

THE NEW MYSTICISM.

BY GUY BOGART.

“An American correspondent going home from the field in Europe ‘the long way around,’ met an old Persian Master on the road to Damascus. With the sage was his nearest disciple, also a Persian; in fact the young man was so loved that he had been changed from discipleship to sonship. This young Persian became very devoted to the American. They stood together for a moment in silence, when the time for parting came. The old Master drew near and said:

“It is good to see you place your hands together. To me it is a symbol of the marriage of the East and the West, for the East and West must mate. Long ago the East went up to God and the West went down to men. The East has learned Vision and the West has learned Action. These two must meet and mate again for the glory of God and the splendor of earth. The East has lifted its soul to the hills and held fast to its memory of the Father’s House. The West has descended into the folds of the valley, and won from agony and isolation its efficacy in material things. And now the mystic is looking down and the materialist is looking up. Soon their hands shall join—like your two hands in mine—and there shall be great joy in the Father’s House.”

—Will Levington Comfort in *The Hive*.

“’Tis a mystery why the mist wraiths
Veil vistaed views, sometimes,
Or moods send heart mad discords
Athwart bell clarioned chimes.

“But mists must melt with magic
Of sun-glad, gleaming light,
And rudest noise yield music,
To hearts, low-tuned aright.”

—Dr. G. Henri Bogart.

In spite of the old truism that there is nothing new under the sun, we hear much of the new world, the new race, the new state—

everything new. Truth is eternal, without beginning or ending, but its rephrasing in the light of changing human understanding is essential. And so the new mysticism.

If new 'tis news,
 'Tis news to the pews,
 But to him who hews
 And to you if you choose
 'Tis easy to use.

New? Yes, to those of the office and shop and mill. To most of those who tread the great highway of life engrossed in business this new mysticism (or the old mysticism) is the "unknown God" to which they are unconsciously turning in yearning worship. The spiral cycles the races have progressed have included much that is seemingly lost, and we need not worry about what has gone before in the world. There are needs to be met to-day, and there is material to meet these needs. The means of bridging the gap is the new element.

There are ever hunger cries in the cities, and grains and fruits on the distant farms. Transportation is the connecting link. There is a need (or a supposed need) for coin and jewels: while distant lands are rich in minerals and gems. Commercialism and the spirit of adventure satisfy the cravings of those in the crowded centers for the baubles and the necessities alike.

There is, moreover, a spiritual hunger for something more satisfying than has been taught to the majority of the race in the name of religions during the past thousands of years. But there is never a human need without a source of supply. The mountains and high plateaus of the world hold something more precious than gold and gems. There is the spiritual food for lack of which the world is starving.

The "new" element in mysticism is to transfer this mountain-top understanding to the plains. We would not transport a gold mine to New York City, nor would we take the ancient wisdom to all humanity. But there is much of occult knowledge for which the masses are prepared and the new mysticism would carry these facts to all who are crying for them.

There will be new foods in this spiritual diet which even those who hunger for will not at first like. Those whose systems are deranged by years of unnatural foods do not take kindly to wholesome food of a physical nature. The children of the dead end when brought into the school restaurants have so long fed on pickles that

bread or milk throws them into violent sickness. No more will those, in many cases, long accustomed to the spiritual malnutritious adulterations, be able to assimilate a full spiritual diet without difficulty. But the starving souls will accept the new food because they realize instinctively that it is the source of renewed life and strength.

The world is bankrupt and civilization ready for the scrapheap. From the ruins comes the bright flower of mysticism, which has blossomed thru all the ages, but found scant place for development in western materialism. Now that this western materialism has fallen, drenched in blood, amid the din of cannon; and the golden dream of money kings has turned to the nightmare of disillusionment, the lovely flower of mysticism springs up to cover the ugly scar that civilization has left upon the body of nature. From the mountain plateaus and sheltered ravines the seeds of truth are finding lodgement in the plains and valleys long usurped by the ranker growth of commercialism.

Scoffers there will yet be, though the world in general is turning to an acceptance of some of the demonstrated truths of mysticism. The many will not penetrate to the esoteric understanding of life. The brightness of that light is not for them—that is perhaps the task of some far-distant future “new mysticism.” The rays from the light, however, travel far and in the faintest glow there is healing power and comforting assurance.

“Prove these things” is the constant challenge of the world. My answer is “live them.” The world says, “we do not believe in metaphysics.” Neither do I, and the new mysticism has nothing to do with any such philosophy. Mysticism is the safe course between the Scylla of materialism and the Charybdis of metaphysics. We learn not to become extremists in either direction. A balancing of Eastern mysticism and of Western commercialism and materialism is the heart of the new spiritual urge.

