

dramatically, to recognise the right from the wrong impulse. Twice I was tempted to obey an impulse which made it possible for me to produce a rather exciting magical effect. The second time I lost consciousness and felt very ill. The third time I stopped instantly, recognizing the difference between the spiritual and the material; and though I was tested at intervals, I always knew. That occurred when I was doing the old ceremonies; and I was very grateful for the severity of the test. For, of course, I should have been of no use if I could not distinguish between the real and the false.

That is the danger of trance mediumship: when you allow yourself to relinquish and someone else to make use of your consciousness you can have no guarantee of who is going to make that use of you.

I am not sentimental about the conditions of the 'next' world: I am intensely interested in them; but, for all of us, it is this world that matters. It is our 'job' to understand the marvellous powers lying dormant in humanity. All that I have been taught is for the purpose of making us better citizens here, for raising the level of the human race—the development of the Soul and the Body. To do that I had to start at the very beginning; and I consciously went through the mystic ceremonies of the earliest civilizations, right on to the Christian initiation, and the transmuting principle of life.

Of all the great initiates, HE is the only One Who demonstrated to an incredulous world that there is no death.

He transmuted His Body and He consciously knew how to do it. The facts have survived two thousand years. The Faith has been kept alive. The Knowledge has scarcely yet been tapped.

## THE WORSHIP OF LIGHT

Lecture given on January 26th, 1933.

ALL the knowledge that I have accumulated of the worship of exterior Light I have received through the psychometrizing of stones standing on ancient sites, such as Avebury, Stonehenge, and stone circles on Dartmoor and in different parts of Devonshire. Other strange worships I have come across in Brittany and Yorkshire; but I want, this evening, to concentrate on the worship of the Sun, the Moon and the Stars.

It all started by my handling a tiny little stone figure, put into my hands by a friend with whom I was lunching. This friend has travelled all over the world, in the remote places of the earth, and she told me that this tiny figure had been given to her by an archaeologist in Mexico who had told her that he knew it to be so old as to be ageless from the historical point of view. She gave it to me to hold, asking if I could get anything out of it.

I held it, and almost at once I was in a vast underground cave, not dark, but with an iridescent metallic light coming from the walls. The cave was as light as daylight, but the emanation from the walls was of a totally different substance of light from any kind that I knew, so I called it metallic light. Then I saw that there were people and that they had large square heads, and were very short of stature. Their eyes seemed to give out light, in the same way that a dog's or cat's eyes shine in the dark. Then, quite suddenly, I knew that the Sun was their Devil. They were terrified

of the power of the Sun. If exposed to its rays they would die. The only time they ever went above the ground was when the Moon was visible. The Moon was terrible, but she was also beneficent. The Sun was evil incarnate and meant instant destruction.

I was so enthralled in what I saw that I look back on that little figure as my first real travelling companion. My body has never been outside Europe in this incarnation, but my mind has been taken on the most wonderful journeys.

It was the result of that trip to Mexico that brought me into contact with a friend of the owner who was so intensely interested in archaeology and had a special theory of his own of the alignment of ancient sites. He hoped that I might be of assistance in substantiating his theory. Wonderful, indeed, is the working of destiny. Hot on the trail of his own theories, he took me to these ancient sites, accompanied by the owner of the little figure; took me to the very places that I had to go to, where, hidden in these fragments of ageless stone, lay the records of man's contact with God.

On our first expedition we went to Stonehenge and Avebury. Every impression that I got through has been fully recorded. Avebury belongs to a very ancient civilization. I refuse to postulate any period as Atlantean, or pre- or post-Atlantean. I only know things as they are, not where they occur in the division of allotted periods of time.

The race of people who built Avebury did not build it on any constructional plan known to us within that period of time we call History. It came through that that they built—in those days—stone replicas of living objects, and Avebury was constructed in the form of a serpent. The entrances were guarded by two rearing

snake-heads, and I knew that the curve of the body of the snake formed the circles of the inner temples. I sensed that it was a very holy place. All that has happened since the destruction by time, and circumstance has not defiled that first pure worship of Light—the Trinity of the heavens, the Father Sun, the Mother Moon, and their starry offspring. I have been to many places where that sense of defilement and desecration is very strong, but I have been to no place where that sense of pure holiness is as strong, as vital, as I most unexpectedly found it to be at Avebury.

Then came Stonehenge. The fundamental basis of the worship there was the Sun, and a definite placating of the Moon. The strength and purity of the worship at Avebury was their knowledge of the force and harmony of Light. This was marred, as it seemed to me, by the Stonehenge fear of the Moon. They seemed ignorant, there, of the law that governs the impingement on matter of the rays of the Moon. Ignorance is the parent of Fear. They concentrated on the force of the Sun. They also understood acoustics in a way that modern science has not yet touched again.

