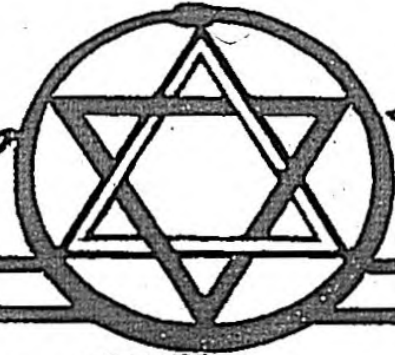




The Temple Artisan

December 1948—January, 1949

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
**ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY**
of the Birth of
BLUE STAR, FRANCIA A. LA DUE,
Founder and First Guardian in Chief
of
THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE
January 19, 1849 — 1949

Published bi-monthly at Halcyon, Calif.

THE TEMPLE

COSMICALLY The Temple of the People corresponds to the Temple of Humanity.

THE TEMPLE of Humanity consists of all humans who, having awakened into a knowledge of their own divinity, have undertaken to tread the Path, and of those who devote their lives to the unselfish service of mankind.

SPECIFICALLY The Temple of the People is one of the bodies or vehicles for the manifestation of the Avatar or Christos for the New Dispensation, the dawn of the New Civilization for the races of the earth. It was founded in New York State in the second cycle of the Great Lodge movement in November, 1898, by three Masters assisted by others for the laying of the mental, physical, and spiritual foundations of the coming Sixth Race.

THE OBJECTS of **THE TEMPLE** are:

First: To formulate the truths of religion as the fundamental factor in the evolution of the human race. And this does not mean the formulation of a creed.

Second: To set forth a philosophy of life that is in accord with natural and divine law.

Third: To promote the study of the sciences and the fundamental facts and laws upon which the sciences are based which will permit us to extend our belief and knowledge from what is known to the unknown.

Fourth: To promote the study and practice of art on fundamental lines, showing that art is in reality the application of knowledge to human good and welfare, and that the Christos can speak to humanity through art as well as through any other fundamental line of manifestation.

Fifth: The promotion of a knowledge of true social science based on immutable law, showing the relationship between man and man, and man and God and nature. When these relationships are understood we will instinctively formulate and follow the law of true brotherhood.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND ECONOMICS, these are the foundation stones of The Temple. There can be no true religion without its scientific basis, and there can be no right economic system not based on a science that is religious and a religion that is scientific.

Address **THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE**, Halcyon, Calif.

(The Society of The Temple of the People is not responsible for any statement in this Magazine, unless made officially.)

