

THE ROSI CRUCIAN DIGEST

A painting of an ancient temple interior. In the foreground, a group of about ten people, dressed in robes and head coverings, are gathered on the floor, looking towards a set of wide stone steps that lead up to an open doorway. The doorway reveals a bright, sunlit cityscape with a prominent white minaret and domes. The temple's architecture features large, fluted columns with papyrus capitals and a ceiling with intricate carvings. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights from the open doorway.

MARCH
1937

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The simple cross consisting of a vertical staff intersected by a horizontal one is the oldest symbol in which man expresses his knowledge of a divine principle of nature. The first great natural law discovered by man was the *law of duality*; that is, that all living things were in pairs or eventually divided into phases or aspects of the same thing. Closer observation determined that the unity of these phases of phenomena produced a third or new entity. The mind soon concluded the divine formula as 1 plus 1 equals not just two, but three, for the two separate aspects in unity did not lose their identity and become one, but in reality produced a third in which were incorporated their characteristics. The cross became, then, the symbol of this formula. Each of its bars represented a different polarity of this universal duality, and the place of their unity, where the manifestation occurred, was usually indicated by a beautiful gem or later a red rose. To wear such a significant symbol today is not only indicative of Rosicrucian membership, but reveals the wearer's appreciation of this inspiring mystical law.

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The ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU
ROSICRUCIAN PARK SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



ROSICRUCIANS LEAVE FOR EGYPT

Two hundred Rosicrucians—representing nearly as many cities, towns, and hamlets throughout North America—embarked from New York Saturday, January 30 for Mediterranean countries and a tour of the historic fertile crescent. This tour is under the personal guidance of the Imperator of the Order, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, and a travel director of a noted travel agency. It is the second tour of its kind to mystic lands and places conducted through the Order. With excusable pride we can say that no other metaphysical movement in America or elsewhere has ever organized or directed such extensive tours to the ancient sites of learning, culture and mysticism as those conducted by the AMORC.

Above is a photograph of the special Rosicrucian tour train in Los Angeles while picking up additional Rosicrucian passengers bound for New York.



SCRIBE S. P. C.
THE ROSICRUCIANS, AMORC
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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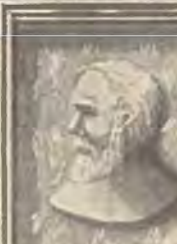
COVERS THE WORLD


THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER


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No. 2


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SOCRATES



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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

THE POPE OF ROME

By THE IMPERATOR



REGARDLESS of our differences of opinion in sectarian religious matters, all Rosicrucians, as mystics, must concede that the Pope of Rome occupies not only an unique position in the universal scheme of things, but a very important and necessary position.

There is no reason why the followers of a definitely organized system of religious worship should not constitute an empire. We may disagree as to whether that empire should be wholly worldly or wholly spiritual or a combination of both. But we must agree that an empire of this kind is logical and natural. Throughout the history of civilization, each one of the great religious movements has constituted an empire. And, strangely enough, although each of these empires has been essentially spiritual, its power has always extended to things political and worldly.

And, logically, each empire must have its Supreme Potentate. Any system or organization of human thoughts whose ideals and principles depend upon an authoritative and authentic interpretation, can not be democratic in spirit. There must be one ultimate and final arbiter of all mooted or disputed matter, and in a spiritual or religious kingdom there must be one, and only one, source

of infallible interpretation and declaration of dogma.

We are right in feeling and believing that the Roman Catholic Church or the Holy Roman Catholic Church is one of the most powerful and influential empires in the world today, simply because the Christian religion is one of the most powerful influences for good in the world today. But all through history it has suffered the most severe attacks of the skeptics, the scoffers, and especially those who would do away with all systems, codes, and movements tending to improve the morals of the world. That the Christian Religion has survived these terrific attacks up to the present hour is due to the fact that it is a very perfectly organized empire, ruled by an almost perfect form of autocratic government and directed by a Supreme Pontiff.

Fortunately for the world, the high ability and the extremely idealistic, humanitarian and kindly spirit of the recent Popes of the Holy Roman Catholic Church have made these Popes mighty and powerful in protecting the Christian religion and in winning the love and admiration of even those who are not inclined to adopt or accept the strictly orthodox dogmas of the Holy Roman Church.

But everywhere in the world today we see the tendency toward the elimination of religion, the destruction of churches, temples, and holy places, with the intention of taking religion and the study of religious doctrines and principles out of the everyday affairs of

Forty-four

man's life. This is one of the most dangerous of modern tendencies. With the going of any popular or universal form of religion or with the passing away of all opportunity to express freely the ideals of our religion, the world will begin to deteriorate and to go backward in its moral, ethical, spiritual, and idealistic qualities. A nation, like an individual, without any sincere form of religion or religious worship is lost.

It therefore behooves all mystics, all Rosicrucians, and all sincere lovers of truth and morality, to unite in protesting against any and all attacks against religion. We must admire, therefore, the high stand, the positive position, that the Christian Church — and especially the Holy Roman Catholic Church — has taken in past centuries to protect one of the most powerful influences for good the world has ever known.



Only the Ideal is Real

By FRATER ALDEN S. YOUNG



ONCE believed idealism and altruism were the concepts of impractical men: the great thinkers with their Utopias and fanciful Democracies were wild visionaries.

Now I know their thoughts are vital and real.

The ancient proverbs — the exalted thoughts of religious teachers — are inspirations. And inspiration is often only assimilated and digested knowledge suddenly delivered out of the well of the subconscious mind.

Many have had a realization of this. Faced unexpectedly by a grave problem, no amount of meditation or thought would offer the key. Then suddenly, in a moment of quiet — on awakening — or just before falling asleep — the subconscious inspirationally furnished the answer. Nor could its correctness be for a moment doubted!

And ideals are just that — the indisputable result of vast experience.

Selfishness caused the depression. Near-sighted greed suspended the purchasing power of the masses. And through conditions thus wrought those responsible for it were also nearly destroyed.

A few learned: many did not. But depressions will be repeated again and again until the force of the lesson cannot be denied. All will then acknowledge: "Selfishness is impractical and does not pay!"

But — even that will not remain! In a few generations those to whom the truth has been proven will be called idle dreamers. The truth will be forgotten and the old, old cycle of evolution and devolution repeated again.

Yet it is not in vain. Some day these lessons will be indelibly printed in the race consciousness.

And those who have eyes to see can behold the processional of civilization moving steadily toward the ideal — the real.



Rosicrucian Officials Win Court Fight Against

A suit seeking to wrest control of the Rosicrucian order from its present officials was dismissed in San Francisco federal court yesterday by Judge A. F. St. Sure.

The suit, filed here in 1934 by Roy W. and A. E. Smith against H. Spencer Lewis, emperor of the order, his wife and others, alleged that they held office improperly and had diverted about \$150,000 of the lodge's funds.

After going through the local courts, the evidence was submitted to the federal court by the defendants on a motion for dismissal. Lewis was represented by Attorney C. C. Cottrell and Attorney Brooks Tompkins represented a membership defense committee opposing the Smith action.

Lewis and others had previously won orders in the superior court here and in the state supreme court.

funds, he lodge assets prospered

ROSICRUCIAN LEADERS WIN LAWSUIT

A suit involving control of the supreme lodge of the Ancient and Mystical Order of the Rosae Crucis, Jurisdiction of North America, was dismissed in federal court today by Judge A. F. St. Sure in San Francisco.

The action was brought by Roy W. Smith and A. E. Smith against H. Spencer Lewis, emperor, Ralph Lebr...

The Final Settlement of An Important Issue

By THE SUPREME SECRETARY



The
Rosicrucian
Digest
March
1937

THE TWO illustrations above, taken from California newspapers, indicate the news item that was sent over the Associated Press wires to all the newspapers of America from the San Francisco office of the press association. Hundreds of our mem-

bers have already written to us express-

ing their great joy over the announcements which they read in their local papers.

As a matter of record, so that old members and new members in the future may have in their bound copies of *The Rosicrucian Digest* the final and closing facts regarding the foregoing case, and not in any spirit of boastfulness, we outline here a very brief summary of the case and the issues involved:

In the summer of 1934, just two days prior to the opening of our national convention in San Jose, papers were served on the Emperor and principal officers

Forty-six

of AMORC in a suit brought by two little known members in Colorado who claimed that there was considerable fraud in the management or mismanagement of AMORC, and charged the officers with specific fraudulent acts warranting either their arrest or dismissal, and demanded that a Federal Court immediately appoint a receiver to take charge of all of the affairs of the organization. The hope was that on the first day of the preliminary hearing, which was the first day of the convention, a receiver would be appointed and thus interfere with the legal procedure of the convention, as well as throw the entire organization out of its routine activities, and have the complex situation continue for many, many months while the matter was thrashed out in long legal battles.

However, on the first day of the preliminary hearing in the federal court in San Francisco, the judge refused to appoint a receiver and stated, after hearing all of the pleas in that regard, that he would not interfere with the orderly and proper conduct of the organization and its general activities by appointing a receiver. His order forced the complaining members to present their charges and prove them in his court during the following months.

Considerably disappointed in this unexpected turn in their plans, the complainants used various reasons for requesting continued postponement of the trial. Whereas in their original complaint, demanding the appointment of a receiver, they contended that the mismanagement of the organization was so serious and so dangerous that not a day should be allowed to pass without the appointment of a receiver to take charge of the affairs, when this was denied they allowed many days, weeks, and months to pass before showing any inclination to bring into court the positive evidence which they claimed to possess. Almost a year and a half passed before the complainants were ready to go to trial, and the court could arrange for the trial. The case was finally set for trial on motion of our own attorneys. Then in February of 1936 the complainants and their attorneys appeared in the Federal Court. From the very beginning of their

arguments it was apparent to all of the members assembled in the court that some of the same malcontents, who had been annoying AMORC and bringing suits against it in various courts for several years to no avail, were back of this new form of legal procedure. But, as in the previous trials, the complainants were unable to bring forward a single item or a single bit of evidence to support their charges of fraud, and in fact, during the course of the three weeks' trial admitted that they were dropping all of their charges of fraud against the officers and against the organization, and all of their charges of deliberate and false management or incorrect conduct. They finally abandoned all of their original charges and pleadings and claimed only that the officers had not been properly elected by the members, and that the active constitution of the Order had not been properly approved by the members. This was such a sudden breaking down of all of their original contentions that the officers of AMORC did not feel it advisable to advance any defense whatsoever. AMORC was represented throughout this federal trial by its official attorney, Mr. C. C. Cottrell, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the California State Assembly, and by the California Lieutenant Governor, George J. Hatfield. Both of these very eminent attorneys immediately made motion to the federal judge to have the complainants' entire case dismissed on a motion for "non-suit," on the basis that the two complainants and their attorneys—and the several others who have been connected with a number of the attacks on AMORC—had absolutely failed to present an iota of evidence to support any of their criticisms and charges against the officers and administration of AMORC, just as they had failed to do so in other cases, and because they did not present the so-called documents and proofs that they had always contended they possessed.

The matter of a dismissal of the case on the basis of "non-suit" rested with the federal judge for several months while he viewed the entire case from every legal angle. It was during this period of time, while awaiting the federal judge's decision, that it was sug-



gested by all parties that, at the 1936 convention, the members should be given an opportunity to say whether the officers and administrators of AMORC were properly elected, whether its constitution was recognized by them and whether any changes in administration should be made, and also whether any of the charges made by the complainants were based upon facts known to the members.

It must be kept in mind that the two complainants claimed that they brought their action on behalf of the entire membership of the organization and that the entire membership was dissatisfied with the AMORC administration. During the course of the 1936 annual convention the members of the North American jurisdiction voted either by person or by proxy, and every one of the points then pending before the federal courts was given consideration. The result of the 1936 voting is now past history. There was not a single vote cast in support of the complaints filed in the Federal Court, and not a single vote that upheld the contentions of the two complainants. In fact, the entire vote constituted an unanimous indorsement of the Supreme Officers and administration of AMORC along with the unanimous indorsement of the constitution of its government.

