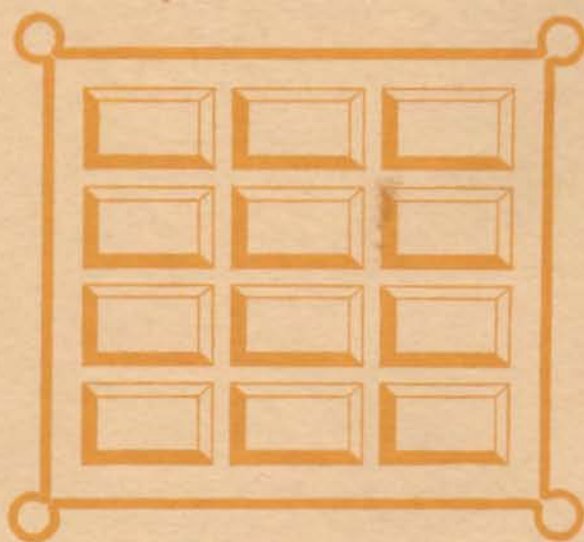


The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

NOVEMBER, 1923

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT SOLD

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THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

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The Prison Graveyard

Here on the crest of this lonely hill
Where the tangled grasses and wild weeds creep,
In serried file 'neath whitewashed slabs,
The silent dead of the prison sleep.
All in vain were their anguished prayers,
In vain were the scalding tears they shed;
They drank the cup to its bitter dregs,
And their forms were laid with the convict dead.

No tender hand to assuage the pain;
No loving kiss when the end was nigh;
No saddened voice in a last farewell;
And with dirth of these it was hard to die.
No marbled tomb nor sculptured urn
To tell what battles through life they fought,
Just a number less on the prison roll,
A soul effaced from the realms of thought.

And where was the profit, whose the gain
When these wrecks were shattered on the reef?
Ye "holier than thou" with pious mien—
Do these desolate graves bring you sweet relief?
Know ye not that perchance some future day
A boyish hand from thine own may slip,
Never to nestle in thy palm again,
Whose feet to a grave like this may trip?

Were these erring lives all lived in vain,
Whose only goal was a grave of shame?
Were they destined thus by Fate's decree?
Then whose the fault, and where the blame?
Drifting about like derelicts,
With rudder broken and mainmast gone,
Flying a signal of dire distress—
Fighting the tide that was driving them on.

Theirs were souls in the making yet,
With the deeper lessons of life unlearned;
The chords of their hearts were still untouched,
The passions of youth in their breasts still burned.
They gave no thought to the Universe,
They heard no hint of God's great plan—
By most its thought all their hard lives taught
Was Man's Inhumanity to Man.

May these desolate graves on this lonely hill
Serve as mile-posts along the way,
Revealing the needs of our fellowmen,
Guiding us on to that future day
When the Children of Earth, standing hand in hand,
Shall drink at the Fountain of Truth, and see
The Glorious Dawn so long foretold—
The Brotherhood of Humanity.

EDITORIALS

Cranks and Crankisms as Factors in Indigestion

HERE is that divine state of being into which it is possible for individuals to adjust themselves which humanity knows as harmony and equilibrium. This is the ultimate to which all creatures are striving, for balance is the keynote to power and success. But how seldom we find it in our world of affairs!

The human race is mostly made up of extremists and there is no doubt but that the extremes of all problems are well symbolized as the two thieves between whom the Master was crucified. The world is filled with people who live on tangents and die on angles and whenever a great truth is discovered it always gathers around it those who do it more harm than good. They are usually people who have been atheists all their lives but are converted at the eleventh hour and there are none as hopelessly bigoted in their religious viewpoints as those whose conversion is recent. They are the ones who warn you that unless you go to church regularly you will sizzle eternally in the postmortem state and many a man has been damned heartily and eternally because he would not agree with someone else who has only been "saved" about two weeks. These problems are ever with us and now dietetics is forming a neutral point around and over which tremendous battles are being waged.

The problem before the house is: Resolved that eating is a dangerous, barbaric, unscientific form of nourishment and should be eliminated or, if still with us, all gastronomic influxes should be according to science.

There is no doubt in the world that dietetics molds to a great degree the consciousness of individuals, for man is in truth what he eats, but there are other considerations which must be taken up and examined in the study of this extremely problem. Each individual is building qualities and traits different from all other people and these qualities require certain elements which differ with the growth

of each person. There is an undisputed fact confronting modern science and that is—the average member of the human race is making a garbage pail, if not worse, out of his stomach by placing in it combinations which would blow him to atoms if gathered in a chemical retort. In many cases not only does the food we eat place us in mortal peril but it also endangers the unfoldment of our immortal spirit. The combinations of food which the rank and file of people incorporate into their organisms in the name of a meal not only lack all constructive elements but are often of such a decidedly dangerous nature as to result in spontaneous combustion upon the slightest provocation.

Education is needed in dietetics as in all physical and super-physical sciences but the value of the science depends upon the balance, common sense and efficiency of the instructor. The average dietetic specialist whose life is narrowed to proteins and carbons is not in a position to make an intelligent analysis of either food qualities or the needs of his patient. The ancient philosophers were right when they said a man who knows only one thing knows nothing. There is a great deal of difference between a food expert and a crank who claims to be and they can only be differentiated when we follow to some degree the dictates of common sense.

There is no doubt that a large percentage of our population is suffering from stomach trouble and while much of it is the result of improper diet, not a few cases are due to the frenzied notions of specialists along these lines. There are many of these mental, physical and spiritual musicians who are playing on one string and trying to produce heavenly harmony when the only sound that issues forth is a rather hashified discord in which the food specialist finally becomes so wound up in his dictetic outbursts that neither God, man nor dynamite can disentangle him.

The truly great dietetic expert knows that there is no magic formula that will bring the world health, he knows that each individual is a problem in himself, and that the food qualities which will kill one man will save another. The true scientist is a specialist in the analysis of human individuality, the true food expert realizes that the diet for each individual must be different and that no set series of personally evolved laws will ever answer the problem of indigestion.

Stomach trouble has two causes. First, ignorance; second, indolence. These two are behind practically every human infirmity. Under the general heading of indolence are those people for whom it is too great an exertion to chew and properly masticate food or who are too lazy to exercise sufficiently to create an appetite or dispose of a dinner. The second class, the ignorant group, lists in its ranks those who do not know what nor how to eat and includes no small percentage of our so-called food experts who generally have about as many pains as their patients do.

There is no greater cause in all the world for sour stomach than a certain fraternity which is springing up among occultists and dieticians. Their slogan is: "Thou shalt not!" They are forever with us. Every time we lift a fork, gracefully balancing a luscious baked bean, a voice like the Dying Gaul whispers in our ear: "Thou shalt not or thou shalt die! Beware, brother, there is protein in that bean!" What greater cause for stomach discomfiture is there than to see these gloomy ones sitting round us at the festive board munching hour after hour and predigesting in mathematical sequence the corner of a lettuce leaf or a handful of cold slaw? Or to hear that melancholy cadence which rises as would-be Methuselahs chew graham crackers, whole bran biscuits or imported zweibach—making us feel that our neighbor is gnawing on granite headstones in some outlying cemetery? There is nothing so apt to bring on indigestion as to find beside us at a pleasing meal that spirit of negation who whispers that the pickled cauliflower we love so well will bring on fluttering of the liver or involve some nameless nerve in a compromising situation. We hate to be wound up in

some mental hazard or to be bound down by the strings of the beans we eat and then have some individual—the living incarnation of failure, dyspepsia and liver trouble—tell us in a voice rising from the depths of his goulashes of the damning effect of orange ice if eaten a la shrimp.

The true food expert will never make himself obnoxious for he realizes that when he does so he loses all opportunity to be useful either to himself or his brother man. There is nothing that nauseates an individual more, irritates his gastric nerve so close to the breaking point, or sprinkles grit in his liver-pins more quickly than one of those who in the name of health bring sickness with their very presence. And many of our foremost faddists are more dangerous to general health than mushrooms which turn the aluminum green when you cook them.

There is no class of people in the world so dangerous as fanatics and soapbox orators. As long as they will confine their faddisms to themselves all goes well for this a free country, but they do not seem to be happy unless they are innoculating the entire neighborhood with their concepts. There is no doubt that carbon, proteins, vitamins, starches, carbohydrates, etcetera, not to mention carbolic acid, strichnine, turpentine and home brew will cause trouble if taken in too large quantities. We will not dispute the fact that sour kraut and French pastry have an antipathy based upon racial characteristics; lobsters with whipped cream may also produce irritations and convulsions to the inner man. These gathered together may embarrass us, said embarrassments taking the form of rheumatism, diabetes, uric acid poisoning, toothache, dandruff, glanders, falling arches, rupe and blind staggers; but for some utterly unknown reason the average individual gets sicker when you tell him this than when he eats the food.

Few like to be reminded of such contingencies—especially at meal time. The occultist must realize that the doctrine he is preaching is of tolerance and where dietetics does not receive a ready welcome then has come the moment for the dietetic expert to gracefully retire. When he ceases to be tolerant of the desires of others, makes himself

obnoxious with his personally evolved ideas and runs his fads into the ground he loses all his opportunity to be of use, takes all the joy out of life and so prejudices people against dietetics that those who do have common sense and really do know can accomplish but little.

Moderation is the keynote to all things and politeness and consideration for the feelings of others form a very important phase of philosophy. Those who lose sight of the requirements of social etiquette and who go to another man's house, pick the meals to pieces and ruin the appetites of all members of the family, (at the same time eating the condemned vitals heartily and with relish)—such a person has small chance of being listed with the immortal benefactors of humanity. Ranters, roasters and rearers will never gain any great amount of success; neither will those who try to force their opinions upon the world without giving the other person the privilege of declining them. Each has the right to do what he wants. If he exercises too much freedom and becomes too spontaneous in his outbursts of unleashed exuberance he will be quietly reminded of it—in civil matters by the judge, in gastric matters by his stomach and in religious matters by a visit from the parson.

The great trouble at the present time seems to be that there are too many people taking an interest in other people's affairs and after half a dozen near-occultists have expressed their opinions on our needs we know a great deal less than before they started. We tear our hair—perhaps the last one—from our head with a cry of dismay and they put new furniture in our padded cells. After we have tried to follow a complete gamut of occult advice our beloved ones gather round, shake their heads and whisper, "He may get over it but he'll never be the same."

Now it just so happens that we have a friend who has been suffering for many years from acute pandemonium of the pancreas and palpitation of the pneumo-gastric nerve (which information cost him ten dollars to discover). The name of our poor, suffering fellow countryman is Ebenezer J. Wheeze. For some time he has been trying to get the

inside information on this deep inside inflammation and has applied to several scintillating exponents of dietetic science.

He has a friend who talks in his sleep, wears his hat on one ear, and only shaves occasionally who is an eminent authority on the food subject. He suggested that Ebenezer live on alfalfa and goat curds for about three months after which he was to discard the curds and take up predigested prunes and unsalted pretzels. Not feeling capable of making the experiment himself Uncle Ebenezer tried it on the cat who went into convulsions and has had a bleared look ever since. From that day to this Tabby's tail swells up every time the word "dietetics" is mentioned and can only be found under the back stoop when there are any food experts around.

From him Mr. Wheeze went to another eminent authority on the subject of what to eat and how to eat it. Mr. Slump is a small man about five foot two, weighs ninety pounds, has spinal curvature and false teeth but otherwise is a perfect picture of health. Mr. Slump analyzed it as "over-proteins" and told Ebenezer that raw cabbage and bran crackers had made him what he is today and would do the same for Ebenezer. Eb was not entirely satisfied with the example of the finished product but decided to try it and in correlation with wild onion honey and some new fangled spring water which tasted like burnt sulphur he went into a state of agony lasting several weeks.

One day a perfect stranger came up to Ebenezer on the street and after measuring him from head to foot with a small tape measure handed him a card bearing the name of a well known undertaking concern with a list of several beautiful plots just his size in a nearby cemetery. The same mysterious stranger also mentioned casually that silver handles were being done this year. This decided Ebenezer that the results of his labors were not harmonious with his continued manifestation on this plane of nature so he desisted from his diet and applied to another "expert."

Prof. Theodore Sneezix is now deceased having died of convulsions a few weeks ago as the result of having eaten meat. (He found a red ant in his raw spinach.) His

suggestion was a ten day fast with a half a glass of orange juice every other day. Ebenezer tried this also but couldn't get the orange juice the last two days—not being able to walk. Henceforward he had a dark brown taste, a rather ashen feeling and a dusty look. In other words Ebenezer was slowly returning to Mother Matter. At the end of the fifth month the insurance company raised his rate as the worst risk in the office and his great grand uncle who wanted his old clothes suggested that he make his will. After this experiment it took him about eighth months to build up.

