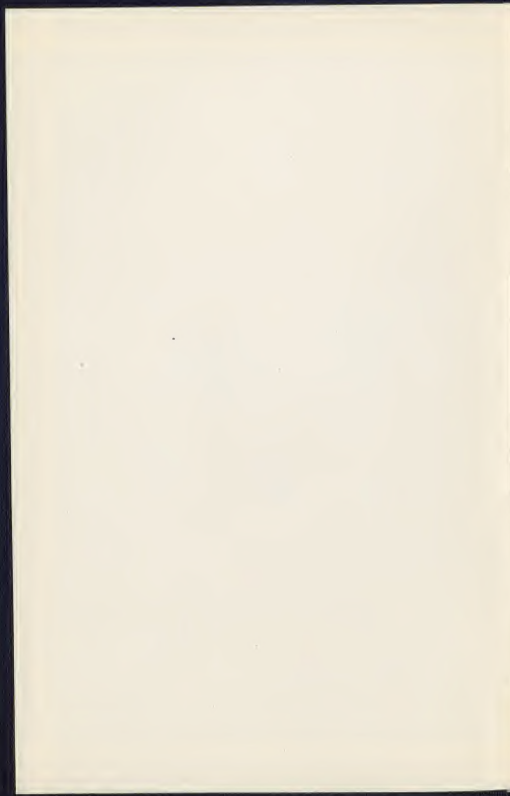




THE SHADOW OF  
THE UNKNOWN  
MASTER



BOHEMIAN PRESS.  
7, PARKFIELD ROAD.  
LIVERPOOL, 17



# **The Shadow of the Unknown Master.**



**At Tekels**



## No. 1.—WHEN HE CAME.

Could it have been the smell of the pines that brought the Master to Tekels? For, after all, there are pine trees in Thibet and Hungary, and they are holy abiding places. Or could it have been the call from a few earnest students? But there are earnest students in other places besides Tekels.

Whether from the smell of the pines or the persistent voice of the students that the Master called, is not known to any but the students—and the pines.

He came, a wayfarer from beyond the Great Divide, unrecognised by the many, loved by the few. He came, the bearer of a Great Secret. He knew what it was to die, he knew how it was to live again. He brought a message of hope, peace and goodwill to those who would lend listening ear. He came as a man, a man who could feel intense pain, bitter anguish, unspeakable joy.

As a man he was simple, believing, cultured and soft-voiced, with a sadness in the eyes which bespoke knowledge of the ways of men, sympathy and understanding. To the many he appeared to be dangerous, a fool, an imposter. To the few, a simple-minded, ready-to-help-and-advise fellow.

Sometimes his eyes lit up with a strange light. Someone was suffering and he was sending out helping forces: at such times he was a healer. Sometimes he had a "far-away" look in his eyes: he was then a Master communicating with those Great Ones far beyond the white-ranged mountains. At other times he heard the voices of the wayward desecrating the Divine, cursing humanity, then an awe-inspiring glint came into his eyes. At such times he was dangerous.

This strange composite man came to Tekels. Tekels in the county of Surrey above all places—a wild, uncultured place where trees and ferns grew in abundance, where the hand of man had barely touched for the purpose of building a few houses.

There he found a community of people mixed in their aspirations, some worshipping a Crown which shone like gold but was merely polished clay, others worshipping a Crown of lead which had yet to show its polish. Others worshipped neither Crown.

For what purpose came he? To found a religion, a sect, to enliven and instruct the Community? Came he to undo a wrong that had been done, to announce that Tekels was to be a holy abiding place? No.

A place of rest and quietness was offered him, and he had accepted. There he listened to the sighing of the wind, the rustle of the trees and the voice of the birds. Through glades of varied trees, on soft mosses he wandered, then he climbed a small hill. On the hill he spoke.

His voice rose to a pitch which resembled a call, and the sound reverberated through space. It was caught up afar and lo! with lightning rapidity came a response—those in the High Place had responded to his appeal, and the hill became sacred, imbued with subtle power. Here, thought he, is indeed a place for inspiration where one can sit in silent attuned meditation with the Brethren.

