

A rectangular decorative border with intricate floral and vine patterns, featuring leaves and small flowers, framing the central text.

From the Mountain Top

VOLUME II

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP

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THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE

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IN MEMORIAM

This second volume of "From The Mountain Top" is dedicated to the third Guardian in Chief of The Temple of the People, Mrs. Pearl Frances Dower. The passing years draw ever increasing love and gratitude from the members and friends of The Temple for her compassionate, devoted and wise leadership. This In Memoriam is one facet of the sacred privilege of offering this second volume to the world.

This second volume of Messages of "From the Mountain Top" brings to humanity more of the Wisdom and Compassion of those Great Teachers Who have guided and directed all mankind throughout the ages.

There is perceptible even now a faint pale light penetrating the darkness of suffering man, which presages the dawning of a new day of golden opportunity for him.

Slowly but surely is the power of the ideal of unity asserting itself in the daily affairs of men. Goals that were presumed unattainable or at best impractical in this day and age are now being widely recognized as not just the only solution to worldly problems, but inevitable as well.

The world is torn, bleeding and blackened by unprecedented violence resulting from the most insidious contempt of man for Spiritual Truth. Nature is witness to unparalleled devastation by fire and flood, drought, heat and cold, famine and pestilence. Man's offense against his own Higher Self, deep rooted and long concealed, is now being torn out and exposed to the Light of Intelligence and Moral Righteousness. Every corner of the earth, the high places and the lowly, is the scene of disclosure. The total of earth's affliction is made up of the tribulations within each man on it. Each day, each man, by his thoughts, words and deeds, adds either to the problems of all mankind, or the solutions of them.

Overshadowing this endless change is the simple fact that all life is one. The suns in space, the stars, constellations and orbiting planets and all atoms of which they are comprised are under the inexorable evolutionary control of the Divine Creator and the Hierarchy of Those Who serve Him. His concern is as essential to the tiniest atom as to the most magnificent aggregation of them. Each is witness to His glory of the past, of the future and of the Eternal Now. And necessarily, so is every man, whatever be his strength or weakness.

In these Messages are contained, not only the warning and definition of man's violation of Universal Law, but also the healing power of Faith, Hope, Courage and Knowledge for transmuting his inhumanities into Brotherhood.

In these Messages man may find the Eternal Love, Compassion and Assurance of the Masters of the Great White Lodge. The heart of man is included in the serenity of Their omnipotence. The prayer of man is man's obedience to Their omniscience. Man's daily contentment can be measured only by his gratitude for Their omnipresence.

THE LODGE OF MASTERS

The Masters are Those Beings Who have by sore travail of soul, by vast experience, suffering and sacrifice, advanced to a degree of evolution far in advance of ordinary human beings.

The consciousness of the Masters is not limited to any one plane of life, as is the case with ordinary men and women.

A Master is One Who has conquered the limitations of matter, as that term is ordinarily understood, and is able to function consciously and at will on more than one plane of being, according to the degree to which He has attained. In other words, a Master is One Who has entered the EYE of the Triangle in the Square, and Who henceforth functions in wider spheres of action, where He becomes and is the conscious factors, forces and agents, in helping on the evolution of worlds and races.

The Masters *are not gods* — *They are men* and They can, if necessity requires, work on the physical plane in physical bodies. Their greater work is done, however, in the Nirmanakaya body, the robe of conscious immortality, which They have won through pain and sacrifice, endured age upon age.

The Lodge of Masters is synthesized in the Central Spiritual Sun, Which is composed of all the Masters of the Right-hand Path.

This Central Sun is interchangeable with the Christos, Who is the perfected Son (Sun) of Infinite Love.

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ADJUSTMENT

Poor little weaklings; timorous, piteous parodies of nature's grandest product — man; fearful of the shadows cast by even lesser men; trembling at the lifted hand of serving man or maid; creeping through the mud and slime of swamp or flooded lands, lest they should meet a wronged or sated brother.

Or possessed by the fear born of desperation and defeat, laying hidden traps, and springing coils of lying words to catch the unwary ones, who heedless of all danger, work with lifted heads, a song upon their lips, the light of careless love within their eyes, walk straight into the coils so carefully prepared for them.

Reptilian, clammy, cold and bloodless effigies of Man made in God's image; calculating, cruel barterers with others like unto themselves, for all the stolen joys and sweetnesss of life, which the warm blooded victims of their avarice have left unguarded for the moment, that they may turn them into grief and pain — lest their dull eyes and ears should be offended at that which they have no power to feel or know, and so can only hate.

Of such as these are many, who to you, for some strange reason, have drawn to offer themselves to the service of the Lodge — knowing well that it was only the dark, foul, sluggish undercurrents of life's ocean which were drawing them — the nether side of the shining surface, the sun-kissed heights of Eternal Compassion; yet drawing them with uncontrollable force into the hands of the agents of the karmic law, when the time of their execution draws nigh.

Be not dismayed when such as these cross your path or enter the fold that shelters you, for so it must even be — good and evil, weakness and strength, each seeking the place where the decrees of the great law may make adjustment.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

THE ALL-SEEING EYE rests upon the heart of man. Straight is its gaze, deep its penetration, direct though broad its outlook. To neither right nor left but to the center of all does it throw its glance. Electric with energy, brilliant with truth, it strikes all that is false from its line of vision.

Let him who would forswear, forswear quickly, for accountment now flashes from the Single Eye. Within it is held the Light of the World. If the eye of man be single, the body shall be filled with Light. If the eye be evil, the body shall know darkness. If the Light within be darkness, how great shall be the darkness. The greatness of Light for the body of man lies for man to determine. Mellow, clear, steadfast, true is the Eye. Long and devotedly should man look upon it. The dart of Crescent and Star lie quivered within its depths, to be released in a twinkling at first sound of the trumpet.

He who adjusts the lens of his life to the focus of the Single Eye by means of perfect obedience to the Third Eye of his own being shall be translated into the glories — marvelous, resplendent — which radiate from the multiple facets of the Diamond Jewel of the All-Seeing Eye of Life.

Behold, the Hand now points to the Crescent, the Star, the Eye.

ALONE IN THE GARDEN OF GOD!

SWEET flowers on every side; soft pink, gray, white, light lavender blooms. Everywhere — not here, not there, but not one spot missing—bloom these flowers of God.

They bloom; they cover, sweetly tenderly cover with abundance richest most profound, they cover—*all things*.

The false, the untrue, the unfair, the unjust — yea even the true, the strong, the right, the victorious, the brave — as surely as the weak, the defeated, wounded loser.

All! yea *all* alike, covered by the flowers of God.

Behold these flowers, my child. Take heart. For thy comfort, for thy pleasure, for thy certain triumph do they grow — and from out my love, are they shown to thee.

Their beauty, their joy, their fragrance; all are thine, and none can take them from thee.

THE ANGEL OF DELIVERANCE

AS THE Pilgrim of Days takes a forward step on the familiar ladder of life, he finds it opening upon a strange new path of which he then sees no end. At the opening of the path he faces the Dweller on the Threshold. Well indeed is it for him if he can also perceive the Angel of Deliverance standing by its side to await the result of the test Life places upon him.

ANGEL OF HOPE AND FAITH

CHILD of mine, thou shouldst take heed lest thou unwittingly permit the Angel of Faith and Hope to die in thy heart from inanition. Though thou walkest in deep shadow as thou nearest the next corner of thy pathway of life, yet the light of a noonday sun may burst upon thy vision as thou turnest that corner.

Never forget the incalculable debt thou owest to shadow. Thine eyes would be blinded, thy steps would falter, were full sunlight to fall unhindered over thy head as day follows upon day throughout the years to come.

THE ANSWER

GOD breathes! and through the universes vast,
past primordial suns of space and all the vaults
between, down to the thrones of one dark star
where reign the kings God set upon those thrones, down
the high-sprung arches of the Milky Way, that pathway
of the gods, falls that breath as softly as fall the petals
of a rose, yet with power which wakes each star, each
world to swifter action, until at last it touches the hard
heart of some well-nigh spent prodigal, and lo! a miracle!
The once hard heart is softened, and with undimmed
eyes of faith, a newborn soul looks up unwaveringly into
the very face of God. Then from the once dark, Hadean
depths of that now quickened soul, up through the star-
strewn heavens, softly floats the music of a voice, as Faith
makes answer to the questioning eyes of God, saying,
"All is well with this Thy son whom Thou hast breathed
upon."

THE APPEAL OF THE SOUL

HEAREST thou not the low moan of the souls in torment in the growl of the Thunder God, seest thou not the screed writ on the spaces of heaven by the first faint flashes which herald the gathering of the fiery clans?

Thinkest thou the thunder's growl, the lightning's flash can spend their force upon the face of nature only, and leave the soul of man unscathed?

He who closes eyes and ears to all his soul's appeals for freedom from its thrall that so it may have power to tame and rightly guide the untamed maddened beast — the thunder god of his own lower self — by which it is beset, will one day find himself beneath the hoofs, gored by the horns of that same beast. He who will not read the Screed of the Heavens must fall into the Flames of Dissolution lit by the Fiery Clans.

ARISE, MY SON

HAST thou then failed again, my son? And canst no longer rise and greet thy Lord? And art thou then so poorly equipped for sturdy and continuous warfare of the Spirit that thou canst not rise from the blows dealt thee by thine own Dweller? And wouldst thou have that failure writ forever 'gainst thee on the scrolls of Time because of thine unwillingness to rise and try again? Ah, no!

Gather thou together the remnants of thy Soul's greatest need to strengthen thee for the supreme effort to "raise the self by the Self and arise! Take up thy bed and walk."

"Behold! I have overcome the world" — and in that overcoming do I thee endow with my fortitude, my strength, my power of endurance, my love, my all — but thou, O Warrior of Light, must give to me the sustenance of thy will to fight on — forever if need be — until is vanquished thy lower self, thy Dweller, thy source of iniquity. Arise, my son.

THE ASCENDING STAIRWAY

FAITH is one glorious step beyond Hope, the measure by which fulfillment is drawn, and the whole sublime structure for both.

When darkness overwhelms the senses and deflects the light of the heart and mind — when defeat of purpose seems inevitable — then the sustaining step of Hope appears, alerting and urging the Soul on anew, while the glorious Light of the Star of Faith illumines the next step with its resplendent beauty, binding the links of the eternal golden chain of Principles to the clearing vision of the courageous climber to the Heights on Life's Ascending Stairway.

ASPIRATION'S VOICE

I, ASPIRATION'S Voice, now call and bid you in the name of Christ to come, and from Devotion's mountain heights behold the valleys far beneath where now the Ravens of Division are fighting, gloating over the remnants of the feast once laid for man by heavenly hands — the feast which all unwittingly is left uneaten at the bidding of the demon Discontent, who led you into byways where it, with all its brother demons: greed, suspicion, faithlessness, now lurk. That feast of Tolerance, Compassion, Unity, the fragments of which would feed a world of hungry souls.

Come back to me — to Aspiration, Prayer — and humbly seek a greater height than last you sought, to set your feast upon. Heavenly hands will minister to your desires and point you to the place prepared for you — a place above the breeding haunts of any winged scavenger or other demon who with beak and claw would tear your flesh apart and eat of it to satisfy its lust.

When you have fed with me on Holy things, the world and all that is therein, all purified, may then be yours, and far above all else of value that may come to you, will be your recognition of the brotherhood of souls — the Crown of Mastery.

THE BALM OF LIFE

HE LAID a eucalyptus leaf upon my heart and said, "Like as the fragrance and the healing balm of this God's gift to man ascends and mingles with thy breath and fills thine auric sphere with seed of life, so arises and mingles with thine inner breath the essence of God's mercy, typified by Nature's last long sleep, when in the same bright sphere were formed the seeds of many lives that thou shalt live. What though both leaf and fleshly form shall disappear from view, they leave their semblances on other fields of space as patterns for the lesser lives to mold the forms which thou, the ruler of them all, dost mold for thine own purpose true."

THE BANISHED

FALLEN Angel that thou art, thou giant form of god-like face and cloven foot, thou renegade from Paradise, flung into space to seek and find Humility. Shorn of thy wings, thou reachest outward trembling hands toward the central sun and inward — through thy navel — toward the center of all sentient life, urged on by the unquenchable desire to find thy way back to thy long lost Paradise and take with thee the myriad lives thou hast informed and sheltered, that they and thou may look upon the Father's face. Now hath it dawned on thee that only through those lives canst thou be reconciled to God, for on them now hath been bestowed the Holy Spirit, once thy guide and mentor, but lost to thee through pride, when, as with lightning speed, thy feet were cloven and thy body cast from Paradise to live thenceforward in an earthly shell.

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE GODS

HEAREST thou not the battle cry of the Gods as the armies of the Mighty One draw near to earth? Hear them shout again and yet again, as their feet press each star on the downward track and they pause to plant a standard on each fiery rim: "He comes, the Warrior of Light, to rule all earth and stars and skies, and who shall dare withstand Him?"

If thou dost not hear, then art thou deaf indeed. If thou dost not see, then art thou blind.

What will He say to thee, O little man, thou who turnest thy face from His servants, when in their poverty and sorrow they cross thy path? Believest thou not that His face will be turned from thee in thine own hour of need? What will He say to thee, thou imaged form of Greed and Lust, when with thine accusers thou shalt stand before His Seat of Power?

What will He say to you — makers of the laws for other men — you who bind the weak and helpless and set free the beasts of prey to feed upon their vitals?

What will He say to you — kings and rulers over men — who lead your bounden slaves to cruel warfare 'gainst their kind that ye may hold your thrones, which even now fast totter to their fall?

Turn away from these, my words, if so be thou hast power; but **KNOW, FOR I WHO TELL THEE KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK**, there cometh One — The One — from whom thou hast no power to turn, for feet and hands and head will be so terror stricken in that day, they will not answer to thy human will. So listen now; and heed, that thou mayst not hear the awful words, "Too late," when comes the day foretold.

BENEDICTE

MAY the glorious Sun of Righteousness cast its brightest beams across thy path today, and evermore may the shadows fall only where there is need to halt too swiftly flying feet.

BEREFT

AS THE sap is drawn by the Angel of the Tree even to the outermost verge of each delicate leaf and twig, so has the force of my love been drawn from my heart to the least of my little ones.

As standeth the Tree alone, in the face of the winter storm, bereft of foliage, of blossom and fruit, so must I stand as have stood those who gaze upon the dead and withered leaves of my hopes and the triumph of the blossoms which scarcely dot the top of that Tree.

Ye who are of mine, who hear my words and then turn away and will not heed my call, that I might shelter you from the wrath to come neath the branches of my love, you whom I would have saved from that wrath to come, also must I see you cower and curse as the Karmic Storms beat upon you.

BETTER FAR

AND DOST thou bid me wait — and work — me, who many years and long, through summer heat and winter's chill, have climbed alone, unaided, up the rugged path of human destiny, forced oft to stoop and gather and press into my flesh the jagged rocks hurled at me by those thou callest "*Brethren*"; oft crouching neath the shadowy high embankments raised by those thou biddest me "*love and serve*"; eating naught but bread of charity, wet down by tears forced from my eyes by pain, by loss and sorrow.

And yet I cannot say thee nay, for if another bade me come to heavenly bliss and glory, my feet would e'en refuse to stir from this sad path; for heaven would not be heaven without *thee*.

Better far the stone, the shade, the tears and sorrow if the while I can but catch a glimpse of thee. Better far the agony of yearning if I but know that at the end I shall behold thy face transfigured, and seeing *know* that thou art of God.

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST CHILD

THOUGH higher than the Angels, He came down the stairway of the stars; was born in a lowly manger. This shows His great humility, and by His teachings and example, He left to the world He came to redeem, Spiritual Truths of unutterable value. The Christ belongs to all and is working potently to uplift humanity to a knowledge of man's Divinity and Oneness with the great Spiritual Father of all.

He is now again descended from the Holy Trinity and will in time manifest His Power and Glory through the unification of the races of the earth. This unification will take place through the application of divine knowledge imparted to the whole world since His former manifestations as the Son of God.

BLESSINGS AND CURSES

THE BLESSING of the Karmic Lords doth fall on him who dams the stream of evil into which his fellow man hath been engulfed, that so he be not swept away before relief can come. But woe betide the man who undermines the dam another man hath built, and turns that stream of evil on its course regardless of the struggling victim in its depths.

The curse of unrequited good must fall upon the man who molds the spoken falsehood of another 'gainst his friends into a semblance of the truth, by holding back his hand when full support was needed to maintain the truth.

The Gods look down in love upon the man whose friendship is a priceless gift, whate'er or whomsoe'er it be bestowed upon — the man who says, "He is my friend and therefore sacred unto me whate'er betide," when other men would turn him from his trust. For well they know, those rulers of the stars, that he who hath the power to hold his gift of friendship free from stain, hath reached a height where but a step can intervene 'twixt him and them.

No greater gift hath God or life bestowed on man than that of friendship pure and undefiled. The very Angels in the heavens may well be envious of that gift — therefore no greater sin can man commit than that which robs a fellow man of that great gift.

BLIND JUDGES OF THE BLIND

O, YE BLIND judges of the blind: kings who are the sport of your subjects; leaders coerced by your followers; multitudes who ignorantly look and listen, embrace or kill your kind as impulse directs — swept by a whirlwind of passion hither and yon denying God, yet kneeling in abject fear at the least demonstration of His power — mysteries that ye are, have pity on yourselves.

Remember ye, even as God remembers, that ye are as half finished sculptures, with here and there a part missing or incomplete. Incompleteness cannot perceive its own incompleteness, nor can it perceive the completed ideal in the sculptor's mind.

Remember that ye are as a half sung melody, a single verse of an epic poem, and know that both melody and verse will one day help to swell the grand chorus with power to lift the waves of the ocean of life so high that ye may pass, on their crests to a glory unspeakable — the glory of your divine inheritance.

Be patient with the shades ye are and which now ye are ensouling.

Love more, and the love ye bestow will break through the shadows, as a sun breaks through the clouds, and its light will shine forever and a day on the finished work of God — His own diviner Self — God-made man and man-made God in One.

THE BRIMMING CUP

YE VIPERS that sting the hand that feeds ye, and whine when the heel of the sufferer presses your heads.

Scorpions that hiss at the child-hearted, adders, and asps that lie close hid, in wait for feet that blithely stray among the paths of unselfishness.

Blood brothers are ye to the fiends that work the will, the vengeance, of the Brothers of the Shadow. Ye cannot bear the sight or sound of purity, of peace, of love's harmonious note; they hurt ye as the dagger thrust may hurt the tender flesh of babes and rouse ye to the foulest wrong, the persecution of the human soul; the desecration of all holy things.

Brimming full is now the cup from which ye soon must drink, ye last of all the generations vile that pass in full review before the eye of God.

THE CALL OF THE CHRIST

A GAIN has the heart of the Christos freed the forces of love and compassion upon the people of a divided, stricken world.

Will you bear His message of peace and good will to man, or labor to strengthen the wall of prejudice and class distinction now rising to separate man from man? The choice is thine, but terrible will be the Karma of indifference or refusal to heed the call of the Christ.

THE CALL OF THY WARRIOR SELF

A LOFT on Aspiration's Peaks, Soul-flamed with rosy glow of Love a-dawned, thy Warrior Self doth call to thee: "Beloved, break thou through the web of shadows spun with spider skill about thy mortal mind; the illusion strands that would bind thee, rive asunder with the stainless Sword of thy Spirit's Will. Then in freedom canst thou come to me on the sun-kissed heights of Life and Love."

CANST THOU FORGIVE?

WITH all thy heart canst thou forgive the brother who hath wronged thee if forgiveness be asked and atonement made? But never canst thou forgive the brother whom *thou* hast wronged, until thou hast attained to enlightenment and conscious union with the great Group Soul of which thou art a part. When thou comest into rebirth that wrong will rise as a mountain 'twixt thee and thy brother. In thine ignorance of causes thou wilt still further mistreat that brother, for thou wilt say, "I like him not; he is none of mine."

While seeking through the record of thy many lives at some future day there will fall upon thee the black shadow of unrepented, unatoned sin against the Great Group Soul, and thou wilt see that only as thou addest to the continued sacrifice offered by that Soul for thy sin against Self, by making the great renunciation, canst thou find forgiveness for thy brother, and therefore for thyself.

CAPTIVES

THEY carried us away as captives into a strange land — they, the demons of avarice and sensuality — and required from us the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the powers of Love and Wisdom which had been our heritage, that they might use them to our further undoing.

We sat us down and wept, for we were bound and helpless in the place of our captivity and no longer possessed the price of our freedom.

We cried to our God for deliverance, but He set His face from us and bade us turn from our evil ways, then would He bring us again to the land of our desire.

THE CAUSE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

WAS righteous cause ere undertaken by a brave man who stood upon the firing line to battle for that cause, that did not call the slimy demon reptiles from the underworld to wreath themselves around his limbs or poison the air with fetid breath?

What part or act in the glory of the Finished Fight for Righteousness can have the selfish coward who will neither fight nor support the efforts of the brave man who leads the battle 'gainst the cohorts of the underworld who would slay the soul of man?

THE CENTRAL POOL

NOW darkness, deep darkness, covers the earth as a pall — darkness thick and black, that clings like viscid mud to the soul struggling like a bird in its meshes. Only where the spiritual bells make a rift in that blackness can a ray of light enter into the souls of men. My brothers, cling close together, for when the darkness is passed, from you may radiate a light that may lighten the world. When the central pool becomes so deep that no wind can ruffle its waves, then, and not till then, can true spiritual reflections reach the outer banks of that pool.

CHARACTER

THOU canst only build up character as thou art true to the highest ideals of Truth. If thou liest to thyself thou wilt blind thine own soul so it can no longer see to build according to the straight lines of Truth. Thou wilt then have no base to rest thine edifice of character upon. The liar to himself is a liar to all other selves.

CHILD OF ETERNITY

CHILD of Eternity! Seek well and listen! List till the rhythmic vibrations, the life-beat of God, strikes thine ear.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KING

LOSE not sight of your place, position and power as Children of the King, He who guides, rules, adorns the lives of worlds and men. Be caught up in the Beauty of His youth — the Fragrance of His Spirit, the Eternal Verities of His Love and Wisdom. In the Light of His Consciousness, in the Glory of His Being, shalt thou conquer all that presents itself against thee.

Inquire not who or what the messenger, but study well the message that comes to thy soul and bears thee ban or blessing according as thou receivest it; for while thou waitest with lamps untrimmed the Bridegroom passes by.

THE CHOICE

THE CHOICE is thine, O Son of Man, to touch the topmost heights of Life and win the Crown of Immortality and Selfless Love, or sink into the depths of Hadean woe to mourn for aeons yet to come.

Again, and yet again each day, come one in good and one in evil guise, who say to thee, "Make choice between thy loyal service to the Gods of Life, and that same service to thy lower self."

Nor canst thou curry favor by thy choice of good, for thou must choose the good for love of good, or that which seemeth good will turn to naught.

THE CHRIST CHILD

“**A** LITTLE Child shall lead them,” quoth the prophet; and through long ages past the Child, foretold, hath led the people on through depths of persecution toward the heights of self-abnegation. And still the Child shall lead them on to undreamed heights beyond.

Sing for joy, ye people of all lands, for once again the Child, the Christ, is born on this His natal day—your Child, my Child, called forth from God by man’s unceasing cry for help to tread the winepress of the world and win eternal life — the Child for which mankind hath travailed sore, and now hath brought to birth again within its heart.

CHRISTMAS

THOU, O Son of God, the Christ Child, Who radiatest Light from Thy throne:

Thou, O builder of worlds, Who sendest forth that inner energy of love and compassion that man may find his way back to Thee through the maze and entanglement of his lower creations:

Awaken man's heart that Thy Christly forces may enter the dark places and bring hope, encouragement, and peace; that Thy children may hear the song of the New Day now faintly dawning amidst the world's confusion.

Purify the hearts filled with hatred, envy, distrust and jealousy, so that at this hour of the Christ's Day they may hear, feel and heed the words,

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!"

THE CHRISTMAS RHYTHM

THE MESSAGE of the Christ — the Christmas Message to mankind — conveys the idea of Devotion above and through all else. Devotion to God, to Principle, to our fellow man even unto death, does indeed establish the Rhythm of the Song Celestial.

COMMUNE

COMMUNE with thy God, thy Higher Self, and thine own Soul, for in that communion lies thy strength, thy fortitude.

Commune with thy fellow man and find the rare jewel of understanding, glowing through the darkness of ignorance and strife.

Commune with the Mother of Compassion that thy heart may glow as a Beacon Light to all who come to thee for solace in their hour of need.

“Commune long and earnestly” with the Christ within thine innermost being, for in Him lies thy salvation — thine at-one-ment with God.

COMPASSION

HAST thou won to Compassion's side, my disciple? Then seek thou thy fellow man who has won to a pinnacle of worldly success and missed the mark of fellowship with his kind. No man hath won to such a height forgetful of the claims of others who is not a failure in the eyes of God. He who faces that knowledge in the dark of the night is sorely in need of thy compassion. The powers to which he has yielded his soul have naught of help to offer in those hours, and if thou hast no pity he is indeed alone though surrounded by crowds.

CONSEQUENCES

SLOWLY swinging to and fro over the head of Temptation ever hangs the sword of Consequences.

When Temptation yields the path to accomplishment, heavy falls the sword, cleaving away the satisfaction of attainment and the joy of possession.

CONTENTMENT

CONTENTMENT is the approval of the Gods, the mark and sign of Their Presence within him who possesses it; the Torch that lights to heights of Greatness.

Self satisfied is he who would construct his plan without recognition of divine radiance. Brief is the hour of his satisfaction, short is his day. Night closes in, darkness encompasses him, he is seen no longer, not even to himself.

Stagnation comes alike to both if ear be not ever set to catch faintest cry of brother; if hand be not held outstretched to raise that brother out of his distress, to lift him into the light of his own inner life and consciousness. Thus only are the waters of life kept pure, running, active.

Which would ye? Contentment — inauspicious, inconspicuous — or satisfied self in accord with your own choosing and liking?

Well may you ask yourselves, "Are the waters still or moving?" The answer will determine your status, both to yourselves and to the Lodge.

THE CRY OF JERUSALEM

“COME back to me, my children, come!” My Lord, Jehovah, Sire to you — He who did cast you out to wander ages amidst a people of an alien race — now calls to you. God and Father both is He to you, who bear His image as you bear my own.