There was a certain stone there, and, when I put my hands on it I was immediately in a niche, almost a small room, alone, with a great semi-circular stone archway on each side of me, and I knew that exactly opposite to me at the end of one semi-circle, and the beginning of another, was the High Priest, or Oracle. I know that I was the Voice of the People, and that, on a sacred breath, I sent through the stone passage the request, and the answer was sent back to me along the opposite curve. The sound was no louder than a sigh. And then another stone that I touched gave me a knowledge of the science of balance. Perfect proportions

can be perfectly balanced. I got a system of dovetailing great blocks of stone for the roof, each resting in perfect symmetry on the other. There have been a great many theories as to the original construction of Stonehenge. To me it seems quite outside the capacities of architects or archaeologists to speculate on that construction until we know why it was necessary to build it at all. They did not erect buildings in those days for the protection of the race against the elements, as men do now; houses to keep out the wind, rain, and cold; and for our animals, stables and farm buildings. In those days, acoons before the Christian era, they built to co-operate with the elements. They not only worshipped the Light, but they knew how to draw the rays of the Sun into their very being. They did not just worship with their minds. Their ritual included the knowledge of how to draw into their bodies the creative energy of the Sun Force.

I came across the same thing in Devonshire; at a place called Drewsteington, the remains of one of the most wonderful centres of Initiation in the West. So little of it is left, but that little is alive, a vital record of a wonderful past race who lived, loved and learnt the mysteries of life with an energy and passionate vitality of which I can give you only the faintest idea. Their religion was not remote, the worship of a glowing disk, so far from the earth, so inaccessible to humanity. They knew their God. They became part of Him.

Those of you who know Dartmoor know well the multitude of stone Circles scattered all over the Moor. I was taken to one that gave me the key. It had never remotely entered my mind before that there could be any scheme of construction that united them. Here I got a

picture of a little stone temple built in the shape of a star—a special star—and the temple would only be used when that star was at its zenith. It was not used just to worship its brightness, but was a little storing house of stellar force.

It came through to me so strongly that the heavenly bodies, the planets, the various constellations, and even the comets, were reproduced in stone on Dartmoor, Salisbury Plain, and possibly other open places where I have not been. To-day there is a general idea, but very scanty knowledge, of stellar influences at birth. We all know that horoscopes are occasionally very accurately cast. The influence of individual stars on physical conditions was a science in those days, a divine mystery into which priests were initiated. The place of Initiation in the West was Drewsteington; a vast, a marvellous, University, where the mysteries of the laws of life were taught and lived.

There was a co-ordination of sound signals and worship all over the moors and plains. I tapped one receiving station, but it was a cold, wet day, and it seemed so complicated that I did not go fully into it. There was something missing; but the sound seemed to come in on a spiral, and go hissing up in a rocket-shaped sound. I think that the shapes that sounds make in the air were known and exploited in the Stone Age. The knowledge of stone was an exact science. There is a vast stone Circle in a huge field at a place called Stanton Drew, where I was taken, hoping that I might substantiate a theory formed as to the original construction of the place.

With my eyes shut I quite clearly and in detail saw a tall stone building, far larger and higher than Olympia, but of oval shape and domed roof. At one end was a

raised part, and on it was a huge block of stone. I knew it was the interior of a great masonic University. On the raised part stood the Master-mason, demonstrating to the apprentices below the basic principles of stonemasonry. At the other end of the hall was another huge block of stone, and there were a number of men striking it with stone implements. The Master-mason was directing their blows as a conductor controls an orchestra. With every ringing blow on the lower block I saw the one on the platform quiver and move, until it moved into the required position. And then I knew that the Master-mason was a scientist in stone. He knew the substance of it, the laws that governed it, those of attraction and those of repulsion.

I realised that vast blocks were as easy to move as the smaller ones were; that it did not depend on muscle or on machinery, but on the natural law of sound, which, when understood by man, can move material mountains and control the elements.

These ancient people lived on a co-operative basis with the laws of their world. Of the intervening stages, when, little by little, the exact science got carelessly handled, inaccurately passed on; when, to get the needed result spurious methods were introduced; of that period I know nothing.

In all the work that I have done I have only been able (or allowed) to pick up the basic principle of construction. These ancient people were true scientists, and true worshippers of Light. I got a feeling that theirs was an universal knowledge, and that when I go East I shall pick up again that knowledge of Oneness, that sharing of substance, that man had—in those days—with his Creator.

