

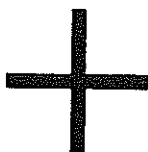
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From the Mountain Top

VOLUME III

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP

VOLUME III



HALCYON BOOK CONCERN
HALCYON, CALIF.

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THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE

Halcyon, California

ISBN 0-933797-02-8

Printed by

Blake Printery, San Luis Obispo, California

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

In snowy robes of Living Light,
I AM with mystic meaning,
Where Spirit sounds the chords of Life,
And Life is past all seeming.

In vales of solemn silence deep,
Within all outer dreaming,
Death dies in melodies
Of Life, eternally outstreaming.

In hearts of worlds and swinging suns,
In spatial depths unending,
In dying Death of Living Life, I AM
In highest heights ascending,
All Light, Life, Love Transcending.

W.H. Dower

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to W.H. Dower, M.D., co-founder of the Temple of the People and second Guardian-in-Chief. Dr. Dower's skill in physical, mental, moral and spiritual healing is reaching far out into humanity whom he served throughout his life. These messages carry the soul and spirit of that great skill and dedication.

Following is a blessing written by Dr. Dower. It is singularly appropriate when partaking of food—both physical and spiritual. May these words, as well as the messages in this book, nourish and sustain us all.

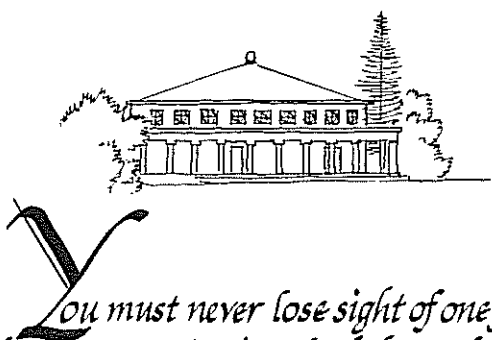
In the name of Eternal Light, Life and Love, in the name of that Divineness that inheres in all grades of matter and Spirit, in the name of the Beauty, fragrance and form in the flower world; the refreshing green of Nature, the Spirit of Flame in Fire—the outpour of Life from Stars and Sun in Celestial Spaces, in the name of all that is pure and holy—we ask that this food be blessed and that its radiant essence may consecrate us to Selfless Service now and forever more. Amen.

FOREWORD

Underneath the world's state of disorder and unrest, wars and rumors of war the Avataric forces are working for reconstruction and building the Spiritual foundation on which the new civilization must rest. So all these conditions must affect everybody. Humanity must keep on working as servants of the Lodge, preserving harmony in our hearts and sending out by thought as well as by deed the forces of true spiritual Brotherhood of man on earth. As we do this it will still the stormy etheric waves now lashed to fury. As our cause is just and makes for a higher consciousness, we are thrice armed. And these etheric vibrations sent forth from our minds and hearts will be like oil on troubled waters and help to tranquilize the angry waves and strike on thousands of responsive hearts. This must bring about the mighty force of peace and brotherhood into the hearts of all humanity.

So under the Banner of the Lodge of Light, mankind goes forward in the name of all that is good and holy, resting on the foundation of that which is eternal.

W.H. Dower
Co-Founder
Temple of the People




You must never lose sight of one fact. The higher purpose, the aim of all those who are true Templars, was and still is the preparation of a place where it might become possible for the overshadowing Christ to enter and send forth the message which the world has waited for so long.

It would be truly impossible for such an overshadowing of the spiritual forces to enter and dwell with a number of disaffected, treacherous, inhuman elements. It could not do the work for which it came, even if it were possible to come.

Such a place requires quiet, concentration, aspiration, unified endeavor, and faith in each other and in the common purpose.

These are essentials; all else is non-essential.

Hilarion — 

The Temple of The People at Halcyon, California

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TEMPLE HANDS

TO MY TEMPLE CHILDREN: My eyes are resting today on those Temple hands which have taken up many burdens of the world as fast as they fell from other hands now visible to outer eyes only as tiny pinches of dust, and upon other hands idly clasped or selfishly engaged in ministering to the senses alone. These hands all tell me tales none other than I can read, not only tales of today but of many yesterdays.

There are lines on some of those hands which run into the lines which are graven on the Hand of God, but alas! there are lines on other hands which stop abruptly, far short of those diviner lines.

There are hands I fain would touch with my own. No beauty of form nor fineness of texture have these hands, yet the story they tell to one who *listens well* makes the heart beat faster.

There are hands which have girdled a world with a message of hope. There are other hands which have opened up beds for the last long sleep of comrades and friends—hands which have ploughed and watered a thirsty land that others might have food—hands which have held up the hands of the over-wearied and have lifted the Cup of the Holy Grail to thirsty lips.

Still other hands are there which have held pen or pencil to the end that others might find hope and courage to go on living, until the tired brain which quickened them gave way; hands which have fought with the demon death at the bedside of the afflicted; hands which have drawn sweet strains of music to comfort lonely hearts; and yet other hands roughened by labor in the humbler walks of life,

unseen, unknown by the many, but to the world's disinherited brave and strong and made white as snow by the lovelight shining through them.

Temple hands all are these, upon which my eyes now rest and which one day I shall clasp within my own.

FAITH

TENDERLY, pityingly dost thou smile at the futile efforts of a child as it carefully places a dead and broken twig in the ground and stands eagerly watching for the first signs of growth to appear. Its faith in the resident power of that twig to grow, to blossom and fruit is sublime. You deplore the disappointment which may stain that little face with tears and other signs of sorrow, but alas! you are ignorant of the great nature secrets which, if revealed to the child, would change the sorrow into joy. You do not realize that the faith of that child in the outcome of its act is bringing to birth something infinitely greater than the childish imagination could conceive.

Just as tenderly, as pityingly, but even more hopefully do the Angels watch the futile efforts of broken, sin-stained man as he plants his little broken twigs of ambition, business success, his mad search in the garden of his soul, hoping for fruition, only to turn away discouraged and heart-sick as he realized that he has only planted dead things or poisonous things that kill. His Angels know that whatever measure of faith he possessed in the power of earthly things to bring him happiness, even that faith was the germ of a greater faith. When the effects of his self-sought punishment had done their work of purifying the soul of that garden in his heart, the seed he would plant in that greater faith would grow into a tree which would blossom and fruit in profusion, not alone for himself but for all.

But ah! the wasted years, the blossoms and the fruit that might have made the world a garden of the heart for all mankind, if but a tithe of all the faith a little child's heart holds might be transferred to man full grown! If fear

of imposition could be replaced by willingness to suffer for a time, that faith might do its perfect work, the hosts of those who wait and long for man's redemption from the curse unfaith has laid upon him would fill the aisles of Heaven with paeans of praise.

DIVINE JUSTICE

WHATEVER the cause, whatever the sin, as true as is the needle to the pole, the Law of Compensation will seek out that cause 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. It does this by increasing the power and strength of the positive pole (the good) and by 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, and inertia ends in stagnation, death, disintegration.

The Law of Compensation—Divine Justice—the Vengeance of God—restores the balance by increasing the good, and thereby saves the sinner. Therefore, “Vengeance (Justice) is Mine, saith the Lord. I will repay.”

THE SEARCH FOR GOD

SEARCH where thou mayest, in the cosmic heights or in its depths, for the God of thy longing, thou wilt never behold His face until it hath been first pictured in thine inmost heart.

When once thou hast beheld that face thou wilt see it mirrored in every dewdrop, star and sun; on the wings of a gnat, and in the eyes of thy fellowmen. However brutal or distorted, however pure or beautiful those forms and faces seem to other men, thou wilt only see the face of God therein when thou hast fixed that pictured face within thine heart.

If thou couldst see the face of God reflected in the eyes of one whom other men had tempted to her fall by lust, couldst thou turn away from her in scorn? If thou couldst hear the voice of God in the plea for mercy uttered by the twisted lips of thief, or murderer, or wastrel, couldst thou harshly sentence him to prison or to death?

Couldst thou trample ruthlessly the wayside flower if thou couldst sense the breath of God wafted to thee in perfume, or thoughtlessly bring down a bird if thou couldst see God's pleasure in its flight?

I say thee nay, for when thou hast found thy God thou shalt know His measuring line was laid upon the garment Love was weaving for thyself.

TO THE SELF-BOUND

AH, you poor starved and starving, soul-sick, loveless, helpless children of the Great Father, hiding by all means in your power the signs of the ravages of anxiety and care in your sad, strained faces, decking your forms in fairest raiments to disguise the hollows, protruding bones, and malformations. You are grasping with nervous, trembling hands at the cup of Lethe that you may forget for the moment those past unfulfilled desires, those beautiful ideals of that which once you hoped to be but which now lie wounded to the death. You are intoxicating yourselves by means of the draughts you now call business or pleasure, quarreling and wrangling—anything, everything, to quiet your satiated minds while knowing in your hearts that, fight against it as you may, there lies in wait a foe that holds you in bondage worse than any other slavery of earth. It is the coming of old age, of helpless loneliness, and at the last the dread fear of death. Ah, little ones, is such bondage worth while?

Listen to me. Throw from you the fiends who have laughed at your woe. Bring back from their hiding places the ostracised, cast out loves of your early years, and enthroned again those ideals of ultimate perfection, Justice, Truth, and Wisdom.

Listen no more to garrulous tongues that, to deaden fear and gain support and freedom, beguile themselves and you with tales of the wonderful growth and perfection of material conditions, the unprecedented increase of wealth and civilization.

Go down into the charnel places of your great cities, the slave pens of some of your corporations, the child-killing dens of your mines and factories, your fast decreasing religious congregations. Observe the nations now armed to the teeth, awaiting only the expected call to

spring at each other's throats. Lest the call be delayed too long, their public servants stand ready to shoot, knife, and kill by any means the nation or individual who differs from them in opinion, or to thrust into prison the agitator who cries for better things, and to torture by inhuman laws the sister who resents her marital woes. Then tell me, if you can, that there is no occasion for anxiety, no necessity for united endeavor to bring to birth the ideals of your earlier years.

While you wait for a leader, linger to marry your friend, to bury your enemy, or to give a feast to your compatriots, your hands are being tied, your feet chained, your mouth gagged, and no one can free you but yourselves.

THE DIVINE VOICE

GOD called up from his dreams a man into the radiance of this divine sanctuary, and the man beheld a Great White Throne glistening like snow and around the throne were the four and twenty elders. From each of them streamed two rays of color, one positive, one negative, and they vibrated to energize the whole universe. No one, visible to the man, was seated on the throne, but at one end stood a little child of exquisite beauty and loveliness. From the Great White Throne streamed out seven hierarchical rays of color keeping all life in manifestation. A voice of infinite sweetness and power came from the throne saying to the man, "Write this down as a message to the earth people:

"For thousands of years I have sent great souls, prophets and teachers, saviours and redeemers to you. They tried to teach the people of the earth to do unto others as they would be done by. Saying also, 'I give unto you a new commandment, Love ye one another, also Love thy neighbor as thyself; and that ye are a part of me and some day ye will know it. Strive for Unity one with the other both as individuals and nations.' Many of these prophets, teachers, saviours and redeemers have been tortured and killed. After these thousands of years there is no peace on earth, nor good will, save among the very few, who are helpless to make a brotherhood of souls on earth. Among the masses of the earth they greet one another with a smile and plunge a poison dagger into their hearts, or inject into their veins the venom of the black snake of treachery and betrayal. Some of my prophets have asked the children of earth this question: "How can you love God whom you have not seen, if you hate the brother and sister whom you have seen?"

“From this Throne of White Consciousness we realize naught but chaos and dissension upon your earth, wars and hatreds among individuals and nations. How can the Love and Harmony that obtain in heaven descend and become a living factor in the lives of my earth children?”

