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## Silas Returns By Richard S. Bond — (Continued from page 18)

A dozen men and boys attacked the creeping fire with hemlock boughs. It was spreading toward the brook and had already covered a good forty yards from the base of the chestnut. But it was conquered and the victorious dozen trailed across the sooty ground toward the old tree.

"Here's the fellow who done it!" remarked Bodine. "Cookin' corn and potatoes and went to sleep. Come on old man, wake up!"

He shook the smiling sleeper so roughly that he toppled to the ground.

The young man bent over him in surprise. He thrust his hand beneath the linen shirt and felt a heart that was still.

"Dead!" he gasped, springing to his feet aghast. "Who is he? Looks kinder like the old fellow who registered at the hotel last night! Wonder if it is?"

No one knew. At least, not until the group parted to allow the progress of an elderly man whose willing but feeble limbs had not allowed him to reach the fire as soon as the others.

The old man bent over the body and viewed the smiling face. He straightened.

"It's smiling Silas Bentley!" he said. "Left here forty years ago. Used to be one of the Jolly Twenty, about which you youngsters know nothing. He nearly married my first wife, Mary Davis, too—and she's been gone this many a year. Why, she's been gone . . ."

The old man stopped abruptly. A startled look came over his face. He

turned and peered up the path intently. His head drooped and he seemed to be listening to some faint sound from afar. He turned and studied the crude hearth and the initials and then glanced at the smiling face beneath.

"She's been gone . . ." he began again. Why it just seems as though Mary hasn't been gone hardly at all. I seem to smell the perfume she always used. Seems as though she must have been here a minute ago."

He looked over the ground at the base of the old chestnut as though he expected to find a perfumed kerchief there.

"But it's twenty years!" he said at last, shaking himself out of the stupor. "It's twenty years at least, ain't it?"

He turned to the others for confirma-  
tion.

There was no answer. Twenty years before, the oldest had been but a boy.

"Silas could tell," chattered the old man. "Someone must've told him when Mary died. Mary's probably mighty glad to see him, too."

Again the old man peered up the path. He listened intently. Once more he seemed to be endeavoring to trace some illusive odor. He mopped his brow with a linen handkerchief and threw his head back despairingly.

"It worries me!" he said plaintively. "I just wish Silas could tell us. He'd know how long it has been since she went!"

But the smiling face at the foot of the old chestnut was noncommittal in its happiness.

## Parzival By Frater Achad — (Continued from page 30)

ally, the gift of Minerva, the wisdom of God, the Logos. It is dissolved in three other oils; oil of myrrh, oil of cinnamon, oil of galangal. The Myrrh is attributed to Binah, the Great Mother, who is both the understanding of the Magician and that sorrow and compassion which results from the contemplation of the Universe. The Cinnamon represents Tiphereth, the Sun—the Son, in whom Glory and Suffering are identical. The Galangal represents both Kether and Malkuth, the First and the Last, the One and the Many, since in this Oil they are One. "These oils taken together represent the whole Tree of Life. The ten Sephiroth are blended into the perfect gold." This will become clearer when the whole Drama has been treated from the Qabalistic viewpoint in the next Chapter. Again: "This perfect Oil is most penetrating and subtle. Gradually it will spread itself, a glistening film, over every object in the Temple."

In regard to this latter point we should observe what actually happens a little further on in the Drama, but first notice one further quotation which has a very direct bearing on the subject in hand. "The phial which contains the Oil should be of clear rock crystal (Rock Crystal is attributed to Malkuth—the Fallen Daughter, but in this case the flask is of Gold which represents the Breast, Sun or Tiphereth Sphere of the Son or Higher Self whose influence has been felt by Kundry) and some magicians have fashioned it in the shape of the female breast, for that it is the true nourishment of all that lives. For this reason also it has

been made of mother-of-pearl and stoppered with a ruby." In this connection we should note that Kundry produced the golden flask from her bosom, for every detail of this Drama is symbolic.

Next, *Parzival* very quietly scoops up some of the Holy Water from the Spring and sprinkles it upon Kundry's head while she kneels at his feet—saying:

I first fulfil my duty thus—  
Be thou baptized,  
And trust in the Redeemer!

At which Kundry bows her head and appears to weep bitterly.

This is the first time that Kundry has been truly willing to receive the higher help. She has done much, according to her own notions of service, but now she is about to be led to Understand how best she may Serve; for true Mastery implies true Service.

We should notice, too, the effects of the Holy Oil on *Parzival*. He turns round and gazes with gentle rapture on the woods and meadows; which represent his Garden, as we explained before. Gradually, he realizes the results of the Work he had carried on in silence and darkness. His memory awakens and he murmurs: How fair the fields and meadows seem today!

Many a magic flower I've seen,  
Which sought to clasp me in its baneful  
twinsings;

But none I've seen so sweet as here,  
These tendrils bursting with blossom,  
Whose scent recalls my childhood's days,  
And speaks of loving trust to me.

(To Be Continued)