
*My Experiences
Preceding
5,000 Burials*

BY

HAMID BEY

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transcribed and edited them.

HAMID BEY is responsible for the spirit carried throughout this entire work, while HARRIET LUELLA McCOLLUM is responsible for the garment it wears and its manner of presentation. THESE TWO, typical representatives of their races and generation, have worked hand in hand, that the Western World may know that the the Eastern World has a unique contribution to make to humanity as a whole, before the next great step in unfoldment is possible.

The Publisher.

This book has been made possible through the efficient aid of
HARRIET LUELLA MCCOLLUM

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>The Story of My Life</i>	
Personal Questions	11
Questions Concerning the Temple	13
My Philosophy	13
I Respect All These Questions	14
Why I Came to America	15
My Childhood Background	16
The First Great Event of My Life	18
My Childhood Religious Impressions	20
Western Christian Emphasis	23
My Childhood Curiosities	25
The Man of Destiny	32
<i>My Trip to the Temple</i>	
My First School Impressions	40
My First School Awakening	45
Training in Self-control	55
A New Venture — The Dome of Concentration	55
Why We Are What We Are	59
My Experiences As a Clay Modeler	61
Another Lesson in Emotional Poise	65
The Story of the Wise Man	66
The Value of True Motives	71
As the Temple Training Progresses	73
Meditation and Imagination	74
More About Meditation	77

Personal Ageless Memories and Their Consequences in Our Lives

Another Transition and Life Crisis	83
Requirements for Inducing the Trance	85
The Trip to the Great Master's Temple	89
Our Final Test	92

The Final Goal of Our Ideals

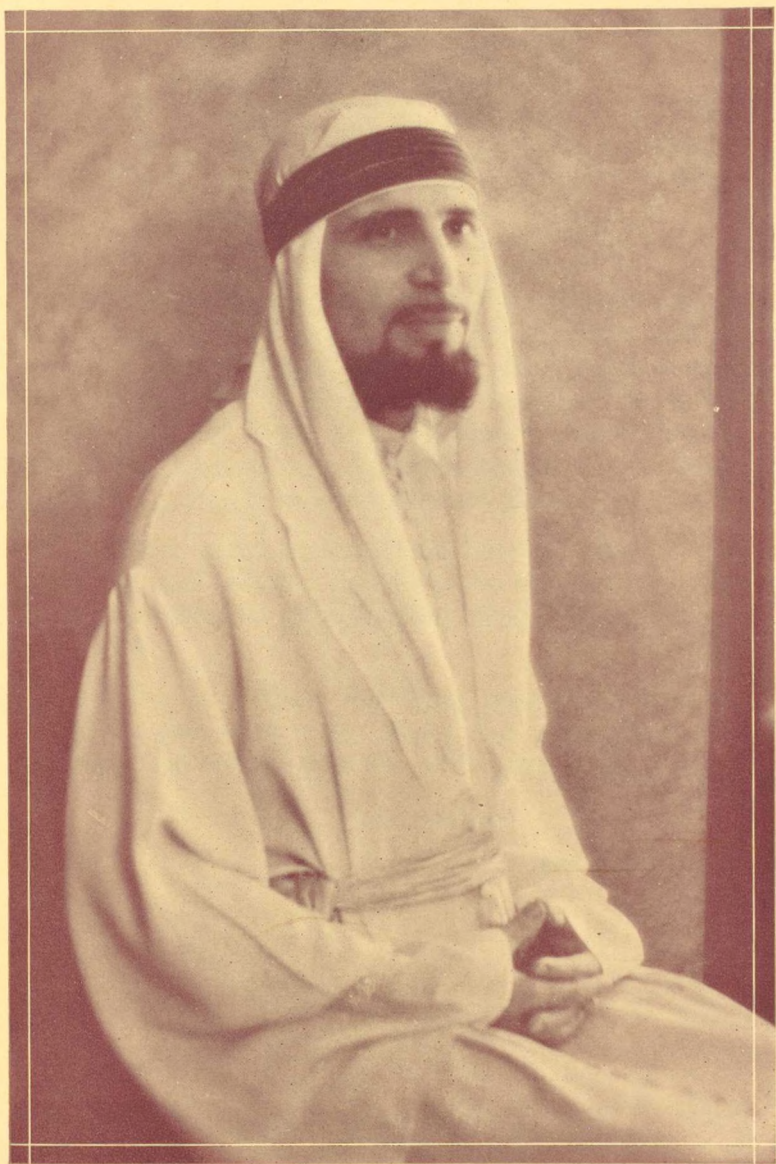
Temple of Mystery	95
A Study in Energy	100
Our Final Training	106
And Now My Final Privilege in the Temple	108

My Next Great Life Transition

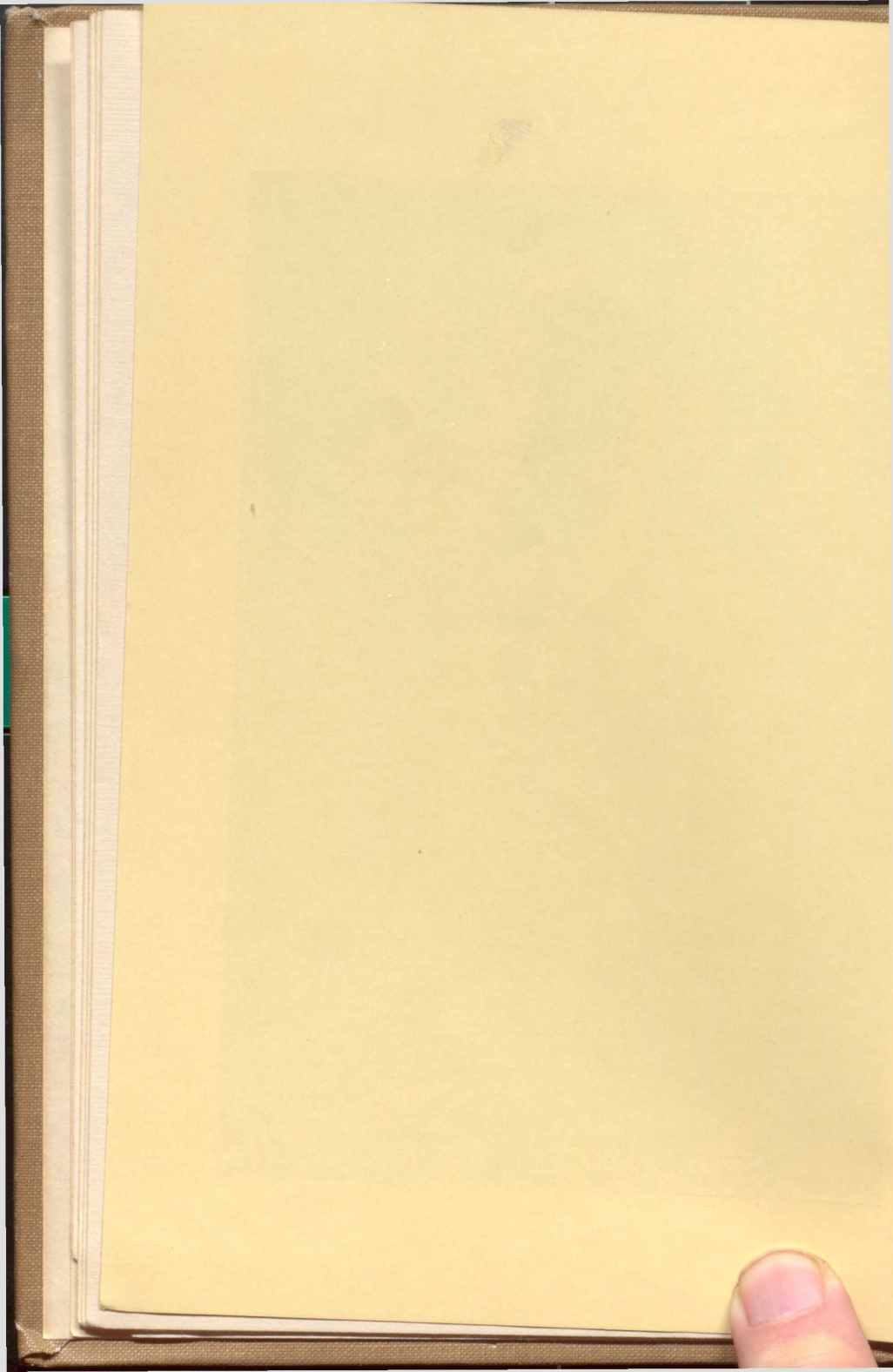
Back Home	111
My First Public Performance	112
In America	114
My Philosophy Condensed As Religion — Human Nature — Science	115
Man's Real Place and Purpose in Nature	117
Man's Eternal Quest	120
Essentials on the Upward Path	122
Religion and Social Evolution	125

Newspaper Reports Concerning My Work

Hamid Bey, Wonder Man, Who Accomplishes What Seems Impossible	131
Another Demonstration	132
Body Catalepsy	133
Imitations Possible?	134
Different When Genuine	135
Another Interview Adept Buried Six Days	136



Hamid Bey as a Teacher



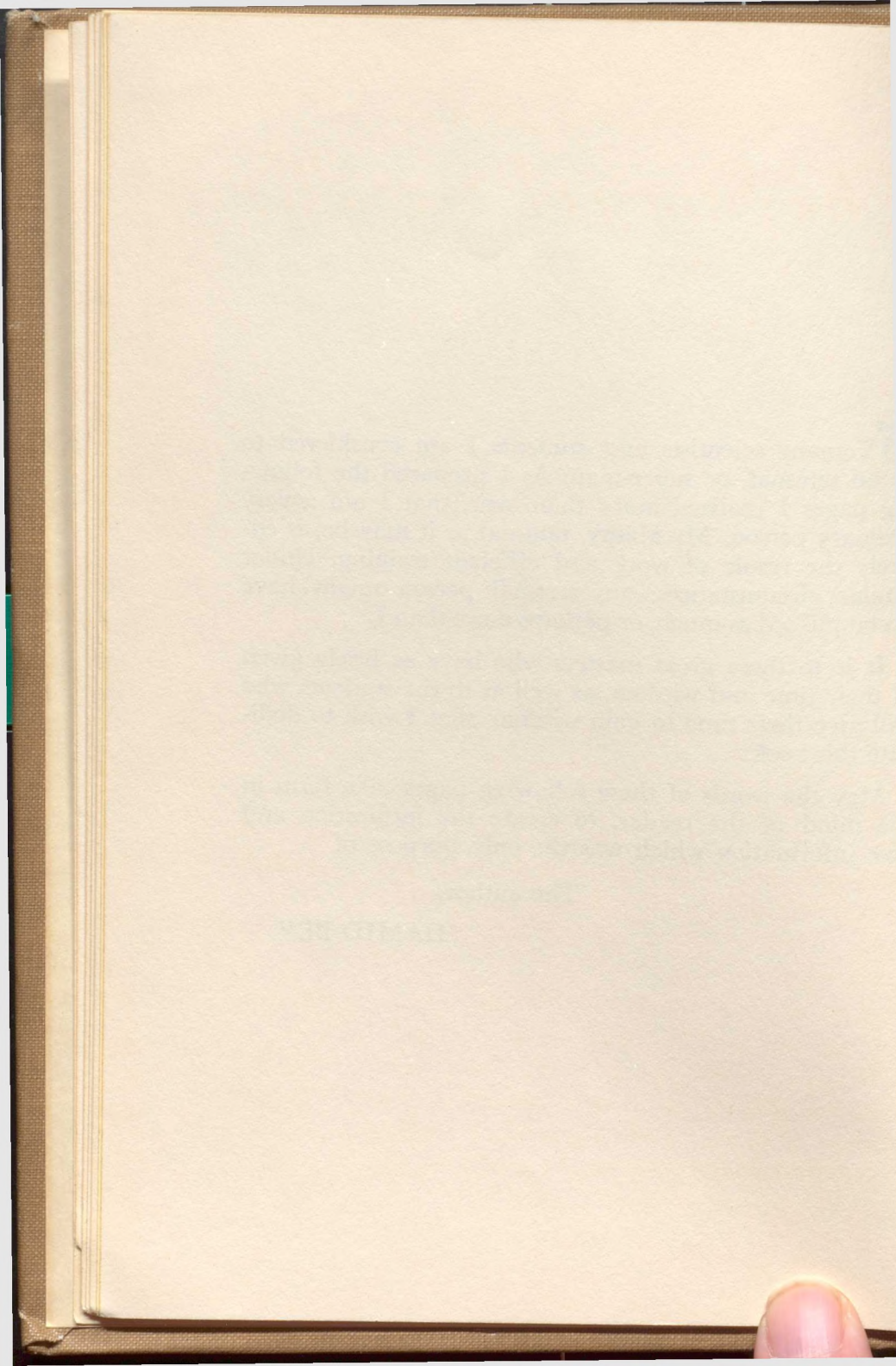
*B*Y many scientists and students I am considered to be an unusual, or super-man. As I prepared the following pages I realized more than ever, that I am a very ordinary person. My ability, unusual as it may be, is entirely the result of work and efficient training. Under similar circumstances, any normal person might have accomplished as much, or perhaps more than I.

It is to those great masters who have so freely given of their time and wisdom, as well as to the students who will give their time to gain wisdom, that I wish to dedicate this book.

May the words of these following pages take form in the mind of the reader, to create the inspiration and give information which was the only purpose of

The author,

HAMID BEY.



The Story of My Life

What I Learned In The Egyptian Temple

By HAMID BEY

SINCE my arrival in this country in the year 1927, and when demonstrating my ability to control my body, I have been asked a multitude of questions. These questions naturally divide themselves into groups or types, of which apparently the first and most interesting are personal and include the following:

PERSONAL QUESTIONS

What do you think of Americans?

What do you eat? Do you drink liquors? Do you eat meat? What do you think about scientific feeding? Do you think that the spirit makes the body and determines its nature, regardless of physical habits?

How many hours a day do you sleep? Do you ever get tired?

Are you ever impatient or disappointed, or can you control your mind as deftly as you do your body?

If you can control the "within" so perfectly, how far does this ability extend into your environment? Is our modern American psychologist correct who tells us that "environment is a reflection of the within"?

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

Everyone is interested to know what is going on in my mind when I am sealed in an airtight casket or buried under six feet of earth for many hours. The first impression concerning my burial is that it must be trickery. People generally do not believe it humanly possible to do without air for even one hour. But every earnest inquirer who is willing to prove to himself that I really do go without air for hours is compelled to acknowledge the validity of the feat. These people begin at once to inquire: "Am I conscious during the burial? Do I leave my body? Can I listen in on lectures which are being given over the casket, or is the experience similar to ordinary sleep and awakening?" And everyone wants to know, "*How it is done!*"

When I pierce my flesh with long pins, people ask, "Does it hurt, and have you trained yourself to endure suffering, or can you withdraw all sensation, and if so, *how do you do it?*"

Physicians who know of my demonstrations wonder whether being buried alive and without air for breathing will ruin the blood corpuscles and ruin my health. My pulse is reduced to four beats per minute. When physicians investigate and prove this fact for themselves, they wonder how it is done and how the body functions can carry on with so little circulation.

I demonstrate my ability to stiffen my body, be suspended by two small bars, one of which is placed under my shoulders and the other under my ankles. My body is suspended in air without other support except the induced body stiffness. I then have a three-hundred-pound rock placed on my chest and let a brawny armed man

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

take a heavy sledge hammer and heave blow after blow upon it until the rock breaks to pieces. My body is unharmed. Again a multitude of questions which, summed up, resolve into this query: "How can the flesh and vital organs of any living being endure it?"

QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE TEMPLE

The next class of questions is still personal. They relate to the Temple where I was trained. What happened in the Temple? In what way was life there different from anything which Americans know about? What kind of men were the teachers or masters?

What method was used to train me? Were all the boys trained to do the same kind of thing as I? Were there any girls in the Temple? If girls go into the Temple, do they ever become as proficient in mental ability as the boys? And, if girls are trained in such a Temple, to what occupations can they devote themselves throughout life?

MY PHILOSOPHY

The next type of question concerns my belief or philosophy. I have been asked what I think about every conceivable mystery concerning life, nature, and the universe. Where do we come from, and where do we go when we leave the physical body? It seems to me American people are confused about Truth. What is Truth, and what is falsehood? What is right and what is wrong, and why? What is death? What is the nature

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

of life after death? Do we all go to the same place, or is there a division of humanity into good and bad? Do people associate in the next life because of similar temperaments, likes, and dislikes, much as they do here?

Some seem to assume that I am trained by and belong to a group of fanatics whose practices have no practical bearing on life and its opportunities and problems and, therefore, should command no interest from Western civilization. This mistake I wish to correct in these pages.

Most people in America seem to think it is of the greatest importance whether I believe in Christ as a Personality, and how I compare Him with other great leaders, such as Buddha, Zoroaster, and Lao Tse. Some feel the importance of reincarnation and karma and want to know what I think about these questions.

My Temple Master died at the age of 187. When people know this, they ask how long I expect to live; how to keep the body young regardless of years, and whether the people of the Western world can do this with sufficient training, or if such training must begin very early in life.

I RESPECT ALL THESE QUESTIONS

In the following pages I shall endeavor to answer these questions to the satisfaction of all inquirers. I wish it were possible for me to meet more people personally. Since this cannot be, however, I hope you who read these pages will assume that I am paying you a personal visit and considering it a privilege to chat with you for an hour. I shall bring to you my experiences and, through

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

them, possibly a new viewpoint on human life and human possibilities.

WHY I CAME TO AMERICA

The United States is not so much a mystery to Egyptians as the Egyptians are to the people of the United States. Especially is this true of the Masters of the Temples. The people of Egypt admire the United States very much and are keenly interested in the major events of this country.

In the year 1927, when Houdini, the magician, was attracting so much attention, he announced he could duplicate by mechanical means any so-called occult phenomenon ever produced. The Egyptian Temple Masters knew of this claim. These Masters are always watchful for an opportunity to spread the message of Truth. They do not care for acknowledged followers. They do not seek new members for their Order. In fact, the requirements for membership are so strict that admission is practically impossible to secure.

Their wish is to help when an individual, group, or race is ready to receive of their wisdom. Knowing that many thousands in America are sufficiently developed and would appreciate added understanding, they decided to send someone who could prove that Houdini was wrong.

So, I was sent to this country to demonstrate my powers in response to this challenge. I had been here only three weeks when Houdini passed out of his physical body and entered an invisible sphere of life.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

I was granted such leave of absence as I deemed necessary to carry on my demonstration work. Since that time I have carried on the work practically alone. Of course, I was hampered by being in a more or less strange land, unacquainted with the language and viewpoints of the American people. My Temple training enabled me to learn rapidly. Within a few months I felt capable of giving instruction, by demonstrations and explanations, concerning the laws and processes involved in my personal development.

MY CHILDHOOD BACKGROUND

Many people wish to know whether I have an unusual background which would insure unusual ability. Therefore, I feel compelled to relate what little I can recall of my immediate antecedents for the encouragement of those who aspire to superior attainments, regardless of the meager opportunities of the past.