In the light of the fact that those who had tried to ruin AMORC and direct and control its activities had utterly failed to prove their charges and contentions, and in the light of the fact that the membership itself throughout North America indorsed the officers and administrators, and did not support the contentions of the complainants, the court held that the complainants had failed to establish any violation of trust that would warrant the court's intervention, and therefore dismissed the case. Just a few weeks previously the Supreme Court of the State of California had rendered a decision verifying decisions of lower courts in California and upholding the decisions that had been granted favorable to AMORC and its

officers as announced in a recent issue of *The Rosicrucian Digest*.

Thus a number of our legal difficulties started by a few complainants, who would wreck and ruin the organization if they could, have been set aside by a series of court decisions from the Superior Courts of California, the California State Supreme Court, and the Federal Court.

Thus ends the present cycle of unfortunate attacks upon AMORC that have covered ten or twelve years.

The contention on the part of the trouble-makers was that they were motivated solely and exclusively, in behalf of the general membership, to save and protect the funds of AMORC and the jeopardizing of its assets by incompetent administrators of the organization. Instead of having saved or conserved, protected or added to the funds and assets of the organization, and instead of having prevented "unnecessary and extravagant expenditures of no benefit to the members," these trouble-makers have caused AMORC and its officers to expend between thirty and forty thousand dollars in the last few years to protect the members and their rights and interests, and to hold together the assets and the integrity and avowed purposes of the organization. For this vast sum of money spent purely in legal fees, court costs, and preparations for trials, the organization has gained nothing of any value to its members, and is now in the same status materially and physically as it would have been if the complainants had not brought suits and false charges, except that the organization would have had these large sums of money to use for the betterment of the organization and the benefit of the membership.

Further comment than this is not necessary, and we shall make no more comments regarding our legal troubles, or the plots and plans of conspiring enemies, unless and until they reopen their activities and once more jeopardize the best interests of the organization.



The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most advanced and highly developed spiritual members and workers of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. It is a focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at this time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called "Liber 777" describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members by addressing their request for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

THOUGHT FORMS



WE READ in the early mystical literature of the mystical philosophers of the 16th and 17th centuries a great deal about thought forms and the importance of guiding and guarding our thoughts correctly. In the very early part of the literature of

that period there was considerable misunderstanding displayed in regard to the power of thought to cause or create

forms that resembled the thoughts. The philosophers meant to explain that thoughts could create forms in the material world. But the manner in which they expressed themselves led many of the readers of those days to think that thought forms were something that emanated from the human brain in material nature or material substance; or that the thought forms after leaving the human mind and brain and passing into space, gathered unto them material substances and from this substance gradually created a material form. This belief naturally led to many false conclusions.

Among the many beliefs held in the middle ages was that if one gave any



thought or mental consideration to the existence of an evil creature or an evil being, that creature would eventually appear in material substance or form and become an evil influence in the world. It is strange to note, however, that those persons who believed in such kinds of thought forms were always inclined to think that all these creatures or material life forms were evil. It did not seem to occur to such persons that a thought of something good would take form just as well as a thought of something evil, and that, therefore, the space world around us would be filled with as many good forms creating good and doing good as evil forms doing evil.

In these modern times we have come to learn only too well that our thoughts do take form very often and that the most magnificent, the most spiritual, the most beautiful, and the most healthful things which we enjoy today were originally only thoughts in the mind of one person or several persons. We may not always realize, as we stand before a beautiful architectural structure such as some of the magnificent temples of the Orient or some of the astonishingly beautiful skyscrapers of New York, Chicago or other large cities, that these big, concrete, substantial things in material form were once thought forms in the mind of one or two individuals.

Out here in the West, in the Golden West, there is an impressive example of thought taking form in a concrete manner. Across the entrance of the finest and largest natural bay in the world, the San Francisco Bay, there is now arising a magnificent bridge of steel, iron, and concrete. For many hundreds of years the Golden Gate, the entrance way to the San Francisco Bay, has been a beautiful sight at sunset; yet, with all its beauty, it has always been a gap be-

tween the busy, congested city of San Francisco and the beautiful hills or open fields and miles of peaceful country just across the water to the north of San Francisco. For years and years the lovers of California have wondered why something could not be done to bridge that gap. In their minds many of the greatest of engineers and builders have visualized a bridge across the Golden Gate. But always the bridge in their minds was incompleting, or left unfinished, because material reasoning always told the dreamer of the bridge that the space was too great, the mechanical problems too difficult to overcome, and that the bridge would have to be too long and too dangerous ever to be built with safety and to serve any purpose.

But still, year after year, in the minds of a few engineers and in the minds of a few Californian patriots, there remained the unfinished bridge. Each month of each passing year added one more tower to the bridge, one more section. Today the bridge in material form is being completed in accordance with those thought forms and in another year it will be a marvelous, practical realization.

In the same way men have for years held in their minds the thought form of a beautiful cathedral that would be above all material limitations and surmount all material problems and obstacles. That cathedral we now offer to our members and our friends. If you have not made its acquaintance, send for the little book, "Liber 777," that will tell you all about the Cathedral of the Soul and how you may contact it and benefit by its many spiritual and material advantages. It is truly a thought turned into form—a vital thought form that you may contact and realize in all of your problems of this life.

ATTENTION ROSICRUCIANS OF TORONTO AND VICINTY

Do you know that weekly there meets in your city, a group of AMORC members, as an officially chartered Chapter to participate in special discussions, to witness interesting demonstrations and to enjoy Rosicrucian fraternalism, and that you, if you are a member, are welcome to attend and be one of them? Sessions first and third Sundays of the month, 7:00 p. m., No. 10 Lansdowne Avenue.



The Holy Guide

A ROSICRUCIAN MYSTIC LEGEND FROM THE ORIGINAL
1662 EDITION BY JOHN HEYDON

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a preface to the work entitled, "The English Physician's Guide, or a Holy Guide," written by John Heydon, eminent Rosicrucian, and published in London in 1662. The original Book with its badly worn leather cover and aged, discolored pages, is one of many such rare mystical works in the archives of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC. John Heydon, one of the select group of Rosicrucians associated with Sir Francis Bacon, was appointed to complete and publish Bacon's unfinished manuscript, "New Atlantis," after his demise. The reader will note in the allegorical tale many references to the Rosy Cross Order and the Brethren of the Rosy Cross. The article has been rewritten in modern English by a member of the editorial staff of "The Rosicrucian Digest."



WE TRAVELLED from Sydmouth (where we had been for one whole year) for London and Spain by the South Sea, taking with us provisions for twelve months; and we had good east winds, though soft and weak, for approximately five months. But then

the wind changed to the west for many days, so as we could make little or no headway, and we were sometimes almost at the point of turning back. But then again there arose strong south winds, with a point East, which carried us against our wishes towards the North. Soon our provisions failed us, though we had rationed them carefully. So that finding ourselves in the midst of a great wilderness of water in the world, without provisions we gave ourselves for lost men, and prepared for death.

Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who shows his wonders in the deep; beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the deep, and brought forth dry land; so he would now discover land to us, that we might not perish. And it came to pass, that the next day about evening, we saw before us, towards the North, what appeared to be thick clouds, which did put us in some hope of land; knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknown, and might have islands or continents that had not been previously discovered. Toward these we changed our course, where we saw what appeared to be land. At dawn the next day, we could plainly discern that it was a land which appeared flat and covered with a mass of shrubbery. After an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, the port of a fair city; not large, but well built. It was a pleasant view from the sea; and we, tired of the sea, immediately began preparations to land, but we were surprised to see a



crowd of people with rods in their hands forbidding us to land, yet they did this without any cries or threats, warning us off by the sign they made. This reception surprised us and while we were discussing what we should do, about eight persons in a small boat approached us. One of them had in his hand a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with green. He came aboard our ship without hesitancy or distrust at all. When he saw one of our number standing ahead of the rest, which he presumed to be our leader, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment (somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible) and delivered it to our foremost man. In the scroll was written in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Spanish, these words: Land ye not, none of you; and prepare to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, unless you have further time given you. Meanwhile, if you want fresh water, food, help for your sick, or repairs for your ship, write down your wants, and you shall have "that which belongeth to Mercy." This scroll was signed with a stamp of Cherubin's wings, not spread, but hanging downwards; and by them a cross. When this was delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer. After consulting among ourselves, we were still perplexed. The denial of landing, and hasty warning us away, troubled us much; on the other hand, to find that the people had languages known in our land made us feel that we were not among enemies. And above all, the sign of the cross on the document caused us to rejoice because it was a symbol of good. Our answer was in the Spanish language. We stated that our ship was in good condition, for we had met with calms and contrary winds rather than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in many cases seriously ill, so that if they were not permitted to land, they might fail to recover. Our other wants we listed carefully, adding that we had a small cargo of merchandise which we would be glad to trade them in return for supplying our wants. We preferred not to ask charity. We offered a gold coin to the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer, but the

servant would neither accept them nor scarcely look at them. He took the list we had prepared and went back to another boat, which had been sent for him.

About three hours after we had dispatched our answer, there came towards us a person who seemed to be an official. He wore a beautiful green gown with wide sleeves made of camlet far more glossy than ours. His hat was also green and made in the form of a turban, but not as large as the Turkish turbans. The locks of his hair came down below the brim of his hat. He was an imposing man to behold. He came in a gilded boat with four other persons, and was followed by another boat in which there were about twenty others. When he came within a short distance of our ship, signs were made to us that we should send someone to meet him. We sent our ship-boat in charge of one of our ship's officers together with four others. When we came within six yards of their boat, they called to us to stop and not to approach further. And thereupon the man, whom I previously described, stood up, and with a loud voice, in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "We are," fearing nothing because of the cross we had seen on the document. Upon hearing our answer their leader lifted up his right hand towards Heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth, (which is a gesture they use, when they thank God) and then said, "If ye will swear, (all of you) by the Merit of the Saviour, that ye are not pirates, nor have shed blood, lawfully, nor unlawfully, within forty days past, you may have license to come to land." We said we were all ready to take that Oath. Then one of those that were with him, being (as it seemed) a notary, made an entry of this act.

When the notary finished, another of the same boat, after his Lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud, "My Lord would have you know that it is not of pride that he does not board your ship, but because in your answer you declare that you have many sick among you. He was warned by the conservator of health, of the city, that he should keep a distance." We appreciated this attitude towards us, but we hoped that the nature of our men's sickness was not infectious. Soon after he returned the

notary came aboard our ship, holding in his hands a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of color between orange and scarlet, which had a most agreeable odor. He used it apparently for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath, by the name of Jesus and His merits, and told us that the next day at six o'clock in the morning we would be brought to the "stranger's house," where both our sick and well would receive care. When we offered him some gold coins he smilingly said that he must not be twice paid for one labor, meaning (as I take it) that he had salary sufficient from the state for his service. I later learned that they call an officer who accepts a reward twice paid.

Early the next morning the same officer who first came to us with his cane approached and informed us that he would conduct us to the "stranger's house." He advised only a few should return with him to see the place and arrange it to our liking. Then (he said) you may send for your sick and the rest of your number. We thanked him, and said that for this care which he took of desolate strangers, God would reward. Six of us went ashore with him. When we landed, he turned to us and said he was our servant and our guide. He led us through three fair streets. There were people on both sides of the street standing in a row but in so civil a fashion as if it had been, not to wonder at us, but to welcome us. Many of them, as we passed by, extended their arms, which was their gesture of welcome. The "stranger's house" was a spacious house, built of brick, of somewhat a bluer color than our brick. It had large windows, some of glass and some of prepared cloth. He brought us first into a parlor on the second floor and then asked us how many there were on our ship and of that number how many were sick. We answered that there were 250 persons of which seventeen were sick. He desired us to have patience and await his return. He returned in about an hour and led us to see the chambers which were provided for us. We found that there were exactly 250. They had arranged that four of those chambers, which were better than the rest, would be for four of the principal men of our company. The chambers were spacious,

cheerful, and well furnished. Then he led us to a long gallery where he showed us all along the one side, for the other side was but wall and window, seventeen very neat cells which had partitions of cedar wood. There were 900 of these, many more than we needed, to be used as an infirmary for sick persons. He told us that as any of our sick became well, they might be removed from a cell to a chamber, for which purpose there were set forth ten spare chambers, besides the number we spoke of before. This done, he brought us back to the parlor and lifting up his cane a little, (as they do when they give any charge or command) said to us, "Ye are to know, that the custom of the land requires that after this day and tomorrow (which we give you for removing of your people from your ship) you are to keep within doors for three days. But let it not trouble you, nor do not think yourselves restrained, but rather let it be a period of rest and ease. You shall want nothing, and there are six of our people appointed to attend you, for any business you may have abroad." We thanked him with all affection and respect, and said, "God surely is manifested in this land." We offered him also twenty gold coins, but he smiled and only said, "What? twice paid!" And so he left us.