I, your Mother, brought you into form and fed you from my breast — my treasure house — with corn and wine and oil; and gave you all the cattle of a thousand hills; but He did give you life itself, and knowledge of the Law, the while He only asked of you obedience to His will, and that you build a Temple that your sons forevermore might kneel in worship of His mighty power — might bow their heads in peace before the shrine which held the Ark, the Holy of the Holiest of all created things.

But overmuch He gave to you, and I, His spouse, gave too of all the store bestowed by Him on me. Together, He and I gave power and means to build the sacred place, Jerusalem, the Golden City of our dreams. Whilst you, forgetful of His Love and Law, did sin as ever hath the outcast sinned who flouted God and worshipped the shrine of Baal. Like as was Ishmael driven forth, Jehovah drove you from the haunts of men, and gave His sacred word that, after ages long had passed, you might return.

The hour has struck, and I, your Mother, sore bereft, now cry to you to come from every nation, clime and place wherein your feet now stray, to come and build anew the Holy Place where you were sired and mothered,

grew to man's estate, then strove to snatch the reins of power from your Father's hands, to give them unto Baal.

Sore and long indeed has been your punishment; but now are you forgiven and bidden hence to take your place once more among the nations of the earth.

Once again the Ark, the Holy Covenant 'twixt God and man, shall rest upon the Altar high, your Father's name be honored as of yore; while I will draw the sun from heaven to smile upon my face and fill my breast most plentifully with food.

**"COME BACK TO ME, MY CHILDREN, COME!
JERUSALEM, THE SACRED HILLS, THE MOUNTAIN
STREAMS ALL CRY — COME BACK!"**

THE DAY OF TIME

THE SUN has set; the Twilight hour is here.

Ye who are aweared from the long day's labor and play have sat ye down to rest and brood o'er the scenes ye have witnessed, the plans ye have made for the morrow, the while ye cast no compelling thought on the swiftly falling Shades of Night, the shades which have the power — and will to use it — to make void those plans if ye are not on guard.

Always has man missed the purpose of the Twilight. Always have the demons of the underworld lain in wait for the coming of that hour, knowing well that the spell that the Twilight lays upon the senses of man will hold him in thrall the while they lay the lines to thwart his will.

It is always at the Twilight — the eventide — of each Day of Time that the world stage is set for the betrayal of man, or for his final victory o'er the Shades of Night.

Distrust that which brings thee ease of body or of mind when comes the Twilight Hour; let not distrust rob thee of the Poise and Peace that thou hast won throughout the busy Day, for these are thy compensations.

NOTE: The four grand divisions of the Day of Time — a cycle of 1000 years — are symbolized in the words Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, each word being indicative of a period of 250 years. The Shades of Night and the demons of the underworld are two divisions of soulless elementary beings.

THE DAY TO COME

TAKE thy meed of glory *now*, thou whom all men praise. No glory waits for thee beyond the spheres toward which thy steps now tend.

Straighten thy neck, thou who *now* art as a king amidst his sycophants, for lower far than any bonded slave shalt thou be placed when thine accusers hale thee to a higher bar.

Step hard upon the backs of those who once have sinned, and suffered for their sin till every law was satisfied; for in the days to come no footing shalt thou find when those whose backs now bent by thine oppression shall straightened be by Christ's own healing touch.

Fix well the crown upon thy brow, the crown now seized unjustly by thy hands; call all thy kind to honor thee while *time* is thine; no crown, no honor waits for thee beyond the stars where dwell the hosts of those who fell and rose again, and yet again — the sorely tried, hard pressed, who fought and overcame the Beast, and gained Compassion sweet.

Thou who are so clean in thine own sight that charity, forgiveness, mercy soileth thee, must find some dwelling-place apart from God, for Paradise would be a hell for thee.

A DECREE OF LIFE

AS A lightning bolt blasts — strikes down, and uproots the monarch of a forest, leaving only a lifeless form and a black hole where hitherto interweaving streams of life energy had been meeting, embracing, and parting to gather nutriment for feeding trunk, branch and leaf — so the demon of disloyalty strikes down, blasts and uproots the soul that has been made its victim. The black hole left in the heart of that soulless victim becomes a dwelling place for the elementary lusts of the flesh, and all vicious qualities of the lower nature. Its yawning mouth is never satisfied.

Ah, son of mine, remember! Other spawn of evil may be transmuted into good, but disloyalty is the sin against the Higher Self — the sin against God, the sin which even God cannot forgive.

The doom of the traitor is death, in even the vilest association of thieves, however ignorant its units may be of the truth that life itself decrees the doom of death against the betrayer of the Christ in man, and the Christ is ever betrayed in the slaying of Trust — the basic quality of the soul.

A DIALOGUE

TO MY Lord in humility, I ask and say: "My Lord, Thou hast made a promise unto me and I in faith reply to Thee that I believe, for Thou art supreme in holiness and righteousness."

My Lord, I ask of Thee and say, "Having heard Thy Voice, Thy promise unto me, I pray from the depths of my erring heart, let me not forsake and *leave Thee*, for I have that power of choice, my Lord, and in forgetfulness I ofttimes err in wisdom; canst Thou not prevent this? To me my Lord did say, "*Yet* must you pray, and bless, and work, or die the death of the unregenerate." Selah.

THE DIFFERENCE

THINKEST thou the Masters of Compassion could choose a tried and proven Chela to serve a cause for them and all mankind, only to desert that one when came an hour of trial and put another in that place? Not so! Ingratitude and Disloyalty are not among the qualities possessed by the Sons of Light.

If thou wouldst know the difference between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Shadow, seek first within the fields of Faithfulness.

The lower self of man will tempt him sorely to repudiate his given word if need there be to serve a purpose of his own. The Higher Self will lead man on to sacrifice his life if such a sacrifice is requisite to prove his own integrity and truthfulness.

There are two among the qualities aspired to by every Chela of the Great White Lodge; qualities which are keys to the door between Mastery and endless servitude.

One of those keys is Gratitude, the other is Loyalty.

DOORS OF IRON

THE IRON doors of Selfishness, Tyranny, Exclusiveness are slamming hard in the face of Him Who would make entrance into the hearts of men. Do ye not hear them bang against the threshold of your own homes and Temples, banging, swinging on the currents of intellectualism, disturbing the rest of the Little Ones, endeavoring to shut fast the portals through which the Light of Truth may play? Heed ye not, or care ye not? Make answer unto yourselves. Should it be ye heed, then rise, spring to place in haste, and hold back the cruel doors of iron by throwing full weight of your love against them — your love for your brother man, though ye lose your lives in doing. Hath it not been said by Him Who is expected, "He who loseth his life shall find it . . . Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends"?

THE DREAM TREE OF THE CHRISTS

SNOW white is the trunk; snow white the leaves and limbs. As light fallen snow are the blossoms gently nestling on the branches; as feathery flakes of snow are the petals dropping in soft blanket on the ground below.

Snow white also are the roots though unseen, deep covered within the earth. Surrounded by dark soil they draw life, food, moisture, sustenance, growth, Purity of Heart, Sap of the Selfless, for the Spotless Robe, the Transformed Body, the Nirmanakaya Angel, compassionate, guarding, protecting, all those worthy of its succor. It is the *Dream Tree of the Christs*, the grandest, noblest tree that lives; self-sacrificing, giving, helping suffering mankind howsoever long it be required, howsoever great the price. A Representative, it stands, Delegate of the Invisible Hosts which never cease to watch over and protect humanity as Karmic Law permits.

THE DULL GRAY TREE OF SELF

ANOTHER tree stands; dull gray trunk; dark patches; wrapped around and about with heavy Chains of Iron, fastened to an invisible bar in the earth below. Bound and fastened tight to hold the loosened roots which show above ground and threaten the overturning of the tree. Pulled taut are the chains to hold fast the imprisoned Angel within. Twined hard they are to bruise and crush the delicate, sensitive wings, to keep them from spreading in beauteous flight. Jagged limbs, few leaves, no blossoms has this tree, for as soon as bud of leaf or blossom appears, a harder pull is made from the underground bar, another link is added to the chain, new circles are wrapt around the tree. Chains of desire, links of selfishness, rings of emotion, press down and back the life blooming currents. Unstable, insecure, worthless, subject to wind and storm is the tree, to be destroyed most surely at last when the shadows of Osiris fall upon it and Typhon makes desert the land.

EASTER EVE

IT IS the Eve of Easter Day. What is the meaning of the hour to thee?

Stand Still, O Soul, and look within that thou mayest gather unto thee from out the Silence of the Tomb, the Power to make the final effort that shall burst the bonds of flesh asunder and let thee step from out the darkness into realness of brightest day.

Stand Still, O Soul, and take command o'er thyself and all that holds thee down.

Stand Still, and know that I the Lord, it is, who loves thee, and none can claim thee more.

Stand Still, O Soul, until that love doth permeate thee throughout and set thy spirit free.

Then when thine enemies shall come to thy door to assail thee, they shall find but an empty house indeed.

Behold! Even now the Alleluia Chorus make their Harps of Golden Strings in praise to thee.

Stand Still, O Soul, and Wait.

EGOTISTIC PRIDE

ART THOU then so sore besotted in thy pride, so purblind, self-opinionated that thou canst be content to form a point within a sphere of admiring satellites and let the world with all its problems pass thee by? Canst thou be indifferent to the cries of those submerged by waves of sorrow and of suffering past thy comprehension, and this through fear of imposition or of losing caste with those who share thy pinnacle of egotistic selfishness?

Though one should speak to thee with tongue of Deva high, yet wouldst thou safely ride the raft past karma built for thee o'er blood-red streams descending every mountain side of earth, heedless of the cry of one who drowns therein. Hast thou forgotten Him who hath waited long for recognition of the word of God once spoken unto thee within thine hour of need, the word which saved thee from the fate of better men than thou?

Better far for thee that thou shouldst fall into the snare of any lying prophet cumbering the earth, than that thou failest to heed the warning word of Him Who winged His way to earth to try to save an egotist like thee. Thou ridest now that raft, thy karma built for thee, as a reward for service aeons past. Yet cometh soon a day for which thou art not yet prepared.

EMANCIPATION

EVEN thine own heart — in the deep silence of the soul's questioning — doth say to thee, "Arise — neither do I condemn thee"; but thou O penitent one, hast much yet to overcome and even eternity pleads with thee to hasten thy stride, lest thy vision falter before thy time. But yet do thou then cleanse thyself and thy soiled garments daily in the wide stream of purification that the jinns of the nether spheres of sensation be not drawn to thee to harass and defile thy efforts to achieve emancipation. With firm resolve, faith and unceasing effort, do thou walk steadily onward with me, thy hand in mine, for "I will help you" to that achievement that thou mayest thus serve mankind.

EQUINOX OF THE SOUL

WHEN the gales of the soul's equinox sweep over the form of flesh, and the heartbeat lessens as the fury of the storm increases — the storm which brings terror to the nearly unclothed soul — that soul is all but torn from the fleshly form. It is then that the cowering creature of his own fear cries out to the God he has previously flouted: "Save me, O God, from Thy wrath; blot out the stains of pride and selfishness and thrust me down amidst the poor and humble that so I may learn the beauty of renunciation, the patience of Thy Saints."

A little while and the Sun of the Soul escapes the mantle of clouds which have hidden its face. It passes the God-fixed line twixt Truth and Illusion. The glory of Revelation makes clear the purpose of life; the clod, the once cowering creature of his own dire fears, becomes the man of spirit, free from lust and cowardice and open to the flow of Love Immortal.

ETERNAL SILENCE

BE STILL, thou shell; thou imaged form of music; thou vase of withering flowers; thou noisy wielder of the baton; thou blindest of all leaders of the blind.

Be still and know — know, for I that speak to thee **am** Knowledge; and if thou wilt but hold thyself from noise, thine ear from fell confusion, even thou mayest hear the Word, and therewith learn to find that which thou seekest.

Be still, and know that “I AM . . . I am the Way, the Truth and the Light.” I am Alpha and Omega. I am Creator and Created, I and Mine art thee and thine. Without me nothing is. I am all the past, the present and the future. If thou wouldst find Me, thou must find Eternal Silence first; for not in thunder nor in storm, not in whirlwind nor in tempest, shines the Light which thou must follow.

Be still, and know that I, thy Higher Self, am God, thy God, thy Father, Mother, Son, in One. Thy Lover, Friend, Creator — all that thy poor bound and tortured soul may ask.

ETERNALLY BEATING

ETERNALLY beating, ever beating, the rain of spiritual influences falls ceaselessly on humanity, refreshing, quickening and awakening the human more and more to interdependent greatness, spiritually, morally, and materially, with all that is.

EXTREMES

HAS THE SUN shone brightly in the heavens to-day? Does the full moon cast its tenderest beams across thy path tonight? Does everything in Nature hold a promise of a glad new day for thee tomorrow? Do the friends of the old days and the lovers of the new day fill thee with exquisite longing for a closer tie? Does e'er a thought of prophecy or shade of warning 'gainst the morrow tinge thy happiness tonight as joyously thou seekest rest and watch the deepening shades fall over all thy world? Then take care! Seize the happiness with steel-clad hands of courage; close thine eyes lest thou shouldst vision gruesome forms of blighted hopes or stretching tentacles of envy; close thine ears lest they should catch the cries of souls in torment, for only so canst thou escape the fiends who throng the gateway of tomorrow.

As night must follow day; as ceaselessly the ocean tides flow out and in again bearing on their crests the flotsam and the jetsam cast thereon by myriad forms of life, just so the tides of human life flow out and in, bearing on their crests the fruits of action sown by man. Often are they gaily cast thereon when all the world looks bright, only to return when all the world seems sad to thee.

Bear well in mind the truth that there could be no light without a corresponding shade; that all extremes of joy and bliss awaken pain and sorrow. So I would bid thee seek the heart of things and people, and flee from all extremes of love and hate, of bliss and sorrow, for only in the strong and tender heart of God — the center of all life — can perfect lasting peace be found. Only where the blessed Angel Faith resides can happiness endure.

FALSE DREAMS

WAKE up! Wake up! ye lovers of Christ whom Satan hath lulled into false security. Deeper and deeper press the leaden coins the servant of Satan hath placed on your eyelids, believing ye sleep the sleep which knows no awakening, the death of the Soul.

Wake up! Wake up! ere you miss the fall of the footsteps of Christ, and enter, unknowing, the gate of false dreams where Satan abides 'til his day is done.

FATE, THE HANDMAID

DOST thou believe a Fate doth follow thee throughout thy days to thwart thine every purpose and rob thee of thy strength to act, the while the same dread mystery doth strew thy brother's path with richest blossoms of success, when there is naught to choose between thy brother and thyself?

Not so, my son. That which is thine own will surely come to thee. That which is thy brother's will just as surely come to him, and both will come by paths of Love, however clear or choked the path therefrom.

Fate is but the Handmaid of a greater power, the equipoise, the power of Love, a power divine, which will not let man go, whate'er the measure of his fault, but holds him close in strong yet tender arms while forcing him to pay his debts — the Power which overshadows him from birth to birth, yet which he may not know in full while yet a single string among the many of the Harp of Life which Love doth hold, lies jangling and untuned when God shall raise His hand to play the chord of all fulfillment on its strings.

FATHER-MOTHER HERITAGE

I WOULD council thee, my son — and all the “sons” to be. Forget not thy Father-Mother heritage — from which thou hast sprung — for the seeds thou didst plant in the long remote past have begun to sprout, to grow, and to flower in the hearts of men, whilst their source be foretold.

“My line hath gone out,” saith the Father as from starry space His Message goes forth to the children of the Red Ray — all humanity — thine own true Life-Line upon which thy sustenance depends, to strengthen thee to thy journey’s end — the Father-Mother Heart of God that sent thee hence.

Grasp thou that Life-Line firmly, for it is thine, for thee, and for mine, as with Infinite Power it swings thee — and all who come to thee for the Wine of Life — back from the great Abyss of Materiality.

THE FINALITIES

SO LONG as man clings to the pairs of opposites as finalities, it will be difficult for him to realize that there is in fact but one life at the base of all manifestation, one reality, one God, one good. Only good is eternal. To whatever degree he can realize this, to that degree he may see and know God, and therefore can see and understand himself.

FOLLOW THOU ME

EYES have ye, yet ye see not the outstretched hand of the Father to you. Ye have ears, yet ye hear not the soul-searching plea of the Son, "Follow thou me." Ye have tongues, yet ye speak not the words which would open the windows of Heaven to starving souls.

To the brim are the days of humanity filled by restless travailings. Unheeding is it of the grist which falls from the Mills ever turned by the hands of God. Missing the sunlight it walks midst the shadows cast by the thought-forms which hide in the valleys between the high hills; the hills on whose heights God keepeth ward and watcheth His own forever and aye.

THE FOOT OF MARS

STAND from under the falling foot of Mars, ye who dare not stand directly by his side. The foot will crush you as it falls if ye move not swiftly—and who is he that will give you warning on that day?

Whatever depth the foot may reach, be sure the head of Mars will come to rest above the earth. Within that head are many phalanxes of battle-scarred, the veterans of the ages past, the tried and tested laws of universal life; and these enforced by martial power will clear the earth of those who dare not fight for Truth and Right, and so make room for Him who is to come with olive branches in His hand, the Prince of Peace and Law fulfilled.

FORGET THE DREAM

O LITTLE One! O Precious One! Thou rarest Jewel of thy Father's Crown, bend low thine ear and hear, lest in thy false security thou shouldst forget the pit from which I tore thee when in thy pride of self thou didst seek the wider path and met the Beast therein. Listen now, lest in a lethal dream thou shouldst forget the Real and sink again in Fancy's arms, only to wake self-bound in Hades' shadowy realms.

Hear me now, while Chronos holds his breath at my command, that I may reach thee ere the night has fallen and hid thee from my sight. Forget the dream that thou hast dreamed — the dream of earthly joys apart from all thy kind. Thy Father's House and they who dwell therein now hold thy troth, and only as thou keepest faith can lasting Peace and Happiness e'er seek thee out.

FORGIVENESS

IS IT then so hard to forgive? Does thy nagging heart brood o'er the wrong, and refuse to forget the injustice wreaked upon you so long ago?

Then pause awhile and give it thought for it needs be that God has wrought this moment for thee alone to cleanse thy heart of a still greater wrong to thine own soul.

For know it well, my stricken one, that thy brooding heart is weaving a web forming a shroud of steel, that even I, thy friend and counselor, cannot pierce; for I am, in very Truth and in Love, that Forgiveness to whom thou so blindly and ignorantly refuse admission. I stand and wait for thy nod of consent for entrance to the shrine of thy soul, thine heart.

THE FOUR POINTS OF THE COMPASS

THE FOUR points of the Compass have each a ruling Entity Who has charge of each part; they are LOVE, WISDOM, WILL and POTENCY.

The Star in the East signifies Love; it rises to draw to itself Wisdom, Will and Potency by which man is brought into being. A manifestation of the same four, constitutes the Auric Egg which is the basis of all incarnations.

The four are really Substance.

FREEDOM

WIDEN thy horizon. Sweep out into space. Only in wide expanse is freedom to be found; and when thou findest freedom thou wilt also find supreme bondage. Freedom from bondage to self, or to extensions of self, is eternal bondage to all. Herein lies a paradox.

FREEDOM'S CALL

OVER and above the stilled waters of a soul redeemed doth the calm and penetrating gaze of the Eye of Siva seek and find its own — that rare Jewel in the Lotus, deeply imbedded in the mire of mud and slime of the lower nature, awaiting the Call of its Creator.

“Come forth,” comes that call of the Self to self, “and let thy light shine into the hearts of mankind, that my works be made manifest in thee.

“No more shall ye stray from my guiding light nor fear the darkness of the night, for know, oh, my soul, when the Lord, thy God, doth call thee forth from the thrall of serfdom, that call is for aye.”

FRIENDSHIP

DESPITE the coldness and the apathy, the cruelty and indifference of many units of humanity toward each other, there are friendships still among them so fine, so rare and pure, that even words would cast a shade upon them; friends so rich in priceless treasures of the heart, that every glance of eye or touch of hand beheld by alien eyes, begets an urge towards God, however far the alien feet have wandered from the path.

Narrow trails 'twixt heaven and earth such friendships are. One need only glimpse their loveliness to feel the call to walk therein, mayhap to find the greatest friend of man — the Christ — Who waits the ending of each trail of purity and love.

Rich past human tongue to tell is he who hath a Friend. Neither death, nor heaven, nor hell hath power to sever such a tie. The breath of God hath bound the two in one, and naught can break that bond however hard the strain upon it be.

Make thyself worthy of a friend, if thou art friendless now, and somewhere on the earth that friend will wait thy call. For as the sun doth draw the water from a brook, so shall thy worthiness for friendship draw thy friend to thee at last.

FULFILLMENT

MAY hope fulfilled sing its glad song in thy heart this day of Christ, and may the evening star whisper a paean of praise in thine inmost being as thou seekest thy rest.

THE FUTURE

WOULDST thou now know what Fate doth hold in store for thee, for thee, the child of ages past? Then open wide the windows of thy Soul which lead upon the backward tract — the tract which thou hast trod — where grow the plants now blossoming which thine own hands have seeded, watered, watched o'er tenderly, or left to grow uncared for, rank and wild, throughout thy many lives.

Art thou now wise enough to kill the germ within the bloom of poison vine ere it shall come to fruiting? Art thou now skilled enough to trim the dead and dying leaves of rose and eglantine that so a sweeter, rarer blossom meets thine eyes when comes another Day?

The blossoms which now meet thy gaze hold all the secrets of thy future life. Study them and thou shalt know what Fate now holds in store for thee.

THE GATES OF SORROW

SWING wide the gates of sorrow and let the earth-bound in — ye who would guard the path of full attainment; open them and let my children in, for they are ready now.

Now have they drained the cup of pleasure to its lees, and stand appalled before the satiate mystery.

All that sensuous life could offer have they grasped with itching hands, and now the shadows of the coming night are falling round about them as the sun of pleasure slowly sinks from sight, leaving them without a single unfulfilled desire, without the knowledge Life has aught to offer worthy of their striving. Only Death holds out a welcoming hand and offers surcease from their fruitless longing.

Yet are they mine. Fain would I save them from the Demon's clutch. So now I bid you, ye who guard the Path, to open wide the gates of sorrow, pain and anguish of the soul, and let them in to tread the long and lonely path which stretches far beyond those gates — and I will meet them at the end.

THE GIFT OF GOD

THE HAND outstretched in service pure to one in need, whether it be to friend or foe is ever the strong right hand of God.

The heart which responds in gratitude to that outstretched hand opens the path to the heights whereon Love hath fixed its dwelling.

The feet which travel that path must be shod with the sandals of Faith and Courage.

Though the lifted foot show cut and bruise as it is raised to win each step of that path, the eyes of the climber will glimpse a glory unutterable as they rest on the sun kissed peaks in the distance.

Life holds no gift more rare, more incomparably soul-satisfying than is the recognition of the God you love as it comes to you through the eyes of a new found friend.

Look well lest you miss that gift through careless scrutiny of one nearby in fact, though far in fancy.

GOD'S PARDON

IF THOU needest forgiveness for thine offenses, degrade not thy God by crawling, with face hidden in the dust of the earth, to His feet. Doth even thy God take pleasure in the acts of a cowardly unbeliever in the reality of His gracious promise?

Raise thy head, look squarely in His eyes, and take the pardon, granted ere asked by thee; take it in the same spirit it was offered thee — the spirit of Love and Understanding.

THE GREAT BIRD

YE WHO lie now sleeping beneath the shadow of the great volcano of war — awake! Ye who are now engulfed in the fiery furnace which has been opened in the pit of hell by war — listen! Listen for the flutter of the wings of the Bird Garuda as they shake the heavens in their passage from the heights of the mountains in the East to those of the West; from the towering icebergs of the North to those of the South; the Bird which is bearing in its shining beak the seed of new life — the new revelation to the sons of men.

Open your eyes, bend low your ears, lest you miss the messenger and fail to hear the message.

THE GREAT DAY

CHILDREN of my love, my life: I think, I feel, I move, I breathe with you.

Great is the day we are entering, great the day we have left behind. Day followeth day alike, the greatness and import determined by work well performed, deeds nobly done, service truly rendered, sacrifice joyfully made, aspiration purely offered, faith firmly held, courage strongly given, opportunity fully used, failures placed under foot, effort ever renewed, love, trust, understanding, compassion covering all.

Out of day cometh other days. Out of weakness cometh strength. Out of failure cometh success; out of hard labor, achievement; out of achievement, oftentimes fall. One is termed Day, the other Night. Both are the same with God. Light, darkness, day, night, twilight, dawn — One in Law.

The Great Day — the Day Be With Us — is now upon you. Use it, my children. **USE IT WELL.**

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

HE WHO permits his faith in the ultimate righteousness of his friend to be shattered by a shaft of malice from the quiver of another is as guilty in the eyes of the Great Judge as is he who winged the shaft. Had not the Door of his Heart been opened by the hand of Doubt or Fear, the shaft could not have reached the Altar in his Heart where stood the image of his friend.

He who deserves a friend builds a rampart of indifference around his faith; indifference towards the faults and foibles of that friend. Thenceforth, however guilty of offense that friend may be in the eyes of another, he is not swerved from his allegiance. Therein lies the great test of Friendship. For whom is the greater love? Is it for himself, or for his friend? If for himself, he will only think how he may be affected by his friend's misdeeds.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.” Great is he who forgiveth much in his friend. Greater far is he who sees nothing to forgive; that is, nothing that calls for his forgiveness, but only that which calls for his love and helpfulness.

THE GREATEST AND THE LEAST

IMPELLED by Law Divine, a spark of life — a pilgrim from the abysmal depths of Time, fared forth to seek a goal above, beyond the glittering orbs which span the skies.

The Law Divine which sent it forth had clothed it in a form and said, "I bid thee seek through all the fields of space till thou shalt find a place to rest thy feet upon. There shalt thou labor on with that thou findest there, till thou and it shall reach the power and glory of the sun which gave thee birth. Then shalt thou be a sun to guide the lesser sparks, the wanderers of the skies."

Through all the kingdoms of the earth, in form innumerable, sped the spark, until in human form it stood a king o'er all beneath it in life's scale. Then stirred by pride, in mad ambition's course, that whilom spark forgot its source, forgot the purpose of its pilgrimage, and said, "I am a god. No longer will I tread this lowly path upon the earth. Let others do the work for which I came. I seek a greater kingdom and a throne. The middle path is all too narrow for my feet. I fain would reach the sun and dare its wrath, for I have made myself a god, and who and what shall block my way to that I seek?"

