

THE LOST KEYS OF MASONRY



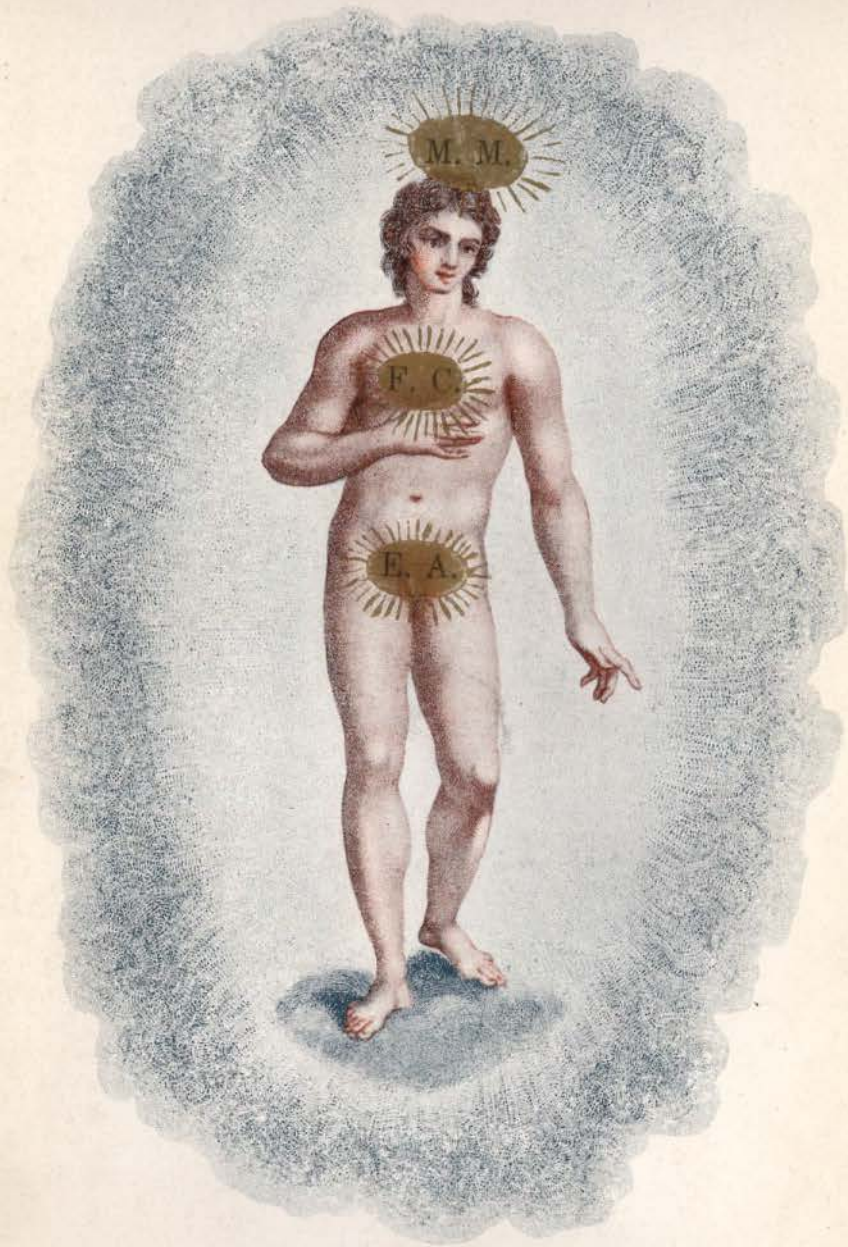
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Alma F. Bernhard.

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The
LOST KEYS
of
MASONRY

The Legend of Hiram Abiff.



Manly P. Hall

"He who lives the life
Shall know the doctrine"

Special Students Edition
Privately Published by the Author.

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Dedication

This Edition of "The Lost Keys of Masonry"
is dedicated by the Author to the Ancient Order
of Free and Accepted Masons. It consists of
one thousand copies privately published and is
consecrated upon the Flaming Alter
of the Ancient Craft

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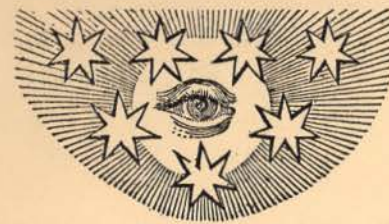
Colored Plate—The Three Degrees of the Ancient Rite,
Lost Key to Masonry.
The Grave of the Builder
The Veiled Light

The oldest ancient temple of Masonry
is in Malta.

The 3. suffians is "Ignorance selfishness, fear.
I am the Pilgrim of the Eternal, heir of my
past, & father of my future, I am here, to learn
truth & teach it, see the good & do it, - imma,
give the perfect and become "That"
Light, more Light.

Light dispels darkness, Knowledge dispels
Ignorance, Charity kills selfishness, and
Reason overcomes fear, Seek & you shall
find Wisdom & Truth. Truth is divine.

Let us meet our duties, send to us all one
so that we can carry on, without a swaiver,
thus to learn, Eternal Ocean is our home,
"So mate it be."



The Lost Keys of Masonry

Introduction

The average Mason and modern student of masonic ideals little realize or understand the cosmic obligation which he takes upon himself when he begins his search for the sacred truths of nature as they are concealed in the ancient and modern rituals. He must not lightly consider his vows, and if he would not bring upon himself years and ages of suffering he must cease to consider Masonry as merely a social or fraternal order. He must realize that the mystic teachings as perpetuated in the modern rites are sacred, and that powers unseen and unrecognized mold the destiny of those who consciously and of their own free will take upon themselves the obligations of a craft.

Masonry is not a material thing; it is a science of the soul; it is not a creed or doctrine but a universal expression of the Divine Wisdom. The coming together of English guilds or even the building of Solomon's temple, as it is understood today, has little if

anything to do with the true mystery of Masonry, for Masonry does not deal with personalities, it is neither historical nor archaeological, but is a divine symbolic language perpetuating under concrete symbols the divine mysteries of the ancients. Only those who see in it a cosmic study, a life work, a spiritual inspiration to better thinking, better living, and better acting, with the spiritual attainment of enlightenment as the end and the daily life of the true Mason as the means, have gained even the slightest insight of the true mysteries of the ancient and accepted rite.

The age of the masonic school is not to be calculated by hundreds or even thousands of years, for it never had any origin in the worlds of form; the world as we see it is merely an experimental laboratory in which man is laboring to build and express greater and more perfect vehicles. Into this laboratory there pour thousands and millions of rays descending from the cosmic hierarchies; these mighty globes and orbs which focus their energies upon mankind and mold his destiny do so in an orderly manner, each in its own way and place, and it is the working of these mystic hierarchies in the universe which form the pattern around which the masonic school has been built, for the true lodge of the mason is the universe. — Creedless and religionless he stands, a master of all faiths, and those who take up the study of Masonry without realizing the depth, the beauty, and the spiritual power of the thing they are analyzing can never gain anything of permanent result from their studies. The age of the mystery schools can be traced by the true student back to the dawn of time, hundreds of millions, yes, billions of years ago, when the temple of the

Solar Man was in the making, That was the first Temple of the King, and there in the dawn of time were given and laid down the true mysteries of the ancient lodge, and it was the gods of creation and the spirits of the dawn who first tiled the master's lodge.

The initiated brother realizes that his so-called symbols and rituals are merely blinds built by the wise to perpetuate ideas incomprehensible to the average individual. He also realizes that few Masons of today know or appreciate the mystic meaning concealed within these rituals. With religious faith we perpetuate the form, worshiping it instead of the life, but those who have not gathered the truth from the crystallized ritual, those who have not liberated the spiritual germ from the shell of empty words, are not Masons, regardless of their physical degrees.

In the work we are taking up it is not the intention to dwell upon the modern concepts of the craft but to consider Masonry as it really is to those who know, a great cosmic organism whose true brothers and children are tied together not by spoken oaths but by lives so lived that they are capable of seeing through the blank wall and opening the window which is now concealed by the rubbish of materiality. When this is done and the mysteries of the universe unfold before the aspiring candidate, then in truth he discovers what Masonry really is; its material phases interest him no longer for he has unmasked the mystery school which he is only capable of doing when he himself has spiritually become a member of it.

There is no doubt in the minds of those who have examined and studied its ancient lore that Masonry,

like the universe itself, which is the greatest of all schools, deals with the unfolding of a threefold principle, for all the universe is governed by the same three kings who are called the builders of the masonic temple. They are not personalities but principals, great intelligent energies and powers which in God, man, and the universe have charge of the molding of cosmic substance into the habitation of the living king, the temple built through millions of years of first unconscious and then conscious effort on the part of every individual who is expressing in his daily life the creative principles of the three kings.

The true brother of the ancient craft realized that he had a duty or rather a privilege which he owed to his God, his brother, and himself and this was the completion of the temple he was building to the King of the universe. He knew that certain steps must be taken and that his temple must be built according to plan, but today it seems that the plan is lost, for in the majority of cases Masonry is no longer operative but is merely a speculative idea and must remain so until each brother, reading the mystery of his symbols and pondering over the beautiful allegories unfolded in his ritual, realizes that he himself contains the keys and the plans so long lost to his craft and that if he would ever learn Masonry he must unlock its doors with the key filed from the base metals of his own being.

True Masonry is esoteric; it is not a thing of this world; all that we have here is a link, a doorway, through which the student may pass into the unknown. It has nothing to do with things of form save that it

realizes that form is molded by and manifests the life it contains, and the student is seeking to so mold his life that the form will glorify the God within whose temple he is slowly building as he awakens one after another the workmen within himself and sets them to the carrying out of the plan which has been given him out of heaven.

