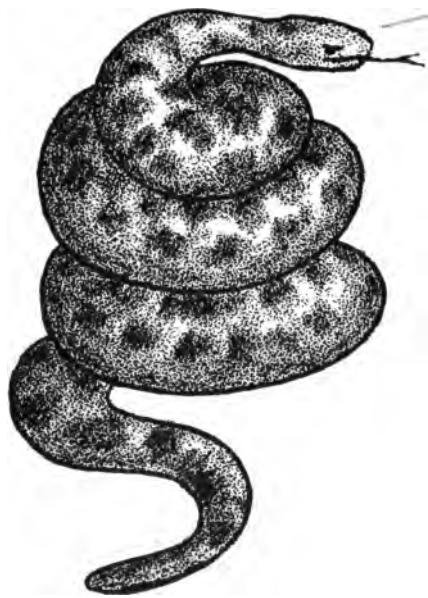
LAVIUS EGYPTUS.



OR

THE UNVEILING

OF

THE PYTHAGOREAN SENATE.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE motive for this book is manifest in its reading.

The author is prepared to demonstrate the theories intimated in allegory and figure:

an essenic life after physical death;

the merging of this essenic existence with a universal mind;

the separation from the universal mind, of the essenic or spiritual individuality, by psychic powers developed in the flesh.

This individual essence may be assembled, mentally, into an atomic body visible to the mental eye, and capable of exercising mental functions discernible to the human senses.

The essenic rapport is established by meditation and concentration of the human mind.

Mental vacuum is thus created allowing an influx of the universal wisdom. The universal mind knows all the wisdom of all ages and rushes to vacuum for manifestation.

The Pythagorean Senate is an essenic body, assembled at the psychic will of Lavius Egyptus.

He recorded one hundred and forty-four lectures before this body, including thirty thousand illustrations. These lectures will be the subjects of subsequent volumes, the first of which is now on the press.

The subject matter of this second volume treats of *Primordial waves; the secrets of the serpents; Primordial waves in the land, water and vegetation;* and *Physical man a universe;* all showing a marvelous series of correspondences.

These lectures are free from figure and plainly put in practical language, clear to the most casual reader. They make plain the most fundamental principles of creation. They explain what God, Christ and man are, in the practical sense, eliminating all hysterical and emotional ideas of these great principles or phases of life.

They give to the Bible a scientific and philosophical interpretation, hitherto unsuspected.

The substance of the Scriptures is living wisdom, with the power to stimulate subjective thought and consequent rapport with the universal mind.

The story of Lavius Egyptus, although clothed in allegory and figure, is a living truth, exerting a power and influence to-day, a thousand fold more potent than when the grand old philosophers first established the *Pythagorean Senate.*

THE AUTHOR.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 1, 1903.

PART I.

HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

HERODOTUS, father of profane history, born at Halicarnassus, in Caria, B. C. 484; died in Thurii, a Greek Colony in South Italy, B. C. 443."

It is thus, in substance, biography briefly disposes of the life and works of the greatest character Greece ever produced. A man, whose identity was lost with his supposed death in a far-away colony, while his stupendous works were unfolding light to the world, from an unknown source.

His occult works have since been the sun of civilization; yet, true to the original purpose, they are veiled in mystery, as is the origin of the great orb of day.

Among the men of his period Herodotus was classed with the best. He had received the immortal "Crown of Olive" at Olympus. His authentic history of periods in the remote past, and his wonderful fund of traditional legends, gathered by extensive travel and persevering observation, early established his reputation as a man of wide accomplishments and useful and practical learning; his was one of the great minds of the Periclean age.

According to biographical records, this is about all that can be said of Herodotus.

Extant history, notwithstanding, Herodotus was much more than a historian. His recorded achievements are but child's

prattlings compared to the marvelous philosophy which he, under another name, dedicated to mankind. Had he not lived, civilization would, to-day, be ages and ages behind its present stage of enlightenment; yet man, in his vain conceit, imagines he alone is the author of his own greatness, and that all the wisdom, and material growth he sees about him, are products of his own superior intelligence and physical energy. He never asks from what source he receives this intelligence and this energy, nor does he betray gratitude for such grand endowments.

Herodotus was not classed among the Greek philosophers, but was thoroughly acquainted with all the philosophy of his day. He was a member of the much-abused, and little understood, "Aspasian Circle," over which the great and learned Pericles presided. He was welcomed to the débates of the sophists and the anti-sophists; his opinions and judgment being, frequently, the "oil upon the waters," in heated disputations, notwithstanding, he was always considered a neutral element in Athenian affairs.

As Herodotus, he died B. C. 443, and funeral orations in his honor were delivered in Athens and other parts of Greece; but from his ashes arose a superior being, "Lavius Egyptus," a second Pythagoras; wise beyond ordinary attainments, and powerful and influential beyond normal human possibilities.

This mysterious being, seen by but few men, but sought after by kings, philosophers and learned men of all subsequent periods, made, unmade, directed and influenced rulers and governments, as the ocean plays with the sands.

Two thousand and two hundred years have passed into the greedy maw of time; yet the indelible stamp of Lavius Egyptus is put upon all the great events of this day, in faithful fulfillment of his predestined purposes. So it will be to the end, until man

is wholly civilized, and bears in his forehead the mark which stamps him godlike, and betrays in his acts, and his outward aspect, the Christ-like nature which should rule from within.

Lavius Egyptus still lives; he guides and directs those minds which seek wisdom, and he secretly whispers into the ear of every conscientious ruler, instructions for the well-being of his subjects. He puts upon the face of the true king the terrible frown of disapproval of offenses against morality and justice; he puts within his heart the keen delight, which is the reward of uprightness, justice and truth, and he puts within the heart of every subject of that ruler an undying love for him.

He whispers to the faithful searcher after truth, pointing out to the astronomer, far beyond the ken of the human senses, new worlds, traversing mysterious paths. He reveals to the chemist the multitudinous combinations of the elements which constitute the physical phenomena about him; he unfolds to the anatomist the astonishing complexity of the physical man, the mechanism through which God manifests, and to all he reveals the wonderful mathematical perfection and precision of every movement of the great universe.

These things crystallize into our accepted truths of science, and to the extent that the mind of man opens, and is receptive, to his instructions; to that extent does civilization progress, and the nearer do we draw to the final goal—God's rule upon earth, when men will be all of one mind and purpose, as was in the beginning.

Egyptus was forty-one years of age when he awakened to the "Hermetic wisdom," and was given free access to the universal mind, and that, which a century before, made Pythagoras the wonder of Greece, and has so puzzled students of psychology and occultism in all subsequent ages, became a mysterious ruling

principle, first in Greece, and soon, thereafter, throughout the then known world. This new world power began to manifest itself early after the announced death of Herodotus.

To know Lavius Egyptus we must first know, intimately, Herodotus, from whose bosom he sprung.

The great historian lived during the most important and exciting period in the deveolpment of the Hellenic nation. He served his country and his period well, but served mankind and subsequent civilization better. He came of the best Dorian stock, tracing his descent from the ancient founders of Halicarnassus. His ancestors were of the first colonizing expedition to settle there. His father was Lyxes, and his mother was the beautiful sister of the illustrious poet, Panyasis. The ancestral home was upon the little island of Zephyria, the old aristocratic part of the city; afterwards, the newer portions of the city, called Salmacis, were built upon the mainland.

Zephyria, in Herodotus' time, was the jewel of the Ceramian Gulf. About the time of the invasion of Hellas by Xerxes, king of Persia, Herodotus was born; therefore, his very cradle was the beginning of events to make his life one of vicissitudes and exciting changes. It was the strong, independent blood of his kind that chaffed under the new order of things, and revolted under the tyranny of the Persian Satraps.

Artemisia, the widow queen of Mausolus, the Persian Satrap, held sway over Halicarnassus at the time of Xerxes' invasion, and gave him material aid. She not only commanded ships in the Persian service, but acted as one of the counselors of the king, which evidences her power and influence at this critical time. There was a reward upon her head, but she was a woman of great courage and tact. For her services to Xerxes she remained the ruler over Halicarnassus. At her death she was

succeeded by her son, Pisindalis, who accomplished nothing worthy of note; his son, Lygdamis, was his successor.

The ancient and honorable Dorians felt much aggrieved at the trend of events during these trying times. They never became reconciled to the rulers under Persian control. Lygdamis was a tyrant of the most provoking type. Previous to his rule, his royal grandmother, Artemisia, and his father, had shown a wholesome respect for the power and influence of the aristocratic Dorians, and had always shown a desire to pacify, rather than provoke and irritate them. Lygdamis, however, chose to follow the very opposite course, and upon every pretext he would promptly persecute those who dared to openly oppose him.

It was some time before an open rupture with the family of Herodotus occurred, but when it did come it left a lasting impression and proved the beginning of the downfall of Lygdamis.

The beloved and distinguished poet, Panyasis, uncle of Herodotus, was condemned to death, and Herodotus himself forced to flee for his own safety.

From this time, Lygdamis, and all that he stood for, were hateful in the memory of Herodotus. He took refuge upon the island of Samos, where, for a brief period, he lived a calm, peaceful life in the atmosphere of the best society of Hellas. The ancient Ionian families, whose ancestors had, six hundred years previous to this, colonized Samos, made much of the brilliant young historian, who charmed them with stories and anecdotes of travel. They sympathized with him because they, too, had but a short time ago shaken off the yoke of Persia.

During this period in Samos, Herodotus enriched his mind with Ionian legends and traditions, gleaning therefrom what he could of historical value. He heard much of the great philosopher and moral teacher, Pythagoras, the mystic of former years.

HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

The habit of travel and physical activity caused Herodotus to grow restless and impatient for action. Many of his former associates had followed him to Samos, causing that place to be looked upon as a resort and refuge for conspirators. This giving him much concern, he decided to take his departure from the snug little isle; he did not desire the notoriety of being recognized as the leader of the fiery young noblemen gathering about him.

No particular pressure, on the part of the Samians, caused Herodotus to take his leave, as some historians intimate. The island was one of the Athenian confederacy, free from tribute, and enjoying a substantial strength and independence of its own. It had given hearty welcome to those who sought refuge there. It was the innate justness, and superior judgment, of Herodotus which enabled him to foresee the political effect their presence in Samos would have upon that community. He especially did not want to be the means of bringing upon this hospitable people the accusation that they were harboring plotters against the peace of other places. Peace and prosperity meant everything to every part of Hellas during this period. Moreover, Herodotus desired to know Athens and her great men better. He had met many of the wise men of the queen city of Hellas, and he longed to be associated with them. He was well equipped, intellectually, to take his place along with the most learned of them, possessing a prodigious mind; indefatigable physical and mental energy and abnormal memory and brain storage capacity, all of which were re-enforced by the best fund of historical data and information possessed by any man in his country.

These great endowments were a splendid foundation for the towering intellectual structure he erected. His mind gave birth to an intelligent force which has never died. This is the immortal and essenic part of Herodotus.

HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

History does not accredit Herodotus with his just portion of the glories of the Hellenic nation, because, like many others who were not native Athenians, he could not participate, to the same extent, in the glorification of genius, in the Periclean age, as could those who were allied to the great builder of Athens by the ties of citizenship and kinship. However, Herodotus fared well, and had his early life not been embittered by political vicissitudes he, too, would have been recorded as more than "historian." It seemed, though, an all-wise and provident God had chosen him as an instrument, through which to establish something deeper and grander than transient glory and historical fame.

At the age of twenty-eight years Herodotus had a strong footing in Athens. He had selected his first friends with scrupulous care and forethought, seeking to ally himself with the strong leaders of all factions. The wisdom of this policy was shown by the many advantages accruing to himself from this neutral position. He rapidly developed into a man of letters and learning, deeply respected by all with whom he came in contact.

Being himself an aristocrat, it was natural he should make friends of those Athenians of the *Deme Colonus Hippius*, the aristocratic quarters of the city. It was here the "government of the four hundred" was afterwards constituted. Of these friends Sophocles, the splendid poet, was his closest associate and confidant. Sophillius, the father of Sophocles, was a power in the aristocratic circles of Athens, and, although Sophocles belonged to that class which was opposed to the democratic and revolutionary doctrines of Pericles, who was now thoroughly established in the hearts of the people as a political leader, radical antagonisms between political factions could not keep

asunder the brilliant young geniuses of similar age. The fascination of personality was stronger than the prejudices growing out of political disputations. The most delightful personal friendships existed between men of extreme opposite political beliefs.

Pericles, at this time thirty-four years of age, was intimately associated with the leading classes, the different parties and schools holding him in equally high esteem.

Herodotus was persevering, diplomatic and conservative. It was, early, a gratifying thing for him to note, that he was strongly entrenched upon grounds giving him a confiding friendship with all factions, and at the same time enabling him to avoid entangling alliances in their disputations. To all intents and purposes he was a looker-on at the great drama.

From their first meeting, he had an absorbing admiration for the great Pericles, which soon developed into a friendship that gave him admission to the charmed "Aspasian Circle" of philosophers, which included the most noted men in Athens at this time. It was here he knew and admired Anaxagoras, Zeno, and their kind. In this teeming mental atmosphere he felt the first awakening of powers within him, which he, then, could not understand, and a corresponding ambition to become the peer of the great minds about him. With this ever present stimulus, he listened with absorbing attention to their ponderous discussions of the most abstruse questions of speculative philosophy, including *occultism, psychological phenomena, the origin of the physical world, the primordial principles of things, the laws of nature, the origin and end of man, and subjects contemplating the secrets of life and death.*

Herodotus had already distinguished himself as a writer of authentic history. He had traveled more extensively than any

other learned man of his nation, and had seen much of the world which his associates had not seen; therefore, he was an ever welcome guest, contributing, liberally, to the entertainment and edification of those about him. More than once he had gained the earnest applause of acknowledged leaders of the different schools.

He had access to the choicest society in Athens, being always at home in the aristocratic circles. Although the laws of Athens forbade marriage between Athenians and non-citizens, the brilliant historian was much sought after and entertained. His acute sense of observation, and keen knowledge of human nature, early taught him the value of a mild manner and gentle speech in his daily intercourse with people, and the efficacy of adroit flattery, and he cleverly injected into his essays and orations carefully modulated praise for the Hellenic nation, and, especially, for Athenians. Aside from this diplomacy, however, he really held for the great men of Athens a love almost akin to veneration. He felt justified in giving them praise. He always betrayed extreme gratitude to those who showed him favors; he was a searcher after wisdom, and they were his benefactors.

Athens, like all Hellas, was preparing candidates for the eighty-first Olympian Festival. Sophocles was to be a contender as epic poet and tragic writer. It was he who pointed out to Herodotus the rare opportunity to promote his own reputation. An essay on history and travel would be exceedingly popular, for, under the Periclean administration, a popular colonial policy was growing, and the nation at large was seeking that kind of information which Herodotus was, alone, qualified to furnish. No other historian could successfully attempt to compete with him. Through the strong influence of his Athenian

friends, he was entered from Athens, technicalities being waived in his favor, an unusual courtesy to a stranger. This was one of the greatest compliments ever paid to Herodotus.

At Olympus he came in contact with the very essence of Hellas. What a spectacle for the Gods! Each young Hellenean brought with him the blessings and prayers of his town, or province, that he might conquer all opponents, receive the immortal "Wreath of Olive," and bring back glory and renown for his province, and reputation for his family. Hope beamed from every brow, and ambition was boastful—all this for empty glory? No! all for the glory of Hellas.

It was inspiring, and Zeus must have looked down from Mount Olympus with a smile of rare satisfaction.

Staid men, with ponderous minds, trained only for mental contests, moved gravely about, quietly discussing the approaching battles of brain and brawn. Trained athletes of magnificent physique, surrounded by boastful admirers, drew curious crowds about them. Beautiful fair-haired youth, pure Helleneans, with limbs like those of a goddess, and faces like cherubs, were ready to take part in the boyish contests; all trained for the hour and petted and cared for with real affection, being constantly urged and encouraged, by promises of future greatness, to carry off the coveted prizes

Mothers, sisters and sweethearts, waited impatiently at their homes for the first word of success or defeat—women not being permitted to participate in or witness, the Olympian games.

The extreme cordiality with which the Athenian contingency greeted Herodotus gave him a peculiar distinction over the usual run of strangers at the great games. He at once became an object of interest and curiosity. His fame as a traveler had gone abroad, and in the excitement and enthusiasm of the occasion,

his reputation, like that of many others of renown, was grossly exaggerated. While this was one of the usual results at Olympus, it invariably enhanced the popularity of successful contenders after the games. Those who were unsuccessful, however, found their defeat much more humiliating, because their advocates had boastfully heralded them, in advance, as invincible

The Hellanodicæ, who were the presiding judges of all things pertaining to the festival, were dignified Eleisians of renown; they paid Herodotus marked attention, adding greatly, thereby, to the interest his presence had aroused.

Herodotus needed, nor had he, any competitor to spur him to exertion. He fully equaled the expectations of his friends, acquitting himself nobly. He read an essay of history and travel, so replete with anecdote, so rare and remarkable, so realistic in description, and of such vast importance to Hellas, that, from this date, his history became standard throughout the nation. He was crowned with immortal glory, and returned to Athens much stronger, and more popular, than he ever dreamed he would be.

He remained much in Athens, strengthening the friendships he had formed there, never deserting his original position of neutrality.

Time sped; Pericles rapidly strengthened his position, and was the acknowledged leader of the extreme democratic party. He was beginning to advocate his encroachments upon the pubilc treasury.He now boldly advocated the causes of the masses, in consequence of which he had an irresistible following. There was a dissolution of the once famous friendly circles, in which leaders of all parties participated; rancor, hitherto unknown, had crept into the public debates; the once sparkling repartee now became fierce combats of crimination and recrimination.

Herodotus found his position of neutrality growing more and more untenable, and he seriously contemplated quitting Athens for prolonged travel. He had even broached this thought to Sophicles, and was about to speak to Pericles upon the same subject, when he was confronted by the inexplicable fact that Pericles was apparently growing cold towards him. He was much distressed at this discovery; yet his conscience did not accuse him of willful neglect or slight towards the friendship and confidence he so valued. He could reach no other conclusion, but that Pericles' actions were due to the acrimonious relations between parties which had suddenly grown acute.

It was true, and he was aware of it; those who tried to maintain a neutrality between factions fell under the suspicion of both. It was this very situation that had caused him to contemplate leaving Athens.

He spurned the idea that his noble Pericles would withdraw his friendship and trust, because of his confidential relations with Sophocles, who was often a sore thorn in the side of the great leader.

Being a man of prompt decision and aggressive nature, when occasion required it, he boldly went to Pericles and addressed him, in the manner in which Athenians were wont to address each other when a deep sentiment attached them. He said: "my noble Pericles, I came to Athens, the queen city of Hellas, and adopted it as my place of residence, because I desired to strengthen and ripen the pleasurable friendships I had formed here upon my earlier visits. I have, within my bosom, a deep and abiding affection for all those great and noble men whom I have been privileged to call my friends. Their minds, to me, have been treasure caskets, filled with rarest gems. I have reveled in the delights of listening to their choicest words of wisdom, and I have never tired in expressing my gratitude.

HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

"I am a Dorian by blood, a Halicarnassean by birth, and a stranger in Athens; therefore, I have closed mine ears to your disputations regarding your local affairs, that I might not partake of your political sentiments, and become biased in my friendships. I have loved you as men, and friends. Were I asked which I love best, which I most esteem, as associate and confidant, my answer would be: it is impossible for me to choose between you. Your intellectual charms are well balanced; your moral attributes are equally to be admired; your political convictions I believe to be honest and sincere, and I have full confidence in your integrity. I believe the questions about which you dispute are matters which should be sacred against intrusion on the part of strangers. I have not taken sides in your political conflicts, and should deem it a most grievous offense against my honor to betray sympathy for one, as against another, in these matters.

"Noble Pericles, I have been deeply wounded by observing, of late, you shun and avoid me. You, whose example I have tried to imitate in my daily intercourse with men, no longer trust me. Now, I know you are none the less noble and generous than you formerly were; therefore, some deep offense has caused this change in your conduct towards me. My conscience refuses to record an impression that you would withdraw from me your confidence, which I have so cherished, because of my purely personal friendships for those others whom you call your political opponents.. To believe this would be to cast you down from the high pinnacle upon which I have mentally placed you.

"If there be calumnies against me, regarding my loyalty to you, will you not frankly state them to me, that I may assure you of their untruth? My soul burns to know what indiscre-

tion I have unwittingly committed, that I may hasten to make amends and again restore myself to the sunshine of your confidence."

Herodotus was little prepared for the answer he received to his impassioned appeal.

"Herodotus," said Pericles, "did I not know you well, I should have to believe you an arch dissembler. You evidently do not have in mind the effect which certain contemplated actions of yours might have upon my interests, and upon the welfare of those who have befriended you in Athens. It is not my own personal interests I care so much for; it is the peace and prosperity of the Hellenic nation I must protect. Must I tell you that, of all men whose personal acts can affect this peace, I most fear and distrust those who secretly contemplate revolutionary movements in their own provinces when quiet reigns there?

"Halicarnassus is at peace with Athens, and revolution there would arouse discontent and excitement in other provinces, which might lead to far-reaching consequences. My heart is for peace throughout Hellas

"Herodotus, I have been almost convinced that you contemplate a movement for the overthrow of Lygdamis. While I have no special love for him, or confidence in his integrity; in fact, I sympathize with you, knowing, as I do, your grievance, still, I cherish peace more; therefore, I view with alarm and disapproval your plans. I was contemplating means to counteract your purposes, and at the same time provide for your personal safety and protection, when you asked me for an explanation."

Herodotus listened to Pericles in breathless astonishment. It was true, he openly despised Lygdamis, having often expressed his contempt for him, but he was not, at this time, con-

spiring for his overthrow. He had fled from Halicarnassus to avoid dangerous complications which might involve him, exactly, as it seemed he now was involved. A high ambition to excel in the literary world caused him to guard well his good reputation, his mind having soared above the heated imaginations of his youth, which led him into indiscretions, bringing upon himself the enmity of those he cordially hated. While he loved, in memory, the home of his youth, he well knew the futility of combatting the ruling powers there. He saw a greater field in the literary world to conquer ,and with his ambition came the power to forget petty grievances when there was nothing to be gained by keeping them alive.

Although deeply wounded, he remained perfectly calm under the galling accusation of Pericles, all the while looking him frankly in the eyes.

When the latter paused he said: "Pericles, you say you have contemplated taking secret steps to counteract this alleged revolt; this would seem to indicate you have passed judgment in the case, and condemned me without a hearing, notwithstanding the infamous character of the charges. This is not the Pericles I have cherished as a friend."

Before a reply could be made a servant entered with a dark-skinned, keen-eyed man, about the age of Herodotus. What followed was dramatic in the extreme.

No answer from Pericles was necessary. It was Democritus, the secret spy and confidant of Lygdamis, a Persian, who had, for convenience sake, assumed a Greek name. He was cordially hated by all who knew him.

Rising, Herodotus, in a voice betraying suppressed emotion and anger, said: "Pericles, you need not reply; I understand my position now. The presence of this viper is sufficient evi-

dence that intrigue is abroad. When you deem yourself justified in judging between me and this slave and spy, you forget my breeding. I cannot degrade myself by bandying words to disprove any statements he has made to you. His tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth should he attempt to speak the truth. He has been educated to utter only that which is false. You have deeply insulted the confidence I have placed in your judgment of men. I bid you farewell."

With this Herodotus was about to retire, when Pericles, in his thunderous voice, cried: "hold! Herodotus, you do me injustice; I have heard with anguish in my heart what has been told me regarding you; I do cherish our friendship, more than you believe; a blot upon your honor was a wound in my own heart; my sorrow that our friendship should be thus rudely broken is deeper than you know. This man," pointing to Democritus, "is your accuser, and he must now make his charges in your presence. Now, speak, Democritus; it is but just and fair that Herodotus should know what you have said regarding him."

Democritus had remained standing, his face had assumed the ashen pallor of death; yet he was calm and fierce. He did not flinch from the trying ordeal. He did not, in this instance, betray the cowering, cringing nature, which marked his actions later in life, no doubt engendered by the constant contact with dishonest principals, and by being constantly surrounded by an atmosphere of political intrigue, with his own life in imminent peril.

In cold, measured speech, with not a tremor in his voice, he said: "noble Pericles, your pleasure is my law in this matter. While it is extremely distasteful for me to have to repeat a confidential message in the presence of the man it accuses, especially when the charges are of such a grave nature, I am so thoroughly

aware of its truth, I feel no embarrassment in doing so at your bidding. I repeat what I have already told you; Herodotus is the known leader of a secret society, bound together for the overthrow of Lygdamis, and for other revolutionary purposes. Here is a list of his co-conspirators. A number of them are here in Athens, and in constant communication with their chief.

"You know the high esteem of Lygdamis for you; I am his representative, and have come here for no other purpose than to lay before you the plain facts regarding this conspiracy, because recent developments have shown it to be more far-reaching in its purposes than affecting matters merely local to Halicarnassus. It threatens the national peace, and contemplates a broad field of action. I am not a spy; I detest the word. I did hope to discharge my duty without notoriety. I scarcely know Herodotus, beyond the good reputation he bears as a man of letters. He knows my position, and his insults only cause me to believe that all I have said is true. I can only express my pity for him; he certainly had a great future before him, had he appreciated the splendid reputation in which he is held throughout the civilized world."

The cool impudence, and the patronizing words and manner, assumed by Democritus at this point, were extremely irritating to Herodotus, and they awakened in the broad mind of Pericles a feeling of distrust. The smooth diplomat had come near accomplishing exactly what this presumption was intended to accomplish—an outburst of anger from Herodotus, but the latter wisely refrained from any such indiscretion.

Here were two strong, dangerous minds pitted, one against the other.

Dramatically pointing his now trembling finger at Herodotus, Democritus raised his voice and continued: "I have now

repeated the charges against him, and, here in your presence, Pericles, challenge him to deny and refute them, in the face of the convincing evidence I previously placed in your hands."

Speaking to Herodotus, and betraying more emotion and excitement than at any other point of the recitation, he almost shouted: "You have confederates in Thessaly, Samos, and Sparta; for what purpose, dare you say?"

Both Pericles and Herodotus had quickly perceived that Democritus' brave exterior was weakening. Their silence, and patient waiting for him to finish, unnerved him. He fully expected Herodotus to fly into a towering rage under his insults, and thus insure his own downfall. But the Herodotus before him was not the passionate youth, whose bold, intrepid and independent spirit would have caused him, in former times, to commit indiscretions, which his present well-balanced mind would avoid as dangerous. His conscious innocence of the charges preferred against him gave him strength to combat Democritus' methods with equal tact. At heart he was as brave as a lion, and, under pressure, formed and executed plans so promptly that, when once aroused, he became a dangerous foe.

Lygdamis had carefully planned the ruin of Herodotus, and all of those ardent followers, formerly recognizing him as their leader. This accidental discovery of his perfidy, at a most critical point in his plotting, was a most fortunate thing for Herodotus. Quick of perception; keen of judgment, and far-seeing, this discovery enabled him to grasp the situation at once. It was apparent to him, and now also to Pericles, that the situation at Halicarnassus was critical, otherwise, Lygdamis, who was none too popular at Athens, would not thus boldly have taken the risk, involved, in making such grave charges against a man of Herodotus' standing there.

Before Democritus had ceased speaking, Herodotus' plan of action was in his mind, and he was prepared to execute it with celerity. Calmly, but scornfully, looking at Democritus for a moment, he addressed Pericles:

"I shall make but brief reply to the infamous charges of this wretch; every word he has uttered is false. I call upon the Gods to bear me witness. I am not a conspirator; neither am I associated with any political schemes or intrigues; but I shall not tamely submit to this outrageous assault upon my reputation."

Democritus was now well aware that the plans of Lygdamis had miscarried. He plainly perceived that his mission had actually brought about grave complications, and had exaggerated the dangers they most desired to avoid. This exposure had thrown upon Lygdamis' shoulders the responsibility of revolution in Halicarnassus; it had lost him the friendship of Athens, and what he most dreaded, it had aroused the sleeping tiger in Herodotus, who was the spirit of his strong following.

Herodotus, in a clear, strong, ringing voice, free from emotion, sent every word like a sharp-pointed javelin, straight to the mark, as he now addressed Democritus:

"Tell your master, slave, that I, Herodotus, am not conspiring with others for his downfall, but I openly avow, before Pericles and all Athens, my intention of driving him from Halicarnassus, single handed, and in the broad light of day. I am now his open enemy, and I shall not rest until I have made him a fugitive. He is his own worst enemy, and has brought this calamity upon himself. Do you hear? Now, as for you, sooner or later your head shall pay the penalty for your part in this infamous plot against my honor." Turning to Pericles, he said: "Pericles, I pledge you my honor no act of mine shall be harmful to the general peace of Hellas. I shall quit Athens at once,

and I shall not return here until the tyrant, Lygdamis, is expelled in humiliation and disgrace from my native city. Farewell."

Herodotus then left the room, leaving Pericles, and the now thoroughly embarrassed and humbled Democritus, together.

Pericles felt humiliated. He had allowed himself to become the dupe of Lygdamis, and this plotting associate of his. He saw through the thin veil of this alleged conspiracy, after it was too late to take decisive measures to bring about a reconciliation between the warring factions. It was too plain—revolution in Halicarnassus was now inevitable.

He was, at this time, beset with plots and counter-plots, and overburdened with matters of state, compelling him to form hasty conclusions, and as disagreeable as it was, he was often confronted by mistakes of his own judgment. He pereceived his mistake in this instance; he saw that he had made the fatal error of listening to Democritus' persuasive eloquence, and believing Herodotus guilty of plotting, without sufficient guarantee of its truth and authenticity. This encounter between truth and falsity, in his presence, quickened his perception. Moreover, it plainly revealed to him that Lygdamis was in political distress; that he was being hard pressed by his opponents, and that he desired help. It was clear that he feared Herodotus and his influence, and desired to put them out of the way before making his appeal to Athens for assistance. He had left this delicate matter to the plotting Democritus. The premature exposure of his purpose had now changed the whole situation. Herodotus had seen through it at a glance, and and no power of Pericles could prevent his taking immediate advantage of Lygdamis' weakness: to attempt to do so would only exaggerate the dangers to himself.

After the departure of Herodotus, he had paced the floor, while these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and he reached one of his wisest political decisions; his wavering confidence in the honor of Herodotus was fully restored; he believed that his strong hand would cause this revolution to fall lightest upon Hellas, and he concluded to let matters take their course.

Turning to Democritus, he said: "Go," and that crest-fallen statesman went wihout ceremony.

Herodotus hastened with all speed to Halicarnassus. His unerring judgment told him that bold action was essential, as he felt certain that Lygdamis was at this very moment on the point of flight. It was his purpose, however, to compel him to clear his honor before going.

Upon his arrival at Halicarnassus he was hailed by the populace as a leader. In a public oration, to which many of the local officials listened, he recounted his movements from the time he left Halicarnassus; how he had striven to avoid political intrigues and complications, and how, at last, he was betrayed by Lygdamis through his despicable Democritus.

This was the greatest oration ever delivered in Halicarnassus; it struck terror into the souls of Lygdamis and his followers; great excitement prevailed, and immediate revolution was threatened. The now thoroughly frightened ruler, in a weak effort to turn the tide, issued an order banishing Democritus, and made a public avowal that he believed Herodotus to be innocent of plotting against the state. He felt his throne slipping from under him, and this puny effort was for the purpose of saving time in which to strengthen his position, but he was too late.

Herodotus was now thoroughly aroused. His bold and courageous actions not only brought to him a support sufficient to

assure the overthrow of Lygdamis, but it prevented that ruler from enlisting outside assistance. The name of Herodotus was esteemed throughout all Hellas, and the appeals of Lygdamis for aid were unheeded. The end soon came; fearing for his life, Lygdamis quietly took his departure from Halicarnassus.

In spite of all he could do to counteract it, Herodotus found there was a growing belief, throughout Helals, that he was an agitator, and dangerous to the peace and welfare of the nation. Feeling that his reputation would be safer where his conduct would be under the scrutiny of those whose opinions could most affect him, he returned to Athens. This was, indeed, a wise move. He not only regained the confidence of the Athenians, but they heaped favors upon him. His last important public act was to read, before the vast assembly at the Panathenæan festival at Athens, one of his famous historical essays. As usual, he bestowed upon the Athenians great praise. To show their gratitude the people of this city voted him a present of four hundred thousand drachmæ—equivalent to about sixty-eight thousand dollars.

