

CHAPTER IV

Mysteries of the Yellowstone

SEVEN days passed. It was then the first week in September. On the evening of the eighth day I sat contemplating Life and its infinite expressions when my thought turned naturally to Saint Germain. Immediately an overwhelming love went out to him in deep gratitude for all I had been privileged to experience through his assistance and Light.

A feeling as of a Presence in the room began to come over me like a breath, and looking up suddenly, there He stood, smiling and radiant—the very “Presence of Divinity.”

“My Son,” he said, “am I so unexpected a visitor that I surprise you? Surely you know quite well that when thinking of me, you are in contact with me; and when I think of you, I am with you. In meditation your attention was upon me, and so I appear. Is that not according to the Law? Then why not accept it as natural? What one thinks upon, he draws unto himself.

“Allow me to suggest that you train yourself never to be surprised, disappointed, or your feelings hurt under any circumstances; for perfect

Self-control of all the forces within you at all times is Dominion, and that is the reward for those who tread the pathway of Light; for only by correction of the human self can Mastery be attained.

“Remember always that the right to command, which is Dominion, is only permanently retained by those who have first learned to *obey*, because he who has learned obedience to The Law of The One, becomes a Being of Cause only, and that Cause—Love. Thus he in *reality* becomes The Law of The One through the quality of similarity. Watch so nothing goes out from you except that which is harmonious, and do not allow a destructive word to pass your lips, even in jest. Remember you deal with a force of some kind every instant of Eternity, and you are its qualifier at all times.

“I have come to take you on an important journey. We will be gone thirty-six hours. Draw the curtains to your room, lock the doors, and leave your body in bed. It will be guarded until our return. You have made certain Inner advancement, and a very interesting, delightful experience and journey are ahead of you.”

I prepared my body for bed and soon became very still. A moment later I stood upon the floor outside of my body clothed in the same golden garment I had worn on my visit to the Royal Teton. The sense of density one has about the walls was gone, and as I

passed through them the feeling was that which one experiences when walking through a heavy fog, the wall itself losing its sense of density.

This time I was clearly conscious of passing through space. I did not ask where we were going, but it was not long until we came to the Royal Teton. Toward the east stood the towering Rockies, and beyond them stretched vast plains that will one day be teeming with semitropical vegetation, and its people living in peace and abundance.

To the west we could see the Sierra and Cascade Mountains, and still farther on, the Coast Range, whose shoreline is all to be changed. Northward we looked down upon the Yellowstone—whose marvelous beauty veils its ancient mysteries and wonders from our present American civilization.

“The word ‘Yellowstone,’ “explained Saint Germain, “has been brought down through the centuries for more than fourteen thousand years. At that time the civilization of Poseidonis had reached a very high point of attainment because a Great Master of Light was at the head of the Government. It was only during the last five hundred years that the decline took place and the misuse of her great wisdom held sway. Within the present boundaries of the Yellowstone, which are still the same, existed the richest gold mine the world has ever known. It belonged to the government, and much of its wealth

was used for experimental and research purposes in chemistry, invention, and science.

“Thirty-seven miles from this place was located a diamond mine. The stones taken from it were the most beautiful yellow diamonds that have ever been found within this earth before or since that period. Among the gems which came from that mine were a few rare stones of very remarkable beauty and perfection. If properly cut they showed a tiny blue flame at the center that looked like Liquid Light. When worn by certain individuals, the radiance from this flame could be seen more than an inch above the surface of the stone.

“These were held sacred and only used in the highest, most secret rites of the Ascended Masters. Sixteen of them are still held in sacred trust by the Brotherhood of the Royal Teton and will again be brought into use at an appointed time. It was because of these magnificent yellow diamonds that the present name ‘Yellowstone’ has come down to us.

“You, My Son, were the discoverer of both mines. I will reveal the records that are the physical evidence of what I have just been telling you. These records give the date of their discovery, amount of wealth taken out, length of time operated, description of the machinery used which handled refractory ores recovering eighty-seven percent of their value, running of it into bullion while yet in

the mine, making unnecessary any operation at the surface, where shipped, and the date of closing and sealing. Here are the duplicate records.