So far as it is possible to discover, ancient Masonry and the beautiful cosmic allegories that it teaches, perpetuated through hundreds of lodges and ancient mysteries, forms the oldest of the mystery schools and its preservation through the ages has not depended upon itself as an exoteric body of partly evolved individuals but upon a concealed brotherhood, the esoteric side of Masonry. All of the great mystery schools have hierarchies upon the spiritual planes of nature which are expressing themselves in this world through creeds and organisms, and the true student is seeking to lift himself from the exoteric body upward spiritually until he joins the esoteric group which without a lodge on the physical plane of nature are still greater by far than all the lodges of which they are the central fire. These spiritual instructors of humanity are forced to labor in the concrete world with things comprehensible to the concrete mind, and there comes through to man the meaning of the allegories and symbols which surround his exoteric work as soon as he prepares himself to receive them. The true Mason realizes that the work of the mystery schools in the world is of an inclusive rather than an exclusive nature, and that the only lodge which is broad enough to express his ideals is the one whose dome is the heavens, whose pillars are the corners of creation,

whose checkerboard floor is composed of the crossing currents of human emotion, and whose altar is the human heart. Creeds cannot bind the true seeker for truth and the Mason realizing the unity of all truth also realizes that the hierarchies laboring with him have given him in his varying degrees the mystic, spiritual rituals of all the mystery schools in the world, and that if he would fill his place in the plan he must not enter this sacred study for what he can get out of it but that he may learn how better to put more in.

Masonry has concealed within it the mystery of creation, the answer to the problem of existence, and the path which the student must walk in order to join those who are really the living powers behind the thrones of modern, national and international affairs, but the true student realizes most of all that the taking of degrees does not make a man a Mason; a Mason is not appointed, he is evolved, and he must realize that the position he holds in the exoteric lodge means nothing compared to his position in the spiritual lodge of life. He must forever cast out of his being the idea that he can be told or instructed in the sacred mysteries or that his being a member of an organization improves him in any way; he must realize that his duty is to build and evolve the sacred teaching in his own being, that nothing but his own purified being can unlock the door to the sealed libraries of human consciousness, and that his masonic rites must eternally be speculative until he makes them operative by living the life of the mystic Mason. His karmic responsibilities increase with his opportunities and those who are surrounded with knowledge and opportunity for self-

improvement and make nothing of these opportunities are the lazy workmen who will be spiritually if not physically cast out of the temple of the king.

The Masonic order is not a social organization but truly is composed of those who have banded themselves together to learn and to apply the principles of mysticism and the occult rites; they are or should be philosophers, sages, and sober-minded individuals who have dedicated themselves upon the living altar of the gods and who have vowed by all that they hold dear that the world shall be better, wiser, and happier because they have lived. Those who enter these mystic rites and pass between the pillars seeking either prestige or commercial advantage are blasphemers, and while in this world we may count them as successful they are the cosmic failures who have barred themselves out from the true rite whose keynote is unselfishness and whose workers have renounced the things of earth.

In ancient times many years of preparation were required before the neophyte was permitted to enter the temple of the mysteries. In this way those who were shallow, the curiosity seekers, the faint of heart, and those unable to withstand the temptations of life were not chosen, but automatically withdrew themselves from a price which was greater than they would pay, and he who did pass between the pillars entered the temple realizing his sublime opportunity, his divine obligation, and the mystic privilege which he had earned for himself through years of special preparation. × Only those are truly Masons who enter their temple in reverence, who are seeking not the passing things of life but the treasures which are eternal,

whose one desire in life is to know the true mystery of the craft that they may join as honest workmen those who have gone before as builders of the universal temple, for the masonic ritual is not a ceremony but a life to be lived. Those who are really Masons are those who have dedicated their lives and their souls on the altar of the living flame and who are glad to labor in any way that they may be called in the one universal building of which they are the workmen and their God the living Architect. When we have Masons like this the craft will again be operative, the flaming triangle will shine forth with the greater lustre, the dead builder will rise from his tomb, and the lost Word so long concealed from the profane will blaze forth again with the power that makes all things new.

In the pages that follow there has been set down a number of thoughts for the study and consideration of temple builders, craftsmen and artisan alike. They are the keys which if known will leave the student still in ignorance but if lived will change the speculative Masonry of today into the operative Masonry of tomorrow, when each builder realizing his own place will see things which he never saw before, not because they were not there but because he was blind. And there are none so blind as those who will not see.

FOREWORD

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are few; and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the door shall be shut in the streets; when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high and fear shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshoppers shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken at the fountain, or the wheel at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it.

Ecclesiastes, 12: 1: 7.

PREFACE

Reality forever eludes us. Infinity mocks our puny efforts to imprison it in definition and dogma. Our most splendid realizations are only adumbrations of the Light. In his endeavors, man is but a mollusk seeking to encompass the ocean.

Yet man may not cease his struggle to find God. There is a yearning at the soul of him that will not let him rest, an urge that compels him to attempt the impossible, to attain the unattainable. He lifts feeble hands to grasp the stars and despite a million years of failure and millenniums of disappointment, the soul of man springs heavenward with even greater avidity than when the race was young.

He pursues, even though the flying ideal eternally slips from his embrace. Even though he never clasps the goddess of his dreams, he refuses to believe that she is a phantom. To him she is the only reality. He reaches upward and will not be content until the sword of Orion is in his hands, and glorious Arcturus gleams from his breast.

Man is Parsifal searching for the Sacred Cup; Sir Launfal adventuring for the Holy Grail. Life is a divine adventure; a splendid quest.

Language fails. Words are mere cyphers, and who can read the riddle? These words we use, what are they but vain shadows of form and sense. We strive to clothe our highest thought with verbal trappings

that our brother may see and understand; and when we would describe a saint he sees a demon, when we would present a wiseman he beholds a fool. "Fie upon you," he cries; "thou, too, art a fool."

So wisdom drapes her truth with symbolism, and covers her insight with allegory. Creeds, rituals, poems are parables and symbols. The ignorant take them literally and build for themselves prison houses of words and with bitter speech and bitterer taunt denounce those who will not join them in the dungeon. Before the rapt vision of the seer dogma and ceremony, legend and trope dissolve and fade, and he sees behind the fact the truth, behind the symbol the Reality.

Through the shadow shines ever the Perfect Light.

What is a Mason? He is a man who in his heart has been duly and truly prepared, has been found worthy and well qualified, has been admitted to the fraternity of builders, been invested with certain passwords and signs by which he may be enabled to work and receive wages as a Master Mason, and travel in foreign lands in search of that which was lost—The Word.

Down through the misty vistas of the ages rings a clarion declaration and although the very heavens echo to the reverberations, but few hear and fewer understand: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

Here then is the eternal paradox. The Word is lost, yet it is ever with us. The light that illumines the distant horizon shines in our hearts. "Thou would'st

not seek me hadst thou not found me." We travel afar only to find that which we hunger for at home.

And as Victor Hugo says: "The thirst for the Infinite proves infinity."

That we seek lives in our souls.

This, the unspeakable truth, the unutterable perfection, the author has set before us in these pages. Not a Mason himself, he has read the deeper meanings of the ritual. Not having assumed the formal obligations, he calls upon all mankind to enter into the holy of holies. Not initiated into the physical craft, he declares the secret doctrine that all may hear.

With vivid allegory and profound philosophical disquisition he expounds the sublime teachings of Free Masonry, older than all religions, as universal as human aspiration.

It is well. Blessed are the eyes that see, and the ears that hear and the heart that understands.

Reynold E. Blight, (32° K.C.C.H.)



PROLOGUE

In the Fields of Chaos

The first flush of awakening life thrilled and gleamed through the darkness of cosmic night and turned the darkness of negation into the dim twilight of unfolding being, and cast its faint glimmering rays over a strange form which stood alone on the cloudy banks of swirling substances. Robed in shimmery blue vapor of mystery, his head encircled by a golden crown of flaming Light, a mystic stranger stood there, his form divine shrouded in the folds of chaos whose darkness fled before the rays that poured like streams of living fire from his gigantic, misty form silhouetted in faint relief against the shadowy gateways of eternity.

From some cosmos greater far than ours this mystic visitor came, answering the call of Divinity. From star to star he strode and from world to universe. He was known and yet concealed forever by the filmy garments of chaotic night. Suddenly the clouds broke and a wondrous light descended from somewhere among the seething waves of force; it bathed this lonely form in a radiance celestial, each sparkling crystal of mist gleaming like a diamond bathed in the living fire of the Divine.

Two great forms appeared in the gleaming flame of cosmic light bordered by the dark clouds of not-being and a mighty Voice thrilled through eternity, each sparkling atom dancing, swaying and swirling with the power of The Creator's word while the great, blue-robed figure bowed in awe before the footstool of His

Maker and a great hand reached down from heaven, its fingers extended in benediction.

"Of all creation I have chosen you and upon you my seal is placed; you are the chosen instrument of my hand and I choose you to be the builder of my Temple; you shall raise its pillars and tile its floor; you shall ornament it with metals and with jewels and you shall be the master of my workmen; into your hands I place the plans and here on the tracing board of living substance I impress the plan you are to follow, tracing its every letter and angle in the fiery lines of my moving finger. ✕ Hiram Abiff, chosen builder of your Father's house, up and to your work; yonder are the fleecy clouds, the gray mist of dawn, the gleams of heavenly light and the darkness of creation's sleep. From these shall you build the temple of your God made without the sound of hammers or the voice of workmen, eternal in the heavens. ✕ The swirling, ceaseless motion of negation you shall chain to grind your stones; among these spirits of not-being shall you slack your lime and lay your footings, for I have watched you through the years of your youth, I have guided you through the days of your manhood, I have weighed you in the balance and you have not been found wanting. ✕ Therefore, to you give I the glory of work and here ordain you as the Builder of my House. Unto you I give the word of the Master Builder; unto you I give the tools of the craft; unto you I give the power that has been vested in me; be faithful unto these things; bring them back when you have finished; and I will give you the name known to God alone. So mote it be." ✕ *gloried.*

The great light died out of the heavens, the stream-

ing fingers of living light vanished through the misty, lonely twilight and again covered not-being with its sable mantle. Hiram again stood alone, gazing out into the endless ocean of oblivion; nothing but swirling, seething matter as far as eye could see. Then, rising, he straightened his shoulders and taking the trestle board in his hands and claspings to his heart the Word of the Master which sparkled and gleamed in the darkness of the night, Hiram Abiff slowly walked out over the clouds and vanished through the mist which swallowed up even the glowing spark of the Master's Word.