There was a pathetic element in the presentation of this gift, not publicly known. The private fortune of Herodotus had been dissipated in travel, and had suffered more depletion in his recent operations at Halicarnassus. This fact was known only to Socrates, who, in turn, confided it to Pericles; it was through the influence of this statesman that the people were inspired to vote this substantial appreciation of the worth of a learned stranger in their midst. This wealth was, indeed, a godsend to Herodotus later, when he so earnestly desired to begin new travels. From the useful application of this money sprung events, to change the entire course of civilization in later periods, and affect the subsequent development of the whole human race.

As Herodotus grew more mature in age, he also became more reserved and studious. He had been a witness of Athenian events, viewing them from an unprejudiced standpoint. He was more than ever a looker-on at the great drama, and was about the only friend Pericles had, who could praise him for his wise acts and chide him for his shortcomings. He oftimes pointed out to the great statesman the dangers of his economic theories, and prevented their being put into practice. His mentality had assumed a philosophical turn, although he never intruded his peculiar philosophy upon the schools of the day. He began to see the foolishness of political strife, and the futility of one political faction combatting the other. He wondered why men of Pericles' stupendous mental powers should struggle on to the end, sacrificing conscience, soul and body for mere transient causes. Life was being spent in a fury; reputation was tossed about like a rudderless ship in a tempest; the great schools of philosophy were fast becoming the tools of tyranny, and dispute and strife between great men were rapidly dissipating the glories of Athens as a seat of wisdom and learning.

There was nothing inviting to Herodotus in the storms of political strife, and in his confidential talks with those most intent on making history, he pointed out how, in the long run of events, the masses were not being benefited by constant changes of public policy and administration of government. On the contrary, the teachings of Pericles, at this time, were giving to the masses extravagant notions and ideas of life which had a marked tendency to upset the peaceful, temperate, simple lives they formerly lived. He, especially, pointed out that the growth of a people was like that of a tree; it must leaf, blossom and bear fruit in its due time, and cannot be forced without a departure from natural laws, harmful to its best fruition. He believed that

Pericles' theories were pressing forward the masses of people too rapidly, and were inculcating a feeling of democracy, dangerous to the best respect for law and order.

The aspect became more and more complicated and distressing to him. It was during one of his fits of despond, he confided to Socrates that he had spent most of his fortune.

Herodotus, Pericles and Socrates were now inseparable friends, and they always seemed to be discussing some weighty question, of state or philosophy. The "Aspasian Circle" had almost disappeared, yet these three kept up the philosophical intercourse.

Publicly, Pericles could only devote words and orations to affairs of state, but suddenly Herodotus and Socrates began to discourse upon a strange and new philosophy, so radically different from the old school theories, that all feared to at once express any views upon the advanced thought.

The sophists, bold and aggressive, and always ready for a battle of words, and a clash of minds, attacked the new philosophy with fury, insisting, that, to believe in such theories meant to revolutionize all forms of the national religion, which ground was well taken, for this was true. Herodotus and Socrates found their friends dropping away from them, and they, themselves, stood alone with none to encourage, or even listen to, their new philosophy.

Suddenly Herodotus disappeared from Athens. It was reported he had accompanied a colonizing expedition sent out by Pericles to establish a settlement at Thurii, in Southern Italy. Shortly thereafter, his death at Thurii was reported; elaborate funeral orations in his honor were delivered in Athens and other cities, and sincere regret at the death of the great man was expressed on every hand.

HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

It was a curious fact, that, shortly after his announced death, a quiet rumor, which would not down, was circulating among those who knew Herodotus best. It was to the effect that he did not go to Thurii, nor was he dead. It was said, Socrates had confided the fact to a close associate, that Herodotus had come into possession of some strange occult powers related to his new philosophy, and believing these powers to have emanated from some secret cult, he had gone in search of the origin. Some thought he had gone to Egypt, others to Babylon, and still others said he had gone to India. These rumors were quietly trimmed and adjusted by Socrates and his followers to give them a mysterious meaning, in order that it might strengthen the new philosophy which Socrates now began to teach.

PART II.

HERODOTUS SEEKS THE ROSY-CROSS.

THE career of Herodotus in Athens was closed. A strange and unaccountable thing had happened to him, the real secret of which was known only to Pericles, Socrates and himself. An occult power had taken complete possession of his mental faculties and control of his physical being. He no longer acted for himself. He was guided by an ever-present, whispering voice, and an all-powerful, guiding hand, leading and teaching him what to say and what to do. He felt like a helpless child beginning life over again, and being led by a gentle, loving parent. He named this influence his "Divine Teacher." He convinced Pericles and Socrates, conclusively, that this abnormal condition was due to no conscious effort on his part; in fact, it was independent of his own will power. It was an intelligent force, independent of his own consciousness. It was not hallucination, because no conscious thought or imagination of his accompanied it. To say it was merely mechanical would be, to give individual intelligence and the power of abstractive thought to the mere physical mechanism of the body, an apparently impossible state of consciousness.

He believed, from the first, the power was transmissible to others, and proved the correctness of this theory by partially bringing into the strange *rapport* both Pericles and Socrates. It immediately began to influence their speech and actions, and this

influence was always for good, as against evil or wrong inclinations. It gave them renewed mental and physical vigor and strength. The subsequent course of both these great men of Athens was characterized by a courage and force hitherto unknown in their careers. Pericles, however, by evil associations, lost the *rapport.*

These men, being investigators of phenomena, and deep thinkers along philosophical lines, naturally undertook a critical study and analysis of the absorbing question. To their astonishment, they could make no progress towards a solution of the mystery. The underlying principles were beyond the ken of their reasoning powers. Broad as was their learning, it did not fall within the line of their experience. It seemed to be a *religio-philosophy* being taught to them by a divine mind. They slightly disagreed regarding its source, or rather, the mediumship through which it reached their own mentality. Pericles and Socrates held that it was the divine will of the mystic Gods manifesting itself through them, and that in time they would restore, in fact, the ancient system. Herodotus, however, took a more practical view, believing it to be a transmission of thought of other human minds manifesting the will of an all-knowing, all-powerful cult, located in Hellas or some other country. He, recalling the wonderful stories he had heard in Samos regarding the Pythagoreans, could not dismiss from his mind a belief that there was some mysterious connection between their present discovery and Pythagorism. Some of the things now happening were identical with the Pythagorean beliefs and teachings.

It is needless to say, Pericles and Socrates were, at first, much alarmed. Every Hellenean was, more or less, superstitious regarding the powers of the Gods, and while nothing had transpired intimating harm to them, still, they were cautious for their reputations' sake.

HERODOTUS SEEKS THE ROSY-CROSS.

Pericles was in his prime as a statesman and political leader; therefore, did not openly identify himself with experimental philosophy, fearing it might affect his reputation.

Socrates was strongly established as a teacher of practical philosophy, and he endeavored to harmonize the new thought with his natural theories, hoping, thereby, to strengthen his school. He began leading his pupils towards it, but was retarded by his own lack of understanding of the underlying principles. He had attained a degree of development where he, too, was guided by a "Divine Voice," as was Herodotus, and his aim was to arouse and develop this same voice in others. There was a division in his own school, and he found himself antagonized by many who were formerly his most enthusiastic believers, notwithstanding which, he bravely held to his purpose, finally sacrificing his life to his new religion.

Herodotus was situated differently. His beliefs could not affect him, a searcher after truth, as could those of men occupying positions in the public eye. He believed:

First: The power, though divine, had been originally developed by an order of human beings.

Second: This order, or cult, was disseminating its wisdom at this time, understandingly, and with the view of bringing the world into it, under the will and guidance of a divine master.

Third: It could only be transmitted to their minds by the mechanism of other trained minds, fully understanding the occult laws, and underlying principles by which they operated.

Fourth: The seat of this cult was at some remote point, to be located by persistent search and investigation.

Fifth: It existed independent of laws and governments; its purposes were good, and its powers irresistible, its chief purpose being the reformation of mankind.

These were the ideas he had in mind when he confided to Socrates his determination to go in search of the order, or the original place from where this wisdom was coming. He also had a belief regarding the location of this charmed spot, but this he did not mention to anyone.

He confided his plans to no one but Socrates, and with him he was to try to establish mental communication from a distance. That such communication was established is almost certain, for Socrates was, early thereafter, accused, publicly, of being in league with evil shades. This early attack upon Socrates was promptly suppressed by the power of Pericles, who was still deeply interested, secretly, in the subject. But Socrates, in the end, was the victim of his own persistence.

Herodotus departed from Athens, going directly to Samos. He was deeply imbued with the idea that he was now committed to a divine mission. He felt no selfish motives, nor did he have in mind self-aggrandizement, notwithstanding, he well knew, that if he could demonstrate this new power, all the wisdom of the world would fade before it, and civilization would take a new course.

From the time he left Athens he developed rapidly. As many strange features presented themselves, he found it necessary to modify his first ideas, until, finally, he admitted he had no fixed and certain views of his own—his mind was in a state of turmoil regarding the matter.

He could not reconcile his idea of an order of adepts with events rapidly unfolding with his development. An ever-present companion and guide seemed to be with him during his waking

hours, night and day, whispering encouragement, and arousing new energy and ambition. It seemed too personal, and individual, to require an order of human beings back of it.

Recently, the whisper had grown into an audible voice, clear and distinct at times. He heard this voice speaking to him in his left ear, which seemed to him significant.

The first, and only time, he heard the audible voice in Athens was just before leaving there; in fact, the message he received at that time hastened his departure. This message was: "my son, go find the 'Rosy Cross,' and you will then know all."

He was now intently searching for the "Rosy-Cross." What was this "Rosy-Cross?" He knew not. He simply had confidence that at the proper time, and place, he would find it, and, true to the promise made him, it would reveal the great secret, and remove the mysterious veil separating him from his Divine Master.

He knew that the Pythagoreans, in their ritual, used a cross. but the nature of such cross he had not investigated.

He felt as though he were going on a second "Voyage of the Argonauts, in Search of the Golden Fleece." He little dreamed that this was an actual truth, for, wrapped in the legend of the "Ram with the Golden Fleece," was the same mysterious voice, which now guided him, and the ulterior purpose of that mystical voyage was to bring back to Delphi, from the grove of Ares, the secret powers of that oracle. He, himself, was traveling into strange countries in search of identically the same thing. He, however, had positive and tangible evidence that a strange, but kind, gentle and benign power, as peaceful as the Argonauts were warlike, guided him. He had faith in this guide and teacher, and felt certain it would lead him only to the truth.

HERODOTUS SEEKS THE ROSY-CROSS.

The island of Samos was the birthplace of Pythagoras, the father of mysticism in Hellas. He was born about the time of the fifty-first Olympiad. His father was Mnesarchus, an engraver of signets. "An engraver of signets!" to the critical mind of Herodotus, this was a suggestive and significant fact, worthy of careful scrutiny.

The prevailing belief in charms was strong in Hellas, dating from the periods when the "Divine Voice" was vested in the "ram with the golden fleece," and in the inert beam of wood upon the prow of the "Argo."

In Hellas the signet ring was a living instrument, often endowed with speech, according to the superstitions of the people.

The Gods, by some sign, token or word, told them what to do in emergencies.

This belief in the mystical powers of signets and talismans was not new to Herodotus, for it was a remnant, also, of the ancient Dorian religion. It was with reverential awe he took up the delicate subject of "signets" and "charms."

Things which, on his former visit to Samos, seemed trifling to him, now assumed the utmost value. The former, merely interesting legends, became important links in the chain of circumstantial evidence which he was assiduously weaving. Traditions, formerly repeated at the family fireside, handed down from generation to generation, were to him, now, illuminated pages in ancient history.

It was evident from the very beginning of his researches that Pythagoras was no ordinary person. A hundred years had passed, yet the subtle charm with which he had invested the signets carved by his father was as potent to-day as then. Money could not purchase the few which he found among old family treasures. It was held by many, who still interested themselves

in Pythagorism, that some of these signets were not carved by the father, but were brought by Pythagoras from far distant lands. This seemed quite plausible. Pythagoras could have given to these foreign charms a mysterious value, far above those of home production. It was apparent that, through the sale of these charms, signets and talismans, he provided himself with the means for promoting his wonderful institutions, and promulgating his religious and philosophical beliefs.

The essential facts gathered in Samos, by Herodotus, upon the subject of Pythagorism, were these:

In Pythagoras' time, Polycrates, the tyrant ruler of Samos, was in his power and glory. Pythagoras began to teach a semi-religious philosophy involving the worship of an universal God. It strongly attracted the people, who flocked to the cause faster than they could be enrolled.

Strong and influential brother-hoods were organized. These were oath-bound bodies, surrounded with the greatest mystery and secrecy.

The new cultus spread rapidly, and became a decided menace to the established order of things in Samos. It upset the established forms of religion, and engendered a spirit of democracy alarming to Polycrates.

It taught and practiced divination which, under Polycrates, was unlawful on the part of individuals.

It revealed, through its adepts, secrets of the past, present and future.

It healed the sick; it made the poor rich, and the unlearned wise.

Ignorant craftsmen suddenly developed a knowledge of the most abstruse sciences, such as Geometry, Astronomy, Chemistry, Anatomy, etc., etc.; in fact, it upset the whole

custom of life in the island producing a state of hysteria and mental excitement hitherto unknown.

Polycrates began to fear for the safety of his government, yet it seemed next to impossible to find a plausible reason for assaulting the new sect. Its teachings were of the highest moral character, and its effects upon the people were good. Its political tendency was toward democratic lines, and the elimination of classes. Even his own confidential statesmen became imbued with religious fervor, and enthusiastic followers of Pythagoras. There was no mistaking the trend of things, his tyrannical grip upon his subjects was being loosened, and his power was weakening. It was essential that something be done to discredit and check the advances of this extremely popular "ism," and that quickly.

A feature of the Pythagorean worship gave a species of reverence to the sun and moon of this planetary system. Polycrates seized upon this feature as a point of attack. He passed edicts wholly forbidding the practices of Pythagorism, demanding, under heavy penalty for disobedience, the disbanding of all Pythagorean brother-hoods and assemblies. These edicts recited that the religion was a form of sun-worship, borrowd from Egypt, and contrary to the established forms of religion; therefore, baneful to public morals. It is a strange fact that this was the precedent by which the noble Socrates was afterwards condemned to death at Athens.

There was a diversity of opinion, Herodotus found, regarding the nature and extent of Pythagoras' learning. There was a definite division of opinion, one side holding that he was a widely-traveled and deeply-learned man, who had been taught geometry by the Egyptians, mathematics by the Phœnicians, and astronomy by the Chaldeans, while the other side, no less enthusiastic,

but more superstitious, intimated that the great mystic was, up to thirty years of age, an ordinary man, without pretense of extensive learning, but at this age he spontaneously developed divine powers, through which he received his great wisdom and learning.

Herodotus, upon striking an average opinion, concluded that Pythagoras had come into the peculiar powers attributed to him, in the same manner in which he, himself, had become partially developed, and, probably, followed the same instintive impulse, and went in search of the fountain-head of this wisdom, which he, no doubt, thought, was an order of adepts located in some of the distant countries having a reputation for great learning. He, doubtless, visited Egypt and Chaldea, and probably went to India, gathering all he could find of the mystic and occult teachings of the adepts of these countries. Samos, in his day, had close commercial intercourse with the outside world.

This conclusion greatly encouraged Herodotus, because it suggested means of strengthening and hastening his own development. Circumstances seemed to indicate that Pythagoras was successful in obtaining, in these travels, much knowledge regarding the subject, that he could not develop alone and without practical instructions, without long years of thought, study and self-denial. Herodotus, himself, could not conceive of a possibility of fully developing the rapport by thought and deductive reasoning, and a meditative concentration of the mind. His previous intellectual training had been of a practical kind, by coming in actual contact with material things, and treating them with the objective senses.

Herodotus was more or less familiar with the religious systems of both Egypt and Chaldea; therefore, it was a source of perplexity to him to find, by a close inspection of the Pytha-

gorean system, a symbolism unlike any belonging to other countries. There was much originality in his forms, and to no great extent did they resemble those of the countries he had visited; moreover, it was a marked improvement, in every way, over other schools of philosophy.

After accumulating all the information he could possibly gather at Samos, he found himself confronted with the same question that had puzzled the learned men of a century previous: where and how did Pythagoras obtain his great wisdom? He despaired of learning more of the subject here, and was hesitating regarding his future actions. He was greatly disappointed that his "divine voice" did not come to his rescue and advise him what to do. He had not found the "Rosy-Cross," which added further to his disappointment, but he was by no means discouraged.

The Pythagoreans of Samos used the Ionian cross in their worship, doubtless, as a precaution against too radical a change in Samian customs, for there were evidences that Pythagoras was a discreet and diplomatic leader. He wrought no unnecessary changes in former forms of worship to antagonize opposition.

The last bit of information to come to Herodotus in Samos was of a startling nature, opening a floodgate of new possibilities. It was to the effect that Pythagoras had received, in some mysterious manner, secret instructions from Tyrrhenian Pelasgian adepts, in a peculiar cultus which was theirs by tradition.

Fortunately, Herodotus was somewhat familiar with the early history of this very people. This bit of information seemed to him the most direct and tangible evidence he had found regarding the source of Pythagoras' learning, and he at once prepared to trace the connections. He mentally recalled the historical

events connecting the Tyrrhenean Pelasgians with any of the Pythagorean movements. He did not expect to find any direct connection between the religion of this ancient tribe and Pythagorism, but he did find that they, under the leadership of Tyrrhenus, son of the king of Lydia, had established colonies along the southern coast of Italy, and, what seemed a significant fact, was, Pythagoras fled to that region when his sect fell under the ban of Polycrates.

It seemed reasonable to believe that he chose this retreat because he felt certain of the friendship and protection of a people whose traditions were the foundations of his teachings.

About two centuriés before Pythagoras' time a colony was founded at the mouth of the River Aesarus, in Magna Græcia, by the Acheans. This became the celebrated city of Crotona. It was to this beautiful, highly cultivated and prosperous place Pythagoras fled. At this time it was of great commercial importance and rich and powerful. It was governed by an oligarchy with a council of one thousand citizens, who traced their descent from the ancient founders of the original colony, which was a union between the people of Tyrrhenus and the Acheans.

The people of Crotona reveled in wealth and luxury, living indolent and profligate lives. The place was ripe for any novelty that could arouse it, and add zest to its aimless mode of existence. When Pythagoras invaded it with his attractive philosophical teachings he had no difficulty in drawing about him the strongest and most influential leaders of all classes.

Herodotus was more or less familiar with the history of Crotona, and knew from previous information that an interesting portion of the great mystic's career had been spent there. Doubtless, he would be able to find records of that period valuable to him; therefore, he bade farewell to Samos and hastened to Crotona.

Since leaving Athens he had made it a practice to devote, each day, a few hours to meditating upon the wisdom which was unfolding within him. He observed that with his mental growth there was a corresponding physical development. He was being taught a peculiar system of gestures in association with prayers to an unknown God or Deity. He had not restrained the tendency of his hands and arms to mechanically perform these gestures, when in a secluded place, because he desired to study their meaning and purpose.

Upon arriving at Crotona he was struck with the extreme cleanliness and beauty of the place. There was about it a charming air of peace and comfort, grateful to the weary traveler. He determined to delight himself for a few days in exploring and viewing the city.

The river was small, but crystal clear, the banks of which had been beautified by well-cultivated parks, filled with flowers and trees. In these parks were formed occasional artificial lakes, surrounded by magnificently carved stone walls, and crossed by beautiful bridges, all of which were decorated by masses of climbing rose vines. These were in full blossom, and greatly enhanced the charms of the place.

Herodotus strolled to one of the parks and seated himself upon its wall. While admiring the miniature lake below he unconsciously allowed his clasped hands to rise above his head, then to come down on a line with the umbilical region. This gesture was scarcely executed when a gentle hand touched his shoulder, and upon turning, in surprise, that anyone should be near him, he beheld an ancient, gray-bearded man by his side.

In a calm, sweet voice, as low and soft as that of a gentle woman, the stranger said: "Brother, why do you pray in public, and invite calamity upon your head, and upon our ancient order?

I know by your Athenian dress that you are a stranger here, yet you are a Pythagorean; none but a Pythagorean would pray in this manner."

Herodotus, recovering from his shock, answered: "You call me brother; are you of the ancient Pythagorean brotherhood? I seek the 'rosy cross.'"

With a look of surprise, the sage said: "Then you do not know? You do not give or receive the secret sign—who are you?"

"Be seated," said Herodotus. "I desire to know more of this ancient brotherhood; you may trust me; I am seeking light."

Then he briefly confided to the old man his purpose in coming to Crotona, and the manner in which he came in possession of the gestures of the Pythagorean prayer, without any knowledge on his part of their being such.

It was well he had come here; he had struck a responsive chord. He was now about to receive that which would lead him to the source of all wisdom. The sage nodded his head, then asked these questions, which were promptly answered by Herodotus.

"Do you hear the divine voice?"

"Yes."

"Do you have waking visions?"

"To a certain extent, yes, and they are growing stronger."

"Have you seen the astral lights?"

"If you mean the beautiful, billowing color-clouds, which come with the concentration of the mind while meditating, yes."

"Are you a writing medium?"

"I write much which seems inspired; it seems spontaneous and mechanical; my right or left hand executing the work faster than my mind can grasp its meaning."

"Do you have intellectual flashes which you do not understand, by which you receive strange messages of a scientific nature?"

"Yes; especially when in a quiet, meditative mood?"

"It is well and fortunate you have come here to Crotona. You are now in the atmosphere of the living Pythagorism. You are a Pythagorean by birth, not by initiation; you are being spiritually initiated into the '*Pythagorean Senate*,' which is an order of adepts created by the universal mind, not organized like the brotherhood of men. It is independent of time, space and law. You are like those mortals who formerly became demi-gods, because you, like they, are *en rapport* with the universal wisdom. All of this will be made plain to you in time. Be patient and watchful. Now listen attentively to what I tell you, for I trust you with implicit confidence."

PART III.

THE PYTHAGOREAN BROTHERHOOD OF CROTONA.

IN the same sweet, gentle voice, the sage told Herodotus the story:

"I am a Pythagorean. Although I am a Crotonean by birth, I am, by blood, a Tyrrhenian Pelasgian, tracing my ancestry back to the great Tyrrhenus. My parents came to Crotona ninety-eight years ago, and I was born one week after their arrival; therefore, am ninety-eight years of age. I was twenty-four years old when Pythagoras came. Oh! well do I remember this wonderful man. Not many of his kind have been born.

"My father was at this time a wealthy man in Crotona. His, like all ancient families of Tyrrhenus, for centuries, had expected and waited for a redeemer to come. Pythagoras was at once recognized as this demigod, his works attesting his genuineness as divine in his calling. All of the faithful promptly embraced his religious teachings, and accepted his philosophy as gospel truth.

"Three hundred of the most aristocratic, wealthy and influential Crotoneans formed the secret "Pythagorean Brotherhood, and established the Pythagorean school of philosophy. From the very beginning both of these institutions were highly popular and successful. The first was an oath-bound, secret society, surrounded by the greatest mystery, and bound together by an oath of allegiance to Pythagoras and fidelity to each other. Its

ritualism involved the deepest mysticism and occult operations. Upon initiation to the brotherhood each member contributed to a general property fund all of his worldly possessions, and this property was enjoyed in common by the members of the brotherhood. This endowment finally assumed magnificent proportions, and as the enthusiasts changed their mode of life from one of luxuriant profligacy to that of a simple frugal one, a large surplus accumulated. This surplus was applied to the support and extension of the Pythagorean School, of which the brotherhood was the parent, and to extending the order into other localities.

"The influence of these institutions upon the lives of the people of Crotona was marvelous. From listless indolence, which threatened the future moral strength of the community, the people sprung into physical and mental activity, the extreme opposite of former conditions. There was an all-powerful ambition to seek learning. A hysterical panic took the place by storm. The Pythagorean school was open to all, and all classes flocked to it, as the shrine of Crotona's future greatness as a seat of learning. It was common to hear the most dignified people boastfully asserting that Crotona was destined to become the world's center of culture and learning. Had this been a new colony, instead of an old settled place, with rich commercial connections with other parts of the world, it surely would, under the Pythagorean system, have become just what they prophesied.

"As a consequence of all this sentiment and enthusiasm, Pythagoras, who was scarcely ever seen in public, became a grossly exaggerated and almost fabulous being. It was even then current, that he could be seen teaching his advanced classes, in Samos and Crotona at one and the same time." Little did Herodotus dream that this apparently impossible thing was an actual truth, and that later he, himself, would perform the same miraculous feat.

Continuing, the sage said: "of course, the school was entirely separate and independent from the secret order, yet the former was controlled and conducted by members of the brotherhood. Pythagoras did not participate openly in its affairs.

"It was generally believed that Pythagoras was the re-incarnation of Apollo, come in human form, to redeem the world from the darkness and ignorance into which it was relapsing.

"My father was a charter member of the Pythagorean brotherhood and one of its most ardent, faithful and persistent workers, because he was conscious of its true import by the hereditary beliefs in the traditions of his ancestors. I was first enrolled as a member of the school, and through the aid and teachings of my father was afterwards initiated into the brotherhood. I then discovered that the school, although a grand endowment to the public, was a cloak to foster and protect the deeper and more important institution.

"Both institutions grew rapidly in strength and influence until they began to exert a decided power in the conduct of the Council of One Thousand, many members of which had embraced the new cult. This influence clearly menaced the powers of this governing body. Differences of opinion were engendered regarding the conduct of public affairs, hitherto unknown in the assembly. Notwithstanding every visible influence of the Pythagorean system was for the general public good, the radical changes it advocated seemed to contemplate a dangerous exchange of a stable form of government, of long standing, for an experimental socialism, the outgrowth of hysterical excitement and enthusiasm. This was the burden of all the debates in the assembly at this time. It was not long till the proposition was a vital political question in Crotona, for all who favored the Pythagorean system openly advocated the conduct of the entire government on that plan.

"This disputation necessarily developed a strong opposing faction having large vested property rights and interests which it did not want disturbed or confiscated.

"The enormous publicity growing out of these discussions gave the Pythagorean institutions a top-heavy popularity and an exaggerated importance which they were not politically prepared to sustain and protect. Before they were sufficiently entrenched, they brought down upon themselves the strong hand of established government, which was secretly aided and abetted by outside influences, fearing a similar encroachment upon their communities. The powerful hand of commercialism was plainly felt and seen in the attack made upon Pythagorism.

No new and experimental institution could successfully stand up under the storm that followed. Pythagoras and his followers were expelled from Crotona, and the cult broken and scattered throughout Southern Italy.

"Without the strong and guiding hand of Pythagoras the remnants of the once powerful organization fell into disrepute, and finally the system into desuetude.

"Here in Crotona, while the brotherhood is, to all intents and purposes, dead, a remnant of the original order exists in secret. The spirit of the order, however, will never die, as long as Crotona is upon the map and people dwell here; the essenic Pythagorism hovers about this inspired spot.

"Owing to a peculiar circumstance, my family was permitted to remain here at the time of the expulsion of other Pythagoreans. My father was a rich worker in leather. Crotona had organized a body of horsemen to repel invaders who persecuted outlying agricultural districts. It fell to him to make a large quantity of leather accoutrements for the state, and he was engaged in this task when the edict was made against the brotherhood. Strange to say, he nor none of his family were molested.

"My father was a good citizen, but a better Pythagorean. He erected a shrine at his own hearthstone, and it was here the little remaining handful of devoted Pythagoreans would gather to weep and pray. Shortly thereafter the oligarchy was replaced by a democratic form of government, a distinct outgrowth of the brotherhood teachings, and interest ceased in the persecution of Pythagoreans. But the great brotherhood was a thing of the past, only three of us remaining to tell of its grandeurs, and quietly mourn that mankind has lost its beautiful examples.

"Out of the original three hundred, but four, including Pythagoras himself, reached the degree of great master, with supreme powers. These disappeared with Pythagoras, and with them the higher and more essential secrets of the order. It was said, and is still believed, these four great masters separated, one going to each of the four quarters of the world.

"The original order embraced ten degrees of initiation, from 'Suppliant' to 'Great Master.' They were all called Pythagorean adepts, but enjoyed separate lodges and mystic rituals of their own:

" 'We believe in the efficacy of prayer.

" 'We believe in healing powers.

" 'We believe in divination.

" 'We believe we can communicate with the Gods.

" 'We love and trust our brothers.

" 'We share with each other all we have.

" 'We strive to live a perfect and blameless life.

" 'We believe in an essenic life after physical death.

" 'We do not partake of animal food, this being according to one of our fundamental laws, referring to our belief in metempsychosis.

" 'Temperance in all things, we practice.

"When the brotherhood existed, the members were divided into communities of ten, and these partook of a common meal. While we could not afterwards publicly do so, still, in private we practiced this custom as long as we made any pretense of organization.

"Pythagoras taught, that a perfect body was essential to demonstrate and picture a perfect mind, therefore gymnastics were cultivated to the highest stages of perfection.

"Now, my brother, I know you are burning with desire to know the inner secrets of Pythagorism. I have told you much, but I am still under the law, having been initiated by ritualism, therefore my oath prevents my transmitting to another the sacred secrets of this order. You must be patient, as were those who studiously took up one degree at a time, until they reached the high and exalted degree of Great Master. You, however, are being initiated, not into the *Pythagorean Brotherhood*, but into the *Pythagorean Senate*. The one is an objective initiation, the other subjective. Your teachers are ten thousand strong, and your Great Master is divine. You are not under the law, as are we, but free to do whatsoever you will; no edict, except that of your Great Master, can reach or interfere with your will. When you, yourself, have reached the degree of Great Master, you will be a king of kings, and master of their peoples.

"It was understood by our higher adepts that, from time to time, often centuries apart, certain men were born into the world so spiritually constituted, they could come into rapport with the universal mind without the ordinary course of initiation. You belong to this occult class.

"I will not say how I know you to be a Dorian, but all Dorians, and all Tyrrhenian Pelasgians, have in them the elements essential to such awakening, and it is from their blood that these

saviors of mankind spring, because their fathers before them were the demigods who taught the true religion—the fatherhood of God, the fellowship of Christus and the brotherhood of mankind.

"Time alone must reveal to you the secrets of the Pythagorean Senate. It now has no particular place of abode; its members are *en rapport* with each other always. Its membership consists of the dead and the living, in that the rapport is not lost or broken by physical death, but has a living existence thereafter, as an individual essence. *This is the immortality which we seek.*

"The influence of the Pythagorean Senate is felt by every people on the face of the earth; kings and governing bodies unconsciously follow its dictates, believing their mandates to be products of their own mentality. It is easy, however, to distinguish between acts dictated by the Pythagorean Senate, and those emanating from the carnal mind of a willful and vicious ruler. The former spread peace, prosperity and happiness over the world, while the latter engender war, famine, hardships, pestilence and death. It is ever a battle between good and evil, and so it will be, until all rulers are good and perfect men—only Great Masters are perfect men; therefore, before we can have a race of godly kings, the Pythagorean Senate must control mankind, and peace and good-will among men must reign upon earth.

"The fate of Athens, to-day, rests upon these occult influences. You love Pericles, who is the ruling power there. Had you been an Athenian, you would now be by his side to aid and counsel him, but soon you may be in the remotest part of the world, and yet render him better service. In sooth, you may enter into his mind and influence his every thought and action. You will understand and appreciate this as you progress in your work.

"I wish to tell you one other important fact regarding the Pythagorean Brotherhood of Crotona: we admitted women.

"It was a part of our teaching that woman is an essential half of man. Our rites were pure and strictly free from licentiousness, and our practices were on the highest moral and educational plane. It was true in our brotherhood, and you will learn, with surprise, that in the Pythagorean Senate no male mind can retain the essential rapport without intermarriage with a balancing female mind. Their eyes may never behold each other, and physically, they may be always thousands of miles separated, yet their minds will blend as one, and each will manifest the wisdom of the other. It is essential for you to know this. *Zeus must have his Themis, Osirus his Isis, and every Sun his Moon.* This is the union of the positive and negative principles in nature, and is essential before the wisdom of God may be translated and manifested, because *spiritual species, like physical species,* are perpetuated by births.