The new mysticism is not found in a life lived apart from our fellows, but by alternating mountain-top meditations and quick-throbbing man-to-man contact on the highways of life and in the market place.

We read much of the life hid with Christ in God. That does not mean a hiding of the body. Many of the early and middle age Christians hid away from the populace as hermits or in monasteries. They did much good—and much harm—for themselves. They accomplished deeds of worth for the world, there can be no question of that. Other religions, too, have sent their votaries into seclusion

and separation. For the masses—for people like you and me—neither society nor the individual needs such a hiding from the world to-day (if they ever did, but there is no use bothering about the past.)

Here I may remark that the Masters know their own work best and it is probably well in exceptional cases, for special purposes, to take an individual or group of individuals apart from the general populace and separate them for rigid preparation in mystic service. We need not enter this phase of mysticism. My message is for a popular presentation of some of the most elementary questions and for a harmonizing of all the various elements, spiritual, economic and otherwise, for a unified meeting of the challenge of life. The new mysticism deals with spiritual discernment of the people.

“Hid with Christ,” to return to the topic. But Christ lived among the men of the street; it was they who needed his message, then as now. He fasted alone in the wilderness and took his select chelas to the Mount of the Sermon; He agonized alone in the Garden—but He died between two thieves from the proletariat and was wept over by a redeemed woman from the street. “Hid with Christ” means hidden from the miasma of fear—and hundreds of other meanings as well. If we would be hid with Christ (and of course I mean the mystic Christ) we will find Him revealed in ourselves, the final realization when we are in very truth Christ-principle. This standard is lived in the temple, on the street corner, wherever social life throws men and women into common haunts.

I may well pause just a moment to explain the meanings of the mystic Christ. Many volumes may be found for those further interested in the subject. From a little volume (*Gems of Mysticism*) I select these explanatory paragraphs:

“The mystic Christ is not a personality, but a Divine Essence. It is a spiritual emanation from the Godhead, the Son of God or the Godhead in its creative aspect; that Mystic Power or Principle which fructifies and animates all manifestations of life. It is the Divine Creative Force, a great stream of life-giving, creative essence which manifests in all things on all planes as the animating Principle of the One Life.

.

“The Christ-force, therefore, is the animating Power back of all life and evolution—physical, mental, psychic, spiritual. In Nature it is the unquenchable urge toward perfection which adapts the organism to its environment. Among men it is the divine urge

toward union with God; the effort to 'bring the divine within them into harmony with the divine in the universe.'"

We must distinguish clearly between the Christprinciple and the personality of the man Jesus "who manifested an individualization of this force to a superlative degree."

My own search in this life-span began with early recollections back to about my sixth year. The thirty years since that time have enabled me just to begin to get my feet fairly well on the outer path across which play the shadowy reflections of the light ahead. I am rushing to the world from year to year with my partly-understood realization, like the apostle who rushed from the presence of the Master to seek his brother with the glad cry, "I have found the Christ."

In school, college, pulpit, factory and mill, directing construction gangs, in offices, and in the soul-exhausting grind of the newspaper game my soul growth has been among men. But there have been many rebellious moments when I have turned my back on my mission to the world and have pined with a terrible longing to quit and just "enjoy" a life of seeking apart from men, in some secluded corner of the earth. But all the while, even as I yearned to get away from the mad rush—to live more or less the life of a recluse, to hide within the cloister—as I have hungered for the quiet of the temple cell as in past lives—still, something within has urged me ever to the heart of action, to taking up the banner for the under dog, to bear aloft the torch of light as I understood it. All this, because the urge of the new mysticism was the driving power of my life from infancy, even though not at first understood.

Much time was spent in chasing will-o'-the-wisps of organizations which I pointed out to my audiences by oration and pen as the light of the world. But all the while the real light kept shining in my soul, even as it is in your own. Finally, I looked within and found the way led from within outward. Gradually my desire to leave the busy marts of trade became less urgent. They have not died out—there are too many reincarnations of the temple behind me. I still love the meditations of the study and the forest, but my social consciousness drives me relentlessly into the thick of the battle.

The same urge led me to seek a far goal as a propagandist of all beauty, to coordinate the best in all groups of seekers; not to unite them in organization but in purpose and tolerance—to be an inter-group messenger. In the years that I have been giving this service, the light has broken more and more clearly for me. Teachers

have come into my life and guided me along the way. So, some day soon will come to the race the Master.