Ages passed, for how may man measure timeless eternity, and the lonely builder labored with his plan with only love and humility in his heart, his hand molding the darkness which he blessed while his eyes were raised above where the Great Light had shone down from heaven. In the divine solitude he labored, no voice to cheer; no spirit to condemn; alone in the boundless all with the great chill of the morning mist upon his brow, but his heart still warm with the light of the Master's Word. It seemed a hopeless battle, no single pair of hands could mold that darkness; no single heart, no matter how true, could be great enough to send the pulsing cosmic love into the cold mist of oblivion. ✕ The darkness settled ever closer about him, the misty fingers of negation twined around his being, and still with divine trust the builder labored, with divine hope he laid his footings, and from the boundless clay he made the molds to cast his sacred ornaments. Slowly the building grew and dim forms molded by the master's hand took shape about him. Three great, soulless creatures had the Master fash-

ioned, great, towering beings which appeared in half darkness like grim spectres. They were three builders he had blessed and now in stately file they passed before him, and Hiram held out his arms to his creation, saying, "Brothers, I have built you for your works, I have formed you to labor with me in the building of the Master's house; you are the children of my being; I have labored with you, now labor with me for the glory of our God."

But the spectres laughed and turned upon their maker, and striking him with his own tools given to him by God out of heaven, they left their Grand Master dying in the midst of his labors, broken and crushed by the threefold powers of cosmic night. As he lay bleeding at the feet of his handiwork the martyr builder raised his eyes to the seething clouds, and his face was sweet with divine love and cosmic understanding as he prayed unto the Master who had sent him forth.

"Oh, Master of Workmen, Great Architect of the universe, my labors are not finished. Why must they always remain undone? I have not completed the thing for which Thou hast sent me into being, for my very creations have turned against me and the tools Thou gavest me have destroyed me. The children that I formed in love, in ignorance have murdered me. Here, Father, is the Word Thou gavest me now red with my own blood. Oh, Master, I return it to thee for I have kept it sacred in my heart. Here are the tools, the tracing board, and the vessels I have wrought. Around me stand the ruins of my temple which I must leave. Unto Thee, O God, the divine Knower of all things, I return them all, realizing that in Thy

good time lies the fulfillment of all things. Thou, oh God, knowest our downsitting and our uprising and Thou understandeth our thoughts afar off. In Thy name, Father, I have labored and in Thy cause I die, a faithful builder."

The Master fell back, his upturned face sweet in the last repose of death, and the light rays no longer pouring from him. The gray clouds gathered closer as though to form a winding sheet around the body of their murdered master.

Suddenly the heavens opened again and a great glow descended as a sparkling ray and surrounding the form of Hiram, bathed it in a light celestial, and again the Voice spoke from the heavens above where the Great King sat above the clouds of creation, "He is not dead, he is asleep, but who shall awaken him, for his labors are not done and in death he guards the sacred relics more closely than ever, for the Word and the tracing board are his, I have given them. But he must remain asleep until these three who have slain him shall bring him back to life, for every wrong must be righted, and the slayers of my house, the destroyers of my temple, must labor in the place of their builder until they raise their Master from the dead."

The three murderers fell on their knees and raised their hands to heaven as though to ward off the light which unearthed their crime, "Oh, God, great is our sin, for we have slain our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. Just is Thy punishment and as we have slain him we now dedicate our lives to his resurrection. The first was our human weakness, the second our sacred duty."

"Be it so," answered the Voice from Heaven. The

great Light vanished and the clouds of darkness and mist concealed the body of the murdered Master. It was swallowed up in the darkness which swirling and swaying left no mark, no gravestone, on the place where the builder had lain.

"Oh, God," cried the three murderers, "where shall we find our Master now?"

The hand reached down again from the Great Unseen and a tiny lamp was handed them whose oil flame burned silently and clearly in the darkness. "By this light which I have given ye shall ye seek him whom ye have slain."

The three forms surrounded the light and bowed in prayer and thanksgiving for this solitary gleam which was to light the darkness of their way. While from somewhere above in the regions of not-being a great Voice spoke, the thundering Voice that filled Chaos with its sound, "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not; as the waters fail from the sea and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not again. Yet I have compassion upon the children of my creation, I administer unto them in time of trouble and save them with an everlasting salvation. Seek ye where the broken twig lies and where the dead stick moulds away, where the clouds float together, where the stones rest by the hillside, for all these mark the grave of Hiram who has carried my Will with him to the tomb. This eternal quest is yours until ye have found your Builder, until the cup giveth up its secret, until the grave giveth up its ghosts. I shall speak to ye no more until ye have found and raised my beloved Son, and have listened to the words of my

Messenger and with Him as your guide have finished the temple which I shall then inhabit. Amen."

The gray dawn still lay asleep in the arms of darkness and out through the great mystery of not-being all was silence, unknowable, and through the misty dawn, like strange phantoms of a dream, three figures wandered over the great Unknown carrying in their hands a tiny light, the lamp given to them by their Builder's Father. They wandered eternally in search of a silent grave, mid stick and stone and cloud and star they wandered, stopping again and again to explore the depths of some mystic recess, praying for liberation from their endless search, yet bound by vows eternal to raise the Builder they had slain, whose grave was marked by the broken twig and whose body was laid away in the white winding sheet of death somewhere over the brow of the eternal hill.

G

CHAPTER ONE
THE CANDIDATE

There comes a time in the individual growth of every living thing when it realizes with dawning consciousness that it is a prisoner. While apparently free to move and have its being, the struggling life cognizes through ever greater vehicles its own limitation. It is at this point that man cries out with ever greater power to be liberated from the binding ties, which invisible to mortal eyes still chain him with bonds far more terrible than those of a physical prison.

Many have read the story of the prisoner of Shiloah who as the years rolled by paced back and forth in the narrow confines of his prison cell, while the blue waters rolled ceaselessly above his head and the only sound that broke the stillness of his eternal night was the ceaseless swishing and lapping of the waves. We pity the prisoner in his physical tomb and as we see stone walls surrounding man we are sad at heart for we know how life loves liberty. There is, however, one prisoner whose plight is far worse than those of earth. He has not even the narrow confines of a prison cell around Him; He cannot pace to and fro to wear into ruts by His ceaseless striding the cobble stones of a dungeon floor. That eternal Prisoner is Life, prisoned within the dark stone walls of matter with not a single ray to brighten the blackness of His fate; he fights eternally for life, praying in the dark confines of gloomy walls for light

and opportunity. This is the eternal Prisoner who through the ceaseless ages of cosmic unfoldment, through forms unnumbered and species now unknown, strives eternally to liberate Himself and to gain self-conscious expression, the birthright of every created thing. He awaits the day when standing upon the rocks that now form His shapeless tomb, He may raise His arms to heaven, bathed in the sunlight of spiritual freedom, free to join the sparkling atoms and dancing light beings released from the bonds of prison wall and tomb.

It is around Life, that wondrous germ in the heart of every living thing, that sacred Prisoner in His gloomy cell, that Master Builder laid away in the grave of matter, that has been built the wondrous legend of the Holy Sepulchre. The mystic philosophers of the ages, under allegories unnumbered, have perpetuated this wonderful story and among the Craft Masons it forms the mystic ritual of Hiram, the Master Builder, murdered in his temple by the very builders who should have served him as he labored to perfect the dwelling place of his God.

Matter is the tomb, it is the dead wall of substances whose lives have as yet been unawakened into the pulsating energies of Spirit; it exists in many degrees and forms, not only in the chemical elements which form the solids of our universe but in finer and more subtle substances, which expressing through emotion and thought are still beings of the world of form. These substances form the great cross of matter which opposes the growth of all things and by opposition makes all growth possible. It is the great cross of

hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and carbon upon which even the life germ in protoplasm is crucified and suspended in agony upon and within the substance which is incapable of giving it expression. The Spirit within cries out for freedom, freedom to be, to express, to manifest its true place in the Great Plan of cosmic unfoldment.

It is this great yearning within the heart of man which sends him slowly onward towards the gate of the Temple; it is this inner urge for greater understanding and greater light which brought into being through the law of necessity the great cosmic Masonic Lodge dedicated to those lives which were seeking union with the Powers of Light that their prison walls might be removed. This shell cannot be discarded, it must be raised into union with the Life; each dead, crystallized atom in the human body must be set vibrating and spinning to a higher rate of consciousness. Through purification, through knowledge, and through service to his fellowman the candidate sequentially unfolds these mystic properties, building better and more perfect bodies through which his higher life secures ever greater manifestation, and the expression of man through thought, emotion, and action liberates the higher from bodies which in their crystallized states are incapable of giving him his natural opportunities.

In Masonry this crystallized substance of matter is called the grave and the Holy Sepulchre. It is within this grave that the lost Builder lies and with him are the plans of the temple and the Master's Word, and it is this Builder, our Grand Master, that we must seek

and, finding, raise from the dead and restore to Him the crown of Spirit so long missing from the temple of our King. This noble Son of Light cries out to us in every expression of matter, every stick and stone marks His resting place, and the sprig of acacia promises that through the long winter of spiritual darkness, when the sun does not shine for man, this Light still is, still waits for the day of liberation when each one of us shall raise Him by the grip of the Grand Master, the true grip of a Master Mason.— We cannot hear this Voice that calls eternally but we feel that inner urge, a great, unknown something pulls at our heart strings, and as the ages roll by the deep desire to be greater, to live better, and to think God's thoughts builds within ourselves the qualifications of a candidate who, when truly asked why he takes the path, would answer if he knew mentally the things he feels, "I hear a voice that cries out to me from flora and fauna, from stones, clouds, the very heaven itself, each fiery atom spinning and twisting in cosmos cries out to me with the voice of my Master.* I can hear *Hiram Abiff, my Grand Master, calling, crying out with agony, the agony of life hidden within the darkness of its prison walls, seeking for the expression which I have denied it, striving, laboring, to bring closer the day of its liberation, and I have learned to know that I am responsible for those walls, my daily actions are the things which as ruffians and traitors are murdering my God."*

evil habits & emotion & passion

There are many legends of the Holy Sepulchre which has for so many ages been in the hands of the infidel and which the Christian worlds sought to liberate in the days of the Crusades. Few Masons realize that

this Holy Sepulchre, this tomb, is in reality negation, crystallization, matter that has sealed within itself the Spirit of Life which must remain in darkness until the growth of each individual being gives it walls of glowing gold and changes its stones into windows. As we develop better and better vehicles of expression, these walls slowly expand until at last Spirit rises triumphant from its tomb and blessing the very walls that confined it raises them to union with itself.

