

THE ROSI CRUCIAN DIGEST

The background of the cover is a painting of an ancient Egyptian temple interior. Several large, decorated columns with hieroglyphs and lotus capitals support a dark ceiling. A wide staircase leads from the foreground into the distance, where a city with a prominent white minaret and domes is visible under a blue sky. In the lower-left foreground, a group of people in traditional robes are gathered, some standing and some sitting. The overall lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

APRIL
1937

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THE ROSY CROSS

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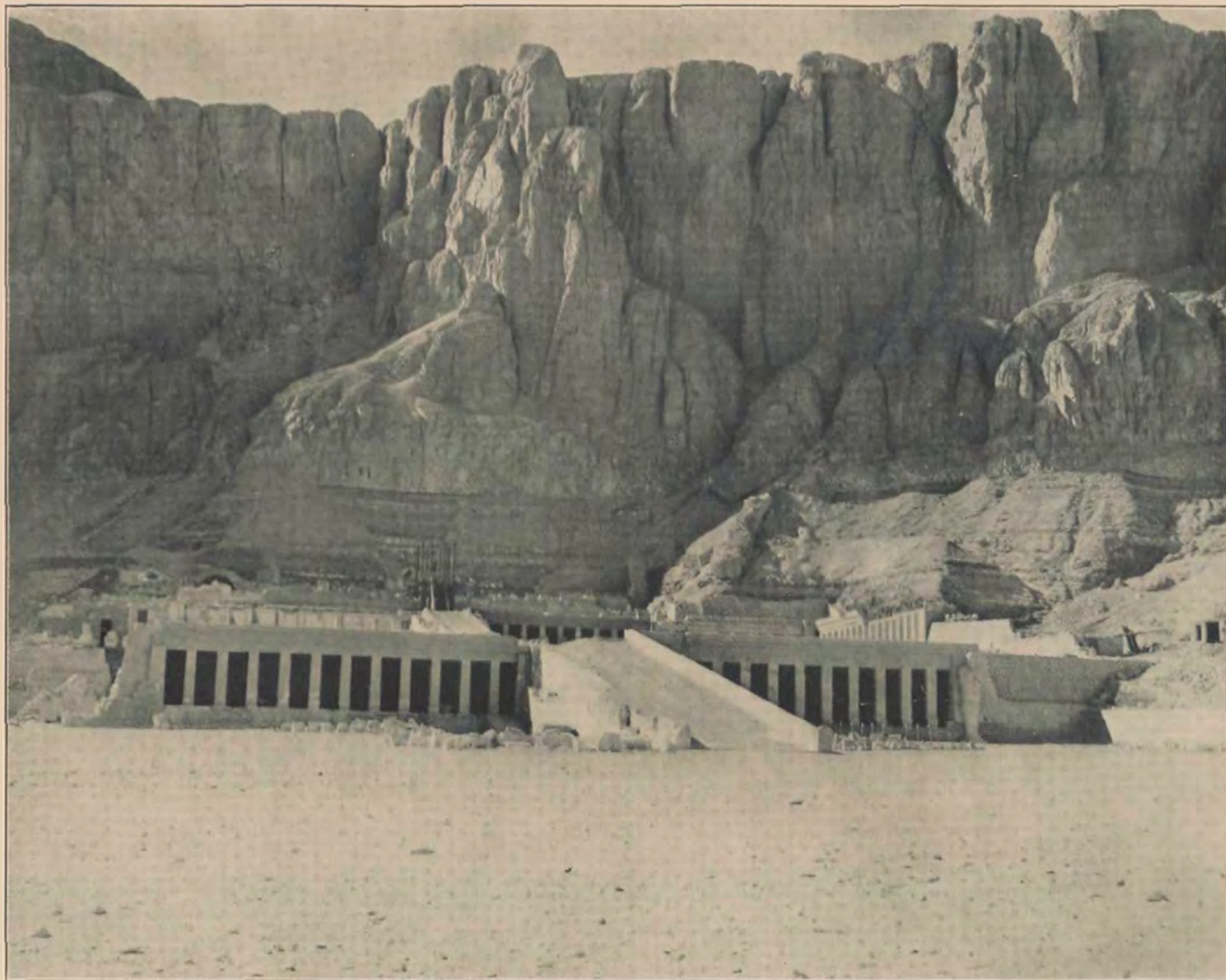
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The simple cross consisting of a vertical staff intersected by a horizontal one is the oldest symbol in which man expresses his knowledge of a divine principle of nature. The first great natural law discovered by man was the law of duality; that is, 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
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TEMPLE-TOMB OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT

In the awe-inspiring Valley of the Queens, surrounded by age-old, gnarled and worn cliffs, is the temple and tomb of Egypt's most powerful queen. Hatshepsut, wife of Amenhotep III, had her tomb constructed beneath the imposing precipice shown in the photograph. In the foreground are the remains of her majestic temple, under process of reconstruction. On the left, at the foot of the long ramp, there has been excavated a partly petrified portion of a great tree which was planted there at the order of Hatshepsut thousands of years ago, and which was brought from Equatorial Africa by one of her expeditions.

(Filmed by AMORC Camera Expedition.)

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The
Rosicrucian
Teachings
Will Reveal
These Things
to YOU in
A Convincing
Manner

Regardless ---

of your inability to see them with your physical, objective eyes, the fact remains that certain Cosmic powers and potential forces are in every faculty of our beings.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

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

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

QUICKENING NATURE

By THE EMPEROR

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." (Psalms II, 10-12.)



HOW beautiful is the springtime; what hope and promise does it not bring! When life removes the mask of tragedy she reveals a countenance radiant with love and joy and beauty. All nature teaches us to rejoice. We are witnessing a new birth in nature, in the incarnation of trees and flowers—a new promise.

Life is forever encouraging us. The fact that life is encouraging proves that the universe is friendly. Friendly? You query in astonishment as you think of the revolution in Spain, concentration camps in Germany, militant dictators in Italy and Russia, starving millions in China and India. Yes, I repeat, the universe is friendly because it is ours to master. It can be mastered. The laws that govern it are immutable. The response is invariable. It is like a beautiful high-powered car or piece of intricate equipment that will give us wonderful service when once we have learned to work it properly and care for it adequately. It is like our bodies. What supreme joy a beautiful, supple, healthy body can give us. But what knowledge and effort are required to cultivate and maintain grace, vigor, and

strength. The world is more than a mere machine. It is a part of beauty and a source of joy and inspiration forever. In the words of Goethe, it is the garment of the living God woven upon the loom of time. At nature's broad breast the artist, the poet, the scientist, find perpetual nourishment. She soothes the weary and disconsolate; she heals the sick; she provides a living stage and background for life's panorama.

The foremost gift of life is that the law of love is the supreme law in the universe. There is nothing more glorious in the world than love. Because love exists, life is always worth living. Love is transfiguring. The most menial chores become sublime when love sets the task. The mother, wrapped in love for her child, forgets the hours of back-breaking toil. Love has prompted every achievement, every heroic deed. He who has not experienced love is poor indeed. What matter is the poverty of the present! What matter the trials and tribulations of the past. Love like the rainbow of light casts beauty over all.

The love of David and Jonathan has become immortal in literature. For fourteen years did Jacob serve Laban for his daughter Rachel. Emily Sedgwick waited twenty years for the poet, Tennyson. Charles Lamb, the great English essayist, devoted his life to his sister, Mary, when she became subject to attacks of insanity. Interest brightens the eye when we hear the names of

Romeo and Juliet, Tristram and Isolde, Paolo and Francesca—famous lovers of the world. Love! "Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee. . . . 'Tis love and love alone the world is seeking." It costs no money. It cannot be commanded. It is an attribute of God. When life has such a glorious gift to bestow, can it ever lose its zest and glamour? This gift that is free for the asking—is anyone deprived of it? No, my friends. You have only to open your hearts and God will pour so mighty a stream through you that you will touch Heaven's heights in the divinest bliss and ecstasy. We need not sigh for love's young dream because friendship may be ours for the seeking. It may be a very trite remark to make, but a great friendship is achieved, not won like a prize in a lottery. I speak of the joys that all may attain.

Even more sublime than love of friends is the love that one pours out into service for the world. It is the love that you, yourself, experience, not the love of which you are the recipient, that transforms your personality. As Sarah Teasdale, our American poet, has so aptly put it:

"What do I owe to you,
Who loved me deep and long?
Who never gave my spirit wings
Nor gave my heart a song.

"But, Oh, to him I loved,
Who loved me not at all,
I owe the little gate
That led through Heaven's wall."

Each and everyone of us lacking love in life can find a lonely, frustrated soul

on whom to pour our love unstintingly, god-like, without thought of return or recompense. Do not for a moment think that your love is lost. He who loves divinely has made God his debtor. What greater prize can the universe offer? Each and every one of us can find a task, a cause to serve in high dedication of the soul—to serve because we want to, because we believe in it, because we want to be one stone in the construction of the temple, one more soldier in the glorious army of our dreams.

In this glorious season I do want, with all my heart, to share with you the love and joy that fills my being. I want you to feel your hearts lighter, your souls at peace, your desire for life stronger, your determination to do and dare firmer, your confidence in yourselves and in the work of our beloved Order unshaken. In the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna says to the trembling Arjuna, shrinking from the battle fray, "Why do you fear? The victory is yours. Enter and fight."

It is said that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. You may be standing at that very turning point in your lives. Your faces are toward the West and it is very dark. All that you see are the storms of the winter that is past. Just turn around and face the East and the light of the rising sun may almost blind you with its glory. Hope triumphant may be in the offing. The lords of life may be standing at the very portal bearing gifts of love and peace and joy—gifts that are the culmination of your own efforts, thoughts, and desires and dreams. Tomorrow may bring the fulfillment of your destiny.

TAKE THE SPECIAL BUS TO THE ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION

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Along Civilization's Trail

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

Editor's Note:—This is the third 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.

PARIS—MEDIEVAL AND MODERN



HERE is a charm about Paris that is part imaginary and part actual. Many Americans think of Paris as synonymous with Europe, and their first trip abroad is centered in and about Paris. Actually, however, Paris differs only slightly from many

of the other great cities of Europe. Of course, its customs, language, and historical background are different, but in reality there is little more of interest to the traveler or even to the tourist than one would find in London, Berlin, or Rome for example.

France, it is said, is a nation that desires to live in the past, in the glory of past achievements and accomplishments, the romantic settings of previous centuries, to dwell upon her great personalities of yore, and thus she turns reluctantly to the present, and to the future. It has also been said that the average Frenchman devotes himself to the things of the day and to modern affairs by necessity, but prefers living

in the memories and glory of the France of the past. And since France has been a battle-ground for centuries, and a prize which various powers of Europe at different times sought, the French people are instinctively on their guard, and one gathers the impression that many of them are suspicious. They are constantly, it seems, on the alert for those who would take advantage of them. This suspicion affronts many visitors, though the effrontery is unintentional on the part of the Frenchman.

This suspicion is manifest in national affairs. It casts a burden on her industry, finance and full cooperation with other powers. Time after time France has been trampled upon, her national honor insulted, her people enslaved, her institutions destroyed by the greed and avarice of hostile powers, and each member of a family has taken an unexpressed oath that it shall never happen again, and this obligation colors their views. France is, therefore, a militaristic nation, not because of a desire to conquer or even to expand herself, but for self-defense alone. She feels that if she can command the greatest air force and one of the best equipped and manned armies in Europe, as well as having the most extensive fortifica-

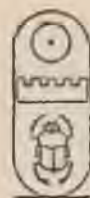
tions, she will be safe from the crushing blow which she feels other powers are waiting to give her to further their own ends. The people as a whole are extremely emotional, but this emotionalism is not evidenced except in emergencies, in crises. There are other peoples of Europe as emotional and they display their emotion more frequently in the commonplace affairs of the day. The average Frenchman is quiet, peace loving, even tempered, except when extraordinarily provoked. Then the emotions, like pent-up furies, break loose, and perforce they sweep away the usual very logical reasoning of the people.