Soon after our dinner was served in, consisting of bread, meat, wine, and many other foods, better than any diet that I have known in Europe. We had also ale, beer, cider, wine of the grape, and another drink of grain, all wholesome and good. We also had a drink similar to pear juice made of a fruit of that country, a wonderful pleasing and refreshing drink. Besides, there were brought in to us many of those scarlet oranges for our sick; which (they said) were an assured remedy for sickness taken at sea. There was given us also a box of small gray, or whitish pills, which they wished our sick should take, one of the pills, every night before sleep; which (they said) would hasten their recovery.

The next day, after we had finished the removal of our men and goods out of our ship, we were settled and quiet. I thought it well to call our company together, and when they were assembled, I said unto them, "My dear friends, let us know ourselves, and how it standeth



with us. We are men cast on land as Jonah was, out of the whale's belly, when we were as buried in the deep, now we are on land, we are but between death and life; for we are beyond, both the old world, and the new. Whether we shall ever see Europe again, God only knoweth. It is a miracle that has brought us here, and it must be little less that shall return us home. Therefore in regard of our deliverance past, and our danger present, and to come, let us look up to God, and every man reform his own ways. Besides, we are among a Christian people, full of piety and humanity. Let us not make ourselves unworthy of their help through our words or actions. They have by Commandment (though in form of courtesy) cloistered us within these walls for three days, who knows that it

might only be for the purpose of appraising our manners? And if they find them bad, to banish us immediately. If good, to give us further time. Therefore, for God's love, and as we regard our own welfare, let us so behave ourselves, as we may be at peace with God, and may find grace in the eyes of these people."

Our company with one voice thanked me for my good admonition, and promised me to live soberly and civilly, and without giving any occasion for offense. So we spent our three days joyfully and without care, in expectation what would be done with us, when they were expired. During which time pleasure was added to our house due to the improvement of our sick, who thought themselves cast into some divine pool of healing.

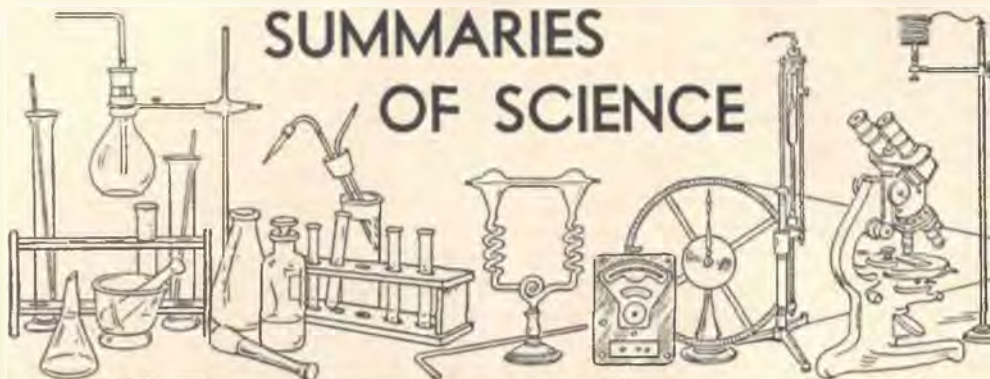
(To be continued next month)

PREPARE FOR THE ROSE-CROIX UNIVERSITY

Now is the time to address a letter to the Rose-Croix University, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, and ask for complete, free instructions about the matriculation course. You may enroll in any of the colleges of the university, and take the six weeks' matriculation course (preparatory only) at home. If you pass the examination of this course, you are then eligible to register for the resident classes of the next term of the Rose-Croix University, which begins June 17. The Rose-Croix University is guided by Rosicrucian principles and ideals, and yet is thorough in the subject matter which its colleges are expounding. Each of its instructors is well qualified and well grounded, and you will profit by the personal contact and association with other Rosicrucians as well. In addition, you have the full use of the facilities of the laboratories, library and visual education (motion picture instruction) which it affords. The tuition is exceptionally reasonable. You may combine a vacation in California, the Rosicrucian Convention in San Jose, and a term at the Rose-Croix University in one.

THE ABSENCE OF THE IMPERATOR

Apparently some of our good Fratres and Sorores have not been carefully reading "The Rosicrucian Digest," or they would have observed that the Emperor and some two hundred Rosicrucians are at the time of this writing, in Cairo, Egypt; for these members are still writing to the Emperor in San Jose, marking "Personal" on their letters. They fail to realize that if the letter were to be held awaiting the return of the Emperor, it would be several months before they would receive a reply. Therefore, direct your questions to any of the other officers of the Grand Lodge or Supreme Lodge, or the different department heads, and you will receive prompt and satisfactory replies.



Each hour of the day finds the men of science cloistered unostentatiously in laboratories, investigating nature's mysteries and extending the boundaries of knowledge. The world at large, although profiting by their labors, oftentimes is deprived of the pleasure of reviewing their work, since general periodicals and publications announce only those sensational discoveries which appeal to the popular imagination.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we afford our readers a monthly summary of some of these scientific researches, and briefly relate them to the Rosicrucian philosophy and doctrines. To the Science Journal, unless otherwise specified, we give full credit for all matter which appears in quotations.

War—A Biological Necessity?



MODERN society, when it is free from the lash of the war propagandist, which whips human emotions into a frenzy of hatred, considers war the outstanding blight on today's civilization. War, psychologically, is said to be an indication

that education and culture have failed in exerting sufficient efficacy to create in the mind artificial desires to supplant those produced by the elementary passions.

It is recognized that our emotional natures predominated for centuries before the dawn of intellectualism and thus it is natural for man to revert to their inclinations. The struggle between emotions and reason in the average human is an unequal one. The emotions have much in their favor. They stimulate involuntary automatic actions, ones

that usually require little effort. On the other hand, reason is handicapped by first requiring conscious action to execute most of its orders. When we are free from the influence of our emotional selves we ordinarily prefer the exercise of reason because it permits us to distinguish ourselves to some degree from our fellow man, which we cannot do if we give ourselves over to the nearly uniform direction of the instincts and emotions.

Conscious behaviorism, the doing of certain things a certain way by choice, can produce habits which may restrain emotional tendencies. In other words, we can create artificial desires which we prefer to realize instead of our natural emotional ones. For example—at times we perform arduous duties, ones that are painful to us physically and mentally, because reason demands them, even though emotionally there is the natural tug to avoid them and seek more pleasurable interests. In such cases we have exercised the will, made an artificial desire superior to a natural one. A conquest of this kind makes man, psycho-



logically at least, a superior being. It is evidence of the exercise of his distinctive attribute—the mind.

When a small child strikes another because the other has taken his toy by mistake or merely to examine it, there is some excuse for such conduct. The child is still in a stage of mental development equivalent to the mentality of primitive man. The instincts and passions dominate. Reason is under-developed; has not yet attained its maturity, and exerts no restraining influence. When, however, men or nations exert force in dealing with each other, as in war, instead of resorting exclusively to reason to gain an end, psychology can then rightfully claim that education and culture are still ineffectual in completely controlling man.

However, the biologist, considering the matter in the calculating, unemotional manner of science, disregarding the moral, ethical and psychological values, can find in war a solution to a serious problem. If war, plagues, famines and major catastrophes such as floods, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions were to be eliminated, the world would become seriously congested to such an extent that an epidemic or food shortage could occur which might result in the extermination of the race. Then again, vice and other social disorders would occur in such proportions as to bring about mass suicide. In fact, war is considered by these biologists as the result of excessive population pressures which increase the difficulty of living and irk the minds of individuals to such an extent that most of them subjectively seek an outlet from the vicious circle of living in which they find themselves confined. Education and culture do not relieve such a condition. War propaganda becomes the objective torch which explodes the subjective pressure.

War is mainly localized. That is, in contrast to the tremendous population of the world scattered throughout the earth, it involves a comparatively small portion of the population and area of the earth's surface. Though horrible and excessively cruel to the individual ensnared in its meshes, it relieves a growing pressure which would become a far greater menace to the human race than

a series of wars occurring at such intervals as to allow for readjustment and restoration of population levels. It seems almost unbelievable that war should be countenanced for such a reason, and yet, if the population increases in the future continuously as it has for the last three hundred years, the human race will undoubtedly face a problem of congestion even more serious than war. To say that the future generations must meet their own tests is as unjust and as cruel as the method of destroying the next generation by killing its progenitors in a war of today.

Man can expect little or no help from nature in eliminating war. Nature is continuously at war, but to her it is the law of compensation and balance. Life is not evaluated by nature as it is by man. Sentiment, ideals and suffering play no part in the majestic scheme, the final end of nature. These are left to man.

The biologist's view is found interestingly presented in the following excerpt from an analysis of a lecture recently given by Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University.

"Mankind joining in a great mass movement toward self-destruction, driven blindly into a war by stern biological forces that they do not understand. That was the mental picture presented by Dr. Raymond Pearl, of the Johns Hopkins University. Studying the fruit fly, beetle and the yeast cell, among whom hundreds of generations can be observed by a single living scientist, Dr. Pearl has drawn lessons that apply to higher forms of life, including man himself. The lemming, a lower mammal, demonstrates how blind biological forces drive creatures to multiply until great population pressures are built up and then drive them on to mass suicide. This Arctic animal has great spurts of reproductivity and, after the density has reached a certain limit, starts mass migratory movements. These great marches blindly push on until some obstacle like the sea or a river is reached. There vast hordes of the migrants still push on to their death. A parallel is found in the rapid growth of human population. In a minimum of 100,000 years up to the year 1630, man's numbers grew only to 445,000,000. Yet in

the 300 years since then, the population has grown to some 2,073,000,000. For thousands upon thousands of years the human population of the earth grew slowly, because the conditions necessary to more rapid growth did not exist. Then about 300 years ago, the advancement of learning suddenly expanded man's effective universe and has kept on expanding it. There has followed a spurt of population growth of an explosiveness that is seen, when plotted to a proper time scale, to be comparable to that of an epidemic. This has produced a density of forty persons per square mile for every single square mile of the land area of the earth. That there are associated with this present density

stimuli producing sensations of discomfort seem scarcely open to argument. Can it be honestly denied that, on a world-wide view, unrest is the dominant characteristic of human behavior to-day? And behavioristically viewed, unrest is surely the cardinal symptom of discomfort. Up to this point the parallelism in between the two cases seems reasonably evident. One scarcely envisages mankind marching to a watery grave just behind a horde of frantic lemmings. But does any one find it difficult to conceive of man marching off in the not too distant future to a war? Or to doubt that once well started that war will entangle in its meshes the major portion before it is finished?"