Our first consideration is the murderers of Hiram. These three ruffians, who, when the Builder seeks to leave his temple, strike him with the tools of his own craft until finally they slay him and bring the temple down in destruction upon their own heads, symbolize the three expressions of our own lower natures which are in truth the murderers of the good within ourselves which they pervert as soon as we seek to manifest it. We can call these three thought, desire, and action which when purified and transmuted are three glorious avenues through which may manifest the great life power of the three kings, the glowing builders of the cosmic lodge which manifest in this world as spiritual thought, constructive emotion, and daily, useful labor in the various places and positions where we find ourselves while carrying on the Master's work. These three form the Flaming Triangle which glorifies every living Mason, but when crystallized and perverted they form a triangular prison through which the light cannot shine and the Life is forced to pace back and forth in the dim darkness of despair, until man himself through his higher understanding shall liberate the

energies and powers which are indeed the builders and glorifiers of his Father's House. ✕

Now let us consider how these three fiery kings of the dawn became, through perversion of their manifestation by man, the ruffians who murdered Hiram, ✕ who represents the energizing powers of cosmos which course through the blood of every living thing, seeking to beautify and perfect the temple it would build according to the plan laid down on the tracing board by the Master Architect of the universe. First in the mind is one of the three kings, or rather we shall say a pole through which he manifests, for King Solomon ✕ is the power of mind which when perverted becomes a destroyer who tears down with the very powers which nourish and build. The right application of thought, when seeking the answer to the cosmic problem of destiny, liberates man's spirit which soars above the concrete through that wonderful power of mind, with its dreams, and its ideals.

When man's thoughts rise upward, when he pushes backward the darkness with reason and logic, then indeed the builder is liberated from his dungeon and the light pours in, bathing him with life and power. This light enables us to seek more clearly the mystery of creation and to find with greater certainty our place in the great plan, for as man unfolds his bodies he gains talents with which he can explore the mysteries of nature and search for the hidden workings of the Divine. Through these powers the Builder is liberated and his consciousness goes forth conquering and to conquer. These higher ideals, these spiritual concepts, ✕ these altruistic, philanthropic, educative applications

of thought power glorify the Builder, for they give the power of expression and those who can express themselves are free. ✕ When man can mold his thoughts, his emotions, and his actions into faithful expressions of his highest ideals then liberty is his, for ignorance is the darkness of chaos and knowledge is the light of cosmos. ✕ *great*

✕ In spite of the fact that many of us live apparently to gratify the desires of the body and as servants of the lower, still there is within each of us a power which may remain latent for a great length of time, lives, eternities, perhaps, and yet at some time during our growth there comes a great desire, a yearning for freedom, ✕ when, having discovered that the pleasures of sense gratification are eternally elusive and unsatisfying, we make an examination of ourselves and begin to realize that there are greater reasons for our being. ✕ It is sometimes reason, sometimes suffering, sometimes a great desire to be helpful, that brings out the first latent powers which show that one long wandering in the darkness is about to take the path that leads to light. ✕ Having lived life in all its phases he has learned to realize that all the manifestations of being, all the various experiences through which he passes, are steps leading in one direction and that consciously or unconsciously all souls are being led to the porch of the temple where for the first time they see and realize the glory of divinity. ✕ It is then that they understand the age-old allegory of the martyred Builder and feel his power within themselves crying out from the prison of materiality. Nothing else seems worth while and regardless of cost, suffering, or the taunts of the world, the candidate slowly ascends the steps that

lead to the temple eternal. ✕ The reason that governs cosmos he does not know, the laws which mold his being he does not realize, but he does know that somewhere behind the veil of human ignorance there is an eternal light which step by step he must labor toward and with his eyes fixed on the heavens above, his hands ✕ clasped in prayer, he passes slowly as a candidate up the steps and in fear and trembling, yet with a divine realization of good, he taps upon the door and awaits in silence the answer from within. ✕

CHAPTER TWO

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE.

There are three grand steps in the unfoldment of the human soul before it completes the dwelling place of the spirit. These have been called respectively youth, manhood, and old age, or, as the Mason would say, the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master Builder. All life passes through these three grand stages of human consciousness. ♪ They can be listed as the man on the outside looking in, the man on the outside going in, and the man on the outside, inside. The path of human life is governed as all things are by the laws of analogy, and as at birth we start our pilgrimage through youth, manhood, and old age, so the spiritual consciousness of man in his cosmic path of unfoldment passes from unconsciousness to perfect consciousness in the grand Lodge of the universe. ✕ Certain requirements must be considered, not merely those of the physical world but also the spiritual world, before the initiation of Entered Apprentice degree can be properly understood and appreciated.

The Mason must realize that his true initiation is a spiritual and not a physical ritual, and that his initiation into the living temple of the spiritual hierarchy regulating Masonry may not occur until years after he has taken the physical degree, or spiritually he may be a Grand Master before he comes into the world. There are probably few examples in the entire history of Masonry where the spiritual ordination of the as-

piring seeker took place at the same time as the physical initiation because the true initiation depends upon the building of certain soul qualities, an individual and personal matter which is left entirely to the conscious effort of the mystic Mason and which he must carry out in silence and alone. †

The court of the tabernacle of the ancient Jews was divided into three parts, respectively, the outer court, the holy place, and the most Holy of Holies. † These three divisions represent the three grand divisions of human consciousness, and the degree of Entered Apprentice is the signifying by the student of his intention to take the rough ashler which he cuts from the quarry and prepare it for the trueing of the Fellow Craft. In other words, the first degree is really one of preparations; it is a material step dealing with material things, for all spiritual life must be raised upon a material foundation.

Seven is the number of the Entered Apprentice as it relates to the seven liberal arts and sciences, and these are the powers with which the Entered Apprentice must labor before he is worthy to go onward into the more elevated and advanced degrees. Those who believe that they can reach the spiritual planes of nature without first passing through and conquering, and by conquering mold matter into expressions of spiritual power, are very much mistaken, for the first stage in the growth of a Master Mason is the mastery of the concrete conditions of life and the developing through exercise on this plane of nature sense centers which will later become channels for the expression of spiritual truths. ×

All growth is a gradual procedure carried on in an

orderly, masterly way as is shown by the opening and closing of a lodge. † The universe is divided into groups and these groups are divided each from the other by the rates of vibration which pass through them, and as the spiritual consciousness is carried through the chain those who are lower lose connection with it when it has raised itself above their level until finally only the Grand Masters are capable of remaining in session, † and unknown even to the Master Mason it passes back again to the spiritual hierarchy from which it came. ×

Action is the lost key of the Entered Apprentice lodge. × All growth is the result of exercise and the heightening of vibratory rates. † It is through exercise that the muscles of the human body are strengthened; it is through the seven liberal arts and sciences that the bodies of man receive certain impulses which in turn start into action centers of consciousness within himself. † These centers of consciousness will later through still greater development give fuller expression to these inner powers; but the Entered Apprentice has as his first duty the awakening of these powers, and, like the youth of whom he is a symbol, his ideals and mind and labors must be tied closely to concrete things. × For him both points of the compass are under the square; † for him the reasons which manifest through the heart and mind, the two polarities of expression, are darkened and concealed beneath the square which measures the block of bodies. He has not the reason why, his work is to do and to follow the directions of those whose knowledge is greater than his own; but as the result of his doing and the application of energies through action and reaction, he slowly builds and evolves the powers of discrimination and the strength of

character which mark the Fellow Craft degree.

Of course the rough ashler symbolizes the body and it also represents cosmic root substance which is taken out of the quarry of the universe by the first expressions of intelligence and moulded by them into ever finer and more perfect lines until finally it becomes the perfect stone for the Builder's temple.

How can emotion manifest save through form? How can mind manifest until the intricately evolved brain cells of matter have raised their organic quality to form the groundwork upon which other things may be based? All students of human nature realize that every expression of man depends upon organic quality, and that in every living thing this differs, and that the fineness of this matter is the sure indication of growth, mental, physical, or spiritual.

True to the doctrines of his craft the Entered Apprentice must beautify his temple, he must build within himself by his actions, by the power of his hand and the tools of his craft, certain qualities which make possible the energies passing through him which mark membership in the higher degrees of the spiritually cosmic lodge.

We know that the cube block is symbolical of the tomb, it is also well known that the Entered Apprentice is not capable of rolling away the stone or of transmuting it into a greater or higher thing, but it is his privilege to glorify that stone, to purify it, and to begin the great work of preparing it for the temple of his King.

Few realize that the universe is made up of indi-

viduals in various stages of development and that consequently responsibility is individual, and that everything which man wishes to gain he must himself build and maintain. ✕ If he is to use his bodies for the thing for which they were intended, he must treat them right that they may be good and faithful servants in the great work that he is preparing himself to do. ✕

The quarries represent the great powers of natural resource; they are symbolical of the practically endless field of human opportunity; they symbolize the cosmic substances from which man must gather the stones of his temple. ✕ At this stage in his growth he is privileged to gather the stones which he wishes to true during his path through the lodge, for at this point he symbolizes the youth who is choosing the work of his life. He represents the human ego who in the dawn of time gathered many blocks and cubes and broken stones from the Great Quarry; ✕ these rough and broken stones that will not fit into anything are the partially evolved powers and senses with which he labors. In the first stage he must gather these things and those who have not gathered them can never true them. During the involutionary period of human consciousness, man was the Entered Apprentice in the Great Lodge who labored with these rough blocks, seeking the tools and the power with which to true them. As he evolves down through the ages he gains the tools and cosmically passes on to the degree of Fellow Craft where he trues his ashler in harmony with the plans upon the Master's tracing board. This rough, uncut ashler has three dimensions which represent the three ruffians who at this stage are destroyers of the

four dimensional life concealed within the ugly, ill-shaped stone.