Then came a pricking of the skin, and looking down upon the ground beneath its feet, this would-be god beheld a tiny, crawling thing, a creature with a swiftly darting, forked tongue, a thing so small his clumsy fingers scarce could lift it from the ground. But ere the sun could sink to rest, that godlike form lay still and dead upon the earth so lately spurned.

Verily doth thy God, the Ancient of All Days, choose the least to confound the greatest.

THE GREATEST FRIEND

HAST thou compassed the riches of him thou callest friend, the riches that thou canst draw upon to any extent when karma forces thee to pay some heavy debt? He who holds the gift of friendship in his hands and withholds his hand is a miser indeed. His riches will vanish, and his heart, the storehouse of his wealth, will fill with evil germs which will eat out the riches and leave only refuse.

From high and low, rich and poor, rises the smothered cry, "Oh that I had a friend!" Christ alone makes answer, "Here am I." Then thou knowest the greatest friend.

GROWTH

THE VAST reaches of a single life germ throw into insignificance the architectural grandeur of a city built by man.

The gateway 'twixt heaven and earth, through which Infinity passes to take form, is exceedingly narrow and low. No wide-sprung arch tops that gateway, no high-flung pillars mark its boundary.

The ever living sets its bounds unalterably by a single pointed thought.

For the little things of life there are opportunities of growth, but there are no such opportunities for the full-grown.

It is only in the *processes* of growth that man may satisfy his soul.

THE HAIL OF CHRIST

THE CHRIST now hails thee from the farther shore of Time and bids thee set a beacon light within thy heart by means of kindly deeds and cheering words to others of thy kind who now do sit in darkness and despair.

Pile high the fagots of thy selfishness upon the fire, that so the beacon flames rise high to guide the boat of life which rides the heavens and bears the Christ straight to His haven on the nearer shore where waits His coming now a multitude of stricken souls.

THE HANDFUL OF SEED

I LOANED thee a handful of seed from the garden of God.

I bade thee sow it in all the waste places, to water and tend and harvest my grain.

Over the earth do I ceaselessly roam, seeking for plant, blossom or fruit.

I find but vast stretches untilled and unplanted, and hear the low cries of the weak and the starving to whom thou wast sent with seed for the sowing to bring forth their food.

Were my mandates obeyed, not a field on a roadside, a hillside or desert but would blossom and glow with a splendor divine — not a waste, but would bring forth a harvest of grain, abundant, sufficing for all.

To you! yes to you do I call, and demand my share of the harvest that would spring from the seed, my right to my tithes that thou shouldst return to me, the seed I but loaned to thee.

THE HEAD OF JOVE

MINERVA springs full grown from the head of Jove, again and yet again, as each mortal breaks down the barriers between ignorance and knowledge by use of the sledge hammer of experience, and so permits Wisdom, self-crowned, to spring forth and take the throne of power.

But if Minerva — Wisdom — has set her crown with the false jewels of Pride and Ambition, it were well that she had remained in the head of Jove, for the throne will break down under the weight of the crown.

THE HEART OF A CHILD

MY SOUL was sick from ceaseless longing for God, my face was wet with tears drawn from the well of unsuccessful search.

I gazed into the heavens, and the sun and moon had lost their shine. I cast my eyes over the land, and it was flat, leaden and dreary. The winter of my soul was upon me and the hope of spring was dead. I asked myself, "What is life without God? What is love without God?" And myself answered me, saying, "Nothing." Then I caught a glimpse of the heart of a child, and lo! the face of God was fixed thereon. The eyes smiled pityingly into mine; the lips softly whispered, "Go not so far away when thou seekest me. Neither the heavens above nor the earth can hold me. I am only caught and held long enough for man to BEHOLD MY FACE in the trusting heart of a child. I can only make myself felt in the song that both man and the stars are singing at dawn."

HELIOS

“**A** SHADE shalt thou cast upon my face,” said Helios (Regent of the Sun), to the Regent of the Earth, “that thy disobedient willful sons may know that thou hast power to take away all that thou hast given unto them.

“Thou shalt come before my face, and thou and I confer together for the good of all mankind.

“Affrighted, shall thy people run, seeking light where there is none. Abased before me shall they sink upon their knees in pleading for the wisdom now despised by them. They have failed to give thee honor, and have flouted me in egotistic pride. Lo! I will bring them unto travail sore when comes that day. Their kings and princes will I bring to naught. Their armies, formed to crush each other, will I fling upon their terror-stricken faces. For I, the giver of their lives, no longer will maintain those lives which now defy their very God — the God who giveth to me, that I in turn may shine upon thy face.”

HER FIRST BORN

TO EVERY woman is born a child — a son — when love hath been cemented by the marriage bond, and to her keeping hath a man surrendered self; for motherhood is woman's sphere, nor age, nor size, nor strength of body or of brain can crush or kill the motherhood awakened by the touch of love. Man is ever woman's first-born son.

THE Highborn Angel of the Jeweled Gates

FAITH, the highborn Angel of the Jeweled Gates, stands now with one foot poised upon the threshold of The Gate and hand outstretched in beckoning to the drooping, weary pilgrim who leads unnumbered throngs along the narrow tortuous Path which marks the long ascent.

With soft entreating words, Faith cries: "O hasten, thou who bearest the image of man, while yet my will may hold the gates ajar, lest thou and all thy race shall long be doomed to wander far afield! The night comes on apace; the sun hangs low and soon the pall of Erebus will fall upon thy path; so haste thee on, or thou no longer mayest behold the Balanced Cross above the Gates — the token of the law fulfilled, the Guerdon of the Victory won by Christ for thee and all thy kind.

"Have done with doubt and fear! Stand forth, erect, and haste to claim thine immortality, thy kinship with the souls who long since passed these gates and wait for thee upon the farther shore!"

HIS LITTLE CHILD

A CHILD I had, a little child and young in terms of Time, a child of my maturity, beloved, sheltered, watched o'er day and night as doth the miser watch o'er cherished gold.

My child bespoke me, saying, "With all my heart I love Thee, Father mine. Naught of all earth's myriad gifts could woo me from Thy side. In storm or tempest, as in shine, will I be ever found close, close to Thee."

But came a day, ere once again the earth had circled our bright sun, when foes had compassed me about and heavy clouds of hate fell o'er me. I asked my child to ward the gate which led up to the Temple heights whereon our home was made. I gave into its hands the key to treasures vast, and took my station at the head of all the hosts foregathered for the fray mine enemies had forced upon me, and sped away to battle for mine own — when lo! on my return, all spent and scarred, I found the gate unlocked, my treasures gone, the key low-trampled in the dust, and riding high in honor with the demon host in power, I saw my child, my little child, my little foresworn child.

Can any trial sent by Gods or men compare with that of trust betrayed, of trampled love and honor sacrificed to lust of place and power? So little doth love ever ask of its beloved, in service true, and yet that little is denied when man forgets his own diviner origin in ministering to self. The dormant demons of man's lower self do always lie in wait for hate to energize them into action swift. Once awakened from their sleep, their efforts first are turned toward soiling the pure garment love hath worn, that so that garment be no longer one to be desired above all others; and in its soiled and tattered garment, Love passes mortal man unrecognized.

HOLD FAST THY CROWN

HOLD fast thy Crown lest it be taken from thee in the fire; the Crown which thou hast won by unselfish service, by endurance, by loyalty and sacrifice.

The fires referred to are the forty-nine fires of Occultism, the upper half of which are constructive and the lower half destructive. The constructive fires relate thee to the Great Brothers of the Fire Mist, and when the candidate gains the height of Universal Love and Service then comes the test as to his ability to hold that point.

A rain of destructive fire descends upon him, and many hands of avarice, envy, jealousy, ambition and selfishness stretch out to take that Crown. The mass of people do not want anyone to go beyond their level. Therefore the one who attains is a shining target for these forces.

"Thou canst hold fast that Crown by a pure unselfish heart, for thou art one with the Masters of Love, Wisdom and Compassion in the Great Work of helping humanity to higher levels of consciousness."

THE HOLY CHILD

THE PASSING years may bring thee precious memories of days gone by; days when tears had vied with smiles throughout their fleeting hours, and Life spelled Love. Days when Love travailing sore at morn brought forth the Angel Peace at even-song. Days when Cain had been swept back into eternal silence by the power of Love Divine. But dearer far to thee than these will be the memory of a day when standing at thy mother's knee, hushed, expectant, there fell upon thine ear, from her dear lips, the story of the Holy Child — the Christ.

And when, the story told, she led thee to a door (fast closed to thee for many days) which opened at her touch, there before thee, stodd revealed in *all its grace and beauty thy first, thrice Blessed Christmas tree.*

Mayhap it was a single branch of fir, bedecked with trifles light as air and strung with simple gifts that loving hands had fashioned. Mayhap, it was a fine upstanding tree aglitter all with silver and with gold, its branches heavy with the many costly gifts! What matter then to thee, who only saw the mystery, and felt it linked to that most wonderous story of the Holy Child?

Can any gift of Lover or Friend *now* fill thee with like rapture? Does any passing day *now* close with such a surfeiting of joy?

Yet God still lives by Whom all things were made, and every Christ-day draws thee closer to a day when, as a little child again, thou shalt behold the greatest Mystery of all—the birth and resurrection of the Christ within thy soul. No longer just a phantasy to thee, but as the Real, the One eternal aim and end of Life.

THE HOLY ONE CRIES

YOU who seek for me: look low at your feet. There
I sit and wait for you to see and know me.

THE HOME OF SONG

UNFETTERED and unbound, the Angel Guardian
of the Home of Song flies the wide spaces of the
skies, contemning walls and roof-tree, doors and
all confining bonds which thrall the freeborn soul.

It seeks the heights of heaven to voice its freedom
from all bondage, and sinks with folded wings to depths
of underworlds to chant its miserere, its pity for all slaves.

Garbed in tender tones and mantled with a measure
of deep pathos, it seeks alike the hut of peasant and the
palace of the king to waken sleeping guests of discord to
the joy of harmony and rhythm.

It beats its wings against thy heart when mortal love
hath sought thee out, the while its fingers touch the seven-
stringed lyre Apollo holdeth downward in his hands. Eve
hath not seen the light and glory of the Home of Song.
The thrush and robin, mocking-bird and linnet seeketh
it for tones expressive of their longing for their unwon
mates.

The Gods of birth and death, of selfless love and deep
compassion, fly to it for tones of strength and courage
'gainst the hour of battle for some human soul.

The Angel Guardian of the Home of Song, hid from
mortal view, is ever stretching praying hands to man —
to you and me, and all created things, beseeching that we
listen for her guiding voice which points the way unto the
Heart of God — her home — your home, the Home of
Song.

HOPELESS SORROW

MORTAL man, what knowest thou of Sorrow? Though all the woes of earth encompass thee — thy body twisted as by flames of fire; naked, desolate, bereft of all life offers; yet I say to thee, thou knowest naught of Sorrow.

With all my soul in the words I utter, I bid thee strive with all thy strength that thou mayest never know what Sorrow *in its fullness* may bring to human kind. Immortal in its essence, unchangeable yet ever changing in its features; alone by reason of unlikeness to any other thing or being, it sits enthroned supreme in that dominion from which the Prince of Peace and Joy hath fled forever.

Only those who sin past all forgiveness may see the face or know the touch of Sorrow's self as it appears, when change of death hath broken down the barriers set by love and mercy, and opened wide the door 'twixt this world and the depths of Sorrow's final dwelling place.

THE HOURGLASS

THE SANDS run low in thine hour glass of life.
Few are the grains now left to fall into the great
abyss ere dawneth the day of balance for thee.
What dost thou bring to lay on thy side of the perfect
cosmic scales to balance true with the treasures thy God
hath heaped on the nearer side of the scales He holds un-
waveringly up to thee? The treasures of time and tide,
courage and strength, and the will and the wit to choose
'twixt untold riches of love and faith, and the things which
vanish and leave at last but dust and ashes and dead men's
bones.

The sands run low and the hour glass breaks from
the pressure of human woe, and the last few grains pour
forth in a stream, whilst the blood red sun is setting for
thee.

What art thou doing, child of mine, to make quite
sure of another hour; sure of seeing the day star rise on
another day of time; sure of seeing the sunset glow, at the
end of the last great day, when Time with its brood of
Eons passed will sing into Eternity?

HUSH

My Little Ones:

SIT YE here with me in the twilight as peace falls as a curtain over the turmoil of the day. Let the softly whispered "hush" of Earth and Sky fall on your inner ears as your heads are bent for the benison of the brooding spirit of Rest.

I too would speak to you, weary foot-sore travelers o'er stony places.

I have seen thine uplifted hands, have heard the low cry which has passed unheeded by those most near, most dear to you and would say again and yet again, "Seek not surcease from pain and longing in the haunts of men — the hearts of women — for you will not find it. It is not there.

"Dig deep through the encrusted layers of your own souls till thou findest the spot which love hath chosen for its dwelling place — the nesting place of the Infinite."

Ah, well I know the tale is rite and old. Too oft hath it fallen on thine unheeding ear. But it is ever new to some sad soul, and when thou hast found it, it will be new to thee for it holds the beginning and end of thy travail: the unspeakable heights and depths of the manifest universe — the Glory of the Shekinah — the crown of thine own and all other lives.

I ASK OF THEE

I ASK of thee, who art of Mine, hast thou aimed at a star? Then take heed lest a firefly dazzle thine eyes and deflect thine aim. Wouldst thou blind thine own eyes with a gnat of suspicion when clear sight is thine for the seeking where a light is set?

Hast thou built a wall 'twixt thy soul's desire and thee to satisfy thy body's whims? Hast thou placed thy treasures in a safety vault, then left the door thereto unlocked for thieves to enter?

Hast thou bound the feet of thy heaven-sent guide, through this vale of shades, that thou in pride mayest take the lead? Dost thou ask thy Lord to come and sup with thee, then raise a barrier of self He cannot pass to reach the place of feasting? Hast thou filled the cup of Service with a brew of bitter aloes, then sought to drink the Wine of Life therefrom? Dost thou not know that which thou hast brewed in the cup, that must thou drink?

Insofar as thou hast done these things, thou hast made of thyself a mock to wiser men. Then be not content to so remain until thine hour has struck and opportunity for change is lost to thee, but be up and at thy task of over-coming.

I WHO STARVE

I WHO am starving, ask you for bread; you give me a stone from the highway and bid me content myself with that. I who perish with thirst ask thee for water and you bid me drink my own tears. I who lie in the fierce north wind unclothed, plead for a corner of the blanket with which you have covered your horse, and you bid me turn my face to the ground that the wind may search out a newly exposed portion of my body. Yet I am your brother, your father, your mother and child, and in me courses the same blood stream that runs through your veins. What is it that so blinds your eyes and hardens your heart that you can turn from me with contempt? Alas! 'tis thine own soul pleading in me and thou knowest not its voice. Thine own self thou art starving and freezing and killing with thirst, and thou knowest not that thou art hungry, thirsty and perishing with cold.

Thou didst not see thy soul escape its prison house on that sad day when in thy selfish egotism thou didst deny thy God and in denying God didst leave thyself without a soul, a wanton, soulless wanderer through all the space and time that yet remains for thee.

THE IDEAL FORM

THOU to whom hath been given the power of externalizing the Ideal form of thyself held in the mind of God since the beginning of Time, knowest thou not that God will be satisfied with nothing less than perfection in every detail of that form? Thou hast the power to shorten or lengthen the hours of thy toil. Thou mayest increase or decrease the measure of sorrow or joy required for the molding of each delicate feature according to the design given unto thee, but thou hast no power to mar the perfection of that ideal form. Sooner or later thou must bring that form into perfect expression though thou sweat rivers of blood and wade through seas of tribulation in the doing.

ILLUSION

POOOR, heavy weighted veil of a human soul, racked with longing, distracted by illusion, piteously crying out in agonized entreaty, "God save me, God help me." Seest thou not that the God thou callest upon is *now* with thee? Is even *now* bearing thee up, patiently waiting until the wild storm now beating upon thee has spent its fury, that in the ensuing silence thou mayest be able to hear the still small voice through which alone He can speak to the soul of man? Even now the first faint murmur of those blessed tones may fall on the listening ear — "My son, my daughter, why strivest thou so hard, why cry so loud, for that which is already thine own?"

"Lo, I am here, I am thine, to do with as thou list, and all of mine is thine. Thine own heart would melt in pity if thou must needs listen continuously to the cry of thine own child for thee — for thy help — while lying fast clasped in thine arms."

Like the cooling shade of a distant mountain to the wayborn traveler, when facing the blazing sun on a barren desert, is the realization of Infinite Love, Understanding and Compassion to the weary travel-stained soul on its life-journey.

We sometimes call such a mountain Death; but it looms up before our mental vision with fervid attraction when it once dawns upon us that the blazing sun and the barren desert hitherto believed to be life are indeed and in truth the panoply of Death; and that the pale horse which is to bear us thither is on this side of that blessed mountain.

IN THE FLAMES

I, EVEN I, your Lord and Master, say to you, to you a foresworn coward; to you, a victim of your self-indulgence; you, who will not listen to the sound of my voice; you, who turn away in mockery of my plea to cease your wilful slaughter of your kind; you, who barter wife or daughter for a fist of gold: "Lo! I come to shake you from your lethargy, your mockery and your lust!

"With mine own hand will I shake the earth on which you stand until it vomit stones and fire! Lo, I will tear you from the battleground and brothel, and will scatter you as seed is scattered o'er the earth! I will make you to lie down in torment and to rise again in craven fear! From out your arms will I pluck your little ones and give them to the Heathen for their slaves!

"Lo! I will do these things to you to save you from the penalties which you have wrought.

"In denial and contempt of Law and Order, you have lit the torch to fire your funeral pyre, and I must lay me down beside you in the flames, for you are mine, and in the making, I have mixed my blood with thine.

"Not forever will your God be mocked; not for many days will Heavenly hands reach out for you!"

IN FROZEN FIRE

THOU who seekest the Marriage Circlet of the Gods — the Ring Pass Not! Seek it not in the Ether, the Earth, or the Waters under the Earth, or in the starry spaces. Ask it not of the Gods, the Genii, the Jinns, for they will turn thee from thy search. It is wrought of the highest and lowest, wedded of Being and Non-Being, of Fire and Ice, Acid and Blood, Darkness and Light. Ask thy self.

IN THE HEART OF GOD

FORGET not that there are no little things. The hand outstretched when the need is great pulls hard on the heartstrings of him who is down, and the heartstrings of the fallen are fastened in the Heart of God.

IN THE VALLEYS

TO THE stars those crags are cresting, yet the mountain base is resting, in the valley far below.

From the valleys the mountain peaks of life are best seen touching the Infinite, and in the valleys where the base of the mountain rests we may look up and see inspiringly how the cresting crags of a living chain of great souls of men and women of the past have risen to the heights of life losing themselves in the illimitable reaches of the highest spiritual ideals of good for all beings.

In the valleys we do not touch the heights but we see them and are lifted up.

The lowlier thou art the grander are the heights thou mayest see, and as the mountain base is composed of materials of the lowest levels, and because of the lower levels of the ocean, it has the power to draw all streams into its bosom, so do all thy lowly unselfish deeds of duty form the base of thy loftiest efforts and aspirations and attainments outreaching to the ideal heights of thy spirit-self — the Higher Self or God.

On the mountain heights thou mayest be God, but only from the valleys canst thou know God.

THE INFINITELY SMALL

WHEN thou shalt see aright and find thy divinity within the infinitely small, lo, thou shalt near thy goal.

Would the tiny wild bird seek shelter and food for the nourishment of its young between two warring elephant herds?

Canst thou read the test-book of life before thou hast learned the letters of the language in which it is writ?

Be sure thou hast perfected thy sight ere thou seekest thy God in the Infinitely Great alone, lest in thy search thou shouldst be o'ertaken and submerged by the infinitely small beyond thy power of visioning.

THE INNER CHRISTMAS LIGHT

CHRISTMAS! Ah, what is Christmas? The mad dash of life for display, glitter, show; the wild dance for pleasure, excitement, change; the fever of ambition for exchange of outer gifts, each to exceed the other in value; or is it feasting, merry-making, gaming? You who have looked long and insistently for Christmas, hold a moment, will you, can you, and ask yourselves, "Is this Christmas? What is Christmas? Am I celebrating Christmas the event in reality and truth?" An event it is, both natural and spiritual, sacred unto that inner Christly Light essential to the permeability of life in form, inherently holy. A feast, a joyous festival it is, commemorative of the Heavenly Secret handed down to man through all time by Angel Messengers in silences of night — yea, midnight silences. Have you, any of you, held watch long enough to hear the divine chorus? Have you caught and joined in the refrain? Can you chant the strain alone within yourselves? Christ grant there may be one or two, a few of you who may sound its echo with such purity of tone that the world may stop to listen, feel, and hear.

ISHVARA

UNVEIL those eyes of flesh — unstop those ears of matter — still that trembling human heart, that so thou mayest feel the rhythm of the Universal Heart Divine! And then with unsealed senses, listen to the Voiceless Voice — God's Soundless Sounds — those living melodies of life — the mystic cadences within all things: in the soul of Fire, in the iceberg's heart, in tiny germs of unborn life, in the Sable Robes of Night and the Radiant Vestures of the Day— yea! e'en in the lurid smoking blood of snarling Beasts or in sweet pulsing Love from Angels' Breast — and listening, know — I sing in Thee and Thou in Me — all in Ishvara's Eternal Song — Celestial Rhapsody of Being. And when, Beloved, the Satvic brightness of thy soul is no longer holden by human thrall then shalt thou realize That Great Day "Be With Us."

IT HAS COME

IT HAS COME — the day so long foretold by me, and seen by others, who with me, now tread the star-strewn path between the Gods and man to keep it clear against the hour of reckoning, the while we gaze with longing, pitying eyes upon the maddened fragments of Divinity who now with high held heads and hastening feet march on to seek, to torture, maim and slay their brother men; even those who sprang from the same womb which bore them in such anguish as only now the damned may know; and took their nourishment from breasts now lean and drawn from suckling.

Yes! it has come! the day when sons and fathers meet on battlegrounds, on armoured ships, in deep and high-banked trenches, sodden, slippery, red with blood drawn from each other's veins. The day when women standing brokenly by mill and bench, will say to other women near: "Our daughters, under force, now bind the wounds of those who slew your sons"; the day when brothers meet and see the curse of Hate within each other's eyes — eyes once filled with tender thoughts of days, when one hailed the other with joyous shout, and arm in arm fared forth to seek some pleasure haunt.

The day when aged men bethink themselves of other days when war had swept away their all and left them desolate; and homeless too, mayhap, save for some stately pile of charity which bore the name of "Home" but yet were all so cold and hard and drear within, the springs of life were frozen in their hearts. Or even worse, had set them on some corner of a city's street to beg for food to keep aglow the little spark of life still left.

The day, when nations in the East have armed their sons to meet and slay the hopes of nations in the West,

and North and South and Central Zone send forth their sons to slake their thirst for power, in blood; to sell their daughters' honor; their wives and little ones, and snatch with hands now brutalized the sisters, wives and sweet-hearts of their foes.

And what of you, the band of chosen ones, whom I with others of my kind, have held in safety to this day, that there might be "the few," foretold, to pass along the messages which tell of Hope for those whose debts are being paid?

What do ye now to keep the Altar Fires alight? What *will* ye do in days to come? Are ye like craven cowards, like lustful swine, or faithless curs, or are ye of the few who through the fire and blood and acid of your trial can hold the trust I gave you to the end? The coming days will tell.

A Christ looks down from Heaven now, saying: "All of this I told you in my agony upon the day when men had nailed me to a cross. Hanging there I bade them love each other for my sake and for their saving and they would not hear or heed. Long have they sown the wind and now they reap the whirlwind. Age after age hath man betrayed the Christ within, and now the cup of Law fulfilled is full and it is being pressed to lips which curse the draught."

IT IS TO THEE

IT IS TO thee I cry; to thee, who hast been flesh of my flesh again and yet again; thou who art soul of my soul, who hast with me borne the heat and burden of the day, and the freezing cold of the nights of Time for ages past; to thee I say: bend down thine ear and listen to the murmur of the incoming waves of Hate which are sweeping away, little by little, the old landmarks which point to the hills of safety and may leave thee adrift on some lonely rock-bound coast, and thy children and children's children the sport of maddened beasts.

I tell thee again as I have told thee aforetime, God will not be mocked by the puerile cries for vengeance, mask them as thou mayest by specious words of love and brotherhood, the while thy heart cries out for satiate desire at any cost to thee and thine. Surely thou canst not be deafened by the roarings of an irresponsible mob. Surely thou canst not be blinded by the glare of a blood red moon; thou who hast knelt at the Temple gates in aeons gone; thou who hast entered the portal of that Temple and gazed at the glory of the Shekinah upon its altars; thou to whom the double key hath been given that thou may'st unlock the mysteries of Time. Surely it must be another and not thee, the child of my heart, the son of my travail who hath lost the way to the heights. Canst thou now enthrone a god of Reason, and tear from her throne the Goddess of Love and Mercy?

As the tiger creeps slowly, quietly, relentlessly on its prey, so now creeps the deadly, dastardly foe of the human race that it may rend and slay and devour that which it has slain, that which alone sets man above the beast of the field — his power to *know* God; his power to sacrifice self to Self that the True Self may live and reign for aye.

IT TARRIES, YE SAY

“**I**T TARRIES,” ye say, “ ’twas a false alarm the Seers have sounded, so heed it not!” Yet while ye speak comes the rolling of drums, the rattle of arms and the running of winged feet — the feet of the Martian host.

Your ears are holden, your eyes are sealed, ye make merry with song and dance, while steel is sharpening and fires are lit to search your vitals and ravish your homes.

I have cried aloud, I have shaken the earth and have opened mountains of flame to waken the memories of long past days, yet is it all but in vain.

“WHAT HATH BEEN ONCE SHALL BE AGAIN,” and ye alone are at fault if ye will not heed the Voice that calls and bids ye flee to the hills — the hills where no battle cry is heard, and I alone hold sway.

JUDGE NOT

WOULD the sentence thou hast passed upon thy fellow man for his offenses be the same if, while the demons of condemnation were clamoring for his life blood, thou shouldst enter a halting place in thy mentality, and question the Angel on guard as to what would be the probable result to thee under like circumstance of temptation, to those which led to his fall? Art thou willing that the Great Law shall try thee for thine offenses against the Law of Love, by the same methods, and to the same end, that thou now dost try thy brother man or his offenses against that Law?

