

NEDOURE

PRIESTESS

of the
MAGI

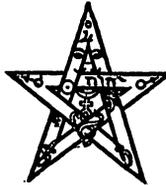
or

BLAZING STAR

**An Historical Romance Based on Records Elucidating
the Conflict Between White and Black Magic;
Together with Much of the Teachings
and Practices of Both**

By DR. J. T. BETIERO

Former Supreme Grand Preceptor of the Magi



Introduction and Notes by
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Present Supreme Grand Master

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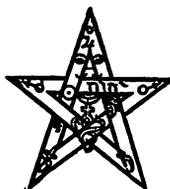
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NEWS E. WOOD, A. M., M. D.

THE HOLY PENTAGRAM¹

STAR OF THE MAGI



The Holy Pentagram or Star of the Magi, according to Elphas Levi, the Great Initiate of France, was known to the Gnostic School as the **BLAZING STAR** (*L'Étoile flamboyante*); the sign of the Intellectual Omnipotent Autocracy, or *Spiritually enlightened Masters*.

The **STAR OF THE MAGI** is the *Word Made Flesh*, and according to the direction of its rays, this absolute symbol represents Good or Evil; Order or Disorder; the Saving Lamb of Ormund and *Saint John*, or the accursed Goat of Mendes.

It symbolizes Initiation or profanation. It is at once Lucifer or Vesper, the Morning or Evening Star.

It is Mary or Lilith, victory or death, light or darkness. When the Pentagram elevates two of its points, it, like the reversed Triangle, represents Satan, or the Goat of the Mysteries; when it elevates the one point, it is the **STAR OF LIGHT**; representing the Saviour; goodness, virtue, adoration, reverence.

The Pentagram is the figure of the human body, with its four limbs and a single point, representing the head.

The human figure with the head downward, naturally represents a demon; intellectual overturning; misuse of the intellect; disorder and final insanity. In the Magic of the Magi, the Hidden Science of the Occultist, it is the veritable Law of

¹ In the language of the Initiates, the Pentagram is also known as the *Star of Light* when it represents or symbolizes the regenerate man or Initiate.

the three worlds. The Pentagram is an ABSOLUTE sign, old as history, and more than history, exercises an incalculable influence over Souls.

The sign of the Pentagram is also called the sign of the Macrocosm, and represents what the Kabbalists called *Microprospos*.

A complete understanding of the Pentagram offers man the "key" to the two worlds. It is the absolute in philosophy and science.

The Ancient Magi drew the sign of the Pentagram on their doorsteps to protect them against evils and to seek the help of all that is good.

The "G" which Ancient Freemasons placed in the center of the Blazing Star signified the GNOSIS and Generation. It also symbolized the two Sacred Words; at the same time having reference to the *Grand Architect* or UNIVERSAL BUILDER. All the Mysteries of the Magi; all the symbols of the GNOSIS, all the figures of Occultism, all the Kabbalistic keys of prophecy, are summed up in the sign of the Pentagram, which was pronounced by Paracelsus the greatest and most potent of all signs. Those who paid little heed to the sign of the Cross, trembled at the sight of the Star of the Microcosm.

The whole revolutionary work of modern times was symbolically embraced by the Napoleonic substitution of the *Star of Honor* for the Cross of Saint Louis. It was the Pentagram substituted for the Labarum, the reinstatement of the symbol of *Light*, the Masonic resurrection of *Adon-(Adoni) Hiram*.

A once popular amulet had on one side the engraved *Celestial Mother* of the Sohar, the *Isis* of Egypt, the *Venus Urania* of the Platonists, and the *Mary* of the Christians, standing upon

the world and setting one foot on the head of the Magic Serpent (the *upraised* serpent). She extended her two hands so that they formed a triangle, whereof the head of the woman is the apex; her hands open and emitting rays, which made of them a double triangle, symbol of the PERFECT man, when the rays are all directed toward the earth, representing the final emancipation of the intelligence of honest labor.

On the reverse side was engraved the double *Tau* of the Egyptian Hierophant, the Lingam in the double *cteis*, or the triple Phallus supported with the interlacing and a double insertion of the Kabbalistic and Masonic M, representing in turn the square between two columns, Jachin and Boaz, but originally being the figures (in Primitive Masonry) of a man and woman standing upright; above placed on a level were two hearts—loving and suffering.

Introduction



By the re-publication of Dr. Thomas J. Betiero's book *NEDOURE, Priestess of the Magi*, we are fulfilling the last commitment¹ made during the Conclave held in the Fall of the year 1899. At that Conclave, all of the Officers of the Imperial Order being present, it was agreed that following the publication of the novel in the Official Organ of the Magi—*THE STAR OF THE MAGI*—it should be published in book form for general circulation. It was further agreed by all present that should any member remain alive and active fifty years—a Magian Cycle—thereafter, and the first edition be out of print and no further edition issued, such member be obligated to re-publish the book together with an official Interpretation and Notes to meet the needs of sincere Neophytes at the time. That obligation¹ made in Sacred Conclave, is now in the course of fulfillment.

The five members composing the activating group were:

News E. Wood, A.M., M.D.

Thomas J. Betiero, M.D.

George V. Bonker

Willia F. Whitehead

R. Swinburne Clymer

¹ It has always, throughout the ages, been a cardinal teaching of the *Arcane*, that the Soul taking a vow or Sacred Obligation, and able to fulfil it, but not doing so before passing, could never find rest, not even in "heaven" until that obligation was fulfilled. The regenerate, Enlightened or Initiates still so believe.

My acquaintance with Dr. Wood began almost immediately upon my admittance as a student in the College of Medicine and Surgery.

At that period there was an intense, almost universal revival of interest by the many, in Hypnosis, and to a lesser number in the *Arcane, Esoteric* and Occult Science. Almost all of those interested in the Occult were also more or less interested in Hypnotism, especially so in the trance inducible by Hypnotism. A great deal of this interest in the trance state could be traced to Dr. P. B. Randolph's book *RAVALETTE*, then widely read.

Dr. Wood was an active Professor of Surgery in the College of Medicine and Surgery. While deeply interested in the Teachings of the Occult, he was less so in Hypnotism other than as a Therapeutic agent in the relief of the ill, especially those afflicted with some form of mental ailment not readily responding to the usual form of treatment. It was perhaps in this field that I became more or less deeply associated with him in the effort to help those with obscure ailments. It was as a result of this association that I became familiar with all phases of trance, natural and associated, and with the great, almost unbelievable field it opened up of what appeared almost miraculous cures, and also the equally great harm that could follow in the wake of this power ignorantly or maliciously employed.

Natural trance states were few and to all appearance were self-protective, and probably some form of what we now know as brain-shock (self-induced). Induced trances either were by means of self-hypnotism or by proficient hypnotists working on hypnotic subjects, who opened up all the horrors of hell itself in those entranced, and brought before their vision all the

memories of their past evil, vicious, misspent lives, often resulting in what appeared to be, and was generally diagnosed as Insanity, though it was not actually such.

As was natural for the time, and still occasionally occurs, there were many notoriety seekers, mostly pure fakers, who posed as trance subjects, professing to be able to not only read their own past lives, but those of others as well. Many of those who professed this ability actually entered a type of trance state to "read" the lives of others, who were themselves extreme negatives, mostly Neurotics—a term then generally unknown—while others suffered from some form of sex infraction so frequent in women of this type.

Witnessing, as we did, the results of trance states induced by perfectly legitimate means—then considered as quackery and not recognized by physicians and dentists of any schools as legitimate—we induced the writer of *NEDOURE* to deal extensively with this subject. It was known that in the practice of Black Magic by degenerates and renegades of Occult Science, they almost invariably concerned themselves with such women as their subjects, because of the ease with which they could be influenced and thrown into the trance state.

However, even in the legitimate practice of Occult Science and the *Arcane* there are instances wherein the Neophyte, either by accident or as a result of impatience, falls in the trance state. Since these have not eliminated or transmuted their evil or unregenerate desires, they are unprepared to meet the visions of the horrors symbolizing these evils of their misspent lives and unless of strong Will they will suffer greatly as was so well illustrated in *ZANONI* by the master writer on the subject, Lord Bulwer Lytton. If, however, they, as Neophytes, have been patient,

practice obedience and effort, they will eliminate the causative evils, and the Temple, *i.e.*, mind and body, will be cleansed of the evils.

In NEDOURE, Dr. Betiero took great pains to explain the results of becoming entranced by accident or without intent.² If, when this happens, the evils within have been transmuted, no evil or damage results.

In orderly legitimate, guided training of Neophytes all instructions are followed and nothing added to, or subtracted from them. SUCH TRANCE IS NEVER PERMITTED. The development follows a natural process, and is normal as a result of the gradual awakening of the Spiritual *principle* hidden, imbedded (under a bushel) in all men who are normal in nature. This *Principle* is known as the *Divine Spark*, the *Christos*, or the unconscious Spiritual self; the *Divine Spark* becoming by gradual stages a *Light*—the STAR OF THE MAGI—and brought into outer manifestation by *Arcane* practices and then REFLECTED to WITHIN the self where the *Great Center* of the *Light* will be developed and OPENED UP.

By means of this process, man *becomes* the "Temple of the *Living God*," Biblically speaking, *i.e.*, the receptacle or abiding place of the *Light* which is received by man from God for this especial purpose. As all preliminary training is for the express purpose of eliminating all weaknesses, all evil habits, all disease from body and mind, the refinement and normal development of the body proceeds step by step with that of the Spiritual self. Illusions, delusions, shadows, phantoms, irrational reason-

² This may happen if the Neophyte disobeys his instructions to relax the body and keep the mind actively alert during his practices for inner Spiritual Development.

ing and false conceptions are eliminated from the mind, while the nervous system is normalized so that no form of Neurosis is possible.

This was Betiero's primary intent for the writing and publication of NEDOURE for the preparation of the Neophyte to proceed on the Path. The secondary purpose was to expose the machinations of the members of what has been known throughout the ages as the Black Brotherhood—the *doers of evil*. This is under Natural Law, *i.e.*, that wherever there is good there is the opposite, evil. It is also the operation of Action and REACTION. A law stated by the *Nazarene* as: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." The destroyer is ultimately himself destroyed and there is no power in earth or heaven to save him. Betiero's third object was to offer practical, sane, safe instructions to those interested in the *Arcane, Esoteric, and Occult* so that they might proceed in a normal, natural manner to properly prepare themselves for the greatest benefit to be derived from their efforts.

In the notes every effort is made to offer a new, present day interpretation of the application of the teachings to meet the present day guidance of Neophytes; replacing terms familiar to students of fifty years ago, but no longer either practical, applicable or desirable.

Dr. Wood became the prime mover for the revivification of the Supreme Grand Temple. His medical education and long experience in the care of the physically, mentally ill, and his knowledge of the Occult from a scientific point of view, had well prepared him for this office.

Dr. Betiero was less interested in medicine and the treatment of disease by material agents, but fully prepared to do so

by mental, Spiritual means. His interest in Hypnotism was deep and sincere; he was a mortal enemy of those who made use of Hypnotism for other than legitimate purposes.

Dr. Betiero was a natural born teacher of the Occult and *Esoteric Science*, and especially of the mental development of the *Will* which plays so great a part in the training of a Magi. Without *Will*, desire, the *incentive* to effort cannot function, and man remains a weakling.

Mr. Whitehead, author of the text THE MYSTIC THESAURUS and Editor of Agrippa's NATURAL MAGIC greatly differed from both Drs. Wood and Betiero. His part was to teach the Science of Natural Magic, the operation of forces generally considered as unknown, but the results of the application of which were at times almost miraculous.

Mr. Bonker, the fourth member of the group forming the Conclave, was the financial mainstay for the publication of the monthly magazine: THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

As for myself, I was given an important part, much of which has been revealed in OCCULT SCIENCE and THE MASTER INITIATE AND THE MAID and completed in the publication of this edition of NEDOURE, the third of what has been called the ARCANES TRIO.

The PREAMBLE of the REVIVIFIED Order gave as part of its purposes:

(1) To demonstrate by one's life the proof that man inherited from the Divine Source certain abilities and possibilities—Biblically—*talents*, which he *must* ultimately bring into material manifestation before he will become an entirely free agent.

(2) To demonstrate that man may develop himself into the **TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD**, and that **GOD, IN HIS LIGHT, WILL DWELL THEREIN.**

(3) To develop a life leading toward perfection, bringing about peace and happiness to the mind and comfort, strength and health to physical body.

(4) To form a fraternal Union, or close association of those of like nature and desire, for the perpetuation of the *Ancient Wisdom*, the *Higher Mysteries*, and all that results therefrom.

(5) To promote the Biblical "Kingdom of heaven," *i.e.*, **ALL THINGS** may be inherited by man if **HE WILL OBEY NATURAL AND DIVINE LAW**, and by so doing **BECOME** an Initiate; **A SON OF GOD.**

The Order dates back to the remotest past. Its Origin is lost in Antiquity. It attained its greatest height in Egypt before the time of the *Nazarene*. From the time of the decadence of Egypt until the present it has continued active in various forms.

The Supreme Imperial Temple possesses the ritual of the past and in its Archives are the teachings and instructions guarded during an unbroken period of time. Sometimes there were but a few who kept the Holy *Light* burning, the selection of its Neophytes having been made most carefully.³

In Egypt the men of wisdom in charge of the institutions of learning and Temples of Initiation, the "wise men" of their time, were known as the Hierophants or Initiate Masters. In

³ This is especially true today, more so than for many centuries past. *Only* those who have been enrolled in, for instance the Rosy Cross or like Fraternities, and have demonstrated by their sincerity, earnestness, steadfastness, application and attainment that they are worthy, have been, and are, acceptable.

Persia and Assyria and later in other countries, they were called the Magi. It was the Magi, Wise Men of the East, who were guided by the Star of the Magi to the birthplace of the Nazarene, the new Law-Giver and demonstrator of the *Divine Law*.

These Holy Emissaries came from the three known parts of the then known world, in homage of the gathered wisdom of the world to lay it at His feet and manifest their willingness to serve.

As mankind became retrograde, the precepts of the Magi and other Initiates were ignored more and more. The mass wandered further from the *Light* through which God manifested Himself to those who were prepared. These Wise Men began to be looked upon with suspicion. As man more and more became engrossed in the *self* and in secular affairs, he turned farther away from the Spiritual, until finally he bestowed almost all his thought upon the physical, the temporal, which endures at best but a few years, and little or none upon that imperishable DIVINE SPARK hidden *within* himself which is the only REALITY.

Times have not changed other than that there has been a gradual retrogration in everything that concerns the *Divine Spark* in man and which may be brought into Consciousness. During the last seventy-five years of the past century until the end of the century, there was a cycle of great awakening, and it was my fortune to have been born at the height of that period. Becoming an Acolyte in the Rosy Cross in 1895, though but a youth in my teens, my heart and Soul were dedicated to the *Great Work*.

In rapid succession, without any volition on my part, I became acquainted with men of the highest authority in the

various *Arcane, Esoteric* Occult and Spiritual activities and, for some unexplained reason, took upon myself more and greater responsibilities and obligations, all of which were to find their final consummation after fifty years of activities in almost every part of the world.

Following closely, almost in conjunction one with the other, I became acquainted with Dr. Anderson and the Magi. My commitment and obligation to Dr. Anderson were fulfilled with the publication of *Occult Science*.

This period of my connection with the Order of the Magi, under Dr. Wood, was more of the nature of an advanced Neophyte than an active official, which was to follow later. Then began my real activity in the field of the *Arcane* and *Esoteric* in officiating as an instructor and guide to Neophytes during the Convocations which began in Chicago and later were transferred to the *See*, Beverly Hall. My obligation and commitment, the fulfillment of promises, were completed by the preparation of notes and explanations to the book THE MASTER INITIATE AND THE MAID and its publication. That is self-explanatory.

When preparations were made for organizing an International Association of all authentic *Arcane, Esoteric*, Occult and Initiatory Orders and Fraternities, culminating in the formation of the still active Royal Fraternity Association in 1909, Registered. The ORDER OF THE MAGI became a member with the understanding that I should become the future Supreme Grand Master of the Order and republish NEDOURE with additional notes, within fifty years or so after the original publication, or to arrange for this work with my successor. This revised edition was to harmonize the teachings with the need of the

period. My last obligation will be fulfilled with the publication of the present *Work*.

My life in the *Great Work* throughout has been a circle of three. This Circle, a Cycle, is completed. I shall continue to be active in the *Work* for the rest of my days and, in Occult parlance, shall expect, and have planned, to begin the *Work* anew on my return from the temporary journey around the Circle through the *middle* world, a journey which all must take.

Fraternally, with Greetings to ALL,

R. Swinburne Clymer

The SEE
"Beverly Hall"
Quakertown, Penna.
February 25, 1956

CHAPTER ONE

The Preceptor and the Maharaja

While awaiting the hand of the Great Transformer, which, I am given to know, will soon overtake me, I am working in feverish haste to record the events of a strange life.

Why am I impelled to write of things held sacred and secret in this age I know not. Perchance this papyrus will endure to "*the Age of Light*,"* the coming of which has been foretold by the prophet.

My life upon the whole has been a strange one. My childhood held mysteries as great as those I daily sought to comprehend.

My earliest remembrance found me within the walls of the Ouri Monastery, situated upon the side of the great mountain range that overlooks the valley of Kashmir.

Here I had remained, studying the religion of our fathers, and reading the sacred manuscripts. A few days after my sixteenth birthday, in the company of Gobab, my preceptor, we were bathing in the refreshing waters of the Jhelum. As we were about to leave the water, to return to the monastery, we

* Literally hundreds of Neophytes on the *Arcane Path* who are, in Occult jargon, seeking *Our Lady of Light* in the Innermost self or *Center of Light*, will find this statement deeply interesting. It is a prophesy made more than fifty years ago of the coming into a cycle of *Light*, or cycle where those sincerely interested in things Spiritual will be doubly blessed by the *Divine Law*, and the age of gross materialism and atheism will be relegated to second place; the *Children of Light* (*vide St. John*) being among *the chosen*.

heard the loud blowing of conch shells, mingled with the voices of elegantly dressed messengers, who loudly proclaimed:

"The Maharaja! The Maharaja! Child of Brahma, comes!"

My preceptor, who belonged to the Order of Yellow Monks, had always treated me with marked courtesy and kindness, yet as a wholesome precept, no doubt, he maintained, at all times, a noticeable dignity and reserve.

However, I noted, strange to say, that when he heard the announcement of the King's approach, his features relaxed their proud expression and assumed one of actual fright. Grasping me by the arm, with a grip that was almost painful, he said:

"Come quick; it is late."

He then seemed to have lost his power of speech, but continued to make excited gestures, as if our very existence depended upon haste. During this time we were standing in water up to our arm-pits, comparatively alone, although but a little way from us, both up and down the stream, could be seen hundreds of bathers of both sexes. Wherever the announcement of the Maharaja's coming fell upon their ears, the bathers at once made preparations to leave the water. Some of them sought the river bank, others entered the bathhouses, of which hundreds could be seen along the river bank. This was according to a custom long observed, as I afterward learned. When royalty desired to bathe, the people were expected to retire.

The Maharaja, who at this time enjoyed his annual hunting trip, came rapidly forward in his gorgeous palanquin, surrounded by his tall, dignified body guard. Three servants walked on either side of the palanquin holding rich shades aloft to shield the royal occupant from the fiery rays of the afternoon

sun. All of this I observed in a hasty glance, as Gobab, who had now recovered his tongue, fairly yelled:

“Run; Hari, run!”

I rushed out toward the bank with all the agility of boyhood, leaving behind my companion who, being past the prime of life, had attained a corpulency which impeded his efforts at flight.

Upon reaching the shore I turned, laughingly, to mock him, but the look of terror upon his face at once dispelled all thoughts of mirth. Wondering what could have given him such an unusual shock, I turned around in a confused and absent-minded manner to seek our robes, which seemed to have vanished, as they were nowhere to be found.

An instant later Gobab, coming out of the water from behind, seized my hand, and with the same look of alarm, said:

“Come; we must not meet the King!”

He then made an attempt to drag me forward, which was, however, unnecessary, as without awaiting further explanation, I leaped forward, and together we both bounded, in a state of nudity, toward the trees which covered the hillside.

Seeing our ludicrous flight up the hillside the Maharaja, in a spirit of amusement, no doubt, gave orders that we were to be brought before him. As we rushed on and on, heedless of all surroundings, it soon became apparent that we were being pursued; between our heavy and tired breaths rapid footsteps were heard approaching. About this time my corpulent companion, who was well nigh exhausted, stumbled and fell, pulling me over with him as he rolled upon the ground. I regained my feet in an instant, and, not being aware of the real cause

for flight, sought to raise my preceptor. While assisting him to his feet I heard the stern command:

"Halt; in the name of the Maharaja we command."

A few seconds later we were surrounded by half a dozen tall, handsome men, dressed in long, heavy gowns, with wide, flowing sleeves, and wearing upon their heads dazzling white turbans.

Gobab, who had regained his presence of mind, explained to them, while wiping the mud from his face and eyes, that we were from the Ouri Monastery which could be seen far up the mountain side.

Two of the Maharaja's servants appeared at this time, bearing our clothing, which we in our excitement had been seeking in the wrong place, as they were found a short distance up stream, where we had disrobed. It required but a moment to don them, when, as I thought, our sacred calling would become apparent, and we would be allowed to proceed on our way. But the Maharaja, who was watching us from his palanquin, a few hundred cubits away, sent a messenger to say:

"His Majesty wishes to give alms to the two monks and desires their blessing."

A hasty glance at Gobab's face, which, no doubt, appeared perfectly placid to others, showed to me, quite plainly, that he would have preferred to forego the alms than meet this haughty ruler from Kashmir. Yet, as a monarch's wish, once expressed, immediately becomes a command, we had no recourse other than to obey.

With slow and measured step our guards, for such they now were, conducted us back toward the river bank, where the Maharaja awaited our coming. As we neared his resting place,

all our party made low bows or salaams at regular intervals until within a short distance, when, following the example of our guides or captors, we all fell upon our faces. We remained thus in silence until we heard the deep, sonorous voice of the King, which seemed out of all proportion to his size, bidding us arise. When we arose, I, being at that time unaware of the customs and etiquette in the presence of royalty, dared to look upon "the Lion of the Punjab."

He had left the royal palanquin, with its hand-worked cushions, tapestry and curtains, some of the designs of which must have required the efforts of a lifetime.

As he stood forth he appeared every inch a monarch, although insignificant in stature. He was truly a handsome man, but smaller than the members of his suite. His expression was not unkind, yet when he smiled, displaying two even rows of beautiful white teeth, which contrasted with his dark brown skin and regular features, there was that in it which savored of contempt and made one feel ill at ease, which was not dispersed by his glittering dark eyes which seemed to possess the power of penetrating one and laying bare their innermost secrets. His attire was simple yet rich, consisting of a short blue gown, girded at the waist by a beautiful belt of snakeskin, inlaid with costly gems. Attached to it, at his side, could be seen a small sword, whose jewelled handle his left hand sought absently from time to time, leaving his right arm, which was unadorned save a bracelet of gold, free to make those gestures which swayed his attendants as the gentle though irresistible winds which sweep over tall fields of waving grass. Around his neck was suspended a unique chain of gold from which hung a large diamond, that danced and sparkled on its sky blue background

like a huge ball of fire, as with every movement it seemed to concentrate and disperse the vivid rays of the afternoon sun. I did little more than glance at his face, which showed that he was a man past the prime of life, when my gaze became strongly attracted to the diamond attached to his golden neck chain. The sparkling jewel held me spellbound. Although I felt certain that his penetrating eyes were upon me, I was powerless to look either above or below. As I stood gazing abstractedly at this flashing gem, it appeared to grow larger and larger and, if possible, more brilliant. It finally assumed the appearance of a huge eye that rapidly grew in proportions until I could see my own reflection therein.¹ I beheld myself as if looking

¹ A process of self-involvement or self-Hypnotization. A very simple example may be cited; one that frequently happens to almost every motorist. When driving on a very long stretch of straight highway and watching the road without blinking, as most motorists do, there appears to form a second road and this image of a road gradually becomes more real than the real road. Often motorists follow this reflected road and serious accidents occur.

This could be avoided by merely watching the road, not glaring at it, or by blinking. The better way is to look at the road as one would at a beautiful flower, and to blink occasionally.

Professional hypnotists use a bright object and have their subject gaze at it without blinking. This gazing gradually becomes a glare and Hypnosis follows.

In order to avoid this self-involvement one should not glare at an object for any length of time. If it is necessary, as it is in many phases of development, to gaze at a given object, for a given time, the eyes should be centered, but it should be as one looks at any beautiful object, and not permit the eyes to become fixed.

into a mirror. Strange to note, however, I appeared, by reflection, to be dressed in the identical costume of the Maharaja.

During this state of fascination, my surroundings appeared dim and changeable as if in a dream. I was conscious of moving figures and heard the hum of voices as if from afar. How long I remained thus, or what occurred during my strange trance,² I

²The classical Occult example of such an experience is that of *Glyndon* described in Lord Lytton's great Occult Novel, *Zanoni*. Glyndon was not satisfied to proceed with his development in a slow and normal manner and in obedience to his Master's instructions, but in direct *Disobedience* attempted to open the *Door of the Temple*, the *mysterious within*, before he had cleansed the carnal self.

The personal self was still uppermost and he saw himself as *he really had been and still was*, rather than the Spiritual self which would ultimately have enveloped and guided him as a result of being properly prepared by following the dictates of his Master teacher.

In the training of a Neophyte to become an Occultist or Magi, the line of demarcation between self-hypnotization and self-illumination is very thin; as finely drawn in fact, as is the line between the two greatest forces in the life of man: love and hate. One does not exist without the other; the one being the positive and the other the negative.

It is for this reason that in the ancient Initiation, Neophytes were required to devote many years to study and *self-purification* before they were given *Arcane* practices, so that when the Doors of the *inner self* ultimately opened, there would be none of the ugly carnal self—the Terror—(meaning *terrified* at the evils then seen) to confront them.

This is also the symbolic story of the *Nazarene* born in a stable, illustrating that when the stable, the carnal self is cleansed, then the Divine self, the *Christos*, will come to birth. The older story is that of the *ægean stables*.

may never know, as when I returned to consciousness I was lying on my cot in the little plainly furnished room of the monastery. Old Gobab was at my side. Save the pained and troubled look which still clouded his features no explanation

In the properly prepared Neophyte, he who has faithfully passed through the preliminary training—the temple, *i.e.*, the inner self—is filled with *Light*.

Just as there is twilight between day and night, so is there a twilight—an in-between—in life. The real Neophyte accepts this and fights through this stage without impatience—by a prevision of the end results. The weakling defaults and fails just as he does in all the affairs of life, or attempts to force results as did Glyndon, and also fails.

The term "Occultism" has, unfortunately, been made to include and embrace almost every possible manner of practice which has in view delving into the unknown, the mysterious and the Spiritual. In this is included Crystal gazing and the Magic Mirror, supposedly innocent pasttimes. All legitimate *Arcane* and *Esoteric*, including the Magian Societies and *all* responsible teachers have warned, time and again, against such practices except under the direct supervision of a Master teacher. Their warnings have generally fallen on barren ground. "Pooh, wherein can there be danger?" has been the question.

In the very beginning of this text, we have an example. The crystal, as also the Magic Mirror, have the same possible effect as the diamond in this instance. If the gaze becomes "fixed", as is most frequently the case, it will throw the mental-physical self into an unconscious state generally known as a trance.

What is erroneously known as the psychic, but is in fact the subconscious self with all its immensity of the records of evils of the past, is thus awakened without preparation or protection. This may result in insanity, mostly temporal, or a permanent Neurosis.

was given me. In fact, further than a few solicitous queries concerning my condition, he apparently did not desire to discuss the episode.

My life had again resumed its dreary course, yet I was no longer contented with the mechanical duties and routine of study pursued at the monastery. For hours Gobab, the Yellow Monk, would read to me from the Pouranas; which was always followed by an equal amount of time devoted to the Oupoupanas or commentaries, all of which now seemed to me a waste of time.

What change had come over me? Had I suddenly become stupid? Or was my reason impaired? Such queries flitted almost constantly through my mind. From a youth who had been considered more than ordinarily bright, I was changed into a gloomy, day-dreaming man.

If my old preceptor and companion noticed the change, he evidently did not desire to speak of it. He now left me abruptly after reading the daily lessons with the commentaries. Whereas, previously, our greatest mutual pleasure followed the prescribed lesson, as nothing gave me greater pleasure than his personal narratives concerning the great Cakya-Mouni and his twenty incarnations; to which I listened with rapt attention.

All was now changed. When the manuscripts were laid aside he would at once bid me farewell with a strange look of indecision, doubt, fear and pity in his kindly eyes, and more than once, as I passed the open door of his plainly furnished cell, where beside his slowly revolving prayer-wheel he sat wrapped in the usual meditations, I fancied he was about to call me to him for some explanation, the nature of which I could not even guess.

We no longer took our accustomed strolls together through the lovely vale of Kashmir; nor did we any more bathe in the refreshing waters of the Jhelum.

Time passed drearily within those gray walls! The quiet days passed into the still more silent nights, and the nights, in their turn again, gave place to uneventful days. In my dreary, trance-like state it made but little difference whether the sun reigned in the heavens or whether the moon poured upon us her reflected light. The present was fast becoming a blank to me, as the past had ever been. I knew nothing of my past and, as a matter of course, imagined it could not have been very eventful. From my earliest childhood I remembered no home other than the monastery, and had known no other friend than Gobab, who had been as a father. What he knew concerning my origin could only be surmised, as he said nothing concerning my past, but he often told me I would one day become a monk. Whether of the Red or Yellow class would depend upon my inclination and temperament. The former are allowed to take wives, while the latter must take the vows of celibacy.

But one thing to me was certain. I knew my family must have been a good one, for I was permitted to wear upon my brow the painted emblem which proclaimed me a Brahmin of the highest caste. By the luxuries that were granted me, and from a careless remark of Gobab, I felt sure that a sum of money came at regular intervals from some unknown source. Further than that I knew not, nor cared.

One year had passed since meeting the Maharaja on the banks of the Jhelum. It was the exact anniversary of the uncertain and, to me, unsatisfactory event. For some strange and unknown reason it had been the turning point in my life. In my

listless, dreamy condition, the diamond worn by the Monarch danced almost constantly before my eyes and, on account of this hallucination, it was impossible for me to become interested in anything else.

There were also strange sounds ringing in my ears, and whether offering the usual chants to Brahma, or singing the sacred chants to Ohm, diabolical shouts of laughter would shock my nervous organism. When assisting at the ceremonial rites, behind the High Priest I would often see a most horrible grinning face, whose distorted visage always bore a striking resemblance to the Maharaja of Kashmir. At times the great sparkling diamond, that had so strangely fascinated me, dangled upon the breast of the apparition. At other times this Phantom³ appeared with one eye only, the socket of the other being filled with the glittering gem.

I often wondered if these strange sights and sounds were detected by eyes and ears other than my own, but I dared not ask.

So time had slowly moved on—days, weeks and months—

³ In truth and fact, what Hari did see was actually the revelation of his *real* self; the Ego of all that he had ever been, and all of which was and is recorded on, or in every man's subconscious self. The author uses the term "Phantom." There is no difference between the "Phantom" and the "Terror." They are the *un-regenerate* self; the self as it really is. In true Training for the Initiation, through a period of time and sincere effort under a competent teacher, this inner, *unRegenerate* self is gradually changed or transmuted into the Higher or Spiritual self in order to be fully prepared when the "Door" opens and the *Ineffable Light* begins to manifest itself. This *must always* be brought about in the *conscious state*, while the mental faculties are *alert*, wide awake.

and the setting of the sun on this particular day would exactly complete the year, which had wrought so great a change in my life.

Silence reigned over the old monastery. It was near the hour of midnight. The monks had long since retired to their cells.

The historic gray walls of the old building were now surrounded by a mantle of darkness, now and then penetrated by the pale rays of the moon, that peered out ever and anon through mountains of sombre clouds.

CHAPTER TWO

The Ouri Monastery

The Ouri Monastery had been constructed several hundred years previous to the time of which we write.

In harmony with the prevailing custom its site was selected high upon the mountain side, almost upon the extreme summit, so as to place both the Neophytes and Initiates in a region of purest atmospheric conditions, far above the disturbed vibrations continually emanating from humanity.

The mountain peak upon which it was thus located formed a part of the range that inclosed the beautiful and picturesque valley of Kashmir.

That side of the mountain which sloped toward the valley was thickly covered with trees and foliage; the other side was, however, totally barren of any vegetation. A steep, rugged road, along which here and there could be seen a vehicle or pedestrian, took its course in zig-zag fashion down the steep incline, toward the village of Horis, which was plainly visible and about a dozen miles distant.

Horis was a small hamlet, containing about four hundred inhabitants, composed principally of guides and inn-keepers, who waited in comparative idleness the greater part of the year that they might reap a golden harvest in the pilgrim season.

As the road was part of the great highway which led to the shrine at Mecca, many of these pious travelers sought shelter at the monastery, when accommodations could no longer be had in the town of Horis. The doors of the gloomy building, which sometimes seemed a prison to me, were always opened to any weary pilgrim or belated traveler who might apply.

As stated in the previous chapter, it was now past the hour of midnight, and all were asleep. Did I say all? All, perhaps, but one. I had prepared to retire more than once, but as many times refrained. I felt restless, apprehensive and, I might say, fearful; but fearful of what? That question I was powerless to answer.