The Temple Artisan

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BEHOLD, I GIVE



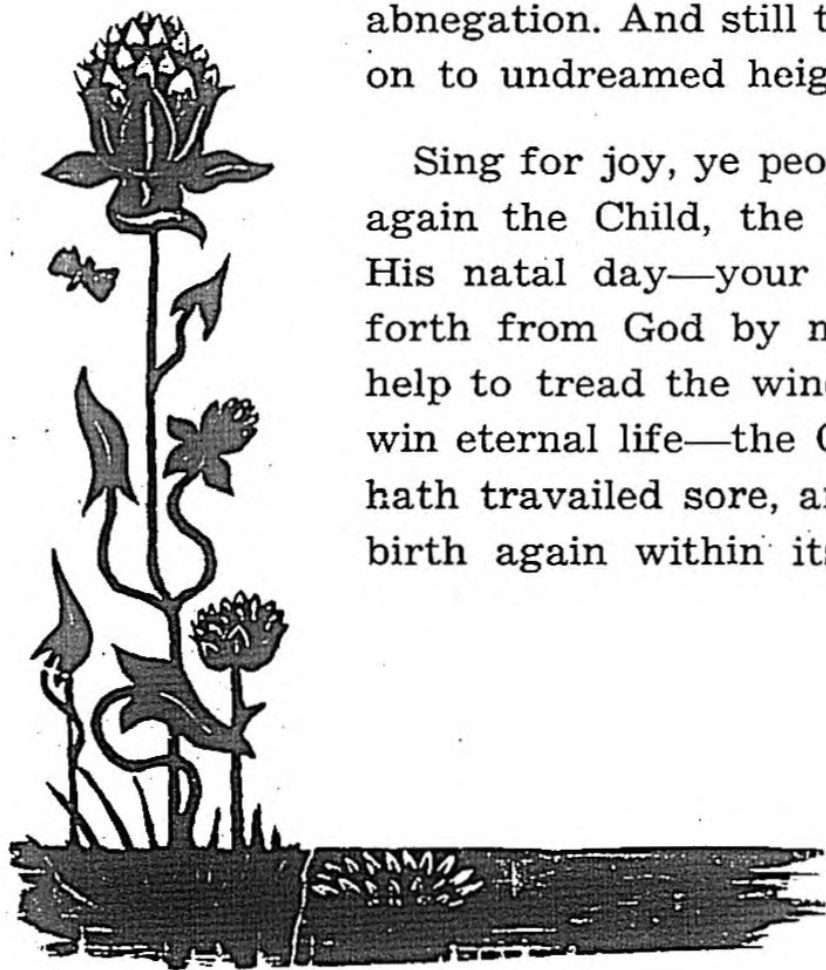
UNTO THEE A KEY

THE CHRIST CHILD

"A little child shall lead them," quoth the prophet; and through long ages past the Child foretold hath led the people on through depths of persecution towards the heights of self-abnegation. And still the Child shall lead them on to undreamed heights beyond.

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

B. S.



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IN COMMEMORATION OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the BIRTH of FRANCIA A. LADUE, BLUE STAR, Founder and First Guardian in Chief of THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE January 19, 1849-1949

BLUE STAR

In commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Francia A. LaDue (Blue Star) we can be deeply grateful for her part in the Temple work. It was her destiny and karmic right to be chosen by Master Hilarion to help organize the Temple work on the outer plane, and as its messenger she was instrumental in bringing many teachings and instructions to the world. After The Temple was started, with Francia A. LaDue as Blue Star and her co-agent Dr. Wm. H. Dower as Red Star, they were faced with great trials and tests, and the Master had to remind the group again and again of the immensity of this movement and Blue Star's high and important position in it. When criticisms arose over personal and trivial things he told them the following: "It is impossible for you to imagine anything about that entity. You see comparatively nothing but the smallness of it: the careless word, the carelessly expressed thought, the careless actions. You see nothing of the soul that has stood at the stake, that has been under the knife, that has been strangled in thoughts, that has endured what it would take weeks to enumerate. I have told you before when speaking of the law of supply and demand that you would get from that entity just what you demanded. . . . When you demand of Blue Star or myself trivialities you receive trivialities. When you demand spiritual knowledge you receive spiritual knowledge. When you unthinkingly supply her with a burst of criticism, uncharitableness and distrust, you receive the same in return. When you give to her of your best—you receive in return my best; for I wish again to impress upon you that part of the best of myself is now within that entity."

The line between the Master and Agent is eternal and in its close relationship is similar to father and child on the outer plane. The qualifications necessary for holding that position are: a great love for humanity, the power and ability to obey, humility, sincere purpose, steadfast devotion, and the will to endure.

Red Star, Co-Agent with Blue Star and second Guardian in Chief of The Temple, says of Blue Star's writings: "With the

passing of months and years an ever increasing radiance is discerned in all the writings put forth by that Great Soul while with us in bodily expression. Thousands and more have been touched by and have caught in their hearts the Spirit of Unity, Universal Sympathy and Love for all creation expressed by Blue Star in her outpourings of soul light, which were invoked by her realization of the need of Humanity as it gropes in the darkness of ignorance and selfishness to find its way back to its Father's House—the Temple of Eternal Light within the Soul, maintained by the inexhaustible energy of Spirit."

The radiance of the light of Blue Star shines forth in all lands. Having penned many pages of words of wisdom sent forth from the Great White Lodge, having helped many comrades to see the light of truth, the radiance of her light and love will go on and on to help mankind out of the darkness into the Light of Eternal Truth.

P. F. D.

THE LIGHT OF THE BLUE STAR

She is not dead—but only from that heavy cross of pain is freed, borne for so many weary years that so both you and I might glimpse life's glories more behind the outer veil of shifting form and, glimpsing, keep our feet more surely on the Path of Light.

She is not dead—but liveth ever—and from that pain and sacrifice the Master Great hath wrought a wondrous Splendor, transfiguring suffering into Peace, weakness into Strength, all darkness into Soul Resplendence for Her greater inner work.

SHE IS NOT DEAD—but liveth vibrant in the Place of Peace prepared, so near its very nearness veils.
July 20, 1922.

R. S. (W.H.D.)

WHERE IS GOD?

By Blue Star

The apparent difficulty of bringing down to human perception the relationship between God and Man is as great today as it has ever been. The human mind in general seems incapable of grasping an idea so vast; and one starving intellect after another, in striving to obtain and convey a finite conception of an infinite reality in its totality, founders on the same rock. God is in truth something which can be felt, though It must ever remain unseen, unheard, by physical organs of sense.

It is said, "God is Love." You are conscious of the love bestowed on another human being. Strive to realize that such love is not God, though God dwells in that love. That love is the medium by which the energy sometimes termed attraction or affinity may manifest itself. The Beauty of Nature, the grandeur of sky and ocean, are not God, but the power of perception in a human being, and the power of manifestation in

Nature, sky and sea; or, in other words, the power which creates the vehicles of perception and manifestation is God.