My mother related to me, when I was a small child, that her father had, many years before, become hopelessly ill so far as the ability of Egyptian physicians to help him was concerned. Egyptians have many herbs which they use in their healing art, and every available remedy was applied to help my grandfather, but all to no avail.

After two years of illness, this sick man was taken to one of the Temple Masters and treated for two weeks, when he was pronounced cured. As the years passed, it was proven he was completely and permanently healed.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Of course, this made a deep impression on the members of the family. And so, my mother grew to womanhood, knowing in a vague way that the Masters of the Temples knew things which physicians did not know and of which the people in general were ignorant.

My grandmother was so much impressed with this healing, and became so interested in this knowledge and power, that she took up its study in one of the external schools. This was the only available opportunity for her to learn, as no one could enter the Temple of Wisdom after sixteen years of age. How much my grandmother learned, I have never known.

My earliest childhood memories begin at about two years of age. Egyptians have a custom of spending the evenings in groups of from six to twelve families. They assemble in one of the homes and engage in quiet conversation. My people did not have many diversions then, nor do they have today the many things to entertain them as you Americans have with your movies, radios, automobiles, and airplanes. Their lives are comparatively quiet and, for many, the exchange of thought with a neighbor is about the most exciting thing that happens in a twelvemonth.

I remember many of these neighborhood gatherings very vividly. The women would sit in one corner of a large room knitting and talking of the events of the time, while the men would gather in a far corner and smoke, chat, exchange ideas, and offer opinions. The children would play about and, as the evening wore on, one by one would fall asleep.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

My impression was that I did not belong to any group. I was not interested in the small talk of the women folk nor in the idle, day-dreaming conversation of the men. The children's play bored me. Many times I would fall asleep while waiting for the evening to pass.

There was one subject, however, which always instantly commanded my undivided attention. This was concerning the Temples. At times the men would refer to them, speak of the Masters, and discuss their religion. If I happened to be fast asleep, I would instantly awaken when the first word on this subject was spoken.

I would be on my feet and in the midst of the group at once and begin to ply with questions those who seemed most likely to answer me. I wanted to know about those Temples and the great wise men who were in them. Who would tell me? But one after another would refuse me serious consideration or completely ignore my presence. There were probably two good reasons for this. One was that the men themselves did not know enough about the subject to answer me. The other was that my extreme youth caused them to be sure I was incapable of understanding. And so, these evenings passed into memory without any satisfactory information.

THE FIRST GREAT EVENT OF MY LIFE

One day when I was five years old, I was playing on the street with some other children when a man passed by. As his shoes passed close to my face and I saw his step, something happened in my mind which I am unable to explain. It seemed a great and wonderful event

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

was just about to happen; that something momentous and of lasting value was imminent. I looked up into his face, and the impression increased, mounting to where it seemed great ages of time were rolling up into one minute, and great spaces converged into a few cubic feet.

Outwardly the man appeared to be of mature years. He was smiling down at me, and in childish adoration I saluted him as "Father." He paused and talked with me—how long, I do not know. But when he started to leave, I felt that all I might ever hope to have was going away. I pulled at his garments and asked him whether he lived in my neighborhood. He replied he had only recently moved there. I asked whether he would come past my house again. I said I wanted to see him but that he would have to come my way as my parents would not permit me to leave the vicinity of my home.

My joy knew no bounds when he promised to come again, although if anyone had asked me why I was so much elated at meeting a total stranger I would have been wholly incapable of the slightest explanation. I waited anxiously for two weeks before I espied him coming up the path. I rushed toward him and, after a few preliminary greetings, he asked me why I wanted to see him.

I told him I wanted to ask him how to make mud birds. I had seen them made with great success, but I had tried and always they would fall to pieces. Could he tell me how to make them so they would stick? He talked with me a little while and said he would tell me about the birds later, but that there were more important things

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

I could learn which would enable me to make the birds to my satisfaction, and many things besides.

I induced the man to come into my home, and so he and my mother became acquainted. They talked together for a while and then the man left. In a few days he called again at my home, at which time he met my father. Soon a friendship developed among the three and continued to grow as they talked of subjects of mutual interest. One day the man said he thought it would be wise for my parents to send me to a far away Temple School where I could be trained and taught in a way impossible anywhere else.

The day the man made this suggestion, my father changed his attitude toward him, since it was his fondest hope that I would grow up and help him in his business. A break in the friendship was very evident, even to my childish mind. But my mother was favorable to the idea and, when it came to the final decision, my mother was adamant and my father gave way to her wishes.

I can now trace all my mother's interest and enthusiasm concerning the Temple training to that healing, years before, when my grandfather was considered hopelessly ill. So deep was the impression upon the members of my mother's family that their entire viewpoint concerning religion and knowledge was stamped and fixed by this event.

Because of this, it was my mother's custom to attend the Temple where her mother had learned, and I always accompanied her.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

MY CHILDHOOD RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS

I find Americans who consider that the Christian religion is particularly for the Western world and that Orientals are supposed to be pagans or non-Christians in need of missionaries from the West. This is a great mistake, at least in Egypt. *All great teachers of the Temples in Egypt know as much of the Christ as any Christian minister in this country. More than that, they know the inner secrets of His power.*

The history of the Christian religion in Egypt was given me by my Master about as follows: Shortly after the time of the crucifixion, some followers of Christ in Egypt began to build temples and worship the Christian Deity. This greatly angered those who worshipped other gods and who were determined to keep the control of the country in their own hands. As a consequence, Christian temples were many times destroyed.

Egyptian history reveals the fact also that at about that time the country was again and again overrun by vandals from other regions. These vandals burned cities and destroyed property, including most of the Temples. Because of these conditions, the Masters who were teaching Christianity decided to build their Temples where they could not be found. Accordingly, they went away back into the mountains to build, and today those same Temples are so secure from intrusion it is practically impossible for anyone who does not know their location to find them.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

To these Temples the Masters of the Christian religion retired, and they remain practically in hiding to this day. It is in these unknown Christian centers that all the real teachings of the Christ are preserved and given to those students who comply with the requirements and secure entrance therein.

The places of worship which were left in the cities ceased to teach the real wisdom and became outside schools where some things could be learned, but it is only in these unknown schools that the wisdom which develops personal power is to be had.

It was to one of these outside Temples my mother took me each Sabbath morning for worship. My memory of the service is of course meager, as I was under six years of age. I did not understand anything which was given in the sermon. I recall that the place was one-half underground, as it is very hot in Cairo in the summer time and sunken buildings afford some relief from the intense heat.

The place was very old; how old I do not know, but this particular place dates back to the time of Christ and is one of the very few buildings which escaped the repeated destruction of the city. There is a stone in it Christ is supposed to have touched when he was a child, and this stone has been touched and kissed by countless thousands because of this tradition.

We went down winding ways to reach the assembly room. This room was divided into three parts; the center section was occupied by men, and on each side was a section, one for the children and the other for the women. Just why this strict rule of dividing the people was prac-

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

ticed is a question which I have been asked by people here in America. The purpose was to keep the mind on religious matters. If the men and women were side by side, it was thought the minds of the worshippers might be directed toward carnal subjects. As I now see it, they must have had little confidence in their mental integrity. The practice here in America is much in advance of the one employed in this Egyptian Temple.

The only thing I remember about the actual teaching was that everybody had one Father, who was God. We were expected to treat each other as brothers, because all belonged to one great family. *There was never any fear element injected into my religious training.* I have been astonished since I came to America, and since I have read your church history, to find that Western Christians divide themselves into sects and split into factions because of a difference of opinion about the teachings of Christ.

WESTERN CHRISTIAN EMPHASIS

I was astonished to find that Christianity in this country includes the teaching of a personal devil and a place of eternal punishment for the wicked ones. I was more astonished to find the accepted requirements for salvation. I find that many American Christians today think verbal acceptance of Him insures salvation. I find Christians making professions of belief who think nothing of cheating their fellowmen. This seems strange to me, since everything I was taught concerning Christ always had the leading elements of love, service, and unselfish-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

ness. I do not to this day understand American Christianity. But I have discovered that much of the dissension and weakness which results is due to the interpolations and mistranslations of the deeds and teachings of Christ. These misinterpretations very likely were injected during the Dark Ages for the purpose of keeping people in the bondage of fear.

Our services were always closed with the chant. The musical instruments were three drums. The drummers were located in the rear of the assembly and were never visible. They would begin the rhythmic beating of their drums, very quietly at first. The worshippers in the rear would join in and, gradually, the voices came forward until everyone was singing the chant, including the children.

Attempting to recall what I learned or what they taught in these Christian services, I can report but little. They were pleasant times. I enjoyed the association with other children. We were sure of being kindly treated, because this was a major emphasis. The one thing which stands out as unique, and something which I never experienced anywhere else until I had been in the Temple for several years, was the fact that when I would emerge into the sunlight, and all the way home, everything seemed so much clearer and lovelier than at any other time. The sky seemed bluer, and all nature took on an enhanced loveliness. This would last about half an hour, and its effect upon my mind is indescribable. I would feel much elated, light hearted, and light footed as I walked home. Everything in nature seemed to rejoice with me. I have since learned the reason for the chant; this method of

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

worship induced a subconscious awakening, which enriched and sharpened my senses, to my great delight.

MY CHILDHOOD CURIOSITIES

Among those experiences which now seem to have helped shape my mind, thought, and consequent destiny was a wedding which occurred in our family about six months after meeting the man. Egyptians make much of a wedding. The preparations are elaborate, continuing over months of time. They are extravagant when you consider the financial means behind them. Every effort, regardless of possible cost, is put forth to make a wedding the great event of a life.

At five and a half years of age, I heard of the great plans, of the grand parade which was to take place as the couple approached the Temple where the ceremony was to take place. Each would be dressed in his best finery, and I could vision the procession as a most gorgeous affair. It never occurred to me that I was not to be included in the festivities, and I wanted to do my part to make it a great occasion. So having spent much time in thought, I developed a plan to dress my dog in grand, showy finery and enter him in the parade.

Accordingly I secured, as best I could, the necessary materials, and worked with earnestness and diligence until the work of art was completed. I was delighted with my product, but somehow I seemed to be unable to make my plans known to the members of the household. I think I had a sneaking suspicion that my contribution would not be enthusiastically accepted.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

I had one never failing friend, my maternal grandfather — the man who had been healed years before through the ministrations of a Temple Priest. To him I went with my problem. He soon confirmed my natural suspicions that I would not be permitted to enter the parade and that neither I nor the dog could attend the wedding.

I was shocked and grieved, and no explanation my grandfather could offer seemed adequate to explain why I had to be absent when so many fine things were to happen. I protested violently at this seemingly unnecessary privation, so finally my grandfather told me a good reason. He said that about six miles away where some people lived whom I knew well, a great man was coming who could do wonderful things, such as making things appear mysteriously and then disappear again.

He told me that he and I were to go to this great performance and elaborated long and enthusiastically about how much more desirable this would be than any wedding which ever occurred. I was soon appeased and resigned to my loss since I was to be so fortunate in another kind of entertainment. After due preparations in all of which my excitement knew no bounds, just the day before the wedding, grandfather and I set out on this journey which promised so much.

On the way my mind would revert to the wedding and its grandeur, and I would change my mind and ask to return. My grandfather had only to enlarge some more about the lovely things which would transpire before my very eyes and I would again decide a wedding, by comparison, was a very tame event indeed.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

We arrived at the appointed place, and I impatiently waited for this great Master to appear—but nothing happened. Night came. As darkness descended, the members of the family spoke of retiring. I kicked up a row, declaring I had come here, missed a wedding to see something wonderful happen and that it should certainly be more than the ordinary procedure of retiring and sleeping as we did at home.

Finally my grandfather succeeded in arousing my hopes for the morrow, and I fell asleep. When I awakened the next morning I was noisily insistent that I see something startling. Again, I was doomed to disappointment for no one came and nothing happened.

In spite of this, I had an unfailing faith in my grandfather and felt there must be some good reason. We started back home in due time and had a very humdrum trip. I tried to content my mind on our return, anticipating there would be something left of the festivities of the previous day.

True to my expectations, great things were happening, chief of which, to my child's mind, were the wonderful and unusual things to eat. I was permitted to do my share in disposing of the banquet. This delight appeased me in my disappointment of being deprived both of the wedding and the great events which I had been promised by my grandfather.

I have thought of this event hundreds of times since and viewed it again and again with ever maturing vision. I have wondered whether my grandfather was wise in telling me what you Americans call "white lies." I really did not lose confidence in him when I found he had

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

not told me the truth. I somehow felt he meant to do right, probably because I so wanted to keep faith in my most cherished friend. However, there was never a time when it did not seem there was something terribly wrong in my treatment, and I wonder whether it was the best possible course of procedure.

Maturer knowledge revealed that the Egyptian people never allow a young child to attend a wedding. They deem it unwise to allow a child to watch a wedding ceremony. The children may be present at the feast and general celebration, but never at the actual ceremony.

I have ascertained there are several reasons for this. The first is that such a celebration is so unusual it is looked upon as an event of a lifetime, never to be forgotten. It, therefore, looms up with undue importance to all Egyptian people. They think that a child, being so deeply impressed with its grandeur, might want to be married just to make so great an occasion without realizing the seriousness of the step. Such a memory, therefore, might wreck a life. Hence this possibility is avoided by Egyptian parents.

A second reason, which was later explained to me in the Temple, is that a child is apt to question the reason for marriage and what it actually means—that, from the physical point of view, its purpose is procreation and that children come to married people. This could bring forth a multitude of questions which, if explained, might arouse the sex urge before the body and mind are ready to meet the temptation and responsibility.

My parents tell me I was an inordinately curious child and pestered the adults of my family with questions

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

concerning all kinds of phenomena. One thing which I observed and wanted to know about was why there was a difference in the body contour of men and women. Why did they dress differently? I asked and insisted and always noticed that my mother would try to change the subject instead of actually giving me satisfactory information.

Failing with my mother and all others, I would return to my most patient of friends and my one confessor and proceed to ask him. One day I asked point blank, "Grandfather, where do babies come from? Why do only married women have them?" I appreciate to this day his attempt to give me an answer. From his point of view, it was a problem which could not be met. He must do something about it, so he told me as follows:

"When two people, a husband and wife, decide they want a baby to come into their home, they must concentrate and pray for weeks and months. If they pray earnestly and for a long time, a baby comes."

This explanation looked plausible to me and I accepted it as a fact, just as I accepted the report there were people in the Temples who knew wonderful things and could perform great works. But *how* and *why* continued an impenetrable mystery. However, I was sufficiently satisfied and never again asked about the mystery of the appearance of a new life. At last, my grandfather told me that some day a teacher would tell me more than he knew himself and, if I would but patiently abide such a time, the whole mystery would be revealed to me. Subsequent history proved the truth of my grandfather's promise. In the Temple years afterward the story was told me by my wise Master, so that today I

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

enjoy an understanding which reaches as far into the depths of creative law as a human being on this earth plane is ever permitted to enter.

I am including this experience and tendency to investigate when a mere child to bring out several points. First, I had an inordinate curiosity. But is that not true of every normal child? Perhaps the only difference was that my greatest curiosity was concerning the wisdom of the Masters and the desire to know how they did things.

Parents in America must realize that their children also pass through a state of curiosity when they ask so many questions which seem unanswerable. Many parents attempt to put off the childish questioner, change the subject, thinking that when a child's attention has been redirected the problem is solved. My experience, both personal and with others, is that once a real curiosity is aroused it never ceases until full discovery rewards it.

If I am right, how can parents meet questions, the answers to which seem inappropriate at a tender age? Is it permissible to tell the usual white lies? Was my grandfather justified in telling me that I was to see miracles just to keep me happy while he himself stayed away from the wedding when to attend would have been a most happy privilege? In short, is there any practical solution to this universal problem?

As I look back upon my own early awakening, I wonder whether I would have been more harmed by watching the wedding ceremony and having a complete story of the meaning of the event revealed to me, if I

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

demanded it, than I was by asking and being put off unsatisfied. I do know that when my mother changed the subject I resorted to boys in the neighborhood. I asked them all about the subject of babies, the physical difference between boys and girls, and my efforts were rewarded with all the information which they possessed no matter how true or distorted.

I also report that when that fountain of wisdom was exhausted I went to a little girl about my own age and proceeded to do a little investigating on my own account, and made the final discovery. I thought it all over for several days and decided that probably I was mistaken after all and that not *all* girls were like this one. So I found her again and questioned her as to whether all little girls were like her. She rewarded me with absolute silence. I now know she had not the remotest idea what I was talking about for she was just as wise as I had been before my great quest began.

Armed with some information, I then went to my grandfather again as the most likely person to understand and help me with the final solution. I introduced the subject by telling him I had made the great discovery that boys and girls are actually different. He looked surprised and asked, "How did you find out?" To which I boldly replied that I had investigated and actually seen with my own eyes.

If I live a thousand years, I can never forget the bellowing voice of my grandfather as he jumped to his feet and wild-eyed exclaimed, "WHAT?", and called me in Egyptian language something akin to English, "YOU YOUNG REPROBATE!" My courage went

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

down to rock bottom. I felt like a hopeless wretch who had unwittingly committed the great unpardonable offense, the effect of which would last throughout eternity and increase in its power until it would wreck the universe. Thus ended my childish quest. It was destined to be resumed on the highest scale of intelligence in the world today as I sat at the feet of my great Master. He explained the mystery of life as well as the mystery of age, death, youth, and immortality. All this will be discussed in further pages of this account.

THE MAN OF DESTINY

I found out, long after I entered the secret Temple, the man who had so impressed me had told my mother, long before he made the suggestion to my parents to send me to the great school, that real wisdom was not to be had in the church which she attended. He told her of this mysterious place. His description of the advantages of study and training there had so intrigued her that she was determined I should go, even in the face of an almost equally determined attitude of my father that I remain at home.

I found out years later that this man had recommended me to the Temple Masters. Without his kindly offices I should never have gained favorable consideration, even if I could have gained the right or opportunity to make application for entrance. No one is ever considered for Temple training unless some person who has already been trained there recommends him. This fact has always caused me to think of this man as the

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

key person who determined my destiny, a fact I have never ceased to appreciate.

I found out later, too, that my grandfather was enthusiastic about my Temple training. This was because he had been healed years before by one of the Masters.

Secret family conferences were held, many of which I was not allowed to attend. Heated family discussions, of which I was totally ignorant, began and ended. Each person involved made his or her contribution to my destiny and one day, when all was said and done, I was told I was soon to be taken to this wonderful place where I would learn about everything in the world.

My joy knew no bounds. I danced about in childish glee. My mind was so wholly absorbed in contemplation of the new wonders before me I gave no serious thought to the fact that I would be taken away from home and parents. I was now just six years old, and the great transition of my life was upon me.

My Trip To The Temple

SOON after this information, my grandfather hitched the family donkey to a small wagon. My mother and I prepared to go with him. Just as we were being bundled into the wagon, my father took me in his arms and kissed me. His evident sorrow startled me. I could not understand why he should shed tears when I was starting on such a fine trip and destined to see such unusual scenes and meet such strange people.

