far above. There is no silence in that wood for there is ever a swishing, ever a rippling, ever a sighing, as from the mountains pour the streams of water or through the tree-tops the wind whispers its message to any ears that are there to hear.

Up this narrow path climbs an occasional hunter for the deer still peer shyly out from the thickets or spring from rock to rock and amid the scrub growth that clothes the walls that rise on either hand. Here too the mountain lion lurks and at night his shining eyes gaze from the darkness at the campfire of the hunter. Here also are wolves and foxes and in the lower valleys dwell coyotes that howl

at the gathering shadows as the shades of evening fall. Mayhaps an awkward bear will cross the path and waddle along on his short, ungainly legs. It is the joy place of the hunter, who, with the glee of the sportsman, slays to prove the merit of his aim.

There are many stories told of those mountains, many legends which the mind of the ancient Red Man fashioned and the mind of the jesting white man perpetuates. But there is one legend that is the strangest of all, the story of the Old Man of the Mountain. It is said that somewhere up in those hills there lived a hermit who had dwelt there many days. As far back as the old hunters could remember, the story was told of how one, tired of the world and its shams, had crept away from all living things of men to go and live in the mountains, among the crags whose lofty peaks touched the sky. Once in a great while someone saw him far in the distance as he stood mirrored in some mountain lake or in sharp outline against the sky. They knew him as the Old Man of the Mountain, the hermit of the mighty peaks. Some said he was good, some that he was strange and cruel, but all loved to tell of him, to guess, and to speculate.

Once, in the course of human events, there climbed up the mountain path that wound in and out along the rugged sides of the hills a whistling youth. Over his shoulder was slung a rifle, a cartridge belt was around his waist, and on his back he carried a pack. He was going into the hills to hunt, with the enthusiasm of youth he would slay the lion and the bear, the deer and the wolves whose howlings he had heard from the valleys below.

Round and round the path wound. The hours went by, the gloom of evening fell, and still the hunter was far from the crest of the mighty hill where little scrub pines shown out from the ever-encircling band of snow. The chill of the mountain was in the air, the valley was long since dark and tiny twinkling lights below showed the abode of men. Still the glow of daylight was on the mountain peak and as the youth stood there in the semi-twilight the silence was broken by a crackling

sound as of the breaking of twigs and the swishing of branches.

Looking quickly around the youth saw standing before him a mighty stag. His great arched antlers had a span of many feet and his noble head was raised to catch the passing warning of the atmosphere. Two large mild eyes gazed at the youth who, in the frenzy of the hunter, reached for his gun and drawing it rapidly to his shoulder gazed along the cold steel sights toward the heart of the stag. Just as his finger was closing upon the trigger a hand was laid upon his arm. The youth started, the gun slipped from his already nervous fingers, and he turned in amazement to gaze into the face of a stranger being.

As he turned he gave a start for such a figure few men have seen. The face bore the marks of great age and the snowy locks that bordered it were whiter far than the mountain tops that had stood there since eternity. The figure of the old man, for such it was, was draped from head to foot in a cowl of gray cloth and he carried a great wooden staff in his hand cut from the limb of a dead tree. His eyes, however, were the wonder of the picture. Two kindly, twinkling eyes that could register even the faintest shade of emotion, one moment gleaming with the joy and youth of life and the next dimmed by the tears of sorrow, gazed into the face of the hunter. The old man's hand was resting lightly upon his shoulder and his sweet old face held soft rebuke.

"You—you—" began the youth, "are you not the Old Man of the Mountain?"

The stranger nodded his head and a voice, mellowed by years of goodness, answered softly and kindly, "Yes, I am the hermit who lives in these hills. But why do you shoot my stag?"

"Your stag?" exclaimed the boy hunter, "how does it that you own the beast?"

"In this world," the old man answered, "proper use warrants ownership, and those who use God's creatures well have the first claim upon them." The old man held out his hand to the stag and the great beast, though viewing the hunter askance, slowly came across the little clearing and rubbed his soft face against the old man's hand. The hermit

put his arm around the neck of the stag and spoke to it in soft sweet tones. Just a few sighing sounds, like a pitiful cry, the old man made, but the beast seemed to understand, its soft nose was turned upward and its eyes looked at him with a tenderness of expression which moved even the hunter.

The old man turned to the youth, "Do you still dispute my ownership?" he asked, "do you still doubt that he is mine and I am his?"

"What were the words you used?" asked the youth in surprise, "how did you talk to him?"

"I spoke in the words of the forest and the trees," he answered. "That is his language. He hears the voice of fear in the crackling of the twigs and the stealthy footsteps of the hunter; he hears life and love in the voice of the waterfall and the soft swaying of leafy branch. These are the sounds of his language and during these many years in the mountains I have learned to talk with the tongue of beast and bird; yes, I have even learned to talk with the trees and flowers who hear my voice and shelter me with their love and protection. Listen."

The old man breathed out a soft stirring sound like the breath of dawn in the treetops and from the shrubs and bushes around an answer came, the same soft, stirring sound and voices seemed to whisper.

"They all know me, they all love me, for I have lived here eighty years and never once have I injured God's creatures. When I want food they bring it to me of the ripe fruits of their store. The little squirrels bring me nuts from their harvest, while the trees give me of their fruit, and from their own dried leaves they form a shelter which guards me in the chill of winter. You have come into these hills like the spirit of man oftentimes comes into the world—to slay and to hate. Not that you really care, for in your soul you do not loathe the beasts, but to you their souls mean no more than a drop of water from yonder stream. But I have learned to look upon with love even the drops of water for each one has a message; I have lived up here so long that the trees and birds and flowers are one with me in spirit. I love them all and truly they love me. Come, young hunter, lay your gun aside for awhile for in my eyes, and in the eyes of

my children of the forest, that gun means hate and death. You need not fear, leave it here, and I will bring you back for it anon."