The impression the visitor gets is that Paris is a city of two classes only: those who are wealthy—or at least have a very substantial income and are able to enjoy the better and finer things of life, the luxuries—and a great multitude who are struggling along, barely able to provide the necessities of life. There does not seem to be that dominant class which we, in America, say is *the great middle class*, or the *bourgeoisie*. This is particularly noticeable in the material aspects of the city. On the great boulevards we find every evidence of wealth and prosperity, large buildings with marble and tile fronts and chromium plating, modernistic lighting effects and decorations, broad streets and sidewalks, shops displaying articles of every conceivable type, exquisite jewelry, clothes—both men's and women's—of the latest fashion, rare perfumes, gems, restaurants and cafes whose cuisine caters to the epicurean. The passersby are well dressed, alert, cultured, refined, but if one steps off the boulevard, in many of the side streets he finds squalor, dust and dirt, congestion, old buildings with old plumbing and electric light fixtures, crowds, suggestions of poverty or at least want. There is not the same sparkle of life, and hope, in the faces one sees. There is more of an indication of drudgery and life without the light of culture. Of course, there are many sections of Paris which have beautiful apartment houses, and private homes, but these again represent the opposite class, the other extreme. There is, apparently, no intermediate class, or at least a dearth of it.

One is also impressed by the comparatively few Frenchmen that speak English, or in fact any other language than French. This is noticeable in contrast to London, Berlin and Rome, for the people of those cities almost all speak another language in addition to their own. It is not that Frenchmen cannot be linguists, because many of them speak several languages, but the Frenchman has an exceptional pride in his language, a traditional pride, and many feel it beneath their national dignity to express themselves in any other language than their own, except when obliged to by commercial reasons or some other equal necessity. Thus we find that in the French colonies, the mandated territories of France, the Frenchman does not make it his business to learn the language of the native but attempts to oblige the native to learn French. England, on the other hand, takes a distinctly different position. She feels it is her duty and obligation to become thoroughly conversant with the language of the people of her colonies, and every public servant is obliged to do so. Thus we find that England has a better understanding, generally speaking, of the problems of the peoples of her colonies than has France.

* * * * *

We had arrived in Paris early in the afternoon. The day was bright and warm, the sort of a day one looks forward to experiencing in Paris. We loaded our luggage in three taxis (and I might add that in the last few years Paris has done away with her traditional taxis which seemed like relics of the past, and has adopted a style of taxi which is more like the American one than any others to be found in Europe) and were soon on our way. Visitors to Paris five years ago know it was the custom for taxicabs to have mounted on them the early type rubber bulb horn in addition to their modern electric horns. Taxis were forbidden to operate their electric horns within the city limits, and were consequently obliged to continually blow the bulb horn at least two or three times in each block, and each one had a different pitch or note. At first the visitor would find it amusing, and finally extremely annoying and irritating. With the increase of motor



cars and taxis, the noise became a menace and finally was done away with. Actually the visitor senses a quietude which is unnatural for Paris. After a short winding trip through the streets of Paris from the Gare de Lyon, then along the Rue de Rivoli, we pulled up at our hotel opposite the famous Tuilerie's Gardens, which were palace grounds for centuries and now form a beautiful park.

The balance of that day and part of the next day were to be free. We were to devote them to our own interests before we began again filming historical sites and continuing interviews with officials of the Rosicrucian Order and allied organizations in Paris. We hurried from our rooms after arranging our luggage, and decided at the curb that we would visit the majestic Notre Dame Cathedral on the little island in the Seine River which flows through the heart of Paris. As we rode toward the Seine, I recalled how this little island in the heart of Paris, according to traditional history, was at one time all there was to Paris; that the Roman generals in their accounts to Rome, when they occupied France, told of a tribe of people, barbarians, who lived on the island in the Seine. Then again I thought of that medieval philosopher, Abelard, who had numerous controversies with the Roman Church during the eleventh century and who, because of his advanced ideas, jeopardized his life, and how he went to Paris to study logic and rhetoric and finally his teacher, William of Champeaux, admitted to him that he could teach him no more. Abelard then established his own school, and it is said that from the nucleus of his school, which he also established on the island of the Seine, later went forth students who took part in what later was the establishment of the famed Oxford University.

It is said that everything we see, every scene or place or thing, leaves a color impression on our minds, suggests either two or three pronounced colors or combination of them; that aside from the details of the thing we have a memory of it in color; that it suggests color or light shading to us aside from its form. We all agreed that the grey stone

walls along the Seine with their ponts or bridges of stone which have been there for several centuries, and the other stone, grey, cold uninviting buildings on either side, gave us an impression not of form particularly, but of just black and white. We later seemed to have the memory impression of our experience as darkness with just patches of light representing the blue sky and the sun's rays which found their way between the mass of buildings and walls and were reflected on the muddy waters of the Seine.

Man's works are mighty when they can instill within him the same feeling of awe as do the great things of nature. The Notre Dame Cathedral does that. Its great height, rising hundreds of feet over the Seine, the massive stones, the height of the center nave, the diffused lighting caused by the beautiful stained glass windows, the great flagging, the grotesque gargoyles looking as though they were leering down at you, leave one feeling small, insignificant. And yet the greatness of the structure, the stability and beauty of it, causes one to realize that with all that we are able to accomplish today, we can not greatly improve upon this beautiful example of Gothic architecture. When one realizes that this great edifice was built without the use of steel or girders and that the great arches reaching from the central columns of the nave to the side wall are all of stone, and the only thing which prevents the walls from crumbling under the tremendous pressure of these arches which press against them are the flying buttresses or oblique, separate outer walls supporting the inner ones, one marvels at the ingenuity of these early builders. Everywhere there are, in this great edifice, suggestions of wealth, power, and strength. The early church had need of such lavish display, for strung about these great cathedrals in Europe in the Middle Ages were the squalid shacks, one might call them, of the populace. In them people led a sordid life; gloom, dirt, filth, fear and superstition existed in them. The average person's clothes were not much more than just what were necessary to cover his body. There was nothing that represented beauty. People had no beautiful furniture or jewels or paint-

ings. They had no musical instruments except a few of the very crudest kind. Everything in life was dull and uninspiring. Life itself seemed to be hardly worth living. There was nothing that could awaken within people who lived at that time an appreciation of the magnificence of God, of the beauty and splendor of the things which He had created. Naturally before they could appreciate the divine, they had to realize something which suggested, by its very nature and difference from their ordinary life, that it was divine. Therefore, the church, collecting the pennies, the coppers, the sous of these people, was able to build in their midst a temple of such splendor and magnificence and majesty as depicted the God to which it was devoted. And on religious holidays or when the people gathered in these big temples for worship they truly felt that they were in a sacred sanctum of God, for the world of the church was so different from theirs. There was beautiful music, like they never heard elsewhere, magnificent paintings and murals like they could not see anywhere else; there was a structure, stable, strong, representing eternity, and the reliability and dependability of God Himself in contrast to their frail structures which were like unto the life of man. And so, though we may condemn, on the one hand, the early church, for taking the few miserable coins that these people had and using them to build such lavish structures, yet these received in return more spiritual benefit and more of an awakening of their inner natures through that means than they could have through the expending of their pennies, their coppers, in any other way. So we can say that the church was justified in its expenditures for these beautiful cathedrals.

The hour was late before we returned to our hotel, and we were glad to retire.

The next day was not so pleasant a one. The skies were leaden, and the smoke of the city was more visible against them than the day before. There was a slow rain, one that seemed ceaseless, and it had a depressing effect upon the mood. However, we determined to visit another historical site. This was

the so-called Temple of Justice on the opposite side of the Seine. Again we set out in a taxi. The taxi is the most dependable means of transportation in Paris with the exception of the subway, and as taxi fare is so cheap, the average visitor prefers it to traveling in the congested subways, which, like most subways, usually do not have terminals or stations within the vicinity of the place you wish to visit.

The Temple of Justice is visible for quite some distance before you arrive at it. It is a large, imposing building. Each corner of it is flanked with a tower-like turret so that it looks like a medieval castle. It apparently has never been cleaned by sand blasting as are many of our old stone buildings in this country for its walls are extremely black, as though they had been coated or painted with a black pigment. One gets a chill in looking at it, a sort of dread feeling. In the center of the square building between the two large turrets or towers is a great gateway, massive, composed of an iron grill. The bottom of the grill has spikes, and the whole gate itself is studded with bolts which are apparently hand-riveted. This Temple of Justice, as it is now called, was used during the French Revolution as the place where royalty was confined, where aristocrats were imprisoned, before their trials or, as we might say, "mock trials," and before they were led to the guillotine. As you approach the large gateway, you feel your spirits ebbing; whether it is the suggestion of the building itself, its cold atmosphere, or whether it is knowledge of the fact that thousands were confined there before they lost their lives through political upheaval. Many were tortured there. Most all were led from there to their deaths. Political prisoners during the French Revolution who were led into that gateway knew it meant the end of freedom and the end of life. It was like crossing the threshold from this life to another.

We passed through the gateway into the courtyard. The courtyard consisted of cobblestones irregularly laid, and not even uniform in height. About the small quadrangle were the four walls of the structure, all of the same cold appear-



ing stone. One felt oppressed, as though it were even difficult to breathe, though of course the courtyard was open above. The only openings in the walls of the building were long narrow apertures about three feet in length and perhaps eight or ten inches in width. Behind these apertures were little alcoves in which a man could stand and look out through the narrow slit, and shoot through it if necessary without exposing himself too greatly. If one looked up at these apertures which were dark, because of the shadows of the interior, one almost felt as if eyes were piercing him, as if he were being scanned by an invisible person. We quickly crossed the cobblestone courtyard to a low arched doorway typical of Gothic architecture. We stepped down three well-worn steps and pushed heavily against a plank door with its strap iron braces, which creaked on its rusty hinges as it opened. We looked into what seemed to be an enormous subterranean chamber with a vaulted ceiling, with many squatty columns of enormous circumference. These columns supported the entire structure in the manner of Gothic buildings. The columns were joined at their tops by arches forming a series of pockets or vaults in the ceiling. It was very dark, except for yellow light of a small gas jet. One could easily see that the gas light had been added some time later for the pipe was strung along and fastened to the columns. The flame was flickering considerably because of the drafts that came down from this great underground area. We closed the door behind us, which left us alone in this great chamber.

For no reason whatsoever we spoke in hushed voices as though we were afraid of awakening someone or attracting attention to ourselves. Finally, realizing that there must be an attendant in the place, I called out. The echo of my voice seemed to spring back toward us from every corner as it resounded throughout the stone chamber. It was flung back at us from the vaulted ceiling, from the stone floor, from the many pillars. It was as though we had awakened a thousand demons who were jeering at us. It was a startling effect. How-

ever, it had the desired result, for there approached us an attendant in a tattered uniform who, though he was there for that purpose, and must have received visitors frequently, seemed rather curious because we were there. We explained the best way we could in rather crude and broken French what we desired; that we wanted to be shown about; particularly did we want to see the famous cell of Marie Antoinette. He motioned us to follow him, which we did, and we wended our way among the forest of massive columns to a circular stone staircase. At the bottom of the stone staircase was another heavy plank door with an enormous bolt and chain, crude but very substantial. In the upper center of the door was a grill or aperture about ten inches square with three stout bars in it. They were so rusty that the metal was crystalizing or flaking away. Over the grill opening was the remains of a small shutter, so that apparently it could be closed so that the prisoner in the cell could not see out. This, the attendant explained, was the cell of the famous and beautiful Marie Antoinette. She was confined for quite some time before she was taken from the cell and led in a rough, high wooden-wheeled cart through the streets of Paris before the shouting, screaming throngs to the guillotine. There was her stone couch, and the little shrine at which she prayed daily. The vibrations were intense, acute. We had engendered within us in that cell, mingled feelings of fear, hatred, and of remorse. There in the cell also were big iron rings driven into the stones, to which unruly prisoners could be chained. Then we were led to another cell, and still another, and finally again back into the great subterranean chamber, the dungeon-like vast hall. It was in this great chamber that the aristocrats, the ladies and gentlemen, the counts and the countesses, sat about playing cards, talking in low voices, weeping, consoling each other, praying, hoping, while several times a day the bolts and chains would rattle on the outer gate and in would come officers of the Citizens' Guard who would read from a long scroll the names of those who were next to be tried in a court composed of the Revolutionaries. When their names

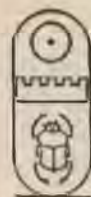
were read, shrieks would rend the stone chamber, for all knew that when they were led before the tribunal they could expect no mercy and no justice, for there was no trial. They were all condemned to death, and it was just the formality of passing in review before the judges—the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker—and almost before the name of a defendant left the lips of the clerk of the court a cry would arise from the court, "Guilty—the guillotine."

There is a fascination about a gruesome place such as the Temple of Justice. One would imagine that he or she would be anxious to leave, flee from the place, seek the fresh air outdoors, or that even the rain would be welcome and refreshing. But instead you are drawn to investigate further. The horror of it seems to grip the mind; draw you on and on.

