

## SMILING THRU'

### Short Story.

Eyes, lips, soulmates, lawyers, head-lines. Repeat.

Said the small boy: "My maw and paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry paw when he was drunk and paw wouldn't marry maw when he was sober."—*De Paw Yellow Crab.*

### Three of a Kind.

Two persons were disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."

### Proof.

"From these bumps," said the phrenologist, "I can see that you are very quarrelsome."

"Me quarrelsome? Me quarrelsome? Say that again and I'll kill you!"—*Tid Bits.*

### A Christian.

County Court Judge (to a very talkative woman witness): "Stop, my good woman! You are wasting the time of the Court. More than half of what you have said is totally irrelevant."

Witness: "Well, I do declare! That's a nice thing, and here I've been a regular church-goer for years and years!"—*Tid Bits.*

### Cold Facts.

Leonard was in the habit of swearing when anything did not please him. One day the minister heard him and said:—

"Leonard, don't you know you must not swear. It is naughty of you to do so. Why, every time I hear you swear a cold chill runs down my back."

"That's nothing," said Leonard. "If you'd been at my house the other day when my dad caught his nose in the clothes wringer, you'd have froze to death."—*Tid Bits.*

### Time To Stop.

"It is high time," said the reformer, "that we had a moral awakening. Let us arise in our might. Let us gird our loins. Let us take off our coats. Let us bare our arms. Let us—"

"Hold on, now!" exclaimed a tall, thin woman near the platform. "If this is to be a moral awakening, don't you dare to take off another thing!"

### Only An Ad.

Six-year-old Dorothy heard more or less shop talk at home, her parents being in the advertising business. Last Sunday she brought home a text from Sunday-school. Her mother, seeing something in her hand, asked what it was. Dorothy replied, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "Oh! only an ad. about Heaven."—*Tid Bits.*

## PARZIVAL (Continued from page 14)

quality of STILLNESS, the ACTIVITY is in reality SO INTENSE that it appears to CEASE. But the resultant Rapture is in that case more refined and consequently more Powerful than in the lower and grosser forms. Herein is the Peace which passeth all understanding. Kundry may be said to have so far sought Rest below the Vibration of the RED RAY, while Parzival has found it beyond that of the ULTRA-VIOLET.

And so, when later, Kundry uses all her charms to tempt Parzival, she fails. Her embrace awakens the vibration of the RED RAY in the heart of Parzival and in this he recognizes, sympathetically, the cause of the wound of Amfortas and wherein the latter had failed. For Amfortas had been content to accept something LESS than was his DUE, a vibration lower than the one to which his being was capable of responding.

Once the string of the Instrument or of the Bow has been slackened, its power is reduced; once the WILL has become the 'will' it needs re-tuning to the Divine or Higher Vibration, but it cannot thus re-tune itself once self-will has usurped the place of SELF-WILL.

In that case the Holy Spear of Will and Wisdom has been replaced by the Sword of Reason. This Sword is both useful and necessary until man has obtained possession of the Holy Spear or become conscious of his true Purpose. (Just as Reason is necessary until we attain to Wisdom and Understanding whereby the Truth is directly perceived without the necessity of inference and deduction) but once the higher faculties have been acquired and the Higher Will recognized as the true guiding Power of our lives, our Purpose must be kept pure and unsullied.

This Mystery is made clear in Liber Al vel Legis:

"Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.

Do that, and no other shall say nay. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!"

So we may come to understand how the Perfect Cup and the Perfect Spear—Pure Understanding and Wisdom—are one; nay, are none since all "knowledge" is cancelled out in Perfect Ecstasy.

Parzival yields not to the glamour of time and circumstance for he seeks the Eternal Reality, the everpresent Here and Now. The chance of a brief reflection of ecstasy on the physical plane does not deter him from his Quest for that which is CONTINUOUS as the Body of Our Lady Nuit or the Stars of Heaven. But, meanwhile, since he has left behind him—in the Temple of the Grail—the true Chalice of Ecstasy, his first duty is to seek the Holy Spear, the means whereby alone it may be vivified and enlightened.

Under the influence of Kundry he obtains a glimpse of his true purpose, the mission of Redeemer. Having realized the cause of the wound of Amfortas he determines to seek and obtain the means whereby it may be cured. Nor is he to be turned aside from this deed of compassion for in vain does Kundry question:

And was it my kiss  
This great knowledge conveyed thee?

If in my arms I might take thee,  
'T would then a god surely make thee.

Redeem the world then, if 'tis thy aim:  
Stand as a god revealed;

For this hour let me perish in flame,  
Leave aye the wound unhealed.

But Parzival is determined that he will first heal the wound of Amfortas—King of the Grail—and he offers Kundry redemption at the price of her showing him the way back to the Castle of the Grail.

This would perhaps have seemed the reasonable course for Kundry to pursue. But the Task of Parzival, by the proper performance of which he may become MASTER OF THE TEMPLE, is not thus easy of accomplishment.

He must, in fact, on his return to the Temple bring with him the NEOPHYTE in his hand. He must have proved his power to Raise the Fallen Daughter—or Animal Soul—to the Throne of the Mother—Understanding. It is his task to lead Kundry to the Mountain of Salvation, not hers to show him the way.

Besides, he has not yet obtained the means of curing the wound of Amfortas. Mere compassion for his anguish, mere realization of the cause of the trouble is not enough. Had he returned at this juncture his mission would have been a failure.

But Kundry—womanlike—does not pursue the reasonable course, and in the end her intuition produces the finer flowering. Yet she is not conscious of this for the intuition is clouded in her mind by her emotional nature. She is aware that she has been flouted, that her charms have failed to seduce Parzival from the sacred mysteries; as she has seduced Amfortas. For Parzival has told her:

### Eternally

Should I be damned with thee,

If for one hour

I forgot my holy mission,  
Within thy arm's embracing!

Nor could her appeal to his pity (though in truth was he "By Pity lightened") turn him aside from his larger purpose; even when this appeal was coupled with the promise that he should straightway see the Path to the Grail if he lingered but an hour.

Desperate, Kundry cries:

"Begone, detestable wretch"  
and calling upon Klingsor (the only Master Will she knows) to avenge her wrong, she at the same time curses Parzival and all the Paths wherein he might travel, should they lead away from her.

And here the intuition that she is really necessary to his Attainment actually brings about the next step towards the end, by strange means. Parzival needs above all to realize the Nature of his True Will. And Klingsor has at this moment appeared upon the Castle wall; the Damselfs rushing out of the Castle hasten toward Kundry, while Klingsor—poising a lance—cries:

Halt there! I'll ban thee with befitting gear:

The Fool shall perish by his Master's spear!

All else having failed, Klingsor makes use of the Sacred Spear itself. He buries his WILL at Parzival, who, being perfectly receptive to the Higher Power (no matter what the agency used to bring it to him) receives the Spear, not in his heart, but in his hand. For—as in the case of the Higher WILL at the time of the opening of the 1001 petalled Lotus, the Real Flower of the Garden—it is seen gently floating above his head, within his reach and power to grasp.

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