"My brother, you are a Pythagorean by birth and by instinct; therefore, I salute you, and I beg to present to you the 'rosy cross.'"

With this he drew from his bosom a small red cross and pressed it into the hand of Herodotus. "This is the symbol of the dispersion of mankind, and the expansion of wisdom throughout the world. Now, brother, you need not remain here; you can learn no more than what I have told you. All who have attempted to learn more regarding the Pythagorean brotherhood have fallen under the ban of suspicion, and suffered thereby. But I will direct you where to go. You have a long journey and a tedious task before you. Your whole life is dedicated to this grand work. Your reward will be very great.

"Go to Dodona, and call upon Zeus to enlighten you. You need not fear or hesitate, for you will soon begin to work with full understanding. Farewell, brother, your work is before you; tarry not here."

The sage had arisen to take his departure. Herodotus had been so deeply absorbed with what was being related to him, he could only listen eagerly to the words, making no effort to interrupt or question the speaker. But now he placed his hand upon the arm of the venerable man and said: "generous brother, I am deeply indebted to you, and I must express my gratitude for the interest you have taken in my cause, and the valuable information you have given me. Very much of it, though, is veiled in mystery and I can not understand it. I fully believe and trust you, but I beg that you will permit me to ask some questions which seem pertinent, that I may go on my way with better light.

"Did Pythagoras wholly originate his system, or did he receive it from other countries?"

"Pythagoras," said the sage, "was a Tyrrhenian Pelasgian; he came into his powers exactly as the wisdom is being revealed to you; he first awakened to the 'Hermetic mysteries' in Samos, and it is a singular coincidence that you also received there the first fine vibration to stimulate and awaken your own memory; as these vibrations grew into stronger waves, your mind was gradually enlightened. The constant mental training you received at Athens developed the rapport you so desired. That rapport gave you communication with the mind of the Pythagorean Senate, and access to the Hermetic wisdom."

"Hermetic wisdom!" cried Herodotus. "Do I hear aright? Is this the great secret? Truly the gods are good to us.

"I am, then, to have revealed to me the wisdom of the great Hermes Trismegistos? You have rendered me a great service.

"Then Pythagoras obtained his wisdom from Egypt?"

"No," answered the sage, "Hermes Trismegistos is not of the Egyptians, nor is he of the Chaldeans; he is the personification of the mind of the physical world. He speaks by Zeus from Dodona, through Apollo at Delphi, and is ever whispering into the ear of mankind. His shrine is erected in the heart of every good man and woman. I can tell you no more. Farewell."

Herodotus was dazed and confused. He could exert no power to stay the departure of the strange old man, and for several minutes remained in a condition of semi-stupor. Arousing himself with a strong effort, he looked about, expecting to see somewhere the receding figure, but not a living thing was in sight.

The idea that he had been asleep seized upon him; he could not shake off the feeling that he had been dreaming. He had almost convinced himself of this when he felt the small cross resting in his hand. Here was tangible evidence that it was not a dream. It had all occurred so quickly, yet was so plain and comprehensive, he was puzzled to know what step now to take. He went over the story related by the ancient mystic, carefully recording all of the essential facts. When he recalled the promise that to him should be revealed the "Hermetic Wisdom," he could hardly contain himself; it was much more startling now, that he had time to ponder it.

All the great philosophers of his time secretly held the belief that certain human minds in the past had the power to communicate direct with the Gods, and they all longed to know the mysterious lost art. It was, however, a dangerous subject, and prohibited by the laws protecting the established religion.

Mystifying as it was, Herodotus felt that each day he was growing stronger in the powers that possessed him, and as he was compelled to admit to himself that he was receiving strange

messages from an unknown source, and performing certain acts at the will, and under the direction of some intelligent individuality not his own, it was not unreasonable for him to believe that he himself had at last discovered, or rediscovered, the lost art. His teacher and master, for such it seemed to be guiding him, was coming closer and closer, until he could almost feel a physical presence at times. He could not forget the voice which sent him in search of the "Rosy Cross." Was this the "Rosy Cross" he held in his hand?

Thus he mused, seated upon the vine-clad wall, looking into the placid waters below. He dropped into deep meditation, his mind gradually assuming a state of intense concentration. His surroundings disappeared, and interesting pictures began to pass rapidly across the plane of his mental vision. Street scenes in strange cities, with crowds of busy people passing to and fro, and intermingling; their costumes were unlike anything he had ever seen in all his travels; long caravans of camels laden with merchandise passed him. A small band of roughly clad, dark-skinned men, driving donkeys and cattle, had gathered their little flock and were preparing to rest for the night. He found that he could examine them critically, and their every appearance betokened a nomadic band broken away from some ancient tribe, seeking new pastures and a home in the wilderness. They were crude and uncivilized, and their peculiar language was freely intermingled with Sanskrit. For one moment it seemed that his presence was apparent to them, for all those nearest to him were suddenly aroused, and looked at him with surprise and alarm; then the scene vanished.

Now he saw patriarchs poring over manuscript, and just for a moment, he saw a familiar face and form in the attitude of

oration, but it instantly passed and he could not remember the person.

He was startled to have a party of Orientals pass him by with respectful salaams. The strange and innocent faces peered at him curiously as they passed.

Lastly, he had a view of a crude, but quite richly decorated room, at one end of which was a raised platform with a large, crudely carved chair, with a seat of animal skin. It was evidently the king's chamber in an ancient palace. Upon the seat of the chair rested a grim reminder that even kings must die. It was a human skull! But why a skull? What significance was in this? Suddenly a skeleton hand was raised, and one long, bony finger was placed upon the upper teeth. No, not on the teeth, but where the teeth should be. It was only a shining, solid ivory plate with delicate markings where the divisions ordinarily occur. The lower teeth were separated in the usual manner.

This last strange and awe-inspiring spectacle aroused him from his revery. He arose and walked away from the spot, pondering over the strange events. He especially tried to understand the meaning of the grinning skull, but to no purpose. He was about to dismiss it from his mind, when, clear and distinct, came the "Divine Voice," speaking the one word, "Pyrrhus," then followed a pause. After a moment the voice continued, "When you are puzzled, listen for my voice. Go now to Epirus, to the ancient city of Dodona.

"I am always with you.

"I always watch over you.

"I will always protect you."

Ah! here was a significant revelation. "I!" who was "I?" Certainly a being, an individual, but invisible. How startling, but the thought did not engender fear, but rather confidence.

Fear and uncertainty were banished from Herodotus' mind, and he was prepared to carry out the peremprory command to go to Dodona, feeling certain that there he would receive further instructions. Gathering together all that he had learned in Samos and Crotona, he immediately started upon his return to Athens, to close his personal affairs, that he might leave nothing behind him to take his attention from his future work.

One more divine message came to him, telling him to leave Athens and the haunts of men for a long period. And what was more startling, he was informed that Herodotus was dead and buried, and that he should assume the name of "Lavius Egyptus" upon leaving Athens. He now experienced the novel feeling that he was truly no longer Herodotus, but another being, acting and thinking differently. He felt an abnormal strength, courage and self-reliance; he had absolutely no fear of anything; he felt that his protector would keep him from harm, danger, pain, sorrow, sickness and death.

Upon his arrival at Athens he studiously avoided meeting all of his former acquaintances, excepting Pericles and Socrates. He only confided to them that he contemplated extended travel. They marveled at his change of apearance and action, seeming to have a sort of fear, or rather a respectful reverence for him. He noted this impression upon them, and was quick to understand that if he could impress the greatest men in Hellas with the power of his personality, he had nothing to fear, for he, himself, had formerly stood in their presence with a feeling of embarrassment and awe. He felt that he was now the master of the minds of men.

He secretly arranged with Pericles and Socrates to circulate the rumor that he had gone on a colonizing expedition to Thurii, Italy, and to later announce his death there. He evidently con-

vinced them of the great importance of these measures, for they were carried out to the letter. Pericles continued in his career as the greatest political leader of his period. Socrates became a distinctive philosopher of Athens.

Herodotus quickly arranged all of his affairs, and quitted Athens, never to return, as the once popular and beloved historian, upon whom the appreciative Athenians were wont to bestow princely favors.

Herodotus is dead. The world will know him no more among the living. We erect in the market place in Thurri, in sun-kissed Italy, a plain white slab of the purest Carrara marble, and engrave upon its face this simple inscription:

"Sacred to Herodotus, father of profane history."

PART IV.

LAVIUS EGYPTUS
DELIVERS THE RED CROSS TO THEMIS.

EGYPTUS went direct to Dodona in Epirus, where was located the most ancient oracle in Hellas.

He was fully imbued with respect for the belief that Zeus, himself, presided over this temple. He felt certain that this sacred spot would inspire him as would no other place in the world. For ages and ages it had been the Mecca for those who believed in the powers of the gods. Here, they were advised by the oracle of Dodona, what course to pursue in important undertakings to insure safety and prosperity to themselves. The greatest development of the Hellenic nation was under the protecting guidance of Zeus. It is not authentically recorded that this oracle ever gave evil or erroneous advice to honest seekers.

Egyptus was quite familiar with the famous oracle of Delphi, which, although the most popular oracle in the world, in point of patronage, only interpreted the will of Zeus through his son Apollo. It seemed, therefore, evident, that Dodona would be the source or fountain head of all the wisdom of Delphi—Zeus being both the father and the original oracle. Moreover, Delphi had been influenced by politics, and it was a recorded fact that this oracle had been tampered with by ambitious, designing men. His surmise proved more than true.

It was essential, he thought, to conceal his identity, inasmuch as his divine teacher had seen fit to change his name and his

very nature. Herodotus, he remembered only as a departed friend or acquaintance, and he did not much deplore his departure, for he remembered him as an ordinary man, overburdened with vain conceits, and an overweaning ambition to excel other men in some particular, that he might shine above them, all of which now appeared to him aimless experimenting and useless strife, engendered by selfishness.

He was on the alert to avoid meeting those who sought the advice of the oracle at the temple of Dodona, because, as Herodotus, he was widely known, and he did not want to meet persons who might identify him. He sought but one human being at Dodona—Themis. Although he had never personally met the famous priestess of Dodona, he knew her by reputation, she having presided over the altars at this temple for fifty years.

He had heard the same exaggerations regarding her as he had heard regarding Pythagoras in Samos; one story prevalent being, that she was, though eighty years old, an ever young, fair and beautiful maiden. Few persons had ever seen her to verify or disprove this story, for she never appeared in person to those seeking advice of the oracle.

Egyptus had been told by his divine voice to "seek Themis," and deliver to her the "red cross." His mind reverting to the sensational gossips about the priestess, he naturally felt a curiosity regarding her personality. He trusted to his guiding spirit to lead him to her. Upon arriving at Dodona, he made discreet inquiries as to the location of the temple, and as to the method of approaching it. He was directed the way to the temple, but was informed that Themis never quitted its sacred walls, nor did she ever show herself to any one. This was unexpected news to Egyptus, yet he betrayed no surprise. At Delphi the presiding priestess publicly made known the will of the gods. Won-

dering why this difference should be, he made his way to the temple.

Upon making an alarm at the door he was confronted by a grand old man with familiar countenance and voice. Ah! he could not be mistaken; the priestly garb could not disguise him; it was he who had conversed with him at Crotona. He extended his hand in glad greeting, but the sage, though cordial, betrayed no sign of recognition. He looked him over with keen, searching eyes and asked: "My son, whence comest thou, and what dost thou seek?"

Egyptus was much disappointed, and plainly showed his agitation, as he replied: "Do you not remember me? Surely you are he whom I met in Crotona, yet you do not recognize me. What is this mystery? How comes it you are here?"

The sage apparently did not hear him, but again asked: "Hast thou a token or sign?"

Thereupon, Egyptus drew forth the little red cross and presented it to him.

The sage took it and examined it carefully, then said: "I remember this cross; I presented it to a stranger in Crotona, one Herodotus by name; he is dead; how comest thou by this cross?"

Egyptus looked at him in surprise and confusion. Then he was the ancient Crotonean. Hardly knowing what course to pursue, he instinctively told the simple truth.

"I was Herodotus," said he, "but now my name is Lavius Egyptus. I was told by my divine master, for such it must be who is teaching and leading me, to assume this new name and come hither to seek Themis. I recall distinctly your features and voice as the brother who came to me in the park at Crotona, and told to me the story of the Pythagorean Brotherhood,

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Upon leaving me you saluted me as your brother and gave me this little red cross, the emblem of your brotherhood. I was told by my divine voice to seek Themis and deliver the cross to her.

"I assume that you are, in some mysterious manner, closely associated with all the strange experiences through which I am passing. You now call me son; then I pray you, father, unveil this mystery at once, for I am being consumed by wonderment, doubts and uncertainties. I was brave, hopeful and full of confidence when I started on my journey hither, but you have made me again fearful and uncertain."

A gentle, benign smile passed over the old man's face as he listened to the distressed voice of Egyptus. He did not deign to answer his quessions, but said: "Come, I will take you to Themis."

Leading the way, they passed into the inner part of the temple to a small ante-chamber where Egyptus was bade to wait. In a few moments a curtain was raised, and there stood a magnificent woman, with hair as white as the driven snow, but with every other feature that of a maiden of twenty. She was not only beautiful as a dream, but grand and noble and strong in every feature and bearing. She was commanding in pose and stature, surely a fitting earthly consort for Zeus.

For a moment she paused, then came forward with radiant face and friendly mien, saying, "welcome, Egyptus, I welcome you in the name of Zeus. I have awaited your coming, and taking him by the hand as a child, she led him into an open court, in the center of which was an enormous oak tree, entirely hidden from outside view by the temple walls. It was the grand old oak of Dodona, sacred to all Hellas, and reverenced by all surrounding countries believing in the powers of Zeus.

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The court was a delightful garden, filled with flowers and shrubs. Birds flitted about singing in happiest glee, perching at will upon the hands and shoulders and shining hair of Themis. Upon the edge of a basin surrounding a little fountain were, cooing, a number of white doves; they were formerly the doves sacrificed to Zeus in the temple, but this custom had ceased and they were part of the household pets of the presiding priestess. Comfortable seats were here and there, as though it were the living place of some one with luxuriant taste.

"This is my abode," said Themis, with a slight pause. "We will return here, but your first duty is to pay respect at the shrine of Zeus."

Crossing the court, she led the way into a small chapel. "This," she said, "is the private sanctuary of this temple. It is here I converse with my divine husband, Zeus; few mortals have ever passed its threshold. It is now the shrine at which you, yourself, will worship. The altar is pure jasper and the cross above it is the 'rosy cross' you seek. It was the cross of Pythagoras, whose shoulders it has pressed. It was the cross of all those who went before him, and of all his kind to follow. It is your cross, and will be the cross of mankind through all ages. It is the pillar of fire, and burning torch, to light the way of mankind to a higher and better existence. You will bear this cross upon your back each day, and crucify thereon your human passions and frailties. I am to be your helpmeet, not your teacher. By adoption, you are the earthly shadow of Zeus, therefore my earthly husband.

"I am Themis, the earthly wife of Zeus; Dione is in heaven with him and presides with him there. I, his earthly half, the shadow of Dione, preside with him here, according to the law of duality in all things, and you are the other half of the physical apple.

"You will here be prepared for a gigantic work, involving ages of time. You are the divine agent to restore the sacred wisdom of Hermes Trismegistos, and God's oracles, which have been lost to mankind. Your work will be recorded as living wisdom, to which the mind of higher man will have access, after material records have crumbled with age. You are to assemble, translate and record the wisdom of past ages into a common language for others to interpret in symbols and words intelligible to the senses of all mankind.

"Your translation is not interpretation; it is a material record taken from the matrix of memory, the universal mind. This record will, ages hence, be interpreted by the great masters that will come into rapport with it, and who are guided by the divine will.

"The interpretations will be through human beings from the humbler walks of life, for kings and rulers can not understand and appreciate those things which bring humanity all to one level. Under the guidance and teachings of these revelations, mankind will rise to a higher plane of thinking and living. Manifestation of this wisdom can come only through the physical mechanism of the human brain and body.

"Thousands of years hence your immortal essence will join with that of thousands of others to direct the minds, inspire the tongues and guide the hands of the mediums through whom the world will receive enlightenment. Memory will be awakened, and all human minds will come *en rapport* with the universal mind, and all mind will be as one, that of the great and supreme 'I Am,' the spiritual and material God, manifested in perfection.

"Four centuries hence one will come in the flesh, inspired of God, called the Christ, to prepare the way for mankind to understand the wisdom which you will now store in potential vibra-

tion. This figurative work will be locked in darkness for a period; then it will burst forth in revelation and become a living sun, to radiate light, warmth and intelligence to the numb, cold human race, which is dropping deeper and deeper into a state of darkness and ignorance, akin to annihilation. Two thousand years will pass ere the full awakening takes place. Another will arise to interpret for man the wisdom concealed in this figurative work. This will all reveal itself to you as you progress. You must prepare for a long, calm and peaceful stay here, a period of twenty-nine years. Your every comfort will be provided for, and I shall be your constant companion to guide and advise you.

"You must now partake of food and rest. Tomorrow morning, ere the heavenly dew, the tears of Artemis for her departed brother, Apollo, is kissed away by the returning God of day, you will be awakened, and your education will begin."

Returning to the inner court, Egyptus, who was more tired and hungry than he chose to admit, was pleased to find viands and clear, sparkling water awaiting him. Themis partook of the frugal meal with him, as, also, did the aged priest, who now unbent, and the trio were fast friends. Egyptus, as Herodotus, had always lived a simple, frugal life; therefore, it was not difficult for him to adjust himself to the life that, it was evident, he was to live here. Here were two living examples of its correctness.

After the simple repast he was shown to a plain cell, provided with a hard bed, upon which he shortly thereafter was sleeping like a tired child.

All too soon, as it seemed to him, morning came, and with it the glowing sunshine which alone may be found at all seasons at Dodona. Egyptus arose rested and refreshed, his mind was tranquil and he felt at peace with all the world. He was summoned to the shrine of Zeus.

EGYPTUS DELIVERS THE RED CROSS TO THEMIS.

Entering the court he was saluted by Themis and again taken by the hand and led forward like a little child; indeed, he had a peculiar feeling that he was but a child, being led and taught by a fond parent. Upon reaching the chapel they approached and knelt at the altar, he following the example of Themis in the brief and simple worship. As they arose, with their clasped hands raised above their heads, the red cross, resting upon a small platform back of the altar, became illuminated, its entire outline radiating the most gorgeous rays which rolled away in billowing waves of vivid colors. The violet and orange prevailed, finally, leaving the glowing rose-colored cross standing in the center; then, for a single moment, there appeared upon the cross a human form, crucified.

Egyptus recognized the astral lights with which he had been familiar for some time; he remembered now having seen the dim outline of a cross, but never before the crucified figure.

Themis led him to the cross, placed his back against it, and stretched his arms upon it, then chanted in a low, sweet voice, bidding Egyptus repeat the words after her.

"Thus, upon the sacred, rosy cross, will I, daily, crucify my sins, my passions and my evil desires, and renew the dedication of my life to the work intrusted to me."

Themis then reached forth and kissed his hands, and in her sweet, musical voice, said: "I greet you, my beloved husband." From the very air in the chapel came a deep, penetrating echo, "I greet you, my beloved son."

"I am always with you.

"I will always watch over you.

"I will always protect you."

"The voice of God," whispered Themis, and Egyptus recognized the voice of his divine master.

EGYPTUS DELIVERS THE RED CROSS TO THEMIS.

Themis then said: "Come, we will partake of food before you are initiated into the divine mysteries of this temple. I will give you a brief recital of events relating to the ancient founding of this shrine."

After a simple breakfast of fruits, pulse and water, Themis arose and took from one of the walls an ancient looking, well-worn staff and handed it to Egyptus, saying: "while we talk, we shall walk; have the honor of using the staff of the divine founder of this sacred place, Pyrrhus."

"Pyrrhus!" cried Egyptus. "Tell me of Pyrrhus, he whose upper teeth were a solid piece of bone."

Themis stopped. "What do you know of this? It is a sacred secret of this temple and known to none but those who have had charge of the shrine. For fifty years this has been my secret alone. Tell me how you know this."

Egyptus briefly told her of his vision at Crotona.

"Ah! then you are *en rapport* by open vision," said Themis. "This is very good; your progress will be rapid; you must also cultivate touch; you will then have awakened the three external senses most necessary in your work—seeing, hearing and feeling. I will enlighten you regarding your vision; it is exactly what I was about to relate to you as history.

"Pyrrhus the First, was called Natos, as an earthly god, but Pyrrhus as king of his people. He was of the ancient Aryans who were *en rapport* with God, and knew the wisdom of the past by tradition. Natos had a temple near Mount Arrarat, being a direct descendant of the fathers of dispersion. When he presided in the temple as Natos, his son, the first Neoptolemus, would assume the name of Pyrrhus and rule as king in his father's stead.

"This was the custom of a once powerful, happy and contented race of people, who reverenced their ruler as an earthly

representative of the universal God, in whom they believed. Natos was the God of his people; Pyrrhus was the king of his people; Pyrrhus interpreted the will of Natos, and this idea was near the origin of Zeus, the father, and Apollo, the son, in Hellenic. Zeus rules here at Dodona, and Apollo interprets his will at Delphi.

"As the first Pyrrhus grew older and his people increased, the demand upon their God, their moral guide and adviser, kept him almost exclusively in the temple, and the affairs of state devolved more and more upon his kingly son. His people spread out over new territory, colonized adjacent countries, and established new centers of population.

"Neoptolemus invaded and colonized this country and called it 'Epyrrhus,' this name subsequently becoming changed, through circumstances, to that it now bears, Epirus. He found here a tribe of equally civilized people calling themselves Dorians; these were your ancestors. The Dorians had similar forms of worship, and held to a tradition that they were to move ever onward in advance, and blaze the way for mankind to spread over and civilize the world. They were a generous and peace-loving people; therefore, when Neoptolemus invaded their country, they made no resistance, but moved on and founded Thessaly. In this invasion Phaeton, the founder of Thesprotia, a very aged ruler, was not molested.

"Neoptolemus planted the first seat of his government at Dodona, and in obedience to the commands of his God, he built the first temple of the oracle of Dodona beneath the spreading boughs of this grand old oak, whose age no one knows. This gushing fountain has never, in the memory of man, ceased to flow, although the rivers have dried up and the plains have been parched by drought.

"Pyrrhus, the father, was *en rapport* with the God-mind, and had all knowledge of the past, and could foretell the future.

"Upon the establishment of this great colony, Pyrrhus blessed Neoptolemus, abdicated the crown in his favor, gave him the permanent name of Pyrrhus, and he, himself, took the name of Zeus, retiring permanently into the temple, and henceforth was known as the oracle of Dodona. He was not alone reverenced by his own people, but was trusted and beloved by surrounding tribes who patronized him. His beloved queen, Pyrrhenia, retired with her lord and became Dione.

"Neoptolemus, now King Pyrrhus, became the father of his people, and of the Pyrrhuseans of Epirus.

"Come, and I will show you the greatest treasure in all Hellas." Leading the way to the chapel, she removed a section of the altar and lifted therefrom a golden casket, which she opened with reverential hands, and, to the surprise of Egyptus, took from it the very skull which he had seen in his vision at Crotona.

"Behold!" she cried, "the head of Pyrrhus, the ancient king of his race; the head of Natos, the demi-god of his people, and the earthly remains of Zeus, the father of Hellen and the God of the Hellenic Nation.

"Egyptus, you are doubly blessed. I know the essence of Pyrrhus hovers near this mortal relic, because I see and converse with Him at will. You will learn to love that presence as I do; you will confide in it, converse with it, and grow to know and expect it. Touch this sacred bone; I will then replace it and continue."

With reverential awe Egyptus touched the shining plate of ivory which occupied the place where the upper teeth should have been. He observed, too, the delicate marks where the teeth should, ordinarily, have been separated. Themis returned

the casket to its secret resting place, and they again sought the delightful open court.

The priestess continued: "after the retirement of Pyrrhus to the temple, his wife, now the goddess Dione, gave birth to a male child. The king, his son, was rich, powerful and ambitious, and fearing his jealousy, the parents placed the child in the care of trusted nurses, and raised it in the temple until twelve years of age.

"At the time of this birth a messenger was sent to Phaeton, who reigned over the now important Thesprotians, with word that the Gods had announced that Deucalion and Pyrrha, the goddess mother of Natos, would have a son born to them, and that he would be sent to him to become the ruler and leader of his people, and he would found a great nation. The child would be named Hellen, and the nation would be known throughout the world as the Hellenic Nation. Thus did the ancient father, in his wisdom, establish a new line of kings for his offspring. Phaeton had no sons, therefore was greatly pleased with the announcement that the Gods would furnish him a successor. He was growing old, and waited patiently for the coming of Hellen, but it seemed that he would never come. Phaeton was almost blind and lay upon his deathbed praying that he might be granted the one dying request, to see his promised godlike successor ere he departed this life. Thereupon Zeus, himself, appeared with the Hellen, now twelve years of age, and the most striking and beautiful child any one had ever beheld. He was truly a god in the flesh, his body being absolutely perfect, with a skin like satin, and strong and beautiful limbs. His head was surmounted with a wealth of curling golden hair; his cheeks were radiant and his eyes as blue as heaven. Zeus placed his hand upon the eyes of Phaeton, bidding him rise and behold

the new king. Phaeton opened his eyes and saw the child, then wept, and cried, 'truly, the Gods are good to me; they have sent a pure Aryan to continue my race.' Placing his hand upon the child's head, he said, 'I bless you and name you Hellen, and ruler over my people,' then he died.

"The people worshipped the beautiful king as a God, and he became the father of the Hellenic Nation. His descendants are the greatest men of Hellas. Your beloved Parmenides, of Elis, is a direct descendant of Pyrrhus, the name even being that of his godlike father, with a slight modification. The noble spirit of Pyrrhus never dies, his traits live in his children as long as his blood can be traced. As you are aware, the people of Elis have such confidence in the integrity and the wisdom of Parmenides, that, each year, they swear their magistrates to obey and execute the law as laid down by him. In how many of your public men in Hellas is shown this wonderful confidence?

"Parmenides, and his colleague, Zeno, are now in Athens. They are Pythagoreans, and in time, with your aid, will reach the Pythagorean Senate, of which you will know more at the proper time.

"Upon his deathbed Zeus foretold that another Pyrrhus would be born with the abnormal upper teeth; that he would be powerful and warlike and would reign over all Epirus. Thereupon Neoptolemus made a law that none but his direct descendants should be named Pyrrhus, and that each king should give his first son this name, he himself setting the example. A long succession of kings by this name followed, and they are called the Pyrrhidæ of Epirus.

"Up to this time no other Pyrrhus has been born with this peculiar mark. The prophecy, however, will as surely be fulfilled, sooner or later, as that Zeus lives in heaven.

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"Before his death Zeus established a rapport with his beloved Dione, and she was in constant communication with him after he had departed this life. This was the ancient, mysterious rapport of the Aryan race, which had been handed down, for ages and ages, by tradition, from the first division of the earth among men who dispersed and peopled it after the deluge. It was by this rapport that the demigods of each division communicated with each other at will, regardless of distance and time.

"Dione taught this secret to a beautiful young maiden who was her constant companion, teaching her also how to communicate with Zeus, and preside at this shrine as priestess. She named her Themis, and she, herself, passed to realms above, and to the embrace of her beloved husband, from whence they have since given light to the human species.

"We do not worship Zeus; He is our venerable father; we reverence him as such, and as the medium through whom we receive the blessings of the great father of all, beyond—the God of the universe.

"I am the last Themis, having kept faithful watch over this shrine for fifty years. In the romantic minds of the most polished of all people, the Hellenians, I am named 'the goddess of time and the fates.' I record the seasons, and periods, when Zeus sows, ripens and reaps the events which affect mankind. He, in turn, accounts to the great central God of the universe, as the steward over His vineyards.

"From time to time Cycles are marked, by the rising of men blessed with divine powers. They come *en rapport* with forces which make them superior to other human beings. New and important eras in the progress of man, and advancement of civilization, begin and date from the periods in which they live.

EGYPTUS DELIVERS THE RED CROSS TO THEMIS.

"Such a cycle dates from the time of Hermes Tirmegistos to the time of Pythagoras. I will tell you now of this period. You will soon learn that men with superior minds come into secrets of nature which other men can not grasp and understand. These wise men assume names usually suggested by divine thought, and become the figures, and the physical mechanism, through which divine wisdom is manifested. Godlike men, such as Pyrrhus the First, Hermes Trismegistos and Pythagoras, are the instruments, and special dispensations of God, for the manifestation of his will and purposes."

PART V.

HERMES TRIS-MEGIS-TOS.

MANKIND instinctively turns to Hermes Trismegistos for wisdom, as the world turns to the Sun for light.

"As the glorious orb of day radiates light to physical nature, Hermes Trismegistos illuminates and gives intellectual nourishment to the soul of man.

"Should the world cease to turn its face to the Sun, it would be clad in an eternal garb of ice. On the same principle, when we do not seek the source of true wisdom, we grope in darkness, and are overcome by the sombre mantle of ignorance.

"Before we can read the illuminated pages of the sacred book of Hermes, we must be introduced to its ever living author and know something of his nature. To know, intimately, Hermes Trismegistos, is to be *en rapport* with the universal mind.

"Few mortals have attained to this high estate, to reach which involves initiation into the mysteries of the Pythagorean Senate, by a lifetime of devotion and self-sacrifice.

"Living, these few adepts are the Godlike great masters of the earth. Although they do not sit upon thrones, nevertheless, they are the leaders and rulers of mankind. They are kings of kings, not by law, but by freedom—by virtue of their Godlike qualities. These constitute the Pythagorean Senate. When they die, their individual essence lives after the disintegration of their physical bodies, making new pages in the sacred book of

Hermes, which is universal memory, the eternal, potential mind of the universe; the etheric record of mortal existence, and the experience of the material worlds.

"The Pythagorean Senate, then, is composed of those mortals who have reached the degree of Great Master, and come *en rapport* with the universal mind while yet in the fleshy body.

"At death their minds are absorbed into the one great mind of the essenic world, which, as a whole, is an intelligent, reasoning individuality endowed with the faculty of abstractive thought, sitting as a mediator between God and His material creations, between God as spirit and God as matter. This is Hermes Trismegistos, the personification of the aggregate thought record of the world of matter.

"Memory is the great storehouse of God, in which he records all of the operations of creation, together with the minutest experiences of each atom of matter; this is potential energy—wisdom.

"Memory is the sacred book from which Hermes translates.

"Hermes Trismegistos is the intermediate mind, and the great dispenser of this wisdom, the bursting and unfolding force in nature—love, the awakening power.

"Man naturally turns to this force for intellectual nourishment. If his solicitation is sincere, earnest and persistent, it will not be denied him.

"Hermes Trismegistos, then, represents the awakening power—love or desire.

"God is all, God is mind; therefore, all is mind, matter being one of the phases of its manifestation.

"Ideas, in the abstract, are spiritual forms. They seek to clothe themselves with material forms, and become locked in the cold embrace of crystallization, and amenable to law, all

material forms being under the law. Material forms are the crystallization of ideas.

"Spiritual ideas know no restraint. Material forms are limited by space, time and law, therefore, are perishable; their spiritual ideas, however, live forever in the memory of God.

"These are the two extremes of God's dual self, potential energy and kinetic force; absolute rest and extreme activity; spirit and matter, all in God.

"We mortals are a material part of God. We speak of God as a separate and distinct being to differentiate between spirit and matter, and satisfy our finite minds; nevertheless, when we speak of or to God, we are addressing our spiritual half, we speak of or to ourselves. 'We are all members of one body.'

"When we understand and recognize this unity in duality, we grow to know that spiritual being, and are able to converse understandingly with Him. This is to know God, and be *en rapport* with His infinite mind, which penetrates all things. This is to awaken memory and put it into the active state. It is to break through the veil that conceals the one-half from the other. This veil is the soul world. To differentiate between the spirit world, the soul world and the material world, is to establish the Trinity—God, Trismegistos and Man. The true God is the mind of the etheral or celestial world, potential *wisdom*. The true Hermes Trismegistos is the mind of the soul or astral world, *thought*. The true Man is the mind of the physical world, *speech* and *action*.

"Associated with universal mind is universal will; rapport with both is initiation into the Pythagorean Senate, and the development of the Great Master who knows all the wisdom of all ages.

"Will is potential vibration; vibration is the manifesting medium, and speech and action the manifestation.