I took from a shelf, suspended against the wall, one volume after another. First, I tried to decipher some problems from the Chastras. Failing in this, I endeavored to become interested in the Pouranas, which treat of law, theology, medicine, of the creation and destruction of the world, etc., but all to no purpose. When, in disgust, I had replaced the last of them, an unearthly, mocking laugh of derision rang in my ears. Such phenomena had long since ceased to surprise me, and upon this night I actually felt defiant.

In a decidedly unpleasant state of mind I turned from the book shelf and started to again resume my seat at the little wooden table which stood in the center of my room, when, to my surprise, I plainly saw what appeared to be *my own self* seated in the chair that I was about to occupy. At any other time such an apparition would, undoubtedly, have startled me; but that shrieking laugh, which even now echoed in my ears, had awakened such a Spirit of resistance in my nature as would have given me strength to defy even Siva, the great destroyer, himself. But the mild expression upon the visitor's face, which was turned full toward me, indicated most plainly that he was not a destroyer; on the contrary I felt impressed that he was a messenger of good tidings.

Though sufficiently familiar with my own appearance to

recognize in this strange being a double,¹ yet I also felt certain that my facial aspect had never shown such an illumination as I saw in the one before me.

Thick, massive dark curls fell about his well shaped shoulders and formed an appropriate setting for the thoughtful young face, with a forehead of such size as to become the noticeable feature. The large, expressive dark-brown eyes, small mouth and full lips, with the dark brown complexion of the Brahmin, presented a perhaps flattering likeness of myself. It may again be added that the exalted expression of the face was not mine—from it beamed a blissful, contented and happy light, rarely seen upon this earth.

As I gazed wonderingly into those large, liquid eyes, a smile

¹This "Double" is the Spiritual duplicate of the material self and under certain conditions manifests separately from the material self. In the advanced degree of Spiritual development this dual existence is not at all difficult. The "double" is always under perfect control, the evils of the self having been transmuted into the Ineffable Light, the Illumination of the Soul, or the *Light* by which, or through which, God has always appeared to mankind. In the unrefined or *un*regenerated state, this separation is without control and is always dangerous to the mind and nervous system of the person.

This "Double," in the advanced stages of development, after the Soul has attained Consciousness, is also called the "Shadow," it being the generally invisible Spiritual self. The True Initiate may set this "Shadow" up as a Guardian over some great, important Spiritual work, for the welfare of mankind as he leaves the Earth plane. This "Shadow" or "Double" will then guard such interests until the individual reincarnates to again take up his *Work*. Woe unto those who accept such responsibilities and then betray their trust. Biblically speaking, "It were better they had never been born."

lit up the features of this being, beyond the power of words to portray. At the same time he held out his hand assuringly to me. Seizing it, I felt a powerful magnetic current flowing up my arm, and from thence it pervaded my whole system, as it flowed up one side of my spinal column to the brain. The most delightful thrill I had ever known permeated my whole frame. I felt revived, exhilarated; in short, I was perfectly happy.

While I was lost in this state of bliss he began the beautiful chant of the Upanishad, in a low, musical voice, which held me spellbound. The words, as I remember them, are:

"Ohm! To Brahm that Is! All hail!
 Ohm! May Brahman of the Sacred Teachings, All in
 All, perfect my members—
 Speech, Life, Sight, Hearing, Strength,
 As well as all my powers.
 May I not be cut off from Brahman; Brahman not cut
 off from me;
 May there be no cutting; for me no cutting off.
 Let all the virtues in the Sacred Lore repose in me,
 Who find my sole delight in that Self;
 May they in me repose.

Om! Peace, peace. Harih Om!"

As this bright being sang an ecstasy took possession of me, so that when the last of the chant was reached my voice had unconsciously blended with his own. When the last sounds had died away he arose and motioned me to the seat which was, by the way, the only stool in the room. I started to remonstrate, but he placed his finger to his lips to enjoin silence and again motioned me to the seat, which I reluctantly accepted. He then

folded his arms upon his chest and regarded me with a look of ineffable kindness and love.

He remained thus for a few seconds, but in my state of suspense I thought it much longer. Finally, in the same low, musical voice, he said:

"Brother, as you possess not the knowledge which would have enabled you to come to me, I have now come to you."

I essayed to speak and ask him who he was and why he had favored me with such a visit. Though my lips moved no words came forth; however, he must have read my thoughts, as he answered:

"*I am your higher self*, and have come to tell you that which you should know. You must choose, this night, whether you will be a king, ruler of men, or a priest, servant of Brahma."

"I do not know if I entirely comprehend your meaning," I ventured, hesitatingly. "To begin with, I do not understand exactly what is meant by my 'higher self'."

"Ah," said he, "that is as I supposed. Man is and ever will be in his infancy concerning things of most import. It is for that reason the great Self incarnates from time to time during the ages of the earth. It is through the great Buddhas or teachers that the wise Creator propagates truth throughout the world.

"Man is composed of soul, spirit and matter. Everything, animate and inanimate, has a Spirit, but man alone, of all the corporeal creatures, has a Soul.² What you now see before you,

² Of all of God's creations on earth, man alone has a mind to think and reason. Because of this possession, he is known as a four-square being: Body, mind, spirit (the life principle) and, as a combination or culmination of these three, a Soul

my brother, *is your Soul*,³ clothed in the shell of your mundane body. Since the time you beheld the sparkling gem upon the breast of the Maharaja you have existed apart from your own Soul. You were at that time entranced, or, in other words, became so negative that the adhesive power of your constitution was overcome by the law of spirit attraction, which is ever struggling between the World of Causes and the World of Effects."

"Kind sir," I said, "may I again expose my ignorance by admitting I do not know what you mean by the 'World of Causes and the World of Effects'?"

"The World of Effects," he replied, looking at me with a kindness akin to pity, "is the material world, with which you are most familiar. In the material world you observe constant changes. There is ever growth and decay, the masculine and

that, having left the heavenly sphere, is now in a state of transition and *must find its own way back to its pure spiritual state*. This Spiritual state is *soul consciousness*. Attaining to this state is the *work* of the *Arcane, Esoteric* and *Spiritual Fraternities*; it is the *Great Work*.

³ The reader should refer back to footnote three, Chapter 1. By an unfortunate and unforeseen incident, and due to not being warned, enabling Hardi to be on guard, his mortal, physical self was thrown into the state of trance—mental unconsciousness. When this occurred the sub-conscious self, unprepared, was violently awakened, carrying in its mirror all of the undesirable features that had become a part of it during past incarnations. In actual fact, it was not a Soul in the *true* sense, because the Soul is only such when its dormant *Light*, the *Christos*, has become awakened by *effort* and *purification* and attains to Consciousness *in conjunction* with mental and physical consciousness; one being as fully awake, or conscious, as the other.

feminine, the positive and negative, organic and inorganic. The difference between the latter is not nearly so complicated as many suppose, consisting only of what is called vitality; which is, in reality, simply the power to retain heat, saturated with light, indefinitely. The World of Effects is also justly called the great illusion. As no material thing is lasting, it cannot, therefore, be real. *Change is the universal cry of earth; nothing ever remains the same for one minute.*

"You would now ask concerning the great World of Causes, all the truths of which you are not at present prepared to receive. But I may say that in the World of Causes there is also an endless chain of transformations as in the World of Effects. Castes are also observed in the Spiritual sphere, of which there are seven grand divisions. Here let me impress upon you the importance of the number seven, as success will in a measure depend upon your familiarity with the properties of this sacred number, in the *studies you will assume later. Know, also, that there is a unity principle which operates in all spheres.*"

"Pardon me, one moment," said I, at this point.

"Speak without fear, brother," said he, "for he who asks questions and he who answers them are one."

"You have said that seven is the number of power; at the same time you tell me that the Unity principle operates in all spheres."

"True," he replied, in the soft, melodious voice, which gave me confidence and again restored my equilibrium. "It is true that man has seven principles. The earth has seven ages; the solar universe contains seven planets, there are seven great colors, etc. The number seven consists of two trinities with the unit for a pivot or equalizing principle.

“As my visit to you this evening is for your enlightenment, I will begin by instructing you in esoteric addition, so that you may better comprehend the qualities of the number seven. When we begin at the unit—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—and add together the figures, we have twenty-eight as the sum. If we continue, and add together the 2 and 8, we have 10—the unit in a different octave; dropping the cypher, we have 1, and thus the added powers of seven give unity. The process of reducing any given figure thus is called esoteric addition, which you will do well to remember, as from the ultimate atom to the Central Sun of the universe nothing is the result of chance. Everything vibrates according to the exact law of numbers.

“But, my brother, as I may not converse with you too long, perhaps it were better if we discuss those things upon which our future depends.”

He paused for a moment and cast his gaze upward. His lips moved as if uttering a prayer or conversing with some invisible being. He then continued:

“Fifteen years ago grief and lamentation filled the vale of Kashmir. Both old and young were ruthlessly stricken down by that great invisible monster, the oriental plague, which is even now following its cruel vocation in the land of Cathay. Among the first to fall was Randjid Sing, followed by his beautiful wife. Their bright, orphan child was left in the care of the deceased King’s only brother, Pundit Sing. The surviving brother faithfully promised to love and care for the child as his own. With sacred vows of fidelity and protestations of love he also agreed to hold the throne for him in trust until he should arrive at the proper age to rule.

“Pundit, whose grief seemed deep and sincere, retired

within the beautiful palace at Kashmir that he might exclusively devote himself to the memorial services for his departed kinsman. For weeks he denied himself to all visitors, and, as the plague was still ravaging the land, the royal palace was placed in a state of strictest quarantine. No one was allowed to enter or depart, except messengers on the most important business.

“Although the inhabitants of the valley yet believe him to be the soul of honor, there are those nearer to him who have become cognizant of his crafty and cruel nature, which has led to the darkest crimes that man can conceive. And to-night, as the Maharaja sits upon the throne, he is to all intents a murderer and perjurer; a slayer of the infant kinsman he had sworn to protect.

“When Pundit Sing, the regent, conceived the dark, tragical scheme to remove from his path the innocent child who alone stood between himself and the throne, he took to his side and admitted to his confidence one person only—the old royal physician who had assisted at the parturition of both the victim and destroyer. When informed of the Maharaja’s or regent’s intention he was sorely shocked and horrified, as the brutal and cold-blooded purpose could not be obscured by soft words and elegant phrases.

“Yet the old physician did not betray his wounded feelings by either word or expression. With a grave brow, his only reply was, ‘Thy will, O great Maharaja, is the will of Brahma; so it shall ever please thy humble servant to do thy bidding most faithfully.’ Saying which, he begged leave to retire to his private apartments.

“As he entered his gorgeously appointed rooms, furnished with all the elegance that wealth and a refined mind could sug-

gest, he paused a moment in deep meditation. A wave of anguish swept over his features and a mist gathered in his eyes. Then a halo of light seemed to play, for an instant, around his venerable brow; the air moved, as though disturbed by an invisible presence, and shook an embroidered hanging at the further end of the apartment. He smiled, nodded his head, and, approaching the still swaying silk, he drew it aside. Now was disclosed a being of frightful mien, who, with upraised sword of glistening steel, seemed to start half through the gilded wall, ready to strike any rash being who should unveil him.

"Drawing the hanging to behind him, the venerable physician reached his left hand upwards and grasped the fist closed around the hilt of steel; then, with his right hand, he pressed upon a little sash ornament over the left breast of the menacing figure.

"The image here moved noiselessly backward and aside, its body straightened, and its sword came to a salute. 'Ah! my sentinel,' murmured the royal physician, 'how well you have guarded my secret place all these years; would that I could be as calm and unfeeling as you when I am as terrible.' Releasing his hold on the figure, it again assumed its menacing attitude and moved swiftly around to its former place.

"Stepping from a niche into which he had retreated on releasing the guarding image, a flight of narrow stairs presented themselves, down which he passed. Opening a massive door, by means of a secret spring, he entered his secret laboratory. This hidden retreat appeared to be cut out of the living rock on which the palace of Kashmir had been built. Absolute quiet here reigned supreme. Its ample dimensions were lit up by a swinging globe, whose oil of gold gave forth a perpetual radi-

ance, the glory of which disclosed such a multitude of those wonderful treasures of the secret sciences as would have delighted the heart of the most exacting alchemist.

"Walking slowly over to a row of shelves, he selected a small, black ebony box. This he carefully carried to a stool, a small key was brought forth from the seclusion of his robe with which he soon opened it. Within could be seen half a dozen small and peculiarly carved horns. Scrutinizing them closely, he found the one he sought and lifted it from its resting place.

"As he did so the suspended light of the secret laboratory grew dim. The flood of sunlike light that filled the spacious apartment grew to a sickly red. A cloud of shadow grew upon the face of a large mirror hung upon the further wall. The shadow assumed the form of two figures, one bending over the other. The one above was that of the Maharaja, the other was *his own*.

"The omen,' he muttered. 'I must initiate my successor.'

"Again the golden globe shone with sunlike radiance. He quickly relocked the ebony box, replaced it, hid the key and fantastic horn in the deep folds of his robe, and hastened away.

"A few days later it was whispered around that the infant heir to the throne had been seized with the plague. The child was isolated in the same old wing of the palace that had witnessed the passing of his parents. No one was permitted to visit him save the old trusted physician, Pondichery, and a number of nurses and attendants. Finally, the sad news was proclaimed that young Keshavah was no more.

"So dreadful had been the ravages of the plague, however, that the populace gave but little attention to the event, which

under less distressing circumstances would have called forth widespread grief and sympathy. The perfidious regent appeared almost overcome by his assumed grief, and after the most ostentatious funeral ceremonies had been held over the young heir, Pundit Sing was proclaimed Maharaja over all Kashmir, and the royal child was soon forgotten.

CHAPTER THREE

Keshavah

"The night that followed the funeral services of little Keshavah was dark and dismal, and but few lights shone in the stricken city of Kashmir. As midnight approached these began to vanish, one by one, until it looked almost as gloomy as a city of the dead.

"Upon the winding road that led up to the royal sepulchre on the lonely mountain side the old physician, Pondichery, might have been seen slowly ascending, bearing upon his shoulders a small coffin which contained the body of a child.

"The solitary guard who walked to and fro in front of the sepulchre of the royal family, now and then cast an impatient glance down the tortuous road. Finally the old man reached the city of the dead, where a few words passed between himself and the guard. An exchange of the small bodies of two boys was then quickly and carefully made, and, after the bestowal of a final word of caution, to which the guard nodded his head, and a handful of gold, that was a little eagerly received, Pondichery left the gloomy abode of the dead, bearing upon his shoulders the same small coffin. But it now contained life instead of death. When he reached the wide, dusty road, at the foot of the mountain, he found Gobab awaiting him, with a cabriolet.

"The narrow box, with its precious contents, was placed across their knees and, a few seconds later, they were speeding away to the Ouri Monastery."

"What! To *this* monastery!" I exclaimed, as I perceived the overwhelming significance of his words.

"Yes, to *this* place; and as you have already comprehended

the truth, I will confirm your belief that the coffin contained the infant Maharaja—*yourself*.

“On the way here, Pondichery and his companion exchanged but a few words, Gobab contenting himself with asking:

“ ‘How did you manage the guard?’

“ ‘His auric color¹ caused the mystic pentacle to vibrate,’ Pondichery replied, ‘therefore a few gold pieces was all I needed to use. Have no fear for his silence, for he would not live a day if the regent had a suspicion, even, of the truth.’”

“What is the mystic pentacle,” I asked, “and how did Pondichery use it?”

“The mystic pentacle,” he replied, “is one of the four great emblems of the most secret book of divine wisdom among the Magi, or wise men of Egypt. The other three symbols are a cup, the Magi’s wand, and a sword. The use of these emblems—in

¹ Every thought that man can think; every desire of which man can become conscious, every feeling of which man is subject, produces or creates a vibration distinct from all others. These vibrations, as do *all* vibrations, produce or create a color, known in the Occult as an *aura*. The Initiate, Master Teacher, or Magi, can read these colors as easily as he can the alphabet.

The Neophyte under training frequently sees these colors in the manifested *Light* but is instructed in a positive manner to ignore them and pay attention only to the manifest *Light*. This is because he is in the process of transition, as are his colors and within the hour the colors may change.

It is only after a certain degree of development has been attained that the colors have any meaning or value to him; before that time they act as guide posts by which the Teacher-Guide helps his Neophyte along the Path.

determining the starry spaces, in measuring the interstellar depths and distances, in navigating the deep to unknown shores, in evoking and commanding the elementals of earth, air, fire and water, and in discovering the most secret things of the triune worlds of Divinity, Man and Nature—is the reward of the Magi initiate. You have but to choose to obtain this sacred wisdom.”

“But how was the regent deceived as to the infant Maharaja’s death?” I here asked.

“Under pretense of carrying out the murderous design of the scheming regent, Pondichery administered to the child one of his secret potions. This potent draught induced a state so nearly resembling death that the heartless usurper was easily deceived, and even the old physician feared he might have administered a drop too much.

“After making arrangements with his old friend Gobab to receive and care for the young Maharaja, he substituted the body of a poor child, that had passed over that day, and which he had secretly secured for the purpose.

“Arriving at the monastery, Pondichery, in the seclusion of Gobab’s private apartment, quickly restored the child to normal life. This accomplished, his face lost its look of haggard anxiety. His face radiated with satisfaction, and, kneeling by the side of the infant, he gave thanks to Om that he had been enabled to protect and preserve his ‘sacred trust.’

“A short time afterward the great, good and learned Pondichery was secretly executed, or murdered rather, by order of the usurper, who said to himself that ‘dead men tell no tales.’ He was struck down while making obeisance to the regent—who had summoned him to a retired room of the royal palace

for the purpose—and fell at his feet a corpse from one swift and treacherous blow from behind. Thus was the dread omen of the secret laboratory fulfilled.

“The concealed assassin did not escape. As the regent looked down at the lifeless body of his victim, a fearful flash of blue light pervaded the apartment. The swordsman fell dead beneath its stroke. With a cry of mortal fear the regent fainted and fell across Pondichery’s bleeding body and the sword of the executioner. Again the blue lightning flashed, and indelibly imprinted on the flesh of the regent a vivid picture of the sword and the wound it had made. The sight of this, which he carefully conceals, has ever filled the regent’s heart with fear, and he would gladly give his throne to be rid of it.

“Before his tragic end, Pondichery, with his usual forethought, had placed a sufficient sum of money in the care of Gobab for the education and proper maintenance of the royal child.

“He charged the faithful monk not to impart to the boy, for some years, any information concerning his royal birth; and, as a necessary precaution, you were renamed Hari in place of Keshavah.”

He paused a moment and then continued:

“Now you know all. You are the rightful ruler of Kashmir. Proofs are now in the possession of Gobab and others, and witnesses are also at hand, to place you upon the throne. This will, of course, give you earthly power. Yet, as I said before, you are to choose this night whether you will become a ruler of men or a servant of God. To-morrow the Lama will arrive

and you have already been decided upon as the chela selected for initiation in the Egyptian mysteries.”

After giving out this unusual information, which, strange to say, neither startled nor surprised me, my visitor stood silent and regarded me with a look of mute appeal. I felt sure that he wished me to spurn the kingly honors. After reflecting a moment, I asked:

“What benefits will one receive by initiation into the Egyptian mysteries?”

“He will learn the hidden laws of Nature? He will learn how the worlds are constructed. He will come to know the manifestations of Universal Life; of what man is composed, *whence he came, why he is here, and whence he goeth*. One will also learn how to develop *the soul*.

Cannot one learn to develop without so much preliminary study?

“One may walk around the base of a building and closely examine the materials, yet such an inspection, alone, will give him no knowledge of the general form of the structure. He may, on the other hand, view the structure from some neighboring eminence; he will then have an idea of its form, but no knowledge of its materials. To know the secret of an atom is to know the secret of God. *Hence to become an initiate you must learn the hidden laws of life and creation. To attempt a use of the great forces of Nature without knowledge results only in destroying the ignorant operator.* One who enters the domain of occultism must become either a Magus or a Sorcerer. The former understands the forces evoked and knows the results, while the latter is like a child playing with fire.”

As my higher self continued to talk in a low, musical voice,

with scarcely any change in his position, I began to feel an indefinable sensation creeping over me, and to feel a love for this being that words are powerless to express. I also became filled with an abhorrence for the throne and its attendant power and pleasures. Nor did I find in my heart a desire for revenge. I experienced, instead, a feeling of compassion and pity.

As I sat thus reflecting, my visitor made a movement as if to depart, when I impulsively rose to my feet and cried out in a voice that sounded strange and husky:

“Stay! Do not leave me!”

He smiled sweetly and sadly as he again motioned me to my seat.

“Brother, it is not my desire to go hence from you. I have longed for you every day, every hour and each minute since our separation.”

“Why, then, did you leave me?” I asked.

“Because, as before stated, you had not the necessary power of cohesion. It is dangerous for one to enter such a negative state without the assistance of a strong guiding spirit. The human body is but an incompatible compound, held together by vitality. When this vitality or life departs the physical body soon returns to the elements from which it came. But this is not all; man consists of other principles, among which may be found the Spiritual, that is ever seeking separation from the physical.”

“Where, then, O mysterious one, have you been during these months of absence?”

“Ah!” said he, the question was not unexpected. Though separated from you, in one sense, I was and am still attached by the invisible silver thread.

"To begin with, everything upon the earth has a spirit. As there is an ascending scale upon the physical plane, so will the same be found upon the spiritual. Some make the error of dividing things into animate and inanimate forms of existence. The correct terms of differentiation are *organic* and *inorganic*, as everything has life, varying only in degree.

"As man consists of the most perfect physical form, so the perfect man has also a superior spiritual essence. Thus it is possible for the developed man to hold intercourse upon the two planes. The ordinary mortal develops the physical only; he is, therefore, restricted to the physical plane alone. Yet there are those who develop their Spiritual sense while yet in their earth life, and are thus enabled to receive knowledge from the Universal Spirit.

"Since our separation I have dwelt in companionship with such Spiritual mortals, and their harmonious chain of vibration gave me strength to exist apart from you."

"Tell me more of them, I pray," said I, hardly able to suppress my great interest; for I had often meditated upon that part of earth life of which we have so little knowledge.

"Before you can comprehend much concerning them, dear brother, you must know more of Self; you will then realize the One Great Self that embraces all. Though we cannot go beyond that first inconceivable beginning, we may study and comprehend the immutable laws that follow its manifestation.

"In the study of occultism we shall find that a few general laws apply to a vast number of facts. Man works during the day and rests at night. So, also, after a great period of creative energy, the Universal Creative Principle rests. *As all things are only visible by vibration*, when that ceases they merge

again into the great invisible matrix. Such a period of inactivity is called the Night of Brahm. Then manifestation begins again. The first motion is produced by the Unity dividing itself and again seeking reunion.

“The first, or active Unity-principle, is represented by the number One, and is called Intelligence.

“The second principle, resulting from this division, is passive, and may be represented by the number Two. It is called Matter.

“The action of these two principles upon one another gives birth to a third, and represented by the number Three. This principle is called Force.

“These principles form the Sacred Trinity of the Infinite, and are further expressed as the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. ²

“The Universe of mighty suns and planets, stars and worlds, came forth from the womb of this great Intelligent First Cause.

“As man is but an infinitesimal miniature of the Great Father, he, also, is a trinity.”

² In the Ancient *Arcane* this was Osiris, Isis and Horus; *i.e.*, Father, Mother and Son on both the physical and Spiritual planes. In the *Esoteric*, it was God, the Father, the mother (Love personified) and the Son, or Spiritual offspring. In the later *Arcane* it was The Father, Love was the Conceiver and manifest, *Christos*, the Son made manifest—the Christ, incarnate and manifest Spark from God.

This was later changed by the orthodox to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The mother or love nature was discarded, the masculine enthroned; *feeling* was supplanted by creed. Hence the gradual decay of the Spiritual, and the manifestation of a materially dominated world.

"Tell me more of these great truths," said I, as he appeared about to cease.

"No one can learn much in a single lifetime," he gravely replied, "and few can learn all the great lessons of Self in many incarnations. In my present free and untrammled state I can look back over the vista of past incarnation and recall the teachings of all ages, but, as yet, I am no more than a neophyte.

"In my present state, however, no earthly considerations can compare with knowledge. I desire nothing so much as that light of truth which will hasten my return to the Father. When you and I are again reunited, the lucidity of my vision, and my knowledge of right and wrong, will be entirely subservient to your active mind. I will be able to manifest my desire and guide you through the faculty known as your conscience. Yet, my dear brother, I look forward to the time when we may again contemplate each other. Such a time will come when you enter the *inner circle of Light* in the Brotherhood of the Magi.

"The life of a true Magus is a brilliant, shining light for men. He reflects the *light* of the Creator as the Moon reflects the life giving rays of the Sun. The choice now remains with you."

My decision was formed long before he ceased speaking, and I promptly responded to his appeal:

"I choose to become one of the Magi."

"Well said!" he exclaimed, with joyful emotion. "You have chosen the reality instead of the illusion. I am with you now to part no more," saying which he threw himself into my arms.

A feeling of inexpressible happiness stole over me, my eyelids became heavy as if under the influence of some powerful soporific, and I remembered no more as I sank into a deep and peaceful sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

Instructions

Early the next morning I was awakened by the usual rap upon my door.

While resting one elbow upon the small table beside me and wonderingly rubbing my still drowsy eyes, I tried to recall to my mind the strange and occult circumstances that had caused me to go to sleep in my chair in this unusual manner. As I mechanically extinguished the still burning candle the events of the previous night began to flit through my brain like the memory of a realistic dream. Arising, a stiffness was observed in my limbs. A few rapid strides up and down the small room did much to arouse me, and I began to feel a vigor of body and clearness of mind to which I had been a stranger for many months.

"Peace be with you, Hari, my boy; you are looking well, and I see, for once, that you have arranged your room before breakfast," said Gobab, as he appeared at the door and cast a glance of friendly greeting at me and then another of surprise toward my undisturbed cot. "You must have known that our great master, the Lama, comes to-day," continued the corpulent little monk, as he rubbed his hands slowly together and fastened his thoughtful eyes upon the floor. He seemed about to say something more, but he suddenly turned about and walked away, down the corridor, while my mind had been so active that I neglected to make reply to his remarks, though I should have liked to hear something more about the Lama's visit.

It was the custom of the Dalai Lama to visit the various monasteries of India and Thibet once in every seven years. At

such times he selected seven of the most promising chelas for initiation into the order of the Magi. Such selections were regarded as rewards of merit and, as such, were highly prized by the students. The selected neophytes were then assigned to one or other of the seven great temples of the world.

As I pondered over his coming I was happy and sad by turns. Later in the day I found myself strolling down the road that led past the house. The morning sun charged my system with magnetic energy, as I stood upon an elevated knoll, by the side of the road, and gazed admiringly upon the picturesque valley below. Its settings of wooded mountains and green covered hills sloped grandly downward to the junction of the Indus and the Jhelum, whose placid waters here joined to flow away southward to finally become lost in the Arabian Sea.

The valley of Kashmir is about eighty-five miles in length, and dotted here and there along the river, as far as the eye can see, by beautiful hamlets and villages. It formed, that day, a picture that would have delighted the eye of an artist.

As if to complete the natural beauty of the scene, scores of many-colored boats and floating houses, in which whole families resided, lined the river.

As I stood thus, silently admiring the scene, I was touched lightly upon the shoulder. Turning, I beheld the sad yet kind face of Gobab, who said, as he placed in my hand a sealed roll of manuscript:

"Take this, my son and master, for of right you are my master, though the hand of fate made you my son. You will soon be called to the higher walks of life and must leave your humble friend and servant, who loves you as a father. I may add that it will, perhaps, be for the best if you do not read these documents until you have attained the illumination.

"Hari, my son," he continued, as tears began to dim the old man's eyes, "when you are far away beyond those great mountains, I hope you will think, sometimes, of your old friend and servant, Gobab. Send to me an occasional thought of love and strength and I will be happy."

Although I had not before admitted it, this honest and faithful old monk, who had been to me tutor, companion and father, held a strong place in my heart. As I contemplated his genuine grief it was hard to restrain the tears that involuntarily welled up in my eyes. Before I was scarcely aware of it I had thrown my arms around him, saying:

"Dear Gobab, I shall never forget you. Although I know not all you may have done for me, yet enough is understood of the past to make you my best and dearest friend."

"Say no more, Hari, I am happy. Yours is a peculiar nature that shows neither love nor hate, which is correct according to the Master. But your kind words have made me happy in the midst of my loneliness."

Thus happily understanding each other we wandered for hours about the vale, conversing as only dear friends can before a long and uncertain separation. He spoke with less reserve than usual. Though known to all as a man of great learning, especially in regard to religion and the science of life, few, if any, had ever guessed the profundity of his knowledge.

It was past midday when we returned to the monastery. As we entered we knew by the strange servants about that the Dalai Lama had arrived.

Three days afterwards found me on my way to the home of the Magi—Egypt, the land of Mystic *Light*.

CHAPTER FIVE

Initiatory Studies

Six years quickly passed, during which time I studied hard in order to master the preparatory studies for initiation into the great Egyptian Mysteries. Although even more secluded than before, time passed quickly, as under the tutelage of that world-famed instructor, Pheros, and in the company of half a dozen other neophytes, my mind had reached that degree of unfoldment wherein I realized that a long life was far too short for one who would delve into the wisdom of infinity.

In the great enclosed gardens of the temple, myriads of strange plants were cultivated, whose virtues were known only to the student of occult science.

In fact, a lifetime might alone be spent in studying the secret virtues of herbs and plants.¹ In the basement of the

¹ It must be constantly remembered that during this period of the world's history, *all*, without exception, who were to become teachers, priests and rulers, were compelled by the Priesthood and the Laws of the country, to enter the *Secret Schools*, the Labyrinths of the *Greater Mysteries* at an early age, and all education was conducted by Acolytes and Initiates.

After a certain period of instructions the Neophyte was not only given certain details to master, but also duties to perform; he became both student-Neophyte and teacher.

To begin with, it was agriculture, because food had to be raised for the members and Neophytes in the temple; then it was medicine or the herbs and plants of value to the human creature; experiments in Alchemy followed, which gradually led into chemistry, a single instance being the fact that these men of the School had, by experiments, learned to harden copper to a temper equal to steel; a secret not yet rediscovered.

grand Temple of Edfou, where both my days and nights were so interestingly spent, was the most perfectly appointed laboratory for alchemical experiments in the known world.

At the time of which I write, 527 B. C., Thebes was not only the beautiful pearl of the upper Nile but was also the grand repository of art and science.

Surrounded by a great wall, adorned with many gates, over each of which towered that handiwork of the sculptor which immortalized heroes, the great city extended, on both sides of the river, from mountain to mountain, and with sufficient length, from north to south, to form a perfect square. On the eastern side of the river Nile, amid gorgeous palaces and princely homes, towering stately in their magnificence were the temples of Edfou and Medinet-Abou. To the westward, amid architecture scarcely less grand, were the famous temples of Luxor and Carnac.

Edfou and Medinet-Abou were for the exclusive use of the Magi, while those on the western banks of the Nile were for the use of the pagan priests.

The day had arrived for our initiation into the first degree of the mysteries.

Following behind our beloved instructor, Pheros, and

This period of study and probation continued until the Neophyte had become an Initiate, a Priest, a Lawgiver, a Legislator, a King or Emperor. In some instances, this required twenty-one years. To fail in becoming an Initiate or reaching Soul Consciousness, was to die. Once the Acolyte entered the Mystery Schools he was dead to the world until he had attained to consciousness or had brought about his own undoing. No Authority could interfere with the action of the governing Law.

dressed in the plain white robes and peculiarly constructed caps of the neophytes, six in number, we stepped lightly, yet with apprehension, into the graceful river-boat that awaited us at the foot of the wide stone stairway that led from the temple gate to the waters edge.

Mindful of the wholesome advice of Pheros, each neophyte felt himself imbued with sufficient courage to meet with boldness any unknown horror that might await us in the dread initiation of Medinet-Abou.

The Sun was about to sink behind the great Libyan mountain range, to the westward, as the six powerful Nubian boatmen dipped their oars, like a single man, into the placid waters of the Nile. As the boat sped lightly over the water the oarsmen burst forth into a rude barbaric chant that seemed to soothe and calm the suppressed excitement which filled each student's breast. As they warmed to their work their great muscular cords played under the surface of their black skins like entwined serpents.

On the raised deck at the stern sat a tall, morose Egyptian with his hand upon the long pole rudder with which he guided the boat as it threaded its way through the maze of craft that filled the stream.

As we sat around in the open cabins all, save one, held within his bosom a fluttering heart. Pheros alone was devoid of excitement. Tall, thin and angular, he towered like a giant above his students. With a small head, black hair, and eyes that glittered and contrasted strangely with his sallow complexion and thin lips, he looked anything but the genius he really was.

Totally devoid of beard; his face looked much like an aged

mummy. It was left for the eyes alone to express the intelligence with which that small but powerful brain was stored.

As our boat glided on its way, each member of our party maintained an outward silence, being content to listen to the din of noises that rose at times above the monotonous river song of our boatmen. Yet I, for one, spent the time in a mental catechism of myself.

When we had passed the most crowded portion of the river and found ourselves comparatively alone, Pheros, whose keen eyes had been swiftly moving from one to the other of us, said abruptly:

"My dear boys, though I cannot go with you through the mysteries that confront you, I hope that each of you will bear in mind my parting advice and caution. TO KNOW, to DARE and to KEEP SILENT are the watchwords of the Magi."