The lost key of the Entered Apprentice is service, why, he may not ask, then, he does not know; his work is to do, to act, to express himself in some way, constructively if possible, but destructively rather than not at all. ✕ Without action he loses his great work; without tools, which symbolize the body, he cannot act in an organized manner, consequently the necessity of mastering the arts and sciences which place in his hands intelligent tools for the expression of energy. Beauty is the keynote to his ideal. With his concrete ideals he must beautify all with which he comes in contact so that honesty and in truth the works of his hand may be acceptable in the eyes of the Lord.

His daily life, in his home, in his business, among his fellow creatures, and his realization of the fundamental unity of each with all, form the base upon which the aspiring candidate may raise a greater superstructure. In truth he must live the life, the result of which is the purification of his being so that the finer and lighter forces of the higher degrees may express themselves through the fine adjustments of the receiving pole within himself. When he reaches this stage in his growth he is worthy to consider spiritually advancement into a higher degree, which advancement is not the result of election or balloting but an automatic process in which having raised his consciousness by his life he attunes himself to the next step above his present position. ✕ All initiations are the result of adjustments of the evolving life with planes of consciousness through which it passes, these planes grouped

under the head of physical, emotional, and mental.

Now let us consider the spiritual requirements of one who feels that he would mystically correlate himself which concealed behind the exoteric rite, forms the living, breathing power of the Entered Apprentice lodge:

1. It is absolutely necessary that an Entered Apprentice should have studied sufficiently the laws of anatomy to have at least a general idea of the physical body, for the entire degree is based upon the mystery of form and the human body is the highest manifestation of it which he is capable of analyzing. Consequently he must devote himself to the study of his own being and its wondrous mysteries and complications.

2. The Entered Apprentice must realize that his body is the living temple of the living God and treat it accordingly, for when he abuses or mistreats it he breaks the sacred obligations which he must assume before he can ever hope to understand the true mysteries of the craft. The breaking of his pact with the lower lives evolving within himself brings with it a tremendous natural penalty.

3. He must study the problems of the maintenance of bodies through food, clothing, breathing, etc., as all of these are important steps in the Entered Apprentice lodge. Those who eat improperly, dress improperly, and only use about one-third of their lung capacity can never have the physical efficiency necessary for the fullest expression of their higher being.

4. He must grow physically and in the expression

of concrete things. His realization of the position of man to man must be learned well at this time, and he must seek to unfold all unselfish qualities which are necessary for the harmonious working of the Mason and his fellowman on the physical plane of nature.

5. He must seek to round out all inequalities which he can best do by balancing his mental and physical organisms through the application and study of the seven liberal arts and sciences.

Until he is relative master of these principles on the highest plane within his own being, he cannot hope spiritually to attract to himself, through the powers of his own expression the life-giving ray of the Fellow Craft, but having reached this point he is spiritually ready to hope for membership in a more sublime degree.

The Mason must realize that he is what his innermost motives are, and those who allow material consideration, social position, financial or business possibility, or selfish, materialistic ideals, to lead them into the Masonic Brotherhood must realize that they have automatically separated themselves from the craft. They can never do any harm to Masonry by getting in because they cannot get in. Sitting comfortably in a seat in the lodge they may feel that they have deceived the Grand Master of the universe but when the spiritual lodge meets to carry on the true work of Masonry they are non-entitled and absent. Watch fobs, stick pins, et cetera, do not make Masons; neither does the ritual ordain them. They are *evolved* through the self-conscious effort to live up to the highest and greatest within themselves; their lives are the in-

signia of their rank, greater far than any visible, tangible credential.

Bearing this thought in mind, it is possible for the unselfish, aspiring soul to become spiritually and liberally vouched for by the centers of consciousness as an Entered Apprentice. It means he has taken the first, grand step on the path of personal liberation. He is now symbolized as the child with the smiling face, for with the simplicity of a child he is placing himself under the protection of his great spiritual Father, willing and glad to obey each of his God's demands. Having reached this point and having done the best which it was possible for him to do, he is in position to hope that the powers that be, moving in their mysterious manner, may find him worthy to take the second great step in spiritual liberation.

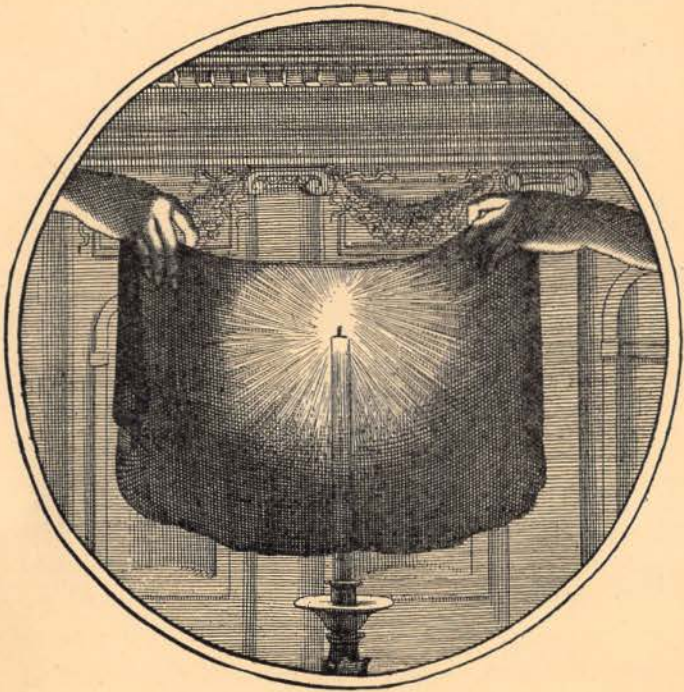
CHAPTER THREE.

THE FELLOW CRAFT.

Not only does life manifest through action on the physical plane, but, coming down from above, it manifests through emotion and the expressions of human sentiment. It is this phase of energy which is taken up by the student when he starts his labors in the Fellow Craft. From youth with its smiling face he passes on to the greater responsibilities of manhood.

On the second step of the temple stands a soldier dressed in shining armour but his sword is sheathed and a book is in his hand. He is symbolical of strength, the energy of Mars, and the wonderful step in Spiritual unfoldment which we know as Fellow Craft. Through each one of us their courses the fiery rays of human emotion, a great seething, boiling cauldron of power behind each action and expression of human energy. Life spirited horses chafing at the bit, like hounds eager for the chase, the emotional powers in man cannot be held in check, but breaking away the walls of restraint they pour through his being in fiery, flaming expressions of dynamic energy. It is this great principle of emotion which we know as the second murderer of Hiram. It is through the perversion of human emotions that there comes into the world many of its countless sorrows, which through reaction, manifest in man's mental and physical bodies.

It is a strange thing how the divine powers may become perverted until each expression and urge be-



comes a ruffian and a murderer. ✕ The divine compassion of the Gods manifests in this world of form very differently than in the realms of light. Divine compassion is energized by the same influxes as mortal passions and the lusts of earth. The spiritual light rays of Cosmos, the fire princes of the dawn, seeth and surge through unregenerated man as the impulses which he perverts into murder and hate. ✕ The great, ceaseless power of Chaos, the seething pin-wheel spirals of never-ceasing motion, whose wild cadences are the music of the spheres, are energized by the same great power which man uses to destroy the highest and the best. The great, mystic power that sends the planets in gigantic orbits and mystic march around the solar bodies, the energy which keeps each electron vibrating, spinning, and whirling, the great energy which is building the temple of God as it drives the nail and saws the plank, is now a merciless slave driver which unmastered and uncurbed strikes the compassionate one and sends him reeling backward into the darkness of his prison. Man does not listen to that little voice which speaks to him in ever loving, ever sorrowful note, that speaks of peace, the peace which comes with the constructive application of energy which he must chain if he would master the powers of creation. ✕ How long will it take King Hiram of Tyre, the Fellow Craft of the Cosmic Lodge, the warrior on the second step, to teach mankind the lessons of self mastery, which he can only do as he daily depicts the miseries which are the result of unmastered appetites. The strength of man was not made to be used destructively, it was given him that he might build a temple worthy to be the dwelling place of the Great Architect of the Universe. ✕

God is glorifying himself through the individualized portions of himself and is slowly teaching these individualized portions to understand and glorify the entire.

The day has come when Fellow Craftsmen must know and apply their knowledge that the lost key to their grade is the mastery of emotion, which places the energy of the universe at their disposal. The only way that man can ever expect to be entrusted with great powers is by proving his ability to use them constructively and selflessly. When the Mason learns that the key to the warrior on the block is the proper application of the dynamo of living fire, he has learned the mystery of his craft. The seething, surging energies of Lucifer are in his hands and before he may step onward and upward he must prove his ability to properly apply energy. ✕ He must follow in the footsteps of his fore-father, Tubal Cain, who with the mighty strength of the War God hammered his sword into a plow-share. Incessant watchfulness over thought, action, and desire is indispensable to those who wish to make progress in the unfolding of their own being, and the Fellow Craft's degree is the degree of transmutation. ✕ He must use the hand that slays to lift the suffering, while the lips given to cursing must be taught to pray. ✕ The heart that hates must learn the mystery of compassion, as the result of a deeper and more perfect understanding of man's relation to his brother. ✕ The firm, kind hand of spirit must curb the flaming powers of emotion, with the iron grip of mastery. In the realization and application of these principles lies the key of the Fellow Craft.

In this degree one point of the compass is taken out

from under the square. The two points of the compass, of course, symbolize the heart and mind, and with the expression of the higher emotions the heart point of the compass is liberated from the square, which is an instrument used to measure the block of matter and therefore symbolizes form.

A large percentage of the people of the world at the present time are passing through, spiritually, the degree of the Fellow Craft with its five senses. The sense perceptions come under the control of the emotional energies, therefore the development of the senses is necessary to the constructive expression of the Fellow-Craft power. Man must realize that all the powers which his millions of years of need have earned for him have come in order that through them he may liberate more fully the prisoner within his own being, and as the Fellow Craft's degree is the middle of the three, the spiritual duty of each member is to reach the point of poise or balance, which is always secured between extremes. The mastery of expression is also to be found in this degree. The key words of the Fellow Craft may be briefly defined as compassion, poise, and transmutation.