This was my first real journey. I had never before been further than six miles from my home. The lazy donkey ambled slowly along. My mother and I sat equally lazily in the wagon, while my grandfather walked beside the vehicle the entire journey. The distance was about one hundred and fifty miles and took one week.

I was transfixed by the strange, changing scenes as our path would lead us down and almost to the edge of the sacred and, to me, most mysterious River Nile. A few miles further the path would wind away toward the mountains which seemed to me to climb up into the very sky. By the end of the second day, I decided we were going to the end of the world.

The peace which I experienced along the unending miles of the journey filled me with a serenity unspeakable and indescribable, as it does even now as I recall it in memory. My grandfather walked leisurely along

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

beside the wagon. He and my mother chatted cheerily and gave me assurance all would be well with us because of the place to which they were taking me.

We were traveling south from Cairo. As we progressed from day to day, I was interested to see the people who lived along the way. Living in a country which never really grows cold and where the hot sun burns into the sand and reflects on their bodies so many days of each year, they have adopted a custom among the men workers of going practically nude. They wear only a loin cloth. For generations they have lived this exposed life until their skins have become burned into a living bronze. They are slight in build, short in stature and, although uncultured in such education as you may consider necessary to elegance, are most gracious, graceful, and dignified in their manner.

I have seen them, when standing still, give the appearance of an ideal statue. When they began to move, it was like bronze statues suddenly come to life. There is nothing in the world just like this region and its people who are the offspring of an ancient people whose cultural arts were superb. Art has woven itself into the fiber of their physical and mental make-up.

Everyone knows the River Nile overflows each summer and almost dries up each winter. Our journey was taken at the time the river was receding. At this time of the year these country people are drawing water from the Nile and putting it into huge bowls which are made of mud, the inside of which is smoothed

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

down until it resembles the inside of crockery in America. They are sun-dried and lasting. The Egyptians call the device used for raising water, the shaduf.



The shaduf or draw-well.

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

There are people whose life work is to draw and carry water. They fill the bowls at the beginning of each winter season in order that the people may have water to last until the river rises again. For centuries this particular business has developed until it has been set to music. Every motion of the workers is timed to a lazy, restful rhythm.

These laborers work in groups and chant together. A number of bowls are located close together, and the combined chants of the workers would break in upon our ears in the dim distance. Then it would become clearer and more distinct until the full volume would fill the air as we passed by. As we moved along the voices would come from farther and farther away until all was silence. I would listen until I could detect the chants of another group, which became louder as we approached and again fainter until all was silence. The days were rendered magical to my childish mind with this enchanting music.

The people were most hospitable. We did not need to take money for our expenses. Each evening we would halt our donkey at the door of a farmer's house. The members of the household would rush out and welcome us as though long-lost friends had returned and bid us accept whatever comfort or luxury they might be able to afford. They would give us their best bed, serve their choicest breakfast to us the next morning, and wish us God speed on our journey as we departed.

Only one thing happened on that wonderful trip to mar my happiness. About the fourth day a rainstorm came up. It was the fall of the year. The nearby moun-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

tains sent down a cold wind which condensed as it met the hot air of the lowlands, and the rain poured down upon us in torrents.

Such an event may not seem important to you who have been accustomed to rain all your lives. But you will see why it meant so much to me when I tell you I had never seen it rain so much before. Years can pass in Cairo with never a drop of rain. It does rain on extremely rare occasions, but in my short span of six years I had not seen a drop of water fall from the skies. It was wholly a new and startling experience.

You can see this was especially so when you realize we had nothing to shelter us. Soon, we were all soaking wet. I began to feel the pinch of my cold, wet garments and started to cry. For the first time my mind reverted to my home and, becoming suspicious of the whole deal, begged my mother to return.

We traveled some time after the storm and came to a hospitable home. Our garments were removed and dried. We had no change of clothes. All I had was on my back. This was equally true of my elders. Human ingenuity was equal to the situation, however, and before long we were dressed again, and comfortable and happy. We had a fine night's sleep, and my discomfort and suspicions were soon forgotten as we made a fresh start on our way the next morning.

The rest of the journey continued as the first part. The mountains on the right hand seemed to rise, height upon height, until I imagined they could peep into heaven. One thing which seemed to me of utmost significance, of which I spoke not a word, was that *I had been*

Thirty-eight

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

there before! It was so familiar it gave me the same sensation I know I shall experience again when I return to my Temple.

As the sun was setting on the seventh day, I noticed a mountain which somehow seemed different from all the others. I cannot tell you just how or why, but it made me feel as I did when I met the Man of Destiny, when it seemed that the ages and the universe were mine. I was thrilled beyond description, but could say nothing about it to my elders.

We were not far from the river when the road began to wind around this mountain. As we proceeded we entered a most secluded spot between hills which raised their crags almost as straight toward the sky as Gibraltar itself. The immensity and importance of the surroundings rapidly accumulated in my mind. Very soon I was to reach the peak of realization for one more turn, and lo, the Great Temple, the destination of our journey, the externalization of the dream of my life, was in sight!

The donkey was halted to a stop by my grandfather. Mother and I sat quietly in the wagon while my grandfather went to the door. Knocking, he was quickly admitted, and was gone something like one half hour. Each moment seemed fraught with a fierce intensity of importance. The door opened, and out came my grandfather and a man! As he came to me, he smiled, held out his hand, took me in his arms, and in a most affectionate manner greeted me. I was astonished that a complete stranger should address me thus, and I had no explanation for his attitude.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

We were taken into the Temple. My people and the Temple people talked together for hours. I slept peacefully that night. The place was so calm, quieting, comforting, and assuring.

The next morning when my grandfather and mother announced their intention of returning home, I began to cry a second time. I wanted my mother to stay with me and let grandfather go. But she told me there were no women there, so it would be impossible for her to stay. Then I pleaded for my grandfather to stay. He said he had to take my mother back but that he would come again, soon. The man who had greeted me on my arrival was kindness itself and I was comforted sufficiently to let my mother and grandfather go.

My mother appeared to be happy concerning my prospects and, apparently, bade me adieu very cheerfully. But my grandfather seemed so sad as he said goodbye that again I weakened and wanted to return with them. Possibly my grandfather had an intuitive conviction that he was speaking to me for the last time on this earth, for so it proved to be. As they drove off and rounded the corner and out of my sight, my grandfather went out of my life forever. Within a few years he passed out of this physical body and ascended into a higher realm of life.

MY FIRST SCHOOL IMPRESSIONS

Of course, I have nothing to say about the first two weeks except I was homesick in just the way all children of all ages have been. I could get along fairly

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

well until it came time to retire at early evening. Each boy had a stall in which to sleep alone. I did not cry, but my throat filled and tightened and I longed for my mother.

I can now look back upon those first few months with appreciation of the wisdom of my teachers. An older boy was delegated each day to associate with me—to take me on walking trips over the nearby mountains and lower plains. These long walks were of great comfort to me for the older boy knew exactly how to divert my mind toward new interests. I know these walks had another purpose—that of applying my energies which the emotions stimulated into action in excess of the normal, due to such a terrific change in my environment.

Each day a different boy was assigned to the task of looking after my welfare. Later it was revealed to me that the teachers did not think it wise for a new student to become especially attached to any particular person, but that a variety of associations would ultimately mean a broadening of insight, outlook, and character.

In this school there is a custom I have not found in American schools. Each boy was taught to do everything in his power to make life pleasant for the newcomer. There was never a hint of bragging and strutting, which is practiced in American colleges and which culminates in hazing and compelling the freshman to proclaim the superiority of the sophomore. The Egyptian Temple boy is given every consideration, and each older class boy delegates himself as a committee of one to be host to the new homesick entrant.

One day after about a month at the Temple, a

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

Master took me through the various departments of learning. Some were humming with activity in developing the manual arts. I was beside myself with interest and excitement at every step of the way. When I entered the room where the students were making statuary I came to a dead stand-still. The teacher was unable to move me along. I rushed to one model after another, demanding to know something about how these great and wonderful things were made.

When the trip was finished, I had nothing but the memory, for all that happened the following days was the regular routine of walks and physical exercises. My mind continually reverted to the modeling room. I planned how I might sneak into the place one day when no one was looking, steal a piece of clay, and try to make that bird which I had so long wanted to make.

Later, after procuring the clay, I hid in an obscure corner and began my work. Hours passed. My absence was noted and a search was begun. When I was discovered, covered and smeared with clay, I expected to be severely punished as I had been at home sometimes when I was a bad boy.

I was surprised to note how kindly the Master greeted me. He explained that I had forgotten to attend the regular exercises. He asked me why I had hidden away to try the work. He said I need never hide anything. I would be given the clay to work with if I wanted it. He generally explained the situation to my satisfaction and gave me every assurance of his sympathy and appreciation. My affection for that man developed at

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

that moment, and his memory is a benediction to this day.

Since I have come to America and studied the actions of your people, I have wondered why such a large percentage of parents try to instil fear into the child's mind. I wonder whether fear of a parent ever produces the result in character which is desired. I wonder whether such fear does not stimulate certain brain centers and develop the traits of character which cause the inharmony and wars of the world. I believe my conjecture is according to the mental law of the human being.

During the first few years of my stay at the Temple, one of the regular events which I joyfully anticipated was that of being taken through the various departments on observation tours. This event occurred regularly once each month. A teacher watched my interests and reactions to each department of work, noting any change from month to month. At that time I did not know the purpose of such procedure. Later, it was explained to me that this is the method used by the Masters to find the natural tendencies of the child. They are thus enabled in finding the type of work for which a child has a natural aptitude. In such work the child is eventually trained.

Another striking difference which I have discovered in the schools of America is in putting large groups of children under the direction of a teacher and compelling them to study certain subjects, whether there is any desire to learn or not. (This is not true in all communities of the United States.) You decide upon a course of study and compel grades to be made in the subjects

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

chosen or refuse graduation. This is an expensive method of preparing young people for their life work and does not produce the best results in personal efficiency. This method is illustrated by the story of the Scotchman whom I heard about, whose son was doing his home work. When the father observed his son lagging in diligence, he did the necessary thing to induce further effort, whereupon the son said, "But, father, I cannot understand it!" The father replied with bellowing voice, "I did not tell ye to understand it! I said LEARN IT!"

The Temple Masters do not deem it wise to put a child into actual, systematic training until nine years of age. Before that time the character is forming and reactions to different experiences are carefully noted and recorded. Since I entered the Temple at six years of age, those three years from six until nine were employed in building health and character, the experiences being carefully provided and directed by the Masters.

These Masters work from a different basis in training children than the Western world. They know a world of reality which is ordinarily invisible to adults. Before the age of seven years, a child is more conscious of that invisible world than it is of the visible. Gradually, as a child approaches seven years of age, it becomes more conscious of the external world. But the consciousness of externality does not make him capable of judging how to get along in the world. In this he must be wholly trained as it is the first great crucial period in personal unfoldment.

The Masters assert that what happens in the mind of a child between five and eight years of age so largely

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

determines permanent character that the utmost care must be taken in the training. All subsequent years will be easier if this period is wisely guided.

They say that at six and one-half years the child mind is on the borderland, coming out into the external world of reality and life. The brain is so pliable the slightest impression is important. At this period, therefore, the entire emphasis is placed on character training.

They try to avoid fear of any kind being implanted in the child's mind. Any fear is rationalized by explanation. The child is shown the folly of fear and the means of overcoming the thing feared. Fear stimulates the delicate brain cells and, unless it is rationalized before any episode which inspires it is closed, it throws the personality into a perpetual self-defense attitude. A few impacts of fear can cause an adult to be constantly on the defense throughout a lifetime. These are the human impulses which make for selfishness, quarreling, and all destructive tendencies which result in war.

MY FIRST SCHOOL AWAKENING

No specific school training is begun in the Temples before nine years of age. My first great awakening came one day when I was having my hair cut, as I thought, to be very becoming. I was extremely proud of my fine-looking hair and did not hesitate to let my world know of it. On this memorable day when I found out that one-half of my head had been so closely shaven as to make me completely bald, I jumped out of the chair, dashed through an open window, and ran out into the

Forty-five

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

hills with all the speed with which my short legs would carry me. Older boys were detailed to catch me, but they had no easy task.

When I was finally caught and brought back, I was reasoned with both by the Masters and the other boys. The boys enlarged upon the idea that a shaved head was clean and handy and really looked all right. The teacher explained the reason why my head was to be shaved, which was the beginning of another great awakening. He said that I was soon to go out into the country round about and beg for the Temple. He explained I was to meet all kinds of people and that I must not appear to be dressed up, even with a fine head of hair, but must go out humbly, plainly, and cheaply garbed.

I finally consented to having the other half of my head shaved. To this day I think I figured that a head wholly shaved would look less ludicrous than having half of it shaved—hence the only way out of a terrible calamity.

The idea all along was to shock the brain cells into action. This can be accomplished quickly and easily by disturbing the self-defense mechanism and that of pride. Then, as quickly as possible, a good reason should be presented as to why a thing must be or why it is best and wise. By making use of the brain while it is in action, such deep mental impressions are produced they become permanent memories and phases of character.

From that time on, the Master spent much time in preparing me for my new venture—that of begging.

Forty-six

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

He gave me the reasons why I must beg. He told me I had been eating at the Temple for a year and a half. Someone, he said, had to furnish the food. It was now time for me to take my turn to provide the necessities.

I accepted this explanation as sufficient reason, and one morning started out with a donkey equipped with two large baskets on his back. I wonder whether you can follow me in imagination through those first days of travel over the hot sands of Egypt, alone, a small lad of between seven and eight years of age wholly unaccustomed to the world and its ways.

I soon became hot and dusty, chagrined at the cruel treatment accorded me by thoughtless folks and those who were actually opposed to the work of the Temple. I finally gave up in mingled weariness and disgust and returned to the Temple empty handed.

My Master treated me with great sympathy and consideration. He explained to me as much about life as I could understand. As I now think of the various angles of understanding he tried to give me I think how free I am of those traits of character which tend to defeat because of a sense of inferiority and timidity. I realize how fortunate I have been to have had such a wise teacher during the first critical period of my awakening.

He explained that people behaved as they did because they did not know any better way and that instead of being hurt I should pity them. By the time I made my first return with nothing to eat, I doubted the wisdom or righteousness of begging one's way. I explained to my

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

Master that my father worked for his food and paid his bills, and that seemed to me much the better way.

My Master then explained that in order for boys to learn so many things, they must gather in groups and study; that in such a group there was no way to get sufficient money to pay all the expenses; therefore this was a different situation which warranted the begging. Gradually I regained my courage and started again. But I felt so little and the world was so big. The people were so thoughtless and heedless of me and my pleas I again returned empty handed.

This time my special report to the Master was how little the people heeded me. They were not always so harsh, but apparently were unmindful of my very existence. He told me to make it a practice to be especially nice to people and thank them no matter what they did or said. With this lesson I started again and stopped to ask a crabbed old man for a contribution, whereupon he asked, "Do you know what we give people like you?" When I told him that I did not know, he said, "Well, we give you a kick from behind." Instead of being half killed by his cruelty, I remembered the words of my Master, and said, "Well, that is more than I get in many places, so thank you for your contribution," and I smiled as sweetly as I could as I walked away.

The old man was so impressed by my civility and control of temper that he called me back. He called the other members of the family and laughingly related all that I had said. They all had a good laugh and the mother patted me affectionately on the head. Then the family began to hunt around to find things with which

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

to fill my basket. They loaded my donkey and started me on my way back home with a hearty blessing.

This was my first great lesson—that one's mental attitude determines how one is received by the world. My Master gave me a complete explanation of this law and commended me for my tact and wisdom.

Despite all that had been told me before I started on my first begging trip, when night came I was afraid of wild animals. My Master told me to find a safe place to sleep, but never stressed the dangers. He explained that wise precaution makes fear unnecessary. He was constantly trying to help me to understand how to act to get the best results in the most effectual manner. I did not know he was watching my character unfold as a result of my first real discipline. I *did* notice that each time I would come home he would feel all over my head thoughtfully and that he would talk to other teachers about warmth developed at certain places. Later I asked about this head study and what happens in response to mental and emotional stimuli. I learned the Masters do not consider it a finished or fixed science but are accumulating data, generation after generation. By keeping complete records of hundreds of cases they expect to develop much wisdom concerning it.

One day when my donkey was loaded three thieves came across my path and promptly took everything I had accumulated. I was on my way to the Temple, rejoicing that I had such a fine load to take with me. Suddenly, these selfish men had reduced my load to nothing. I was so angry that I threw myself on the ground and began to scream and kick. The men looked

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

at me leeringly for a few minutes, then kicked me and said if I did not stop and be on my way they would take both me and my donkey along with them. This brought me to my senses and I made a new start, worked until my pack was complete, and made my way home. When I told the Master about it, he reproved me for my temper. He said probably those men were hungry and needed the food and I should rejoice that I had been able to help them. This was a difficult lesson to learn at the time, but it is one which helps me in emotional stability today.

It seems that my Master considered I had learned all the lessons which begging would teach me by the time I was nine years old. It took me only one and one-half years to learn the peculiar lessons which that type of occupation can offer. My Master complimented me on the completion of begging and said many students did not finish such character development until they were twenty-five. I had made an unusual record.

So, you see, the purpose of the begging was twofold—first, to procure the necessities for the Temple and, second, to develop courage, sympathy, and the ability to get along with people under varying conditions. When one has conquered every unhappy emotion engendered in the various experiences which are sure to come to one in begging, he is happy to realize he has succeeded in doing the hardest thing possible and that from then on it will be comparatively easy sailing.

Courage and sympathy are invaluable accomplishments, but the insight into human nature and a study of the different kinds of people one inevitably meets

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

in that work serves one all through life. I have studied human beings until I know intuitively why they conduct themselves as they do and whether they are to be trusted with important affairs or not. I feel their motives and see their spirit through the countenance. Such ability was very deeply rooted in those eighteen months and its development continues throughout my life with every impact of experience.

I want you to see both sides of the method used as explained to me. The Masters stimulate the emotions as, for example, the shaving of the head. During the heat of the emotion they reason and instruct, thereby implanting the right idea in the mind while it is active and ready to receive. Securing the attention and emotional cooperation builds in the direction desired and predetermined.

There was no attempt to make the training easy, but they as carefully avoided making it unduly difficult. Never was there punishment for failure or neglect. We were allowed to explain our motives and conduct and, no matter how it might seem to the Master, sympathy and understanding gave assurance to the student that nothing was desired but his own well being.

Our tasks were made as interesting and entertaining as possible when in the Temple. We had our regular routine of exercises and we rejoiced in them. I find children willingly and gladly work when they sense wisdom in their guidance and sympathy in their difficulties. There has been too little of such help from teachers of the past, and educational systems have failed accordingly.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS
TRAINING IN SELF CONTROL

Up to nine years of age my life at the Temple had been normal and regular, when not on begging tours. My physical exercises helped to build a strong healthy body, especially health of the vital organs. Muscular development is not considered as important as free action and firm texture of the essential organs of life.

The strenuous life of begging had developed a sturdy endurance, and had done something for me in the way of self-control and freedom from unprofitable moods such as timidity, anger, resentment, and grief. True, I was no finished product in mental control, but I had a start. How far I could fall short of my ideal in this respect, you are destined to see when I tell you of my first experience as a clay modeler.