We finally returned to our hotel, and Frater Brower and I prepared our photography equipment, for the next day was to be a busy one for us. The third day was in our favor, photographically speaking. The sun shone bright and the atmosphere was unusually clear of the customary smoke. We set out in search of the quarters of the famed Count Alessandro Cagliostro, prominent in the annals of the Eighteenth Century. We could not describe to our driver that we wanted to go to the former residence and garret laboratory of the renowned alchemist and mystic Cagliostro, for Cagliostro is not even known to the average Frenchman except for those who have studied mysticism and philosophy and the history of that period thoroughly. So we had to give him the name of the *rue* or street. It was quite a drive; it took us approximately half an hour to reach there. We found ourselves in the heart of bustling, noisy Paris. It was a light wholesale district. The houses of the street were all one hundred to two hundred and fifty years old. Most of them had been converted into factories for manufacturing of fabrics. It was now strictly a commercial district. We immediately found the place we sought because of its unusual appearance. The building was recessed, surrounded by a high cement wall. On top of the cement wall, which was about

twelve or fourteen feet in height, was an iron railing, and back from that iron railing we could see the upper two stories of the building. The garret story was quite eerie looking. It consisted of a series of super-imposed windows, that looked as though they were fastened or attached to the stone building, and extended from the face of it. But what principally caught our attention and definitely identified it as the place we sought was the garret balcony. It was a little porch that extended out from the edge of the top story, and over this porch which had a simple iron railing about it was a low narrow roof, and projecting from the edge of the roof was a metal bar about four feet in length from which hung a pulley, and from which dangled a strand of cable. It was from that balcony that Count Alessandro Cagliostro hoisted from the cobblestone courtyard below his kegs of chemicals and boxes of instruments used in his secret alchemical experiments.

Cagliostro in his youth had gone to the Orient and studied in the mystery schools there, and became well versed in the secret laws of nature. Returning again to Europe, he became renowned as a healer. He effected miraculous cures. He seemed always to be in possession of great wealth, jewels and gems, and he was lavish in his contributions to the poor and needy. His demonstrations of natural law gained for him the reputation, on the one hand, of being an astute philosopher and alchemist, and on the other hand he was accused by those who feared his powers of being a black magician and of practicing the arts of Satan. From where his tremendous wealth came, which seemed endless, no one quite knew. It was said that he had discovered the means of transmuting the baser metals into gold and thus could make gold at will. Because of the great cures he effected, it was said that he had also found the elixir of life. Kings and potentates sought his counsel and his help, but as his fame spread, so did also jealousy and fear of him. It is said he entered Paris riding in a great gold coach laden with gems, and with chests of gold. He was charged with many crimes and successfully defended himself against them. Some of his greatest



accusers were those who held high positions in the church. The persecution became more intense, and finally he was dragged bodily from his garret home and wrongly imprisoned for life. For years the only historical accounts were those which came down to us from prejudiced persons, declaring him to be a charlatan, a mountebank, a fraud, and an imposter. Since that time other facts have been found which reveal that he was not a charlatan, not a fraud, but a *true mystic*—one who used his wealth for the benefit of others and most certainly had a mastery of natural law which he sought to teach and which caused mingled feelings of respect and fear toward him.

With these thoughts in mind we entered the courtyard and looked about. Everything was disillusioning. Along the three sides of the courtyard were doorways that originally had perhaps led into private chambers of his residence. Now they were doorways leading into shops, and over the doorways hung either brass or wooden signs, and through some of the partly open doors we could see women working at sewing machines manufacturing garments. From some of the windows overhead wearing apparel was hanging and modern household utensils were evident. There seemed to be no appreciation of the fact that they were living in what was at one time the center of the greatest mystery of Europe—the residence and the garret laboratory of Cagliostro, the man who held the respect, fear and admiration of the crowned heads of Europe. Most of them did not even know that this old building had been the property of Cagliostro. As we stood looking about, a man approached us from one of the shops. He appeared to be the superintendent, and asked us what place we wished. We explained that we were merely visitors and desired to take a few photographs. He seemed puzzled as to why we wished to photograph these small places of business or shops. We explained that we were here because of its historical interest; that we knew, in fact, that this was the former residence of the mystic and alchemist Cagliostro. He looked quizzically at us for a moment and replied that it was, but that no one except him-

self and one other of the attendants knew anything about it, and they said nothing about it as they did not want to attract visitors who would interfere with the business activities. He said we could not enter the garret because it was occupied by a tailoring establishment and the tailor himself had never heard of Cagliostro and did not, of course, know that he was occupying the laboratory of the alchemist. It seemed such a travesty, that nothing was done to respect the memory of this character. At least—we thought—a brass plate could have been erected to his memory somewhere in the courtyard.

I had known from my studies and from our Rosicrucian archives that there was a secret passageway and stairway which led to the garret, and that the passageway also led out from this court for several blocks to some other residence in the city that Cagliostro would use when desiring to evade the curious throngs who used to collect about the outer wall either waiting to see him or to solicit his gold. My attention was attracted to one of the doors in the corner of the courtyard. It was a little smaller than the rest, but particularly was it noticeable because it was not wooden like the others, but was all metal, a solid sheet of metal. It looked like a fire exit, such as we use in buildings today, with a metal door to prevent the spread of fire from one building to another. I pointed to it. "And that?" I said.

He seemed to sense what I thought and he said, "That is not in use any longer. It used to be a tunnel or passageway that led out somewhere into this district, but long ago a portion of it caved in and so it has fallen into disuse, and we keep the iron doorway closed so that it will not be used by anyone, thus they will not be injured."

"Cagliostro's?" I asked. He replied, "Most likely, as no one remembers when it was constructed and apparently it was made at the time this building was erected several centuries ago." We had all the information we needed and we immediately took photographs. (See photograph in the January 1937 issue of "The Rosicrucian Digest.")

On the final afternoon of our stay in Paris I met Mademoiselle Guesdon at a

pre-arranged time. She accompanied me to an appointment with Frater B—, Sovereign Grand Master of the Order of M— into which I had been duly initiated in Brussels. Frater B— holds a prominent position in France. He is Secretary of the Archives of the French Government, a department containing the records, manuscripts, books and papers, and documents of State—a most responsible and important position. The Library of Archives is located in the Chamber of Deputies Building in Paris, an historical place, once a palace. After a short ride we arrived at the Chamber of Deputies and Mademoiselle Guesdon and myself were escorted into the private office of Frater B—.

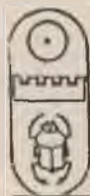
Frater B— is a very dynamic and forceful man, a man of approximately fifty years of age but with the vitality, stamina and energy of a much younger man. He speaks quickly, he acts quickly, he thinks quickly. Life holds two principal interests for him besides his family—his work, the responsible position he has in the French Government, and his mystical philosophical studies and office in the Fudosi and the Order of M—. Our exchange of ideas was a little difficult as Frater B— spoke no English and I no French. So again Mademoiselle Guesdon came to my aid. We discussed at length the work of the AMORC in America, and the work of the Order of M— in Europe. Frater B— explained that he had conferred upon the Emperor of the Rosicrucian Order of AMORC certain authority to establish in North and South America the Order of M—, and that before I left France I, too, would receive authority to assist the Emperor in the establishment of this Order.

Seeing my great interest in the Chamber of Deputies because of its historical significance, and because it is one of the important departments of the French Government, he personally escorted me throughout the old building into what formerly were the ballrooms and library and music rooms of the royalty that occupied it before the Revolution. Then he took me into one of the alcoves of the archives and there were great bound

volumes, scrolls, manuscripts, dating back for centuries. Many of these volumes and manuscripts are priceless because of their historical value. For example, he showed me the handwritten court record of the trial of Marie Antoinette, whose cell we had visited but two days before. He pointed out in this old manuscript how every time any defense was raised in her behalf, the jurists would cry out, "Guillotine, Guillotine," and there in black and white appears this blemish on justice. It was a strange sensation to look upon such a manuscript and to visualize the scene that took place when these events were recorded. Things of the greatest historical importance seem commonplace to Europeans, for there they have so much that is of the past—surrounded with history. Any one of the things would demand considerable attention in our new America. The very chair which Frater B— used as his personal office chair was an antique that would gladden the heart of any dealer in America or elsewhere, and would have brought an enormous sum. It was a chair that came from the private library of King Louis VIII of France, yet Frater B— was using it as just another office chair, and he smiled at my amazement at his commonplace acceptance of this antique.

When we finally left it was dusk, and we were caught in the throngs returning to home from work. The jostling, pushing, scurrying crowds at 6:00 P. M. in Paris are no different in their anxiety to return home after routine affairs and enjoy their firesides and their personal interest than the office and work-a-day crowds one finds in any city in America or Canada or elsewhere. This night we could not enjoy strolling along Parisian boulevards, up the Rue de Rivoli or along the Madeleine, nor could we sit at the Cafe de la Paix where it is said the world passes by, and which, it is also said, is the most cosmopolitan spot in Europe, for we had to pack and prepare for a long journey. We were truly to start Eastward on the morrow—Egypt was beckoning. Our trek along the trail of civilization was to begin in earnest.

(To be continued)





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.)

A FAITH TO LIVE BY



*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
April
1937*

MAN HAS sought a faith to live by since the light of reason dawned in his mind. As thinking man evolves he finds it all the more necessary to formulate a philosophy of life as a springboard of action. Today the desire for harmony of mind and soul is just as insistent as it ever was, even though the effect has been complicated by social, economic, and political factors. More than ever do we need a faith to

live by. We need to know that God exists. We need to know that somewhere there is rest and peace, that we are not merely grains of dust or a chemical conglomeration. We need to know that we are not doomed to exist for only a short period of time during which span we suffer painful experiences and learn costly lessons, only to have death come along and erase all signs of our moral and mental progress. We need God as we never did before, and we need a philosophy of life, for that is of the utmost importance to health, happiness, and contentment.

A philosophy of life is as necessary to thinking man as a chart to the mariner or a blueprint to the engineer. Man to-

day is desperately seeking a lamp by which to guide his feet, a light to illumine his path in life. Modern man is restless, unhappy and maladjusted. Sex is not the solution of the problem, as Freud would have us think. *Political* nostrums and *social* panaceas are not the solution as the Communists and Fascists would have us believe. *Material prosperity* does not make man happier. The return to *orthodox religion* that Dr. Henry C. Link advocates will not satisfy the man with a cosmopolitan outlook upon life. *Philosophy*, as its foremost advocates admit, has no constructive program, no message of hope for the generation of today. *Science*, with its kaleidoscopic change of basic ideas, leaves the layman bewildered.

If you try to be guided by the conflicting theories of science, as Aldous Huxley puts it, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye mad." In short, modern man has reached a point where he wants a working plan of life to which his reason can give full assent.

Civilization advances in spiral form. While we may return to religion and faith, we shall never return to orthodox religion with its cramped sectarianism and conflicting creeds. Mankind is ready for a new revelation, and that revelation is the *wisdom of the ages* entrusted to a few from generation to generation. This beautiful and inspiring philosophy that we give our members, the intellect can unreservedly accept and the heart can warmly embrace. As Rosicrucians we believe in that stately and majestic verse in Genesis 27: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." We do not only accept these ideas, but if we are truly to be Rosicrucians we must use them in our daily lives and manifest the understanding of universal love and service under the guidance of God, Creator of Heaven and Earth. We must make evident that we are *Sons of God* and brothers through divine parentage.

Despite the fact that every religion accepts these precepts our understanding makes them revolutionary in their implications. If every parliament, every legislature and judicial body, every human being having authority over other

beings, were to act in this light what a tremendous revolution would be accomplished without shedding a drop of blood. We acknowledge in our belief that a true Son of God acts according to the divine light within him. We endeavor to show in our conduct that we love and obey God and that such obedience is evidence of our faith.

God is our Father and we are His children. We are co-existent and co-eternal with the Father. Each soul is a tangible manifestation of divinity and a point in which all forces and powers are centered. Man is capable of infinite development. Each one of us is a tremendous mystery, all having unfathomable depths and infinite heights. It is the work of ages to study our own souls and the souls of our fellowmen. When we have unlocked the secret of ourselves we shall have penetrated the mysteries of God.

God, the Absolute, is the source to which our souls long to return. This is the hidden desire of our hearts; this is the pilgrimage of the ages although we may not be consciously aware of the fact. This longing is achieved through love, and the Cathedral contact is one medium through which we can get into attunement with God and our fellowman. Love is the most sublime emotion of which we are capable. Love is the key that opens the gates of Heaven. Love is the greatest light in the Universe.