Oh, blind and hard of heart, wilt thou never learn there is no other sin than that against the Law of Love? Whatever be the offenses of one against another, they have been committed against that one Law and must eventually be judged by that Law, for whether the ultimate stroke be given by the hand of envy, greed, cowardice or murder; however degraded, misunderstood, cruel or inhuman the effects of the primal cause may be, that cause is grounded in Love. Love of something, some purpose, some ambition or some person, and the offense is but a question of degree and perspective. In other words, it is a question of the growth of the soul which has or has not enabled the soul to perceive the line of demarcation between selfish and selfless love.

Knowing these things, how canst thou set thyself in judgment over another human being and open the flood-gates of Hell upon his head, when even now thou couldst not truly tell, even were thy life dependent upon it, whether thou wouldst not commit a like act under the same circumstances, the same temptation and environment, and beset by the same raging desire?

Make thou way for leniency for thyself, O man, when the Great Law shall pass judgment upon thee, by closing thine heart and ears to the demons of condemnation when they would lead thee to judge thy fellow man.

Try as thou mayest by argument, logic, or force, to deceive thyself, it will be to no purpose if thou wilt but face this truth fairly.

It offers no excuse for crime, it justifies no evil, yet it remains the Truth, for Love alone is King and Ruler over all. Hate itself is but the antithesis of Love, and Love sits upon the throne of the human heart and will not be uncrowned whate'er its mandates, whate'er its denials, whate'er its effects. The Law which upholds, justifies, and which is, that Love can never be disobeyed with impunity.

Whether in thine efforts to make of Love something less than it actually is, thou shouldst name it sentiment, desire, attraction or sex instinct, it matters not, it is the one all pervading principle of Light and Life.

It is God in expression.

KARMIC DEBTS

HAPPY indeed is that man who, in the midst of the flames of Karmic reprisal, is able to rejoice and be glad that another hindrance is being swept from his path of life.

Unhappy is that man who can only see unmerited punishment in the flash of the fiery torch which is burning up the account that Karmic law has presented for payment.

Still more unhappy will be that man who, in defiance of the law, would dare to fix the measure of a debt another man may owe to life.

Only may the Lords of Karma rightly measure up the chain between the act and its finality. They, alone, of all the hosts of Life Immortal can see the end from the beginning. They, alone, can see the links which lie between the two, and set the value of the partial payment on the debts those links record.

THE KEY

LET HIM who holdeth the Key of Understanding, now unlock the Treasure Chest of Prophecy, if he would find that for which man blindly seeks — the day and hour.

The Finger of Destiny now is gravings upon a page of the Golden Precepts. Let him read who can:

On the First Day came the Angel of Revelation, and the Cord was loosed.

On the Third Day came the call to action.

On the Sixth Day shall fall the Sword of Retribution.

On the morn of the Ninth Day cometh the Hour of Culmination.

At Eventide of the Tenth Day falleth the Hour of Regeneration.

Thus again the Perfect Number will be justified and Man shall know that God still reigns in the Heavens and upon the earth.

KNOW THY FRIEND

ONLY as thou hast traversed the slimy ooze on the surface of thy friend's life and helped to slay the reptiles feeding thereon, canst thou hope to glimpse the God within that friend.

If thou fearest the one, and withholdest thy hand from slaying the other, thou wilt never know that which is truly thy friend.

Only as thou hast become one with the evil — as well as with the good — in the heart of another, canst thou know that other or know thine own possibilities.

LEARNING

MY LORD didst say unto me: "What hast thou learned from me, my child?"

I have learned, my Lord, that without Thee as Teacher and Guide I cannot go on in this nightmare of time, and shouldst my feet stray from the Path marked out for me by Thee, my soul in dire agony will be.

"Thou hast learned well, my child, for I am the Light of the World and the Path, and thou in Truth art that Path in me.

"Knowest thou then, the shadows — the momentary shadows — cast as a shade o'er my Light, are but the means by which thou canst feel and know through that agony of soul that our union be eternal."

Aye, that I know, and believe I know it well, my Lord, for is it not true the agony of learning comes from Thee?

THE LESSON

HOW dare thou lift thy voice in condemnation 'gainst thy brother man, who is now weltering in the blood of kith and kin, and proudly say unto thyself: "Not mine the hand that aimed the gun; not mine the hand which hurled the shell that spattered blood and brawn of fellow men far over God's green sod! Not mine the hand that slew the unborn babe and tore it from its mother's womb in charge of bayonet or sword. My hands are clean; no stain of blood rests on my soul."

Ah, blind as thou hast ever been, thou servitor of self. The blow in anger struck, the blast of hate, the satiate lust in woman's shame, the lie which scorched a soul, the greed for gold — all, all are weapons forged by thee; all, all were declarations of a war 'twixt thee and other men; all held the power to burst a shell, to nerve an arm and fire a soul with will to kill.

O, little man, O, foolish man, when wilt thou learn the lesson of thy life — the lesson thou must learn or die the death of those who wake no more to sentient life; the lesson that in love alone doth lie eternal life, and hatred holds but death and hell and all destruction; the lesson that in every bat-winged thought of hate, in every careless word and act of willful wrong, lies coiled a power unknown by thee which may be used to strike a spark to fire a nation's wrath or lay thee low; a power which lies securely hid within the atom's depths till God or man doth will it hence by thought or act.

LIFE AND DEATH

DRAW close and closer still, Thou who bearest
Death's dark visage; come close that I may see
Thy face. Perchance I there shall see revealed
the Mystery of Life.

I fear Thee not, for I have drained the cup of Pain
and Sorrow to its lees, and many of Thy minions have I
slain by mine own will.

If Life hath power to bring the living unto death, it
well may be that I shall find that Death hath power to
waken man to Life Eternal, shorn of all the anguish
Life in living binds unto the Soul.

THE LIGHT OF HIS COMING

THE LIGHT of the solar orb is darkness to that of the Inner Eye which may pierce the ether to rest on the waves of Akasha.

Sight would vanish from the outer eye if but a single ray of the Light from the great Central Sun should pierce its depth. Then wherefore dost thou turn away from him who tells thee of the coming of a Christ, Who is the very Light of that same Central Sun, when it is only in mercy to thee that a shade hath covered thine eyes?

Never yet hath God denied a call His creatures made in unison for help in times of need, and now from every plane of life ascends the cry: "Send us Thy Son to lead us back to Thee, for we have wandered far afield."

Though thine eye hath not beheld His glory, thine heart doth catch the beat of His Own Heart, thine ears now catch the faint echoes of His Footsteps. One by one the stars now feel the pressure of His Feet as, on His way to earth, He passes at each star to leave some measure of His Glory, lest He blind thine eyes when He shall reach thy side.

THE LOAD

THE LOAD which I have placed upon thy shoulder is not to thee a load earth-made; 'tis but a gathering of rare herbage piped with beautiful coloring which is full of healing and sweet of taste, but which you, all blinded, do see as burdensome.

From each tear which has fallen from thine eye I have made a pearl and strung them on veins of gold and placed them about thy neck even as a priceless necklet. From each drop of blood that came from thine aching heart I have made a bleeding ruby and placed it even as a girdle about thy heart; and for each kind thought that hath gone out to those who have brought thee pain, I have made a fire-hearted gem of crystal and in a coronet placed them on thy brow which now gleam there in triple power.

LOVE DIVINE

THINKEST thou that Love Divine asks no return for all the wealth of Love bestowed upon thee?

The starving souls who throng this universe of worlds can only live and grow by love, and if thou crushest back the love, God-given, to its source because thou hast not found another heart to beat in unison with thine, thou leavest some starving soul to die of want.

Miser art thou then, unworthy of the gift of God. The love thy God hath freely given thee, He hath in seeming holden from the souls who suffer punishment for sin, but only so withheld that love, that thou mayest freely give to pay thine own indebtedness.

Sayest thou, "I cannot love unless there be another one in sight to draw that love," then art thou blind indeed to Love's own Self, for as mountain stream doth flow into an ocean vast, so may thy love flow out to all the world. Yet is that stream of Love renewed from day to day, unless thou dam it at its source.

LOVEST THOU ME?

“LOVEST thou me?” saith the Christ. “Aye, well do I love Thee,” saith the newly born.

“Then shalt thou prove thy love,” saith the Christ. “Go thou into the lanes and byways of thyself and bring to me what thou findest there.”

And the newly born went into the City of his Nature to seek that for which he had been sent. When he returned, it was with empty hands and hanging head. No word had he, neither was there need for words.

Sadly gazed the Christ at the newly born while He said: “Thou didst *fear* to bring me what thou didst find in thy search for self, lest I should turn thee away from my side. Hast thou forgotten that I asked thee, *if thou didst love me*? He who truly loves, holds nothing back from his beloved. How knowest thou what need had I of those things I sent thee forth to seek, even if they now bear Satan’s guise to thee? Each one of them had somewhat of my own, hidden ’neath its evil guise, and I would have all of that which is mine own. That which is *not* mine will fade away when once I hold it in my hand. Only that which is most truly mine will remain, and I alone can separate the two.

“Go thou forth and seek again, and bring me *all* thou findest in thyself.”

LOVE'S HOME

IN THE Nest of the Christ Love, Beloved. In the clear eye of the Christ Light, Itself. Believest thou Me! Believest it to be true! Believest thou the Eye of Truth could come to such as thee, could even be thee — to the false, lying tongue of thy self? Answer not, please, I beseech thee — rather let me speak for thee instead.

Let me give thine answer by reminding thee of thy unity, thy being One with that Christ Truth in that Love Home, thine Own Eye shining bright with that radiance, that Love — Light — which alone is all, the One Only Truth known to Man, God, Demon, Angel, alike.

Forget not to fasten thine eye upon That Eye — keep it there each moment without failing thee, and thou shalt find — and thus only shalt thou find it and thee — in Single Eye of Truth, Purity, Love, Compassion.

THE LOVE THOU CRAVEST

SUCH love as thou cravest for thyself, yield thou generously to all mankind, and thou wilt find that the great ocean of Divine Love into which thou hast, as it were, but dipped a finger, will rise and overflow thine heart and leave behind full measure of the precious things which lie within that ocean's depths.

THE LOVE WHICH SLAYS

FROM birth to death, from death to resurrection and transfiguration, formless life in God gives ceaseless battle to the bound in form and slays that it may make alive indeed. Then wouldst thou say that God bears hatred to each life He takes that He may free it from the chains of form wherewith it hath been bound?

Whoso telleth thee the demon, Hate, must be aroused to wing each well sped shaft—must sharpen every weapon doomed to cleave a form of flesh—doth lie to thee; for if a righteous cause hath need of thy defense, if Love and Truth and Right hath brought thee to the battleground, then Love, not hate, will wing each shaft, will sharpen every sword, and first of all, the enemies awaiting thee to slay, will be that demon, Hate.

Love hath tenfold more the power to slay or make alive than Hatred hath, despite the glory it hath stolen from the robes of Love.

Be not deceived; thou needest not to hate thine enemy if God hath chosen thee to do Him service, when sentient life is forfeit to the Law of Progress and of Love.

Thinkest thou that Hatred cuts the Silver Cord when, on that day, thy life work done, thy God shall call thee home? Then why shouldst thou, who art a Son of God, bear hatred in thy heart, if thou art called upon to shed the blood of one whose evil nature is a menace to thy kind?

But, Ah! My child, make sure the cause is just; make sure thy love of Truth and Right is greater far than passion's hold on thee ere thy hand is raised to smite thy fellow man, or it may be thine own life will forfeit be to Law Divine.

The righteous cause for which man lives and gladly dies, the Love of God, of Right and Truth, which makes

of man a servant to the Law of Love, stands out, beyond, above, the little strand of life a single soul hath forfeited by selfish lust of power and place.

Thou shalt not be both Judge and Executioner! Forever at thine own right hand is One who giveth sentence of the Law, even though that sentence falls from fleshly lips which God hath touched with Fire!

LOVE'S TRAGEDY

LOVE may smile as it gleefully ranges the outer courts of the human heart, or sits in quiet reverie at the feet of the beloved; but there is no smile on its face after it passes the door of that heart and seeks the inner sanctuary.

Fear of loss and unappeased longing grave deep lines on its face as it presses on toward its final goal. Dark shadows of coming events drift before its vision; the dreaded spectre of final parting ever stands behind it, even in the midst of its feasting.

Love is never comedy; it is grim tragedy until it is lifted high above all sentient life. Only then is it robed in Peace and Splendor. Only then may the light of the Logos scatter all the shadowy forms which haunt its path.

MAKE FRIENDS

MY CHILDREN, I hear your inner cries, and I answer you.

If you would win your soul's highest desire for the future, search the backward track of your lives through this incarnation, pick up the broken links in that chain of lives and remould them into perfect links, in order that the chain may bear your weight when you swing off into the great abyss of your final initiation.

Make friends with the little lives you turned to foes by your misuse of them, as man has ever done when he has changed the pattern of a thought-form of the Eternal Mind. When you have thus made friends of them, they will aid you in the remoulding of those broken links.

MAKE PEACE

I WILL come unto thee and smite thee," saith the Ancient of Days, "if thou heedest not my commands to deal righteously with thy brethren, for I am thy Lord who loveth thee. I will smite thee in love to save thee from the Oppressor of Souls.

"The day cometh when I shall seek and find mine own. I shall not find many among the rich and powerful of the earth, but among the sore oppressed, the meek and long-suffering who have borne without reprisal the heavy burdens thrust upon them by their fellow men. In the valleys and in the lowly places of the earth shall I seek, and there shall I find mine own.

"Cleanse thy heart and make peace with thy kind, thou who bearest the sword of injustice, ere the mountain of my wrath shall fall upon and crush thee."

MAN'S STRUGGLE

POOOR tortured, torturing human souls! victims of their own never-ending rounds of feeble striving for, half attaining, then destroying ideals of perfection; tearing down in a moment of frenzied disappointment all that they had so laboriously built up by ages of sacrifice, struggle, and suffering; looking up at the Sun and the star-sprinkled skies with an unaccountable awe, falling on their knees and with feeble efforts striving to express half-understood sensations of fear or worship of such mysteries; and then alas! because they cannot solve the mystery, understand all the laws of Nature (those laws which have been working for immeasurable ages to bring man to his present half-developed state) defiantly pouring out a flood of angry curses in a frantic effort to express their puny contempt for Divinity, while the latter, heedless alike of worship, defiance, or contempt, calmly, dispassionately, ceaselessly labors on to bring this old planet among others, and the races which inhabit it up to the point where it can be fitted in, as a bit of mosaic may be fitted into a piece of man's handiwork, to its appointed place in the great Cosmic Temple of Life.

Ah, the pitifulness of the whole scene, so far as it may be observed from the lower levels of life! the awful sacrifice of the holy, beautiful lives that only touch our sphere with the tips of their wings, because they are snuffed out as is a candle by the wind before they can get a firm footing on its surface.

Who or what can measure the results of the oceans of blood poured out upon the earth only to enrich the soil in the mad struggle to seize every man his brother's rights and privileges, the reckless foolishness of wildly digging pits for his fellow man to fall into, only to be pushed into those same pits by a stronger than he, stopping his ears

with the sound of his own shrieks, blinding his eyes with the dust his own tottering feet have scuffed up, and crying, pleading for and demanding the help he refuses to accept or scornfully rejects when given because he does not recognize its character, or accepting only so much as will further his own present self-interests, regardless of what the needs of his future may be.

There are times when the most optimistic, the most enlightened men must echo the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

THE MANTLE OF SHAME

SWIFTLY and in the silence of thy heart's bidding draw the mantle of shame over and about thee, that within its folds thou mayest again know the unutterable sorrow of the soul's Golgatha. For it is in the knowing and in the shame that thou mayest find the cleansing power of the waters of Life that will wash away the stain of a misspent Life.

And the waters of Life are your tears, beloved, tears wrung from your heart in penitence for the wrong you have so carelessly and willfully committed against your own soul and that of humanity.

For Life is the school wherein you learn — learn to love and serve your fellow man in his divinely appointed task of regeneration, and in that loving and serving do you truly find your own redemption in God and the Christ.

MANY IN ONE

TO YOU, sworn neophytes of the Sons of Wisdom, to you, I, Morya, speak.

Once CHILDREN of many races, now MEN of one race — the race of Universal Brotherhood; once subjects of *many* kings, citizens of *many* countries, now subjects of ONE King; citizens of one country — the Kingly Hierophant and the country of the Great White Lodge.

Shall ye abjure that race, that King, that country and sink into the state of raceless, countryless wanderers of past ages, at the behests of the demons of Pride, Passion and Avarice — or shall ye raise high the banner of your Brotherhood and turn your faces toward the only foes who have power to rob you of your birthright?

You stand at the parting of two ways. Is it to be the right hand path of Tolerance, Sympathy and Understanding — or the left hand path of Hate, Contention and Violence.

Choose ye must.

MEMORIES

OH MEMORIES of the Past, in soul-searing sorrow do we face thy probing beams illuminating each sordid act of Golgotha's realm! Like unto the wastelands of countless deserts devoid of redeeming waters do thou burn and sear that which lies beneath thy relentless gaze, whilst sorrow fills the heart with anguish for its senseless toll. As Thou, oh Christ, hath faced Golgotha o'er and o'er in sorrow deep for thy children's sins, may we now endure its scorching sands while our tears in penitence do swell the waters that will cleanse our souls for Thee.

MEMORY, THE RECORDER

COULDST the power of the Mighty One, the strength of the Cherubim and Seraphim, the Will of the Hosts of Heaven, blot out the memory of the good or evil done by thee this day, then indeed mightest thy soul be blotted out.

Couldst thou force the mirror of thy mind to reject the image cast thereon by thought of vengeance, lewd desire, or hatred of thy kind, then couldst thou forgive thyself.

But Memory, the great recorder of thy deeds, doth bind thee to the evil as well as to the good. Thou mayest overlay the image of the one with that of the other, if 'tis thy will. But thou canst never erase either the good or evil action from thy memory.

THE MESSENGER

AS THE desert traveler stays the feet of his beast of burden when he reaches an oasis and hies him to the waters to quench his maddening thirst, so will you and I stay the feet of our beasts — the bodies — which bear the burden of our desires, and rest within some brightly fringed oasis in the wilderness of material life, while we traverse the path which leads to the Holy City of our aspirations, and to the King Who awaits our coming. Just beyond that blessed oasis of refreshment must we meet other foes, unconquered as yet — other elemental forms which guard the path — and must fight our way on toward the Heavenly City with the rest of the human race to which we belong. It will be no light task to meet the test which is to prove or disprove the right to rebirth in the new Golden Age which is to follow this drear iron age.

Beside the spring which gives refreshment to travelers who have reached the oasis in their search for truth through the media of the Golden Precepts, stands One Who says to both you and me: "Welcome, weary traveler. Drink thy fill of the waters, then lie here in the shade and listen to me. What I shall say to thee will be as oil and wine to strengthen thee in the hours of thy coming test, if thou wilt treasure my words within thy heart. In ignorance hast thou belied thy God; in disobedience hast thou barred the gate of thy soul against the Messengers sent to thee in love. But now must thou listen and heed what I say to thee, for I am thine other Self.

Thou criest for mercy, for forgiveness and pity, when the long roll of thy sins against thy God — thy Self, thy kind — presses hard upon thee. Knowest thou not that *thou* art not of those sins? They are but the effects of the

causes long since set up by thee to test thy strength, endurance, and power of service. As falls the soiled garment from the runner in the race ere he plunges into the stream which is to cleanse his body from its impurities, so must thou drop the mind-woven garment of thine offenses now clothing thee, and plunge into the stream of thy divinity.

When thine eyes behold the Holy One Who cometh unto thee and His voice falls on thine ear, thou wilt hear Him say, "With thy whole heart do thou bless the pain which hath opened thine eyes, the passion which hath given thee understanding, the once hardened heart from which now floweth streams of deep compassion. Fall on thy knees and gaze at the love which now lightens the faces of thy fellow travelers, the love born of transmuted hate and selfishness, the sorrow which brought them to repentance and atonement. These three: love, sorrow, atonement, have also made *thee* what *thou art*, and it is *what thou art and not what thou hast done* that will give thee power to lift the veil of Isis when life in flesh shall end for thee. Seek not for signs of evil in a brother's face. Look behind that mask, and mayhap thou wilt see the tortured eyes of a soul looking out upon thee, a soul spent with the stress of the fierce warfare it is waging against its enemies, therefore against thine enemies." So saying, the Messenger will bid thee pass on and make room for another, who will also be thyself.

THE MILLS OF GOD

ARE YE of those fragments of Divinity who have eyes to behold the outstretched hand of the Father, those who have ears which listen for the sound of His voice, tongues which fail not to speak the word which will open the windows of Heaven to other hungry souls? Or are ye of those whose days are so filled with selfish pleasures, discontent, and rebellion that they are heedless of the grist now being ground by the mills of God? Ask yourself these questions while Time still remains for you.

with T/1/29

THE MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL

IN THE Temple of Isis in Egypt was inscribed this mysterious sentence: "I am all that hath been, is and ever will be and no mortal has ever lifted my veil." The inner meaning of this is: the mortal must become immortal to lift the veil of Isis Who is the Universal Feminine aspect of the Trinity corresponding to the Holy Spirit of the Christian, also to Vishnu of the Indian Trinity. When the immortal can consciously see and know Isis, the Universal Mother aspect, he or she receives the Mother touch, and the mysteries of the seven planes are realized. Isis is the Universal Feminine Aspect in all things both in matter and Spirit. It speaks with all tongues. It is the Great Comforter, and that principle ramifies through all nature.

Expand the Immortal Cell in yourself and you will realize and know the mysteries of this, the feminine side of the Cosmos. And yet the Trinity is One, sometimes referred to as the Creator, Preserver and Regenerator.

Look within and you will know, as time unfolds.

THE MOTHER OF COMPASSION

I BID ye pray that the Mother of Compassion may gather up the tears which spring unbidden to the eyes of the sorely afflicted and bereft of the earth now exiled from home and made wanderers in strange lands, and mold those tears into jewels of endurance and courage, and into faith in divine guidance, without which life must become a tragedy beyond power of man to describe.

He who thinks those tears are naught but moisture like unto that which falls from the skies upon the earth and into the salt seas, knows but little of the divine mystery of grief and its purpose in the spiritual economy of life and being, or of their final effect on the soul of man.

Rarer, finer than any jewel in the bosom of the earth are the jewels now in process of crystallization within the hearts and souls of those who shed the tears which grief has wrung from the sorely afflicted victims of man's inhumanity.

Well may ye pray if ye are of those who stand idly by and smile, or sneer, or leave un comforted those who weep for causes such as those which open the wells of tears in the eyes of all who bear the sorrows of the world in hours like unto these; for heavy will fall the hand of karmic retribution upon them in the days to come.

Well may ye pray that the Mother of Compassion may light the lamp of sympathy and helpfulness within your hearts that you may show the path, which leads to where the Comforter of man now hath His habitation, to those who blindly seek that path in agony of spirit such as only those may know who lie upon the cross.

THE MOUNT SUPERNAL

I STAND on the Mount Supernal of my Spiritual Divine Self, my heart free from hatred for any creature or being, free from fear of any state or condition, my soul given in service, consecrated to God and mankind. Faith, Love, Compassion, Beauty, Wisdom, Truth, the Light of Life Eternal surround and pervade me. Mingled with these as One in Rhythmic Essence, I await the Voice of the Master, which shall thrill through my being in tones unmistakable and point me to duty unerring with power and joy in abundance. That I be not overcome by the immensity of sound that sweeps through me, nor blinded by the grandeur of Light that breaks upon me, I will seat myself in silence for a spell and fix my gaze upon the Swan, the Bird of Life, the symbol of poise of the Ancients, ever balanced, ever directed aright as it wings its course of adjustment through the varying elements.

THE MOUNTAIN

“AND MOSES went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain.”—Ex. 19:3.

I, even I went unto the mountain to pray, and ere my feet touched its summit, lo, the heavens were darkened and the sun refused to light. Like unto a great bat a cloud settled over my head, while sheets of lightning played about my feet. I sank upon my knees and cried aloud, “O, God, forgive my sin in that I have dared set foot on this Thy holy mount while my soul was black with sin. Of Thy mercy lend me of Thy strength, that I may seek the valley of repentance.”

I lifted up my heart in agony of supplication. And even as I prayed the cloud lifted; the sun poured forth its light. Then came a voice, sweet past all telling, saying: “The mountain and the valley are alike to me. Both have I made with my own hands and both are mine. Man himself doth make the mountain holy and the valley a place for weeping. No place on this my footstool have I placed a ban or made a holy shrine. Pride alone doth plunge the pilgrim to the valley. Humility doth raise him to the mountain top. No place holds power to raise or lower him who treads the path of life.”

MY CHILD

AND THERE came a day in the life cycle of my child, when no man, no woman nor child would reach out an arm long enough to touch her Soul. Many and devious were the paths she trod — far far away from me, the father, husband and lover, who looked upon her wanderings, crying in masculine agony, "Come back to me, my love, my little one." But the path had been submerged in the sins of others and I cried in vain, and in my agony I said, "O God take me through the dark path if only by treading that path I can bring back my child."

My Children:

In the darkness, there is light.

In the mud, there is beauty.

In what you call filth, there are sweet odours.

In the greatest lies, there is truth.

MY HEART

MY HEART was cold and empty; the wells once full of love's refreshing streams were dry, and the whole wide world peopled with uncounted myriads of lives like mine. There was no thought of me, and in that empty void I called my heart, was naught but burnt out ashes of a love which once enveloped all the human race through love of one.

For ages long, through all the trackless wastes of Time and Space, I passed and met those other similes of my own dead heart — the men and women, and "the little ones" who never knew of love — who have no love to give, because as yet Love lieth fast asleep within the hearts the cruel lash of inhumanity, of poverty and suffering, hath beaten into insensibility; those who knoweth naught but cold and hunger, or the scorching heat of noonday sun; or even worse, where Love hath been driven from those hearts by self-indulgence or by nameless sin.

And then at last, my eyes, which had so long been dry, were wet with tears; my heart, which had so long been cold and pulseless toward all living things, awoke, and on my knees I fell and cried: "O God, if God there be, and God be Love, from out Thy store of Light let e'en a single ray shine into all the frozen hearts throughout the world, and it must melt the ice. And if it be but just a dog whose eyes look into theirs with love, send something, someone, close to them to loose the streams within their hearts and let the waters of their love flow out to all mankind."

And now I *know*, as only those who live and suffer know, that half the world of souls are dying for the want of just the little love that you and I might give if once the floodgates of our hearts were opened by the hand of God, melting the pent-up streams which, lying motionless for long, gave promise to the icy blasts indifference called forth, and which lie frozen o'er and o'er.