At these last words he fastened his glittering black eyes upon us as if he would burn these thoughts into our very souls. Continuing, he said:

"Where the profane are content to study physics, the Magus proceeds into the realm of Natural Magic and metaphysics. The former ends with chemistry, while you progress through alchemy and Hermetic philosophy. The uninitiated study natural history only, whereas you investigate still further into living Nature and her higher principles. The profane may learn physiology, or even psychology, but you soar into the realms of Psychurgy and Theurgy. Where one is content with the shadow the other demands the reality.

"With Souls filled with faith, hope and courage, you will be honored, and I will be made supremely happy. Nothing

will give me more pleasure than to salute you as brothers Pastophoris." (First degree.)

As each neophyte bowed a mute reply of thanks our boat swept with a majestic curve into the canal which led to the temple of Medinet-Abou.

On each side of the canal could be seen wide promenades, constructed of large, smooth stones, interspersed at short intervals by gateways that led down, by broad stone steps, to the water of the canal.

Along the promenades a vast concourse of people walked slowly to and fro, gravely discussing the temple discourse, to which they had just listened.

Richly dressed men and women mingled with plainly clad sages, and formed a throng that extended back within the temple gates.

The ceremonies during the day were public, but the night services were reserved exclusively for the Initiates and their sacred and solemn rites.

With our preceptor in the lead, we left the boat and ascended the stone steps from the landing, and continued onward until we reached the imposing gateway leading to the temple of Medinet-Abou.

This great, massive structure was built in the form of an immense oblong. Around it, constructed so as to form a perfect square, was a stone wall about twenty cubits in height. Pursuing our way through the vast throng we soon reached the wall's outer gateway. On each side of this entrance stood two tall pillars of pyramidal form. Entering the open gateway we found ourselves in a spacious paved avenue, about sixty cubits in breadth by two hundred in length.

"This is the sacred dromos of Anubis," remarked Pheros.

Through the whole length of the dromos, and on each side of it, sphinxes were placed, facing each other, at a distance of six cubits apart.

As we followed along the avenue of Sphinxes, our master, who rarely omitted an opportunity of imparting knowledge to his pupils, stopped suddenly in front of one of them and, with a wave of the hand, said in his rather harsh voice:

"Observe that this mystic emblem, the Sphinx, combines the characteristics of an angel, an eagle, a lion and a bull. It has the claws of a lion, the flanks of a bull, the wings of an eagle and the head and breasts of a woman.

"The head is to *know*, the claws are to *dare*, the flanks to *desire*, and the wings to *keep silent*.

"The symbol of the Unity is expressed by the combination of all these strange forms in one.

"Truth is indicated by the head, or knowledge being placed above the lower elements.

"The symbol of the Absolute is shown by the mystic quaternary."

After leaving the avenue of Sphinxes we passed through three propylæ when the grandeur of the temple, proper, burst upon us.

On each side of the great doorway were two tall, artistically carved pillars, extending the full height of the structure. As we stepped upon a huge marble slab the ponderous doors swung slowly open. Continuing, we passed through a vestibule with six richly carved marble pillars on each side. With Pheros still in the lead, we silently entered a large rotunda, filled with

priests and other high functionaries, who were divided into groups, conversing in low but earnest voices.

An officer, who was apparently expecting us, moved quickly over to the side of Pheros and after a short whispered consultation, made a sign for me to follow him. I glanced hurriedly toward my preceptor who, with a look of assurance, advanced and gave my hand a farewell pressure. Then, without speaking a word, I set forth upon my unknown mission.

Following my conductor up many flights of stone stairs, we finally arrived in front of a pair of closed doors, upon the upper floor of the temple.

After a few peculiar knocks the doors silently swung open and we were admitted.

CHAPTER SIX

The Halls of the Magi

The scene that now met my eyes was a most impressive one. Around the onyx-covered walls of the spacious room, which embraced the entire upper floor of the temple, were seated hundreds of the Magi. With their white robes and many colored faces they formed a truly strange picture.

Extending the full length of the room, on both sides, were a number of sandstone pillars, so ingeniously streaked with red that they gave forth a rich glowing tint. On each of the walls, graven upon their huge slabs of onyx, numerous astrological emblems were pictured in magnificent designs of gold and silver.

At the eastern end of the hall was a most realistic representation of the Sun, wrought in solid gold. In the center of this gorgeous emblem was a round white light of such power and brilliancy that the eye was powerless to look upon it. On each side of this great central light two gigantic prisms were so placed that a flood of many colored lights streamed forth to the adjacent walls.

The gorgeous rainbow effects were not only grand but awe-inspiring, and filled me with a holy respect for these men of wisdom and a thirst for the great divine principles so beautifully symbolized.

At an altar, a short distance in front of the great light, was seated the Grand Magus.

Similar altars were also located in the west and south. These were incrustated with precious stones.

Through the center of this great hall, amid an impressive

silence, I was led to the officer at the south altar who recorded my name, age, experience, and other personal matters upon papyrus.

From thence I was conducted to the officer at the west altar. He questioned me as to whether or not I had any friend or acquaintance in the order who would be willing to act as my Sponsor or God-Father! On being answered in the negative he began to scan a long list of names.

I was then brought before the Grand Magus. He paid but little attention to me; in fact, he seemed hardly aware of my presence. As I stood thus motionless before the old man the officer of the south arose and read, in a loud voice, the data concerning me. This was followed by the officer of the west crying out:

“Moeris, Sponsor!”

As my eyes wandered around they fell upon one I had hitherto unobserved. A being far surpassing in beauty the most extravagant dream, sat, like one entranced, to the left and a little behind the Grand Magus. She appeared more like an angel than a being of earth. With her perfect features and skin of alabaster whiteness, surrounded by a profusion of golden hair that fell about her exquisitely moulded shoulders, she presented a picture whose fascinating loveliness I cannot hope to describe.

Instead of being slight and fragile, like the few women I had seen in my country, she was of large and generous proportions, yet perfectly formed.

As I gazed upon her, enraptured and lost in admiration, she slowly raised her large brown eyes and looked curiously at me for a moment and then, assuming her former abstracted

pose, she again appeared to continue a train of thought that, seemingly, bore her far away from her mystical surroundings.

During the moment that this transcendental beauty turned upon me her great, expressive brown eyes, half hidden by their marvelous drooping eyelashes, I felt as if electrified or raised up. Though I turned my eyes in every direction, save toward her, I found it utterly impossible to banish the dream of loveliness that had imprinted itself upon my now whirling brain.

This sudden apparition of beauty was for me most inopportune, as it filled me with a strange confusion at what was, without doubt, the most important moment of my life.

With the desperation of despair I looked full into the eyes of the old Magus who sat thoughtfully before me, but her large, lustrous eyes and face of classical beauty could not be so readily banished from my impressionable mind. Though I dared not look toward her again, now and then I felt a strange tremor that made me aware of her gaze.

In the meantime the old Magus, whose kindly face was framed in a profusion of gray hair, fastened his keen eyes upon me for several minutes, as if he was reading my past, present and future. He was, no doubt, awaiting the arrival of my Sponsor.

Presently a dignified looking Magus came forward and, without noticing me, bowed low before the old man, saying:

"Most revered Master, your servant, Moeris, was hastily called away to Heliopolis."

"It is well," replied the Grand Magus: "then must Nedoure assume the care of this young neophyte."

With another low bow the brother retired.

The Grand Magus then straightened himself in his seat,

and, while his eyes assumed a preternatural brightness, he gave three loud raps upon the altar with a small iron gavel.

This was followed, at once, by absolute silence.

Then, in a clear, strong voice, he said:

“Brethren, extend your aid to the neophyte, who is about to travel the rough and narrow path.”

At this point he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and appeared to go into a self-induced sleep.

As I stood there alone in front of this strange old man and beautiful woman, with my conductor standing at a respectful distance, I exerted all my will power to maintain a serene demeanor, though I was unable to forget the vision of the lovely creature near me.

Presently I felt myself lifted, or raised as it were, into the air. Yet no hands could be felt upon any part of my person. It was as if I was yielding to some irresistible attraction. During this time my mind or inner self also underwent a change; I grew strong, hopeful and fearless.

Although this experience, which resulted from powerful concentration, as manifested through the great magnetic chain of the brotherhood, lasted less than one minute, it seemed much longer, when I was again, by the mutual desire of the brothers, returned to the floor. The old Magus aroused himself, looked around in a satisfied manner, and, turning to the beautiful young woman, said:

“Nedoure, fair Priestess of the Magi, you will now impose the sacred and terrible oaths upon the humble neophyte.”

Thus bidden, the beautiful Priestess arose and approached, with a lithe and graceful step, to the side of the Magus. As she stood there, draped in spotless white, and wearing upon her

bosom a small bouquet of lotus flowers—one blue and two white—her incomparable loveliness grew more pure and majestic than my soul had ever pictured Isis, the Great Mother.

After she had read the binding oaths, which I am not permitted to record, she remained standing by the side of the old man, who proceeded as follows:

“The primordial doctrine of our esoteric religion is the real essential unity of the Divine Nature.

“There is one sole producer of all things, both of heaven and earth—Himself not produced by any—the only true and living God, self-originated, who exists from the beginning, who has made all things, but has not, Himself, been made.

“The name of this great being it is unlawful to pronounce or write. He is not graven in marble. He is not beheld; and vain are all representations. His commencement is from the beginning; He is the God who has existed from all time. There is no God without Him. No mother bore Him; no father hath begotten Him. He is a God-Goddess, created from Himself. All gods came into existence when He began.

“Though many gods are worshiped in this land, the Initiate recognizes in them naught but the attributes of the Supreme Deity. Num represents the creative mind; Phtah, the creative hand, or act of creating; Maut represents matter; Ra, the Sun; Khons, the moon; Set, the earth; Khem, the generative powers of Nature; Nut, the upper hemisphere of the heavens; Athor, the lower world. Thoth, personifies the Divine Wisdom; Ammon, the Divine Mysteries, and Osiris, the Divine Goodness. These gods are but symbolical of the One.

“In the mysteries of our order we must first recognize the great Triple Gradation:

“First, the infinite domain of Facts;

“Second, the restricted domain of Laws, or secondary causes;

“Third, the restricted domain of Principles.

“Following this gradation, man is but a relative unit, contained in the absolute Unity of the great whole; and, like the universal ternary, contains three modifying principles of Body, Soul and Spirit.

“The Soul is what contains the passions, and presents, in its turn, three divisions—the rational soul, the irascible soul, and the soul of appetite.

The appetite faculty of the soul consists of intemperance or avarice.

“The faculty of irascibility of the soul consists of *cowardice*.

“The faculty of the soul’s reason consists of folly.

“In this degree, O untried Neophyte, it must be your aim to banish all cowardice from your nature.

“Each of the four physical elements—Fire, Earth, Air and Water—embrace within themselves myriads of Elementary Spirits. These beings willingly become the servant of the man who has both courage and wisdom.

“In order to control the Gnomes, or the elementals of the earth, he must descend to the bottom of some dangerous pit. To control the Undines, the elementals of water, he must swim through a whirlpool, or do something equally as daring. He must, in fact, show an utter contempt for the elements before he can hope to control any class of their spirits.

“As you go forth in your search for knowledge many real dangers will beset your path. None, however, will be so great that you cannot overcome them with a strong Will and undaunted courage. But he who hesitates is lost. Bear in mind

that when you enter the gate that swings ever inward, there can be no turning back. *Death awaits the unfortunate one who would retrace his steps.*"

The Grand Magus here ceased speaking for a moment and whispered a few words to Nedoure, who gravely bowed her assent. Then, fixing his bright black eyes full upon me, he resumed:

"Henceforth you will be known to the brothers as Althos, and my daughter, Nedoure, the Priestess of our order, will be your physical sponsor—your Spiritual guru will be met on your journey to the goal."

Notwithstanding the dangers implied by his words of warning and advice, I am proud to record that I felt no apprehension where many neophytes become frightened and withdraw.

At this moment the lovely Nedoure stepped to my side and, grasping my hand, gave me a look of encouragement as she said:

"Althos, my dear brother, be brave and strong; you cannot fail. Remember, I await your return. Spurn all temptation and look ever forward to the goal."

Then without waiting for a reply she again took her position by her father's side.

The features of the Grand Magus now relaxed and he regarded me, for the first time, with a kind expression, and, in a lower and more kindly voice, said:

"Althos, you are now aware of the dangers of the rough and narrow way and the trials and perils that will beset you therein. Do you still desire to go forward, or would you rather retire?"

All the assembly seemed, from the silence that followed

faintly through the perfumed air and gave evidence of an inner gayety.

Following these soft, enchanting sounds, one would have been led to the "Palace of Diversion," a large and spacious one-story structure situated a short distance from the King's palace, which latter was known and designated as the "Home of the Heaven-Born."

Fierce looking guards, some lounging in careless attitudes and others standing erect, with their short, curved swords at their sides, were stationed at regular intervals along the brilliantly lighted balcony, which extended the entire length of the building.

Entering the great marble hall, a scene of Oriental splendor and gayety met the eye. A sumptuous repast had long since given place to the hookah pipes, which had been enjoyed in specially constructed dens. The court nobles and their beautiful ladies had returned to witness the terpsichorean feats of dancing girls, drawn by the pleasure loving Maharaja from all parts of the world.

The arched roof of this great pleasure palace had been newly painted and decorated by Egypt's most famous artists, and had cost the lavish monarch but little less than the two rows of marble pillars that extended down each side of the great room. Though these fancy carved pillars were in themselves works of art, they were almost hidden by glittering gems of fabulous value.

At the farther end of the hall, seated upon a gorgeous throne and surrounded by his richly appareled courtiers, sat the Maharaja. Blazing forth from his crown, with an unrivaled splendor, could be seen the Koh-i-Nur, or "Mountain of Light,"

the famous gem that once ornamented the sword of Afraesiab, who lived 3,000 years B. C., and which was afterward taken from Shah Shuya of Persia by the redoubtable Randjid Sing.

On either side the Maharaja was surrounded by nobles whose proud lineage extended back to the age of the Surya-Bans. He, however, far outshone them all in the splendor of his dress. In fact, his long robe, of indigo color, was almost completely hidden by its lavish profusion of blazing jewels.

Presently, at the loud blast of a conch shell, all became silent. A moment later three of Persia's most famous dancing girls appeared.

As they issued from a curtained nook, in the side of the hall, all eyes were turned upon them. Though beautiful, their faces were almost expressionless. Each wore upon the head a garland of bright colored flowers that contrasted strangely with their rich black tresses which hung down below the waist.

They were of uniform size, and each possessed a faultless figure. As they came forward, in single file, the dark eyes of the monarch fairly glistened with pleasurable anticipation.

When the dancers arrived directly in front of the Maharaja they gracefully bowed until their foreheads touched the floor. As they arose the music began. Inspiring strains came from an invisible orchestra, hidden in an arbor of tropical plants.

With the brightest of smiles, and eyes that looked everywhere, yet saw no one, they began with the remarkable Oriental march. Every muscle of their developed frames moved in rhythmic harmony to the weird music.

As they proceeded with their sensuous evolutions they seemed to lose consciousness of their surroundings. Their dreamy eyes and poetic motions showed that, for a time at least,

they had entered that fairy realm of idealation that all true artists seek. Their souls were responding to the harmonies of music.

After having been called and recalled by royal approbation, each of the fair dancers retired, with bows, bearing huge bouquets, to each of which was appended a beautiful jeweled ring. They had scored a great triumph.

The next announcement was that of the magicians, better known as fakirs. The gay throng again became breathlessly quiet. By preconcerted arrangement all the lights were lowered until the great hall was in almost total darkness. While the spectators awaited, with suppressed excitement, the arrival of the fakirs, a bright ring of light began to manifest itself over the spot lately held by the dancers. It rapidly formed at about the height of a man. It at first assumed a bright red color. This was, a few seconds later, interspersed with rays of vivid blue; the red then became brighter and brighter, until scintillations of green appeared.

Suddenly a loud, hoarse shout burst forth from the center of this uncanny aura. As a flash, the lights assumed at once their former brightness; when lo! before the astounded audience stood seven great stalwart men, draped in long, flowing black robes, bound at the waist by belts composed of brightly polished ivory rings. As they stood thus, silent and immovable, with their gloomy black faces, they looked like veritable statues of ebony. Without speaking or moving they kept their eyes steadily fixed upon their leader, who alone possessed a black, curly beard and wore over his shoulders a robe. Stepping from the human circle, the latter gravely bowed, and holding up both hands to the Maharaja, with seven fingers outstretched, he motioned toward

his assistants. Then he again held forth his hands with only six fingers extended.

Then turning suddenly about, his dark features relaxed their gravity and assumed a wild and somewhat terrible aspect as he shouted loudly to his followers in a strange tongue.

Whereupon, with himself in the lead, they began marching, countermarching, and intermingling as in a drill. They thus moved to and fro so rapidly that it was well nigh impossible for the eye to follow their intricate evolutions. In a few moments they came to an abrupt standstill when, to the surprise of all, only six fakirs could be seen.

Then, holding aloft the extended fingers of one hand only, the leader of this strange body of Black Tantrikas turned quickly, as before, and uttered his peculiar exclamation or command. They executed a similar march, as before, and again came to a sudden halt, when only five remained. Although the spectators had often seen similar exhibitions, it was none the less marvelous. These strange marches were repeated until only two remained. The interest and expectation of the audience was now at fever heat, as word had been whispered around that Tantras, the gigantic leader of the mystics,¹ held a surprise in store for them.

¹The term "mystic" was almost altogether employed by writers on the subject of the *Arcane*, *Esoteric* and *Occult* until about 1900. It is a *misrepresenting* term. Mystics are what the term indicates: Mediators, Spiritual dreamers, those given to inner contemplation, but never to those who are positive of mind, actors, doers; those who command or "bring about."

The men here mentioned were Occultists, but they were of the dark school, usually called "Black Magicians." They used the power and forces they had developed within them-

As the two Tantrikas stood looking sternly at each other, like ancient gladiators, their heavy breathing could be plainly heard above the subdued murmurs of admiration.

Then while the other, with a meek attitude, let his eyes drop to the floor, Tantras, looking upward and extending both arms aloft, uttered in a low voice some mystic prayer or invocation. A moment later he gave vent to a deep guttural grunt of satisfaction as he caught a large black horn that came from the apparently empty space above. Without even a glance toward the spectators he then seized his companion in no easy manner with one hand around the neck, and from the uplifted horn in the other began to pour over him a dark, ill-smelling oil or mixture. At this his companion sank to the floor, when Tantras at once covered him with his own robe. The lights again became dim yet the great figure of the magician could be plainly seen bending over the prostrate form. The room became still darker, for a moment, when the lights again blazed forth with their usual brilliancy.

To the surprise and horror of all, Tantras was seen seated upon a small but richly-caparisoned elephant. A smile of approval from the Maharaja called forth a tremendous burst of

selves, and of which they were masters, for *evil, i.e.,* misleading and degenerating, or destructive purposes.

As an example, we may designate two physicians, both educated and trained in the same school, both of the same ability. Both fully understand the component parts of the poisonous remedies, Aconite or Belladonna. Both have full knowledge of their use and abuse. One of them employs them to relieve the ill; the other to destroy for selfish purposes. They are trained alike; they employ the same agent, but for diametrically opposite purposes.

applause. With a bow and the first smile that had appeared on his face during the evening, the magician rode forth from the building. Even in the land of mysteries, Tantras had by his last feat called forth the admiration and wonder of all.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Maharaja

A few hours after the dispersion of the gay assemblage, quiet reigned supreme throughout the palaces. The royal village was in general darkness, although here and there a faint glimmer of light, escaping through the folds of rich Syrian curtains, indicated that some notable still continued to burn the midnight oil.

However the Maharaja had not retired, nor did he intend so doing. With petulant impatience he had dismissed the members of his numerous retinue, and alone with his trusty chamberlain retired to his luxurious *chambre a couche*. The chamberlain, noticing a tired and nervous expression upon the face of the ruler, knew at once what was expected, and so proceeded to arrange the opium layout upon a gorgeous divan.

After assisting the profligate monarch to disrobe he began to prepare the enticing fumes. For about an hour they lay silently, one preparing and the other inhaling the only known poison that soothes and at the same time stimulates. When the pupils of his eyes had contracted and the desires of habit had been appeased, the Maharaja said:

"Gudakesha, my faithful servant, what thinkest thou of thy master?"

"O Light of the World, who maketh the 'Mountain of Light'¹ to look pale, thy servant knoweth well that thou standest alone, without equal."

¹This term is applicable only to those who have attained to *Philosophic Initiation*, having by sincere desire, and long continued effort, opened and developed the *great center of*

So saying, the chamberlain again extended the seductive pipe, made of rarest horn and tipped with purest ivory. With a strange, thoughtful expression the Maharaja consumed the portion with one long inhalation, replying, as he returned the pipe to be replenished:

"Dost thou think, O wise servant, that I am happy?"

"If thou art not happy, O Ruler of all Kashmir, thou canst easily become so. For who upon this earth could refuse to obey thy commands, or withstand thy mighty arm?"

"True. But knowest thou not, O Gudakesha, son of my father's servant, that the world hath treasures that may neither be taken by arms, nor purchased with gold?"

"Even so, great heaven-born monarch; that which cannot be purchased with gold nor taken by arms, whatsoever it may be, can certainly be secured by thy strategic brain, O my master."

"Good!" said the monarch, with a smile of genuine satisfaction. "Thy fertile brain, O loyal servant, tempts me to speak plainly with thee.

"Perchance thou recallest our visit to Egypt a few moons past, that we might see and know more of our friend and ally, Amasis. Thou mayest also recall the houri of paradise, with hair of gold and large brown eyes like the gazelle—the beauty whose loveliness was only equaled by her great wisdom. She was the priestess in some strange order, the name of which comes not at present to our mind. Her own name cannot be forgotten—it was Nedoure—Nedoure—Nedoure."

light. According to *John* and other Biblical references, they are the *Brethren of Light*, and as such would destroy themselves if they employed the *Light* for other than constructive and Spiritual purposes.

The monarch closed his opium bedimmed eyes and continued to murmur, with a blissful smile, "Nedoure—Nedoure—thou shalt, indeed, be mine—Nedoure."

The chamberlain made no reply but worked silently with a long needle-like instrument, preparing the narcotic for his royal master. In a moment the Maharaja awoke from his dream-like state, and with a frown, terrible to behold, said in an angry manner:

"Speak, slave! Why dost thou not give reply to the query of thy master?"

"O great and undeteriorating one, terror of foes, my diminutive brain can see no reason why thy desires can be thwarted — least of all by a woman. Canst not thy great magicians give aid unto thee, when they are able to set at naught the known laws of Nature?"

"Great mind, penetrating intellect, with thy cunning reason thou hast given me strength to carry out designs already formed! Thou mayest leave me now, O Gudakesha, and may thy dreams be happy, as thou hast rendered a favor to thy master which will be repaid ere the setting of to-morrow's sun."

At these words of dismissal the chamberlain silently gathered up the paraphernalia of the opium layout, and, after carefully replacing it in a locker, he walked backward to the door, bowed low and was gone.

Left alone, the Maharaja's eyes assumed a feverish brightness as he rushed into an adjoining room from which he returned, a moment later, dressed in a long black gown, bound at the waist with a belt similar to those worn by the performing fakirs of the evening. Casting his eyes furtively around the room, he moved from one door to another, carefully trying all

the bolts. Apparently satisfied, he moved toward a frescoed panel in the wall and pressing a spring, hidden amid the decorations, caused an unsuspected door to swing noiselessly upon its bearings. As the secretive monarch was familiar with it and the dark passage that it concealed, he entered without hesitation, seized a small lamp from its convenient niche near the secret door and slowly descended a narrow and almost perpendicular stairway. At the bottom he found himself in a small room, about three cubits square, with no other furniture than a solitary stool. He looked neither to the right nor left, but proceeded at once to unlock a ponderous door, the only visible exit from this underground chamber. As he opened it a strong gust of air almost extinguished his light.

Shading his lamp with his hand, he entered a passage of sufficient height to enable him to walk erect, but so narrow that not more than two persons could advance through it side by side.

This narrow tunnel had apparently been hewn through solid rock. That it was seldom used was evident by the thick layer of accumulated dust which lay upon the floor.

Yet the Maharaja proceeded on his way without hesitation. Continuing for some time, he came abruptly into a large chamber that appeared to be the terminus. He stopped for a moment, raised the light above his head and looked as though seeking someone.

Standing almost directly opposite him on the other side of the room he beheld, motionless and gloomy, the great fakir, Tantras.

“Ah, my good Tantras, as thou seest, I am here.”

Placing the tips of his fingers to his forehead, the fakir made a low bow and replied:

"True, O bold Maharaja; as thou hast come thus far, there can be no doubt that thou will go still farther."

Advancing, with his glittering black eyes fastened upon the fakir as if he would read his very soul, the Maharaja, with grim determination, replied:²

"Where thou goest, O Tantras, there shall I follow."

"Your majesty hath, indeed, no knowledge of fear?"

"Why shouldst I fear, O Tantras? I cannot lose more than life, and life without Nedoure were not worth the living! As thy great power hath more than once caused her image to appear before me in the magic mirror, so verily I believe thou canst bring her here by thy powerful charms and secret influence."

Without appearing to note his last observation, Tantras replied:

²Those engaged in the employment of Occult forces and powers for other than Spiritual or Humanitarian purposes, recognize neither God, king, emperor, moral, Spiritual or any other power. To them there is but one reality—the greatest of all *unrealities*—power.

Life without power has no meaning to them, hence their willingness to forfeit life itself in their pursuit if that becomes necessary. If those seeking the Path of *Life* were as ready and as willing to make the same Spiritual effort, many gods would be walking this beautiful earth and peace would reign. Black Magicians have destroyed all sense of fear, and "what is man but a god afraid," or a devil incarnate? Lack of *fear* gives man complete freedom of action even to his own destruction, or, on the other hand, the attainment of Godhood.

"If thou art prepared, O mighty Maharaja, to go further, you will meet the Prince Upadan, before whom my power is no more than the shadow to an object."

"I have decided to go whither thou leadest."

"Good," replied Tantras, "and may your majesty be found wanting in naught. Our mystic work requires only a strong arm and a strong heart, inviolate secrecy and a blind willingness to obey.

"Forget, then, O great Maharaja, that thou art my king, for while in the realm of the Black Tantrikas, we are henceforth brothers only."

Then, extending a small flask that he had evidently picked from the floor, he added:

"Drink, O royal brother, that thou mayest cross the threshold."

Without hesitation, the desperate monarch placed it to his lips and drank long and deep. As he returned the horn, Tantras seized the light from the hands of the Maharaja, and then quickly extinguished it, leaving them both in total darkness.

CHAPTER NINE

Tantras, The Black Magician

As the light was extinguished a cloak was thrown over the Maharaja's head, and strong arms seized him from all sides.

He felt himself raised up and hurriedly borne away; whither or by whom he knew not, nor did he care as he had firmly decided upon joining the "Brotherhood of the Lett."

He could form no idea of the direction in which he was carried. He might have been borne in a straight line, through a winding passage, or he might have been simply carried around the room in a circle.

After a short time, with his vision still obscured, he was seated upon the ground.

If he could not see he could at least hear, and the sound of a number of voices, united in a weird chant, reached his ears.

Presently the covering was raised from his head. Looking around he found himself seated on the bare ground in what appeared to be a natural cavern. The rough, bare walls of jutting stone were covered with a film of greenish slime. By the flickering light of three large black candles he saw a number of almost nude forms.

Standing amid the candles, in the center of three large circles of undressed kid skin, he saw Tantras.

Near the black magician, on either side, stood two dark taciturn assistants. In the outer circle were to be seen three more of the dark brotherhood. Each wore about the loins a cloth of brightest red, and upon the head turbans of dark green. Otherwise they were entirely devoid of clothing. Directly

in front of Tantras stood an earthen vessel filled with burning red coals and ill-smelling incense.

As the Maharaja, seated on the outer edge of the circle, looked upon these strange chanting devotees, Tantras, with uplifted hands, began in a low voice and strange tongue, to call upon invisible entities. At first his face bore the usual lack of expression, but as he became more and more excited with his unintelligible appeals, his eyes began to glitter like those of an insane man, while his huge body began to sway in unison with the chant, in which all joined.

As the incantation became louder and louder his muscles stood forth in knots beneath his shining skin. Louder and louder grew his hoarse, discordant voice, while great drops of perspiration rolled down his heated limbs. At times he assumed a tone of command, at others the ring of an appeal sounded in his voice.

During this time one of his assistants constantly fed the fire with vile smelling fumes. However, the Maharaja seemed surprised at nothing but remained seated upon the ground, a silent but interested spectator of this weird scene.

Finally, as if in answer to the beseeching shouts of Tantras, a low, ominous, rumbling sound was heard, mingled with heart-rending groans. It was as if the gates of the inferno had been opened and the ears of mortals were permitted to hear the agonizing wails of the damned. These sounds, not unlike the muttering of thunder, approached nearer and nearer until they seemed to surround or envelop the little band of Tantrikas.

Like an atmospheric disturbance that precedes a tropical storm, the whole of the underground room became gradually illuminated. The air grew brighter and brighter until it seemed

transformed into a bright, glowing red light that shone weirdly upon the awful scene.

At this moment a terrific roar, as of a thousand lions, fell upon the air. The earth shook and trembled beneath these unearthly vibrations.

The actors in this strange proceeding were as yet indifferent, incense was thrown upon the live coals even more profusely, while Tantras continued his exhortation with even more ardor than before.

The roaring and rumbling now ceased; nothing could be heard save the voice of the daring fakir.

Presently the red light that had so vividly illuminated the scene appeared to roll itself up like a scroll, continuing its circular motion until naught but a huge ball of fire appeared, in the darkness, slowly moving at the height of a man's head around the outer circle. Suddenly this large, revolving ball of fire dropped to the ground, bursting with a loud report and sending up great clouds of sulphurous fumes.

This was followed by a cool draught of air that quickly wafted away the noxious vapors.

When the dark green smoke was blown aside a new arrival was observed—a small, pleasant appearing man, dressed in the robe of a red monk, stood before them. He had a long mustache, waxed fastidiously at the ends, and whiskers artistically trained to a point. Upon his head he wore a small, red cap. The lower part of his body could not be seen, as it was obscured by the rising vapors.

"Lo! I am here. For what cause hast thou disturbed me?" he asked in a soft and pleasant voice.

"Great Upadan, O my master," said Tantras, falling upon

his knees and extending his arms imploringly, "I have brought him; he whom thou hast long desired."

"Ah! good servant! I am well pleased. Let him be brought forth," he commanded, with a strange smile.

At a sign from Tantras, one of the assistants walked over to the corner where the Maharaja had retreated, presumably to escape the smoke. Whispering a few words of assurance in his ear, he gently seized his arm and brought him forward.

As the Maharaja, trembling with fear, came into the strange presence of Prince Upadan, one would have hardly recognized, in the abject, bleary-eyed spectacle that he presented, the imperious ruler of Kashmir.

To his confusion, the evil one fastened his keen eyes upon him. After regarding him for a few moments Upadan said, with a low bow of mock humility:

"O divine Maharaja, Child of Brahma, thy presence here gives me great pleasure. As I am unknown to thee, thou mayest call me Upadan. First, may I ask why thou hast defied the perils to seek me?"

"O great Prince Upadan, I came to seek aid and power, which rumor sayest thou alone canst give."

"Strange, that thou seekest aid and power when thou already hast many servants, brave warriors and confiding subjects? Hast thou not also health, wealth and a comely form? What more couldst thou desire, O great Maharaja?"

"Though thou hast spoken truly, O most powerful of princes, yet am I unhappy. I have looked upon the fair light of Egypt, I love¹ her with all my heart, my life and my

¹ The error most of humanity has fallen into is the mistake

treasure. She loves me not; yet, all would I give for the fair Nedoure."

"Where and when hast thou seen this beauty of whom thou speakest?" asked Upadan, as he twirled in his fingers a curiously wrought cane.

"Once only have I looked upon her in the flesh. It is now four months since my visit to the Egyptian King, Amasis; there, in the Temple of Phtah, did I meet my fate. In her haughty pride she didst even refuse to accept a present from the Maharaja of Kashmir. But, alas! my heart has been sad ever since. The beautiful Nedoure has been my daily study and nightly dream. By the mystic² art of thy servant Tantras her image has been brought many times before me. But reflection or phantasm will no longer satisfy a monarch whose

of believing gross passion or carnality to be love. Here is an example of this. Those who truly feel the Divine passion do not seek to gain possession by force, but by winning the ideal by worth.

Love awakens in the human breast by the power of attraction just as the sun rises in the east to give life on earth, or at the silent command of the magnetic attraction of the earth, that the two may give life to life. The "love" he thought he felt in his heart, was not in his heart, but deep in his baser element; a destroying fire devouring the Soul itself. "Love giveth all, demandeth nothing." The true lover brings the object of his love the things he believes will please her. Profane love brings gifts to betray, with no thought to uplift.

² Not "mystic" art, but the diabolical art resulting from a reversal, misapplication or misdirection of the/a Divine Art. Mysticism has nothing whatever to do with the direction of such forces; only with the peaceful satisfaction of the self. Mysticism is self-effacement.

every wish has been a command, and whose desire is regarded as law. So I am come, O great prince, hoping that thou mayest receive me into the order that confers more than physical power upon thy servants."

"Thou hast spoken well! And if thou art ready and willing to sign the compact of blood, gladly wilt thou be received as one of us.

"First, I require, in exchange for earthly power, absolute secrecy; second, implicit, yea, even blind obedience, and, lastly, thy Soul is required of thee.⁸ In exchange, I will grant thee thy wish, give forty years more of life, power beyond mortal man, and provide thee with a trusty servant who shall be ever near thee to do thy bidding. Before thou givest reply, remember, thy answer is forever and aye."