The youth lay down his rifle and taking the hand which the old man held out to him, followed him away from the path and into the depth of the great green forest wrapped in evening shades. Mighty trunks rose up about him and falling leaves descended like a gentle rain upon him as he passed.

Suddenly the old man stopped.

"Look," he said. From the side of a tall tree a big gray squirrel came and stood pertly gazing for a few seconds then vanished like a little flash of dusky shadow to appear a second later carrying in his teeth a ripe hazel nut. Scampering down the rough trunk he climbed up the hermit's gray robe and as the old man opened his mouth the little gray squirrel placed therein the hazel nut, then hopping onto the old man's shoulder, sat up there, his little beady eyes darting first in this way and then in that. The hermit took the nut from his mouth and held it out to the hunter.

"See how they care for me? But it is no more tenderly than I have cared for them." He spoke a few soft words to the squirrel which darted away like some little tree sprite into the darkness of the gathering night. He had barely vanished when the youth suddenly jumped back in fear and amazement.

Before them on the road stood a great wolf, his tongue lolling out and great tusks bared. A growling howl broke from the beast.

"He does not know you," the old man explained, "for whenever he sees men they throw something at him, whenever he meets them he expects the flash of flame that pours from their rifles. Therefore he hates them even as they hate him. But come, you are perfectly safe."

Then he stepped up to the wolf and bending slightly placed his hand between the beast's teeth. The wolf drew back its head and licked the kindly hand.

"This," explained the hermit, "has its price. If you essayed this feat, your hand would pay the price and probably your life."

"But what have you done for the beasts that they should so love you?"

"I have been true to them. In the cold win-

ter nights I have sheltered their young in my little cabin, I have fed the babies that the hunters left parentless, and in the spring I have loosened them into the world. Many years ago a hunter climbed these hills and slew the sire of this wolf, another slew its mother and three little cubs; three howling fighting, spitting little handfuls of flesh, were left in my hands. I nourished them and guarded them and they played with my mountain lions and romped about with the bear cubs that I have in my cabin. The spring time came and they went their way, strong enough to protect themselves. This is one of them, the other two mayhaps we shall see also unless the hunters have slain them."

Then they went on further along the path of nature's miracles. The great stag walked behind them, his arched antlers breaking the tree branches as he passed.

"Look here," the old man spoke, pointing to a crutch in a tree just a little ways ahead. "In this nest are four little birds. Yesterday the sound of a gun was heard in these mountains, there was a fluttering of wings, and with a screeching cry the mother bird fell downward from this nest. There was a great whirr of wings and with a hoarse cry of rage the father bird flew straight into the face of the hunters. Another shot was fired and he too was laid low without even a fighting chance. Now hear the cries in the trees."

The old man climbed up onto the broken stump and from the encircling arms of a dead pine he drew a nest, in it several little shrilling specks of life with ugly featherless bodies and great gaping beaks.

"I shall take these too with me to my cabin, and drop by drop I will feed them as I have long ago learned to do. Their mother and father are gone, slain by one of my race; but among the beasts and birds I have tried to redeem my people and to prove to them that in the heart of man there is still a generous spirit."

His soft hand cuddled the tiny birds in their nest and with soft cries and little shrill notes he sought to quiet them. In a few moments the cries from the nest ceased and, sheltered by the old man's love, the little hungry birds rested until he could procure them food. The youth marvelled at the sight

for he had never supposed that there could be among the worlds of men one who so loved dumb creatures. The old hermit pointed ahead through a little ravine that opened before them and there the hunter saw the peaked roof of a tiny cabin surrounded by little fir trees and with an old tile for a chimney.

A quaint, picturesque building of logs but poorly matched, still this simple structure was enthroned in a frame more beautiful than words can describe. Down below the valley spread out beneath the endless grandeur of the rolling hills, by the side of it the melting stream ran, while behind it, up and up, rose the peaks of the snow-capped mountains. This, indeed, was a home in the heart of nature. About the house could be seen a number of animals. A wildcat cub rolled around in the sunlight, and an old bear was asleep with his nose between his paws, his tail just a tiny stump that wiggled mechanically as he felt in his sleep the presence of his friend. Birds were roosting in the trees nearby and within a dozen feet of the cabin were two score bird nests for it seemed the little creatures of the air desired to come and build their nests of twigs around the cabin door.

The old man invited the youth in. They entered and sat upon sawed-off ends of logs which served as stools. The cabin was bare of furnishing save for a rough straw pallet and the only ornament was a wonderful ivory crucifix which hung upon the wall. The room was filled with birds and squirrels and the young hunter stared in astonishment when he saw that a small humming-bird had built its nest in the arms of the crucifix. He then looked about for stove or food but there was no sign of either.

"So this is your home?" he murmured, "this is where the Old Man of the Mountain lives?"

"Yes," the hermit answered, "and here he has lived since the day when he realized that his brother man was false and that the beast was true. In all the world of men I found never a friend one-half so faithful or one-half so true as these wild beasts that live among the hills. When I look back at the sorrow of my life and the tears come to my eyes, my little birds all gather around me and sing their love songs in my ears; when I am

tired the great stag comes and bends his back that I may ride him; when I am hungry then from mountains and caves come birds and beasts with food for me. I have given up the world of human things to serve the things which man abuses, to which he has been false. These birds, these little creatures that play around my door, even the wolves, the foxes, and the mountain lions—they are my brothers and I their father and their elder brother. I ease the wounds that heartless hunters make and they know that while I live in this mountain they have one friend in the world of men who will never be false. All the time that I have lived here I have never spoken one harsh word to beast or bird, yet they serve me with perfect faith and perfect trust."