“In the life on Poseidonis you lived in a beautiful home with a sister who is now Lotus. Both attained and maintained close contact with the Inner God Self, so God was truly in action at all times. You were an official in the bureau of mines, and through that connection invented and built a wonderful airship. In it you traveled a great deal over the mountains. One day while in deep meditation you were shown the location of these mines, which you later discovered, opened up, and turned over to the government. With this explanation, I will now show you *proof* of what I have described, although there is not a trace of these mines on the surface today. Come, we will enter the mine itself.”

Leaving the Royal Teton, I was perfectly conscious of passing through space and moving rapidly until we reached a certain spot in Yellowstone Park. Here we descended and stood before a wall of solid rock.

“Do you see any way to enter?” asked Saint Germain, turning to me.

“No, but I feel the opening is here,” I answered as I pointed to a certain spot on the granite wall. He smiled, and going up to the place indicated, laid his hand upon it, and in a moment we stood before a metal door—unsealed.

“You see,” he explained, “we have our own methods of sealing any entrance we choose for protection, and it is impossible for it ever to be found or entered unless we so desire. The substance with which we hermetically seal places and things is drawn from the universal. It is harder than the rock itself, though in appearance exactly like it.

“In this way we are able to protect entrances to retreats, buildings, buried cities, mines and secret chambers of the Great Ascended Brotherhood of Light, many of which have been held in a state of perfect preservation for over seventy thousand years. When we no longer have use for such places or things, we return them back to the universal; so you see, all power becomes the willing servitor of one who has conquered himself. All forces of the Universe are awaiting our command whenever it is the part of wisdom and love to use them.”

On the door we faced was a replica of a man’s right hand embossed in the metal itself at about the level of my shoulder. It looked strikingly like my present physical hand.

“Place your hand over this metal one,” said Saint Germain, “and press hard.” I obeyed. It fitted over the other perfectly. I pressed with all my strength. Slowly the great door opened, and he continued:

“You have retained that form and size of hand

for several embodiments. It was placed on the door by the government as an honor because you were the discoverer of the mine. That hand is a model of your hand fourteen thousand years ago.”

We entered through this door and passed into a long round tunnel, finally emerging into a great cavity. There, to my utter amazement, I found tools and machinery of various kinds made of an imperishable white metal in as perfect a state of preservation as if constructed but yesterday. In the center of the cavity was a shaft. Our present mining engineers would be amazed at the simplicity and perfection of the mining activities of that former age. The same method will again be brought forth into use here in America within the next century.

Saint Germain stepped to the shaft and pulled a lever. Soon a cage of peculiar design came to the top. We stepped inside, and he touched a smaller lever within it. As we began moving downward toward the two-hundred-foot level, we came to a station. Continuing on down to the seven-hundred-foot level, we stopped. This was the central station, and from it led five tunnels like the spokes of a wheel.

These were all perfectly round and lined with the same white metal of which the machinery was constructed. It was so thick and strong that only the collapse of the mountain itself could crush it. Two

of the five tunnels were driven into the mountain for more than two thousand feet. In the central station was one engine that handled all the cars.

“The white metal you see,” explained Saint Germain, “is a most remarkable discovery; for it is light in weight, tougher than anything known, untarnishable and imperishable. You may only give a fragmentary description of all these marvels that are actual physical proof of the great height of this ancient civilization. Such wonders have existed and are now in your midst—undreamed of until this revelation shall go forth.” As we came to the end of the tunnel, he showed me the drills that had been used in that distant day. “These drills,” he continued, “sent forth a tube of blue-white flame about an inch in diameter. They operated at amazing speed, consuming the rock as they passed through.”

We returned to the station and entered a triangular-shaped room between two tunnels. At the far end were containers made of the same white metal. They were about twelve inches square and three feet in length. Saint Germain opened one and showed me the wonderful uncut yellow diamonds. I was speechless, they were so beautiful. I think I hear my readers say, “Do you mean to tell me that these were physical?” To that perfectly natural question I wish to answer *yes*—just as physical as the diamonds you wear on your fingers today. Other containers

were filled with cut stones of fabulous value.

We then returned to the entrance of the mine. Saint Germain closed the door and sealed it as before. No one not an Ascended Master could have distinguished it from the surrounding rock. Rising from the ground, we quickly covered the thirty-seven miles to the gold mine. This time we stood on the very top of the mountain near a cone-shaped rock that looked perfectly solid. It was about fifteen feet in diameter at the base and perhaps ten feet in height.