Life had become just one food expert after another with Uncle Ebenezer and he honestly tried to follow all their advice. He sharpened his fangs on caraway seed, sliced belladonna plasters and flaxseed gruel. One month he hung a piece of cuttlefish bone in the middle of the room and chewed on that. He gnawed on unbaked pie crust, chewed hickory bark, ate raw beets, decked himself out in parsley, tried a strange and mysterious concoction at the half-baked bakery, used grated raw potatoes, ate garlic and limburger and as a last resort tried chewing navy beans, split peas and unsalted lickerish bars. And day by day in every way he grew weaker and weaker. He tried one meal a day and then increased them to five a day; he lay down before eating and again after eating; exercised while eating by having his dinner placed on a shelf and snapping at it; tried funnels and sponges, straws and rubber tubing; chewed each mouthful ten times, then twenty times and then tried swallowing it whole—until finally he had experimented with every known method of torture conceivable to the human brain.

At the end of one full year he had galloping jim-jams and a general innocuous vissitude which threatened to be fatal. Several leading doctors gathered and opened a symposium on the strength of his pocketbook, announcing as the result of a deeply heated discussion that Ebenezer was infected with creeping heaves and chronic staggers!

He had been miserable beyond expression, sick unto the breaking point, had developed crows feet, a mean disposition, three bunions and broken up three homes. As he staggered

down the street, tottering beneath the weight of grey hairs to an untimely grave, supported by a crutch and a few of his relatives, an old friend came up and slapped him on the back, nearly jarring lose his upper plate and disconnecting his sparkplug, saying:

"Old man, you look down and out. Have you been watching your diet?"

Whereupon Ebenezer gave a low gurgle, draped himself upon his friend's arms and sinking upon the sidewalk stretched out his toes while the crowds gathered announcing it apoplexy. When he awoke several days later he was staring into the face of an eminent food scientist who was feeding him barley gruel through an eye dropper! The relapse was nearly fatal.

At last, a shattered and broken wreck, he wandered alone in a heartless world, no longer able to eat a square meal because the corners scraped against some tender bit of his insides. About this time Eb found the seventh daughter of a seventh son, address unknown, age 103, who gave him the secret of longevity. She advised less worry, moderation in all things and common sense. Hope returned, for it springs eternal in the human heart!

After applying this simple recipe for a short time Ebenezer found that it worked like a charm. He excluded things which he knew were not good for him, ate moderately of a well balanced diet, enjoyed everything he ate and ate nearly everything he enjoyed but all in moderation and with care. He soon found the qualifications of youth returning, his fallen arches raised and a rubber heel temperament returned. He could do a hundred yards in nothing flat, won the old man's hurdle race, did eighteen holes of golf, chopped five cords of wood before dinner and could pick up the average dietician under one arm with his following under the other. His false teeth took root and he chewed the corner off of Webster's Unabridged.

This is the little story. Pure food and the highest of ideals plus well balanced cooking and moderate eating bring with them health. Our hearts are very strongly with those who are fighting so bravely to prevent the murder of innocent animals for food and furs—not

just because the meat makes them sick but because of a higher regard for our younger brothers in the lower kingdom. We are heart and soul with all who are seeking to help man have better bodies and better minds, and there are none who have a greater opportunity to help than those who labor with the

mystery of the food which man eats. But let all be masters of their sciences rather than becoming slaves to them. Help people where they are to see things better but never become a crank or faddist—for to do otherwise will only list you with the causes of the very troubles you are seeking to remove.

Courage vs. Timidity

IT must be true that even the bravest occasionally have those qualms of timidity which show out so strangely from the dun colored atmosphere of everyday life. We want to present to you a few examples of human idiosyncrasie and let you judge for yourselves the cause and cure of these conditions.

Only a few days ago we watched a perfectly contented workman, a member of the riveters union, eating his lunch half way out on the end of a suspended girder about two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. He was joking and talking to his pal who was sitting in the noose of a rope about the same height above the street, swinging back and forth with a ham sandwich in one hand and a bottle of near beer in the other. They were the perfect picture of contentment in spite of the mere nothingness that stretched out beneath them. They showed no signs of either nervousness or worry—to them these excitements were part of the routine of life and passed practically unnoticed.

But Pat has his weak point. He must get home every night by five p. m. as he is in mortal terror of the wrath of Mrs. Murphy, his better half, who holds more horror for him than sixteen stories of rarified ether. And his companion with the sandwich is paying Dr. Soakem three-quarters of his salary because he has a strange pain inside which is frightening him to death. He worries over it day and night but thinks nothing of swinging at the end of said rope by one hand like some genial anthropoid.

In the course of our wanderings we also come across Captain Gustave Gasp, a well known aviator, who does all the latest fancy areonautics. He is strapped into his machine

that he may do tail-spins and nose-dives and turn nineteen somersaults on a dime. Captain Gasp fully realizes that a broken wire or the slightest derangement of the mechanism of his machine would hurl him to an untimely end but still he plays with the ether bubbles in divine unconcern. But then Captain Gasp is scared to death of a certain little wart on the end of his nose and every time anyone glances at him his face bursts into vari-colored blushes which stream out as halos of mortification from behind that tiny wart. He is so bashful that he doesn't even dare to look anyone in the face because he knows they are making fun of his nose.

In the same class we find Reginald Gluefoot the human fly who plays pool with the brass ball on top of the town flagpole; also Jimmy Shine, our well known window washer who unhesitatingly clings to the window sill of the insteentth story of the Blazen Fire Insurance Company, whistling "My Country 'Tis of Thee," while thousands of people down below open their mouths in amazement just in time to have them filled with suds.

Now Reginald Gluefoot is a man of affairs. He has held on by one finger and chinned window sills with his thumb nail a thousand times but he will go around the very picture of misery if his necktie happens to be a little crooked. He has matrimonial difficulties and being a man of prominence rushes in terror to the newspaper offices at regular intervals praying that they will not air his domestic problems. He is more afraid of the newspaper than of twenty-nine stories of abstracted vacuum; he is frightened to death of public opinion and every time any one even whispers his name he breaks out in a cold sweat.

With Jimmy Shine it is different. He is afraid of neither space nor time and would as soon hang on to a comet's tail as walk down Broadway. But Jimmy will not work on Friday the 13th, is scared to death of black cats, and all the money in ten kingdoms couldn't make Jimmy walk under a ladder or go against the dictates of his ruling planet.

About this time Rebecca McFag goes over Niagra Falls in an eggshell, following this with a dive from the fifteenth story of the City Hall into a fire net. While she was receiving the applause someone told her that she had a hole in her stocking whereupon she fainted from stark horror.

Joseph Teasem is a man who was loosened into a brass cage with sixteen ferocious lions and glorified in the experience. This same individual however is very bashful and when he was loosened among some doting admirers of the fair sex his terror was so great

that he went into convulsions and died, his last words being, "If they had only allowed me to fight ten man-eating sharks instead of bringing me in to this social swim, I'd have been all right."

Sylvester Slide, the world's famous skii jumper, jumped two hundred and eighteen feet and landed on a track four feet wide where a single slip meant death. He does this three times a week for the consideration of ten dollars per each. But if anyone suggested that he go out without shaving, he wouldn't dare to stick his nose between the portals.

Now, friends, we will ask you once more why an individual who is willing to swing from the end of a rope ladder by his toes is afraid to contradict the parson? How come's it that an individual who is perfectly willing to take a parachute jump into the Atlantic is afraid to grow whiskers when his wife says no? We repeat, why is it?

Abstractions

ONE of the greatest curses that confronts the student of occult philosophy is his inability to get any real information. He is flooded with concepts and abstractions but not one of them is capable of solving the practical problem. There is no greater abstraction on the face of the earth than the word "Truth" which covers every doctrine and misquotation known to man. We are told that Truth is the answer to the problem but we are not told what Truth is. Those who claim to have it, demonstrate only an abstract condition which cannot possibly be true because it does not answer any problem, solve any difficulty nor educate the human mind in any practical way.

Such words as "truth," "love," "God," "law," "light" and "realization" are all of them absolutely abstract. We do not know whether the light referred to is gas, electric or spiritual; and if spiritual we have no idea of its dimensions, power, use, or means or

perpetuation. Our so-called students of new thought pepper their entire phraseology with these abstractions which mean absolutely nothing to average heathens like us, but are used like Latin phrases by the professional people—to conceal the sum of human ignorance.

So we humbly request that these words only be used in connection with concrete, descriptive adjectives and that the process be explained along with the nouns in question.

There is no greater abstraction in the world than to say: "Believe in God." I have never met anyone who has the slightest idea of what God is and not one in a million knows the mental alchemy which must be passed through in order to hatch a belief. The average individual does not know how to believe anything. The statement "be good" is first cousin to the above, but have two individuals ever come to a mutual understanding as to what is right and wrong? Good and bad are

relative terms and have no earthly bearing upon the path of attainment.

Next door to these two is the emphasis of the "I Am" which we find so often—such statements as "I am God." These phrases and paraphrases come forth with ease and fluency but the realization of either the "I Am" or "God" is impossible for the two-by-four minded person who rolls these bits of language so unctuously under its tongue. It sounds good but it "don't mean nothing."

Man can only understand in a hazy way even the first principles of religion and to do so the most careful primer is necessary, one which garbs every ideal in the most simple language in order that any sort of an understanding may be attained.

We know people who have "realizations," who are "living in the light" and who are "saved," and when they say these things they say everything for they couldn't explain the process to save their neck. They have accepted some mental aphorism or tied themselves to a parrot-like concept and use it as the basis of their salvation. We are sorry for them but they do not seem to be very sorry for themselves, so we can do no more. We humbly suggest that each individual analyse his belief and find out whether or not he has any foundation other than a concept for his phase of religion. When he says, "I know the law" we expect an individual with a Darwinian intellect and a Spencerian brogue, a disciple of Platonic reason and a master of a priori and a posteriori reasoning to whom the mysteries of the universe are an open book and who can tell just how many granules there are in a ham sandwich, etc. Instead of this he is some perfectly ignorant individual who doesn't even know that Spencer is sick or whether he passed out some years ago. He comes up to us in sublime and colossal ignorance and tells us that he knows the law and is saved, when he has never even been formally introduced to common sense. He tells us that he is the "victim" of a revelation and we listen expectantly for a continuation of John's divine discourse on Patmas—but nothing follows the first statement. He merely informs us that he has

found the "real." Having found it, is he unable to even tell where it is?

A party came up to us a short time ago to tell us that she was "in Truth." We immediately visualized the molten sea, fed by the outpourings of living water, streaming from the souls of Zoroaster, Buddha, Krishna and Confucius. Having three or four questions we have never been able to answer, we immediately were filled with a great hope that the individual who had just arrived in Truth might be able to illuminate us on some dark corners and tear the veil from our mortal vision. We started in with an easy one, being desirous of knowing just how long the Paleozoic period lasted. We received nothing but a blank look with a hole in the center so feeling that we may have misjudged the "ray" we presented our second difficulty, namely, why has the Chinese dragon five toes? The individual addressed took on an injured expression this time, and we politely refrained from further questioning for fear that we were offending her delicate nerves. But when this person asked us with all seriousness whether the earth revolved around the moon or nay we began to doubt the source of their illumination and began to seek the basis of the declaration that they had discovered "Truth." We found as usual that they only thought they had—they had paid sufficient for it to buy a house and lot. It was an aphorism dealing in a hazy way upon the relationship between Truth and Is-ness and so of course this put them in the "light"—but their children still continue to have whooping cough every winter and they still spend half their time under the influence of aspirin.

It is a sad thing that we should have so much illumination and no light, so much knowledge and no wisdom, so much thought and no philosophy, so much logic and no reason. But we suppose it is the result of the rapid growth of minds and the tremendous influx of illumination. It must probably be that the mind is growing so rapidly that it is devouring all the brain cells. We cannot help agreeing with the ancient philosopher who said, "Oh, man! the mirror of vanity! he reflects the glory of the universe but inhales only the empty ethers."

Brothers of The Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER FIVE

The Blow in the Dark

UNDER the direction of the Master I had been carrying on my work for several years in London with ever greater success. The soul-hunger of the world, long debarred from light, had awakened in them the desire for further illumination upon the intricate problems of life. Each day I came into closer contact with the souls of men and women who were seeking in a great darkness for a light which neither theology nor science was capable of giving them. With these I worked, laboring to give to them the light which poured into me from the grey-robed figure of the Initiate.

The strange feeling that came over me when I first met that Great One never entirely vanished but the nervousness and the great chill of his presence slowly left until only an indescribable something told me when he was near. I did not often see him but sometimes upon awaking in the morning I would look for a brief moment into a face which seemed floating in the air before me and which trailed off into a nothingness as I went about the work of the day. Within my own being a great light was being born. I could feel a twisting, turning something in my own body as a mighty serpent struggling for freedom and by this I knew that the light of the Master was slowly developing and nurturing the spark of itself within my own soul. Each day I came closer to communion with myself, closer to the realization of my own work, more and more the unseen worlds opened to me, until I seemed an inhabitant of many planes. But with it all remained that something so often lost—the human touch and the mortal simplicity.