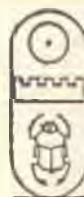
GOOD PLAYS, MUSIC AND BOOKS

Every system of philosophy and metaphysics, if based on sound rational doctrines which are applicable to the lives of the students, has distinct advantages, and is worthy of the time, study and effort put forth by the student. Many students of metaphysics and philosophy fail to attain the end or ideal set forth by a system of philosophy, and in accordance with human nature point a finger of criticism not at themselves but at the system of philosophy and its doctrines, complaining that it was not represented to them properly. It stands to reason, however, that two persons extremely different in temperament and education, in habits, in thinking, and in character will not acquire the same benefits or reach the same end from the study of the same system of philosophy or metaphysics, whether it be Rosicrucianism or not. It is necessary, therefore, that all who desire to give a portion of their time daily, weekly, or monthly to higher thought, adopt a certain attitude of mind; in other words, prepare themselves for what they are to receive so that they can assimilate it and mentally and spiritually be prepared for it.

One of the first preparatory steps is to place ourselves in the proper environment where our souls, so to speak, may be awakened and ready to receive the higher thoughts. This does not mean we must move to a new city or new location or change our home or even our friends or associates, but it does mean that we must try to lift ourselves out of our routine environment in certain interesting ways periodically—lift our emotional psychic selves to a higher plane. This can be done by attending concerts, operas, listening to good music, reading good, clean, vitally interesting, uplifting literature. The literature can be thrilling, exciting, adventurous, but it should be worthwhile. We should also see good plays and good motion pictures that have a moral which appeals to our better natures and selves.

For example, every Rosicrucian who can, and who lives in the vicinity of New York City, should see the latest play of Max Reinhardt, famous playwright and author, entitled "The Eternal Road." It is extremely mystical and historical in nature. It makes the one who has seen it feel that our civilization is not slipping back as some of our pessimistic fellow men would make us believe.

It has been said that plays that appeal to the higher type of play-goer are unproductive financially, but in the case of the above drama, this does not apply. The play is extremely popular and playing to packed houses at each performance, showing that there are people looking for better things and that they will respond to them when they are offered.





Along Civilization's Trail

By RALPH M. LEWIS, K. R. C.

Editor's Note:—This is the second episode of a narrative by the Supreme Secretary relating the experiences he and his party had in visiting mystic shrines and places in Europe and the ancient world.

OUR MYSTICAL INITIATIONS



WITH sighs of relief we sank back against the cushions of our seats, attempting to make ourselves as comfortable in the overcrowded compartment as possible. After a delay which nearly caused us to miss the special Brussels Express we had

finally located our missing baggage on the dock and with little opportunity for proper arrangement were obliged to pile it about our feet and in the racks over our heads just as the train, after a series of convulsive jerks, pulled slowly out of the domed sheds. A sudden startling clatter of the door, and there stood on the threshold the attendant or, as we term him in America, the conductor. His expression was quite apparently one of displeasure. He glanced at the baggage and at us, and said nothing. His silence and looks combined were more abusive, I am sure, than any remarks he might have made at the

moment. He was, we were certain, not approving of this excess baggage in a passenger compartment. We were not left in doubt long as to his annoyance. In a loud voice, mingling French with English, and gesticulating freely, he informed us of our wrongdoing, but permitted us to keep our delicate equipment in the compartment. We were well pleased that we did not have to subject it to the rough handling of the baggage attendants.

The weather was delightfully warm. The late summer sun seemed to have given the fleeting fields and pastures a mellow appearance as though we were looking at them through an amber glass. The country-side was level and but a few feet above the sea. Artistic, rustic thatched-roof barns and houses flashed by. Patient and plodding oxen pulled crude two-wheeled carts laden with hay. Picturesquely dressed peasants with wide baggy trousers walked slowly alongside with one hand resting on the rack of the cart and the other holding a wooden-pronged fork which seemed to lie heavily on their shoulders. Frater Shibley remarked that it was an animated painting, like a masterpiece from

some famous gallery suddenly become a reality.

A series of sharp, high-pitched blasts of the engine whistle informed us we were approaching a station, and a few seconds later we heard and felt the grinding of brakes as we pulled up to a small red brick depot with a stone flagging platform. Small-town train watchers and station hangers-on do not differ much throughout the world. They are brothers under the skin regardless of their difference in costume and nationality. A number of them seated on cases and crates were leaning languorously against the wall, wearing wide-brimmed hats pulled low in front to shade their eyes. They formed a soporific picture. Rosy-faced children, with well-patched clothes, went through a pantomime act attempting to interest passengers in their wares. The passengers, behind closed windows, did not respond.

We heard it coming—the distant faint tweet of the whistle of the guard of the last car, followed by louder and shriller tweets of the whistles of the guards of the successive cars, until finally the engineer, who must have been counting each whistle corresponding to the cars of the train, acknowledged them with a shrieking blast from the engine. We were off again. To get a train underway was indeed a ceremony. Frater Brower remarked that the delay in starting a train in Belgium must certainly be a boon to late commuters.

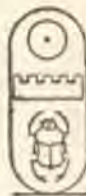
It was dark when we finally roared to a stop in the great metropolis of Brussels, a city having a population of more than seven hundred thousand. We were pleased to learn that our hotel was a few steps from the railroad station; in fact, located on the same great cobblestone square which the station itself faced. Several times before large parties of Rosicrucians from America and various sections of Europe had gathered at this hotel while attending important conclaves in Brussels. The Rosicrucians were well known to the management as an orderly, congenial group of guests and his hospitality was accordingly responsive. Our party had adjoining suites, ones that had been occupied by the Emperor's party but two years previously.

Fifty-nine

I was late for an important engagement, how important I did not fully realize. I called Mademoiselle Guesdon on the telephone. She was residing at the same hotel, having come from Paris for the same conclave and to kindly act as my official interpreter. She excitedly asked that Mrs. Lewis and myself meet her in the main lobby at once. To meet Mademoiselle Guesdon, Grand Secretary of the AMORC in France, is to know an exceedingly intelligent and highly efficient woman with much administrative experience. With all of her firmness and ability to accomplish what seems the impossible at times, she is refined, kindly, and most considerate. Years of intimate association with the commercial world in an executive capacity have not lessened her mystic insight and her philosophic trend of mind. She has performed innumerable services for the AMORC of America and its Supreme Officers.

Speaking in perfect English and in a hushed voice, she told us that Hieronymus, the Rosicrucian Emperor of Europe, could only attend that night's secret conclave of the FUDOSI, the great federation of the arcane mystic Orders of the world. He must leave early the next day for another city in Belgium. In fact, he had been in conference for a day before we arrived and had waited and was NOW waiting for us. We felt grieved that we had been a cause of delay, but Mademoiselle Guesdon hastened to assure us that our schedule had been proper, but that sudden unexpected affairs made it necessary for Hieronymus to depart sooner than he had anticipated.

Since we must leave at once there was no time for preparation. Mrs. Lewis and I hastily informed the other members of our party where we were going and then hurriedly joined Mademoiselle Guesdon at the street curb. We frantically signalled a taxi, and in my excitement I called to the driver in English, which amused the early evening sidewalk cafe patrons. To them we were running true to form, like all Americans, in a constant rush. We feel that the speed with which we travel through life is the cause of our accomplishments, and that these accomplishments are the worthy ends of life. Our Belgian friends



shrug their shoulders and admit that Americans accomplish stupendous things, but "are these things the true end of life?" is their query. "Do they bring the American any greater happiness and contentment than the quiet enjoyment of every hour of living which the Belgian ordinarily experiences?" Speaking rapidly in French to our rotund chauffeur who looked none too comfortable crammed into the very limited space between the wheel and the hard, upright seat back, Mademoiselle Guesdon gave directions for reaching our destination.

Concerning exactly where we were going, and what was to occur, I was still very much in the dark. I ventured to quiz Mademoiselle Guesdon and finding her non-committal on this point dropped the matter. This attitude only quickened my imagination and further stimulated my enthusiasm. No further words were spoken. We, Mrs. Lewis and myself, sat in suspense, each keeping to his or her own thoughts. We drove across great plazas walled in by massive stone buildings having medieval-looking turrets and high iron gates. Walking rhythmically before them were uniformed sentinels carrying regulation rifles with bayonets fixed. I could only conjecture that they were guarding public buildings. The dignified solemnity of these settings was broken by the clanging bells of high, narrow, but short length electric trams which rocked from side to side as they clattered along.

Suddenly Mademoiselle Guesdon tapped loudly on the glass partition separating us from the driver. Bringing his cab to a stop, he inquired in French as to her desires. After much hand-waving on the chauffeur's part he was finally convinced by Mademoiselle Guesdon that he was not taking us in the right direction, and he turned to travel in a direction from which it seemed to me we had just come. I did not know what to look for, but I was surprised when our cab stopped in a semi-residential shopping district. I hesitated before leaving the cab. "Do we get out here?" I inquired. "Yes," Mademoiselle Guesdon replied, smiling at my bewilderment.

We walked rapidly about a block, passing many attractive little shops.

Mademoiselle Guesdon stopped in front of one, and looked in the doorway. I walked closer and looked into the large plate glass window front. There were platters of cakes and large green bowls of delicious-looking salads. I looked at the large block letters painted on the glass above me. The establishment was a restaurant catering to those who preferred vegetarian and fruit dishes. "But why are we stopping here?" I wondered. I turned, and looked in the direction of Mademoiselle Guesdon. She beckoned to us to enter. "This is strange," I thought. She had been anxious to reach our destination—was in a hurry, in fact—and now we were dining before proceeding. She apparently realized my confusion and enlightened me. "We are here," she said. "The conclave—" I began, and she motioned for me not to speak for a genial hostess with a voluminous colored apron was approaching us. The hostess was about to accept us as patrons, usher us to a table in the large room in which there were several tables already occupied by diners, but Mademoiselle Guesdon stepped up to her quickly, and in a manner that attracted no attention, spoke to her in a whisper which I could not overhear. The woman turned, looked at us intently for a moment, and then nodded her head in the direction of a small door at the opposite end of the room. We followed her in single file toward it. Upon reaching the door she bowed, turned, and left us. Mademoiselle Guesdon, turning to us, said: "Wait here, please; I shall return shortly." The patrons, eating in the leisurely manner which is the custom of the country, paid us no attention, for which we were grateful, for our faces must have revealed our pent-up emotions.

It seemed an age, but in reality the passing of time must have been but three minutes before Mademoiselle Guesdon returned. "You shall follow me," she said solemnly. We did. We entered a short dark hallway. As I recall, it had a turn in it, because I could not see the other end until suddenly I was standing in an oblong chamber. The room was about thirty-five feet in length and about eighteen feet wide. It had, if memory serves me well, a plank floor and a low-hanging plastered ceiling. It

was lit by candles located at the far end of the room. Shadows danced about us on the wall with each flicker of the candle flames, adding to the enigmatic atmosphere of the occasion. Our eyes were rooted to the scenes which the candles illuminated. There was a long but narrow U-shaped table with the open end toward us. The table in reality consisted of a series of small tables placed together and covered with crisp and brilliant white (in contrast to the yellow candlelight) table cloths. Around the outer side sat a group of impressive looking men. None were eating, although they obviously had been. They looked straight at us. Their faces were expressionless but not cold and steely. We felt, standing there in the part shadows, as though we were apparitions being looked upon by a solemn committee of investigators into psychic phenomena. I stepped forward and then stood hesitating. As though this had been a given signal, the gentlemen all arose as one, stood erect, motionless, waiting. Waiting for what, I did not know.

Again Mademoiselle Guesdon came to our aid. In a low voice she said, "Permit me to introduce you." I was fascinated by one personage. He stood behind the closed end of the U-shaped table in the exact center. His position was directly in front of me. I had tried turning my eyes from him. I did not wish to stare discourteously, and yet, as if magnetically drawn, I would become conscious that I had turned again to hold his eyes. He would have attracted attention anywhere. He was tall, stately, well-groomed, conservatively attired. He had a neatly trimmed white beard which gave him an air of distinction without being conspicuous. His complexion for a man of his age—and he must have been sixty years—was startlingly youthful, a healthful pink. I could not detect the color of his eyes from where I stood. They were to me two radiant, scintillating gems; points of light would perhaps better describe them.