I had very early in the Temple training begun to develop those brain cells which primitive man had to grow, because of the necessity of doing everything with his hands. The Temple had a small acreage of land in a nearby village, where they raised as much of the necessities of the school as they could. We planted and harvested in season. Both seasons' work and, in fact, all our outdoor work were considered to be great sport. Everybody worked at the common task. Our harvesting work was done with music and chants and was enjoyed immensely by all the students. We learned how to take raw material as it comes from the fields and make the most necessary and useful articles. So much did I learn along these lines that I feel I could live on an unin-

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

habited island and make my way as well as the famed Robinson Crusoe himself.

I had the advantage of the brain development which is necessary in primitive life and which is so fundamental to humanity. Our primitive ancestors had to work hard and make things with their hands or do without. Every time we do anything or learn a new trick, we develop *a new set* of brains. To have this advantage, plus the added value of studying with Masters who had the perspective which results from a comprehension of Ageless Wisdom, was rare indeed, and I am most appreciative of these rare privileges.

So you see, the influence was intelligent. It was not easy. My mind and emotions were stirred into intense activity, then the energies guided into such thinking as would develop those traits my Master thought wise.

At nine years of age, when I was permitted to stop begging, my training began in earnest. As I have said, my body was perfect. My next step in development is so foreign to Americans that I wonder whether I can explain it to you intelligently. *I had now built a perfect body; my next task was to subdue it.* We part company with Western thought at this point. Young people seem to know so little about subduing the body. You so frequently seem to be slaves of the body appetites and propensities. No one can go far toward conquering life's vicissitudes and destiny unless one knows how to govern the action of the machine in which one travels. This is evident to anyone who considers the necessity of knowing how to care for and manage an automobile. But the analogy is not sufficient, because the body is so pli-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

able to demands, through thought and emotion, that it can be built or destroyed. Those who know nothing of this art are subject to symptoms, disease, and uncertainty even of life itself.

I shall very briefly describe the means used to subdue the body. Those who know something of the inner working and relationships of body and mind will see the implications, while anyone who really wishes to find out can do so with a reasonable practice of meditation as I shall describe.

① My first task was to assume a natural physical posture and hold it. Of course, when one attempts to be perfectly still, the first impulse is to move. The muscles will at once demand activity; the nerves make an appeal, demanding attention and, if they fail with ordinary appeals, make a pain. All this must be halted by the *Will*.

When the body has been given to understand that Ego or Super-conscious Mind means to master, and when the body responds and is quiet, the next immediate practice is *watching the breath*. That is all. Just hold the posture and watch the breath.

Anyone who tries this will find that when you just watch the breath, with no modification, no sense of hurry or worry—but just watch the breath—it begins to slow down, and the quieter the mind the slower the breath. This is the first hint of the process by which I am able to control my breath so perfectly that I can be buried alive for hours without active breathing. Read again the above statements, if you care to get the first

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

degree of knowledge which gives me my power over my body.

A NEW VENTURE—THE DOME OF CONCENTRATION

After a month of practice in body control and breath watching, I was graduated into the Dome of Concentration. This is a series of circles of seats, around a common center, which ascend step by step, so that if one is sitting on the highest seat and looks down at the center bottom level he is casting the eyes at about an angle of forty-five degrees downward. The Master always sits in this center during the practice hour and watches and concentrates.

The students begin by sitting one hour on the highest row or round. For the first few weeks we look down, fixing our gaze on the Master. We have already progressed sufficiently in ability to watch the breath that we no longer need to give active attention to it and to body stillness. We now fix our attention on the Master, the body and breath taking care of themselves.

By degrees, as we improve our ability to gaze steadily, we move downward. Each time we move down a step we raise the gaze one step upward on the opposite side of the dome. It will be readily seen that by the time we sit on the bottom round we are looking at an angle of forty-five degrees upward.

The practice continues exactly one hour, no more. The first effect is actual physical hurt and the mental disturbance which inevitably follows. Here comes the

Fifty-five

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

crucial point when discouragement offers excuses to quit. No student is compelled to do anything. Each step is voluntary. The Master may think it wise to encourage by showing the ultimate advantages to be gained by continued endeavor but, if a student finally decides to quit, he is at liberty to do so. He is also at liberty to return to the practice if time and rest cause him to change his mind.

There comes a time when the body submits to its master, the mind or spirit, if one continues the practice. After this first adjustment, there is perfect comfort of body and peace of mind. *Thus, much has been gained which is of inestimable value during all subsequent practices and throughout life—and into eternity.*

Continued practice in gazing and fixing the attention makes the mind free of the body to the degree that you might speak of it as body unconsciousness. *The body ceases to assert itself, leaving the mind free to identify itself with the subject or object of concentration.*

Concentration practice prepares for meditation, and meditation is the process of conscious concentration, for meditation is directed concentration. The mystery of body control by thought is understood when one realizes sensation follows attention, and withdraws as attention is withdrawn. Know also that sensation is possible only through energy action. Withdrawal of attention withdraws energy, which in turn nullifies sensation. In other words, the complete withdrawal of attention takes away the medium of sensation so nerves are inert and inactive. Without the medium of nerve energy, nerves are unable to make reports of impacts from en-

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

vironment which would ordinarily be sensation. Read this statement several times, and you will begin to see why I can stick pins through my flesh and not feel them. Some people who know nothing of these processes and experiences from their inner activities assume that I have become able to endure terrific strain and pain. The reverse is true. I am exceedingly sensitive to pain. I would be as unable as you to perform my physical feats of seeming endurance were it not for the fact that I know how to control the energy of my body through control of attention. Therefore, my power is mental and manifests through the body.

If you will pause to realize that the blood is driven throughout the body only by energy, and realize that every part of the body is a grade of life and mind which is capable of being wholly controlled through attention and will, you will understand why I can refuse to allow blood to flow from wounds made by passing large pins through my flesh. The flow of blood is under my will. I can cause it to flow freely from both points of insertion, from one, or refuse it completely, at will. By virtue of the same law, my heartbeat can be reduced to where physicians who do not know the secrets of mind power think it impossible for the body to survive.

Some students wish to know the reason for the gradual change of posture in the Dome of Concentration; they want to know the reason for the downward gaze at first, the gradual raising of the eyes until the gaze is almost upon the center of the dome above.

There are two values to be gained in this practice. The first is physical. The body develops in new ways

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

through controlled posture just as the body develops in new ways when one practices new exercises. It is all one law. The spine, the spinal cord, and the maximum freedom of nerve centers of activity as they ramify out from the spinal cord between the vertebrae are all changed and improved in variety and perfection of expression through continued practice.

The spine in its relation to the brain is also changed and its fullness of expression enhanced. All this develops the body in ways unknown to the uninitiated and accounts for superior powers in later stages of unfoldment. In fact, this is the solid foundation on which the superstructure of personal capacity is erected. There is as much difference between the actual structure of the body of a Master as there is between a shriveled arm and the arm of a mighty athlete. I have told you something about the beginnings of such development.

The postures and gazing and the later practices in meditation enable the student to awaken any part of his brain at will. He can put any set of brain cells to sleep at will and, being asleep in one part of his mentality, can be supremely wide awake, active, and accomplishing things in another section of the brain and its ramifying nerves. In short, the initiate knows how to throw the nerve energy into any part of the body at will and command specific functions, and his command is immediately obeyed.

The Masters know the body, brain, nerve and organic structure with such mathematical exactness they know how to teach a student so that he can develop any ability at will. There is no guesswork in this, any

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

more than there is guesswork in adding figures in arithmetic problems. No one can receive the instruction all the way through unless he attains increasing proficiency in practicing what he has already been taught. Each student is told what to do next and why as rapidly as he has earned the right to know, through using what he already knows. This law works in all lives, Oriental and Occidental, and applies to you who read this page as much as it does to the veriest master of life.

The above is the secret of all physical power. Only as one advances in proficiency can one realize the infinite degrees and varieties of phenomena possible to the physical organism. So far as the Masters know, there is no final limit of development. The Masters of the Egyptian Temples have the records of discoveries of thousands of years, and these records report in detail what practices are necessary to produce a given ability. They report men who have lived for hundreds of years in perfect physical condition and include in detail what they did and exactly what physical and mental reaction followed. I had advantage of this history of attainment in the same way as you have the advantage of everything which has been developed in any science when you start to school.

WHY WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

Now it is most evident to the mind which is awake that no practice is engaged in without the instigating power of *purpose* and the continuing ability called *Will*. All this is mind. So when a student is assured that dili-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

gent practice will bend and unfold the body in such a way as to give unusual ability, that student is using the same law as is used by all people unknowingly. The difference is that he is specializing and developing chosen channels of body and mind, while the average person responds only to the needs of ordinary living and so scatters his talents over such a large field that no one ability is more than ordinary.

As a matter of fact, the law used by the Masters to produce the unusual is observable in nature everywhere about us. No one transcends the law of life, but some know how to use it to increase freedom of expression while others use it to produce disease, unhappiness, and death. But it is all one and the same law and process.

During a period of one year, working one hour each day, I practiced control of body, mind, and emotions in the Temple Dome. The other hours of the day were spent in various kinds of employment, study and practice.

My Master deemed it now the proper time to allow me to enter the department of work where they made those wonderful statues. You see, I was now ten years of age. You will recall how much I had admired them when I was first taken through the Temple departments of work for observation as to my natural responses. You will also recall I was so impressed with the wonder and magnificence of it all, and so desirous of doing that work, that I sneaked into the room when no one was watching and stole a piece of clay and hid myself to try to make a clay pigeon. This was my childhood longing. The man whom I met before five years

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

of age, and who played such a decisive part in my destiny by recommending me to the Temple Masters, asked me what I wanted to know. I had replied, "I want to know how to make a mud bird." You will recall he told me I was destined to learn things which would be grander and more magnificent and, when I had learned these greater things, I could also make the mud bird.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A CLAY MODELER

The day I was admitted into the modeling department and given freedom to choose my subject and go to work seemed to me to be the culmination of all ambition, and my joy was perfect. There was a model of an angel's head in the room which I chose as my first subject and went to work.

It may again be difficult to explain what happened in my first venture, both within my mind and the external work I was doing, and why my Master used a peculiar method of teaching. However, I will try.

I went to work with one idea. I wanted to earn praise from my Master. Nothing else mattered. More than this, I wanted the praise quickly—NOW. Therefore I started to work in feverish haste. I hurried it through as rapidly as possible to a finish. It was a custom to finish our piece of work and cover it with a cloth. The great occasion was the unveiling of our monument and watching the effect of our effort on the Master as it suddenly burst upon his view.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

When my first angel face was so suddenly exposed to his sight, I watched so intently that my whole body was trembling in anticipation and uncertainty. I cannot see now just why my Master's approval was such a terrific thing to me, but it was.

Imagine, if you can, my awful letdown and complete collapse when the Master said, "Your idea may be that of an angel, but your work shows the hands of a devil." I was so completely taken off my feet that I was ready to break down and cry at my bitter disappointment when suddenly to my amazement he took it up and threw it violently to the floor, reducing it to a shapeless mass!

The Master then told me to do the work over again, hoping for improvement. When I had gained sufficient composure to start the work over, I felt a trifle less hurried. My enthusiasm was tempered by a something which caused me to take more pains with each part, watching for evidences of improvement on my own account. This time also, instead of trying to make an exact copy of the model at hand, I tried to make some improvements to show how I thought a real angel would look.

And when the work was finally finished and covered, I again called my Master. My breath was held in suspense, but I realized, without attempting to do so, that the event had not quite the importance to me as the first.

But I hoped and watched. Whatever fears I may have entertained were due to be realized for, when he looked it over, without a word, he again lifted my product into

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

the air and threw it to the floor, and my second effort seemed all for naught.

And now, something happened inside of me which I shall never forget. A something arose within—anger, resentment, self-defense, fight—and I started toward my Master with fierce intent to strike him. I am so glad a something arose within me and saved me from that disgrace and regret. My hand dropped to my side just in time, and I stood abject in his presence, not knowing what else to do.

He gave me just a few words of encouragement, just enough to save a semblance of personal morale, and, advising me to try again, left the room.

Left once more to my own thoughts, I took plenty of time to consider the course of events in my efforts to produce a masterpiece. I noticed my mental attitude was automatically changing, and I was actually mildly interested in that fact. Mildly interested, I say—and yet what an important period in one's development when one can step aside and in a sense watch the mind and weigh its values! What a rare ability! My resentment was now turned into shame at my conduct toward a man who had been such an unfailing friend during the years since I had entered the Temple. I began to recall the hard days of begging. I remembered the hardships of my first week of training in the Temple Dome. I could review those experiences and, in perspective, see more value in them than at the time I was passing through them. At this point I knew my Master had

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

some unseen and, to me, unknown reason for his action. With these comforting, even though vague thoughts, I again began the production of the angel face.

New ideas now came to me. Realizing that not all angels would look alike, any more than all people, I pictured in my mind what the face of my ideal angel would be like and endeavored to weave that picture into my work. When it came to molding the angel's hair, I was troubled for I could not think how to do it. Therefore, I decided to copy it but, try as I may, I was unable to fashion it over the temples. Finally, I did it up in some manner, finished the work of art, covered it, and called my Master in a spirit of almost unconcern as to what he might think of it.

I admit of some joy when my Master viewed the work quietly for a time and then, smiling, took me on his knee and began to explain his previous actions. He said my work was not perfect; that I could not reasonably expect it to be; and that the work was of far less value, no matter how perfect or imperfect, than my mental attitude and emotions. He said in the first place I had attempted to copy the model which would have been no credit to me, even if I had done it to perfection.

He went on to explain that he had not broken my work just because I was trying to copy instead of making something of my own. He had broken it to test my emotional response, which he had found most unsatisfactory. The second breaking was for the same purpose, but I had shown no improvement. Now he observed I had relaxed under the stress and was viewing the pro-



Hamid Bey in Contemplation

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

duct in a more sensible light. Because of this, he told me his purpose and the significance of his methods.

ANOTHER LESSON IN EMOTIONAL POISE

The Master gave me a mighty lesson in emotional poise. He said that no matter how expert I might be in anything, nothing could compare in importance with a sensible attitude of mind and emotional control. I have since found out how true this is and that it applies to all of us. I regret so few people in the world have had such necessary training.

He reminded me that my first attempt was to extract praise from him, and how unprofitable such an aim really is. He explained that whether he praised or blamed was an entirely secondary and comparatively unimportant matter; that my personal development was the paramount and permanent value. He even made me see how unimportant the piece of work was, and that even though its lines and contour had been perfect that was inconsequential as compared with my character and personality. He said all work has one aim—not the product of the work, but the drill and growth of harmonious personal development.

He brought to my attention the futility of anger; showed me how little good it could do under any circumstances, and how it might possibly get me into terrible disgrace. He said I should try to control my emotions, to which I replied that it was impossible not to be angry when things went all wrong. He said, "There

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

is a way," and promised to show me some day how to do it. He wanted me to think over all that had transpired, and when the time was ripe he would explain it all.

This method was always used in the Temple. The lesson was always followed with a promise of more information at a future time. I thought about this promise, and my curiosity was whetted as the days passed by to know how one could keep from being angry.

Sometime later the Master brought up the subject of anger again and showed me that no anger could ever mend the defeat. He explained how anger is the product of a feeling of defeat and that anger therefore is an evidence of a feeling of inferiority, which can never make a person superior. Then he asked me why I got angry, and somehow his explanation had taken away my wish or ability to talk about it. So, I replied that I did not know.

He explained there are many selves within each person, that sometimes these selves do not think alike and when different ones make demands for expression there is sometimes trouble, one kind being anger. He then used a teaching method as old as the ages, which is to tell a story, the details of which easily reach the imagination, and making the story an analogy, revealed the hidden wisdom. This is the Master's story:

THE STORY OF THE WISE MAN

"Once there was a Master telling his student about the fact that all men have within themselves three minds,

Sixty-six

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

which are called the Conscious, Subconscious, and Super-conscious Minds. He explained how each of these minds has its own way of doing things, and that sometimes one mind would do something which another mind would repudiate; that these minds would disagree among themselves, making a war within, which tended to destroy the individual.

"It seemed difficult for the Master to reveal the mysteries of these three minds, and so he used a method which he felt sure could not fail to give perfect understanding. He told his student that one hundred miles distant there lived a Wise Man who could surely tell him all he wanted to know. The student set out on his journey on foot to find the Wise Man and gain his wisdom. But before he reached his destination he was weary both in body and mind and needed a haven of rest.

"Arriving at the house of the Wise Man, he knocked, but received no reply. He kept on knocking, announcing the fact of his weariness and his quest for knowledge, each of which plea seemed to him sufficient to warrant consideration from the wise man.

"Now the reason for the delay in response was the fact that the Wise Man was concentrating and could not be disturbed. He continued until his hour was finished, when he opened the door and admitted the student who explained his need and mission.

"Apparently without noticing the nature of his request, the Wise Man said, 'I see that you are the son of a thief.' Of course the student was stunned at such a remark, when his mission was so serious to him, especially since this statement or accusation was not true. He

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

inquired why he should make such a statement. The Wise Man seemed not to notice his protest or assertion, but repeated more positively than at first, 'I perceive that you are the son of a thief.' By this time the student's patience was waning, and another repetition of the statement brought him to his feet, intent upon striking the Master in anger.

"Before he had a chance to strike, the Wise Man calmly said, 'You do not need to punish me. If I am wrong, I am strong enough to punish myself.' Whereupon he took coals from the fire and set fire to his garments. This so surprised the student that he sprang forward to do all in his power to extinguish the flames, remonstrating with the Wise Man not to harm himself.

"When the fire was extinguished, the Wise Man talked with the student in this wise: 'When you started on your journey to see me, your purpose was to gain knowledge. That quest belongs to the *conscious* mind, of which your intellect is a part. Your conscious mind had one purpose—to gain knowledge, and it was willing to take the long hard journey to gain it.

" 'Now on the way your body became weary and exhausted, so that by the time you had arrived at my door you had more than one reason for seeking admission. You wanted knowledge, but first you wanted food and rest.

" 'The body belongs to the subconscious mind, which makes its demands upon you, so that by the time I opened the door your purpose was divided between two minds, the conscious and subconscious, neither one concerned with the wants of the other.

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

“Your *subconscious* mind is the product of your race experience and much besides. To it belongs the primitive instincts to get the necessities of life; in it is contained all the departments which have to do with self-preservation and self-defense. This instinct causes people to try to accumulate wealth, because this is a symbol of defense against possible starvation. The subconscious mind reaches out into its environment and draws on every conceivable resource to insure safety and comfort. It wishes a safe, satisfying, and powerful environment in which to nest. This develops the desire for associates who symbolize power, and which must always include assistance from the masses. This can be secured only through affection or respect which is shown for an honorable name.

“When I insulted your family name, I gave your subconscious mind an impression of danger of losing the advantages gained by your family name. This shocked it into action to the extent that you forgot your original purpose for coming here, you forgot your weariness, and jumped into action to defend yourself, driven by the emotion of anger and resentment. This urge caused you to try to strike me, even though this might defeat the very purpose for coming to see me.