MY SEARCH

I SOUGHT throughout the heavens for God, in light of suns and moons, in all the waters of the earth and fires beneath; till spent with toil and search, despairingly I lay me down to rest.

I gathered and devoured the knowledge other men in search of God had culled and booked, then turned away distraught.

Everywhere were Witnesses of God, but nowhere could I find that God for whom my soul had sought so long in vain.

The years sped by, my youth was spent, and old and weak and worn I reached the brink of that great mystery which man termed "Death's stream."

Patiently at last, I lay with fast closed eyes awaiting what might come, when lo! my sight was quickened, and I knew that I was seeing God.

Not the God whom I had vainly sought, and even feared; not a lonely figure seated on a throne to judge and sentence erring man; but as the Universe Itself with not a missing star, a blade of grass, a gnat or human form.

And strange and stranger still, I saw as in a glass within my failing human heart, that single Universe unfold, and from its depths another and another without end arose, and then I knew, and marveled that I knew, that I was God, in God, of God. All things, all creatures, were in me and I in them.

MY SON! MY SON!

“O ABSALOM, my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!”

Out of the depths of his stricken human heart came David's anguished cry, only to strike upon empty air and the deaf ears of the dead son.

Far down the centuries, repeated o'er and o'er, comes that same cry wrung from other leaves of the Universal Father Heart, only to fall on other deaf ears of other deaf sons, stillborn sons, only sons, heirs to kingly thrones; the last hope of family or tribe; the last thread of a seven-strand cord of a planetary line — beloved sons; and always the despairing, soul-thrilling cry from the depths of some stricken heart that has been crushed between the upper and nether millstone of the Higher and lower self, between pride and Love.

Again, today, sound the first echoes of the cry, in the words, “my son! my son!” And I ask you—you, my sons, you, my daughters — shall you force from my lips a repetition, a continuance of the same old cry, or shall you turn it into the paean of thanksgiving?

Bless God, my son! my son! that thou art born of the spirit into thy heritage of Eternal Day. Bless God, my son! my son!

Which shall it be, a cry, or a psalm?

THE MYSTERY

THOU speakest of the mystery of God, and all that God hath wrought of suns and worlds and spaces dark; but nowhere on the earth or in the heavens above, is aught of mystery so fathomless as is the heart and mind of man.

The meanest serf of all the multitudes of men who throng this universe of worlds, may flash a coruscating gem in homely phrase upon the screen of thought which others, mayhap wiser man, may seize and use to carve a destiny sublime. A mystery indeed, but even more a mystery to him who gave it utterance, than unto those who heard, and seized the gem.

If thou canst sound the heights and depths within thyself, then canst thou sound the heights and depths of God; then canst thou say, "Now I know in full who and what I am, and whither I shall go when ends my transient life."

THE NAMELESS NAME

IN THE Cosmic Hall of the Eternal Silence, the Nameless Name is not heard e'en by the inner ears, but may be known by all the Seven Senses attuned to Atmic Rhythm. It is the infallible Name of God — the Divine Word now lost in the wilderness of human selfishness, passion and all unbrotherliness.

In that Deific Nameless Name is thy Name, spelling out letter by letter, by spiritual resurrection and assimilation of the essence of thy deepest experiences of joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, as thou travellest the Path back to the Seat of Eternal Being.

When Life hath fully spelled thy real Name in the Soundless Sound of that Infallible Nameless Name, then shalt thou feel the Voice of the Silence in thy soul, and standing conscious on those heights of Life, then canst thou look down and understand.

THE NEW GARMENT

THOU, O Neophyte, change that garment clinging close about thee. Take from before thy heart the curtain of thy lusts; let in the golden sunlight to that gloomy portal. Seek there thy Soul, that breath of God which patiently awaits thy coming footstep. The Day-Star shineth still — though night be near at hand. Thou seest Its glory now, for twixt Its light and thee lies fold on fold of sensuous flesh now hiding it from view.

Thou canst not tear its slimy threads apart without abundant pain. For it is part of thee, and thou hast fashioned it. The loom wherein 'twas woven — sentient desire — defiled each fibre of its substance, ere it were well begun. Its woof is meet for buzzards now, for hate of man for man hath poisoned it, and though thine own especial garment seemeth fair to thee, thy soul abhorreth it.

Wouldst thou regain thy lost inheritance, lost through thine own, not through another's sin? Rend wide apart each seam and band and portion of that vile garment that enslaves thine all. Cast it into the furnace of affliction; stand then nearby and suffer while the fires play 'round thee. The fires that will destroy its earthly semblance — though while they burn — will cleanse and purify the real, the garment of the living Soul.

It will be formed anew of all thy past experience, sewn fast with threads of Spiritual desire. Girded anew with chains of loving service and in its breast a Sapphire blue beside a Ruby red, and over all a misty golden veil, shot through with Diamond light. A Temple veil, that never may, while time and space and tides endure, be rent apart, as once was one of old, from bottom to the top. For 'tis the veil, pure, beautiful and bright, that evermore shall hang between Eternal Darkness and Eternal Light.

NEW SEED

THOU who wouldst number among the elect; thou who wouldst stand among the disciples of the right hand path, take care that thou dost plant good seed in the vacant places left by the torn, bruised rootlets, when thou wrenchest a tree from its native soil. Otherwise, riotous weeds and poisonous vines will spring forth therefrom to thine undoing.

Nature makes no allowances for vacancies in any department of her labors; and in rebellion against the uprooting of her constructive forms of life, she will quickly fill the vacant places with the seed of destructive life forms.

Note:

A habit or a quality might be symbolized by a tree. If we destroy such a habit or quality, it would be well for us to set up the beginnings of another and better habit or quality, lest undirected, unconscious forces take possession of the vacated places of our nature.

THE NEW STAR

O'ER THE cradle of the New Humanity shineth the light from the Eagle's Eye across the shade of Helios. His rays now pierce the cradle dividing the East from the West, the North from the South, as with a sword.

Although the path of the shade be wet with blood, yet shall the fires of the Eagle lap up that blood and turn it into Jewels.

NEW YEAR

AS THE Light of the wondrous Love of the Christ is shed on earth at Christmas time, may it be reflected in our hearts, renewing and strengthening our love, faith and hope in the New Year to come.

NO GOD!

NO GOD! Thou hast no God? Oh piteous, most desolate mortal that thou art! I, who am also mortal as thou art, know beyond all power of speech, that God is God now and evermore; while thou of all created things must be the loneliest, saddest soul on earth, unless perchance there is another godless soul like thee.

If there be a God in Heaven or Hell or on this sodden earth, as thou wouldst have me think — a God omnipotent, eternal, a merciful, a loving God — would He not show Himself or give some sign to starving souls like mine — if that which tortures me within can be a soul — when crazed with longing I lift my streaming eyes toward the skies and only face a wall of brass and hear an echo of my cries? Could such a God stand by unfeelingly while little children die in torment, while mothers bear their sons in torture inconceivable to man, only to see them slain by other mother's sons, or handed over helplessly to demons in the guise of men, who crush each impulse toward the good, the beautiful; while maids become the victim of man's lusts, and all the earth becomes a shambles? Could God, your God, stand and never lift a hand?

Oh thou son of God! poor blinded soul, thou who knowest not that thou art truly son of God, despite thy faithlessness, despite despair and heresy.

Our God is far too great to be confined in form like unto thine and mine, but yet so infinitely small that He can enter in and dwell eternally within each atom of thy soul and mine.

Thine eyes are holden now, thou canst not see. Thou wilt not let thine heart be still—and God cannot be heard

in noise. His pleading tones are not allowed to live objectively and bless mankind, but are stifled by the cannon's roar, the market's fell confusion.

'Tis thou and thine who bear the stamp of cruelty, of vice and self-indulgence; thou and thine who kill unfeelingly and make the earth a shambles; thou and thine who choke the path and bar the gates which lead to knowledge of the omnipresent God Who only waits the recognition of His Fatherhood to free Himself from bondage of thy sins and prove Himself to thee and all thy kind.

It is not God who stands supinely by — but thee.

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL!

O GOD, be merciful to us! Have pity on us, white and black and red and brown — mere atoms of Thyself — we who know not what we do, or knowing, lack the power to rightly do Thy will!

O God, be merciful! Slay Thou the demon Hate, whom we in ignorance have brought to birth, to blast us by its power thenceforth. We dare not ask for Justice, knowing well that seething fires of Vengeance, Pride and Bigotry are burning in our hearts, arousing lust for slaughter of our fellow men.

O God, be merciful! If Mercy still abides with Thee! It well may be that in our wantonness or cruelty throughout the ages past, we have destroyed the Mercy seat, or clipped the wings of that bright Angel form. Blind indeed are we with blindness born of wilfulness, of lust for gain and earthly power; but Thou, O God, must know that underneath our frailty and our weakness, there lies an ever torturing longing for the power to live as Thou wouldst have Thy children live. Be merciful, O God, to thine own self! Are we not cast in Thine own image pure, whate'er our nation, color, or our tongue; however deeply lies the brand of Cain upon our brows?

Call us not to Thee, when comes our final hour, by any name bestowed upon us by our Country, Race or Tribe, but only by the name of Penitent. If it must be alone by means of sword or bayonet, by gun or cannon shot, our blood is let to pay our debt to life, we pray Thee, let Thy Mercy open wide the Path, that side by side Thy children all may find the way to Thee at last.

Only through Thy mercy can we find the strength to slay the merciless, the brute which ever clamors at the human heart, that it may dull "the still small voice" within.

Be merciful, O God, to all mankind; to all who are unknown to us, yet who are loved and sorrowed o'er as we now love and sorrow o'er our own.

OCCULTISM

OCCULTISM is, first of all, good common sense; the first necessity for the disciple — greater love for his brethren than for himself.

He who prefers the satisfaction of his own desires, to the first good of his brethren, hath not lifted his foot from the first step of the Path.

He who maketh his brother to offend against the Law, by precept or example, hath flouted the Law, and the vengeance of the Law will be visited upon him.

God is not mocked with impunity.

THE OFFERING OF CHRIST

ALL THAT thou canst take and I have power to give of that I prize above all else, I offer thee this holy day in token of the Love the greatest Friend of Man hath freely given thee and me.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE OLD is passing into the New. The gold and crimson of evening are lost in the grays of sleeping skies. The Mantle of Night falls upon the Past, covering all. Lift it not, unless it be to give power, courage, purpose, to the Hush which precedes the Morning — the Morning of Joy, Fulfillment of the Soul's Awakening to the Light of the Christ Within.

THE OLIVE BRANCH

THE OLIVE branch materializes when the sword has done its work of separation, and the soul, stripped clean of its hindrances, its vile imaginings, bows its head and says, "Take me, use me, trample me if need be, only cleanse me, purify me, lead me to the stream of living water that I too in turn may give life to those who follow me."

ON THE HEIGHTS CELESTIAL

“**H**OW BEAUTIFUL upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by thy strength shall no man prevail. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.”

Many other references are made to the feet in the Bible and other sacred writings. The feet are a symbol of spiritual understanding and consciousness. They correspond to the color yellow and that is the color of the Buddhic principle of highest intuitional understanding, showing the polar relationship existing. Remember also what has been given to you by us, namely; “The feet can not stand in the presence of the Master until they are washed in the blood of the heart.” Also you know that Jesus washed the feet of His disciples.

All these symbolic references do not mean the physical feet, but that the spiritual understanding has been so regenerated and purified that the candidate is able, as the result of great sacrifices, devotion, faith and loyalty to the Truth, to ascend the perpendicular path to the Celestial Heights where he can look down and understand. His vision has been cleansed of all illusions; he now has a cosmical breath, a new impulse in his heart, because this cleansing and purifying means that he has passed successfully the seventh initiation, and his astral body is one with the astral body of the Master. Henceforth, the treasures of the Spirit are revealed as he looks for the Truth in all things and creatures. Look within and thou shalt know.

OUR PRAYER TO THEE

OLUMINOUS Star of our Soul, shedding Thy Light in barren places — ever seeking to find Thine own, Thy children of Destiny — we have wandered afar from Thy watchful care, unmindful of Thee.

From Thy tender and anxious eyes, Thy searching, reaching hands, outstretched to grasp and guide ours to Thy radiant heart.

O keep us, ever, in remembrance of Thee, of Thy great Love, Thy Sacrifice, that we may know Thee as Thou art.

The Guide, the Friend, the Counselor of man.

OUR WORKSHOP

MY CHILD, thy heart in longing doth ask of me that which thou already hast, the power to build. Dost not remember our work together in thy heart, our Workshop, thy Soul's treasure house and mine, where many a day was passed in work sublime?

We have toiled in pain and cleansed with tears, and rebuilt bridges torn down through years of endless strife, and with gladsome praise for victories won each time we achieved our goal.

Aye, ever have I been close by thy side whene'er thou hast called to me, for I will never leave thee, never deceive thee, and thy hand is warmly clasped in mine. For we are One. Now, dost remember?

THE PALM STREWN PATH

THE CROWN of Spiritual Victory is won by him who hath earned the right to tread that Path, only to meet at the end the Great Sacrificial Test of losing his lower life to find his Luminous Higher Self — the Holy Grail of Consciousness, Sun-Jeweled in the Diadem of Spirit — Life, Light and Love Eternal.

Thus say Those Who have traveled the Palm-Strewn Path to Crucifixion which mergeth into the Universal Glory, Power and Wisdom of Transfiguration.

A PARADOX

WOULDST thou be free? Then widen thy horizon. Sweep out into space. Only in wide expanses may freedom be found. Where'er thou findest freedom, there also wilt thou find supremest bondage. Freedom from bondage to self, or to extensions of self, is eternal bondage to all that is. Herein lies a paradox.

PASSING WITH THE CHRIST

HATH ever come a Christ to earth Who did not
meet and pass the Guardian of the Locks?

Ye cannot say me: Nay! Yet, even as ye fain
would speak, ye turn away and flee in terror of the stream
o'er which that Guardian of the Threshold reigns e'er
either foot hath touched its brink, though ye have begged
again and yet again that ye might share the cruel pain of
passing with the Christ!

Gladly would ye share the glory of the Kingdom won
by Christ if ye might pass the wounds, deep set by nails
and sword in human flesh, when came the final test.

Few indeed are they who do not cry: "Lo, this is not
my Christ, the Christ Whom I have served!" when first
their eyes have fallen on the wounds the act of passing
leaves on every Christly Form. The flesh is weak; the
spirit unattuned to pain; yet comes there soon a day when
flesh and spirit joined will not deny the Christ, whatever
be the guise He wears.

THE PATH OF COMPASSION

IF THOU wouldst not blend thine own karma with the karma of thy foe and become as he, take care lest thou turnest away from the path of Compassion. If thy feet stray away from that path, they will be caught and stayed, as the feet of thy foe are stayed, in the slimy ooze of hate on the nether side of that path.

If thou withholdest thy hand from a hungry foe, the fingers of a stronger hand than thine will tie the knots of the karmic strand which bindeth thee to thy foe. Labor as thou may to loose the knots, thy labor will be in vain, until Compassion opens wide thy heart and hand.

THE PATH TO GLORY

THE LIFE that is truly blessed, the daily fruits of which feed the soul with celestial food, is the life of that one who never misses the opportunity for a kind thought or action whenever or by whomsoever required.

A soldier is never defeated until he turns his back on the foe. Pain and sacrifice may bring him to his knees; may even make him grovel in the dust and beg that he may be removed; but so long as he does not turn and run away, the Path to glory is open to him.

PEACE

TRUE peace is the neutral center where the veil of illusion has been lifted, the struggle with the lower self has been vanquished, and the disciple forgets self and sacrifices and renounces his all — all the things that had seemed so real — for the good of the whole, remembering at all times the Eternal Youth that all men are now and have always been One in Essence. All have the same ultimate goal in their evolutionary progress.

A PLEA

A PLEA: O God! My God! Can it be that Thou art God, the God whom I have loved and served with all the strength and power Thou gavest me? If it be so that Thou art He, and yet that Thou couldst smite me with a word, and smile as I have seen Thee smile, in every sunbeam, ever beauteous object mine eyes have seen, e'en as Thou art smiling now in this, mine hour of sore despair!

O God, have mercy! Let this cup Thine hands have reached to me pass by! Take all I have but this one thing which beats within mine heart, as beats the hearts of babes unborn within their mothers' womb. Thou hast the sun and stars, the earth, and Heaven and Hell — all these art Thine! Canst Thou not spare me this one thing for which I plead?

Answer: "Ah, Child of mine, poor stricken mite within a world of mites, yet greater far in truth than words can tell! Thinkest thou that I, who love thee with a love surpassing that of mother for her child, of wife for husband, or of man for maid, wouldst rob thee of thy treasure, or pierce thine heart for mine own pleasure? Not so, my child, for I AM LOVE. 'Tis I, in thee, who tread the wine-press while I see thy blood rush forth in rivers! 'Tis I, in thee, who suffer when the nails pierce thee and when thy heart is riven, as by sword!

"Canst thou not see that not a blow, a pang of pain, a cry of agony couldst leave thy lips, by Will of mine, but for thy Glory and thine Everlasting Bliss?

"Canst thou not see, there is no other way to weld thee

into form of mine but through the Fiery Furnace of Affliction?

"Canst thou love more than I, that for which thou now unwittingly dost plead?

"Lift up thy head, mine own, and look with open eyes into my heart, for there shalt thou behold the Angel of Compassion facing thee, and in Its eyes thou shalt behold thine own and those of every one whom thou hast ever loved. Shining through each one of all these eyes thou shalt behold mine own and know that ever have I stood beside thee in thy grief, waiting for thine eyes to open to the truth that THOU CANST NEVER LOSE AUGHT THAT THOU HAST LOVED FOR IT IS I, AND I AM LIFE IMMORTAL AND THOU ART ONE WITH ME!"

POWER OF ACTION

HE WHO would rob thee of thy power to act, by any man-made law or force, would strike a fiendish blow directly at thy soul. A **forced** restraint of Will breeds demons deadlier far than those which tempt to lesser ills.

Free to choose, and with the power to act upon his choice, a clod may well become a man. Robbed of his power to act, a man becomes a clod.

To all mankind there cometh many hours of choice—God's testing hours, and if the power of choice and right of action be denied, then is manhood jeopardized or lost. In such an hour man's progress may be stayed for aye if he hath lost the power to override whate'er would stay his steps.

In freedom lies the strength of man, if he be normal man; but well may he take heed if tempted sore to place the Demon — License — on his freedom's throne. Better far for him he ne'er had seen the light of day.

THE POWER TO KNOW THY GOD

AND WOULDST thou now deny thy God and place a theory upon the throne whence came in thunderous tones the proclamation: "I am He who liveth now and evermore"? He, who at the close of this frail life of thine, will sound thy soul with Faith's own plummet true, and finding naught but that which is of Earth most earthy, then must say to thee: "Go back to that thou lovest, for nowhere is there place for one who knows not God within my realms of Faith fulfilled."

To thee alone of all created things, O man — to thee is given the power of imagining my Wisdom and my Glory, that thou mayest see and know that which earthly eyes may not behold and hold, their power of vision. But when in wilful blindness thou hast chosen a chimera for thy God — a theory which has no life or being, thou hast perverted that Great Power by means of which thou might have known the living God.

THE POWER WITHIN THE SILENCE

HAST thou then entered that holiest of realms, that of Silence? And wouldst thou now know more of its sublime beauty and power? Bend low, then, thine inner ear and list closely to its Message true.

Silence, vast, profound, invincible! pure as the Divine Breath of God, powerful, gentle, sustaining, enveloping and reaching into the very heart of Space, the Mother Heart of God!

Silence, vast, profound, invincible! Then wait and watch! For there within its holy shrine, upon its gently rising waters, appears a speck, a point that moves, grows and expands its shimmering robes of snowy whiteness, unfolding to thy wondering gaze the ever nearing presence of the Swan, the Bird of Life everlasting, the birthing of Cyclic Law. From the gently moving mystic waters forms a ring, and then again a ring, and a third ring, each ring enlarging, encircling, richly joyously expanding outwardly as they meet and greet the morn of their union with Infinite Love, Life and Law, the Power within the Silence.

Behold the Divine Radiance of the Mother Heart of God within that Silence, raising the consciousness of the children of the New Age to its redeeming, restoring, transforming power of Purity and obedience to Divine Law in the new humanity to be.

Then "I will seat myself in Silence for a spell, fixing my gaze upon the Swan, the Bird of Life, symbol of poise of the Ancients, ever balanced, ever directed aright, as it wings its course of adjustment through the varying elements."

A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER

P RAYER: What have I done, O God? How could I or others like me sin so deeply as to deserve punishment commensurate with the agony, the years of toil, the forced sacrifice, the days and nights of stinging pain, the hopeless longing for the strength to suffer rightly, if only so I and others like me might win through the fiery furnace of our human woe and find Thy peace at last?

In days ago we pleaded for Thy light, Thy glory and Thy loving care. Our hearts were all a-throb with youth's bright hopes of service in Thy cause. But now, O God, we sit with widely open eyes, staring always in the dark, and wondering what we could have done or left undone that all the cruelty, the misery, the slighted love that crushes us to earth and drives our brothers mad with hatred of injustice, to deeds against us which should make the angels weep, until at last both slain and slayer lie together — dead. What have we done, O God, that such must be our human lot?

Answer: What hast thou done, my child? What have others like unto thee done to build the cross on which thou now art crucified? Well, I will tell thee. All the cruelty, the pain, the loss and sorrow that thou and thine have felt and known are but extensions of the lines of cruelty, of pain, of loss and sorrow that thou and all thy kind have laid and traversed o'er until the Angel of thy destiny laid low the head which planned, the hand which executed plans, when each life cycle closed.

Man may create, but man can never kill the thing created, for man has taken of the substance of the God-head to build the forms — the lines of life he hath cre-

ated, and God can never die. For good or ill those lines must run until they meet and cross before the throne of justice, and though the Angel of thy destiny lay low the head which planned, the hand which executed within the intervals, yet doth the lines remain intact. Make straight each line that thou dost lay, that so they lie beside those other lines that God may see.

PRIDE

IS IT Pride my son, thou wouldst leave as offering on the Great White Stone of Sacrifice? Then place it firmly and with resolute joy in the giving, for thou art but parting with man's most subtle foe, and its cumbersome weight can never be truly estimated till humility tips the scales of spiritual values; and Pride is known as deadly to the Spirit.

Great Lucifer well knows its Power when on that fateful Morn he downward plunged into the vast fields of Space, there to face himself in the lonely depths of separateness and materiality.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY

BEGONE! thou demon of man's discontent, thou hidden cause of foul ambition's curse! Long hast thou driven my beloved as if by lash and spur. As the poppy's spell may bind its slave, so didst thou foully bind my son to thee by pictured images of power omnipotent.

Soft and sweetly didst thou speak to him, saying, "Not for self desirest thou the power I give. So true to Truth art thou, no God would vengeance wreak on thee for stealing fire from heaven." Whilst he, poor fool — believing thee inviolate — preened and postured, sulked or glowered, as pictured images of satisfied ambition or sensuous withholding, passed incessantly before his spell-bound vision.

Go thy way, thou spawn of evil; thy day is all but done. A little while and then no danger shalt have power to hold my own from me. My son shall know again the joy of sweet humility, that greatest of all powers, for which he with his kind have fought and won; won when once the spell was lifted and he knew thee for the deadliest foe of man.

PROVE THY RIGHT

WHY DO thy weary ears listen, because they must, to tales of the treachery and sad ingratitude of others? Art thou alone meet for compassion's soft touch? Hast thou forgotten thine own treachery and ingratitude to God? Hast thou forgotten the hour of thy solemn vow, when all thou wert, all thou hadst or couldst have was freely offered to thy fellow man in service pure?

What thinkest thou of all the pain and anguish suffered for thy sake by all those servants of the King who must long stand and wait for thine unfoldment; wait before the gate of all fulfillment until it opens for thine entrance? Hast thou had compassion? Hast thou now pity for these that thou hast made to suffer long?

That which thou givest to thy brethren shall be returned to thee; treachery for treachery, ingratitude for ingratitude; for, ever stands the Guardian of the Records by the gate, and thou ne'er canst pass him by till thou hast paid thy debt in full by values of Love's coining.

If thou wouldst have a faithful friend, a word of cheer — two treasures great to be desired — prove thou thy right to them; for only so may they be thine by right.

Give back to God the things that are His Own, and thou shalt have their value back a thousand fold.

THE PURE IN HEART

IT IS not well with thee, my son, for thou art yet unaware of the pitfalls of thine own lower nature. Is it not well to know evil? How else canst thou know good, for evil is good inverted, and by its mandates wilt thou stand or fall, and if thou dost not see or know evil and its ultimate design, thine inmost purity is undermined.

That which hath been used to evil ends doth cling to that which is so decreed, till every atom of the form which gave it birth hath atoned for its evil deeds. "Be not deceived, for God is not mocked and whatsoever ye sow that shall ye also reap." Is this not Karmic Law? And if thou canst not, or will not see the evil where the evil is, how canst thou see or know God, Who is all Good and striving with thee for that recognition?

Is this a paradox, my son? Ah no! Thine only weapon is a pure heart, and I say unto thee—sensation sought for sensation's ends, even in the guise of love, is but lust, and lust is evil, whatever form it seeks, and only the pure in heart shall see and know God.

Thou knowest this. Know and heed!

THE PURIFIED HEART

OH, WOMAN! Thou, who seekest liberation from the dominion of man. Knowest thou not that in the sharing with man the shame of license, of lust marks the inevitable step downward in the direction of that achievement?

Only through the eyes of a purified love canst thou even begin to see that long forgotten trail thou, with thy mate, didst tread in the youth of time. And only with those eyes canst thou discern the bend wherein thou didst swerve from that course marked out for thee and thy mate — *side by side and together* — but unheeding of thy Lord's commands.

For *thine*, oh woman of my soul, thine were the listening ears to the beguiling voice of unlawful power, and thou didst, in turn, beguile thy mate to his and thine own undoing and degradation by the gratification of the lower senses and power gained thereof.

And in thine own purified heart and soul lies the answer to the liberation and emancipation of Woman and Man together — forever, in God and the Christ.

PUSH ON

NEITHER beginning nor end is there to thy life, thou Son of Man. As floweth the mountain stream into the river and the river floweth into the ocean, so floweth thy life-stream into the river of humanity and thence into the ocean of thy Father's heart. Then why shouldst thou turn that life-stream into shallow pools which have no outlet and where only corruption and stagnation exist?

Life is constant motion. Whenever thou art tempted by weariness of the flesh or of spirit, raise thine eyes to the guiding star above thee and refuse to lie down amidst the debris lying near. Straighten thyself, look above thee, and push on. The great Ocean lieth just beyond, and there alone wilt thou ever find the peace and rest thy soul entreats.