One evening as I sat alone in my study, before me a number of manuscripts which I was preparing for publication in European journals, I felt that inscrutable something which I knew to be the presence of the Teacher. Surely enough, he walked from behind my chair, around to the side of the

great reading lamp and sank into an over-stuffed chair beside me, his deep black eyes and slender graceful form seeming strangely out of place among the prostic surroundings of modern London.

"Your work is going well," the Master spoke in his soft yet deep and over powering tones. "You have met the obstacles that have confronted you honestly and truly, but your ever awakening power and the ever broadening circle of your work is bringing you before the eyes of many people,—not all of whom will accept or understand your message. There is also in the world not only the power of light but the power of opposition and as surely as the message you are giving broadens, so surely this growing light invokes the power of the shadow. Just as our sacred order has its temple in the heart of the Himalayas from which it pours forth into the world its streams of life and power, so surely there dwells in the shadows of these mountain peaks the powers of darkness. Be ever on your guard, be ever true to the light that you have, be ever prepared, for from the home of the Black Light has issued forth a rumbling. The work you have done has reached their notice and in a thousand ways they will attack you and through many innocent people whom they use as tools will seek to thwart the spreading of this sacred wisdom. Beware, my son, for they fight not with the weapons of light but with the weapons of darkness."

I turned to the Teacher:

"Master," I questioned, "What is there to fear when you are near? How can the powers of darkness injure that which is ordained of the light? What power in heaven, earth or hell should I fear?"

"Thou shouldst fear nothing, my son, for fear is a brooder of demons. Fear not, but neither be rash. The power of night is ruler of one half the circle of the hours and is equal in strength and power with the light of dawn."

The Master and I then talked for several moments on other problems—of the spread-

ing of the work, of the labor of other Chelas in the world—and arrangements were made for the cooperation of future work.

"There is one in London now," said the Master, "whom you should know, one who passed into the Temple of Caves fifty years before you did and was the only one before you came who had entered it in three centuries. She took her initiation in the Western hemisphere but was taken by the Master out of her physical body, which remained in a state of coma for fourteen days, and carried over the top of the Himalaya mountains to Sangazi where she was privileged to receive the benediction of the Lord Maitraya. I have made the arrangements which are necessary for this meeting." The Master took from the breast of his robe a slip of paper upon which were traced a number of figures.

"You know this alphabet and this writing," he said handing it to me. "It is the secret cipher of the Adepts. This tells you where to go and you are to meet me there at eight o'clock this evening. Three of the other Masters will be there and together we will outline a program for the reconstruction of our beloved world—heavy beneath the weight of its self-created woes."

The Master rose and walking towards the wall on the opposite side of the room slowly passed through it and out of sight. I sat for several seconds wrapt in thought. The great moment of my life had come—I was to be taken into the circle of Adepts who were the Chelas of the Masters of Wisdom and was to join forces in a conscious way with the molders of human destiny. A great thrill of fear came over my being—how could I enter their august presence? And then another thought came—the sweet simplicity of my Master had always won my admiration and I felt that the others too would be like him and was reassured.

The moments passed slowly until about seven-thirty and then dressing myself with the greatest care in order to make the best appearance possible, (with a certain element of human vanity that still remained), I called a cab and giving the driver a number, some few doors from the house where I intended to go, I sat back in the darkness of the car while we wound our way in and out through

the evening traffic. Here and there a light shone out from some cafe or club, where England's upper set gathered, but soon the customary fog was upon us through which the lamps shone like haloed stars. I saw the great lions of Trafalgar go by and old Regent Circle and slowly we threaded our way out into the residential section where graystone fronts and narrow streets spoke of the London of centuries gone by. At last the cab stopped and the driver, in his heavy coat and overcape, opened the door and allowed me to descend under the gleam of a street lamp.

"This is 'im," the cabby remarked, nudging at empty space with his thumb. I tossed him a coin and, followed by many polite bows, headed along the street, my eyes turned for the numbers on the houses. At last I reached the one shown on the address and looked up at a dingy old front of the early Victorian middle class which loomed down blankly upon me. The windows were small and checkered-paned, many of them broken, and the whole house seemed shaded with dissolution and death.

I looked around carefully and then slowly ascended the steps which led up to the door some dozen feet above the street. I was on about the fourth step when a peculiar sensation struck me—I felt someone behind me. It was not the presence of my Master but a cruel, cold, slimy presence that brought terror to my soul. I tried to turn. As I did so a blow struck me directly under the heart. Staggering, and my knees bending up under me, I swayed upon the step. As I did so I had a fleeting glimpse of the figure who stood behind me, one dimly outlined in the mist of the London fog. It was a tall heavily built form, draped in black robes, from whose hands were streaming two red flamed bolts which seemed pounding at my heart. The figure vanished in the ethers and at the same time something welled up into my mouth—looking down I saw the steps at my feet spattered with blood. Then everything grew black and the last I remember was pitching forward and downward into the fog which seemed to rise like clouds of blackness around me. A thud—which did not seem to hurt me—and a choking—many lights dancing before my eyes—a confused

sound as of voices and then utter blackness.

When my eyes opened I found four figures gathered around me. I could not see very clearly but they seemed to be three men and one woman. One of the men I recognized as the white-robed Master. A soft musical voice spoke:

"He is coming to."

Another voice said, "Yes, but it was a very close call."

"Who struck him?" asked the musical voice again.

"It is the work of the Black School in London, I believe," answered my Teacher. "Brother H. has become too prominent a figure lately to escape—but I never thought they would attack him here."

Suddenly the four figures broke their group and standing in a row became silent. At the same instant another figure joined them, his body and the lower part of his face completely concealed by a black broadcloth evening cape with high turned collar. As I watched him in my lying position I saw tiny golden flames flickering out from all parts of his body, which seemed rather small of bone and fine of texture. He spoke in a voice which sounded strangely different—as though his larynx were of gold.

"What is it?" Then he looked down at me and leaning over held out his hand. "Let me help you up," he suggested, and taking my hand in his he drew me to my feet with a strength I had not dreamed he possessed.

"Yes, it was a close shave. But come, brethren, the Spiritus Sanctus is ready and there is work to be done." Motioning me to follow him, he entered a door which suddenly appeared out of the blackness of space and into a room lighted by a glorious carved oil lamp. The doors slowly closed and he motioned each of us to a chair. Upon the table in front of us lay a number of papers and documents, some of them sealed and others tied with many colored ribbons and cords. Then he in the long cape discarded his garment and I saw a pale faced man, slender and effeminate in form, with hair rather long and a slight drooping mustache. He kept stroking his chin as though a beard but there was none that any of us could see.

"Brethren," he said, taking one of the documents and breaking it open, "this is the appointed work which is to be done at this time and you four are appointed to do it." He turned to my Master. "You, as my brother, are to take charge of this work; these three your Chelas, will labor as you direct. I am returning to Mongolia to secure further instructions from K. When I have secured these instructions I will mail them to you with my signet. Accept nothing else."

My Master bowed his white turbaned head.

"It shall be so, brother, for you speak from M. C. which is sufficient."

"Lest there be doubt," answered the pale faced stranger. And, reaching into his vest pocket he took therefrom a small object which he concealed in the palm of his hand, he turned towards my teacher. A pale glow reflected itself from the face of the Master and he made a strange sign upon his forehead.

"It is sufficient," said my Master. "It is the seal of the Mahachohan."

The stranger resumed his cape and then taking the letters laying upon the table he turned them over to the Initiate of the Caves. Rising, he bowed to each in turn who stood at his departure. Only my Master remained seated.

"It is well, brethren," spoke the stranger, taking his hat in his hand. "I will be in London again in November when I shall look forward to the report of your labors. This is the year of the Great Benediction and is an important one for our work. May the grace of God rest upon you, and the power of His holy Name protect you." And, quickly drawing the folds of his cape around him, he vanished as though he had never been.

As soon as he was gone the Master spoke:

"He, my son, is one of the great brothers from whom we learn the will of Vaivaswati. The plans are laid, the work is at hand. Now I will explain to you your appointed parts." And, opening one of the documents, he spread out a many colored chart upon the table, drawn in bright colored pigments on a surface of gold beater skin.

"Behold, the plan."

(To be Continued.)

The Message of the Great Initiates

ALL down through the ages since the beginning of time great teachers, appointed by the spiritual hierarchies, have come to man to instruct him and reveal to him the next step in his endless path of self-unfoldment. Each of these great messengers have brought a distinct doctrine and when linked together their teachings form a golden chain of ideals which the human race must aspire to even though it may not be able to fully realize the end or the way.

For the benefit of the student of occult philosophy we list below twelve great spiritual teachers, many of them now regarded as allegorical rather than historical personages. However the deep student realizes that mythology is the truest history of the ancient people that we have and that only in folklore and legend do we find an authentic record of the great Light-bringers and their messages to man.

1. **Hermes.** This great Atlantean demigod, probably if not actually the greatest illuminator of mortal man, taught as the key of his philosophy—Analogy. The relationships existing between the inferior and the superior worlds was the basis of his doctrine and the knowledge of the simile was man's first revelation. Hermes is often called the first messenger of God because he is the oldest that we know and his law of analogical reasoning is the basis of every philosophy of modern times. The essence of his teaching was that God and man were made in the same mold and that all things in the lower world and the lesser sphere are made after the same pattern as the greater thing in the superior world. He taught that the realization of this was the fundamental principle of wisdom.

2. **Orpheus,** the Grecian demigod, taught man the law of Harmony and the great work of harmonizing the spiritual and material qualities within his own soul. The seven-stringed lyre of Orpheus represents the seven major rates of vibration known to consciousness at this time. Upon these rates of vibration, which are the basis of form, thought, growth and culture, his philosophy was based, his seven-stringed lyre representing the

solar system and the seven centers in the human body and upon this he taught man to play the harmony of nature and the music of the spheres. This harmonization of the centers of consciousness was the redemption of the human soul (Eurydice).

3. **Krishna,** the great Indian Christ and the most beloved deity of Brahman theology, is said to have had Love as the keynote of his teaching. He taught man of the love of God for His creations, the love of the spirit within for its bodies, and the love existing always between the spiritual and the human. He taught man to live in peace with his neighbor and to recognize the fundamental duty of regard and respect for all other created things. Krishna, the Christ-child of India, is symbolical of the sun who is in love with Radha, the East Indian symbol of nature. The marriage of the sun to nature and the love of God for His outpourings was the center ground of his divine message to man. He taught immortality and the non-existence of death, that ignorance was the basis of oblivion and that those who love only the Light would never be in darkness.

4. **Buddha,** the world's most eminent reformer and regenerator of ideals, brought man kind the doctrine of Renunciation and Non-attachment as the basis of immortality. He told man to renounce the temporal for the eternal, the illusion for the reality, the lower for the higher, and the outer for the inner. He taught that attachment was the basis of sorrow and that freedom from attachment was the basis of peace. Upon his doctrines has been based the greatest religion upon the earth at the present time, a creed which has influenced the destiny of half the people of the earth.

5. **Mohammed.** The essence of the faith of Islam is the necessity for Obedience and man's perfect willingness to leave his destiny in the hands of the Immortal. Mohammed taught that the greatest glory was for him who obeyed the laws rather than for one who creates a law; that those who leave their destiny with the powers of the Divine and follow those laws in simplicity and trust, obeying

them to the letter, shall never want for the treasures of the eternal.

6. Moses taught the children of Isreal and the ancient world the omnipotence of Law; the justice without mercy of law, the impersonality of law and that those who would break law are themselves broken upon it. He delivered the tablets of the ten laws to the children of Isreal, teaching them that law is the voice of God and that those who keep His laws are the ones He blesses and preserves.

7. Zoroaster, the great founder of the faith of the Parsees and the Fire-king of Persia, taught the doctrine of Light and said that the sun and flame were the most precious things in the universe. He taught the building of that Fire within the soul of the individual; that the fire that burns in man is the eldest of all flames; that man is dependent upon fire and that this fire is the divine essence of God within himself. In other and simpler words, he taught the indwelling presence of the Divine.

8. Confucius, the great unapothosized saint of China, a god made so by the love of his people, taught that Morality was the greatest of all virtues and the most acceptable quality in the universe; that the salvation of man depended upon his relationships to his fellow creatures; that purity, chastity and fraternity were the greatest of all qualities and that religion in essence rested upon practical works rather than theoretical dogmas.

9. Plato. Plato's doctrines were based upon the principles of Logic and he taught his disciples the orderly creation, the logical creation and the reasonable in the universe. He taught a geometrical base of all growth and instructed his followers that the universe, God, man, and nature are mathematical units capable of exact analysis.

10. Odin. This great Initiate who illuminated Scandanavia and the Teutonic countries, had as the basis of his teaching the doctrine of Courage. He taught the necessity of stamina and daring; that those who aspired to reach the footstool of light must dare all things, must battle against all opposition; and that reward comes to the victor in the battle and not to the one who remains at home.