Work had begun at Tekels. How? Those who climb the hill in humbleness of spirit, who are above the pettiness of small things, who are true to themselves as well as to others, will soon learn.

The one who would know the Master must climb the steep hill unaided, and with his back to the sun look downwards whence he came. He will count twelve steps which must be long, and forty steps which must be short. But these steps must be traversed both mentally and physically and in humbleness of spirit. After this he will meditate between breaths, and whisper into the silence the sound—Ah I aam ee oom.

Some day he who writes this will again visit Tekels, and that which stands behind him will hear the call of those who may climb the mount.

With those who have already done so, the Master rejoices. They shall reclimb the mount without fatigue.

# Neath the Tower of L ympne







## No. 2.—NEATH THE TOWER OF LYPNE.

It is said that the Masters of Wisdom, through their chosen disciples, visit spots on earth whereon they have trodden during some period of Evolution.

A Master of Wisdom is an out-thinker, a Master of Masters. His disciples are Masters or His chosen disciples. It is the latter we follow, for they are ever directed by the Out-thinkers to such spots. Distinguish then between an Out-thinker and a Master—they are One in essence but two in manifestation.

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September 10th, 1931, dawned with a cloud o'er the sun, but as the day advanced the cloud moved and the sun shone with brilliance. The Master, with two of his disciples entered a bus which wended its way to Lypne.

The Master and his disciples alighted, and on foot traversed a road on either side of which were firs, and pines. The trees cast a strange shadow on the road and they swayed slightly as though giving a salutation to those who passed.

A turn to the left, and the Castle loomed in sight. Here was quietude and it was proper, for the Castle broods in such quietude—over the past—and with its companion the Church of St. Stephen overlook that which was once the sea.

The Master and his disciples gazed down towards the sea, now four miles away from the Castle, and the Master with uninterrupted gaze looked back into the night of time.

Far down, below the battlements of the Castle, was a magnificent sweep of country, the Romney Marshes, Dungeness to the right and Folkestone to the left. Far away rising from the horizon was a patch of white—France was smiling a peeping welcome to him who gazed.

The Master saw these things, but other scenes came before his eyes, things which were not observed by the disciples. The waters of the sea were surging in furrows over the land and the river Limen was pouring its waters into the sea.

The priests of St. Stephen were taking turns, swinging lanterns towards the sailing men who were returning from their voyage to the far lands, with pretty presents, and their minds full of strange stories to tell over the log fires when port was reached, and they were safe within their homes.

Then the scene changes, all is noise and bustle. The Saxon sea robbers have passed up the Channel and have sighted the Castle. The sentinel on the watch tower in stentorian voice calls to the men-at-arms. Suddenly a beacon flares upwards from the tower, and the people beyond prepare to intercept this invader who dares to desecrate the precincts of a peaceful village.

Still another scene, and the sea is slowly receding to the ocean, leaving marshes dangerous to the wayfarer. Wild ducks wing their flight, and delight in the struggles of the wayfarer to wend his way cautiously o'er dry places.

The priests of the Church ring their bells at intervals, and the wayfarer is cheered by the sound. A light comes into the eyes of the Master, for he sees himself moving towards his friend Gheist, who awaits him in the church. From the busy affairs of state, from his task of almost tireless writing, he passes into the church and there, in close converse with his friend they speak of days long passed when no monarch of regal bearing arranged the affairs of ecclesiasticism but monks were monks, and a tradition was handed down, a tradition which spoke of tremendous mysteries.