THE QUEST

DIVINE Christos of our Soul, shedding Thy Light
o'er the darkened places of our hearts and being!
Grant us the power to know and understand in
full the Laws of God in our Quest of the Holy Grail.

As "no man cometh unto the Father save through the Son," we pray from the innermost depths of our being, that we will not forget, neglect nor forsake Thee and Thy Precepts, and thus deny Thee the sustenance Thou dost need for Thy works to be made manifest in Thy children.

For this we humbly reach for Thy hand to guide us in our Quest of the Holy Grail.

THE PROMISE

"Place, then, Thy heart on me; penetrate me with Thine understanding, and Thou shalt without doubt hereafter dwell in me."

THE RACE

THE DAYS: the weeks: the months: three rounds of a yearly race 'twixt Time and Man; the prize, jewel to be set in the Crown of final attainment.

Art thou a winner or a loser in the race which thou hast run? If the first silvery hair now shows in the gold of thy locks; if thy feet lag when duty confronts thee, then Time has won the first lap with Youth. But if each round shows a good deed done, the dawn of a new Ideal, a higher vision of Life, then Time is beaten. For despite the lines the graving finger of Time has traced on face and form, Effort and Aspiration have made thee greater than Time.

Never forget that it is the summing up of the yearly account — the last lap of the race — which proves the sum total; which gives the power of endurance, and the courage for entering the next race — the New Impulse, the New Year.

RAISE THINE EYES

RAISE thine eyes to the hills, my child, the hills of Aspiration, Hope and Courage which range the outermost verge of the human heart.

What though the mists of fear, doubt and despair rise between thine eyes and the heights beyond — look above those mists and thou shalt behold the Legions of Light.

It is only in the valleys between the hills that the mists may linger long — the valleys of inaction which stifle the soul and cause the senses to reel.

Look high, my child, get thy bearings and climb!

REALIZATION OF RESPONSIBILITY

TO THE sons and daughters of the New Age to be — the Age that ushers in the true Dawn of Woman's Emancipation:

Bleak is the horizon upon which the rising Sun sheds its beneficent and remedial rays; for it is bleak with the ravages of disease, pollution, and shame — their poisonous fumes stifling the breath of life itself — affecting innocent and guilty alike over the wastelands of sorrow and desolation.

Bleak indeed is the human heart when the penetrating beams of that Sun awaken the Soul of man to the enormity of his offenses against the Laws of Purity — Laws given for his protection and guidance at the beginning of the parting of the ways.

Woman's responsibility for the seed of life entrusted to her care and protection looms into view with the staggering realization of the far reaching effects inflicted upon that seed — imperiling and aborting even its divine right to life itself.

Man, Woman and Child — created in the holy image of Father-Mother-Son — break the momentum of Thy plunging morality, garbed in the false attire of freedom of love and desire; for that attire is woven by the enemies of man who seek his submission to their powers of evil — planned for his downfall into the darkness of the Great Abyss.

REDEMPTION'S NEED

THE HARD cruel nails of karmic pain strike relentless blows upon my defenseless breast, while my heart in agony doth ask of Thee — Why?

I fain would know my worth to Thee and helpless, with spirit torn and bleeding at Thy feet — how **now** can I serve and prove my worth to Thee and all mankind?

With sorrow deep and compassionate tone, my Lord replied: "Thou didst ask for this, oh soul of man, for it is indeed thy redemption's need, to cleanse forever the stain of iniquity that may not dwell in the heart that is true; and in thy union with all that lives, this burden must be shared with me for the Cross and Crown of all Humanity!"

REGENT OF THE RED STAR

THINK ye the Regent of the Red Star is of evil nature because the Light of His countenance shines out through a fiery curtain?

Know ye not this little ball of earth your feet now press would long since have been drawn from its path through the heavens into spatial depths, but for the many contests won by the Warrior of the skies over His enemies and yours, as ye would have been drawn into Hadean depths but for the action of that Warrior Spirit within your timid hearts?

Children of the Red Ray! The blood in your veins is quickened by the Spirit of your Sire. Take heed how ye dishonor that Sire by a coward's part when it is yours to choose between the Warrior's Sword and the coward's narcotic; between the selfish lusts of the flesh and the Light of the Spirit which wars against those lusts.

The Warrior fights, but He fights for Peace; the coward refrains, that he may bring about War.

THE RED STAR OF OUR SOUL

RED STAR of our Soul, glorious Light of our being, God's Messenger of Truth Divine. Searching, revealing, defining rays of crimson glory, Thy radiant beams awakening and quickening the soul of man. And each ray of Thy resplendent light is fastened securely to the heart of a soul, as with reverberent power it awakes to action the slumbering form, that it may fulfill the divine purpose and command—the regeneration and the purification of the Soul of man.

Thine is the Ray of Combat, the Warrior Ray of Life Eternal, defending and sustaining the Divine Plan of Creation from the beginning to the end of the Manvantara, the endless struggle between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, forever changing form that Justice may reign and man be reborn.

Scarlet Sentinel and Silent Watcher of Inner Spheres—Timeless Warrior of ancient years—to Thee we plead; sound forth again throughout the world from the ranks of the Great White Lodge of Truth and Brotherhood Thy Battle Cry:

“Warriors of Light, Warriors of Truth, I salute you in the name of the Great White Brotherhood. Go forth to battle with the powers of darkness, armed with the sword of the Spirit of Light. May you now become one with Us on that Great Day be with Us. On that Great Day—be with Us!”

Children of the Red Ray, Standard Bearers of the Great White Lodge of Brotherhood and Servers in the Great Cause of Righteousness, list again and again to the ever living “Charge” of the ever living Christ, abiding

in the hearts of men. Fight! for fight ye must, ye Children of the New Dispensation, or shirk forever the task set by your own Divine Self. Ye fight not men but principalities of tremendous power and their efforts are directed to making inroads on the hearts of man.

Go forth to the battle between right and wrong—to the defense of the weak by the strong. Fight the inertia, the indifference which hangs like a pall o'er the helpless, the besieged, whose faith and hope have been slain through oppression's bitter gall. Ignite the lingering spark within their heart to the Warrior's Call:

"Arouse ye! Arouse ye! Children of the New Covenant. Why stand ye in the public places idle throughout the busy day? The War of the Ages is upon thee—the strife between the Sons of Universal Light and the Brothers of the Shadow. The long list of the Sons of Betrayal, the Judas Power of the accumulated ages hath its arms about thy neck and is pressing upon thy cheek the kiss that bringeth crucifixion."

Fight with the Sword and skill of Righteousness in your conscious union with the Warrior of Light, drawing into thy soul the revivifying crimson rays of Life's battle victorious, for it is the Call, and you must respond.

Fight the demons of iniquity who would drag their victims down to the level of their evil design, the Satanism now stalking your lands defying the laws of God and declaring their power over man.

Fight the Brothers of the Shadow to the last breath of mortal life! Fight with the Sword of Righteousness, with the true knowledge of the Sons of Light.

RENEW THY LIFE

RAISE thine eyes to the light on the Mountain Top
when the morning sun shall gild the Heavens,
thou who dost rest supine in the shade of the
valley beneath. Knowest thou not that the light of the
noontide will blind thine eyes if, all unprepared for its
glory, it falleth too swiftly upon thee?

Perchance thou needest the coolness and the shade
of the valley, if thine heart is hot within thee, but the sun
alone can renew thy life when the fever hath run its
course.

RENUNCIATION LILIES

SEPHIRA, HOLY ONE! Cradled 'neath soft blanket of Thy light, nestled within deep folds of Thy creamy robe, warmed by the richness of Thy glowing life, the world lies sweetly resting. Strife, turmoil, sin and lust; failure, sorrow and despair — yes, love itself — lies resting in the consciousness of Thy Greater Self.

As a new-ploughed field of light, as billowy cloud of mellowed glory, Thou hast placed Thyself over Thy myriad lesser selves below, covering them with Thy sacrificial essence that through Thee they may know the Christ has stepped into His place once more and has gathered His own unto Himself.

From the center of that field of light, that sacrificial splendor, do we not see spring up Thy mild Renunciation Lily of creamy, precious worth?

What matters it that one glorious petal be broken in the effort to bring through the wondrous victory? Shall it not be healed by the radiating light around it, and from its stem shall not other lilies grow until all the darkness of the sleeping earth below shall rise into light, and burst forth into bloom with Thee in Thy renunciation complete? Sephira, Holy One!

REVELATION

AS THE Great Breath moves thee to life physical by means of respiration, so the same Breath moves thee to life spiritual by means of revelation. God reveals Himself to all organized matter by expiration and inspiration. God reveals Himself to soul by aspiration and revelation. The same law, the same motion, rules both body and soul. Life is a unit, indivisible. Consciousness alone differentiates.

RHYTHM

RHYTHM is the beat of the Universal Heart, the throb of the heart of the Heavenly Man. The synchronous vibrations of the beat of that Universal Heart and the beat of the hearts of all living things, man included, create the rhythmic waves over which all definite thought forms travel between exterior and interior planes and between man and man. They carry the sincere prayers of man to God, and the answer from God to man. They carry the impulses, the so-called instincts of the animal creation from one to another. Over them travel the divine impulses of growth and fruition to the seed of all life forms.

RISE

RISE up! Be strong! It is another day — another Glad New Day.

Let not fear stalk thy Path, a millstone round thy neck to drag thee to the bottom. Aye, rise up, before it seizes thee. Turn, turn thou upon it—and grip it within tight clutched hands, Hands of thy Soul — Intelligence, Hands of Spiritual Power from which it cannot escape, try as it may or will. And thy greatest strength shall come without outer move on thy part. But act, act from thine Inner Self and let the flooding currents sweep.

Master over fear art thou — fear, dread enemy of the Warrior of Progress, Light and Accomplishment.

And thou, Thou art the Prince, the Favored One, the Long Loved, Cherished Favorite of the King, thy Father — the Child of thy Sweet Mother true — Mother in Faith and Undying Love.

Rise up! Be strong! It is another Glad New Day.

THE ROOTS OF THE YGGDRASIL

THE undeserved scorn of men or of Angels is as the breath of Heaven compared to the scorching blasts of the seething Hell into which self-contempt will plunge that soul which is forced to face itself after the commission of some dastardly, cowardly act. Yet in the fires of that Hell lie the roots of the Yggdrasil, the tree of life purified.

Lost for aye is that soul if it only can see the fruits of commendation and satisfaction on the mirrored face which meets his gaze, for the very roots of his tree of life are being consumed in the Hell he has made and he can not perceive his danger until the tree falls with a mighty crash.

THE SACRED ELIXIR

SATURN has bred a fever in the vitals of the Dark Star. The disease seething in its body for long ages appears on its surface. The Regent of Mars has His fingers on the pulse of the earth. When the fever has reached its critical stage, the fingers will be lifted from that pulse, and the freed hand will scatter the germs of a vast eruption over the face of the whole Earth.

From Venus cometh the Elixir that alone can heal the broken and scarred surfaces and make clean the fouled orifices. Man, made mad by the itching of the Earth, ignorantly seeks to heal the disease by fire, and the Elixir from Venus goes to waste.

SAITH THE CHRIST

I COME, saith the Christ. Have ye room for me in your hearts — or doth the multitude of things now pressing upon you take up the room that is mine by right? Doth the thought of my coming bring fear — lest I shall be an added burden to the load you carry?

Verily, I say unto you, not so. For with my coming, cometh strength to bear thine own and all the burdens Satan presses on the human race in preparation for my day.

Fear not — only love more.

SAITH THE LORD

MY LINE hath gone forth, even unto the ends of the earth," saith the Lord of Hosts. And I, His Servant, say unto you, "His plummet hath now sounded the Waters of the Deeps. His breath shall dry the rivers and the lesser streams. The thunders of His Voice shall level all the mountains and the hills; and the Light of His Eyes shall light the Altar Fires upon His Holy Mountain. For the day of the Great Sacrifice draweth nigh and the Sacrifice is ready for the Flame."

From the lower levels of the earth now come the sounds of many voices, crying, "Save us, Lord of Hosts! save us from Thy wrath and from Thy vengeance, for are we not Thine of Thee, the work of Thine Own Hands?"

There will fall a Silence over all the earth, a Silence like to that of Death, and out of it will come a Voice, saying, "If so be ye can show me even one of all the Blossoms that the Tree of Love bear — the Tree I planted in the Heart of Man when first I brought Him to the hour of birth—then shall my Angels bear you through the Higher Waterways to safety and to me."

Within each blossom lies the Key to Life's Great Mystery, the Mystery of the fullness and the loneliness of Deity.

THE SEARCH

NO ONE could tell me where my Soul might be. I searched for God, but God eluded me. I sought my Brother out and found all three.

THE SECRET

WOULDST thou know the secret of a 'happy life? Then come aside with me into the Great White Silence and I will show thee strange things. Strange to thee in that thou hast passed them by openly, day by day and year by year, yet hast never paused to look upon their faces. When thou hast come anigh them thou hast trampled them under foot, in ignorance of their worth, or covered them with refuse. They did not appear seemly in thine eyes, for truly their forms were unsightly, their eyes cast down, and their tiny bodies, like stinging insects come between thee and the light of the sun. Thou couldst not see that they brought thee rare treasures, great opportunities to add to thy store of riches till thou shouldst become of all men most to be envied.

The small worries, the trifling cares, the quick, harsh word of a neighbor — all the little things, which much thought and anxiety enlarge to portentous sizes. It is these that eat into thy life, that line thy face, that sear and callous thy heart. The great sorrows, great tribulations and losses sweeten and strengthen thee, yet can do so no more than may the little things, if thou wouldst but stop, lift up their heads and gaze into their beautiful, downcast eyes; downcast, for they hold a message for thee none other may read.

SEIZE THY GOD

BEATEN, betrayed, discouraged scion of a past brave race! lift up thy head, call back the spirit of thy forbears, and bathe in the light of the storm centers of life. Snatch the laurel wreath of victory and crown thyself king — ruler over thine own self!

Knowest thou not that HUMILITY, the negative side of the universal war is no more requisite than is COURAGE, the positive side of the same war?

Seize thy God, and refuse to let Him go until He hath endowed thee with like power and endurance to that which hath made Him a God.

“The kingdom of God is taken by violence,” and taken by him whose weapons of warfare are forged in the fire of Love.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

TEAR off the veil with which thou hast blinded thyself! Cast out the beam from thine eye, thou world-worn, maddened sheaf of human passions; thou child of Eternity hidden in Time; thou weak and wavering limb of the Tree of Life now spanning the foaming, dashing waters of the River of Life.

Must thou strain and suffer for ages to come as thou hast strained and suffered through past ages, that thou mayest hold Maya's deceitful treasure in thy grasp?

Only a fool will hold fast the shadow and let the substance slip by unheeded.

SHEPHERDLESS SHEEP

MANY weary centuries have passed since we took up our present position to wait for the few who would be able to carry out our instructions and assist in performing the great mission entrusted to us by the Dhyan Chohans of the present human race.

Like as shepherdless sheep follow the ram with a bell on its neck, the masses of the people, indifferent to the call of their shepherd, follow the specious, foresworn egotist, into Hadean darkness; always forgetful of their true fold, always forgetful of the trust placed in their hands; or yielding up that trust to be torn to pieces by the wolves of the world; forgetful of the fact that the same fate must meet them as a result of their indifference or faithlessness.

Yet must we "possess our souls in patience" knowing that here and there one will turn aside from the crowd to seek out the waiting shepherd. Having heard his low sweet call they can no more be content to run with the irresponsible followers of the Egotist.

In days to come we shall gather these enlightened ones together and the great mission will then be accomplished.

THE SHIELD OF MORYA

IT IS a Scroll of Light. Not of steel, glittering, polished, heavy, and difficult to carry or hold. Light, free, vibrant, convoluted with creations of Life's spiral evolutions of experience, is it. Love, power, adherence to duty, endurance, beauty, joy! All these are worked within it, turned by the Saw of Life, the Saw which alone can turn the Light into ornamentations, using the blacknesses between the apertures, as background, the more fully to bring out the Power of the Light, the more clearly to reveal the meaning of the Scroll.

Impenetrable are the apertures. Life-giving are the curving ornaments. Invulnerable is the Shield. Night is essential to the Light. Light is the Power of its configuration, for aid or destruction for those who approach — in accord as they are able to see and apply.

SIMPLICITY

AH, YE of many words, of skillful rhetoric, of perfect participles of speech; ye who clothe the simple thoughts of God — as seized by simple minds — in language superfine to you and to your devotees, yet fail to find the precious vital spark — the truth — within those simple thoughts; the truth which well might feed and warm a hungry shivering multitude whose hands are lifted unto you in wordless supplication!

Ye who gather of your kind to listen to an ever flowing stream of frothy hyperbole, of useless senseless phrasing, the while the unclothed truth pleads silently to you for simple mantling, that he who madly dashes past you in the race of life in search of death may see and read the saving clause; that he who listens with the spirit ear may hear, and hearing, gladly pass the living word to deadened ears.

The *simple* things, the *simple* words, the *simple* deeds of daily, hourly life, hold treasures vast beyond computing, for in these treasures lie the first faint shadowing, the first beginnings of the seed of all the flowers of spirit — the seed of life eternal.

SING

LET thy heart sing! O my Soul. For it sings of
God — and of Angels' wings.

Let it sing as it soars through starry skies and
doubt not its power within!

Let thy heart sing before the Lord, Whose presence
demands the song — thou alone can bring into form —
of beauty rare and charm, that Life everlasting may the
world adorn.

THE SNAKE

FASTER and faster creeps the great snake of unbelief over the face of the half-sleeping world, coiling and uncoiling its hideous form, fastening its fangs in the hearts of the indifferent and careless, while they dance and sing or sit in quiet places with eyes fixed on the stars above them, heedless of the threatening doom fast creeping upon them.

Warning after warning is sent forth from the heights of life, yet neither tongue of Angel nor of man will stir them from their indifference. They feed the snake with their dearest possessions, unthinking, unknowing, that they also may feel those poisonous fangs.

Surfeited, gorged and swollen though the snake now be, its hunger is never satisfied. It hisses in the ear of kings and councillors, and the earth is drenched with blood; it lisps into the ear of man or maid, of husband or wife, and a wall of separation rises between them; it darts a forked tongue at a body of people massed for some good purpose, and the very air about them is poisoned. Ah, ye people, remember that **THOUGHTS ARE THINGS**.

SO SHALL YE WIN

LOVE now clothes itself in garments of Renunciation pure. It stands upon a pinnacle of sacrifice and says to those who would impede its action, "See ye not that I alone have power to save your race, your nation and yourselves from the demon Hate who now would rule you, tempt you in this hour of sore trial — yet, whom in ignorance ye call by other names, names which are the synonyms of all that man considers pure and lofty, strong and holy? Hate now hides its face behind the garment Love has chosen for its own, and so deceives its victims to their rash undoing."

Tear away those veils which hide its hideous face, ye men of earth who now in slavish bonds to Hate tear down the walls of your protection at its bidding and leave you at the mercy of its cruel minions in the end. Call to your aid the guiding power of Love, and fight with weapons moulded by the hand of God for your defense.

So shall ye win, and win to lose no more, forever.

SON OF MINE

SON of mine, what hast thou to do with retaliation's bitter ire, the sting of wrath sent forth to appease the lurking anger in thy heart 'gainst charges pressed on thee?

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. Wouldst thou then usurp Divine Power, dipping into the mire of human passion to further prevent its manifold blessings?

And it ill becomes a cherished son to thus betray his soul while his own Crown is yet to be won.

Throw off the illusion that thou dost serve our Lord, and win Mastery o'er thyself.

THE SONG

WHENCE cometh the Prince and when? cries the Seeker and the Sought, the Beggar and the Lord, the Poet and the Preacher.

When shall I behold Him? shrill the sin-stained women of the streets, the poverty bestead of slum and narrow byway.

So cry they all; all who catch a strain of the glad song the stars are singing through the night, and the Angels whispering at dawn and eventide. The Song with a refrain which never tires the weary, but lifts the crushed and glorifies the faces of the victims of man's avarice and greed as they listen to its cadences, then sink upon their knees. Bend thine ear and listen too — Thou who art the Son of Ages past:

The Stars are His stepping stones across
the higher water ways;
The Sunbeams bear Him swiftly through
the cloudy vaults above;
The Moon is His last resting place before
the earth receives Him.
He is coming! See the radiance of the
Prince of Peace and Love!

THE SONG OF LIFE

LIST ye to the Morning Stars singing together. List ye to Deity singing the Universe into being, each Star and Planet a major or minor note, the constellations in majestic chord in the cadence of inner consciousness. All together these notes and chords constitute the Universe sung into being, and chaos becoming order. Deity exhaled the Great Breath; as It sang, the seven great hierarchies and sub-hierarchies came into existence with their appropriate planes and colors.

This is the Cosmical Song of Life. Therefore everything sings: the rocks, the hills, the rivers, the oceans and mortal beings. Know ye that the seat of this creative song is in the Akasa. It is the repository of all things and qualities in manifestation, and these all go back to it ultimately.

List ye to the song of the birds which far out-number the human voices of the earth. As they sing they dissociate matter, and their further singing builds it up into higher forms.

Humanity individually and collectively has its note which can be heard by the ear of spirit, as also each color sounds a note or chord. The beautiful rose sings its praise of and to the Creator and is surrounded by Christly elemental forces. All flowers and growing forms have their regent and sound, although it may be pitched too high or too low for the human ear to catch.

The correspondence of Akasa is the Higher Manas, which belongs to the Divine Trinity and works through green on this plane. When the green is purified and refined it will perfectly reflect on the earth plane the shine and Truth of the Higher Self. The tone of green is Fa of the diatonic scale. It works incessantly to transmute. That

sound can be heard as the surf of the ocean breaks on its shore, and in the roar of Niagara's falling water, as well as in the hum of the distant city and all collective sounds in nature.

Remember ye, that every sound on this plane awakens a force on the Akasic plane. The Avataric force for this cycle works through the green, and the Song of Life from the Higher Plane will utter itself through the green. This is a great truth within a truth. And this is the Song of Life — Listen.

THE SONG OF THE SWAN

THE Swan of Life Eternal, Its image doth forever dwell in the heart of man. Pure, unsullied, serenely divine, traversing in silence the endless deep, of endless time span, ever calling to man to mount Its wings and there to stand — to sing the sweet song of Life Supernal, the Song of the Swan.

SONS OF LIGHT

IF THOU wouldst know the difference between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Shadow, seek first within the fields of Faithfulness. The lower self of man will tempt him sorely to repudiate his given word if need there be to serve a purpose of his own. The Higher Self will lead man on to sacrifice his life, if such a sacrifice is requisite, to prove his own integrity and truthfulness. There are two among the qualities aspired to by every Chela of the Great White Lodge, qualities which are keys to the door between Mastery and endless servitude. One of those keys is GRATITUDE and the other is LOYALTY.

THE SOUNDLESS SOUND

FAST flies the shuttle through the meshes of the web the Devas now are weaving that they may catch the feet of the unwary—the heedless, careless children of a Mammon loving age.

Loud and louder still, by shriek of shell and cannon roar; by moans of stricken men and screams of maddened beasts, now sounds the call of Satan, deified by man.

Yet, underneath the clamor of the fiends, the solemn knell of many bells for dead and dying men, the shrilling cries of terror-smitten children, there falls upon the listening ear, the soundless sound, a tone so pure, so sweet and strong it lifts the soul so far above — beyond all earthly sounds, the voice of God repeating o'er and o'er the ever living words, "PEACE, PEACE, PEACE, on earth; Good Will toward men."

THE SPIRE OF LIFE

HIGHER, higher reaches the Spire of Life. Finer, finer grows its line until its point touches and is lost in the Blue above.

Broader and broader extend the foundations. Wider and wider spread the steps of approach. Larger and larger the doorways of entrance! One Edifice — Spire, Point, Foundation, Steps, Doorways!

Great is the joy of him who rises by the line of High Consciousness to partake of the final thrill of Universal Sympathy. Great is the Crash of the Spire that stands not on strong base. Sure is the attainment of him who lays well his foundation, reaches far in his services, shares his joy with all.

Cumbersome is the weight of knowledge for him who builds without Spire of Aspiration. Live broadly, reach high. May Stability of Purpose, Light of Truth, bring many happy New Years to you.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

IF I might speak to thee today, my child, with mouth to ear, no barrier between, then would I say again and yet again:

“Seek not to widen far the narrow path which leads to Life triumphant by thrusting from thy side the halting ones who crowd upon thy steps. Slow down thy speed if now the spirit of the age hath seized thy will, lest thou shouldst trip and fall, and those behind thee on the Path shouldst crush thee with their feet. Yet let not sloth and idleness betray thee to the Giants of Despair Who lie in wait for those who tread the Path. All Time, all Space, are thine when thou hast learned the lesson every step doth hold for thee.

“The wider path would give thy foes all needed room to rush thee at some trial place. The greater speed would rob thee of the breath thou needest in the fight to hold what thou hast won. Let Wisdom guide thy head and strengthen thy feet; then shalt thou safely reach thy goal.”

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

IN THE words of the Spirit of Truth I cry unto you of open ears. Hear ye the word which the Lord thy God sendeth to you by my voice and hand:

“The fast-bound Spirit of the East now calleth to the free-born Spirit of the West to open the paths long closed by the demons of superstition. Only the newborn Spirit of Liberty out of the West hath power to strike off the chains of the bound, and open the paths through which my wandering ones may come back to me.”

THE SPIRIT OF WAR

FROM Krishna to Christ; from Isis to Mary, down the long pathway of God and Goddess; all through the ages has echoed the Peace Cry — the cry of the Spirit to Matter enthroned.

Tenderly crying, thunderously threatening, from Sinai's heights Jehovah declares, "He shall die by the sword whoso taketh the sword. Lo! I have spoken: thou, man shalt not *kill*."

Blinded by passion; by lust of possession; smiting the face of his God in derision, Man the destroyer, the victim. Jinn-ridden, glutting his soul with the name of a nation, a flag, or the longed for plaudits of men; with high holden head marches down the broad highway and is hidden at last in the Hell his religion, his science, created as is hidden a beast, blood-drenched in the shambles.

"How long, ah, how long," cries the Christ, "shall God suffer the fruit of His Passion to thwart and betray Him, deny and deride Him, and pass on exultantly, sating his blood-lust to slay."

SPIRITUAL PRIDE

ALAS for thee my son, in thy bewilderment of soul and harassment of elemental powers, how hard it is to learn that pride is sinful, self destructive and wholly devastating to soul growth and only rears its evil head for man's undoing and downfall.