The mystics of the ages have felt this call of the soul and have expressed this longing in beautiful verse:

"The living God is my desire,
It carries me on wings of fire
Body and soul to Him aspire."

—Solon ibn Gabiorol.

We are all seeking God; we seek God everywhere. We seek God all the time. We seek God far away and yet He is within. "He is closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet." In nature, in everything, in everyone, God is manifested. By lifting our consciousness and our vision to God, to the higher realm, through the Cathedral contacts we see things in their real proportion and relationship. By entering

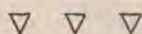


the Cathedral of the Soul for rest, meditation and contemplation, we not only gain that broader viewpoint but we also come into attunement with the Universal mind and the Cosmic Consciousness. There is peace, health, and power.

If we make it a daily practice to devote a few minutes morning and night in silent meditation, without disturbance from without, we thereby attune our bodies and minds with the great and powerful Cosmic force of health and harmony. At any of the Cathedral hours listed in the free book, "Liber 777," there are thousands of persons all over the world sitting in silence and extending their consciousnesses in the

thoughts of peace, power, health, and strength toward this one Cosmic point. United effort in any direction is of untold value and especially at this time when all the world is sharpening the plowshares into death-dealing instruments and greed and fear walk rampant in our midst.

We need God as we never did before. We need faith and conviction that love, truth, and justice shall prevail. We need the universal harmony and love attainable only in the attunement with the Absolute. Let us of the White Brotherhood lead the world in eliminating fear and greed from the human consciousness.



Getting Along In Life

By THOR KIIMALEHTO, Sovereign Grand Master



SINCE our members have responded favorably to the type of practical talks that I have given, I shall continue in the same way today. I find that many of our members come to me with problems which reveal complete ignorance of the practical world

and its demands. They obviously need instruction in how to manage their lives and affairs sensibly. They are powerful souls with high ideals, but unworldly and impractical. They do not know how to translate their ideals into actualities, in the practical, everyday life. I believe in ideals and I know that a life without ideals is like a street without light. I believe, too, that the men of dreams and vision should influence the world, but they must know how to exert an influence. They must master sufficiently their particular field of interest, and the

medium and technique of their particular talent, to be able to express their ideals with maximum efficiency.

Three of our members came to me about "writing." One was interested in creative writing. One wanted to enter the field of journalism. One wanted to prepare a book for publication. The impulse in each case may have been genuine. It is quite possible that they did have the gift of expression. It is also possible that they did have something worthwhile to offer the world. But the strange thing in each case was that not one of these three young men was a master of the English language. Considering the fact that they were not native-born Americans, they spoke and wrote the English language very well for all practical purposes; but, from the point of view of a publisher or an editor, their knowledge of the language was undeniably unsatisfactory. I had to tell them that their first task was to perfect their knowledge of the language. Only in exceptional cases will the editor take the trouble to have an article completely rewritten by a proof-reader. Their sec-

ond task was to study the field of writing that interested them most. Most universities give extension courses in these subjects, and for those who cannot attend in person there are correspondence courses. There are handbooks available which list the English periodicals and publishing houses of the world with exact information as to the type of work each firm publishes. Until you have created your own public you must supply what the market demands. Writing is a craft and must be studied like any other art if you want to use it as a way of earning a livelihood. To be under the impression that the Cosmic can bestow literary success upon you as a free gift is not sensible. The Cosmic can inspire you with ideas but you must have sufficient knowledge of the technique of expression to translate these ideas into novels, plays, poems, or essays.

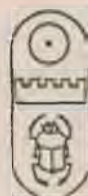
The first requirement, then, for success is a thorough knowledge of your field of work, whether a trade, an art, or a profession. Some people can put their hand to anything that turns up but have made a special study of no one thing. One member, a young man of the highest character and integrity, has been content to do odd jobs for the last few years. He has never managed to rise above the subsistence level of existence. Although a resident of New York City, he was completely unaware of the faculties of that great city to perfect himself in a special trade or vocation at night without any cost. He did not even read trade journals or books to keep abreast of what was being done in the field of labor. He was very anxious to get married, but was unsuccessful socially, too. How could he expect the superior young woman, whom he wanted, to be interested in such an unprogressive individual?

The second requirement for success in life is an effective personality. You do not need to be as handsome as the Apollo of Belvedere or the Venus de Milo. You can achieve an effective personality. The first step is immaculate grooming. I, for one, am not such a fanatic and bigot as to take the point of view that attention to neatness and cleanliness, and an eye for color har-

mony, necessarily implies lack of spirituality and unbecoming and excessive interest in this world. I love an assemblage of healthy, well-dressed men and women. As Shakespeare said, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man."

I think a home, too, should be just as beautiful as you can afford to make it. Your home expresses your personality just as much as your clothing. The desire of people for becoming clothes and charming homes and artistic home decorations is an inspiration to our artists and designers. William Morris, of Morris Chair fame, one of the most versatile geniuses of Victorian England, after years of activity as a writer and social reformer, came to the conclusion that to uplift the populace it was essential to make people beauty-conscious. Thereupon he established a printing press to print beautiful books and opened a factory to design beautiful fabrics and create artistic, yet comfortable furniture. In ancient days beauty was reserved for the temples of the Gods and the palaces and tombs of kings, and for the mansions of the rich. Our ideal is different. We want to see beauty the heritage of the masses. As Emerson said, "Beauty should be the birth-right of every man and woman born into this world." In a world where beauty reigns poverty must vanish.

The second step in making the personality effective is good speech. The ability to express one's self correctly and fluently is an asset in the business world and in social life. Speech today is considered a major subject in our schools. Many of our members are salesmen or are in charge of a staff of men. I do not have to tell them how vital it is for them to use speech as a means of influencing people. I do not have to tell our teachers how important it is for them to express themselves with the utmost simplicity and correctness. Think of the ministers of your community. Those who can get their messages across to their congregations exert the widest influence. Everyone will admit that our President's influence for good is partly due to his skill in using the



English language with telling effect. When you listen to our President on the radio, or to well-known speakers like Harry Emerson Fosdick or Dr. Stephen S. Wise, or gifted actors like George Arliss, do not be ashamed to imitate their speech. Imitation is a method of learning. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that in his youth he played the "sedulous ape." To know that you are speaking correctly will give you undreamed-of poise and self-confidence. One evening a week for a period of six months will accomplish wonders in self-improvement. Do not be discouraged because you were born in another country. Joseph Conrad, one of the greatest novelists and stylists in the English language was born in Poland, and he did not learn English until he was eighteen years old. It is said that he rewrote a chapter in one of his novels twenty-one times. The title page of an insurance publication reads "Million-Dollar Producers aren't supermen; they are super-workers."

While I am on the subject of speech, may I request those officers of Chapters, whose duty it is to read or speak, to perfect themselves for their tasks through study or practice? It is a pleasure to listen to a thoroughly-prepared speaker or to a reading that is clear, distinct, and easily heard no matter where you may sit. It is an act of consideration for your audience to make yourself easily understood and heard without difficulty.

The third factor in making for success in life is knowing how to get along with people. In this connection it is interesting to note that a recent publication, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie, is listed as a best-seller by leading bookshops of the country. People are becoming conscious of the fact that one can develop in oneself the ability to make friends. To make a child "social-minded" is one of the aims of modern education. The wider your circle of friends and acquaintances the pleasanter, if not easier, will be your progress through life. Some people, of course, can be happy alone, completely absorbed in their work or their interests, but most people complain to me about not having enough friends. Many of our

members—men and women of superior character and ability—have been compelled to lead so restricted a personal life, or have had such limited human contacts that they are ignorant of the elementary principles of human intercourse. Many of them look only for people of their own intellectual and spiritual level. They do not think it worthwhile to bother with anyone else. This is a mistaken notion. While I agree that you should be selective in the choice of a mate, or a partner, or a bosom friend, it is to your interest to have as wide and as varied a circle of acquaintances as possible, and even more to your interest to create goodwill in your community by being just as agreeable as you can to everyone.

In order to know how to handle people you must understand human nature. Such knowledge you can gain through experience and books. You should make a deliberate effort to increase your human contacts. Do not be content with the few people that you know. Do not be diffident about taking the initiative when you are among strangers. The pleasure derived from your successful overtures will make up for an occasional rebuff and lack of response. If you are alone in the world there is no other way of getting started. Say a pleasant word to the elevator-man, the bell-hop, the doorman, the telephone operator, and the manicurist. Ask the waiter whether he is making a living. The desire for the warmth of a friendly human contact is universal. Sometimes the people most difficult of access long for it the most. In some unfortunate way they have lost the ability to communicate easily with their fellow men. To use the language of the mystics, look upon each human being whom you contact as an avenue to express your love of God and your desire to be of service to the world. As God is impersonal, so you should aim to be impersonal, showing no distinction in race, creed, social class, or color. You should speak kindly words and do kindly deeds for love of God and humanity and from no ulterior motive. Nevertheless, the reward is rich and sure. The love that

Ninety-eight

people bear you must reflect in your personal life in many ways.

You can learn much from books. I feel that practical people are prone to underestimate the knowledge to be derived from books. To think that all knowledge is derived from personal experience in life is just as much an exaggeration as to believe that only the knowledge derived from books is important. A balance must be struck. Experience in life will prove more valuable and teach us more if we are primed with the information that other people can give us through the books they have written.

More than ever are people interested in how the human mind works and how human nature reacts. People who have made a study of human beings have much to offer us in the way of guidance and practical information. Many of the books on the market today are definitely worthwhile and helpful. Those of our members who feel the need in their lives for a better knowledge of human beings should read these books and correlate what they read with their own observation and experience. Two excellent books are "About Ourselves," and "Influencing Human Behavior," by Professor Harry M. Overstreet, Head of

the Department of Philosophy of the College of the City of New York.

Psychology, in all of its branches, is not only fascinating but practical and valuable. Everybody needs psychology, particularly those of us who long to make the world a better place to live in. As Professor Overstreet points out, "If there are effective ways of arousing the interest of people, why shouldn't these methods be employed by those who want to influence the public for good?"

To summarize the main points of this talk: We should try to make our dreams come true by mastery of our particular field of interest. To put our ideas across it is necessary to make our personalities effective through careful grooming, correct speech, and ease of human contacts. Knowledge that we are above reproach in these respects will give us poise and self-confidence. We should learn all that we can from life and books. To conclude: It is perfectly legitimate for a Rosicrucian to use every device that experience has shown to be effective to improve his personality and to increase his success and happiness in life. In improving your own personality and your own personal life you are thereby making yourself a more effective instrument for the purposes of the Cosmic.

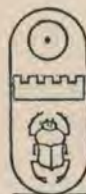
THE MODERN MYSTIC

A new periodical has just been issued in England, entitled "*The Modern Mystic*." It is well printed and illustrated, and its editorial content particularly appeals to students of philosophy, metaphysics and mysticism. We are sure it will develop rapidly and have the success it rightly deserves. We are proud to announce that the publishers of this new magazine are Rosicrucians of the AMORC jurisdiction in England. The address of this interesting publication is "*The Modern Mystic*," 35 Gt. James Street, Bedford Row, London, W. C. 1, England. Read a copy.

THE COURIER CAR

The Rosicrucian Courier Car is leaving on its third transcontinental tour to visit the principal cities throughout the entire United States. The staff accompanying it consists of a new personnel and they are prepared to lecture on the Rosicrucian principles and teachings to the membership in the various cities they will visit, and demonstrate as well many of the scientific and metaphysical principles which the Order expounds. The lectures and demonstrations are new, as are the special motion pictures which they will exhibit.

They will also hold a number of public lectures throughout the United States, during which they will exhibit unusual sound motion pictures and demonstrate, with uniquely designed scientific apparatus, some of nature's strangest phenomena. Members in the cities to be visited will be notified in advance.





MONTAIGNE

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 the French essayist, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne.

Michel de Montaigne was born on February 28, 1533, at the ancestral chateau near Bordeaux. At thirteen he had completed his Academical course and undertaken the study of law. At twenty-one he became a councillor in the Bordeaux parliament, and when he resigned the post—after a number of years—he lived at the French court for a time and was a favorite with successive monarchs.

After 1571 he spent most of his time at his chateau, writing, publishing, and revising his *Essays* which were destined to influence the style and form of French prose in the subsequent era.

He wrote upon many subjects, and often drew his inspiration from the Ancients who had been brought so close to him through his schooling. But in one matter, at least, he was far ahead of his time. We are quoting him on that subject, through excerpts from his essay on education. It may be that these enlightened ideas were fostered by those of his father. At that time it was customary to whip students into an understanding of the "dead" languages and to eradicate all shortcomings by means of corporal punishment. Montaigne's father engaged a tutor who spoke no French, and instructed that no one converse with his son in any tongue but Latin. As a result he spoke it fluently before he was six, and had mastered it naturally without strain or punishment.