In the Fellow Craft degree is concealed the dynamo of human life. The Fellow Craft is the worker with fire, which it is his duty to transmute into a light. The heart is the center of his activity and it is while in this degree that the human side of the nature with its constructive emotions should be brought out and emphasized, but all of these expressions of the human heart must become transmuted into the emotionless compassion of the Gods, which in spite of the suffer-

ing of the moment gaze down upon mankind and see that it is good.

When the candidate feels that he has reached a point where he is master of these things, and is able to manifest every energizing current and fire-flame in a constructive, balanced manner, and has spiritually lifted the heart sentiments of the mystic out of the cube of matter, he may then expect that the degree of Master Mason is not far off, and he may look forward eagerly to the time of his Spiritual ordination into the higher degree. He should now study himself and realize that he cannot receive promotion into the spiritual lodge until his heart is attuned to a superior, spiritual influx from the causal planes of consciousness.

The following requirements are necessary before the student can spiritually say that he is a member of the ancient and accepted rite of the Fellow Craft:

1. The mastery of temper and emotional outbreaks of all kinds, poise under trying conditions, kindness in the face of unkindness, and simplicity with its accompanying power; these points show that the seeker is worthy of being taught by a fellow craftsman.
2. The mastery of the animal energies, the curbing of passion and desire and the control of the lower nature, marks the faithful attempts on the part of the student to be worthy of the Fellow Craft.
3. The understanding and mastery of the creative forces, the consecrating of them to the unfolding of the spiritual nature, and a proper understanding of

their physical application, are necessary steps at this stage of the student's growth.

4. The transmutation of personal affection into impersonal compassion shows that the Fellow Craftsman truly understands his duties and is living in a way which is worthy of his order. Personalities cannot bind the true second degree member, for having raised one point of the compass he now realizes that all personal manifestations are governed by impersonal principles.

5. At this point the candidate consecrates the five senses to the study of human problems with the unfolding of sense centers as the motive, for he realizes that the five senses are keys, the proper application of which will give him material for Spiritual transmutation if he will apply to them the common divisor of analogy.

The Entered Apprentice may be termed a materialistic degree, the Fellow Craft is religious and mystical, while the Master Mason is occult or philosophical. Each of these is a degree in the unfoldment of a connected life and intelligence, which reveals in ever greater expression the gradual liberation of the Master from the triangular cell of three-fold negation which marks the early stage of individualization.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE MASTER MASON.

On the upper step of spiritual unfoldment stands the Master Mason, who spiritually represents the graduate from the school of esoteric learning. Among the ancient symbols he is represented as an old man leaning upon a staff, his long, white beard upon his chest, and his deep, piercing eyes sheltered by the brows of a philosopher. He is in truth old, not in years, but in wisdom and understanding which are the only true measurement of age. Through years and lives of labor he has found the staff of life and truth upon which he leans. He no longer depends upon the words of others but upon the still voice that speaks from the heart of his own being. There is no more glorious position that a man may hold than that of a Master Builder, who has risen by laboring through the degrees of human consciousness. Time is the differentiation of eternity constructed by man to measure the passage of human events; on the spiritual planes of nature it is the space or distance between stages of spiritual growth and is not measured by material things. Many a child comes into this world a Grand Master of the Masonic School, while many a revered and honored brother passes silently to rest without having gained admittance to its gate. The Master Mason is one whose life is full, pressed down and brimming over with experience which he has gained in his slow pilgrimage up the winding stairs.

The Master Mason represents the power of the

human mind, the connecting link which binds heaven and earth together in an endless chain. His spiritual light is greater because he has evolved a higher vehicle for its expression. Even above constructive action and emotion soars the power of thought which swiftly flies on wings to the source of Light. The mind is the highest phase of his human expression and he passes into the great darkness of the inner room illuminated only by the fruits of reason. The glorious privileges of a Master Mason are in keeping with his greater knowledge and wisdom. From the student he has blossomed forth as the teacher, from the Kingdom of those who follow he has joined that little group who must always lead the way. For him the Heavens have opened and the Great Light has shone down, bathing him in its radiance. The Prodigal Son, so long a wanderer in the regions of darkness, has returned again to his Father's house, the voice speaks from the Heavens, its power thrilling the Master until his own being seems filled with its divinity, saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." The Master Mason is in truth a Sun, a great reflector of light, who radiates through his organism, purified by ages of preparation, the glorious power which is the light of the Lodge. He, in truth, has become the spokesman of the Most High. He stands between the glowing fire light and the world. Through him passes Hydra, the great snake, and from its mouth there pours to man the light of God. His symbol is the rising sun, for in him the globe of day has indeed risen in all its splendor from the darkness of the night,

illuminating the immortal East with the first promise of approaching day.

With a sigh the Master lays aside his tools, for him the temple is nearing completion, the last stones are being placed, and he slakes his lime with a vague regret as he sees dome and minaret rise through the power of his handiwork. The true Master does not long for rest, and as he sees the days of his labor close, a sadness weighs upon his heart; slowly the brothers of his Craft leave him, each going his respective way; and, climbing step by step, the Master stands alone on the cap of the temple. One stone must yet be placed but this he cannot find. Somewhere it lies concealed. He kneels in prayer asking that the powers that be will aid him in his search. The light of the sun shines upon him and bathes him in a splendor celestial. Suddenly a voice speaks from the Heavens, saying, "The temple is finished and in my faithful Master is found the missing stone."

Both points of the compass are now lifted from under the square, heart and mind alike are liberated from the symbol of mortality, the Divine is liberated from its cube and as emotion and thought they unite for the glorification of the greatest and the highest. Then the Sun and Moon are united and the Hermetic Degree is consummated.

The Master Mason is presented with opportunities far beyond the reach of ordinary man, but he must not fail to realize that every opportunity brings with it a cosmic responsibility. It is worse far to know and not to do than to have never known at all. He realizes that the choice of avoiding responsibility is no longer his and that for him all problems must be met and

solved. The only joy in the heart of the Master is the joy of seeing the fruits of his handiwork. It can be truly said of the Master that through suffering he has learned to be glad, through weeping he has learned to smile, and through dying he has learned to live. The purification and probationship of his previous Degrees have so spiritualized his being that he is in truth a glorious example of God's Plan for his children. The greatest sermon he can preach, the greatest lesson he can teach, is that of standing forth a living proof of the Eternal Plan. The Master Mason is not ordained; he is a natural product of cause and effect, and none but those who live the cause can produce the effect. The Master Mason, if he be truly a Master, is in communication with the unseen powers that move the destinies of life. As the Eldest Brother of the Lodge he is the spokesman for the Spiritual Hierarchies of his Craft. He no longer follows the direction of others, but on his own tracing board he lays out the plans which his brothers are to follow. He realizes this and so lives that every line and plan which he gives out are inspired by the Divine within himself. His glorious opportunity to be a factor in the growth of others comes before all else and at the mercy seat he kneels, a faithful servant of the Highest within himself and worthy to be given control over the lives of others by having first controlled himself.

Much is said concerning the loss of the Master's Word and how the parties go out to seek it but bring back only substitutes. The true Master knows that those who go out can never find the secret trust, He alone can find it by going within. The true Master Builder has never lost the Word but has cherished

it in the spiritual locket of his own being. From those who have the eyes to see nothing is concealed; to those who have the right to know, all things are open books. The true Word of the three Grand Masters has never been concealed from those who have the right to know it nor has it ever been revealed to those who have not prepared a worthy shrine to contain it; the Master knows, He is a Shrine Builder. Within the setting of his own bodies the Philosopher's Stone is placed, for in truth it is the heart of the Phoenix, that strange bird which rises eternally from the ashes of its own dead. When the Master's heart is as pure and white as the diamond that he wears he will then become a living stone, the crown jewel in the diadem of his craft.

The Word is found when the Master himself is ordained by the living hand of God, cleansed by living water, baptized by living fire, a Priest King after the Order of Melchizedek who is above the law. - - -

The great work of the Master Mason can be called the art of balance, to him is given the work of balancing the triangle that it may blaze forth with the glory of the Divine Degree. The triple energies of thought, desire, and action must be united in a harmonious blending of expression. He holds in his hands the triple keys; he wears the triple crown of the Ancient Magus for he is in truth the King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell. Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury are the elements of his work and with the philosophical Mercury he seeks to blend all powers to the glorifying of one end.

There is behind the Degree of Master Mason another, not known to earth. Far above him stretch other

steps concealed by the Blue Veil which divides the seen from the unseen. The true Brother knows this, therefore he works with an end in view far above the concept of mortal mind. He seeks to be worthy to pass behind that veil and to join that band who, un-honored and unsung, carry the responsibilities of human growth. His eyes are fixed forever on the Seven Stars which shine down from somewhere above the upper rung of the ladder. With hope, faith, and charity he climbs the steps and whispering the Master's Word to the Keeper of the Gates passes on behind the veil. It is then, and then only, that a true Mason is born. It is only behind this veil that the mystic student comes into his own. These things which we see around us are but forms; promises of a thing unnamed; symbols of a truth unknown. It is in the spiritual temple built without the voice of workmen or the sound of hammers that the true initiation is given, and there robed in the simple lambskin of a purified body the student becomes a Master Mason, chosen out of the world as ready to be an active worker in the name of the Great Architect. It is there alone, unseen by mortal eyes, that the Great Degrees are given and there the soul radiating the light of Spirit becomes a living star in the Blue Canopy of the Masonic Lodge.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A TRUE MASON

1 All true Masons have come into the realization that there is but one Lodge and that is the Universe. There is but one Brotherhood and this is composed of everything that moves or exists in any of the planes of Nature. He realizes that the Temple of Solomon is really the Temple of the Solar Man. Sol Om On, the King of the Universe manifesting through his three primordial builders. He realizes that his vow of Brotherhood and Fraternity is universal, and that plant, animal, mineral, and man are all included in the true Masonic Craft. His duty as an elder brother to all the kingdoms of Nature beneath him is well understood by the true Craftsman, who would rather die than fail in this, his great obligation. He has dedicated his life upon the Altar of his God and is willing and glad to serve the lesser through the powers he has gained through the greater. The Mystic Mason, in building the eyes that see behind the apparent ritual, recognizes the oneness of life manifesting through the diversity of form.