Slowly Mademoiselle Guesdon led us down the center aisle formed by the opening of the "U," directly toward him. When but three feet from him she stopped. Slowly, and in a quiet tone of

voice, Mademoiselle Guesdon spoke to him in French. She was introducing me; then he spoke. I do not recall his words; in fact, I did not, as I now recollect, remember hearing words at all but it seemed as if I were hearing a voice calling from a great distance, indistinct but melodious, soothing, somewhat like a chant. I seemed to understand inwardly what was being said, rather than objectively perceiving it. He was extending greetings, then he smiled and put forth his hand in welcome. As he smiled, his whole face lit up with a beautiful glow. I realized then what the master painters sought to capture on canvas when they wished to have their subjects — saints, mystics, and great philosophers of old—appear to radiate the esoteric light which had dwelt within them. It is something which the chemical elements of paint and pigments can never portray. In fact, it is more sensed than seen.

This man before me was the Emperor of Europe, known only by his symbolic name, Hieronymus. He was one of the three Rosicrucian Imperators of the world, of which Dr. H. Spencer Lewis of our jurisdiction is one. I was not awed by the occasion, but rather a great wave of humility swept over me. I felt a keen sense of devotion to the Order which it is my privilege and honor to serve. There flashed in my mind a vivid picture of my obligations and duties, and the thought of the many who had gone before me and had made possible what we hold so sacred today.

We were now led to our places at this table; then each of the gentlemen filed by us and was introduced to us in turn. We played with our food, hungry as we were and delicious as it was. Somehow we thought that giving time to eating on such an auspicious occasion would be nothing short of profane, though it would have been in proper order. A few moments later, all arose at the sound of the gavel, and quietly retired from the room. I was about to leave when a young man of about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, slender, wiry, with high forehead and the facial characteristics of one who is distinctly a student and devoted to a mental life, came forward and said in English, "Kindly wait with Mademoi-



selles Guesdon. You shall be admitted later." I felt a strong liking for this Frater. He was personable and understanding. He was our noted Frater Mallinger, prominent in the legal profession of his country and a moving spirit in the administrative affairs of the FUDOSI. I had corresponded with him on numerous occasions relative to official matters of our Order. In fact I had with me at this time secret and confidential documents to deliver to him. He was exactly as I had visualized him—a human dynamo of energy and accomplishment. He left us and joined the others.

Once again we were alone—Mademoiselle Guesdon, Mrs. Lewis and myself. I turned to Soror Guesdon questioningly. Before I could speak she anticipated my thoughts. "You are about (referring to Mrs. Lewis and me) to be inducted into the thirteenth traditional historical degree of our Order." (Referring to AMORC.) "Only a few members of every jurisdiction are eligible to receive its honors, secrets, and wisdom." We were more than elated and grateful. A few moments later a Frater came through the portal which led to the chamber into which all the others had retired. He spoke hurriedly in French to our interpreter and guide, and returned. Once again Soror Guesdon bade us follow her, which we did. This became an unforgettable evening in our lives. We crossed the threshold and dwelt within for nearly an hour, though we were not conscious of time. What transpired there must be sealed in my heart and mind. I can only impart my experiences to those who are prepared to receive them, and like me, they will never know when they will be considered prepared until the invitation has been extended to them to receive this knowledge at a proper time and at a proper place.

My next day was an exceptionally busy one; no time for sightseeing, no tours or ramblings. There was too much to be accomplished. By appointment I met Frater Mallinger at his office, to which Mademoiselle Guesdon took me. There important documents concerning the welfare and extension of the AMORC in America were signed and

sealed. Official communications from the Emperor of AMORC in America were personally delivered to Frater Mallinger for the consideration of FUDOSI officers. The mutual plans and problems of the Rosicrucian Order of the North and South American jurisdiction and the Order of Europe were discussed, and constructive ideas exchanged. For the first time I heard the phrase, "*And it shall be the duty of America to preserve this for future generations.*" I thought it strange but passed it by without question.

Later, Mrs. Lewis, Soror Guesdon and I were the luncheon guests of Frater and Soror Mallinger at their home. A delicious repast was enjoyed in most pleasant surroundings, Soror Mallinger being an excellent hostess. Immediately following luncheon, Frater Mallinger, Mademoiselle Guesdon and I attended the meeting of a special FUDOSI Convention Committee some distance from the former's home, for a further consideration of organization matters of importance.

Several days had elapsed since our arrival in Brussels, but this night was to be an eventful one in this very eventful city. Mrs. Lewis, Frater Brower and myself were to be inducted into the Order of the M——, one of the oldest arcane Orders of Europe. For centuries it had been a contemporary of the Rosicrucian Order, a body of preliminary training and preparation for the higher degree studies of the Rosicrucian Order, perpetuating many noble traditions and ideals. It had numbered among its membership many learned men throughout Europe whose names are milestones in history. Frater Brower, who had never been abroad before, and had not previously had the pleasure and privilege of meeting the dignitaries of these august Orders of light, was in a high state of expectation and enthusiasm. For him the hours of the day slowly waned as he waited for the evening, when we were to go to our place of initiation. We had been advised to dress semi-formally for the occasion, and we were dressed considerably in advance and waiting with undue impatience in the foyer of our hotel for Mademoiselle Guesdon, who, as usual, was most punctual.

It was dark and rainy when we left in a chugging taxi for our destination. The streets, for so large a city, were quite deserted. The evening was one that induced a melancholy mood. Reflections of the odd-shaped street lamps cast grotesque patterns of light on the slippery pavements. No one spoke. Each treasured silence. To me it was an intriguing adventure. Some of the streets through which we passed were so narrow that the shadows of the houses on either side intensified the darkness so that we seemed to be riding through deep canyons. The streets twisted to such an extent that neither end could be visible, which added to the realism of the impression.

I could not help but think of the sagas of the neophytes of our beloved Order who, in the Middle Ages, seeking light as we, crept from their homes in the dead of night—such a night as this — and pulling closely over their heads the cowls of their cloaks so as to partly conceal their faces, flitted along in the shadows like things of another world, seeking others who would, in the deep shadows of the eaves of some home, meet them. Together they would secretly enter and surreptitiously conduct a conclave of our Order, fearing any moment to hear the crash of the door and find in their midst officers of church and state who would arrest them for daring to go beyond, in their studies and thoughts, the prescribed confines of the ecclesiastical and state laws of what should constitute knowledge. Though I was to experience no such danger, I thrilled with the thought of the danger they experienced to gain what we, of the jurisdiction of North and South America and the allied jurisdictions, enjoy so freely and sometimes unappreciatively.

After a ride of about ten minutes we came to an abrupt stop on a slight hill. Stepping from the taxi so as to avoid pools of muddy water, we stood on the sidewalk in front of a brown stone building that resembled the mental picture one gains from the descriptions of homes in French novels, architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was quaint, intriguing — the sharp pointed roof, the garret windows, the well-worn steps leading to the main en-

trance, and the small doorway at the left, below, with its heavy wooden door and small grated windows.

Presuming that this was the place we were to enter, because it seemed to have an atmosphere of mystery and secrecy, I started in advance of the others to walk up the steps toward the large doors which were closed, and through small glasses in the upper portion of which was shining a faint light. Mademoiselle Guesdon called out to me to return. I said, upon reaching her, "Is not this the place?" "Yes," she said, "but not the entrance." She turned, and we followed her. She approached the small door at the left. In fact, to reach this door we had to go down two or three steps. To me it had seemed like a servants' or delivery entrance. We stood behind her, our coats drawn about us tightly. It was still raining, and miserably uncomfortable. Not a soul was to be seen on the street. It was exceptionally dark because there was only a faint street lamp at either end of the long block. She knocked three times. I recalled the symbolic knock in one of our rituals.

We waited what seemed to me a great length of time. No one spoke. She made no further effort to knock. Finally I heard a bolt being drawn in the door, and the door must have been heavy and not used frequently for it opened slowly as though the one who was opening it found it an effort to do so. It creaked. We looked in. There was a hallway, a short one, well illuminated by an odd electric fixture hanging on the high ceiling, casting a peculiar pattern on the floor. To the right of the entrance in front of which we stood was a stairway that led upward, only one flight of it being visible. The hallway was inviting. It radiated a spirit of friendliness, warmth, light, cheerfulness. Immediately before us stood a Frater, tall, well-proportioned, and wearing a flowing white gown, and a black mask which concealed all of his face but just a slight portion of his forehead and his mouth and chin. He said but one word — "Enter." We did. We filed in and lined ourselves against the wall of the hallway. He closed the door, bolted it, spoke nothing further, turned at right angles, walked slowly up the long stair-



way, we following him with our eyes as he did so. Again silence reigned and no one made the effort to speak. Speaking seemed to be out of order. No one seemed to want to shatter his impressions with words.

In a few moments this Frater returned, and smiling, and speaking in English, asked us to please follow. Mademoiselle Guesdon led. The robed Frater took up the rear. We climbed the flight of stairs to another passageway identical with the one below, except that in this hallway were two doors. We waited outside one. The robed Frater opened it just enough to pass into the chamber, but we could not see in and knew not what to expect. He returned a few moments later and had in his hand three large white silk handkerchiefs. We were asked to remove our coats and hats and then each of us was blind-folded, and each of us was led through the open doorway into the chamber of initiation. The masks were not removed until we had had such experiences as made it seem that we had lived for centuries and travelled to other worlds. And thus concluded my first initiation in the Order of the M———. I was to have still others.

The next night was to be our last one in Brussels. It was to be one of merriment, sociability, brotherhood. During the next day Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Shibley were free to visit some of the excellent shops in Brussels, noted for their fine laces and needlework. They had to return early, however, to prepare for the official FUDOSI banquet, a banquet which concludes all these official sessions.

At 7:00 P. M. on that evening, Mademoiselle Guesdon again acted as our guide. Our party, however, was increased in number this time. We drove along one of the main boulevards in Brussels, well illuminated with sparkling, scintillating electric signs as modern as any we find in America. Along this boulevard there prevailed the typical continental atmosphere. There were blocks dotted with little sidewalk cafes, little tables over which there were awn-

ings, and about which people sat sipping wines, drinking coffee, and watching humanity file by.

We eventually came to our destination, a well-illuminated and fashionable-appearing restaurant — a large place. We entered, and the maitre d'hotel escorted our party to the second floor where, in a large dining hall, the convention tables were spread. There were hosts of representatives of the various occult, mystical, and arcane Orders of Europe and the world gathered there. Some were in full dress, wearing their emblems of office, and some wore their ritualistic capes. Among those present was the eminent Grand Master of the Order of M———, into which I had just been inducted—a man of prominence in his own country, an outstanding figure in the political world. More about him will come later. I was introduced to a kindly old soul, well over eighty years of age, Grand Master of the hermetic brotherhood, a master of occult lore. He spoke English, and I spent a very pleasant half-hour discussing the work of the AMORC in North and South America with him.

There were also many others there who were distinguished personages. I had the pleasure of meeting our good Frater Greuter of Southern France, who holds a prominent AMORC office in that country, and who is also active in the work of the FUDOSI. A delightful banquet was served. There was entertainment, and there were speeches in various languages. I had the pleasure of addressing this congregation, and Mademoiselle Guesdon interpreted my address to those present who could not understand English.

We returned to our hotel in the early hours of the morning feeling that we had concluded a very successful stay in Brussels, and had had an experience that made life worth living. Late as was the hour, or rather I should say, as early in the morning as it was, we were obliged to pack and prepare for an early morning journey to France—to Paris.

(Continued next month)

Sixty-four



PAGES from the PAST

ARISTOTLE

Each month we will present excerpts from the writings of famous thinkers and teachers of the past. These will give our readers an opportunity of knowing their lives through the presentation of those writings which typify their thoughts. Occasionally such writings will be presented through the translation or interpretation of other eminent authors of the past. This month we present Aristotle, renowned Greek philosopher.

Aristotle was born at Stagira, a Greek colony in Macedonia, about 384 B. C. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Athens to complete his education, and there entered the academy under Plato.