"God wills and gives birth to the impulse, and vibrations, to carry the creative energy from vacuity to the point of energetic vibration necessary to accomplish His wish, or from a state of etheric existence, which is absolute rest, through the gaseous plane to the solid, then from the solid, through the gaseous, back to the etheric condition, to complete the creative circle. Thus the beginning and end is absolute rest, or potential energy. 'I am Alpha and Omega'—the beginning and the end.

"By this eternal circle of creation, mind manifests in matter, and matter manifests in mind. Within this circle are embraced all of the phenomena of the universe, spiritual and material.

"Abstractive thought is an attribute of God. This divine faculty is reflected in three planes, the celestial plane, the astral plane and the terrestrial plane—memory, thought and manifestation.

"This trinity constitutes and perfects abstractive thought, the fruit of the universal mind.

"The celestial world is the primordial ether which permeates and penetrates all things throughout the universe. *It is the dissolution of matter into nothingness,* and the *continuing of vibration to a tension of vacuity and rest.* Within this vacuum all matter floats. This vacuum is the extreme opposite of gravitation, the vacuum created by the internal fire. It is the vacuum of peripheral cold. *Potential wisdom is cold, Love is warm,*

"The astral world is the world of highest attenuated gases, composed of the four principle elements, of which all lower and denser gaseous, liquid and solid matters are composed.

"The atoms in the astral plane are in a free state; therefore, they do not revolve upon an axis or traverse an orbit. Being in

a state of absolute balance, with all their parts constantly bathed in the same pabulum, it is unnecessary for them to seek light by revolution. But when a combination of these atoms is formed into a molecular body, it casts an abnormal shadow. The demands of this new body for light and heat, corresponding to its complex nature, give it an eccentricity not in harmony with its primordial nature; therefore, it must be brought under restraint and law, and kept in constant motion, in order that its surface may be warmed and lighted until it again dissolves into its original atoms. This is the creation of material forms, the whole prime process of creation being, the assembling of primordial atoms into molecular, and molecular into material forms, and again dissolving them. This process, however, involves all of the multitudinous phenomena of creation which we observe by an analysis of things about us.

"God loves all of His creatures alike, because each represents a phase of His manifestation, and each is an essential part of the great whole.

"Man, as a species, is not a special dispensation in nature. He is, however, the highest creature in the evolution of animal kind, being differentiated from other organic beings by his sublime and divine faculty of abstractive thought, an attribute of God's mind, the Godlike breath breathed into the clay, that made him man. The degree to which man cultivates this faculty marks his superiority over his own species as definitely as the faculty marks, generally, man's superiority over other animals. Special dispensations in nature are kinds, not species. They are hybrids, born of chance or necessity, and God has denied them the power of reproduction; otherwise, they would break the harmony of nature, and the perpetuity of species.

"The faculty of higher abstraction is the power to receive and translate the finer vibrations of the astral world, thus stimulating a higher order of thought, enabling the human mind to perceive and examine spiritual or mental images, which are not perceivable to the ordinary finite mind, capable only of understanding the grosser vibrations.

"Our acquaintance with Hermes Trismegistos is evidenced by the quality of our thought as revealed by our speech and actions.

"Man in his individuality, and in his collectivity, symbolizes God and His creative nature in the highest degree. He is the speech and action of God's mentality.

"Man alone, of all God's creations, knows God. He may know his own origin, end and purpose; within his own nature he possesses all the secrets of creation. He is an epitome of the universe, and his habits are God's habits. A careful analysis of man reveals all of God's works.

"In man, as His highest and last work, He has pictured all that He has created before, and He has granted to man the divine privilege of imitating Him in all that he does, within the limitations of law and order, which control the material or physical world. 'In His image, and after His likeness, created He him.'

"It is important that you should understand the purpose of the mysterious Pythagorean Senate, its origin and its methods, and the original idea of Hermes Trismegistos.

"In this mystery is wrapped all of the traditional wisdom known to mankind.

"The revelation of that underlying influence, which urges mankind towards a higher civilization, and inspires him to the higher cultivation of mind, reveals a close relationship between

him and his God-half. It betrays to him the fact that he attentively follows an unseen and unknown guide which is surely leading him from darkness into light, from the wilderness into the beautiful cultivated lands.

"It is when we study mankind as a whole that we best see the influence of the great mind which makes and unmakes worlds and all they contain. We find in the birth and development of the race a distinct symbol of the creative scheme.

"In beginning the study of mankind we will, for the time being, pass over the antediluvian period, taking as our starting point the period of dispersion at the time of Noah.

"We here find the origin of the cross, which is the symbol of this great event, and the sign board of subsequent civilization. The cross represents the expansion of the human race after the deluge.

"From a center sprung Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth, and their progeny, the four arms of the original cross.

"They bore the brunt of the hardships and vicissitudes of the first migration of men from a common center, in search of new wilds to subdue and civilize. This onward march of man has never ceased, and will continue until the cycle in which he lives is ended.

"Crude as were the original tribes, they were, in many ways, closer to nature, and had a better understanding of their Godlike origin than subsequent nations. The whole earth was of *one mind* and *one tongue* when they were one family.

"The rosy cross in yonder sanctuary symbolizes this division of the human family. This dispersion which once did, and must again, people the whole face of the earth, simultaneously stretched forth the arms of the first great living, earthly cross.

"Animal life always hovers near the fresh waters. The river valleys, where vegetation is most prolific, are especially attractive to man and other animal kind. It is there they find, in greatest variety and abundance, food for man and beast.

"When the animal and vegetable foods upon which man depended for sustenance grew scarce, it was the rich alluvium, deposited by the rivers, that brought forth the fruits and cereals of agriculture. Where great rivers flow, man is found most flourishing.

"From his cradle in the Caucasus Mountains, *reasoning man* found the headwaters of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers; therefore, it is along these rivers we find his most ancient footprints, as he slowly but steadily descended into their great valleys. The oldest and grandest antiquities are found upon the Euphrates, near the point where it empties into the Persian Gulf. It was here the first Garden of Eden was located, and from this point men dispersed themselves over the earth.

"The spreading peoples found the valleys of the Nile, the Indus and Ganges, and the grand valley of the River Yangstekiang, and along these rivers deposited their cities and habitations. They were first nomadic in their lives, then agricultural, and, lastly, commercial. From uncivilized hunters they gathered into nomadic tribes living a tent life, or more often an open-air life, moving from point to point, carrying with them all of their earthly possessions and driving their cattle before them. As the wild game and products of nature disappeared they settled in the rich valleys and began the cultivation of the cereals and fruits which formed their foods. From the barter and trade of the products of agriculture grew a commercialism which necessitated the forming of centers for accumulating and distributing the products of their labor, and thus were formed the first crude

cities, and the necessity for the formation of governments to control aggregations of these communities.

"The belief in the cross, as a religious symbol, originated with the discovery, by the fathers of dispersion, that the limited area bounded by the Mediterranean, Black, Caspian and Red Seas, and the Persian Gulf, was in the form of a cross, and was thought to embrace all of the world not in a chaotic condition. The head of this cross is the part bounded by the wilderness on the north, by the Black Sea on the west and the Caspian Sea on the east. The western arm of the cross is Asia Minor, the eastern arm Persia, and the southern arm Arabia.

"Mount Arrarat was the point from whence Noah journeyed with his sons to a permanent abode on the Euphrates, locating at the point which afterwards became the great Babylon. From this center the first dispersion took place, two hundred and thirty-one years after the deluge.

"All nature bows to the rising Sun, and kneels and bids adieu to the lord of day. True to this law mankind went, first, towards the rising Sun, believing there would be found the great source of all light and warmth. Coming to the sea some went forward into the great strange wilderness beyond, but the great ebb of civilization began and they turned and fled from darkness, following the sun in its westward course, believing at some point they would find perpetual light, a faint memory of the *preaxial continent* with its constant sunshine. As the Sun outstripped them in their daily race, they alternated in light and darkness, and in corresponding hope and despair. This is a law in nature; as the light of day comes, courage revives, but with the approach of darkness dread and fear come. The invalid revives with the approach of day and declines with the approach of night.

"He who hath no fear in the darkness is free from the influ-

ence of the alternating day and night; 'his light shines within him.'

"The living cross was taken up by man and borne to the uttermost ends of the earth . From the four arms of this cross radiate progressive and expanding civilization.

"Noah and his family represent the human race spreading out over the face of the earth, covering it with wisdom.

"In the beginning, the cross, which was the world to man, was divided between Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth. Noah, the father, went eastward; Shem went to the west; Ham went to the south, and Japheth went to the north, and thus mankind became the living cross and its arms grew into unknown regions. As mankind covered the whole earth each man became a living symbol of this original cross, and as he stands, with his outstretched arms, he is the epitome of the whole human race and the symbol of human progression.

"When men dispersed themselves over new territory little bands broke away from the parent stems and planted on the distant frontiers colonies, independent of the influences which formerly governed them. As they grew into powerful communities with social conditions of their own, new religions and practices of life originated. The original Sanskrit language was lost, or mingled with new languages, and each arm of the now monstrous cross became an independent power in itself, with continued new experiences, and departures in religious and social conditions, until a distinctive difference separated the peoples of the earth into four great divisions, and the human family was no longer of *'one mind and one tongue.'*

"Noah became the father and founder of China, he having traversed the great stretch of country and founded the first colonies in the valley of the Yangste-kiang and its tributaries. He

was the first Chinese monarch, ten years after the division of the earth, and two hundred and forty-one years after the deluge.

"There is a world beyond the Eastern seas peopled with a dark race of men, the offspring of Japheth, who was the red son of Noah. Japheth went to the north. His tribes traversed the frozen wastes to the northeast, and finding the narrow seas, crossed over and discovered a new world and peopled it.

"Ham, in his southern expansion, established the black men of Africa, and peopled the islands of the great sea to the south. The offspring of Ham founded Egypt. The yellow race of people of China spread to the northward, found the narrow seas and also crossed into the unknown country. They mixed with the red Japhethites and this union produced the reddish-brown race of people which cover this new country.

It was during this period the *Gammadion Cross* had its origin. It, as a symbol, was the pectoral, or breast plate, of the most ancient Aryan adepts, afterwards becoming the Hammer of the God Thor. It marked the period when Nations assumed the tendency to orbital motion. Every arm of the great cross made a turn to the right.

The Noahites turned southward and peopled certain parts of the South Sea Islands.

The Japhethites turned eastward, crossed the narrow seas, and peopled a new world beyond.

The Shemites turned north, and peopled certain parts of this great continent.

The Hamites turned westward, and people the great land of which Egypt is a part.

Thus, in time, was formed the symbol of the perfected planetary system, with its outer and inner circles, the inner having

all wisdom, while the outer was as variegated as the colors of the rainbow. The white, cold race will gradually push away all the other colors and become the dominant race of the world.

"Shem represents the ebb of human dispersion. He is the white son of Noah, and is ever moving westward seeking light and liberty. His offspring are always struggling for freedom. Fifteen hundred years ago a Shemite colony was established upon the isles of the Gentiles, in the western sea, and thus was the world peopled, and is again being repeopled with a more enlightened race.

"Each arm of the great cross developed a philosophy, a religion, a wisdom, a learning and a mode of life of its own. For long periods of time there was a distinct difference between the conditions of the four peoples of the earth. The secret wisdom of each was locked in the breasts of their learned kings, and their crafty priests.

"*Hermes* was the great master of the east; *Tris* of the north; *Megis* of the west, and *Tos* (the Egyptian Thoth) of the south.

"A rapport between these great masters was early established, and an interchange of wisdom took place which gave birth to a mythical and fabulous being, through an error of belief on the part of the heads of the several priesthoods.

"They reasoned, and well, too, that no wisdom intelligible to man could be manifested except through the mechanism of the human brain, and they were seeking the one great being in the flesh whose brain received and dispensed this wisdom, but they sought in vain; therefore, they united the names of the then existing great masters, *Hermes, Tris, Megis* and *Tos*, into the name, *Hermes Trismegistos*; then selecting the wisest man of the whole world, they christened him by this name, and he became a wanderer among nations, establishing a common wisdom

among the priesthoods. This was the origin of that mysterious body which afterwards took the name of the Pythagorean Senate. There was but one man who ever received the name of Hermes Trismegistos. He was seldom seen, and finally disappared altogether from the view of men. The name stands now for the personification of the wisdom of the whole cross. The period of his disappearance was the origin of the *Ionian Cross* with its circular center, the significance of which is: as the population of the world increased the spaces between the arms of the cross were filled up, bringing the peoples closer and closer together with a tendency to develop conditions in common, and to again bring the human race to its original state with '*one mind, one tongue,*' and one mode of life.

"As the peoples grew to know the customs of each other, those which were best for the whole were adopted, the best wisdom became common to all peoples, and an understanding was established which did not require the mediumship of a living creature; therefore, Hermes Trismegistos, as a living human being, ceased to exist, but his spirit lived ever after him, and is more potent with each generation in proportion to the general learning of all the peoples of the world. Hermes Trismegistos represents the dispersion of wisdom, and will ever be a union of the four original fathers of dispersion. The first Hermes Trismegistos possessed, by tradition, all the wisdom of mankind from Adam. Hermes representing Noah, Tris representing Japheth, Megis representing Shem and Tos representing Ham, all united into one mind.

"The Pythagorean Senate, over which Hermes Trismegistos now presides, has assumed prodigious powers. It is bringing under subjugation kings, princes and potentates, and compelling the governing powers of all nations to recognize human rights.

It is bringing the world under better and more humane conditions.

"The end will be the harmony and unity of nations, when man has explored and peopled all of the countries of the earth. Then all property will be enjoyed in common; all nations will be united in one family, with 'one mind and one tongue;' false religions will give way to one true philosophy; the commerce of the world will be conducted for the common good; wars will cease, and peace and good will among men will reign on earth, causing God to rejoice in heaven.

"You will soon know the Pythagorean Senate, and will be able to converse with Hermes Trismegistos and with all who are *en rapport* with him. *Your teachers are legion and your learning will be boundless.*"

PART VI.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SENATE.

HAVING delivered this discourse upon the origin and nature of Hermes Trismegistos, Themis ceased speaking, and while Egyptus meditated upon what had been said, she busied herself feeding the birds which flocked to her the moment they saw her lift a small silver tray upon which there was a portion of pulse-meal.

What a picture of love and trust! The pigeons perched upon her shoulders and peered around into her face, cooing and begging for a morsel. The smaller birds clung to her fingers and tangled themselves in her beautiful hair. Each received its share, and all were made happy and satisfied.

How they did manifest their extreme pleasure in song and action! They knew their mistress and exhibited more than human love for her.

Returning to where Egyptus was seated, she said, in a calm, low voice: "come, we will go listen to the wisdom of the Pythagorean Senate. You must prepare yourself for the greatest surprise and experience of your life. You will hear *the voices of the dead speaking in the past, the voices of the living speaking in the present,* and the *voices of future generations.* You are about to be initiated into the deepest mysteries of this temple, and have revealed to you the secret connection between this oracle and

Delphi. We will now pass into the chapel and invoke the aid of our Father in heaven."

She struck a tiny silver bell suspended from a cord, and led the way to the shrine. Bidding Egyptus follow her example and repeat after her, they raised their clasped hands and voiced this invocation: *"Our Father which art in heaven: We are Thine adopted. Take us into Thy confidence, and invoke Thy will to unfold to us the wisdom of Thy universal mind. Interpret for our objective senses the wisdom which we seek. Aid us to develop and unfold the powers which will bring us into rapport with the spirit essence of the dead, the soul essence of the living, and the germs of future events. Allow those upon whom we call to respond to our prayers. Command the elements to obey us, and reveal to us the mysteries of Thy nature. We ask this through Thy beloved son, Zeus. Amen."*

Two silver spirit lamps were standing upon the altar, lighted. Taking one of these lamps she bade Egyptus bring the other. Passing from the chapel into an adjoining chamber they were met by the aged attendant, and they then traversed a long, dark passage, at the end of which was a stairway; they passed down the stairway into inky darkness and to a depth of fifty feet; there they entered a chamber cut in the solid stone. The attendant placed his lamp upon the circular basin which stood in the middle of this room. Projecting from the sides of the basin were four arms, the whole making the Ionian Cross, cut in the solid stone. In the center of the circle was a tranquil pool of clear water.

Themis bade the attendant retire, then stepping to another pool of water, which gurgled and bubbled in the side of the wall of the chamber, she raised a small silver cup filled with the water and bade Egyptus drink it. They then seated themselves upon

opposite arms of the cross, placed their hands upon the edge of the basin and allowed their finger tips to touch the surface of the water.

Themis then said: "These are the magnetic waters coming directly from the heart of the earth; *pure wisdom comes from the heart.* The magnetic waters traverse the arteries beneath the earth's surface; the non-magnetic traverse the rivers upon the surface. The fresh waters within this globe form its marrow, and the waters upon its surface form its flesh; like the flesh of man it is often putrid. Pure waters rise upward, and impure waters always take the downward course in the earth. The nearest course to the purifying sands is through the sea; hence all rivers flow into the mighty ocean. This fountain of magnetic waters is derived from one of the earth's arterial streams; it is pure and undefiled, symbolizing the wisdom of God. We speak to the waters here, and our voice is heard by those who are *en rapport* with us at Delphi, and there interpreted for the hundreds who seek that oracle.

"The oracle of Delphi can only receive such truth as is allowed to reach that shrine from this shrine of Zeus. This fountain breaks the direct connection with the magnetic stream.

"You have drunk of the *waters of lethe,* and you are now prepared to listen to the voice of the earth. I am going to leave you here for a period. Feel perfectly secure, have no fear, and be not frightened at anything revealed to you.

"Sit perfectly calm and keep your mind in a tranquil state; allow your finger tips to remain in the basin and concentrate your gaze upon its surface. Your lamp will extinguish itself; remain here until I come for you." With this she disappeared.

For a few minutes Egyptus sat looking intently into the basin; bright, sparkling bubbles commenced to rise to the sur-

face, and, as they burst, small blotches of vivid colors began to form on the waters, until the whole basin was glazed with a substance resembling oil, but broken into myriads of small color spots. Gradually these colors assembled themselves into rings and arranged themselves in prismatic order, the violet forming the outer ring. Egyptus' senses were all focused upon the center of this basin, which emitted a phosphorescent light.

The lamp flickered and went out; yet there remained in the chamber a mellow glow giving sufficient light to reveal the basin and its four projecting arms, on one of which Egyptus was seated,

Egyptus, now full of expectation, awaited the revelation.

In a few minutes he heard the din of many voices. He could distinguish they were human voices, yet he could not catch the words. It was the speech of a multitude; the babble of many voices speaking together, but expressing to him no sense. The sound gradually grew louder and louder, until he could hear words and gather snatches of sentences and phrases; yet it was the clamor and hubbub of thousands of people all talking at one time. It illustrated the confusion of the mind of mankind, and the necessity for order to reveal understanding, harmony and restful peace.

Within the basin the violet color had broken up all the other colors and pushed them in a multitude of fragments about the edge of the pool. Wisdom was prevailing. This outer rim was gradually disappearing, and the violet color was growing into a steel blue, which soon covered the entire surface. The babble ceased and clear and distinct came a voice, saying:

"I greet you, my beloved son.

"I am always with you.

"I will always watch over you.

"I will always protect you."

It was the voice of his Divine Teacher. Continuing, it said to him: "Be not alarmed; have no fear; call upon me for what you desire; command the elements through me; ask what you will, and I will grant it." *It was the voice of Wisdom speaking.*

Egyptus hesitated whether to speak or not, and upon attempting to do so he found an inner voice spoke for him. This was a new experience and one to greatly puzzle his mind. He distinctly heard the voice himself, and felt that it was inspired by his own will and consciousness, yet it was a separate and distinct individuality, into which he had put the words of his request, to have revealed to him such of the mysteries of this temple as it was intended he should know. He especially desired "light and understanding." The entire chamber was now a mass of rolling violet, purple and yellow lights, with a vivid steel blue center. The basin and pool of water had disapeared from his vision. No matter in what direction he gazed, the dazzling blue center was there. *He quickly perceived that it was a mental condition, and that he was developing mental sight and subjective light.*

Now concentrating his gaze into the blue center, he allowed it to remain there, feeling that he was in a semi-trance condition. The first thing he beheld was a hand, a beautiful human hand, then another hand, only the wrists and half the lower arm appearing. They assumed a position of blessing. Then appeared the great "rosy cross," and instead of a crucifixion, as he had observed in the chapel, a human form was clinging upon its arms. They then disappeared. It represented mankind clinging to the cross.

The dazzling blue center had now assumed greater proportions, and he saw gradually form in its center, and coming forward as it grew, a human figure, which filled out, until, standing in front of him, he beheld a beautiful human being, garbed

in a robe of scarlet. Masses of curling dark hair and a black beard covered the shoulders and chest, the eyes were dark and piercing, and the skin also dark. Egyptus was perfectly calm and felt no fear. The figure reached forth its hands and apparently lifted those of Egyptus out of the pool, for, as they were raised, he saw a single pearl of water drop from the finger tips and create a tiny ripple on the surface of the basin.

In a gentle voice he was bidden to arise and the benign being said to him: "Be not alarmed; I am your constant companion and guide; I am to be your first teacher; I am the prophet *Elijah.* This is your first revelation of the mysteries of this temple. You have much of pleasure and education before you. Each day you will repair to this chamber and receive instructions from the thousands of teachers appointed to complete your education. You need a companion to explain to you those things which you can not understand. I am to remain with you as that companion and guide until you have gained your freedom, and can, yourself, go out into space and from the elements, which you will command, create for yourself the conditions and surroundings it is intended you shall have in the future life.

"You can call me to your side, at will, in the depth of this dungeon or in the broad light of day. My voice is always at your command. Remember, my voice is not the voice of your Divine Master, who is your supreme Father and Protector. It is He who watches over and protects you. We will now begin to examine into the practical nature of your education. The laws which you will follow are simple, and you will quickly understand how it is possible that one human being can know the innermost thoughts of any other human being; how a human mind can grasp and understand the wisdom of all past ages and can foretell the events of the future. The mystery is not a mystery; it is a divine

truth. The ulterior mind of man is the mind of God, and God knows everything. You subject your carnal or objective mind to the will of God and He dictates to the physical mechanism in you which manifests wisdom, and your brain pictures forth all those things which you desire to know, and the motor nerves of your physical body transmit the divine message to the muscles, which can only act according to the message they receive, and thus you manifest, by word and action, the wisdom of God.

"Order is the first law of nature. All the wisdom intelligible to man is the product of the human brain. That is, it is converted into understanding through that physical mechanism. It is not accessible to any human intelligence until it has been translated by that mechanism. The products of human thought are the spiritual fruits of God's vineyard. He has wisely provided a storehouse for these fruits—memory. In memory He stores in order all the thoughts of animal kind, and this becomes the potential wisdom of the universe, the reservoir, from which man may draw true wisdom at will.

"The tendency of the universal mind is always towards rest. Rest is potential energy—wisdom. The mind of Hermes Trismegistos, which is the aggregate mental strength of the whole human race, provokes activity, expansion and growth. This is desire, kinetic force—love.

"The sacred books of Hermes are the divine tablets of memory, from which he draws his wisdom. These are spiritual pages, accessible only to those minds which are *en rapport* with the translating forces.

"The loss of memory is the loss of the sacred books of Hermes.

"Universal mind is unlimited and indestructible.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SENATE.

"The carnal mind is limited by conditions and material restraints and is perishable, because its integrity depends upon material records, and physical mechanism for its perpetuity, and these must all perish.

"God has wisely provided a medium through which the lost wisdom can be restored to mankind. Hermes Trismegistos is the personification of this medium; he resurrects the powers to invoke memory and bring back to us the wisdom of the past.

"God's aim and purpose, with the human race, is to bring together all the peoples of the earth unto one understanding, one language, one mind and one purpose—His glorification.

"Now seat yourself upon the arm of the cross, relax your mind and concentrate your gaze into the basin. I will speak when a vision appears."

There was silence for many minutes, when, suddenly, the entire side of the room revealed a most wonderful and fascinating picture, an enormous room apparently lined with pure silver, and as far as the eye could reach were seated ancient looking men, a large proportion of them having snow white hair and beards.

It was an assembly arranged in perfect order and apparently awaiting instructions from its head to proceed in its labors. Egyptus, as Herodotus, had seen gathered at Athens the grandest bodies of learned men the world could produce in his day. It was with much chagrin that he now recalled that body in comparison to the one he was viewing, and he could not help thinking the former a lot of simple-minded, imbecile creatures, compared to the wonderful heads and countenances in this great assembly before him.

He discovered the lord of this assembly seated near its center on a platform slightly raised above the floor level, and he was

amazed and startled to find seated by the side of this individual no other person but himself, apparently recording the proceedings of the assembly.

Before he could express his astonishment, Elijah said: "Behold! the *Pythagorean Senate* in session. This vision must be brief, for it is necessary you should have the strength before you can endure the strain which accompanies the condition, but before it disappears I will point out to you some of the noted members. You will grow to know them intimately and be able to see and converse with them at will. These are all your teachers. They know all the world has ever known and will teach you this wisdom as you desire it and call upon them for it."

He then pointed out and named Noah, the father of dispersion and the founder of the Chinese Empire; Shem, the father of the people who went to the west; Japheth, the father of the people who went to the north. He paused, and said: "Ham was cursed by his father, which meant that he was denied that which was taught to his brothers, the powers to enable him to come into rapport with the Godlike mind. He never became a member of this Essenic body." Then, continuing, he pointed out Nimrod, the founder of Babylon; Ashur, the son of Shem and founder of Nineveh; Ninus, founder of the Assyrian Empire; Menes, founder of the Egyptian Monarchy, and although a son of Ham, was made a member of the Senate.

"It is important, too, that you should understand that the fathers and prophets of the Jewish race of people are the most learned of all those who practice this rapport.

"Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were the fathers of this race and were in direct rapport with God. Moses, Solomon and David were deeply learned in these mysteries. Nehemiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Micah, Na-

hum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Zechariah and Malachi were prophets of the highest order, who could reveal the past and foretell the future events. They are all here in this assembly.

"It is from these, and thousands of others, that you will receive the wisdom of those past ages when men struggled to people the world and establish the first forms of civilization. You will be astounded to find that a material civilization arose thousands of years ago, at which time the hand of man wrought from gold, silver, copper, iron and stone the grandest palaces and temples the world will ever know. In the building of these, however, they made the fatal mistake that has tempered the advance of civilization through all ages. They were guided solely by their material senses and gradually drew away from spiritual things, and thus lost the rapport which in early ages guided them and suggested their every act.

"Material things must perish; therefore, their artificial civilization fell and their one time greatness may be found, piles of ruins, at the points where stood their great cities, teeming with life.

"This great body you behold was organized by Hermes Trismegistos, the grand figure in the center." At this moment the presiding personage arose, turned, and faced Egyptus, and he beheld in the marvelous face a composite picture of the whole. For the first time he noticed that the assembly was seated in the form of an Ionian Cross, the presiding chair being in its center. Continuing, Elijah said: "It is gradually bringing mankind to realize its errors, and although it will require ages of time, in the end it will bring about the reversed condition, when men will build spiritually as well as materially, and their works will endure forever.

"Your daily lessons will be in this assembly. After a short period you will feel yourself in their midst, you will feel their presence, listen to their discourse and will record on the tablets of your memory all their wisdom. Pythagoras, in whose honor this body was subsequently named, for his great service to mankind, will be ever present to aid you.

"Through Hermes Trismegistos, who presides over this grand body, you can ask for and receive any information you desire. This is to awaken memory.

"Your lesson for today is ended."

Instantly the vision disappeared and with it the vivid lights and colors. Themis entered the chamber bearing the little silver lamp and bade Egyptus follow her again to the chapel, where, after a brief devotion, they returned to the little garden.

Upon being asked by Themis, Egyptus assured her that he felt no bad effects, weakness or depression as the result of his experience, but rather a feeling of elation, and a desire for mental activity. Thereupon she led him to a comfortable room supplied with writing materials, telling him that here he would record, in writing, from day to day, all that he learned. This would be the material record which in time would redound to the glory of Hellas, as the best philosophy of the world.

ALLEGORY NO. 1.

TEMPLES OF STONE, CLAY AND WOOD.

AFTER the usual morning devotions at the shrine of Zeus, and the cheerful breakfast of fruits, pulse and pure water, Themis reminded Egyptus that the morning hour was the most propitious time for his lessons before the Pythagorean Senate, and that his next lessons would be in the form of allegories.

They passed to the little dungeon below, and Egyptus was left there to receive the lesson.

"Build ye a suitable temple, and I will preside therein as High Priest."

This was the text written in letters of fire across the wall of the underground chamber, as Egyptus assumed his usual position on the arm of the cross, prepared to listen to his lecture.

Elijah appeared to him in a more natural state than at any previous sitting.

"Egyptus," he said, "we will vary our lesson somewhat today. We will go on a little excursion, and, although it will only occupy your usual hour, you may prepare yourself to contemplate the experiences of an ordinary lifetime. If at any time you feel fatigued or feverish, dip your hands into the pool and bathe your face. This will revive you till you complete the lesson; it will be a trying one. It must be completed in this sitting, for the vision will not appear to you again."

The walls seemed to part, revealing a flight of stone steps leading down to the edge of the waterway. A small boat was

drawn partially out of the water, and Elijah pushed it into the stream until fully afloat. He bade Egyptus enter, and himself followed.

Pushing the boat out into the stream with his staff, he seated himself, and without a word being spoken they drifted. It seemed to Egyptus they journeyed for about an hour, passing the most beautiful parks, gardens and cities, great stone quays and walls, frowning fortresses, quaint towers, and grotesque temples. The architecture of most of these structures, Egyptus had never seen before.

Suddenly the boat came under an ugly, hanging wall, completely shutting out all views. Elijah, reaching forth his hand, grasped the rough stones and drew the craft along until it stopped at a narrow landing, where was a low moss-covered door. The door slowly opened, revealing a set of dank stone steps leading upward.

Elijah bade Egyptus enter, and, as the latter stepped through the doorway, to his utter dismay, it closed, and he was left alone in a damp, musty, well-like space, the only way out of which being the long, steep stairway, slippery and dangerous.

A voice commanded: "*Mount upward to the light, remain not in perpetual darkness; only reptiles dwell there.*"

Egyptus started forward to obey the command, but found on every hand, eyes, heads, and forked tongues of a multitude of serpents, scorpions and creeping things. From cracks and crevices in each and every step these crawling things would scamper about his hands and feet, and even cling to his clothing. He dare not release his hold upon the slimy stones, for fear of slipping back into the dark depths from which he was slowly climbing.

"*Look upward, and fear not,*" again spake the voice.

The way grew lighter, safer and less tedious as the top was approached. The reptiles gradually disappeared as the light grew stronger. Now, the topmost stone was in sight, liberty was his, and Egyptus rested with a sigh of relief, as he reached this capstone.

At his back the great gray wall towered above. He could not see beyond it, but before him was a desolate wilderness. The ground was strewn with jagged stones, with here and there patches of scrubby growth of briers and thorny bushes.

Notwithstanding he knew this to be some great lesson, Egyptus could not resist entering into the spirit of the cold, forbidding aspect, and he shuddered as the voice said:

"Thy path lies there; go thy way."

Arising, Egyptus followed the only path which seemed open to him. It wound about through the great broken desert-land and suddenly brought him back to his starting point. Again, and again, he tried to proceed, but each time he found himself standing on the self-same spot. Exhausted, he again seated himself and meditated. The moment his mind became tranquil, the voice spake, saying:

"Make thine own path, and go straight forward."

Egyptus arose, and straightway went forward into the wilderness. To his surprise, he found no serious obstacle in his pathway.

Traveling thus for an hour, he was suddenly confronted by the gloomy stone walls of a temple, pierced, here and there, high up from the ground, with windows. It was constructed of roughly hewn gray stone, with the joints closely cemented together. In many parts the old work shown with the new, indicating that the temple had been in course of construction during long periods of time, the new layers of stone and fresh mortar mingling with the old, and yet the structure was not completed.

Skirting the wall, Egyptus came upon a stone yard, and there found a strong, muscular man, garbed as a stonemason, diligently trimming and shaping blocks of granite to be added to the walls of the temple. The granite was hard, and the man was so absorbed in his work that he did not observe the approach of Egyptus till he was at his elbow, when, in a startled and angry voice, he demanded:

"Who art thou? What dost thou here?"