“When you saw that I could punish myself, and was about to burn my body because of your conduct toward me, another self leaped into action to help me. This is your *superconscious mind*. This impulse took entire charge of you and released the other two selves which had so asserted themselves. They sank back into the subconscious reservoir, there to remain quiescent un-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

til again brought forth by some conscious thought of danger. So completely were you mastered by the new impulse that you forgot your need of food and pride of ancestry. Your whole attention was directed, and your whole mind was dominated by one motive and desire—to save me from destruction or harm.

“ ‘And so, you have exhibited in action since you entered my door, the nature of the three minds: the *conscious*, *subconscious*, and the *superconscious*. With these three each man must deal. When he is wise, he harnesses and converts the impulses and energies of any one mind into whatever ideals he may wish to attain. Whenever he is unwise, he simply expresses these different selves as environment decrees, and changes his moods, emotions, and conduct as the scenes of his life shift. He is happy if he is fed, housed, entertained, and respected in his community. He is miserable if he loses these creature comforts.

“ ‘The wise man who converts the energies into a life of service, who rejoices just for the privilege of serving no matter how much suffering he may be called upon to endure, is master of destiny, because he has his own inner creative powers under his will control. He knows what he wants to do, he is on his way, and he knows he shall arrive, because nothing can swerve him from his purpose.

“ ‘The question which each must answer for himself is, to which of these two classes of humanity does he wish to belong; and having decided, order his thought, feeling, and emotion accordingly. For such, the Life Purpose

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

is paramount—so important that regardless of what anyone may say or do, that purpose is held in mind.

“The ultimate of human attainment comes with complete self-control. When any person directs all his powers into a wise purpose, chosen by the conscious mind or intellect, and draws on the limitless resources of the subconscious through harnessing his thoughts and impulses, his mind is bound to hold to the ideal, and his meditation is sure to be directed into his ideal. His conduct and all his efforts will be wisely directed to accumulate assistance wherever possible. He will therefore try to get along with people and make them peaceful and happy in his presence. This leads him into those higher realms of man's mind where Love and Wisdom are awakened. In the process of going about and doing good he gradually ascends toward Universal Love and Wisdom and, attuning his personal ideals with the universal, becomes at one with the All Good, or God.’”

My Master told me this story. I thought a few moments and asked him how this story could apply to me but, before my question had taken words, I began to see the point. One self of me loved my Master, but another self was ready to strike him. One self asked for wisdom, while another self asked for his praise regardless of attainment. A few days of meditation showed me real and lasting values as compared with those of secondary and transient nature. This led me thereafter to try to keep the main purpose of all endeavor in mind, having seen that people's opinions are of so little consequence as compared with real character and ability that they deserve small consideration indeed.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS
THE VALUE OF TRUE MOTIVES

You see, I was taught the truth that the Motive of Conduct is the basis of character. I wish all parents and teachers would consider whether any number of facts committed to memory or any number of scientific studies mastered is as important in life as Mental Attitude and a fundamentally wise purpose and character development. All learning is comparable to beads on a string, each fact a bead, each science a separate series of beads, but the string is character and, without it, the beads can be only a jumbled mess and may be an obstacle on the path of true unfoldment.

The correct mental attitude must be established in childhood days, the most important period of which, as before stated, is between six and nine years. The lesson can be learned in later life, but spontaneity and dependability require that it strike home to the very fibre of the being. Unless it is essentially implanted, which is easy in childhood and most difficult for the adult, when stresses come one is apt to spring into action and do or say things which are repudiated in a saner mood. This is a common experience of the majority of mankind today.

Wisdom of the sort revealed in our story begets humility. Humility is a virtue which, wisely exercised, generates power and sets into action the creative law and bears fruit according to the original seed idea, or purpose. The braggart is its opposite. He repels as he proclaims to those who know inner motives of conduct that he is inferior and knows it, but is determined the

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

world shall never find it out. This carries with it a disintegrating atmosphere, and bears the seeds of its own defeat. The desire for praise is a modest type of inferiority. It shows a shallow comprehension of the purpose of life and its experiences.

I now realize that I learned the first lesson of humility when my head was shaved and I was sent out to beg, and that the second instalment of the same lesson was learned in the story of the Wise Man.

AS THE TEMPLE TRAINING PROGRESSES

My students in America want to know what happened in the different grades of training in the Temple. I have taken you through to about twelve years of age. When once a lesson is given it is expected that the student practice until he has attained a certain degree of proficiency through developing his brain and body mechanism, and can therefore see, know, and prove certain things for himself. This prepares the mind for the next step.

After I had attained some expertness in body control and watching the breath, I was graduated into the Dome of Concentration where I learned to fix attention, with postures which changed from time to time and which are known to awaken the brain and develop its command over the organism.

My next step was outlined in my last account of the Wise Man and how I was trained in an understanding of the essentials of personality. From month to month,

Seventy-three

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

our practice was in meditation, work with our hands, and doing whatever was necessary around the Temple to be of general service. The purpose of the meditation was to awaken into higher realms of reality rather than those limited to the physical senses. The purpose of the manual training was to develop our ability to get along in the ordinary world of affairs through expertness in one or more of the crafts.

MEDITATION AND IMAGINATION

Our meditation was always practiced with rigid regularity. No one would have thought of omitting the regular practice any more than neglecting the most sacred duty of life as illustrated in the story where the Wise Man refused to go to the door until his concentration hour was over.

It is not permitted for one student to report his findings to another. The reason is that if a group of boys began recounting what they had seen in the invisible world, one might tell a pretty big story, and another boy might be tempted to go him one better by reciting a very unusual and high grade experience. Falsehood would thus be encouraged and degenerate the students into common braggarts.

There was only one person to whom we could confide our inner findings. That was our personal Master. Regularly he would hear our reports and, if a note of falsehood rang in our story, he would hush us up that instant. If there were any tendency to fabricate, the student soon learned to adhere strictly to the truth about his personal experiences or discoveries.

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

Some of you may not know what I mean by searching the within for greater awakening, added knowledge, and ripened wisdom, so I will try to explain. This inner communion is called meditation, which I have defined as controlled mental action. We take a subject or ideal on which we meditate. Now it is easy to see that one meditates in mental pictures, for that is the only way the mind functions. Therefore, meditation is really viewing with the "mind's eye," which is imagination.

Imagination is incipient or embryonic clairvoyance, and clairvoyance literally means "clear seeing." It hints at the fact that there is an eye with which we can see much more clearly than with the physical eye. Perhaps you will understand if I mention St. Paul's assertion that, "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." This face to face experience can be evolved by anyone who cares to engage regularly and correctly in the practice of meditation.

The psychic eye, which is the organ of clairvoyance, sees by mechanical means just as definitely and truly as the physical eye. It uses a lens, but the psychic lens is dispersed throughout the universal ether of space. That eye is not attuned to physical sense awareness, and it is just as easy for it to see one thousand miles away from the body as it is for the physical eye to see three feet away in this room.

To that eye, when fully awake and unfolded, physical substance or matter is transparent. That eye can just as easily gaze through the earth toward China and see what is going on there as the simplest process of common vision in ordinary life.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

This ability, like any ability, must be developed gradually, except in the case of that extremely rare individual who is born with it already evolved, the same as we come into the world with hair on our heads and nails on our fingers. In meditation the purpose is to make new discoveries in this unseen world, and we are expected to report our experiences and findings to our Masters, just as pupils in American schools recite their lessons.

Because the Master has already been over every inch of the mental or psychic ground in his early practices, and is at home in those realms at will, you can see it is an easy matter for him to know when we are telling the truth and have discovered a reality or whether we are observing subconscious wishes or predominant ideas which have no existence outside of the mind which fabricates it.

You see, it is much the same thing as your child who comes to you with a story of a great big bear which attacked him in the back yard and how only his prowess enabled him to escape when you know the most exciting thing possible is the tame family shepherd dog asleep in his kennel. Such a story is the product of a budding imagination and stirs brain cells into their first waking activity, but bear no relation to the facts of nature. Their purpose is accomplished long before the childhood days are over; and so it is with the students of the Temple.

As we proceed, we must develop the faculty to know things independent of physical sense awareness. Such

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

ability is called by various names in the English language, but is usually spoken of as thought transference. While it is that, it is much more. In this development we learn to know the nearness of any object or person or how far away. Awareness of this nature must be revealed through the higher senses with no aid from the physical. This statement will be more fully understood when I relate how we make our final test and prove we have developed such ability or we never enter the Highest Temple or even lose our lives in a vain attempt.

I am privileged to use this ability at will to keep in touch with my Temple while in America. I know when they call me, and when I speak to them I am heard and receive response. A little thought will show what an advantage such a power is as compared with the limited ability of the average person. It is one of the evidences that awakened ability pays high dividends and makes life richer at every turn of events.

MORE ABOUT MEDITATION

The subject of meditation deserves an entire volume, and it can never be exhausted since it progressively enables the student to enter wider realms of reality and finally to tap the universe within and without, which includes the Infinite. It therefore never is comprehended completely by finite mind.

The ability to view the superphysical worlds gradually develops as one continues rhythmic practice. The real process of meditation begins when the student has at-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

tained the ability to still the body. The ultimate is that the mind becomes unconscious of the body. The mind is thereby relieved of physical limitations and is free to go, restricted only by intention and will.

Those so mentally liberated are actually above brain and nerve stimulation, are conscious in higher realms, and able to draw on knowledge which is not included in brain memory at all. When a writer or an inventor is making new discoveries, he is registering with his superphysical brain such laws, processes, or facts in nature which no physical eye ever sees.

This is accomplished by most original workers when they are just on the edge or borderland, more or less able to see into the superphysical and at the same time externally conscious enough to write down the findings on paper. Meditation soon shows the student these larger fields of contemplation. No one ever fully comprehends its values until he has tried out the practice and made his own discoveries. It is these discoveries which we report to our Master, and find whether we are running true to the law or getting sidetracked on subconscious wishes or personal predominant mental impressions, which have no actual existence in nature.

Perhaps my reader can now see how it is that in meditation one can awaken his own inner, forgotten memories, and can recall things which have happened and people known hundreds of years before this life. I hope you can see that with such an ability one can tap information which was possessed by people of ages long gone by, and that progressively the power and value

MY TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

widens. This is a most revealing and illuminating experience when once one has attained that stage of awakening. One finds out many things which are unknown to people who live wholly external lives and function only in physical brain and nerve sensations.

This grade of awakening must inevitably involve and evolve our religion, because it reveals the universe and our relationships over long periods of time, and this is the core of religion—namely, the Universe. What is it like? How does it work? What happens before birth—and after death? At the present time there is a vast difference of opinions concerning these fundamental questions, which furnishes the basis of splits in beliefs and the building of ten churches in each city when one would be sufficient to teach the people if there were one teacher who had a dependable way of finding the truth.

Among other things, my meditations revealed to me that I had met the good Man to whom I have referred and who recommended me to the Temple Masters and encouraged my parents to send me to them, more than a hundred years before; that I had met him in a distant land, and that he is one of those kindred souls who travel through various lives near us and dear to us, helping and in turn being helped, as we travel our various journeys called lives.

I also know that many of my best friends are living on planets millions of miles from our own, but that dis-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

tance does not actually separate us when we awaken into those higher realms. I know that some day I will meet them and that we will talk over our varied experiences and the good we extracted from them. The real, changeless, basic, unmodified truth is always comforting. Any belief which tends to make us unhappy, if our belief be converted into fact, should be viewed with suspicion, because God is ultimately all Love and Good, and His children are happy.

Personal Ageless Memories And Their Consequences In Our Lives

ALL our personal memories of the ages are filed away in the superphysical brain and mind, and *nothing is ever actually forgotten*. Gradually as degree after degree of perfection is attained in stilling the body and brain, one finds the self enjoying greater freedom. The time will come for each of us when we will view our greater self as part of the universal, with unlimited memory of the past, and a corresponding anticipation of the future, which is known as prophecy. No doubt the Christ referred to this fact when He said, "I and my Father are one."

I hope my reader will seriously consider what I am now telling, and let it serve as encouragement to each student to do his duty where and when he finds it, unflinchingly, fearlessly, and even gladly. Remember there is an actual personal harvest of infinite value as we fulfill nature's requirements for growth and make good on personal Karma as it appears in responsibilities to our fellowmen.

The sum total of my personal memories which have unfolded before my awakening vision in meditation, and which recurred with me as a part of the scenes, people, and events, gives me such a vision of my pur-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

pose in life now that I could never be discouraged or think of quitting. When I am asked why I stay in America, and perhaps endure the hardships of ridicule and condemnation by those who think I am a fake and only attempting to deceive the people, my only answer is, "I must live to the requirements of my Karma." This is my personal law of cause and effect, which I have created throughout the ages. This places me under obligations both to individuals and my race, and such obligations cannot be repudiated with impunity.

Everyone needs to know that all live life after life, here or elsewhere, according as we have progressed and need certain experiences which may be gained on only one planet of another solar system, situated millions of miles away. We need to know what physical life is, and what it is not; that it is a temporary sojourn of a soul, a small portion of which is projected into matter. It is stepping into limitations of forgetfulness to compel specialized experience. When the experience is gained the purpose of life is finished.

We do not know enough about what actually happens at birth nor about the fact that body and mind are refining machines; that the body grinds up and digests mineral and vegetable foods. Their refined essences become food for mind, the refined essence of which in turn builds a substantial body for functioning in more refined and perfect spheres. Therefore, the better we build the physical body, the lovelier will be that product of our present efforts, that "house not made with hands," destined ultimately to be "eternal in the heav-

PERSONAL AGELESS MEMORIES

ens." Knowledge of the TRUTH liberates the student to grow gracefully, instead of fretting and worrying in ignorance.

You can now see there is no such thing as being a finished product as a result of the findings of meditation. Of course the progress of each student varies. Some are naturally adept in such practices and awaken with a rapidity impossible for another. With the above explanation you can easily see how our minds and hands are filled with work.

There comes every now and then in each person's progress a crucial moment, a transition period from one grade of practice to the next. Such a crisis I reached at sixteen years of age, and it began with the following event:

ANOTHER TRANSITION AND LIFE CRISIS

One day my Master came to me and said that one month from that day, at a certain hour, I must stick some pins through my flesh. I had anticipated this for more than a year, but somehow it was always in the dim and distant future. I was training and gradually gaining the ability to control my body activities, such as the heartbeat, blood circulation, and local sensation. I was making progress, but I had not yet actually faced a demonstration.

Perhaps you can realize why I became very much excited and why I offered the opinion to my Master that I was not quite ready for such a demonstration. He

Eighty-three

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

kindly and firmly promised to help me so much that no matter how unable I might be to accomplish such a feat by my own unaided ability, I could still succeed because of his help.

This quieted my mind somewhat, but as the time approached and the great day arrived I became more nervous. When the Master actually appeared with the pins I was almost ready to beg off and quit the whole deal. But my Master was very reassuring. He promised he would personally see to it that the needles would not hurt at all. In fact, he assured me I would feel nothing and that I would be very happy to find how easy it was. Trusting him, I allowed the needles to be thrust into the flesh of my neck and chest. To my surprise I found there was no pain at all.

I was delighted that I could do this, even with the support of my Master. When the experiment was completed, he complimented me and told me we would again repeat it, giving me the exact date and hour. When the second experiment was due, I felt the same trepidation as at first but, with the assurance of help, I performed the feat with no sensation of pain. After several performances of this feat, my Master explained he had not really helped me at all—that I had done this great thing all alone, under my own power. I was so elated that I hid from everyone and tried it. My joy was complete when I found I had the same immunity from pain and could control the blood circulation when alone as well as with my Master.

In several ways this was a fine lesson, but one thing which impressed me deeply was the power of my Mas-

PERSONAL AGELESS MEMORIES

ter's suggestion. Without that, I am sure I could not have succeeded. The unlimited power of suggestion, when we have superb confidence in the idea imparted, seems to be a fact in human nature which is as yet unrecognized. When one realizes its power for healing disease, transforming character, and developing latent abilities is seemingly unlimited, one wonders why such a law and process is left unemployed.

REQUIREMENTS FOR INDUCING THE TRANCE

About this same time, my Master began my training for the trance in earnest. This is a very particular step. It necessitates a nearly clean and healthy physical condition, as well as perfect emotional and mental control. Fear has to be eliminated gradually as the process develops. Great care and watchfulness is necessary on the part of the Master. He assures himself of the heart action and keeps within the bounds of safety always. Otherwise, without such careful training and intelligent guidance, one cannot develop the ability to go into the trance and remain cataleptic for hours at a time without incurring great danger to life.

I shall never forget the effect on my mind and body the first time I actually induced catalepsy. When I returned to consciousness it seemed a terrible thing had happened. Maybe the word terrible does not convey the right thought. Wonderful might be more correct, but the influence was terrific. Later on I tried to induce the state all alone, and for days I tried to no avail. I could

Eighty-five

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

not do it. But as the months passed and my Master guided and encouraged as well as instructed, my whole body and mind became so inured to the process its final effects were very pleasant and profitable.

People generally think the cataleptic condition which I enter when I am buried alive for hours must be a terrible ordeal. Some feel so sorry for me and wonder whether I will not ultimately kill myself with such strenuous practices. I wish to assure all such that it is of benefit to my health and improves my physical condition much more than ordinary physical exercise. It stimulates my vital organs, and at the end of every performance I am elated, happy, hungry, and healthy.

The trance is accomplished by a twofold practice. The first of course is mental. I must eliminate fear. Fear would mean instant and sure death. I must control my thoughts and adhere to one specific purpose. I must even make up my mind how long I am to remain asleep, and I will awaken when the time is up. It may be seven hours or one. When the predetermined time has elapsed I will awaken. Only those who know the power of positive suggestion to the subconscious mind can understand how this is possible.

The other requirement for the cataleptic state is physical pressure. The first stages are accomplished by attention, concentration, and powerful will. My body responds to these indomitable powers. My heartbeat gradually goes down to twenty beats per minute. My blood stream quiets and ceases its ordinary surging. When the heart reaches twenty beats per minute, I begin physical pressure on the throat which cuts off the

PERSONAL AGELESS MEMORIES

blood circulation to the brain sufficiently to stop its active functioning; consciousness ceases, the blood slows down, the heart becomes increasingly quiet until it reaches four beats per minute.

All else which is necessary to continue in that physical and mental state is the application of the law of the subconscious mind, which in such practice is called autosuggestion. The body stiffens in every part except the solar plexus, heart, and abdominal contents. The real vital parts function slowly, rhythmically, and easily. The abdomen continues a rhythmic heaving and falling, expanding and contracting. The solar plexus rhythmically rises and lowers just as it does in quiet, deep breathing.

My mind is correctly charged with the requirements for the trance. The instant the brain ceases functioning the lungs expand to their limits and draw in a deep draught of air. The tongue turns back as it might do if one were attempting to swallow it tip first. This seals the throat, and it so remains during the trance. One of many very definite requirements for safety in the trance is this complete sealing of the lungs. During the time of the trance, the body is nearest to perfect rest as it ever can be while life lasts.