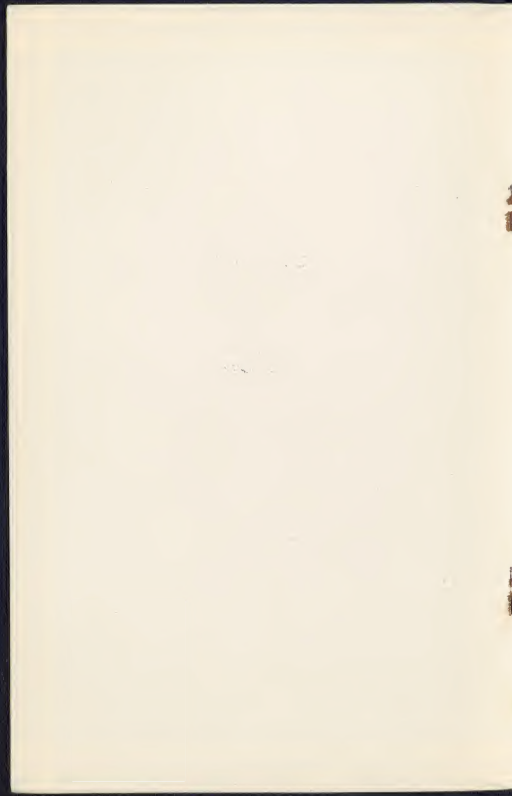
The disciples stood still, they knew that the Master was gazing into the Cosmic picture gallery, and that their patience would be rewarded ere long. With him, they entered the Castle and learnt many things. They escorted him to a garden where refreshments were administered to the body.

Thus it was, that the Master visited a place of the past, and thus it is that he records the visit as an appreciation to those disciples who made the visit possible.

We leave Lympne, knowing that the shade of the Roman guard will keep its secrets intact and preserve its peace after the noise and bustle of the long dim past.

# Seabrook





### No. 3.—SEABROOK.

Shadows, strange illusive things which come between the light and the objects o'er which they pass.

Can one call a shadow darkness, without Light there would be no shadow, therefore shadows are dependent upon light.

There are many shadows, some distorted, some sinister, some awe-inspiring—and there are shadows of the Master.

Three people looked from the shingled beach of Seabrook towards Lympne, their eyes rested upon two hills some little distance from each other.

High above the two hills passed a shadow. The sun had passed behind the clouds and on swept the shadow o'er the hills. For a moment the hills were dark and gloomy then refulgent light once again lit up the verdure tops. The shadow had passed on.

He who is the shadow of the Master thought much as he gazed upwards, so did his two disciples—one a young man, the other a mother.

That shadow o'er the hills was an omen, Seabrook and Lympne had for a moment been in attuned vibration with those who stand behind.

From the far away came a voice, a voice which spoke scarcely above a whisper, but loud enough to say—"The Unknown Master is near, watch for him, for like the shadows of the night he approaches, steals on to you when you least expect him. Be watchful."

The two disciples had known shadows, but they were of suffering, trials, fears, doubts. The mother had the faith of a child and was patient. The young man, too, had faith and was trusting.

One knew that soon revelation must come, the other had soon to learn, for coming events cast their shadows before.

Let doubters and those who bear false witness beware for their secret moves are known and recorded in a strange book whose pages cannot be torn, whose records cannot be effaced, whose words speak ever the Truth, in which are inscribed the deeds of men and women greater in number than the shingle on the shore of Seabrook.

In this little place, peaceful and quiet, two of the handful of disciples who seek for the unknown Master begin to see with slowly opening eyes.

Quietly, very sensibly, are great problems being solved, slowly and surely are great mysteries being unfolded and in sacred truth comes the Unknown Master, the mystery of six centuries, into the lives of men.

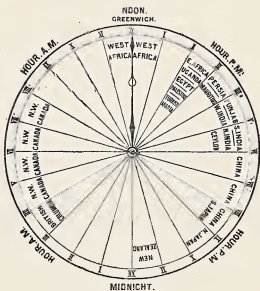
He seeks not to be known to the many, yet he has been known by those who could sigh for knowledge, he may even be known in this record though he is as yet but a shadow.