The man listened and wrote this down and when he had finished he realized the Throne, the Child and the four and Twenty Elders were in his own consciousness, and that he had touched but a hem of the Garment of Reality without which the whole universe would dissolve. He heard celestial tears dropping around him and his own tears mingled with them, for he knew he had listened to God's voice in the silence of Love and Compassion and had been permitted a glimpse of His Splendor and His Power of Love and Compassion.

The little Child of the Christ who stood at the end of the Throne said in a voice of exquisite sweetness: “You have been permitted to see and realize the Splendor of the Great White Throne. Carry out what you have heard in gentleness and love for all creatures, and God will be with you every step of the way.” Then came a flash of blinding light as if all the suns and the planets had mingled into one. All that the man had seen disappeared, and the only universal high truth left was the message to the children of Man indelibly impressed upon his soul and brain consciousness.

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

THERE IS NO ROAD but has its turning. Do not forget. Oftimes the turn leads into smooth, straight running. 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 and 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 MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL

ON 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. 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.

COLORS OF THE LODGE

MY child—If thou woulds't bear the colors of the Lodge, then stand alone. Search thine own heart, lay bare its hidden motives, follow thou the dictates of its will. Take care lest any thing or creature bind thy course of action, yet make thou sure that thing or creature occupies its rightful place in all thy plans, where it is equally concerned with thee.

No human soul hath earned the right to bind *another* soul, yet every soul must bind itself to serve the soul that rightfully demands its help.

We fear to trust the guiding power of Love—the God within—lest being hauled before the Judgment seat, we stand rebuked for failure to perform *aright* the task imposed by Love, and in that failure sink the right to say—"I only did what thou commandedst me."

THE ROCK OF THE LODGE

LET THERE be no wrangling over your Father's House and Name. They have stood you from the beginning. Shall they fail you now? I have said they shall stand you to the end.

Be staunch, loyal, as your souls may prompt. There is no defense needed. Their Arms read clear. The sign is unbroken. Had you given deeper thought and credence to the Words of your Brother Morya, you would be less clouded by the dust that is sweeping past.

A covenant I have made with you. Think you I have forgotten, that it shall so soon break?

Can you not keep your gaze on the Beacon as you have been told you must, if you would reach the Fortress; or do the starry mists divert and ensnare you by their fiery, glowing glamour? You have not been left uninformed of their speeded movement, and their power of suction. Neither have you been left in ignorance as to where they lead.

If it be your will to leave your Father's House, go out from your Home and People, I can but give you love and wait for your return in the long, long morn, or the cold, dark night-fall. A Father does not inflict allegiance upon his children. It must come through love or come not at all.

Be not unmindful that fellow-travellers may come to you and knock for entrance, and refuse not shelter and food if needed. You shall receive by giving. There is enough and more in your Father's House for all who seek him out. Watch that you share the bread and drink that have been provided.

I and my House stand on the Rock that Divides Not, Eternal throughout the Ages.

BE NO LONGER A SLAVE

AH, YE TRIFLERS on the Great Stream! Victims of feeling, slaves to emotion, pitifully weak, glorying in the strength you would make yourselves believe yours, while as yet you have only touched upon it as an ideal; reaching out for the full reward of the labor of a whole line of incarnations while as yet you have but illy performed the first simple task; grasping at the orb of universal power while you have not yet gained control over a single quality of human nature.

Why can you not see that the principles upon which a life is built are all that are worth the stress and strain and suffering you now draw upon yourselves from lesser causes? If the sins, the mistakes of yourselves or your brethren, reach the gates of the Inner Spheres—those gates which are founded upon principles—will not bar you from further advance, if in the travail you have found the underlying principles you have been ignorantly defying.

A single foundation principle of life strictly adhered to will give greater results than a lifetime of adherence to social, philosophical, scientifically exact laws of outer being. Love, compassion, is such a foundation principle, and if that principle has dominated and controlled your lives, think you the trivial offenses of yourselves or of others, the mistakes, the wanderings in forbidden paths, the falls into Hell's dominions even, would turn you from the purpose born of your knowledge of that single principle?

Truth alone is divine. God is truth. Love is truth. Once a single truth has dawned upon your consciousness, anchor yourself, your life, to that truth and let all passing things slip by unheeded; for that single truth will open the path to all truth and you will no longer be a slave to illusion.

EYES OF THE INFINITE

POOR soul-starved, heart-hungry children, huddled as sheep in a pasture, in some corner of a great city where never a glimpse of Nature's beautiful face meets your eye—where never a sound of the grand undertones of the billow-tossed ocean fall upon your ear.

The silence and peace of our brooding Mother Night throws open to longing eyes, dim visions of spangled folds of that sable garment in which she has clothed herself, while she whispers to the restless, storm-tossed Soul, "Be still, my child, and learn of me; lay your weary head, burdened with care, maddened by pain, upon my breast, while I murmur the lullaby which has hushed you to sleep again and again in the long past ages."

Those strange, cold stars with their shadowy gleams of light thrill us by their mystery; they seem as the eyes of the Infinite searching our hearts for hidden evils, yet calming, steadying, strengthening every good impulse and bringing us into tune with the great major chord of Eternal Love—imparting a sense of courage and hope that not even the carking care of the work-a-day world can rob us of entirely.

Sometimes our agony is too deep, too real, for words: we have reached our Golgotha and can only lie on that great Mother-heart and moan, while She presses her fingers upon our eyes and gradually draws us into a Presence far greater than her own—a Presence, the light of which floods us with glory unspeakable—a glory in which we are finally lost as is a drop of water in an ocean, and only awaken to know that our agony and pain were angels sent to bring us to eternal blessedness.

O, could you but realize what you lose when you permit the present mad rush for city life to engulf you, soul and body, and set you down where the clang and clatter of machinery, the Babel of human noises, allow you never a

moment for the Silence which is as necessary to the Soul as is food to the body.

Surely there is a great undercurrent of wisdom in the words now finding an echo in the hearts of the people—in the words—"Back to the Soil": fit refrain for an army of toilers returning to claim their own. For when mankind deserts the land to crowd into the cities, it gives up its birth-right for the husks of life.

IMMORTALITY

NO torch bearer who has ever traversed this earth sphere has left a successor in passing. Other great souls in other fields of life, yes; but not one in the field illuminated by the greatness of the torch bearer in his own field.

An ever deepening mystery lies in the blindness of the many eyes which fail to vision the illuminati until the fingers of the death angel have closed about the heart that in its humility has not even suspected its own greatness.

Nothing so clearly indicates the undying splendor, the supremacy, the eternal self-existence of the individual soul as does the greatness of those souls who pause for the fleeting hour to drain a cup of suffering, on their flight from one star in space to another, leaving a trail of light in their passing to guide the feet of the less experienced to the gateways of their self-chosen fields.

There be others whose feet cling close to the trail so far as they may, but none who succeed the torch bearer on that one trail.

Mortality is swallowed up in immortality. The individual soul is immortal, indivisible!

AS YE JUDGE

BEAR well in mind the truth that it is only according to our ability to forgive our brother's offenses against us, that the Higher Self of each one can gain the power to forgive the offenses of the lower self against its divine nature, Love.

When we have come to a realization of that fact, we will be inclined to rid our hands and our pockets of the stones we have gathered, and hold ready to fling at any offender, and to say to such a one, "I cannot save you from the effects of the cause you have set up, but I can and will help you to bear those effects, for I, too, am guilty in your guilt."

No man can sin or suffer alone.

There is but one spirit, one soul, and one body.

"As ye judge, so shall ye be judged," is a decision constantly being handed down by divine Justice. It is a decision rendered according to irrevocable law.

Man is continually trying to revoke that law, or to twist the decision into meaning something, anything, save its self-evident interpretation, until he faces up to his own soul, and realizes that the decision affects him primarily.

CHOSEN

THOU hast not chosen me, I have chosen thee from out a multitude that thou mayest serve to light the torch in the days to come and set a world on fire with righteousness and justice.

Then canst thou now deny my power of choosing wisely by flooding thy soul with waters of indifference and self-indulgence?

If so it be, then must that torch now fail to catch the spark fast flying from the fire I lit long ages past, the fire which I and mine have tended carefully through days and nights of time, that there should ever be a light to guide my chosen ones.

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 comes one in good and one in evil guise to thee, who says, "Make choice between thy loyal service to the Gods of Life and like service to thy lower self."

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

I AM HERE

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 they 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 wayworn traveler, when facing the blazing sun on a barren desert, is the realization of Infinite Love, Understanding, and Compassion, the 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 them thither is on *this* side of that blessed mountain.

LIGHT OF THE SUN

AS THE LIGHT of the sun rules the day and the light of the moon and stars rule the night, yet the light is one, so the light of the White Lodge rules its first appointed representative during its appointed season, and the same light rules its lesser representatives during their appointed seasons.

If the stars should leave their orbits and combine in space to rule the day, great would be the darkness of those stars for they would pass beyond the power and influence of the giver of their light. The light which had lighted sun, moon and stars would be darkened in such an instance and only dead worlds would float in the spacial currents; the equilibrium of all would be destroyed, the purpose of that light would be thwarted, and with the thwarting of purpose would come paralysis of effort.

Shall the moon or the satellites of the sun say to the sun, "We will have none of thee, we will shine by our own light," verily I say, no true light shall be theirs.

Foolish misguided child that you are, see'st thou not that only the pale reflected light of the moon—the psychic plane—can lighten thy path if thou art false to the sun—thy Father—and like unto a false star hast left thine appointed place, the orbit of thy motion?

When thou hast cleansed thine own heart that the light of the sun of divine love may shine clearly through its meshes, then shalt thou see clearly to cleanse thy brother's heart, and mayhap, thou wilt not then find so much of evil in thy brother's heart as now thou thinkest. What seemeth evil to thee in him, may be but the image of evil reflected upon him from thine own heart.

ETERNAL SPRINGTIME

WITH the sun's crossing of the equinoctial line, with the advent of spring there comes into the mind, as well as the body of the human being who is sensitive to the action of the rising and falling tides of the great life-stream, an ever new vibration, a new lease of life, as it were.

The spiritual soul of man, as well as the universal soul, knows no age, loses no power. It is eternal springtime for it. The spiritual sun is forever above the soul's horizon, it crosses no line; but the soul does not come into recognition of its birthright of eternal youth until it has passed its Good Friday, its time of crucifixion, the time when the soul seed has burst its enveloping sheath in the pangs of spiritual birth—the time when it is fastened to the cross of matter with the nails of carnal desire, and, after being pierced by the sword of renunciation, it has yielded up its last body of flesh. Then, and then only, can come its real Easter Day, its day of Resurrection from the dead, the day when the Christ in man has brought a realization of all his pre-existences in form and of the indivisibility of the One Life underlying all manifestation.

Let no Easter Day pass without bringing forward for thought and meditation the great promise of the dawn of a new life, a new spring for the soul. Build well each day some part of the eternal structure which will not fail you in your hour of trial. Let each coming Easter Sun shine upon some new trophy of your present effort. However trifling to other eyes than yours that trophy may seem, it will mark a milestone passed of the long hard climb to the mountain top which you hope to attain.

WANDERER

YE restless wanderers of the worlds, who find no place on Earth or Sea or Sky on which to plant a foot and anchor there those rapidly pulsating vehicles of the soul you pamper or abuse at will, while seeking surcease from the stress and strain the Jinns have laid upon you.