Pride gives birth to arrogance, skillfully concealed behind the veil of self-importance, ever feeding the soul with the lying words — "thou hast achieved much, and art more favored than thy fellow man, and do thou not thus serve the Will of God?"

Tear out its roots and sprouting seeds from thy deluded mind — quickly and effectively, ere it becomes imbedded within thy heart, for nothing can protect thee from its overbearing insolence of power save a separation and enslavement of both thee and thy fellow man.

In humility of soul and repentance deep do thou accept and wear the pure robe of silence in thy service to God for in that silence wilt thou know the wondrous beauty and peace of "the Truth that will set thee free!"

SPIRITUAL TREASURES

THE Master of Masters taught a great truth when He said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

In other words, there are material treasures and spiritual treasures. Material ones consist of property, money and all possessions which are lost and must be given up in the end if laid on the earth plane. But if laid up in the heaven world they are spiritual treasures built on the eternal principles. Laying up such treasures in heaven, there is no danger of moth, dust or thieves. These spiritual treasures are created by the highest aspiration, unselfish endeavor to help others, and a gentle kindness towards all peoples interwoven with sympathy, compassion, sacrifice and many other qualities. These treasures await you in the heaven world and they are used as stepping stones in bringing you nearer to the Christos. These supernal qualities stored up in the higher realms are luminous with the incandescence of Spirit and can be used in helping to attain the highest ideals of service, beauty and truth.

Therefore, seek for the Divine Truths and for every treasure found, lay it at the feet of the Christos, lighted by the Flame from the Altar of your Heart.

THE STAIRWAY TO TRIUMPH

I STOOD thinking, knowing, hoping, *praying*, most earnestly longing, yearning for the strength—the power from within my own most inmost soul—to rise, conquer that which would throw and hold me down, to rise in the power of full womanhood and claim the mastery which could entitle me to step into the higher, freer, truer, power — light of the Spiritual Soul — Self.

Suddenly without notice, there appeared before me a stairway starting at my feet and lost in the skies.

A short way up the stairs — even with my vision — was a landing broad, strong, as it should be; and proceeding from there again as it had begun: bright carpeted, straight, strong in every way, secure, attractive, simple, unusual.

STAND

THE black snake, having trailed its course through white flowering fields and finding no place to rest, to home and breed, with greater venom than before, now turns to give backward strike, fatal, deadly from the rear. On the cheek it strikes, at the heart, the eye, the more pain to give, seeing death only for itself — death it intends to give before its final fall. Shall it accomplish its ends? Shall the Form of Light be thrown? Look! Look again!

Shall the heart of a mother cease to throb? Shall the cheek of a mother flinch from the wound? Shall the eye of a mother be dimmed from seeing? The harder the blow, the more deadly the sting, the more wily the attack, the firmer, truer, clearer does she stand; for such is that Form of Light — the Holy One, the Mother Principle of Life, the Divine Saviour Love — that the powers and principalities of evil and of night would destroy, and prevent the Dawn and the shining of the Glorious Day of Christ.

What must you needs do to protect yourselves and your home? All you need do is to *stand*. *Stand in Truth, stand in Light, stand in Love, and naught shall prevail against you.*

A STAR IN LABOR

HEARKEN! Hearken! Ye sons of the Ages. One! Two! Three! The clock of the Stars is now striking the knell of a fast passing day. Are ye deaf that ye hear not, dead that ye feel not the throb of the heart — the heart of a world now fevered and crushed?

God and the Angels look down in compassion on innocence blasted, on weakness submerged; while man in the prime of his strength, all unhindered, lifts up his face to the skies in defiance.

The knell of the passing bell gives forth a birth tone. A new age is aborning with each heavy stroke. The shrieks of the dying now smother the moaning of mothers in travail, to people the earth, while great Souls are waiting to come back to birth till man shall have finished his slaughter of man, and glutted with blood, lies asleep on his dead.

A star is in labor with Time, and when finished, will scatter its birth dust to cover the Earth.

THE STAR OF CHRIST

RISE up and sing for joy, ye peoples of all lands,
for over you now shines the Light poured forth
in golden glory from His Star, the Star of Christ,
new born, to bring to you fulfillment of the hope of days
gone by, when first He came to claim His Heritage of
Love.

STAR OF FAITH

O THOU! Beautiful, illuminating Star of Faith,
lighting the quiet stillness of the lonely Path of
weary feet.

Guiding and sustaining each step of learning — Thy
beams penetrating deeply into the lurking shadows of
doubt and fearfulness, that the pilgrim soul may serenely
walk through their deceptive guile while Faith grows, and
thrives, and lives forevermore in its true home—the heart
of man in the Heart of God.

STEADY RHYTHM

DOST hear the knock? 'Tis faint indeed but list carefully to the steady rhythm of its beat whilst the pulsing vibrations of the intervals convey its message true.

List again, and know in thy heart, that time hath struck the hour for thy deliverance. And though the birthing be hard, let not fear delay that "which is to be."

The "Way" has been long and wearying and thine heart sorely tried, but I thy Redeemer, hath restored the power and purpose long held in trust for thee, and won by thine embattled soul 'gainst the Beast, thy Dweller and most bitter foe — down through the Ages of long ago!

But be patient yet awhile for "the birth that is to be," and know the Truth, that I — thy Redeemer, will set thee free.

THE STEP

FEAR not—and fear nothing—on this, thy newly acquired step on the laborious climb to emancipation, for this step is anchored securely in the awaiting hearts of the heavenly Hosts, as even in thine own eager hearts thine opened vision doth recognize its true worth and power.

By the light of its own divine radiance art thou permitted to see and know thy kinship with all that lives and thine own helpfulness to “the least of these” thy brethren of that steep, silent climb on the great ladder of Life Eternal, binding thee to the Seven Portals of Altruism and Service to all mankind.

THE STILL LAKE OF SPIRIT

UPON the still lake of spirit, perfect, circular, true, in flower bordered beauty must man gaze earnestly, faithfully. From that spring may be seen to come into form, the double mirror of soul and mind, the figure eight of ensouled intelligence.

Tranquil beyond description is the lake of spirit with flowering border stretching into fields Elysian. Equally tranquil must be the double mirror out-drawn from it, if it reflect the true image from within.

Not separate from the lake is the eight, the double mirror, but an equation within itself, equal parts of a whole out-drawn from the depths of Nature. From shining soul-mirror the Swan of Life emerges, with graceful movement, swimming the clear waters, passing through the narrow channel of the eight into the dark but clear green mirror of mind.

A second Swan, slightly larger, accompanies the first through the channel into the green. They dip their heads, swim, dive, enjoy the bath and each time they go under, the waters change from green to blue; one wave upon another, in depth and hue according to the depth of the diving.

Little by little more birds appear, smaller, varied in size, until a flock gathers, floating, swimming, intermingling the blue waters with the green until they cannot be separated; yet each retaining its own integrity in the opalescent blend.

So Man must take lesson from the Bird of Life. He must emerge from the waters of the Lake of his own Soul into the Mental waters of his Individuality; dive deep beneath the intellectual wave; transmute the green of self

into the blue of selflessness; bring from the depths beneath the findings of true experience; send the wave lengths out to others that they too may find pool-findings according to the need, with all others who may gather around him until the waters become opalescent.

THE STRICKEN ONES

TENDERLY, carefully, so carefully, do thou probe the wounds of thy stricken brother, sister, on Life's great battlefield, lest condemnation's bitter fluid enter to fester and prevent God's healing power to act.

The single gauge of the heart's "all-seeing eye" of Love alone can be thy guide in that sacred mission—with infinite patience in the fulfillment of Divine Law.

Such alone hath brought *thee* back to the footstool of the Gods by the Great Ones, as thine own wounds were tended to, and thy feet again were directed aright on Life's Pathway.

THE STUPOR OF THE SENSES

SONS and Daughters of the Living God, Fragments of Deity that ye are. Rouse ye from the stupor of the senses. Must those who love you best see you sink into the pit ye dig in pride and arrogance and in ignorance of the nature of that pit?

Know ye not that ye cannot serve Deity and win the reward of such service while ye tear at the strands of the heart of another, who, like unto you, bears the image of God? What is it to you that that other speaks another language than thine or sees another side of Nature's handiwork than that thine eyes may rest upon? He is still thy brother.

Thine own heart must bear the deeper wound if thy soul is sealed against compassion. The Spirit of thy life-blood floweth through the soul of thy brother, as it flows through thee and me. We are one.

The newly chosen color-bearer of a race cannot lead that race to victory if he has crippled the hands of the color-bearer who preceded him, by tearing the staff of colors from his hands.

The enlightened souls of this age have power to restrain the force of disruption which cyclic law has freed; but he who strikes down a brother near at hand breaks the unity of effort required for that purpose.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE GODHEAD

ALL the cruelty, the pain, the loss and sorrow that thou and thine have known, are but extensions of the lines that thou and thine have laid and traversed o'er, from life to life.

Man may create, but man can never kill the thing created; for he hath taken of the substance of the Godhead to build the forms — the lines he hath created — and God can never die.

For good or ill those lines must run until they meet and cross before the throne of Justice satisfied.

And though the Angel of his destiny lay low the head which planned, the hand which executed plans within those intervals which lie between his lives, yet doth the lines he hath created remain intact, unaltered, until the day when he shall gather up those many lives and mould them into one — a straight and virile line which holds him to a conscious recognition of the God whence he and his creations came.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

IF THOU seest the undesirable in thy neighbor let not thy heart turn against him, but with thine own light, penetrate the darkness thereof with wisdom and understanding, so shall it be well with ye both.

For know, my soul, 'tis but a shadow thou seest — that which the Sun of Righteousness will shine upon — and lo, the shadow then flees into the Space of Time.

SWORDS

FROM time immemorial it has been said that he who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword.

This is from the material standpoint, but from the Spiritual standpoint the Sword represents the Spiritual Will and no one can enter paradise or the Garden of Eden who has not developed the Spiritual Will. As the Bible in the Book of Genesis puts it: "So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming Sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the Tree of Life."

Then the Sword cannot hurt you who have developed the Spiritual Will because you are one with the Sword of the Spirit of God. Let us not forget that this is our Spiritual Birthright and we attain as members of the Lodge of Light by developing the Sword of the Spirit of God.

It is the straight and narrow way, simple and yet very complex, and requires sacrifice every step of the way on the Path that leads to eternal Light and Life.

THE TEMPLE OF DIVINE INTUITION

AS ONE stone must be laid upon another to complete any great structure, so one attribute and characteristic of similar nature must be attained by the human being, in order to awaken true intuition, and so make a safe repository for the great secret of Nature.

Self-sacrifice, Faithfulness, Self-restraint, Altruism, Humanitarianism, Obedience are some of the stones that must be carved out and laid, before it is possible for the roof of the great Temple of Divine Intuition to be evolved and emplaced.

When a full realization of this dawns upon you, you will be better able to perceive the reason for my insistence upon the cultivation of such attributes, for man must learn to use the creative fire *in himself* before he can attain to any great degree of knowledge and comprehension.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HEART

IN THE Inner Temple of thy Heart, on the Mystic Altar of Compassion wrought therein of essences distilled of holy aspiration, of anguished prayers, of sacrificing Love and Service of countless lives in aeons past, burns a Living Flame of Life fed by the quenchless Love of God, commingled with the fragrances of thy noblest ideals of Beauty, Truth and Service to all thine Other Selves, and uniting thee with the Divine in all creatures throughout the Seven Worlds of Being.

If thou wouldst keep the noxious weeds of self from choking life's pure stream 'twixt thee and God, then each day offer thou thyself on that Altar Flame of Sacrifice in the Inner Temple of thy Heart, whatever be the pain, so that the dross of all thy lower selves be burned away, leaving thee each day an Image true and splendid of the Shining One within — Thine Own True Self Divine.

THE TEST OF FORGIVENESS

IF THOU wouldst pass the test of full forgiveness, learn to forgive others who have made it difficult for thee to forgive thyself.

Forgiveness of the wrong thine enemy hath done to thee is as a grain of sand to a great mountain in comparison to the wrong thou hast done to thyself by thy refusal to forgive.

THERE IS A LIGHT

THERE is a Light which outshineth all lesser lights. He who lives within its radiance is not bewildered by passing shadows falling in front or from the rear.

There is no object strong enough to maintain its form within that Light, to withhold itself apart securely enough to permit reflected images to lie beneath. All shadows are vanquished from its presence by the brilliance of the Light; are caught up and united by the sublimity of its power.

All save one, and that one passes into oblivion of night profound. It is the persistent, determined will to align itself with evil; to betray its own in long repeated measures.

Wherefore worry then? Why not keep within the Light?

THINE HOUR OF PERIL

THRISE renegade and fool is he who, having won to freedom of the soul, enslaves that soul by lust of flesh or eye when comes his hour of peril. The demons of the nether spheres ever lie in wait for him who reaches a pinnacle of power and softly whisper in his ear, "Now that thou art twice-born thou art free to leave this lonely height and seek the smiling valley at its base. Thy task is done, thy freedom won, now comest thy reward."

But I who love thee say to thee, that every stepping stone upon that downward path will covered be, and wet with blood drawn from thy heart, though all unknown it be to thee until thou turnest back to seek the heights again.

Wearied, sore distressed, and spent with toilsome pleasure, thy feet will slip, thy heart grow faint and for each step thou takest upward thou shalt fall backward two until the lowest level of the path be reached and every blood-soaked stone is dried by heat of pain.

Gird on thy sword and stand upright when comes that hour of peril unto thee; for thou must battle for the right to stand upon that height, however hard the fight hath been to reach its brink.

A THOUGHT ON LOVE

THOU callest love an emotion, whilst truly it is
God singing in the heart of man, for Love is
God — and God is Love!

Thou dost say, "My love is indeed King," but truly
the heart turneth away in sorrow and shame from such,
for it is indeed and in truth, lust, that vaunts itself in
Love's domain.

Man, oh man! Thy senses blur thy vision and hold
thee fast to the wheel of deception's lure till thou dost
learn at last that God is Love and Love is God!

THREE CRIES

“TURN ye! turn ye! why will ye die?” Down through centuries past echoes and re-echoes the cry of the Over-Lord. Again and yet again it strikes on ears self-closed, while man, the faithless, wilful progeny of Time plunges heedlessly through Nature’s labyrinthine strands of life, and will not turn, however loud the cry. With his own hands he hides his eyes from sight of countless warning signs set in the skies. With his own fingers, closes he his ears to piteous pleas of fellow men, now caught and held by those same strands.

“Ye shall not surely die,” softly whispers Satan in the ear, uncovered now to catch the sound of any voice which ministers to vanity and lust. Heedless of that other voice, man stops to listen to the whisper soft; and while he waits, the demons of the underworld weave round about his feet the strands to hold him as his fellow men are held.

Not until his feet are holden fast does he hear the laughter of derision, the hideous mockery of the demons ’midst the flames where Satan reigns.

“Why, oh! why could I not heed that other cry and turn my face, ere I had passed the line which separates the kingdom of the Over-Lord and that where Satan reigns?” So asks each victim of his own desires; but answer is there none, until he gazes out from eyes made pure by pain into the mirror of his soul and sees the face of God reflected where the eyes of Satan shone in days ago. Only then he knows that God and Satan are but different aspects of the real — the Infinite — and knows that only as he overcomes the one by effort of his own can the other rule his soul in love and peace.

THUS SAITH SATAN

“LET BE! Let be!” cries Satan unto Christ. “Let be, these whom Thou seekest art mine own.

“Stand afar from this, my gateway; thy bleeding feet may waken memories long since stilled. Let them in, to this, their chosen place beneath my rule. By millions have they come, from blood-drenched fields and torn and tortured hills whereon they struck each other down in hatred blind, of Thee, and in passion for me.

“Stand aside! Fold fast Thine arms; stop beckoning to them with nail-pierced hands lest they remember *why* those hands were pierced.

“What careth they for those who do my will; they who split their brethren with sword and bayonet; who puncture the Image of God with shot and shell; who tear out the vitals of mother and maid? What careth they for the slash in Thy side; the broken strands of Thy heart; they who are drunken with the blood of their fellow men?

“Let be! Stand aside, thou Satan of the Christless! Let be! Let mine own come to me without hindrance from Thee!”

THUS SAITH THE HIGHER SELF

HE WHO is neither of God nor of Satan is not of mine. If thou art mine, then will I hold mine own. If thou art of Satan, then will I do joyous battle for thy soul. If thou art neither of Satan nor of mine, then will God have none of thee. Only fit for the melting pot are the base alloys of life. Neither in Heaven, upon the earth, nor in Hell is there room for the unstable.

THUS SAITH THE LORD THY GOD

THUS saith the Lord thy God, by me, His Son:

“Darkness falleth fast. Ye have covered your eyes with a veil, and blackened the mesh of that veil that ye may not behold the effects of long aeons of selfishness and of wilful disobedience to the laws of life; the laws which even I must obey if I would hold my place in the heavens.

“With itching finger of mind and of matter we are tearing apart the strands of life which bind ye one to another, leaving vast spaces between — spaces the Brothers of the Shadow are swift to enter — and whence they echo and re-echo, as from a sounding board, streams of vile imaginings which fall o’er the heads of the multitude whose ears have been opened by insatiable desire for place and power.

“Ye cannot yet see that grapes grow not on thistle stems, or that He to Whom is given power to lead man into paths of peace and pleasantness has not been conceived and born of the seed of Separateness — the devil’s spawn.

“Not until ye seek the vine which bears the grapes for which ye hunger, and leave the thistle to its fate, will ye tear away the veil which hides my face from ye.”

THY DESTINY

THE STORM broke, and the waves of the Ocean of Life beat upon a naked Soul cowering on the shore. The Soul shrank in abject terror, as the Storm-King, riding those waves, drew nigh to him. In piteous tones he cried, "Unjust, tyrannical, merciless art thou! What am I that thou shouldst use thy power to beat me into nothingness, I who have no strength to hurl back upon thee the terrors of the storm which thou hast freed to satisfy thy wrath against mankind?"

"Thou speakest falsely," quoth the Storm-King. "Thou hast blinded thine eyes to my beauty and thine ears to the music of my voice in thy terror of my power. Thou hast not called upon the God within thee to show thee my mission — the God whose commands I, too, must obey. Thou art immortal. I am but the creature of a day. Raise thy head, stand upright, and meet me face to face; and thou wilt find that thou art greater far than I or any demon of the underworld. Only upon thy flesh is power given unto me. Thou art a Soul, a fragment of Divinity, and thou hast power to slay me with a word, if so it be God wills. Thou art the ruler of thine own destiny, not I."

THY JEWEL CASKET

PLACE within thy jewel casket all the gems which thou hast gathered through the yearly cycle past, the gems of rich experience, good or ill, and then return the casket to its hiding place within thy heart where only may the gems be safe which thou hast found throughout this earthly round.

When comes the New Year of the Soul, thy Lord will call for them that He may set them in a Crown to mark thy victory over thy great enemy — thyself.

Pearls or Rubies; Jade or Hyacinth; Light or Shadow; Pain or Pleasure — the cutting of each one hath cost thee dear; so guard them with all care. The loss of even one would leave a vacant place within the Crown. Yet, leave out one, the rarest, purest gem of all, the indestructible, the sacred **JEWEL OF COMPASSION**. Place that one upon thy breast this day and it will brighter shine each passing hour. Thy Lord Himself will pluck it from thy breast and set it in the center of thy Crown, upon the day which marks the crowning of His Own.

If thou hast lost, or never found that gem, the empty place — thy mark of shame — will set thee far apart when comes that hour.

THY MASTER

OUT OF the depths of thy despair thou callest unto me, and ere thy cry hath ceased to beat the air, ere thine appealing hands are folded in the palms outstretched to thee, another note, a sweet beguiling tone, or harsh command of that worst enemy of man — the fiend thou didst unwittingly invoke — hath caught thine ear and stayed thy steps; and then, alas, hath dragged thee back long ere thine eye had glimpsed the sheltered nook that aeons gone my love delved out for thee.

And now again, as in those other days, thou leavest me—at the behest of a despoiling fiend—to stand alone upon the heights with empty arms; to watch thee fly with gladness in thy face more piteous far than tears, back, back to that drear land of shadowy forms; to grope in darkness for the path now lost, while wildly jeering laughter beats etheric space — a laugh that maddens man and brings sad memories of the past.

I may not follow thee, for I must keep thy place against the hour of thy return. But always shall my never closing eye be fixed on thee, and when thou art o'er wearied, starved and cold, and turnest to the Sun of Life for warmth and light, then will I guide thee back to Home and me.

For thou shalt not be always wandering from thy Father's heart. One day thou too shalt find the strength to hear and bear that voice of guile, that sharp command, and still keep fast thy feet upon "The Path." For then the hosts of Heaven shall stand 'twixt it and thee: the hosts that thou by patience and long suffering hath won to thine own side — the lesson learned that thine own soul had'st set for thee, the hardest lesson set for mortal man — the task of self forgetting, faithfulness to thine own soul and mine, and therefore to the vows that long since passed thy lips to register with God.

THY RECOGNITION

THE Message of the Christ will not be heeded by men until, bruised and bleeding, limp and sore, weary and worn, helpless and hopeless, side by side, foe to foe, despairing, they raise their eyes to the Father for help and succor, and receiving no answer but through their erstwhile foe, come to recognize in him a *brother*. Then, their sight restored and their blindness gone, they will come to know and not be shut out from the recognition of their common Father.

THY SON'S NEW BIRTH

GLORY be to thee, O man! thou who art the essence of the long travail of Gods. Dance and sing for joy, and clothe thyself with splendor, as the heavens are clothed at morn and close of day. Set thou a feast and call thy kin — the richest poor, the poorest rich, the bound and free, to celebrate thy Son's new birth.

He comes, thy King and with Him comes the Day
Star from on high.

THY TRAGEDIES

THANK the God who fashioned thee. Thank the God who enlightened thee, for all the tragedies of thy life; for they alone have awakened the sleeping spark of spiritual fire within thy heart, the spark which has long lain buried beneath the refuse of personal ambition and selfish desire.

As the great life wheel turns in its cyclic course it releases the nascent fires therein; the lower self catches the spark and buries it deep in its nature where it lies until pain and sorrow have expanded that nature, thereby releasing the spark. Straight as a die it flies to the heights, there to become a beacon light to guide the pilgrim soul back to its source.

THINE UNDERSTANDING HEART

ART THOU sore beset, my brother, my son? Do thy foes and friends alike run thee to cover? With denunciation's bitter scorn they ignore your pleas for understanding hearts to bear with thee in thine hour of peril with patience, that thou mayest find thy breath to again face the storm!

I bid thee stand up alone and look about thee, for thy friends and foes alike are gone! As will-o'-the wisps of the night, they vanish into the morn of another day, as with opened vision they see thee grown to manly heights of enduring Faith, the Faith that gathers them into thine own heart in the Love and patience denied thee in thy quest for the Unity of man!

TO THE SORROWING

SORROWFUL soul! Is your hearthstone vacant, your table deserted?

Have the dear ones of long dead days passed over the lines of life, and left you on this side, lonely and despairing?

Then turn to and help them to build a Home on that other side, that you too, may have a right to that Home when your turn shall come to pass over.

Every unselfish thought and deed will set a stone in a wall, add a pillar, put on a roof, or lay a plank to help in the building.

Every lifting of the heart to God will throw open a window to the rays of the sun.

Are you sad, misunderstood, despairing? Then empty your heart of the self that is smothering you. Make way for all the other sad and lonely souls that are now seeking you, and lead them out into the light.

Only those hearts which are full of old, outworn, or decaying memories can be sad or lonely, and in those hearts there is no room for other souls, until the ghosts have vanished.

Remember, you are now in the ante-chamber of the Great White Temple.

Make ready to take off your outer garments, that you may appear in glorious array when the Altar Bell shall ring, and the molten doors shall be opened by the Portal Guard, and you shall catch a glimpse of the wide vistas beyond, and the great Pillar of Flame under the Dome.

TO YOUR KNEES

TO YOUR knees! All of you! Know ye not that the Gods can fall only from high places? Or do you forget? It is from the High Places of the Soul on which you stand — each and every one of you — that such fall threatens.

You have reached those points by hard and different climb, great effort and sacrifice. Would it not behoove you to consider well if you would risk or lose that status, the result and benefit of your life's labors by indulgence and persistence in the questioning of your comrade's rightful foothold?

Contemplation on the next step whereon to safely plant your own feet might serve your better gain; contemplation of your own individual powers, ability, strength, endurance, discrimination in the higher qualities. Recognition of Truth and opportunity to serve for its own sake, can alone guide and keep you aright on the Path, on the Way to the Greater Heights.

You cannot remain still-placed long. You must move up or down within reasonable time. I reach my hand to each and all of you, alone, and together, particularly and in group; you may clasp it if you will.

TOGETHER

ART thou now nearing that detour of direction where hitherto willing feet drag, where thy Spirit seems to sag and weariness looms as an ever-present spectre to deflect thy vision and stay thy stride?

Then pause awhile and list to my voice within thy heart as I bid thee remember me — thy Master and Guide — for thou hast left me behind in thy haste to achieve, and thy tread with me did lose that measured rhythm we had formed — together.

And as we, together, bound by Karmic Law to its timeless edicts of life-giving adjustments to its immutable Law of Harmony must again revive, restore and adjust to new requirements of action, so must that rhythmic tread of measured time be re-established in the serenity of Being — together.

TRAITOR

COWARD, Liar, Traitor! Think you to reach the Central Sun by one swift stride when — cloyed with the feast of which you have partaken, with power of assimilation gone — you are seized with the vertigo of mad ambition and are plunged into some black pool of water, grasping at the reflection of a Sun thereon.

Step by step, stone by stone, you have built a barrier 'twixt yourself and the Central Sun. Step by step, and stone by stone, must you retrace your path — and tear that barrier down — ere you can take the first stride toward your goal.

THE TRINE AND THE SPHERE

EVERY true mother's heart is a Manger wherein the Christ Child lies. Every true father's heart is a citadel — a Sphere of protection for Manger, Mother and Child, the Trine.

Like unto a star, that Sphere is ever scattering beams of light on all within its orbit; but the Light is born from the interaction of both the Trine and Sphere.

TRUE INDIFFERENCE

IF YOU would have a clear concept of the state designated, "True Indifference," as that state is reached by the Masters of Compassion, translate the words, "True Indifference," into the words, "Peace with one's own soul."

No man can be at peace with his own soul while there remains a desire ungratified or a hatred unappeased. No man can attain to Wisdom who has not tasted the Fruits of Experience.