After Plato's death he left Athens, and within a few years became the tutor of young Alexander—known to history as "the Great." Here he acquired great influence and, after the conquest of Persia, received 800 talents in gold (about \$1,000,000) from his former pupil. In addition to this gift Alexander sent him specimens of all curious animals and plants which were discovered on his expeditions.

When he was about fifty years old, Aristotle returned to Athens—bringing with him these vast scientific collections—and, in the Lyceum, established what has often been styled the "Peripatetic School" of philosophy. This name was descriptive of his habit of discoursing to pupils while walking about the shady paths (peripatoi) surrounding the Lyceum.

Twelve years later the Athenians accused him of being a partisan of the Macedonian dynasty—although his friendly relations with Alexander had been broken off—and he was forced to flee to Chalcis.

It is said that since Plato had found universal truth only in connection with classes of things, Aristotle started with an examination of the relation of the particular to the general, studying interrelations of things and listing them in the categories. In addition to his metaphysical works on the nature of Being, etc., he made important additions to many departments of natural science, and although some of his works are undoubtedly lost, the remainder exceed in bulk those of any other classic Greek author. The excerpt below is from "The Basis of Ethics."

THE HIGHEST HUMAN GOOD



AND HERE we will close this digression, and return to the question of what is that highest human good of which we are in quest. It is clear that every course of action and every art has its own peculiar good; for the good sought by medicine is one,

and the good sought by tactics is another; and of all other arts the same

rule holds. What, then, is in each case the chief good? Surely it will be that to which all else that is done is but a means. And this in medicine will be health, and in tactics victory, and in architecture a house, and so forth in other cases; and in all free action, that is to say in all purpose or conscious choice of means to a desired end, it will be that end; for it is with this in view that we always take all the other steps in the particular action. And so, if there be but one end of all things that we do, this will be, in all human action, the chief good; while, if there be more than one, it will be their sum. Our argument,



therefore, has now returned to the question from which it originally digressed, and which we must endeavour yet more thoroughly to clear up. Now, since there are clearly many and diverse ends, some of which we occasionally choose as means, such as wealth, or pipes, or instruments generally, it is evident that all of these various ends cannot be final; whereas the chief good is clearly a something absolutely final. So that, if there be but one thing alone that is final, this will be the good of which we are in quest; and, if there be more than one, then it will be the most final among them. Now we call that which is pursued for its own sake more final than that which is pursued as a means to something further; and that which is never chosen as a means we call more final than any such things as are chosen both as ends in themselves and as means to this; while, to sum up, we call that alone absolutely final which is in all cases to be chosen as an end, and never as a means. And happiness would seem to be pre-eminently such; for happiness we always choose as an end, and never as a means; while honour, and pleasure, and reason, and, generally, every kind of virtue we do indeed choose as ends (for we should choose each one of them, even if they bore no good fruit), but we choose them also for the sake of happiness, thinking that by their means we shall be happy. But happiness itself no man ever chooses for the sake of these things, or indeed as a means to aught beyond itself. And the all-sufficiency of happiness clearly leads to the same conclusion; for the final human good is always held to be all-sufficient. Nor do we understand that the range of this all-sufficient is to be restricted to the individual in a life of isolation but rather hold that it also includes his parents, and his children, and his wife, and indeed his friends generally, and his fellow-citizens, since man's true nature is to be citizen of a free state. And yet some limit must be fixed herein; for were one so to extend this as to take in a man's ancestors, and his descendants, and the friends of his friends, the circle would become infinite. This question, however, we will consider at some other time, and for the present will define as all-sufficient that which alone and by

itself can make our life desirable, and supply all our needs. And we are of opinion that happiness is such. And, moreover, happiness is the most desirable of all things, in that there is nothing else which is on a par with it, and so capable of being added to it. Were not this so, then the addition of any other good, no matter how small, would evidently render it more desirable. For such addition would constitute a surplus of good; and of any two goods the greater is always the more choice-worthy. Happiness, then, is clearly a something complete in itself, and all-sufficient, forming the one end of all things done by man.

But still to say nothing more about happiness than that it is the greatest of all goods is clearly but little better than a truism, and one seems to yearn for a yet more exact and definite account. This we shall most probably obtain from the consideration of what it is that man, as man, has to do. For, as in the case of flute players, and of sculptors, and of all craftsmen, and indeed of all those who have any work of their own to do, or who can originate any special train of action, it is in this their especial work or function that their chief good and greatest welfare lie, so too ought it to be in the case of man as man, if as man he has any special functions of his own. Are we then to believe that man as carpenter, or that man as cobbler, has a function of his own, and so can originate an especial course of action; while as man he lacks this, and has no task assigned him by nature? Shall we not rather say that exactly as the eye, and the hand, and the foot, and each of the various members, evidently has its office, so too, beyond and beside all these, must be assigned an office to man, as such? And, if so, what are we to say that this office is? Life he has in common even with plants, whereas what we seek is that, whatever it is, that is especial and peculiar to himself. The life of mere nutrition and growth may therefore be set aside. Next to this in order is what may be called the life of the senses. But even this is shared by horses, and by oxen, and by beasts. There only remains what may be de-

scribed as a life of free moral action, belonging to that part of us which possesses reason, and which may possess it, either as being obedient to its commands, or as properly possessing and

exercising it in consecutive thought. And, as this life can be conceived in two aspects, we will take it in its active state, for then more properly is it called life.



"Imaginary Playmates"

A CHILD'S WORLD IS OFTEN A THING APART FROM
THE REALITIES OF ADULT LIFE

By SRO. CLARA ABBOTT GARD



OME years ago, my four-year-old boy stood with me on a busy downtown corner waiting for a street car. While holding one of his hands, I glanced down and noticed the other one tightly closed. I said, "Dick, what have you in your hand?"

The answer came back bravely, "Mine rope." Further inquiry brought the knowledge that he thought he was leading a wolf. I talked of other things for a few minutes, then crossing to the other side of him with the intention of taking the little fist in my hand, I was not quick enough to prevent an imaginary exchange of the rope to his other hand.

When the car arrived and we took our seats, the wolf presumably lay down at our feet and nothing was said about him until we were leaving the car. Half way down the aisle Dick broke away from me, ran back and made a grab for that rope again to lead the wolf off the car. I gasped inwardly at what the other passengers might think about the strange action of apparently picking up something that was not there and carrying it away.

When we arrived at our friend's house, Dick earnestly asked me to take care of the wolf while he played with toys. The animal accompanied us home and he, with a dog also visible to Dick only, was a member of the household for some months.

Hearing what I thought was a conversation on the porch one day, I went softly to the door and saw Dick alone, carrying on a dialogue. I was somewhat staggered when he said to me, "Jimmie came over to play awhile." I knew of course that "Jimmie" had developed after the manner of the wolf and dog, but was at a loss to account for the name as we had no acquaintance named Jimmie. Later I was introduced to Jimmie's mother and a few relatives. The father, it seemed, was away from home a great deal—a circumstance similar to the situation in our family.

Often upon entering the house after hours or days of absence, Dick would say, "Why, Jimmie's here," and after greeting him would immediately begin a dual play. There was perfect companionship. Sometimes when mischief was done Dick found it convenient to say, "Jimmie did it."

There never seemed to be a situation too complicated for the imagination to handle in some way. I recall a trip to the beach. The dog, the wolf and Jimmie all started out with us. On the first car Jimmie was installed in the vacant



seat in front of us. Presently a man came in and sat down. I suggested that Jimmie was probably squashed, but no! Jimmie had squeezed into our seat just a minute before the man sat down. When we transferred to the beach car I inquired about our friends and was informed that Jimmie had gone home—his mother wanted him. The three had been rather too many to keep track of even mentally. At the beach the dog and wolf raced with Dick on the sand and later returned home with us.

A long visit to eastern relatives almost dispelled the childish illusions. The number of real playmates was greatly enlarged so that the yearning for the companionship of other children was satisfied. There were so many distressing questions asked about Jimmie when he was mentioned that his visits were less frequent as time passed and he finally disappeared entirely.

The recollections of Jimmie are always pleasant. He never quarreled, did not intrude at inconvenient times, was quiet, and did not affect the pantry supplies. Yet he successfully filled the position of a real playmate.

Just what is back of childish fancies such as I have recorded is mere conjecture. A psychologist regards it as an abnormal imagination stimulated by an unnatural and enforced loneliness resulting from a lack of playmates. It is true that make-believe playmates are seldom heard of among children who have many material associates of corresponding age. Metaphysics ascribes the condition to psychic influences to which children up to four or five years old are peculiarly susceptible. Quoting Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, "To the young child the psychic impressions are as real in every sense as anything of the material and physical nature. He learns early to distinguish between the psychic and the material for he finds that they are composed of different elements and act in different ways. Nevertheless one is as real to him as the other."

I believe this fantasy is something which belongs quite naturally in the child's world. I have never heard of any harmful impressions being given to a child through imaginary—or shall I say

invisible—playmates. On the contrary, the contacts bring beneficial pleasure and contentment.

It is a mistake to teach children that anything which does not come within the limits of the five senses is unreal and merely a fabric of the imagination. The force of invisible energies is manifested today in radio waves which pass through closed walls, through concrete and steel vaults. We know that electricity exists although we cannot see it in the usual way; and we do not think that the Soul is unreal because it is invisible.

Little children are like sensitized photographic plates. They receive impressions which do not register with the adult whose delicacy of feeling has been dimmed by too strong sunlight and blurred by the storms through many years of living. The child's world is as strange to us as ours is to him and we have no right to substitute our ideas for his, nor to deny the truth of something which we do not understand.

Undesirable psychological complexes are likely to be the result of parents' ridicule or repression of what is probably a normal characteristic of early childhood. Do not suggest to a child that he is mentally or physically different from others if you wish him to avoid an inferiority complex. Parents, even more than children, are often thoughtlessly cruel in calling attention to some trivial peculiarity—like the size of Johnnie's ears, or Mary Jane's awkwardness. I know a little boy who missed some of the joy of going barefoot because undue attention had been given to one little under developed toe-nail.

We do our adult thinking and our adult living in a different plane of consciousness from that of a child. We do not expect him to possess our reasoning powers nor our knowledge of material things. We do not want him to acquire the mental habits of age while he is yet an infant. Then why attempt to change his dreams!

I am a firm believer in the rights of self-realization and self-expression. Discouraging the child's efforts in self-expression is like interference with another's religion. He is at least entitled to kindly tolerance and tender respect.

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After all, how can we tell what is real and what is unreal? Possibly some Biblical meaning of "Except ye become

as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," is revealed in these adventures in the invisible realm.



Majestic Ocean

By SOROR ELSA F. ANGLE



ATHOMLESS, mysterious ocean, full of revelation and threats; who can sit at thy bosom and contemplate thy ceaseless action without being stimulated to thought adventures?

Whatever the nature or momentary mood of the observer, he will find himself calmed and refreshed by the soothing sound and rhythm of the waves. And the powerful and majestic action of the turbulent sea will fill him with awe and humility, because he clearly recognizes his own weakness and puniness by comparison.

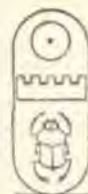
Man has reaped untold benefits by the harnessing of the mighty forces of nature, which are meant to be utilized by him. But it can be done successfully only in compliance with natural law; when man tries in humility to adjust himself to the underlying, established and compelling routine. We see many wonderful accomplishments due to such wise adjustment, in the progressive development of ships, in fishing and diving methods. The surface and the depth are serving man admirably when he is able to cope with nature understandingly and master the arising situation. The composure and method of action in an emergency is always in proportion to the understanding of underlying laws, and the results bear undeniable testimony.

Are we not living in an ocean of turbulence at all times, seeing the waves rolling by; delightful at times, threatening always? There is much to be learned of life and its laws if one would be able

to make some headway or occasionally float in content safely. One certainly has to know the laws of destiny in order to know when to utilize an oncoming wave constructively and when to avoid being in the way of destructive forces. Whether one jumps or dives, or resorts to a more original method of escape is all a matter of personal skill and knowledge. Only the foolhardy or uninstructed will try to oppose established law; while skillful adjustment proves accumulated wisdom, and assures more pleasant experiences.