11. Hiram Abiff, the great Masonic idol and ideal, taught in his unspoken life the doctrine of human Regeneration. Hiram, representing the spiritual essences in the human body, redeems himself and is redeemed through the path of the Masonic mysteries. Only in transmutation lays the path of immortality, and every human quality must be transmuted into a divine and eternal thing.

12. Jesus. The one teacher who is best known to the Christian world, but whose doctrines are the least understood of any of the great world teachers, is the Master Jesus. The key to his philosophy is Brotherhood and his ideal was a new faith built out of the mutual understanding and common interests of all of the others. He sought to unite all wisdom into one simple creed and also sought to show man the one simple labor which all creation is trying to achieve, each in its different way. Only those who have found harmony and are living in a state of brotherhood with other living things will ever know the message of the Master Jesus for he synthesizes all the previous world religions—for those who have the eyes to recognize that fact.

These qualities, if you will analyze them closely, you will find are absolutely dependent one upon another. There has never been a complete revelation up to date but all the revelations of the past gathered together build a monumental temple which is the expression of all known wisdom. This is the temple whose door is open to the student of the Wisdom Religion when he has learned to forsake dogma and creed, worship God in spirit and in truth rather than in clan and group.

The message of the Wisdom Teachings to the modern world is, briefly, one of impartiality in which the student worships God in His many-fold expressions rather than his own crystallized concept of divinity which has so long been the basis of his faith. Only in the universal realization of the one truth, the one Light, the one path, can the student hope to make progress.

The Light-bearers are incidents and can receive our respect and veneration but the Light is the thing which we should worship and not the One who brings it.

The Temple of Sin

IN the heart of Mongolia, that unknown land of magic and sorcery, stands a strange building, pagoda-like in structure and painted red and yellow. It is concealed in the wastes of a mighty range of mountains where white men seldom travel and exists as only a myth even to the natives themselves. From the corners of this grotesque building hang strange lanterns of bamboo and silk, bearing upon them Oriental designs and crude Chinese characters. A great flight of granite steps lead sheer up from the valley below, winding between the great pillars that form the gate and at last ending in

a latticework door gloriously carved and laquered in dragons and strange birds. On either side of the gate of this lonely temple stands a great dog made of wonderously colored porcelain, and on the base of each pillar where they stand is written one word. The dog upon the right carries the name Mirth and the one on the left Wrath. For many years these two animals, with their shiny porcelain bodies and heads maned like lions, their sharp gleaming teeth and great staring eyes, have stood guard at the entrance to the Temple of Sin—one of the strangest of the mysterious remnants of forgotten ages.

This temple is served and upheld by a small group of priests who stand firmly among the tottering creeds of ancient days guarding with fanatical faith this temple built by the hands of the gods to mark the place where the first man sinned on earth. The High Priest of this temple is a strange character whom you must become better acquainted with. A tall, gaunt Chinaman of angular and sinister frame, dressed in robes of yellow broadcloth ornately brocaded with flowers and trimmed with a crimson border, he wears upon his back a great Chinese symbol which means when translated "Immortality Forever," and upon the chest of his garment another which says "Mortality Unbroken." No one knows the age of this Chinese priest but legend says it can be counted in hundreds of years and as you look at his wizened face, dried, seamed and browned, you can well believe that he really is as old

as those barren mountains and withered lands that surround the temple. They say that this spot is shunned like death for since the beginning of time it was only meant to be visited by the sinners of the world.

The old Chinaman, with his hands crossed in his sleeves, was walking softly up and down behind the lattice work of hand carved teak gilded with lillies and wondrous chrysanthemums. A faint odor of incense was born outward by the gentle breeze, filling the air with the pungent aroma of burning sandlewood, while now and then the dull boom of a temple gong told that the services of the gods were not forgotten and that the priests were gathered to pray. Suddenly the old man held up a long finger, its nail encrusted with gold and curling some six inches beyond the finger tip; his wizened slanty eyes opened widely and their whites, long yellowed with age, shone out like pieces of amber.

"Some one is coming over the Pass of Death," he whispered, pointing to the hills which surrounded the little vale in which the temple stood. As he spoke the priests in the yellow robes gathered around him and looked where his finger pointed. And true enough, a thin line of dark forms could be seen in the distance, winding in and out among the hills. The aged Oriental looked long and earnestly and his old eyes seemed to gaze far beyond the mountain tops.

"He is a white man," he said after a while, "and he comes with a pack train. He is seeking rugs, rare silks and precious curios. Beware, lest he rob the temple! Close all the doors save one and let the dogs of porcelain watch his passing." The monks bowed silently and folding their arms in their sleeves vanished like shadows in the temple passageway.

The old priest, upon his head a helmet of gold hung with tinkling bells and jangling ornaments, turned and entered the shrine room. Passing over the floor, soft with furs and precious rugs, he opened the doors of a tiny shrine and there before him, clasped in the claws of a teakwood dragon, stood a tiny mirror. It shone and gleamed with a depthless light and in its burnished surface were

reflected the many little flames of oil that burned in sockets on the wall. The old priest hunched his back and his cue, braided with silken cords, fell over one shoulder.

"Oh Mirror of Quang Ke—Creator of all that is—first Being of all earth! There comes one over yonder desert whom my soul whispers is seeking to desecrate Thy shrine!" He raised his thumb which bore upon it a great ring of jade and closing the doors placed upon the crack where they joined a soft wax pellet upon which he stamped the signet of the Emperor by means of the thumb ring.

"By the jade of the First Dynasty! May the Emperor of gods protect the shrine of this sacred mirror! May the five-clawed dragon twine himself around this altar that the defiler may not enter, for it is not the will of the gods that the Mirror of Sin shall be stolen!" Then turning, he passed from the room as silently as a yellow spectre and out into the courtyard of the temple.

* * *

At about the same time Hank Nicholson, buyer and importer representing one of our largest Fifth Avenue stores, put his foot on the lowest step of the temple. Hank Nicholson was a "bad" man but he always thought he was worse than anyone else did. He unclipped his revolver holster and with a hitch of his belt headed up the steps towards the porcelain dogs, one of which grinned while the other leered in stony salutation. Hank spoke fairly good Chinese in several dialects and soon made himself understood.

"I'm looking for rugs and curios—any good teakwood, ivory, hammered brass or idols that you may have around. Sabbee?" Hank held up a string of Chinese money and shook it under the nose of the aged Oriental.

The Chinaman, in whose eyes was a strange glint, kept perfectly poised as he gazed into the flat face in front of him and surveyed the stock of red hair that was Hank's crowning glory. He then spoke slowly:

"This is no place of merchandise, of gold or silver, or of ivory. This is the temple of a true God and has been known for ages as the Chapel of the First Sin. Here I live with a small group of priests, having no intercourse with the world of men. There is no use your

seeking here for I have nothing to barter, to buy or to sell. I am a servant of God and not a silversmith."

"Aw, bosh and nonsense!" exclaimed Hank, "I've heard that before. How many yens for the whole damn temple and everything it it—except you? I'm lookin' fer antiques and curios but don't want anything as funny as you. Come on, Chinky—move move aside and let's see what you got."

The Oriental bowed patiently and stepping to one side allowed the exponent of Brooklyn diplomacy to enter. Hank stood in the inner doorway, arms akimbo, and viewed the surroundings with an air of complacency.

"I'll get a half a million for this on Broadway!" he announced confidently, "how much Chinky?"

"I have told you, white man, I have nothing to sell."

Hank pressed with his toe against a rug before him.

"That's a fine rug, Chinky—looks like a piece of genuine Thibet silk. You've got some good teakwood here too—I'll have some of my men come right in and pack it up."

The Chinaman bowed with great servility but there was a wicked glint in his beady black eyes. "I must remind the white man of what I said before. This is a temple of God and not a curio store. God will defend His temple."

The American laughed. "A fine bunch of gods you got, Chinky! I own three of them that I use for bootjacks in Brooklyn and they haven't answered me back yet. Don't get sentimental with your religion now, because when Hank Nicholson wants somethin' he gets it, see?" and Hank pulled out his revolver and nestled it against the Chinaman's short ribs.

The Oriental looked down mildly on the gun and replied:

"Three times have I enjoyed white man's civility and alas it has always been the same. The first white man I entertained stole my jades; the second robbed me of my temple maiden; and you, honorable sir, would take the building and all. I fear you must come to China and learn manners."

Hank stood nonplussed for a moment and then turned back to look at the room. Gaz-

ing around, his eye rested upon the shrine bearing on its closed doors the seal of wax.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"In yonder shrine," answered the Chinaman, "is the Mirror of Sin made upon the eyeball of the God of Light. It is the most precious thing in all China and rests in the claws of the sacred dragon. Those who have suffered great agony come from all parts of the world to pay homage to this mirror for as they gaze into its depths they can see the reason for their suffering and they know the sins for which they are accursed. So they come to pay homage to its shrine."

"Oh-h-h," said Hank, "a mirror with a story like that would bring ten thousand dollars on Broadway!"

"I do not know what your wide avenue is," answered the Chinaman, "but if it be a place the mirror shall not rest there. In my hands I carry the temple gong. If you do not leave this holy place at once I shall ring for my priests and if so order them they will slay you where you stand and cut you into as many pieces as yon chrysanthemum has petals!"

Recognizing the flint in the old man's voice, Hank decided that discretion was the better part of valor, so he passed silently down the steps and out of the temple. But in his mind a plan was formulating—a plan such as has thrilled the hearts of practically every robber developed by Western civilization.

Drawing off a little distance, the American camped and the coolies unpacked their burdens. As evening fell and shrouded the temple with its mystic lattice work a tiny gleaming spark a few hundred feet away marked the resting place of Hank Nicholson, buyer—and his packtrain. Slowly the monks filed out of the temple and into the little huts among the rocks where they slept and prayed. And lastly the old priest, swinging together the temple grating, passed also like a phantom from the shrine. There was no moon that night but the stars shone down and lighted the earth with a million fires.

As the chill blast told of coming dawn, Hank unrolled his blanket and in the darkness crept across the sand among the rocks towards the gate of the Temple of Sin. The two porcelain dogs looked down in silence as he passed

between them and stood before the hand carved wooden grating. An ancient Chinese lock protected the door but this he quickly opened and passed as silently as a ghost into the inner shrine. The little oil lamp still lighted the room dimly. With an expression of diabolical greed on his face Hank rolled up rug after rug and his itching fingers played lovingly over the rare porcelains and carvings. At last his eye rested on the shrine and something irresistible drew him over towards it.

"So the old Chinaman says," muttered Hank, "that whoever looks into that mirror shall see pass before him all the sins he ever committed—that's a fine story but I'll wager it won't show up some of the little private affairs of my life."

He looked at the seal of wax for several seconds and then taking hold of the two lower handles drew open the door, breaking the seal. In the alcove stood the mirror—a gleaming mother-of-pearl held between the claws of the great dragon like some diamond in a Tiffany setting. A pale glow radiated from it and the American gazed into the depths of its surface in spite of himself. As he did so he shrank back in amazement—a scene was unrolling itself before him!

It was a lonely hill covered with clouds and seemed deep beneath the weight of approaching storms. As he watched he saw himself. He was dressed in the yellow armor of bygone days and there swung from his shoulder a cape upon which was stamped the signet of Rome. He stood leaning upon a spear with his helmet hanging by a leathern thong from his arm. As he stood there a rift broke in the clouds and then at his feet lay the shadow of a cross. . . .

Suddenly Hank Nicholson gave a scream and covering his eyes with his hands dashed madly from the room howling like a madman.

"No! No!—God not that!" And his hurrying footsteps sounded on the steps of the temple walk while the grated door closed silently behind him.

From the gloom which bordered the edge of the room there emerged a silent figure, his hands clasped in the sleeves of his coat. The

(Continued on page 24)

Utriusque Cosmi
MAIORIS scilicet et MINORIS METAPHYSICA, PHYSICA
ATQVE TECHNICA
HISTORIA

In duo Volumina secundum COSMI differentiam diuisa

AVTHORE ROBERTO FLUD aliàs de Fluctibus, Armigero,
& in Medicina Doctore Oxoniensi.

Tomus Primus

De Macrocosmi Historia in duos tractatus diuisa

Primus de

Quorum

Secundus de Arte Naturæ
simia in Macrocosmo producta
& in eo nutrita & multiplicata,
cujus filias præcipuas hic
anatomia vivâ recensuimus, nempe

OPPENHEMII.

Ære JOHAN-THEODORI DE BRY.

Typis HIERONYMI GALLERI

ANNO MDCCXVII

Metaphysico Macrocosmi
et Creaturarū illius ortu.

Physico Macrocosmi in generatione
& corruptione progressu.

Arithmeticam.

Musicam

Geometriam.

Perspectivam.

Artem Pictoriam.

Artem Militarem.