"I am willing," replied the Maharaja, with feverish anxiety.

"Forever and aye!" came the response from the dark brothers who had hitherto remained silent.

Upadan then plunged his staff into the earth so that it stood erect in front of the Maharaja. It appeared to possess an affinity for the sulphurous fumes, as they gathered about its base and rose around it in such a manner that the staff was soon obscured. Presently, through the vapors, could be seen

⁸ Biblically, "The Soul that sinneth it shall die." This Law is here illustrated. He who is willing to degrade that within him, which, under proper conditions, would *become* the Christ, thereby destroys his Soul. More correctly, he destroys the personality—his personal self—the vehicle into whose care the *Divine Law* placed a Soul for the gaining of experience, and the becoming of a Son of the *Light*.

a horrid, moving head, that began to inflate until it looked like a many-colored bag! All eyes were now directed to this swaying, bag-like object, and as its tongue began to protrude, and its eyes glisten, it was easy to recognize in it the dread hooded cobra.⁴

Upadan, who had heretofore maintained a suave manner and pleasant voice, now assumed a stern expression that would have struck terror to an ordinary mortal, but as the Maharaja's eyes were curiously bent upon the menacing serpent he took no notice of the former's change of appearance. Intoxicated as he was with selfish anticipation, and at the ease with which he had been received into the ranks of the Tantrikas, he was hardly prepared for the quick, sharp command uttered a moment later by Upadan, as he pointed unmistakably toward the cobra.

"Step forward! and clasp thou the *brother*, at once. Delay not a moment."

Though somewhat surprised at the change of tone, Kashmir's proud ruler advanced, with bloodless lips and outstretched arms, toward the spotted monster. As his arms were about to close around the reptile, such music as he had never before

⁴ From time immemorial the serpent, unless upraised upon the "cross," has been the symbol of carnality, of debasement, betrayal, of leading man into the realm of the damned. In various periods of history—like those of Nineveh, Babylonia, Sodom—entire nations were destroyed by this degeneracy. Such a period, with degenerates everywhere in high places and accepted by respectables—is upon us once more; a period with decadent countries legalizing homosexuality. Once this most vicious of all "creature" has man in his toils there is little chance of escape.

heard burst forth in enchanting strains, and lo! behold! instead of the horrible cobra, he held in his arms the beautiful Nedoure.

When the Maharaja next realized consciousness he was standing alone in the little apartment that connected by the narrow stairway with his bed-chamber. Tantras, gloomy and silent as ever, was standing beside him.

As he looked around in a confused manner, occasionally rubbing his eyes and placing his hands to his head, a bright light of intelligence lit up his features as he began to recall the events of the night. Presently a smile of anticipation appeared upon his lips.

"O Tantras, thou hast this night made for thyself an eternal friend in the ruler of Kashmir."

"And, I may hope, a brother as well, O mighty Maharaja."

"Of a verity, did the prince promise, by the aid of his power, to secure for me the lovely Nedoure?"

"Silence, my master," said Tantras, holding aloft a warning finger. "If thou wouldst have success thou must speak of naught thou hast seen and heard. Prince Upadan will call upon thee, and bids his servant give to the Maharaja this list of time."

The Maharaja took from the hand of Tantras a small piece of parchment upon which was written in bold characters the following:

"To THE ROYAL BROTHER OF THE LEFT: Prince Upadan will call at thy bedside, for converse, on Moonday, at the third hour of night; Mars-day, fourth hour of night; on the day of Mercury at the fifth hour. Observe these times, which I hope will suit thy royal pleasure, and I will not fail thee.

UPADAN."

The two then took leave of each other, the Maharaja ascending to his princely quarters, and the other returning to the cavern.

Three days later, in pursuance of their scheme to secure Nedoure, Priestess of the Magi, Tantras, with two attendants, set forth upon a journey to Egypt.

CHAPTER TEN

Results of Evil Passions

Slowly the platform upon which I stood continued to descend. Glancing around, my eyes fell upon the four barren walls of the chute. Roughly hewn white stone inclosed me upon all sides.

For a short while the reflected light from above made it possible for me to see quite plainly, but as I was slowly and noiselessly borne downward, I soon found myself in stygian darkness.

Looking upward through the open top of the unique elevator, nothing could be seen but inky darkness, as a covering had evidently been placed over the aperture through which I had sank from view of the brotherhood.

Continuing downward I became aware of a strange perfume that was beginning to pervade the air. At first the effect was stimulating. I laughed aloud as fantastic shapes, conjured by my exalted imagination, began to fill the air around me.

This ecstatic sensation endured but a moment, however, as my knees began to grow weak and tremblingly smote together. Then, too, the mental creations around me began to change from smiling, winged seraphs to horrid, threatening images of beasts.

The fumes were becoming stronger, and my faculties were surely yielding to their depressing effects. My body became numb, and my ears were filled with a roaring, ringing sound, as if standing near a great, roaring cataract.

Suddenly all became indistinct, consciousness was lost, and

I sank, limp and helpless, to the floor of the platform upon which I stood.

Presently the elevator came to a standstill; the change from motion to quiet partially aroused me. I tried to open my eyes but could not; I sought to move my limbs but they responded not.

Thus I lay in a dreamy state of semi-consciousness. While resting thus, upon the floor of some one of the underground apartments of the temple, a new horror suddenly appeared—whether a dream or nightmare my mind is not certain, even to this day. A cold, clammy creature slowly encircled my neck! I tried to scream and raise my hand but no sound came forth nor muscle responded to my semi-endormed will. In fact, it were better so, as had I been in possession of full sensibility to pain and emotion, my blood might have congealed in my veins. As it was, under the stupefying effects of the fumes, terror gave place to listless, dreamy indifference.

But the horrible serpent about my neck did not long remain inactive, as it began to tighten its coils around my unprotected throat, as if intent upon crushing out my life, and then, as if cognizant of my helpless state, it would relax—like the confident cat plays with a helpless mouse.

Although the faculties of sight and motion were suspended, the sense of hearing was keenly alert, being the last to yield to the paralyzing fumes.

While lying thus, at the mercy of a cruel reptile for which I had felt a special antipathy all my life, the sound of voices reached me, as if from afar. I caught the words:

“Dost thou think the neophyte will travel the road with safety?”

"Aye! of a verity, he will," came the reply, "I have seen, as thou knowest, many candidates, but never a better physical form; and rumor sayest that even Pheros was often surprised at his strength of Will and development of spirit."

I then felt myself raised, by tender hands, and conveyed a short distance, when I was deposited upon a soft and comfortable bed.

How long I lay thus is not known to me as I at once lapsed into a state of unconscious sleep.

After awhile I awoke to find myself in a strange apartment. A hasty glance assured me that it was the laboratory of an alchemist. However, I was not permitted to examine it closely, as my eyes were almost immediately attracted to the three serious looking Magi who surrounded my couch—one at my feet and one on either side.

They regarded me with a calm scrutiny for a few seconds, when the suffocating pressure of the serpent attracted my attention, as if to impress upon me the fact that it was yet with me.

I sought in vain to clutch the creature, and finding my limbs were motionless, tried to cry out, but without effect.

"As thou hast, no doubt, realized, O Neophyte, thou art at present unable to aid thyself," said the majestic personage at my right, as he fastened upon me his dark benevolent eyes.

I endeavored to reply, but still found myself unable to utter a word.

At this moment the terrible thing around my throat began to tighten his coils so fiercely that all grew dark before me, so that I could no longer see the Magus and that buzzing, ringing sound which precedes unconsciousness began to return. Just

as I thought the end was near, the old Magus upon my right calmly continued:

“That which thou thinkest a serpent is but the manifestation of thine own passions and desires.¹ It remains for thee to free thyself by purification of thine inner self.”

Yet while this self-possessed brother talked in his low, harmonious voice, the creature from the plane of illusion again made a most determined effort to choke me. As physical effort was useless, I concentrated mentally upon Nedoure and requested her to aid me in banishing the icy monster, but alas! the cold bands of the creature only inclosed my throat with a firmer clasp.

It was with dismay that I observed the result of this, for my regard for the High Priestess was surely above the plane of mere passion and desire.

¹At all times and throughout every period, the primary instructions to Neophytes included the manner in which they could free their thoughts and feelings from carnal desires. They were taught how they could transmute the baser elements of their nature, such as hate, malice, jealousy, envy, greed, and all others of like nature, into the Spiritual beatitudes such as love, affections, kindness, friendliness, humility, devotion and reverence, while also retaining their manhood and strength of character. Man is like the ore taken out of the earth. There is much of the earth mixed with it, but taken through the fires of the furnace, the ore is extracted and becomes many more times stronger than it was in its original state of impurity.

Man in truth is an ore; gold of highest quality intermixed with the soil of the earth. The sincere Neophyte must recognize himself as earthy, wherein is hidden the gold of the Spirit; and that this “earthy” being must pass through the crucible in order to attain its destined ultimate.

The brother on the right appeared to divine the nature of what was passing in my mind as, with a significant glance toward his two companions, he addressed me in slow, measured tones, while a faint smile of compassion lit up his face:

"Neophyte, thou art, for the time, helpless. At least, thou art not strong enough to free thyself from the evils of thine own creation. In thy present negative state thou art at the mercy of those destructive vibrations which first emanated from thine own untrained mind. Learn, then, that vibration is a motion to and fro in a medium, always proceeding from a cause.² Thus each vibration must, at some time, return to its starting point.² Therefore, as each impulse tends to construction or destruction, to life or to death, thou seest how important it is for the true Magus to understand vibration."

At this point he must have noted the convulsive shudder which shook my frame, as the serpent again tightened his coils about my throat, but he did not appear to observe it. Continuing in his mild voice he said:

²This is the universal Law of "action and reaction," of "cause and effect." The *Nazarene* taught it in the most simple language: "As ye sow so shall ye reap." Every thought, desire and act produces a vibration; these vibrations are sent out into the ether automatically, and "like bread cast upon the waters," return after many days.

So long as there are carnal, evil, undesirable thoughts and desires, they create vibrations; these vibrations leave, but return, binding the creator as with chains of iron. Exalting thoughts and desires loosen these chains and ultimately free the victim. *This is true equally of every human creature. No one can escape the action of the law, though it is felt less severely by the profane—the non-seeker; he being less conscious.*

"We should not send forth that which may rebound to the injury or destruction of the first active cause. Evil is but the result of ignorance, *for how can a man be wise and generate those forces which will destroy him?*"³

Pausing a moment he took my hands in both his own while his eyes were still directed toward mine. At the moment he seized my hands the astral entity fled. Like a flash it vanished, as evil will always vanish in the presence of righteousness. Continuing he said:

"Yet, in thy pitiable state, thou hast found friends, O Neophyte, even among strangers. But those strangers who extended aid to you were of the Brotherhood. So forget not this event in thy future life; remember the time when thou wert at the mercy of destructive forces, save for the aid of the Brothers. Bear also in mind, O Neophyte, that when thou mayest be seemingly alone, a brother will be ready to extend the hand of fellowship. So, when thou hast received the signs and grip of the Pastophoris, when thou hast been fully initiated into the wisdom of the degree, turn not a deaf ear to a brother who calls upon thee for aid. Thy duty is first to the great Father, next to the Brotherhood of the Magi, and third, to the great brotherhood of humanity."⁴

³ This is not altogether a fact. One may be possessed of the knowledge but too weak to resist the temptation of wanting that which he has not yet earned. Only experience and attendant suffering will gradually awaken man to the futility of attempting to evade the Law or to benefit without effort.

⁴ Times change, conditions change, hence the application of the Law also changes. In modern times and under the Laws of a New Age, this demands: Duty, reverence, adoration to God, first. Respect, obedience and reverence to parents, second. Duty

At this he made a sign to his two companions who had, during his admonition, stood silent and motionless. They at once drew closer around me, waving their arms in an impressive manner, all the while keeping their eyes riveted upon mine, with such an intensity that I found myself powerless to longer withstand their gaze. At this point my eyelids became heavy and slowly closed.

As I was about to pass into the trance or magnetic sleep, the three voices united in one harmonious chorus and sang out, "Obedience is the law of the three worlds." Cool streams of magnetic fluid could be felt coursing down my face and body as a feeling of bliss stole over me, and I knew no more.

to family, third. Duty to country, fourth, except in emergency when duty to country may become second, but ever under the Laws of the Divine, first. Obedience to the *Divine Law* is all-inclusive and embraces all *Laws*. The dictates of men are all too frequently commands to evade God's Laws for someone's selfish benefit, and usually because of a desire for power temporal, and not Spiritual, in its nature; hence it becomes a personal illusion.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Temple

After what seemed an age of pleasant dreams, if such they were, I awoke, but with such a strange feeling of lightness. Such a thrill of freedom pervaded my being as I had never known before. I felt an almost irresistible impulse to soar away heavenward. Yielding to the desire I attempted to rise, but found myself bound by a silvery,¹ thread-like appendage. But to what was it attached? Turning, to find its source, imagine my surprise as I beheld, extended before me on the couch, my own physical body. Why this transformation? Had I crossed the valley of death? No; this could not be death, it was a change from restricted life to Spiritual freedom. My mind was clear and active and I felt an exhilaration that was simply divine. I stood for a moment, pondering upon deluded humanity, *who mistake the gross physical body for the real man*. All through life I have been thankful for that experience, which taught me that all upon the physical plane is but delusion. The real man, the ego, is seldom seen, and the physical body is but a temporary tenement.

Strange to say, I could see nothing else in the room save my own body, to which I was attached. As it was impossible to sever the connection, I had nothing to do but remain quietly

¹ An ancient Occult term. Body and Soul are bound together by a thread, and though the Soul may have far vision and see into the near or distant future, it can *never* during life leave the body. If it did, the silvery cord would be severed as is the cord between mother and child, separating them, and death would be the result.

remaining one in yellow. The altar consisted of a long table of elegantly polished cedar. In the center, spread out, face downward, was a snow-white, undressed kid's skin.

Upon the center of the kid's skin was a thin slab of smoothly polished marble, upon which, graven in pure gold, could be seen the most potent of all talismans—the five-pointed star of pentagram.⁴

At each corner of the table were placed the representations of the Word—Yod-He-Vau-He. Yod, the symbol of light, was represented by a lamp so constructed as to project a powerful ray of whitest light. At the same end of the table, on the opposite corner, stood the vessel for perfumes. At the other end of the table could be seen the other two emblems of the Word—Salt and Water.

Fastened upon a frame of gold, stood a great magic mirror, close beside the pot of perfumes, so arranged that it reflected the rising smoke from the incense, through which the light from the lamp streamed in spectacular beauty. As I began to move noiselessly around the room, it soon became apparent that I was invisible to the engrossed brothers. Presently I heard the name Athes called aloud. It was repeated three

beside the corporeal, pondering upon the constitution of man.

Presently the sound of voices reached me. A moment later the dim outlines of three figures could be seen. The Magus who had previously addressed me was now repeating the awful rituals of invocation, while the other two were casting perfumes into an earthen jar. As the fumes continued to rise my surroundings became more and more distinct.

Upon one side of the spacious chamber lay my own body upon a richly trimmed couch. The room was illuminated by seven massive lamps, which cast a soft radiance over the smoothly polished floor of granite slabs. The walls were almost hidden by rich Indian tapestry. Everywhere the colors of red, lemon and yellow predominated. These, I afterward learned, were in harmony with my spiritual colors.²

But the most interesting of all was the superb altar of invocation,³ which stood in the center of the room, and around which the three Magi were performing their mystical rites. One was dressed in a robe of bright red, the other in lemon, the

² The colors of the vibrations of the *then* state or degree of the development Hari had attained.

Although well advanced in his studies and development and ready to undergo the ordeals at that period, it was only then that he learned the meaning of the colors and the significance of them as they concerned him.

³ The Magean Invocation as described is still part of the ritual of the inner circle. However, it has partially lost its potent influence in the fact that Neophytes of the present day do not possess the faith of Neophytes at the period when their study and training lasted as many as twenty-one years and *all* of their time, not merely a small part of it, as at the present time. The method of training had to be changed during the passing centuries due to changing conditions of life.

his two assistants. The three were peering intently into the dark concave surface of the mirror.

As I appeared before the mirror, I could plainly see the reflection of my spiritual self the *light* therein, notwithstanding it was at times obscured by the light curls of ascending smoke.

That the three Magi also saw what the mirror gave forth was apparent by the expression of satisfaction which lit up their features. They drew nearer, carefully inspected the image⁵ and, a moment later, I was dismissed and ordered to return again to my physical body.⁵ This command I was loth to obey as, having once tasted the freedom of a liberated bird, it was extremely unpleasant to return to the cage. The unrestrained life of the astral was pleasing to me as I seemed to be in that realm of ideality for which I had often longed.

Yet as the commands were repeated with an intensity which shook my body, there was no alternative but to obey. Thus, I slowly turned toward my physical. But what did I see? It was as if all the horrors of creation had been liberated

⁵ This does *not* imply that during this experience the Soul left the body or was severed from it but that in such trances

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Fastened upon a frame of gold, stood a great magic mirror, close beside the pot of perfumes, so arranged that it reflected the rising smoke from the incense, through which the light from the lamp streamed in spectacular beauty. As I began to move noiselessly around the room, it soon became apparent that I was invisible to the engrossed brothers. Presently I heard the name Athos, called aloud. It was repeated three times, followed by the stern command that I appear before the magic mirror, which stood near the altar of invocations. Drawn by an impulse which was irresistible, I mechanically approached the mirror.

The brother who had previously addressed me, and who was now dressed in the robe of yellow, stood directly in front of the mirror, and a short distance to the front, near him, stood

⁴ Refer to the Chapter *The Pentagram, Star of Light*, in the forepart of the present volume.

his two assistants. The three were peering intently into the dark concave surface of the mirror.

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⁵ This does *not* imply that during this experience the Soul *left* the body or was severed from it, but that in such trance the Soul could stand separate from the body and not only view the body, but also become fully conscious of the many evils and weaknesses of the body. This can be illustrated by a simple example: We do this to a degree when we gaze into a mirror and see ourselves reflected therein. Our "Shadow," but only of the physical self, is there.

In exactly the same manner, the Soul in a trance, or, as in our days, by means of the "shield" can view the Spiritual self. The command of the old philosophers: "Man, know thyself," had this in mind. We cannot actually *know* ourselves unless and until we *see ourselves*—with all our weaknesses—as we actually are *within* our *inmost* self.

in a body.⁶ I found myself surrounded by horrid, grinning faces; heads floated about me without bodies; enormous bats and fierce tigers glared at me.

There stood, also, the formidable Astaroth, with the head of a bull, motionless but threatening. There, also, was to be seen the great horror of horrors, which my pen even now refuses to describe, Nahash, the dragon of the threshold.

Monsters⁷ with forms such as have never been seen by

⁶ As a fact, all the evils of creation are a part of our being because the ego that is our *real* self has passed through, or taken on, these evils, and they remain a part of the self until such time as they have been transmuted by *desire* and *Will*, and the gross self has become exalted.

This is a step by step process and fortunately for the modern Neophyte, proceeding as he does in gradual degrees of development, he is not compelled to witness these horrors unless he is foolish enough to force himself into a realm of experience for which he has not prepared himself, and where he has no right to be.

The great Master, the *Nazarene*, taught and trained in Egypt and among the Essenes—the Ancient School—was very familiar with this, hence his precepts relative to trying to “take the kingdom of heaven by storm,” *i.e.*, entering into, or *opening up*, the inner secret self before being properly prepared.

⁷ The “dragon,” the “monster,” and the “Terror” are one and the same and is the dread and paralyzing “fear” that is aroused or awakened in those who have failed to attain a proper concept of God, their Spiritual self and the *Law*, but proceed blindly and without guidance and unprepared.

Under present conditions and the system of training followed for many centuries, these experiences are all sidestepped by the Neophyte who follows instructions and is faithful in his practice.

mortals—imperfect, hideous creatures—gathered about me on all sides. Neither the furnishings of the room nor any of its occupants could now be seen, but lying motionless amid these dreaded beings could be seen my physical body, which I was now anxious to reach. What had a few moments previous appeared like an unwelcome prison, was now regarded as a haven of safety, and my greatest desire was now to enter its protecting domain. But between my Spiritual and physical could be seen the most terrible and ferocious of the evil emanations. Their number was legion, and far off on the outer circle of these phantoms could be discerned myriads of the invisible races.

All were evidently attracted by the powerful invocations in conjunction with the iron will of a trained operator. That the disturbance had awakened their anger was also to be seen.

Surrounded thus by all the terrors of the illusionary—self-created world, I felt perfectly safe as they were powerless to harm me so long as I yielded not to fear. In this moment of trial I recalled the wholesome advice and teaching of Pheros, and remembered also the words of encouragement whispered by the lovely Nedoure.

Then, with a supreme effort of the Will, I commanded them to depart, throwing into the mental effort all the concentrated nerve energy of which I was capable.

They yielded but slowly, however, and as I pressed forward toward my physical they turned and began to close in around me with their long exposed teeth and monstrous claws. This shook my courage as it led me to infer that an element of fear was creeping into my nature.

Yet I felt confident of the protection of the brotherhood,

and also of esoteric assistance from the fair Nedoure, as I had a strong impression that she could not have attained her exalted position unless she had long since developed a strong and determined Will. The memory of her kindly glance of interest made me feel that she would not now forsake me.

For some reason I also felt impressed that the subtile perfumes and mighty invocations had attracted more of the astral denizens than usual.

Then, with the thought of God, of the Magi, and of Nedoure, and with all the power and intensity that I could master, I again commanded these phantom forms to leave me. But even as I did so, while staring into their relentless eyes, a faint shadow of doubt⁸ arose in my mind as to its efficiency, which would have been fatal to me had not an unexpected event occurred.

These monstrous astral entities, being perfectly *en rapport*

⁸ Doubt is a destroyer. It causes every force to become inert. Well did the *Nazarene* say in substance that those with even a little faith would be able to move mountains.

Faith in conjunction with desire, induces effort. Effort is action. Action brings about a *reaction*, and the *reaction* is in harmony with the action. By action with its *reaction*, man becomes that which he truly desires.

Those possessed of little faith, but with great desire, will be able to gradually build up their faith by persistently making effort in harmony with their desire.

This knowledge, based on an Absolute Law should become firmly impressed upon the consciousness, so that it will *become a part of the Neophyte's mental and Spiritual self*; as well as the *fact* that with clear intent of the purpose in mind there is *nothing to fear except fear itself*. Fear is the demon, the *terror* of the Threshold.

with everything on their plane—like birds of the air, that sense a coming storm; or fish, that know the direction to quiet waters, suitable for spawn—could easily sense the vibrations of doubt which I tried so hard to conceal. At first they retreated, as before, while I continued to draw nearer my physical.

A short distance only now intervened.

But suddenly the dark, towering object which I most dreaded, whose many arms and legs extended in all directions, forced itself between me and the body I so longed to reach, with a great irregularly formed head from which glittered and sparkled with undying hatred three great luminous eyes, which seemed to transfix me. As this repulsive astra, cyclops barred the passage and began to wave its long tentacle-like limbs around me, I felt that the end had come.

Suddenly, with a harsh, grating sound, that remotely resembled a human voice, the following words were slowly uttered:

“Move not! doomed mortal who hast dared to enter the forbidden realm. Nahash, the guardian of the threshold, commands!”

As these words were uttered, with the three great malignant eyes bent upon me, I became as one paralyzed. My brain began to whirl and, with the shrieks of these awful creatures about me which pierced me with unutterable horror, I tottered as if to fall.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Will. The Spark of Divinity

At this perilous moment, when it seemed almost certain destruction to advance to regain possession of my physical body,¹ confronted as I was by Nahash, the dreaded demon of the threshold, the most beautiful as well as the most welcome sound of all my life came in clear, ringing tones:

"Be strong, Althos! No harm can come to thee — Agla commands!"

These words of encouragement, coming at the moment when hope was all but abandoned, revived me like water to the lips of a wounded soldier. I could feel my strength returning as I wonderingly opened my eyes, when, to my relief, I found the horde of horrible phantoms had fled. Nothing remained to show a trace of them save a dark cloud which was rapidly disappearing over the vast expanse of the middle plane.

Moving toward me in stately grandeur, borne upon the air, was a being of indescribable loveliness. As he approached,

¹ A readily misunderstood statement that might indicate that the Soul can leave the body. In all trance conditions it is sometimes extremely difficult for the Spiritual consciousness to return to physical consciousness, thus a struggle ensues even though the Spiritual self actually desires to return into its normal sphere. It is for this reason that trance should never be induced by an outside operator unless that operator is thoroughly conversant with every phase of hypnotism, *the inducing of physical sleep and be of the highest moral character*. In self-induced trance the return to physical consciousness is frequently even more difficult than when the subject is under the control of the operator.

his clear cut features could be seen, illuminated with large, brilliant blue eyes, surmounted by a long, flowing dark beard, and locks of hair whose raven blackness contrasted with his spotless white robe. His face was radiant like a *spirit of fire*; love and kindness beamed in every lineament.

The stately bearing of this noble being showed the power and authority which could emanate from the Divinity alone.

As he noiselessly floated toward me, holding out both hands, he said:

"Brother, thy heart is pure, but thy Will is not strong. Had thy Will² been trained to the fullest my assistance would not have been required. I would have come to you ere this, but thou hast that in thy nature, even now, which must be overcome if thou would ascend to the highest. Hearken well, brother, to things which are said to thee, for aside from the aid of the moment, I am to be henceforth thy Guru or Spiritual instructor.

As I now realized that the threatening dangers were past, the reaction from so great a mental strain began to manifest itself. I could make no reply, but stood mutely and imploringly, regarding this luminous being. Continuing, he said, with a deprecating wave of the hand:

"No; thank me not. I was drawn to thee by the Will of

² In the training of a Magi the *Will* is of first and utmost importance; even more so than the development of the Spiritual self. It is herein that the *becoming* of a Magi differs so greatly from that of developing into a *Philosophic* Initiate, the latter depending almost wholly on Spiritual development; the awakening of the Inner *Light—Divine Spark—the Christos*, rather than on the *Will*.

one who bears for thee a kindly interest. It was thy future preceptress, Nedoure."

At the mention of her name his face became grave and his expression thoughtful. He paused a moment, then, with a graceful wave of the hand toward my physical body, he continued:

"Tarry not longer here, my brother, but enter thou into thy tabernacle of flesh and continue thy journey toward the Unity."

Then, as his face lit up with a smile of ineffable brotherly love, he said:

"Dear brother, as thou hast before heard, I am to be thy Guru, thou shalt henceforth know me by the name of Watlan. Keep thy Soul ever free from aught but Spiritual love and I will be ever ready to aid thee. But forget not, brother, that if perchance thou shouldst fall into the material plane, and ignore the high goal for which thou art now striving, I shall be powerless to aid thee. When thou requirest my advice and assistance, meditate in silence upon the Creator, and mentally call the name of Watlan. Perchance thou mayest not see me with thy physical eyes, nor hear my voice with thine ears, but answers to thy queries will be plainly impressed upon thy inner spirit."

As he paused, looking kindly toward me, I tried to speak and found, to my delight, that I had again come into possession of the power of speech.

"O, great master," said I, "tell me more of yourself; from whence thou comest and whither thou wilt return? My life has thus far been spent in trying to solve the mysteries of the unknown."

“When thou wouldst know the mystery of life and death, look upon the circle—the line without beginning and without end. Make upon the circle two points of division—the upper and the lower—the positive and the negative. Everything in Nature is represented by the circle. From the ultimate atom to the great Universe this law holds good. Thus the Universe may be synthetized by a great circular current, in which the flow is necessarily inverse in the two opposing arcs. From the positive pole to the negative pole the current descends—this is Involution, or the descent of the Spirit into Matter. From the negative pole to the positive pole the current re-ascends—this is Evolution, or the spiritualization of matter. Thus for the formation of a human being or of a world the laws are analogous.

“Man is now on his upward journey, in the ascending arc, far from the negative pole, since he is at the head of the three kingdoms of the terrestrial world. He thus belongs to the visible world of the Universe. He also occupies a prominent place in the intellectual world; but his doubts, errors and deficiencies in real knowledge, show that he is not the master in this sphere as he is in the inferior world. In regard to the divine world, man conceives it and yearns for it, but if he attain it, it will be by faith rather than by science.”

After this explanation he stood silently contemplating me.

“But tell me, O learned Guru,” I said, “when man has passed that change known as death, does he yet live? And, if so, in what form?”

In slow, measured accents he replied:

“Man differs from the lower forms of the animal kingdom by possessing a Soul. Everything in the Universe is in motion,

always tending to a higher and more perfected state. The law of evolution embraces the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. In the former the metals are formed from the crude elements by circulation of the life principle. Continuing to obey this great law they undergo still further changes. Where lead could be found a few thousand years ago, gold may be found now. So it is also in the vegetable kingdom as well as the animal kingdom. Every element or being must produce an element or being superior to itself. As man is the synthetical representation of perfection in the animal kingdom he must produce a being superior to the visible man. Thus the seed or germ of an immortal Soul has been given him by the Creator. It is his duty to bring forth from this *Spark of Divinity*³ a perfected being suitable to endure through the eternal cycles of progression. If the Soul is not developed in one life, then many lives may be necessary. Upon the earth, at all times, can be found unfortunate and vicious men who have been separated from their soul."

"Do you mean to say, O exalted one, that a man may lose his Soul during earthly life?"

"Of that thou mayest rest assured, my brother. In early life, when the being is pure, the Soul tries to impress upon the individual the difference between the right and wrong. This is realized as the promptings of conscience. When the first evil deed is committed, the inexperienced evil-doer feels uncomfortable on account of conscience. As he continues to follow the path of vice the Soul ceases to struggle with him; and if he

³ In the newer Western interpretation of the *Arcane* and Spiritual science the Soul is named the *Divine Spark* to harmonize with the Soul Science of the new age.

pursues still further the downward path,⁴ the Soul may, and often does, take its flight.”

“The man without a Soul could not have eternal life?” I asked.

“No, my dear brother,” said the Guru. “He lives and dies as the lower animals, with no higher ambition than the satisfaction of his animal passions.⁵ He still possesses what is called the animal soul, but is forever separated from the *spark of divinity* which permits man to ascend among the Gods. Thou wilt comprehend my reference to the animal soul when thou hast been instructed concerning the seven principles of man. But, brother, I will see thee anon; thou must return to the physical plane, and I to my duties elsewhere. So, for the time, farewell!” saying which he glided away, backward, with his hand extended toward me in the form of a benediction, and a bright smile upon his countenance.

While watching the departure of this beautiful being I felt irresistibly drawn toward my physical, which lay motionless before me. Claspings my arms around it, I knew no more until I was awakened to find the Magi bending anxiously over me.

⁴ The reason why one evil leads to another, with the downward path so easy to follow, and retreat so difficult, is because it requires a strong desire and great effort of the Will to re-enter the Path toward Spiritual rebirth.

⁵ This has reference to the personal self. Much in Occult literature falsely indicates that the Soul itself, the *Divine Spark*, is destroyed by continued evil acts. The Biblical statement: “The Soul that sinneth it shall die,” is a mistranslation. It is *not* the *Divine Spark* that dies or is destroyed, but the person into whose possession it is given, who destroys *himself* by his evils, releasing the Soul to its freedom.

The one who had previously addressed me said, as he made downward passes in front of my face:

"Rest quietly, O Neophyte. Fear not; no harm can come to thee."

As he continued to make passes before my face, the streams of magnetic fluid could be distinctly felt; my eyelids became heavy and I lapsed into a deep sleep. During this sleep peculiar dreams or visions⁶ came to me as related in the next chapter of my strange story.

⁶ Normally, in both induced trance and where it is of self-volition or accident, the Spiritual self will automatically lapse back into a normal sleep and then awaken; oftentimes even the memory of the incident or experience is lost and only the benefits or damage done, remains.

Trance and visions of this nature are to be *discouraged*. They are a detriment and *not* a means of advancement, except in the very few instances of greatly advanced Souls who are to become leaders and teachers in the present incarnation. In almost all instances of much advertised incidents and self-laudation, the entire affair is a fake of the most degrading kind, misleading thousands of people, and should never be taken seriously. This is a warning, and all who fail to heed it must pay the penalty. In all instances of true trance where the subject is not of an advanced Spiritual nature, the *horrors* of his evils are portrayed as indicated throughout the present volume, and in no instance are instructions of an *Arcane* nature, or past lives revealed. Whenever anyone professes to have been in such a trance and thus received instructions, or had past lives revealed, it is a delusion. This statement is based on positive knowledge and the experiences of more than fifty years.

The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the system (1) for large values of the parameter ϵ . It is shown that the solutions of (1) can be expanded in powers of ϵ^{-1} and that the leading term of this expansion is a function of the fast time t/ϵ only. The next term is a function of the slow time t only. The higher order terms are functions of both t and t/ϵ . The asymptotic expansion is obtained by substituting the ansatz $x(t) = x_0(t/\epsilon) + \epsilon x_1(t) + \epsilon^2 x_2(t/\epsilon, t) + \dots$ into (1) and equating the coefficients of like powers of ϵ . The leading term x_0 satisfies the equation $\dot{x}_0 = -x_0$ and the initial condition $x_0(0) = x_0$. The next term x_1 satisfies the equation $\dot{x}_1 = -x_1$ and the initial condition $x_1(0) = x_1$. The higher order terms x_2, x_3, \dots satisfy the equations $\dot{x}_2 = -x_2 + \epsilon x_1$, $\dot{x}_3 = -x_3 + \epsilon x_2$, and so on. The asymptotic expansion is valid for $t \leq O(\epsilon)$. For $t > O(\epsilon)$, the solutions of (1) exhibit a boundary layer near $t = 0$. The boundary layer is a region of width $O(\epsilon)$ near $t = 0$ where the solutions of (1) change rapidly from their initial values to their asymptotic values. The boundary layer is described by the equation $\dot{x} = -x/\epsilon$ and the initial condition $x(0) = x_0$. The asymptotic expansion is valid for $t \leq O(\epsilon)$ and $t > O(\epsilon)$.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Ancient Initiation

Picturesque views of landscape passed before me in magnificent panoramic array for some time. Finally I found myself contemplating a scene of rare beauty and restful peace.