Know ye not, when first you yielded to the driving power of Fohat which sent you forth on an unceasing search for Lethe's steams, or for the apples of Hesperides; you opened wide the door which led into the closed and secret place of the soul; you wrenched apart the close-bound strands of that golden cord which held your Souls in leash that they might learn the lessons which a single point in space can teach as well and better far than all the leagues of Earth and Sea and Sky your feet have traveled o'er? Heedlessly ye have invoked the restless elementals of the lower spheres to make their home within your Souls. And they have now seized the reins of power and drive you round about according to their whims, that they may minister to their desire for ceaseless motion. Day by day your power of seeking Silence, Peace, and all that Wisdom born of concentrated effort, slowly wanes and leaves you ten fold more the slave you were. Your eyes are blinded by the dust satiety has flung therein, and like a ship with rudder gone and anchor buried fathoms deep beneath the ocean's waves, you drift about with ne'er a port in sight, in total ignorance of the truth that ye are but the sport of creatures ye would cast derision on, if once your eyes were opened to the light of your divinity and hidden power o'er lower forms of life. Wake up, tear off the bandage from your eyes, find your niche, and labor for your fellow man, close fast those wide-flung doors, and seek the silence and the Peace of all fulfilment.

LONELY SOUL

AS breaks the long low rumble of the surf-bound shore upon the outer ear, and so accustoms it to Nature's lowest register of tone, that it is dulled to all the sweeter, softer notes of rippling brook and hum of busy insect, so the loud thunder of the unbound passions, the shrieks of mad, unsatisfied Desire, doth dull the inner ear of man, and will not let him hear the Soul's low cry for help to find its own, its triple chord, now lost amidst the myriad sounds which beat the ether into waves that break upon the shores of sentient life in ever widening curves, carrying on their crest or in the silent depths beneath, the missing tones which wait the sounding of the key; that key which only can be heard when all the discords, all the harsher sounds of life are stilled.

All naked and alone, bereft of hope and plunged into abysmal depths where light nor sound may penetrate, that lonely soul must wander incomplete, its smothered wail the only outlet for its woe. No power it hath to sound the key, recalling the lost notes, and so completing the sweet chord which with its volume, strength and power would clothe that Soul with light and hope divine. For, losing those sweet tones in Passion's drear domains, o'er which insatiable Desire hath rule, it loses e'en the power to make a plea for help, and so unceasingly it wanders on alone till myriad cycles pass, when once again it mingles with the maze of unborn Souls that wait the sounding of a higher key than that which rung its birth, and which will call to active life the dead and sleeping, and the embryos, the other victims of the greater Self—the *Will to live*.

FREEDOM

“**L**OOSE HIM and let him go.” Unwind the swaddlings which you have wrapped about your brother man.

Your dogmas, creeds and penances—your selfish love as well as hate, are chains which bind you to the “Wheel of Woe.”

Forgive the debts, undo the chains you bound your brother with in duty’s guise. Loose him and let him go, and thou shalt find, not all the chains, the debts, the bonds with which you hold your friend in thrall will draw and hold him fast to you as will the knowledge he is free. Free to wander where he will, free to come and go, free to give you love for love, or to refuse e’en friendship’s trove.

Each thread of every cord you use to bind another soul will bind *you* back, will hold *from you* the love you crave, the service *you* require.

In *Freedom* lies thy strength, and Freedom is the Law of Life; not liberty to hurt or crush another part of God’s own life, but liberty to render service pure, and learn to find in strict obedience to law the goal of perfect life.

Obedience to law through love of law and order gives highest freedom to the soul, but man has put the bond of fear upon his brother man and so enslaved him to Illusion, and fear breeds naught but most abject subjection, and freezes into nothingness the slave, as well as he who doth enslave.

Obey implicitly the law of Love and thou shalt not be called upon to sacrifice aught save the thing thou needest not; but first be sure thou knowest Love, and hast not clothed it in the slimy garb of self-indulgence, thus paving wide the way for self-annihilation.

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.

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.

WHAT NOW ARE YE?

CEASE your moaning and your wailing, ye enlisted soldiers of the Army of your god. Did ever soldier win his spurs, win command of battling legions who at sight of guns and sabers, battlefields or wounds, fell out of line and cringed in terror and despair? Beat it into dulled and sodden minds if ye needs must, that never was a just and righteous cause left undefended, or was it lost for aye. Nay, not even if it sank from sight of man for days or years; not even if its last defender perished in the final battle fought. Like a buried seed it sprang into a newer, higher life, ten fold the stronger, ten fold the surer of success for all the bloodshed, all the tears that watered its first growth.

How dare you, if you be of those whose coward hearts are in their mouths, how dare you raise your eyes to heaven and cry for succor ere a blow is struck that touches you? How dare you face your God—your Higher Self—whose cause you undertook, when naught but moans and wails, prophecies of evil, frantic clutches at your comrades' arms, are all you have to offer him for all the riches of his grace and glory which lie within the cause ye have espoused?

Was righteous cause ere undertook that did not call the slimy reptiles from the underworld to wreath themselves around the limbs, to poison all the air with fetid breath, to sink their fangs into the flesh of those who stood upon the firing line when came the battle for its life?

What now are ye, that ye should ride serenely on above the heads of those who fight, and never strike a blow yourselves in your defense, or that ye should escape the common lot of men and soldiers fighting for a cause on which now rests the fate of nations yet unborn? Why

should your limbs, the air you breathe, the flesh you bear, escape the reptile's coils and breath and fangs, the rank abuse, the slanderous tongues, the crushing of your hearts by coward's blows? Can ye not bear what weaker men have bravely borne, *i.e.*, the burden of their fellowmen, and hold your heads on high, and smile and sing? Aye, sing so loud and strong that not a note of all the discord on the field below may strike your ear?

Ah, if ye can but do my bidding, then are ye children of the King; soldiers of the *Cross of Christ*—the symbol of eternal life for all the world; then ye are on the road that leads to where the Hosts of Light now stand and beckon the road to Mastery.

THE INNER VOICE

THE sunlight of heaven fell on the brink of a New Morning—and the Angel in the clod awoke.

So saith the Inner Voice, heard on the planes of Peace. The New Morning is at hand and the clod—humanity—is stirred to its soul foundations as the Angel of our better natures—that spark of God or Holy Light entombed within—is aroused to waking conscious life on outer planes.

As the sun must warm, and the heavens water the earth for the material seed to germinate, so must the dew and the sunlight of heaven bring to active life the seeds of spiritual qualities stored up in the clod of human material nature.

In the center of the fiercest storm is a place of perfect calm. In the blackest substance, carbon and soot, is the potency of the diamond.

In the clay of our roadbeds, says chemistry, the ruby and sapphire lie sleeping, uncrystallized, unawake, in the aluminum base of that clay. Likewise in the sand we crunch under our feet is the latent light of the opal and amethyst. Verily “in the mud and scum of things, there alway, alway something sings.”

When disintegration, corruption, selfishness and dissolution reach their acme, regeneration is imminent. It is nature’s way of building up higher forms. Matter must be dissociated to evolve higher types. Nations and peoples must be cast into the fire, torn to pieces, old ideals, customs and traditions broken beyond repair, that higher ideals of truth and beauty may become operative, based on the eternal verities.

That spark of Divine Light and Life, that potent all powerful Radiance which is God, inherent in every atom of

substance and in which is stored the Divine Pattern of men and angels and worlds, throws matter, whether material, mental or spiritual, into higher and truer forms when individuals, worlds or nations are torn to pieces by wars or calamities which shake the moral and mental natures to their foundations and demand self sacrifice accompanied by fires of suffering of every kind.

“TAKE MY HAND AND WITH ME SEEK—”

COME BACK TO ME, my children, who have wandered far away into the by-paths made by faithlessness, by false judgement, by lovelessness, until you can no longer hear my voice, no longer see my outstretched hand. Open your hearts to that divine love which as a mirror reflects our unity.

Remember that your brother's sin is your sin, your sister's weaknesses are your weaknesses, and that as the great master cannot enter into his rest until he has gathered into one fold the sheep that belong to him, neither can you enter into your inheritance until you have led into your love the hearts that are a part of your heart.

Take my hand, and with me seek your straying brothers and enfold them in the love that is the apotheosis of all things, the love that can conquer all things, even death itself.

Ah! my children, nothing else counts in the sun of our existence save Love. “If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen,”—the brother who has cheated you in business as well as the brother who has succored you, the sister who has betrayed your trust as well as the sister who has been your inspiration; your brethren who now walk on the shady side of the path of life, not always by choice, but frequently because they have been pushed from the sunny side by you and others like you—if ye cannot love these who need your love above all others “how can you love God whom ye have not seen,” the God in whom these now despised ones “live and move and have their being?”

THE FEVER

SATURN has bred a fever in the vitals of the Dark Star. The disease seething in its body for long ages now appears on the surface. The Regent of Mars has its fingers on the pulse of the earth, and 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 of the world and make clean its foul 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.

WOULD LIFE BE WORTH LIVING?

THINK what it would mean to you, my brother, to you who are heartsick and wearied, to you who have lost your all of worldly goods and in the losing parted with whatever measure of peace and hope you may have known—think what it would mean if you should wake some morn and e'en before your eyes were opened you should feel a tender thrill creep sweetly through you, a thrill of some new life, blotting out all memory of your sorrow, filling you with strange desire to sing aloud and stretch out your hand to touch some flower or bird or creature near that you could draw much closer to you and so might feel another heart beat close against your own just for the joy you could impart to it. Think what it would mean to you if, as your eyes were opened wider, you could look on sky or field or river or on the ocean's wide expanse or on the blazing sun. Think what it would mean if then you could bound up on to your feet as on your ears there fell the first low notes of that sweet song of Life to which the stars as castanets mark time—those notes that all the voices of the earth and sea and sky took up and blended in a paean of praise, while every living thing in most melodious measure rippled, waved, and danced in glee, inviting you to join them.

If, as you started forth to place yourself in line, a wave of color such as you had never seen before should sweep across the heaven in glory unsurpassed and from its depths the words "My child" should beat upon your ear, and in the hearing another life had called to you across the ages past which reached not only to the present but far beyond to all the coming centuries of time, would life be worth the living then? If that voice thrilled you to the heights of all the potencies of feeling in your soul and wakened into life a

love so great, so measureless and vast, and yet a love which reached and folded into warm embrace e'en every insect, weed, or loathy thing which formerly had filled you with supreme disgust, would life be worth the living? If that voice wakened into life a love so grand, so destitute of self that you would fain unchain e'en every cell of all your human form and send it, free, disrobed of flesh, on a quest for lost and wandering souls with but a single thought and that thought a wish that you had more to give that so you might make room for more of that great love which called to you from out the soul of things, would life be worth the living then, think you, who now in desolations and despair see naught but human woe and wretchedness?

Would life be worth the living to you whose eyes are dim with weeping for your own lost gods, those little gods you made and killed because they were not great enough to satisfy the heart from which they sprang? You could not give your gods life supernal, love divine, for as yet you had it not to give.

I say it to you, my comrade, brother, sister, and friend, just beyond the hill which looms before your mental gaze lies even now that other world, that world of love and light supernal, and at its open door there stands an angel host awaiting the glad hour when all who sleep shall wake to know the joy of living.

A PARADOX

A SOUL entered upon a new incarnation, fresh from a preceding life which had been filled with unrecognized, unrewarded service for others. It brought over a strong realization of the righteousness of reward for merit and rebellion against all unrewarded service. Together these qualities grew until they dominated its existence and made of the new life one vast desire for recognition and for appreciation by others of the qualities it dimly realized were worthy of the same. Its new life battle must be fought out on that line, for until the soul has attained to true indifference no constant peace is attainable. Hunger for earthly recognition changes to hunger for Divine recognition as one life passes into another, and Divine recognition comes not until after the soul has ceased to desire it for itself. The battle between selfish and unselfish desire grows more fierce as time passes.