I am not anticipating any of my students will attempt to enter this state of body and mind. But I am explaining this much so that those of my students who are alert to the implications which I here make can see the reasonableness of the whole process and not make the mistake which is so common among the unthinking who declare, without a second thought or mo-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

ment's intelligent investigation, that being buried alive for hours without a supply of oxygen is impossible and simply cannot be done.

As a matter of fact, a similar state of body and mind is induced by disease. There are many cases on record where people have appeared to be dead. Even those poor victims who have actually been buried alive are but the result of the same law which I use consciously. By physicians it is called catalepsy and by others it is called suspended animation. In all cases there is an interference with the free flow of the blood to the brain. In this condition the body is so nearly at perfect rest that many times when the energies return and the vital process again becomes normal it is found the patient is entirely recovered.

Some want to know whether I know what happens when I awake from the trance. Usually there is no conscious memory, for the physical brain is quiescent. The experiences during the trance are practically all of a superphysical grade. I know that I can go in my consciousness back to my Temple and talk with those whom I know while I am buried in America and a lecture is being given over my "remains." There is abundant proof of this fact as is given in exchanges of information with those who talk to me concerning the subjects discussed.

In the trance my spirit is temporarily liberated from my body. When I return, I am, at the instant of awakening, as strange to my surroundings as though I had never seen or known them before. My friends tell me there is an absolutely vacant look on my face. I know

PERSONAL AGELESS MEMORIES

this must be because my mind is completely blank. Only a moment does this last and obtains while the soul is re-entering the body. Just as soon as it takes possession of the brain, I recall and am at home again.

If I am to be awakened ahead of the time which I have specified to my subconscious mind when entering the trance, all that is necessary is to pull my hands away from my face. When this is done and the pressure released, the nerves actuate the heart. The heart begins to beat, running up almost instantly to 120 beats per minute then gradually quieting down to normal. The whole body jumps into action as though rejoicing that the Master has returned and is at liberty to go again. Very soon after awakening I am ravenously hungry. It is something like the hunger which results from long and vigorous outdoor exercise, and is partly induced by the fact that I do not eat for twenty-four hours previous to burial to insure a minimum of carbon in my system.

After I began the practice of going into the trance and rendering my body immune to ordinary physical torture, my work continued without any spectacular element until I was ready to go to the final Temple. We work toward this goal for many years. Indeed, it is the goal of all our efforts, and well it may be. Therefore, I wish to tell something about this great event.

THE TRIP TO THE GREAT MASTER'S TEMPLE

We go from the various preparatory Temples, of which there are six in number, to enter the final Temple

Eighty-nine

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

where the only eleven-ring Master living in the visible sphere conducts the work. To meet this Master face to face and talk one hour with him is an event which no student ever forgets. Its memory is one of the sacred treasures which has nothing to compare with it.

The groups from the various Temples all start out at about the same time and converge toward one spot on the bank of the River Nile. When we meet we have our festivities and from there on we all travel together.

The Egyptian Masters have a mechanical way of communicating with each other over hundreds of miles. The six Temples are situated within a radius of several hundred miles. Yet they communicate so dependably that the groups all start so as to meet at the appointed place at about the same hour. An American newspaper published an article concerning this a few years ago, from which I quote a few lines: "It is well known that the English at war in the East wonder how the enemy could always trace their movements, seemingly knowing about battles even before they had fired a gun. Without any warning, plans that had been a deep secret were exposed, and a tribe of hillsmen would descend upon the British like a hurricane. Faster than a telegram, faster than the telephone, the scouts would transfer their thoughts. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the message is sent to the waiting scout many miles away."

But to me it is extremely simple. Our method of telegraphy has existed for thousands of years, and wherever there are two Coptic members, remember this—they can use this method so easily and effectively that

PERSONAL AGELESS MEMORIES

secrets cannot be kept from them. With such a people it is useless to go to war.

Our Masters would communicate with the other groups each evening at the quiet hour. We students would arrange ourselves in a circle, each facing outward from the center. The Master would occupy the center and, after a few chants and a short period of concentration, he would begin to locate the various companies both as to direction and distance.

While the Master was using this dependable mechanical telegraph, we students would be testing our ability to locate the companies by mind power, or mental sensitiveness and receptivity, sometimes called telepathy. When the quiet hour was over, we would each report to our Master what we received. He would check up on us and thereby determine our ability to a nicety.

In due season all companies would arrive and we would stay several days on the river bank, enjoying a great celebration, conducting our services of chants, testing our ability, and generally making merry. Our psychic ability was tested again and again and, well it might be, for it would certainly be needed within a few days. If we failed we would never enter the Temple of our ideal but would either lose our physical life, or go home defeated.

From this point we traveled together toward a certain place on the Nile which was the goal of our journey. When we had reached the exact spot, we again held festivities of chanting and singing, beating our drums and expressing our joy.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

The Nile is infested with vast numbers of crocodiles, and this point is no exception. Our music brought the curious ones to the place where we camped, and when all the festivities were over, the great ordeal fraught with such intense possibilities for failure or success was at hand. This ordeal I will attempt to describe.

OUR FINAL TEST

No student ever graduates into this highest Temple without swimming the River Nile at this point. There is no other available entrance for any student. There is a tunnel on the opposite bank, and we are instructed minutely in just what direction to swim so we will enter the tunnel. Through it we swim out into the opposite bank. Nearby, hidden in a mountain, is the mystery Temple where we learn our final lessons and make our final tests.

It is impossible to know whether crocodiles are present in the water nearby just by looking into it, for a few feet below the surface they would be invisible. But we must not, on penalty of death, make our jump into the water as long as a crocodile is in the near vicinity. There is no chance about it—if a crocodile is near, he will spring upon you. His long, sharp, scissors-like jaws will clamp down upon the middle of the body instantly cutting it in two, and this world hears from such an unfortunate no more.

Each youth is instructed long years before to locate the crocodile by mind power, and he practices to this end all those years. Just as in all the training, when the

PERSONAL AGELESS MEMORIES

crucial moment comes no one is compelled to make the jump, or is even urged to do so. Now, as always, it is a matter of personal choice. The process is to sit in meditation on the river bank until convinced that the crocodiles are gone, then make the jump and be rewarded by soon joining one's associates in the Temple.

If a youth does not get that sense of confidence, he should not jump. Students who do not attempt to take the test of swimming the Nile, return to their own Temple. There they try again to develop the ability to reach the final goal or they give up and go out into the business and social world as any other individual.

Some of our number refused to jump. Most of them made the plunge and all but one came out victorious. Just one lad never appeared again. I am asked how we felt about his failure and physical death. In the first place, we know that he has lost nothing. He has gained in that he developed enough character and courage to make the attempt. Nevertheless, there is the human tendency to grieve that one of the number will never be with us again in this world.

I am also asked whether there is any blame attached to such a death. Perhaps there is no blame as such. That would be the wrong word. However, the Master of this youth lost one-half of one ring of his head-gear which indicates an earned rank in the Temple. A Master is thus reminded he did not train his student well enough.

We have no rank in the Temple except that indicated by the rings around our headdress. You can observe by my pictures included in these pages what I mean by the headdress. You can see it is made of

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

soft white cloth and fastened to the head with a winding cord. The number of times this cord winds around the head indicates the grade of scholar. No one has any other title than Master and his degree is indicated by the number of those windings. If one wishes to indicate any particular person's standing, he will speak of him as a "Seven," or a "Ten," or an "Eleven," which latter is the highest possible. In all the history of the seven Temples, there has never been but one Eleven-Ring Master living at one time. All others must wear, at most, only ten rings.

The Final Goal of Our Ideals

TEMPLE OF MYSTERY

AND now let us suppose that we have arrived at this final goal of our Temple life. I will now attempt to tell you something of this place of mystery, the very existence of which is known to so few people at any one time.

The Temple history extends back about 9,000 years. The Temple itself is hewn out of a hill. Passers-by can travel as near to it as your main highways are to the average farm-house, yet it has never been discovered by an outsider.

You may want to know why the strict secrecy. In the first place, it has always been necessary because of the need of self-preservation. Egypt has all these thousands of years been invaded by vandals. Mohammedans have been the most numerous and therefore the dominant element. The Coptics, a Christian group, have always been so in the minority that their numbers make but slight impression upon the public affairs of the country.

Always they have been persecuted, and a Coptic follower who is for any reason hailed into court has no consideration, and not the least guarantee of justice. This reason is sufficient to account for the intense secrecy concerning their places of worship and the training of their children.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

There are many passers-by who see some or all of the Temple buildings or Temple sites, such as this mountain which contains the Temple of Divine Wisdom. Never is there anything which hints at the nature of the within, and it is impossible for anyone not invited to find entrance.

In fact, some of the graduates of this Temple are farmers in its vicinity. There have been times without number, all through these years gone by, when some information or rumor of the existence of this Coptic center would reach the ears of some ambitious bandit. No sooner would he start on his journey, intent upon the destruction of the Temple itself and the murder of its inhabitants, than these supposedly ordinary farmers would receive the word from brothers hundreds of miles away. The word would be transmitted from one to another. By the time the thieves and murderers would arrive at the scene, there would be nothing which would give the slightest hint that anything out of the ordinary existed in that region.

And yet, within that mountain are collected those personalities in which the brains of the ages are epitomized, whose personal power is so great that if they were as unmerciful as their would-be enemy, it would be a sad day indeed for anyone who attempted to do them harm. But these wise people are Christians, and their main emphasis is that of their great Leader, who commands that "Ye love one another." Therefore, they never attempt to do harm to anyone.

The Temple of Divine Wisdom is older than the pyramid of Gizeh, which is somewhere around 7,000

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

years old. You see, there was a great civilization which dates back into prehistoric times which had its heyday in the continent of Atlantis, which sank into the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean somewhere around 14,000 years ago. When this continent disappeared, it carried with it the main part of its material products. However, some of the works of these people still stand, as do the great white cities in almost perfect preservation discovered in Central and South America. Among them are pyramids which are built on the exact pattern of Gizeh. Their perfection cannot be exceeded even in our day of mechanical contrivances which seem to enable us to transcend any previous nation in our power to build mathematically and mechanically.

The pyramid of Gizeh was the last word spoken by the remnants of this civilization, and it is a monument which contains in symbolism the wisdom of that day. There has never been a time when there were no representatives of this basic wisdom living in physical bodies. Always there are some few people who have been apprised of the truth and law. And always there comes, rhythmically and on time, a Great Master, who makes whatever new revelation is necessary for the next unfoldment of the race concerned.

This Master Temple is one of the monuments to this wisdom and has been in continual activity all these 9,000 years, its Masters teaching and developing those abilities of the human being which lie latent in the minds of ordinary people. They have done the work of true religion. They have taught their followers how to develop the maximum powers of the body and mind and,

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

through these as a foundation, to ascend to the consciousness of the spiritual realms and on to personal freedom.

During these 9,000 years, there have been thirty Masters who have served as its leaders and directors. Their average span of life, therefore, during this period is about 300 years.

The body of each Temple Master has been preserved by a secret process. Each one stands, quite lifelike, in a niche in the Temple wall. The organs of the body of each were removed when death occurred and were petrified by a process which does not change the cell structure nor alter the natural, living color. Such organs as the heart, liver, stomach, and lungs have been sliced open, placed about, made into table tops, and polished so that they shine as brilliantly as highly polished marble.

The entrails of each table are marked to correspond to the markings of each statue. Our Masters instructed us concerning the structure and condition of the cells of the organs for from their appearance and condition, they can deduce the personal method of living, eating, mental practices, emotional processes and how long each had lived. We were taught in this practical, concrete manner how a Master who is able to live 300 years has changed and determined the cellular structure of his body and the degree of his vitality.

Near by, just for comparison, are the organs of an ordinary person who lived but a comparatively short time. We found the organs compact - that is, the cells were not free, the tissue was not open and the cells separated and apart from each other. The tissue of the Masters

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

was as different from that of the ordinary, uninformed person as a shriveled arm is inferior to the cell structure of a finely developed athlete's arm.

When one has seen such concrete examples of body change, because of the physical and mental habits of the builder, one sees there are large varieties of souls who inhabit the earth. One becomes convinced that the quality of the body shows the quality of the soul. Thereafter one is inspired so to live that if the body were to be examined by one who understands, after the soul has departed, the body would speak complimentary words concerning its creator and keeper.

We found that certain types of practices produce the same results no matter who the person might be. We were convinced that these Masters have the secret of comparatively perpetual youth. True, they die but no doubt are able to leave their bodies at will because their own Law of Life demands they go when their work is done and their life purpose accomplished. They never die before their time from disease they ignorantly create in their bodies.

When I had finished this training I felt I had a new hold on life from all angles. My students want to know what I learned which would so dependably produce health and a natural life span. In my class work I attempt to go into detail concerning this phase of the work, but it seems that personal instruction and influence are necessary to get the largest and most satisfactory results.

However, there is one fundamental requirement which seems so foreign to the present Western mind that I

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

will speak of it at least sufficiently to start my readers to questioning and thinking on this most important and necessary subject.

A STUDY IN ENERGY

All our thinking is accomplished by a power known as energy. All our body powers are expressed through energy. This energy is not wholly unlike electricity, although it is infinitely more refined. Sometimes this energy is called magnetism. Its emanations around a person are recognized and felt. Therefore, some people are spoken of as "magnetic," or "attractive and charming." Such magnetic and attractive people have an advantage over the non-magnetic in that they wield a power over people and circumstances which is impossible to those less favored.

Energy is power and is sometimes likened to steam in a boiler. The analogy is close enough to serve our purpose for illustration. The steam, when under pressure and placed behind a piston rod, has the power to turn the wheels of commerce and develop material civilization. This same steam might blow up the boiler, kill the engineer, and generally wreak havoc. In other words, the same steam which might destroy can also be directed to a good and desirable purpose.

Another illustration is electricity. This has rapidly become a servant of the race as power to take us where we want to go, to heat and light our homes, cook our food, wash our clothing, and do our bidding in many ways. Yet, this same energy is used to kill our criminals

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

and, unless it is scientifically harnessed and directed, becomes our destroyer.

Within the human body there is constantly being manufactured and distributed an energy which is capable of every variety of activity needed in building and repairing the body, feeding and nurturing the mind, and enabling us to live lives of activity and usefulness.

This energy can be appropriated consciously, by wise people, straight from the air, through certain known mathematical methods of breathing. It is all pervading and all permeating. It is free energy, ready and waiting the command of mind to get into action. It can and will fill the body to overflowing, giving a superabundance of vitality, working power, and capacity for enjoyment. This free energy may be spoken of as the Breath of the Divine. Its abundant use is possible only for those who are wise in the mechanics of its appropriation and application. Those who know this secret are never depleted and weary in the ordinary sense of the word.

All living things and beings combine the earthly essentials with this Divine quality in such diluted quantities as they are capable of handling, and personal power results in meager quantities and qualities even in the most depleted of the human family. This energy can be converted into sickness and death by methods of living and types of emotions. It has an infinite variety of expressions possible and an unknown capacity for condensation and compensation, or pliability of performance.

This energy obeys the fundamental law of life-it first builds the physical vehicle, or the body organs and functions. In other words, it obeys the law of self-preser-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

vation, which is basic. The human body is this energy organized, systematized, and crystallized into living matter.

Personal life obeys this law of self-preservation first. Next it extends itself into a race law, which is race preservation. And so, this energy is drawn off from the body as a whole, and converted into sex energy for the purpose of procreation.

The Coptics do not recommend or demand that their students or priests live celibate lives. They marry and raise their families as does the rest of the world. In fact they are taught that one of the duties to the race is to give bodies to others who need earth experience, and they consider it a sacrifice, a duty, and a blessing or privilege. It is first a sacrifice because in becoming a parent, both the father and mother give their very life blood and most precious energy to provide a body for the offspring.

They consider it both a duty and privilege, because a duty is always also a privilege in that when one is of service to another that service builds a personal Karma which will insure a service which will sometime be received, as the law of action and reaction ripens. Coptic Priests are family men, unless they wish to graduate into those levels of personal unfoldment above eight rings. Such high-grade development makes such perpetual and strenuous demands upon the time, thought, aspirations, and energies of the individual that they necessarily live most secluded and consecrated lives. This is a practice which produces most powerful personal qualities and abilities, always of a very specialized character. Only very ripened souls would wish or be capable

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

of undergoing the strict training necessary to make such grades of attainment.

If you see my implications, you can begin to see what terrible mistakes are being made today in emphasizing the sex function and thereby developing it until its power enables it to take charge of the mind and impulses, when it constantly demands expression and consumes all the energy which might be conserved and appropriated to a more desirable, more permanent, and ultimately satisfactory purpose.

Few Christians realize that the Old Testament in Oriental symbology tells the story that the sex function is the Judas of the personality, since when it demands its own expression it robs the entire being. Few realize that in it is symbolized the "rejected stone," which is yet to be the key stone in the arch, or the cornerstone of the building. Few realize that this sex energy is the most high powered energy which the body is capable of making, and that it is infinitely convertible and applicable. And only those who are wise on this subject know how the race today is reducing body, mind, and impulses into inferiority and slavery to sex demands, or how vital and free one can be who conquers the traitor and harnesses his energies.

It is useless to make demands upon anyone. The ordinary religious training or attempted influence to make demands, "Thou shalt not," does not raise any individual to a very high standard of perfection. It is only when an individual is taught why and how, and encouraged by explaining how much more desirable is the ultimate end or result of one kind of living as compared

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

with one inferior in its consequences that earnest effort will be made to improve. Such instruction should belong to the church, and all people, young and old, should be trained much more carefully in this than in adding a column of figures.

The Master Temple has had three women as its directors during its 9,000 years' history. These women were Masters in the same way as their brothers. The present cycle of unfoldment does not inspire women to become such Masters. They are trained in exactly the same way as the men. They have separate departments in the Temple and are never permitted to see each other or associate with each other until they are 18 or 20 years of age. This age corresponds to 28 or 30 in America, as all people of hot countries mature much earlier, both physically and mentally, than those of temperate or cold climates.

But this does not mean these young people do not know anything about the opposite sex. There is *nothing* which they are not taught, and it is taught in such perfect fashion, in such an effective manner, that when they meet absolutely nothing is thought about the difference between the sexes. Theirs is such a perfect understanding of the meaning of sex and the possibilities of the personal use of the sex forces, except when reproduction is desired, that no emphasis is necessary on this subject.

In my teaching work I have been surprised to look over lecture audiences and those in church services and find most of those who attend are women. I find many women who go to a lecture under terrific protest from

One Hundred four

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

their husbands, who tell them what fools they are to follow such folly as lectures on personal efficiency.

I find one of the great problems which crops out in the prevalence of divorce is the sex problem. The problem seems to arise because of the fact that many boys and men are taught to over-estimate the desirability of sex expression, without any training concerning the value of sex conservation. Thus as a consequence, they are over-sexed, make too much demand upon their wives, who soon resent an unnatural intrusion of one person upon the life and well-being of another, and trouble follows which wrecks the home.