Life becomes very interesting when one senses the purpose of it and then makes an earnest effort to learn to cope with it intelligently. One may just paddle at the edge of it without ever learning the joy of entering into it deeply; or one may learn gradually but persistently how to strike out boldly and courageously and dive into the fulness of it because familiar with many laws to govern one's actions. One may even attain such mastership of life as to be able to ride on the crest of the waves just holding the reins and utilizing the powers, ever ready to serve man who has attained control successfully.

There is a great example established for mankind which guides us like a beacon light in our efforts. It was the great Master's illustration in walking above, on top of, the waves. We may never be called upon to show great skill in the watery element of the ocean, but it is safe to say that most of us will meet circumstances in life when the waves will roll so wildly that nothing but keeping above them can save us. In cases of "swim or sink" splendid performances and records are possible, but the final goal to be achieved is to keep all upsetting, conflicting turbulence under foot and rise into the joy and calm of established mastery.





SANCTUM MUSINGS

Consciousness

(A Special Contribution by Frater A. S. H. Fraser)



USING as it does from the Latin derivative "conscius, «con- (cum), *with*, + scio, *know*" the verb "conscious" which, as a substantive becomes Consciousness, possesses of necessity a deeply significant meaning in the realms of metaphysics and psy-

chology. The definition of the word in its substantive form as listed in Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary: "The state of being conscious; sensation; knowledge; the power of self knowledge; internal perception; the inner sense;" establishes in the mind of even the most casual student researchist a procession of thought trends as intriguing as they are richly practical and instructive.

Without consciousness man as an individual would be totally lacking in awareness either of himself, others, or any manifested state of created existence anterior or interior to himself. Minus such awareness there could be but one result—oblivion complete and absolute—a cessation of being insofar as

the human genus is concerned; farther than that it is not, for the present, necessary to speculate. Vibration, the fundamental causation behind all sensation, whether of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling—in other words, the primal factor whereby each person functions as a sentient being—impinges upon the consciousness and brings about a definite realization on the scale of the five senses. Yet, the intelligent, well informed man or woman today realizes that anything impossible of proof as existent by means of these same five senses remains personally unverified merely because the five physical faculties are incapable of bringing awareness to the consciousness, due to the lack of adequate sensitiveness. Which is to say that the physical senses are without the means of coming into proper rapport or attunement with many manifestations of an invisible nature. Science, in its steady efforts to develop instruments which can extend the range or attunement of the senses, aptly proves such to be the case. So far it has succeeded admirably in so doing and we now have, among other discoveries, the X-ray, the radio, the polygraph; each one, in order of listing, extends the range of physical consciousness in the realms of sight, sound and feeling.

Consciousness alone is the medium between creation and realization. Man is only an infinitesimal distance along the way in his comprehension of the sights within sights, sounds within sounds, and so on, ad infinitum, all along the way to worlds within worlds. Rash indeed is the man who, in this day, will boldly say that the, to him, invisible does not exist. Is it not as Charles Kingsley writes: "The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you; and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move and think; and yet you can't see it. And there is steam in a steam-engine; and that is what makes it move; and yet you can't see it. . . ." and to continue quoting from the same engaging source—"You don't see the logic of that? Perhaps not. Then please not to see the logic of a great many arguments exactly like it, which you will hear before your beard is grey."

Consciousness is the direct connective influence between apprehension and non-comprehension; the level, or saturation focalization, wherein all stimuli, external and internal of origin, become directly translatable in terms of recognition. Beams of light striking on a white screen at one end of the theatre from a projector become actionful pictures. Were it not for the screen's reception and retranslation of these same beams the rays of light projected would merely remain as such and, lacking a medium of interpretation, fail to manifest as recognizable photographic scenes. Lacking consciousness man would be minus an adequate, or for that matter any, medium of reception and retranslation.

It cannot possibly be too carefully emphasized that consciousness holds the key absolute to man and all that is in or around him. Consciousness is you, it is life, it is being, it is existence. Without it you would not be you, there would be nothingness, annihilation, utter cessation of existence and being. For, to write that which is almost an absurdity: How Could You Know If You Didn't Know?

But what, you may ponder, of the state called sleep. It requires but little thought to provide a self-evident answer.

Life continues while a person is sleeping. Life presupposes consciousness, else how could the heart and other vital organs, with their attendant processes of an involuntary nature, continue functioning? There must of necessity be something which recognizes the need to keep the lungs and other organs active, and without consciousness there can be no recognition, no realization of need in any form whatsoever. Dreams in themselves vouchsafe evidence of consciousness during sleep. This being so, there must be various phases of consciousness. Yes, and just so are there multiple phases of interpretation by means of the consciousness as regards actuality and reality.

All awareness depends, as does all knowledge, upon one's reaction to vibratory stimulus—reaction in any shape or form being proportionate to education and physical functional acuteness of the five senses as well as the body's general condition relating to all round good health. A deficiency relating to any of the foregoing considerations automatically presages inability to perceive harmony or truth. It becomes impossible to properly and accurately interpret vibrations, and consciousness becomes distorted to a greater or lesser degree. Radio reception, if it be clear and reliable, calls for efficient functioning of all the various parts which go to make up the receiving set. If the instrument's mechanism be impaired in some way, as by faulty tubes, it cannot respond accurately to either short or long wave lengths, and a program tuned in upon fails to come through properly: it is distorted!

The mystic for countless ages has realized, and still realizes, that man is not limited to the circumscribed range of the five physical senses, nor shackled by a consciousness dependent upon sheer physical perception. Human consciousness, in common with the radio, telephone, and other manifold scientific means of extending the scope of cognizance, is entirely conditioned to sensitivity. Extend the compass of sensitivity and the orbit of consciousness, human or mechanical, is proportionately extended. Both are mediums for the reception and translation of vibrations in terms of perception and realization.



Bearing in mind the full significance of consciousness as the factor in absolute control of man, it will be readily perceived that through this channel both racial and individual heritage and destiny are not fatalistically preordained, but directly created. Not only is this true of each person's particular state and environment in the present life cycle but from incarnation to incarnation as well. According to your consciousness and the use you make of it so shall it undoubtedly be unto you, both on this earth plane and in the Cosmic World to come. Within the state of consciousness like attracts like; and like manifests like, inwardly and outwardly, in your hourly, daily, monthly and yearly affairs. This is the LAW OF BEING, Universally and ETERNALLY applicable.

During recent years the science known as psychology has become a world-wide vogue. Today it is well nigh impossible to find a person who has not some smattering of the subject. As many different textbooks provide as many definitions for the word. One which comes to mind from college days is as follows: "Psychology is a scientific study of life, being the science of mental life." With equal truth it can be said, "Psychology is the science of Consciousness." Psychologists, psychiatrists, and psychoanalysts—all those who strive to rebuild, recondition and educate or re-educate man—whether dealing with the sane, merely mentally troubled, or the completely unbalanced, achieve their corrections and all desirable results through the changes they are able to bring about in the patient's consciousness. Through putting the consciousness in, or restoring the consciousness to, a proper state of harmony.

Latterly the so-called practical psychology has been given extensive attention by thousands of individuals representing every class throughout twentieth century society. The pages of our magazines are replete with countless advertisements and articles drawing attention to the benefits that may be derived from application of various principles claimed to be obtainable from a certain instructor or school. Many believe these postulations to be new and magic discoveries. The only new thing

about them lies in the fact that the masses of humanity are beginning to see the Light. The actual methods of operation and the true principles underlying the whole matter were known to the Ancients centuries ago. With the exception of certain enlightened individuals such knowledge was comparatively unknown during recent centuries—that is up to the present—sheerly because mankind in its utter materialism, egotistical physical dependence, and complacent attempts at self sufficiency could not, and would not, realize the occult forces of man's mind and of the Universe about him. Yet the pendulum of mankind's affairs—his likes, dislikes, methods, discoveries, vogues — swings from extreme to extreme and then returns to the mean or reasonable position. In this, the present century, the pendulum is nearing the mean. We of the present earth cycle are awakening, leaving the chamber of darkness and approaching the great sun of illuminated day. Our Consciousness is developing SENSITIVITY and RECEPTIVITY.

Dwell, then, upon the infinite possibilities of your Consciousness; and think long on the words of the divine mystic Saint John, who wrote: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Look well to your Consciousness that the darkness be dispelled, for the Light is your life, and the Light is God. Down through the ages rings the clarion cry: "Man know thyself—The Kingdom of Heaven is WITHIN—Seek ye the Kingdom." Seek ye the Kingdom and you will find the way to all good, all worthy manifestations of your just desires, for you will thus make possible the conditions necessary to the fulfillment of your wishes.

Picturing the life of Saint John, Tracy D. Mygatt, and Francis Witherspoon, in their book "The Glorious Company," close the section portraying Saint John with these words: "And he spoke of love, calling them 'little children.' So he

had called the faraway disciples in his letter. But this was Ephesus. Did he not know they were grown up? That their restless minds thirsted after greater things, further, deeper things than love? This was John who could bring them revelation—and still he spoke of love. Let them try again! So they urged him to speak something more.

"And after a long moment again the frail hand would bring deep silence, and John's voice would ring out. 'Little children, love one another!' Then gently, persuasively, and very wistfully as one who would bring them the mightiest truth of all his long, long years—'Little children there is nothing more!'"



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ANCIENT SYMBOLISM

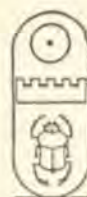


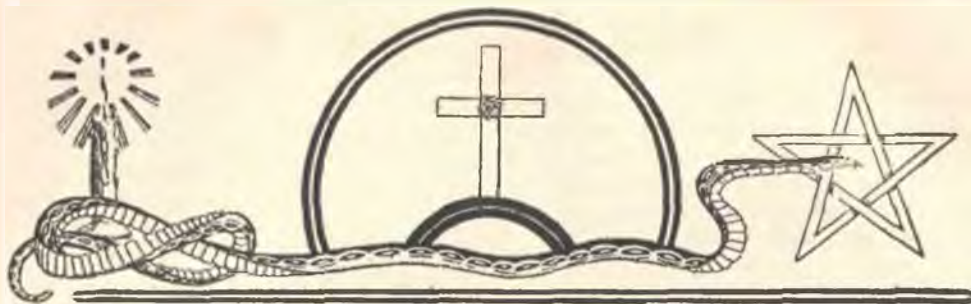
Man, when conscious of an eternal truth, has ever symbolized it so that the human consciousness could forever have realization of it. Nations, languages and customs have changed, but these ancient designs continue to illuminate mankind with their mystic light. For those who are seeking light, each month we will reproduce a symbol or symbols, with their ancient meaning.



The symbol shown here is a compound one. The clasped hands allude to friendship, brotherhood, fraternalism—and are used as a symbol having this same significance by societies and fraternities today. The flames, seen rising from the chalice, depict the holy fire of purification, the temptations and trials of life, which we must go

through. The combined symbol represents friends who together have passed through such fires, and have had their minds purged of any jealousy and envy of each other. It also means that their friendship has been molded by the flames through which they have passed.





Why Was I Born Like This?

By HARVEY MILES, F. R. C., Grand Treasurer



OF THE thousands of questions that come to our Welfare Department each week, the most difficult ones to answer are those that come from the unfortunate Souls who have been blessed with the misery of deformity. Although these

humble Souls are perfectly sincere and intensely desirous of learning the truth of their malformations and disfigurements, to answer these questions requires a great deal of tact and discrimination. This is because the great truth must be revealed to the Soul itself. It must come to him through meditation on his affliction and his misery — it must come to him through his concentration on the whys and wherefores of life. The real truth can only come from the Soul within, and not from the outer channels, such as the teachers, advisers, or professors of the objective world. We can only direct its consciousness to the channels which will lead to the truth.