Over the vast expanse of undulating verdure-clad slopes, a small flock of sheep browsed contentedly, while a comely shepherd youth lay upon the green grass of the hillside, with his head resting upon his elbow, drowsily watching them. His face and form appeared familiar to me, as I admiringly noted the muscular cords of his other arm, in which he carelessly clasped a shepherd's staff. His voice also awakened a train of indistinct memories as he hummed the words of a rude dance song. While thus composedly amusing himself, and at the same time performing lowly duty, he gave a sudden start and quickly arose to a sitting posture. With a startled look of surprise, he dropped his staff and hastily placed his hand over the right arm, near the elbow. He held it thus for a moment, when he raised his hand and gazed with horror upon two small red spots from which the blood was beginning to ooze. He had been bitten by a snake. As he began to realize the danger his face blanched, and he cast his eyes hurriedly about to find the creeping enemy which had mortally wounded him. The serpent had, however, silently escaped through the tall grass. Realizing that no time should be lost, he started rapidly in search of assistance. But as he proceeded down the decline his gait became uncertain, and his eyes were almost bursting from their sockets. He stumbled and fell, with a subdued groan, and, a moment later, expired.

Then the scene of my vision changed suddenly. I was

shown the interior of a room in a great temple. A number of priests surrounded the bed of one who was about to pass over to the unknown borderland.

As the serious watchers moved about the room, doing their last duty for the invalid, I obtained a full view of the sufferer's face. It also seemed strikingly familiar to me. But even as I looked upon him the end came. He gasped and fell back into the arms of one of his faithful friends, who was bending over him.

As the scene vanished I heard the voice of my guiding brother, saying, "Wake up." I at once opened my eyes and, looking around, I saw the same three thoughtful faces. The one nearest me said, as he made a number of upward passes before my face:

"Wake up! Be bright and happy, O Neophyte."

As I sat up, rubbing my eyes and trying to recall my dream, he said:

"Perchance thou hast had visions during thy trance?"

"True; but of a very sad nature," I replied.

As if anticipating such a reply he exchanged glances with the other two brothers and answered:

"The two death scenes of which thou wert a witness, were to thee of great importance. They were visions of thy past incarnations. The characters who passed away in thy presence were the previous forms in which thy Soul dwelt."

Then, after a thoughtful silence of a few moments, he said, with an expression of relief:

"'Tis well. Arise, now, fortunate Neophyte, and follow us."

Then, with a sign to his companions, he led off, followed by them in single file toward the farther end of the room. I hastily arose and followed likewise.

Pulling aside the rich portiers, the Magus, in the lead, conducted us into an inner and smaller chamber.

The room in which we now found ourselves had but little furnishing. The floor was of smooth-hewn stone, and in the center stood a large, imposing emblem of the Sphinx. The walls were decorated on three sides by six-pointed stars, while on the wall of the east could be seen the greatest of all emblems—the five-pointed star or pentagram.

Three altars were placed, at the central points of the walls, at the east, the south, and the west.

After certain preliminaries, which I am bound to omit in this record, the brother of the east pointed to a spot in front of the Sphinx, where I was requested to remain standing. He then seized a small wand from the altar in front of him and, holding it aloft, uttered a prayer while the brothers of the south and west bowed their heads in reverence.

Surrounded by these serious brothers and standing in front of the sacred Sphinx in this chamber of mysteries, the impression made upon me was profound. When the Magus had finished his appeal to the great Unknowable, he pointed with his wand to the pentagram, saying:

“Neophyte, as thou seest, this sacred emblem of power has five points.¹ The four lower ones represent the elements—Fire,

¹ The Pantagram is the symbol of the *perfect* man and does not represent the ordinary mortal. The four natures are in perfect equilibrium, hence it is often called the Sign of Equilibrium. The two points downward represent both Man's lower

Earth, Air and Water—which, in their turn, epitomize the living entities called Elementals. The upper point pointing upwards or toward “heaven,” symbolizes Spirituality. The Consciousness of Soul which alone can direct the elements, together with all powers and forces. The design is also emblematical of the human body. Each one of the lower points indicates the members of the body, *i. e.*, the arms and legs. The upper point represents the head of man, which should always be superior to the passions.

Then, turning to the six-pointed star, he continued:

“This emblem, known as the Seal of Solomon,² is but the combination of the higher and lower trinities; the former positive, the latter negative. Every series is complete with the ternary and embraces the law of seriation—Active, Passive and Neuter.³ The lower series is always negative to the superior,

and his *double* nature. The point up is symbolic of the upward trend of the Soul—*exaltation or exaltedness*.

²The double triangle symbolizes the perfect, or equal development of the *Christos*, or Soul of man, with the body. It is the attainment of a perfect balance between the two. Every sincere Neophyte, of whatever school, seeks to attain to this perfection because of its desirability and the ultimate in the earth life.

³This is also the Law of Action and Reaction, and the result of the reaction: Father, mother, result—child. This is *God in action* in the Universe. God made man and agreed it was a perfect work, but he was not satisfied. He created woman out of a part of that which he had already created; the end result: progeny. Everything created is part of something else. The weakness of all present day religious concepts since Egypt has been in the false teaching of the *one* god—a masculine God. Since God himself was not satisfied with the one creation,

from the living cell to the great living Creator.

"This fundamental truth of occultism is allegorically represented in the interlaced double triangles.⁴ He who succeeds in bringing his individual mind into exact harmony with the Universal Mind has succeeded in reuniting the inner with the outer sphere, from which he has only become separated by mistaking illusion for truth. He who has succeeded in realizing the practical meaning of this symbol has become one with the Father—he is virtually an adept, as he has then succeeded in squaring the circle and circling the square."

He now extended the wand toward me and, with his piercing eyes riveted upon mine, said in a louder tone:

"Aspiring Neophyte, thou must first acquire the knowledge which shows the goal, and lights the path leading thereto."

The brother of the south then added:

"Be strong and patient in thy work."

"Thou must brave all and defend thyself against every inferior force," came in deep tones from the brother in the west.

the male, the proof of this *dissatisfaction* is shown by his creation of the feminine, symbolizing the *love* nature that alone can save humanity. *One God alone is to be worshiped*. To that extent the one theory is correct. But the creative principle is *cold*. There is no reception. In the Love nature alone is found the matrix for the Conception. That is woman, while the result is the child. The trinity; the three-in-one—more correctly, the three in *conjunction*. *This is God in action*. Father, the Creator; woman, the receiver and Reproducer; the Child, the result; Father, mother, child. God, the Father; Love, the mother; *Christos*, the Son.

⁴ Symbolically the same as the Seal of Solomon, except that the Seal of Solomon is the Work (Word) made perfect.

"Thou must raise thyself toward the transcendent regions, which thy soul already approaches," answered the brother of the east.

On account of the binding oaths I will conclude this record of the great initiation into the degree of Pastophori by stating that after receiving instruction that gave the key to many of Naure's mysteries, I was, in order to still further test my courage, required to traverse a long dark tunnel whose entrance opened between the paws of the Sphinx, and which terminated in a vast catacomb of the dead on the other side of the sacred Nile, typifying the descent of the primitive human Monad into earth under the cosmic waters, suffering an emblematic death, and thence rising to life in the great brotherhood.⁵

After enduring much physical suffering from hunger and thirst, and just three days and nights from the time when I stood in the presence of the brotherhood, I was proclaimed a Pastophoris and received with honor into the Order of Ancient Magi.

I also learned that I had been exceedingly fortunate in meeting my spiritual Guru in the first degree, as but few neophytes were thus favored.

As Nedoure had been selected for my earthly instructor I was invited by Netros, her father, to accompany them to Sais, and to make my home with them for the ensuing year.

Netros, the father of Nedoure, as an Hierophant and Grand Magus of the Ancient Order, was held in high favor by Amasis,

⁵ The remains of this underground passage of initiation may still be seen leading from the ruins of the temple Medinet-Abou, under the bed of the river Nile, to the catacombs in the mountains in the west.

the King, who secretly consulted him concerning all important affairs of state, and oft-times with regard to his personal business.

In urgent matters he was aided in divination by his fair daughter, Nedoure, who had reached that perfect state of development, in which she could at will communicate with superior beings.

After the temple work for the year had been completed in Thebes, I found myself at the ideal home of Nedoure in Sais. In the atmosphere of this Palace of Rest, as it might truthfully be termed, surely one must be happy and satisfied. But what was that strange sensation of nervousness, unrest and anxiety? Everything in this fairy-like retreat seemed to partake of the harmony so apparent in father and daughter; even the servants were of a superior order. Yet I was not happy, and a cloud seemed to gather over me.

Upon our arrival at Sais the old Hierophant had personally shown me to my apartments; he also led me to his superb library, which contained the cream of occult productions. As he started to take leave of me he said:

"Althos, my brother, you are thrice welcome to this house, which my daughter and I have called home from her earliest infancy. Her mother passed away, in our eastern home in Persia, at the time of Nedoure's entrance into this world. So it was the will of Providence that I should possess the love of a daughter instead of a wife. And perhaps it were better so for, as you know, the life of a Magus makes it impossible for him to give much in exchange for that which he, like all other humans, desires to receive — the love of a tender and true woman, such as her mother was.

"If we follow our precepts we can neither love nor hate; all sentiment and passion must yield to, instead of controlling, the Will.

"A short time after this sad and at the same time happy event—for in losing my beloved wife I was given a daughter—I received an invitation from King Amasis to accept my present position at his court. I was also given the choice of a number of houses from which this one was selected.

"We brought with us the old nurse and Byrene, who was also then a child, and who now fills the duties of maid and companion to my daughter.

"As my time is much employed with the magicians and as advisor at the court, perhaps we shall not meet often, but remember that my heart is with thee at all times. My Esoteric influence will ever be directed for the uplifting of thy soul until it merges into the great Universal Soul—the Creator."

"Father," I replied, "though not skillful in the language of your land, which has now become mine, I thank you most sincerely for your expression of kindness and love, as well as for the great honor you have conferred upon me, by admitting me into the sanctity of your home. I assure you that my most earnest efforts will be directed to becoming worthy of so great a trust."

"Say no more," he said, with a kindly wave of the hand. "I shall leave thee to the care of my beloved daughter, Nedoure. She will give to thee the necessary instruction a certain day in each week. Though thou knowest much, my brother, I may yet say that all depends upon thyself. Let not thy mind become engrossed with the vanities of the world, which are unreal and fleeting. Let thy greatest pleasures be in contemplation of the

One, and in the purification and development of thy God-nature, or soul. I will send to thee, from the palace, an attendant who is also a neophyte. For the time, my brother, I will say farewell."

"May success await you, kind master, and for thy kindness I again thank you; farewell."

At this the grand old Magus, after promising to see me a few days later, left me and pursued his way to the court of King Amasis.

Left to myself and awaiting the arrival of my attendant, I wandered about in a rather nervous state of unrest. The feeling of depression grew upon me so pronounced as to confuse the ordinarily even tenor of my thoughts. Seeking relief I went to the library, then to the corridor, and from thence to my room. Yet the depression grew upon me and I found it vain to compose myself. Again I went to the library, where I listlessly glanced over a rare treatise on philosophy. My vision suddenly seemed to cloud, the characters on the page seemed imbued with motion and formed, to my astonishment, the face of an old physician whose eyes looked soberly, for a brief moment, into my own. With a dissenting gesture the face melted again into the readable page before me, and I found myself now possessed with many conflicting thoughts. My mind reverted to the unpleasant experiences of the last year I had spent in the old Ouri Monastery when in silence I had alone witnessed the pranks and gibes of mischievous elementals, and I thought of my old faithful tutor and companion, Gobab. Deciding that I was being made sport of by some elementary sprite I turned again, with some determination, to the volume I held, but, as I now could not get harmonic vibration with the author, it was reluctantly replaced.

Then, as a last resource, I began to examine the plan of the house. I found that it was constructed in such a manner as to partake equally of both the Greek and Egyptian styles of architecture. It was a large one-storied building and might have been considered commonplace by one unacquainted with its splendid interior, with its harmonious blending of Greek art with Egyptian coloring. At the front entrance were massive doors opening into a large circular hall, with colonnades arranged in the form of a semicircle. Between each pillar was a door, opening into one of the various apartments. Thus each room in this semicircular building overlooked the beautiful garden and observatory at the rear, beyond which, flowing in majestic grandeur, could be seen the ancient river Nilus.

A broad, smooth stone walk, enclosed on both sides by rare flowers, led down to the banks of this historic stream. The circular reception hall was well lighted by the Sun's rays, which entered through a skylight by day, and by many strange-shaped lamps at night. These lamps were of intricate workmanship and represented real and mythical land and sea monsters.

The floors were covered with rich rugs from the Orient, which entirely neutralized the sound of footsteps. Every appointment was perfect and superb.

Leaving the hall I again entered my room, and with my depression now most profound, cast myself onto a low couch where I lay in despair gazing upward.

My attention was suddenly caught by what seemed to be a tiny streak of smoke that rapidly revolved and grew in size as I watched it. It dropped to mid-air in the room, stopped revolving suddenly, when a long, lean finger pointed toward the window, disclosed itself and then vanished as a puff of smoke.

I sprang to my feet and looked out upon the garden in the rear. What I saw caused my heart to beat with a violence never before experienced.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Nedoure, the Priestess

Two beautiful creatures were busy arranging and trimming the flower plants which adorned each side of the walk leading down to the Nilus.

As my eyes and Soul drank in the loveliness of the scene, Nedoure turned her beautiful and intellectual face toward me, as if in response to some silent unseen attractive force. As she caught sight of my wistful gaze, however, she quickly turned away and resumed her work.

I was unable to remove my eyes and continued to stare in what must have seemed an ill-bred manner.

A few moments later the two fair creatures made their way, arm in arm, to the palace.

This little incident was followed by several hours of nervous unrest, as I was utterly unable to content myself in any pursuit. Try as hard as I might the thoughtful, glorious face of Nedoure would always appear before me. While pacing the floor, more like a wild beast than a student of occultism, a low rap was heard upon my door. There I encountered a dark, suave, slightly-built Hindu, bowing gracefully and at the same time extending his right hand, which contained a roll of papyrus. Seizing the communication, and bidding him enter, I read:

"DEAR BROTHER ALTHOS: This will introduce to you one of your countrymen, Shandra by name. He has but recently arrived from Kashmir and has been received into the School of Royal Magicians. As he is a student with but little means, he has cheerfully consented to spend his spare hours in your

employ. Hoping this arrangement will be advantageous to all parties, I am,

Fraternally,

"NERTOS.

"P. S.—He is highly recommended by the Maharajah."

Upon my part, I was much pleased with this comely young man, about twenty years of age and speaking my own language. There was no reason to doubt but Shandra would be both a pleasant and useful addition to the household.

After hastily perusing the note I turned to the new arrival.

"So your name is Shandra?" I asked, in my native tongue.

"Yes, Sahib," he replied, with a peculiar smile.

"My name is Althos," I said, somewhat coldly, as there was an inexpressible something about this young man's eyes which caused me to feel a trifle more uneasy than I had previously been, if such were possible. They seemed to read one's very innermost soul.

"At your service, Sahib," said he, with that strange smile yet playing over his handsome face, as he made a courtly bow, holding his Egyptian cap in his hand.

"Have you been long in Egypt?" I asked.

"But a few weeks, Sahib; yet I am already in love with this beautiful valley and picturesque river. I love the perfume of acacias and admire the learned men and beautiful ladies of this land, which is almost a sister to our own."

"Egypt is, no doubt, the cradle of advanced thought," I replied, a trifle surprised at the beautiful expressions of this young poet. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to keep him at arm's length.

The next morning a message was received from Nedoure,

stating that she would be pleased to receive me after the noon hour of the following day, to begin my studies in higher occultism.

My mind had been somewhat calmed by refreshing sleep, yet no sooner had the handsome maid who brought the inscribed shell retired, than that same unaccountable excitement took possession of me. One moment I dreaded to meet her, but the next instant found me longing for the appointed time to come. Then I would take myself sternly to task for such seeming vascillation. Why should I fear to meet this lofty being, whose purity of thought and depth of learning were the pride of the Magi? Time alone would answer.

At the appointed time I found myself in front of the door leading to her reception room.

The door was slightly ajar, and, as I approached, it swung silently open.

Byrene, the companion of Nedoure, welcomed me with a sweet, unaffected smile, and retired to the adjoining room, where she at once busied herself with the decoration of some very delicate pottery.

As I entered the room the queenly Nedoure advanced with majestic grace to receive me. A faint trace of a smile illumined her features for an instant only, when she again resumed that dreamy look of meditation that seemed so natural to her. With a courteous wave of the hand she motioned me to a seat, saying:

"Thrice welcome, dear brother Althos. It is a grand pleasure to again meet one who has so successfully passed the trying tests of the Pastophorus. May you be equally victorious in the coming trials of the Eoptai.

"Fair guardian angel," I replied, with a bow, "were it not

for the esoteric assistance of the brotherhood, success would scarcely have been mine. And, indeed, had not thy pure and powerful mind called to my aid the grand being, who is even now my Guru, this meeting of pupil and preceptress would not to-day have been possible."

"Say not so, Althos. The human Will has great possibilities and thine own is not the weakest. I have reason to believe that you have for your spiritual instructor, Watlan, the Atlantean. True is it not?"

As she uttered the name of this harmonious being, who had rescued me from the terrible elementals and had so kindly offered to lead me, her whole manner changed. Her perfect Chaldean features assumed a blissful expression akin to divinity. Without awaiting my reply, as she was no doubt for the moment oblivious of my presence, she clasped her hands together over her heaving breast and rolled her glorious eyes upward in sacred adoration as if she even now beheld the glorious form of Watlan. Her deep respiration caused her purple robe and gold trimmings to move in rhythmic unison, while her magnificent frame vibrated from head to foot. Her lips moved as if in prayer.

While she stood thus, as a robed statue, adoring this inhabitant of a higher realm, I glanced around at the furnishings of the room, which were rich but simple. The floor was covered with a rich Indian carpet. In each corner of the room stood small marble figures, representing the guardian angels of the four cardinal points. Upon the walls were several paintings of landscapes, while in the center of the room stood a marble-covered center-table, upon which stood a beautiful bouquet of white and blue lotus flowers. This, with a few rolls of papyrus, completed the furnishings of the room.

After noting the above with a sweep of the eye, my gaze rested upon the companion of Nedoure. As she was busily engaged with her painting, I leisurely surveyed her. She was in every way the opposite of Nedoure. She had a complexion of a rich olive tint, with two mild, wondering eyes, not unlike the gazelle. Her nose was somewhat shorter than those of a real beauty, but the rich, expressive lips, with the abundance of raven tresses, gave to a most delightful ensemble. She was dressed in a plain, simple robe of dark material, which I was unable to note further, as I felt the thrilling gaze of Nedoure, before her musical voice aroused me.

"I beg your pardon, Althos," she said, "but if you only knew the rapture awakened by the mention of that one name I am sure you would excuse my apparent forgetfulness of your most welcome presence.

"When I am lonely I think of Watlan and I at once have the company of pleasant thoughts. Should I ever become sad, the thought of his face brings instant happiness. He is truly my guiding star, to whom I am attached by the greatest bond of earth or heaven—Love."

"Dear teacher," I said, while trying to repress the pain of jealousy which had arisen in my heart, "excuse me if I err, but I thought we must neither love nor hate in this life. My poor understanding led me to believe that passion of any form was detrimental to progress."

"We must neither love nor hate¹ in the physical plane, as

¹Hate must be one of the first of the evil passions to be eliminated from the Neophyte's consciousness. Hate is the direct opposite of Love; hence is as destructive and debasing as Love is constructive and exalting. Love as generally understood,

to become the slave of any passion here would retard our upward journey. Yet if we can place our love upon one higher than ourselves it can be no harm but a blessing, as it will form the chain upon which we may ascend.”

A cruel pang permeated my whole nervous system, which grew stronger as she so innocently discussed the grandeur of love. Although such feelings were new to me, whose life had been spent in monasteries and temples, yet my intuition told me during this brief moment, that I loved² Nedoure, and at the same time that my love dawned upon me a feeling of mad jealousy came with it. I was jealous of a being who was so far above me in purity that it were not right to even think of his sanctified name in the same moment with my own weak self.³ With lightning-like rapidity these analytical conclusions flitted

cannot be impersonal because it has its object, and that object is outside of the realm of the Master. Moreover, love makes demands, and these demands are frequently in conflict with right and with duty.

To maintain peace between the lover and the loved one, there is compromise, and compromise is defeat.*

**Zanoni*, the great Master-Initiate of Lytton's novel *Zanoni*, is an example. Although he had attained to the highest degree as a *Philosophic* Initiate, by loving and compromising between his love for the woman and his allegiance to the *Great Work*, he lost all of his power and became helpless even to help "her," except by the ordinary means at the command of all mortals.

² Love is not forbidden the Master because it is love, but because it demands an exchange; exchange is the giving up of something, and results in weakness. Marriage with its component part, however, is forbidden only to Initiates of certain degrees and certain positions of authority held by the Initiate.

³ The proper term is not "love" since that can exist only

through my mind as she unconsciously defined love to one who had at this moment awakened to the painful realization of it.

"So you have also seen that most lovable of beings?" I asked, in a hollow voice, which I tried to control, as I vainly attempted to swallow the lump which had arisen in my throat.

"Yes; I have seen him," she replied in low, measured tones, "but of late I have been unable to evoke him."

She then uttered a deep sigh, as she seated herself at the little center-table and absently took up a roll of papyrus. Without raising her eyes to mine, she continued:

"Brother, it was my strongest wish that he should aid you. We have now, in the mutual friendship of Watlan, another reason for being the best of friends. We shall speak more of him anon. In the meantime, we will begin with our studies, which I hope will serve you as well as the precepts of Pheros.

"To begin with, every series is complete with the Trinity, or, in other words, each ternary is complete within itself.

"Any addition to it would be the beginning of another ternary, in a different octave. Each trinity also embraces an active, passive and neuter, and this is called the *law* of the *series*.

"The Universe consists of three great planes—Physical, Spiritual, and Divine. Man is divided into three great divisions—Soul, Spirit, and Body.

"To-day we will consider the Holy Trinity. The Holy Trinity must have its 'forth dimension or result,' and is but

between man and woman, but in a sense, the even greater one: *affection*. Love makes demands: proofs of love in service; while true affection is free from selfishness. It gives and though it should receive in return, it is satisfied by giving.

another name for evolution. All things may be formed into an expression of truth.

"The Holy Trinity is Alchemy, Nature, the alchemist, and Man, the chemist.

"Nature is the great teacher of all. She begins her work with four kingdoms, *viz.*, Elements, Minerals, Seeds, and Fruits.

"The four great Elements are Fire, Earth, Air, and Water, which are also known to us as Isis, Ixis, Horus, and Osiris, the gods of fire, water, earth and air.

"With the Hindus, these forces or elements correspond to Brahma, Vischnu, Siva, and Atma. In physical philosophy we find them represented by sulphur, salt, mercury and tincture.

"As all true occult knowledge must embrace an understanding of sounds, numbers and colors, we will consider, for a moment, the color of the latter.

"The soul of sulphur is Indian yellow; of salt, ultramarine blue; and of mercury is vermilion. Tincture is the grey matter of the brain.

"When the earth was created, 'it was without form and void,' and darkness was upon the deep. The first element manifest in creation was fire, in order that there might be 'light.'

"The fire gases arising came in contact with the colder ether, forming water by condensation, or the life-giving gas of hydrogen. Oxygen, the fire, gas, is positive; the earth, nitrogen gas, is negative; and water, the hydrogen gas, is neutral. Thus we have our first or Fire Trinity.

"The combination of these gases form the air or fourth dimension, without which neither animal nor vegetable life

can exist. These being the first or Father forces, we call them of God the Father, or Osiris, the first person in the trinity.

"In the water trinity we find that sulphur corresponds to fire; as one molecule of sulphur will fuse with one molecule of oxygen, thus forming the positive in the water trinity. Salt is the neutral as it possesses the life-giving properties of the water. Mercury is the negative, as it is the mercurial properties of the sap that causes it to rise in the tree and bring forth fruit.

"Earth symbolizes the mother, in which the seed is planted.

"Thus the product or fourth dimension of these three is Electron, and being derived from the first, it is called Son or Issis, the second person of the trinity.

"As the soul of sulphur is Indian yellow, the soul of salt ultramarine blue, and the soul of mercury vermilion, we have the primary colors, from which all the other shades are evolved.

"In the earth trinity, man is the positive, sperma corresponding to water, and salt the life-giving principle. The neutral and female corresponding to earth, and mercury, the mother principle, the negative. The product of these two gives us the third, which is Ether, or the higher life. It is called, in the trinity, the Holy Spirit or Horus.

"In order to obtain the fourth dimension and square our sum, we find that material man is positive; spiritual nature, the negative; tincture, the neutral. The fourth dimension will thus be Master; that is to say, when we become master of all the foregoing elements and forces, then is born in us 'The Christos.' "

At this, Nedoure laid the papyrus upon the center-table in front of her, and began to pluck absently at one of the lotus blossoms.

As I remained silent, pondering over the lesson, she continued thus for a few moments, when she turned slowly toward me regarding me intently with her luminous eyes, about which there appeared a slight suspicion of moisture, and said:

"My dear brother, I suppose you have no difficulty in comprehending my humble teachings or, I might better say, these great philosophical truths as presented by my humble self."

"Dear teacher, I would like to ask why is material man positive and spiritual nature negative?" I asked.

"That condition is only so in the material or physical plane. In the manifestation of universal law we shall always find the inferior yields to the superior. A thing may be positive in one state or condition; at the same time it may be negative to the higher plane. For instance, a man is positive to his family, yet negative to the laws of his tribe or nation.

"The earth is positive to all things upon its surface, yet negative to the Sun.

"When a child is young the soul manifests in the form of conscience, and enters a mild protest to every wrong act.

"Should the physical of the child be developed in undue proportion to the spiritual, the material nature soon becomes so strong that the reproof of conscience ceases to attract attention.

"Thus the positive overcomes the negative.

"On the physical plane, physical nature is positive and spiritual nature is negative. In the spiritual plane it is positive."

"Thank you; I think I now have a fair idea of the lesson, and shall devote the intervening time between our next meeting to a still further consideration of its teachings."

At this Nedoure arose, and I understood the lesson was

finished; so, again thanking her for the interest in my progress and promising to call the next day, I left the apartment.

As I entered my own room all the pent up and conflicting passions of the last hour now burst upon me with all the fury of a tornado.

Casting aside the notes which I held in my hand, I paced the room like a caged wild beast. My life-long desire for the highest development of my body, soul and spirit was now in the balance, opposed to the love of woman. What was I to do? In despair I threw myself face down upon my couch.

While tossing thus the chela, Shandra, entered the room. His placid, handsome face and courtly manners were soothing in the extreme. He spoke not a word concerning my perturbed state of mind, but seating himself beside my couch, took my hands gently in his own and fastened upon me his fascinating eyes. A quiet feeling stole over me, and I was soon in a deep sleep, but the dream that came did but little to quiet me. Watlan, my guru, appeared holding in his arms the priestess of the Magi. They made a beautiful picture as they gazed lovingly into each others eyes. They formed the acme of synthetical attraction between the male and female principle.

His face, radiant with the happy smile of our first meeting, appeared to devour her yielding loveliness, while she wore an expression of supreme happiness that seemed foreign to her pious nature.

Unable to bear the sight of this tantalizing vision any longer—*I woke with a start!*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Temple of Ptah

The temple of Ptah stood forth grand and impressive in its majestic silence.

The effulgent rays of the rising sun were reflected back from the golden, twelve-rayed sun that adorned its top. All Nature united to make the scene a most enchanting one. The great orb of day cast his lifegiving rays upon the dark blue waters of the Nile as freely as he nourished the blooming flower-gardens and stately trees in the grove of Hathor. This being the hour of devotion for the Sun-worshippers, not a being was in sight without the temple. Even that favorite promenade, the avenue of Sphinxes, was for once deserted.

As the Sun completely emerged from the horizon, a loud and somewhat musical chant burst forth from the priests who were kneeling in adoration upon the temple roof.

Presently three dark men, who were evidently unfamiliar with the customs of the Sun-worshippers, which forbade any intrusion at this sacred moment, came into view, walking with dignified mien and conversing in low tones. They were clothed in long dark robes, and wore upon their heads the bright colored turbans of the Orient.

One, with a gigantic figure and a short curly beard, could have been recognized as Tantras. His two companions, on either side might also have been recalled as his assistants.

Although they had just arrived in Sais the previous night, urgent business had caused them to rise early in order that they might pay their visit to the priests of the pagan Sun-worship.

As they approached nearer, the sounds of the morning

service fell upon their ears. For an instant they slackened their pace, as if in doubt, but the firm, swinging gait of Tantras, who did not even deign to look back, reassured them and they continued onward. Arriving at the door of the great temple, they halted before the gigantic statue of Sesostris, where they removed their turbans and waited respectfully. When the songs of greeting to the Sun had ceased, a thickset, corpulent priest, dressed in a red robe, appeared in the doorway.

With a hasty bow, Tantras stepped forward and, presenting a small tablet, said:

"Inform the favored servant of the gods, he who holds the place of greatest honor, that his royal highness, the Maharaja of Kashmir, has condescended to convey greetings through his humble servant Tantras."

With a low bow the priest retired.

Returning shortly he bade Tantras follow him, adding that Nevo-loo, the high priest of Ptah, had just emerged from the holy of holies, the inner sanctuary of Rah, the Sun-god.

Bidding his two companions await his return, Tantras followed the priest, passing through the great door, over which hung the sacred winged-globe.

They then proceeded through the grand entrance chamber, whose walls and ceiling were covered with hieroglyphics and symbolic paintings, traced in the bright colors which the Egyptians alone used to stamp immortality upon their works.

Turning to the right, between two enormous pillars, they entered a spacious chamber whose concave ceiling was painted a light blue, with golden representations of the Sun, Moon and planets.

At the farther end of this large hall could be seen a number

of devotees in an attitude of earnest supplication. The air was heavy-laden with incense, and now and then, between the prayers of the officiating priest, came the loud bellowing of Apis, the sacred bull.

Following closely upon his guide, Tantras passed near the row of worshipers, arranged in a semi-circle around the altar.

Entering a low door, which caused him to bend his great head and neck, Tantras found himself in a brilliantly lighted sanctuary. His guide, who had preceded him some distance, stopped at the farther end of the room, and, glancing back, motioned the grim Hindu to follow. He then began the ascent of the wide staircase. A few moments later they were both upon the gorgeously tiled roof of the temple.

Following the action of his guide, who fell upon his face in the presence of a shrewd looking old man, who was seated in a gorgeous chair facing the east, Tantras bowed also his great frame. Almost at the same instant he heard a clear, metallic voice addressing him in the language of Hindoostani:

“Arise, great Tantras! For such I know thou art. The gods have indeed sent us in thee a rare blessing. Nevo-loo bids thee welcome.”

At this, Tantras arose, bowing low, and handed to the high priest a large roll of manuscript, bound with the royal ribbon and seal of the Maharaja of Kashmir.

Nevo-loo was a tall, angular man, with a large forehead, clear cut nose, small mouth and pointed chin, which were national characteristics with the higher classes of Egyptians. His complexion was not unlike old yellow parchment. The oily secretion of his skin had ceased to perform its function many years previous. The marks of time were plainly visible about

the corners of his mouth, and in the deep furrows of his brow. The dark depressions under his eyes gave him an expression that would have been mummy-like were it not for his fish-like eyes. The eyes are usually called the windows of the soul. But not so with those of Nevo-loo; he could at will assume an expression of saint-like sanctity, though at the same time his mind conceived the most diabolical scheme. His long, grey locks also added to his benign appearance. The little red cap, which he always wore, concealed a bald spot of which he was a trifle sensitive. He was dressed according to custom, wearing a bright robe of scarlet, which was always donned by the high priest during the hour of Sun-worship. Across his breast diagonally he wore a broad band, covered by a number of precious stones, similar to the Urim and Thummin of the Jewish high priest.

As Nevo-loo read the letter, Tantras remained standing, with his head meekly bowed upon his breast. As he continued to read his eyes sparkled with undisguised pleasure, and from time to time a genuine smile of satisfaction flitted over his mummy-like countenance. Here was the man he had long sought.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Pagan Priests

Tantras, the great magician of India, friend of kings and ruler of unseen forces, sent, as if by providence, to aid him at the most critical period of his exciting life, which had been for years but little more than a continuation of plots, schemes and struggles to hold the favor of the reigning monarch.

He was the head and representative of the pagan priests, who were always at swords' points with the Magians.

First one and then the other would have the ascendancy in affairs of state.

Since Amasis had ascended the throne from the ranks as a common soldier, he had openly favored the Magi. Though Nevo-loo was thus thwarted in his desire to completely dominate the king, he had still certain rights before the law which made him a personage of some importance.