The glorious harmonies of the whirling spheres or the melodies evolved by man are not God; but the energy of Fohat—Universal Will—the power which produces those divine harmonies and which is back of the efforts of man is God. The vast oceans of air, ether and mind are not God; they are but the media by and through which God mirrors Itself in Its creations. In other words, if you would seek and find God, search for It in the power that lies behind every phenomenon of God's creation; and seeking wisely, with even a faint comprehension of Its reality, you will not fail to find It in every manifestation your consciousness touches upon. The hunger and thirst for God that torture the human heart in its hours of loneliness and despair are the surest indications that God can be found; for no want can be conceived by the human mind that may not be satisfied if the right conditions for its satisfaction can be procured. As it is impossible to imagine a thing that has no existence, so it is impossible to have a desire or longing for a thing which cannot be gratified.

THE TEMPLE

"God is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

For many centuries these words have opened the services of countless churches given up to the Christian religion, and among all the priests by whom they were uttered how many, think you, ever interpreted them correctly? They are supposed to call the attention of the worshippers to the fact that God is ready to listen to the service about to be performed in each individual church or temple, which of course is true to a certain extent; but the words contain so much more truth than such a limited interpretation can give, and are so intimately concerned with The Temple, that I can voice no greater truth in striving to interpret The Temple to the understanding of man.

The Temple is the manifested universe, *a priori*, but its lesser differentiations include every atom of matter, force and consciousness, and every living thing or creature is a lesser Temple for the indwelling Spirit of God.

It is only in the silence, in the innermost depths of each holy Temple, that it is possible for God to manifest Its Self; and it is only in the secret, holy silences of The Temple, as an organization, that any member of the same may hope to gain the least concept of its majesty, power and glory.

It is, or it should be, the place, the home of the soul where the Higher Self, the God, comes face to face with Its self, Its lower self, and speaks and understands what is spoken. It should be a place into which can enter nothing that defileth, nothing that can be defiled. At the same time it should be a place where all the burdens of the soul can be laid down; where the weary, out-

worn body can enter into rest, undisturbed by outer noise and clamor—a place where soul can meet soul on a common ground, regardless of all the trivialities of lower life such as position, exterior wealth and power. It is the Holiest of holy places, and until some appreciation of this fact dawns upon you, you will never find behind its limitless portals the Key to the Great Mysteries, the key that will unlock the mysteries of life and death, of being and non-being, to which your separated selves have looked forward in yearning since they darted from the Father Ray eons and ages ago.

Enter thou that Temple door with me and see what we shall find, but first take the sandals from thy feet and uncover thine head; take the boundaries from thine understanding and quiet the fluctuations of thy mind and behold that which thou shalt see and hear and know!

B. S.

STEWARDSHIP

To All Templars and Friends:

As my message to my comrades, I can do no better than give forth the thoughts that have been pressing hard upon me through the months that have passed since our last gathering, pre-eminent among which is the thought of our great personal responsibility for the success of the work of The Temple of the People. Let us remember the periods of anguished seeking for light; the years of rank materialism, or despair, or those which were filled with critical censure of all people, all things, because of our engulfment in the slough of despondency into which we had been thrown by our loss of faith and hope, and then think of the great light that has dawned upon our souls through the opening up of the long sealed channels of the White Lodge, and the pouring out of volumes of instruction on all the vital affairs, conditions and possibilities of human life, both spiritual, and material and try to realize that almost daily those deep truths are being proven to even the most skeptical by means of science and revelation. Such meditations ought to awaken us fully to the great responsibility which rests upon each one of us to carry those truths to the great multitudes which are now undergoing the same trials, despair and wretchedness from which we have escaped.

Will anything in this world or another justify laxity, supineness, or indifference on our part, in view of the fact that we are among those who have been the recipients of those vast treasures?

Surely, it was never intended that we might seize upon them, apply them to our individual needs, and go our way, leaving those still in darkness to remain there indefinitely.

The words of the Christ, "freely ye have received, freely give," apply to us just as surely as they did to those disciples to whom they were originally given, and we shall be held just as

accountable for the misuse or neglect of the teachings put into our hands as would have been those disciples of Jesus for the truths He uttered.