To-day, all over the world, we approach God on

wave-lengths of sound. We pray with words, the reiteration of words, but we have not yet the universal knowledge of how to make ourselves one in unity of substance with God, Who is Light, Light of Light, the Essence of Light, the absence of all darkness. In darkness lurks fear, ignorance, bondage.

Fascinating as it was to tap these ancient mysteries, there was in my mind no longing to return or to dwell on them; or to utilize again those formulæ for increased physical vigour. For, at the same time, I was being taught the reality of the power of that Light which can function in one's Spirit.

Man is composed of two irreconcilable substances—Light and Matter. I was being taught through psycho-metry that the law of life which governs the material world is the action of Light on matter. If the rays of the Sun and of the Moon and of the Stars had had no focusing point in this world; if there had been no substance to attract Light, then there would have been no life as we know it on this planet, at all.

In the same way I was being made to understand that the life of the Spirit is Light, the food of the Spirit is Light, that all revelation comes through the agency of Inner Light—not as a symbol, for it is as much a faculty as the action of the infra-red rays; that the law of Light, working through the spirit of man, sets in motion the law of transmutation.

It was the knowledge of the working of this law that Jesus the Christ, incarnated to give to the world. He had it demonstrated it, fulfilled it. He did not just talk about it. He was the Law made flesh; Light incarnate in matter.

Every day, now, in the newspapers we read of some fantastic revelation of the power of Light, and of its

infinite capacities. What our generation owes to exterior light—to gas, to electric light, the elimination of darkness—is hard, perhaps, for us fully to appreciate. We take it so much for granted, until, by some accident, we are deprived of its use. I suppose that it is equally impossible to estimate the spiritual darkness of the world until the Christ came, to give every individual the knowledge of how to make a direct contact with the Divine Source of Light, the Father. He Himself knew how to make that contact; knew how to make Himself a focusing point. He was able to demonstrate the infinite power of Light operating through the human mind. He put into action the law of transmutation, He changed the substance of man's flesh, in the flash of a second, from a condition of disease to that of perfect health; He changed the substance of water into that of wine; He controlled the elements.

I have been taught that the 'next' world is composed of compressed Light—at least, that is the nearest description that I can give of it. Our bodies over there are also a composition of Light. Colour is a fundamental principle of Light; therefore, it is a radiant place in which to find oneself.

Light is the common denominator of these two worlds. Matter belongs to this world alone, and has no power in itself to change its condition. Light can transmute matter, changing its substance. In matter lies the process of decay, in Light there is no decay. Exterior Light works in conjunction with heat. Inner and spiritual Light has no heat; it works independently of the body; its direct action is on the mind.

One's mind should control one's body. Therefore, if one's mind can make a conscious contact with Divine Light, and if one learns how to make one's spirit a

focusing point, then we, through our hands, our mouths, our whole beings, can demonstrate again the law of transmutation, as it was done two thousand years ago, and as it was promised it should be done again even with greater power and force. The facilities for understanding the power of Light are infinitely greater in these days than they were when He gave His teaching to the Twelve.

To gain knowledge of Light must ever be a voluntary accomplishment. There are two methods of teaching—one, by fear, compulsion; and one by Love, attraction. Knowledge of Light eliminates fear. It is the only process by which one can transmute fear into fearlessness; doubt into certainty; faith into knowledge; and strife into peace. This is not rhetoric—it is real: as real as the light is in a room.

I was told how it could become real for me, and for all human beings who want that reality for themselves. Inner Light can only make a conscious contact with the human mind. It is the exact opposite of the functions of the body, which are mostly unconscious. We feed our bodies, and are quite unaware (most of us) of the properties, creative or destructive, of the nourishment we give them. We take what we like the taste of, and that is when we can, the things we dislike; that is the true principle of adult consumption of food.

We cannot unconsciously make a contact with Light, we can confuse it with any other human sensation. It cannot control it. It is stronger than any degree of our imagination; and when we are learning about it, it gives outside the scope of our comprehension. It is the power that enlarges our vision; develops our faculties; dissolves our limitations.

Light is the substance of our spirit as flesh is the

substance of our bodies. If we desire to acquire perfect equilibrium, we must know how to feed our spirits. On the enlightenment of the mind depends the health of the body. The reconciling of the opposite elements in man—spirit and flesh—is accomplished through the agency of Light, through this law of the transmutation of substance. The substance of our egoism is pride, greed, hate, self-will, indifference, frustration, bitterness, every attribute of decay.