When his keen perception showed him that Amasis was slipping from his control, all the cunning of his fertile brain was devoted to winning the respect and esteem of the morose and melancholy Psamittichus, son of Amasis and successor to the throne.

The Magi were skilled in reading the stars; the pagan priests also read the book of the heavens. The former adored one God, while the latter found a God for every domain of Nature—pantheism. The Magi were enabled, by the science of alchemy and personal development, to perform most astounding miracles.¹ The pagan priests, unable to produce genuine phenomena, had devised some very ingenious tricks.

¹ The word "miracle" is a common error. A miracle would

For instance, when Rah, the Sun-god, delivered his annual admonitions to his followers, and answered questions in the oracular manner, it seemed truly miraculous; yet, had they been permitted to see the secret passage leading to the interior of the idol, he would have easily discovered one of the sanctimonious priests hidden within the metallic form.

But here before Nevo-loo stood the great tantrika, whose fame had been sung by the poets of all lands and the minstrels of all nations.

When the old priest had finished the epistle he glanced around hastily to see that he was unobserved, then taking Tantras by the arm, he said:

“Come, my brother; thou art worthy to enter even the sanctuaries. Thou shalt partake of our salt, and none shall stand nearer to Nevo-loo than thou, who comest as the medium of great powers.”

Tantras smiled and bowed with surprising grace, and replied with mild gravity, as he walked slowly by the side of the cunning old priest:

“Good Father, I am but the humble servant of my king and master. It is to cultivate more friendly relations with the wise men of Egypt that I have come. At all times your wish shall be for me a command.”

be the accomplishment of an act or deed *outside* of the Law; hence an avoidance of the operation of the Law, or an infringement upon the Law. If this were possible, chaos in the universe would result.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Black Magicians

Several months had now elapsed since Tantras with his two dark assistants had arrived in Egypt.

In the eastern wing of the great temple of Phtah, in apartments of regal splendor, the Hindu magician with his two attendants, Gunga and Mohat, were daily consulted by the nobility of the land. This gifted but perverse Oriental gave advice upon all affairs, and sold charms guaranteed to improve the fortunes of the applicants.

By his great knowledge of strange herbs and potions he assisted the profligate nobles to wield a strong and vicious influence over their associates.

With his secret incantations he also aided them in their ambitious political schemes.

His fame had thus spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, until he now found himself consulted daily by distinguished devotees from all parts of the kingdom.

Nevo-loo, the high priest, was delighted, as by the occult power of the tantrika the priesthood of the Sun worshipers received new prestige. They were now in a position to *vie* with the Magi, as the works of Tantras were conceded to be marvelous, even by those who suspected the source of his power.

It is true that Amasis, the just ruler, still depended upon Netros and his gifted daughter Nedoure in those trying conditions where superhuman knowledge alone could warn him of impending danger or guide his scepter through the maze of political intrigue, by which all monarchs are more or less surrounded.

But not so with Psamittichus, heir to the throne of Egypt. Being accustomed from his earliest youth to passively oppose his father in all things, it was but natural that he should also differ from him in religious opinion. From childhood the cold nature of Psamittichus had found but one responsive affinity—that was Nevo-loo. He had for hours remained alone in the observatory with no one but the priest-astronomer.

There is nothing in all the world that will bring forth man's higher thoughts as the contemplation of Nature in all her grandeur, and what could be more inspiring than to gaze upon the myriads of fiery sentinels, some stationary and some moving upon the azure fields of the Omnipotent.

So in that strange, sad nature of the dreaming prince, a nature in which the passions which sway humanity were absent, a firm and enduring attachment sprang up for the High Priest of Phtah.

The old priest, who was no novice in reading human character, soon learned that this passionless scion of royalty could neither be held nor dominated by an appeal to either love or friendship; nor did he possess that enthusiasm for the various gods that would always keep him by the side of Nevo-loo. But hold him he must; so the high priest was not long in discovering the keynote of his nature—ambition.

Like all mankind, he had a weakness, if such it may be called. At an early age he dreamed of forming a vast empire that extended from the Lybian range to the Euphrates, and from the shores of the Mediterranean to the great lakes of the south. As the youth grew into manhood, Nevo-loo fanned the flickering light of youthful ambition into the fierce war spirit of a gloomy man. To skillfully drawn pictures of a vast do-

main the designing priest gave promises of divine aid, and cast horoscopes in which the prince was depicted as the instrument of predestination, all of which was solemnly confirmed by the oracles. Thus the flame which was weak at first, burst forth and became the consuming passion of the young priest.

To accomplish such stupendous plans of conquest, Psamitichus required the aid of the Greeks, over the sea to the north, and the stalwart Nubians of the South. He would then be able to crush and subjugate his hatred and dangerous rival, Persia. Among the obstacles which barred the consummation of such a great ambition was ill health. However, since the arrival of Tantras, to whom he had been almost a daily visitor, a marvelous change had been wrought in him. His eyes shone with the brightness of health, and his step became as elastic as an athlete. In fact, the strange necromancer appeared to draw out all the warmth of this selfish nature, and rumor cautiously reported that the prince had fallen under the strange power of fascination attributed to Tantras.

So it was upon this day, as the golden Sun sank to rest behind the somber Libyan range, after pouring his scorching rays upon the great Sahara with unusual fierceness. In the crowded streets of Sais, the Egyptian capitol, gaily dressed noblemen and tired merchants passed familiarly near the wandering mendicants, with here and there a priest from some one of the temples along the Nile.

All seemed intent upon recreation or some form of rest after a day of enervating heat. The crowd bent its way to the groves of Hathor. From thence many made their way down the broad stone steps leading to the banks of the Nile. Here was a scene of gayety to please the eye and inspire the soul

with reverence for the pleasures rendered possible by the greatest of all earthly gifts, life.

Entrancing strains of music came from many of the gayly decorated craft, wafted by the gentle breezes from the north, which fanned the perspiring brow of noble and mendicant alike and at the same time served as power to bear the royal pagodas up the stream.

For this reason the Nile is ever a mute witness to the wisdom and kindness of providence, for at any time or season the Nile boatmen will find a favorable norther to bear him up stream. When he desires to return he has but to depend upon the current, that will return him to any port.

We may now look up another scene. In the east wing of the temple of Phtah, occupying apartments of regal splendor, Tantras and his assistants might have been seen. Surrounded with all the luxury that the oriental mind could conceive, we find him resting from his labors after an unusually busy day in which he had been enabled to meet but a small part of the dignitaries who desired to consult him. In elegant apartments, decorated with Grecian statuary, with rugs and curtains from Persia, with impressive paintings of genii and gods, Tantras could have been seen dressed in an elaborate robe of indigo and trimmed with gold, seated upon a gorgeous divan placed upon an elevated rostrum. Behind him was the mystic alcove, covered completely with black silk, before which hung a large somber curtain of black velvet. Fastened over its surface were a number of strange objects, among which were the skins of gaily colored serpents, with here and there a dried toad or bat. It was also decorated with suggestive bits of the human body, as hair, teeth, dried fingers and the like.

Stretched at full length upon the divan, with his great arms extended over his head, Tantras appeared, if possible, in a more thoughtful state than usual, as now and then a frown would gather upon his brow as he gazed vacantly at the decorations of the ceiling. In the meantime, Gunga and Mohat, his two companions, or, more properly speaking, his two servants, moved noiselessly about the apartments.

Presently the tinkling of bells sounded through the temple halls. The delicate chimes caused the black magician to sit erect and turn his head expectantly and assume once more the stern look of authority, as was his wont.

At this instant two couriers, dressed in exactly the same manner, pulled aside the rich curtains and announced the arrival of Prince Psamittichus and then as quietly withdrew.

At mention of the prince, Tantras arose; at the same time his two assistants vanished amid the maze of curtains and tapestry.

In the meantime the heavy tread of soldiers could be heard along the stone floor of the temple, as they escorted the prince to the luxuriant apartments of the sorcerer.

As Psamittichus approached the entrance the curtains parted, as if drawn aside by invisible hands. But without apparently noticing this legerdemain, the prince stepped firmly through the entrance and stood alone in the presence of the tantrika.

His was withal a queer looking figure, with a body abnormally long in proportion to his short legs, and arms of such length that he could stand erect and touch the knees with his fingertips. To complete such an unusual appearance, a long, thin face, with an aquiline nose, wide thin lips and pointed

chin, and two large dreamy brown eyes, which matched his long brown locks, that hung down to his waist in a somewhat feminine fashion.

His complexion was of waxen whiteness, and was, perhaps, the only gift of his Grecian mother.

Jewels were worn in profusion over the front of his bright red bodice; while over his shoulders hung a bright blue silken robe.

At his entrance Tantras stood erect and looked him full in the face, making thus an allegorical representation of the lion and the lamb.

An observer might have also read behind the smile of the sorcerer an assurance born of undoubted power.

The prince grew uncomfortable under the scrutinizing glance of the dark giant and nervously pulled his robe closer around his ill-shapen body as he spoke in a low but distinct tone:

"O most wonderful of beings, for I know not yet, if I should call you god, man or devil. Hast thou the answer ready for which the prince of the realm has come?"

"Yea, mightiest of princes, the gods have vouch-safed reply. Thou didst seek to know if aught existed in the earth or without for the prolongation of thy most valued life. The answer cometh, 'Yea, yea, yea'."

Pausing for a moment and drawing up his stature to its full height, the magician continued:

"The royal instrument of the gods shall have years added unto him like the blades of grass in the fields, if——"

"Speak on, great Tantras," interrupted the prince, trem-

bling with ill-suppressed emotion. "Tell me all, and thy extravagant wish will be thy reward."

"Since thou wert last in my humble abode, great son of Amasis, neither sleep has come to my eyes, nor hast food passed my lips. I was intrusted with a question from the greatest mortal to the gods. Had the answer to your highness been other than favorable I would have gladly laid down my life rather than be the bearer of evil tidings to the forthcoming ruler of earth," said Tantras, with a loud sigh.

"Tell me more; tell me all. Hast thou the secret of the elixir?" queried the prince, feverishly and imploringly.

"Light of the firmament," said the wily Tantras, falling upon his knees, "I have it not, for the great elixir must be compounded according to the conjunction of the planets. Yet all the details are now known to thy servant, thanks to the indulgence of the gods, and it shall be made at once if——" Here Tantras paused and remained silent.

"Strange man, what meanest thou by if?" said the prince impatiently; continuing, as the smoldering fires in his nature were aroused, he added: "What condition can stand between our will and the magic liquid? Think well ere thou givest reply."

As he spoke he pointed his long bony finger menacingly toward the sorcerer, who met his fretful temper and implied threat with a strange glitter in his eyes. While the prince was still shaking his finger, his eyes suddenly changed their expression from one of defiance to entreaty, and his words ended in unintelligible jibber, that was finally terminated by an impotent movement of the lips in a vain attempt to speak still

further. While struggling thus to utter further words, Tantras interrupted him in a harsh, satirical voice:

"Speak thy words louder, O prince, if thy servant would hear thee."

At this, Psamittichus looked either frightened or abashed, as he resumed in a low tone:

"I beg pardon of the gods for speaking hasty, but tell me, if thou lovest me, when may I drink of the liquid that will give me perpetual life?"

"I shall begin work on the potion at once, great prince, but I know not if thou will grant what is required."

"Have we not spoken? Thou hast but to make thy wish known and it shall be granted, though all my Greek mercenaries were required to aid in fulfilling my promise."

"'Tis well, O ruler of men and favorite of the gods. Thy servant has wherewith to work upon the elixir until the time when Saturn crosses the first house. I shall then call upon thy greatness for the necessary assistance."

"Ask what thou will, friend of Nevo-loo and the gods. I go forth with the happiness of hope, all of which I owe to thee."

Psamittichus turned to go, but as if recalling something, he turned slowly to the sorcerer and asked, as he raised his hand cautiously:

"And what of the King? Does the grim Saturn still sit in his first lunar mansion?"

At this query Tantras clasped his hands and, rolling his evil eyes upward, replied:

"O light of the world and terror of foes, the will of the

gods is written in letters of fire across the heavens, but darkness deep and heavy hangs, like a pall, over thy father's pathway.

"He has turned from the gods of his ancestors. They have waited with patience to reclaim him. It is now too late.

"He is surrounded by evil advisors, whom thy highness knows but too well.

"The brightest star of the heavens must be extinguished that the Sun may rise in all its splendor. Before the New Moon, the resplendent Sun will appear on the horizon."

At this thinly veiled prediction of his father's death the prince bowed in silence and left the apartment of this arch villain for the palace of Amasis.

Tantras remained for several minutes, standing in his position of mock supplication, after the departure of Psamittichus.

When the relating footsteps of the Greeks had died away in the corridors, his face assumed a demoniacal expression as he fiercely stamped his foot for Gunga and Mohat.

In an instant they appeared.

"Close the doors. Permit no one to enter ere tomorrow's Sun is on the meridian. Return to me at the fourth hour of night. Time flies and we have work to do."

Dismissing the two brothers of the left with an impatient wave of the hand, he retired to his private room, evidently bent upon something terrible.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Trance Experience

As I awoke a cold, creeping sensation pervaded my spinal column, and my hair began to rise upon end.

During my trance sleep I had been permitted to see the beautiful though tantalizing vision of Watlan and Neodure.

But horrors! with eyes wide open what did I now see? Was I awake or dreaming?

My guru had vanished, yet the astral form of Neodure remained before me. With one hand at her side and the other pressed lightly over her heart, she stood in an artistic dreamy attitude, looking upward as if still following the bright, handsome form of Watlan. As she stood thus, an illuminated expression of divine love and confidence shone upon her classic features, as she smiled as one can only do in the springtime of life.

She was utterly oblivious to my presence, so my injured pride was rendered less humiliating by the thought that what I now beheld was only a vision.

As I gazed, spellbound, upon the ethereal counterpart of my hopeless love, a dark form came into view, terrible in its aspect and moving with the rapidity of thought. As it drew nearer I could plainly discern the Maharaja of Kashmir, mounted upon a strange, hideous creature, with the body of a huge black goat, and the evil, distorted face of a low-caste Hindu.

The goat and rider were rushing with terrific speed toward the apparently unconscious Nedoure. My heart stood still as this horrid phantom approached. Quick as a flash the Maharaja seized her in his arms and, without reducing his speed, swung her fair form, now quiet and motionless, upon the back of his

Satanic steed. The apparition then plunged down a dark abyss. Wafted to my ears from the darkness below came in faint, silvery tones, which I shall never forget, the name "Watlan."

In my futile desire to save her I sprang from my bed and, with maddened effort, hurled myself violently against the door of my room.

The force of contact thoroughly aroused me; even so, my mind was yet much confused.¹ Such realistic visions could not be less than a warning. But how was I to interpret them? True, there were those in the Brotherhood of the Magi who had great skill in the interpretation of dreams and in other forms of divination. Yet might not the brother who could read the meaning of dreams also discover my weakness in yielding to physical desires? I decided it were best to remain silent and watchful.

Some time was required to bathe my head in cold water and fumigate myself with the incense used for banishing evil influences and correcting a disordered¹ imagination.

This completed I walked slowly toward the window, still thinking of my strange experience. From shadows cast by the moonlight I inferred it must now be near the hour of midnight.

Looking absently over the well kept flower garden, out

¹ Throughout the *Arcane* or Occult training the Neophyte is constantly warned to be mentally alert. This mental alertness can continue even during sleep if the Neophyte *Wills*, with *faith and without doubt, that no force in the Universe shall be able to reach or influence him*. This *Willing* is a form of Invocation, and has the same effect on the mind and person that locking the doors of a house has against intruders. No man's power is strong enough, even though he be a Master, to gain entrance to a man's mind, if the Will of that mind closed the doors by *mental alertness*, minus all fear.

upon the waters of the Nile, I gave a sudden start on account of my overwrought nerves, and drew back into the shadow of my room. Again looking out I found it was no trick of the imagination but a reality. Two dark-robed figures stood as silhouettes against the moonlit waters of the Nile.

Two men engaged in earnest conversation at midnight, in the grounds of Netros, I felt was not an ordinary occurrence. Looking more closely I felt certain that the smaller of the men was my attendant, Shandra. Yet that did not solve the mystery. What could he be doing there at such an hour? I felt certain it was for no good; furthermore, I resolved to watch them, for, with my dream or vision in mind, I could only think their suspicious presence meant ill for Nedoure.

As I impatiently watched them the larger of the two bid farewell to his companion, stepped into a waiting boat and a moment later was rowing swiftly out into the placid stream.

The remaining one stood for some moments, watching his departure, then turned toward the house. As the Moon shone full in his face there could be no mistake—it was Shandra.

He glanced around cautiously, then, keeping in the shadow of the shrubbery that lined one side of the walk, made his way slyly toward the rear entrance to the palace. If he had the means of entering I felt sure he would come at once to my room, and not wishing to be found in the attitude of a spy, I threw myself upon the bed and lay perfectly quiet with one arm thrown across my face, in the meantime listening for his entrance through the rear door.

However, not a sound was heard; the silence was becoming oppressive. I was just about to arise and go out into the hallway,

on a tour of investigation, when a dark form appeared against my window.

Though watching his every movement, with a strange apprehension, I lay perfectly quiet.

In the meantime the prowling Hindu, shading his face with his hands, looking long and earnestly through the bars of my window.

Finally, with his eyes riveted upon me, he made a few peculiar passes with his right hand and was gone.

If he intended to influence me in any way he had made a dismal failure, for the moment he left the window I again leaped from my bed and was again peering forth upon the garden, scanning every nook for my suspicious attendant.

Presently my search was rewarded, for, standing close in the dark shadow of the shrubbery, he could be seen standing in an attitude of supplication, with both arms extended, his gaze intently directed toward the room of Nedoure.

He would stand thus motionless for a few moments, then, while still holding the left in position, would make circular movements with his right finger, as if writing upon the air.

To state that my curiosity was excited by Shandra's peculiar actions would but mildly express it. I longed to invoke my guru and find out the intentions of this midnight mystic or sorcerer.

Here, however, another barrier was presented, since my thoughts had been permitted to drop from undisturbed contemplation of the absolute to the material plane or ordinary feminine adoration, all attempts at intercourse with the inhabitants of the higher planes had been failures.

While I was thus pondering, the object of my attention

dropped his arms and stepped out into the moonlight. By the movements of his lips I concluded he was uttering either a prayer or an imprecation, as one could form no opinion from the expressions of his placid face.

He then bounded nimbly off toward the river, where he uttered a shrill whistle. After awaiting what seemed to me a considerable time, a boat containing two occupants glided up to the landing. Without looking either to the right or left he sprang in and was gone.

Baffled and confused by the strange events of the evening, I retired and slept the deep, dreamless sleep that accompanies fatigue of both mind and body.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Nedoure Instructs Neophyte

I was awakened rather late the next morning by my attendant, Shandra, who appeared as calm and self-composed as usual, showing not a trace of midnight rambles. My first thought was to boldly confront and question him concerning his nocturnal wanderings, but upon more mature consideration I decided to maintain silence and await results.

A little later a message came from Nedoure, suggesting that I take my lesson on the morning of that day instead of the afternoon, as appointed, as Amasis the King had expressed a desire to meet her at the court in the afternoon, adding that it would give her pleasure to introduce to his majesty my humble self.

The answer was promptly sent that all would be in readiness for my lesson within an hour, also that I should be delighted with the proffered honor of meeting his majesty, Amasis, in the company of so distinguished a sponsor.

At the appointed hour for my instruction I was received by Nedoure in person. The arrangements were much the same as on the preceding day, save that on the center-table, at which Nedoure was seated, a profusion of acacia blossoms were substituted for the lotus flowers. Byrene occupied her usual seat in the adjoining room. She took no notice of my presence other than with her pleasant little bow and smile of welcome.

Closer observation showed that Nedoure was unusually pale. She appeared languid and, I thought, somewhat absent minded, as she smiled a mechanical welcome and pointed with her shapely finger to a queer colored chart, arranged on a stand at her side, saying:

"This, my dear brother, is Ezekial's Wheel," and, without further prelude, entered upon the lesson as follows, refering from time to time to some manuscripts written in Hebrew.

"Ezekial's Wheel is the algebra of life.

"It is of great importance to the student of occultism, as a chart for the physical and spiritual development of man.

Again directing my attention to the ingeniously colored chart she continued:

"The seven unilluminated animal senses are shown on the left, as Blood, Flesh, Seeing, Hearing, Taste, Touch and Smell.

"You will notice the different colors of each square corresponding to the senses. Each color has an Esoteric significance, in Harmony with the particular faculty it represents.¹

"*Red* is the color of the square that indicates the blood, as red shows the mercurial properties of the blood.

"*Blue* corresponds to flesh, as blue indicates the salt quality or color, and also because flesh without blood is blue.

"*Yellow* corresponds to the sense of seeing, as we see in a yellow light.

"*Green* coordinates with the sense of hearing, as the green ray penetrates opaque substances, making it possible for us to thus obtain knowledge of things we cannot see.

"*Brown* corresponds to taste, as it is the conglomerate color, as it is by our taste of many things we assimilate them to our use.

"*Orange* coordinates with touch as follows: It is made from

¹ The colors as here interpreted are relative to the material aspects and not to the Spiritual in its connection with Spiritual or Soul development—the Awakening of the Christos and bringing it into Soul Consciousness.

mixing red and yellow, which corresponds to life and warmth, and it is only while our bodies are warm we obtain knowledge by sense of touch.

Purple corresponds to the sense of smell, as nothing gives off perfume until it begins to decay or pass into the dark purple color.

“Red and blue are required to make the purple or the seventh, and this becometh the eighth and passes into perdition. All changes occur at the seventh.

“So when we have attained complete mastery of the senses, passions and desires we gain the illumination and consequent uplifting into the higher plane.

“Our first illuminated sense is power and command.

“Nature also assumes in regular order, the colors indicated in the chart.

“When the blade of grass comes forth from the ground it is at first yellow, then green, brown, orange and purple. It then goes to decay.

“The bar of steel, when first put into the fire, becomes red, then blue, yellow, green, then brown, orange and finally purple.

“It should be then plunged into the water to receive its temper. If retained in the fire after reaching the purple color, it is burned and rendered worthless.

“So with our physical bodies—if left too long in the animal fires of passion the vitality is burned out and it goes to decay.

“If, at the proper heat, we are immersed in the waters of life, we get that illumination and temper which enables us to carve our way in the world and receive that divine polish, given only to God’s anointed creatures.”

Rising from her seat my preceptress added in sweet, measured tones, as though her thoughts were far above her surroundings:

"The soul leaves the unity in God to make a descent into the physical and, like the 'Prodigal Son,' feeds on the husks of creation until it has attained the necessary experience. It then begins its reascent to God, from whence it came."²

After concluding this brief but interesting lecture, Nedoure remained silent for a moment; then looking at me with a sweet smile of apology, she added:

"Althos, my brother, no doubt you have for the moment entered into my own vibrations which, I am ashamed to admit, are at present quite low, as I feel that you, too, are depressed. No doubt our visit to the royal palace this afternoon will be an inspiration for us both. When the Sun is two hours past the meridian I shall await you in the rotunda."

Murmuring a few hasty words of apology for my seeming depression and again thanking her for the invitation to the palace, I took my departure.

² The Spiritual self is closely connected with the Creative self; the creative fires giving energy to the *Light* of the Soul. Any thought, desire or act long continued which is an abuse of the Creative energy of fire, will gradually burn out the Creative ability until this ability is destroyed before Nature; God's handmaiden ordained it, and man then ceases to be a Creator, or Creative associate with God—God's servant on earth—and as such, has committed the Biblical "unforgivable sin," and again, Biblically speaking, has destroyed his own Soul—"The Soul that sinneth it shall die." Knowledge of this *Divine Law* is of utmost importance to the young Neophyte and until he has passed the age of sixty.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Operation of Black Magic

When Psamittichus left the presence of Tantras he at once bent his steps toward the palace of Amasis, his father.

As he reached the brazen gates between the harem garden and the court of the great palace he dismissed his body-guard and attendants and proceeded alone to the presence of Amasis.

The invalid monarch was found seated alone in a magnificent room, on the eastern side of the palace, the physicians, nurses and attendants being within easy call, while upon a balcony outside the window two dancing girls were, by their songs and gyrations, doing their best to entertain the ailing monarch.

The relations between Psamittichus and Amasis had never been very cordial on account of the cold, unsympathetic nature of the boy. Of late years—since he had been so much under the control of Nevo-loo, the old priest of Ptah—his father had really looked upon him with a certain amount of suspicion.

So, as he approached the old monarch after his announcement, he was received with cold politeness, which had, however, but little effect upon the cold, dreamy nature of Psamittichus.

After a few formal inquiries concerning the health of his father, the young prince folded his arms upon his chest and fastened his languid eyes upon Amasis.

"I have come to you," said Psamittichus, "to speak about a very important matter."

"With which I am perhaps already acquainted," was the king's curt reply.

"I can hardly believe you understand to what I refer," said the prince, with an incredulous smile.

"You, no doubt, desire some new concessions for the high priest of Ptah," said Amasis, with a compression of his pale lips.

"I come to warn you of a danger with which you are surrounded."

"A danger! And, pray, what may that be?"

"The magicians, whom you believe to be your friends, are projecting upon you the deleterious influences which have caused your illness, and may, if unrestricted, cause your death."

"My wise son, may I ask where you have learned such important news?" said Amasis, with a somewhat disdainful curl of the lip.

"I have learned it from the only man in the kingdom who is competent to tell—the Hindu seer, Tantras," the prince replied doggedly.

"Is he a friend of Nevo-loo?" asked Amasis.

"He is. I have now done my duty; if you choose to ignore my statement I can only remain silent. As further talk is useless I will bid you adieu." Saying which he turned upon his heel and strode away.

At the appointed time the three black magicians, Tantras and his assistants, met in the small room adjoining the bedroom of Tantras.

Strange occult characters were graven upon the walls. Directly opposite the entrance was a fireplace in which a smoldering fire of willow charcoal was burning. Over these coals a large pot was suspended from four crossed stakes. On the other side of the room stood a large crystal, perfectly round, and glistening, in the dimly lighted room, like a huge diamond. On the

remaining side stood a large earthen jar, about half filled with stagnant water. In this receptacle could be seen, moving about in slimy confusion, snakes, toads, lizards, chameleons, and other reptiles.

As Tantras entered this forbidding chamber, followed by his two faithful assistants, he held in his hand a small waxen image,* about one cubit in length. Upon its head was a crown, and around the neck several strands of human hair were wound. Mysterious characters were also graven over it.

The giant sorcerer at once stepped over to a dark corner of the room and brought forth a tripod, upon which he impaled the statuette, and placed it over the fire so the waxen statue rested against the wall.

At the same time his assistants began to cast ill-smelling powders upon the fire, which caused it to flame up, casting a lurid light over the room and its vile occupants.

As these horrid odors began to arise Tantras took a position directly in front of the image. With arms extended and eyes fastened upon it, he began, while apparently oblivious to all his surroundings, to recite in a loud voice the following ritual of black magic:

"Amasis, proud king, you must die. No human being who stands between me and my desires can live.

"O, Prince of Darkness, whom I am happy to obey, I have duly consecrated this figure to the individual whom it now represents. I now adjure thee, O great spirit, Majoda, Sulphae,

* This was of the nature of present day Voodooism of Haiti and other islands and the father of Zombiism of a certain class of negroes of our Southern states.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The Power of the Will

The time had arrived for our departure. The gaily caparisoned camels, with the gorgeous attendants, were in waiting at the door.

Although Nedoure was still pale and thoughtful she welcomed me with a pleasant smile. As we rode along we chatted gaily about the weather and she called my attention to many points of interest. As we saw a beautiful boat going up the Nile she turned to me with a rather grave expression, saying:

"A boat always reminds me of the enigma of life. The Universe is much like a vessel launched upon an immense ocean, traveling constantly toward its destination.

"Each one of the passengers is at liberty to arrange his cabin as he sees fit. Each one is permitted to go up to the highest point, where they may contemplate the infinite; or one can descend to the hold, to the immediate and the finite.

"Progress is made each day for the mass in its totality, but each individual is at liberty to follow his own pleasure in the circle of action which falls to his share.

"All social classes may be represented upon the ship, from a poor slave, dressed in a sack, to the rich prince, who occupies a fine cabin.

"The speed of the vessel is the same for all—the rich and poor, the great and small. They all reach the end of their voyage at the same time.

"The motive power of the ship is unconscious, yet it drives the ship forward according to strict laws.

"The wind fills the sails and thus creates another factor (force) which animates the whole vessel.

"One Will, however, controls the vessel and passengers—as a whole—the Will¹ of the captain.

"Indifferent to the action of the individual, he keeps his mind and eyes fixed upon the destination and guides the immense vessel towards the end of the journey, giving orders to an army of intelligences who obey him.

"The captain does not directly move the helm that guides it, but to him is entrusted the government of the vessel and its passengers.

"Thus the Universe may be compared to an immense vessel of which God has the control.

"Nature is the machinery, which may be synthetized as the rigging, which moves the whole system forward according to strict laws, with humanity for the actors of the Immortal drama.

"Progress is being constantly made throughout the whole system; yet each human being is absolutely free in the circle of his own fatality."¹

¹The Law of Choice or Free Will is illustrated by the simple saying: "As ye sow so shall ye reap." This plainly assures man that man may become, or attain to, anything he pleases or desires, if he is willing to make the necessary efforts. Man may become a god: "And now the sons of men have become the Sons of God, knowing both good and evil," as a result of their experiences and overcoming, or they may become sons of perdition—the devil—by their evil desires and acts. Furthermore, the means of sowing and the "seed" is in every man's possession, assured him by the Biblical "talents" that were entrusted to his Soul on first leaving the heavenly spheres. Man writes his own destiny, but in doing so, he cannot either

I desired to question her upon some parts of the above comparison but we had now arrived at the great bronze gate leading into the grand palace of Amasis, and according to the custom, as she explained, we must here dismount. For my own part, I could have wished that our journey might have been continued forever, as a thrill of happiness, too great for words, pervaded my whole being when in the company of this beautiful creature. Although I felt certain that her life was dedicated to things far above the material plane, yet I loved her and would have been content to live forever, even as a servant, in her company.

As we entered the great gateway the hidden splendor of a monarch's home burst upon us. Beautiful statues and statuettes were tastefully arranged amid gorgeous fountains and tropical flowers. To give added charm to the scene, brilliantly colored birds flitted hither and thither.

As we made our way down the broad walk, Netros and several brothers of the Magi came forward to meet us. After embracing Nedoure and exchanging a few words with her, Netros greeted me most cordially, attributing his absence from home to the pressing demands made upon him at the palace, which had been increased, as he stated, by the strange illness of Amasis. The king had been attacked some weeks previous by an obscure malady which had thus far baffled the court physicians. He then added in a low voice, with a significant shrug of the shoulders:

refuse the reward of obedience, or evade the penalty of *disobedience*. The *Arcane, Esoteric* and true Occult teaches him the Law and charts the Way for him.

“Brother, there are more planes of existence² than one, and more diseases than those of the physical.”

²The Universe is governed by an exact Law, but this Law is not constant and operates in cycles. In a sense, in simplified terms, this can be compared to a stone mason—one of the oldest artisans in the world. The mason in building a wall or a house, does not lay up his stones at one place of the wall to the height of the wall or building, but only to a number of feet at a place, then proceeds to build to that height for a considerable space, returning to where he first started, and adding a foot or two. Why? Because if he attempted to build to a height beyond a certain space, the fresh, uncleavened, unhardened wall would bulge and crumble. The wall must become “set” as he proceeds in the building. This procedure applies in all nature.

The sun does not shine continually for six months, and then permits it to rain for the rest of the year. The sun shines and it becomes cloudy. It is cloudy and rainy and then the sun shines once again. In sections of the country where the contrary is true, the sun burns up all vegetation and only irrigation—a *substitute*, make vegetation possible.

Man begins in ignorance and gradually, in a spiral, by means of experience, gains knowledge until he reaches to almost unbelievable heights of attainment. Unfortunately, he also gains knowledge of evils that are destructive and in the end his foundation, because of his evils, becomes weak, tottering, while his achievements in all but Spiritual upliftment becomes top heavy. Then his downfall follows and all he has built up, all the technical knowledge he had attained, is lost. Egypt is an example.

Sodom also, is an example, a few were conscious of what was about to happen and prepared themselves for the day and out of these few sprang a new race. Mankind in this day is rapidly approaching another such period of oblivion unless it awakens to its danger, and if the destroying angels descend upon man-

"Cannot the brothers diagnose and treat the case?"⁸ I asked.

"No doubt, my boy," he said, with a bitter smile, "but you little understand the intrigues of court." Then, as if addressing himself, he added. "We know that physic is useless in this case unless the cause be removed. The cause must be removed."

We had now reached the palace, which was a low structure but of vast extent. The semi-circular front was a marvel of architecture with its many massive graven pillars of marble.

Before the entrance stood a marble group representing the seven suffering Souls awaiting the clemency of Osiris.

We ascended the stairway between two rows of the royal palace guards.

kind as they did in Egypt, those prepared and left will begin a new and last race. Of this all *Philosophic* Initiates are fully conscious, and are doing all in their power to help mankind as a whole to become conscious of the fact that the individual—and not the mass—is the captain of his own Soul, the director of his own destiny.

⁸ The *Natura* physicians in all ages have been taught that in the elimination of disease from the body and mind, the cause should be found and treated, and *not* the symptoms except as a temporary relief. More frequently than not, disease of body has its beginning in the mind rather than in the physical self; and more often in the nervous center—the *feelings* expressed by the emotions. If these are controlled or corrected, then the ailment is eliminated automatically. Sometimes, as in the present instance, disease is the result of outside influences, but these are possible only where the subject is negative, non-resisting; most frequently because of ignorance of what is taking place, and if his receptivity can be closed, these influences cannot enter. The Will of the subject can do this or others must do it for him.