"I am a stranger," answered Egyptus. "I know not whither to turn; can you not advise me?"

"No, I am too busy; go thy way," sullenly responded the mason.

"What is your urgent task?" asked Egyptus.

"I am building my temple, man; canst thou not see?" cried the busy mason.

"How long have you been engaged in this occupation?" asked Egyptus.

"Twice thine own age," growled the mason, "and thou wouldst better be at work building thine own temple, instead of wasting my time and thy time. I must not tarry, if I complete my temple in the allotted time." With this he commenced to cut and trim the great block of granite, and Egyptus went his way.

A turn of the path, brought Egyptus to another wall, this one being built of clay. He found another stalwart man, diligently piling up bricks made of burnt clay. So eager was he with his work, he, too, failed to notice the presence of Egyptus, till the latter pulled his sleeve, when he suddenly cast his bricks to the ground and confronted the intruder, demanding in an angry voice:

"Why dost thou molest me in my work, seeing I have but brief time in which to complete my temple? Why art thou not at work upon thine own temple? Hast thou completed thine own at half my age? Go thy way," and he, too, began to ply his vocation with renewed energy.

"Why have you chosen bricks instead of stone?" asked Egyptus.

"They are cheaper; the work is sooner done; I can not afford stone," was the response.

Egyptus turned and went forward. Once more his pathway led him to the building of a temple. Before him was a great wooden structure. Beams of large proportions were tongued and grooved together, and upon these were fastened the sides, of smooth boards. The roof slanted to cast off the rain, and a tall spire was constructed at one end. Tall windows admitted much light, and a wide door made an ample entrance.

Egyptus entered through the door, finding within, a peculiar little man so intent upon getting a wooden altar perfectly plumb that he found it necessary to pull his sleeve vigorously before he could get his attention.

The little man looked up, and in a surprised and injured tone exclaimed:

"What dost thou here? I can not stop for a moment; go thy way in peace."

"What is this structure?" asked Egyptus.

"My temple, which I have almost completed," answered the little man.

"Why did you select wood?" asked Egyptus.

"It is cheaper than stone or brick, and I have my temple almost completed, whereas others are just begun," shouted the little man.

"But stone and brick are more durable," said Egyptus.

"Yes, but I will be worshiping in my temple by the allotted time, while others will not live to see the day when theirs are finished," gleefully answered the little man, never ceasing his labors.

"Why do you build a tower on your temple?" asked Egyptus.

The little man straightened up, looked at Egyptus, and asked:

"Hast thou built a temple?"

"No," answered Egyptus.

"Then go thy way, and ask me no more questions; every man is supposed to know why and how he is to build his own temple." With this parting advice he disappeared behind his high wooden altar.

Egyptus was sore puzzled what to do. It had gradually dawned upon him that every man he had seen was diligently engaged in building a temple in which to worship the Lord. Was this not a lesson to him, suggesting that he, too, should be occupied in the same work? This question was quickly answered, for suddenly he came upon a great stone yard heaped with rough blocks of granite. In their midst was a mason's apron, a new mallet and sharp tools, and there, written upon a pile of white sand, was this sentence:

"Build ye a suitable temple, and I will preside therein as High Priest."

Ah! what could be plainer? Here was the spot on which he, too, was to build a temple to the Lord.

The materials had been graciously supplied, and it was plainly his duty to begin his labors at once. Donning the mason's apron, he took up the tools and began to trim and dress the blocks of granite.

As he worked, his hands grew sore and tender, his palms were blistered and bleeding, and his muscles grew tired. He

seated himself upon the stone to rest and meditate. When his mind had become tranquil, and he had lapsed into a state of concentration, he wondered if he were doing right. He pondered the absurdity of these great piles of stone and brick, and the great wood shambles, with their high towers or spires, so easily destroyed. He asked why the Lord required such objects as places of worship.

The voice spoke to him, clear and distinct, saying:

"Throw down thy tools, remove the mason's apron, throw aside the mallet, waste not thy time, and shed not thy blood, nor vex thy mind building temples of stone, clay and wood. These are not My temples; they are cold, blank and perishable. Knowest thou not thy body is My temple? Build a perfect body, and it shall be My place of worship, and *I shall preside therein as High Priest. When thou hast dedicated thy Church, I will ordain thee a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec, and thou shalt preside in my stead.*"

The voice ceased speaking, and upon looking up, Egyptus beheld Elijah near by.

"Come," said Elijah, "we will see the endurance of the churches of stone, clay and wood."

They retraced the way over which Egyptus had traveled. Coming to where the fussy little man was building his church of wood, they found but a heap of ashes, being blown about by the four winds.

The little man hovered near the ruins, shriveled and demented. His religion had consisted of a showy and superficial worship in a weak and transient temple of wood, decorated interiorally with brazen vessels and a gilded wooden altar.

His church was now reduced to ashes, and his vessels to ingots of copper. With them his religion was wafted away. He

had nothing left to worship, and his mind was a blank. His God had apparently forsaken him when his temple was burned.

He presented a pitiable sight, but he had no mind with which to learn the right way; therefore, he was left alone, not even capable of pondering over his own errors.

As they withdrew from the sad spectacle, Egyptus remarked: "Surely, those who builded with brick and mortar and with granite were wiser than he who built of wood."

"We will see," replied Elijah.

Soon they came to the spot where the church of brick and mortar had stood. It was with some difficulty they finally located the exact spot. It had crumbled into a heap of rubbish; not a semblance of its former architectural outlines remained. A little rivulet had cut a channel through its sanctuary, and, protruding from its eroded bank, was the handle of a brazen vessel, a censer, and other paraphernalia of worship in a house of mortar and brick; no trace of its builder remained, not even a visible tomb.

"Time will totally eradicate it," said Elijah, and they moved onward.

Now they came upon a square of crumbling moss-covered stones, once the temple which the strong man was erecting of hewn blocks of granite. It had been an ornate and imposing structure. It was, when completed, admired for its grand architecture, its noble spires, and its splendid interior decorations. Its builder dedicated it to the use of all who cared to enter therein and worship. No, not all, for many were too poor and lowly to be permitted to cross the threshold of so grand a temple of worship.

It surely did not please or satisfy God, for, in a single hour, its tall spires were broken, its strong walls were thrown down, and its ornate decorations were buried in its ruins.

More, the people at worship in this temple at the time of its destruction were buried with the brazen censers, chalices and vessels of the altar, as they were crushed upon the communion table. The earth quivered, and the temple of stone fell like a house built of cards.

Elijah pointed to the heap of ruins with reptiles and spiders creeping over its mouldering stones, and said:

"This man was no wiser, nor was he more sanctified, than he who built of brick and mortar, or the imitative man who erected his temple of wood. In the sight of God, one is as good as the other, but neither had built with understanding, all their ideas of religion being wholly external and superficial. Their religious exercises consisted, principally, of *praising themselves for what they had done for God, not praising and thanking God for what He had done for them.*

"God could not enter these temples. Their incense stifled Him, and their ornate trimmings offended Him. He preferred to linger about the door with those poor, unclean creatures not permitted to see the great gilded interior.

"Come, let us not tarry longer, you must be taught to build a temple of your own, and with understanding."

Egyptus was aroused and his lecture was ended.

ALLEGORY NO. 2.

"EMPTY THY VESSELS, AND REFILL THEM AT THE FOUNTAIN HEAD WITH PURE WATER OF LIFE."

AS was customary, Elijah appeared to Egyptus as he took his position upon the arm of the cross, and placed his fingers into the pool of water.

"Egyptus," he said, "you have seen the fate of those who built their places of worship of stone, clay and wood. You have been taught that such temples are perishable. You have seen the brazen vessels of these churches molten into ingots of copper or crushed and battered by the falling stones. In today's lecture you will be shown another misunderstanding and fallacy of men who interpret, for themselves, the meaning of the worship of God.

"Come, I will show you the tribulations of men who do not understand."

Again the walls seemed to open, and they walked out upon a plateau overlooking a vast plain below. In the midst of this plain was a square space surrounded by high walls. From where they stood they could see coming, from every direction, streams of human beings, carrying upon their shoulders a burden of some nature, all, however, being similar. Looking about, they observed, near them, a number of vessels of clay, brass, and even of wood. Egyptus was on the point of asking Elijah the meaning of this, when, to his dismay, he found the latter had departed, leaving him alone.

EMPTY THY VESSELS.

An old man, with bowed shoulders, passed near by, and upon his back he carried a large earthen vessel. Egyptus beckoned to him, and approaching him, asked:

"Where are you going? And what have you in the vessel upon your shoulder?"

The sage looked surprised, and asked Egyptus:

"What! dost thou not know that thou must empty thy vessel, and refill it with the pure water of life at yon fountain head? Where is thy vessel, man? And why dost thou tarry here? The time is short. Do ye not see all these people hurrying to the fountain head? Do thou likewise."

With this admonition, the old man passed on.

Egyptus was puzzled, but seeing the many vessels about him, he examined them, finding them filled with some putrid matter of a most disagreeable nature. Some power impelled him to grasp one of these vessels, raise it upon his shoulder and join the rank and file of the thousands who were struggling to reach the walled square in the plain.

The way was long and tedious, and Egyptus staggered under his burden. It seemed to him that every man was bent upon his own salvation, regardless of all fellow men. They jostled and pushed and quarreled with each other, many being thrown down, and their vessels crushed upon the earth, the calamity seeming to cast the victims into the depths of despair. It required all of his own efforts to keep upon his feet and protect his own vessel.

The nearer they approached to the coveted spot, the thicker grew the mass of people, and the more desperate the battle for self-redemption. At last Egyptus found himself near a gateway, in front of which were strong men holding the mob in check, and passing through the gate only those who seemed to

be worthy. At last but three men were in advance of him, and he listened with attention to what the guards had to say.

As the first man approached the guard halted him, asking:

"Hast thou emptied thy vessel?" The response was: "I have."

"Hast thou brought thy money with which to purchase pure water?"

"I have no money," was the response.

"Then pass on," commanded the guard, and the next man approached.

The same conversation took place, but when he was asked if he had brought his money he placed in the hands of the guard a bag of coin. He was permitted to pass through the gateway into the interior, and the next man was permitted to step forward.

"Hast thou emptied thy vessel?" was asked of him.

"No," he responded.

"Then, what dost thou here?" was demanded of him.

"I have followed these other people," replied the man. "I did not understand."

"Then pass on until thou hast recovered thy wits," commanded the guard.

Egyptus now confronted the keeper of the gate, and the same question was asked him.

"Hast thou emptied thy vessel?"

Egyptus responded: "I carry this vessel filled with filth and corruption, I know not why. I was told that I should take up a vessel, bring it hither, empty it, and refill it with pure water of life. Tell me what I shall do, for I know not of myself."

"Go thy way, man, and when thou comest again see that thy vessel is empty, and see, too, that thou bringest money with thee. Stand aside; intrude not in the way of others."

With this he roughly pushed Egyptus forward.

He knew not which way to turn nor what course next to pursue. As he stood, hesitating, he saw an ancient looking man beckoning to all those who had been thrust aside from the gateway, but none seemed to draw near him. Determined to know all that he could learn of these strange proceedings, Egyptus went forward and saluted the old man. The latter greeted him in a friendly manner, and pointing to the vessel upon his shoulder, said:

"Cast that vessel far from thee, that the filth it contains may not contaminate thy person when it is broken. Know ye not that thou art the vessel? Why dost thou carry upon thy shoulder the burden of filth which belongs to others? Why hast thou not stopped to question thyself? Hast thou not a mind? Canst thou not think and reason? All of these people, like thee, wert told to take up a similar burden and go seek the fountain head for the pure waters of life. And here thou beholdest them, some with vessels overflowing, some with empty vessels and empty pockets, and others with empty vessels and gold with which to purchase the crystal waters of yonder fountain. But that is not the water of life, nor is it the fountain head thou shouldst seek. Thou hast seen how few are willing to be taught. Thou art the only one to harken unto my call; the others stumble blindly on, not knowing whither to turn for information, but are satisfied to follow the mob, without special aim or purpose.

"I am called '*old philosophy*'; but few seek my advice.

"Now, thou hast harkened unto me; I will tell thee. *Thou art the vessel, and the fountain head is within thyself.* Seek it there, and when thou hast found it, thou wilt lay down all thy burdens, and a multitude will follow after thee to their salvation and redemption. Go thy way, a voice in time will tell thee what to do."

EMPTY THY VESSELS.

Egyptus had thrown down the earthen vessel, which had almost exhausted his strength. He made his way back to the plateau, because he knew not another course to take. Reaching the spot where the many vessels were standing, he found the multitude, in its eargerness, had overturned them, breaking many, and the ground about was strewn with the putrifying matter they had contained. As he contemplated this with a shudder, he realized the awful condition of a people filled with such strange beliefs, and misguided by fallacious teachings, the origin of which could not be traced.

Speaking to himself, he raised his voice and asked: "What shall I do next?" and Elijah appeared.

"Come," he said; "I will show you more."

The vision of the multitude disappeared, the walls of a great building loomed before them. Passing through the doorway, they entered a spacious hall, and found themselves in the midst of a large assembly of men. Upon turning to ask Elijah if he should proceed, Egyptus found he had disappeared.

He now observed that his presence had created no interest. Every man was bent over writing materials and wrapped in the task before him. Egyptus approached the nearest man, and asked:

"Will you be kind enough to tell me the meaning of this assembly?"

The man examined him critically, and replied: "What bringest thou here, if thou knowest not the meaning of this assembly?"

"I am here by accident," responded Egyptus.

"Ah! then thou hast not been told to write thy book? Thou hast but little time."

"My book! What mean you?" asked Egyptus, in surprise.

"Why, man, where hast thou been, that thou hast not been told to perfect thy *book of life*?"

"I must admit," replied Egyptus, "I do not understand you. I know nothing of such command."

"Then go thy way, thou hast much to learn, and much to do. I can tell you no more." With this the stranger commenced to write vigorously, as though he had lost much time in conversation with Egyptus.

Puzzled to know what to do, Egyptus approached an older man and asked him: "May I read what you are writing?"

The sage, with a kindly smile, handed him a few pages, saying: "It is my own philosophy. You may not believe in it, it may not interest you. Every man you see here, writing, is putting on paper his own views and ideas of philosophy, religion, politics, or some other subject. Each one believes it is his true mission in life to write his book upon the subject which most affects his own personal interests or welfare, and this is the nearest approach to perfecting his book of life of which man has any understanding.

"I have been writing philosophy for many years, and while I believe in my own theories, in recent years I have had a serious belief that I have wasted much time, and that I do not understand the meaning of the *book of life.*"

"I cannot enlighten you," said Egyptus, "for this is all strange to me, but I thank you for the courtesy you have shown me. I will trouble you no more."

Passing to another man, he requested of him to see his manuscript.

"I am a young man," said the writer, "but I have written much of my book, my subject being 'Political Economy.' I am becoming learned in my subject, and I advance many theories, which the common people cannot appreciate, or even understand. But I know my book will be a monument long after I am passed away."

The pages were totally unintelligible to Egyptus; therefore, he thanked the writer and passed on.

He came to a Hebrew scribe, and upon his request to see his pages, he was handed some Hebrew manuscript. It was a historical work, a compilation of historical facts regarding the Jewish race.

"I am doing it for the good of my people," said the Hebrew. "I am told, by those who are worthy critics,' that it is a great work. I am happy in the belief that my name will be remembered by my people as long as this book is in existence."

It did not interest Egyptus, and he thanked him and passed on.

He approached a fine, large-browed, dignified man, whose face was the very picture of learning. "I am writing upon the subject of law," he said, in response to Egyptus' question. "My works are quoted throughout the civilized world. I have passed beyond the experimental period and am reaping the reward of labors of a quarter of a century. I am grateful in the belief that my works will recommend me to the people of the earth, ages hence."

Egyptus now approached an aged man, with snow white hair and flowing beard, who seemed to be alone. He was not writing a book, but spread before him was a large volume. He looked up and smiled at Egyptus and asked: "Can I enlighten you, my son?"

"Indeed," responded Egyptus, "I should be glad to have you give me any light upon the meaning of this assembly that you can. Why is it you are thus removed from the others, and not writing yourself?"

"I am called *'Old Reason,'* because I am a student of the prophets and sages of past ages, and obtain wisdom by deductive reasoning.

EMPTY THY VESSELS.

"I have before me the books of the prophets. This is the Bible, written by men ages ago, when wisdom was recorded. This is the Book that will live ages hence, when all that you see here shall have passed away, including their writings. This is the inspired work of men, who were *en rapport* with the godlike wisdom of the universal mind.

"And yet, this is not the book of life, nor is it the book that I am to perfect. Now, my son, I will enlighten you. Every man must perfect his book of life before he can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. That book of life is the physical body of man. The blurred and ugly pages, with which it is filled before understanding comes, must be removed and new pages placed therein. I cannot tell you all that you should know, but you will be told at the proper time how to perfect your own book of life and how to read its illuminated pages.

"You have here learned the lesson, that every man is striving to write his book, or perform what he considers some marvelous mental feat for his own aggrandizement, or to perpetuate a living memory of himself.

"Selfishness is the basis of every scheme of salvation practiced by men at this time, because they will not reason.

"Go your way, and in due time you will be told the truth."

Egyptus was aroused, and the lecture was ended.

PART VII.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

TWENTY-NINE years sped into the dim past, a period prolific in events important in the world's history, and pregnant with others soon to follow.

Egyptus, now an aged man, with long, flowing, snow white hair and beard, was waiting, with a heart filled with grief, for the last word from his beloved Themis, who lay upon a low couch in the little court of the temple at Dodona. They were patiently awaiting the last beat of the heart when her spirit would flee to Zeus.

They had been told the hour this would occur, and but a few moments remained. It was a sad parting of two souls that had learned to love and depend upon each other. It was one of the rigid lessons of nature; one soul had served its purpose, and was going to an eternal rest and peace; the other, still chained to a human body, was going out into the cruel world to come in contact with strife, warfare, famine, and the desolating influences hedging the pathway of advancing civilization. Egyptus was to encounter and combat new conditions. His duty was in the world. He had assumed the burden of the living *Hermes Trismegistos*. He was to bear a message to mankind; he was to reveal to the world the wisdom which he had recorded, day after day, during his stay in the temple at Dodona.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

The oracle of Dodona was to be a thing of the past. Zeus had put into material record all the wisdom intended to guide mankind. Egyptus was to bear this forth to the governing powers. This was no easy task. The nation was in the throes of war and political strifes which bid fair to tear it asunder.

Egyptus knew the difficulties confronting him; he knew he was to be a wanderer upon the face of the earth. He knew he was to encounter hardships, vicissitudes and troubles, to test his powers of endurance as they had never been tested before. It was inevitable fate, and he could only wait for events to take their course. That the end would be a glorious one for him could not alleviate the pain and distress which he knew would accompany the things which he was to encounter. Nothing could suspend the natural law which dispensed a pain for every pleasure, a profit for every loss and a sorrow for every joy.

He had been a silent witness of the greatest events in the history of Hellas, and of the changes occurring in the struggle of civilization, between advancement and retrogression, throughout the world.

He had seen his once loved Pericles fall from the high pinnacle upon which he stood, a towering example to other men, and depart from the paths of wisdom, to become as warlike as he was once peace loving. *Conquest and plunder seemed his aim as he put the fetters of tribute upon the arms of weak colonies striving for liberty.*

It was the only means he had of arbitrarily carrying out his theory of supporting his *army of political pensioners* out of the public treasury.

His policy was a fallacy. He learned this too late, however, for his encroachments upon the treasury of Athens soon drew about him an army of sycophants, whose sole aim was to live in

idleness and profligacy at the expense of the labor and hardships of others, regardless of who those others might be. This army soon ruled Pericles, who once ruled Athens.

He saw the now warlike Pericles lay siege to and conquer his cherished Samos. Well did he remember the independent spirit of that dear little island, when free from tribute, at the time he was being entertained by its hospitable people.

He had seen the false pride of Pericles revolt against making a treaty of peace with the great and just king, Archidamus, which act gained for him the contempt and hatred of the best people of Athens.

One incident stood out superior to all others in his observations of the gradual decline in the great men of Athens. From his dungeon in the Temple of Dodona he had watched, day after day, the course of Athenian events, and had listened in silence to the royal battles of words between sophistry and true philosophy.

The clash of mighty minds just prior to the horrible Poloponesian War could not but command admiration. Sophistry was the true and deadly weapon now in use by the Periclean party. By this unjust and unfair method the people were surely being educated and tempered for war.

One day Egyptus sat in his usual place at the side of the great Hermes Trismegistos, recording the deepest lessons, when suddenly there was a hush, Hermes arose, held his hands aloft, and said: "Thy will be done." Immediately the Senate Chamber disappeared and the scene changed.

Egyptus was conscious of being seated upon the arm of the Ionian Cross, but before him was a perfect vision of the assembly at Athens, in session.

The peace commissioners of Archidamus, King of Lacedæmonia, had just been humbled and humiliated by one of the

greatest oratorical efforts of Pericles. He had rejected the proffer of peace and branded himself with infamy. For this he was afterwards reviled and repudiated by the people.

Egyptus wept. He could bear the sight no longer, and rising, held his hands aloft, shouting: "Justice! Where art thou fled? Manhood! why hast thou assumed the garb of cowardice? Oh, Zeus, give unto me the power to check this headlong charge to ruin and desolation. Show me the way to expose these fallacious teachings, that shame may enter the hearts of these men bent upon destruction; that the truth may prevail and reason again be enthroned."

The excitement following Pericles' oration had subsided, a hush had fallen upon the assembly. A fair-haired youth was seen to take the rostrum, a mere boy in appearance, a good thing to look upon, but an object of pity to those who understood that he had been granted the privilege of delivering his maiden oration in the assembly.

Pericles, the demi-god of the people, had just finished speaking! Who could follow, and expect listeners? What could this unsophisticated youth say worth listening to? It seemed the height of folly and presumption for him to offer the attempt.

For just one moment the youthful orator hesitated. Pericles and many others were on the point of quitting the council chamber.

Suddenly the whole assembly was startled and electrified. Instead of the voice of a youth, the clarion-like voice of a strong man rang through the hall.

"Hold! ye great men of Athens, tarry yet a while, in the name of Justice. You have honored me with this grand privilege; do me the further honor to listen to what I have to say. I will not detain you long, and I have that to say which will interest you all."

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

All eyes were upon Pericles. There was a new and startling power in the voice which had commanded them to pause. There was no mistaking—it was the voice of a master mind. A new force was born in Athenian affairs. No man, old or young, would dare to thus demand of the all-powerful Pericles, and his dangerous following, a hearing, without feeling unbounded confidence in his oratorical powers.

Little did Pericles dream that the spirit of his old associate, Herodotus, was the inspiring genius.

Pericles paused, and the orator calmly, but politely, waited. The several leaders, followers of Pericles' example, reseated themselves to listen to the most scathing arraignment that ever fell to the lot of any body of Athenian statesmen.

The burning words penetrated their very souls, making deep and lasting impressions. They wholly lost sight of the youth of the orator. His masterly powers held them spellbound, and they sat in silence till the last word was spoken.

It was Thesastrus who spoke, and his masterly arraignment of the demagogues of Athens was not soon forgotten.

The Oration of Thesastrus,

Flaying the Demagogues of Athens.

"Citizens, and Statesmen of Athens: There was a time when the single word, peace, uttered in this chamber, had the magical power to calm the most turbulent debates, temper the spirits of men and soften their faces toward each other. Then all men had patriotic thoughts in common, and Hellas was safe.

"Today we have seen a prayer for peace spurned, the bearers of it reviled and insulted, and the torch of desolating war kindled in the hearts of the people.

"What has wrought this wondrous change in the minds of men, honored and trusted by the people? Surely no ordinary influence could so radicallly reverse the minds of honorable men.

"Honor, in Hellas, has hertofore enjoyed an intrinsic value above that of gold; what corroding influence has so quickly dimmed its lustre?

"Manhood, and personal integrity, have always been thought qualities of the Gods throughout Hellas, but here, today, we have seen them slink away in the shameful garb of cowardice.

"It has been my supreme honor and pleasure to have listened, with swelling heart, and bounding soul, to orations delivered in this chamber, by men whose reputation for honor and integrity shone far beyond the bounds of Hellas, reflecting examples to nations beyond the seas, and establishing the fame of Hellas as a justice loving people.

"Today, I have heard from these same lips, scornful repudiation of the grand philosophy and reason which was once the strong bulwark of justice and peace, and which gave them their priceless fame.

"I have heard them proclaim views, and advocate measures, directly the opposite of those they themselves established as the fundamental basis of good government, thereby annihilating principles held for ages to be essential to good government for the best interests of all the people.

"Ye, statesmen, who are thus tempting fate, you surely must know you are holding up to the scorn of the world your own fair reputation. Your former teachings have long withstood the test of time. They have been found good and wholesome moral codes. They have passed into the codes of other nations, and have there been found, also, good laws. Then, what must they think to see you now trample them under foot and repudiate them?

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

"Heretofore you have advocated peace and quiet. Why do you now inflame the people and incite war?

"We are at the most critical period of our national existence, with a fair promise of knitting together, into one strong government, all the Hellenic peoples. Why do you spurn this avenue to lasting glory, send away the peace commissioners of Lacedæmonia, and invite calamity?

"Men of Athens, Hellas is watching your course. The people look to you for peace and safety. And you commit unpardonable sin when you insidiously instill into the unsuspecting public mind a belief that war is essential to maintain national honor. War under any circumstances is national dishonor, and entails loss to the whole world. *You have a wrong conception of civilization if you believe war to be one of its necessary allies.*"

"I have listened to your sophistries; I have heard your demagogues harangue the people, and I wonder why you thus openly convict yourselves.

"Your former philosophy, and wisdom, bar you from the generous suggestion that you may believe your present course to be right. No one can accuse you of being fools. Your plans are too elaborately laid, and your *surreptitious education of the public mind to your questionable views too adroitly executed to leave any doubt.*

"To some of you, who have enjoyed sweet and wholesome laudations, for efforts along the strict path of honorable statesmanship, made in this time-honored Council Chamber, quiet meditation upon your present suicidal course must make it appear like the dread approach of a species of political insanity, for only insanity or unscrupulous design can explain your radical and sudden changes of views regarding great fundamental questions of government.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

"You know, from long experience, the people at heart prefer peace to war. Then, why do you advocate a policy of *aggressive expansion* which you know to be fraught with unknown dangers? Why, at this critical time, do you reject the peace offerings of Lacedæmonia, and gain the hatred of that people whose friendship is essential to the welfare of Athens?

"To bolster up your hateful sophistry you play upon the sacred words, *'national honor,' 'patriotism,' 'peace,' 'safety'* and *'integrity,'* while surreptitiously putting them to the basest use, giving to them a wholly erroneous meaning.

"You teach a belief that national honor can only be maintained by an attitude of *braggart, swagger* and overbearing *arrogance.* You inculcate into the minds of your own citizens, that manliness is best manifested by a rough, ungenerous and unjust attitude towards each other. You are changing the once gentle nature of your people to one of overbearing impudence to each other, to foster a fierce and warlike spirit in them, while peace is clamoring to be heard. You destroy the minds of our young men that they may become physically strong and brutal.

"Hellas has never boasted of high attainment in music, but there has always been one sweet and harmonious cord in the public voice, breathing peace and love towards each other. You are destroying this and replacing it with a fierce, vindictive feeling of suspicion, where once there was trust and harmonious friendship. You have aroused among the people a competition akin to internal war.

"I warn you, strong men of Athens, there are those here who know your motives. It is a pity no one has had the hardihood to raise a strong protest, ere you had led the people too far astray. It would have saved to Hellas a world of treasure, and her best blood. More, it would have saved the reputations of

those great men who, through this course, are now lost to her forever. Once their minds were counted among the treasure of Hellas.

"I am going to enumerate the counts in my indictment and demand, in the name of the people, a full explanation. If you cannot justify the conditions which, under your administration, have developed and thrived, then you must stand convicted of ulterior purposes in the whole system, which you have carefully concealed from the people.

"You formerly advocated peace; you now incite war, seeking every opportunity to display a belligerent spirit, thereby cultivating an overbearing and cruel nature in the people.

"You have, heretofore, loudly proclaimed against entangling alliances with foreign nations. You now propose a world invasion, to which you give the high sounding name of 'colonial policy.'

"You arouse the expectations of the people to a high pitch by promising enormous national riches to accrue from foreign commerce, thus tempting them to sell their very birthright, peace and quiet, for a mess of *questionable pottage.*

"It is evident, to those who know the perfidy of your scheme, that you are fully aware that what you propose is for the one and sole purpose of enriching a favored few of your close political associates. A species of bribery for political services.

"You know your 'colonial policy' is a mere pretense to secure for you government support in *gigantic private commercial conquest.*

"You know that any profits accruing therefrom will revert directly to the pockets of your promoters.

"You know all of this will be purchased by the best blood and treasure of Hellas.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

"To accept peace from Lacedæmonia, at this time, would strengthen Hellas against other nations; therefore, you repudiate the offer of peace because it *weakens your excuse for war.*

"By your 'colonial policy' you have launched the nation upon a sea of unknown depth and dangers. You have multiplied our risks of entanglement with other nations, whose forms of government are diametrically opposed to our own, and to maintain this national luxury the people must assume the burden of a naval department equal to that of the combined strength of the principal foreign countries, for the reason that your policy antagonizes them all, making *the whole world our enemy.*

"You have not been able to demonstrate to the nation direct profit from this adventure; yet you base it upon the commercial advantages which are to accrue from it. Prospective expense of maintenance and expensive disputes with other countries, you know full well, will more than offset all of your promised advantages.

"You are aware, to fully carry out your propositions will involve Hellas in endless strife and expense, and entail upon *innocent peoples cruel and heartless wrongs and sacrifices* which money cannot repay. You also know, to prosper the unscrupulous plans openly advocated in this council, means the ruthless sacrifice of all those time-honored sentiments regarding our duties toward our fellow men, which, once lost to a nation, may never be regained. In the cause of your so-called commerce you trample under foot justice and morality, and brand your nation with an infamous reputation for *bloodshed, pillage and plunder*, which it has heretofore not borne among nations.

"Can you justify your course by other logic or reasoning than the most unscrupulous sophistry? You have made no attempt to do so; therefore, it is to be presumed you cannot, and you

leave yourselves open to the accusation of ulterior motives in your unreasonable departure from first principles, in our form of government.

"Do not physical misery and heart sufferings count for anything in your new philosophy?

"Your people do not conscientiously and understandingly approve of the purchase of foreign commerce at such enormous sacrifices of moral and humane attributes as you propose.

"It is true, you have aroused among your own followers a loud and clamorous approval, but they are the paid clauqers of your party. Those who think, know the fallacy of it all; yet they fear to raise a voice of protest, knowing to do so is to invite insult and persecution upon themselves, and confiscation of their property on the charge of treason. *The ingenious methods you have invented for punishing those who protest against your own treasonous conduct, are sublime in their cruelty and perfection.*

"You have frequently boasted that we should do certain things as examples to foreign nations. I admit, good example, for other countries to follow, is one of the grandest duties a nation assumes with its first constitution. Do you believe you will raise the standard of national morals or set good examples for other nations, by *plundering encroachment upon the domains of nations weaker than your own,* and struggling to rise to higher civilized conditions? *You have not proposed a plundering expedition against any nation stronger than your own.* Would you think it just for some great strong nation to say to you: 'Your civilization is not up to the world's standard; therefore, it is right we should take your people in hand and compel them to adopt our religion and economic views and change the whole mode of life to conform to the laws laid down by us?'

"Yet this is what you propose, and have partially carried out.

"*Already, you have established examples which designing and unscrupulous rulers and political leaders will, in future ages, accept as precedent, and excuse for perpetrating the greatest political crimes against their own people.*

"You need not go beyond your own immediate government and nation to find conditions which I hope and pray may never find place in the pages of Hellenic history.

"*Your assault upon the nation's peace, honor and integrity was long and carefully planned.* Its inception was in the minds of men who had in view only avarice and greed. Its execution has required the boldest deception and hypocrisy. In its development you have brought about national conditions worse than civil strife. One-half of the people are in constant warfare with the other. The one-half is your army of sinecures, being supported out of the public treasury at the expense of the toil and labors of others.

"In order to strengthen your hold upon the government, and perpetuate yourselves in office and power, you have multiplied sinecure positions to five times the needs of the government.