He who has attained to True Indifference has won his Crown of Immortality, for death of body or of soul comes by the road of Desire.

Not until Desire is slain and from Its ashes has arisen the Angel of Peace can man look upon the Face of God and *live*.

TRUST

I AM HERE close beside you. Do you not recognize me? Doubt not my love. Do not question my fidelity. I have tried to prove them both to you. Do you not recall how I have linked my arm in yours that you might know me and be known of me?

Forget not this when clouds would settle, storms threaten. Though you see me not nor hear nor touch me, yet am I with you and shall not forsake you. Is not that enough? I come to strengthen and encourage. I come also to comfort and to counsel.

There is much to be inaugurated. Be watchful, quick to listen and to heed. Be prompt to act as well.

TRUTH

HAS illusion thee so ensnared thou knowest not its perils? Then I pray thee seek thou that faithful friend of man — the love of Truth Divine — for it will lead thee gently back to where thy bewildered feet did first stray. And thou — who loveth Truth — with Truth forever more will stay!

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

THERE is no road but has its turning. Do not forget. Ofttimes the turn leads into smooth, straight running. And when perchance it leads but into another curve, there should be no reason for discouragement. A greater blessing may even lie therein. A curve may be used to encompass an obstacle which cannot otherwise be removed or overcome, or it may be to ease the way to the top in a difficult climb.

Impatience to arrive, resentment of conditions of the way, cause loss of strength and ability to walk in safety. Brave determination with serenity of mind is always accompanied with power and success.

There are always resting spots, however limited and brief, to be found by those who keep keen watch. Behold, in these places I myself wait to offer you the steaming dish, nourishment for soul and body, to sustain you for continuation of the journey. Fruit of the vine, refreshment of spirit itself I also extend to you. Yours is the privilege to partake. I can but offer.

This and more I have assured you before. Forgetfulness means lack of faith or cowardice. Fatigue must come, but passes. Doubt grows like a creeping vine, matting, entangling itself around sturdier objects until they become enmassed thereby, lose their natural form, gradually become devitalized and useless.

Search past words of mine, if you will, and you may find my signature. Otherwise must you drift along, unless within your souls some inner chord responds in recognition clear and strong enough to lead you through to the end.

The weakling drops in march. The valiant bears the colors high unto death, accepting weariness, danger, all

that goes with battle in defense and protection of his cause, as privilege bestowed upon him by the Commander in Chief.

There is but one slogan for the soldier who enters the Army of the Lodge, and that slogan is "Onward unto Victory, though Victory be death."

THE TWO LEVELS

AS HIGH as the loftiest peak, the courage of man will raise him, just so low is the level of human woe — the level where the moan of the stricken, the battle-scarred, the widowed and fatherless — all victims of greed and rapacity, lie bound and helpless — the level where the demon hosts of hell hold revel and gloat over man's inconsistencies.

Only below this level, as above the lofty peak, can peace hold sway.

THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE

THE Ultimate Sacrifice of man for man is made when man can dare to go to God, in his last hour, with a lie upon his lips to save his fellow man from death or worse than death.

Up to the last, a man may lie unto his fellow man to save a friend from foul dishonor, and believe that he is doing right. But when his feet are crossing o'er the brink of that dread stream which man terms "Death," and knows that God awaits him on the other side, the courage that upheld him on this nearer side of life ebbs from his soul and leaves him as a feather in the wind if he has fixed a lie upon his lips to shield, or blast, another whom he is leaving here behind to reap the ultimate results.

Who can say his sin is not forgiven when the Sacrificial Fires are lighted and God beholds the motive for the sin? Is there one who has not lied to God? Is there one who would not lie when life and death lay balanced and only his the hands to tip the scales?

Is there one who hath the power to find the line between the truth and falsehood told by man in fear and trembling for his life?

But God is Truth, and truly daring is the man who faces Truth, a lie upon his lips.

THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN

THERE is but one unforgivable sin. It is treachery to another human being, or to a righteous cause. There is but one virtue that can take a chela over all the obstacles the whole of the Black Lodge may lay in his pathway, and that is faithfulness. Far better it be that any one of you should go astray, as far as any line of physical straying could take you, in your journey through life, than to fail in that one respect toward those to whom you had plighted the word of your soul.

THE UPPER BALCONY

ON THE Upper Balcony stands the Patriarch, High Priest of the Soul, Administrator of the Law, hands outstretched in blessing over the populace below. Above hang the garlands of Life's Experiences in two deep festoons, loose streamers on either side, close by the balcony pillars, protected withal by low iron fence with running design.

The Patriarch retires to the right within shadow of the recesses. The festoons shallower grow and divide until they become five in number. In center front a white balanced cross hangs high. Under the festoons on farthest left a white-robed figure, a youthful Initiate, appears.

Once more the Patriarch steps forth, this time pointing upward to the cross, and unto the Initiate declares: "Under this cross must thou stand in Poise and Balance sure, if thou wouldst attain the Goal of thine aspirations.

"If thou wouldst reach the cross, place it upon thy breast. Knowest thou what thou must do? Thou must first go down below and quell the clamor of the hungry mob beneath, give them clothing, food and drink. When thou returnest, thy labors finished, thou shalt find the cross within easy reach. Wouldst thou go?"

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING

KNOWEST thou aught of the Valley of Blessing, which lies between low lying hills, whereon the western sun casts shadowy reflections of cloud-enveloped jinns, who ever beckon the water sprites of sea and sky to come and race with them?

Knowest thou, that in that golden flower-besprinkled vale the Gods have deigned to plant a tree whose topmost branches touch the heavens, whose every leaf hath healing for a sickened soul? Beneath whose ever widening limbs man may walk and talk with God — if he hath power to strip away his garment of unfaith — and plunge into the stream which gushes from a rock hard by — at every touch of groping hand — the rock of immortality, the stream of cleansing fire?

The Valley hath a voice and softly whispers "Come," to him who hath the ears to hear, the eyes to see.

THE VEILS

ONE by one they fall, the veils the norms have woven 'twixt thy God and thee. As falleth the last veil, thy feet shall pass the boundary of this thine earthly Temple. Then indeed, and only then, shalt thou know the meaning of Infinity. Then shalt thou stand appalled before the Form of Formlessness — the fullness of Nothingness, the mystery of the passion of Compassion.

Paradoxes, sayest thou? Aye verily, yet are they truths past finite reasoning.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

WHATSOEVER the cause, and whatever the sin, as true as is the needle to the pole, the law of compensation will seek out and adjust the equilibrium disturbed by the broken law — not as puerile man seeks out the offense and punishes the offender for his own satisfaction, but chiefly that the offender may be saved a repetition of the offense. And it does this by increasing the power and strength of the positive pole (the good) and overcoming the inertia of the negative pole (the evil) of the force which has been set in action.

Any effort directed to the negative pole simply increases the resistance — the inertia — and makes the effort of no avail.

All evil action tends toward establishing inertia.

Inertia is stagnation, death, disintegration.

The law of compensation restores the balance by increasing the good, and thereby saves the sinner. The law of compensation and Divine Justice are one and the same.

Therefore, "Vengeance (Justice) is Mine," saith the Lord.

VOICES OF THE FIERY HOSTS

BOW down thine ear, O thou who hearest with the inner ear! Bow down thine ear and listen to the voices of the Fiery Hosts beneath, as they roar and shriek a welcome to their fellow Hosts released by man, from bonds by shot and shell and gaseous flames.

"Come closer, closer," hear them cry, "unite with us to feed volcanic flames that we may shake the earth to tear its crust asunder; so shall we sink the feeble offspring of once mighty races 'neath the ocean's waves.

"The earth rejects its own, and turns in loathing from the blood now cast upon its crust. But we will lap that blood with greedy tongues of flame."

Are all Europa's strongholds soon to lie upon the ocean's bed, torn into fragments by the Fiery Hosts now freed from bonds the racial fathers forged to save their children of a later age?

Slowly turns the Cosmic Wheel and on its rim doth lie events of yesterdays. Yet one more turn and then the wheel will shake all cumberers on its rim into the depths beneath.

THE VOW

“THEY are only words, only the product of listless thought,” ye say, as ye willfully break each spoken vow, ignoring the vital fact that every strand of that knot ye have tied is a thing of life and is living.

Though your God has spoken and your prophets have cried; though the epithet “liar” brands you a thing abhorrent to other men, yet ye carelessly, willfully, take most sacred vows and break them with no more thought than ye break the mesh of the spider’s web.

Every strand of the Knot so tied will tie you fast to the thing or the creature vowed, until the object of the vow hath been fulfilled, be the time of fulfillment a day or a thousand years..

WAKE UP

THOU, who sleepest. Wake up to the Morning Sun of thy Soul. Life is teeming about thee, rushing purposefully in the joy of action and toil while thy Sun mounts higher unto Heaven's Scroll. The moments count that thou wouldst share with me and I call thee now to care for the helpless ones thronging about thy threshold silently beseeching, reaching to thee for the succor thou alone with me can give.

Wake up, my child, and give of that which I have so freely given thee of Life's greatest treasures, that of Love.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

“**A**RE there none to hear me cry?” ye say, if you lie bound and fettered by sense indulgence, enslaved by the arch-deceiver, Time, and blinded by false ambition. What hope of release have ye if ye are of these, until the Mighty One shall come to strike your fetters off, to bind the arch-deceiver and to open your eyes to the glory of self-abnegation?

Age by age ye have slavishly crowned your great enemy; again and yet again have ye prostrated yourselves in worship at his throne. Ye have opened the veins of your fellow men and let their blood run in rivers! Ye have built a bridge of fear over each stream whereby ye may cross to and fro and filch that which ye might have gained by aspiration if ye had not banished the Angel of Compassion from your midst each time He appeared before ye.

The demons in Hades laugh at the futile efforts of man to free himself from bondage, the while he raises unscaleable bars 'twixt himself and Him Who would set man free, if so be the Paths were made open to Him.

Cry aloud, ye people! Break down the Walls of Jericho (Jericho here stands for combined selfishness and associated evil) even as the walls of the city were broken down of old, and let your Lord and Master enter that He may strike off the chains which hold ye from your kind, and therefore hold ye from your God!

WAR

TO SAY that war in itself is wrong is to say that the Law of Opposites, the Law of Karma is wrong.

The cause of action, the motive — the ultimate object of either war or peace, determines its rightness or its wrongness.

There can be no war without sacrifice of life, and as sacrifice is the Law of Life, the Law of Love, only God could judge of the value or the extent to which any act of sacrifice is efficient or justified.

"The Lion and the Lamb will (never) lie down together to rest in peace" *indefinitely*, so long as spirit manifests in gross matter. However long a period of peace may last, there must eventually come a revolt against inertia which will lead into war — the result of the action of the natural evolutionary forces, the forces of opposition symbolized by the Lion and the Lamb. Action and reaction are equal.

No man can rightly determine the attitude another man should hold as to what constitutes individual responsibility for action in case of war, or what is his duty in such a case. In fact the Law of Karma has decided both questions ages before.

If a man is truly conscientious in regard to the taking of life, it is an indication that his karmic slate is clean, he has paid his karmic debts to life, the debts contracted by the wilful taking of life in other incarnations. If his objections spring from fear and cowardice he is still in debt and subject to racial war karma.

WATCH

WATCH ye for the hour of Kings, nor dream their day is over lest ye, too, be swept by a wave of autocracy such as man has never yet known the power — short lived though that power may be.

NOTE: In the sense in which the word Kings is used in the above message it applies to all who will be given autocratic power over nations or peoples in the immediate future, as well as those who will retain such power as is already theirs.

According to many prophecies given by the Master Hilarion, the most critical period of the present cycle is now imminent.

If the people of any nation make an unwise or selfish choice in the one they place in supreme authority over them, that nation will become an object of pity for the rest of the world. The rapid increase in the rates of vibration in all fields of life in the present era will not allow for mistakes. Action and reaction will follow each other far more swiftly as the present cycle is nearing its close, and "the hour of Kings" referred to by Master will be the short interval between the present — the hour of selection, and the hour of seating those selected upon thrones of power.

WATER MY GARDEN

WATER my garden. Water my garden. On every side let the soft vapors fall. In fine spray and strong let them swing and swirl. Fresh from the fountains of life let cooling streams flow. On barren spots, desolate, on waste places and bare, pour heavy waters and full. On delicate growths keep them gentle and bright. On large trees and shrubs drop them slowly, steadily, that they may sink to the roots which lie deep underneath.

From west to north, back to east, through north to west, back to south, north-west again, backward and forward; then to circle and swing in wider and still wider bands until north touches south, then back to east from which they originally sprang — so let the waters fly, until every parched leaf be revived, each drooping flower bud be raised to the light, all stricken souls lift themselves to heaven in bloom.

Ah! Water my garden, that you may enjoy its beauty as you walk its paths; that your souls may feast on fresh breath of roses; your bodies, wearied and restless, may find retreat in soothing fern glades; and you relax in delight to the delicate charm of sweet, swaying valley lilies. Under monarch trees of majesty, power and nobility may your spirits be strengthened and renewed.

And at length, when evening call falls on your ear, may you wait not for the dark and the night to o’ertake you — when the Way shall evade you with oncoming uncertainties, and shadows — but haste your feet homeward down the well defined Walk, the purple and gold-banded Floral Path — glorious, impersonal perfection, royal in living hues, from result of your watering.

Ah! Water my garden. Be glad, rejoice in the watering. It will pay you well for your labor.

THE WATERS OF THE WELL

TRULY is it said: "Truth lies at the bottom of the well." Just as truly may it now be said that the antithesis of Truth also lies at the bottom of the same well.

Swiftly the chain of self bears down the bucket — the personality — in search of the Waters of Experience, which cover both Truth and its antithesis. Naught can save the bucket from reaching the waters when sped by the power of Desire.

The Watcher on the brink of the well can only stand and wait to see toward which side of the well the bucket will lean as it gathers the waters to itself.

THE WEIGHT

IF THOU wouldst do me service, child of my be-
getting, hold thou up those hands which have so
heavy grown from weight that I have laid upon
them — the weight of care for thee, the weight thine own
hands were too weak to hold when first I called to thee to
take thy place.

WELL MAY THEY WEEP

WELL may the Angels of the Fourth Sphere bow their heads in sorrow and weep as human kind never yet has wept, as age sweeps by on age and so little fruit is gathered from the Tree of Life, which they must tend in never ceasing care.

Bud after bud starts out on its low hung branches. And with their bursting, remembrance of former blasted buds is lost to them in joy that once again a new life has appeared — a new hope is born — alas! but to give way once more to sorrow when the heat and light of trail beats upon those buds and they succumb, and blasted and withered die in turn as others have died; while all the time at the roots of the tree a great stream of refreshing moisture rushes by untouched. A single droop of the branches would plunge their scorched buds into the life stream, revive in them the will to live and give strength to bear the blasting heat yet to come.

Over and over goes up the cry, "Love God, thy brother in deed and in truth, and all that life holds is thine." And man in his blindness, rebellion or ambition drowns the cry by loud strident tones, saying in effect, "Aye, I will love the brother who loves me; I will love the sister who yields her life for *mine*; I will love the brother who makes of *me* a God; the sister who sets me on a pedestal and calls worshippers to me. I cannot, will not love the masses who pass me by unheeding; I cannot, will not love the man who thwarts my will, or him who will not glorify me."

Only by obeying the words of the blessed Master, only as he loves his enemies, only as he loves those who have no love to give him in return, can he touch the hem of the

garment of Divinity. Only by the power of that love can he dip the branches of the tree of life, upon which his soul bud is clinging, into the stream of the great Father-Mother Love swiftly rushing by that tree. He hath no need of the love which is his already. He has long since gathered the fruit of that love and eaten it. What he now needs to sustain his life is the love not yet his; the fruit of the love that will sustain him for the next life step. So he starves and dies, crying out for food which lies unheeded at his feet and leaves the world still more empty upon his passing than it was before he came.

Love God, love thy neighbor. The two are one, and "on these commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Yet, starved and starving, weary, thirsty, sorrowing, suffering man, age after age, stumbles on, refusing obedience to that command; using all his God given power to thwart the law; blind to the ever living truth that nothing else matters — honor, glory, self-indulgence, gratified ambition, fulfilled lust — nothing, nothing matters, not even his brother's sin against him (that sin is his opportunity); nothing matters save that he loves his brother into life and so makes way for God; for in no other way can he win life everlasting for himself.

Ah, ye foolish, heedless, blind and faithless children of the travail of your God, will you never learn that hatred surely must breed hatred; that willful injury or pain inflicted on another will bring as surely injury and pain to thee as night will follow day. A day of satisfied revenge will bring a century of woe, and though the judgements tarry they are stern and sure and long.

WHAT IS THY GOD TO THEE?

WHAT is thy God to thee, thou child of all the ages past?

Is God a feeling, an ecstasy of love or an ecstasy of hate? Or is He a mere abstraction, devoid of every attribute which distinguishes man from the brute creation?

"Let me see God and die," quoth the Prophet, yet thou needest not to die that thou mayest see thy God, for Sight and Realization are one in fact, and in an ecstasy of love or an ecstasy of hate, thou hast drawn so near to God His Hand may reach and touch thine eyes, eyes long blinded to the Truth, and only then to be unsealed.

So far as thou hast plumbed the depths of feeling, thou hast seen and known thy God. Love and Hate, Glory and Terror, are one and all inclusive. They are one in essence, as God is One; but never think such love and hate as man doth give to man are one in essence as God is One, for they are but the faint reflections of that Ecstasy which draws the Soul of Man straight to the Heart of God, even as the Sun doth draw the special waters to itself.

The Soul of man hath only power to hate that which he hath truly loved, and such love for God as could be turned to hate, does but express the Power to turn sensation into Realization, and by that Power, feeling and sight become One. The Ecstasy of Hate is swallowed up in the Ecstasy of Love, Terror is lost in Glory, and Identification is complete.

NOTE: The term "Ecstasy" holds a key to unlock whatever is of mystery in the above message. Ecstasy seems to be the realization of the union of pleasure and pain, a state of experience far beyond that which either one of the pairs of opposites alone could provide, yet which renders the recipient conscious of both pleasure and pain.

WHICH OF THESE ART THOU?

IT IS to thee I speak, and not to another. Thou who believest thyself a chosen vessel for the Christ to manifest His presence within, yet who hast filled that vessel to the brim with poison tipped slugs of envy, jealousy and malice, and vials of corroding egotism, self-assertion and depreciation — depreciation of others whose shoe latches thou art unworthy to unloose. Thou who darest to face the Altar and the sacred feast thereon with a lie upon thy lips; thence to cry out, "Behold me, O Lord, send Thou me to Thy chosen ones that I may bring them to Thy feet." O that the heavens might open to show thee thyself, ere the day is past and the night is upon thee.

Humble thyself in the sight of God and plead with Him that thou mayest stand in the light of His countenance and see thyself as He sees thee. Thou who are flesh of my flesh and soul of my soul, though thou knowest it not. Thou who dost take of my gifts, then throwest them into the faces of my messengers. Thou who canst behold only an image of thine own self in the eyes of another, and seest not that another soul is looking out therefrom.

Seest thou not even yet that the day of separation is upon thee? That the day of free choice is swiftly passing by?

To thee who art of clean heart, to thee I say rejoice! For thou art of those who shall stand upon the right hand of thy Lord. Thou who hast pity for the broken-hearted, and bindest up the wounds of the stricken. Thou who lovest thy kind with so great a love, thou seest not thyself alone when thine eyes rest upon those who sit in high places. Thou who beholdest the Christ as the Heavenly Man and not as a burden bearer of thy sins. Thou who

beholdest the Law as a treasure to be kept, and not to be cast aside. For thee there is room in the Heart of Christ.

For thy sake will thy Lord listen to thy plea for thy fellow man.

Which of these two art thou? Which wilt thou be when cometh the day of days?

WHICH WILL IT BE?

WILL ye lose yourselves amidst the shadows cast by your lower thought-forms, the shadows with which ye have peopled the spatial depths which lie at the foot of the Sacred Mount—the Mount on Whose height is enthroned the Ancient of Days, the God of your longing?

Or will ye find yourselves, your true Selves, by courageously breasting the waves of the life stream which spirals that mountain to break on its height at the feet of God, where you stand as a Pilgrim of Days returned to his home?

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

LO, THE day is nigh when the mountains will shake and will be broken assunder to let my people through, that they may break down the strongholds of those who have covered the Holy Name with derision.

The satyrs now dance in the holy places and the destroyer of conscience has set up the image of a Beast upon the Altar.

The wings of an eagle shall lie low on the ground and its once far-seeing eye shall be covered by a film.

Even as the Beast has cast down the glory of my people, so will I cast down its glory and fill its own thoroughfares with debris.

The rivers run red with the blood of the deceived and deceiver, and who is he that now can say, "This is my brother," when his eyes rest upon the fragments of the human forms which lie upon the banks of those rivers?

THE WINGS OF NIGHT

NOT until the wings of night close down upon thy soul wilt thou seek aright the prize for which men die and live again — the heart's desire — that which has urged thee on since first thine inner eye unclosed.

All day! Many days, hast thou tampered with the wrappings and striven with the cords that bind that hidden prize — the cords of sentient life. When wearied and despairing thou shalt seek the arms of night — Renunciation's Self — there shalt thou find the cords are all unloosed — the prize within thy hand. Then shall content fold thee close and peace be born of thy travail.

WITHIN YOUR PRESENCE

I AM within your presence. Wherefore should you fear? Know you not me?

I bring you Peace, Power, Joy. Believe me and be comforted. I come not to try you but to reassure. Is that not enough?

Ask not my name. Sound it within the Heart. Thus shall you hear your own pronounced within My Soul and Being.

O, Christ, Thou Son of God,
My own Eternal Self;
Live Thou Thy Life in me;
Do Thou Thy Will in me;
I will have no will but Thine;
I will have no Self but Thee.

THE WITNESS

SHALL I, who am all Love, all Wisdom and all Power, be left without a witness of my divinity?

Shall I alone deprive a child of my begetting of knowledge of my Father-Motherhood when not a creature in the world of things would so deprive its offspring of that right?

No! Seek, and ye shall find me first within thy hungry heart. Call, and I will answer thee from all the silent places in the soul.

Where e'er thou seest action of creative fire; where e'er a glimpse of father's love or mother's smile shall meet thine eye, there am I.

THE WORD

HE LEADETH me beside the still waters — He restoreth my Soul!" The written words — the spoken words — how sublime in meaning, in feeling, their utterance. They echo and reecho down through the ages — from the beginning of Time.

For know it well, O man of many sorrows, those words flowing from the heart of David are but the Word of God in the Christ, flowing into the hearts of humanity.

The Word of God in its myriad forms of compassionate beauty restoreth the Soul of man, leading him "into the paths of Righteousness for His Name's Sake . . . that he may dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God. And God said: Let there be Light and there was Light. And the Son of God was that Light. Behold, I am the Light of the World."

WOULD YOU SERVE ANOTHER?

IF ONE would serve another to the lasting benefit of that other, pure, unselfish Love alone will pave the way for much service. If desire to serve is tinged with passion, envy, jealousy, or lust, the door to service closes, for when passion rules, understanding takes leave; and the human heart must understand the desires and purposes of another heart to minister to the needs of that other.

WOULDEST THOU KNOW GOD?

WOULDST thou know God in very truth, and knowing God, lose forever the paralyzing fear, the haunting wish or the craven effort to propitiate the Unknown?

There is but one way by which man may know God. I will teach you if you will listen and heed. Consider impersonally, fearlessly, humbly and devotedly, every kind, loving, just and compassionate impulse which prompts you to a deed of like nature. Connect each impulse with the divinity of the Godhead as the cause of the impulse, instead of its effect as you are now prone to do.

Do not confuse the impulse with the deed which follows. Search the true, the beautiful, the loving righteous roots of the impulses which have prompted you to action, and you will see that the impulses are as the leaves on the cosmic tree in number. Each impulse is a lead from the Heart of God to you, that so you may find the way back.

Mortal man may only truly know that which he experiences, and his impulses furnish the dynamic power by means of which he will experience the final effects of similar deeds. To and fro, from God to man and from man to God, run the lines of life, and man must seek God along the lines Infinity has set, if he would know God.

YE MOTHERS OF MEN

YE MOTHERS of Men, know ye not ye have birthed a child with your marriage vow?

The cry of the infant who lies on thy breast and the silent cry from the heart of the man at thy side are the same — a plea for thy gift of compassion. It is not thy beauty of face or grace of form that hath given thee power as a Mother of Men, but the love of the Mother of Christ, which throbs in each womanly heart — the love of the Comforter, the gift of the Holy Spirit of Love.

THE YOKE

CHILDREN, if ye truly desire to take my yoke upon you and learn of me, the first lesson ye have to learn, as burden-bearers, is that ye be yoked to your fellow men so that ye may bear together the load of sin heaped upon your willing shoulders; nor must ye complain if your backs quiver and ye falter under the load. As your strength, your endurance, so is the measure of your service to Humanity, to your other selves, to me.

Children, ye cannot be burden-bearers and be yoked to your fellow men without feeling the pull, the restraint, the bondage imposed upon you; nor can your path henceforth be free for your feet to choose their own way therein; for you must go your way yoked to your fellows until the load is lifted.

to your fellow members without feeling the pull, the restraint, the bondage imposed upon you; nor can your path henceforth be free for your feet to choose their own way therein; for you must go your way yoked to your fellows until the load is lifted.

YOU

YOU, who are touching the brink of Life's deepest stream; you, who are caught in the slimy ooze of the underworld, and are desperately, breathlessly, struggling to escape the noisome crawling things, and the pestilential vapors therein; you, who seem helplessly sinking, sinking out of the light of day into the darkness of eternal night; out of the light of reason into the depths of despair; to you I say — STOP! Look up! Fix your eyes on the sun — then PUSH! Push back the slimy ooze, the crawling things, and the pestilential vapors. Though they may be needful in their own place, they are not requisites of your environment.

Look out at the great stretches — the levels on all sides of you.

Look up at the vast blue arch overhead, the glorious suns of light, fed by Love. They are yours for the taking.

Remember, real Life is only beginning for you, and all beginnings are made in stress, and strain, and suffering.

With every effort of will — every backward or forward Push — something gives way; inertia of soul, or of body, is overcome, and momentum is gained which, constantly increased by your efforts, will sweep you into the heart of Infinity, on the widest outward Push.

However strong the suction, however deep the waters, or heavy the mud, however hard the Push or heavy the pull, beyond your present point of action is rest, dry land, and all fulfillment.