A strange feeling came over the soul of the hunter.

"I shall hunt no more," he murmured, "for I have seen the life and love and light in the souls of these beasts. I shall be true to it.

"That is well," said the old man slowly, and he extended his hand. "Brother I am proud that you have seen the light which shall some time take from the world the karmic curse that rests upon all who slay their brothers. But night is falling in the mountains and in the air I hear the cry of the bears and lions; I hear the pitiful wail of dying beasts and I must go my way, so I will now take you back again to where I met you. I am an old man and I have not much longer to stay here but when I am gone will you be true to the beasts whom I have loved and guarded and who have loved me so well in return?"

"Yes!" answered the youth, "to me also the world has ever been an empty place and I shall fill that emptiness with the same thing with which you have filled yours. If you are called I promise that I will come and live in your little hut and go about as you do to serve the beasts."

The old man stood for a few seconds, dimly visible in his soft gray gown, while the youth, lighted by the waning moon, climbed down the twisting path to the world that lay below.

(To be continued next month)

Occult Qualities of Herbs

The following article is the introduction of Nicholas Culpeper's "Complete Herbal," a rare old book, written in 1653 and published at London in 1837. It is copied here exactly as it was printed then, with all the peculiarities of punctuation and sentence formation. Although this may sometimes lead to confusion and some difficulty of grasping the meaning, the old-fashioned style of it is so odd and delightfully quaint, it would seem like marring to change a bit of it. Even though the manner of expression of 1653 is not so smoothly flowing and eloquent as in our days of a more polished tongue, still it should enhance rather than detract from the wonderfully deep and beautifully simple truths, written with such great pains and infinite care.

But first, here is a short paragraph or two about the author's life and manner of living, taken from the preface of his book:

"Nicholas Culpeper, the writer of this work, was son of Nicholas Culpeper, a clergyman, and grandson of Sir Thomas Culpeper, Bart. He was some time a student in the university of Cambridge, and soon after was bound apprentice to an Apothecary. He employed all his leisure hours in the study of Physic and Astrology, which he afterwards professed, and set up business in Spitalfields, next door to the Red Lion, (formerly known as the Half-way House between Islington and Stepney), where he had considerable practice, and was much resorted to for his advice, which he gave to the poor gratis. Astrological Doctors have always been highly respected; and those celebrated Physicians of the early times, whom our Author seems to have particularly studied, Hippocrates, Galen and Avicen, regarded those as homicides who were ignorant of Astrology. Paracelsus, indeed, went farther: he declared, a Physician should be predestinated to the cure of his patient; and the horoscope should be inspected, the plants gathered at the critical moment, etc.

Culpeper was a writer and translator of several Works, the most celebrated of which is his Herbal, 'being an astrologo-physical discourse of the common herbs of the nation;

containing a complete Method or Practice of Physic, whereby a Man may preserve his Body in Health, or cure himself when sick, with such things only as grow in England, they being most fit for English Constitutions.'

This celebrated and useful Physician died at his house in Spitalfields, in the year 1654. This book will remain as a lasting monument of his skill and Industry."

"Culpeper's

Original Epistle to the Reader

All other Authors that have written of the nature of Herbs, give not a bit of reason why such an Herb was appropriated to such a part of the body, nor why it cured such a disease. Truly, my own body being sickly, brought me easily into a capacity, to know that health was the greatest of all earthly blessings, and truly he was never sick that doth not believe it. Then I considered that all medicines were compounded of Herbs, Roots, Flowers, Seeds, &c., and this first set me to work in studying the nature of Simples, most of which I knew by sight before; and indeed all the Authors I could read gave me but little satisfaction in this particular, or none at all. I cannot build my faith upon Authors' words, nor believe a thing because they say it, and could wish everybody were of my mind in this,—to labour to be able to give a reason for everything they say or do. They say Reason makes a man differ from a Beast; if that be true, pray what are they that, instead of reason for their judgment, quote old Authors? Perhaps their authors knew a reason for what they wrote, perhaps they did not; what is that to us? Do we know it? Truly, in writing this work, first, to satisfy myself, I drew out all the virtues of the vulgar or common Herbs, Plants and Trees, &c., out of the best or most approved authors I had, or could get; and having done so, I set myself to study the reason of them. I knew well enough the whole world and everything in it was formed of a composition of contrary elements, and in such a harmony as must needs show the wisdom and power of a great God. I knew as well this creation,

though thus composed of contraries, was one united body, and man an epitome of it: I knew those various affections in man, in respect of sickness and health, were caused naturally (though God may have other ends best known to Himself) by the various operations of the Microcosm; and I could not be ignorant that as the cause is so must the cure be; and therefore he that would know the reason of the operation of the Herbs, must look up as high as the stars, astrologically. I always found the disease vary according to the various motions of the stars; and this is enough, one would think, to teach a man by the effect where the cause lies. Then to find out the reason of the operation of Herbs, Plants, &c., by the stars went I; and herein I could find but few authors, but those as full of nonsense and contradiction as an egg is full of meat. This not being pleasing, and less profitable to me, I consulted with my two brothers, Dr. Reason and Dr. Experience, and took a voyage to visit my mother Nature, by whose advice, together with the help of Dr. Diligence, I at last obtained my desire; and being warned by Mr. Honesty, a stranger in our days, to publish it to the world, I have done it.

But you will say, What need I have written on this subject, seeing so many famous and learned men have written so much of it in the English tongue, much more than I have done?