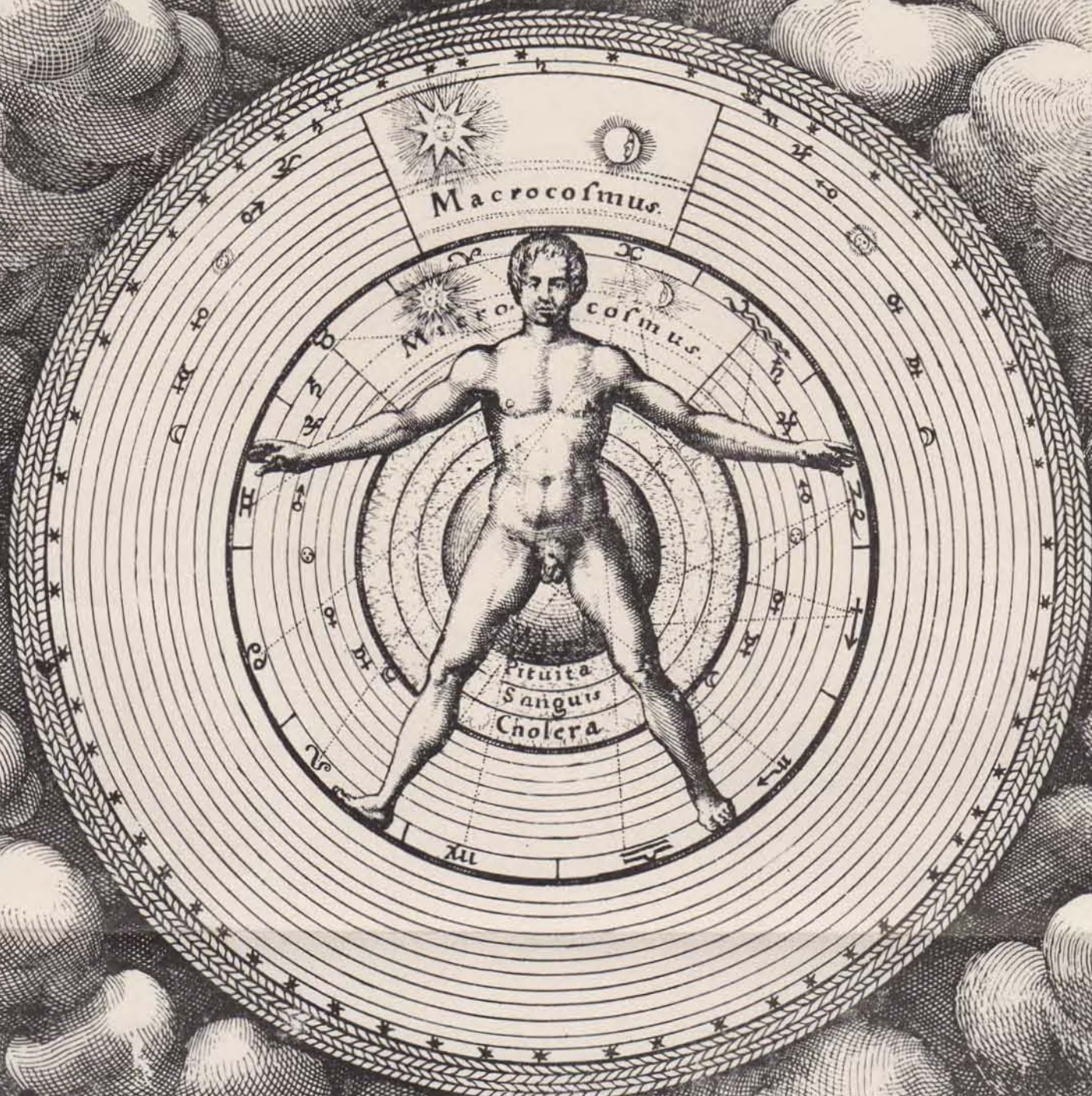
Motus.

Temporis } Scientiam.

Cosmographiam.

Astrologiam.

Geomantiam.



Description of Last Month's Plate

This picture is a companion piece to the one of last month and is taken from the writings of Henry Kunrath the great medieval alchemist and kabbalist and supposed member of the ancient Rosicrucian brotherhood. The figure represents Hercules the androgenous Man Christ strangling the serpent of evil and exalting the serpent of wisdom.

At the top of the drawing is represented the divine name Jehovah, the male-female third aspect of the Logos and the God of material growth. From him pour out the archetypes of the ten Sephira or the original ten signs of the Zodiac and powers of cosmic impetus. All things first exist in archetype or cosmic plan before they are concreted in matter. Material substance is poured like molten metal into the superphysical mold in the creation of bodies. In this diagram is concealed the Sacred Name. The upright triangle is an A. and means Adonai the Fire-flame. The broken circle of the border forms the U. of the Universe, while the cube of matter crystallized within it is the M. of the Manus worlds.

Again the drawing is that of man with the spiritual triangle, the mental hook or U. and the bodily cube of M. The ability to alchemically combine these three superior elements is the key to occultism and the philosopher's stone. The book sealed with seven seals represents wisdom unlocked by the seven keys of the occult schools each one of which is a musical note, a color, a sound, an internal body chakra, and a cosmic God. The passing of the consciousness of man through the seven worlds of nature constitutes the breaking of the seals in which he learns to connect himself consciously with the plan of his own being. By means of this slow evolutionary development, man ascends the endless spiral of the Wisdom School.

The little figure in the center has two heads like the one in last month's plate. These two represent the bride and the groom in the spiritual marriage and the completion of the eternal romance in the soul of man. The male head represents the spirit, the female head the soul; in other words, the sun and

moon or the blood of the red lion and the gluten of the white eagle.

The ancients said that their immortal stone was made of moonstone and gold in certain proportions, absorbed by the universal vinegar of the prepared mercury. This alchemical process of transmuting the base qualities and perversions of power into spiritual attributes, accomplishments and qualities is the key to the sacred wisdom of the ancients. This is attained through the upright triangle, symbolizing the upturned flame of the spinal fire which performs in the marrow of the bone the mystery of alchemy. Among the Masons, Mahabone has been given as a substitute for the unspeakable and unknowable Word. Mahabone means the marrow in the bone and the secret of alchemy lies in the marrow of the spinal canal which contains within itself all mystery and is the staff of Brahma which supports the universe and all that it contains.

In this issue is a very special plate, the description of which will appear in next month's edition, being the frontispiece of the great work "Microcosm and Macrocosm" by Robert Flurr, the great English Rosicrucian and Freemason.

Notice to Subscribers

We are launching this magazine in compliance with your apparent desires upon another pilgrimage which will extend for six months as did the last. We wish to thank our kind friends for their support. The quality of the subscriptions received is considerably higher than that of the previous issue but the number is as yet insufficient to defray the actual cost of publication. We must therefore ask you to cooperate further with us in this matter and assist in securing a greater number that the necessary printer's bills may be paid.

We trust that the next six months of this magazine will meet with your approval. Thank you.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

What is the soul?

Ans. The soul is a body built by the thoughts, actions and desires of human life which weave a garment according to their own quality. Later this garment becomes the vehicle of consciousness for the spirit, for within it is incorporated all of the growth of the lower bodies.

Does our life belong to us?

Ans. In many ways our life belongs to us—in fact in the Great Plan it does so entirely. But owing to the fact that in the past we contracted certain debts, our free will is mortgaged in favor of people to whom we owe certain actions and qualities. Therefore in coming into incarnation certain things we must do whether we want to or not because of sacred obligations we have made in the past.

What is free will?

Ans. God alone has free will. Man has the power of choice. Ignorance is the limiting factor in free will. The greater number of things we know the greater is our area of choice until as gods, knowing all, we have the choice of all.

Are all individual experiences preserved?

Ans. Yes. They are the basis of soul growth and are stored up in the centers of bodies until we have built the necessary faculties to read them.

What center of consciousness is man working on now?

Ans. Man is at the present time laboring especially to unfold the mind, with its forty-nine centers of sense consciousness. That is the work allotted to him during the earth period of evolution.

Why do spirits return as deformed, idiots and cranks?

Ans. Those things are the reward of the abuse of mental and spiritual faculties in previous lives. Abuses of nature bring with them terrible karmic debts and those

who mentally, spiritually or physically prostitute power will pay for it as we see so often in the world today.

If an employee is obliged to lie for an employer what is the penalty?

Ans. If a person finds out that he must lie for his salary it is a very excellent time to find a new position, for if he consciously does it for gain to himself the penalty will be as heavy as though he were doing so of his own free will.

What is meant by the Word?

Ans. The Word is a center of consciousness around which negative particles gather and forms are built. It is not in the last analysis a sound but a rate of vibration. It is the Life producing and manifesting through form.

What are visions and what causes them?

Ans. Two causes. First, temporary attunement of consciousness, either positive or negative, with superphysical planes:—the result of fine spiritual growth or a general run down condition of the body. The first is safe and the second very dangerous. Excitement, worry, grief and so forth, will deplete the system and produce this result. Third grand cause and the most common—late eating.

Should we use our astrology colors?

Ans. We should use everything we can but not spend too much time harmonizing vibrations, etc. If we do we will have no time left for work and labor produces much better growth than color harmony. Never use any such means, however, as astrology, talismanic magic, etc., to gain over other people in financial, spiritual or material matters. To do so is Black Magic.

Please explain the crucifixion.

Ans. The word crucifixion means a crossing. The crossing of spiritual and material currents forms bodies and these bodies crucify and seek to destroy the life which is within or hanging upon them.

The Emerald Tablet

TWO camels, bearing upon their backs vari-colored houdahs, were coming swiftly over the yellow sand, the occupants of the swaying platforms shaded from the hot desert sun by curtains and networks of silk and wool. One of these mighty desert ships was a gigantic black dromedary while the other was a tan colored camel much smaller than his companion. Seated on the great black Nubian was a strange figure—a slender yet fierce looking man some forty-five or fifty years of age, his face swarthy and tanned by the desert sun and its lines accentuated by a jet black beard which forked in neatly trimmed points. Over his head was a fold of white cloth held in place by a twisted band of many colored cords. He was robed from head to foot in white save for his boots which protruded as tips of red leather as he sat cross legged upon the cushions. Thrust into his wide, white sash was a scimitar of pure Damascus steel while a long Arab rifle inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold swung at his side, its long barrel protruding far over the side of the camel.

Seldom has such an animal appeared before the world as that great black dromedary. Its short glossy hair seemed to shine with the sheen of the desert sun and it was draped from head to tail in cords and bangles, many of the purest gold. The driving reins were fringed with tinkling tassels of metal and the stately beast placed its feet upon the sand with a slow, methodical dignity which was uncommon even in a land where dignity and grace predominate. At the very top of the houdah gleamed a star of solid gold from which streamed the many colored awnings which hung downward in trappings nearly to the ground. Altogether, in a land of picturesque people, this figure stood out in splendor and glory.

His companion, on the other hand, was as simply mounted and attired as one could imagine. Plainness and simplicity marked him as again an extreme in the land of extremes. His camel was about as good as the average, its trappings were few and its rider was unarmed and of a different race from his companion. His skin was white and two blue

eyes shone out from a face chiseled like that of a Greek god and locks of shiny brown hair hung upon his forehead. He was dressed in a simple, white robe and his feet were sandaled in leathern thongs. His eyes and head were also shaded from the sun by a canopy but the plain awnings showed no decoration and he guided his beast with a simple braided cord.

Slowly the two great beasts, carrying their so varied burdens, mounted a great rolling dune and before them as far as the eye could reach stretched an endless waste of desert sand. Far off in the blue haze it seemed that strange mountains rose in purple and gray but of living thing or growing shrub there was no sign as far as the eye could command.

"Where are we bound, master?" asked the brown haired youth turning to the mighty figure that towered above him on the back of the dromedary.

The swarthy faced companion pointed his finger, studded with rings of gold and silver, out into the deep haze of the desert.

"There," he answered in a voice deep and yet strangely mellow and inspiring.

The youth gazed in the direction that the other pointed but saw only a vague haze resting on the desert.

"What is that place?" he asked.

"That," came the answer, "is the Land of the Mirage where there still floats in the ethers the temples of races long gone by, where great seas of water lure the dying traveler to his end only to vanish again in the limitless horizon. There across the sky wandered caravans who passed this way before the silent kings were laid to rest in their tombs along the Nile. Still in the floating lights they pass, gleaming and twisting in the ethers. There stands also that wondrous building amidst whose domed arches and lofty pillars is hidden the knowledge that you have come to seek, for in that shining place are the lost libraries of the dead and we are now passing along a way where once the caravans wound out of Egypt carrying with them the papyrus scrolls, the Chaldee tablets and the Phoenician stones, bringing them to this their

present resting place. Here stand today the terra cotta cylinders of Babylon, the history of lost races, the accounts of empires now unknown. From the Western land you have come, properly recommended to seek these treasures of an ancient people and I have come from the City of the Mirage to take you to them. Come!"