Jesus said, "He who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." In this incident Desire and Will would correspond to the father and mother in the sense that Jesus used the terms; and Desire and Will must be united, thereby producing the third principle, the Higher Manas—the Son, the Christos. Consequently the soul can never gain its goal until the spirit of Christ is born within it. It is then that the soul has become worthy, that is, capable of becoming a Christ, the Prince of Peace. We are not worthy of the Christ until the personal Desire and Will have become fused, as it were, and true indifference toward personal desire has been attained.

EVER TRYING

MAN is ever trying to climb up to God some other way than by the way God has ordained, and will not accept that way until disappointment and despair have driven him back to his starting point, when, if he is wise, he will subject the vacated spaces in his brain, from which their long-time tenants have been expelled, to the action of simple faith and devotion, when he will begin to understand that he can climb up to God only as he becomes God.

Every great religion has its legend of Lucifer—Satan—the fallen Angel, who was banished from heaven for attempting to prove his equality with God. Personal knowledge of God predicates equality with God, for only one on an equality with another can truly know that other, whether that one be God or man.

The man who says he loves God while his every act shows indisputable hate of his brethren must be a curiosity to the angels.

The man who professes to possess the higher creative power, the Kryashakti, when he does not function the higher love—Universal Love—in his life places himself in the category of falsifiers.

The man who could be induced to perform a dishonest act cannot shelter himself under the garment of truth.

The man who is not truly humble, universally kind, just and wise, could not hold up his head in the presence of the Masters long enough to present his claims to discipleship.

The man who is not willing and able to sacrifice his life, his all, for the good of the race to which he belongs will never be able to greatly advance that race.

Like not only seeks, but it finds like. Only Love can find Love. God is Love, and out of Love were all things created.

THE LAST PLUNGE

A PURE soul stood on the shore of the Ocean of Manifested Life waiting the final plunge that must bring oblivion of past glory—yet thrilling with rapture as memory recalled the message of glad tidings of which it was to be the bearer to the prisoned souls on the far distant shore.

The Lord of Life and Death drew near—and as the Soul lifted its arms for the last plunge, He threw over it a stainless mantle of purity. As the waves of that ocean rolled back, and the soul finally stood on the nether shore, the shimmering light of that radiant garment caught the eyes of the waiting souls, and the contrast between it and the vile robes in which they were bound, maddened them. Jealousy—cruel, deadly, as the poisoned fangs of a serpent, awoke in their hearts; they could not wrest the garment from its wearer, but one by one they stooped and gathered handful after handful of slimy mud, and with vengeful spite hurled it over the garment, regardless of the fact that their own hands and robes had become soiled and filthy from contact with that mud.

Hounded on from one spot to another, its wings broken, its garment in shreds, and vile past telling—striving to give the beautiful message it bore to those whose shrieks of laughter and despair drowned the words ere they passed the trembling lips, the one white soul crept back to the waters whence it came, and as it sank on the sands, the same wave that had brought it thither lifted it up and bore it back to the Lord of Life and Death. Lifting it to His breast, the Lord said—"Thou, water, which hast cleansed my garment, take back the mud thou bearest, to that nether shore. The prisoned souls shall be drenched with that mud until such time as they shall have caught my message with their own ears."

THE HEAVENLY PATTERN

WHAT matters it that form and face of thy beloved grow feeble, old and wrinkled? What matters is that the shell which held thy love shall be in time a feeding place for worms, or even that lust and all uncleanliness shall leave their imprint on the face that thou hast pressed against thine own in ecstasy of pain?

The soul that thus expressed itself in form, that part of thee and me which drew and called to active life the sleeping Love dwells not in form or face of any living thing, though in thy blindness thou wouldst so confine it.

Look o'er the pages of thy life—the pages of the open book writ by the hand of God, and thou shalt find that like as thou hast grown to man's estate by slowly filling in the heavenly pattern of thyself, day after day, so hath thy *power of loving grown*, and yet may grow to compass all the spheres of life.

That thing or creature thou didst love with all the power thou hadst when but a child, no longer charms thine eye, though in that charm did'st truly manifest a soul that after many years again shone through a fleshly form and face which drew and held thee fast; and so again shall love increase and search the heavens to find itself.

When all the lower fires of personal possession shall burn themselves away, then thou wilt find in every human face, in flower and tree, in wind and water, in all things and creatures, and finding never lose agin, the flawless soul that thou hast always loved, and find it waiting the glad hour when every note of all the wondrous Song of Life shall sound forth pure and sweet for all who list to hear.

WAKEN

A TERRIFIC crash of thunder rent the midnight air, sending great waves of sound reverberating from one end of the heavens to the other. A great pulsating globe of fire, much like a sun, appeared in the far distance. From it, in every direction, were darting broad, zigzag streams of lightning, which seemed to pierce the very ends of the universe. From the globe of fire there issued a voice that at first sounded like the low mutterings of thunder, but on closely listening could be distinguished in slow, deep, penetrating tones the words: "Write to the still-born sons of Earth." Then came the message given below:

Dwarfed are ye, ye sons of Earth who once were great enough to tread the burning sands of Teapi-nui, and with your own bared hands pil up the statutes of the Gods—ye whose minds conceived the Holy temples lying now full forty fathoms 'neath old ocean's waves.

Ah, but ye have fallen low, and when mine eyes behold your puny forms, your sordid minds, I see how great the fall, how slow the rising from the depths of you disgrace and punishment.

Can nothing rouse ye from your sleep to knowledge of the truth that ye are Sons of God, as well as earthen vessels? Must hoary cycle tread upon the heels of cycles past, and ye lie still and make no move to climb the heights where once ye had a dwelling place with Devas fair and wise?

Will neither sad entreaty nor scornful lashings of a pointed tongue goad you on to grasp once more the heritage which alien hands have wrested from your grasp?

Day crieth unto Day and Night moans unto Night, and ye lie wrapt in Lethe's false embrace, or for a golden chain, a Ruby rare and precious to your clouded sight, relinquish all the power and wealth which lieth now unclaimed amidst the treasures of your Father's house.

Waken! Waken! Waken! Slothful child of earth, stretch out thy palsied arm and strive to grasp the hand outstretched to thee. Straighten the limbs now stiff and curled beneath thy form, and strive to reach the path which leads to the great Eye upon the Mountain top; for night is coming on, in which no man may work, and if thou canst not work, there is no place for thee upon the earth where Service is the law of life, the chiefest blessing left to fallen man, the Pledge of final union 'twist thy God and thee, which thou hast bartered now and must reclaim ere thou canst Wisdom find and know.

THE HARP OF LIFE

FROM Life's threads are formed the strings of the Harp: from the substance of love in Hearts of Gods; from the soul travail of martyred hosts; from the love astir in a mother's breast; from joys and anguish of human lives; from passion and lust and greed and fear; from compassion, love, and hope, and faith; from flowers of love in divinest spheres; from weeds of hate in the soil of hell—are wrought the strings on the Harp of Life.

In the Heart of the Great Law, I am the All—and see, how now the Masters—yea—the Gods themselves, sit at my feet, and from my blood drink deep the draughts of life. They worship me and yet am I the servant of all.

The ecstasy of infinite feeling swells within, expands and blends my soul in unison with Thee, Great Law of Being. And now behold! All space becomes the floor of my abode. Suns are my eyes, and rolling worlds my organic parts. Celestial memories are mine. Through infinitudes of life and death, sun-orbed, my vision darts with speed of light. Alpha and Omega meet and blend.

Possessing naught, I am all things. Power have I none, yet am all power. I am bereft of Love and Life—but I am love and life. They who live and love, have me. I am one with Thee, Great Lodge of Life, but 'till the most degraded one in the lowest hell has entered in, the Temple of Love is incomplete—the strings of my Harp are not in perfect tune.

With softest touch, the fingers of my soul sweep o've the golden strings of Love—and chords of mellow sweetness stir the hearts of men. Love's greetings flash from star to star, and brighter hues bedeck the worlds aflame with purer shine of life.

When, perforce, the coarser chords of lust from passions' strings are struck, the stars grow dim, dim, and clouded shadows flit 'twixt earth and sun; and 'tween the mind and soul, misshapen, hideous forms disport and fatten on Love's wasted Flames. Life's Rose hath lost its glorious hue, and slimy shapes arise in dungeons of the sense.

From cosmic sounds, notes on the Universal Harp, suns, stars and worlds are built. Clothed in the Harmony of Spheres, my life sweeps forth in melodies of light, to give itself to all.

In Robes of Fragrance, as in the petaled glory of the rose or chaliced pureness of the lilies fair, Life's Harmonies burst into bloom of Form, through which exhale sweet breaths of Love—to bring—perchance—to mind of mortal man encased in rotting garb of flesh, some memory of spheres divine in which his soul doth home.

TO THE DEAD IN LIFE

A GAIN and again falls the hammer of the Gods, and the throbbing tones of the Anvil ring true on hearts that hear. Blow follows blow on "The Iron Wheel" hot with the blast of the outraged Law. Higher and yet higher rise the flying sparks, filling heavens with fiery streams which descend as scourges of pestilence, famine and flame.

Pile up your dead, ye dead in life. Hide them from view, lest their mangled forms cry vengeance upon you; then stand on their shallow graves, if you can—and cry: "Great are we earthborn sons of Desire; Giants of Power, of Finance and Fame. Hasten ye slaves of our dominant wills, cover the archives, the records, that prove we be passion-bred bastards of lustful desire for lands and silver and gold!"

The stench of your evil poisons the air, and only blue flame from the hidden fires can render it fit for the breathing of those who come on the wings of the morning light to offer again to fallen man the grip of the Lion's Paw.

Go on! Go on to the end; for ye will not hear. In thirst for Power, ye have blinded your eyes, and ye cannot perceive ye are objects of scorn—only butts for the play and laughter of fiendish Jinns, who blind and deceive, who set wary traps into which ye trip, who gleefully laugh at the steel-ribbed vaults ye have crossed and recrossed with the currents of doom.

Again and again has the message gone forth; again and again doth the Master cry: "As a hen doth gather her chickens, and foldeth them under her wings, so would I gather you, but you will not heed."

THE TRAGEDY

WHEN one who has passed within the Gate and caught a glimpse of glory beyond tries to tell his fellow men what he has seen, his tongue is completely tied. All that he can do is to point to the path by which he entered; and because that path is beset by wild beasts which have bit and mauled and trampled him, when he shows the scars of his passage the eyes of other men, of other women, are so fixed upon those scars they fail to see the light of the Shekina shining through his eyes; and so they cry, "away with him, we will have none of him."

The light dies out of his eyes, drenched in sorrow for those he cannot serve, even though he gave his life, because their eyes are holden by the things they have gathered about them—the things of matter and things of mind, both results of their prostitution.

The last part of the path to the heights of life is cold and dark and lonely, and the senses cry out for warmth and light and company. But the coldness, the darkness and the loneliness are essential for the freezing of lower desire, the gestation of the embryo of the new life, the perception that God is all there is of life. Possessing God, the soul possesses all things desirable.

There are moments in all mature lives when that great truth comes home to the heart in unmistakable terms; but the things for which man has sold his soul smother the heart's longing, and not knowing what else to do, the great majority go on collecting more things, to the end of the great tragedy.

WILL OF VENGEANCE

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 arouse 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.

A CLEAN LIFE

A CLEAN Life. An open Mind. A pure Heart. And eager Intellect. An unveiled spiritual Perception. A Brotherliness for All. A readiness to give and receive Advice and Instruction. A courageous Endurance of personal injustice. A brave declaration of Principles. A valiant Defense of those who are unjustly attacked. And a constant eye to the Ideals of Human Progression and Perfection which the Sacred Science depicts. These are the golden stairs up the steps of which the Learner may climb to the TEMPLE OF DIVINE WISDOM.