It is only within the last generation that civilized countries have begun to use the more advanced educational methods which Montaigne advocates in his essay: "On the Education of Children."

The Tutor



IS THE custom of schoolmasterstobe eternally thundering in their pupils' ears, as they were pouring into a funnel, whilst the business of these is only to repeat what the others have said before. Now I would have a tutor to correct this error; and

them, sometimes opening the way to him, and sometimes making him break the ice himself; that is, I would not have him alone to invent and speak, but that he should also hear his pupil speak in turn. Socrates, and, since him, Arcesilaus, made first their scholars speak, and then spoke to them. . . .

Let the tutor make his pupil examine and thoroughly sift every thing he reads, and lodge nothing in his head upon simple authority and upon trust. Let Aristotle's Principles be no more principles to him than those of Epicurus and the stoics; let the diversity of opinions be propounded to, and laid before him, he will himself choose, if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt.

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that, at the very first outset, he should, according to the capacity he has to deal with, put it to the test, permitting his pupil himself to taste and relish things, and of himself to choose and discern

For if he embrace the opinions of Xenophon and Plato, by the exercise of his reason they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another, follows nothing, finds nothing, nay, seeks nothing. . . . Let him, at least, know that he does know. 'Tis for him to imbibe their knowledge, but not to adopt their dogmas; and no matter if he forgets where he had his learning, provided he knows how to apply it to his own use; truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spoke them first than his who spake them after. 'Tis no more according to Plato than according to me, since both he and I equally see and understand in the same manner. Bees cull their several sweets from this flower and that blossom, here and there where they find them, but themselves after make the honey which is all and purely their own, and no longer thyme and marjoram; so the several fragments the pupil borrows from others he will transform and blend together to compile a work that shall be absolutely his own; that is to say, his judgment, which his instruction, labour, and study should alone tend to form. He is not obliged to discover whence he had his materials, but only to produce what he has done with them.

. . . . Who ever asked his pupil what he thought of grammar and rhetoric, or of such and such a sentence of Cicero. Our pedagogues stick them full feathered in our memories, and there establish them like oracles, of which the very letters and syllables are the substance of the thing. To know by rote is no knowledge, 'tis no more than only to retain what one has intrusted to his memory. That which a man rightly knows and understands he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whom he had it, or fumbling over the leaves of his book.

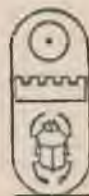
. . . . But, withal, let my tutor remember to what end his instructions are principally directed, and that he do not so much imprint in his pupil's memory the date of the ruin of Carthage, as the manners of Hannibal and Scipio; nor so much where Marcellus died as why it was unworthy of his duty that he died there. Let him read history, not as an amusing narrative, but as a discipline of

the judgment. 'Tis this study to which, in my opinion, of all others, we apply ourselves with the most differing and uncertain measures. I have read an hundred things in Livy, that another has not, or not taken notice of, at least; and Plutarch has read a hundred more than I could find, or than peradventure the author ever writ.

The Pupil

Let conscience and virtue be eminently manifest in his speech, and have only reason for their guide. Make him understand that to acknowledge the error he shall discover in his own argument, though only found out by himself, it is an effect of judgment and sincerity, which are the principal things he is to seek after. That obstinacy and contention are common qualities, most appearing in and best becoming a mean soul. That to recollect and correct himself, and to forsake a bad argument in the heights and heat of dispute, are great and rare philosophical qualities. Let him be directed, being in company, to have his eye and ear in every corner of the room; for I find that the places of greatest honour are commonly possessed by men that have least in them, and that the greatest fortunes are not always accompanied with the ablest parts. I have been present when, whilst they at the upper end of the table have been only commending the beauty of the arras, or the flavour of the wine, many fine things have been lost or thrown away at the lower end of the table. Let him examine every man's talent; a peasant, a bricklayer, or any casual passenger, a man may learn something from every one of these in their several capacities, and something will be picked out of their discourse, whereof some use may be made at one time or another; nay, even the folly and weakness of others will contribute to his instruction. By observing the graces and manners of all he sees, he will create to himself an emulation of the good, and a contempt of the bad.

Since philosophy is that which instructs us to live, and that infancy has there its lessons as well as other ages, why is it not communicated to children betimes? . . . Philosophy has discourses



equally proper for childhood as for old age. . . .

But to our young friend, a closet, a garden, the table, his bed, solitude, and company, morning and evening, all hours shall be the same, and all places to him a study; for philosophy, who as the formatrix of judgment and manners shall be his principal lesson, has that privilege to have a hand in everything. . . . By which method of instruction, my young pupil will be much more and better employed than those of the college are. But as the steps we take in walking to and fro in a gallery, though three times as many, do not tire a man so much as those we employ in a formal journey; so our lesson, concurring as it were accidentally, without any set obligation of time or place, and falling naturally in with every action, will insensibly insinuate itself. Our very exercises and recreations, running, wrestling, music, dancing, hunting, riding, and fencing, will prove to be a good part of

our study. I would have his outward behaviour and mien, and the disposition of his limbs, formed at the same time with his mind. It is not a soul, it is not a body, that we are training up; it is a man, and we ought not to divide him into two parts; and, as Plato says, we are not to fashion one without the other, but make them draw together like two horses harnessed to a coach. . . .

As to the rest, this method of education ought to be carried on with a firm gentleness, quite contrary to the practice of our pedants, who instead of tempting and alluring children to letters, present nothing before them but rods and ferules, horror and cruelty. Away with this violence! away with this compulsion; than which, I certainly believe nothing more dulls and degenerates a well-born nature. If you would have him fear shame and chastisement, do not harden him to them. Inure him to heat and cold, to wind and sun, and to dangers that he ought to despise.

ROSICRUCIANS WIN UNUSUAL TRIBUTE FROM MUSSOLINI

Reception by Benito Mussolini, last week, of the Emperor, D. H. Spencer Lewis and other Rosicrucians now on tour with him in Europe, was said to be the first time such an honor has been accorded representatives of an American fraternity or philosophical order, according to word received at Rosicrucian headquarters yesterday.

Mussolini has generally disapproved of fraternal orders, Grand Master Thor Kiumalehto said at the headquarters here, but after Mussolini discussed the Rosicrucian Order's history and general purpose with Dr. Lewis, he praised the movement and posed for a photograph with Dr. Lewis and family. The audience took place in the office of the Italian leader, in what was the former Austrian Embassy. It is from the balcony of this building that he makes his famed addresses to the Black Shirts.

Kiumalehto also announced that Dr. Lewis, before leaving Egypt, on his present pilgrimage, was decorated with a medal of the Prince of the Nile, an honor conferred by the knighthood of Egypt upon distinguished visitors who have aided in perpetuating Egypt's ancient traditions and accomplishments. The Order, he adds, is composed of dignitaries of the Egyptian government and those whose families descended from Egyptian nobles and kings of antiquity. The Rosicrucian party, numbering nearly two hundred persons, is now in Venice, Italy.

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The above is a news article which appeared in several newspapers based upon an *Associated Press* dispatch from Europe and cabled reports to the Grand Lodge from the Rosicrucian party abroad. It was indeed an unusual event, for the audience Dr. Lewis had with the Italian Premier may result, from the nature of the conversation, in the outward re-establishment of the Rosicrucian activities in Italy, which have been, up to the present, suppressed.



The Holy Guide

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

PART II.

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT



THE morrow after our three days were past, there came to us a new man whom we had not seen before, clothed in azure, as the former was, except that his turban was white, with a small red cross on the top. He had also a robe of fine linen.

When he entered he bowed and extended his arms. We all saluted him in a very lowly and submissive manner, as though from him we should receive sentence of life or death. He desired to speak with a few of us; therefore six of us stayed and the rest left the room.

He said: "I am, by office, governor of this house of strangers, and by vocation I am a Christian priest, and of the order of the Rosie Crosse; and therefore I come to you to offer my service, both as strangers, and chiefly as Christians. Some things I may tell you, which I think you will not be unwilling to hear. The state has given you license to stay on land for the period of six weeks; and let it not trouble you if you should require further time, for the law in this

point is not precise. I do not doubt, but that I myself shall be able to obtain for you such further time as may be needed. Ye shall also understand that the Strangers' House is at this time rich, for it has laid up revenue these 36,000 years; for so long it is since any stranger arrived in this part. And therefore take ye no care; the state will defray your expenses all the time you stay, neither shall you stay one day the less because of this. As for any merchandise ye have brought, ye shall have consideration, and have your return either in merchandise or in gold and silver; for to us it is all one. And if you have any other requests to make, hide it not. For ye shall find we will not make your countenance to fall, by the answer ye shall receive. Only this I must tell you, that none of you must go above a Julo, or Karan (that is about a mile and a half) from the walls of the city, without special permission."

We answered, after we had looked a while one upon another, admiring this gracious attitude, that we did not know what to say; for we wanted words to express our thanks, and his noble, free offers left us nothing to ask. It seemed to us that we had before us a picture of our salvation in Heaven; for we, that were but recently in the jaws of death,



were now brought into a place where we found nothing but consolations. We would not fail to obey the commandment required of us, though it was impossible but that our hearts would desire to tread further upon this happy and holy ground. We added that our tongues should first cleave to the roofs of our mouths before we should forget either his Reverend person, or this whole nation, in our prayers. We also most humbly asked him to accept of us as his true servants, by as just a right as ever men on earth were bound, laying and presenting both our persons and all we had at his feet.

He said that he was a Priest, and looked for a priest's reward which was our brotherly love, and the good of our souls and bodies. So he went from us, not without tears of tenderness in his eyes, and left us also confused with joy and kindness, saying among ourselves that we had come into a land of angels, who appeared to us daily and presented us with comforts which we neither thought of nor expected.

The next day, about ten o'clock, the governor came to us again, and after salutation, said familiarly that he had come to visit us, and called for a chair and sat down. There were about ten of us (the rest were not interested or else had gone out), and when we were seated he began thus:

"We of this island of Apanua or Shrifle in Arabia (for so they call it in their language) have this, that by means of our solitary situation and of the laws of secrecy which we have for our travelers, and our rare admiration of strangers, we know well most parts of the habitable world, and are ourselves unknown. Therefore, because he that knows least is best fitted to ask questions, it is better that you ask me questions than that I ask you."

We humbly thanked him for giving us the privilege to do so, saying that we realized, by the taste we had already, that there was no worldly thing on earth more worthy to be known than the state of this happy land. But above all (we said) since we came from the several ends of the world, and all hoped that we should meet some day in the kingdom of heaven (for we were all

Christians) we desired to know (since this land was so remote, and so divided by vast and unknown seas, from other lands where our Saviour walked on earth) who was the apostle of that nation, and how it was converted to the Faith? It appeared in his face that he took great contentment in this question, for it showed that we first sought the Kingdom of Heaven. He told this story in answer to our demand.

About twenty years after the ascension of our Saviour, it came to pass that there was seen by the people of Damrar, a city upon the Eastern coast of our island, one night (the night was cloudy and calm), as if it might be a mile at sea, a great pillar of light. It was not sharp, but in form of a column, or cylinder, rising from the sea, a great way up towards the sky; and on the top of it was seen a large cross of light, brighter and more resplendent than the body of the pillar. Upon seeing so strange a spectacle the people of the city gathered together on the sands to wonder; and later went out in a number of small boats to go nearer to this marvelous sight. But when the boats came within about 60 yards of the pillar, they found themselves all bound, and could go no further. They might move about but might not approach nearer. So the boats all stood as in a theatre, beholding this light as an Heavenly sign.

It so happened that there was in one of the boats one of the wise men of the Society of the Rosicrucians — whose house or college, my good brethren, is the very eye of this kingdom—who, having devoutly viewed and contemplated this Pillar and Cross, fell down upon his face, and then raised himself upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, made his prayers in this manner:

"Lord God of Heaven and earth; Thou hast vouchsafed of Thy Grace, to those of our Order, to know thy works of Creation and the Secrets of them; and to discern (as far as appertaineth to the Generation of Men) between divine Miracles, Works of Nature, Works of Art, and Impostures, and Illusions of all sorts. I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the Thing which we now see before our

eyes is Thy Finger, and a true Miracle. And for as much as we learn in our Books that Thou never workest Miracles but to a Divine and excellent End (for the Laws of Nature are Thine own Laws, and Thou exceedest them not but upon great cause) we most humbly beseech thee to prosper this great Sign, and to give us the interpretation and use of it in mercy: which Thou dost in some part secretly promise, by sending it unto us."