The present cycle tends toward creating superiority in the woman as compared with her male companion. Unless men arouse themselves and learn their errors in estimating values, they will find themselves seriously left behind in race evolution; and America will be a country governed and controlled by women, even as it has been one legislated by the man and for the man, with not much regard until recent times even of the political right of their women. Unless the men find out that there is a functional law of necessity for personal freedom in every avenue of personal life, their attempted violation of the law of sex will reduce them to the place where they will scarcely be of sufficiently good quality to serve even as ancestors for their offspring. The women of the future are destined to be the power and directors of our race destiny unless the churches arise and give scientific instruction which will appeal to and reach the scientific mind of the present-day man. Only then will the church begin to live up to its privileges.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS
OUR FINAL TRAINING

I am asked just what happened in this final Temple, as compared with that which occurred in the primary school. In answer let me say that nothing spectacular happened. Before we entered this Temple of Triumph, we have been taught all the basic wisdom; we have been practicing and developing our personal abilities. Here we continue our endeavor with one added factor which is indeed of importance, although to an ordinary observer it might seem of little value.

This added factor is much like the blooming of a flower in a few hours, which has been budding for weeks. We have passed certain of the budding stages of our development when we enter this Temple and, during the eight months of my stay, I was constantly emphasizing those practices which would of themselves prove my ability.

The great and final test comes to us in the following fashion: In this Temple there is cultivated a flower which does not grow anywhere in the world except central Africa. It is a beautiful white flower, and when it is in full bloom its flower petals gradually open and close in periods of about three minutes, requiring one and a half minutes for the opening and like time for the closing.

When this flower opens it throws out a sweet perfume and only begins its closing process when its stock of perfume is exhausted. While it is closing it gathers a new supply, whereupon it gradually opens again, and so it continues rhythmically hour by hour.

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

This perfume is pleasant to the senses, but is a deadly poison for the human body, and is used by us to prove our personal physical and mental control. The method used is this: The flower is located in the center of a series of circles, which are arranged so that the spaces between the circles are sufficient for a student to sit and meditate. There are eleven spaces in all, and the flower is the twelfth. We begin our practice by sitting for one hour, if possible, in the outermost space or that farthest away from the flower.

As we develop the ability to keep the body independent of the poison, we sit in a space closer to the flower. It is in this practice that we gain our rings on our head-dress. Each space conquered gives us one ring. As our ability improves we come closer to the flower, but also with each step toward it the poison is more powerful and the endeavor is more strenuous.

One who has proven his ability to sit within the first space away from the flower is an eleven. I personally made the grade of seven, when I felt that I had enough, and left the Temple and came into the world. I do not think I will attempt to make any higher grade in this life, as I prefer the rounding experience of general association, such as I am now gaining in America with my family and friendship ties, which all normal and regular human beings appreciate most of all.

The real meaning of this practice is this: The flower represents or symbolizes nature. Nature is *always* our giver of degrees. No school, no human being, no organization, nothing or no one can give you a degree. It is only our powers for adjustment to the forces in nature

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

which determines or shows forth our weakness or strength. And so, when we wear any number of rings, we have earned them, and every step has been a real and basic personal victory. There is no "ponying" through, as is common in universities where the president confers the degree and hands the candidate the sheepskin.

AND NOW MY FINAL PRIVILEGE IN THE TEMPLE

Every student of the Temples, no matter to which one he may belong, looks forward through his years of training to the final privilege in the Superior Temple. This is the meeting personally of the Great Eleven-Ring Master, the only one living in a physical body in the world.

Never shall I forget the intensity of anticipation, the joy and happiness which I experienced when the great day arrived and for which I had worked for twelve long busy years. The hour arrived, and the Master appeared! This was MY HOUR, and HE and I were to be alone all those precious sixty minutes! I could look into his eyes, hear his voice, and feel his personal atmosphere!

When he appeared, I received him with mind agog and body trembling with excitement. Very quietly and calmly he sat down in my presence, and with utmost sincerity told me that he was exactly like me! In fact, he said we all have the same measure of natural ability and basic qualities. He complimented me on my record and promised me a brilliant future of attainment, al-

One Hundred eight

THE FINAL GOAL OF OUR IDEALS

though he did not use words which mean just that in American interpretation.

In fact, to make a record just for the sake of the record, to make a name or reputation for the sake of the fame or estimate of anyone, including members of the human family, or to get notice from the Celestial beings from on High, is never considered as having any worth, but would be considered a base and unworthy aim in life.

He explained to me how the only value in time and eternity is one's own development and personal ability. He said no one ever helped me but myself, and no one could hurt or hinder me. He said all people are free—eternally free—that the human soul is always at liberty, and only bound by the whips of its own ignorance.

Therefore, be WISE. This was the burden of his lesson so far as it applies to all alike. The rest was directed to me personally, and is applicable to me only, and of no special concern to anyone else. He did not advise me. These great wise men never advise nor admonish. They instruct their students and then set them free.

The memory of that hour is a perpetual benediction to my soul. His commendation of my attainment up to that time serves as constant encouragement for with my best efforts continually employed to teach and improve the lives of my students, I shall earn the privilege of an assignment to a more important and responsible task in the ages to come. This is the law. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

The ultimate effect of my training must manifest as composite character and personal quality. Its lessons serve me every hour of my life. I see lives wrecked on human highways because they are ignorant, whereas I know. I want everyone in the world to know.

I am able to reveal much more of the details of my knowledge and, of course, can transfer more of my mental attitude toward my students in my personal classes than is possible through the printed page. However, the printed page has power and is doing more than all else today to evangelize the world. May these pages do their part!

My Next Great Life Transition

BACK HOME

WHEN I had finally realized all my hopes, after I had been initiated into the sacred mysteries, and sat in the presence of the Greatest Human Being it shall ever be my privilege to meet in this world, I left the Temple to go into the world of ordinary affairs.

I returned to my home, in Cairo, where I was received by my family with a great celebration and much rejoicing. Soon my father expressed the hope that now that my school days were over I would be willing to settle down in business with him and establish a permanent home nearby.

I was sorry to disappoint him, but I had other ambitions, and soon I joined the armed forces which were being sent out from Egypt to do service in World War I. I succeeded in being enlisted in the air service, and piloted planes the entire duration of my service. My experiences during that time were much the same as the other men's, with one exception. One time I was on the battlefield where the enemy was making a stampede across our lines. I was too far out toward the enemy for it to be possible to escape if I attempted to run, since I would be a perfect target for their arms. So, my ability to go into a trance saved my life. I entered the trance state as quickly as possible, lying on the ground, and the

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

enemy, supposing me to be dead, did not disturb me. When I came to life again, as good as new, the enemy had gone and I was safe.

MY FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE

At the close of the war, again my father broached the subject of going into business with him but, as before, I had other plans. I wanted to go to Italy, which I proceeded to do, with the intention of publicly demonstrating my powers. My younger brother went with me. He was instructed how to proceed, and how he should announce my coming to the city of Brindisi. I was heralded as "The Miracle Man who defies death by being buried alive six feet under the ground for three days, and who again presents himself to the world in perfect condition!"

My brother did such a good job of advertising that the entire city turned out in great excitement to see the demonstration. The Mayor gave me the keys to the city, and did me the honor of serving the city dignitaries a banquet so that they could all meet me personally.

I was not pleased with the banquet, as it is necessary for me to fast several days before a prolonged burial. However, my brother thought I must attend so as to please everybody important. Knowing better than to do it, I attended the banquet and, being urged, partook of some of their spaghetti of which they are extremely proud. Every bite that went down my throat was a vexation to my soul, but they passed it to me again and



Hamid Bey as a Friend

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

again, each time insisting that I have some more spaghetti!

When it came time to go into the burial, I wished heartily that I hadn't eaten that spaghetti. My grave was six feet deep. I took with me a cord attached to a bell, the idea being that I could pull the cord and thereby ring the bell if anything happened to make its use necessary. I was covered and all went well for a few hours. The spaghetti then began to get in its unfavorable work and disturbed me to such a point that I awakened out of the trance and, try as I might, it was impossible to go back into the trance again.

Of course I realized the seriousness of my situation, and that it would require a long time to dig me up if I should ring the bell, and that my chances were pretty slim. However, I rang the bell and waited.

I recalled something which my Master had talked to me about many years before, when he said that if any such thing should ever occur, I should remember to observe the process of dying as it would be very interesting and profitable. I determined to follow his advice, and it proved that he was correct. I will not recount the various phases of the process of leaving the body, but only report that the last thing I saw was a brilliant flash of intense red light, and then passed completely out of the picture.

They began to dig me up when the alarm rang but, despite their utmost haste, by the time I was brought to the surface, it looked as though I were gone for good. The newspaper men, as hungry for news as American dailies, rushed with the news to their respective publish-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

ers, and soon there was an extra on the streets announcing my demise.

I was gone for several hours, when I finally succeeded in getting back into my body, and was soon as good as new. And now, it was the business of the newspapers to get out another extra to announce their mistake. When I opened my eyes, my brother in anguish asked, "O *why* did you ring the bell?" To which I replied, "I think that should be an easy thing to answer for yourself, considering how hard I had to try to come back at all." Then my brother lamented that our reputation was ruined, and that we could never retrieve it!

But the whole affair turned out just the reverse. When they asked me why I failed, I frankly told them it was that spaghetti, and so the newspapers laid out huge headlines again, saying "SPAGHETTI IS STRONGER THAN THE MASTER. EAT MORE SPAGHETTI!" And my visit to that city, my first attempt to publicize my ability was a great success.

IN AMERICA

Nothing more startling than the above happened to me until the year 1927, when I was sent to America to show Houdini that his mechanical appliances could not duplicate genuine mind power. I was much disappointed that Houdini died before I had a chance to prove this, and I was suddenly left in a great country where everything was strange, even the language and the customs of the people.

One Hundred fourteen

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

But I wanted to stay and show my ability to a skeptical world. Accordingly I embarked upon an extended theatrical venture, and did what you call "time" on the leading vaudeville stages of this country for two years. I was so anxious to learn the language that I took advantage of every opportunity to learn new words, not knowing that among theatrical people, including the stage hands behind the scenes, many of their words and expressions did not fit into parlor entertainments of a formal nature. I got myself into any number of ludicrous situations with inappropriate remarks, which had been taught me just for a good joke. When I actually found out that I was not learning the language as I wished to, and also realized that my performances were taken as tricks to fool the people, I decided to leave the stage and find a better avenue of letting the world know about mind power and my ability to demonstrate it.

After several years spent in learning the ways of the Western world, during which time I spent two profitable years in Paris, I felt sufficiently at home among English people that I again sought a way to give my philosophy to a waiting world and demonstrate the supremacy of the mind.

MY PHILOSOPHY CONDENSED AS RELIGION—HUMAN NATURE—SCIENCE

Of course American people want to know about my religion. They want to know about a number of things to assure themselves that it is wise to study with me. To fill that need I write the following:

One Hundred fifteen

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

The Temple Master is a Christian Coptic. Therefore, my religion is the same as that of any Christian follower, but my viewpoint concerning Christianity is not the same. A common question is whether I am different in my fundamental nature, being of the Oriental order of things, from the average American. Let me say that Egyptians are diametrically opposite in their tendencies to the tendencies of Americans. The Western world in general belongs to one-half of the earth's civilization while the Egyptians belong to the other.

Everything in nature works in duplicate, or polarity. Everything has both a positive and negative pole of expression at the same time. Mankind is divided into these two poles. The Eastern world is positive to things of the spirit, while the Western world is positive to things material and external. While Americans value a fortune in material things, the Egyptians value their fortune in spiritual undersanding.

However, the Masters of Egyptian Temples do not ignore scientific findings in their philosophy. They have, on the other hand, been accumulating facts for centuries. When they find a sufficient number of facts which give evidence of a stable way in which a law works, they are justified in calling these organized facts a science. That is what the Western world does.

The essential difference is that these Masters have assumed the greatest science possible on this planet is the science of human unfoldment, or a study of human nature. In other words, they consider all discoveries, such as electricity, steam, and the radio as secondary in importance to the discovery of the nature of man in

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

his manifold expressions. They consider such discoveries have no value, except as they react in their influence to awaken man's latent, personal powers.

Egyptian Masters are, therefore, scientists, artisans, mechanics, and philosophers. They are earnest workers, teachers and leaders. The sum of their knowledge and abilities constitutes their religion. Their life reflects their wisdom. Belief as such, and faith devoid of actual mathematical knowledge plays no part in the Temple training. That is the most outstanding difference between the Egyptian and the United States religionists.

Egyptian Masters consider nature to be the handiwork of the One Creative Principle, call it what you will. They say nature is the negative or nurturing half of creation, and is therefore rightly called "Mother." God is the positive pole, from which proceeds the substance, power, and purpose developed and manifest in nature.

Man himself is as much a part of this nature as the pebble under his feet. Therefore, to know God, man should study all things, from the lowest to the highest, from the smallest to the largest which comes within the range of observation. The sum of his knowledge constitutes his religion.

MAN'S REAL PLACE AND PURPOSE IN NATURE

No man is in a position to do his best work until he knows who he really is and what his present ultimate place in the universe can be. To know the truth that Man is an epitome of the whole creation; that he is a

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

potential universe, and that he is in the process of bringing his latent, potential powers or natural qualities into actual organized manifestation acts as a constant encouragement to fulfill the one purpose of life.

This purpose, let me repeat, is to unfold and bring into personal manifestation his hidden, latent, and potential powers. This is accomplished only through experience. Experience is our taskmaster and nature is our schooling ground. (Conscious awareness on all levels of nature, known and unknown, is the ultimate. This is called Cosmic Consciousness.

We need to know the basic, essential requirements to accomplish life's purpose; that an organism is the product of stimuli; and that activity or exercise results, with corresponding development.

A developed organ, faculty, or function demands satisfactory expression. This is the urge to do, to accomplish. This assures action, which is work. Suffering is soul work. Suffering compels comparison, with desire for ease or health. This observation and desire serve as stimuli for endeavor to gain health. All endeavor unfolds organic and mental power, which causes the individual gradually to crawl upward toward complete development or universal conscious awareness.

This means all human experience is worthwhile, as it accomplishes the ultimate purpose of awakening. One can understand why peoples and races act and react as they do when there is an understanding of the various degrees of awakening, through necessity. The earliest experiences of the individual were tinged with fear. Fear being the expression of a threat to safety or com-

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

fort, the logical result would be anger and hate, a tendency to suspicion and killing.

It is necessary for all races to pass through such primitive experiences. Your present method of conducting your national affairs, politically, socially, and economically, is but a logical product of human traits which were developed in the earliest necessities of the race. These now manifest as greed. It is a long, hard, tedious journey to reach the heights of awareness, which proves that ultimately personal safety and comfort is dependent upon a higher use of the law wherein love rules, which is mutual cooperation and mutual service. The hardships of the present, which are bound to increase with inventions which appropriate nature's forces, are due to awaken the people rapidly within the next one hundred years. There will of necessity be a complete transformation of ideals and practices.

Some day the Western world will find that there are mechanics in the moral levels of life as well as in the physical. Perhaps the speediest way to learn the moral law is through the continued development of mechanics which finally become so powerful they either destroy their creator or come under his unselfish direction.

Man's ignorance and misfortune go together. The highest selflessness is identical with universal benevolence. "Honesty is the best policy," for that which renders happiness permanently for one person is a steadfast blessing for the whole race. The happiness of all must come through the happiness or harmony of each. Therefore, he is wisest who maintains a stern love of personal and public righteousness.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS
MAN'S ETERNAL QUEST

Man's quest for truth or law or wisdom is as natural as it is for the sun to rise and set. It is inherent in his very being because of his very nature. Man is the product of the law of the universe, and universal essence is man's essence. His kinship with the universal is a magnet which draws him into active investigation concerning nature and his relationship to it.

But at man's present embryonic stage of unfoldment, he sees only the effect side of creation, and knows little or nothing of its cause. Since effect is meager, and since man's senses report effect in a more or less distorted fashion, most people at the present time have a misconception of truth and reality. At any given period of man's unfoldment, the type of thing which he considers reality and value shows his degree of development.

A little thought makes it evident that no one can think, imagine, weigh, judge, and draw conclusions except through the sum total of experiences which have come to him in the form of impressions made upon the five senses. Memory, emotion, and will, guided by an intellectual comprehension and organization of facts, constitute his thinking and determine his life in his relations both to the planetary and celestial spheres.

Experience shows that no person can succeed in the fullest measure in life without perfect health and a pliable, supple, useful, capable, and enduring body. Since everything which bears upon life is included in religion, the Egyptian Masters begin and end their training in physical power and perfection. All the ability I possess is

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

grounded in extremes of physical development, directed by the Masters, whose data goes back over so many generations of effort that they know what practices will produce given results.

Many ancient religions tended toward despising the body, but in Egypt one can go back to the beginnings of history and find that all the way they have much respect for the body. The Egyptians have taken care of the body during life and preserved it after death. They have always seen something divine in all living organisms. In worshipping animals and vegetables, they worship the mysterious principles of organization--that vital power, which is to us, and it was and is to them, marvelous and inscrutable.

From the foregoing it becomes evident that Masters draw on knowledge and wisdom wherever it is to be found. Hence they are interested in the life and works of all great souls, and attempt to extract whatever peculiar contribution each may have made to universal wisdom.

Therefore, they accept the Christ, and He is one of their major leaders and teachers of the one law. He evidently beheld the law more completely than any other Master who has visited our earth. This complete observation possible for the evolved Christ Consciousness, most of which is invisible and therefore unknown to ordinary people, is revealed in His commands in regard to human relationships. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," may seem to be an arbitrary command to the uninitiated, but it is as necessary to personal good as eating food and breathing air. In it is a necessity belonging to our essen-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

tial and changeless being. Therefore, as long as we neglect this natural requirement, we reap the inevitable suffering.

ESSENTIALS ON THE UPWARD PATH

To return to the first essential of growth—a healthy body. It is evident that Christ valued health, since so much of His endeavor was directed toward healing and the command which sometimes followed, “Go and sin no more.” He was healthy in body and mind. All His faculties were active and so full of vital power as to awe and control His opponents who came expecting to put Him down.

Christian nations must include in their renaissance for the future a renewal of the physical constitution of the race. In their haste to get rich in the intense struggle of business rivalry, more lives are probably destroyed each year than might be lost in a great battle. Educate the body as well as the brain or mind. Physical rejuvenation is the foundation of essential soul vitality. So closely connected are the various phases of personality that even the quality of the voice reveals the quality of the soul.

The wonder works of the Christ show what man can do when he attains full physical development. The physical body refines the coarser elements of matter into the superphysical or soul body. Hence, our soul qualities must manifest during earth life through the physical body. The life principle works backward and forward, from positive to negative, and back again. Thus it becomes

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

true that the mind and soul refine the body, the body refines the soul, and so on, until the soul or higher self gains the ascendancy and becomes complete master through intelligent guidance; that is, the soul or higher self proves itself superior to all visible forces in nature, masters the body, and the laws of matter become flexible under the powers of the mind.

Masters believe in WORK. There is no element of unnecessary ease in their schedules. They realize that to *be* something, one must *do* something; and that as one *does* something, one *is* something. Hence the dignity of work. Therefore, they say, if you cannot *be* good, try to *do* good; and if you cannot *do* good, try to *be* good and watch results. One produces the other.