In this brief discourse I will try to point out some of the reasons why people are born with deformed bodies, but those who read this *should not try to apply these reasons to themselves*, but try to sense the cause of their own misfortune by attuning their objective

mind to the Soul within, the God of their hearts, and through meditation and prayer learn the true cause of their present incarnation, whatever the form or condition might be.

There are two fundamental reasons why so many people are disfigured at birth. One is *mystical*, the other is *moral*. These two fundamental reasons are the basis for so much misery, suffering, and unhappiness in the world today and it is our duty, as Rosicrucians, to do everything we possibly can to eliminate from the face of the earth the very unfortunate rapid growth of malformation at birth.

Let us treat the subject first from its moral aspect, or should I say immoral aspect, for that is really the prime physical cause of the subject under discussion. Nowhere on the face of the earth do we find malformed bodies of lower animals to compare with those of man in number. True, an occasional calf or colt will be born with two heads, or a litter of pigs may be born with some peculiar disfigurements, but when you begin to compare the cases of lower animals with the cases of human beings, there is no comparison whatever. The reason for this is that the lower animals simply follow their instincts and abide by the nature of the beast and do not have a code of ethics or morals to guide them through life, nor do they even reason as far as ethics and morals are concerned. They are guided by their inner emotions and desires. When we do find deformed animals they are gen-

erally among domesticated stock and their deformities are due to lack of care, wrong food, disease, and misuse.

Man, on the other hand, is not privileged to follow his instincts and his emotions. He has been given the power of reason, the ability to choose between right and wrong, and the privilege of creating his own destiny. Man has been, and is being, proven and tested by the tool of sin, his conductor and initiator through this earthly realm or plane of experience. Men and women are continually being tempted by lust, avarice, and greed. They have been thus tempted since the beginning of time, and the greatest gift to man is the gift of reason and the power to choose between that which is elevating, uplifting, spiritual and divine, and that which is degrading, uncouth, mean, lude, and so-called evil. Reason was the instrument given to man when he evolved to the stage of free agency; that is, free to soar or climb to the heights of Heaven or sink to the depths of degradation. In this sense, man is a free agent.

From the time man became conscious of the fact that he was different from other animals, from the time he first realized there was a power, an intelligence, and a force other than his own physical self that directed or guided the lives of man and beast, the teachers of religion and philosophy urged, impelled, and implored mankind to adopt various standards of morals and ethics which would eventually lead them into a higher spiritual order of things, and avoid sickness, disease, misery, and the thousands of varieties of physical disorders.

The adherence to high moral standards would avoid sin, which really consists of the misuse of natural laws, natural physical functions, appetites and desires. Now, as man is free to choose between his desires and that which is right in the mind of God and in the consciousness of the spiritual leaders of man, he is naturally confronted with temptation—the temptation to appease his animal self and satisfy his carnal appetites. That temptation is the real tester of men and women. Through ignorance both men and women have sinned; that is, they have disobeyed the moral code, they have disregarded the pleadings of the wise, they have scoffed

at the teachings of the spiritual leaders, both religious and philosophical. Men and women throughout the world have shunned the sanctums of the righteous and have sought pleasure and excitement among the licentious and lawless. *This is where deformity begins*—in disrespecting the laws of God and nature and misusing the privileges that God has given men and women. We read in the Bible, "God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children and the children's children unto the third and fourth generation." This I believe, answers the question, "*Why was I born like this?*" from its physical and moral point of view. We only need visit the slums of the big cities, where human life is the cheapest thing on earth, where people poison their bodies with narcotics and an excess of alcohol, and live for nothing more than sensation and the physical excitement, to realize why so many people are born blind, maimed, and diseased. These people totally disregard the higher teachings, disrespect the moral code of the community in which they live, and have little or no consideration for the misery, the unhappiness, the grief, that they cause their families, their friends, their relations.

I wish to quote from Frederick W. Robertson on the subject of morality: "In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counselors only frowned upon his misgivings, and everything seems wrapped in hideous certainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scatheless: it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there is no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be brave than be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks."

For the mystical reason why bodies are born disfigured, we must delve into the esoteric laws of life and the psychic



side of man. We must realize that man is dual; that is, composed of elements of the earth and the life force in the air. Through the breath of air man becomes a living Soul. Quoting from the Christian Bible, "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and man became a living Soul." Therefore, our duality is body and Soul. The Soul being the real self, the *sum*, the force which moves the body about and uses it as its instrument or machine through which to express itself, is the part of man which is responsible to God for his acts, whether they are good or bad. The Soul is that part of us that can commune with God, the Cosmic Mind, when we are in need of strength, advice, and help. It is that part of us that evolves through cycles and periods of incarnations in matter. The Soul is what suffers when we err by using the body as a toy, a plaything, a thing to abuse and misuse. When we seek the pleasures of life that give only sensation to the flesh and excitement to the nervous system, the Soul suffers. It is being stifled and its growth and development are being stunted.

In order to give Soul its rightful heritage, it must have experiences that lift or raise its vibrations. Soul must experience things that are inspirational, things that will excite it to a lofty ambition. The higher expressions the Soul has, the stronger inclinations its personality has for spiritual advancement and the greater its possibility for incarnation in a perfectly normal, healthy, physical body.

When the Soul misuses a body by subjecting it to torture; that is, it willfully and consciously takes into the body liquids that are injurious to the blood stream and nervous system, and foods that congest the stomach and intestinal tract, when the Soul permits dope, such as MORPHINE, HEROIN, COCAINE, etc., to be injected into the body it was given for the purpose of manifestation, it simply poisons the anatomy and especially the tiny, sensitive psychic centers, the ganglia along the sympathetic nervous system, and the sensitive ductless glands that are so im-

portant to perfect health and a completely perfect body. When people who have so abused their bodies have children, these children are products of diseased parents. The children may appear well and healthy at birth and for the first two or three years after birth, but when they begin to overexercise, tax, and strain their young bodies, deficiencies begin to show. The little bodies break down, illness sets in, the doctor is called, and generally from that time on the children are invalids.

Thousands of mothers and fathers dread the thought of rearing children. Many times expectant mothers express such hatred toward their unborn children that their very thoughts disturb the equilibrium and harmonious vibrations of the fetus, thereby giving birth to a crippled and malformed body, which must and will house a Soul, and the Soul that takes this body is an exact counterpart of the body. The Soul is in need of experiences that this deformed structure can provide for it. According to the *Law of Karma* (Compensation), the Soul that inhabits the body has sometime in the past abused his own body or the body of another, or is in need of the experience that it could only receive through malformation, and in order that it may learn the value of good health and a perfect physical home, one of God's greatest gifts to man, it must experience a period of time in a body that it has created for itself. Yes, created, for by our thoughts, our acts, and our deeds in one life we create the vehicle of expression for the future incarnation.

I wish to repeat, for those who read this article and at present are unfortunate enough to inhabit a form that is not perfect and normal, *do not try to apply these thoughts to your own case*, but turn your thoughts inward, commune with the Soul within, the God of your heart, in order to learn the truth about your own life. No human being is qualified to give you the knowledge that only the Soul within can give, nor can any human being give you the satisfaction that attunement with the inner self can give.



WHAT MYSTIC POWERS HAS HE?

Not an ordinary snake-charmer is this chap. He has an enviable record. His powers have been expounded in editorials and magazine articles far and wide. "The Reader's Digest" recently published excerpts from an article telling the mysterious manner in which he detects the presence of snakes and poisonous insects by the sense of smell, then calls them from their place of hiding by means of a shrill, weird Arabic chant. Once in his possession they become quite docile.

To our knowledge this is the only photograph ever taken of this individual. The AMORC Camera Expedition took several hundred feet of cinema films showing this mysterious person performing his feats in ancient Luxor Temple, Egypt, this being the only time he ever submitted to cinema photography.

(Filmed by AMORC Camera Expedition.)



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Science is intrigued, not with a seership, not by tales of supernatural vision, but by legends that the sages possessed a strange mathematical formula by which human, economic, and political tendencies were mysteriously reduced to a methodical system of cyclical forecast, just as modern science forecasts the weather. With these strange cycles the ancient Pyramid Builders presaged the fall of the Roman Empire, the coming of Christ, the discovery of America, the World War, and the depression. Other predictions, the full import of which is not yet realized, are being seriously studied.

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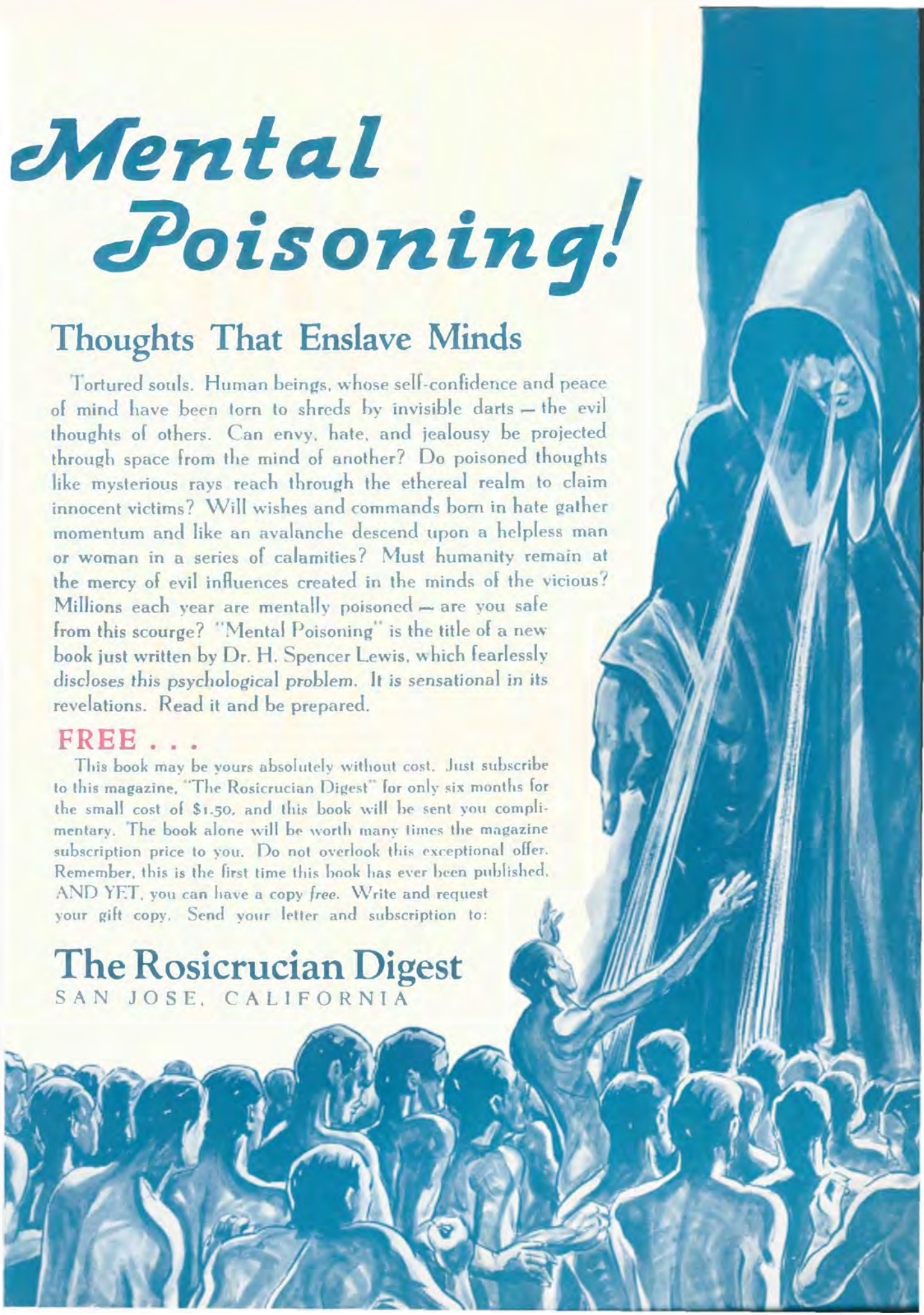
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