“Watch closely,” he said, as he laid his hand against it. Slowly a triangular-shaped section moved out, disclosing a flight of steps leading downward. We descended these stairs for some distance and soon came to a cavity at the top of a shaft similar to the one in the diamond mine.

“You will notice the absence of crushers,” he continued. “Everything is done within the mine itself. Not a thing is handled at the surface.” We stopped at the four-hundred-foot level where there was another immense cavity. Here complete equipment for treating the ore was located. He explained the extreme simplicity of the process used, which seemed incredible, it was so simple.

We continued on down to the eight-hundred-foot level and saw the same arrangement as in the diamond mine. Here again were tunnels going out

from a central point like the spokes of a wheel. Three triangular-shaped rooms had been built between these tunnels, containing the remaining output from the mine just before it had been closed. The same white metal containers were here as in the other rooms. Only three of them am I allowed to describe.

The first receptacle contained nuggets from an ancient riverbed in a placer formation at the eight-hundred-foot level, in which the gravel had been slightly cemented together, holding the gold. This condition existed for a depth of twelve hundred feet and held immense value. The second container was filled with wire gold from a white quartz vein at the four-hundred-foot level. Another held solid gold discs weighing eight pounds each.

“The place in which they stored all the gold,” he explained, “was known as the bullion room. There have been duplicate records kept of this mine—the originals being in the record room at the retreat in the Royal Teton, and the duplicates here.”

We returned to the surface. Once more Saint Germain sealed the entrance as described and, turning to me again, said: “My Son, you discovered these mines, and assisted by your colleagues, put them into operation and brought about this perfection. You also made the records on the imperishable metal which I will show you in the Royal Teton. The

Ascended Masters saw that the cataclysm of twelve thousand years ago was approaching, and knowing the mines would not be much affected, had them prepared and sealed for use in a far distant age into which we have now entered.

“At seven different periods of your many embodiments the memory and process for making these records have been recalled. You will bring them forth again in the present age to the blessing of all mankind. This accounts for your feeling since childhood of interest in ancient records of all kinds, and that you would have much to do with such work again in this life.

“Come, we will now return to the Royal Teton. There in a room adjoining the great audience hall are these records to which I have referred. It is a place for the preservation of inventions and scientific discoveries. The one we were in on our former visit contained only records of the various civilizations.”

We returned to the retreat and entered this time by way of the tube, as on our first visit. Stepping out, we passed through the second door to the right of the entrance. It opened directly into the scientific record room, a space about seventy by forty by fifteen feet. The entire walls, ceiling and floor were lined with the same *imperishable white metal* of which the shelving and containers were constructed.

Saint Germain drew out one of the latter and handed me the record I had made of the diamond mine. Again I was able to read it, but this time he told me to call upon the God Self Within, and thus let It reveal the complete former knowledge which I had at that time. The record gave a clear but condensed history of the discovery and operation. He handed me another spindle, and on it was the complete history of the gold mine.

“Now that you have seen the physical proof of what I have explained,” he said, “I want you to know that I will never tell you anything which I cannot prove.” Here he turned toward me with a piercing look in his eyes that passed clear through my mind and body.

“My Son,” he continued, “you have done well and are calm and poised under these recent experiences. Much depends upon your next step. Focus your entire attention upon the All-Controlling God Self Within you and *do not forget* to hold it there.”

In the light of what occurred later, it was well he had fortified me with that admonition. With that warning he led the way across the large audience hall to the great bronze door on the west wall. Placing his hand against it, the panel slowly moved upward until we had entered, and then closed after us.

I stopped—immovable with amazement—for I

looked upon that which human eyes are rarely, if ever, permitted to behold; and the scene held me motionless, so great was the fascination of its beauty and wonder.

About twelve feet in front of me stood a block of snow-white onyx, three feet high and sixteen inches square. On this rested a crystal sphere filled with a ceaselessly moving, colorless Light in which were points of radiance darting to and fro. The sphere continually sent forth rays of prismatic colors to a distance of about six inches. It seemed made of living substance, so constantly did it scintillate.

Out of the top of the crystal ball poured forth three Plumes of Flame—one molten gold, one rose pink, and the other electric blue, extending at least three feet in height. Near the top, each section bent over like an ostrich plume—graceful, beautiful, and in perpetual motion. The radiance from this gorgeous sphere filled the entire chamber producing a sensation of electronic energy no words can convey. The Light, Life, and beauty of that scene simply overwhelm human powers of description.