2. A true disciple of Ancient Masonry has given up forever the worship of personalities. He realizes with his greater insight that all forms and their position in material affairs are of no importance to him compared to the life which is evolving within. Those who allow appearances or worldly expressions to deter them from their self-appointed tasks are failures in Masonry,

for Masonry is an abstract science of spiritual unfoldment and material prosperity is not the measure of soul growth. The true Mason realizes that behind these diverse forms there is one connected Life Principle, the Spark of God in all living things. It is this life which he considers when measuring the worth of a brother. It is to this Life that he appeals for a recognition of Spiritual Unity. He realizes that it is the discovery of this Spark of Unity which makes him a conscious member of the Cosmic Lodge. Most of all he must learn to understand that this Divine Spark shines out as brightly from the body of a foe as it does from the dearest friend. The true Mason has learned to be divinely impersonal in thought, action, an desire.

3. The true Mason is not creed-bound. He realizes with the divine illumination of his lodge that as a Mason his religion must be universal; Christ, Buddha, or Mohammed, the name means little, for he recognizes only the light and not the bearer; temple, mosque, or cathedral, he worships at every shrine, bows before every altar, realizing with his truer understanding the oneness of all Spiritual Truth. All true Masons know that the only heathen are those who having great ideals do not live up to them. They know that all religions are one story told in many ways for peoples whose ideals differ but whose great purpose is in harmony with their own. North, East, South, and West stretch the diversities of human thought, and while the ideals of man apparently differ, when all is said and the crystallization of form with its false concepts is swept away, one great truth remains, all exist-

ing things are Temple Builders, laboring for a single end. No true Mason can be narrow for his Lodge is the divine expression of all broadness,—there is no place for little minds in a great work.

4. The Mason must develop the powers of observation. He must seek eternally in all expressions of Nature for the things which he has lost because he failed to work for them. He must become a student of Human Nature and see in those around him the unfolding and varying expressions of one connected Spiritual Intelligence. The great spiritual ritual of his lodge is played out before him in every action of his brother man. The entire Masonic Initiation is an open secret, for anyone can see it played out on the street corners of cities or in the untracked wilderness of Nature. The Mason has sworn that every day he will extract from Life its message for him and build it into the Temple of his God. He seeks to learn the things which will make him of greater use in the Divine Plan, a better instrument in the hands of the Great Architect, who is laboring eternally to unfold Life through the medium of living things. The Mason realizes, moreover, that his vows, taken of his own free-will and accord, give him the divine opportunity of being a living tool in the hands of a Master Workman.

5. The true Master Mason enters his lodge with one thought uppermost in his mind, "How can I, as an individual, be of greater use to the entire? What can I do to be worthy to know the mysteries which are unfolded here for those who have the eyes to see, and, being unable to see them, how can I

build the eyes?" The true Mason is supremely UN-SELFISH in every expression and application of the powers that have been entrusted to him. No true Brother seeks anything for himself but unselfishly labors for the good of all. No **person** who enters a Spiritual obligation for what he can get out of it is worthy of even applying for the position of water-carrier. The true Light can only come to those who asking nothing gladly give all to It.

6. The true brother of the Craft, while steadily striving to improve himself, mentally, physically, and spiritually through the days of his life, never sets his own desires as the guiding star for his works. He has a duty and that duty is to fit into the Plans of Another. He must be ready at any hour of the day or night to drop his own ideals at the call of the Builder. The work must be done and he has dedicated his life to the service of those who know not the bonds of time or space. He must be ready at any moment and his life should be turned into preparing himself for that call which may come when he least expects it. The Master Mason knows that those who are of greatest use in the Plan are the ones who have gained the most from the practical experiences of life. It is not what goes on within the tiled Lodge which is the basis of his greatness but it is the way that he meets the problems of his daily life. A true Masonic Student is known by his brotherly actions and his common sense.

7. All Masons know that a broken vow brings with it a terrible penalty. Let them also realize that failing to live mentally, spiritually, and morally up to the

highest standard which they are capable of conceiving constitutes the greatest of all broken oaths. When a Mason swears that he will devote his life to the building of his Father's house and then defiles his living temple through the perversion of mental power, emotional force, and active energy, he is breaking a vow which brings with it not hours but ages of misery. If he is worthy to be a Mason he must be great enough to restrain the lower side of his own nature which is daily murdering his Grand Master. He realizes that a misdirected life is a broken vow and that daily service, purification, and the constructive application of energy is a living invocation which builds within himself and draws to him the power of the Creator. His life is the only prayer acceptable in the eyes of the Most High. An impure life is a broken trust; a destructive action is a living curse; a narrow mind is a strangle-cord around the throat of God.

8. All true Masons know that their work is not secret. They also realize that it must remain unknown to all who do not live the true Masonic Life. If the secrets of Masonry were shouted from the housetops they would be absolutely safe. Certain spiritual qualities are necessary before Masonic secrets can be understood by the Brothers themselves. It is only those who have been weighed in the balance and found true, upright, and square, who have prepared themselves by their own growth to appreciate the inner meanings of their Craft, and to the rest of their Brethren within or without the Lodge their sacred rituals must remain, as Shakespeare would have said, "Words, words, words." Within the Mason's own being

is concealed the Power, which blazing forth from his purified being constitutes the Builder's Word. His life is the Pass Word which admits him to the true Masonic Lodge. His spiritual urge is the Sprig of Acacia which through the darkness of ignorance still proves that the spiritual fire is alight. Within himself he must build those qualities which will make possible his true understanding of the Craft. He can only show the world forms which mean nothing, the life within is forever concealed until the eye of Spirit reveals it.

9. The Master Mason realizes that charity is one of the greatest traits which the Elder Brothers have unfolded, which means not only properly regulated charity of the purse but charity in thought and action. He realizes that all the workmen are not on the same step but wherever they may be they are doing the best they can according to their light. Each is laboring with the tools that he has, and he, as a Master Mason, does not spend his time in criticizing but in helping them to improve their tools. Instead of blaming poor tools let us always blame ourselves for having them. The Master Mason does not find fault, he does not criticize nor does he complain, but with malice to none and charity to all he seeks to be worthy of his Father's trust. In silence he labors, with compassion he suffers, and if the builders strike him, as he seeks to work with them, his last word will be a prayer for them. The greater the Mason, the more advanced in his craft, the more fatherly he grows, the walls of his lodge broadening out until all living things are sheltered and guarded within the blue folds of his cape. From laboring with the few he seeks to assist all,

realizing with his broader understanding the weaknesses of others but the strength of right.

10. A Mason is not proud of his position, he is not puffed up by his honor, but with a sinking heart is eternally ashamed of his own place, realizing that is far below the standard of his Craft.

The farther on he goes the more he realizes that he is standing on slippery places and if he allows himself for one moment, to lose his simplicity and humility a fall is inevitable. A true Mason never feels himself worthy of his Craft. Self-satisfied in his position a student stands on the top of Fools Mountain but the true brother is always notable for his simplicity.

11. A Mason cannot be ordained or elected by ballot. He is evolved through ages of self purification and Spiritual transmutation. There are thousands of Masons today who are Brethren in name only for their methods of living prevents them from receiving the slightest idea of what true Masonry teaches or means. The Masonic Life forms the first key of the Temple and without this key none of the doors can be opened. When this fact is realized and lived, Masonry will shake off its shroud and rising from the dead speak the Word so long concealed. The speculative Craft will then become operative, and the Ancient Wisdom so long concealed will rise from the ruins of its temple as the greatest Spiritual Truth yet revealed to man, the Ancient and Accepted Masonite Rite.

12. The true Master Mason realizes the value of seeking for truth wherever he can find it. It makes no difference to him if it be in the enemies camp, if it be

truth, he will go there gladly to receive it, be the channel what it may. The Masonic Lodge is universal, therefore all true Masons will seek through the extremities of creation for their Light. The true brother of the Craft knows and applies one great truth,—If there is one place where he is too good to look, if there is one person who he is too good to ask, there he will find the thing he seeks. He must search for the high things in lowly places and he will always find the low things in high places. Any Mason who feels holier than his brother man has built a wall around himself through which no light can pass, for the one who in truth is the greatest, is the servant of all. Many brothers make a great mistake in building a wall around their secrets, for they only succeed in shutting out their own light. Their divine opportunity is at hand. The time has come when the world needs the Ancient Wisdom as never before, therefore let the Mason stand forth and living the doctrines which he preaches show to his brother man the glory of his work. He holds the keys to truth, let him unlock the door, and with his life and not his words preach the doctrine which he has so long professed.

The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, united in the completion of the Eternal Temple, the Great Work, for which all things came into being and through which all shall glorify their Creator.

THE EPILOGUE IN THE TEMPLE OF COSMIS,
THE PRIEST OF RA.

What words are there in modern language to describe the great temple of Ammon Ra? Now it stands on Egypt's sand a pile of broken ruins, but in the days gone by it rose a forest of plumed pillars holding up roofs of solid sandstone, carved by hands long still into friezes of lotus blossoms and papyri plants, colored lifelike by pigments, the secret of which was lost with the civilization that discovered it.

A checkerboard floor of black and white blocks stretched out until it was lost among the wilderness of pillars, and from the massive walls the faces of gods unnamed looked down in passive grandeur upon the silent files of priests that kept alight the altar fires, whose feeble glow alone lighted the massive chambers through the darkness of Egypt's night. It was a weird, impressive scene and the flickering lights sent strange, ghastly forms scurrying among the piles of granite which rose like mighty altars from the darkness below to be lost again in the shadows above.