TO YOU, MY CHILD!

TO YOU, MY CHILD:

To you who are my child, by whatever name or title you are known to others, when once you have crossed the threshold of The Temple, to you individually I say: I need you, the world needs you, millions yet unborn need you, need your devotion, compassion, and your service, and you have promised faithfully and sacredly to give what is required of you. What are you doing to redeem that promise?

Are you reaching into every field open to you to draw into The Temple ranks those who need the message I bring? Or do you merely take what you can assimilate from that message at the moment of its receipt, and then stand idly by while millions of your fellow beings go down to mental and spiritual death, lulled by the promised security of those soul-destroying demons in human shape who now prey upon the unenlightened?

Do you catch the personal note in each message I send, the note which is sounded for you individually, or are your ears holden by your indifference, or your failure to redeem your own given word?

Are you upholding by word, thought and act the Center established by the Great Ones that you might have all it is possible for those higher than I to send you, as well as all I may be able to give you of myself? Or are you crippling it by your unwillingness to respond to any call made upon you?

Will you share with me the reward of duty well done; share in the joy the faithful will know when the results of their self-sacrifice and willing service shall be made known? Or will you stand back in the shadow when the Beloved One shall have come to ask what you have done with the treasures entrusted to your keeping?

My child—what is your answer to these questions?

THERE IS NO GOING BACK

THERE is no going back. You *must* go forward. It remains with you, however, whether or not you will win the Holy Grail, which is immortal life, or go back for ages. There is, as I say, no standing still, no peace; it is battle, battle, battle, with first one enemy and then another. The powers with which you are fighting are greater than you can conceive. Be on the alert. Have your armour on. Be ready for the foe at any time of either day or night, or you will be taken unawares and swept off your feet. And, my children, after all is said, it is the simplest thing that is asked of you—simple Faith, and Trust, and Love, and Work. You are asked to perform no great deed, nothing but your simple daily duty, one hour, one minute at a time. Nothing more nor less.

THE PROMISE

THUS saith the Father to me, His child:

As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, even so will I, the Lord they God, fight against the stars if so be they lead mine own into the stronghold of the Great Shadow.

Even the stars are the work of my hands, and thou shalt not put the work of my hands in the seat of my power.

Thou art long in learning that the fierceness of my jealousy is the fierceness of the World Mother who would protect her young from the poisonous fangs of the serpent; the fierceness of the jealousy of the father who refuses to deliver his only son to the maw of the hungry tiger, yet would gladly yield that son to satisfy the Higher Laws; the fierceness of the jealousy which would sweep the dark stars from the skies did they bar the way to the heart of the least of my little ones.

Truly is it said, "All things work together for good to those who love God," but e'er thou canst interpret the promise aright, thou must learn to know the nature of such love as is demanded by thy god. What seemeth good to *thee* may be the settling of some shadow of a higher good, and in thy haste it may be thou wilt seize the shadow, wrap it closely round about thee, and so cut off the light by which alone the higher good may manifest to thee.

If e'en an angel host should bid thee turn from what thou knowest is the path of right, bid them turn about and seek the Father once again and so make sure they have not erred.

Far down that beautiful broad path the perfected have made 'twixt thee and me doth also creep the wayward and the erring; and not all the words which fall upon thine

ear—not all the sights which meet thine eyes are for thy quick unfolding.

The pitcher which today is filled with pure and sparkling water from a living spring may ere another sun be filled with poisoned wine, and all who drink thereof may meet an agonizing death. The milestones on the Path are plainly marked. The contents of the pitcher indicate their character. Why then be deceived, and let thy lack of patience, or the greediness for power or place, or things of spirit or of body, lead thee into byways, or quench thy thirst with that which breeds a greater thirst and ends in death?

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

So doth the wheel of life turn and churn the waters of the Mother heart in the Son, casting forth from its ceaseless motion the froth of the results of action to again be absorbed by the Infinite mind of the Father-Fire, purified into the Life-sparks of self-conscious Immortality.

WORDS OF HARMONY

PRESERVE Harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for it is more powerful than you understand and more far-reaching.

Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicion which mar the heart's melodies, in love of the work and devotion to the cause. Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows.

United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without these you can do nothing. See to it then that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Behind all sin and suffering—shadows these—lies the divine harmonies of reality. These seek and finding, lose not.

WINGS OF SONG

NOW there are such things as Angels' Wings, for I feel their presence at times, as they brush the senses, passing by, wafting the fragrance of earth and sky, pure and holy and undefiled.

Angels there are, as certain as stars, and they abide in the heavens, up there, so high; or be it the Swan, whose wings at dawn adorn the morn with gleams of splendor and ecstasy of song. For he sings to thee, and he sings to me The Song of Life—The Song of Life Eternal—The Song of the Swan.

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?

“**W**HAT is that to thee?” Thus spake the Master centuries ago. Thus speaks He again today to thee. “What is that to thee? Follow thou me.” Fools may flatter, love may call, ambition summon, urge thee on and press thee into the midst of strife. Joy, bliss past telling may beckon thee, betrayal cast and crush thee down, vengeance spur thee up once more. What are these to thee? “Follow thou me.” A work, a purpose have I given into thy hand for keeping. Have I not appeared to thee, seeing thou wouldst know me, and again to say unto thee, “Lovest thou me more than these?” “Feed my lambs.” Yea, a second and a third time say I “Lovest thou me?” “Feed my sheep.”

One there was that loved and tarried long in loving, who also leaned upon the Master's breast when they did sup together. And of him the saying went abroad that he should not die. But the Master said, “If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thee me.”

WARRIORS OF LIGHT

“**W**ARRIORS 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 God, the Breastplate of Righteousness, the Helmet of Eternal Truth, See to it, then, that no stain rest on that armour, no rust on that sword, that ye may become one with us, on that Great Day; ‘Be With Us.’ ”

THE 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-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!

THY PERIL

THRICE 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 always 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 cometh thy reward." 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 unkown 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.

THY PRESENCE

THY presence is known to my heart, O Christos most Divine, and I await Thy commands unto my Soul; that I may more worthily perform that which Thou desireth of me with sweet surrender of self in service to all humanity.

(Sing! O my Heart Sing!)

Let my heart sing O lord of my Soul!

Let it sing joyously of Thy presence within,

And may it join in Song with that of the Swan—

The sacred melody of Aum.

A THOUGHT ON LOVE

THOU callest love an emotion, whils't 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!

THY STAR

THOU seekest me, O Man, and yet thou seekest that which is thine own richest possession, the Violet Star.

Woulds't thou know wherein lies thy failure to recognize that which is thine? It lies in the pursuit of that which is not thine!

Accept this truth now stated. Stand up straight and cease thy moaning. Be strong when strength be needed. Patient and kind when patience and kindness be needed. And be humbly grateful to the Great White Lodge for their ever constant and watchful care of thee—for thou art Man, and Man stands again at the parting of the ways and the choice lies within thy power of recognition and realization.

The Violet Star will glow warmly within thy heart, lighting the Way to the fulfillment of thy Destiny.

All hail! O Violet Star.

TO THE FAITHFUL

THOU wouldst know thy Future? The role thou art to play—writ by thine own hand, guided by mine? Then listen well to my words for they are also thine, and the end of thy day of Time draweth nigh.

Thy road on the great Path of Life remains rocky and difficult of climb; but thou hast me by thy side ever present to guide, to sustain and make possible the homing stride.

O my Child need'st thou more? For we are One, on this quest of thy Soul, which can never be won save we win it together—side by side, in joy and in woe, in gladness and in sadness, the two poles of Life's journey to the land of the Sun, wherein is won the right to lie in peace on the Great Cross of Balance.

TAKE CARE

TAKE care, my children, in thy careless use of words and meaning, they jibe not with the Holy Writ of their forebears and confuse thy better self till thou knowest not the pure from the impure. Words that are foul in meaning doth ever attract more of their kind with the ever growing tendency to pervert and defile that which is pure and holy. Wouldst thou then attract to thee that which, in deep penitence of soul, thou hast foresworn in thy quest of the Holy Grail?

Impurity and perversion are twin forces of evil and a deadly poison to the Soul of man. The trend to make perversion "a way of life" is a sin against God and Nature and mankind's human rights.

Remember this and forget it not.

When true love is at its base, the souls involved should not be scorned, but helped to overcome the grossness of the untransmuted lower self and raise the consciousness to the higher level of Love's true domain.

SING

LET thine 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 thine heart sing before thy 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 SOUL'S HOMING

STAND up straight and shine before thy Lord, for He hath given thee that right. His love embraceth all Mankind and thou my child doth reflect His Light.

Stand up straight my child—straight as the tallest pine—and glorify thy Lord; thou hast labored long in thy “night” of time for that right, and thine harvest is reached in Me, whil’st Truth in all its Majesty and Power doth lovingly beckon thee.

SACRED POWER OF WOMAN

THOU—Mystery of Life and Being, thou woman of immortal power, truly beautiful art thou in ecstasy of Love eternal. Thine is the true power of the soul of man and in thee lies the mystery of the Lost Word, the creative power from which man and woman hath sprung into being, and through which they will again become One in God Eternal.

Thou art truly the daughter of the Swan, the bird of Life, and from thee is drawn the sweet Elixir of immortality to him "who knows—wills—dares and keeps silent" of thy vast storehouse of treasures past telling in the purity of Love.

From thee shineth that Light of the Blue Star Immortal that pierceth the deep darkness of the Soul's Golgotha in recognition of the son, the Christos, born anew in the awakening heart consciousness of man and woman of the coming new age of the humanity to be, in man's eternal quest for Immortality.

SONG OF THE AVATAR

IF thou wouldst know Faith in all its radiant beauty look closely into thine own heart—for that is the true homeland of this most precious gem of mortal men. Therein lies the token of thy Longing soul for closer union with God, our Father in Heaven, in His Son's manifestation in the heart of man and in the heart of all living things and creatures. The journey to that goal is long and wearying but draws ever closer as the singer in thy heart in faith sings his song: "Nearer my God to thee—e'en though it be a Cross that raiseth me."

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

THE still small voice, wherein alone may man hear the speech of God, can only be heard at the neutral center of sound. The positive pole of sound is loud and large; the negative is silence. As the positive decreases in volume as it nears the center, so the negative increases. When they meet at a given point one strives to overcome the other, and as a result of the struggle there is manifested something infinitely higher in the realm of sound.

The stillness and smallness indicate equilibrium, peace. On the battle ground of life is born the Androgyne. So it is in all aspects of life, spiritual and material. Love is the greatest thing in life because it comprises, compounds and correlates all lesser things.

In the battle between love (passion) and hate in the mind of man something higher than either love and hate of the physical plane is born; namely, Compassion, Understanding. In the struggle between sunlight and darkness is born the dawn and the twilight hours of Peace and Beauty. In the stress of battle between good and evil is born the power of Renunciation, the most difficult power to attain. In the battle between pleasure and pain is born Endurance. So through all the aspects, attributes, qualities, energies in or out of manifested life on the planes of matter and force it is in the neutral center, the plane of peace, the point of equilibrium—the Dawn, the point of Renunciation, that we shall find God; never at either end where noise, confusion, dissatisfaction or silence, non-being, disintegration and disruption occur. So, while man may be a microcosm of God,

he is an epitome of the ends of all the above mentioned aspects, attributes, qualities, and forces—a battle ground wherein is being fought out to a finish the battle of the ages. When he has established the neutral center of all these aspects, attributes, qualities and forces in himself he enters the Macrocosm—where God alone dwells.