Let us think for a moment what a loss it would have been to the world, what a deprivation to us individually, if the Sermon On The Mount or the book of St. John had never been put forth by the disciples who transcribed or handed them down by word of mouth to all whom they contacted. Let us think back on the time when personal fear, the sense of irretrievable loss and despair at the parting with those we loved, whom the Angel of Death had borne away from us, made life one long dread or sorrow, and then at the certainty we now feel that there is no death, and that only a thin veil separates us from those who have passed on,—a veil so transparent that we may see through it and watch the progress of those loved ones, until we are ready to travel the same path, if we will but follow the instruction and direction we have received. Let us try to appreciate what those same instructions will mean to others who are still in ignorance of the causes and results of life's great mysteries and who are therefore in the same throes of dread and sorrow we have escaped.

Have we come to a realization that there are countless others in our race, others of our own cosmic families, who are waiting in their loneliness and despair for us to bring them a like certainty, and who cannot receive it until we take it to them?

To no body of people in the world have deeper truths, more simply put, been given in abundance than to us Templars. If we have not benefited from them it is the fault of each individual soul, it is not owing to any fault of any other member, and much less the fault of the Master.

How much better will the world be a year from now because of the loving service, the indefatigable effort, the faithful observance of obligations, we now have the opportunity of bestowing? Are we great enough, unselfish enough to follow St. Paul's advice to his disciples, that is, (paraphrasing his words), great enough to put behind us all those things which have impeded our growth, and press on toward the mark of the prize of our high calling? Put behind us all the petty things, the fears, the rebellion, the unbrotherliness (whether conscious or unconscious), and only remember that divine law has placed an immense responsibility upon us, and that the lives, the welfare, the happiness of others rest upon our willingness and ability to put out broadcast the truths which have been given to us.

When we come to the feet of the Masters, on the day of our greatest Initiation, do we imagine they will say, "what has your brother or your sister done with the information and advice, the pearls of wisdom we gave to YOU?" Will they say, "has your brother or your sister kept the faith, fought the good fight?" No! they will say, "have YOU, INDIVIDUALLY, done these things?"

Let us not stop to think that such and such a one is not doing his work well, is not fulfilling his or her duty, but press on, only remembering the uncountable years of loving service, the sacrifice, the hard labor the Masters have freely given, that we might have the opportunities that are now ours.

(Part of B. S.'s Convention Address of 1911.)

SYMPATHY

By B. S.

As each great cycle draws to a close its momentum is increased. Its least vibrations are quickened many-fold; and before the hour strikes that shall bring any great world-period to an end the inhabitants of that world become sensitive to its rapid vibrations, so that they can no longer live the life of their more easy-going ancestors. A single hour may bring to them successive changes that could only have been the result of many years of experience a century or two before. We are living in such a period now.

Art, literature, science, all prove the truth of my words. We no longer have time, or so we think, for the exercising of the graces of the Soul. Every hour is given up to intense application, whatever be the direction our energies have taken. One of the most tender of these graces, Sympathy, bids fair to disappear from the horizon of the century, and yet, in all the category of human or heavenly attributes, there is not one of which we stand more in need at the present time.

Sympathy has been analyzed, classified, and relegated to the background. We are told that it is but a "mode of motion," a "sensitiveness," or a trait of character we would do well to dispense with if we would succeed in material life; but in all this living, breathing, conscious world with its myriads of lives, there is no attribute less understood, or more potent. True, it is "a mode of motion," but a motion of the eternal spiritual substance of Love, which is more powerful than all other forms of substance, matter, force or energy in the universe.

The story of Self-Sacrifice of Divine Love for humanity was never told effectually unless the tongue that uttered it was nerved by the fire of sympathy and pity. The main-spring, the power of the Christian religion, without which it would never have grown to its present proportions, is the sympathy, the pity of the Christ for fallen humanity.

I have told you that Love is a substance, a force, an essence, the most literal, as well as the most spiritual of all the emanations of the Infinite, and sympathy is its first-born child. But few of you know, or if you know stop to think, that with the awakening of every sensation of pity in the human mind an emanation from the nervous ether in the body of man arises, which indeed may be likened to the aroma of a thousand roses; and this emanation is not lost in the field of space, it enters into

the being of the one to whom the pity is extended. It comforts and helps even where no word is spoken, no outward deed performed. It falls like dew on the parched soil, on the heart made hard and callous by worldly indifference and human suffering; penetrating, purifying and softening; making possible a regeneration, a new life for the mortal who mayhap had thought himself beyond all help. It is the first stone laid in the spiritual Temple of man, the attribute that severs forever the man's relationship to his brute ancestors, the first step of the ladder that leads to the Gods.

Should such an attribute be classed among the weaknesses of men, as it often is? Should such a God-like quality be relegated contemptuously to women and children?

The inherent quality of the beast in man is perceptible in the natural cruelty of the average child, until the dew of sympathy arises in its heart; and that quality which makes the most rapid growth determines the character of the man or woman.