Upon the portico above we were met by the Hierophants, who chanted their hymns in a low musical voice in honor of the arrival of our beloved priestess.

As Nedoure approached the doorway, leaning upon the arm of her father, the Grand Magus, an old hierophant, with a long, flowing beard, stepped forward and gallantly took her other arm.

As I was absently following the party an old Magus stopped singing and, confronting me, said:

“Art thou a king?”

“No,” I replied, somewhat astonished.

“Art thou a priest?”

“As yet, I may say nay.”

“Art thou, then, a god?”

“Far from it,” I replied, somewhat annoyed.

“Then it is forbidden thee to enter the sacred doorway; yet, as I observe thou art a brother, I will conduct thee to the proper entrance. Follow me.”

With my voluntary guide in the lead we entered by another doorway, and after winding about through the corridors and passing through several doorways, some guarded by the Greek mercenaries, others by stalwart Nubians, bearing ponderous shields and spears, I was led into a balcony where I found myself alone.

“Be seated, brother, and maintain silence. When the work of the priestess is complete I will call for you.” With these few words, and before I had time to thank him, he was gone.

In front of and below was a chamber of royal magnificence. Though it was entirely deserted I had no doubt it was the

throne-room. There, upon a dias, raised between two enormous brazen lions, the throne could be seen. The walls were decorated with indescribable paintings, some of battle scenes, in which the gods took part. Behind and above the throne, painted upon a curtain which closely resembled the wall, was the painting of Osiris, which I recognized by his mantle of tiger-skin.

As my eyes were curiously wandering over the beauties of the room below, the curtain behind the throne was raised by an invisible arrangement and Amasis, the great soldier king, came forth, supported by two of the Magi. He walked feebly and with apparent effort. His great frame was weak and emaciated and his noble, classic features more resembled death than life. His brown, curling locks had now become almost white. He was dressed in a robe of scarlet, with no visible gems in sight save a large ring. He was as tenderly placed upon the throne as if he had been a child. He was scarcely seated when an impatient frown swept over his face; he spoke something to the two Magi, who at once removed from his head the massive crown that seemed to irritate him. Even with the great change brought about by his illness, one could easily read the strength of his unyielding nature by his large, prominent nose and firmly set jaw, yet, withal, one could also see justice written upon every lineament.

About this time my eyes caught sight of Nedoure approaching between her two escorts, Netros and the old hierophant who had joined them at the doorway.

As the three approached his majesty they bowed and awaited his command. His voice was so weakened the words could not be heard, but Nedoure stepped upon the platform, beside Amasis, and knelt before him, while her companions remained

standing. As they conversed the king's eyes brightened and a smile passed over his face.

An instant later he glanced up in my direction. As I knew not what was expected I felt abashed, and I hastily turned my eyes away, as if the glance of his majesty had not been observed; but I had barely time to recover my equanimity when Netros laid his hand upon my shoulder, saying:

"Come! His majesty requests your presence as an aid to Nedoure. She is to answer a few important questions this afternoon, and as she says that you have also the same familiar—Watlan—your presence will aid and protect her."

My heart bounded at the delicate courtesy shown me by Nedoure. Murmuring a few hasty thanks, we were soon in the presence of the most famous monarch of his day.

But little time was lost in words as Amasis appeared anxious and almost nervous in regard to the matter in hand. A luxurious divan had been brought forward for Nedoure. As her eyes caught mine she motioned me near to her. As I approached I feared the uncontrollable beating of my heart would betray my feelings for her, but she appeared not to notice my confusion.

"During my journey," said she to me, "concentrate strongly upon Watlan."

She then lay in a reclining position, closed her eyes, gave a deep sigh and remained perfectly quiet.

The Magi then began to chant a weird hymn. They began in a very low tone, then raised, until their trained voices echoed and re-echoed through the vast chamber. Then their voices lowered until they died away in a musical cadence.

Netros then stepped to the side of the divan and uttered a short prayer, calling upon the greatest potencies of the middle

plane as well as upon the Olympic angels to guard and protect the spirit of Nedoure. When he had finished he said, addressing the priestess in a firm voice:

"Tell us the cause of our beloved king's illness."⁴

At this query Amasis seemed particularly interested and moved slightly in his chair. After a short delay the answer came in clear tones:

"The influence of darkness."

"Did the inharmonious vibrations originate in the physical plane?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell the name of him who has the power and perversity to thus work in the black art?"

As the king leaned forward to catch the reply a dark and terrible frown passed over his face. Instead of replying Nedoure gasped for breath; Netros at once began to make a few passes in front of her face and to stroke the fair throat with his hands. After the spasm relaxed Netros, who was also worried, said, addressing Amasis:

"Your majesty, the influence must have been a strong one,

⁴ It has been the practice, especially in past centuries, for those who had attained to Mastership Initiation, when confronted by obscure and mysterious illnesses to select a proper subject, placing him into a trance and who, while in the trance and under their guidance, would search both the ill and the spaces, for the *cause* and even at times, prescribe the remedy or procedure to be followed. This is a most intricate procedure and is never undertaken except in extreme conditions and unusual circumstances such as here narrated as an example. The method itself is not either complicated or difficult. The finding of a proper subject is the problem.

and the evil doer must be in league with the prince of darkness. I fear further attempts to discover him will result in harm to the priestess, but, as nothing can compare to thy health and safety, the question will be again propounded."

Amasis remained silent.

Then, with a mental prayer to God for the preservation of his child, Netros said:

"Nedoure, describe the beings who seek injury for our king and brother."

The answer came with difficulty:

"Black, black, black, black, black—there are five of them in the conspiracy—and they are of a black color."

"Enough!" said Amasis, "by the robe of Osiris, Nedoure is right. Each night, in my visions, I have been attacked by black men who are strangers in our land. One question more—what meaneth Cambyses?"

"Tell us," said Netros, with a deep breath of relief, "What doeth Cambyses?"

In low, musical accents the reply came:

"Cambyses, ruler of Persia, speaks now with two dark-haired men," and the fair seer paused.

"You can hear their discourse," said Netros, in a voice of thunder. "Repeat what is said."

"Cambyses says, 'How soon can the Irakajemi horse be in readiness?' 'Before the next full moon, O Light of Asia,' is the reply.

"Cambyses now frowns and dismisses the two generals, as he says: 'I command that you have all the horses of my kingdom in readiness before Mars has passed Al-sheratan. And you,' said

he, turning to the other officer, 'must have at the same time all of the archers from Laristan to Azerijan. We must lose no time in marching upon the insolent, priest-ridden ruler of Egypt. Also tell my brother, Bartja, he must take personal charge of the catapults'."

After thus giving the conversation, as it was then occurring many stadias away over land and sea, Nedoure remained silent.

"Proceed," said Netros.

"They are now gone; and Cambyses goes to seek Atossa."

Amasis then said:

"Ask if Cambyses will make war upon Amasis?"

The question being repeated by Netros, the answer came in a firm voice:

"No,"

This seemed to both please and satisfy the king, who smiled and gave the sign of dismissal.

Netros soon aroused Nedoure, when the grateful king took from his own finger the beautiful diamond ring and presented it to the priestess, saying:

"Accept this slight token of the regard of Amasis, fair Priestess of the Fates."

She rose and bowed, thanking him gracefully. The king was then assisted back to his apartments.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Ritual of Distress

After the seance at the palace I did not see Nedoure for several days, as her companion brought a message stating that the priestess was somewhat indisposed but hoped to soon resume my instruction.

One afternoon, however, Netros came hurriedly into my room.

"Althos, I desire a few words with thee—at present the Brotherhood are confronted with a grave task."

"Be seated, Father," I replied, "I am at your service in everything."

"In order that thou mayest understand," he continued, "I will speak freely with thee. The night following Nedour's visit to the palace she received important knowledge from the plane of Records. The Brotherhood is now confronted and opposed by all the combined forces of evil.

"Our sacred order has ever been opposed and maligned by the priesthood of Ptah. We have at various times held and lost the favor of the reigning monarch.

"Amasis having been in his earlier days a soldier and having risen by the fortunes of war to the throne, after his success and prosperity had been predicted by our astrologers, has always had a kindly feeling toward us, and has of late received the initiation as far as the Eoptai.

"Within the last moon he has been wasting away with a strange malady. His physician, to whom he has entrusted his health and life, is also a pagan priest. Perhaps, had he exercised

his own Will in the matter he would have called upon the Magi for aid. He was prevented from so doing by the queen who receives advice from his son, Psamittichus, who is in turn but the puppet of Nevo-loo."

"Strange, that the king should show such weakness," I said.

"But wait, brother," said Netros, with a deprecating wave of the hand, "you have heard but a small part of my story. Three moons past a dark, evil and terrible man came from the East. If I mistake not, he comes from thy home, the valley of the Punjab. He is known by the name of Tantras. He is said to be in league with the Evil One," said Netros, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"This powerful sorcerer," continued he, "came to our land on some secret mission. He was at once received by Nevo-loo and is now, with several companions, installed in the temple of Ptah. This man claims to read the future, prepare charms and potent talismans for the accomplishment of all evil purposes.

" 'Tis he who has projected evil entities and poisonous fluids to our beloved and unsuspecting king.

"Though I know not why, I fear sorely for my daughter, Nedoure. As one in whom I have great confidence and to whom I bear a father's love, I charge thee to guard her, by night and by day, with all thy powers, physical and spiritual.

"In the meantime, as I came to inform you, there will be a meeting of the Brotherhood to-night at the Grand Pyramid. As the moon rises a boat will be in readiness to convey the Magi from Sais. Our most powerful members from all parts of the valley will be there. Thou mayest go; but I cannot leave Nedoure.

"Learn this ritual so thou mayst repeat it from thy memory

alone. Put all thy strength and sincerity into it. The same petition will go forth from seven times seven hundred of the Magi in all lands, and, you may rest assured, the forces of evil cannot stand."

So saying he handed me the dread ritual of distress.¹ With my promise that nothing should come between it and my strongest effort the good old man was gone.

That same night found me with about three score of the brotherhood standing in the shadow of the great pyramid of Cheops. In latitude 30°, in the center of the Nile delta, stood this imperishable handiwork of bygone builders. The Great Pyramid, according to the traditions of the Magi, was erected under the instructions of the Grand Magus, Melchizedek. By superhuman knowledge the spot of its site was selected in latitude 30° north. The figure was that of a square pyramid, carefully oriented. The builders employed for their unit of length the sacred cubit, corresponding to the twenty-millionth part of the earth's polar axis. The side of the square base is equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in the year. By divine intuition the wise architects were

¹ Unbelieved by even many of first and second degree Initiates, there is such a ritual in the hands of a number of High Initiates and in the secret Archives. It has never been betrayed for the reason that it is of no value to the person. Its secret is guarded and protected in this manner: As long as any man, however advanced an Initiate, would employ the Ritual in his own behalf, *even to save his own life*, it would not be entrusted to him. When it is finally placed in his care, he would no longer even think of making use of it other than to help another under the circumstances noted. I personally vouch for the truth of this statement.

also enabled to square the circle and symbolized their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Moreover, the great processional period—in which the earth's axis gyrates like that of some mighty top around the perpendicular to the ecliptic—was communicated to the builders with a degree of accuracy far exceeding any previous human calculations. What more fitting place could have been selected for this important meeting?

Here were gathered together the army of right and brotherly love to combat the united strength of sorcery and darkness. Even so, this great battle could not be a decisive one—from the earliest times of the Golden Age to the time when our earth shall become a blazing sun the struggle has and ever will continue.²

With all the surging strife in the bosoms of men the full moon cast her rays alike over the land and over the peaceful bosom of the Nile.

Presently in line with the bright shining star Alpha Draconis, a door was opened in the side of the great man-created mountain. In single file the brothers entered the slant descending passage, which terminated after a time in a great circular chamber. The length of this passage, I afterward learned, was over two hundred cubits. As we entered the chamber I was surprised to find it well ventilated by a cool draft of refreshing air. Every contingency had been well provided for by the builders.

²The eternal reaction of good against evil; right in constant conflict with wrong; the maintaining of equilibrium.

Around the sides of this circular room my eyes fell upon a number of sarcophagi. This forcible reminder of the dead caused a feeling of sadness to steal over me. I began to feel weak, but no seats were to be found in this underground room.

After the meeting had been opened in the usual way I looked around and saw a sight that caused the blood to freeze in my veins and my hair to stand upon end—*it was the shades of the departed!*⁸

⁸ The "Shadow" of those who had attained and stood guard, mentioned earlier in the notes. Only those who in the earth life had attained to a certain Degree and whose Souls were possessed by a mighty love for a great Ideal, would be able to recognize others of like qualities and desire.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

The Strength of the Will

There silent and motionless stood seven spiritual figures, erect in their ethereal costume. They looked much as though they were reflections of the serious looking brothers who stood in circular lines around the room. It was as if protecting forces from other realms had supplied sentinels for this serious assemblage of the world's wisest men.

Thus over each sarcophagus stood the shade of a Past Grand Magus whose physical remains may have been laid to rest centuries before.

Strange! no one save myself seemed to have observed the sad-faced Masters of by-gone lodges.

Every eye among the brothers was directed toward the acting Grand Magus, who had for the time assumed the chair of Netros.

At this moment they began to sing the opening ode, composed of inspiring words and salient truths.

When it was finished the last stanza was repeated in far-off tones of such exceeding sweetness and harmony that every eye was at once turned to seek the source of the beautiful echoed refrain.

At the same instant the Grand Magus noticed the unbidden but welcome guests and advanced to the altar, giving the Master's sign, which was duly and gracefully answered by the returned shades of the Immortals.

As he remained standing, with his gaze riveted upon them, his face blanched to a paleness which rivaled their own bloodless countenances.

His knees smote together and his body trembled and swayed as if he was about to fall; however, with a strong effort of Will, he was enabled to suppress his emotions and call out in a voice yet tremulous:

“Welcome! Thrice welcome, brothers from a higher realm! It is with joy we welcome thee for thine own sake; but as thy visit has ever presaged ill for some exalted brother, we can but receive the warning with ill-concealed sadness.”

As answer to his remarks, naught was given but a grave bow from all, with military precision.

Collecting himself and casting his expressive eyes over the white-robed assemblage, he began in a voice somewhat agitated:

“Brothers of the Pentagram and Knights of Wisdom: Ye have been called together to repress a grave and threatening danger. The fair valley of Egypt has been invaded by evil-minded sorcerers.

“Even now they seek the death of our beloved brother and monarch, Amasis, the overthrow of our sacred Order, and perchance the destruction of our fair and honored priestess, Nedoure.

“Far into the night, when the Moon is directing her negative influences to mother earth, we, as a body, with no covering but the canopy of heaven, and God as our guide, have been wont to watch the starry firmament that we might know the Master’s Will; or, down in our subterranean laboratories, we have sought to unfold the hidden laws of Nature by the science of Alchemy, or been engaged in other occult labors, we have little suspected that the hosts of darkness were marshaling their forces and pouring out upon our loved ones the poisonous emanations of the evil dead, born by ill-formed, misguided

elementals who do their nefarious bidding. But we are now aroused, and shall henceforth not only oppose them but, with help from the Great Creator, who is ever on the side of right, we shall overcome and crush them. What say you, brothers?"

"By the help of God, we shall crush them," came the deep guttural reply, as from one man.

"We shall crush them," was the low echo of the spectral Masters.

Wiping his brow the Grand Magus resumed:

"While our sacred teachings forbid enterprises of revenge, we are ever opposed to evil-doers, whether they direct their efforts against ourselves or others.

"Evil natures, like wicked spirits, always seek the cover of darkness for their cowardly attacks, but we shall not alone watch them with our spiritual eyes for a committee shall be appointed this night to watch their every movement by night and by day."

Lowering his voice he concluded:

"We shall now be pleased to hear from any among us as to the best method of procedure against the evil which now confronts us."

Several members arose, offering as many different remedies for the evil, until an old Magus, with long hair, flowing beard, and eyes preternaturally bright, arose and said in a low, serious tone:

"Master, I think the present danger of such grave import that our sacred body would be justified in making use of the great crystal."

"Aye! Aye!" came from the score of throats.

"Our honorable brother from the south hath suggested well," said the Grand Magus. "Is it agreed?"

"It is," was the response from everyone present.

At this the Master stepped forward to the altar and pointed his finger upward to the dimly lighted arch in the center of the vaulted chamber.

"Look brothers, behold, and concentrate. Let the force of thy combined thought draw into the mystic fire crystal the images of the sorcerers wheresoever they be, and in whatsoever part of the world they may lurk, that we may behold their evil faces and bring to light their hidden deeds. We will first send forth a silent prayer to the Grand Adonay, Eloim, Ariel and the Great Jehovam, while the temple incense is being lighted."

For a short time all remained silent in concentrated prayer while their eyes were raised upward toward the center of the ceiling. At a sign from the Grand Magus the stewards lit the censers and supplied them with incense. As the fumes ascended a pale light became visible at the point of concentration overhead. It was not unlike a thin cloud of illuminated vapor, which grew brighter and brighter until it assumed the appearance of a glowing ball of fire. For an instant it glowed thus, then disappeared. At the direction of the Grand Magus a brother stepped to a niche in the side of the circular wall and began to turn a small wheel. As it revolved the great crystal began to descend. Down it came until it stood suspended in the air at the height of a man's head. Looking closely, I observed a small silver cord to which it was attached. Turning my eyes again toward the crystal, dark shadows could be plainly seen moving therein.

Then, amid an almost breathless silence, five dark figures

with oriental features and costumes, came into full view; they stood over two prostrate forms.

The Grand Magus, who had approached the crystal from the east, gave a deep groan plainly heard by all. In a sad voice he exclaimed:

“Our Master and our King!” Then, in a firmer tone he added, “Hold well to the thought, brothers.”

The scene in the crystal then changed back again to the luminous cloud. This presently became transparent when all the pomp and grandeur of a king’s funeral became visible. This was succeeded by a scene where two dark forms stood over the form of a dying man. Looking closely the Grand Magus sadly exclaimed:

“Netros!”

At this there was a slight movement among the brothers, but, at a warning sign from the Grand Magus, they quickly observed their former silence.

The two dark figures then turned and crept stealthily towards a bedroom in which lay the beautiful form of a young girl. However, before they had reached her side, some guardian angel or intuitional warning aroused her, and, as she sat erect, we could plainly discern the features of Nedoure.

The agony of that moment can never be described. I longed to rush to her rescue and tear her from the threatened danger. As they continued to draw nearer I made an involuntary step forward but was recalled to my surroundings by the Grand Magus, who, without turning his eyes from the terrible scene, held aloft his finger for silence.

As the bold priestess sat erect, staring fixedly at the intruders, one could see that neither fear nor alarm possessed

her. She appeared calm, yet upon her face was a look of awful determination. She extended her right arm toward them warningly, and her lips moved as though she were addressing them. But of no avail! With drawn knives they still slowly approached her.

Suddenly—like twin flashes of lightning escaping from heaven—two streams of fire were seen to leave her great, lustrous eyes, and the two black marrauders lay motionless upon the floor.

The scene again changed, as before, with the intervening luminous cloud or vapor. Before our view there now appeared grand palaces, in the midst of which could be seen a flower-decked, artificial lake. The peculiar floral bridge at once brought to my memory the palace of the Maharaja of Kashmir. This was confirmed when the picturesque Jhelum appeared in the distance, pursuing its tortuous course through the incomparable valley of my birth. This beautiful landscape view was supplanted with what was undoubtedly an allegorical emblem of existing conditions.

The Maharaja, whose features were indelibly impressed upon me from childhood, was the subject of the emblematic view. Chained at the bottom of a dismal pit, looking wistfully upward toward the moon, this degenerate ruler appeared, with the hard, merciless lines of his scheming face brought out in bold relief; it also bore the expression of a hope to be realized at any cost, and, as he wistfully contemplated the moon, lo! in the moon could be seen Nedoure.

When this last scene vanished the great crystal assumed a bright red color, which gave it the appearance of a huge drop of arterial blood. For some time the Magi continued to contem-

plate it in silence, when, to the surprise of all, the dimly-burning lamps were suddenly extinguished and, at the same instant, a loud rap in the east called the lodge to order.

If the unexpected rap was a surprise, a greater one was in store for us as, on looking toward the east, our real Grand Magus, Netros, stood there calmly regarding us, while the brilliant aura surrounding him constantly changed and interchanged colors, giving to him a grand and luminous auric envelope such as is seldom seen by mortals. In the midst of this grand tatwic expression of Nature's hidden laws the pale, corpse-like features of Netros calmly smiled on us.

No one was greater surprised than our Grand Magus of the convocation, who started toward the raised dias. He had made but a few steps forward, however, when Netros held aloft his ethereal arms, making the sign which commanded instant attention. Although somewhat startled, this well-trained body of men stood silent, motionless and expectant. The shades of the seven Past Grand Masters stood like rigid statues, their only sign of life being the phosphorescent glow they gave forth, which was pale indeed beside the brilliant emanations of our beloved Master.

Netros was the first to break the profound silence that followed. Speaking in a clear though strange and unnatural voice, he thus addressed us:

"Brothers, in the midst of life we are in death.¹ For those

¹To be born is to begin to die; to die is (maybe) the beginning of life. In the highest order of life this Law operates. Hidden within this circle in which the beginning dove-tails into the end and the end into the beginning, there is hidden a great

ignorant of the great laws of evolution and equity Death is contemplated with fear and horror. To the atheist it is the end of all things; they look forward to complete annihilation as a welcome event, bringing with it peace, rest, and eternal oblivion.

"But the members of this grand and glorious God-loving Order known, beyond peradventure, that there is a life beyond the grave, proven by the periodical return of our great Masters. So well are we acquainted with God's excellent provision for the immortal and imperishable part of man, that we are permitted to hold commerce, even after the great change.

"But man's immortality should not, nor does it rest upon

mystery which only few have attempted to solve, hence is known to only a few.

Man, returning to earth and carrying with him a greater or lesser burden of Karma that *must* be paid before he can be free, is compelled, and should be anxious, to meet the conditions necessary to pay his indebtedness to the *Divine Law* and his own Soul.

This payment takes many forms: misfortunes, sorrow, suffering, sickness and many others. However, he is given the choice of methods of payment. He may do this by a passive acceptance. Or, what is by far the better method: (a) by recognizing the *Law* and its operation and by making every effort to free himself from all that is undesirable in his nature, transmuting the evils, weaknesses and carnal desires into those of the beatitudes: Love and Affection and all of their various attributes. *All men must ultimately do this or be of the chaff that will be destroyed.* Those on the Path, Acolytes and Neophytes, will be most anxious to do this in order to gain their freedom. (b) by the doing of goodness and kindness to their fellow men in whatever way they can, to help them gain the knowledge that will also free them. These procedures may go hand in hand.

personal experience alone. Why should man—who, in his most perfect state, is naught but an insignificant atom—stand proudly erect and challenge his Creator for proof of the unknown?

“Man is composed of the physical, mental and divine, which gives him a body for each plane. Yet there are those in darkness who willfully close their eyes to the light of truth and refuse to develop aught but their physical bodies. The Magi stand forth, as perfected creatures, devoting their earth-life to the development of the trinity.

“The earth is surrounded by a great vitalized sea, known only to the profane and uninitiated as atmosphere, but the brothers know it contains the mysterious principle of life, without beginning and without end, proceeding from the Absolute.²

The Great Mystery of Life

To *know* and *live* in harmony with the *Divine Law* is actually included in the foregoing; Magi and other Initiates have become conversant and teach an advanced method known to but few of even the highest of the Initiates. This is, in addition to living the *Law*, to also form in mind an ideal of what they most desire to be in their next incarnation. This not merely implies a wish; a desire to be thought of now and then, but a *building within the self of the being they want to be on returning*; the profession or occupation they desire to *Master* and follow. This is one of the greatest of the *Occult Arcanums* now taught to all advanced Neophytes, *enabling them to actually begin their next life's journey here and now.*

² Almost from the very beginning of instructions the modern Neophyte is taught how to not only draw in with the breath, these forces of life and power, but also how to retain and make use of them. The first and lesser of these forces has been known as *Prana* in the past and is still so designated, but the Western Neophyte is taught that it is the *Lesser Light* and

"When the animal organism reached that stage of development called man, the Creator found it a suitable temple for a part of his immortal principle, which is called the Soul. This organism—the human body—is most perfectly adapted to its end. It is moulded to meet the requirements of life. Though it begins in darkness on the lowest plane it may ascend to the highest. Immortality will be given those who deserve it.

"Those who develop the Soul will be able, when the inevitable change comes, to go forth into other realms as a well-developed entity.³

"Vibration is the principle with which the Creator connects not only this universe and all its planetary inhabitants, but also the myriads of other worlds and universes yet unknown to man.

"The life principle of each individual is for him an immutable *book of record*. Yet few can live so correct a life as to possess it unsullied. Every wicked word, thought or deed tends to discolor it.

"Earthly desires are the greatest barriers to man's progress. By permitting himself to live wholly in the lower animal nature,

is essential in his development so that he will be prepared later to dove-tail, as it were, this lesser Light into the Greater or *Ineffable Light* of the Ancient *Greater Mysteries*. Without these forces Soul Consciousness and *Philosophic* Initiation would be impossible.

³ This is the beginning and end, and the Alpha and Omega of all Spiritual development, of Initiation in any form. Even the in-breathing of the forces in the Air and the development of the Lesser and Greater *Light* has this constantly in view. All instructions and practices aim to the accomplishment of this Higher development of Spiritual exaltation.

man separates himself from the pleasures and glories of a higher life.

"As you know, the liberated Soul of an upright man cannot leave the earth's sphere save by means of the Sun's rays, I was permitted to indulge my strongest desires, which were, first, the safety of Nedoure, and next, to meet you again, my brothers, to bid you a long farewell. The great change came to Netros in the night; of its details I may not speak, yet I will say that, a moment after the blow had been struck, a change came upon them, as it will to all the wicked, more terrible than tongue can tell or humans conceive.

"The time for my departure has come. From my abode in the Sun I shall continue to send to you my feeble aid until, by the eternal cyclic laws of the Absolute, I am again permitted to extend the grip of fellowship to future generations of our Order.

"My escort awaits me," said he, with a wave of the hand toward the phantom Masters over the sarcophagi; then extending his hands in benediction, he said:

"Farewell, Farewell."

In a low tone the word was echoed again and again. Then, together, the spell-bound brothers cried out, like the mighty roar of the breakers upon the beach:

"Farewell, Masters! Farewell!"

There was a noise like the rustling of wings, when our unusual lights disappeared and we were left in darkness, and then a cool draught of air swept through the underground chamber.

After the lamps were again lighted the Grand Magus made a few brief remarks in which he explained to the younger mem-

bers that the spirits of departed Masters usually returned to herald the death of some important officer in the Order. He also caused the Magi to repeat after him the powerful distress ritual (which had been given me that evening by Netros) and further instructed them to repeat the same at a certain hour daily until we should meet again.

These and a few other matters were hastily arranged, when we all decided to return to Sais in a body to inquire into the death of Netros and attend to the safety of Nedoure, our be-reaved High Priestess.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Evil ends in Violence

On the afternoon following the rites of black magic participated in by Tantras and his two assistants, Gunga and Mohat, he appeared agitated, a state rarely known to this composed disciple of darkness. Instead of his usual serenity, Tantras paced nervously to and fro in front of the raised dias and mysteriously adorned curtain in his reception room. With hands clasped behind him and head bowed as if in deep meditation, he walked hurriedly with long, swinging strides, back and forth, like a wild beast restive in the circumscribed space of captivity.

The air was heavy with the sickening odors of horrid incense, but the giant sorcerer paid but little heed to it, or, in fact, to any of his surroundings. That he was irritated was still further indicated by the impatient manner in which he threw back his red silken waist from time to time.

Finally he came to an abrupt halt in front of the dragon pillar, and, after casting a quick glance about the room, gave three rapid strokes to a silver bell attached thereto. While awaiting the results of his summons he mused aloud:

“By great Beelzebub, what can such delay mean? The Maharaja comes before the next quarter of the moon, Amasis is yet alive, and Psamittichus—poor dupe—is still powerless to aid me. Ah! when the crown is on his head, then will I have another king at my feet. Then with my master, the Black Prince, behind me, how can I fail to obtain my object? No! no! failure cannot come to the Tantrika!”

As he uttered the last words he clenched his mighty fists

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Magic and Occult Science

While we were moving slowly over the placid waters of the Nile on our homeward journey to Sais, where sad conditions awaited us at the house of Netros, in view of the sad but inspiring events of the evening, a gloom had settled upon the party. Some sat upon the prow and gazed dreamily at the rippling shadows of the moonlight; others were gathered together in small groups sustaining desultory conversations in subdued tones. As the boat was borne slowly forward by a gentle breeze, three loud raps were heard which at once attracted the attention of all. These sounds had emanated from the wand of a venerable Magus, who called out in a clear voice:

“Brothers, as no one knows better than our sacred band the value of time, what sayest thou to a friendly talk and lecture by our newly appointed Grand Magus? Owing to the unforeseen events of the evening, together with the special nature of our business, a lack of time prevented us from receiving our usual instructions. Are you one and all willing?”

“Yea! Yea!” came from scores of voices.

At this the Grand Magus came forward, saying:

“I thank you more than words can express for this exhibition of your studious natures which prompted the invitation. My subject will be Magic, as that will necessarily bring us to the consideration of God, Man and Nature.”

At this the Magi began to move nearer and seat themselves about him on the deck. Plunging at once into his subject, the Magus began:

“Magic differs from Occult Science in so far that the former

is the practical demonstration of those forces which are theoretically explained by the latter. Magic depends mainly upon a strongly developed Will, as the Middle Plane is filled with myriads of entities,¹ insensible alike to good or evil, who respond to the strongly developed Will of man.

"In order to develop the Will to its highest possibilities, rigorous exercises are necessary. At the same time the latent powers are most readily developed by strict attention to diet. The food must be properly selected, and both mind and body trained.

"Many of you have arrived at that point where you can cause a flower to spring up, from a seed implanted in earth, to the astonishment of the ignorant or profane. But we know it is far from being a miraculous feat. By means of our concentration of Will and a developed body we are enabled to project upon the seed the animating force much quicker and in greater quantities than would occur ordinarily in a much longer time. Yet we could not cause a stone to grow. For this latter feat would be indeed a miracle.

"The earth is surrounded by a great vitalized sea of life, constantly renewed by light, heat and electricity from the Sun. The earth receives electrical energy from the Sun and converts it into magnetism, which is the force that sustains both vegetable and animal life. By practicing certain breaths you are able to draw into your individual bodies a vast amount of magnetism. Having learned how to draw in a large supply of this force, it is then a matter of Will-force to project it again, wherever and whenever you will.

¹The most comprehensive exposition of this Occult concept is to be found in *ZANONI*, by Lord Bulwer Lytton.

"Magic, then, results from the action of the conscient Will upon the vitalized sea in which we live.

"All human beings have a certain amount of Will, but one of the great objects of life is to learn how to use it.

"Man is divided into seven principles, but, for the present, we will consider the three great divisions only—the Physical, Mental and Divine.

"The embryonic man begins with a circle, at the top of which is located intelligence and sensibility; the other sensations are on the lower side. All through life the well-regulated being preserves his equilibrium, while his less fortunate brother allows the higher and lower principles to become reversed.

"The most important fluid in the body for magical work is the nervous fluid, without an ample supply of which no phenomena will appear.

"When one begins the development exercises, all excitants and stimulants should be avoided, as they liberate the nervous fluid too rapidly.

"It should be the aim of each of us to keep constantly in our bodies an ample supply of the nervous fluid, if we would have strength to send our influence to the very center of the Middle Plane."

We now turned a bend in the river from whence the lights of Sais could be plainly seen, which were, however, few and scattered, as it was now past the hour of midnight. Observing the anxiety of the Magi in regard to Netros, the Grand Magus continued his remarks for a few moments. As he retired all became active in their preparations to leave.

A little later, led by the Grand Magus, we arrived at the massive stone entrance to the palace of Netros. In answer to

several loud knocks the door was cautiously opened by Byrene, the maid of Nedoure. Her expressive eyes were bedimmed with tears.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Evil Personified

I was among the first to enter and eagerly questioned Byrene, but in her state of extreme nervousness no intelligible replies could be received, but the ghastly pallor of her face showed plainly that she had passed through a most trying ordeal.

Becoming impatient with her gesticulations and fearing lest ill had befallen the unconscious object of my love, I rushed past her, intending to first seek my own room, where I hoped to find Shandra. But I had taken a few steps only when I stumbled upon the body of a man lying face downward upon the tiled floor. My exclamations of horror at once drew around me a number of the Magi, who were shocked to behold the lifeless body of Netros.

Although, by the reflections in the crystal, all had anticipated the death of Netros, yet few were prepared for the ghastly, sickening sight. Great gaping wounds could be seen upon his face and throat, while his body lay in a large pool of coagulated blood.

Not knowing what further horrors awaited us, I rushed at once to the room of Nedoure. Finding the door ajar I called to her in a voice strangely unlike my own. As no reply came I waited no longer, but under stress of excitement and not realizing the import of my actions, I hurriedly entered her apartments. There upon the floor of her sitting room, in which I was wont to take my lessons, lay the huge dark forms of two repulsive-looking Hindus of the Pali type.

Without bestowing a second glance upon them, and following the promptings of my beating heart, I rushed into the sacred

bedroom of the Priestess of the Magi. In calmer moments such an indiscretion would not have been dreamed of.