He comes!
 The Master, to redeem the world.
 Long ages have we waited for his coming,
 Weary centuries of warfare and strife;
 But mankind was not ready for the coming
 Of the new Master
 Until, purged by bloodshed and weakness,
 The vaunted institutions and learning
 Have demonstrated the limitation of things material.
 Now is man ready to turn once again
 A yearning heart to God.
 My ego hath worked through karma
 Until, purged, the light breaks forth anew
 Upon my inner mind.
 I see myself in priestly robes
 And dimly sense the other days
 When in temple service my lives were spent.
 Memories of those incarnations broke upon my childhood
 And sanctified my early years.
 To the priesthood of orthodoxy was I called,
 Only to find how through organization
 And alliance with worldly forces of greed and exploitation
 The church had failed of Christ's great mission.
 Sadly I turned from the altar, abandoning the pulpit.
 In mazes of materialism I sought solace
 And satisfaction where these were not.
 The lesson learned, inward turned my search.
 Through mysticism learned I the pathway rare
 And discovered my true mission of service.
 A propagandist I became of everything Beautiful,
 For beauty is of God;
 And lo! I found naught but beauty in the universe
 Albeit hidden oft by man's wrong thoughts,
 And love of power and profits.
 In California's sunny land,
 Cradle of the new race,
 I found souls with whom my comrade wife and I
 In other lives had served.
 Here we work and wait together
 For the coming of the Master,
 Humanity's greatest teacher of all the ages,
 Who alone has power and wisdom
 To guide the race
 Into the glories of the New World.

Perhaps there are some who will still find their mission in the seclusion of meditation apart from their fellows. For these I have

no word of censure. The ways to Attainment are many. I do think, however, that for far the greater majority the life of balanced meditation and action is the course that will bring realization. Most of us lack the opportunity to live our lives otherwise, no matter how urgent the appeal; and it is well that it is so, in so far as we are compelled to work out our adjustment on the natural plane of fellowship.

Often I seek what I have called my council tree. It is a big eucalyptus, close to a busy switching yard of the largest western railroad, with one of Southern California's main highways also, close at hand—switch engines, through trains, street cars, hundreds of automobiles, the busy march of crowds on the sidewalk. I shut my eyes and the hum blends into the sound of a mighty waterfall. But no difference—waterfall or the hum of traffic—both are manifestations of God working through varying instrumentalities and are equally beautiful to me. Here I can meditate for a moment—seldom more than five or ten minutes—but how frequently the mountain-top experience of the day has here taken place, giving courage and strength for the rough places of the day's journey.

It was under my council tree, as I sat before coming to my study as I write to-day on this chapter, that my brother Karl came to me from the spirit world with the following message:

"Do you want my opinion as a dweller in the spirit world about your new mysticism? It is just this—that you keep your writing in the elementary stages, for the time being at any rate, I understand perfectly well that you see beyond the primary steps and it is good of you to turn back to adapt your knowledge to the masses of people who haven't considered this matter seriously.

"The mysticism which will help the world the most is that which gets the attention of the general run of humanity. Even I, who have been eighteen years in spirit land know next to nothing about the bigger aspects of mysticism. But there is much of advantageous nature in the elementary steps of occultism that a quickening of thought along that line will develop many for the farther reaches of mysticism.

"The new mysticism will reach far into the deeper realms of spiritual adventure; it will also travel much the simpler highways of ordinary living. Help the boys over here by awakening their parents and friends. Interworld communication is such a simple link in the bigger plans of mysticism as you understand it—but as one who is working hard to help in simple ways, I plead with you to go into the market places and shout the message that the dead

are yet living. I am active—just came from my flower-garden to hold this talk with you. (Can't you smell the exquisite odors of our flowers?)

"That is all the plea I wanted to make, Guy. The new mysticism must not neglect the millions who came over here recently through war and disease."

I am not calling upon you to come out of your religions—just read a little more into them. You can function anywhere if you learn the meaning of the new mysticism. Let us get this matter straight. Let society serve the individual. Don't bow to symbols. The old Atlanteans and the more modern Zoroastrians did not worship the sun; the Catholic does not worship the images of his shrines; Christians do not worship the cross; Buddhists do not worship the images of Buddha. All are but symbols of the God-idea variously expressed. The symbol matters not as long as you understand the Christ-principle back of all signs. Awaken, beloved. The State and every other social organism should serve the individual. Seldom has there flourished an institution dedicated to the use of the individual; yet such is the demand of the new mysticism. Social life must cease to be the crushing progression of the Juggernaut.

True it is that the best of each individual must be given to the service of the social body. Only in and through brotherhood can the soul progress. The individual man or woman, however, has the same right as the collectivity to demand justice.

The collectivity must exist primarily for the greatest good of the individual, while the individual must give his all for the collectivity. Socialized structures are you and me and the other fellow. True, we, in our group-relationship give rise to the group-soul; still there is no call for a surrender of our individuality in this you-me-him combination.

Individualism, by no means; individuality, yes.

Institutionalism, never; free cooperation, always.