Among certain classes who are studying what they believe to be occultism there is an ever increasing tendency to kill out in themselves these attributes, mistaking them for sensations of the lower man. They have applied to the term "indifference" as used by older mystics a wrong interpretation, and are many steps on the road that leads to a state of callousness and heartlessness.

True "indifference" has altogether another definition, which in the English nomenclature is simply resignation, patience. Such students have not yet awakened to the danger they are in of destroying the only attributes by which it is possible for them to win perfection, Mastery.

No one of the great philosophies given the world contradicts another, if its spirit is read instead of its letter merely; and when an apparent contradiction occurs in one, the light thrown on the subject by another will bring out their identity. From all of them you may learn Wisdom, Justice and Love. In all you may learn that while we must garner the harvest for which we have sown the seed, Eternal Love o'ertops Eternal Justice and scatters with lavish hand bud, blossom and fruit over the barren plains of the soul that we have left unplanted.

LOVE

Here and there from amidst the toilers of the world, from those whose lives are one perpetual struggle against inhibiting conditions, a head is momentarily lifted from its hard task, eyes are raised to the stars, or a hand stretched out in pleading to some fellow being for more light. Here and there a book or paper is opened and the reader thereof finds his heart warming toward the author and his brain responding to the call of another. Here and there a cry arises from closed lips—"Oh! that

someone would show me the way out of these life-destroying conditions!"

Such a cry is never left unanswered, although too often the answer falls unheeded on an ear untrained to hear aright. But however or whenever it is heard, it is embodied in the one word—Love. Whether the lesson to be learned is one of cold stern endurance, of fiery pain, or of pleasure, Love is ever the teacher. Love is ever molding a soul strong, bright and enduring enough to shine as a sun over all the dark and hidden places of human nature.

Love is building a creator of worlds out of every normal human being, and is using the cold and the heat, the pain and the pleasure to test each part of the structure now under way.

B. S.

THE VICTORIOUS PATH

The twentieth century man is eminently desirous of bringing out the best that is in him. But he does not always know how this is to be done. Knowing it, he cannot always find about him the will, persistency and strength to make life respond to him. He finds himself unwillingly a creature of environments, while he inwardly feels that environment ought to be a servant to him. As he grows older he is likely to struggle less and less with what he takes to be a superior force, and is likely to abandon himself to a defensive attitude toward life, the world and himself, and to wait for death or some unknown change to come and make him into something which he one time intended to be, but is not.

The Path to personal victory is the same path as that which leads to personal defeat. It is the path of mind. It is the path of the soul.

Where all the powers of mind are dreams, trifles, worries, fears, and angers, there is no possibility of bringing out the best that is in a man, and the worst that is in him has an excellent opportunity to express itself. But where the ceaseless modifications of the mind are hindered, are interrupted by the will and are turned into predetermined channels, where the thinking principle is held to the construction only of those images concrete or abstract, which are serene, untroubled, and constructive—there the man has his ever wide-open opportunity for readjustment.

All too much the image-making mind is turned to the outer world. All too little it is turned to the inner world of Cause and Rest. The power of the inner principles is lost where the mind is like a noisy street filled with clanging wheels, impatient voices and occasional riot. The power of the inner principles shows itself where the mind is held to a single point and that a point of victory.

All too much is the mind occupied with the past—as though

it only could be interested in corpses. All too little it is occupied with the present and future—with the living and the newborn.

Redemption is always on our doorstep. As a man thinks, so shall he be redeemed.

B. S.

THE WHITE CITY OF THE CENTRAL SUN

By BLUE STAR

The following pages contain the record of a vivid soul experience, which the recorder hopes will be of value to all students of Occultism who face the Unknown. It is not a figment of the imagination of some sensational writer, but is truly a record of an actual experience of a temporarily freed soul. The city described is believed to be the city referred to by St. John in the Book of Revelation as descending from the heavens, the "New Jerusalem"; in other words, a devachanic city into which the freed soul enters at some period of its evolution.

"And there shall enter into it nothing that defileth."

I had turned one page in my Book of Lives. With vital energy fast ebbing from an exhausted body, I had lain down to rest and closed my eyes to sleep, as I then thought, the sleep of Death. The page just turned contained a record of the saddest of many sad episodes. To the last letter of the last word, the record was full of pictured anguish and despair, poverty and heart sickness, interspersed here and there with a single word of hope for the far-off future. I thought of a poem I once had read wherein a dying mother had expressed the desire that, before entering upon the glory of Heaven, she might just be permitted to lie in her grave and rest for a time. I, too, had wished for a like blessing, for I was, O, so tired.