When he had made his prayer, he presently found the boat he was in moveable and unbound, whereas all the rest remained fast. Taking that for an assurance of permission to approach, he caused the boat to be softly, and with silence, rowed towards the pillar. But ere he came near it, the pillar and cross of light broke up, and cast itself abroad, as it were, into a firmament of many stars which also vanished soon after, and there was nothing left to be seen but a small ark or chest of cedar, not wet at all though it floated on the water. And in the end of it which was towards him there grew a small green branch of palm.

When the Rosicrucian had taken it with all reverence into his boat, it opened of itself and there were found in it a book and a letter; both written in fine parchment, and wrapped in linen. The book contained all the Canonical books of the Old and New Testament, according as you have them (for we know well what your churches receive); and the Apocalypse itself. Also some other books of the New Testament, which were not at that time written were nevertheless in the book. In the letter were these words:

"I, John, a servant of the Highest, and Apostle of Jesus Christ, was warned by an Angel, that appeared to me in a vision of Glory, that I should commit this Ark to the floods of the Sea. Therefore I do testify and declare unto that people where God shall ordain this Ark to come to land, that in the same day, is to come unto them Salvation and Peace, and good will from the Father and from the Lord Jesus."

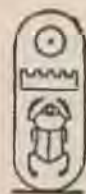
There was in fact, in both these writings, wrought a great miracle, similar to that of the Apostles in the original gift

of tongues. For there were at that time in this land, Hebrews, Persians, and Indians, besides the natives, yet every one read the book and the letter, as if they had been written in his own language. And thus was this land saved from infidelity (as the remains of the Old World was from Water) by an Ark, through the Apostolical and miraculous writing of St. John.

Here our host paused because a messenger had come to call him from us, So this was all that passed in that conference.

The next day the same governor came again to us immediately after dinner and excused himself, saying that the day before he was called from us somewhat abruptly, but now he would make us amends, and spend time with us, if we held his company and conference agreeable. We answered that we held it so agreeable and pleasing that we forgot both past dangers and fears to come during the time we heard him speak, and that we thought an hour spent with him was worth years of our former life. He bowed to us, and after we were seated again, he said: "Well, the questions are on your part."

One of our number said, after a little pause, that there was a matter we were no less desirous to know but fearful to ask, lest we might presume too far. But encouraged by his rare courtesy towards us (which made us hardly seem as strangers) we would take the liberty to propound it, humbly beseeching him, if he thought it should not be answered, to pardon it. We said that we observed that this happy island, where we now stood, was known to few, and yet knew most of the nations of the world. This we found to be true, because they had the languages of Europe and knew much of our state and business. Yet we in Europe, notwithstanding all the discoveries and explorations of past years, never heard any of the least knowledge of this island. This we thought strange, because it is through travel and exchange of ideas that foreign countries become acquainted with each others' customs. But we had never heard of any ship of theirs which had arrived at any port in Europe, or of either the East or West Indies.



And yet, this was not really surprising, due to the situation of the land in such a vast sea. But then, that they should have knowledge of the languages, books, and affairs of the lands such a distance from them was a thing we could not understand. This seemed to us a condition and propriety of Divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen to others, and yet to have others open, and as in a light to them.

At this speech the governor gave a gracious smile and said that we did well to ask pardon for this question we now asked, for it inferred we thought this land a Land of Magicians that sent forth Spirits of the Air into all parts, to bring them news and intelligence of other countries. It was answered by us all in all possible humbleness that we knew he spake it but merrily; that we were apt enough to think there was something supernatural in this island, but yet rather angelical than magical. But to let his Lordship know truly, what it was that made us hesitant to ask this question, it was not any such belief, but because we remembered he had mentioned in his former speech, that this land had laws of secrecy touching strangers.

To this he said: "You remember it correctly. Therefore in what I shall say to you, I must reserve some particulars which it is not lawful for me to reveal, but there will be enough left to give you satisfaction.

"You shall understand, that which perhaps you will scarce think credible, that about three thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world (especially for distant voyages) was greater than it is today. Do not think among yourselves that I know not how much it is increased within these last six score years. I know it well, and yet I say it was greater then than now. Whether it was that the example of the Ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters; or what it was, we do not know, but such is the truth. The Phoenicians, and especially the Tyrians, had great fleets. So had the Carthaginians their colony which is further west. Toward the East the shipping of Egypt and of

Palestine was likewise great. China also, and the great Americas, which have now but junks, abounded then in large ships. This island (as appeareth by faithful registers of those times) had then fifteen hundred strong ships, of great capacity.

"At that time, this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named; and it came to pass, they had many times men of other countries, that were not sailors, that came with them, as Persians, Chaldeans, Egyptians and Grecians. So almost all nations of might and fame came here, of whom we have some tribes with us today. And as for our own ships, they made sundry voyages, as well to your straits, which you call the pillars of Hercules, as to other places in the Persian and Mediterranean Seas; and to Paguin (which is the same with Cambaline) and Quinzy, upon the Oriental Seas, as far as to the borders of the East Tartary.

"At the same time, and an age after, or more, the inhabitants of the Holy Land flourished. It is true that the country of Judea, as well as that of Peru, then called Coya, and that of Mexico then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud Kingdoms, in arms, shipping and riches. So mighty, that at one time (or at least within the space of ten years) they both made great expeditions; they of Tyrambel through Judea to the Mediterranean sea, and they of Coya through the South Sea upon this our island. And for the former of these, which was into Europe, an author among you (as it seems), had some relation from his Beata, whom he cites. (See the harmony of the world, lib., the preface which indeed is an introduction to the work.) For assuredly such a thing there was. Whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse, and resistance of those forces I can say nothing; but certain it is that there never came back, either ship or man from that voyage.

"Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had better fortune if they had not met with enemies of great clemency. For the king of this island (by name Phroates, who was raised three times from death to life) a

wise man, and a great warrior, knowing well both his own strength and that of his enemies, handled the matter so that he cut off their land forces from their ships; and snared both their navy and their camp with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land, compelling them to surrender themselves without battle. After they were at his mercy, he contented himself only with their oath, that they should no more bear arms against him, and dismissed them all in safety.

"But the Divine Revenge soon overtook those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years, the island was utterly lost and destroyed; not by a great earthquake, as your man says (for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes) but by a particular deluge or inundation. Those countries had—at this day—far greater rivers and far higher mountains, to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep; (not past forty feet, in most places, from the ground) so that, although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved by flying to the high trees and woods. As for men, although they had buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water; yet that inundation, though shallow, had a long continuance, whereby they of the valley that were not drowned perished for want of food and other necessary things.

"So, marvel not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people. You must count your inhabitants of America as a young people — younger a thousand years, at least, than the rest of the world—for there was so much time between the Universal Flood and their particular inundation. The poor remnant of human seed, which remained in their

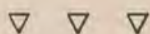
mountains, peopled the country again slowly, by little and little.

"Being simple and savage people (not like Noah and his sons which was the chief family of the earth) they were not able to leave letters, arts and civility to their posterity. In their mountainous habitations they were likewise used (in respect of the extreme cold of those regions) to clothing themselves with the skins of tigers, bears and great hairy goats that they have in those parts; but after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin the custom of going naked which continues at this day. Only they take great pride and delight in the feathers of birds that came up to the high grounds, while the waters stood below. So you see, by this main accident of time, we lost our traffic with the Americans, with whom, because they lay nearest to us, we had most commerce.

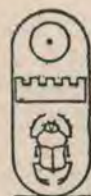
"As for the other parts of the world—in the ages following (whether it were in respect of wars, or by a natural revolution of time), navigation did everywhere greatly decay; and, because of the use of galleys, and such vessels as could hardly brook the ocean, far voyages were altogether omitted. So then, that part of intercourse (which we had when other nations sailed to us) has long since ceased; except by some rare accident, as this of yours. But now, I must give you some other cause for the cessation of that other part of intercourse—through our sailing to other nations. For I cannot say (if I shall say truly), but our shipping, for number, strength, mariners, pilots, and all things that appertain to navigation, is as great as ever.

"Therefore, I shall now give you an account of why we sit at home, and this will give you satisfaction on your principal question."

(To be continued)



● READ THE ROSICRUCIAN FORUM ●





SANCTUM MUSINGS

SCIENCE WITHIN RELIGION

By PROFESSOR A. CARTLAND BAILEY, M. A., M. Sc.

Dean of Rose-Croix University



IF WE were to line up a series of different groups of thinking people—business men, politicians, executives, social workers, clergymen, philosophers, physicians, historians, artists, and scientists, including the really scientific metaphysicists—

and ask them to present an answer to the question concerning the evidence of purpose of life and the universe, which class would you expect to give the most coherent, logical, analytical, intelligent and unbiased discussion of the matter? I feel sure that any group of Rosicrucian students would unhesitatingly give credit to the scientific group of thinkers for the outstanding understandable answer, especially if it is understood that this group is to include the really scientific metaphysicist—and surely it is a misuse of the term "metaphysicist" when applied to anyone but a scientific thinker and investigator into the realms beyond the so-called physical realm.

Certain it is that the scientists, mundane and arcane, are devoting their time to the study and reading of the revelations, as written in the Great Book of the Earth Beneath, the Heavens Above and the Life Within. They ought, therefore, by the very virtue of their profession, to come to trustworthy conclusions concerning the Evidence of Purpose as revealed in the Evolution of Stellar Systems, Atomic Systems, Chemical Elements, Plant and Animal Cell Systems, Human Life and the Evolution of the Soul itself.

It is understood that human beings are subject to error, and as long as scientists, mystics, and occultists have imperfect knowledge, mistakes will be made. Wrong conclusions will be arrived at because of insufficient data or knowledge of all the facts. We should not expect infallibility on all points. I suspect that even the evolving gods, if such there be, are also subject to their limitations, and make their errors in judgment, too.

Irrespective of the fact that scientists may make their mistakes, it is still true that scientists very religiously, painstakingly, and with great devotion, cull, sift, winnow and analyze all available

data of a physical nature to determine just exactly what the **FACTS REALLY ARE**. Concerning many facts, they are still undecided and in the dark, but they are ever at work investigating, analyzing, systematizing, and describing them to the very best of their limited, though wonderful, ability and in the light of all other facts known.

Scientists start from the known and work to the unknown. They start from the bottom and work up, and, if they have not yet arrived at conclusions at which metaphysicians and occultists have arrived, it may be that they are merely on their way, but *working onward*, and it may well be that with respect to certain things one group or the other *may* be in error. In all cases judgment must be reserved until the facts are *all* in.

Leaving the Ancient Schools of the Secret Doctrines and the Wisdom-Religion and Mystery Schools out of the question, about all that the people generally had to rely upon, before the scientific age, and when science was still young (and it still is) were the dogmatic teachings of an unenlightened priesthood or clergy. I do not mean that all members of the clergy were or are unenlightened. I am speaking of that section only which has been uninformed and misinformed.

It is the nature of creeds and dogmas and articles of faith to crystallize rapidly, especially in an atmosphere of ignorance and superstition. In the past these may have been meant to serve as stepping stones to higher things, but in reality dogmas have, too often, become, instead, mill stones about the neck of the public.

When scientific research within the church was in its infancy or embryonic stage, the clergy had things their own way and interpreted to their congregations the universe as best they knew. The clergy can not be blamed for any stand that it took in the past (unless it was a stand that was wilfully malicious for the purpose of preying upon the ignorance of the public)—I say it can not be blamed for the stand it took any more than we are to be blamed for any position that we, in *our* ignorance take

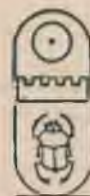
today—not unless *we* wilfully persist in our ignorance.

There have always been certain individuals in society, and in religion and the church, who have been more enlightened than others and have taught truths too advanced for crystallized minds to grasp. This has always caused controversy. Differences of opinion between progressives and conservatives or fundamentalists is nothing new. History is full of them.

The human race is made up of both children and older souls. We can't expect the children to understand the things that only advanced and experienced and more understanding souls have learned to grasp. The tendency among human beings generally has been to interpret the unseen in terms of the seen. We have always used the seen as a crutch to help our understanding of the unseen. The seen has often been used as the symbol of the unseen and we still use these symbols—these physical things, to represent the superphysical and invisible things or forces of the Cosmic Universe.

Very naturally the early priesthood found it convenient to let Man stand as the symbol of God and even came to visualize God as anthropomorphic in form and nature. If images in stone or metal or wood were made to represent Divinity in the highest expression of life that was in evidence, that is very easily understood. The interpretation of God in terms of nature and human nature was the best that could be done and really was not bad at that.