We stepped toward the far end of the room and there, side by side, stood three crystal caskets, each containing a human body. As I came nearer, my heart almost stopped beating; for within were the forms Lotus, our son and I had used in an ancient embodiment. I recognized them readily; for Lotus

still retains some resemblance to that body, but the bodies of our son and myself had features of greater regularity and perfect physiques. All showed the full perfection of a type almost like that of the ancient Greek.

They looked as lifelike as though only sleeping. Each had wavy golden hair and was clothed in garments of similar golden fabric to that in the robes worn by the figures in the tapestry. An Ascended Master had but to look upon these bodies to see registered every vital action experienced in any physical embodiment since that time. Thus they acted as mirrors to record passing activities which, however, left their original perfection unchanged.

Each casket stood upon a large base made of the same kind of white onyx as that on which the sphere was placed. These were covered by lids of crystal fitted very tightly in a groove around the edge, but were not sealed. On the cover of all three just over the center of the chest was a *seven-pointed star*. Below it were four hieroglyphics. At the end and placed so it would be just over the top of the head was a *six-pointed star*. On the side just beneath the shoulders were two clasped hands, and farther down nearer the feet was a lighted torch, placed so the flame touched the lid of the casket. This flame remained golden no matter what other colors of light played through the room. At the opposite end was

a *five-pointed star* under the feet. All the emblems were raised as if embossed upon the crystal.

“These bodies,” explained Saint Germain, “belonged to you three in one particular life when you left the Golden City to do a special work. Your experiences were so terrific, and yet so much good was accomplished in that life that a Great Cosmic Being appeared and gave the command to preserve them until such time as you could raise your bodies and return to the Golden City. He gave full direction for their preservation, which was faithfully carried out, as you see.

“Now you can all realize how important and necessary it is to keep keenly aware of and deeply centered upon the Master Christ Self Within, that only God’s Love, Wisdom, and Perfection may act through your minds and bodies at all times.”

At that moment a Dazzling Light and Tremendous Power surged through me, and my God Self spoke.

“Great Master of Light—Parent, Brother, and Friend! O Mighty Son of God! Thou hast indeed an Everlasting Love, and through It thou hast attained thy well deserved Eternal Peace and Mastery over the five lower kingdoms. The Great God Self in these children thou lovest so well shall soon come forth in *Full Conscious Dominion* to give every assistance thou hast so long desired; for each of

God's children has a service to perform which none but he may give. I call forth the Great Light from the very Heart of God to bless you forever."

As these words were spoken, a great shaft of Light blazed forth filling the chamber with points of brilliant prismatic colors. They darted everywhere in the room and all became a blaze of rainbow Light pulsing with Life.

"See! My Son," said Saint Germain, "how perfectly you can let the Great God Self express. You shall soon be able to do this consciously and at will whenever you desire.

"Notice the stalactite effect on the ceiling and the silver-white appearance of the walls. They are all made of *precipitated* substance, and the room is maintained at the same comfortable temperature at all times."

We crossed to the far end of the chamber and stood before a polished archway in the wall. Saint Germain placed his hand upon it, and a door opened disclosing the wonderful white-metal equipment for making the records. "In the age we are now entering," he continued, "much equipment will be brought into humanity's use that has been preserved, and so will not have to come through either the avenue of invention or discovery."

"How is it," I asked, "that everything in this retreat and the mines is kept so free from dust and

the ventilation so good?"

"That," he explained, "is very simple. The Ascended Masters use the same force to cleanse and ventilate by which they produce heat, light, and power. The emanation from any one of them as they pass through the mines or chambers instantly consumes all unnecessary substance.

"It is nearing the second morning since leaving your body, and we must now return." We passed through the audience chamber out of the door at the left of the tube and stood once more under the light of the stars. We came back to my room quickly, and a moment later I was again in my body. Saint Germain stood beside me holding out the familiar crystal cup, filled this time with an amber-colored liquid. I drank it, and felt the vivifying effects pass through every cell of my body.

"Now sleep as long as you can," he said, and disappeared from sight. I must have slept soundly, for I awakened many hours later completely refreshed, my body renewed in strength and power.