A sound of far-off music fell upon my ear and as I listened, lo, all things had changed in the twinkling of an eye! I could not distinguish objects very clearly at first, for my sight seemed to be dimmed by the tears I had shed, but here, before me, was a glory unspeakable! Little by little the glory unfolded and I saw, first, an atmosphere tinged with the delicate rose tint of an ocean shell and so filled with the Life Essence that my first thought was, surely I can rise and float; the Law of Gravitation must be suspended. I then saw that I was in the midst of a large city and that I was standing on a clear white transparent substance, below and through which I could see the starry constellations in the heavens with which I always had been familiar. My sight no longer was limited; obstacles no longer impeded my vision, and by a definite act of will I could control and direct that vision. On all sides of me ran avenues on each side of which stood buildings of a pure white substance. The roofs of the buildings were golden, and instead of walls, huge columns of many designs supported the roofs. Many of the columns

were connected by filmy white curtains, caught up in the center by large golden stars or other geometrical devices. The floors of the buildings were of the same opalescent white substance. Between some of the columns were allegorical groups of statuary, each one of which was seemingly carved from a single rose-tinted pearl. Between the other columns were mystical figures of the most delicate shades of violet, blue and rose, each glowing as with a hidden light. In the center of one of the buildings made by these curtained columns, on a pedestal stood a silvery white transparent globe, from which radiated innumerable rays of light. I understood that these rays of light were in some mystical way related to human beings who inhabited the city, but whom I could not yet see. Then I found myself before a series of columns forming a square and enclosing a triangle. I entered an opening between two of the columns which were capped with masses of flowers, and I caught a glimpse of the light from a huge sphere, or sun, in the center of the triangle and I felt an unaccountable desire to enter the light which emanated from it. I did so and found myself in that darkness which is yet absolute Light.

Words are wholly inadequate to describe the sense of oneness with all objects and beings that came to me. It was as though my hand was laid on the Pulse of Creative Power and I could realize perfectly that only one heart was beating in perfect rhythm throughout the universe. But I also knew that I must withdraw at once; the power generated was too great for me to endure.

I walked on a short distance and found myself before what seemed at first to be a large circular dome of pure white crystal. As I gazed at it the dome became more dazzlingly luminous, and I saw it covered a spiral staircase which grew smaller and smaller until it neared the dome. At its apex was enthroned an immense Eye; the Divine Light it radiated I could not bear to look upon and so closed my eyes. Then I heard a low voice which apparently came from the Eye, saying: "My child, like as I have ascended by rounds of suffering, so must thou climb to Me." I then cast my eyes on the ascending stairs and saw that on each round were huge crimson spots which flashed and glowed like living fire. I went nearer and stooped to examine the spots, when I perceived that they were splashes of human blood. With a sorrowful heart I turned away thinking that it was impossible that I should ever be able to reach such a height as must have been reached by those who had climbed the stairs; and so passed on until I came to what appeared like a single narrow long white stone, bridging an immense chasm. I started back in terror for a moment but soon saw that what seemed to be evil spirits in torment within that chasm were in reality spirits of fire, or fire elementals at work in their own element.

They seemed to be engaged in separating minute particles of gold from some red substance and the fine gold rose in immense sprays of glittering beauty, rising and falling in perfect rhythm. My terror was banished and I passed over the narrow bridge and soon heard a sound like the murmur of the sea. I followed a side path and came to a body of water like an inland sea. Its waves seemed never to quite reach the white sands surrounding it, but were thrown back by some interior force and went rolling and tumbling back to a common center, dashing huge sheets of white spray into the rosy atmosphere. The spray took on the semblance of a veil partially hiding a misty human figure.

Again I heard a low murmur of voices and turning back I soon reached a section of the city where masses of vegetation altogether indescribable were growing. Such flowers, trees, ferns and grasses surely were never seen on earth! There were no very deep-hued flowers; they were largely white, faintly tinged here and there with blue and rose, violet and gold. The green leaves of the trees and the grasses scintillated as though covered with diamond dust. Each blade of grass was a little conscious life, and while I heard no words, there was an interchange of thought between them and myself. I walked along a little way and noted that my footsteps made no impression and that each blade of grass sprang up from under my feet with a sound like a low ripple of laughter.