To this I answer, neither Gerrard nor Parkinson, or any that ever wrote in the like nature, ever gave one wise reason for what they wrote, and so did nothing else but train up young novices in Physic in the school of tradition, and teach them just as a parrot is taught to speak; an Author says so, therefore it is true; and if all that Authors say be true, why do they contradict one another? But in mine, if you view it with the eye of reason, you shall see a reason for everything that is written, whereby you may find the very ground and foundation of Physic; you may know what you do, and wherefore you do it; and this shall call me Father, it being (that I know of) never done in the world before.

I have now but two things to write, and then I have done.

1. What the profit and benefit of this work is.

2. Instructions in the use of it.

1. The profit and benefits arising from it, or that may occur to a wise man from it are many, so many that should I sum up all the particulars my epistle would be as big as my book; I shall quote some few general heads.

First, the admirable Harmony of Creation is herein seen, in the influence of Stars upon Herbs and the Body of Man, how one part of the Creation is subservient to another, and all for the use of man, whereby the infinite power and wisdom of God in the Creation appear; and if I do not admire at the simplicity of the ranters, never trust me; who but viewing the Creation can hold such a sottish opinion, as that it was from eternity, when the mysteries of it are so clear to every eye? But that Scripture shall be verified to them, Rom. i.20: "The invisible things of him from the Creation of the World are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his Eternal Power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." And a Poet could teach them a better lesson:

"Because out of thy thoughts God shall not pass,

"His image stamped is on every grass."

This indeed is true, God has stamped His image on every creature, and therefore the abuse of the creature is a great sin; but how much the more do the wisdom and excellency of God appear, if we consider the harmony of the Creation in the virtue and operation of every Herb?

Secondly, Hereby you may now know what infinite knowledge Adam had in his innocence that by looking upon a creature he was able to give it a name according to its nature; and by knowing that, thou mayest know how great thy fall was, and be humbled for it even in this respect because hereby thou art so ignorant.

Thirdly, Here is the right way for thee to begin at the study of Physic, if thou art minded to begin at the right end, for here thou hast the reason of the whole art. I wrote before in certain Astrological Lectures, which I read, and printed, intituled, "Astrological Judgment of Diseases," what planet caused (as a second cause) every disease, how it might be found out what planet caused it;

(Continued on page 30)

Little Church Among the Flowers

IN the years gone by the sturdy Christians of a little town banded themselves together, giving of their labor and the fruits of their toil to the building of a temple wherein to worship God—just a little wooden church with a quaint old fashioned steeple that ended in a cross of wrought iron. Its walls were white-washed, its floors were bare, and its altar-piece rough-hewn. In the years that came after, the plain windows of the little old building were supplanted by glorious stained-glass pictures of angels and saints. Originally the church was surrounded by the quaint little homes of the villagers, but as the years went by these homes gave place to stores and buildings until at last a great city grew up around the village church. But through the change it remained a quaint little edifice, though towering skyscrapers and the bustle and confusion of a large metropolis grew noisy about. And so today it stands in the midst of a garden of flowers among whose waving heads rises the old tomb-stones of the village churchyard, overgrown with ivy, broken down by age, and mutilated by wind and weather. Trailing creepers had been planted around the church and now its walls were a mass of green leaves and when the season is right a splash of colored flowers, red, white and delicate shades of lavender shine out here and there. The sweet odor of the garden blooms were carried by the wind into the heart of the great city, so it seemed that this little church was an oasis of beauty in the midst of a desert of sordid things. Around it street cars roared and there echoed about it the boom of the overhead railway; the newsboys howled their wares and the bootblacks, their little boxes in their hands, sat along its ancient wall.

From the great church of the small town this old building had become a delicate memory in the great town. Many other churches there were, massive and glorious, throwing their arches and spires to the very skies, but somehow this little building still remained the most hallowed spot in that great city. From between its ancient portals brides

and grooms rode away and into its low doorway passed the caskets when the greatest of that city were laid to rest. Every Sunday morning snatches of sacred songs were wafted out of the open windows or the old bell that called to prayer in 1850 could be heard sending out its peals as in the years gone by.

It was known far and wide as the Little Church among the Flowers, quaint and simple, carrying with it the breath of sweet lavender and those delicate old-world memories that are slowly dying out as the generations go by. Little old ladies, still living in the days of bustle and bonnet, came in each Sunday morning holding their tiny black parasols in hands partly shielded by those fingerless lace mitts that grandmother used to wear. The old couples came trotting in, the Romeos and Juliets of '63, and they remembered the day when their fathers had swung their axes to hew the logs and their mothers' nimble fingers had twisted the yarns on the spinning wheel to weave the first curtain that hung in the little village church. They remembered the first minister of that church, the dear old doctor who now lay in the churchyard with morning-glory vines twining over his gravestone.

And everyone remembered and loved that dear old man, whose pulpit still hung in the ante-room of the church, whose tireless fingers themselves had driven the nails that built the pews now blackened with age, and whose tired, careworn yet sweet face had so many times gazed out upon the flock who had gathered in the years gone by. Father Jackson was dead, his successor had also been laid away, and now from a distant place had come a new minister to occupy the pulpit of the Little Church Among the Flowers.

The first Sunday he came to them the congregation was pleased. Both of those who had gone before him were simple men of simple ways whose kindly message of brotherhood and love had helped to mold the lives of simple faiths and the new minister bid fair to follow in their footsteps. The only difference was that he was very young. As he stood before them they

wondered at his boyish face, but then they wondered at several other things also.

As he stood on the simple pulpit in his quiet black suit one old lady whispered to her friend, as she touched her eyes with a little black-bordered handkerchief, "The dear minister has suffered much. He looks like my son who has been gone for so many years." Every one realized and agreed that this minister was a very strange man, a stranger one than had ever gone before. But as Sunday after Sunday rolled by and his clear simple message found its way into their hearts, they hung his picture with the other two in the old hallway for in his spirit they seemed to feel the sturdy pioneers of faith who had led them before.