Only on a basis of mystic understanding is it possible to work out the balance between the individual and society. A blending of the factors such as is needed can never come from the materialistic plane.

Another thought—this individual I have spoken of—this man-being—is himself a highly organized society; coordinating and cooperating societies and colonies balanced and adjusted into a harmonious whole (when we permit them to function). I am the State; I am the God; I am the Group-soul of millions of soul-entities.

I do not pretend to understand it all, the origin and the goal; but I am thoroughly aware of the fact that my ego is responsible for the well-being of these individual cell-citizens that compose my various bodies—physical, astral, mental. They live for me; no less must I live for them. Perhaps when I have learned more closely the relation between me and myself in my bodies I shall know more how to deal with me and myself in the broader social expression of myself.

Is prohibition a social question? Then solve the social-prohibition problem of your own little soul-kingdom. Feed your cells pure, nourishing foods. If your breath is foul from improper food, and the State is composed of millions like you, do you expect sweet incense to arise from your collectivity? If your cell-collectivities are vibrating on a low plane, do you expect the nation-collectivity to function on a high plane?

Solve the problems at home while solving the broader problems within the nations. Both are one—there is only one Life in the universe, of which the you-me-him are manifestations of the great I Am That I Am. So simple is the root-study of the new mysticism.

Of ultimate and infinite and eternal I do not know; I speak of the God my consciousness has thus far evolved to. Of these I shall have more to say in another place. Their "solution" is not a part of the primary stages at least of the New Mysticism. We can develop to an unbelievable height by assimilating the relative truth of the present dispensation. Do not worry about the other fellow's conception of these fundamental guesses. A reverent conception of the workings of the Life-Force will be all that is required. I wear a silver ring hammered out by hand by some Indian and bearing his tribal insignia of the Great Spirit. They meant God to him; and they mean God to me; what matter if the God appears to us in different forms? That Indian and I are one in our search. The new mysticism recognized only the search and is never critical. "Narrow is the way" and if you pass through it will be without any tenets and creeds and minus your beloved organizations. These are all right as crutches and helps at certain stages, but you will find none of them on The Way.

Make clear the truth as you see it, for thereby will greater light shine through you. Awaken to the possibilities of each hour. Presume not to know the infinite, but do not refrain from investigations whose ultimate goal is infinity. The only point to be remembered while seeking the infinite is that religion is meant to be lived on earth. It is all very beautiful to live in the clouds—but

I doubt if it is more helpful either to the individual or to the world than the life of the gross materialist.

Idealism hitched to the world's plow is what is needed. Emerson advised us to hitch our wagon to a star. Perhaps it amounts to the same thing in the long run, but I prefer the emphasis on the earth work to be accomplished. The leaven of mysticism won't help much if kept on a shelf. It has to get mixed with the dough to perform its work—and it is surprising what an amount of work a little leaven can accomplish.

We must not confuse mysticism with mystery. Mysticism will clear away mystery. To understand the two most revolutionary figures in American literature (for the viewpoint of giving a new form and content in their message, the one particularly to the grown-aways, and the other primarily to the children)—I refer to Walt Whitman and L. Frank Baum—one must read them with the mystic concept in mind. The mystic sees the hidden meaning of all acts—for mysticism is above all else teleological. There is no room for chance in the concept of mysticism, though you may gain much good from the teachings of mysticism even though agnostic on the question of a first cause. My own soul prefers to recognize the heavenly in the simplest acts, and I do not think there are any complexities in life. I like to think of every act as linked in the One infinite tune, as in my

VOICES FROM THE SHOWER.

(A Little Song for Lucy.)

She was lulled to sleep by the shower,
 And awoke at the midnight hour.
 Raindrops fell softly,
 While a little bird in sheltered nook
 Sang cheerily in the darkness of the storm,
 Prelude to heavenly music.
 Again she dozed, as astral concert
 Uplifted her soul.
 She awoke in the morn
 And her light within dispelled the lingering clouds of the storm.
 A peach bud had emerged from the flowers at her window,
 And the barren fig limbs green-budded into resurrection,
 While the music of infinite voices
 In harmonies exquisite
 Kept tune with her heart.

To summarize, the New Mysticism is not new except to those who have failed to look to the God within. It is a call to the ideal-

ism of the race, to a living of the Utopias of which men have dreamed, to the actualization of comradeship, to the realization of brotherhood. It is tolerant always and dogmatic never. It is God-in-action—your own God, whatever that conception may be. It is the basis of the cooperative commonwealth of humanity—a blending of the economics, idealism and health-seeking of the races—an understanding and living of truths we have long thought were only for sermon-texts, the harnessing of occult forces to our lives and the knowledge that occultism is only science older grown.