And with a word to the dromedary, who seemed to understand his every word, the strange figure forged ahead, swinging and swaying in his moving palquin as though he were in a small boat on a stormy sea. The youth urged his camel forward also and as the hours passed they moved with a rapid pace over the sand dunes into the heart of the desert from whence no man has ever come alive.

Suddenly the figure on the great black dromedary raised his hand and the intelligent creature stopped as though it had read its masters thoughts. The youth drew up alongside and halted also and gazed out into the haze of the desert. As he looked he saw forming out of the mist a strange city of marble and sandstone. Great obelisks carved in birds and beasts rose from amid groves of ancient palms whose branches swayed as though by a gentle wind. Mighty arches, bearing upon their beams the sun-globe with his many wings, appeared—strange shimmering lights amid the haze that filled the desert air.

Slowly the sand before them changed into sparkling water with wondrous boats carved like birds and swans floating upon it. The papyrus with its bushy heads grew from the marshes on its shore and great herons with their crimson breasts stood like statues in the shallow places. Before them stretched a great avenue of sphinxes with the water lapping at the feet of their pedestals and in the distance rose the plumed pillars of a mighty temple such as that whose ruins still stand like gaunt skeletons at Carnac. Fleecy white clouds seemed to float in the ethers and a scene of wondrous beauty took the place of the arid sand hills of the desert. From the gates of the ancient city, over the bridges across the water, great caravans were passing to and fro. Gloriously robed figures on Arabian stallions dashed in and out; heavily laden donkeys and oxen plodded beneath

their weighty loads; streams of camels, gloriously caparisoned, carried riders to and fro or in endless train vanished among the hills; now and then a great elephant, carrying on its back a gilded tower, passed slowly by, its tusks inlaid with gold and its great smooth body painted in colored pigments. Once a chariot dashed through the street with cruel curved sword blades upon its wheels to cut and destroy all who stayed its progress.

The youth gazed at the scene in amazement for such a thing as this has not been in the world for thousands of years.

"Is this all an illusion?" he gasped.

"No," answered the guide, as he rested his arm on the long barrel of his gun, "this is part of the mystery of Akasha in whose subtle essences lives eternal all things that have ever been. This great city of living light, this dream palace of the past, floats all over the surface of the earth in the ever-changing ethers of nature. These are the mirages of the desert and as the eyes of men grow dim from gazing at the shining sand, and the life is slowly burned away by the blazing desert sun, these visions come to him floating on the endless horizons and lure him on to drink of water which lips can never taste, to rest in shade which can never shelter the body. For as you come nearer to this city it sinks away and though you followed it to the ends of earth you could never reach it. . . . But come, I have been appointed out of this city to show you things which you have come across the world to see. I am a mirage like the rest for I belong to a race that is no more. You see me with the eyes of a dying man, you see me with the senses of the shadow. But here, let us pass over the bridge and into a citadel that was a ruin five thousand years before the coming of your Christ."

They urged forward their steeds but instead of the city vanishing before them, they mounted upon the arched bridge and passed slowly across into the City of the Mirage. They were in the same sort of bustling town which dots the Orient today—tiny shops and narrow streets, laughing people and busy tradesmen. The grim mystery lay in the fact that all these things were shadows, unreal and non-existing. The life which sold the wares or bartered for the merchandise had left those labors ages before, but still in the ethers it

bought and sold, gave and exchanged the wondrous rugs of Bagdad, the steel swords of Damascus, and the glorious papyrus scrolls of the Nile. The makers of perfume dispensed their sweet-scented wares and the gold and silver smiths hammered their metals, and the priest in his pleated robes walked along the rutted streets deeply grooved by the wheels of passing chariots. All in the mist—all in a world that can never be again.

The strange guide led the youth through all these streets and by-ways, where howling dogs and yelping curs sought to stay their way, where little red children played among the rutted cobblestones, where flashing color and deepest filth mingled in true Oriental cosmopolitanism. Then before them rose a temple, not with the domed minarets of the Turk or the fluted columns of Greece but a great temple of angles and squares. Its dome was a many-sided pyramid and a path of obelisks and banners upon poles of cypress lined the way. Great gates of bronze confronted the wanderers, at the side of which was a mighty wheel to be turned by ten slaves that they might open. Upon the surface of the temple was carved strange figures, painted with pigments drawn from human blood, which last eternal because of their subtle qualities—figures of gods and goddesses, winged globes, and fiery demons, carved by the two-dimensional eye of Egypt's ancient artisans. All these confronted the wanderers as they pressed forward into a city of the dead.

"What is this?" asked the youth.

"This is the Temple of the Three Fires, the shrine of the Thrice Magistar, Thoth Hermes Mercurius, the king of of heaven, earth and hell," answered the white-robed guide as his camel knelt beside the steps. Slipping gracefully from the cushions he held out his hand and the beast vanished as though it had never been.

"See?" he said turning to the youth, "part of the mirage has already left. The rest will follow when its work is done."

The brown haired man descended, but more awkwardly, from his camel and followed the figure that mounted the stair, rutted by the footsteps of the faithful. Drawing his mighty scimitar the Egyptian pounded with it upon the brazen gate which echoed and re-

echoed as though it were a bell of solid gold. Slowly the great gates parted and the youth watched ten Nubian slaves turning the mighty fulcrum, their clanking chains echoing in rythm with the falling cogs. Beckoning the youth to enter, the older man stepped in after him and the gate swung to again. The visitor found himself in the strangest room that he had ever seen, stranger far than even his dreams could have created—a great amphitheatre of feathered papyrus columns, each one carved with the face of a god. Far up near the ceiling burned twelve ethereal fires that sent ghastly shadows in and out, causing the stone eyes of the gods to blink as though in life. The roof of the temple, great slabs of solid sandstone tinted to the blue of the sky, was covered with suns, moons and stars and the planets of our chain which seemed to twist and revolve like living things. Before them sat a mighty figure, upon its head a crown of lunar crescents. Like the Memnons of the desert it rose to a colossal height, sitting upon a throne of Alexandrian marble. Upon its brow was the ureus of serpents, and in one hand the Book of the Breaths of Life while in the other was the croix enseter—the promise of Egyptian immortality. Between its feet was a door leading into some unknown and mystic vault.

Of living occupant there was no sign in this mighty room of gloom and shadow but as they stood there a strange chant broke the silence as of many voices singing together: "Glory, glory, glory, mighty Lord of the Seven Lights! Glory, glory, glory! Osiris! Prince Regent of the earth! Oh Child of the Hawk, glory, glory, glory! Oh, Isis, Mother of Nature! Glory, glory, glory! Oh Isis, Keeper of the Seals, Mother of Creation! Goddess of the Nile! Glory be to Thee!"

As this chant sounded a dull glow lighted the mighty statue which proved to be that of Isis the mother goddess of the ancients. Around the statue dim forms kept circling like monster vampire bats and the guide turned to his companion and whispered:

"These are the griffins and the demons who stand as watchful sentinels over the sacred things. You are in the temple of the Mother of Mysteries, Isis the Virgin of heaven. Come."

They pressed forward together and reaching the little door at the base of the statue they passed in through a veil of fine silk, which parted at their coming, and entered into a mighty room shaped as a cube—bare of all furnishings—its endless evenness broken only by the joints of the stones. A door of granite closed behind them and they were in a living cube of solid stone.

The guide raised his copper colored hand and, pointing one finger to heaven and with the other hand to the earth, said solemnly, "Behold! the measure of a man."

The youth did not understand but gazed around him in awe and amazement.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You are in the Holy of Holies, the secret chamber of the Thrice Magistar, the Lord of Light and the Threefold Essence of the Flame. Beneath your feet is a chamber the depth of which no man may know. In that rock hewn chamber are hidden the glories of the world. Far above your head rises a mighty pyramid upon whose crest burns the fire eternal." He took three little objects from the folds of his robe and, tossing them upon the ground, said, "Behold, the keys of wisdom."

The youth looked and saw three tiny geometrical forms of some precious stone shining at his feet. The first was a little green cube, the second a little red pyramid, the third a transparent shining globe of translucent whiteness.

"Behold the sceptres of the king and the key to the riddle of the universe," said the white-robed man as he pointed to the little forms. "But now I will show you the mystery of them all—the pact that was made of God to man in which the spirit of Hermes Mercurius is tied forever to the soul of man. Behold!" As he spoke he faced the Western side of the temple and as he did so the great central stones broke away and, sliding out upon runners of solid granite hung suspended in the air, left a great opening some ten feet square upon the surface of the walls. In this great opening hung a stone of the most clear and brilliant green. It gleamed, glowed and glistened until it was surrounded by an auriel of flames that seemed to light the darkest corners of the recess. It was suspended from

the four corners of the aperture by golden chains and was set in a massive setting of gold and jewels. The great tablet was nearly square and upon it in letters of green fire were traced many lines of strange characters in a language long forgot.

"And what is this?" whispered the youth, bowing in awe before the living stone.

"This sacred thing that you look upon," answered his guide as the room grew green with the light "is the Tabula Smargadina, the Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismagistus—the oldest relic in the world and God's first revelation to man."

"What does it say in those strange letters?" asked the youth eagerly.

"Read," answered the stranger as he pointed back to the stone.

As the youth gazed he seemed to remember something—somewhere, sometime, he had known that language. Slowly as it became clear to him, these words shown out in green fire and etched themselves into his very soul:

"Behold, the secret work of Hermes Thrice Magistar, One in essence but Three in aspect; the work of Chiram Mercurius, the universal agent and nameless power, one in spirit but three in expression. This it is true: this is no lie: this it is certain and to be depended upon: The Superior above agrees with the Inferior below and the Inferior below agrees with the Superior above. Know this to effect the one true and perfect work:

"As all things owe their existence to the Will of One Thing, so all things have their origin out of One Thing. The Father of that Thing is the Sun, its Mother the Moon, the Wind carrieth it in its wings, and its nurse is the Spiritual Earth. Only One Thing, after God, is the Father of all things of this universe and those to come. Its power is perfect and to everlasting end after it is one with the spiritual earth. But you must separate the spiritual earth from the dense or crude dirt by means of this gentle flame with great attention: Then it ascends from the earth up into heaven and descends again new-born as dew upon the earth. And the Superior and the Inferior are increased to greater power by the dew of life.

"By this thou wilt partake of the honors of the whole world and darkness and ignorance shall fly from thee; this is the strength of all

power, with this art thou the master of all things, with power to transmute all that is fine such as gold and all that is coarse such as metals. In this manner the world was created. The arrangements to follow this road are hidden. For this reason I am called Chiram Mercurius, Telat Meschasol. One in spirit but Threefold in manifestation. In my Trinity is hidden the wisdom of the whole world.

"I have spoken and it is ended now—that which I have said concerning the effect of the Sun. Thus endeth the Tabula Smaragdina of Hermes Thrice Magistar."

The lights gleamed and glowed upon the emerald and the youth stood gazing in awe and admiration. Suddenly the silence was broken by a noise like a clap of thunder and a great shadowy form hovered in the alcove. On its head it wore the head of an Ibis, the sacred bird of Hermes, and in its hand it carried a tablet and a stile. For a moment it stood like a phantom shadow with the emerald for a heart—the room swayed and twisted and turned, the mighty rocks creaked and splintered and a great darkness fell upon the earth—the youth staggered and reeled in the

darkness which grew heavier and heavier about him.

Then a voice sounded low in his ear, the voice of his guide:

"Behold the City of the Mirage! for it is vanishing in the desert air! Somewhere upon the face of the earth it will ever be and now it is passing over your land and the home of your birth. I cannot come with you for I am part of the great illusion—but you have seen—remember that which you have seen."

A mighty crash shook the air and the youth felt himself falling—he struck something and rolled over and with a crash the light broke upon him.

* * *

He was sitting in the middle of the floor in his own little room and in his hand was an ancient book on the mysteries of Hermes which he had bought in a bookstore the day before. The sun was shining cheerily through the window as he rose sheepishly to his feet, realizing with a certain feeling of disgust that he had just fallen out of bed. He still tells the story of his adventure and one never knows just what to believe. Think it over for yourself.

The Temple of Sin

(Continued from page 17)

old Chinaman's eyes followed the American as he dashed from the room and then kneeling before the mirror he muttered:

"None there are who can gaze into the Mirror of Sin unafraid. None can desecrate the holy temple of God and escape."

From out the night a great moaning howl broke the stillness—the cry of a great dog sounding weirdly and eerily in the stillness. With it came a scream of mortal agony and then all was silent.

The priest, carrying a little oil lamp in his hand, passed out from under the gates of the

temple and a gleaming light reflected itself from the great porcelain dogs that guarded the temple steps. He suddenly stepped back in amaze. Hanging in the air, clenched between the teeth of the porcelain dog who was called Wrath, was the figure of the American buyer.

And there it remained until the vultures came. None knew how it happened to be there—held tightly by the great fangs of the image, but to this day they tell the story. And the great dog with the red blood stains upon its mouth and teeth still stands as the silent guardian at the gate of the Temple of Sin.