Let us try and build for you a picture of this new minister as he stands in the pulpit, the many-colored lights of the stained-glass windows playing upon his slender, intellectual face. Father Huntley was still in his early twenties and his fine face was unmarked by line or blemish; his brow, high and noble, met wavy locks of dark brown hair. His form was very slender, almost that of a wraith, and long slender fingers turned the pages of the ancient Bible, marked and remarked with the old-fashioned writing of the earnest souls of long ago.

This young minister had great dark eyes that seemed to gaze right through everyone they looked upon but nevertheless soft eyes seeming ready to weep all the time. His mouth, finely chiselled, had a slight droop at the corners which gave an air of sadness to his face. His voice, soft and musical, seemed ever filled with pathos and he looked like one who, though young in years, had suffered deeply and known truly. When Father Huntley told of the simple life of the Master and His apostles there was scarce a dry eye in the church, and then when he spoke of the finer sentiments of life, of love and friendship, of diligence and duty, a thrill went over his congregation. As the Sundays went by the congregation grew larger and larger until each morning dozens who could not enter gathered in the courtyard of the church to listen to the voice which spoke with such strange eloquence and such sincere understanding of life's ever-changing sea.

Three years passed and the minister had won his way into the hearts of each one of the simple folks who came there to the same pew where their fathers and grandparents had come for the last seventy-five years. His life was above reproach and in the daily performance of his ministerial tasks he exhibited a spirit almost divine. Be it night or day, when he was called he was ever ready; always patient, ever kind, he fulfilled the little labors for his flock and sought to lead them in the path of godliness.

When the month of June came around it brought, as it always did, orange blossoms and bridal wreathes and the greatest and noblest of that city came down to the Little Church among the Flowers to be united in life's mysteries by the slender band of gold, but more than that to receive the blessing of Father Huntley who seemed to understand and know these emotions that so swayed their souls. One beautiful morning many rows of carriages and automobiles drew up before the Little Church among the Flowers. Two of the city's finest families were to be united through the marriage of their children. The little church was gloriously decorated with arches of orange blossoms and lillies, the choir was singing and the pews were filled with the richest and noblest of the day. The bride, a little society butterfly, was demurely hanging upon the arm of her father, while the groom, an army captain with clanking sword and dress uniform, was surrounded by a number of his brother officers. It was a festive day. Two little flower girls were strewing the aisle of the church with roses and the old-fashioned organ that had so many times pealed out its notes filled the air with the soft notes of the wedding march. At the altar stood the minister, in his hands the open Bible, its pages turned to the marriage service. In his eyes was the same sad look that so often filled them and his white hands were as pieces of marble against the pages before him.

Down the aisle the solemn procession wound its way, youth and age together, celebrating one of life's most solemn mysteries. Before the altar they stopped, then in his clear, musical voice the minister read the marriage service. There was a deep pathos in his tones

as he slowly pronounced the words of the sacred ritual and when he asked if there were any who knew why those two should not be united in the holy bond of matrimony it seemed that his voice caught, then he went on. Placing their hands together he raised one of his own to heaven pronouncing in clear, distinct tones that thrilled through the whole church, "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I pronounce you man and wife."

There was a hush for a moment, a weight seemed in the air, and then the organ broke the heavy silence. In a few seconds the scene again became one of life and ambition. Congratulations, a few previously prepared sobs from the bride, perfectly timed and romantically performed, showers of rice and old shoes, the honking of automobile horns, cries of congratulations—and a few seconds later the church was empty of its throng and all that remained was the slender, sad-eyed minister, his face illuminated by a golden light which shone down through a yellow pane in the window.

* * *

A heavy cloud holding winter rain hung over the city in whose heart stood the Little Church of the Flowers. The gray light coming through the window panes sent weird shadows among the pews and rafted ceiling of the ancient building. The pigeons that nested in the bell tower were circling around the ancient belfry uttering plaintive cries at the approaching storm. At first it seemed that the church was deserted but looking more closely there could be seen a figure sitting alone in the front pew, his hands clasped in prayer and his eyes raised to the great gilded cross that hung over the altar. No word sounded from the lips of the praying man but from his heart poured out a great stream of feeling which seemed to circle round and round the ancient crucifix carved from rock wood and gilded by the now still hand of Father Jackson.

It was the young minister who sat there, dimly outlined in the pale and uncertain light. He sat as he had many times before, seeking solace for an unknown emptiness in the cross he so devoutly served. As he prayed,

there came the sound of a swinging door, a gray shaft of light appeared and framed against it stood the figure of a well-built and erect man who passed slowly down the aisle of the church and sank into one of the pews near the minister. Then the visitor saw Father Huntley for the first time. He sat for some minutes studying the face of the minister, then as the prayers seemed ended, he crossed over and touched the minister lightly on the shoulder.

"Reverend sir," he asked, "do you not remember me?"

The minister looked up for a second as if undecided, then a smile spread over his face and he extended his hand, "Yes I remember you well. You are Captain Hendricks whom I married in this little church last year."

"You have a good memory," answered the other accepting the hand and clasping it warmly.

"Yes," in a far away voice as though speaking with the words of memory, "I remember it well—one of the most beautiful weddings that was ever held in the Little Church of the Flowers. Surely brother, the blessing of God was upon you that day."

The other man's head drooped and to the amazement of the minister he sank on his knees in the aisle. Father Huntley knew that his visitor was crying and his long slender hand rested softly on the captain's shoulder as he exerted a slight pressure of sympathy.