Suddenly a figure appeared from among the shadows, carrying in his hand a small oil lamp which cut the darkness like a little star and brought into strange relief the figure of him who bore it. He appeared to be old, for his long beard and braided hair was quite grey, but his large black eyes shone with a fire seldom seen even in youth. He was robed from head to foot in blue and gold and around his forehead was coiled a

snake of precious metal, set with jewelled eyes that gave out flashes of light when the flame struck them. Never had the light of Ra's chamber shone on a grander head or a more powerful form than that of the high priest of the temple. He was the mouth-piece of the gods and the sacred wisdom of ancient Egypt was written in fiery letters on his soul. As he silently crossed the great room, in one hand the sceptre of the priestcraft and in the other the tiny lamp, he was more like a spirit visitor from beyond the mountains of death than a physical being, for his jewelled sandals made no sound and the sheen from his robes formed a halo of light around his stately form.

Down through the silent passageways, lined with their massive pillars, passed the phantom form—down steps lined with kneeling sphinxes—through avenues of crouching lions the priest lighted his way until at last he reached a vaulted chamber on the marble floor of which strange designs were traced in a language long forgotten. As one's eyes became used to the semi-darkness, they could see that the room was many sided and that each angle was formed by a seated figure, carved from stone, so massive that its head and shoulders were lost in shadows no eye could pierce.

In the centre of this mystic chamber stood a great chest. It was of some black stone carved with serpents and strange winged dragons. The lid was a solid slab, weighing hundreds of pounds, and without handle of any kind and apparently no way of opening without the use of Herculean powers.

The high priest leaned over and with the lamp he

carried lighted the fire upon an altar that stood near, this flared up and sent the shadows of that weird room scurrying into the distant corners. As the flame rose it reflected itself from the great stone faces above, all of which seemed to stare at the black coffer in the center of the room with strange, sightless eyes.

The priest raised his serpent-wound staff and facing the chest of sombre marble called out in a voice that echoed and re-echoed from every corner of the ancient temple:

"Aradamas, come forth!"

Then a strange thing happened. The great stone that formed the cover of the great ark slowly raised as though unseen hands were lifting it, and there arose from the dark opening a slim, white-clad figure with his hands clasped cross-like on his breast. It was that of a young man of some thirty years, his long, black hair hung on his white-robed shoulders in strange contrast to the seamless garment that he wore. His face which betrayed no emotion was as handsome and immovable as the great face of Ammon Ra that gazed down upon the scene. Silently Aradamas stepped from the ancient tomb and advanced slowly towards the high priest. When he was some ten paces from the representative of the gods on earth, he stopped and unfolding his arms extended them across his chest in form of salutation. In one hand he carried a cross with a ring as the upper arm and this he held out to the priest. Aradamus spoke no word, but stood in silence as the high priest, raising his sceptre to one of the great stone figures, began an invocation to the

sun-god of the universe. This finished, he addressed the youthful figure:

"Aradamas, you seek to know the mystery of creation, you ask that the divine illumination of the Thrice-Greatest and the wisdom that for ages has been the one gift, the gods would shower upon mankind, may be entrusted to you. Of the thing you ask you little understand, but those who know have said that he who proves worthy may receive the truth. Therefore, stand you here today to prove your divine birth-right to the teaching that you ask."

The priest pronounced these words slowly and solemnly and then pointed with his sceptre to a great, dim archway surmounted by a winged globe of gleaming gold.

"Before thee, up those steps and through those passageways, lies the path that leads to the eye of judgment and the feet of Ammon Ra. Go, and if thy heart be pure, as pure as the garment that thou wear-est, and thy motive be unselfish, thy feet shall not stumble and thy being shall be filled with light. But remember that Typhon and his hosts of death lurk in every shadow and that death is the reward of failure."

Aradamas turned and folding his hands again into the sign of the cross upon his white robe, he walked slowly through the sombre arch and the shadows of the great unknown closed over him who had dedicated his life to the search for the eternal. The priest watched him until he was lost to sight among the massive pillars beyond the silent span that divided the living from the dead, and then slowly fell on his

knees before the gigantic statue of Ra, and raising his eyes to the shadows that through the long night concealed the face of the sun-god, he prayed that the youth might pass from the darkness of the temple pillars to the light he sought.

It seemed that for a second a glow played around the face of the enormous statue and a strange hush filled with peace flooded the ancient temple. The high priest felt this, for arising he relighted his little lamp and walked slowly away, his little star of light shining fainter and fainter in the distance, and finally lost to view among the papyrus blooms of the temple pillars. All that remained was the dying flames of the altar, which, burning low, sent strange flickering glows over the great stone coffer and the twelve judges of Egypt's dead.

In the meantime Aradamas, his hands still crossed on his breast, walked slowly onward and upward until the last ray from the burning altar fire was lost to view among the shadows far behind. Through years of purification he had prepared himself for the great ordeal, and with a harmonious, purified body and a balanced mind, he wound in and out in some mysterious way among the pillars that loomed about him. As he walked along there seemed to radiate from his being a faint, golden glow which brought dimly into view the pillars as he passed them, and he seemed a ghostly form amidst a grove of ancient trees.

Suddenly the pillars widened out and formed another vaulted room, dimly lit by a reddish haze. As Aradamas proceeded, there appeared around him swirling whisps of this scarlet light. First they ap-

peared as swiftly moving clouds, but slowly they took form and strange misty figures in flowing draperies hovered in the air and held out long swaying arms to stay his progress. Sheaths of ruddy mist twined about him and whispered soft words into his ears, while weird music, like the voice of storms and the cries of night birds, resounded through the lofty halls. Still Aradamas walked on in perfect calm and mastery, his fine, spiritual face lined with its raven locks in strange contrast to the luring, sinuous forms that gathering around tried to stay his progress.

Though strange forms beckoned from ghostly archways and soft voices pleaded, he passed steadily on his way, but one thought in his mind and one word on his tongue.

"Lux."

The ghastly music grew louder and louder until at last it ended in a mighty roar. The very wall shook and the dancing forms swayed like flickering candle shadows, and, pleading and beckoning, vanished among the carved pillars of the temple.

As the great crash swayed and twisted the temple walls, Aradamas stopped, but for a second only, and then in slow, measured step, he continued his way on through the darkness, seeking eternally for some ray of light and finding always darkness deeper than before. Suddenly before Aradamas loomed another doorway, on each side of it an obelisk of carved marble, one black and the other white. Through the doorway between them a dim light glowed concealed from his eyes by a thin veil of blue silk.

Aradamas climbed a series of steps and slowly

advanced to the doorway; as he did so there arose from the ground before him a swirl of lurid mists. In the faint light that it cast from itself, it twisted like some oily gas and filled the entire chamber with a sickening haze. Then out of this mist a gigantic form issued—half human, half reptile; from its bloodshot eyes issued ruddy glows of demon fire and great clawed hands reached out to enfold and crush the slender figure that confronted it. Aradamas wavered for a single instant and the horrid apparition reached forth and its size seemed to double in the iridescent fog. Then the white robed neophyte again slowly advanced, his hands still crossed on his breast, and he raised his fine face, illuminated with a divine light, and advanced slowly towards the hideous specter. He reached the menacing form and for an instant it loomed over him a towering being formed of the angry, swirling mist. Suddenly Aradamas raised the cross he carried and held it up before the monster. As he did so the Crux Ansata gleamed with a wondrous, golden light, which striking the oily, lizard-like creature, seemed to dissolve it and turn every particle into golden sparks. As the last of the demon Guardian vanished under the rays of the cross a bolt of lightning flashed through the ancient hallways and striking the veil that hung between the obelisks, tore it straight down the center and disclosed the room beyond as being a great, vaulted chamber with a circular dome, dimly lighted into twilight by invisible lamps.

Aradamas, bearing his now flaming cross, entered the room and as though by instinct gazed upward to the lofty dome, and there floating in space, many feet above his head, was a great closed eye, surrounded by

fleecy clouds and rainbow colors. Aradamas gazed long at the wonderful sight, for he knew that it was the Eye Horus, the All-seeing Eye of the gods.

As he stood there he prayed that the will of the gods might be made known unto him and that in some way he might be found worthy to open that closed eye in the living temple of the living God.

Suddenly as he stood there gazing upward, the eyelid flickered and slowly the great orb opened and Aradamas and the entire chamber were filled with a dazzling, blinding glare that seemed to burn the very stones with blazing fire and blinding light. Aradamas staggered, it seemed as if every atom of his being was torn and scorched by the strength of that glow. He instinctively closed his eyes and now he feared to open them for it seemed in that terrific blaze of splendor that blindness would alone reward his action. Little by little a strange feeling of peace and calm descended upon him and at last he dared to open his eyes and found that the glare was gone, but that the entire chamber was alight with a soft, wondrous glow from the mighty Eye in the ceiling. He saw that the white robe he had worn had given place to one of living fire which blazed from every atom of his being as though from thousands of lesser eyes reflecting from the divine orb above. As his eyes became accustomed to the glow he saw other things, he was no longer alone but was surrounded by twelve white-robed figures who, bowing before him, held up strange insignias wrought from living gold.

As Aradamas looked, all these figures pointed, and as he followed the direction of their hands, he saw a

staircase of living light that led far up into the dome and passed the Eye in the ceiling.

All of the Twelve said in one voice, "Yonder lies the way of liberation."

Without a moment's hesitation, Aradamas advanced to the staircase, and with feet that seemed to barely touch the steps, he climbed upward and onward into the dusk of a great unknown. At last, after climbing many steps, he reached a doorway that was opened as he neared it and a great breath of morning air fanned his cheek and a golden glow of sunshine played among the waves of his dark hair. He stood on the top of a mighty pyramid, before him a blazing altar, and in front, far over the great expanse of horizon, the rolling sands of Egypt's desert reflected the first rays of the morning sun and the globe of day, a mass of golden fire, rose again out in the eternal East. As Aradamas stood there, a voice that seemed to descend from the very heavens chanted a strange song and a hand, reaching out as it were from the globe of day itself, placed a snake of wrought gold on the brow of the new initiate.

"Behold Khepera! the rising sun, for as he brings the mighty globe of day, out of the darkness of night, between his claws, so for thee the Sun of Spirit has risen from the darkness of night and in the name of the living God, we hail thee Priest of Ra."



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