Instead of decrying the value of Western civilization, they say it is necessary to round out human development. Before mind can display its creative powers in the higher regions of thought, it must have a broad substratum of scientific knowledge as a basis of the more exalted superstructures.

The principles in chemical analysis are the same as used in analysis of the mind. The physiology of the animal economy is an incipient development of the physiological principles of the intellect and moral economy.

All true growth and wisdom are the higher departments of a divine temple whose foundation is science and whose turrets extend far beyond and into the tranquil realms of Celestial life.

Physical science leads to intellectual science, while this in turn leads to the science of morals. Chemical analysis leads to mental analysis, and from this we derive a sub-

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

lime philosophy of the essential qualities and powers of man's immortal soul. Chemistry is a manifestation of an ultimate principle called love. The fact of correspondences all through the universe leads us naturally to universal love and benevolence and to scientific charity and philosophical compassion for all. A complete study of nature on her higher and invisible levels proves to us that our fellowmen have a natural claim upon our sympathies and efforts, and we have a claim upon them; and the ultimate of harmony or perfection is a universal confederation of interests and a commingling of occupations.

Man must triumph over the elements and phenomena of the physical world before he can achieve many victories in the world of morals. A philosophy of matter supports a philosophy of mind, just as a house stands on its foundation.

When man is wise enough to convert bad physical conditions into good and healthy influences, he will have taken a long step toward Christian attainment in eliminating crime and poverty. This must be part of religion before religion brings its real power to convert and save into complete expression.

Science is naturally the primary stratification, the granite foundation, of all philosophical knowledge and moral growth. That is to say — all religion and philosophy, to be of any service to mankind in this day, must have a scientific basis.

Religion must begin its work where we live now. Men can digest food years before they can digest thought. A child is more interested in a ball than a

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

planet. The yardstick has much to do with principle, and the pound weight and balance are symbols of justice. Only as we conceive the fact that the truths of nature mean the truths of the spirit will we come close to reality and use it for individual improvement.

The Christ gave us a love Principle. It is the business of Christianity to give this principle a body. This comes only through accumulated knowledge concerning mathematical necessity of justice graduated onto its next higher level of love and mercy. When man begins in earnest to study the fact of correspondences in nature, he will ascend gradually and reach the realms of wisdom or liberation.

In short, the above is an attempt to show how the Egyptian Temples begin their training of young students. The higher training and development can follow such substantial beginnings with mathematical precision and dependability. No other foundation can serve for the ascending superstructure as it prepares for the next or heaven world.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL EVOLUTION

As science harnesses the forces of nature and speeds up production, it is necessary to develop a just system of distribution or the economic system becomes top heavy, resulting in disintegration and a decline of prosperity, Hard times called "depressions" result. Then we have the strange situation where overproduction causes starvation, a thing unthinkable unless one has watched such a situation accumulate.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

Since mechanics has made it possible to visit people of other climates in a few hours of speedy travel, the products of each section of the world can be distributed everywhere and each community can enjoy the abundance produced all over the world. Such conditions which eliminate time through speed, and automatically eliminate space with time, make it necessary to get acquainted with people of both hemispheres of the planet thereby enlarging our viewpoint and sympathies.

This makes a natural demand in exchange and labor and brings a necessity upon all nations to devise ways and means of give and take which shall be just to all concerned. Unless the leaders of the nations see this necessity, international wars will destroy civilization until it recedes to where the people in their ignorance and blundering can handle it, when it begins over again.

As long as any civilization builds an ideal of accumulation, luxury, and idleness, there will be weak spots which produce such extremes as are inevitable where any person has not the natural exercise necessitated in service. Extremes of conduct in a vain endeavor to entertain the self results in overindulgence, the terrible examples of which are represented in the profligate offspring of the idle rich.

These extremes are always counterbalanced by a corresponding poverty where others are overworked, underfed, poorly clothed and housed. This causes diseases which come from lack of sanitation and works as pus-pockets in society.

The air we breathe is wafted from your East Side, New York City, to the mansions on the Hudson and epi-

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

demics spread and all suffer from the extremes which result from ignorance and wrong ideals. Until we find that service develops ability, which brings the only natural and permanent joy, we fall into these errors. When we find inner, causal reality which produces external conditions and situations, we will see that it is inevitable that we love our neighbors as ourselves and do unto others as we would have others do unto us, and that this law of righteousness is really the law of self-preservation.

When we find that poverty creates a psychic resentment which permeates our psychic atmosphere, no matter how large our bank roll or costly our mansions or furnishings, we will reorder our economic relationships so that all can be assured of the necessities and at least a few of the luxuries of life.

A little more awakening in reality will reveal the fact that poverty and its influences is the greatest factor in producing crime. Theft and the gangster could not exist without a competitive system and monopoly of the world's accepted values.

Human nature tends automatically to progress in wisdom and understanding. It will progress even though it does so through hardship and suffering. Nations heap upon themselves the hardships necessary to learn and awaken. When they rise a little higher and peek into essential reality, they will face about and adopt a system of cooperation as a substitute for the present system of competition.

Unless Christian churches take a hand in political, social, and economic life, the brunt of progress is turned

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

over to science. To date she has done nobly, and Christian history shows that science has progressed until recent times in the face of terrific opposition from religion. The signs of the times today indicate that science is still bearing the burden, while religion is still trying to hold to the idea that its mission applies to the world to come after the change called death and not to the world of affairs today.

All true philosophy develops from the findings of science. Philosophy comes second in the order of man's awakening. A philosopher is a lover of wisdom. He watches the progress of science, accepts her findings, and builds his scheme of the various spheres of the universe accordingly. Philosophers of all ages have taken what scientific findings were at their command, and tried to deduce logically from the known to the unknown, and to take the next step in progress.

The final result is religion. This is man's idea of his personal relation to the ultimate first reality. Man always orders his personal conduct to conform to these three grades of knowledge. Where his information is faulty, his conduct fails of constructive results.

Right now, in America, the real trouble lies in the fact that such essential knowledge is not furnished by wise philosophers or Christian ministers. And so, the church is losing its hold on the people. The terrific emotional stress incident to the late World War has caused a backward swing of the pendulum and thrown the world into a state of materialism, with atom bombs to confuse and startle.

One Hundred twenty-eight

MY NEXT GREAT LIFE TRANSITION

This is certainly the psychological moment for the church to come forward and prove its right to live. Humanity is naturally religious, because it is naturally interested in its destiny in this world and the world to come. The church, therefore, has the most powerful opportunity to serve. But in an age where so many people know something of science and mechanics; in an age where all thinking people know about such things as atoms, protons, and electrons, and how they behave; when they think in terms of light years and comprehend the immensity of space and eternity of time and the dependability of law, the church must feed its people intellectual food, if it is to have the opportunity to add the logical lesson in morality and the refinements of spiritual life.

This need for knowledge concerning things moral and spiritual is soon to develop into a conscious demand. It is already evident in the many so-called cults and isms which are found everywhere, including the powerful movement known as Christian Science. Teachings of these modern and truer philosophies come from the Orient and ancient sages. The Orient comes with a counterpart of Western civilization, which is necessary to awaken the people to the fact that exact mathematical and inevitable law works in all spheres of creation, and that salvation from disease, unhappiness, and failures lies in an understanding of those laws.

The time is ripe for Christian churches to drop their petty differences, which are of no serious consequence to the younger generation of today, and delve into dispensing real enlightenment concerning physical laws as

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

revealed in modern science. Then they should transfer the lesson to the moral law and show the reason why certain practices do not pay, but instead, bring down sorrow and degradation upon the heads of the offenders. Only as our young people see the fact that there is exact law in morality, as well as exact law in chemistry and body processes, will we be able to save them from the terrific suffering which must result from wrong practices. Commands which come unexplained command no respect from our modern youth, struggling to gain self-expression without any fundamental knowledge of the law of his being.

When the world rises to a need, the need will be met. The world is beginning to ask for wisdom or knowledge concerning the why of things and the how as never before in modern times. If the established churches do not furnish it, it will be furnished by representatives of Eastern temples, where moral and spiritual values and laws have been studied for thousands of years. This information will prove to be as scientific as the physics of the West, and the two working together will revitalize the body, renovate the morals, and awaken a consciousness of the eternal youth of the spirit.

Newspaper Reports Concerning My Work

DURING my public demonstrations in vaudeville, there were many types of reaction to my work. This is inevitable, of course, in a country where my kind of training is seldom given. Since the two accounts which are to follow are the truth and are explicit explanations of processes and results, I can give you another angle on my demonstrations by quoting them as they appeared.

HAMID BEY, WONDER MAN, WHO ACCOMPLISHES WHAT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

"Hamid Bey demonstrates his ability to withstand or not to feel pain; to control the heart and general circulation of the blood, preventing the flow of blood at will, and general catalepsy. He submits himself to the ordeal of being buried six feet under the ground for hours at a time, and is no worse for the experience as far as anyone can observe, and he himself says that it is good exercise and improves his health.

"During these hours he does not appear to breathe at all. Concerning the control of the blood circulation, it is remarkable in that two or three medical men test his pulse, one at the heart itself, and the other two

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

taking his pulse at both wrists. I have seen Hamid Bey, when under medical examinations by a committee, extend both arms and ask two of the physicians to examine the pulse at the right and left wrists respectively. At the same time the third physician would take his heartbeat by means of a stethoscope. They would stand, watch in hand, and report their findings. At first all would report the same rate, say seventy-two to the minute, Then Hamid Bey would begin to concentrate. At the end of a minute the doctor holding the right wrist would report 64 to the minute, the doctor holding the left wrist, 96 to the minute, while the doctor listening to the heart would report 84, all at the same time! Now, this is something very remarkable. There is no doubt as to the facts. I have seen this demonstration many times, tested thoroughly by competent medical men. As soon as Hamid Bey ceases his concentration, the pulse all over the body resumes its normal rate.

"There is nothing essentially miraculous in this, but it is a remarkable demonstration of the control of the body by mental means, and has aroused the greatest interest wherever shown. It proves to us that this ability is the secret of his power to endure these long burials."

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION

"Another demonstration which Hamid Bey gives of his unique powers is permitting the flesh or tissues of the body to be pierced with long pins or daggers, seemingly without pain. For the purpose, long hat pins are usually used. These are pushed through the cheeks,

NEWSPAPER REPORTS CONCERNING MY WORK

breasts, arms, shoulders. There is no doubt but that the pins are actually inserted. It is Hamid Bey's practice to walk among his audiences with the pins sticking into or through him as I have described. If any skeptic is present, he is usually allowed to insert the pins himself. There is no preparation of the skin with drugs, previous piercings, or anything of the sort. Physicians who perform the tests have examined the area of the skin before and afterward, choosing the particular spot involved, inserting and extracting the pins. There is no trick whatsoever involved in the demonstration. At the conclusion of the experiment the pins are withdrawn and only pink holes mark the spot where they have been inserted.

"Hamid Bey will ask whether it is desired that blood shall flow from the wounds, and he permits it to flow or refuses, at will. Sometimes he will permit blood to flow from two of the holes, and refuse it from the other two."

BODY CATALEPSY

"However, his demonstration of body catalepsy is the most remarkable of all. His body becomes rigid, the pulse become almost imperceptible, and respiration apparently ceases entirely. Consciousness is said to be obliterated, and nothing is remembered of the time spent in that state. In this mental state Hamid Bey permits himself to be buried under ground, with or without coffin, and is revived at the end of that time.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

"I have watched this experiment when a committee of disinterested, local men chose the spot, so that secret air tubes, tunnels for possible escape and the like were impossible. At one time, on a cold and rainy day, the ice had to be broken on the ground before the digging began. The earth was undisturbed at the end of the burial.

"It was the unanimous verdict of the medical committee and newspaper men present on that day that no fraud was possible, and they so stated in the public press on the following morning. Medical men say that the cataleptic condition is a real physical and mental state, and that it cannot be artificially imitated. They say that during catalepsy the pulse seems entirely suspended and that the subject ceases perceptible breathing.

"On one occasion when Hamid Bey had undergone the burial test, at its conclusion the pulse could not be detected. When he came out of the cataleptic state the heartbeat jumped to 120, then fell to 84.

"Another peculiarity about this man is that when he is buried on a hot day in a sealed casket, he comes out without perspiration on his body, while those who are about him and functioning normally are dripping with perspiration. This fact alone should prove that the state is unique and genuine. On the other hand, Hamid Bey can be buried in the ice cold ground for three hours without ill effects whatsoever."

IMITATIONS POSSIBLE?

"It is true that these long burials can be imitated, but the conditions involved are invariably different from

One Hundred thirty-four

NEWSPAPER REPORTS CONCERNING MY WORK

those prevailing at a genuine burial. Sometimes oxygen tanks are smuggled into a coffin or a tube is connected with the box under cover of clothing. But in all the public or test burials of Hamid Bey none of these conditions have prevailed.

"Some performers have tried to duplicate this by simply remaining in a coffin as long as possible, and emerging when life could no longer be sustained. Such was the demonstration given by the late Harry Houdini. He was submerged in a metal coffin for about an hour and a half; but when he emerged he was deathly white, running with perspiration, and with a pulse of 142. It is the opinion of those who watched Houdini attempt to duplicate by mechanical means the feats of these Eastern adepts that his life was appreciably shortened by the terrific strain."

DIFFERENT WHEN GENUINE

"But where the feat is genuine, there is no evidence of strain, or in fact, of any unfavorable physical effect. It becomes evident to a competent and careful observer that the inner states are entirely dissimilar.

"The state of self-imposed catalepsy is most interesting to observe. He stands erect, presses strongly on his forehead with his fingers and then on his throat with his thumbs. A few seconds later he throws his head back with gasping intake of breath, the body perfectly rigid, and is caught by his assistants, who immediately place him in the coffin. He remains in this state of rigidity throughout the burial. At its conclusion,

One Hundred thirty-five

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

the body is raised to an upright position by attendants, the hands are forcefully pulled away from the face and neck, and with a sudden rush of air from the lungs the body collapses, being sustained by two attendants. The breathing and pulse slowly return, and in about five minutes he is himself again.

"So far as I have observed, there are certain specific physical and mental requirements to enter the cataleptic state voluntarily, and I think that it requires long years of practice and development of a most unusual kind to accomplish the feat successfully and safely."

ANOTHER INTERVIEW ADEPT BURIED SIX DAYS

"You think it is wonderful that I can be buried for three hours, five feet under ground, without air reaching me, and yet emerge as alive as ever. You are strange, you Americans, and have not yet penetrated the mysteries of the East. The Egyptian mystic has no fear of death. If I had been afraid, I would have been dead when they took my body from the cold, dark hole in which they had buried it five hours before. But my will is strong, made strong by the seers of the ages who trained my will.

"One of the members of the Coptic Brotherhood to which I belong put himself into catalepsy, which is a suspension of the mind and body, and decreed and willed that he should awake in six days. Now, to you six days is a long time to be resting in an airtight box, but to us it is but a moment of time that this box re-

NEWSPAPER REPORTS CONCERNING MY WORK

mained unopened. My friend was resting there for six whole days.

"At the end of the six days, his friends gathered around the box. Had a breath of oxygen reached the man? If so, he was doomed, because that is one of the demands of this state if one is to live. Instead of air being the breath of life in such cases, it is the breath of death.

"When they opened up the airtight casket after six days, the wise man was in the same position as when he had been buried. He was unconscious half a day. It seemed then that he might not awaken. But at the end of the day he came back as well as ever, *without an ounce of weight lost!*

"It had taken him longer to come back from the realms of the spirit, because he had been gone for so long from the world of the living.

"You must be very young, just a small boy, when you apply for permission to be trained in this fashion. It is a long and arduous training, and only those who have extraordinary will power are able to complete it. If you are finally allowed to go to Coptic headquarters, a secluded place built for work and meditation, you are welcomed by 200 members led by a great Teacher who lives there permantly.

"For many years you are drilled, until finally you are allowed to go out into the world. With the Priests of the Brotherhood we study the art of catalepsy, thought transference, and withstanding of physical pain."

And Now — A Final Word From The Editor

EDITING THE FOREGOING PAGES

Editing the foregoing pages has been a great privilege to me. For a quarter of a century I have been trying to find sources of the "wisdom which sets you free." I have searched the libraries of many cities on my journeys to discover who may have been wise in times past. I have read hundreds of books and thousands of pages — all with one idea and one purpose — to find Reality and the way it reveals itself.

I have tried to be alert to recognize wisdom in personalities who seem to have some promise of knowing the Truth and the Law of its manifestation. I have been rewarded by finding some phase of this truth or law in a number of people, and in each instance I have done all that I could to glean and organize in my own mind whatever wisdom might be available.

I find that many can talk, and talk wisely. In fact, the degree of wisdom which some can set forth most glowingly has sometimes caused me to think that at last I have found a near Master. In each case, I have followed up the clue to the end.

But never until I met Hamid Bey have I found a man who not only is able to talk wisely, but is able to demon-

One Hundred thirty-eight

A FINAL WORD FROM THE EDITOR

strate as well as explain. I rejoice exceedingly in this pleasant change in my quest for wisdom. I have been convinced for years of the supremacy of the human mind—that the mind creates and controls the body—but this is the first time in my history when one man can prove this fact until there is no longer any shadow of doubt that this is the truth.

Hamid Bey is not only a most satisfactory teacher, he is free from pretense and bombast. He is so simple in his attitude toward life and people that no one can fail to be at home in his presence. He has the attitude of sympathy which only a fundamental understanding can insure. He is adaptable and poised under circumstances which would defeat most of us Americans, just because he knows the purpose of life and is stepping steadily and unwaveringly toward his own personal goal.

As a man and as a friend, one soon learns to respect him and appreciate the privilege of being included among those who meet him personally. But to me, this is only the beginning of an appreciation of a rare personality. My great joy is in his superb wisdom. The pages of this book reveal only the beginnings of his insight into permanent values and the mathematical process of accomplishment.

I feel abundantly repaid for any endeavor which I may have made to present Hamid Bey's personal wisdom in his personal spirit, because of the tremendous forward stride in my own understanding which is the inevitable result of my work with him.

Therefore, instead of being the recipient of expressions of appreciation from Hamid Bey for whatever assistance

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

I may have been able to render him in presenting his wisdom through these printed pages, I am the favored one and mine is the richest reward which a student is privileged to receive.

Personally, I intend to keep on trying to earn the right to KNOW. I see no other primary value in life. I believe that this knowing has a blanket value which can with one felling blow eliminate such errors as create disease, unhappiness, and failure from our lives.

I wish to express my appreciation of the fact that he is willing to remain in America long enough to tell us what he knows, and then to give up all that he might have in his native land to build a school for adult education and correct child training. For this is ultimately to elevate us above poverty and penury and the equally disintegrating factor which is carried in the wholesale accumulation of wealth and its idleness and unhappiness.

I hope that all students who wish really to live, and because they pass this way, will rally around Hamid Bey to help encourage him to do this great work.

HARRIET LUELLA McCOLLUM

Washington, D. C.

October First, 1933