To the Astrological Physicians of England

A selection taken from the rare writing,
Semeiotica Uranica, dated London 1671.

Nicholas Culpeper wisheth Peace and Prosperity in this World, and Eternal Beatitude in that which is to come.

Dear Souls:

To you all, and to you especially that heard these Lectures, do I dedicate them, and present them to you, not to look upon only (for then I had as good have sent you a picture, and as much it would have pleased your eye.) Man was made not only for Speculation, but also for Practice; Speculation brings only pleasure to a man's self; it's Practice which benefits others. And I hope I need not tell you that Man was not born for himself alone. These rules will serve (if heedfully observed by the eye of Reason) to balance your Judgment in sailing through the Prognostical part of Physick, that so you may steer your course by the Card of Truth, and not float unsettledly upon the waves of Error, Ignorance, or Opinion. To you (rather than to any that I know) belongs the Practice of Physick; and that Practice may be perfect, Judgment ought to be sound: and to make judgment sound, is required an exquisite Knowledge. Judgment is perfected by Knowledge, Knowledge by Experience: whence it appears, that the more communicative Knowledge is so much the more excellent it is. Of all the men in the World, I hate a Drone most, that sucks the sweetness of other men's labors, but doth no good himself; and will as soon teach Physick or Astrology to an Oak as to a creature the center of whose actions is terminated in himself. Surely, surely, if God had not made the nature of Man communicative he would not have made one Man to stand in continual need of another: But we see the contrary, and the Sons of Wisdom know how to pick out the meaning of God from it.

I have given you here all my Prognostications from the Decumbiture of the sick party: and although I ingenuously confess the greatest part of them will hold true in a Horarie

Question erected upon the fight of the Urine, of which I have now added a compendious treatise; yet this is my judgment at present: That next the Nativity, the Decumbiture is the safest and surest ground for you to build your Judgment upon; and you shall always find it by experience.

Excellent and true was that Motto of Hermes Trismagistus: Quod est superius, est sicut inferius; and this will appear to the eye of every one that deserves the name of reasonable Man, if he do but consider: That his body is made of the same materials that the whole Universe is made of, though not in the same form; namely, of a composition of contrary elements. There is scarce a man breathing that knows his right hand from his left, but knows that if you set bottles of hot water to a man's feet it will make his head sweat; and the reason is, the mutual harmony of one part of the body with another; why then as well should not the actions of one part of the Creation produce as well effects in another, that being also one entire body, composed of the same Elements, and in as great harmony? What's the reason that a man will do more for his brother than he will for a stranger? Is it not because he is formed by the blood of the same mother, and begotten by the seed of the same father? Why then should not the Celestial Bodies act upon the Terrestrial, they being made of the same matter, and by the Finger of the same God? He that will not believe Reason, let him believe Experience; he that will believe neither, is little better than an Infidel. I confess this way of Judicature hath been desired by many, promised by some, but hitherto performed by none; which was the motive cause I then took the task in hand myself, which I have now enlarged. In performing whereof, in many places I corrected the failings of my Author. What was frivolous I left out, as being unwilling to blot Paper and trouble your brains with impertinencies; where he was too large I abbreviated him; and where he was deficient I supplied him both with precept and

example. If there be any failings, consider:

1. Nemo sine crimine vivit.

That Man nev'r breathed yet, nor never shall,

That did all well, and had no fault at all.

2. My failings (if any be) were not intentional but accidental.

Together with this Astrological Judgment, I have also given you the Judgment of Hippocrates, and others. The Rules whereof are drawn from the Person of the Sick; which although they have been often Printed before, yet I have compared them with the Original Copy, and brought them into a plainer method so that you may desire at one single ingress. If you make use of both these ways together in judgment of the disease, without a miracle you can hardly fail. If any find fault with the shortness of my Rules, let them learn to walk worthy of those they have first; their own ex-

perience will bring them more; he's but an apish Physician that builds all his practice upon other men's foundations. Man was born to look after knowledge, and in this particular you are set in the way how to find it, by one that desires to be a friend to all honest and ingenious Arts.

Thus have you what I have done, and you know for whose sakes I did it. What now remains, but that you labor with might and main for your own good, and the increase of your own knowledge to make experience of them? *For as the diligent Hand maketh rich, so the diligent Mind increaseth knowledge*; and for my own particular, never fear, but during the time I am amongst the living I shall never cease to do you good in what I may or can.

NICH. CULPEPER.

Spittle-fields
next door to the
Red-Lyon.

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Virgo the sixth sign of the Zodiac is known as the sign of service and from it come those who labor the most unselfishly for the good of all—that is of course, when they have taken themselves out of the picture and have reached the higher and more beautiful expression of the sign. Virgo is in many ways the protector, also the harvester, and represents those functions in nature which nourish and protect human life. It is a mystic sign and its symbol is purity, for the word Virgo means Virgin which is a word in every language which stands for undefiled.

Briefly considered the keywords of Virgo can be classed as follows:

Virgo the sixth sign of the Zodiac:

Cold	Common
Dry	Barren
Earthy	Human

Melancholy
Feminine
Southern
Nocturnal
Speaking
Changeable
Estival

Unfortunate
Commanding
Night house and exaltation of Mercury
Long Ascension
Fall of Venus
Detriment of Jupiter

General Characteristics:

The better side of Virgo is charitable and humanitarian but rather depressing; intellectual, not very emotional, and not usually very good looking but often radiating a great beauty from internal, spiritual sources.

They are ingenious	Pleasant companions
Thrifty	unless blue
Economical	Not altogether trust-
Witty	worthy in little
Studious	things
Fickle minded	Oratory powers good
Love travel	

Physical Appearance:

Authorities do not entirely agree on this point but William Lilley states that the native is seldom handsome but usually suffers from irregularities of feature.

Middle stature
Slender but compactly built
Dark ruddy complexion
Small round face
Dark brown hair
Small shrill voice when afflicted

Health:

The health of Virgo is rather undecided but most of the diseases gather around the intestinal regions and the stomach. It is most subject to disorders of:

Abdomen
Spleen
Diaphragm and kindred parts of body
Obstructions in digestive system
Subject to headaches
Nervousness
Vital impediments
Worry and the "blues"

Domestic Problems:

Virgo is not noted for happiness in domestic problems, although those who wish to may rise above all of the unpleasant and undesirable phases of the horoscope. Man either rules his planets or they rule him and anyone can be happy, anytime, anywhere, if they themselves do what is right. Virgo often marries more than once.

Countries Under Influence of Virgo:

European and Asiatic	Greece
Turkey	Africa
Mesopotamia	Southwest France
Crète	

Cities Under Control of Virgo:

Paris	Padua
Jerusalem	Toulouse
Rhodes	Basil
Lyons	Heidelberg

Colors:

Blacks	Black and blue
Blue	speckled

According to Ptolemy the stars in the head of Virgo and in the top of the southern wing are like Mercury and somewhat like Mars. The other bright stars in the same wing and those about the girdle resemble Mercury in their influence, also Venus moderately. The bright star in the Northern wing called Vindemiator is of the same influence as Saturn and Mercury. That called Spica Virginis is like Venus and partly Mars. Those in the points of the feet and the bottom of the garments are like Mercury and also Mars moderately.

According to Agrippa, Virgo governs: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, the virtues; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Hamaliel; of the Twelve Tribes, Simeon; of the Twelve Prophets, Micha; of the Twelve Apostles, Andrew; of the twelve months, August 20th to September 20th; of the twelve plants, the calmint; of the twelve stones the emerald; of the twelve principle members, the intestines; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned, the airy powers and spirits of the clouds.

How can a consciousness be lost?

Ans. Consciousness is lost upon any plane of nature when the vehicle upon that plane is destroyed. We may lose this consciousness by abusing a vehicle after it is built or by not building a proper one in the beginning.

What is meant by the loss of the soul?

Ans. As the soul is the fruit of our work here and our evil deeds cannot become immortal, if our lives be filled with destructiveness their fruits must perish under karmic reaction; if the soul is built of evil it will be disintegrated—only good can be eternal.

Synthetic Sympathy

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis the mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attributes of awe and majesty
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy seasons justice
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant here."

THIS wonderful oration delivered by Portia in the court of Venice is one of the most beautiful expressions of occult sentiment that has appeared in literature. Shakespeare, that master genius, knew well how to clothe his ideals of nature with the personalities of his players, each one of his characters a living natural law played out upon the stage of the world. And there is no more truly occult thought than the doctrine of compassion and mercy and it well befits the occult student even better than the crown of reason.

In the biological analysis of human emotion, mercy, compassion and sympathy are divided into three distinct divisions. The student of spiritual law, having reached that point where the transmutation of the emotional nature is imperative, must find a legitimate channel for the expression of his ever increasing vital and astral forces. The suffering and uncertainty which fills the lives of many students is the result of the existence of powers and energies which they have generated by their asceticism but for the expression of which they have provided no legal and proper channel. These three divisions form the expressions on the spiritual plane of the emotions of man. They are the opposites of those emotions which at the present time hold man a slave to the animal worlds.

First, Mercy. Mercy is the transmutation of selfishness, arrogance and that ever present instinct in the human soul which condemns unheard. The student of occultism must learn to flavor knowledge with mercy, at the same time not permitting that mercy to exhibit symptoms of weakness. The student must follow the plan of attacking principle but be-

ing merciful to personality which is ever but an instrument in the hands of principle. Among the ancients many of the things which we allow to pass unheeded were deadly sins against which was launched the wrath of gods and men, while many things which we consider as being improper were looked upon as virtues that should be cultured and nurtured. Mercy is born out of the realization of the plan. The ages that have passed were not known for their mercy; their law was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But inasmuch as mercy takes the place of the so-called moral code, to the same degree will the kingdom of light be furthered upon the face of the earth. The victor who shows mercy in the battle wins indeed, and no greater proof have we of power than to find within the nature a human heart.

Of Compassion, we would say that it is the transmutation of passion in which the fire of lust and greed is transmuted into a deep understanding, a deep calling from the soul, a great love born of the lesser love, a great understanding born of a lesser understanding. These things are the parents of compassion which is the only emotion that is justifiable for the initiate.

The third is Sympathy which is in itself a betrayer of mercy and compassion. There is nothing more at fault in all the universe than sympathy. Sympathy is the lullaby of endeavor, it is the death-rattle of opportunity and those who use it as a power play havoc with the plan. Where others sympathize with us we continue in our errors, fostering them instead of destroying them, nursing them instead of removing them. Mercy and compassion, united with true spiritual under-

standing, build for the soul and for permanent growth but sympathy builds for nothing.

The world loves the person who will sympathize with its ailments, but those sympathetic ones have never done the world any good. Sympathy breeds into the soul self-pity and the world is filled with people who are sorry for themselves and who feel that for some unknown reason that they are having a hard time which they do not deserve. This is a false concept and those who breed it in the minds of others breed falseness.

Man must be inspired in his efforts instead of being sympathized with in his ailments. The philosopher of old never sympathized with the crying child but sought to teach him the lesson of his fall. There is seldom if ever a time when sympathy really answers the question. It is a false narcotic, which, while it eases the pain for the moment, leaves the ultimate as far off as before.

Occult students want to learn to stop sympathizing with people for into the sympathetic ears of the world are poured all its woes by individuals who live only to tell their troubles to a sympathetic listener, said listener in turn consoling them and saying how sorry he is that it is so, how sad it must be to suffer so, and so forth and on and on into nothingness. This brings into the mind of the other person the belief that they really are terribly abused, badly off, and hopelessly mistreated. This course of procedure destroys the work of the Wisdom-Religion which is seeking to prove to man that he is responsible for his own troubles and suffering and that he must labor himself for the repairing of his own temple, digging out of the debris the ruins of his own dreams. But he will never attain with the assistance of those who sympathize with him for they build in nothing but negative and willy-nilly things. The one who is truly the friend is not the one who says he is sorry and how terrible it must be but is the one who instructs and enlightens and takes the suffering of a life to show the workings of the divine powers.

There are two kinds of people in the world: one is the kind who are always bewailing, the other is the group that is eternally trying to find a real reason for the ever-changing conditions of life. The first group sympathize with everyone and everything, telling the

world how sorry they are and making the rest of the world sorry too; the other group are called heartless because they have no word of sympathy to offer, and yet in their heartlessness they are humanity's truest friends. Instead of singing the emotional lullaby of the soul this second group takes the weak-kneed person who is crying for sympathy and with firmness, yet mercy and compassion, shows them the way and tells them to walk it, to forget that they are abused and march straight on to the path of light. They are the strong characters and man will never grow strong while he seeks to justify his mistakes and soothe his conscience with the sympathetic words of others. The greatest mercy in the world is to tell the truth for while it may hurt today, in eternity it brings its blessing. While today it may be harsh, tomorrow it will be appreciated. Those who spend their lives trying to justify the thing that is not as it should be and who weep with you in your infirmities go down forgotten in history's pages. The friend who raises you is the true friend; the one who weeps with you is just another fool. The more sympathy we get the more we want until all the uncertainty and unbalance of the ages rests upon our shoulders, placed there by our friends whose sympathizing kills out our own incentive to do better. Our worst enemies weep with us while our true friends weep for us as they see us nursing our meanest temperaments and greatest weaknesses with friends around to weep and wail with us.

