

EMERALD TABLET VIII:

The Key of Mysteries



Unto thee, O man, have I given my knowledge. Unto thee have I given of *Light*. Hear ye now and receive my wisdom brought from space planes above and beyond.

Not as man am I for free have I become of dimensions and planes. In each, take I on a new body. In each, I change in my form. Know I now that the formless is all there is of form.

Great is the wisdom of the *Seven*. Mighty are they from beyond. Manifest *They* through their power, filled by force from beyond.

Here ye these words of wisdom. Hear ye and make them thine own. Find in them the formless. Find ye the key to beyond. Mystery is but hidden knowledge. Know and ye shall unveil. Find the deep buried wisdom

and be master of darkness and *Light*.

Deep are the mysteries around thee, hidden the secrets of Old. Search through the *Keys* of my *Wisdom*. Surely shall ye find the way. The gateway to power is secret, but he who attains shall receive. Look to the *Light!* O my brother. Open and ye shall receive. Press on through the valley of darkness. Overcome the dweller of the night. Keep ever thine eyes to the *Light-Plane*, and thou shalt be *One* with the *Light*.

Man is in process of changing to forms that are not of this world. Grows he in time to the formless, a plane on the cycle above. Know ye, ye must become formless before ye are one with the *Light*.

List ye, O man, to my voice, telling of the pathways to *Light*, showing the way of attainment when ye shall be *One* with the *Light*. Search ye the mysteries of *Earth's* heart. Learn of the *Law* that exists, holding the stars in their balance by the force of the primordial mist. Seek ye the flame of the *Earth's* Life. Bathe in the glare of its flame. Follow the three-cornered pathway until thou, too, art a flame.

Speak thou in words without voice to those who dwell down below. Enter the blue-litten *Temple* and bathe in the fire of all life.

Know, O man, thou art complex, a being of earth and of fire. Let thy flame shine out brightly. Be thou only the fire.

Wisdom is hidden in darkness. When lit by the flame of the *Soul*, find thou the wisdom and be *Light-Born*, a *Sun of the Light* without form. Seek thee ever more wisdom. Find it in the heart of the flame. Know that only by striving can *Light* pour into thy brain. Now have I spoken with wisdom. List to my *Voice* and obey. Tear open the *Veils* of the darkness. Shine a *Light* on the *Way*.

Speak I of *Ancient Atlantis*, speak of the days of the *Kingdom of Shadows*, speak of the coming of the children of shadows. Out of the great deep were they called by the wisdom of earth-men, called for the purpose of gaining great power.

Far in the past before *Atlantis* existed, men there were who delved into darkness, using dark magic, calling up beings from the great deep below us. Forth came they into this cycle. Formless were they of another vibration, existing unseen by the children of earth-men. Only through blood could they have formed being. Only through man could they live in the world.

In ages past were they conquered by the *Masters*, driven below to the place whence they came. But some there were who remained, hidden in spaces and planes unknown to man. Lived they in *Atlantis* as shadows, but at times they appeared among men. Aye, when the blood was offered, forth came they to dwell among men.

In the form of man moved they amongst us, but only to sight where they as are men. Serpent-headed when the glamour was lifted but appearing to man as men among men. Crept they into the Councils, taking forms that were like unto men. Slaying by their arts the chiefs of the kingdoms, taking their form and ruling o'er man. Only by magic could they be discovered. Only by sound could their faces be seen. Sought they from the kingdom of shadows to destroy man and rule in his place.

But, know ye, the *Masters* were mighty in magic, able to lift the *Veil* from the face of the serpent, able to send him back to his place. Came they to man and taught him the secret, the *Word* that only a man can pronounce. Swift then they lifted the *Veil* from the serpent and cast him forth from place among men.

Yet, beware, the serpent still liveth in a place that is open at times to the world. Unseen they walk among thee in places where the rites have been said. Again as time passes onward shall they take the semblance of men.

Called may they be by the master who knows the white or the black, but only the white master may control and bind them while in the flesh.

Seek not the kingdom of shadows, for evil will surely appear. For only the master of brightness shall conquer the shadow of fear.

Know ye, O my brother, that fear is an obstacle great. Be master of all in the brightness, the shadow will soon disappear. Hear ye and heed my wisdom, the voice of Light is clear. Seek not the valley of shadow, and Light only will appear.

List ye, O man, to the depth of my wisdom. Speak I of knowledge hidden from man. Far have I been on my journey though *Space-Time*, even to the end of the space of this cycle. Found I there the great barrier, holding man from leaving this cycle. Aye, glimpsed the *Hounds of the Barrier*, laying in wait for he who would pass them. In that space where time exists not, faintly I sensed the guardians of cycles. Move they only through angles. Free are they not of the curved dimensions.

Strange and terrible are the *Hounds of the Barrier*. Follow they consciousness to the limits of space. Think not to escape by entering your body, for follow they fast the *Soul* through angles. Only the circle will give ye protection, safe from the claws of the *Dweller in Angles*.

Once, in a time past, I approached the great *Barrier*, and saw on the shores where time exists not, the formless forms of the *Hounds of the Barrier*. Aye, hiding in the mist beyond time I found them; and They, scenting me afar off, raised themselves and gave the great bell cry that can be heard from cycle to cycle and moved through space toward my *Soul*.

Fled I then fast before them, back from time's unthinkable end. But ever after me pursued they, moving in strange angles not known to man. Aye, on the gray shore of *Time-Space's* end found I the *Hounds of the Barrier*, ravening for the *Soul* who attempts the beyond.

Fled I through circles back to my body. Fled, and fast after me they followed. Aye, after me the devourers followed, seeking through angles to devour my *Soul*.

Aye, know ye man, that the *Soul* who dares the *Barrier* may be held in bondage by the *Hounds* from beyond time, held till this cycle is all completed and left behind when the consciousness leaves.

Entered I my body. Created the circles that know not angles, created the form that from my form was formed. Made my body into a circle and lost the pursuers in the circles of time. But, even yet, when free from my body, cautious ever must I be not to move through angles, else my *Soul* might never be free.

Know ye, the *Hounds of the Barrier* move only through angles and never through curves of space. Only by moving through curves can ye escape them, for in angles they will pursue thee. O man, heed ye my warning; Seek not to break open the gate to beyond. Few there are who have succeeded in passing the *Barrier* to the greater *Light* that shines beyond. For know ye, ever the dwellers, seek such *Souls* to hold in their thrall.

Listen, O man, and heed ye my warning; seek ye to move not in angles but curves. And if while free from thy body, thou hearest the sound like the bay of a hound ringing

clear and bell-like through thy being, flee back to thy body through circles, penetrate not the mist before.

When thou hast entered the form thou hast dwelt in, use thou the cross and the circle combined. Open thy mouth and use thou thy *Voice*. Utter the *Word* and thou shalt be free. Only the one who of *Light* has the fullest can hope to pass by the guards of the way. And then must he move through strange curves and angles that are formed in direction not known to man.

List ye, O man, and heed ye my warning: attempt not to pass the guards in the way. Rather should ye seek to gain of thine own *Light* and make thyself ready to pass on the way.

Light is thine ultimate end, O my brother. Seek and find ever the *Light* on thy way.