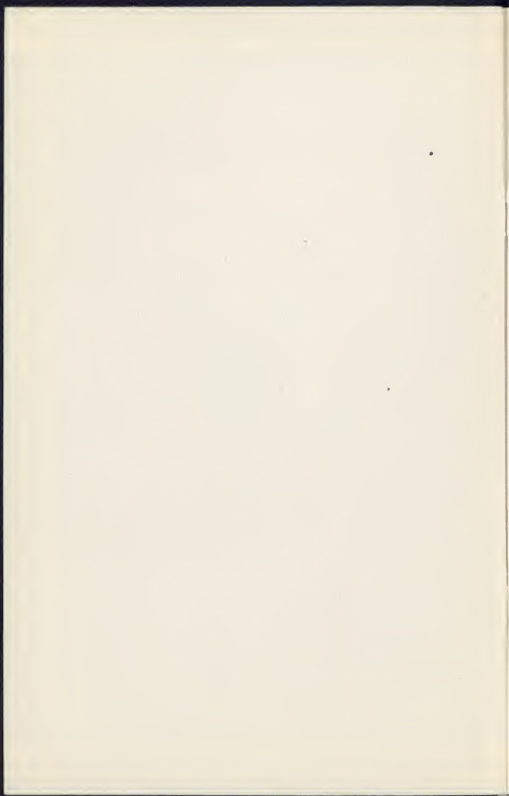
All ye who read this, search your own innermost thoughts and ask yourself if you have found the light. Ask those thoughts if you are true to yourself as well as others, ask if you have condemned others when you yourself might be condemned.

My shadow is stealing over you as it did o'er the hill tops beyond Seabrook, when I come yet ye shall not know me, but Light shall know and if thou art cautious it shall abide with thee.



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## All Hours at All Places.

He who seeks for the Master only during the day shall not find Him. He who seeks for the Master only during the night shall not find Him.

Always, at all times, in all places may He be found. He is not confined to any particular country or place. He is in all countries and places. He does not belong to any particular race. He is of all races. He does not favour one and not another. He favours all.

He does not make Initiates by recommendation. His disciples must realise Initiation ere they can know Him as Master.

By ordeal and test only does He make Initiates, for Initiation means the crossing of the Threshold, the meeting and controlling of the Dweller on the twilight pathway of illusion, and then sight of the Master in fully awakened Spiritual Consciousness.

Initiates are known only to Initiates, Masters to Masters and Initiates.

Gaze at the Kosmic Clock, then realize that there are twelve hours of Initiation both of day and night, and every twelfth hour culminates into a thirteenth.

During the thirteenth hour one meets the Master. Until that is known, His shadow only crosses the pathway.

Take care, if ye would realise the thirteenth hour, that ye bear none ill will, that ye speak and hear no evil, that ye judge not, for ye shall know during that hour if thou hast evil done. If thou hast spoken ill of another, during that hour ye shall be judged.

To Him who sits in the Inner Sanctuary of Masters, there is neither day nor night, twilight nor shadow, but thou who hast not yet seen the Light knowest only the shadow.

From the Inner Sanctuary do the Masters pass amongst men, unrecognised by the many, for they are not prepared to see Them.

The Kosmic Clock is the Round Table. Would ye be a Knight and sit in thy place during the day or night? If so, be prepared to meet the Master irrespective of His garb or name or of the country in which He resides.

Ye would know the shadow of the Master at first by speech, by words of wisdom, by works of art, philosophy, science, drama and the Muses, but ye must seek closely, for oft times a mask is used to test the unwary that their desires to approach the highest might be intensified or weakened accordingly as they seek.

The true disciples of the Master are known by the progress they make, by the knowledge conveyed to them in mystic manner, by their ready answers to questions propounded to them regarding the problems of life.

But if ye ask them who the Master is, they are as silent as night. Ye yourself must go out to meet Him and recognise Him. Very often He is the most unlikely person, if He inhabits a mortal body, be careful.

As the Master frequents familiar places, in those places He may not be known as Master. Seek Him then in places unfamiliar, and ye may be rewarded for the effort.

Time is but an illusion, yet as the finite mind cannot grasp the idea of space duration, time is conceived in the mind by the interval of events, the movement of the mechanism of a clock. In this sense think of the Sanctuary as representing Greenwich time—it is always the twelfth Hour there, and all Masters know the twelfth Hour which encompasses all hours, all time.

It is always High Twelve to the Master, no matter where He may be, for He is in close contact with the Inner Sanctuary, and He ever conceals the thirteenth, whether in the sense of the Round Table, the Zodiac, the Apostles or the watch that ye have on your wrist or in your pocket.