Probably people should not be blamed if many of them have not yet advanced beyond that conception of God. In this age and clime some have gone far enough away from it so that they hold before them *mental* images that are anthropomorphic in form instead of physical images, and regard the mental image as God, yet they are inclined to look upon those who still use the symbol in stone as heathen and idolators. I suppose such people think that there is a vast difference between the image in stone, used as a symbol, and the mental image in mind stuff. There is a *great* difference, of course. It does show, undoubtedly, considerable advancement to



be able to do away with the physical image. That is truly progress.

Greater progress is shown, however, among those who can do away with even the mental image. That is *real* achievement. Permit me to say that scientists generally, along with many *also* of the modern clergy, have achieved this feat and both are wisely assisting their followers to do the same.

Science does not put limitations upon the Supreme Being in any way. Whatever God is, to the scientists He is Intelligence-plus, pure Being and incapable of being objectively visualized.

It would be well if we could all realize that there has never been any bone of contention between Science and Religion. That idea is a fallacy that has been popularized by a certain group of fundamentalistic religionists. My contention is that the *real* contention has always been between the "orthodox" exponents of some crystallized creed and the more liberal and progressive and profound *thinkers* of the church. All through the centuries it has been tolerance, research, freedom of growth and thought as against intolerance, bigotry, and all lack of liberality and freedom among the unenlightened fundamentalists. It is *not* the Church as against something outside of the Church. It is merely progressivism within the church against the so-called orthodoxy of an "old-time-religion." The trouble is that the "old-time-religion" is not old-time enough. Instead of going back to pristine purity it goes back only to the dark and middle ages.

Since the first crop of humanity appeared, I presume it has been this way. Certainly, ever since the dawn of history, advancement has always been confronted with a wall of almost insurmountable conservatism and ignorance. Within every organization and within every organized effort have gone the progressive and the conservative elements. That is the way of life. "It's loife, ducky, it's loife!"

The progressives are the pioneers and they have to fight at the frontiers of human thought and "show" and demonstrate to a backward, conservative public that knows of no better faith than the "faith in doubt" of the new. If all

of those of us who put our faith in doubt were gathered together within one great religion, its adherents would outnumber even the Buddhists and Christians combined. Everyone doubts the others. The layman doubts the priest, the clergy doubts the scientists, the untrained doubt the trained, the unenlightened doubt the enlightened, the Neophyte doubts the Master, the child doubts the parents, and the parents doubt the whole modern age tendency. That is life.

In this progressive day and age the progressive elements within the realm of organized religion have gravitated toward scientific study, research, and discovery, and toward attempts to prove the invisible forces by objective phenomena and visible evidence. Scientists are not outside our churches. They represent the progressive element within them. Scientists generally and on the whole have been and are members, and often very active members, of our churches. Probably no class more keenly realizes how tremendously religion has benefited in this age of scientific research and discovery than do the modern leading clergymen of the church itself. Religion accepts science as its best and strongest ally or weapon against ignorance and superstition—if we are to identify religion with the leaders of religious thought of today.

All of the hue and cry about infidelity, agnosticism, and atheism from the narrow-gauge, one-track-minded fundamentalistic section of some Amen corner doesn't really bother the scientist. He plods on peacefully, minding his own business of religiously discovering what God has written in the book of WHAT IS. Even though he is chased out of his laboratory, sacred to learning, and driven to other more liberal-minded institutions, though he is even threatened with loss of position, threatened with starvation, torture and death—as often he has been in the past ages of church supremacy—he *works on*, intent only upon discovery of God's law.

Progressive religion lives on and benefits from year to year by the discoveries of the Recorded Word as found in the Book of Nature. All of the written manuscripts of the past ages

One hundred ten

that have been compiled into bibles—all of them put together—do not tell the entire truth. There is still the Unknown. What is written needs to be clarified and reinterpreted. Science is doing just that. The work of the scientist supplements, complements, augments, corroborates, reinterprets and makes intelligible to a modern world the laws that are in operation in this world in which we are placed to learn fundamental lessons of life as a basis for the "life abundant." Science assists us in seeing Why, and How, and gives reasons for ancient teachings and precepts. We demand today a knowledge of more than *what* to do. We insist upon knowing *why* it should be done and *how* is the *best* way to do it. It is this demand that has brought forth into our midst the school of science and its work is truly invaluable to religion itself.

Just as it takes a specialized experience to interpret and translate correctly the writings of ancient times and to compile them into books that have a meaning to us today, so also it takes a specialized knowledge to translate correctly the word written in the electron, the atom, the molecule, the simple cell, in the highly complex system of cells in the higher forms of life and in the solar system, galactic systems, and metagalactic systems. To the ordinary, average mind it may be hard to comprehend the electron, which is so submicroscopically small, so small compared to the things of every day experience; and it is perhaps just as difficult to comprehend such things as galactic systems within galactic systems, or cell systems grouped with other cell systems of the Universe. It makes little difference to the Religionists whether one's world is a microscopic cell or world, or a macroscopic universe. It makes little difference whether one's universe is the town where he was born and lives and dies, or whether it is the county, state or country, or the entire little earth upon which he lives, or whether it is as extensive as the whole milky way system of 200,000 light years diameter or more. Each type of mind, regardless of limitation or expansion of consciousness, can benefit, if it will, by whatever knowledge is available within the limits of its grasping power.

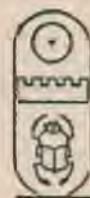
One hundred eleven

One's littleness of vision in considering the cell the universe, even though that cell may be as large as the earth—or his breadth of vision, which may include supergalactic systems within super-metagalactic systems — matters not so much as long as he is sure that his consciousness has not closed up and become incapable of further expansion, or as long as he does not neglect to make discoveries within the limitations of his vision, in an attempt to expand those limitations, and come to a broader and more meaningful understanding of "God, the Cosmic, and Nature."

This *specialized* group of religionists, of which the more uninformed element has always been afraid, is made up of the scientists—the religious, investigating, truth seeking scientists. Einstein makes a statement that can't be taken as very complimentary to the "orthodox" religionists. He says, "The only deeply religious men of our largely materialistic age are those earnest men of research." If what he says is true, then we may as well admit that the very life blood of the church and of religion flows on in the veins of the earnest research workers called scientists. That is something to think about seriously. One wonders if, in the ebb and flow of human development, the life of the religionists of the past isn't flowing on in the veins of the mystics and occult scientists of this Twentieth Century.

Truly, a new era is upon us, but I am afraid that very few men who run up and down our modern streets even dream of such a thing. I am afraid that even in an enlightened audience composed of students of Rosicrucianism, we would find too small a percentage who are familiar with the trend of modern scientific thought concerning the theistic hypothesis and a Supreme Being or Intelligence.

We are members of the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis. This organization has always sponsored research and emphasized the importance of *knowledge* as opposed to theory, speculation, and assumption, and has emphasized the *application* of that knowledge to the advancement and betterment of human beings and living conditions. If AMORC has ever shown

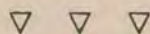


any favoritism it has always been toward its mystic scientists, those men who are forever on the frontiers of the *unknown* and who are engaged night and day in an attempt to make the *unknown known*, and the known, *practical*. Surely we need to know the trend of thought of such men of research in these modern times. We need to know what the world knows concerning things about us in the world in which we live—in the school within which we are placed. If we plead ignorance of the physical world, how can we be expected

to have any tangible knowledge of what may be beyond the physical knowledge? As Rosicrucian students, we need to concern ourselves seriously with the trend of scientific thinking of the age within which we live and work. We need to know that a new era is upon us and in what way the world is changing.

Let us for all time disabuse our minds of the idea that scientists have not been and are not religious, and are always materialistic. The very opposite is the fact in the case. Some quotations which soon follow will prove this point.

(To be concluded)



● READ THE ROSICRUCIAN FORUM ●



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.



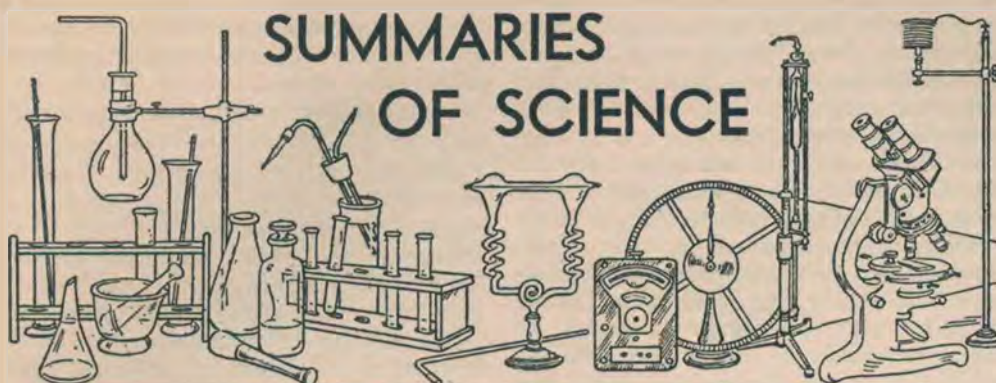
THE ROCK AND THE SPRIG

There are certain things in nature which, by their very form or substance, lend themselves to adoption as symbols. Thus, the rock has for centuries been the symbol of determination, unperturbability, staunchness and durability. The sprig, on the other hand, has often been used as a sign of new life, or to depict the struggle that the compara-

tively weak life force has against the elements and environment. The combination of the rock and the sprig as shown here, alludes to a life of strong character and noble sentiments—the sprig being life, and the rock the foundation on which it rests, or in other words, character and noble sentiments.

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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.

The Part Health Plays



EVER before in the history of man have the technical subjects of hygiene, eugenics, biology, physiology, anatomy, psychology and physical culture been so popularized. The fundamentals of these basic sciences have been made understandable in at-

tractively printed and economically priced periodicals which are widely circulated. Daily, newspapers and radio stations give lectures on the value of proper exercise and diet. Physical education is included under its own title, or as sports, in the program of every prominent university or college throughout the world. We should, in theory at least, be a race of super-perfect physical specimens. The skeptic asks, "And of what avail is all this?" He goes on to relate how the ancient Greeks who were lovers of the body beautiful and exponents of sports and physical training,

were not, because of that, able to preserve their marvelous civilization. It crumbled, either through decay within, sex perversion, degeneracy or the pressure of external military might. Whatever it was, he continues, the culture was crushed into an almost impalpable state.

The only answer the lover of physical education has to such a charge is that hygiene and proper development of the body accounted for the pinnacle of culture the ancient Greeks reached, and further assisted them in enduring for a longer period the ravages which they experienced. It is quite true that instances can be cited of where genius actually thrived on pain and misery, as for example, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edgar Allen Poe and Beethoven, but such cases were dependent on unique psychological circumstances which we well know do not apply generally. On the other hand, any of us can point out examples where severe illness or disease has suddenly checked brilliant careers.

When we speak of the great accomplishments of man, we do not mean of his body, his physical being, but of



his MENTAL SELF, his achievements as a human, not as an animal, and we know how great an obstacle—or boon—environment can be to man's mental attainments. An inventive mind harbored in a fertile region, with access to timber, ore and water power, can produce modern miracles. Isolate him on a barren island, however, and he is distinctly handicapped. The intelligence still exists, but natural tools for the materialization of his ideas are lacking. Thus, favorable environment promotes civilization, everything else being equal. There is still another component of success to be considered. It is, frankly, NORMALCY—normalcy of both mind and body. Not knowing exactly what constitutes the normal, we can only take the mean of extremes as a basis. Any act which disturbs the balance of health causes a psychological reaction which represses or stimulates the normal functioning of the mind. It is known that pain in any degree has an effect upon the emotional self, and as the emotions color the desires, the individual's acts will reflect these feelings or sentiments. Subjectively, reasoning is biased by the passions and appetites and the latter are quite easily influenced by physiological disorders, either acquired or inherited.

Radical government, poverty, bestial conduct, war, conquests, and avarice are many times of physical and not moral or psychological origin. Can you imagine a nation governed by syphilitics, epileptics or paranoiacs? Could you expect them to have a normal appreciation of justice or the proper moral constituency? What attitude would you expect a degenerate, or one who had suffered unnatural repression or was deluded by grandiose ideas, to display when in the seat of power holding the reins of society? From this we can readily see that the cry of "a healthy body" is not a slogan for physical culturists or faddists alone, but the plea of a struggling civilization. However, the motive for attaining a strong body, must always be foremost in the minds of physical education exponents. A devotion to body and muscle building for the purpose of a healthy temple to house the greater self, the mind, is proper. On the other hand, the development of physical freaks—human specimens of abnormal

physical development—to compete with the naturally superb bodies of the lower animals is degrading to man. It makes the mind secondary to the body, which is an insult to man's special excellence which is his reason.