"You have, by this policy, smothered the manhood in our youth, causing them to see no shame in seeking a livelihood by the toil of others. You have, in fact, placed a premium upon public office, making it more respectable to be sought after than honorable and independent occupation, notwithstanding the *meaning of public officer is public servant.*

"*The honor of office is not in the office itself, but in the honest and faithful discharge of its duties.* A sinecure office has no duties. In order to support this army of sycophants, you have laid tribute upon the people, keeping them in an impoverished

condition. Now you propose to increase that burden with the needless expense of a great naval department and a great standing army.

"Why do you ask the people to feed two hundred thousand hungry and idle mouths, on the plea of public safety, while those whom you should most fear are standing at your threshold with peace offerings? Have you no fear that the people will awaken and know the truth, that this army is to perpetuate you in power and protect you against their wrath, when you attempt further radical legislative encroachment upon their fundamental rights? In no other way can you arouse the necessary sentiment for a standing army than by the excitement and enthusiasm of war. Do you think you are thus inculcating into the minds of your people high ideas of justice and morality? Will the aims and motives of the youth of this nation be directed toward a higher plane by these examples of hypocrisy and deceit?

Are you prepared to say to the world that you believe all the nations outside of Hellas are composed of cut-throats and highway robbers, ready to pounce upon our country and plunder it without a moment's warning, and give this as your reason for a standing army? If not, then are you willing to take the responsibility of declaring your own people of such criminal and anarchistic character that a large standing army is necessary to keep them in order? One of both of these must be your excuse. Can you give any fair and just reason for a standing army, not requiring the words 'public safety,' 'protection of commerce' or 'to maintain order?'

"Can you frame any excuse which does not intimate a flagrant abuse of power for personal ends?

"Your internal conditions are deplorable and growing unbearable. In the multiplication of office you have engendered in your own followers a demand for office exceeding the reve-

nues to pay those who demand them of you for political services rendered. Consequently, devious ways are open by which your political heelers are supported without the public knowledge. They poach upon and oppress their communities with an arrogance which could only exist with the protection of a strong political party. *Where you dare not fix salaries, you permit an infamous system of fees for the purpose of extortion.*

"In order to maintain this elaborate system of plundering the people you pass laws which make criminals of whole classes at one fell swoop; then rush the prosecuting machinery to profit while the people are readjusting their means of livelihood to new legal requirements.

"If you will estimate all the avenues of drain upon the people under your system, you will find it a burden which no nation on the earth can bear up under. *Yet you are constantly seeking new ways to increase the revenues, that you may extend, indefinitely, the offices to support your followers.* Thus you have enslaved one-half your people to support the other half, practically in idleness. Moreover, you have, in this manner, absorbed and misappropriated the revenues which once were applied to beautifying the city and its public places. *Our public buildings are in partial ruin, and rapidly falling into dilapidation.* Our once beautiful highways are impassable.

"*In times of public excitement you rush through your laws, solely intended to strengthen and perpetuate you in power and to further enable you to oppress and humble the people.* Thus you have insidiously, but surely, narrowed the personal rights of the private citizen until he has a wholesome fear to raise his voice against manifest injustice. He is compelled to *respect the law for the law's sake,* regardless of the ulterior purpose for which a subservient legislature made the law.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

"When exposure of one of your public officials occurs, involving his integrity or honesty, or when a grave charge of misconduct is made against one of your soldiers, justice is smothered and the matters are hushed up, that they may not reflect upon the institution. And, thus, for the protection of party, crime is compounded by concealing crime. But a citizen is promptly prosecuted for concealing the pettiest knowledge of crime. Institutions which must be sustained by criminal methods cannot be good for the people. Your officials confiscate enormous sums of money, or property, entrusted to them, and escape punishment, leaving the suffering people to stand the loss.

"*I warn you again, ages hence, great nations, with millions of people, will suffer under these same conditions. Unscrupulous political parties will take your examples as precedents, and will pattern their system after your own, and whole nations will be plundered and massacred in the name of the law.* Then some one will rise with an independent spirit and a righteous purpose, and he will reveal to the people these facts, and then Hellas will be profaned. The people will revile the history that taught such lessons to their statesmen; they will throw down your public statues; they will desecrate and defile the tombs in which your bones moulder, and the once loved Hellas will be pointed to as the origin of all that is vile and corrupt."

Pericles and his party found it difficult to suppress the dangerous excitement this oration of Thesastrus caused. The truth, outspoken, had awakened Athenians to the *dangers which lurked in the political intrigues of the dominant party.*

Thesastrus, himself, left Athens at once for Halicarnassus.

Egyptus watched with deep interest the effects of this awakening of public sentiment. His mind dwelled upon the evils of the corrupt men who had plunged Hellas into endless troubles.

He had witnessed, with horror and grief, the atrocities of the Peloponesian War which followed. He watched with sorrow, the mowing down of hundreds of his old associates and people of Athens by the plague which visited that city.

Notwithstanding his fall from his former high estate, Egyptus soothed the last moments of the great Pericles as he lay weeping and raving upon his death-bed, complaining that life was too short to accomplish all that he had planned. He had laid out more work than he could accomplish in his forty years' reign over Athens. Pericles had made the fatal mistake of covertly, if not openly, violating the 'thirty years truce' which bound together the Athenian Confederacy. He had gradually drifted from the path of virtue in statesmanship, and fallen under the influence of those who only sought to profit by political turmoil. He was in a constant atmosphere of discontent, and his conscience became more and more warped and blunted by prejudices suggested by other minds, until he was blinded to the basic justice of things. He was persuaded that the dream of his life, one nation of all the states of Hellas, bound together by one government and one set of laws, could only be accomplished by drastic measures; therefore, he lent himself, knowingly, and willingly, to a scheme to violate the 'thirty years' treaty,' or, rather, which was more dishonorable, provoke its violation. It was perfectly natural that the Lacedæmonians should view with alarm the encroachments upon their rights, and certain overt acts on the part of Athens, and it was the part of wisdom for them to demand of Athens an explanation of her conduct. This was a measure of self-protection. It would have been unwise, beyond excuse, for them to have waited until a power like that of great Athens had thrown about them the environments of slavery.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

The plea of Pericles, that Lacedæmonia had violated the terms of the treaty, was puerile in the extreme, in view of all he had done to provoke her acts of self-defense and protection. It is the height of folly to attempt to justify the position taken by Pericles at that time.

Egyptus and Themis had witnessed with the greatest interest these events, and there was one underlying fact, unknown to the world, which grieved them most. *In his secret chamber Pericles had dreamed of conquest*; his hope was to unite all of the Hellenic peoples into an all powerful nation. He was to establish a large standing army and a great fleet of ships, and *plunder the balance of the world.* Where philosophy once ruled this great mind, a *heartless scheme of commercialism* now had possession of it. He hoped by this plan to keep the treasury of Hellas, and especially of Athens, filled to overflowing, and that all of his followers could live a life of indolence at the expense of the balance of the world.

Of all men, Pericles knew best the influence of words, eloquently spoken, upon the human mind, and no greater orations are recorded than those uttered by him.

He was inspired by Egyptus to deliver his immortal masterpiece, *his oration over the first dead of the Peloponesian War*, and, for one moment, in the latter part of his career, the truly great Pericles shone forth. Had he heeded the voice that whispered to him then, he might have changed the whole course of Hellenic history; but he was too deep in the mire of political intrigues and corruption to be lifted out by psychological suggestion. Moreover, a punishment awaited him in proportion to the errors he had committed, at the suggestion of bad and designing men, who had developed and prospered under his fallacious theories of government. He was responsible for such despicable

creatures as *Cleon*, the most corrupt and dishonest official that ever burdened Athenian affairs; *Hyperbolus*, the most degraded and shameless of all her public men, and *Alcibiades*, the brilliant scoundrel who so often betrayed his closest friends and associates, and who influenced Athenians to commit criminal errors which dyed the soil of Hellas with blood.

Pericles was capable of suffering mental anguish in proportion to his great mental capacity. Upon his death-bed he begged and pleaded with an unseen God to forgive the error of his ways and let him die in peace, admitting that he had erred.

No man could suffer as Pericles did without having some great sin to expiate.

He had been sufficiently humiliated to break the spirit of any human being. Rich and poor, high and low, all repudiated and reviled him; he had sown the wind, and Athens well knew what a whirlwind would be the harvest. They even accused him for the pestilence which was devastating them, claiming it was sent by the Gods as a punishment for the evils they had committed at his dictation.

He was subjected to the humiliation of a public trial for *malfeasance in the administration of the treasury*, found guilty, and *compelled to disgorge his own personal wealth.*

On top of all this came the heartbreaking inroads of the pestilence, carrying away friends and relatives, including his sister and his two sons, Zanthippus and Paralus. For the first time in his life the courageous man wept bitter tears as he laid a wreath of flowers upon the bier of his beloved son, Paralus.

When compared with the crop of malcontents and dishonest demagogues which had grown up under his administration, Pericles was a saint. The Athenians soon began to repent their haste in condemning him. They recalled him and tried to wipe

away the stain, but his spirit was broken. He died within the year a mental and physical wreck, raving over the horrible fate which he foresaw awaited Athens. *A fit warning to all men who sacrifice their manhood, and dishonor their names by political intrigue.*

The stain and shame upon the fair name of Hellas, by the rapine and murder which followed after the death of Pericles, can never be wiped away without taking her from the face of the map.

Out of sheer revenge the enemy was taken alive that he might be publicly tortured to death. *Fair women were turned over to the beastly lust of the heartless soldiers and children sold into slavery. Sacred relics were stolen from the temples by the soldiery, and rapine and plunder openly licensed and encouraged as reward for brutality.*

To expiate these crimes, Hellas must live, bleed and slave until mankind departs this earth.

Law and order in Athens had fled, justice was bound, and infamy and wickedness were licensed by the villainous creatures who now reigned supreme.

Sophistry became the pliant tool of those who disregarded justice and right. Athens was being raped and degraded, and her fine crest bedraggled in the mire. She was a spectacle of pity and contempt in the eyes of the whole civilized world. The finger of scorn was pointed at her once great men. The mighty had fallen, and the seeds of destruction were bearing an abundant crop of evil fruit. The many wise and good men of Athens were not permitted to advise or influence the masses during Pericles' reign; he alone ruled them, and his judgment was influenced, warped and prejudiced by the bad men about him. *Cruel, heartless war is always traceable to such political conditions.'*

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

After his death, the city was ruled by the demagogues, most hurtful to both her present and future: Eucrates, the rope-seller; Lysicles, the sheep-seller; Hyperbolus, the lantern-maker, and the most notorious and dishonest of them all; and the most unscrupulous statesman that Hellas ever produced, Cleon, the tanner.

It was under these demagogues and unscrupulous men that Sophistry thrived. *They naturally preferred war to peace, because it afforded the means of covering up their evil doings.* It kept the public mind in a constant state of hysteria and turmoil, and *under cover of the confusion and excitement they looted the treasury* and committed outrages upon the aristocrats which no law of Athens would justify, and they made laws to perpetuate them in office and power.

Under the guise of enormous fines, for trivial offenses, they brazenly confiscated the fortunes of the aristocrats, converting them into the treasury in order that they might appropriate the wealth of the city to their own uses and corrupt purposes. They invented many ways for spoiling the people by *taxes, fines, and assessments.*

Is it any wonder that Egyptus and Themis mourned? Is it surprising that the Gods were wroth, and that Zeus ceased to speak to Hellas?

Over the period of years Egyptus had spent in the temple at Dodona he had witnessed the departure of the Hellenians from the paths of uprightness and justice; he had deplored the desolation of the fair fields of Attica, and had witnessed the ruin of ancient families, the murder of the husbands, the outraging of the women and the selling into slavery of the children.

These offenses, against nature and God, were more than even God himself would bear. Over the little shrine in the temple,

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

Egyptus and Themis had prayed that Hellas might be preserved from total annihilation. In answer Zeus said: "I pronounce upon all men who inspire war, rapine and plunder, or the destruction of human life in any manner, a curse. For every human life sacrificed in any other cause than that of self-preservation, the mind that inspires the sacrifice shall lose its *rapport* with God, and the hand that commits the act shall become palsied. The ruler of a nation shall be responsible for its wars, and for every war waged against another people, he shall suffer in proportion to his high office, and he shall die a violent death.

"This curse shall stand for all time. I shall cease to speak to Hellas, and this temple shall become a mouldering ruin. My beloved Themis I will gather to me, and Egyptus will take up the cross and bear it to the uttermost ends of the earth."

It was clear to Egyptus, now, why he had been unable to influence the minds of Pericles, and others, in Athens, as he formerly had done. Athens was now being ruled by mad men. The curse had fallen upon them, and the people of all Hellas suffered thereby. A crisis had come in the affairs of the world. Not alone in Hellas, but throughout the civilized world similar conditions existed, and it was not a pleasing thing to contemplate that he, himself, would have to go out into this turmoil and strife and observe it by close contact.

Zeus had foretold the time when Themis would die, all the arrangements for the closing of the temple of Dodona had been made, and the future of Egyptus laid out for him. He knew the nature of his work; he knew that he was to encounter untold hardships, and like other human hearts, his would be wrung with grief and sorrow, and that he would encounter trials of fortitude which no ordinary man could endure. He hoped and prayed that he might be given the strength to bear up under these burdens and perform his duties well to the end.

EGYPTUS IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY.

Themis had passed to the great beyond; like a piece of white marble she lay upon the couch in the little garden. Great tears of sorrow rolled over the face and beard of Egyptus as he gazed upon the sweet upturned face. It had not changed from the time he first beheld it. The white hair was still its crown of glory. She was apparently wrapped in profound slumber.

He was human, and allowed his grief to vent itself unrestrained. He was being separated from all that was bright, cheerful and encouraging in his life. He looked sadly about the little garden, now desolate, and saw fresh signs of the departure of the spirit of the place; the little birds were still, the doves and pigeons were quite as grief-stricken as he, himself, and what was more remarkable, for the first time in the knowledge of man, the fountain had ceased to flow. The leaves upon the great oak had withered and were drooping as a weeping willow; all was desolation; the spirit had flown, and life in the temple had ceased to be.

According to the plans agreed upon, the body of Themis was taken to the little vault, laid upon the Ionian cross, her hands clasping the skull of Pyrrhus, and the entrance and stairway filled up with stones.

The sage who had been their companion had departed this life some time previous.

Lavius Egyptus was the most learned man in the world. During the twenty-nine years of his stay in the temple at Dodona, he had listened daily to the wisdom of the wisest men the world ever produced. He had learned to know and converse with these men, and they were his friends. The only remaining encouragement to him was, that he could continue this *rapport*, which meant that he could also see and know Themis and converse with her at will. His grief at her de-

parture was the natural expression of regret that they were to be separated for a period.

The records of all that he had learned had been carefully preserved, and it was a matter of no small concern how he could convey them with him, which it was intended he should do. He had not received his last message, which was to advise him regarding his immediate action. He sat in the little garden awaiting the last word from his divine master, and as he contemplated the burden he would have to carry, he heard the bray of a donkey. Stepping to the gate, he found the animal standing, apparently awaiting him. The divine voice immediately said, "take up thy burden and go thy way." He placed upon the animal's back his load, gave one farewell glance at the sacred pile and trudged out of Dodona, unwept, unmourned and, apparently, unseen.

Egyptus had been set at liberty and was destined to come in contact with material influences, at times, almost unbearable. The human passions never die as long as soul and body cling together. There is a limit of endurance in all of the parts of the human body. When that limit is reached, passion must have vent or that part be destroyed. All of the human passions were potential in Egyptus, and it was a part of his trials that they should be aroused and exercised to strengthen his will to a point of absolute control.

This was the last trial of the flesh. His God-like *rapport* would, from time to time, become obscured by the confusing events amid the hoards of crazy, struggling human beings in the outer world striving with each other. He would be tempted in numerous ways. His endurance would be strained to its breaking point, yet in the end he would shine forth as brilliant as the midday sun.

PART VIII.

THESASTRUS.

OLD age loves to lean upon the strong arm of youth, and though Egyptus was a strong and vigorous man, he had not the endurance of youth; his hardships were all he could bear after leaving Dodona. He had, in obedience to the instructions of his divine master, started on his way to Athens. The donkey had, truly, been a God-send to him; the faithful little beast seemed to know the importance of its office, and they trudged the hard road together, mute companions. They found a spring of sparkling water by the wayside and stopped to rest and refresh themselves. Egyptus had lifted the burden from the little donkey's back, and after nibbling the scanty grass for a time, the animal had lain down to rest. As Egyptus contemplated the picture of comfort, himself seated by the spring, he saw approaching, a fine manly figure on horseback.

The stranger's horse was accoutered in the fashion prevalent with the aristocratic classes of Attica, and bore evidence of good keeping. He, himself, wore the dress of an Athenian horseman, and bore the marks of a high-bred gentleman. As he approached the spring, Egyptus arose, and without hesitation raised his hands and said, aloud: "I bless you, Thesastrus; partake of these cool waters and refresh thyself." The horseman looked surprised that he should be addressed by his right name, and by this ancient-looking man, so distinguished in his appear-

ance and nature, that he could not live in Athens without his having seen and known him. Dismounting, he thanked the sage and asked: "How is it, you know me so well that you can address me thus, while I cannot recall ever having seen you?"

Egyptus answered: "It is true, you have not known me, nor have I ever beheld you with my own eyes till this moment. I cannot tell you, now, how I know you; it is quite sufficient for me to say that I am at your command, and I can be of great service to you. I need the aid and assistance of a strong, vigorous, high-minded youth, just such as you seem to be. In return for that comfort I am prepared to give much. It is essential that we should know more of each other. I now engage myself to meet you in Athens, where I will tell you who I am, what my mission is, in what manner you can be of service to me, and what your reward will be."

The bearing of Egyptus was that of a powerful man. What he said struck deep into the mind of the young stranger and impressed him. He said: "I will take you at your word. I believe you to be no ordinary person; therefore, you may trust me with implicit confidence, as I trust you. In these trying times it is dangerous to be seen conversing with strangers, and the men of my position are watched with jealous eyes. Everything they do is scrutinized closely. Their simplest acts are often warped into treason, which means their destruction. I beg of you, be discreet. I will arrange it in Athens so we may meet without creating suspicion, then we shall see what the fruits of this meeting will be. I shall have returned to Athens by the time you arrive there, and I shall find the means of making myself known to you." Each again refreshed himself at the spring, and started on his way.

Egyptus found a secluded place in Athens and awaited the return of the young nobleman. Upon his arrival in Athens,

Thesastrus made his way to the humble quarters of Egyptus, and they spent many hours in close and confidential conversation. He frankly stated to Egyptus that he felt an irresistable power drawing him to the humble spot. Ere long he was taught what this power was. Egyptus could bring him at will. After carefully weighing all of the dangers and risks, it was decided that Egyptus should take up his abode in the residence of the young nobleman's father—a smart palace in the *Deme Colonus Hippias* —and the old man found himself again treading the grand floors which Herodotus had trod, in former days.

This gave to Egyptus a wonderful relief, for he was now in a position to gradually bring himself into Athenian affairs, he thought, without being observed. He felt a power which he desired to exercise. All the powers of the oracle of Dodona were now vested in him, and he thought he could speak in the heart and by the tongue of any man in Athens. He soon learned, however, that he would not be permitted to influence Athenian affairs and draw them from the lines laid down for her future. Punishment followed, as a natural law, the fearful chastisement of Athens by the demagogue rulers of recent years. She must be cleansed by the purging fire of remorse. Egyptus was to witness this expiation, but take no part in it.

Thesastrus bore promise to become one of the grand men of the Hellenic nation. He did not belong to Athens, although temporarily residing there with his parents. He had taken up his own abode, and was cutting out a career for himself in no less a place than Halicarnassus. It was there he was best known and where his influence was most felt and feared. He had undertaken to shape the affairs of the former home of Egyptus for better conditions; he was building up a party, strong and fearless, to combat the tyrannies of a ruler, of the Cleon type, now ruling over Halicarnassus.

From the day of his flaying of the demagogues, Thesastrus had been feared by that class of politicians.

It was no small pleasure for Egyptus to learn that the nobleman who had taken so deep an interest in him could be thought a reincarnation of the dead Herodotus, and it was with some amusement he went over the old ground and pointed out to the young stateman the faults which he might commit, and how he could strengthen his position.

Many weeks passed rapidly by; old age and youth had united in a bond of friendship, and an understanding was established between Egyptus and Thesastrus. The latter had confided to Egyptus that he loved a maiden fair, whose father was the wealthy Nicleus of Halicarnassus, the most philanthropic and honorable merchant in Hellas, as well as the largest individual ship owner on the seas.

He not only had the love of the daughter, but the confidence and support of the father; therefore he was shaping his course with scrupulous care, that he might be worthy of so great a prize.

Egyptus had given evidence of his wonderful powers to Thesastrus, and had revealed to him, partially, the secret of his life. They had poured over the manuscripts and records preserved by Egyptus, and Thesastrus was the close student of the wonderful philosophy they contained.

Egyptus began to feel some of the old fire of youth spring within him. He recognized in Thesastrus an instrument by which he could become a power in Hellas without immediate identification.

He was seized with a desire to visit his old home, and it was arranged that Thesastrus should go there first and prepare for his secret coming. He desired to view, from an unseen position, the affairs of Halicarnassus; he did not want to be identified as

Herodotus. Thesastrus went to Halicarnassus, and shortly thereafter Egyptus conveyed his manuscript to that place and took his abode with the young nobleman.

Athens was raising the army to go to the relief of Nicias, who was warring with Sicily, and she had made a demand upon Halicarnassus for men and tribute. At the time of the arrival of Thesastrus a great assembly in Halicarnassus was discussing this most important question. She was of considerable strength, and independent of both Sparta and Athens, and felt inclined to maintain this neutral position—Athens being now too much weakened to resent it, and Sparta desirous of retaining her friendship.

There was, in Halicarnassus, an element of the Cleon type, which was always inspiring strife and excitement, hoping to become as powerful as the unscrupulous clique of men ruling Athens.

This faction had been trained by the adventurer Alcibiades, who had personally pointed out to certain ambitious spirits the importance of forming a party along lines similar to those ruling Athens More than once he had set the populace of Halicarnassus afire with his brilliant eloquence, and as often he had been humiliated by having his dangerous and fallacious arguments punctured and torn to pieces, and his bad nature exposed, by the equally persuasive eloquence of Thesastrus.

At this time Alcibiades was a fugitive from Athens, and in disgrace. He was now in Sparta. He urged upon the Spartans the importance of retaining the friendship of Halicarnassus, and for once, he and Thesastrus were working to one end. The motives of the one, however, were the opposite of those of the other.

The assemby of Halicarnassus was in session, and Thesastrus was adressing it, urging a neutrality, insisting that at this time

Halicarnassus was in an independent position, and to form an alliance with either, Athens or Sparta, would cause an immediate drain upon them for men and money to support the alliance; whereas by waiting, they could determine if an alliance was at all necessary, and which friendship was most essential to them. His argument was unanswerable. He argued, that Athens was weakened and engaged in foreign wars; not alone that, she was also at war with a large portion of Hellas, while Hellas was divided against herself. It seemed far more important to maintain an independent position, and expend all available public moneys in strengthening that position.

The people marvelled that Thesastrus should make so plain to them the duties which they owed to themselves first, whereas other orators had urged those things which now seemed to lead toward destruction. Alcibiades preached the *"glories of war"* and identification with *"world movements."*

Thesastrus advocated peace and happiness, and that the so-called *"glories of war" were but tarnished and bloodstained memories of murder, and "world movements" plausible excuses for plundering weak and helpless nations.*

This brilliant oration of Thesastrus was a masterpiece among the gems of oratory which made Hellas famous.

Thesastrus had united the people, but had engendered the fear and hatred of the clique which controlled the ruling power of Hallicarnassus at this time, and they commenced a systematic effort to break down his influence and ruin him. In the most insolent public utterances they sneered at the eloquence of the youth, and declared that the virtue it expressed was to bolster up his overweening ambition, which was more dangerous to Halicarnassus than any alliance they could form with another

state. The persistence with which they pursued him and the sophistry of their speeches commenced to tell upon the people. Thesastrus soon perceived that he was looked upon with suspicion. It was the story of the early life of Herodotus being enacted over again.

The friendship existing between Thesastrus and the wealthy Nicleus was well known, and the hatred for the young statesman included also this powerful friend. This gave Thesastrus more concern than any danger or risk to himself.

It was a peculiar fact that, notwithstanding their political antagonisms, as in earlier Athens, the brilliant men of different factions were wont to gather together in the public resorts, and debate important questions of every nature. In these verbal combats they were most polite and dignified toward each other. It is true, the sophists used the most unfair arguments, and urged the most glaring fallacies to maintain their untenable positions. While it did not appear on such occasions, the rancor and discord of Halicarnassus was greatly exaggerated by the enmities growing out of these disputations. Thesastrus had become a power in these debates, and his logic and eloquence had recently made him the leader of the party he represented.

There was one man in Halicarnassus who was heartily feared and hated by all factions. He was first found advocating the cause of this party, and then of that, and often antagonizing all; he was recognized as a spy, a coward, and yet the most powerful man outside of the ruler, whose *protege* he was. With it all, they had to admit that he was a deep and learned man, possessed of powers claimed by none others. He was openly accused of being in league with the evil spirit, and of practicing the "black art." This man was none other than Democritus, he who betrayed Herodotus, he who had been the Persian spy in Hellas all

these many years, and who had done much more, to inspire the events which now tore her asunder, than any one else.

Egyptus felt a desire to see the changes that had taken place in his old home, and after a careful survey of the situation he and Thesastrus agreed that it would be perfectly safe for him to be seen in public places occasionally, although so distinguished an appearance would need some explanation.

Their first visit was to the home and gardens of Nicleus. There he met the powerful friend of Thesastrus, and Cecelia, the beautiful daughter, who was soon to become the wife of the young nobleman. He was deeply impressed with the noble character of the rich merchant. He saw the father's traits reflected in the daughter, who was most beautiful in person, amiable in disposition, and educated far above the women of that age.

Egyptus was now ever welcome in the heart of the family, and spent much of his time in the gardens overlooking the Ceramean Gulf, but they were fully repaid for this friendship toward Egyptus by the beautiful things he taught them. They soon learned to understand that he was not only a deep and learned man, but knew mysterious things and powers not understood by other men, not even Thesastrus, whom they believed, young though he was, the most brilliant of men.

Egyptus had been informed that the homestead of his fathers was in the possession of some powerful statesman in the confidence of the ruler of Halicarnassus. Of all the sore spots in his heart this was the one that never healed. He felt so bitter toward all the conditions, events and persons who had helped to desecrate the home of his noble ancestors he refused even to visit it. But the longing could no longer be denied; taking the staff of Pyrrhus, which had never left his side since leaving Dodona, he passed over to the little island of Zephira and ap-

proached the grounds of the ancient palace of his fathers. Seating himself upon a bench in the garden, he contemplated with sorrow the eventful past. There was something modern in the appearance of the palace. He observed, with a shock, that he who now called this his home was a man of different tastes from his own race. The grand and beautiful grounds, once garbed by nature, had been trimmed, and cut, and developed in a manner to suggest the gaudy dress of a parvenu, bent upon display. He could not recognize it as his former playground; he wept as he contemplated the change.

The great granite block in whose top sprung the fountain which had for ages, spread, umbrella-shaped, over its sides had been destroyed and removed, and in its place was a marble basin. Many such changes were noticeable. Fearing to find more, he dared not approach the home of his birth, and arose to leave the place; but, upon turning, he found himself face to face with a dark-visaged, angular-jawed individual, with two spots of fire for eyes, and every feature of one versed in the practice of "black magic." No introduction was necessary, they knew each other; evil confronted good; the fire was instantly quenched, and slinking evil began to cringe and crawl. It was Democritus, the most powerful man in Halicarnassus, yet, in the presence of this grand old sage, scarcely strong enough to maintain a standing position. He had a fear and dread for this man which he alone understood. They were the personification of the greatest forces in nature; he of evil, and Egyptus of good.

Democritus was aware of the presence of Egyptus, and was the only man in Halicarnassus, excepting Thesastrus, who knew him to be Herodotus. He was well aware that the many years of his absence had been spent in the accumulation of wisdom. He himself had been in search of wisdom, and had spent many

years in Egypt under the teachings of the priesthood of the lower cast. What he had learned was the reverse to that which Herodotus had recorded. He was eager to know what was in the possession of Herodotus. He had known of his arrival in the city, and had kept his spies on the trail of Thesastrus, and had recorded every move made by Egyptus, as he carefully laid his plans to make the best use of him.

Well did he know, that, sooner or later, the old man would come and view the place of his childhood. Well did he know, too, the galling affect it would have for Egyptus to discover that he, his greatest enemy, now resided in the home of his youth. He waited patiently, and Egyptus came.

Democritus had feared no man, and for the first time in his life he was frightened by the mere glance of a human eye. It changed all of his carefully laid plans, and it required the greatest effort of his life to offset the feeling of fear the meeting, face to face, with Egyptus had engendered. He felt a strong inclination to flee away from his presence.

He had intended to appear cold and haughty, and to demand why he had encroached upon his private grounds, appearing not to recognize Herodotus. This brave purpose was thoroughly dashed, and he found himself standing, a trembling coward, before a mighty being.

For the first time in twenty-nine years Egyptus allowed his passions to rise. He was enraged beyond control. Glaring at the cringing object in front of him, he demanded: "How dare you desecrate and pollute this sacred spot with your presence? Have the shades of my ancestors allowed you to remain here in peace? Then listen to me. You will never again know one moment's peace of mind while you reside in this spot; I pronounce no curse upon these sacred grounds, the home of my childhood,

and the abiding place of my noble ancestors; my heart softens, and I weep tears of bitter anguish to know that it has been subjected to this disgrace and humiliation. It is upon you I lay the curse. You, the master of *black art*, and the slave of infamy, I could slay you instantly, but I prefer to let you live, that you may expiate your evil doings by a mental anguish and distress in proportion to the pain and sorrow you have caused to others. Now, go from my presence! But, hold! I wish to recall to your memory what I once said to you in the presence of Pericles: 'Your head is not your own!'"

Democritus, thoroughly abashed, in fact, scared, hastened away from Egyptus, who now took his departure from the garden.

Egyptus found, upon his return to the home of Thesastrus, that something serious had happened there. There was a great turmoil, the slaves and servants of the palace all seemed to be accusing each other of some awful crime. About the same moment Thesastrus arrived, and they immediately commenced to investigate the nature of the disturbance.

It was explained to them that some strange men had come, and by some means, secured access to the apartment occupied by Egyptus, and had taken therefrom a package of some kind. This had been discovered too late to prevent the departure of the strangers, and they were now awaiting the return of Egyptus and Thesastrus, to see what harm had been done.

They rushed into the apartment, suspecting something of importance had transpired. Egyptus found all of the bulk of his manuscript had been stolen. He was now beside himself with rage. There is a limit to human endurance, and the experiences of the past few hours had caused Egyptus to reach and go beyond that limit. He was a fury; a tempest broken loose, and some great destruction must follow.

Well did he know who had inspired this outrage; and he knew, too, that neither death nor torture to that individual could restore these precious records if they were once destroyed. Only years of patient thought and toil could do this. He bade all, even Thesastrus, leave the room, and then he prayed as he had never prayed before. No one ever knew what transpired in that little room. His beloved Themis returned to him and assured him that his great works would be restored and that a just God had meted out a terrible punishment for Democritus.

An hour thereafter, he called Thesastrus and begged of him to see to it that no word escaped his household regarding this loss. In time it would be restored.

PART IX.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF DEMOCRITUS.

DEMOCRITUS had, with his cunning innuendo, convinced the weak and vacillating king that recent reverses of fortune, and outbursts on the part of the people, against him, were due to the intrigues of the noble Thesastrus and his patron and friend, the rich and powerful merchant, Nicleus.

Nicleus was rich beyond computation; his riches exceeded those of the wealthy merchant general of Athens, Nicias, who was at this time expending his energies, and wasting his fortune, in a useless sacrifice to his country, battling against Sicily.

Thesastrus, the most eloquent man now in Halicarnassus, advocated all the causes of the people. He was their Pericles, and it took the best efforts of the strongest statesmen to shake the confidence the people placed in him.

Democritus was rich and powerful; in fact, few knew how wealthy he was.