"Have things not gone well with you?" he asked.

"Ah, no!" answered the other, as with a tremendous effort he shook off the passing weakness and rose to face the minister. "No, things have not gone well. You remember the little laughing-eyed girl whom I led to the altar?"

"Yes," answered the minister softly, the sad look creeping into his eyes, "I remember her. Has she not been true?"

The young captain shook his head.

"Alas, no. I idolized her, built her into the shrine of my soul, but to her I have always been a plaything. A few days ago she left me, leaving nothing behind but this little note and a broken heart. In my sorrow there seemed to come back to my mind that strange expression on your face the day you married

us and I have come to ask you, friend, both advice and comfort, for I have need of them. Something tells me you too have suffered deeply and maybe you can give me the strength to go on after the idol of my heart has deserted me."

The minister placed his hand gently on the captain's shoulder and pointed up to the cross over the altar.

"In life, brother," he spoke sincerely, "each must take his cross. I have had mine, you now have yours. In the hours of silence I am indeed alone for it seemed I was born with a broken heart. Through years of lonely youth I wandered. There were none who knew and none who understood so, alone and heavy hearted, I renounced the world and all that is in it, or rather shall I say, I gave up that which I had never had and renounced an unreality I had never known. I imagined that the great Master must have felt as I did so I sought to forget myself by serving others.

Coming to this little church soon after graduating from the theological seminary, I found one here who seemed to know and seemed to understand and the spark which had long been dead, in fact had never been lighted, burst into flame within my heart even as it must have done in yours. I kept an idol in my dreams for many years during my service here as the minister of this church, I wound that idol into my prayers, I saw in it the glory of a madonna, and the face of saint and martyr seemed not so good as that of the idol in my heart. But mine was broken even as yours has been, so I can comfort and console you in your sorrow by saying there is a sweetness in it all. In losing the world of men one finds the world of God I live no more in the bustle and confusion of life, and, God willing, I will stay here in the Church of the Flowers until some day I am laid to rest with those who have gone before, among the morning-glory vines and honeysuckle in the little churchyard behind."

As the minister spoke a strange light was shining in his face.

"I have read of the monks in their meditation, how in the prayer and silence great visions came to them that they painted in crude colors upon the walls of their cells, I

have heard how year after with colored inks and ancient parchments they wrote and illuminated words of glory to their God and king. As I walk in the gloom of this old church I seem to feel a cowl fall about my shoulders and it seems that somewhere in the distant past, in the brown robe of the mendicant I wandered amid the arches and pillars of some ancient monastery. I wandered into this world with the body of a man and the heart of a monk. I sought to leave these gray walls, not of stone but of the soul, and be like other living things in the world without. I saw one who seemed a dream of the ages, a face that might have haunted me had I drawn paintings upon dungeon walls or matched fine blocks of marble into mosaics as did those of old. When the world has been false to you, brother, come here to me. I came into this world for a great lesson and I have learned it—I can aid you in learning yours also.

"What lesson came you to learn, reverend sir?" asked the soldier respectfully.

"I came to learn to love as God loves," answered the minister, looking up once again at the massive crucifix. "I learned to love and give that which I loved the most. You think you love, sir, and you weep for that which has left you. I loved but I would have left if the one I had loved had stayed. My romance was short-lived—a few short words, a merry laugh—but it left in my soul a mark which ages of loneliness had made hungry for such a token. I dreamed of that day, I lived for that day, and on Sunday mornings as I spoke the soft words of the Master to my flock I spoke it to one more than all the rest, the one who seemed to understand. Your romance, sir has ended even as mine has ended. It seems I had waited a hundred thousand years for that day but to have it slip away, like all things earthly, and leave me alone again with my God. I am not so alone with Him now for I see and understand better. But when that momentous day was over, when my dream was shattered, I fell at the foot of yonder altar and would gladly have died there for there seemed nothing left in life worth while. Three whole nights I lay in prayer at the foot of that altar, praying for death, for anything to take away the utter

loneliness of my life—but, I had to live—a voice was endlessly whispering, “Go on, go on.”

The minister’s hands were on the shoulders of the captain and his eyes were gazing into those of the soldier’s who felt in his soul the agony of the other.

“You lost your dream after it was realized, I lost mine before. Who shall say which is better? I learned to love and to give up the thing I loved and if you love her well enough you will send her on her way in peace, realizing that your greatest love, if it be true, rests in her happiness.”

“Father, how can you say that?” exclaimed the captain. “How can you say that if I love her best I will let her go? Do you not realize I live for her alone?”

The minister nodded his head.

“I do,” he answered, “that is what I say.”

“Alas, father, you have had but little of this world’s romance,” answered the captain. “But you could not love as I have loved and then stand by while another steals the idol of your dream.”

“I have done that and more,” answered the minister, “I have stood by and aided in the giving. The laughing, blue-eyed girl to whom I married you last year was the one who had been the idol of my dream. She found happiness in you and I found happiness in her gladness.” He turned quickly and walked silently away. At the door that led to the little rectory he turned and held out his hand in benediction to the captain.

“Goodby, brother,” he said smiling softly. “You will go back to your world again but I shall stay here. When you are sad, come to me for you will always find one who understands here in the Little Church among the Flowers.”

Questions

Isn't the approaching crisis coming in the form of a world war?

Ans. It will come to man in the form of the effects of the things he has done.

My suggestion is this: look around you and see what will be the natural result of the present causations. It will take many forms, as our mistakes take many forms.

Herbs

(Continued from page 25)

here thou hast what planet cures it by Sympathy and Antipathy; and this brings me to my last promise, viz:

Instructions for the right use of the book.