Dr. Alfred C. Reid, professor of tropical medicine of the University of California, in a very interesting article, explains how, in the opinion of science, some of our strange political and social structures of the day have been caused by abnormal minds, due to acquired or hereditary diseases which have influenced their actions and in turn have influenced the lives of millions. We quote from his article.

"All historical characters lend themselves to illustration of the proposition that individual health has a bearing on public acts and policies. A few may be selected at random, from Julius Caesar, whose powerful sex urge was turned into channels of military organization and achievement, down to the leading dictators of our time. Napoleon showed the interesting combination of great egotism, vigor and driving energy in a man physically small. His compensations and adjustments furnish an illuminating commentary on his career and on the development of his great genius and world-embracing vision. It is to be noted that his post-mortem examination showed a complete atrophy of the testicles, and one can not help wondering as to the correlation between his progressive atrophy and the declension of his political and military genius. Failing physical vigor easily leads to a compensating program which may be grandiose and even fanciful in a person of driving imagination and egotism. We would like to know about the condition of Napoleon's cerebral arteries. His death from gastric cancer was a terminal accident which did not concern his earlier public life.

"The sixteenth century saw the rise of England's great King Henry VIII, the man who rescued England from her insularity and made her a nation with world influence and destiny. He it was, the first sailor king, who laid the foundations of British sea trade and the British navy. A man of aggressive strength, both physical and mental, he

showed two outstanding medical peculiarities. He was unable to produce a male heir who could succeed him, and in his early middle life he began a progressive physical and mental degeneration which terminated in his death. Both of these things had serious and determining results on the English succession and on English history. Both were due to the spirochetes of syphilis. The spirochete which causes syphilis is no respecter of persons and is strangely as uninfluenced by ignorance of its presence as it is by disbelief in its potency. It did for Henry VIII very efficiently and conclusively. What he would have done and what England might have become, lacking the activities of the spirochetes in Henry's brain, is a matter for speculation only. Whether for worse or for better, in any case, both would have been considerably different. Even his matrimonial succession would have been greatly altered.

"It is doubtful if history records an example of sheer cruelty, sadism and mass torture that exceeds the record of Ivan the Terrible. His wholesale murder of populations and his innumerable tortures and murders of individuals and groups flowed in a steady stream from another brain invaded by the spirochetes of syphilis. The result was a set-back to Russian social progress which even the great Catherine could not undo.

"Queen Elizabeth may have owed her physical and psychologic makeup to the abnormalities of her father, Henry VIII. There is no doubt that her masculinity strongly influenced her public policies, and also prevented her from ever marrying. Following the new policy of her father, she stimulated the formation of the British empire in India through the English East India Companies and at home consolidated the central power of England. While her unmarried state held a constant lure before the diplomats of Europe, it also settled the English succession. A normal femininity might not have led to better or worse results, but they certainly would have been different.

"In 1412 there appeared a figure who changed the story of France and became one of the world's most tragic and romantic heroines, Joan of Arc, the il-

literate peasant girl of Domremy, who died at the age of 19, without ever experiencing normal adolescence. In place of sexual maturity she heard voices and developed a mystical sense of mission and leadership which were abundant compensations and which fully explained the superstitious awe in which she was first held and the bitter animosity which she later aroused. Aberrations of physiology were associated with compensatory aberrations of psychology. Sex repression and infantilism pursued their characteristic course. And the result was an impact on history and legend, and the production of a half-mystical figure differing surprisingly in meaning, whether observed from the emotional or the rational point of view.

"One other feminine figure of history must be mentioned, the Empress Theodora. In the sixth century, the austere and ascetic Justinian, emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, at the age of 40 married the 20-year-old Theodora, courtesan and prostitute of Byzantium, whose reputation almost rivaled in extent that of the emperor himself. With her elevation, Theodora seems to have turned her charm of personality and great intellectual force into new channels. Her origin, background and earlier life combined with her mental vigor to make inevitable the remarkable influence she had on Justinian when he codified Roman law in his Institutes and Code. Here for the first time woman was accorded definite civic rights. Theodora was perhaps the first great feminist and her influence has been multiplied down to the present. It is understandable only when her story is understood with its psychologic and physiologic foundations.

"It is worthy of passing comment that Nietzsche and Lenin both suffered from syphilis of the brain, and general paresis is notorious for its tendency to grandiose delusions and unsettled judgment. Coming down to more recent times, we note the tragic pair of the great war, Kaiser Wilhelm II and Woodrow Wilson. The withered arm and efforts at compensation in the former accompanied mental brilliance, overweening ego, unbalanced judgment and eventually perhaps a paranoid status. The calming effect of asylum life, whether at Doorn



or at some well-recognized institution in the United States, is well known. One can only speculate as to when Woodrow Wilson began to be influenced by the progressive degeneration of his cerebral arteries, which finally wrecked him. Certainly an effective cerebral circulation might have modified his courses and given him more vigor to carry them through.

"We have then finally to consider the application of a medical summary to the two leading present-day dictators. The excellent studies of John Gunther on Hitler can be summarized in a few words. Gunther finds Hitler to be a man lacking in education and culture in any sense of the terms, a man who never reads, who is essentially weak and whose asceticism is born out of fear of temptation. He apparently is not a sex pervert, and on the contrary seems to have no sex interest, due to infantile fixations. Gunther characterizes him as a frustrated hysteric whose only release is in speaking. Such a summary surely lends understanding to a character otherwise most difficult of interpretation.

"The other front-page dictator, Mussolini, is characterized by Gunther as a man highly educated and sophisticated, in robust health, whose hero is Julius Caesar, and who, being on the same height (5 feet 6 inches) as Napoleon, also likes to wear a corporal's uniform. He is very superstitious and violently in love with violent movement and speed. Out of his early and frequent prison experience, he has developed a claustrophobia, a fear of closed places. He is a man of tremendous egotism and megalomania, out of which, one might interpolate, are easily grown the seeds of paranoia.

"Such illustrations, selected rather at random from an abundance of historical figures, show that the conduct of men in public as well as in private life can be influenced, modified and even controlled by purely medical factors of individual health. Hardened arteries, grandiose ideas, psychologic repressions and physical disease due to infections, reflect their results in events. History has a large medical component, which contributes in no small degree to understanding of history itself."



● READ THE ROSICRUCIAN FORUM ●

NEW LOS ANGELES TEMPLE

Hermes Lodge, a branch of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC in Los Angeles, has just acquired its own temple and property in a splendid district. This imposing edifice will become the local home of the Rosicrucians of Southern California. Not only the members of Hermes Lodge, but national members, or members at large in Southern California will have the opportunity of sharing in its privileges and benefits. The new splendid quarters will make it possible for the Lodge to expand rapidly and to put into effect many of its plans which were impossible of performance before, because of lack of space. We will later announce the exact date of the dedication, and give the address of the temple, so that when all details are complete, and the Hermes Lodge has finally occupied its new quarters, all may go to visit. Moving preparations are now under way.

Acquiring the property has been an extra financial burden, and therefore any national member, and Rosicrucian student who desires to assist toward the expense involved, may make a contribution either direct to the Chairman of the Building Committee who acquired the property and the temple, Frater J. C. Guidero, 679 S. Central Ave., Los Angeles, or may send any donation he or she wishes, direct to AMORC FUNDS, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
April
1937*



FOR A THOUSAND GENERATIONS

In sweltering heat, amidst choking dust kicked up by dozens of shuffling bare feet, in the filth and disease-laden areas of native bazaars, for generations past, artisans of Egypt have labored. Squatting, with their knees brought up under their armpits, they work for hours at the simple trade which they had begun to learn at the tender age of eight or nine years. Each sale, even for an article priced at but a few piasters, entails a lengthy, persuasive argument before it is culminated. Many labor for a week on executing in brass or copper, some article from which they receive a pittance far less than many Western world craftsmen receive in one day.

The above photograph was taken on market day in the native bazaar of Luxor, Egypt.

(Filmed by AMORC Camera Expedition.)

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The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a non-sectarian, fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive, Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and Peace.

The Order is internationally known as AMORC (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America, and all other lands, constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body having representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings, but gives them freely to all affiliated members, together with many other benefits.

Inquirers seeking to know the history, purposes, and practical benefits that they may receive from Rosicrucian association, are invited to send for the free book, "The Secret Heritage." Address, Friar S. P. C., care of

AMORC TEMPLE

Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U. S. A.
(Cable Address: "AMORCO" Radio Station W8HTB)

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(Directory Continued on Next Page)

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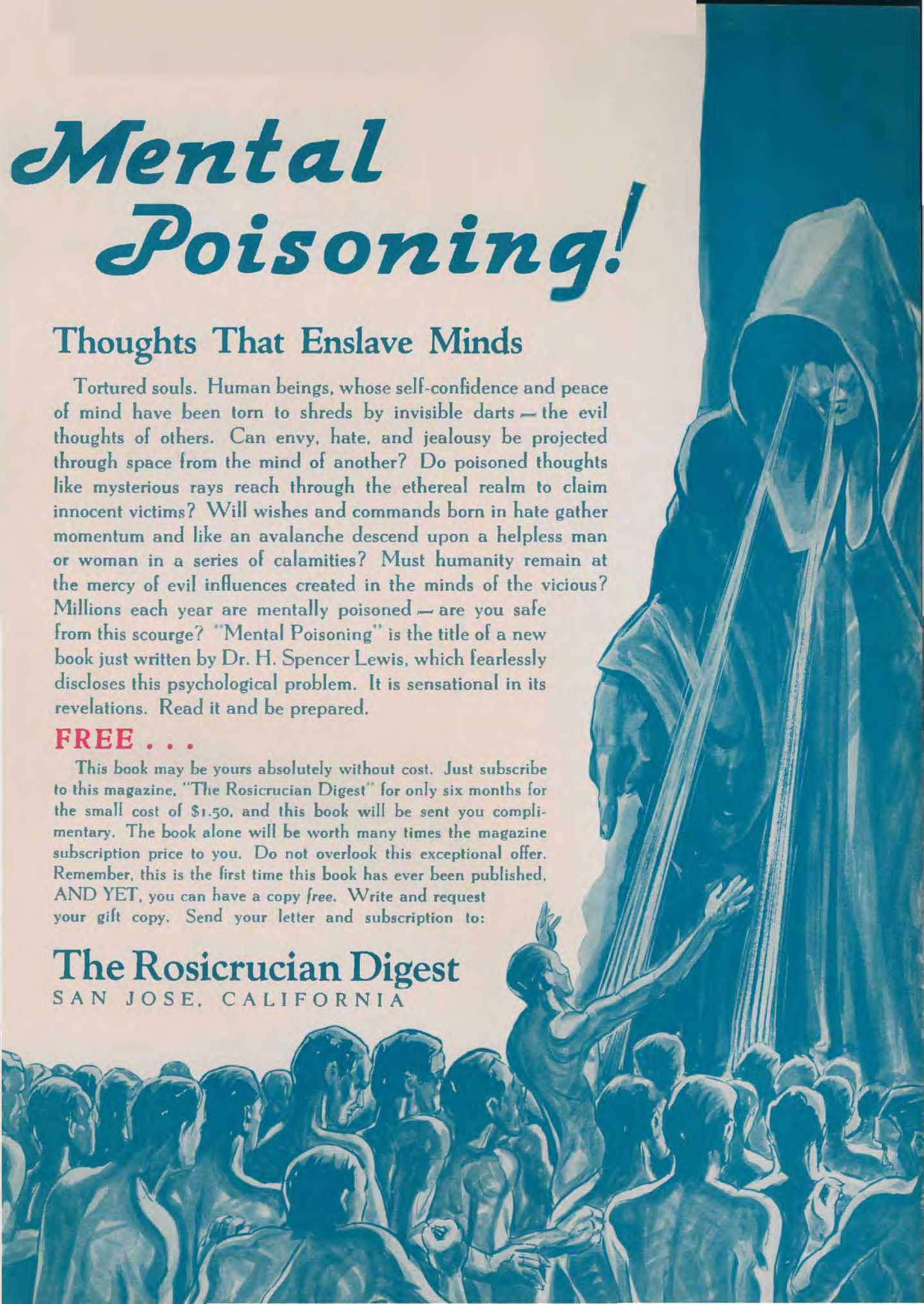
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