It was one of the beautiful lessons in Halicarnassus to see the populace rejoicing, that, soon, the brilliant young Thesastrus was to be united in marriage to the lovely Cecelia, daughter of Nicleus. This occasion was to be the greatest of its kind that had ever occurred here. It was well known that Nicleus would, at the time, distribute among the populace a large portion of his wealth.

Well did the enemies of Thesastrus know, that if this function were permitted to occur, he would be equivalent to the ruler of the city.

Democritus well knew the needs of his clans: it was not a matter that needed discussion among themselves; his closest associates had simply passed the word that this must not occur, and the treacherous diplomat had promptly laid the plans for events which would prove an antidote to what they considered their poison. He himself had ulterior motives in all he did; abnormally selfish and grasping, he cast covetous eyes on the wealth of Nicleus, and he entertained a wicked passion for the fair Cecelia. He held an unquenchable hatred for the frank and popular young noble, and the cap-sheaf of it all was, he was now confronted with a foe whose hatred for him was implacable and unrelenting—Egyptus. He felt that, to weaken this foe, he must necessarily destroy those who befriended and protected him. But he knew there was some power possessed by Egyptus with which it was dangerous to experiment. He believed him possessed of the mental power to kill, and he was truly fearful of the mysteries in which he himself had delved.

He did not confide to others his discovery, that Egyptus was Herodotus returned; he had an ulterior motive in keeping this secret. It was a masterstroke for him to have stolen the manuscript in Egyptus' possession. A hasty examination had shown him that it was a restoration of the *sacred books of Hermes.* He was now possessed with a desire to destroy Egyptus and claim for himself the honor and glory of having restored to the world this wisdom. This ambition bolstered up his courage and quickened his inventive genius to discover the means to bring all of his ambitious desires to a successful culmination, with himself as the central figure.

Every human passion in this brute nature was now focused in one bitter determination to destroy his rivals and secure to himself the wealth and beauty. He had, in his private night vigils, and his day dreams, pictured the glory, the power and the pleasure which would be his by the accomplishment of his wicked designs.

To-day he had been successful with the king; he had convinced him that the death of Thesastrus was essential to the strengthening of his government. He had produced evidence, manufactured by himself, of the intrigue of the young leader, intended to bring about the overthrow of the king. He also proved to the king, by evidence of the same character, that Nicleus was a party to the conspiracy, and was lending the power of his wealth and influence to the cause of Thesastrus.

The king had authorized Democritus to deliver in his presence the bodies of Thesastrus and Nicleus. The understanding being that the wealth of the latter was to be confiscated, and, true to his own selfish purposes, he had it carefully understood that this wealth was not to be converted into the treasury, but was to be placed in his hands, to be held in trust for the benefit of the fair Cecelia, who was to become his ward.

This had all been brought about through the most unscrupulous falsehoods, hypocrisy and deceit. Democritus was beside himself with joy and satisfaction as he received the message from the king. A wild passion leaped and flamed in his ugly countenance as he quitted the king's chamber.

He had cunningly said to the king, "Thesastrus is brave and strong, and in the event that he should suspect treachery and resist, what shall I do?" The king had replied: "The delivery of his head will be sufficient."

He was now prepared to carry out his evil designs, and at one fell swoop wipe from his pathway every obstacle. The keen delight with which he contemplated the refined cruelty he could display in the execution of the wicked mission, caused him, for the moment, to forget his usual cunning. It was an overpowering burden to his soul to which he must give vent, else his pent up excitement would drive him mad. He must confide in some one, but whom?

At this moment Parthene, one of the numerous slave women of the palace, passed him, with averted face, endeavoring to go unnoticed by the much-feared man. He grasped her savagely by the arm, unconsciously sinking his long claw-like nails into her tender flesh, causing her to cry out, for the pain.

Paying not the slightest attention to her anguish, so engrossed was he in his own selfish thoughts, he almost shrieked into her frightened ears his plan of cruelty. He had foolishly thrown aside discretion and, to her horror, acted out in mimicry, how he would betray Thesastrus to his house; how he would conceal behind the curtain two of his menials who, at his bidding, would suddenly fall upon the innocent and unsuspecting victim and behead him. He would then spit in his face, pierce his eyes, tear out his tongue and send the dripping, gory head to the king, with an account of his personal encounter with the treasonable wretch.

Parthene listened in breathless astonishment to the awful story, scarcely understanding what he was saying. She recovered her wits sufficiently to refrain from betraying the surprise and horror with which she was filled.

The excited Democritus, usually so crafty and suspicious, forgot the danger of thus publicly announcing his bloody intentions.

Parthene, at the earliest moment she could retire, hastened to such of the public places where she thought Thesastrus might be found, finally locating him in the midst of a score of the best men of the city. He was discoursing upon economic subjects, and his listeners were deeply absorbed. The views of the young statesman were becoming more popular each day, to the discredit of those of Democritus, who, more than once, had listened from a dark corner, to the unanswerable logic and wisdom of his youthful rival.

How was Parthene to get his prompt attention without betraying her own excited condition and bringing upon him the ridicule or displeasure of those to whom he was talking? Many times had she conveyed to this young demi-god of the people secret messages of vast importance, but never one so urgent as this. It was extremely dangerous, too, for her to be seen in confidential communication with a statesman so popular as Thesastrus. Violent death, however, lurked in every precious moment lost in frantic effort to get his attention. Finally, in sheer desperation, she walked boldly to the young orator and said, in the firmest voice she could command: "Pardon me, noble Thesastrus, for thus rudely interrupting you, but I have for you a message of life and death from one of your dearest friends who is dying; not a moment is to be lost."

For a moment the audience looked vexed at the interruption, but Thesastrus, always cool, polite and considerate, took no offense at the abrupt interference, but said: "Speak, good Parthene; these are all my friends, therefore my friend's friends. Who is the one calling me thus suddenly? To whom has fate so quickly brought this dire distress?"

Answering, Parthene said: "Noble Thesastrus, I was requested to say some things to you privately. I am sure, in this

urgent emergency these noble gentlemen will gladly forgive the intrusion." With one voice the listeners excused Thesastrus as he stepped out of the room.

Withdrawing to a secluded apartment, the now half demented girl told him what she had heard from Democritus of the plot against his life and against, at least, the liberty and fortune of Nicleus, the father of his betrothed.

Thesastrus betrayed no excitement, but listened to the story with thoughtful and clouded brow, then, thanking Parthene, he said:

"My benefactress, I appreciate this noble devotion more than I can now express; I have this moment received from Democritus a polite message, bidding me meet him within an hour at his palace to discuss some important matters of state.

"Hasten back to the king's palace, Parthene, and watch for the arrival of the head which will be presented to the king on the silver salver of Democritus. Fear not, I promise you faithfully it shall not be my own. I again thank and bless you."

Parthene wept, and departed with slow and reluctant steps.

Thesastrus at once excused himself to his friends, promising to finish the discourse at their next meeting. He then repaired to his own home.

He hastily penned a reply to Democritus' note, saying that he would attend his call, begging him not to quit his palace until he came, for he, too, desired to consult with him, on most important subjects. Having dispatched this epistle, he, summoning two of his trusted and faithful servants, bade them follow, and took the shortest way to the house of Nicleus.

At the merchant's gate he was surprised to see the sneaking murderous slave of Democritus, Bastian, standing with bold, defiant attitude and insolent leer. Without hesitation he kicked the brute out of his way and entered the house.

As usual, the merchant greeted him with a cordiality and kindness attesting the close friendship existing between them.

After the intrusion into his own palace, and the robbery of Egyptus, at the urgent request of Nicleus the sage had taken up his residence with him. It gave him greater seclusion and was much less dangerous than continuing his residence with the young leader, whose enemies were always seeking an excuse to defame or discredit him.

Egyptus was now called into the consultation which was to be held, and the three sat together and quickly decided what steps to take for their safety.

Thesastrus briefly related the plot against them, and how they were to fall victims to the vile intrigue of Democritus. Unless heroic steps were promptly taken, their lives would pay the penalty.

By strategy and drastic measures they could escape with their lives. This was all they could hope to accomplish. The time was short, and they must make the best of it. This was no surprise to Nicleus. So much had they anticipated something of the kind, as a measure of safety he had gradually drawn his fleet of ships into his own little harbor, and kept them in thorough readiness and fully manned for immediate sail; in fact, had conveyed to them, secretly, all of the portable wealth they could carry. Egyptus had confirmed their dangers and had, moreover, suggested the place to which they should flee.

The patient merchant sighed painfully as he listened to the story; then he said: "My dear friend, you know I have always burdened you with my weak self, when emergencies of this kind have presented themselves, and now that you have the strong wisdom of Egyptus to aid you, allow me to again place myself at the disposal of your discretion and judgment; my person and

my fortune are at your command; say what you will have me do."

The gardens of Nicleus overlooked the waters of the bay, stretching for a long distance on its shores. It was here that his vessels landed to load or unload their cargos of rich stuffs, secure from inquisitive and prying eyes. From far distant lands his white-winged couriers brought their burdens of curious wares and merchandise.

Good fortune had it that two of the vessels now riding in the bay were known to be the swiftest and strongest ships afloat. Gracefully cradled in the vivid waters, they looked like living things, ready to take wing and fly at the slightest alarm. No wonder they were petted and loved by the merchant prince. Wondrous tales of mysterious trips to unknown lands were told about these two ships. They were the only ones in which Nicleus himself made voyages. Fate seemed to have placed them at the proper place, and at the right time, in an effort to save their master and all that was dear to him.

It was decided that their only safety was in immediate flight, that Egyptus and Nicleus could form their plans after they were upon the high seas, but, within two hours they must weigh anchor and bid farewell to their native land.

Nicleus never for a moment questioned the wisdom and judgment of Thesastrus, and now that it was seconded by Egyptus, he was prepared to carry out, in his usual methodical way, their orders.

It was with sad and heavy heart that he contemplated an ignominious flight, leaving behind him his home, his gardens, and much of his wealth, in the accumulation of which he had spent the best part of his life. However, life was dearer than wealth, and, if he remained, he could expect to see his wealth confiscated, his liberty taken from him, and probably his life.

The systematic mind of the trained merchant now concentrated itself upon the best and quickest method to prepare for a long voyage.

The good merchant feared for the safety of his beloved Thesastrus, and he begged and plead with the young noble not to keep the engagement with the despicable Democritus, but to immediately go aboard and sail. This suggestion was scorned by Thesastrus, because he had made his own plans as to the disposition of Democritus.

It was agreed, that, if Thesastrus did not return in two hours, all the fleet, excepting one of the more rapid vessels, was to sail out of the harbor, taking a given course. The ships of Nicleus were prepared to battle with crafts of their own class, for they often came in contact with piratical crafts on the high seas. It was the reputation of Nicleus that he had never lost a cargo of merchandise by storm or confiscation. He was counted the best merchant sailor at this time. Following the advice of Egyptus and Thesastrus, his family, consisting only of himself and daughter, together with the household servants, went aboard ship immediately upon Thesastrus' departure. Egyptus, who, it was supposed, would remain with Nicleus, suddenly disappeared as the conference broke up. Thesastrus insisted that the father should not inform his daughter, Cecelia, of their plans or of their imminent danger, until all were on board, fearing that the high-spirited young lady would take alarm, and in her loyalty to Thesastrus refuse to go on board ship without him.

With this plan hastily arranged, Thesastrus, with his attendants, went to the palace of Democritus.

The two trusted slaves had often risked their lives in defense of their master. Without hesitation they executed the most desperate orders, and had never failed of success. They were

trained to display no emotion or surprise when confronted by unexpected dangers, and having absolute confidence in the judgment of their master, they executed his orders with mechanical precision and obstinate will and determination.

As they walked, the nobleman briefly told them that Democritus had sent for him to murder him; that two slaves were to be secreted behind a curtain in the room, to perform the cowardly act at a signal from their villainous master; he desired to frustrate the scheme, and secure the heads of the slaves and that of Democritus himself. To this end they planned as they walked.

The servants of Thesastrus were familiar with the interior of Democritus' palace; they were to secretly enter the palace from the rear, seek the apartment unobserved, and at a signal, agreed upon, they were, with as little confusion and noise as possible to dispatch the murderous servants of Democritus, and then be prepared to help their master, if needs be. The fate of Democritus was to be left to Thesastrus.

Separating, the servants sought the rear entrance to the house, and Thesastrus boldly approached and entered the doorway of the palace, passing, unannounced, into the apartment where he knew Democritus would be awaiting him.

That individual was pacing his floor impatiently awaiting the arrival of his victim. His face was a wonderful study, revealing a mixture of hatred, impatience, anxiety, fear, pleasure, satisfaction and uncertainty, portraying the confused and excited condition of his mind. All of these passions mingled in the workings of his ugly, wicked face as he contemplated his murderous scheme.

He hated his rival with a vindictiveness that was hard to conceal; he was impatient that the eventful moment was not at hand; he was anxious, for fear that some unforseen event

might interfere with his plans; he was gloating over the pleasure and satisfaction he should feel with the success of his vile plot; but beneath it all, there was that lurking fear and trepidation, which fill the coward with terror as the moment for a desperate deed approaches. Moreover, he had a wholesome fear of Thesastrus himself.

Thesastrus had entered, unbidden and unnounced, and for a moment, stood observing the despicable villian before he was aware of his presence. Upon perceiving the visitor, standing smilingly before him, it caused him sudden fright; yet, at the same time, causing him to boil within as he viewed the powerful and manly person of Thesastrus, who now addressed him.

"You bade me come to you on important matters, noble Democritus, and I am come, weighted down by a deep and sincere gratitude for the confidence you repose in me. If my poor counsel can aid you, believe me, I am only too happy to place myself at your commands. But, mind you, I cannot for a moment, allow myself to believe that my young and untried opinions can weigh much in the balance against the views of a ripe mind and mature judgment like your own, gathered in a long and tried experience in weighty affairs of state."

This fair speech fully threw Democritus off his guard. He was himself again, fawning, cringing hypocrite that he was, so susceptible to flattery that even at this moment he could not refrain from displaying his egotism and self-conceit, as he replied to Thesastrus:

"Yes, noble Thesastrus, I sent for you, not to ask suggestions, but to ask your opinion of some matters which I desire to present at the next assembly.

"While I am sure my own conclusions will meet with your hearty approval, yet I believe it to be the plain duty of older

statesmen to give to their younger brothers the benefit of their solid thought and wisdom, especially when these new aspirants are close and dear friends.

"You know, my noble Thesastrus, that I have an abiding faith in your future. I can, and will be of great service to you; in fact, I can say that I hold in my hands at this time much of your future."

Thesastrus laughed outright at the foolish attempt of Democritus to play the hypocrite. It was a peculiar fault of the old diplomat that his face would not conceal a sneer or sarcasm when cloaked by fair speech. He was, truly, the child of darkness, for the broad light of day always revealed his villainous nature, regardless of the words his tongue might be speaking.

The room in which they stood was oblong, and plainly but richly furnished, much of the furnishings being those of the ancestors of Herodotus. It contained a large library, and much rare bric-a-brac gathered from all parts of the world. Across one end of the room hung a rich piece of tapestry.

While Democritus was talking he was endeavoring to press Thesastrus toward a seat near this curtain. Being well aware that death lurked at that spot, Thesastrus, with an exclamation of suprise, stepped to the other end of the room, picked up an object of *virtue*, and began examining it, apparently with much interest.

With the object in his hand he turned as though to ask the now scowling Democritus a question, and made the signal which was to cause his own servants to fall upon those of his would-be destroyer.

At this juncture a most unexpected thing happened; the curtain fell to the floor, exposing to view the four stalwart slaves

locked in deadly combat. So startling was the spectacle, the two principals stood aghast, with bated breath and staring eyes, forgetting for the moment, that this death-struggle was of their own making.

It was indeed a fascinating sight, these four powerful men, so evenly matched in strength and agility, and grim determination to kill or be killed.

It was a battle royal, the equal of which neither of the spectators had ever beheld in the arena.

Locked in deadly embrace two of the combatants fell to the floor, never to rise again, each having sheathed his blade in the body of the other.

The remaining two stood, for a brief and terrible moment, glaring at each other, with eyes burning with hatred and fury. As though by mutual consent, to gather all their strength and power for the next encounter, which meant death to one or both, they rested for a moment. They were young and strong, and brave as lions.

Neither Democritus nor Thesastrus moved a muscle or made any sign of interference.

Crash! they came together, and for a moment they stood rigid as marble, then they drew apart. The impact was terrible; each realizing that his own life-blood had been let out by his adversary, but neither felt certain that he had destroyed his foe. The fire and hatred left the eyes, and one of dumb despair had taken their place, as the life stream left their bodies. Both brave fellows showed a grim determination to muster sufficient strength to give the finishing stroke.

Democritus' slave had received a fearful slash across the head and face, laying open the cheek to the corner of the mouth. One-half the ear had fallen to the floor, and the neck was half

severed. The flesh of the cheek had dropped down, exposing the full row of teeth, giving the face the appearance of a horrible grin, the grin of death.

The slave of Thesastrus had been slashed across the muscles of the right arm, laying open the flesh to the bone, leaving the arm dangling, helpless, by his side. But before his weapon could drop from the nerveless fingers, the brave man grasped it with his left hand and plunged upon his adversary. Again they were locked in that terrible hug of death. Democritus' slave sank slowly to his knees and upon his face, with the blade of the other trust through his neck.

The whole apartment was deluged with blood. Thesastrus, realizing that his servant was rapidly bleeding to death, snatched a cord from the curtain and bound it tightly around the stump above the wound.

Three souls had departed from their shells of clay, in as many minutes, and scarcely a sound had been made sufficient to extend beyond the walls of the room.

Democritus had viewed the combat in speechless terror. He now stood trembling and expectant; his foul plot had failed, and he knew his time had come. He was no match for the young noble, whose prowess and strength were known throughout Hellas. He made no effort to deny his treachery, but dropped upon his knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes plead for his life. Thesastrus had no time or patience to waste, and advanced with drawn blade to promptly execute the miserable cur. As he took the first step toward the suppliant, the doorway was darkened by the villainous form of Bastian.

At the sight of his murderous servant Democritus shouted: "Come, good, brave Bastian, I am attacked by this treacherous wretch! See! he has slain my slaves, and now seeks my own

life; I have never harmed him by word or deed; I am a helpless old man, loyal to my king, and this is why he seeks to destroy me. Kill him! good Bastian, and you shall have riches. You shall have the honor of presenting the head of this traitor to the king."

Bastian needed no second bidding. He was no coward, but always ready for a combat. He gloated over the possibility of spilling blood, even without reward; he often risked his own life to satisfy his savage desire for battle.

Although no match for Thesastrus, he attacked the latter with so much fury and viciousness that it was with difficulty he warded off his wicked blows on the first onslaught.

Feeling certain of his own superiority over the menial, Thesastrus waited for his second attack, knowing that it meant the certain death of the slave.

He, for the moment, forgot the presence of Democritus at his back, leaving himself exposed to his treacherous attack in this direction. Democritus was quick to see and take advantage of this opportunity. Seizing a heavy piece of black marble statuary, he raised it above the head of the young nobleman to brain him. As the marble reached the turning point and seemed to be ready to descend upon the unprotected head, the upraised arms and erect body of Democritus became as rigid and immovable as the marble itself. The instrument of death remained poised in mid-air, and the murderous being who held it stood staring foolishly into space.

Bastian was down and at the mercy of Thesastrus, who was about to dispatch him when, upon seeing his master standing with the upraised stone, the slave cried out: "Strike, good master!" But these were his last words, for the young noble's blade struck his head from his shoulders.

Thesastrus now turned, and seeing the model in the uplifted hands of Demooritus, believed him about to strike. He made one quick thrust and sent the blade into his body. The marble fell to the floor with a crash, and the guilty wretch lay writhing and begging for his life. Before Thesastrus could put him out of his misery, the grand figure of Egyptus stayed his hand.

His thick white hair and beard and his peculiar garb gave him, at this time, a weird and ghostly aspect. Gently pushing Thesastrus away, he rushed to the side of Democritus, knelt, and said to him in a terrible voice: "Coward, the curse has fallen upon you! Wretch, all the fires of hell cannot scorch from your soul the barnacles of sin with which it is corroded; though you burn through eternity, you will never expiate the crimes you have crowded into your short life. Did I not tell you your head would pay the penalty of your treachery toward me? Now, it shall be presented to your king upon your own silver salver. See!" and he snatched from the table a large silver tray, grasped the head of Bastian and placed it upon it. "Look! Behold for yourself what a spectacle you will be to your king." And he thrust the horrible thing under Democritus' eyes, who, upon viewing the grewsome face, warped and twisted with hatred and fear, exactly as it was when struck from the shoulders of his slave, fell face downward upon the floor, choking and gurgling in the throes of death.

The white-haired old man arose and spurned him. Then turning, he said to Thesastrus: "Remove this detestable head and send it, together with those of his murderous servants, to the king. This is a grewsome termination of his own wicked designs upon you and yours. You have no time to lose. Democritus, sagacious in his own protection, arranged that an alarm should be given in the event of the failure of his plans, and

the house is now surrounded by a mob. Your slave will have the strength and courage to go to the king before he succumbs to his own wounds. I will show him a passageway by which he can leave the palace unobserved, but we dare not risk the same way.

"You will now find it difficult to return to the gardens of Nicleus.

"I bless you, my son, for this day's work; but you must not tempt fate too far. We cannot tarry here; bid your slave go, and follow me. This is the home of my fathers, and there are some secrets about it which not even Democritus knew. There is a secret passage out of this place, one part of which leads to a little garden at the end of one of the bridges; this will be the means of our escape. There is another branch of the passage, which leads to a point beneath the palace of the king."

Thesastrus wrapped the tray containing the heads in the piece of tapestry, gave them to his servant and bade him bear them to the palace of the king. Both he and his servant well knew that this was their last sight of each other, and that death awaited the faithful slave. Placing his hand upon the servant's head, Thesastrus said: "I thank and bless you, my good fellow; I now have the battle of my own life on my hands, and I shall appreciate this last sacrifice you make for me. Go!"

By some mysterious means word had gone throughout the city that some great tragedy had been enacted in the palace of Democritus. Leading Thesastrus to the window, Egyptus showed him a sea of heads. It was the people, clamoring to know what had happened. They had not been attracted by any noise, but by a vague report that something terrible was being enacted there. The tumult grew, and its mutterings and excited talking sounded like the rumbling of a gathering storm.

Egyptus hurriedly explained that in another moment the mob would fall upon the house in its excitement to ascertain what was occurring within. Said he: "Wait here until I quiet them Within thirty minutes the sun will become darkened by a total eclipse. I shall use this as a means to enable you to escape to the gardens of Nicleus.'"

Opening the door, the sage walked boldly forth, and during the lull which followed his appearance he began speaking to the multitude.

"Citizens," he cried, "the great and noble Democritus has just been favored by the revelation and fulfillment of prophecies made to him many years ago. He is about to reveal to the people wonderful things. You are aware, he is a deep and learned man; you do not, however, know the depth of this learning. I have been favored with his confidence, and together we have been marveling at the strange things which have happened, and others which are to occur immediately. Within one hour he will be ready to reveal to you many secrets of the future. As a token of their truth he has sent me to tell you that, within this hour, darkness will cover the earth, notwithstanding it is now midday and the sun is shining brightly. Be not alarmed, but remain standing quietly where you are for the time that the earth is in darkness, it is a sign. With the coming of the light, revelations will be made to you of a startling and mysterious nature.

"I must now return to Democritus' assistance; keep perfectly quiet."

This ruse was successful, and startled the excited populace into momentary silence.

Stepping within, Egyptus dropped a heavy bar into the sockets on the door posts. Seizing a spirit lamp, he bade Thesastrus follow him, and they made their way in the direction

of the underground passage by which, it was hoped, an escape could be made.

Passing down a narrow dark stairway, they reached a small chamber in which was stored certain rubbish, giving a plausible excuse for the stairway. One corner of the room, instead of being a right angle, was circular. Egyptus stamped heavily in this corner, causing a stone to sink slightly below the surrounding surface, then pressed his shoulders against the wall. The circular corner turned upon a pivot, and an opening sufficiently wide to admit of the passing of their bodies appeared. Hastily pressing through this opening, the stone was pushed back in its original position and locked upon the inside.

The flickering light gave to the place a weird aspect, which was greatly enhanced by the wizard-like appearance of Egyptus.

A narrow passage led for some distance, opening into a low chamber, some dozen feet square. Egyptus stopped, held the lamp aloft, and muttered some exclamation of surprise. "What is this? What is this? I do not remember this chamber. Look at this!" And he placed his hand upon a mass of stuff on a small table in the center of the room. Setting his lamp upon the table, he commenced a hasty examination of the pile. Only for a moment did he investigate, then, falling upon his knees, he cried aloud: "Oh, God! Oh, my Father in heaven! I thank you." Arising, he began hastily gathering together the scattered manuscript which Democritus had stolen from him, for such it proved to be.

Thesastrus needed no invitation to assist. All the treasure of Hellas could not compare with the value of this sacred manuscript. Both, giving vent to their extreme satisfaction as they worked, quickly gathered it in such shape that, by a division of the burden, they could take it with them.

Egyptus explained that the chamber was new to him, and, no doubt, had been purposely constructed as the secret study of the master of the art of *black magic.*

There appeared to be no other article of interest in the room. They hurriedly looked about for a way to continue their flight, only to find they were confronted by real calamity, their further progress being blocked by blank walls. Doubtless, some confidential servant in Democritus' household knew of this secret chamber, and would soon betray their hiding place.

The situation was critical, but the deductive reasoning of Egyptus discovered the way out. He reasoned, that Democritus, knowing the nature of the first pivotal door, would follow that example, if he had prepared a door to lead beyond. It seemed unreasonable to believe that the cunning magician would discard so great an advantage as the secret labyrinth, especially in that it led to a point beneath the palace of the king. Examining the corners of the room carefully, sure enough, he found one corner would turn on a pivot, like the first door, and they opened this without difficulty, and passed on into the corridor beyond. This led them into a still larger chamber.

"The treasure-room of my ancestors," said Egyptus, as they paused; "but what is all this plunder I see?"

A large stone platform occupied the center of the room. Upon this platform were rows and rows of iron, brass, silver and gold chests, boxes and caskets. "Oh! Now I know; Democritus has been systematically plundering the king's palace for years; this accounts for his great wealth, which no one knew where he obtained. We may rest assured we are now safe; no one but Democritus himself is aware of the existence of this room. Its discovery would reveal the fact that he has confiscated and appropriated to his own uses much of the treasure of the

palace. "But, Thesastrus, we cannot remain here to examine these treasures."

As he spoke these words he had lifted the lid of one of the chests, revealing a mass of glittering gold and gems.

"Now, to find the outlet from this chamber." It had been greatly changed, and there was no semblance of a door. Upon one side of the room, against the wall, had been built what appeared to be a shrine of worship. At once Egyptus' penetrating mind seized upon this as the secret point of egress, and he commenced to look for the mechanism.

Suddenly he ceased, clutched Thesastrus' arm, and, with a warning gesture, listened, with his ear to the wall.

"Some one is near us," he whispered. "Silence!"

Their hands were resting upon the little altar, when, to their consternation, they distinctly felt it move.

Egyptus reached upon the wall and took town a heavy sword, pointed to that hanging upon Thesastrus' side, and instantly extinguished the lamp.

It seemed plain to them now, they were in a trap and would have to fight their way to freedom. A long narrow crack in the wall slowly opened, admitting the mellow light of a lamp beyond.

Everything was deathly silent. The fugitives hardly dared to breathe naturally.

They were suddenly startled by a human voice, not that of a man, but of a woman. It was a wail of distress.

They distinctly heard: "Oh! what shall I do; if I only had the strength of the noble Thesastrus, I would tear these walls asunder." It was the voice of Parthene.

Instantly Thesastrus sprang to the crevice, and cried: "Parthene!" All was silent. "Parthene!" he again cried, in a louder voice. Immediately came the answer, "Thesastrus!" She had recognized the voice so dear to her humble heart.

Thesastrus spoke again: "It is I, Parthene; be not alarmed. What shall we do to open the passageway?"

Quick and decisive came the reply: "Pull upon the stone."

They needed no further advice. Seizing hold of the corners of the square stone, they pulled with all their strength. Slowly but surely the crack grew larger and larger, until the stone had been turned upon its pivot, and the passage was clear.

They caught the lamp from Parthene's hand as she dropped in a fainting condition upon the stone floor.

Gently raising her in his arms, Thesastrus carried her to the platform and supported her limp, inanimate form until she revived. Her hands were bleeding, her clothing disarranged, and her hair in a state of dishevel. She was thoroughly exhausted from her exertions in opening a first door, and attempting to open this one. The distressed state of her mind intimated that she had recently passed through stirring events.

Knowing the urgent necessity for haste, Thesastrus commenced to question the now half-demented girl. She briefly and hurriedly explained that a messenger had come to the palace and informed the king of something important which was occurring in the palace of Democritus. Knowing, as she did, of the magician's plot against his life, she listened, expecting to hear that it had been accomplished, and that Thesastrus had been destroyed. It seemed, however, the message did not refer to an encounter, but to some mysterious prophecy that was to be fulfilled, or some fateful event to transpire within an hour. Parthene, of course, knew nothing of the coming eclipse of the sun. While she was listening, a great commotion arose in the anti-chamber of the king's apartment. A slave had entered, blood-stained and reeling like a drunken man, and had made an effort to pass the guard. In the struggle the guard struck him

with his sword, and he dropped a bundle which he was carrying, and four bloody human heads rolled across the marble, leaving long ribbons of carmine upon the polished floor. One of these heads Parthene had recognized as that of Democritus.

Wild alarm and confusion reigned in the palace; the streets outside were becoming black with people, all shouting and clamoring about some strange prophecy or something unusual to occur, the meaning of which Parthene failed to learn.

It did not seem to be a threatening demonstration, but more like the arousing of the people in anticipation of an impending calamity. She herself was so confused and alarmed, her own fears regarding the safety of Thesastrus were much exaggerated. Upon beholding the heads, she was thankful. He had fulfilled his promise to her, that his own should not be sent to the king. But, had he escaped? She was determined to know.

She had previously learned by accident of the secret passage under the palace. More than once she had seen the skulking form of Dmocritus appear, or disappear, in a secluded old passageway in a remote part of the palace, and upon one occasion saw him make a hasty exit by this way, bearing under his arm a silver *reliquary* belonging to the king's apartments. Awaiting a time when she knew she would not encounter Democritus, she made an exploration of the old stairway and found one corner of the small chamber, of circular shape, standing open. She immediately surmised that this was a secret door, left open by accident, or purpose, by Democritus. By a close examination she learned its workings, and could open and close it at will. She later learned the secret of this, the inner door, but never had the strength or even the temerity to open it and explore the beyond. It was evident, though, it was a secret passageway between the palace of Democritus and that of the king, known only to Democritus himself.

Knowing the imminent dangers which must be surrounding Thesastrus, if still in the palace, she had made the rash attempt to reach him by this secret way, with the most fortunate result, which now enabled her to save the young noble's life for the second time on this eventful day.

Precious moments were being wasted. Egyptus said that, doubtless, the populace was now in the throes of scare and panic; and no better time could be chosen to make their escape, could they find the old passage leading to the bridge.

They hurriedly searched about until they found an angle in the wall corresponding to the door, but they could not move it; covered with moss and mould of ages of unuse, it seemed impregnable.

Again were they at their wits' end, when Parthene reminded them there was a square projecting stone a few feet away which seemed to be loose. Upon examining it, Egyptus at once recognized it as the keystone to the entrance, and with much effort the old passageway was opened, and liberty was before them.

Egyptus, in his visits to familiar spots of his youth, had looked into the little spring-house in the park at the end of the bridge, which formerly was a part of his father's estate, and had observed that not a change had taken place there. He felt they would be able to make their exit without difficulty.

Traversing the long damp passageway, many parts of which were in a dangerous state of decay, the trio—for Parthene was not to leave them—reached the end, where, after some difficulty, the old door was broken open and they cautiously stepped forth, not into daylight, but into the steely darkness of the total eclipse of the sun.