And herein let me premise a word or two. The Herbs, Plants, &c., are now in the book appropriated to their proper planets. Therefore,

First, Consider what planet causeth the disease; that thou mayest find it in my afore-said Judgment of Diseases.

Secondly, Consider what part of the body is afflicted by the disease, and whether it lies in the flesh, or blood, or ventricles, or bones.

Thirdly, Consider by what planet the afflicted part of the body is governed: that my Judgment of Diseases will inform you also.

Fourthly, You may oppose diseases by Herbs of the planet, opposite to the planet that causes them: as diseases of Jupiter by Herbs of Mercury, and the contrary; diseases of the Luminaries by the Herbs of Saturn, and the contrary; diseases of Mars by Herbs of Venus, and the contrary.

Fifthly, There is a way to cure diseases sometimes by Sympathy, and so every planet cures his own disease; as the Sun and Moon by their Herbs cure the Eyes, Saturn the Spleen, Jupiter the Liver, Mars the Gall and diseases of choler, and Venus diseases in the Instruments of Generation.

Nich. Culpeper.”

From my House in Spitalfields, next door to the Red Lion, September 5, 1653.

Devas' Dance

(Continued from page 18)

At the gate sat the two priests, still in meditation. With his hands folded, the newly awakened one passed onward and outward into the worlds of his activity, worlds that were no longer his because he had unveiled them. So the priest was again in the world but not of it for the veil of Maya had been torn away while the Devas danced in the Labyrinth of the Ear.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Sagittarius is one of the most wonderful of the symbolical signs of the Zodiac for in it is concealed the key to human aspiration. It is a double sign, one-half of which is composed of a horse and the other half of a human being, and therefore called the Centaur of the Zodiac. The sign symbolizes the mind with its ideals and aspirations rising out of the body of the animal, the liberation of consciousness from the shell of matter. The Archer is shooting his shaft far up among the star and aspiration is the keyword of Sagittarius. Often it is too hot-headed and seeks to go beyond its ability, but like the pilgrim of Longfellow's poem it still cries "Excelsior!" as it carries forward the work of its unfoldment.

A short group of keywords make possible a good general understanding of this sign and its powers which the student can synthesize at his leisure:

Hot	Fortunate
Dry	Bitter
Fiery	Half-feral
Choloric	Southern
Masculine	Obeying
Diurnal	Speaking
Eastern	Half-human
Common	Half-mute
Bi-corporal	Long Ascension
Four-footed	Detriment of Mercury
Changeable	Double-bodied
Autumnal	

Day house of Jupiter and exaltation of the Dragon's Tail.

General Characteristics:

Sagittarius is generally noted for impetuosity and for its unwillingness to listen to advice and counsel. It is also the champion air-castle builder of the Zodiac and has a great deal of the eternal tomorrow in its make-up. It is subject to brain-storming at times but still one of the best signs in the Zodiac be-

cause it is eternally aspiring to the highest and the best. It is:

Active	Bright
Intrepid	Hail-fellow-well-met
Generous	Usually smiling
Obliging	A promoting type
Jovial	

Physical Appearance:

Well formed	Oval, fleshy face
Generally tall	Fine clear eyes
Long in the legs	Chestnut colored hair
Ruddy complexion	Apt to be bald
Handsome, jovial	Face usually appears looking countenance sunburnt

Conformity in the length of arms and legs

As Jupiter rules this sign we find in latter life that the mental picture that we held of the Greek and Latin god holds good with most Jupiterian types—broad high foreheads, massive eyebrows, and often given to wearing beards.

Health:

Wherever Jupiter is present, our mutual friend the liver is in evidence. Jupiter is not always moderate in its appetites consequently its ailments are with us wherever the happy-go-lucky Jupiterian spirit prevails. Sagittarius rules the thighs and those born into this sign are subject to injures and bruises to those parts of the body. Its diseases are:

Fevers	Gout
Pestilences	Rheumatism

Over heating of the body through exercise, etc.

This sign is also subject to accidents, falls and danger from drowning; liability of broken bones, dislocations and fractures.

Domestic Problems:

Our jovial Jupiterians are usually successful in domestic problems but Sagittarians will wander and leave all responsibilities behind while they soar to nearby stars. For this reason they usually find their home missing when they return.

(To be continued next month)

Pearly Gates Gazette

MEMBER OF ASSASSINATED PRESS EXTRA UNLIMITED CIRCULATION

VOL. 30000002

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 100000000008

NEW PICTURE A GREAT SUCCESS Benefit For Bald Headed Club

SOCIETY NOTE.

Shyster Shanks one of Earth's 400 arrived in Heaven early this morning rehearsing their Easter Songs. Shyster has lodged a complaint against the Club for disturbing his rest. It will probably come into the Pearly Gates Superior Court and Shyster sued for over three hundred dollars. It is very peculiar how fussy these people on earth are when they are away from home. We have it on good authority that Shyster sold papers when a boy and slept in empty piano boxes.

WELL KNOWN REFORMER ARRIVES.

Dr. Bleedum the well known evangelist arrived with several other notables at the Pearly Gates Hotel this morning. He asked for a harp and wings as soon as he arrived. They were brought, but the Dr. did not know how to make the wings flap when he got them fastened and he had never taken a lesson on a harp in his life. He is going to take lessons from one of our most eminent flying teachers, while the Pick and Twang Musical college will instruct him in the art of harping. He says it will not be hard to learn as he harped on one string all his life on earth, now all he has got to do is increase his field of endeavor.

POPULAR ANGEL SICK.