All the love in the world cannot change the substance of our spirits in spite of ourselves. Love can show us the way; it can prove that it can be done, but it cannot do it for us. That is why the knowledge of conscious development cannot be forced on anyone. The method by which we can develop our conscious understanding, so that our spirits can make a direct contact through Love and Light with all spirits who dwell in the world of Light, cannot be printed and published, and given to all and sundry; but it must and can be given to all who desire it.

For there is a method by which we may obtain the secret Bread of Life; this knowledge, not only of praying to our God, but of knowing how to draw His substance into our beings, that our spirits shall be as much a part of His Spirit as our bodies are part of our parents; part of His very Substance, Sons of God, Children of Light.

The power to make a contact with that ancient worship of Light, this gift of psychometry is one result of the conscious training. Quite possibly it was a dormant quality, but one that would never have had a vital existence if my mind had not been consciously developed. Light can only make contact with Light. Once that contact is made, a gradual process is started; all the

dormant qualities are slowly stirred, and one becomes conscious of capacities of which, hitherto, one had been completely unaware. And so it continues until, the training accomplished, the power of manifestation should reveal itself, not in any predetermined way, but according to our capacity.

To make a contact with light, one has to start visualising it; the whole process is the gradual expanding of our powers of visualisation. You cannot imagine it if it is not there. Sometimes a vision is flashed on to the mind, and one begins to see with the inner eye. Something that has been puzzling is suddenly made clear; and so the teaching in Light starts. It is not just a thinking way; it is also a living way. It must come first. It must be one's whole desire, the pearl of great price, if one wants not only to worship, but to be, the Light.

I would like to pass on to you a vision that I had not so very long ago. It happened on one dreary afternoon in early winter. It was in London, and it was raining. I turned away from the window and the room seemed quite dark. I shut my eyes, and suddenly I saw a great Ray of Light shining down from Infinity on to two worlds—the one on my right higher, and on a different level from the one on my left. The higher one seemed to be a plane of pure incandescent light, and I saw it was branching all the strands that came from the great shining White Ray, and it was of a pale golden colour.

Then I looked at the other world, which I saw was quite dark, and yet the White Ray was blazing down on it with the same strength. And I saw on top and rising from this world was a soft, dark, impalpable substance, a mist which the Light could not penetrate. Then, as I continued to look, I saw a comet of Light flash from the Ray, strike right through the blanket of fog, and

reach the Earth. I knew that it was the Christ, the Master of Light, detaching Himself from the Ray of purest Light, the quality of which I have no words to express, penetrating through this substance which resisted the Ray. I also knew that the darkness of the world had nothing to do with the lack of exterior Light, the Sun; but lack of this White, heat-less Light, so vivid, so brilliant, that one's shut eyes flinched away from it.

And then as I continued to look, I saw tiny little lights spring up on the earth quite far apart, and tiny trickles of light run along the ground, joining light to light; and then I saw that these lights had minute thin filaments that penetrated through the dark vapour, and were merged in the Great Ray. And I saw that the dark blanket was not a fog lying on the top of the world, as I had supposed; but an impalpable substance, rising from the earth and coming out of the heads of the people in the world, accumulating and forming this substance that resisted the Ray.

I think I was rather stunned when that vision faded when the full import of this world's possibilities dawned on me, and I realised that it could only be achieved by individual effort.

In my youth I had longed to die young, to be rid of these frightening limitations of Time and Space; and of my sense of utter frustration. Now I am just beginning to live; to realise that it is in our humanity that we must find the key to Life; that, until we find it here, we must of necessity return again, and again, and again. Think of this world when every single soul in it consciously knows whence he came and whither he is going; when he realises that he is the entire master of his fate; that there is no circumstance of life that his spirit, co-operating with the Law of Light, cannot transcend.

Darkness, Evil, Fear, Hallucination, is only the absence of Light. Where Light is they have no power whatsoever.

Light makes no contact with darkness, or darkness with Light. Therefore, if the light is in you, you need fear no evil; it cannot touch you. Evil makes a ready contact with unconsciousness; it can always take a person unawares. Where there is fear you may be sure there is always a darkness of mind. Where there is Light there can be no fear.

It is only possible to give the merest outline of the experiences of these last years; what I have left out would fill a volume. It has been like putting together a very intricate jig-saw puzzle. Tiny fragments were handed to me, and I had to put them on one side, because their shape did not fit in with anything that had been given me before. Slowly the pieces accumulated, and there was nothing that I could do about it, for I knew that the pieces were alive, and that they were growing together; but even then I did not know whether there was a real picture, or just a jumble of pieces until these last few months, when the outline was suddenly made clear to me, and I knew that it was a Key.