A shiver of fear passed through Parthene as she felt the depressing influence of the unnatural darkness, so unlike the darkness of night. Thesastrus, too, was deeply impressed, but Egyptus, knowing how valuable this darkness was to them, urged them to waste no time. The park was empty, and they cautiously made their way to the bridge, which would take them from the Island of Zephira, upon which the palaces were located, to that part of the city on the mainland. The bridges were lined with hurrying people, crazed with alarm and fear, and they had no difficulty in making their way to a part of the city which, under these conditions, would be comparatively deserted. They reached the gates of the park surrounding the palace of Nicleus as the sun emerged from the dark shadow.

Here they found, to their dismay, a number of the king's guards, clamoring for admittance. Observing the approach of the trio, the soldiers set up a shout and rushed at them in the most vicious manner, and with drawn swords.

Thesastrus drew his own blade, pushed Parthene behind him, and stood ready to battle to the death.

There was no need for battle; the guards stopped, and suddenly, with the yells of maniacs, started to run away. The gates opened, the fugitives entered, and the great bar dropped on the inside. They now had a broad path of safety before them, the boundless waters.

PART X.

THE FLIGHT OF THESASTRUS.

IN all the previous history of Halicarnassus such a day of terror had not been known.

The strange and awe-inspiring eclipse of the sun, with its depressing influence upon the animal mind; its tragic announcement from the doorstep of Democritus' palace by Egyptus, in advance of its coming; and later, the discovery of the horrifying tragedy which had taken place within the palace—all combined to make this the most eventful day in the city's history.

The aspect of calamity necessarily wrought in the minds of the people an hysterical excitement, producing a state of frenzy.

Comparative silence reigned for the period in which the sun was obscured. *All animal kind is silent when the great orb of day hides his face.* After the period of darkness had passed, the terrible events which had transpired in the palace were discovered. A panic ensued which made it impossible for immediate and concerted action to take place to arrest the leading characters in the tragedy, now known to be Thesastrus and Egyptus.

Egyptus was now held in the greatest awe as a wizard. His having predicted the eclipse of the sun gave him an exaggerated position in the minds of the people. The wildest assertions were made regarding his powers as they conversed on the thrilling events.

The king had had the presence of mind to dispatch to the gardens of Nicleus a number of his guards to intercept the fugitives, who would surely flee there as a place of temporary refuge. These were the guards who fled from the gate so precipitately upon the approach of Egyptus. He simply held up his hands, and cried: "Peace, begone!" They had rushed wildly away upon the mere hypnotic suggestion of the sage.

The king, of course, was not aware that they had made careful arrangements to flee the city, and it would have required much time to prepare to pursue them at sea, but it so happened that a fleet of government vessels was at the time maneuvering in the bay; and when word came to the king that the fleet of Nicleus had sailed out of the bay, he immediately commanded his own fleet to sail after them.

As the gates were closed behind the fugitives, the uproar throughout the city became furious. Crowds rushed to and fro in wild confusion, not knowing just what to do. Screams of hysterical laughter rang out, and prayers and groans were mingled with shouts and curses.

The sun was now shining with unwonted brilliancy, and the courage and senses of the excited populace were partially restored. Under cover of trying to arrest the perpetrators of the bloody deed in Democritus' palace, the place had been charged and looted by the mob.

After the palace and grounds had been cleared, and order partially restored, the house was officially searched. The slaves and servants had precipitately fled, and were huddled in one corner of the garden, expecting every moment to be their last.

The terrible slaughter which had taken place in Democritus' library had flooded it with human blood. The floor, the ceiling, and the walls were bespattered and frescoed in the most startling

and fantastic designs. The bodies of the two servants, slain by those of Thesastrus, lay where they had dropped, their nervous powers having been exhausted in the battle. Democritus' ugly form, too, had instantly lost its powers of physical action with the last stroke, he having been paralyzed with fear at the approach of Egyptus; but the strong, powerful body of the beast-like Bastian, after decapitation, had leaped and bounded about the room, painting grotesque figures upon the ceiling and walls in carmine hue, overturning furniture and dashing to the marble floor the beautiful statuary, breaking it in pieces, until the room resembled the shambles in the market-place on slaughtering day.

It was a sight to horrify and sicken those who looked upon it; at the same time it was the terrible picture of a just retribution which had befallen those who contemplated much greater crimes.

When calmer days came, and the people began to miss the voice of their once beloved Thesastrus, they reviled the memory of the equally hated Democritus, and mourned the former as dead.

Knowing the fury of a wild, crazy mob, Thesastrus and Egyptus felt thankful when the friendly gates of Nicleus closed behind them. Notwithstanding they were quite exhausted with the excitement and recent exertion of forcing their way through the secret passage, and with the burden they carried, they were aware their present safety depended upon their reaching the ships of the merchant. Already there was a clamor at the gates, with vociferous demands that they be opened in the name of the law.

Parthene had recovered from her first shock of fright, and, feeling strong in the friendship and protection of the two powerful men with her, no longer hesitated to help bear their burdens.

A landing-place at the foot of the garden was their objective point. Each, seizing a portion of the manuscript, rushed for this spot, reaching the water's edge and entering the small boat as the gates fell under the blows rained upon them.

Away sped the boat, and by the time the guards, followed by a howling mob, had reached the landing, the fugitives were safely out of harm's way and out of reach of the shower of arrows sent after them.

Looking out upon the beautifully-tinted bay, they found, to their disappointment, the fleet had disappeared. The allotted two hours had fled and, true to their understanding, Nicleus had weighed anchor and sailed away, but he had left behind the speediest vessel to receive them. This single ship remained, bobbing like a white-breasted gull upon the waters. They reached it in safety and sailed in triumph out of the bay and into the broader gulf.

Far out upon the waters they observed the little fleet, looking for all the world like a flight of white birds. Suddenly they observed, with much alarm, another fleet, making for that of Nicleus, and they well knew that calamity had overtaken them; it was a fleet of the strongest and most formidable *triremes* owned by Halicarnassus. The merchant vessels of Nicleus were no match for this formidable foe. It did not seem possible that, in the brief time that had transpired since the battle in Democritus' palace, word could have been gotten to this fleet, yet it was evidently in hot pursuit and would inevitably overtake the ships of Nicleus. There was but a single cause for gratulation, and that was, to see one vessel in Nicleus' fleet take a strong lead, gradually draw away from the others, and outstrip the pursuers. This proved that Nicleus himself was aware of the pursuit and was forging ahead with this, his swifter vessel, the

companion of the one upon which they themselves depended for escape and their own personal safety.

It was now essential for them to think of their own evasion of the enemy. Resistance would be useless. After a hasty consultation, they took a course which assured their being able to get away unobserved. Ere nightfall they were upon the dangerous waters of the open sea.

With the ship left for them, Nicleus had generously provided a trusted and experienced crew, and ample provisions for a long voyage.

This ship had traversed the strange waters of mysterious countries beyond. She had often groaned under her burden of rich merchandise carried from countries far away, and now she seemed to fairly dance and laugh with the pleasure of again visiting these foreign ports. But her present masters were not so cheerful. It was no pleasure trip for them, no voyage of conquest or commerce, but a journey of unknown purpose and consequences. When asked what course to take at sea, they were sorely puzzled to answer.

They, of course, desired to find the ship of Nicleus, knowing full well that the balance of his fleet was captured or destroyed.

Morning came, and not a sail was in sight, nor could they guess the direction they should take.

For three days they hovered about, but not a sight could they get of a ship. What now to do was the great question confronting them. Finally they concluded, their future safety depended upon their getting away from this vicinity; therefore orders were given to stand steadily out to sea.

The master of the crew was no ordinary slave, but a man of considerable force and learning. He had been brought up under the tutelage of Nicleus, having charge of his entire fleet of

merchantmen. He was reputed to be the best merchant sailor of his time, having a knowledge of the seas, and the geography of the foreign countries unknown to other sailors.

He was heartbroken at the present trend of events, and grief-stricken that he was thus rudely separated from his beloved master; yet he had the good sense to admit the dangers of trying to find the other ship, under the circumstances.

He knew the close friendship existing between Thesastrus and Nicleus, and willingly submitted to the will of Thesastrus, acknowledging him as his present master.

He was called in earnest consultation, and for many hours the three, Thesastrus, Egyptus, and the trusted Pindus—for this was his name—discussed and weighed their situation, finally reaching these conclusions:

"It was useless and dangerous for them to attempt to find Nicleus' ship in these waters.

"The merchant fleet was undoubtedly captured or destroyed.

"Their own capture at this time meant certain death.

"Nicleus himself was aware of all this, and would doubtless sail for the Island of Rhodes, the point of meeting agreed upon before they sailed.

"The friendship of this people would depend much upon the representations made by the couriers who would surely be sent out from Halicarnassus; therefore, it would be unsafe to remain at Rhodes. The only object in sailing for that point was to connect with Nicleus, if he had succeeded in reaching that port.

"Their final safety would be in immediately sailing for unknown parts, where they could, sooner or later, find a friendly power to receive them."

Pindus was instructed accordingly, and they sailed for Rhodes.

THE FLIGHT OF THESASTRUS.

Upon reaching the Island of Rhodes, they found no indications whatever of Nicleus having been there. Being aware that each hour they remained was fraught with dire risk, they reluctantly took their departure and sailed out upon the broad bosom of the Mediterranean Sea.

Where should they go? This was a question of life and death. They could not remain at sea long in their small craft, yet they dare not remain in the adjacent water. It was finally decided to cling to the coast of Asia Minor, go southward and trust to fortune and God.

Egyptus was the least disturbed of all, and calmly urged his companions to be of cheerful mind, and all would be well.

Thesastrus, now having time to think, realized that his career was broken, his ambition dashed, and that he was separated from all that he cherished most. His loved Cecelia was probably lost to him forever; strong man that he was, he wept.

Parthene was no small comfort to him as she gently and patiently administered to his wants. For many days they were upon the sea, sometimes tempest-tossed, and at others becalmed.

Seated upon the deck, dreamily watching the lazy waters, Thesastrus had requested Parthene to tell them something of her life in the palace.

Parthene loved Thesastrus with that ardent, secret love which restraint makes so heart-breaking. She knew her position prevented a union between them, even though Thesastrus should know and return her love. She was not of menial birth, although technically bearing the name of slave. Throughout Hellas slavery was one of the accidents of war. "To-day a prince, to-morrow a slave." Often the slave was a polished, high-bred gentleman, and his legal master a low-born, coarse man. In many parts of Hellas the conditions were such that those called

slaves were permitted to accumulate property, often becoming richer than their own masters, but, singular to say, remaining faithful and loyal to them.

It was one of the freaks of conquest that threw this pretty girl baby, that afterward grew into the beautiful Parthene, into the palace of Halicarnassus, and who, alone, of all the female attendants, had the freedom of the palace.

She was bursting into lovely womanhood and beginning to be the object of pursuit on the part of the king's retainers. Fortunately, however, she had kept out of harm's way.

Democritus, the ugliest and most detestable brute of them all, had been casting covetous eyes upon her, and had, more than once, offered her insults, which, though making her boil with rage, she dared not resent.

Her heart now beat with deep emotion that her demigod, in the midst of his own grief, should desire to know something of her past.

It was natural she should try to paint a picture which would alleviate her position, and make her appear in the best light. Womanlike, she knew that man must have his companion and helpmeet, and she had mentally contemplated the advantages accruing to herself by this separation from Cecelia. This was no morbid thought, or selfish feeling on her part; she had no thought of conquest. She dared not even think of such a thing. It grieved her much to know that his heart was sadly longing and mourning for the one he loved so dearly, but there was a covert pleasure in being near the object of her love, even though that object was totally ignorant of her sentiment.

Thesastrus and Egyptus were both surprised at the earnest eloquence with which the young woman related what she knew of her past history. They had always known her as a gentle,

sweet-natured girl, quite above the serving people with whom she was associated, but she had never displayed spirit or sentiment in their presence.

Perhaps she felt the freedom of her present position as she related her story. She was unabashed and betrayed a new and charming nature, which was not previously suspected by her listeners.

In a sweet, low voice, she said: "My noble gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment of your desiring to know something of my life, I, a poor slave girl. I know your woeful distress, and my heart bleeds with your own, yet I feel a joy in this break in the monotony of my life, this freedom, which I am ashamed to confess. I feel like a bird given its liberty, and am flying, flying far away. I do not have to shut my eyes and close my ears to hide the ugly surroundings to which I have been accustomed. I am running away from it all, and my eyes are open wide, looking at the beautiful clear sky, and the grand sea. Only your distress gives cause for grief on my part.

"Listen! I will tell you the story." She betrayed no embarrassment or hesitation, but rather an innocent boldness amusing as well as surprising to her companions. It revealed the elation which swelled her little heart to almost bursting; it was good to know that feeling, and they envied and applauded the innocent, childlike nature. They now listened eagerly to what she said, every word of which, though, soon commenced to cut into the very soul of Egyptus, yet he remained perfectly calm while she talked.

"My life at the palace was not a hard one, yet I have for some years chafed under the galling humiliation of being in slavery, knowing, as I do, that my parents were noble people. I probably would have been happier had I not known anything of my past life.

"There is at the palace an old woman of noble lineage, who knows the history of all the slaves in the place. This is what she told me: My parents were brought from Epirus, from near the city of Dodona, into Thessaly, and in a dispute between him to whom they were bound, and a nobleman of Elis, it happened that certain slaves reverted to the Elean, Hepitidus, among them being my mother, my father having died of grief before he could be transported. I was a babe in my mother's arms at this time. Shortly thereafter we were taken, with others, to Halicarnassus, and the first that I knew of the great world I learned there in the palace. My mother was a proud woman, and she soon died of a broken heart. At her death I was given in charge of old Bemele, who was called the witch of the palace. I never wanted for anything, because Bemele always said that I was a daughter of the Gods, and that my mother was the twin sister of Themis, the divine priestess in the temple of Zeus at Dodona. She taught me to *see visions*, and *interpret dreams*, and many other wonderful things of which I have always been afraid to speak. I knew that Democritus was going to die, for in a dream I saw his dripping head upon a tray. The next day, when he told me of his plan to murder noble Thesastrus, I remembered this dream, and wondered what it all meant. I dared not talk to any one about these things; my life in the palace"—

At this juncture Egyptus arose. Great tears were falling upon his cheeks and beard. Taking Parthene's hands in his own, he said: "My child, it was inspiration that caused Thesastrus to ask you to relate this story. You are of more than royal birth. Arise! Thesastrus, and make obeisance to a woman destined to help rule the world." Then, raising his hands, he cried: "O Themis, my beloved Themis, I have found thy counterpart, and I am happy."

Thesastrus had arisen in alarm, and Parthene stood looking in astonishment at Egyptus, who bade them both be seated, saying: "I will complete the story.

"Themis was the last priestess at Dodona. For twenty-nine years we were companions in the service of Zeus. Under her divine guidance I piled up these precious records.

"Themis had a twin sister, who became the wife of a wealthy nobleman of Epirus; this was your mother, Parthene. The vicissitudes of war brought your father into slavery, as it did hundreds of other noble families, and fate brought you to Halicarnassus.

Your mother was the counterpart of her sister, Themis, and was named the most beautiful woman in Epirus. In another year your resemblance to them will be perfect; you will then have rounded into womanhood, and your mind will be as grand as your body is beautiful and perfect.

"Thesastrus, rejoice with me, our losses are compensated for by our having found one to become the most marvelous of all women. Parthene, you may hold your head aloft; you are neither menial nor slave, but the peer of any queen of the wide world. You are now the living Themis, and I lay upon your shoulders the mantle of your illustrious kinswoman. Your powers will be great, and you need have no fears, your desires shall all be granted."

Taking from his bosom a small red cross, the same which was given to him at Crotona and had been his token at the gates of the temple in Dodona, he placed it about the neck of Parthene, saying: "You are now granted the powers of a priestess of Dodona." Turning to Thesastrus, he said: "And to you, my son, I transfer all the powers a generous God has given to me." Then, dropping upon his knees, he cried: "I know, my

Father, Thou hast forgiven me all those outbursts of passion, and all those sins I have committed since leaving Thy sacred temple at Dodona. I thank Thee with all my heart and soul. I am now prepared to take up my burden and go whithersoever Thou directeth my steps."

Thesastrus and Parthene stood with averted faces showing reverential respect for the earnest prayer of Egyptus. Turning to them, the sage said to Thesastrus: "In future address Parthene as Themis. This is a divine decree; the title is a grander one than that of queen. I was told both she and you would be sent to me; the promise is fulfilled, and I am correspondingly relieved and happy. I will, at a suitable time, explain to you how important a matter this is. We have now had enough excitement for one time; let us rest, and think."

Pindus approached, and announced that they were nearing the coast, off Joppa, and, if it met with their approval, he thought it best they should make for the land, and try to replenish the ship with food and water, which suggestion was gladly seconded, all being desirous of again feeling the firm earth under their feet.

PART XI.

EGYPTUS VISITS EGYPT.

THE coast off Joppa was rocky, and a landing was difficult to make, especially with the sea rough and stormy. Pindus was anxiously watching the course of the vessel and seeking the channel. A wind had arisen, making a choppy sea, and giving to the waters near the shore a rough and dangerous aspect. The careful sailor took no chances, but spent several hours making a safe landing. While beating about in the waters, they had encountered another ship, and from time to time came in close proximity to it. They learned that it was a Samian merchantman coming from Egypt. Encountering severe gales, it had been thrown out of its course, and it, too, was endeavoring to make a landing for supplies, and to make repairs.

Both ships made their landing about the same time, and the master of the ship from Egypt confided to Pindus the tidings that the Egyptians had been successful in their war with Persia, and had shaken off the yoke of that country. They had witnessed the celebrations of the event, and had participated in congratulations to King Amyrtæus. In return, he had received the compliment of carrying a secret message from the king to Samos. Samos had, for a long period of time, enjoyed a commercial intercourse with Egypt. The ambition of Egypt was to be the intellectual light of the civilized world in fact, as she had, for ages upon ages, claimed to be.

Pindus reported this bit of news to Thesastrus and Egyptus. The latter at once suggested to Thesastrus that they make for Egypt. There they would be received in a friendly spirit, and could feel perfectly safe against their enemies. They were careful not to reveal these plans.

Upon reaching the shore, they were received with hospitality on the part of the people of Joppa. The grandeur of Egyptus, the noble bearing of Thesastrus, and the beauty of Themis, the name by which Parthene will be known in future, all combined to inspire respect on the part of the natives.

The cause for their visit was made known. With hearty good will, they were invited to rest in Joppa while the master of the vessel overhauled and put it in order, and restocked it with food and fresh water.

They were welcomed to the house of a well-to-do fisherman, near by, where they were made extremely comfortable, enjoying a much-needed rest and a hospitality which they did not anticipate. Their host was more than a fisherman, he was a philosopher and a deeply religious man. He was a thorough scholar, familiar with the scriptures, and prophecies, and the religious teachings of the learned Hebrews of that period. He was thoroughly imbued with a belief in *prophecy, visions,* and *dreams.*

He found Egyptus a marvelous man, and it was fortunate indeed that they took their departure from Joppa in a few days. It was a hot-bed of religious enthusiasts, and the reports regarding Egyptus' powers gave him a notoriety not at all pleasing to him.

There flocked to the fisherman's humble home many of the leading spirits of the place, anxious to know the great and wise visitor. The startling gossip had gone out that the mysterious-

looking sage had placed his hand upon the head of a dying child, in the vicinity, and immediately revived it. From this incident sprung numerous stories regarding his powers, causing the humble and sick, as well as the wise, of Joppa and the surrounding country to seek his presence. The sage purposely refrained from exposing his powers.

Egyptus knew the dangers of such popularity, and bade Pindus hasten his work that they might sail away from Joppa. On the fourth day, the ship's master reported that they would sail the following morning, all preparations were made, and it became known that they were to depart.

The whole city of Joppa was now aroused, and great crowds sought the fisherman's cottage. In order to satisfy the curious people, Egyptus came forth and delivered to them a brief discourse, avoiding as much as possible religious questions, and confining his talk mainly to economic and moral things. He said that he regretted his inability to remain longer at so hospitable a place, and he hoped he might be able to return there in the near future. Until late in the evening the crowds remained about the place, and ere the break of day, more numerous than ever, they came to bid adieu to the philosopher and his companions.

It was with no little satisfaction that they set sail and saw Joppa disappearing from their sight, for it was extremely dangerous to arouse this enthusiasm, which would surely lead to their identity and, possibly, their detention on some plea, for a notoriety of this nature was usually equivalent to detention in this period of warfare and political strife in that part of the world.

Without accident or severe hardship they reached Egypt.

Now, for the first time, they appreciated the value of wealth. While in the treasure-room under the palace of Democritus, and while they were waiting for the recovery of Parthene, Egyptus had wisely selected several pouches of gold and jewels and strapped them about him, knowing that, sooner or later, they would feel the need of these. It was now they came into good use. Thesastrus passed himself off as a rich young noble in search of learning, Egyptus as his learned teacher, and Themis as his sister.

They were received in the best circles throughout Egypt. They had provided Pindus with money, and given him orders to ply about the waters of the nearby countries, but to always report at given times to them. They laid out an extended stay in Egypt.

Egyptus sought the priesthood and, giving evidence of his deep learning and his thorough knowledge of their own wisdom, he was welcomed and respected as the peer of their best men.

They provided him with a residence, admitted him into their secret mysteries, with which he had already shown a familiarity, and they revealed to him the mysteries which had come to them from Babylonia and Chaldea. On the plea that he desired to initiate Thesastrus into these mysteries, a plan was formed by which a careful course of learning was to be taken, which proved to be the source of great educational advantage to the young nobleman, and the outlet for the wisdom which had been given to Egyptus at the temple in Dodona.

Egyptus knew that his manuscript contained a broad foundation for philosophical work, psychological research and scientific investigation.

He also knew that no other country in the world, at this time, could offer him the same advantages to elaborate his work as

Egypt. The wisest men in the world were here, almost as learned as himself. They possessed a knowledge of the wisdom of periods in the remote past.

With a generosity in keeping with his great mind, he offered to restore to Egypt the partially lost wisdom of Hermes. He did not, however, acknowledge that he had in his possession the valuable records which he had brought from Dodona. He felt certain that his work would be better appreciated were it to remain a secret.

He was now thorough master of his powers, and fully imbued with the belief, that in him, were vested the powers of the oracle of Dodona. He had an ambition to produce a work which would be understood and appreciated throughout the civilized world. He had an abiding faith in his divine teacher and guide to lead him in the way which he should go.

Egyptus and his campanions were now under the patronage and protection of Manetho, the great Egyptian astrologer, and leader of the priesthood.

This influential man had early recognized in Egyptus more than an ordinary man, and it was not long until he had to admit that he himself could learn much from him.

He was an aged man and above envy, jealousy, and selfishness. His friendship was genuine, partaking of a reverence. They were now constant companions.

In the small amphitheatre in the residence provided for Egyptus a temporary lodge was established for the purpose of illustrating the rituals and customs of the ancient orders of adepts of Chaldea and Babylonia.

King Amyrtæus and his queen were put through this course, together with Thesastrus, Themis and one or two important personages associated with the king.

The initiation partook of a discourse and illustrations giving a history of these ancient orders, showing the origin of the educational system which led to the highest powers of adeptism as understood and practiced by the wise men of Chaldea.

The object of this initiation was to lead those interested to the beginning of an educational course in the great mysteries of the priesthood of all ages, as recognized and known to the high priests of Egypt, to enable them to search out new truths and reach a higher plane of thought and investigation.

PART XII.

EGYPTUS DEPARTS FROM EGYPT IN SEARCH OF A NEW WORLD.

UNDER the patronage and friendship of Amyrtæus, king of Egypt, and his high priests, Egyptus and Thesastrus had prospered greatly.

It had required a period of three years to complete the course of initiation into the mysteries of the Chaldean and Egyptian adepts and to educate the little lodge to a degree of understanding. Egyptus and Manêtho, the chief priest, it was discovered, were great masters, it only requiring the exercise of their powers to perfect them. It required study and constant practice, even on their part, to keep in full *rapport* with the universal mind. They were seers of the highest order, and did much to assist the king in his reign of peace and prosperity.

The king, Thesastrus and the other initiates progressed in proportion to their capacity for learning. Thesastrus had advanced more rapidly than any of the others, excepting Themis, who seemed to keep pace with him.

During this period Egyptus had interpreted for the high priest such parts of his manuscript as he thought best to reveal. He soon discovered that Manêtho was *en rapport* with his mind, and was aware of the existence of his manuscripts. The ancient priest, however, was generous in his nature, and notwithstand-

ing their close friendship, and confidence, he permitted Egyptus to use his own judgment and pleasure as to the portion of wisdom he was to contribute to the learning of Egypt. He partially restored certain wisdom which had been lost in previous ages, and translated for Egypt a large part of the sacred pages of Hermes. This became the basis for the wonderful wisdom afterward attributed to this nation.

A close personal friendship existed between Egyptus, Thesastrus, the king, and Manêtho, the high priest. The king had been informed of the tragic manner in which they took their departure from Halicarnassus, and he offered the services of a small fleet of his own ships to join those of Pindus and go in search of the lost ship of Nicleus. For three years they searched in vain. Not a clew could they find. On their last voyage they ventured to go again to Rhodes, and there, by close inquiry, they found a sailor who had been one of those on board the ship on which Nicleus sailed. This sailor, with tears in his eyes, told of the brief tragedy.

After Nicleus' ship had sailed away from his fleet, upon observing they were pursued, they attempted to reach Rhodes, in accordance with the understanding with Egyptus. A gale overtook them, forcing them into strange waters, finally casting their ship, a wreck, upon the rocks, all on board being lost but this sailor.

Taking the sailor with them, they returned to Egypt and made their last report to Thesastrus and the king.

Although the sad news depressed them greatly, time and the close application to study helped to alleviate the sorrow. Themis had developed into a woman of marvelous beauty. She was no longer a slave, neither was she a child in nature; she was a deep and learned woman, as learned as Thesastrus him-

self; in fact, she had kept pace with him, and neither seemed to be able to progress without the assistance of the other.

While they themselves grew into this confidential relationship, gradually, and without giving it particular thought, Egyptus was silently rejoicing that they were blending into a union dear to his own heart.

Egyptus confided to the king, and to Manêtho, his hopes and desires, and it was with the greatest satisfaction that, shortly after the information had reached them of the death of Nicleus and his daughter, Cecelia, Thesastrus approached him and confided that he had formed an attachment and love for Themis, which he believed was sufficiently reciprocated to justify his asking her to become his wife.

He need not have told Egyptus this, for he knew Parthene's deep and abiding love for Thesastrus before they left Halicarnassus.

Shortly thereafter a new function was given to the grand master of the little lodge of adepts, and, standing in the amphitheatre of Egyptus' residence, Thesastrus and Themis were wed.

Manêtho, the high priest, pronounced them man and wife; Egyptus united them as love and wisdom, and Amyrtæus pronounced them Osirus and Isis of their own little world, and all bade them go forth and build for themselves the conditions to make them most happy and prosperous.

Incidental to the work in which the king and the high priest were associated with him, Egyptus had diligently searched the ancient records of the country, and he confided to Thesastrus, and the high priest, certain discoveries which he made relating to a grand and beautiful country far beyond the seas. He had asked for, and had been shown, visions of this country, discovering it to be peopled with a race of semi-barbarians. He now had

a desire to go in search of it. The high priest could not be permitted to leave his own country, even though his extreme age were no restraint, and as much as he would deplore the separation, he expressed a willingness to help them to persuade the king to send out an expedition for the purpose of discovery. They not only did not find the king opposed to this proposition, but he was rather inclined to enlarge upon their plans. He cheerfully contributed three additional ships, larger and stronger than the one belonging to them, and placed them at their disposal, without any restraints whatever. Moreover, he permitted his youngest son, Amyrtec, to accompany the expedition. Careful prepartions were made for a long voyage. Egyptus made a water-tight ark, in which he placed his precious manuscript in order that it might not be lost in the event of a shipwreck.

He, with the aid of Thesastrus, wrote a history, covering all of the events of his life and experiences in search of wisdom, including in it a brief outline of the rituals and symbols of adeptism used in their studies and their initiations while in Egypt, together with an elaborate reproduction of his twenty-nine years' work at Dodona. This he confided to the care of Manêtho, the high priest, with the understanding, that at any time any one in search of wisdom who should come, with proof that he was *en rapport* with the universal mind, and was aware of the existence of this history, should have the right to read and study it, and even take a copy if he so desired.

All preparations were made for Thesastrus and Themis to accompany Egyptus on this mysterious voyage, to take to the new world the wisdom of the old. But, as the day for sailing approached, a messenger came to Egyptus with word that the king must see him and Thesastrus on most urgent matters. Hastening to the king's palace, they were astonished to find

there, awaiting their coming, the aged father of Thesastrus, accompanied by several of the most important men of Athens.

It was quickly explained that the father had grieved all these years in the belief that his son had, in some manner, lost his life in his flight from Halicarnassus, after the terrible tragedy enacted there three years previously.

Finally word reached Athens that Egyptus and Thesastrus were sojourning in Egypt, and he at once set about insuring a safe return for his son to Hellas.

His pleading decided Thesastrus not to go with Egyptus at this time. The latter postponed his own going for a fortnight, during which time new plans for the future were made. It was concluded that Egyptus should surrender to Thesastrus his valuable manuscript, and the latter would return to Athens with his father. Egyptus was to go alone with his colony to the new world. The high priest, Manêtho, and the king were to continue the work of the little lodge in Egypt.

When Egyptus found a resting place for his colony he was to at once establish a *rapport* with Manêtho in Egypt, and with Thesastrus at whatever point he might select in Hellas as his permanent abiding place.

It was understood that the purposes of the expedition should be kept a profound secret; therefore Egyptus' little fleet sailed out into the great, boundless ocean under cover of the darkness of night. None but Manêtho and Thesastrus ever established the *rapport.* Egyptus did, however, reach a place of safety, for evidences of his having fully established a *rapport* with Thesastrus were found in records left by the latter.

In fact, they were in constant communication for a long period of time. This *rapport* was unbroken between Thesastrus

and Manêtho; therefore the latter must also have been *en rapport* with the mind of Egyptus. But, unfortunately, the aged priest left no record of these communications. At least, none were discovered.

Thesastrus was the one selected to perpetuate the wisdom of Egyptus, and right well and faithfully did he perform this duty, although it was destined to remain in total oblivion for a period of more than two thousand years before it would again rise to stir in the hearts of men a desire for learning and wisdom. The ponderous mind of Pythagoras had, fortunately, opened the doorway into the *Pythagorean Senate* for those who could develop the *rapport*. Egyptus, Manêtho, and Thesastrus all occupied seats in the august body during their lives, and those who are blessed with this *rapport* to-day, rejoice that they may see these three fathers of the Hermetic wisdom occupying seats very near to the great Hermes Trismegistos.

Quietly and patiently the *Pythagorean Senate* has waited for a mind to blossom into the full and perfect mediumship capable of revealing to the world, in all its glory and magnificence, the power and influence of its potential wisdom.

Many men have developed to the point where they were blessed with a partial revelation of the powers of the great body, and through them wisdom and love have been distributed to temper the acts and thoughts of mankind.

Gradually, but surely, the average human mind and intellect was raised till it was safe to unloose, for a period, its powers and influences. These have been the periods for sowing of seeds for a better and higher condition. Periods of reaction come, however, when men again drop back into a low order of thought with consequent evil conditions. Yet each wave has grown

higher and stronger, until man at large is capable of doing independent thinking, when removed from the atmosphere of political intrigue and ultra-commercialism, and given an opportunity to exercise his own mind, free from the hypnotic suggestion of others.

An unprejudiced mind is essential to come *en rapport* with the universal wisdom.

This is the pure water, free to all who will cast away the burden of filth and partake of it.

THE END OF FIRST BOOK.

ADDENDUM.

A SEQUEL to this book is in course of preparation. This second volume will go deeper into the mysteries of the psychological works of Lavius Egyptus in the dungeon at the temple of Dodona.

In *Lavius Egyptus* we have referred to only a few of the preparatory lectures recorded by Egyptus, and these are mainly allegorical and figurative.

Egyptus, had revealed to him the rituals and symbols of the ancient orders of Chaldea and Babylonia, together with the wisdom of the adepts and great masters of a period of some ten thousand years.

The object of Lavius Egyptus' desire to seek the new world was to establish there a new and perfect race of people. A subsequent book follows him into the wilderness, and accompanies him in his labors of civilizing a new country. Moreover, it tells in what manner the wisdom and learning of Lavius Egyptus was preserved up to the present time.