There has been a number of cases of flu in heaven this winter on account of the fact that we have had a cold wave and are unable to supply any heavy cold weather clothes. Jimmy Chilblains one of our most popular young men, is reported to be down with triple pneumonia. He sat all one afternoon on a damp cloud and then stood in a draft, there is very little hope offered of his recovery. His many friends express their deep sympathy.

BENEFIT TO BE GIVEN.

The Bald Headed Angels Club has taken the Pearly Gates Opera House and are going to stage a benefit to assist the members of the City Fire Department who had their wings singed while fighting a blaze started by a comet who dropped a few hot ashes from his tail into the city Post Office a few months ago. It was the worst fire we have had in Heaven during the last millennium.

TROLLEY SUSPENDED IN ETHERS

Pearly Gates Railway Company have completed construction of new overhead trolley line. Pearly Gates Railway Station announces that commuting books will cut down expenses immeasurably.

FALSE STORY STARTED

A number of people called on the Lord yesterday to congratulate him on the arrival of a son. The story was immediately denied and an investigation to find out where it had started. It was found that it started on the earth, where another fool claimed to be connected directly with the Lord; the committee of investigation only had to look once at the prophet to prove that the entire story was false.

FALSE NOTION.

The Pearly Gate board of censors are a committee formed to decide as to whether persons from the earth and other planets deserve entrance to heaven. They wish to make the announcement that some people are deciding for themselves this very important point without considering Natural Law in any way. The Board wishes to announce that it is sending straight to Hell all who seek to make themselves greater than those chosen to decide these very important problems. Papers on earth please copy.

NEW PICTURE

GREAT SUCCESS

The Pearly Gates Motion Picture Syndicate has just finished work on a new five-reel earthquake picture. The original scenario is by Algernon Wheeze a man of many words and some of the scenes were supposed to be laid in Hell. But as Purgatory was closed for three days while the Devil was at the Sulphur Spring the photographers and cameramen with a small staff of specially picked actors went to the planet Earth where they found all the realism and location they were prevented from securing in Hell. His Satanic Majesty was invited to the pre-view at the studios last week. He threw up his hands in despair and threatened to abdicate feeling that he had failed to live up to his reputation as chief devil. Announcements have been made that Hell will probably be moved to Earth where conditions seem more appropriate. The picture is entitled "Ten Days in Pandemonium or Life on Earth" and is of an educational nature, starring Ananias in the role of a Wall Street broker. Further announcements later.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Our police reporter tells us that a well known comet who refused to give his name and registered as John Doe was arrested last night on a charge of intoxication and disturbing the public peace. The arresting officer testified that he saw the comet all lit up wabbling from side to side and endangering the safety of a number of the plants.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Come home, all is forgiven. Dear Pleades, Number Seven, your six relatives have decided to overlook the mistakes of the past if you will only return. We have waited nearly forty thousand years for you and your husband is getting to be quite an old man.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

Special Notice: The following booklets are out of print and can only be secured by advertising:

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer

Questions and Answers, Part I
Questions and Answers, Part II

A limited supply of the following are still on hand:

Krishna and the Battle of Kurushetra

The correlation between the Bagavadgita, the great East Indian classic, and the Battle of Armageddon of Christian theology is here presented in a simple, practical manner.

Questions and Answers, Part III

A brief occult explanation of some of the many complicated problems of human life.

Occult Masonry

A new edition of this booklet which presents the occult interpretation of many of the secret Masonic symbols is now obtainable.

Wands and Serpents

A short thesis on the serpent of wisdom and the serpent of seduction, based upon the Old Testament legends. Illustrated.

An Analysis of the Book of Revelation

Five lessons on this little understood book as given to our classes in Los Angeles.

The Unfoldment of Man

A symbolical analysis of the evolution of the body and mind as we find it set forth in the Wisdom Teachings.

Occult Psychology

Ten fundamental principles of psychology as understood in the ancient schools.

Parsifal and the Sacred Spear

The unfoldment of the soul as it is set forth in the Grail legends.

Faust, The Eternal Drama

An analysis of the constitution of evil as set forth by Goethe in his mystic drama. Also a brief discussion of the historical Faust.

Manuscript Lectures

Reproduced from notes of talks given in last few months.

1. Pros and Cons on the Sex Problem.
2. The Einstein Theory of Relativity.
3. Talks to Teachers, Part I
4. Talks to Teachers, Part II
5. Talks to Teachers, Part III
6. The Effect of the Total Eclipse of the Sun.
7. Reincarnation, Part I
8. Reincarnation, Part II.
9. The Nature Spirits, Part I.
10. The Nature Spirits, Part II.
11. The Nature Spirits, Part III.
12. List of Suggestive Reading for Occult Students.
13. The Masters, Part I.
14. The Masters, Part II.

The Following are in Preparation.

Talks to Teachers, Part IV.
Talks to Teachers, Part V.
Talks to Teachers, Part VI.
The Nature Spirits, Part IV.
The Nature Spirits, Part V.
The Masters, Part III.

The Masters, Part IV.
The Philosophy of the Absolute.
The Mystery of Marriage.
The Mystery of Baptism.
The Mystery of the Soul.
The Philosophy of Death.

These publications may be secured through voluntary contribution by sending to P. O. Box 695, Los Angeles, care of Manly P. Hall.

Great Sayings of Jesus



“Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.”

“Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

“No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.”

“It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the Law to fail.”

“Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.”

“Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

“He that layeth up treasure for himself is not rich toward God.”

“Blessed are they that hear the word of God and *keep* it.”

“Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement.”

“Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep’s clothing but inwardly they are ravening wolves... Ye shall know them by their fruits.”

“When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.”

“Woe unto you, hypocrites; ye who are like unto whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outwardly but are within full of dead men’s bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Thou blind ones, cleanse first that which is within the cup that the outside may be clean also.”

“What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”