I stood by a tall beautiful white lily and was about to pluck it when I heard a low sweet voice say: "Do not hurt me, sister mine." As the last two words fell on my ears, a wave of love, compassion and companionship swept over me and I realized that all the forms of vegetation I saw around me were living self-conscious entities. I listened; the huge pillars, the buildings, the trees, the very air were alive and thrilling with low love tones. I walked along from tree to flower gathering all I could from their soft whispers, when suddenly there came over me an unutterable longing for human companionship. Before I had time to fully formulate the wish, a deep, strong voice at my side said: "I am here, dear heart, but I could not become visible until you wished for me." I turned to look and my heart seemed to leave me in that look. A form stood close beside me, the form of a man, noble and majestic, robed in a garment of cloth of gold, held together at the center of the breast by a great flashing ruby, in the center of which was a strange hieroglyphic. As I caught the look in those deep searching eyes, eyes filled with compassionate love, purity and power, a wave of adoration swept over my soul and I cried out, "It is God;" but the voice replied: "Not so, dear heart, I am David, thine other self. Thou art not yet ready for the Father's rest; thy work is not yet finished." My heart sank as a memory of all I had lately endured swept through my mind; all the soul hunger, all the suffering of those weary years before I had lain me

down to rest, pressed upon me, but I had no time to linger on such thoughts for my companion was aware of my state of mind and said: "Be patient yet awhile; look about you." Then a veil seemed to fall from before my eyes and I saw crowds upon crowds of human beings, all different in appearance. I could distinguish racial differences between them which dress accentuated. All were clothed, like the form at my side, in robes or mantles but of differing shades of color, and the jewels which caught up the robes on breast or shoulder gave forth an unearthly radiance. "What causes the variation of the light in the jewels?" I asked, and my companion answered: "The variation of radiance shows the difference in the degrees of advancement of the Spirit." At this instant I heard a sound like that which might have been made by an immense silver trumpet; the sound rose and fell in ever-increasing waves throughout all space. The rosy hue of the atmosphere changed into a glowing white, while the low sweet murmur of the flowers, the trees, the water and all forms of life, reinforced by sounds uttered by myriads of dove-like forms now floating through the air, gradually rose in tone and volume. The beautiful floating forms of humanity took on a new radiance and from their lips pealed forth, in perfect harmony, such a glad reverberant, welcoming song, as no earthly pen or tongue could describe. Strangest of all, the song seemed perfectly familiar to me, and without effort I joined in the glad strains and raised my arms, as did those other forms, in appeal toward the heavens. The heavens opened and there came slowly into view a Form, completely encircled by seven other forms. These latter forms surpassed in beauty by far any form of life I had yet seen. But the Being in the Center held every heart in that vast throng as though in the hollow of the strong white Hand now extended as if in blessing. The glory, the purity, the strength and the power that emanated from that princely figure seemed to strike a chord in every breast until it could vibrate to no lower impulse.

"It is the Christ," cried a voice on my left. "It is the Buddha," said another at my right. "It is Horus," cried another at a little distance from me. "It is Confucius," said one still farther away; and far off in the distance I caught the murmur of many other sacred names. I was so entranced by the power of the Eyes that seemed to be gazing into mine and searching my very soul, that I fell on my knees saying, "It is the Father." But taking my hand, David said: "No, dear heart, it is the Master, the Christ. Rise and behold the symbol." I bent my gaze in every direction, and wherever I looked I saw that a fine silvery thread of light was reaching from the heart of every individual in that vast throng, and that all of the threads were gathered into one Strand that entered and disappeared in the Jewel that shone on the Master's Breast. I alone seemed to be

without one. I turned to David in an agony of yearning love that I could in no wise comprehend. As I gazed into his eyes I seemed to feel my own fragile form dissolving and I realized, with a glad yielding, that I was being changed by the eyes looking with such masterful gaze into my own. A little longer and I was David, and David (my Higher Self) was I. No longer was there any sense of separation; we were one being. Then the silver thread flashed forth from my heart also into the heart of the Master. Life ceased to be such an enigma, and I recognized its unity and realized perfectly that by one effort of Will the Master could absorb my whole being, even as a part of myself had seemed to be absorbed by David.

Casting a look of tender love upon the multitude, the Master said: "Children, go work in My Temple; I am the Vine of Life, and the Vine has need of its smallest branch."

Little by little all things began to change. Like a dissolving view, the Master vanished. I felt my personality again assuming its separate form and David leaving me all alone. The sky, the trees, the buildings, the water, all took on a more material guise; the beautiful forms about me all dissolved and vanished. I opened my eyes to know myself as sick and alone in my little room; but with me was an illumination that has never since faded.

I arose, and turned one more page in my Book of Lives.

FAREWELL

Farewell to thee, thou passing year. Farewell to thee, each hour, each moment that remains, ere sounds the knell of Time's last passing bell, within whose high toned notes we catch the first sweet echoes of the coming year.

Farewell to thee, thou day of beauty rare, when, all alive and quivering with joy, one heart first knew another heart had sent a messenger of thought in search for it, the only one which could respond to its own beat, and sun and earth were bathed with light and love.