SORROW IN FAILURE

MY SOUL in sorrow deep doth ask of Thee My Lord how long can one endure these many rounds of constant failures and the many sorrows thereof? Is not this damaging to the Soul, striving to serve thee, but failing o'er and o'er in seeming endlessness. I fain would seek relief.

My Lord maketh answer and saith unto me; If thou doth shrink from the waves of sorrow now engulfing thee in thy failures to attain, then art thou failing me—thy Lord of many Sorrows, for we are One together on the great Path of life, the path of toil and stern endeavor. Forget not thy Father's house and line of the Flaming Red Star, the Star of endless courage! and rise up and fight on in the Great Cause of Humanity; for in the sorrow of thy failures shalt thou find relief in renewed strength and Hope and endless Courage! For sorrow cleanses and purifies the weaknesses that would drag thee down in discouragement, and thus enabling thee to glimpse the Dawn that bringeth achievement of purpose in Love, Wisdom and Understanding the triune God-head of Father-Mother-Son in one.

THE SOUL OF MUSIC

THE MUSICIAN whose soul is throbbing with melodies he expresses by voice or instrument is the greatest among all the scientists, artists or creators of form among men, for he not only gives expression to his art in tones which pleasure the ear of all within sound of voice or instrument, but he ensouls the themes he sends forth, he releases the pent up forces in Soundless Sound and sends his creations out to take form conceived and born in his soul as a theme or melody.

The ensouled form may circle around in the aura of the earth or some other planet for centuries of time, but some time, in some age, it must return to the plane of its first expression to take on material substance, it may be as crystal or plant, eventually as animal and human life.

His creation, conceived and born in pure unselfish love, bears none of the marks which distinguish the work of the scientist or other earthly creator, being devoid of all selfishness.

He pours out his soul in melody, without thought of return, and out of pure love for the imprisoned music which he strives to set free, therefore his creations are eternal, as love is eternal.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE

REMEMBER what I now say to you, that your power to recognize the coming Avatar, your right to His recognition of you, rests on your power of interior vision first, and secondarily on your proven desire for such recognition; proven in the only way desire can become effectual, i.e., by action.

What recognition, what interest, what love could you give to a father in the flesh if he suddenly appeared to you for the first time in later life and there were no points of mutual interest, no common experiences between you? The mere form and face would mean no more to you interiorly than would the form and face of any other individual. The form of his appearing, whether it were in daylight and with blare of trumpets, and great glory, or in darkness and stillness of night, would make no difference to you as far as true recognition is concerned.

You will never recognize the coming Christ or meet with such recognition as you desire unless you have done your part toward building up the necessary mutual interests and memories, by obedience to His demands, thereby preparing a matrix within which the Ideal Christ may first take form and become visible to you.

If you are questioning the possibility, yet desiring the reappearance of the last great Avatar, give your own self, your Soul, as well as that Great One, an opportunity of proving not only the possibility but the certainty, by preparing a place in your heart for Him first, and then making what outer preparations are needful, as you have been directed.

Do not dry up the springs of life in yourselves by doubt, or starve your Soul by denial, and so kill out the

divine Ideal now back in your consciousness which is the basic source of your realization.

Be very sure that the Power that has built up and sustained this universe has never left Itself without witnesses. Find those witnesses if it cost a life. There is no lasting peace, happiness or divine usefulness for you until you do find them, and lead others to the source of the same.

THE SON OF THE DRAGON

ON the fifteenth day of the fifth month of this year was applied the second of the three fiery cyclic torches required to light the funeral pyre, and perform "Suttee" for Commercialism—the powerful Bride of The Beast.

Full five thousand years have the peoples of the Earth been gathering brands for her burning. The first torch was applied when the laboring man brought forth his first-born son—Organization. The third torch will be applied when the Son of the Dragon, born this fifteenth day of the fifth month, reaches maturity, buckles on his armor of organized capital, and flings down the gage of battle.

But, woe to the first-born, woe to the second-born, woe to the third-born, for the fire from the burning brands will reach out and lick up the peoples who gathered them, as well as the Sons who applied the torches.

SACRIFICE

FROM its beginning to its end, the manifestation of the Christ-life in form (the Universal Soul) is a perpetual sacrifice, as is the life of all in whom that principle is most active. It is born of its Mother-Love, and with her holds the scales of justice in the light of self-sacrifice.

RENUNCIATION

ONLY by renunciation, only by waiting in the darkness when there is no light, until the way opens and the shadow flee away; only by bearing the pain, loving the causer of the pain, can the light from the great Father love break through me, the Christ, to thee the child of Christ. On the first Mount thou shalt find a Cross; on the second Mount thou shalt find thy Transfiguration.

MOTIVES

BE careful of your motives whatever you do. Do all things with a single eye to the glory of God, which means the glory of your own selves as well. Be careful of your dealings with others, for what you do to others that you surely will receive for yourselves in return. I want to warn you especially of your treatment and dealings with those of your brethren who may be weaker than you. It matters not what your opinion is, and I do not ask you to close your eyes to what would seem wrong, for that would not be right; but wait and watch for an opportunity to draw that brother or sister back to the fold if he or she has gone astray. They are part of your own vital essence, and the degradation of any one of them means a much longer wait for them and for you. Again I say, watch ever within and without yourselves and be careful of your motives in everything that you do.

THE MASTER KEY

THE Arm of Nergas has been lifted. The Children of the Seven Kings are once more being destroyed. Those which do not exist are coming into being, that Balance may be restored again. The Dance of Death is in operation. The Almeh are performing their magic as you pass through the initiation of Spiritual Discrimination, Knowledge of Law, Realization of Truth. It is the effort of the Forces of Evil to cast their influence upon the Dance that the Disciples of Light may be deceived by the appearances and activities of the Dance; that Fear, Pity and Panic be caused to reign; and that surrender of Higher Discrimination be made, which surrender to ignorance *is the only real death*. By so doing the Powers of Evil accomplish their ends for the time being, and the Purpose and Plans of the White Brotherhood are temporarily defeated or frustrated, but they can not hold such position long.

It is required that you see through the mask to the Truth beyond, that you solve the Riddle of the Cross, the Geometry of Deity, the basis of occultism, whose point at the intersection of the horizontal-vertical is the Master Key to Knowledge and mysticism. The Tear Drops of the Soul are hanging heavy on the Arms of Justice through perpetration of man's inhumanities to man. They can not be removed until karma be expiated, wrongs transmuted, pain requitted with deeds of mercy. They will but hang the heavier by attempted interference with the Law. The soul exacts to the last jot and tittle of itself if it is to rise, be freed, and live anew.

The Tree of Knowledge of Life, Death and Ignorance has been planted in your midst, for you to partake of the fruits of your choice. The Phoenix also is making effort to

manifest. Fiery combustion beyond your control may be yours for the choosing, or Union with the Flame of Purified Life. The separation of the evil from the false, the sowing of the subtle germs of testing is in progress. Once in so often do they ascend to heaven and descend to earth again.

The Ineffable Light, the Incommunicable Word, the Magic Arcanum, are yours for the seeking, yours for the listening, yours for the living.

MEDITATION AND CONCENTRATION-A FRAGMENT

ENDEAVOR to cast every thought out of your mind except the one of obtaining perfect tranquility of mind and body. Do not hold your will rigid. Do not make a strong effort at what so many of you term concentration, for you frequently defeat the desired end by awakening too much energy. Try to reach the condition between sleeping and waking, as far as possible, though listening with the inner ear.

THE MESSAGE OF HOPE

FOR the love of the Christ that is in us all, let us turn our hearts to the light and our footsteps in the direction of those “who have marked the signs of the times” and been permitted to see the sheaf of Annunciation Lilies held in the hand of the Angel—the Progenitor of the Coming Race—and hear the words which bid them seek out the desolate and faint hearted and give them a message of Hope.

MY HEART WAS COLD AND EMPTY

MY heart was cold and empty; the wells once full of love's refreshing streams were dry, and the whole wide world peopled with uncouth 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 know 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.

Then at last, my eyes, which had so long been dry, were wet with tears; my heart, which had so long been cold and pulse-less 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. If it be but just a dog whose eyes look into theirs with love, send something, someone, close to them to loose the stream within their hearts, and let the waters of their love flow out to all mankind. 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.

PROPHECY OF HIAWATHA

WHEN the great tree (the six nations) inclines too much to the North or South or West, especially the West, and the tree is threatened with destruction, then I will appear again and give new instructions and save the tree from being swept away. (Temple Artisan, June, 1911)

A NEW YEAR WISH

THERE is One Great Power which will enable Mankind to build true Peace and Brotherhood on Earth—the Divine Power of the AVATAR, the Christos, now pouring Its redeeming and unifying forces into the world for the help and upliftment of all the races of the Earth. There is one all-important task before the human race: to become instruments for these Christly forces of Love, Light and Wisdom.

In this new year of 1958 may the Divine Presence reach the hearts and minds of people in all lands and help them to realize **THE PRESENCE OF THE AVATAR AS A LIVING AND BUILDING POWER IN THEIR LIVES.**

For all this we ask in the name of **LOVE and BROTHERHOOD.**

OURS

WOULDST THOU give of thine Auric treasures to others in dire need of what, to thee, is thine? In that giving wouldst thou know the truth divine that thy Soul possesses naught that is not theirs, nor yet can ever be theirs or thine? And when in the closeness of one in tune with thee thou sharest more with him than thou now canst see?

For know it well my soul, that in the giving lies the Spirit that doth bless and absolve from sin and shame the shambles of separateness in life and living, for we are, in purity of truth, One in our Father-Mother-Son, and all therein is Ours, and will be, forever.

THE MASTER'S CHARGE TO TEMPLARS

I SPEAK not now to those other atoms of myself who know me not, neither do they know That which I feebly represent.

I speak to you individually.

Other men, other women, in ignorance of the laws of true discipleship—whose ears and eyes are sealed fast, as yet—may scorn the words I utter, the thoughts I lavish upon them, and despite that scorn pass on over your heads to the heights on which I stand and beckon you, but having seen and heard, knowing well the law which must govern disciples of the right hand path, you cannot still my voice in your soul—cannot fall back into the depth of ignorance from which you all have been rescued, and travel again this step of the path that leads to God. To you it hath been given to touch the hem of the Seamless Robe—to stand on the threshold of the Temple Gate and behold a tithe of the Glory which rests on the Altar of Sacrifice, and if you turn back on that Altar and pass out into the darkness beyond the outer court, how great will you find that darkness.

You are Sons and Daughters of a King. If you barter that birthright for a bauble, for a passing dream, I cannot give it back to you, nor can you win it again for yourselves in many ages. You must pay royally for your birthright, in purity of service, in loyalty to your Father's house, in love to your Father's people, in fidelity to your BRETHREN.

He can accept no less at your hands without degrading His Kingly throne. You can offer no less without belittling your own ancestry.

Raise high the banner of your house, and let no earthly honor, no personal selfishness, no host of Hell trample it and you underneath the feet of your soul's oppressors.

MAN THE ARBITER

MAN IS truly the arbiter of his own destiny, but that power which has made man that arbiter is the same power that sharpened the points of the crystal, and gave each point its particular direction.

Each element expresses itself in a different geometrical form, and the element in man which guides his destiny is that which sharpens his understanding, and guides or points the results of his actions into a form which he calls his destiny.

MY 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 over 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 little child, my little, foresworn child.

Can my 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.

MORNING PRAYER

O Thou Almighty Spirit of all Life, Father-Mother-Son in One, I pray that in Thy great Love Thou wilt help me to do aright that which Thou wouldst have me to do: lest in my ignorance I fail to see and know Thy Will and lose my way to Thy Peace.