There, lying upon the bed, with her beautiful face upturned and as motionless as death itself, I beheld her stately figure.

"O, my darling!" said I, rushing forward and seizing her in my arms. "Speak to me! Speak! My love! My life!" Talking thus, in the insane anguish of my sorrow, I felt strong hands laid upon me and myself violently torn away. Recovering, I found myself confronted by the stern and now awful faces of the Magi. The Grand Magus stepped before me, with his strong, burning eyes fastened full upon mine, and said in a voice of thunder:

"What meanest thou? Pretender to sanctity, student of the higher knowledge—thou pratest glibly of love, when thine only love is consecrated to God by the vows of our Order. Thou knowest full well the penalty for laying thy unsanctified hands upon the body of our sacred Priestess! Yet thou hast dared pollute with thy vile lips she who is devoted by both body and Soul to God alone!"

As I looked around upon the stolid, passionless men before me I cared not for my fate. In my frenzied apprehension for Nedoure my brain reeled, all became dark and I knew no more.

Two days later I awoke from my unconscious ravings to find by my bedside the cold, relentless face of one of the Magi, who had been left to guard or watch over me. A few moments later Shandra, my attendant, passed along the walk outside the window and gave me a look and sign meant for encouragement, but no such construction could be placed upon the gaze of the old Magus who was sternly regarding me.

He sat for a short time thus when he extended his arms

toward the doorway leading into the hall, and, closing his eyes, put forth a strong mental effort which I sensed as a communication to the brothers that I had awakened. Before he had completed his effort of thought transference, the tread of footsteps could be heard approaching, and six of the Magi filed into the room. My guard rose up and joined them as they stood, forming a semi-circle about my bed. Without further formality, one of them spoke in a calm but unrelenting tone:

“Althos, for that is the name conferred with thy initiation, it grieves us much to behold thee fallen from the high moral eminence which gave thee preference and the name of Althos, which means high and unapproachable.

“Thy heinous crime surely demands death, but as we believe not in taking that which is the gift of the great Creator, it has been decreed to send thee forth alone. Furthermore, thy name and crime shall be read aloud at each meeting of our Order for seven consecutive moons; and when thou hast laid aside thy mortal frame, there shall be graven over thy resting-place, ‘Here Lies a Sacrilegious One.’

“Thou mayest go from hence when it suits thee best. Henceforth all brethren are forbidden to speak with thee. Vale, Althos! Thou art now dead to those who loved thee most dearly.”

Weak and bewildered though I was, and never at any time by nature aggressive, I shrank from answering with apparently useless words. But, urged forward by an irresistible inner prompting, I sat erect and spoke in a passionate voice, as follows:

“My alleged crime is but the offense of love, and love is the life of God and the universe. If by answering the call of this great vehicle of man’s happiness my Soul soared into such high

places that the laws of men were shocked, then in the sight of men I am truly a criminal. The sacred Order of the Magi holds forth as its most precious precept, Love for the Absolute; if in cultivation of life's grandest sentiment I have deigned also to love one of God's most perfect creatures, no further reply is required, for by my own admission I stand convicted. Love returned, is the nectar of both gods and men, and fortunate is he who can partake thereof. If the price is banishment and suspension from this honorable body, I accept the decree, feeling that, as I go forth, the All-Seeing Eye will still give to me a glance of love, and sustain me with a strength greater than men."

As I finished my eyes sought the faces of each in turn, where I plainly read their thought that I had become mentally unbalanced.

After a short silence the words, "We have spoken," fell from the lips of their leader. Then, with bowed heads and serious countenances, they marched slowly from the room.

Left alone, I rapped loudly for Shandra who soon appeared, smiling serenely as ever. A few hasty orders were given for packing together my few effects, which were to be sent to Gizeh.

It was a sad moment of my life as I left the house which had been the scene of my greatest happiness as well as my greatest misery. From my earliest boyhood I had looked forward to the time when I should be ordained as a priest and occupy an honored position among the Magi—but all was now lost. I longed to know what Nedoure would think of me when she heard of my rash act, which would, no doubt, pain as well as surprise her. This was certainly a sad and miserable ending of my high and noble ambitions. As I pondered over the will of fate, a bitter, reckless resentment arose in my bosom, which but

added to my misery as I went forth. For a moment I felt as if I must see her once more and explain all, yet more serious consideration showed me the futility and even the impossibility of such a wish.

As the Sun was sinking to rest over the Lybian range I left the house of Netros, a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I had traveled but a short distance when it became apparent that the whole populace was in general mourning. Inquiry developed the fact that Amasis was dead. Though I had often heard of the good deeds of Amasis and his friendly protection for the Magi, at this moment my own troubles were too great to permit of great concern whether Amasis was on the throne of Egypt or his weak and superstitious son, Psamittichus.

Thus I wandered about the streets, passing many people but seeing them not. Finally I wandered into the grove of Hathor, which was located on the banks of the Nile, a little north of the great temple of Phtah. Seating myself on one of the rustic benches I tried to formulate some plan for the future, but all was an utter blank, my brain refused to formulate a single idea.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Law of Cause and Effect.

Finally my eyes fell upon the figure of a man hewn out from a solid block of stone. The image was that of a giant man, seated upon a throne, and stood but a few paces from where I sat. As I absently regarded it, strange characters, written in Coptic, attracted my attention. Strolling over to it the following inscription was deciphered:

"I, Sheddad, Son of Ad, reigned over a thousand thousand provinces; and a thousand thousand kings were subject to me; and a thousand thousand warriors I slew; yet, in the hour that the Angel of Death came against me, I could not withstand him. Whoso shall read this writing let him not trouble himself greatly about this world, for the end of all men is to die, and nothing remains to man but a good name."

So utterly miserable was I that I was about to accept this philosophy as my own but, just at this time, a light touch upon my shoulder caused me to turn quickly, when I beheld the tall, familiar figure of a Hindu who regarded me with a fixed yet kindly gaze. Addressing me in the language of my birth he asked:

"Hari, do you not know me?"

The sound of his rich, melodious voice at once recalled to mind the Dalai Lama of Thibet.

" 'Tis my master, the Dalai Lama!" I cried, in an ecstasy of joy, as we embraced each other time and again.

But my transient happiness was instantly clouded as I remembered my recent degradation. No sooner was this thought

recalled than gloom and despair seized me and my eyes sought the ground.

"Cheer up, Hari," the Lama said, as he laid his hand caressingly upon my shoulder. "Your thoughts are known to me. *Altos* has been excommunicated today from the Egyptian branch of the Magi, but, *Hari*, my own dear boy, shall always be welcome to the Magi of India and Cathay.

"Until your mistakes grow much greater, you will be ever welcome in our temple. But say no more of the matter now—come with me."

I longed to ask many questions about my old friends of Thibet¹ and the Ouri Monastery; I wanted to know if poor old Gobab was yet alive, but his calm, impenetrable glance caused me to remain silent. So, without further attempt at conversation, I followed my new found friend through the winding streets of Sais until we reached a low, dark, forbidding house. Entering we passed through a dimly-lighted hallway until we finally reached a rear room, where the Lama opened the door and bade me enter. Motioning me to a seat he placed himself in a chair opposite and looked at me thoughtfully. The room was small and very plainly furnished, containing a book-shelf, two chairs, a small center table and a few pictures.

Beginning, the Lama said:

"Our meeting this evening was neither the result of chance

¹ Once the home of some of the highest Initiates of the Ancient world; today a land of degradation, its people no more than slaves and without a shred of the ancient knowledge. Tibet, like India and other Oriental lands in the hands and under the rule of self-interested, deluded, political montebanks, all heading toward oblivion.

nor accident. In fact, as thou knowest, *there is no chance in the world. Every effect is the result of a cause or some hidden law.*"

Changing his course of thought he asked:

"Do you intend returning to India?"

"Kind Master," I replied, "at this moment I am much like a ship at sea without a rudder. All my hopes have been shattered by my own weakness, and, as you know, I am now in disgrace."

"*Let not those thoughts disturb you. Nothing can be gained by bewailing the past.*"² You have dared to love a superior, and one, too, who is far above the material plane. Yet the angels in heaven are bound together by love, then why should man attempt to rise above it?"

Without expecting an answer the Lama continued:

"*When, however, an inferior loves a superior, every effort should be exerted to attain a perfection equal to that enjoyed by the object of such love.*"³

At this last suggestion, which bore with a ray of hope, my heart bounded with the happiness of anticipation. Falling upon my knees and extending my arms toward him, I cried out: "O, Master! Guide me! Assist me in this, my dark hour of indecision!"

²The Biblical injunction is: "Let the dead bury their dead," commanding that which is past belongs to God and should be forgotten, remembering only the lessons learned and applied in life. By beginning today and continuing in all the tomorrows, we can make of life what it should be, with ourselves the master of conditions and circumstances; using the knowledge gained as a result of our experiences and our mistakes not alone for our own benefit but to the welfare of others less fortunate.

³ One of the great Spiritual or *Divine Laws* wholly ignored

Raising me gently to my seat, he spoke slowly, yet kindly, as he said:

"As you have been forbidden to again meet the object of your love in the physical, you must seek her on the Spiritual plane."

"But," said I, "Nedoure is not even aware of my love for her. Besides, I have reason to believe that, if in her sublime nature there is love for aught but God, one of the immortals holds that love. To him am I also bound by ties of gratitude and affection; his name is Watlan."

With a grave smile and a deprecating wave of the hand the Lama replied:

"Hari, my boy, as yet you are but a youth with but little experience; and, like most young men of your age, you quickly arrive at conclusions. This much I will say: One in a high state of development, as Nedoure, knows thy innermost thoughts. If you have silently offered her a pure and untarnished love, she can do no less than pity you. Such a being would never consider a love based upon material affection alone.

"Of Watlan I may also speak. In past ages, when the Atlanteans were in the zenith of their glory and development, a spirit of unrest took possession of them. Having accomplished the great feat of interplanetary communication, by means of the seven onyx pillars, they finally sought to usurp the creative

by humanity. In the mundane world, conquest is the aim, equality is not even thought of, much less is effort made in order to attain a higher state of being. The Biblical injunction: "Be ye therefore perfect," received little consideration in the life of man; hence man is mediocre; the grave and a long sleep is his end.

power of God. For this sacrilegious desire they were destroyed and their continent submerged beneath the waters of the sea. Two alone were saved—a young priest, by the name of Watlan, and his sister, Nedoure, who held the position, as now, of High Priestess. Since that time she has returned twice to undergo rebirth, while Watlan, on account of his perfection, has been spared that ordeal.

“You must now, as I before stated, visit your beloved in the Spiritual plane only.”

“Will not many years be required for such attainment?” I asked, somewhat crestfallen.

“By no means,” he answered, “I must begin my return journey to Thibet at the end of thirty days. In the meantime I promise to teach you the rules for development. To begin with, you must practice the Illumination Breath.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

The Evil One

"Ah! It is thou, great Psamittichus," said Tantras, as the figure in black stood motionless before him.

"Why hast thou granted thy servant so great an honor?"

"Amasis, my father, King of Egypt, is dead," came the reply in calm, passionless tones.

At this the sorcerer cunningly feigned great agitation. Hastily arising and bowing his head as if in abject grief, he said:

"O, that so great and good a man should be so abruptly summoned to the presence of Osiris! Yet the loss of earth is the profit of the gods. In thy great sorrow, O Prince, forget not that in thy servant thou hast ever an unfailing friend and willing vassal. The world gropes to-day in darkness at the loss of thy father, but to-morrow will be dazzled by the brightness of a rising Sun, which will ere its setting bathe the whole globe in the light of thy matchless wisdom and power."

The Prince readily understood the ill-concealed compliment, and replied in a voice that was meant to be impressive.

"Man of mystery, thou speakest of the setting of the Sun. Hast thou not promised that when the prince has become the king to supply an elixir that will forever defer the hated sunset?"

"Mighty ruler of Egypt, thou speakest aright. 'Tis true, thy servant has in a way some little power, and knowest in a measure the virtue and potency of certain rare herbs. But such power is as naught before thy mighty Will. The elixir is ready save the last ingredient—a certain kind of human blood—which must be added in order to give it full potency."

"Why should that cause delay?" interrupted the impetuous prince. "Human blood thou mayest have in rivers, if required, for the boon I seek."

"Most magnanimous of monarchs, I thank thee for the liberality of thine offer, which is truly such as becomes a king," replied Tantras, assuming that cringing air he could so well affect when it suited his purpose. "Hearken a moment only and all will be made clear. The elixir that gives perpetual life can only be made once in a thousand years—the same time required by the universal energy to convert deposits of lead in the earth to glittering beds of gold. The blood we require must be drawn from the heart of one who has lived a virgin life during three separate incarnations."

"O, mighty King of the four cardinal points, my eyes have beheld her."

"Good! If thou hast seen her, discerning man of power, a weight is removed from my mind as the elixir is now assured. Yet, by thy first words," continued Psamittichus, with a momentary flash of light in his eyes, "me thought the requirements were even beyond the power of a monarch. Tell me, then, where such a creature may be found, and, by my crown, she shall be in thy keeping before the setting of the third day's Sun!"

"O, King of Kings, in all Egypt there is but one—"

The black magician then paused for a moment, folded his dark arms upon his massive chest and regarded the prince in silence. Then, in slow, deliberate tones, he added—

"Nedoure—the Priestess of the Magi!"

Psamittichus started back, turned pale and threw up his hands as if to protect himself from an invisible blow. Then, murmuring to himself, as he continued to tremble violently,

"By the shade of Great Typhon! Why should it be thus? Nedoure—the one of all others!" Controlling himself somewhat and speaking aloud the prince said:

"Strange man, thou knowest not what thou hast asked."

Then, nervously drawing his mantle closer about him, as his eyes sought the floor, he hesitated as if in doubt for a few moments, when, turning sharply upon the sorcerer, who had maintained the same position, he added, as their eyes met:

"Thou shalt hear from me anon. For the time, farewell!"

So saying he wheeled about and strode from the chamber.

As the echoes of his footsteps died away in the corridors of the temple, Tantras smiled grimly and hissed with derision as he fiercely clenched his fists:

"Ah! weak fool! Thou art as helpless as the sacrificial ram. A wonder! selected by the gods to rule the earth! Seeker for the Elixir of Life, I am also a seeker for something—that another royal fool may become more deeply ensnared! With Nedoure once in my possession and the Maharaja of Kashmir at my feet, farewell, then, to Egypt and its simpleton ruler! Amasis dead—ha! ha! ha! My forces have not yet forsaken me. I shall triumph, sure."

As the last words fell from the lips of the black magician a change came over his face. *The laws of Nature he had so prostituted for evil ends had brought back to him the gathered reaction of his life's limit of wrong-doing.* Out from the darkened folds of the draperies a slender, twisting tentacle stole silently upon him. A moment later a snaky, smoky shadow encircled his brow for an instant and disappeared. Immediately his brains seemed to boil within his skull. Flashes of forked light writhed

about him and struck at him with their serpentine fangs. He clasped his hands around his head and fled with a howl of terror.

The day following the interview of Psamittichus and Tantras the former was sitting alone in one of the gorgeous rooms of the palace. He was clad in royal robes and bedecked with costly jewels. Yet his pale, somber face showed that, for the moment, he had but little interest in his surroundings. For more than an hour he had sat thus, wrestling with the problem of love or selfishness. For, when a prince, he had often cast longing eyes upon Nedoure. Now that he was suddenly called upon to sacrifice her to his long cherished dream, the elixir of life, he realized that he had always secretly admired her, and as he continued to ponder over her fair face and form he persuaded himself that he really loved her. Whether he should spare her and forego the elixir was the subject of his present cogitations.

Finally he arose, having apparently reached a decision. Pulling fiercely upon a silken cord the captain of his special body-guard, the Grecian mercenaries, appeared.

"Euphrides," said the King in a stern voice, "dost know the daughter of Netros?"

"I do, sire," replied the captain, bending with military precision.

"Take with thee, then, a score of thy trusty men and bring her hither."

With a passive face the paid warrior, who fought for neither glory nor his country, received the order with no expression other than servile acquiescence, and only awaited the command of his sovereign to withdraw, when the King took a step nearer and said in a lower and more confidential tone:

"I trust to thy discretion in this matter. See that no alarm is

given. Take with thee this signet ring and tell her in thy softest tones that Psamittichus, King of Egypt, sends greeting to the Priestess of the Magi and desires to hearken unto her words of wisdom. Add that the sovereign is sorely perplexed and would see her at once."

Then again assuming a stern air the monarch added:

"Use first thy cunning, but by no means return without her."

While the newly-crowned monarch was devising means for her destruction, Nedoure had remained for several days in a deep trance, attended by her faithful maid and watched over by the Magi, who had so sternly banished Althos. As the mysteries of the trance were known to many of the brotherhood by actual experience, no attempt was made to arouse or awaken her. Silence was strictly enjoined upon all present, while they awaited her return with fortitude.

Presently she opened her large, lustrous eyes and looked dreamily around as if trying to recall her location. Finally she arose to a sitting posture and, by a motion, called the Magi about her.

"Brothers," she said, "it has been the object of all past trances to penetrate the *sphere of Light* and eternal happiness. Though I have tried many times before my unworthiness clung like a millstone around my neck and held me back from the beauties which can only be contemplated through the forbearance of the One. I am now selected as the humble messenger to bear you tidings of truth concerning those mysteries of life and death which have been so long withheld from the world. In the beginning God himself was the embodiment of all. The first great separation gave Spirit and Matter. From the latter sprang the worlds and all inorganic substance.

"What we now behold as the Sun was the center of this great activity of movement.

"From Spirit came forth the Planetary Angels and the Souls of men. It is the Will of the Absolute that they shall all obtain such experience as will fit them for the higher realms of destiny. All, according to the cyclic law of control, must first make the descent into matter, which is called Incarnation. The upward journey of the Spirit then begins. Failures to attain the highest development necessitate reincarnation.

"The worlds or planets were born from the Sun, which was at one time the grand, magnificent embodiment of all. The planets came forth in regular order, corresponding with the relative distance they now occupy from the Sun. Since the birth of the earth, two other worlds have been created—Venus and Mercury. The planets were born from the condensation of the Sun, and the distances between them and the Sun were thus constantly increased. With the completion of the mystic number, seven, the creation of the planets, like that of all other series, ceased."

"The Soul incarnated on one planet may reincarnate on another in its upward—"

At this moment Nedoure was interrupted by a loud rapping on the door, which proved to be Euphrides, the emissary of King Psamittichus. To the Magus who responded, his mission to see Nedoure was briefly yet politely made known. He said:

"Euphrides, servant of the King, bears a message from His Royal Majesty to Nedoure, most excellent Priestess of the Magi."

As the Greek had thoughtfully left his escort some distance from the house, the old Magus saw no cause for alarm in the

summons of the King, so he bade the officer be seated in the vestibule while he bore word to the Priestess.

The reply of Nedoure was couched in firm but respectful language, declining the honor for the present, owing, as she stated, to sad conditions of which the King had not yet been made aware.

As Euphrides received the refusal a momentary frown crossed his brow, but hastily dispelling it he asked, with a cold smile, if the gracious lady would condescend to see the servant of the King in person.

Being answered in the negative he assumed a harsh voice of command as he replied:

“The wish of our master, the King, should be a law unto all the land. I am truly sorry to cause you further annoyance, as I am but a simple soldier and know but little of soft words, yet my orders have but one meaning—I must not return to the palace without the company of Nedoure.”

Then, stepping outside the door, he blew a shrill, piercing signal from a small silver whistle hanging at his side. The old Magus, who evidently anticipated such an action, quickly closed and barred the door behind him; then, with the assistance of several others, who had been attracted by the loud voice of the King's messenger, the shades of the windows were also closed and barricaded, but not a moment too soon as the soldiers had now arrived and began to surround the house. Finding himself thus barred out, Euphrides sent a message so informing the King.

Nedoure expressed no surprise when she learned that the house was besieged with minions of the King, intent upon seizing her person, as the mind of this marvelous woman appeared to be omniscient. She knew everything, all sciences and

all languages, and readily informed herself upon any subject without the necessity of application. *By concentration upon any branch of science alone she was enabled to master it.*¹ Yet this favored of mortals conducted herself at all times with becoming modesty and in a manner so charming that to know her was to love her.

Her advice was given only upon request, and never did she intrude theories upon others. Her mind was stored with too much real knowledge to admit of such petty jealousies as fill the minds of the ordinary.

Her simple reply when informed of the conditions was: "Thanks to the foresight of my father, the house is strong—and the will of God is stronger.

"Let all my brothers dispose themselves according to their desires, while we await the fall of vain-glorious pride and materialistic ambition."

When the messenger from Euphrides arrived at the palace, bearing news of Nedoure's defiance, the brow of Psamittichus clouded with a scowl that boded no good to those who had opposed his arrogant will.

His evil temper knew no bounds. Like one possessed he hastened to summon several of his most trusty officers, ordering them with ample force and two powerful catapults to destroy the palace of Netros and to slay all who offered opposition, save Nedoure, "who must be taken unharmed, with her beauty unmarred," as he cunningly added.

One would have scarcely imagined that several hundred Grecian mercenaries, supported by as many Lybian horse, were

¹ This was Doctor P. B. Randolph's great secret.

required to capture a young and inoffensive lady, surrounded by a few pious old men, all of whom were unarmed. The King himself would have recognized in his calmer moments the ludicrous aspect of such an expedition, but he was pettish and peevish by nature and at this present moment was intoxicated by his sudden accession to power and hopeless ambitions.

About this time an event occurred which was destined to crush and humble this egotistical ruler.

It was but a few moments after the gaily-bedecked warriors left the palace gates when half a dozen horsemen came through the city at break-neck speed. Covered with dust and perspiration they urged their steeds toward the palace calling out in a loud voice words which caused great commotion wherever heard. Still yelling those words, which struck consternation in the hearts of all, they rushed breathless to the palace gates.

"The Persians! The Persians are coming!" could now be distinguished as the ominous message. The populace rushed hither and thither, men turned pale and women screamed as the full import of the awful news burst upon them, while others lifted their voices, bewailing the loss of Amasis, the soldier-king as but little confidence was reposed in the priest-ridden son.

As soon as Psamittichus was made aware of the news that Cambyses approached by land and sea with the flower of the Persian army, he at once dispatched a note to Tantras, bidding him come at once to the palace. He also sent word for the recall of the soldiers sent to arrest Nedoure, as the gravity of affairs would no longer permit the pursuit of his idle fancies.

The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the system (1) as $t \rightarrow \infty$. In the second part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions. In the third part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the parameters. In the fourth part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters. In the fifth part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters. In the sixth part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters. In the seventh part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters. In the eighth part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters. In the ninth part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters. In the tenth part, we study the stability of the solutions of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions and the parameters.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Death Struggle

At the time when Nedoure was held a prisoner in her house and the King was indulging his terrible wrath, Tantras was in his private room in the temple of Phtah. But what great change had come over him? He was no longer the bold, self-confident sorcerer we have known.

Crouching upon knees and chest, with hair disheveled and bloodshot eyes, he could have been seen upon a couch of this inner room, gazing with overwhelming fright at some invisible horror.

Coarse, guttural groans and piteous moans rent the air anon as he strove to shut out some awful scene of creatures from his view. Leaping from the couch, like some gigantic wild beast, he scrambled toward the corner of the room, holding in his hands the while a blood-stained shell which bore the royal insignia of the Maharaja of Kashmir. This demented being presented a ghastly sight, indeed, as he furiously gnashed his teeth, occasionally biting deep into his own flesh until the blood flowed in streams from his self-inflicted wounds, adding even more horror to the scene.

Tantras had just received a note from the Maharaja who was but a short distance up the Nile with a gorgeous and resplendent retinue. This Oriental was coming ostensibly to welcome Psamittichus to the throne of Egypt and to renew the treaty which had existed between his kingdom and that of Amasis.

Yet another and more important cause drew this potentate across the seas to the valley of the Nile.

Relying on the promise of Tantras he had hoped to secretly bear away the lovely Nedoure.

But Tantras had learned of the death of his two attendants, who had tried to abduct the Priestess. Their hideous bodies, with no mark of weapon or bruise, he had consigned to the earth two days before.

The young spy he had managed to introduce into the household of Netros had suddenly sunk in mid-stream when returning after making a report to Tantras. He had seen both boat and spy sink and disappear under his very eyes. Sink with no seeming cause and leave no trace behind!

Nevo-loo, the wicked old priest, had fallen into a swoon that morning, just as he was ready to make the daily offering to the Sun. He recovered to find himself completely paralyzed on one side.

Tantras himself had felt the assault of unseen powers. Even now before him he saw a great Eye whose steady, vengeful gaze pierced him through. Beyond the great Eye stood a fiend holding an hour-glass, and but a few grains were left to run. Tantras, in the repeated failure of his plans to secure the Priestess, for he was now certain that Psamittichus would fail him, and in the terror of the invisible hand that had struck down his agents—a hand that would crush him as the sand of the hour-glass run out—was like a caged beast, wild with terror and insane through his swiftly impending fate. He glanced apprehensively at the door as though expecting an executioner, for even now the cruel and crafty Maharaja was on his way to meet his trusted companion in dark schemes, and if disappointed, as Tantras knew he would be, his revengeful rage would know no bounds.

"It is his life or mine," he muttered. The Eye shot forth an

angrier gleam, the demon chuckled with a leer and held aloft the glass—the last grains were about to fall. A legion of fiends sprang into view and surrounded him as though intent on seizing his cowering form. Approaching footsteps sounded without!

Leaving his princely pleasure boats, constructed under his orders some time before, at Thebes, the designing ruler of Kashmir set forth impatiently on a secret visit to Tantras. As the Sun was sinking behind the Lybian mountains, with but three retainers, he went forth incognito. As he followed the guide his step was firm and elastic, and his eyes glittered with joy as he anticipated the realization of his life's dream. On he went, little dreaming of the store fate held for him.

While the unhappy Tantras raved and shrank from myriads of invisible demons, a familiar signal upon the door recalled for a moment his mad conclusion.

With the cunning of a madman, for such he now was, Tantras, with a diabolical expression upon his face, secreted himself behind the door and bade the visitor enter.

With the bright beam of happy expectancy upon his face, Pundit Sing, Maharaja of Kashmir, rushed into the room in response to the well known voice of his old friend Tantras.

Like some dark, destroying demon, the gigantic maniac threw himself upon the Maharaja, bearing him to the floor. The latter, though greatly surprised, was not frightened and quickly drew himself together and grappled in a deadly struggle with the furious, raging brute.

Wont to test his strength and prowess with wild beasts during his annual hunts in the jungles of India, the Maharaja was no mean opponent. Yet this test was a strange and unequal one,

which must soon have ended in favor of the lunatic on account of his almost superhuman strength.

As soon, however, as the body-guard of the ruler recovered from their shock of surprise, they rushed in, plying their scimitars right and left over the great body of the maniac.

Notwithstanding the terrible wounds inflicted upon him the sorcerer grasped the throat of the Maharaja and clung to him with a fatal tenacity which would have soon crushed out his life had not one of the guards, with a powerful stroke, severed the head of Tantras from his body.

Even then it was with difficulty that the great, sinewy fingers were unlocked from the throat of the unconscious monarch.

While two of the attendants loosened the rich garments and made frantic efforts to resuscitate the Maharaja another ran swiftly to the boats at the riverside for assistance.

The exciting news brought forth the whole retinue to the side of the dying ruler.

The royal physician shook his head as he felt the feeble pulse.

Realizing that the Maharaja was fast sinking, the old physician took from his case a small flask and placed it to the departing man's lips. Its action was that of a powerful stimulant, for in a moment the ruler's eyes opened, and as death often brings intelligence, he calmly surveyed the anxious faces around him until his eyes rested on a corpulent, pleasant, little old man, dressed in a robe of bright yellow. By an almost imperceptible sign it was seen that he desired to speak with him.

As the little monk gravely approached all save the old physician withdrew from the room.

In a short time they were rejoined by the monk, who proved to be our old friend Gobab from the Ouri Monastery. In his hand he bore a package of manuscript which showed the effects of age and wear.

Lifting his hands, as if uttering a benediction, he spoke. His words were brief but important:

“Our master, Pundit Sing, Maharaja of Kashmir, is with us no longer. Peace to his bones.”

CHAPTER THIRTY

Instructions Have Not Changed

When I awoke the next morning my whole being thrilled with the happiness of hope. I felt that with the learned Dalai-Lama as my friend and patron the power and illumination would come to which all other real desires are added. The very presence of this great man created an atmosphere of ease and quiet which impressed all within its charmed circle.

After we had partaken of a light breakfast we were seated on the veranda, when he opened the conversation which interested me most. Continuing in regard to development the Lama began:¹

“Man should first seek to know himself, or, as expressed by the Magi—‘Know Thyself, by Thyself.’

“We exist in a great sea of vitalized fluid, which contains the principle of life. It becomes individualized as it manifests itself in each being.

“The principle of life is itself without beginning and without end, proceeding from the Absolute.

“All bodies are, according to the eternal law of design, most perfectly adapted for the use intended.

“*The law of creation is motion.* Motion produces influence of two kinds—constructive and destructive.

¹ The instructions that followed have not changed. They remain today as in the foretime, and Neophytes are instructed in great detail, to fully prepare them for the Advanced Spiritual Development essential to *Philosophic* Initiation and Occult Mastership.

"From the former proceeds the Cosmos or orderly creation. From the latter, chaos and confusion.

"This, like all universal laws, prevails in the human being.

"The student who understands not the law of vibration and the science of breaths has but little of real occult knowledge.

"The condition of the mind and body, through which such motion or influence passes, determines the character of the influence.

"Influence is communicated by means of vibrations which impress or affect all objects, animal or human life that receives them.

"The clairvoyant eye and clairaudient ear take up the vision and hearing where the external organs leave off.

"There are five avenues through which the vibrating influences pass—the thoughts, the eye, the voice, the touch and the movements of the body. Therefore each avenue must be fully developed if you would attain the highest end.

At this moment we were interrupted by two grave-looking Hindoos who approached and beckoned to the Lama, who at once arose and, with an apology to me, joined them. He conducted them into the house but soon returned and, with his quiet smile, said:

"Hari, Son of Randjid Sing, allow me to salute you as Maharaja of Kashmir!"

After a few moments silence, in which I was too confused for utterance, he continued:

"Pundit Sing, your uncle and usurper of the throne, is dead. I may also say that your old friend and preceptor, Gobab, awaits you on the royal pleasure boat."

My first intention was to refuse the honor thus suddenly thrust upon me, but, guided by the advice of my kind friends, I accepted. Not least among the pleasures of that day was my reunion with old Gobab, who wept with pleasure at our meeting.

As Cambyses had that day entered the city of Sais with his ruthless army of invasion, it was deemed expedient to return at once to Kashmir. While awaiting the embalming of my uncle's body, in the luxuriant apartments of the royal craft, I received a visit from Nedoure. She greeted me gravely and extended congratulations of a doubtful nature, considering my past aspirations.

As she was about to bid me farewell I asked:

"Most learned Nedoure, you have taught me many beautiful truths and explained many of life's mysteries. May I ask how you define love?"

Without prelude she gave me a sweet smile, more to me than a kingdom, and began:

"Love is that attraction which causes us to look forward to the pleasurable attainment of an object. It is the cement by which the whole fabric of the universe is held together. It was the magic inspiration that caused the great work of creation to begin. It is the magnet which propagates all species. Love is a law for angels as well as men and, yea, even the gods are moved by it. Life itself would be darkness without love.

"YET EVERY TRUTH HAS ITS IMITATION. THOSE WHO LACK THIS DIVINE FEELING AND DENY THAT IT IS THE EMOTION THAT IS PART OF GOD, ARE THE "CHAFF" WHICH DOES NOT CONTAIN WITHIN ITSELF THE GERM OF A FUTURE LIFE ON ANY PLANE. THEIR LIFE IS LIMITED TO THIS PLANE AND THE PRESENT PERIOD. MATTER IS DEAD IF IT DOES NOT

CONTAIN BUT THE GERM AND THE SPIRIT OF LIFE BEYOND THE PRESENT.

“You, my dear brother, thought you were destined to become a Magus, and for many years you sought the *Light*. Fate may have decreed otherwise—your time may not have yet come. However, your experience will be of value to you in your present position, exalted before men. The same error which caused you to become one of the Magi may have also caused you to think you love, but the time has not yet come.

“Now, with my blessing and benediction, I leave you. Let your rule in life be, ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.’ That rule will apply to all spheres and you will find none better. Vale.”

IN PASSING

The purpose of the present text has in view the positive inculcation of the Divinely given Laws which, if obeyed, assures the welfare of man in every aspect of his manifold life, and is equally positive in the assertion that every dormant capability, both physical and Spiritual, can be developed to the fullest extent by those who are truly interested in obtaining all that is good in life and within the Law.

The various terms used so frequently throughout the text, such as the *Arcane Science*, *Philosophic Initiation* are frequently used interchangeably and have reference to the *means*, the *method*, the *way* to the attainment of Soul Consciousness, Illumination, Mastership and finally *become* the "selected," or "accepted."

To the many interested in the more advanced studies of the *Arcane* as taught in the *Great Work*, the opportunity is offered them to obtain *gratis* several Monographs: *The Secret Schools*, having for its subject the Authentic Rosicrucians, or *Fraternatis Rosae Crucis*, their work of instructions and guidance, and *The Confederation of Initiates*, devoted to the Æth Priesthood and Priests of Melchizadek. These Monographs provide a means of contact by the sincere seeker with those capable of directing him along the Path of Attainment.

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