Farewell to thee, O weeks and months of patient toil; of sorrow past all telling; of pain which racked the soul and body of our best beloved till thoughts of death alone were welcome as we stood beside the tortured form all powerless to aid, until the test of stern endurance had been won and with it came release for our beloved one.

Farewell to thee, O night wherein we lay hour after hour with widely opened eyes; eyes which sought in vain the inward spaces of the soul in search of God, of Truth and Verity, and only fell upon a boundless wall unpierced and dank and wet with all the tears that human eyes had ever shed through all the ages past.

Farewell to thee, O morn on which we first awoke to knowledge of the real, the all-compelling power of faith, and on its

star-besprinkled wings soared upward to the Throne of God and saw the saint, the sinner, side by side, both lost to all that hitherto had held them far apart, but basking now within the light which shone directly through those eyes which are too pure to see iniquity, and only could behold two leaves from out the judgment book,—leaves which bore the imprint of the Face of Christ.

Farewell to thee, thou moments few when lust of flesh and eye held sway; when hate and all its demon brood broke down the bars so long and tediously built by stern repression and contempt of that which all unknown to us was testing out our innate purity of heart and mind,—our power of transmutation into precious gold of all the baser metals of the lower self.

Farewell to thee, O days and hours, O weeks and months. O morns and nights and moments rare! Farewell to thee, past year, never more shall we behold thee, never more shall come the same vast opportunities which we now leave behind. They lie beyond, but thanks be unto thee, thou blessed angel, Hope, there soon will dawn the first bright day of all the glad New Year, and with its dawning Courage, Faith, and New-Born Love for humankind. So let the old year go, and only keep the wisdom won throughout its days of joy or pain, of war and peace, and we shall know at last this new born year is pregnant with the seed of happiness and hope for all mankind.

B. S.

IN MEMORIAM

On January 2nd the Temple group paid the last tribute to their beloved sister Jane F. Strong, who, after an illness of several months, passed to inner realms on December 29th in her home at Halcyon.

Jane Strong was born in England, in 1883, and came to this country in 1906. In 1929 she and Mr. Strong joined The Temple and came to Halcyon for their permanent home, where Mr. Strong passed from this plane in 1933.

The life of our dear sister had been a long cycle of usefulness and service as a nurse, and many Temple members and friends as well as her family will miss her greatly.

Our love follows her into the realm of Light.

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES

Since Convention, the following talks have been given in the Sunday services in The Temple: August 14, Herman Volz, Excerpts from "Isis Unveiled." August 22, Harold Forgostein, "The Gateway to The Temple." August 29, Herman Volz, "The Temple." September 12, Fred Whitney, "The Temple and the New Era." September 19, Patricia Mallory, "Time and Cycles." September 26, Carolyn Forgostein, "My Father's House." October 10, Bernard Lentz, "Temple Notes." October 17, Elmer

Hedin, "Notes by Judge on the Bhagavad Gita". October 24, Harold Forgostein, "A Modern Miracle." October 31, Roberta Shumway, "The Father's Will." November 21, Cethil Mallory, "In the Inner Chamber." November 28, Isabella Tarbox, "Voices from the Mountain Top."

December 12, Herman Volz, "Occult Truths." December 19, in the forenoon, the Temple Builders had their Christmas celebration in The Temple. The afternoon service was dedicated to Christmas Carols by the Temple choir, interspersed with readings. On Christmas Day, at 11 a.m., the Feast of Fulfillment was celebrated. At 6 p.m., the Temple group united for the Christmas dinner in Hiawatha Lodge. On December 26, a Symposium on "Co-Discipleship" was given.

January 1, the traditional New Year's reception was held in Hiawatha Lodge. January 2, as on all first Sundays in the months, the Feast of Fulfillment was celebrated. January 9, Ebba Whitney read a paper by the Outer Guard Fred Whitney on "The Avatar and Coming New World Conditions."

On January 16, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Blue Star was fittingly commemorated in The Temple. The address of the Guardian in Chief given on this occasion is printed on page 50 of this Artisan number. It was followed by readings from B.S.'s writings, "The Upper Room" and "Sympathy." Ebba Whitney then read "The White City of the Central Sun;" the Outer Guard, "Where is God?" and Patricia Mallory read "Farewell." All these articles are reprinted in this Artisan which is wholly dedicated to the memory of our beloved Founder and first Guardian in Chief, Blue Star, and her writings. The readings were interspersed with Temple music on piano and organ, and Carolyn Forgostein sang B.S.'s favorite song, "Serenade" by Schubert. In closing, the congregation sang in unison B.S.'s song, "God is in His Holy Temple."

January 23, a paper by Joyce Hedin, "The Victory of Mahatma Gandhi," was read by Elmer Hedin. January 30, Lottie Ferguson read a paper on "Practical Occultism."

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