LIKE AS 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 his neck, the masses of the people, indifferent to the call of their Shephard follow the loud mouthed, 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 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 remain with the irresponsible followers of the egotist.

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

THE LAW DOTH SPEAK

THE hour hath struck, thy choice is made, oh man,
oh woman, of ancient lore. The pace was set
within thy choice to meet the challenge. Canst
thou now endure?

The Law doth speak. The soul doth list to its grave and
questioning tone, for mortal man and mortal woman are
well equipped to meet that challenge alone and together.

THE LONG LOST PATH

FROM the Heart of the Wilderness speaks the Voice of God, saying: "Ye who seek for the Long Lost Path, for the well defined, straight-marked Way of Deliverance, **stand** and list to my voice." Does it not fall upon your ears with a distinctness you cannot fail to recognize, with a meaning thou must understand, with a readiness that shall guide your feet aright, shall free them promptly from the entangled growth, the massed shadows, the lurking, creeping things around and beneath, to the glad sunshine, the bright fields beyond?

Hark! ye who have so long wandered, looking for sign, symbol, form, leading hand, or spoken word, might it not be well to pause, if but for a moment, to rest your weary selves? Within that Pause, that moment, you may find sweet realization, quick relief, if you allow yourselves to become One with the Hidden Depths within the Heart of the Jungle of Human Life, your own and others. Therein you may find the **Spark**, the **Ray of Hope**, the **Light** that shall lead you out, shall bring joy and peace, not only to yourselves but to all mankind.

LOVE'S OWN ETERNAL SELF

“**V**ENGANCE is Mine, I will repay,” saith one who has been called the Lord. “Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law, till all be fulfilled.” 'Gainst sky of blackest night His Sign is thrown, His Cross of Golden Equilibrium. In central heaven in strong relief it stands serene, tranquil, set midst myriad constellations of inter-stellar space; placid, undisturbed, differing from other lights in mellow softness, truest stillness, inmost glory, the center withal of all the lights of Life; the lamp to lighten the darkness of the world and the greater darkness of the hearts of mankind; lining the sky with its beams as glistening canopy of fine spun gold; illuminating, covering the world with mantle beautiful, soft fringed, deep scalloped on horizon line, compassion's blue glimpsing through to remind that beyond the greatest glories, the deepest depths, is that which is greater still, Love's Own Eternal, Unfathomable Self.

KNOWLEDGE AND POWER DIVINE

KNOWLEDGE is not power. Words emasculated from creative fire are dead. Life's long lesson is not learned in duty alone, nor is the end of man a slavery of service.

Law is not a demon, fanged and deadly, springing from a jungle growth to bite the heel of man, nor is it a foul trap to catch the halting feet of man or dangle those same feet above the earth, to walk a plank or tread the cells of a prison.

Man, in fear and ignorance, has clothed the words of God in raiment vile or colorless and has set them up for fetishes to scare, to tempt, deceive, and punish those he fain would hold in leash for his own ends. Release those words from bonds, and thou shalt find only eternal Wisdom, Power divine, Love unutterable, and Freedom for the soul. Duty will become privilege, law the path to growth, and service a delight.

The mind of man is bound by words, by definitions springing from the depths of life. He has become the slave of the false rendering he gives to words. He curtails his power, degrades his soul, and gives death and poison to his fellow men by using forces he knows naught about, bound up in words now credited to God.

THE KEYNOTE OF SALVATION IN THE COMING CRISIS

ABSOLUTE obedience to your own Higher Self, absolute obedience to the Lodge of Humanity, fulfillment of the obligations taken, and above and within all else, a unity and bond between you and your brothers that no outside influence can bend or break, is essential.

Always try to draw together in spirit those brothers who are absent. They will help you, and you can help them.

Again I say no sacrifice has been too great for the Brothers of Light to make for you. Remember this is your hour of trial, and try to pay back a little of the debt you owe.

There is coming a time of testing in comparison to which what has occurred is child's play.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE NIGHT

BARREN-bereft-bewildered! What now, O mortal man! Alone art thou, and yet, darest thou to stand erect and to boast of thy powers, with no one to guide thy footsteps to thy Beloved's side?

This long chilling darkness, what does it mean to thee, thou, the stalwart one—not afraid to die!

But this! Barrenness. Thou knowest not despair, nor fear—nor cowardly retreat. But this darkness—this ever increasing blackness of the night. Thou, who hast been so surrounded with Light still searching for thy Lord with diminishing sight?

“Be of good cheer,” comes His Voice singing through the night. The darkness is lessening and we are almost home with the rosy light of morning in sight.

'Twas but a shade covering thy sight that thou be protected from thy foes of the night. Come let us hasten our foot-steps together to the Light, our Light of the Son—the Central Spiritual Sun!

THE ICONOCLAST

WOULD'ST 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 ever more."

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, will say to thee, "Go back; go back to that thou lovest, for nowhere is there place for thee within my realms of Faith fulfilled."

To thee alone of all created things, Oh Man! to thee hast the power of imaging My Wisdom and My Glory been given that thou might'st see and know that which earthy eyes may not behold and keep their power of vision. But thou hast chosen a chimera for thy God: a theory which hast no life or being and so perverted that great power by means of which thou might'st have know the living God.

IT IS NOT ENOUGH

IT is not enough for the Light on the Altar to be lighted. It must be attended, replenished, protected from the winds that blow if it is to burn with glow that shall cheer and warm within, or light the windows to attract and guide the wayfarer without. Flame may be bright, burner clean, but they can be separated from each other vast as Eternal Spaces, though there be but breath of thinnest ether between, if they heed not call and answer of each other from within in common purpose, sympathy, and love. Gradually the light will vanish, if it die not out by sudden gust of wind or smoke. Near but far apart! Burning but not lighting!

A word, a thought, a glance, a deed, a transformation. Apart but near! Burning without oil or wick. Lighting all afar or near! Lights to lighten the World ye may be by fulfillment of duty, sympathy in associations.

IN THE LODGE OF THE RED STAR

IN the lodge of the red star we have met and renewed our allegiance to the tribes, to the warrior forces of the universal chief of life. His war lance is the flaming sun. His peace pipe is the silvery moon. His lance has points as many as the sands of the sea, and no one can escape them. When the great chief lights his pipe at night and passes it to his brothers, the star men, great rings and wreaths of light glow in the sky. This is the voiceless chant of peace that bears to the great spirit the message that all is well with his world children. The great spirit lights another star with love; another soul glows with the fires of hope and faith in the master chief, whose songs of life and sweetness fill the cabins of the tribes.

THE IDEAL CHRIST

WHAT matters it to you, of hungry heart and mind confused, whether the story of the birth of Christ be a myth founded on the dawn of the Winter Solstice, or whether it be the genuine record of the birth of a human being with divine potentialities? What matters greatly is that that gnawing hunger be appeased and that the mind confused by argumentative discussions of other men shall be satisfied and at peace.

You cheerfully accept the findings of Science anent the etheric medium by means of which alone can the mysteries of Electricity be even partially interpretable, and you so accept these findings because there is no other known means by which the action of that universal energy can be made manifest and applied to the needs of mankind.

Those needs do not even compare with the need of a human soul for Christ, and there is far more evidence for the existence of that Christ, whether you name that Christ a principle or a man, than there is for the existence of the Ether. The ideal of Christ is very dear to humanity because it appears to embody all that is true, beautiful and compassionate in divine or human nature, and wherever one perceives a true, beautiful and the compassionate character among men, that ideal Christ becomes as manifest to the "open eyed" as the Ether is made manifest to the scientist by the action of electrical energy. The crying need of the human soul for the true, the beautiful and the compassionate is far more evident to the intelligent mind than is the need of electrical energy, so far as its outer expressions are concerned.

You are taught that Nature's Storehouses contain all things which are requisite for the evolution of humanity, and if it be granted that the true, the beautiful and the

compassionate are requisites for the growth of the Soul, there can be no doubt of the existence of a Christ. Could any cause for rejoicing be greater than the reputed birth of a Christ, whether that birth be capable of proof or not, for in the celebration of such an event the ideal and the real come very close together.

The charity, unselfishness and tender memories evoked by such a celebration within the hearts of countless numbers of celebrants does more to keep the soul in balance through the year which follows than can be expressed in words.

So open your hearts to that influx of joy each 25th of December, and crush out the doubt and unbelief which cloud the intellect and press an unbearable weight on the heart. The Christ is coming, has come and will come so long as the human soul needs Him, and that will be eternally; but by unbelief you can prevent your recognition of that Christ at his coming, whether it is in the form of a man or a divine influx of love.

HER CROWN OF LIFE

SHE who has given her life has passed from this plane, but tirelessly she works on inner planes and there lives vibrant with energy in the aura of the Temple to which she gave her life, her best for three-score years, loyal and devoted to the end.

Hers was the sacrifice supreme made for humanity. She works now in and for the Blessed Ones, helping to bring this dark star back to the Infinite Father of all.

She was always unafraid and one who battled against great odds. Helpful to the very last, devoted to members and to all who needed help, along the "Line of Angels" she has gone into a larger realization of power and to know indeed "how true is truth."

She has written "Hold fast, hold out. The Higher Self says, Victory!"

Blessed art thou in the Great Company from which thou shalt send down help and truth to the world.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a Crown of Life," the Great One has said.

INSTABILITY

UNSTABLE as a weather cock art thou who seekest
the inner whilst thy heart reacheth for the outer,
and from its blind tutorage doth dare cast slurs
on the sacred and holy image of thy forebears who, with
blood and tears, have fought for thee that thy heart may
see and know thine own true ancestry, the home of thy
Father-Mother Self.

HEART OF BEING

FRAGRANT flowers of light, bloom from the Heart of Being. Wreaths of sound mellowed in sorrow's depths vibrate in souls attuned to the great hymn of life and love. Mountain peaks of melody—sentinels of the soul's upreaching aspiration to mix its life with God—arise from the praise of blended lives. The fingers of love and sacrifice alone, may sweep the strings of the Universal Harp of faith and charity, arousing sweet incense of harmonies that ascend to the footstool of the Gods—to return as blessings for Humanity.

GOD BREATHES

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 new-born 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."

GIVE FROM YOUR HEART

MANY, many souls are waiting in the world today for just the touch, just the word, that would bring them to this Center, and the word is not spoken! The time goes by and nothing is done to follow the directions I have given to all concerned. If any words or acts of mine could awaken Temple members, at a distance particularly, to the knowledge of the danger they are in by such a careless misuse of the privileges given them, I should consider myself particularly favored, but in my own case, as in that of many others, the conditions are such that I cannot make them hear. They have blinded their eyes and closed their ears to everything that does not bring them material possession.

I say that there is a greater need for effort on your own part. Wherever sorrow and tribulation have done their work in the world and softened the hearts of people, there is an opportunity for you to take a message from me. It matters not whether you have ever seen that person in your present life or not, the very fact that you have been drawn to a consideration of that person's need shows that there is a karmic connection between you, and you have a duty toward that person. Whether you are thus aroused by a notice in a daily paper or whether it comes to you from some other source, your duty is there. You will not have to seek far for the message that you should give. It is written in your own heart. Whether that message may seem to fail of its results immediately or not matters little. The connection is made and help given thereby.

THE GUARDIAN WALL

WHITE is the Wall which guards the Inner Court of the Soul, the Home of Christ, the Place of Peace and Power, Buildd within it is the Hearth around which shall gather those who have participated in the raising of the Wall. White with Fires of Purification are the Living Coals which warm and cheer the grate. Over hill and field in softened light, from far and near come the Servants of the Law, the faithful, true, devoted, garbed in gentle white which speaks of compassion, loyalty, obedience and experiences manifold, to partake in the Soul's Homing. Under the shelter of white canopy they meet and greet and rest, to proceed again in steady progress and protection in devious ways and duties. Great be the blessing upon them. Deep be the love between them. True be the course they shall travel. Sure be the return to the hearth with added stones for placing.

THE GREAT AWAKENER

THOU Ouranus from Aquarian heights! Thou
Great Awakener of the Soul of man! Thou
Creator-Preserver-Destroyer! Which shall it be?
Mayhap the answer lieth within the Three!

The answer lieth within the heart of man. Will he serve God or the Beast of Mammon? And the rumbling thunders of the Triple Six convey the warning that the time is near at hand when choice be made for the true Brotherhood of Man.

FROM ON HIGH

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.

THE GLAD SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

TO each and every one of you the Christ speaks today. Before each and all of you He stands, face to face. Beside and among you one and all He walks daily, hourly, looks toward you with entreaty infinite for recognition, companionship, understanding, sympathy and love. With hands out stretched He extends to you the priceless gems of truth and wisdom, of opportunity and power. . . Truth, the Christ, the glad Sun of Righteousness, does not precipitate Himself, is not spectacular, loud, sudden, bombastic. He walks in the silences, dwells within, breathes, lives, loves, gladdens, brightens, purifies, strengthens, lifts, around and about, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, each second and interval of time, steadily calling you into Itself, yourself, Self of the King, from whom all shadows have disappeared, and in whom there is naught but beauty and holiness.

HOPE DEFERRED

MY Children:

If the way be long, the skies o'ercast to you who look back on life's lessons from such a narrow point of consciousness, what think you they seem to us who, from the altitude of centuries of hope deferred, are still compelled to work on with the Law even when no light appears? For know, my children, the light will not dawn for us until it dawns for you, for we are bound to the same wheel of change. I who would comfort you with my own comfort can only bid you love more, hope more, trust more, for though only the first faint glimmer of light gilds the hill tops, the bases of which lie deep in shadow, even that glimmer is a promise of the fuller light that must dawn when cyclic change will permit.

Cast forth the demon of discontent. It can undo in a day years of toil. My children, do not forget that you yourselves invoked your karmic shadows; so be patient with even the shadows.

FATHER, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I LOOKED into my Father's eyes and said, "Father, what would you do if the integrity of a comrade were questioned and innocence could not be proven by outer means?"

"He answered, my Father answered me and said, "A comrade does not have to prove dishonor of a comrade, if he will not. He may offer high testimony if he chooses. It depends upon how greatly friend or comrade be valued which choice be made. Wild beasts can be thrown back from attack by interjection of true moral principle. It then remains to sustain the stand through spiritual stability and allegiance to principle. The closeness of the friendship, the strength and power of the bond is the gauge used in such conduct and attitude. Man's puny justice recognizes this as point of law where closest ties of human relationship are concerned.

"Real guilt can never be proved by outer means. It can only be surmised at best by clearest spiritual discrimination even when accompanied with outer evidence. Conviction belongs to the offender alone before the judge of his own soul. Confession alone makes it certain to the offended. Forgiveness still remains. Reparation may also follow. He who accuses should think deeply if he wishes not accusation to fall upon himself from unexpected sources."

THE FIRST STONE OF THE LODGE

BEFORE a Great White Mile Stone you stand, at the Meeting and the Parting of The Three Great Ways. Of equal importance are each of the Parting Ways. Clear white are those that lead to the Meeting Point of Loyalty, Courage, and Faith. Pure white are those which part in Renunciation, Service, Truth. On the Stone is found no Word of Inscription. Smooth as the Brow of Inexperience is it Stronger than the Rock of Ages it stands. Only as the Paths are trod by feet sandaled in the Power of Walk, thereon is the Mileage engraved, the Arrow limned to loftier points of loneliness; deeper abodes of Stillness. Not a stopping Stone, a Place of Resting; A HOLDING POINT; a Testing Stone, THE TEST STONE OF THE LODGE it is, whereby is determined your Power, Strength, Equilibrium, and Discrimination for continued Unified Service.

FLOWERS OF LIGHT

FRAGRANT flowers of light, bloom from the Heart of Being. Wreaths of sound mellowed in sorrow's depths vibrate in souls attuned to the great hymn of life and love.

Mountain peaks of melody—sentinals of the soul's up-reaching aspiration to mix its life with God—arise from the praise of blended lives.

The fingers of love and sacrifice alone may sweep the strings of the Universal Harp of faith and charity—arousing sweet incense of harmonies that ascend to the footstool of the Gods—to return as blessings for Humanity.

THE EAGLE

BRAVE EAGLE, Lord of Sky, Liberation on thy wings, from thy far point in the Great Square art thou carrying the Message true, in thy beak.

On the uppermost angle of the upper triangle of life dost thou rest, keeping eye upon man's dual nature within the center of the star, with the lion and the bull at either point of the base. On olive branch and arrows crossed, in laurel wreath encircled thou shalt rest in lordly light if thou wilt but keep remembrance strong of that fair point from which thou homed and which there will close upon thee a second seal which shall lock thee fast in death. To the skies, Great Eagle, Bird of Freedom, to the skies!

THE EASTER PATH

LIGHTLY as when gentle breeze passes over orchard white with early bloom, filling the air with snowy petals and dropping them in soft carpet on the ground below, so play the Christly forces among mankind. As hard outlines of winter landscape are transformed by springtime of glory, so is the hard nature of man melowed by the light of spirit. And not alone in beauty, fragrance, sweetness, does the wealth of flowerage give itself, but promise of fruitage also does it bear, if nurtured, cared for aright. So again do the Christly forces promise themselves to the efforts of the spiritual man.

From flowering orchard, through lily field, far as the eye can reach does the White Path lead. Greater, ever greater grows the vista, purer, ever purer the Light, for from the outstretched arms of the youthful figure standing at the end of the Path it radiates a welcome to those who reach the goal whereon He stands.

The goal reached, what miracle is this? The Youth is gone, and in His stead there stands the Full Grown Christ, Youth and Maturity in one, arm pointing upward to greater Light beyond, the Light of the Eternal present within the Soul, Man and God in One.

AN EXPERIENCE

I was taken up high into Heaven and shown the beauty and wonders thereof, and my heart was joyful when, in my ecstasy, I exclaimed, "I see, I see, O my Lord—I see the abode of God, His power and His glory—but I fain would see it from whence I came, that it remaineth with me in my hour of need, and for solace and comfort to other mortals in need of Thee. In deep humility I ask of Thee, "May I come back?" in tender tones of compassion's mold he replied, "I will help you."

Again I found myself on this earthly sphere from whence I came and I pondered deeply upon mortality, and immortality.

Suddenly I became aware of time's arrival for my journey "home." Then I looked up expectantly, though also wondering, "Will He help me?" And I saw a hand reaching toward me, and when I went to grasp it, for one doubting moment I thought, "Could this be the icy hand of death?"

When I grasped His hand it was warm and reassuring.

THE CHRIST'S MESSAGE

THE Christ, descending from the heavenly kingdom of the Divine Father, came to earth, born of woman in a lowly manger, and brought to the world a great message, that, man love one another, so that peace and good will prevail over the earth.

Down the centuries some few have carried the Christ's Message to the people, that men love one another, while the many have pursued the path of selfishness and separateness bringing sorrow and suffering to mankind.

In accordance with the Divine plan, the Christ has appeared again in great power and glory, descending from the Godhead into the aura of humanity, not born of woman but by an astral process akin to physical birth. This great universal Entity has reappeared with the great message for man and all life, that men love one another; that races and nations unify in a bond of Universal Brotherhood so that peace and blessedness prevail over the earth and so raise the spiritual consciousness of the races of the earth as well as the physical nature of man to a higher level, in order that the great message of the Christ be exemplified in the hearts of humanity.

May you find that love and peace of understanding in the Christ's Message this day and in the days to come.

THE CALL

HEAREST thou the Call? Mayhap 'tis yet faint unto thee, but its steady rhythm and vibratory tone coveys its message true.

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

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

THE CHRIST WITHIN

STAND firm, my son, for the eternal verities are being writ within thy mortal frame and birthing is hard in whatever form is chosen for its labors. Thy rhythm and heart beat are being carefully watched and balanced with time and effort by "those who know" to help thee onward to thy goal. And lo! the Son of God is once more living and singing in the heart of man.

THE CHRISTOS LOVE

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 standest the tree alone in the face of the winter storm, bereft of foliage, of blossom and fruit, so must I stand and gaze on the dead and withered leaves of my hopes.

Ye would not come at my call that I might shelter you from the wrath to come 'neath the branches of my Love, and I must see you cower and curse as the karmic storms beat upon you, and suffer with you until ye have learned life's hardest lesson.

A DIALOGUE

TO my Lord in humility, I ask and say, "My Lord, Thou hast made unto me a promise, that Thou wilt never leave me or never deceive me. I believe 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 often times err in wisdom. Canst Thou not prevent this?"

With stern compassion my Lord did say, "Yet must you pray and bless and work, or die the death of the unregenerate." Selah.

THE DIVINE BUILDER WITHIN

MY child! Thy heart, in longing, doth ask of me that which is in truth thine own—the power to build. For thine is the power to build the bridge that wouldst span the great abyss of broken laws of God in wilful shame and evil gain, that once again thy feet may tread the Path thereon. That power hath been won by thee in thy Holy union with me; sent by God to restore His Kingdom on Earth within thee and other souls who have heard the “Call,” and answered God with—“Here.”

Build, O Divine Builder within, build me a form strong and true!

Build it of Love, of Wisdom, of Will, build it of true Knowledge faithfully instilled.

Build it so sure that love is fulfilled in the service of God—of His Divine Will.

ATTAINMENT

CRYSTALLIZE around nothing except to vanquish it. Concentrate rather than crystallize, translate rather than transmute, strengthen rather than heal. Encourage rather than treat. The Ego will do the rest. It has had poor welcome, bad psychology. It knows it and is generous enough to deal kindly with its antagonists. It will beat its own Path through its own course of Time on the Ground of Love and Justice. The outer frailty is reaction from overdue psychic development and which the general psychologist cannot understand.

It also brings confusion on the physical until thoroughly adjusted. This does not come as quickly as the average adjustment of the average child. It is not psychism. It is not genius of youth, but is of the Soul—the Ego—which is rare. The present moment is critical and important. It is a moment of opportunity. You will not regret the sacrifices great or small, made in the direction of clearing the Path for Fulfilled Attainment.

It remains to be seen if you can recognize your own opportunities. This is called out by the conditions and forces now presenting—and at your service—if you are wise enough to claim them.

THE ANGEL IN THE HEART

THERE is an Angel in the heart of every human being. Ah! children mine, listen to the voice of that Angel as it bids you to show compassion toward your brother man, whatever be his offenses against thee. Only by so doing wilt thou be able to meet his agonized eyes when death has brought you to a common level. His offenses against thee will seem so small in comparison with thine against him, as thou viewest them from the heights of life. Remember, the brother thou hast sinned most deeply against will be the first to meet thy quickened eyes when thy footsteps fall on the nether shore. The days of retribution are falling fast. Make clean your own hearts and there will be naught for you to fear.

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.

LET US REMEMBER

THAT the Temple is our Real Home.
That the Great Master said,
“Love ye one another.”

That all doubts spring from the lower nature.

That we cannot love God, whom we have not seen, if we
hate our Brother, whom we have seen.

That he who thinketh and speaketh good of others,
stands in the Shine of the Lodge of Life.

That we should be tolerant in things uncertain,
liberal in things doubtful, and in all things charitable.

That where much light is, the shadows also are stronger.