Know then, ye who read, ye who are willing to learn from simple words, who do not consign this message to the flames, who are sincere in desiring to attain to the Highest, who do not slander your fellows—that the shadow of the Unknown Master has moved across the pathway, and He soon may play an active part in thy Spiritual welfare.

Be watchful, be wise, Most Wise, and ye may soon see the Light.



## The Unknown Master.





## The Unknown Master.

In treble numbers secrets I declared,  
To those who dare not run before they walked;  
But those who walked some secrets strange have shared,  
Whilst those who ran were by an Old Fox stalked.

The past, present and future are one and Destiny is made yesterday, to-day and to-morrow for the sake of to-day.

To the Infinite Eye Time is but an illusion and to that eye the past and future are to-day.

Life speeds on in cycles and the finite mind appreciates but a little of this through events.

Some there are who know to-morrow and yesterday through to-day and there is not always pleasure in the knowing.

Love, Hatred, Hope, Inspiration, Pleasure, Pain, Persecution and Peace all wait upon life and they follow in its wake but there comes a period when life has sped on so quickly that these expressions of manifested life become lost in the abstract.

Love is the only thing that persists, it expands from the smallest microbe to the greatest star, from man to God.

Man will not always love, for he is prone to hate, prone to misunderstand, prone to persecute his fellowmen, till he knows better.

As life speeds on and man lives his life he makes events and these events repeat in cycles. There come periods of love, periods of hate, periods of persecution, and periods of peace.

There are some who at this period of life are experiencing love and peace, others who are experiencing pain and persecution.

Shylock is a great symbol, there are always people who want their pound of flesh but when it comes to the cutting, under penalty, they are afraid to cut lest they cut under or above their pound of flesh.

Why do some want their pound of flesh to-day? Because they have wanted it in the past and when they cannot obtain it, without penalty, they seek to persecute and disparage that which appears to be the pound of flesh. **THOSE WHO WILL NOT CUT BECAUSE OF THE PENALTY ARE COWARDS.**

Supposing a man slandered another man by speech amongst his friends and when asked to put into writing refused, such is a coward, he is base and is not worthy of the company of honoured men. He wants his pound of flesh but will not take the penalty. There are such people to-day even against whom there is evidence of such.

Three hundred years ago a Master of Science and Philosophy and perhaps a Master of Life also, was slandered and persecuted, but in spite of that his work went on, he knew the Shylocks.

Perhaps it is that the Unknown Master knows the Shylocks of to-day, he may even have much evidence against them and in spite of the persecution may be biding his time.

There is soon to be Revelation in various Occult Societies and there may be other revelations also, some which may not bear the light of day, who knows save those who transgress.

The Unknown Master has many servers in all grades of life from the highest to the lowest, his arm is long and his memory is long.

Many think they know the Unknown Master, but they are mistaken. They have read his works but they know him not. Publishers will not tell who he is, writers who work under his guidance will not tell who he is, the poets who sing his verses will not tell, because they do not know. They, like many others, may fancy they do but fancy is not reality. The Unknown Master is here now for a definite purpose and his purpose shall be accomplished.

Misinterpretation, persecution, will not interfere with the purpose, it shall most certainly be accomplished.

There is one thing which is very sure, the Unknown Master comes not for, or to do, evil, if evil manifests it manifests from the hearts of those who think evil and speak evil.

In the doing of good for the benefit of your fellow men, you may come to know the Unknown Master, but there is no certainty that you shall. In your real good self you may find him.

There are some who try to link him up with all kinds of people and with all kinds of movements, they are mistaken. You may search through a hundred of his works and not find him, yet with patience find him in one of them.

He who is well trained in the Mystic Sciences might find him through the Ciphers in this paper.

You may find him in most unlikely places, rarely in the most familiar. To find him you must forget your prejudices, you must clear your hearts of hatred and have ceased to bear false witness against your neighbours.

"The Glory of God is to conceale a thing,

The glory of man to fynd owt a thing."

"You take more than is graunted,

You graunt lesse than is prooued."

MAGUS INCOGNITO.