When a great prince of Egypt died they hired mourners to weep at the tombs and great processions of white-clad figures howled and wailed behind the funeral cortege for so many pieces of silver a day. The richer the family of the departed, the more weepers were hired so that when a great dignitary died the streets literally ran with tears which were paid for at so much per. A pair of lachrymal glands, capable of overflowing at the slightest pretext, was worth a great deal of money in the days of Egypt's glory. Today it would be ridiculous for us to conceive of rows and rows of sobbing, mourning people who didn't even know who had died but whose value rested upon their sob power; but nevertheless the weepers of Egypt have incarnated with us, we firmly believe, as our

sympathetic friends who weep on our shoulders at every misfortune, tell us how sorry they are for us, how abused we have been, how neglected we are and what a shame it is—finishing up with a chain of condolences enough to drain the consciousness of the individual addressed until he really believes every one of them. Listed below are a few of the modern remnants of Egyptian beatitude as found among our sympathetic friends:

"You poor, abused darling!"

"Sob-sob, I know just how badly you must feel now that John is gone! You know I lost my husband last year."

"Blub-blub! how you must have suffered! Blub blub."

"Scscscsh! I've been through it myself, I know just what it means, sniff-sniff!"

"Be brave, dear, I know how you loved him!"

And then the grand closing hymn: "It's a shame the way you've been treated!"

These choice sentiments pollute our atmosphere whenever misfortune enters our circle and thousands of people who never knew us before and who we have never heard of come to us in the moment of disappointment to remind us incessantly of the thing we are most trying to forget. At every door we find them while we are seeking desperately to bury the memories that haunt us, until at last as the tears flow freely, we join in, believing that we must be the most pitiful objects in the world because no one can get near us without a wet handkerchief.

This is modern sympathy. It means absolutely nothing but it doubles the grief of every sorrow, multiplies every affliction and destroys whatever of stamina there is left. If there is one especially warm place in hell, we want it saved for those individuals who do nothing but remind us of the gloom of the universe and who look at every sunrise promising rain before night. One true friend with a silent handclasp or one who comes and shows us the lesson, helps us to see the reason, and shows us the good fruitage of our sorrow is more of value to us than a score of relatives, friends and acquaintances who come with tears in their eyes to say that they are with us in spirit, making each adversity three times its normal size.

When Abraham Lincoln was passing through the critical moments of his administration he was surrounded by one of these groups of ready weepers, consolers and advisers. He bore it bravely for a time until finally, raising his hands to the heavens and tearing at his bushy hair, he cried out in desperation:

"Oh God! deliver me from my friends."

Every time we see a black edged letter going through the mail, every time we see the band of mourning and every time we see a train of automobiles in front of an undertaking parlor, a mental prayer passes through our souls—not for the dead but for the living—for we cannot help but visualize some bereaved one surrounded by a dozen living bereavements with roses, pigeons and black edges to make the parting twice as hard as it was before. We cannot help but build fondly in our minds the pictures of the old country at the time of a well regulated funeral when the most beloved of the deceased was the first to go under the table at the funeral dinner. The dead must have a wonderful idea of us when their last memory of earth is a duet of weeps played to the tune of Saul's death march. With this choice musical program we launch the ego back into the infinite who probably starts crying tears of ether out of sympathy for those who haven't sense enough to see that for them life is just begun.

As our backs twist up with rheumatism we want no friend to collapse on our shoulder out of sympathy. When our mother-in-law commits suicide or our uncle's thirteenth cousin gets run over, we are quite heartless in the eyes of the world because we do not express our regrets or sing a few choice dirges from the hymnal. (It is quite a remarkable thing what a sympathetic series of individuals must have written the hymns. Every one of them are tuned to a long, quiet sob.) We always believed that the gods were merry and have never had it in our soul that the gods like to see us miserable. But who can sing three verses from the average hymnal without remembering every funeral in the family for the past fifty years?

If we were privileged like Omar Khayyam to change the calendar system or to make some little improvements as Lord Varian

(Continued on page 31)

The Seven Natural Laws

HERE are certain natural laws which are the basis of occult wisdom and a thorough understanding of them will give the student a firm foundation upon which to build his superstructure of reason and logic. Man cannot safely think at random but must first of all base his philosophies upon some rock of immortal truth. And for the occultist this rock is Natural Law:

1. The Law of Evolution. Everything in the universe is at some stage of an endless path leading from absolute nothingness to perfect omnipotence. Everything in the universe is greater today than yesterday and will be greater still tomorrow; all things have within them the opportunity for perfection. The law of Evolution is that gradual process in nature which brings about this realization of the ideal. Evolution of consciousness and of form is the keystone of the plan and those who reject it never study occultism intelligently. The law of Evolution applies to everything from the smallest electron to the Cosmic God himself and to the occultist God is an evolving Deity rather than a creating God.

2. The Law of Compensation or Karma—"As you sow, so shall you reap." Every cause you start in motion, every thought, every action, good or bad, has an unavoidable result and reaction. The position of the individual on the wheel of life and death depends upon the works done and the works undone. The law of Karma says: no man can be greater than his works. Eternal justice works through this great spiritual law.

3. The Law of Polarity. Everything in the universe expresses itself through two poles—positive and negative. The law of Polarity teaches that the work of man is to establish himself at a neutral point exactly between the two poles, which position is the place of balance—hence omnipotence.

4. The Law of Periodicity. The law of Periodicity demands that after every expenditure of energy there must be a time of repose for the restoration of the lost power. We see it in the periods of sleeping and waking, winter and summer, life and death and governs action and repose and there is no the Days and Nights of Brahma. This law

escape from it in any realm of nature where energy is expended. If he labors, he must rest; if he rests he must labor. And the same is true among gods as among men.

5. The Law of Alternation. Everything alternates between its poles. In successive births man alternates in his forms from positive to negative for the laws of nature demand that we receive and benefit by the experiences of both the positive and negative paths. Every seventh swing in human evolution we have a perfect type of a male or female form for these are the two extremes of the pendulum.

6. The Law of Harmony and Rythm. Nature's divine plan is Harmony and inharmony is the friction caused by bodies out of place. Harmony for man is the adjustment of his life with the Plan of Being.

7. The Law of Reincarnation. This is the hardest doctrine for most people to accept, but everywhere in nature we see the necessity of it. It is the only law we can find which explains the inequalities of temperament and the degrees of intelligence which we find in the world and at the same time retain a just theology. Either this law must be an actual fact or else the divine plan lacks the principle of justice, and human inequalities and suffering must have other cause than the whims of deity. This law is taught in three-quarters of the world religions.

These are the seven laws with which occult students must deal in their daily life and with which they must learn to familiarize themselves that they may adjust their lives to concepts in harmony with them. And the only man or woman who is at peace is the one who is harmonious with the plan of his being.

Synthetic Sympathy

(Continued from page 30)

made in London, we would place a penalty of fifty years on the rock pile with bread and water diet upon each of our sympathetic friends so that they might get together and sympathize while transmuting boulders into gravel, for it would be much better for them to break stones in jail than to break hearts in the world.

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UNIQUE DISCOVERIES MADE IN HEAVEN

Henry Ford Enters New Field

SPECIAL NEWS ITEM

It is expected that Henry Ford will open a factory here in the near future, as soon as he is able to get the patents out on his feather-lined Ford limosine with the seraphim radiator cap and arch-angelic bumpers. He is opening in competition with the firm which at present is supplying heavens elite. He is expected to build a large factory just a little distance out from the Milky Way and it is rumored that he has found a device to run the cars on luke warm milk, large supplies of which have been found up here. Henry has an option on the entire Milky Way for use in his cars. Other papers please publish.

MONTHLY WIRE FROM HELL

The Devil is reported to have taken cold from being over heated last night. Two men committed suicide in a lover's quarrel on earth and arrived there in a perfect frenzy. The natural temperature is 3000 degrees Fahrenheit but these two arguing Romeos brought the temperature up to 6400 whereupon the Devil fainted from over heat and is now being taken care of by several eminent physicians who are in hell because of their slightly irregular practice on earth since prohibition. He is at the mouth of Hell at the present time and the doctors say they will pull him through. His son, who was engaged to a European princess, is said to be hurrying home.

An epidemic of roup has broken out among the angels, and several of our leading society flowers are drooping sadly and have had to resort to pasting feathers on their wings because the natural ones all fell out. Madame Blaze, our beauty expert, is preparing a series of false wings to be slipped on over the original by those angels who have fallen beneath this unusual epidemic.

The Pearly Gates Telephone Co. cooperated with the city in the taking of the last census which produced a number of very interesting discoveries which may interest the general public. Out of every one hundred people in heaven at the present time only about three profess the Christian faith. The majority of the inhabitants of this world have been kicked out of religion somewhere along the line. We have quite a number of Buddhists and our brownstone front row on Etherside Drive has four Mohammedans, two Greeks, twelve Chinese, four Fiji Islanders, thirty-two heretics, nineteen agnostics and one Christian. A private wire to hell tells us that the Devil found quite the reverse when he made up his Infernal Directory for the year 1924. There are only two Brahmins, one Buddhist and one Chinaman on record down there and they are so good they are about to be sent up here on parole. Nearly all the rest claim to be followers of the Christian faith. His Satanic Majesty sends condolence. In the same wire, Satan asked that we send a couple of dozen good hodcarriers, coal truck drivers and woodchoppers down below as he is having difficulty keeping the fire hot enough to roast to the proper pitch the large number of new arrivals from the planet Earth. The poor Devil is always getting the worst of it.

FOR SALE

Two phonographs, a player piano and an accordion are for sale in the family of Col. Mars. He is selling them because his neighbors object to the jazz craze which Mars has been perpetuating for several years. Mercury went into convulsions as the result of Col. Mars and his three sons jazzing the Sextet from Lucia and syncopating the Symphony in C. Minor. Several small asteroids have decided that Mars will have to sacrifice his musical equipment.

The Pearly Gates Divorce courts are flooded at the present time with couples who were unable to get their marriages annulled before they died. The city is investigating this critical condition very carefully and is preparing to pass very rigid laws against flapping on the part of the younger angels. It is now generally admitted that it was one of the younger flapper angels who vamped Nicodemus and broke up a family of nearly two thousand years of amicable understanding. It is said that these angels secure the desired effect in vamping our stolid citizens by flapping their wings.

The Pearly Gates Gazette wishes to announce that the rival paper (the Heavenly Hash) is no good but spends all its time copying our deeply original editorials. The Heavenly Hash is a paper catering entirely to capitalism and is entirely in the hands of a group of angels who spend all their time feathering their own nests out of other people's wings. If you want the latest news be sure and get the Pearly Gates Gazette. We don't want to say anything about the Heavenly Hash, but it's a rotten paper.

A special delegation from Earth came up to heaven last week to ask the Lord to change a few laws. It was headed by Prof. Barnacle and Matilda Mummy. They asked the Lord to rearrange natural law because they did not believe the universe was properly run. The Lord was taking his morning shower bath and declined to be disturbed. The delegation went away in a huff. Peculiar how these people down on earth are always trying to tell the Lord how to run things. He gets a thousand letters a day on how to run the universe by people who can't run themselves. He is master of the situation, however, having the special privilege to burn the mail unopened.

Booklets and Manuscript Lectures

By

MANLY P. HALL

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

The Breastplate of the High Priest
Buddha the Divine Wanderer

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Questions and Answers, Part II

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

The Following are in Preparation.

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

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

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

Great Sayings of Buddha



"Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true law."

"As the bee collects nectar and honey and departs without injuring the flower or its color or scent, so let the sage dwell among his fellowmen."

"Earnestness is the path of Immortality, thoughtlessness the path of Death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are dead already."

"Let no man cling to what is pleasant or to what is unpleasant. Not to see what is pleasant is pain and it is pain to see that which is unpleasant; let, therefore, no man love anything for the loss of the beloved is evil. Those who love nothing and hate nothing have no fetters. From pleasure comes grief, from pleasure comes fear. He who is free from pleasure, he knows neither grief nor fear."

"There is no fire like passion, there is no shark like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torment like greed."

"A man is not an elder because his head is gray; his age may be ripe but he is called Old-in-Vain. He in whom there is truth, virtue, pity, restraint, moderation; he who is free from impurity and is wise—he is called an elder."

"As a grass blade, if badly grasped, cuts the hand, so wisdom, badly practiced, leads to hell."

"The gods even envy him whose senses, like horses broken in by the driver, have been subdued, who is free from pride, and free from appetites. Such a one who does his duty is tolerant like the earth, or like a threshold; he is like a lake without mud; no new births are in store for him. There is no suffering for him who has finished the journey and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides, and thrown off all fetters."

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought, it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage."