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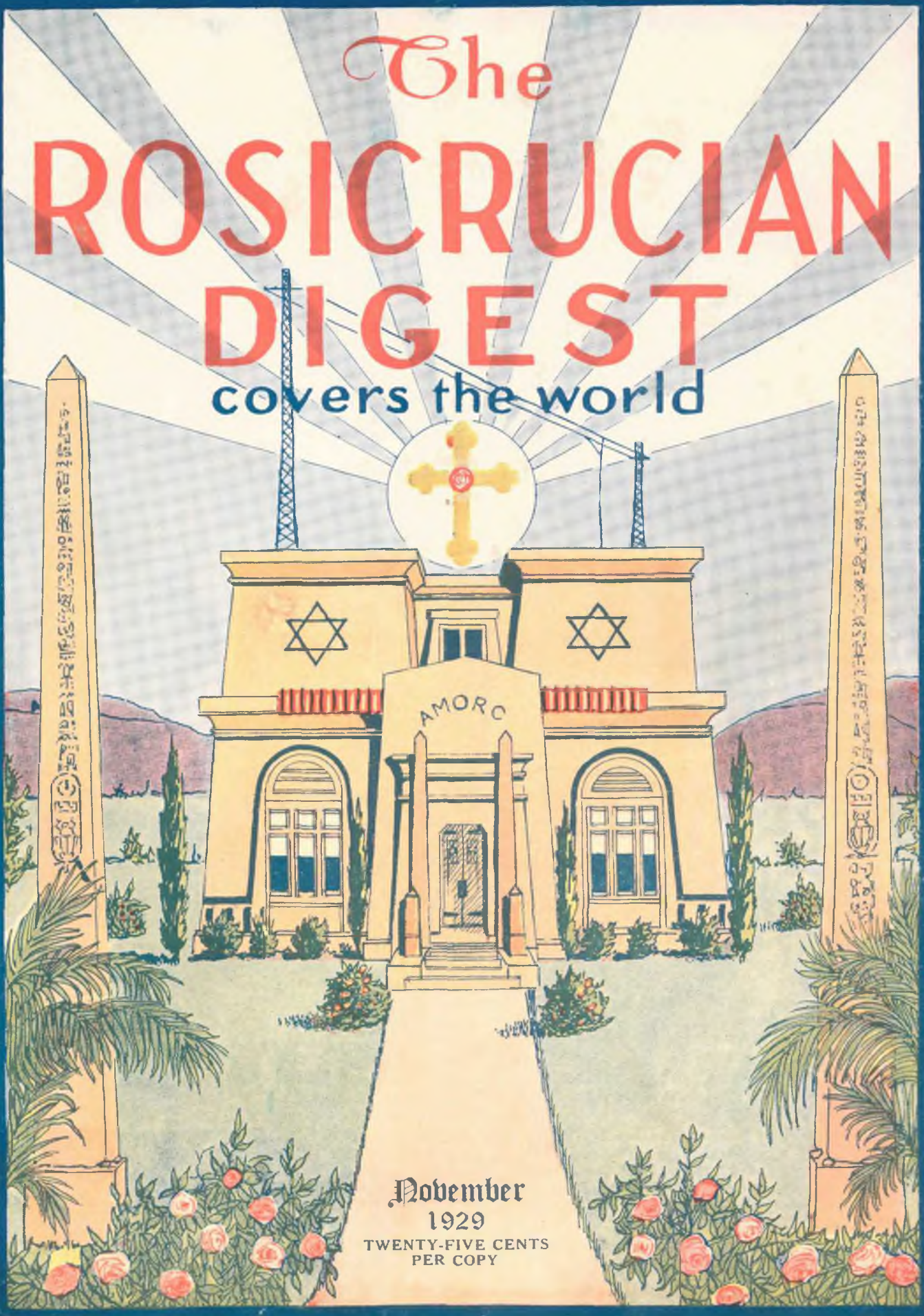
covers the world



November
1929

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The Rosicrucian Digest

"The Mystic Triangle"

Covers the World

The Official, International Rosicrucian Magazine of the World-Wide Rosicrucian Order

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Contents

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The Thought of the Month

A ROSICRUCIAN SURVEY OF THE WORLD'S THINKING

By THE IMPERATOR

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A CORDIAL invitation was recently received by me from the president of the Board of Trustees of the Roerich Museum of New York to attend, on the evening of October 17, the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the artistic and cultural activities of Nicholas Roerich, and to personally greet Mr. Roerich upon his return from Europe on the occasion of the opening of the magnificent new Roerich Museum on Riverside Drive. The president of the Trustees in sending this invitation to me accompanied the formal, engraved notice with a personal letter in which he said that because of the work being accomplished by our organization, and of my relationship with various humanitarian activities in this country, the personal acquaintances of Mr. Roerich felt that I would want to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of the Rosicrucian Order in this country for the work that has been accomplished by our mutual co-worker, Nicholas Roerich.

I regret that my present labors at Headquarters prevent me from once again standing at the side of Brother Roerich in one of his hours of extreme joy and happiness, and from participating in this celebration of his accomplishments. I feel that in bringing this man and his activities before our members through this magazine, I will be helping many persons throughout the world to celebrate the accomplishments of an international character. Throughout many lands the attention of thinking persons and especially of those interested in mysticism, art, and cultural philosophy will be directed toward the celebration, which occurs in New York this month. It is seldom that one man is preeminent in several fields of accomplishment; but while Rosicrucians and mystics of all lands, together with students of philosophy, are rejoicing in Brother Roerich's forty years of accomplishment, artists and musicians, writers, poets, and sculptors will likewise doff their hats and hail Roerich as a leader and an outstanding figure in their representative fields.

As one newspaper man stated in the Buffalo Courier-Express recently, "Other men travel to remote parts of the earth and risk their lives and come back and write books. But no other man, so far as I am aware, is like Nicholas Roerich."

Roerich first made himself a national character by coming from Russia to America, where he instituted a new form of expression in art. In every stroke of his brush, and in every intricate and unique bit of his composition, and in the lights and shadows of his expressions, there were the elements of mystical philosophy, and it was not surprising to those who became intimately acquainted with him to find that he was a real mystic, a true philosopher, and an interpreter of spiritual laws. Those who recognized these qualities became his students, his friends, and his devotees in what might have become a cult or a strange movement devoted to the furtherance of his ideals. Today, there are thousands, especially among the cultured, the wealthy, and the think-

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ing persons who look upon Roerich as the personification of philosophical and mystical development in man.

As a mystic, Brother Roerich went into the Himalayas, and there studied under the Disciples, and discovered that Jesus had once been a student of the ancient teachings and lived near the foothills of Thibet for a short period. Roerich also learned much about his own previous incarnations and the incarnations of other eminent mystics and philosophers throughout the world. His search for truth and knowledge led him into the monasteries and the archives of the ancient teachings in many lands. In the Gobi Desert, he witnessed many strange manifestations of the mystical laws contained in our teachings, and in the teachings of the Oriental philosophers, and all the while he painted. His efforts produced over five hundred canvases during his stay in the Himalayas and the lands bordering this mystical territory. In other countries he painted prolifically and always with a mastership and a lavishness of mystical expression unknown in the work of other artists.

And now this man returns to America to find that his admirers, students, and followers have built a twenty-four story edifice, devoted to his art and teachings, on one of the finest boulevards in America. The list of trustees of this new museum includes the names of prominent wealthy leaders of thought and activity in all the principle countries of the world. New York City, which is supposed to be a cold, indifferent, materialistic, soulless city is going to stop in its mad rush for the possession of material wealth and pay homage to art and philosophy, to a dreamer, a mystic creator, and a spiritual leader. Again, quoting a newspaper writer: "Such a man could not possibly have made himself a power in this noisy and careless city. But there's the proof. He has."

We are happy to note in the newspaper items of the world an increasing degree of recongition for the spiritual side of our lives and the accomplishments of mankind that tend to lift the thoughts of man beyond the commonplace things, and the actual necessities relating to our earthly existence. It is nearly two thousand years since a small portion of the world paid homage to a spiritual or philosophical leader. In that time civilization was steeped in the blackest of thoughts and the most bloody of deeds. The great light of the world seemed to have left the consciousness of man, and humanity had retrograded to the lowest depths of animal existence, but during the last hundred years, there has been a gradual and steady increase of the soul's search for more light. This has resulted in a lifting of the human eyes above the normal horizon of earthly activities to where the conscious vision reaches beyond material limitation and senses the dawning of another day. This perspective has widened the field of vision for man and with the widening of vision has come a widening of his understanding and comprehension; this has given him a greater field for meditation and inward contemplation. As man has lifted up his vision, he has lifted up his thoughts, and in lifting his thoughts, he has lifted himself until today the majority of human beings in civilized lands enjoy the benefits of education and intellectual enlightenment. They spend as much time in contemplation of the higher and better things of life as they spend in dealing with the sordid and commonplace.

Perhaps in no other time of the world's history could such an event have taken place as that which is taking place this month in New York City. Of all the places in the world where this might have occurred, New York seemed to be selected by the Cosmic as a rebuke to the pessimistic belief that in America and especially in New York there could be no general recognition of that which was above and beyond the material beliefs and necessities of life.

I have seen the work of Brother Roerich in foreign lands. On many of my trips through Europe and in Palestine and Egypt I have met those who have been intimately associated with him, and I have heard the admiration, adoration, and respect which his life and his handiwork have commanded. I have heard him, at the fire side among his close friends, discuss his personal convictions and his personal understandings of the highest mystical laws. Even in the most casual conversations and in his inimical

*friendly letters of philosophical dis*course, one finds an abundance of beautiful thoughts. I have before me one of his letters, in which he speaks of the rythms of life and the spiritual laws manifesting therein. In part, he says, "We now understand that all the details of life we see about us have not been the work of mere accident. They are all full of meaning accumulated in the course of centuries. If every word, and every letter of our name, has its own significance, and if each step of our existence has its cause and effect, with what rapt attention ought we to regard every manifestation of the great creative process! . . . some already realize clearly, while others are only beginning to suspect, as half in a dream, that an intricate process of creative work is going on all around them, and that some forces which they do not comprehend are busy shaping the final forms and aspects of a new life. And how infinite is the complexity of these forces! What seeming trifles often change completely the entire structure of our existence!"

Brother Roerich is, I am sure, a living example of the seeming trifles which may change the career of a person and affect the lives of many thousands of others. He was born in a family of mystics in far-off Russia, and early brought into contact with the teachings and principles of the Rosicrucian Order, which was at one time a leading and controlling, though secret and greatly veiled, influence in the cultural development of thousands of Russians. This *seemingly insignificent influence in the* lives of his parents was implanted in the character of Nicholas, the boy, and because of it he was brought into attunement with that period of Cosmic rythm, which started him in this life's cycle of existence with the necessary qualifications, faculties, and abilities to carry on to a greater degree the hopes and aspirations, the ideals and contemplations of his parents. That his parents were of the nobility of Russia only further illustrates the remarkableness of Cosmic law, for it is a notable fact that in the period when his parents were in the prime of life more of the nobility of Russia were members of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood than were those in the more humble walks of life. Even today our Grand Lodge for Russia reports that its membership contains a host of those who were formerly in high social position through so-called nobility of birth. It may be that when the present translation period of Russia is past, and the day of rebirth arrives, the power of the influence once limited to those of wealth and means may become a nation-wide power for the establishment of a greater nation. One man such as Nicholas Roerich might well become the standard bearer and proclaim the rights of his country to a place high in the position of people and bring about its new place in the evolution of the world. Truly, the seeming trifles of our inheritance, place of birth, and family relationship often constitute, as do many other seeming trifles of life, the very fundamental keys to the greatest of events.

Paracelsus, the Rosicrucian

THE ENGLISH VIEWPOINT OF MYSTICISM

By Raymund Andrea, F. R. C.
Grand Master, AMORC, Great Britain

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IT has been said that the mystic has the faults of his type—he is visionary, emotional, and impractical, and entirely lacking in that quality of mind called discrimination. I think I have never been so impressed with the underlying truth of this statement as when I first met with Evelyn Underhill's textbook on "Mysticism." In her chapter on mysticism and magic she indulges in a hearty sneer at Rosicrucians of the past and occultists of the present and evinces herself one of the most visionary and impractical writers that ever disgraced the annals of modern mystical literature.

One or two brief quotations will be quite sufficient for us: "Hence in every period of mystical activity we find an outbreak of occultism, illuminism, or other perverted spirituality . . . During the middle ages and the Renaissance there is the spurious mysticism of the Brethren of the Free Spirit, the occult propaganda of Paracelsus, the Rosicrucians, the Christian Kabalists . . . " So lofty and penetrating is the "mystical" presumptuousness of this writer that she does not hesitate to treat with contemptuous sarcasm Rudolf Steiner, one of the greatest of modern mystics and occultists, and accuses him "of the usual exaggeration of the professional occultist."

When a writer on mysticism treats eminent mystics in this strain of emotional rant she depreciates the value of her whole work and declares herself an impertinent commentator and an incompetent authority. Underhill's book was published in 1911; the Tenth edition appeared in 1923; in this last edition the above statements appear. The writer is still alive; short reviews by her of books on mysticism appear at times in the jounals. Therefore, she has had ample time, between the dates of the first and last editions of her book to study the lives and teachings of those she wildly arraigns and effect an honorable revision. As this has not been done, conscientious students of mysticism and the occult will regard her textbook as conspicuously biased and unreliable.

An English edition of the life of Paracelsus by Miss A. M. Stoddart appeared in 1911. For some years she had devoted her life and energies to the preparation of this work. She died within a few hours of the passing for press of the last sheets of her book. Her wide study and well balanced learning, and her knowledge of languages specially fitted her for her task, and she spent some time in Germany and Italy in order to investigate on the spot the career of her remarkable subject. Let us then glance through her work and obtain just an idea of the kind of "occult propaganda" this "professional occultist" was guilty of.

The period of the Renaissance is one of engrossing interest to the student in many departments of life: in religion, in art, in letters, and in natural science. It was a period prolific with great personalities who were destined to move the world. As one writer says: "It was the new birth to liberty—the spirit of mankind recovering consciousness, and the power of self-determination, recognizing the beauty of the outer world, and of the body through art, liberating the reason in science, and the conscience in

religion, restoring culture to the intelligence, and establishing the principle of political freedom." In the year 1493, in which Paracelsus was born, Savonarola, the Italian preacher and reformer, was inveighing against princes and clergy, in discourses denunciatory and prophetical, at St. Mark in Florence; Luther was just ten years old and at school in Magdeburg, unconsciously preparing himself for his war against the pope and the doctrines of the Church of Rome; and Pico Della Mirandola, born in the year 1463 and passing away prematurely in 1494 had yet in those few years of feverish research penetrated into the secrets of ancient philosophies and many Eastern languages and at length, coming to Rome, had offered to defend nine hundred bold paradoxes, drawn from opposite sources, against all who would meet him. These and many others were the inspired voices that gave a new expression to religion, science, and art in the face of every kind of opposition, derision, contumely, and cruel persecution; and Paracelsus fared as badly and perhaps a good deal worse than most of them.

We need not concern ourselves with details of his birth and the progress of his youth. We are informed that he was a pupil of the Abbott Trithemius, a man of great renown in occult research and learned in the knowledge of his time, a lover of art and poetry, alchemist, historian, and physician. There is extant a reproduction of a rare classic in alchemical literature called "Splendour Solis," containing the alchemical treatises of one Solomon Trismosin, who is therein said to have been an adept and teacher of Paracelsus. However, there is no reason to think that his biographer is mistaken in this particular point, since a man like Paracelsus may have been the pupil at different stages of his development of more than one great teacher. At all events, he appears scarcely to have attained to manhood when he made a journey to Trithemius, after having read a manuscript by this teacher, and with him he studied occultism. This man was versed in the secrets of magnetism and telepathy, and in his mystical experiments could read the thoughts of others at a distance; but above all he insisted on the study of the Bible, and in this he influenced Paracelsus for life. His pupilage with Trithemius determined his career: he renounced all things that led to worldly preferment and gave up his life to the search after wisdom.

He was about 22 years old when he set off to work in the silver mines and laboratories of Schwatz. Probably curiosity took him thither, for he had read much of the transmutation of the baser metals into gold. There he found two groups of workers, the miners and the chemists. The latter were still alchemists, and their analyses and combinations were allied to occult experiment. Paracelsus worked with both groups, for he was bent upon first hand experience at the fountainhead. He learned the risks and hardships of mining and studied the veins of precious ore! he frequented the laboratories of the alchemists and soon after left them, convinced of the futility of "gold-cooking." The outcome of his researches at Schwatz is summed up in the axiom: "Alchemy is to make neither gold nor silver; its use is to make the supreme essences and to direct them against diseases."

Ten months in Schwatz had driven him to the decision that his experience in a university had been barren of results and that he would study in the university of the world. He spent about nine years in travel. "A doctor," he said, "cannot become efficient in the university: how is it possible in three or four years to understand nature, astronomy, alchemistry, or physics?" "A doctor must be a traveller, because he must inquire of the world. Experiment is not sufficient. Experience must verify what can be accepted or not accepted. Knowledge is experience." Disgusted with one university, he did not, therefore, avoid others; he tried them in every country which he visited, hoping to find a kindred spirit. Vienna and Cologne, Paris and Montpellier, thence to Bologna, Padua, and Ferrara, all the great centers of learning figure in his program; but neither in Germany, France, nor Italy could he find the truth he was seeking. He would not submit himself to the teachings and writings of the universities, and traveled on to

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Spain and eventually to England, where he spent some time at the lead and tin mines in Cumberland and Cornwall. While in England he received news of fighting in the Netherlands, and applied for and obtained the post of barber-surgeon to the Dutch army. This was not an erratic move but definitely a part of a settled plan for enlarging his knowledge of wound surgery, which he had previously practised with his father who was a surgeon. He eagerly sought employment in a series of campaigns and pursued his study of the healing art among the soldiers with indefatigable industry.

Later, he is traced among the Turks and Tartars, steadily augmenting his stores of positive knowledge. When wandering with eastern nomads he learned from Saracens and Turks the lore of their saints, from Jewish physicians and astrologers the secrets of the Kabbala, and became convinced of the reality of that occult power which amongst the nations of antiquity was the highest endowment of the priesthood.

At the age of 32 years he was an experienced surgeon and a distinguished physician and had taken his degree in both arts. Wherever he went he was renowned as a healer, and was often sent for by men of high rank whom he successfully treated for diseases which the doctors considered hopeless. Students gathered around him to watch his analyses or listen to his teachings. He was already too great for his professional contemporaries and had to fly from Prussia, Lithuania, and Poland. He pleased no one but the sick whom he healed. He preferred the university towns because students assembled in them; from them he could obtain a hearing, but his remarkable teachings and cures only aroused the jealousy of the professors and doctors, who felt it their duty to crush him. He was summoned to attend the Markgrave of Baden who was ill with dysentery and his life despaired of. Paracelsus stopped the dysentary, and so quickly that the household doctors insisted that they had performed the cure and that he was not worthy of his fee. The fee was refused on their advice.

He had not long returned to western Europe when he received a request to travel to Basel (Switzerland) to heal the famous publisher Froben who had disabled a foot through falling. Froben enjoyed considerable reputation in Basel. He was educated at its university, founded a printing office in that city and issued some three hundred books, including the New Testament in Greek, subsequently used by Luther, and editions of the Fathers of the Church. It was largely owing to Froben that Basel was the leading center of the German book trade in the Sixteenth century. Paracelsus resided with this man and within a few weeks effected his cure. Through Froben, Paracelsus became acquainted with Erasmus, the eminent scholar and theologian, who had formerly lived for some years with Froben. Erasmus consulted Paracelsus about his own declining health and was astonished at the insight of his diagnosis. His admiration for Paracelsus influenced the magistrates shortly after in their decision in the appointment of a town physician, which post was then vacant.

In 1526 he was duly appointed to the lectureship of the university of Basel. He had lectured only a few weeks when the academic authorities interfered and prohibited his continuance. "They note," he writes, "that I explain my art of medicine in a manner not yet usual and so as to instruct every one." What disturbed the authorities was his departure from old methods and the substitution of his own experience and his own experiments; he also dared to lecture in German instead of Latin, so that all might understand, and that the new teachings might be liberated from the fetters of the old. Dr. Franz Hartmann (another Rosicrucian, and personal physician to Mme. Blavatsky) says: "The glory of being the first man who taught in the German language in a German university belongs to that true German, Theophrastus von Hohenheim (Paracelsus) to all time." Some said it was because he knew no Latin, and insinuated that he had never taken his degree. They tried to anger him that they might have something against him. He was forced to put his case to the magistrates, at whose bidding he had left his work at Strassburg to comply with their appointment, to preserve to him certain rights connected with his office. The pe-

tition was granted and the immediate persecution ceased. Night and day he worked at his lectures with unabating vigor. Even during the Basel holidays he determined to retrieve the time which academic opposition had wasted, and the lecture hall was crowded with eager students. Experience was better than anatomy lessons, so he supplemented his lectures with *practical demonstrations,* in true Rosicrucian style. He took his students into the surrounding country to study the herban medicines "where God had placed them." He led them on to the study of alchemy, to chemistry, and to experiment, that they might be their own apothecaries. He took the poorer students to his own house, clothed and fed them, and taught them everything. And among these were those who betrayed him.

From the wealth of his material extant on the art of healing, the biographer of Paracelsus has given a brief *precis* of one or two lectures to indicate what manner of teaching the students of Basel received from this inspired master. After perusing these we cannot wonder that he had difficulties when at the university. The condition of the medical profession and the character and conduct of its practitioners in the first half of the Sixteenth century were deplorable and merited the sharp investives he directed against them. A characteristic sentence or two from the "Three Qualifications which a good and perfect surgeon should possess in himself," will give a just idea of the trend of his criticism: "The doctors who have got themselves made doctors with money or after length of time, read their books over in a hurry, and retain but little in their heads. But the asses go about the town just as if it were a crime for the sick to contradict a doctor." But his constructive, axiomatic teaching in these lectures is precious and stands for all time. Although little understood by the Germans of his time, the best thinkers of today acknowledge his great importance to the German renaissance. Says Dr. Franz Strunz: "Paracelsus was a pioneer as doctor, as student of nature, as theologian, for he beheld nature and the world as they are, and saw all things in the light of nature, so that he roused to new life, orderly induction, and comparison." Ten years after his death, the doctrines of Paracelsus were taught at Basel.

Warned by friends of his impending seizure and imprisonment in Basel by an order of the judges, he was compelled to an ignominious flight during the night. Once outside of their jurisdiction he was free and lingered a short while at Colmar, healing others and busied with researches. Later he was found housed in Esslingen, where he fitted up a laboratory and worked at alchemical and astrological problems. His occult occupations soon attracted a collection of so-called disciples, some of whom were his servants, some his secretaries, and some his pupils. He was already prematurely aged at thirty-five years. He worked most of the night and allowed himself but four hours of sleep. Here there were no wealthy patients to help him. Many of his followers were rogues who probably did not scruple to rob him. He was forced to relinquish his house and take to the road again.

At length he came to the famous city of Nuremberg. He carried with him his book, "Prognostications," and another volume just completed, on the French Malady. These he hoped to see published in Nuremberg. But the Medical Faculty in Leipzig had read his work and addressed themselves to the Council of Nuremberg with a request that the books should not be published. Paracelsus had been lavish of epithets concerning the doctors of the old school: they did not appreciate the title of "imposters." He addressed a courteous letter to the magistrates on the matter, but received no acknowledgment.

He left Nuremberg for Beratzhausen, and here he wrote some of his most valuable works. The prohibition to print in Nuremberg was a discouragement, but did not check him. He knew his books would be published somewhere, if not then, later. Basel, which rejected him, was the first city to print the volumes he was now writing at Beratzhausen.

Other cities were visited, in which he stayed for a time, all the while intensely active, healing the rich and the poor and writing his books. Then came a period when he rested from writing on medicine for some months and gave

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himself up to evangelistic work, and to the teaching and distribution of the Bible. He wandered through Appenzel and its mountains, seeking the poor and sick, healing and teaching them. This occupation with the spiritual as well as the corporeal needs of men was the cause of further persecution at the hands of the priests. So fierce was their resentment that they persecuted those who showed him hospitality. Lodging, food, and clothing failed him; he was reduced to poverty and compelled to flee.

It is as well to note that Paracelsus was impelled towards his researches as much by his spiritual as by his intellectual powers. The views of Cornelius Agrippa, the neo-platonist, who was contemporary with Paracelsus, the latter developed and presented in a more perfected form. "He strives everywhere," says Steiner, "to go back himself to the deepest foundations of natural knowledge, in order to rise by his own strength to the loftiest regions of cognition." From his early acquaintance with neo-platonism and the Kabala, Paracelsus developed his spiritual philosophy. A mystic he certainly was, in the true sense of the term; his occultism, too, was derived from the same source, as were the doctrines of Cornelius Agrippa, and later, those of Van Helmont and Boehme, who were his disciples. It is interesting to note just here that of Boehme, Evelyn Underhill writes: "He is one of the best recorded all-round examples of mystical illumination; exhibiting, along with an acute consciousness of divine companionship, all those phenomena of visual lucidity, automatism, and enhanced intellectual powers which properly belong to it." We might ask, what less than this was Paracelsus and what less than this did he exhibit?

Professor Strunz, writing of the personality of Paracelsus, says: "His was a mind of mighty features whose rare maturity converted the stating of scientific problems into warm human terms, and we owe to him the realization of a cultured human community based upon Christian and humanitarian piety and faith, which things we may well regard as the bases of his teaching concerning both the actual and the spiritual . . . Paracelsus felt like an artist and thought like a mathematician, just as he combined the laws of nature with the laws of the microcosm, that is of man with his consciousness, his feelings, and his desires. It was this delicate artistic sense which proved to be the daring bridge from the man Paracelsus to the keen-visioned observer of reality, a wonderful viaduct resting upon the traverse of the new humanity, the Renaissance."

Little is recorded of his last days. He was suffering from an insidious disease, no doubt contracted from the many poisonous substances with which he experimented, and he was paying the inevitable penalty of an excessively strenuous life. The whole chronicle before us is one of intense and unselfish labor, of wanderings and perseuctions, of bigotry, insult, and contumely, of a sublime soul despised and rejected of men. "Rest is better than restlessness," he wrote, "but restlessness is more profitable than rest." He died in 1541, at Salzburg and his body was interred in the churchyard of St. Sebastian's.

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour soon or late
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day."

FOR YOUR HOME

A great many of the members have secured the attractive wall card which is 11 by 14 inches, in several colors and gold, containing the "Confessions to Maat." This is a beautiful and useful decoration for any sanctum. I am sure that those of you who secure this card will find a beautiful addition to your sanctum. It may be had at 35c, postage prepaid by us. Send all orders to AMORC Supply Bureau, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.

Cosmic Consciousness

By Royle Thurston

▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

HAT is Cosmic Consciousness? How does one experience it? What does it mean, and how may one attain it? These, and hundreds of similar questions are asked every day by those who seek to know the Truth and live according to it.

Cosmic Consciousness, as its name implies, is the consciousness of the cosmos; the universe; order, harmony, unity, or, in other and more simple words, the consciousness of being at one with all there is. It must, therefore, be as is the consciousness of God—the perfect consciousness — the impersonal consciousness; the ONE consciousness of all.

But before we may take up a thorough investigation of this consciousness, we must, of necessity, analyze other forms of consciousness so that we may become perfectly familiar with the term and its meaning. Too often do we rush blindly ahead into things; taking everything for granted; heeding not the seemingly obscure principles and manifestations, and arriving at indefinite or very unsatisfactory conclusions. It is this rushing ahead blindly in our investigations which leads so many of us to exclaim: "There's nothing to it." But if we proceed slowly, investigating every detail minutely and allowing nothing to be passed by without due consideration, we may then hope to arrive at some satisfactory decision as to the why and how of things.

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Let us then take only the term consciousness, and proceed to analyze it. Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary informs us that "Consciousness is the state of being conscious" and so forth. It implies that in order to be conscious, one must know his own existence and mental operations. This, however, is far from being satisfactory to us in our present analysis for we are to dig deeper than this. We must be quite sure of what we are doing, and not accept any definition until we find it is the only one for us.

We will start our study with the lowest form of matter to see what we can find therein. Earth, plants, minerals. These forms live, do they not? If we accept the word of science, these forms of matter certainly DO live, but to this is added that they are not conscious of living. Earth plants and minerals grow, but they do not move about from place to place, unless it be through some other force in operation. Of their own volition, if they have volition at all, these things do not move about. They do not perceive their surroundings; they possess no faculties with which to perceive, and furthermore they are unable to change the conditions of life in which they are found. If a body of earth is placed in a certain place, it must remain there until someone or something else removes it. If a plant is growing in a certain place or position, it cannot help remaining there—no matter how hot the sun may be, or how cold the shade.

But earth and plants and rocks and minerals do have consciousness and this consciousness is the same as that which operates in all material bodies. It is the consciousness which creates, directs, makes manifest and instils life in all there is. And this consciousness is that of the highest form of mind, for it knows just how to combine the atoms and molecules; it knows what is neces-

sary for every material form, and it knows how to create it. It must be that consciousness which builds up the material body, nourishes it and keeps it in as perfect a condition as is possible. It is constructive consciousness for even though it destroys the form it has built, in due time, it does this in order that it may continue to construct over and over again. It is the consciousness of God, for it works the same in mineral or other matter, as it does in man. We shall see how this is so as we proceed. This selfsame form of consciousness exists in every form of life, manifesting more and more of its faculties as it goes upwards in the process of evolution. For instance, in the organic cell, it manifests its directing power; in the almost invisible germ and insect life it manifests what is known as instinct, and so on, until, when it reaches the higher form of animal life it becomes that which we have learned to know as simple consciousness, and it is this simple consciousness we shall now look into.

The higher forms of animals, let us say the upper half of the animal kingdom, possess this simple consciousness. It is that form of consciousness whereby the animal perceives, recognizes, and realizes his surroundings. It is then conscious of itself, for well does the animal know that he is the owner of his legs, and other parts of his body. He knows that he can run or stand still, eat or refuse to eat, see, hear, taste, and smell. But one thing is certain: the animal cannot realize himself—he cannot stand apart from himself; he cannot study, analyze, theorize, or know, in any manner whatsoever, that he is what he is or why he is. The animal possesses a brain just as the human being does; he has all the sense faculties and functions; he can do nearly everything a human can do, so far as the body's activities are concerned—BUT; the animal cannot plan, he cannot create, he cannot reason deductively and inductively, he cannot converse—he cannot say to himself of anything, "Yes that is a fact, and I know it to be a fact."

Animals, possessing simple consciousness act upon instinct alone. An animal will feel hungry, see something to eat, and proceed to eat it. He will see an object moving and instantly jump for it, or, at least, be attracted by it. He is conscious of himself in so far as his past actions are concerned, but it is impossible for the animal to analyze an object never before seen; he cannot look into and plan for the future; he cannot work out his problems, for instance when he is caught in a trap, he must remain helpless and struggle to get free by sheer force, whereas a man caught in a trap would know it was useless to pull and tear himself out and so would plan the means for escape.

Therefore, by analysis we conclude that animals are not self-conscious to the degree that man is. We learn, by observation and by being able to enter into the animal's mind and mental actions, that the animal does not reason—does not think and plan, but acts solely upon instinct.

When we state that the earliest form of man possessed nothing but simple consciousness, we can feel very sure that such a statement cannot be disputed. Man, in his primitive state knew nothing of himself; his possibilities; his nature. He acted upon instinct much as does the animal of today. When he wanted something to eat he went out and killed an animal. When he wanted a wife he dragged one to his cave, he grunted like a wild boar all the time, unable to show his feelings other than by actions of animal nature.

Time passed, conditions changed, man evolved and began to think. He then felt the desire to express his thoughts and convey them to others in a manner more definite than mere motions and grunts. Then came different sounds which answered for certain words—pictures were crudely drawn to convey certain things and expressions, more sounds were added until one day a crude language was formed and man was able to communicate his thoughts and interchange them with other men.

With language came the first change from simple consciousness to self-consciousness. And, as the language grew in scope, so the realization grew and thus evolved the self-consciousness of man from the first steps to the highest.

With the invention of language, man became fully self-conscious, for here he had the means of thought intercommunication; the foundation of social inter-

course; the first step towards the building up of industries and institutions, of all the arts and sciences. We know that animals have not done this, as man has done, and we can, therefore, feel certain that animals do not possess self-consciousness because if they did posses it, it is only reasonable to think that they would have learned and spoken some language, even though it may have had but a limited number of words.

We can readily perceive the enormous gap, then, that lies between the self-consciousness and the language possessed by man, and the single, instinctive consciousness possessed by animals—even the most intelligent of them; this gap is just as wide, if not wider than the gap between the consciousness possessed by plants and the simple consciousness of the animal.

The average man of today has advanced no farther than the self-conscious state. True, he has advanced in such things as civilization, morals, intellect; but this advancement is but the advancement of the outer man — the outer conscious individual — the outer form of expression in keeping with the opinions of other men. The inward self, that is to say, the finer self of man, has advanced but very little during the past few centuries; in fact, he has rather remained at a standstill, having lost sight of his inner self in the mad rush to keep up with the fast moving conditions of life. Today very few men have the leisure those men in olden times had; they had time to rest and meditate—they needed very little to maintain life; they lived much more simply than does the man of today. Nowadays, we have to rush here and there for everything; circumstances force us to live an abnormal life; we are so rushed during the day with our work that it is necessary to most of us to have some diversion in the evening and so our theatres fill that need and we fill them. Our physical requirements are catered to almost exclusively while our spiritual needs are set aside and all but forgotten.

Is it any wonder then that the average man of today is, as a rule, intellectual, but far below what he should be spiritually? Where and when can the average man sit down quietly and meditate upon the truths of the universe? Even in the wealthier classes man has little, if any time to seek Truth. He is called upon to fill a chair here or make up a party there—he has his clubs, his fraternities, his operas, his musicales, his dinners; these, together with his business, occupy his entire attention until, his weary body rebelling against the strain placed upon it, lays down on the job and refuses to go any farther.

Yes, the average business man has very little time to look after his spiritual development. His business needs his entire attention and he comes to look upon life, and everything in it as a means to extend his business activities; to quote from Dr. Lewis' book, "A Thousand Years of Yesterdays," the business man looks upon life in the following manner:

"Every man or woman one meets must be in some business or other or else he belongs to the other class—consumers, customers, or clients. A man is always a potential power in dollars and cents, or else he is nothing. A woman is always—well, a mother, or a wife, a sweetheart, or a plaything, with no place in big business and incompetent to assume such a place. The face of the earth is covered with oil wells, mineral mines, coal mines, timber, railroads, and steamships. The sun shines to help salesmen make more calls, the rain falls to help the crops, and prevent market losses. A day consists of one-sixth of a business week, and time is governed by time-clocks and production costs and pay-rolls. Sunday is a day for going over the books, and making a few personal calls at homes when it is difficult to meet men at business. Plays, theatres, and other places of amusement are for salesmen to take prospective customers that they may bribe orders and win favors from them —and they help keep money in circulation. Churches are to ease the dissatisfaction of the laboring classes, make them feel more joyous with spiritual things when they have nothing of the material things, and promise them everything in the future if they remain good, in spite of having nothing here. Marriage is sentimental foolishness with the young, and a business deal—a financial alliance—with the old. Children are ele ments of a big field in business: hats,

shoes, clothes, books, toys, and insurance policies. Life is a bridge of possibilities between the follies of youth and the imbecilities of old age. Love is a condition of the mind that helps business by buying watches, rings, more jewelry, things which would not be made or sold otherwise. Death is a cheater or an easy way out, according to one's predicament at the time. Home is a business asset, counting more in a business man's rating on the market than in any other way. Mothers are a necessity and a dependable help in time of personal emergency. The past belongs to the failures in life, the present belongs to the successes, and the future belongs to the dreamers. A newspaper is a press-agent of business, and a tattle-teller of personal things."

Under such conditions as Dr. Lewis describes, and they are about as perfect pictures of the average business man's conception of life as it is possible to obtain, is it any wonder that there can be found no time for meditation and thought for the spiritual side of life? What does the average business man know of life, anyway? Where are his pleasures? Where is his happiness in the mad rush for gold and fame; in the rushing and shouting, the pushing, scheming and competing of the business world? Can the business man take his heart-aches, his personal problems and troubles to another business man to ease and solve? Can he find sympathy among his business associates? If he loses his all in business, to whom will he turn for assistance and a new start? Are the hearts and souls of men revealed in the business world? Is brotherly love shown one another? Can any love be found under any condition within the portals of *big business.*

No, the average business man passes out of this world as entirely lacking in the Truth regarding life as when he entered it. He believes in a life hereafter simply because the preachers to whom that part of it is intrusted have told him so; he believes in a God, simply because most all the world believes in a God.

It is not only with the average business man that such conditions exist. The same conditions, the same condemnations, the same criticisms the same slavery of human beings exists outside, as well as in business.

In view of this is it strange that so few attain the next stage—Cosmic Consciousness—the consciousness of being at one with the universe? Can anyone who is wrapped up in his own little sphere and life consider others outside of that sphere. Can such persons feel themselves in perfect harmony with all other people—with all there is? Can they give of their money and time without thought of self or reward? Can they cease criticizing, condemning, and judging others; can they manifest a desire to raise others up instead of casting them further down? Can they be Christ-like in their thoughts, in their words and in their actions?

Not until they cease placing so much stock in their honors, glories, stations, and prides of self and position will they begin to rise and evolve in their consciousness for conscious evolution begins only when one ceases to allow the outer self to master him and casts out desires for those things which help swell the vanity, pride, and egotism of the individual.

You will find, as you look about, that those who are considerate of others, who try their best to raise others to a higher plane of understanding and existence, are very much scattered and are seldom to be seen. The reason for this is obvious. They go about silently; they do their work and serve others without letting their right hands know what their left hands are doing. They never jump into the limelight so that all the world may know of their charities, for that would embarass them beyond all other things. They are not seekers for praise or rewards, but rather are they seekers for the good they may do for all humanity. And these people, if you will notice are to be found in all classes; big business holds them and they are the most successful in it; the arts and sciences hold them; society holds them, and so on throughout the vast list of classes. Yet, for all of that, these are the people who will feel for and assist the dirty street urchin as cheerfully as they would the well dressed and educated society matron. Class and social distinction plays

no part in their love for humanity for they know that within every heart and soul there is the same God as is in themselves.

And thus, through analysis we come to learn that Cosmic Consciousness can be attained only when we begin to cast out desire, vanity, pride, conceit, craving for worldly honors, selfishness, egotism, and the conception of being separate or individual units in the universe.

We can all attain it by the process of transmutation—that is to say, by beginning to transmute the undesirable things we possess into desirable ones. We can change criticism into tolerance and tolerance into love. We can cease to desire things and know that we shall be well provided for and receive just what we need when we need it. We can be charitable, kind, thoughtful, considerate, merciful, and forgiving, just as easily as we can be the opposite. We can cast off bad habits just as easily as we form them. We can do our work in silence much better, than we can do it in the open. We can always think before we speak and reason before we act. We can become masters of our outer selves just as readily as we can allow the outer selves to master us. We can come to know God and feel God within us just as readily as we can believe in a God. We can practice divine principles far better than we can simply profess them. We can lift up in the same amount of time that it takes to cast down. We can love with less disastrous results than we can hate.

And so, by thinking, speaking, doing, and living in unison and in harmony with all, by transmuting the undesirable into the desirable, by knowing and practicing the things we would like others to know and practice for us, we bring about a higher form of consciousness which, as we continue to raise it, will gradually develop into the highest form — Cosmic Consciousness — that consciousness which brings the Peace Profound which passeth all understanding.

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Why Are We?

The Growth of Knowledge—An American Viewpoint

By Eugene H. Cassidy

PART 3 — PHILOSOPHY

(Continued from last month)

THE modern attitude toward truth is erroneous. As a result the search for truth is hampered in three ways: by a materialistic philosophy, by positivistic science, and by a specilization which has outgrown its proper sphere and become dissociation. These three are so closely related that it is difficult to discover which is cause and which effect. If materialism were the prime cause it would arise from man's inherent love for material comfort. When given full sway this tendency produces an increasing over-valuation of things physical, finally amounting to deification. As soon as the God of Matter has been set up positivism is inevitable. On the other hand if positivism is the causal factor it arises from man's innate tendency to believe his objective senses above all, even though their extreme fallibility is always evident. As soon as the physical senses become the sole approach to truth a materialistic philosophy is the only possible one.

The method of positivistic science is that of a man knowing nothing about

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sound, who discovers a phonograph and takes it apart in order to find its purpose. Obviously if he knows nothing of sound he can never understand a machine intended to produce it. His only hope of success would be to play the phonograph. Once dismembered it will remain forever a mystery. He will develop one hypothesis after another but the truth will elude him.

So it is with the positivist. He attempts to solve the problem of the universe by studying its material constituents, forgetting that the whole is more than the sum of its parts. Because he trusts no source of knowledge but his objective senses, he assigns a material purpose to a universe which is meaningless from such a view-point.

Expressed in mathematical terms, the aim of the positivist is to describe in three dimensions a phenomenon of at least four. As Kant showed, three dimensional space is purely relative to the human senses.

Although the fourth dimension is completely incomprehensible to the normal human consciousness, Ouspensky has succeeded in developing its significance by analogy. Suppose a snail to have a one dimensional consciousness. It could be aware only of a succession of points. It could explore a surface only by means of a succession of lines. Since these lines would have a chronological relation, two dimensions would appear as time to the snail.

In the same way a two dimensional consciousness could be aware only of planes. Thus a three dimensional body would be a chronological succession of planes. For such a being, the third dimension would be time. Moreover an angle would appear as a straight line in motion for it is impossible to see the angle, as an angle, in two dimensions. In the same way a circle, which is a continued angle, would appear to be in motion, while a revolving circle would have an incommensurable element which would probably be called life.

Now suppose a two dimensional being living on the top of a table. He would be aware of the plane on which he lived. He could survey it and describe its length, breadth, and area, but he could form no adequate idea as to the significance of the table. In fact he could not be aware of its existence.

What is even more significant, his identities and inequalities would have no significance in three dimensions. A candle and a coin resting on the table would be merely equal circles to him. Obviously this is a meaningless equality. On the other hand two candles, one on end and one on its side, would bear no observable relation, although in three dimensions they are equal.

The significance of this analogy is evident. The physics and mathematics of three dimensional space can have but a very limited truth. Even our identities and inequalities would be quite unrecognizable in four dimensions, while our motion in time would become spatial.

Closely associated with positivism is dissociation. When the whole is ignored, its parts are bound to assume undue prominence. Thus we have the realm of knowledge divided up into almost innumerable segments whose inter-relation is usually very vague.

The positivist is one who ignores all this. He insists passionately on the reality of three dimensional space and by so doing precludes any possibility of understanding a four dimensional universe.

Specialization in collecting facts is useful, but in the search for knowledge it is pernicious. It is necessary, of course, that one man should become expert with the microscope in order to amass histological data, while another masters the telescope that he may catalogue astronomical observations. This is, of course, strictly speaking, science. But such collections of facts are meaningless until they have been made the subject of speculation. Thus the scientist forms hypotheses and theories based upon the data at his command. This is as it should be, but the error is in limiting ourselves to biological, astronomical, chemical, and physical hypotheses. The Creator, whatever we wish to call him, did not draw up laws under the various categories of biology, astronomy, chemistry, and physics. He created the universe according to universal law. We are beginning to recognize this in a hazy way when we realize the necessity for such compromises as bio-physics and

bio-chemistry, but how soon will we realize the need for astro-biology?

This weakness of dissociated science is becoming more and more evident when the problems of one science begin to question the findings of another. The trouble is that the astronomer is not sufficiently acquainted with the problems of the biologist and geologist. It is true that the astronomers are at a loss to explain the source of man's energy satisfactorily for the geologists, but do they know that doctors are utterly unable to explain how that small muscle, the human heart, can force tons of blood through the circulatory system daily. No other muscle of the same structure can develop more than the merest fraction of the force supposedly expended by the heart. This is, of course, not of interest to the astronomer. He would be insulted if he were asked why the earth's crust after shrinkage proved too large for the earth and wrinkled into mountains? or why the ice receded after the ice age? or why the bodies of animals suddenly frozen ages ago and perfectly preserved are found in arctic but never in antarctic regions? or why red blood cells are non-nucleated when all other cells have a nucleus? or if God is infinite, need space necessarily be so? These questions do not interest the astronomer, but they are related to his work in a way which he cannot as yet see.

The whole fabric of modern research and speculation rests on two fallacies. We suppose that we can understand the whole by studying its dismembered parts. A less obvious fallacy which affects a greater number of human speculations is the belief that we can understand the parts without reference to the whole. The astronomer would be quite within his rights were he to disclaim all interest in the purpose of the universe. He could thus escape the first fallacy, but the second is dogging his steps at every turn. To escape it he must change his methods completely.

The universe proceeds from unity, its source, to infinity, its manifestation. The positivist is endeavoring to climb painfully through infinity to unity. His task is infinite. The poet, philosopher, and mystic ascend to unity and all infinity lies revealed before them.

It will be seen at a glance, the difference between facts and knowledge. We worship facts but they will never lead us to truth by the path we are travelling. Science by itself breeds meaningless facts. Religion, alone, is even worse. Only in the philosopher are the poetic and scientific modes united in wisdom. We can never hope to answer the question where we are, without reference to the questions what we are, and why are we.

Truth – What Is It?

By The Supreme Secretary

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IS there an individual who does not desire to know the truth of any proposition that may be propounded to him? I think not. We, as human beings, are inherent seekers of truth. Let us first have a mutuality of understanding on one point—the phrase, "Seeker of truth," not, however, to cast an inference that such a seeker is affiliated with any of the ancient or modern schools of philosophy, ethics, or morals. It might be well also to add that a seeker of truth does not necessarily mean a follower of a religious sect or dogmatic creed. In our daily realm of affairs, whether they deal with such worldly matters as business and finances or with such social matters as ethics or conventions, or even with physical matters of conscience and morals, the desire for truth is prevalent in our consciousness. Instinctively we want to know that a proposition is true, not for the intrinsic value of the truth itself, but for the consequent assurance and confidence it gives us.

Here are two important points to note: First, that the search for truth has not evolved out of philosophic speculation or religious denominational sects. Second, that though the desire to know truth is an inner urge, apparently it is not primarily motivated spiritually. The desire to become cognizant of truth, therefore, may be associated with the urge of self-preservation, the wish of every normal human being to save himself from annihilation, and certainly this cannot be said to be free from self-interest; therefore, it is not a spiritual urge.

To know the truth of a thing is to confirm it as a fact and to make it dependable for the best interests of the persons discerning it. This is apparently a selfish interest, an interest that at first view appears to be free from any inclination to determine the value of truth for truth's sake alone. From the above reasoning, it would be logical to infer that truth is essential to our very existence; by knowing certain things are absolute, we are encouraged in our ideals rather than lost in utter despair. The fallacy of many philosophical creeds and religious doctrines is the unqualified demand that truth be accepted as a principle of faith, rather than as logic; that we accept certain propositions as dependable even when they are contrary to the first natural law of truth which we have seen is self assurance and confidence. It has been said that truth is, as a whole, a system of mutually supporting truths whose absoluteness does not depend upon a set of first principles, but consists of the rational coherence and inevitableness of the entire system.

We now have a fair comprehension as to why we desire to know truth—but what is truth? How is it garbed that it distinguishes itself immediately and becomes acceptable to us? And further, is truth absolute; that is, at all times, irrevocable? It is well for us to give some consideration to the various explanations that have been expounded. Truth, the Aryan name, is contained in two originally connected equivalents—Sanskrit, "Satyd," and Latin, "Versus," both roots meaning "actually existing" or "to be, to exist." It has been said that the search for knowledge is the gaining of truth, that in the acquiring of knowledge, we aim at an ideal. Each of us, it is said has created in his consciousness an ideal toward which he mentally strives, it is immaterial what form the ideal takes. In striving to reach it he is bound to accumulate knowledge. His fixed and steady concentration on the ideal, compells him to pursue certain

channels, resulting in the consummation of knowledge; this knowledge forms our ideals; therefore, it is claimed to be truth. Let us say that at first one merely has a mental conception without definite form, but in aiming at the ideal, he gathers knowledge that puts it into concrete form; thereby that knowledge in itself becomes truth.

Herbert Spencer, the philosopher and logician said, "The ultimate test of the truth of any proposition lies in our inability to conceive its negation." This statement, when analyzed, means that when one receives in the consciousness some impression, some thought, and after due consideration, is unable to conceive of the opposite of the thought, it must be truth. Here is an example: If a prominent scientist makes, in a public lecture, the assertion that the sun is approximately 93,000,000 miles distant from the earth, we accept this as a truth, according to Herbert Spencer, because we are unable to substitute an equally presentable assertion that will negate the former one. The original one remains ultimate truth by the sheer force of being indisputable. This form of reasoning gives truth a false glamor, one that does not invite confidence. The first principle of truth, personal assurance and confidence is called to our minds.

Spencer's interpretation of truth leads us to wonder whether it is a concrete thing, immovable and unchangeable, or, as Pythagoras said about matter, "Always becoming." Is truth a vacillating condition of the mind, which changes with the intelligence of the individual, diminishes with the increase of personal understanding, or substantiates itself as the light of knowledge is brought to bear upon it?

The theorum propounded here is that truth is merely a matter of values; that truth has no actual existence and that no principle or thing can represent truth; that truth, comprehended by each individual is a matter of personal value; that what one person accepts as truth becomes positive truth to him alone; and if I can contradict in my own reasoning that which you accept as truth, it is not truth to me. In other words, that which I assert as being positively known to me, in some manner, becomes truth to me. I at once realize it as truth, and act accordingly, whether such a condition actually exists as truth or not. The explanation given in support of truth as a personal value instead of an actually existing thing or principle is this: If what you have accepted as absolute truth can finally be bettered and improved upon, it no longer is truth. In other words, a truth remains a truth only so long as it cannot be bettered. When it can be improved, it is no longer absolute and it loses its former value as truth.

Further support of this reasoning is offered in the doctrine that truth can take no tangible form at any time; it is only a matter of relativity. We compare what is given to us as truth with former experiences and personal knowledge gained, and weigh the so-called truth for its worth, against that which we have classified in the past as being absolutely known to us. If we can support this so-called new truth with our personal experiences gained at some other time or times, we accept it. If we cannot, we reject it, regardless of the nature of the truth. Here is an example:

Suppose that a primitive man, raised in a savage state, with no knowledge of astronomy and cosmology, except that which has come down to him, traditionally, is placed in the open in some civilized land with an average modern man. Suppose that both were asked this question: "Above you will observe the moon. What do you think it truly is?" It is no tax upon the imagination to suppose the primitive man would reply. "A large silver disk, suspended by an invisible thread from the skies above." With all probability, the modern man would reply, "The satellite of our earth revolving around the earth from west to east in a period of one month, and accompanying the earth in its motion round the sun."

The primitive man's realization of the moon was absolute truth to him. In relation to his limited knowledge and experience, it was logical that the moon was perhaps the shield of some mythological God, burnished, and suspended in the skies above. Modern man would laugh at such a thought, and immediately proceed to contradict and disprove it, with the aid of past scientific instruc-

tion and observation. The truth as accepted by the modern man would be based on his understanding of astronomy, which has greatly evolved during the centuries of scientific research. But even at this time the world's greatest physicists are discussing the refraction of light in the steller spaces, this in actuality, alters the present theory of the size and distance of the moon. What the modern man now accepts as truth regarding the moon would lose its value by the introduction of further knowledge. It would appear that the truth of the matter to either the modern man or the primitive one is not an exact standard, but an arbitrary conception. This further establishes the belief that there can be no criterion of absolute truth, since our means of determining what is truth is constantly improving and changing our former truths to errors.

The definition of truth by Epicurus, the Ionian philosopher, is perhaps the nearest exoteric parallel to the Rosicrucian attitude toward truth of any presented in either past or present theses on the subject. He says, "A proposition is true if it describes or portrays facts as they are." We differ with him, however, in his additional statement which is, "that perceptions of sense and mental intuition are always true, and that error creeps in only with judgment and opinion."

From the above we are led to believe that all sense perceptions reveal the truth of things as they are to our consciousness, but that the falsity is in our interpretation of them or our reasoning. As Rosicrucians we know that *no* absolute reliance can be placed upon our five objective senses, for many illustrations have been given to us to show the deception of those senses. Let us study the common, but simple illustration of the illusion of parallel railroad tracks converging in the distance as one looks down the long roadbed. If we were to accept this impression as truth as it is given to us through the sense of sight, we would be sadly wrong in accepting that truth; the falsity of the impression would not be in the judgment, but in the perception of our sight alone.

As the centuries have gone by, they have contributed their wealth of fact and speculation, phrased in the languages of all races. Each sage has placed a gem in the crown of wisdom worn by the human race. In the above we have discussed several of the philosophers' conceptions of truth which have aided in the presentation, through the Rosicrucian teachings of What Truth Is and How It May Be Known.

The Rosicrucians recognize one outstanding thing, and that is that certain *things* or *conditions* are absolute truths, never decreasing in their value as such, but remaining absolutely reliable and dependable. As Rosicrucians we know also that certain *principles* are truths, but at the same time we know that these truths *do* change in a certain way, *do alter*. They do not, however, in the change, lose their original value. These truths alter with our ever-evolving understanding of Cosmic principles; these truths grown to more beautiful simple lights which aid us on our upward path. With further knowledge, our understanding of certain truths changes, step by step, in relation to our previous knowledge, but divine truths lose their value at no time; they always become more understandable. Divine truth is always proved to us as such by the very evident falsity of contradictory statements, and it differs in this essential thing from truths of the mundane world. The Rosicrucians divide truths into those of the objective plane and those of the spiritual or divine plane. On the objective plane in the material world, truth is not a concrete, definite thing. It is a matter of reasoning. It depends on the individual understanding. When we receive certain definite impressions through the senses of hearing, feeling, tasting, smelling, or seeing, we immediately compare the impressions received. If in our reasoning, we accept the new impressions received, we then admit them as truths. If we cannot reconcile the new impressions with our former experiences, we disregard them as falsities. We can clearly see then, that we are very liable to reject many objective impressions received through the senses which are actually truths, but which we cast aside because of wrong judgment or reasoning. In some instances, we reassure our judgments by analyzing impressions received by one sense with our other senses.

Sometimes, however, it is impossible to further examine impressions received; then we must infer from knowledge already gained, as to the truthfulness of our perceptions. This leaves truth but a shapeless clay in the moulding power of our objective reasonings. In understanding this, we realize that we must not only be so positive in affirming that certain results of our objective reasoning are absolute truths, unchangeable, since as we increase our state of objective knowledge, we are bound to alter our judgment and thus affect the truths originally accepted.

Our science of today is an example of this. That which was accepted yesterday as truth, is today rejected in lieu of more presentable hypotheses. This fact teaches us as Rosicrucians one very important lesson in our objective reasonings. That that which seems as truth today in the material world is only the reflection of the present standard of intelligence, reasoning, and science; that its value to us as truth is only of temporary importance; that we must be most willing to discard it when our future experiences show its falsity. If we bind ourselves by truths which prove to be erroneous, we check our mental development, objectively.

As explained above, the truths which never alter as truths but which constantly add to their splendor, are those which are Divine, and which are not received through the objective mind, but through the psychic self. The glorious virtue of Cosmic truth lies in the fact that as we grow in Cosmic understanding, we prove rather than *disprove* them. This truth comes to us, not through sense perception, but through meditation and revelation. When we are inspired with an ideal from within, that ideal is a Cosmic truth. As we go about manifesting it and making it applicable to our affairs, we confirm and prove it to ourselves; thus it becomes absolute, irrevocable Cosmic truth. Remember that the only truths, are those divinely inspired ideals within us; those we confirm to ourselves by demonstrating them in our daily lives. Though various individuals, schools of thought, philosophies and religions interpret Divine truth differently, and these apparently seem to conflict, you may easily determine whether the truths presented by these different schools and religions are actually Divine in nature. If there is a similarity in the creative results produced by these different schools in the application of the truths, as they know them, that is sufficient endorsement to anyone, that those truths are Cosmically inspired.

FURTHER DETAILS ABOUT THE NEXT EGYPTIAN TRIP

Answering questions that have come to us since our last announcement in the October issue, we wish to say that the next trip will start from New York City about the middle of January, 1931. The length of the trip will be about eighty or ninety days. It will include a *Mediterranean Cruise* as complete as any offered by the tourist companies, plus a long stay and visit in Palestine and Egypt, and a tour through the mystical cities of Central Europe, and a visit to Paris and London. The price of the tour will be much less than is charged by some of the tourist companies for even the Mediterranean trip alone. It is *not too early* to write and have your name placed on the inquiry list, for everyone will be invited to go on this trip, including members in *every grade* of the organization and their friends. Beautiful literature is being prepared, so be sure to write if you think there is any possibility of your being able to go, or if you have any friends that would like to go. Address: Trip Secretary, c/o AMORC.

Report of the Egyptian Tour

INSTALLMENT NUMBER NINE

Reported by THE TRIP SECRETARY

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WE spent one full day of sightseeing in Geneva. We were provided with comfortable autos and a guide for each group of eighteen tourists so that we could become well informed regarding every important point of local interest in this wonderful city. It is in this city that various international movements have their conventions and congressions, and most of these as the League of Nations, the Rosicrucian Order, and some foreign divisions of the Free Masonic Order hold their sessions during the summer or fall months. For this reason we could visit the buildings where such important congressions are held, but could witness none of these famous meetings in actual operation. However, through the help of the Imperator and the various guides, many mystic and interesting sites associated with matters with which all of us were acquainted were pointed out, and of course, there were the usual historical sites, and the magnificent boulevards, the lake, and beautiful hotels, and stores. As is customary with all visitors to Geneva, we found several hours of spare time in which to canvas the many fine watch and jewelry stores and purchase some of the most beautiful and costly watches of all shapes and designs, the prices of which were but a small fraction of the prices charged in America. The hotel accommodations were unusually fine, and we were located right on the main boulevard overlooking the lake. Those of us who were *at the same hotel with the Imperator* found that the hotel management was well acquainted with the Imperator and his wife and looked upon the large party of us there as a family, and many unusual courtesies and pleasant forms of hospitality were shown to us.

Early in the following morning we started by train for our interesting ride to Basel at the other side of Switzerland. Again we found ourselves in special cars with fine compartments, our baggage well cared for, and every convenience provided. The ride from Geneva along the mountain tops bordering th lake through Lusanne and along the other lakes of Switzerland gave us an excellent picture of Swiss scenery and Swiss farm life. Certainly this is one of the finest ways to travel across Switzerland, thereby seeing as much of the country in a short time as is possible. It was just becoming dark at about six o'clock in the evening when we reached Basel, and found the city under a blanket of snow, although the weather was not cold. The snow flakes and the whitely covered streets and buildings presented a very pretty picture. Leaving our baggage in the cars and forgetting again, as was our custom, any anxiety about our personal belongings, we settled into taxicabs and automobiles that were waiting for us at the station, and were hurried to our hotel where a very fine evening dinner was waiting for us. The Imperator had attempted a new form of pleasantry during the day by seriously warning us that our stay in Basel might not provide us with all of the convenience we had enjoyed during the rest of the trip. He pointed out to us that the City of Basel was rather small, old-fashioned, picturesque, and somewhat lacking in modern conveniences. He said that he had purposely selected for our stay in Basel the hotel known as Troi Rois, which he said was one of the oldest in that part of the country, and in fact, one of the few very old hotels left in Europe. He called our attention to the fact that it had been built during the fourteenth or fifteenth century, I have forgotten the exact date

he gave us, and reminded us of the long list of kings, queens, and potentates who had lived there; he read to us from a book on European history showing that for many centuries it was the abiding place of the royalty, nobility, and wealth of Europe. And, of course, he reminded us of the fact that it was at this hotel that Mme. Blavatsky had spent a great deal of her time when she was in Basel with Dr. Franz Hartmann working on her manuscripts and having intimate contact with the Great Masters. Thus, we were prepared to find a very old building, and the Imperator told us we should not expect individual baths and running water in our rooms or any of those up-to-date modern conveniences, which are included in the newer hotels.

You may imagine our surprise then when we went to our rooms in this old building to find them furnished in modern style, and with a private bath, with hot and cold running water, adjoining each bedroom. We found an elevator or *lift* to take us to the various floors, wide reception halls, magnificent parlors, a beautiful dining room, and everything that our hearts and minds could wish for. In fact, we found few hotels anywhere in Switzerland that could equal this one with its rich carvings, tiled floors, beautiful tapestries, paintings, and decorated hangings, and modern conveniences together with exceptionally fine and courteous attention and excellent food. Then we realized that the Imperator had played a joke on us and we reminded him later in the evening that we were quite satisfied with the pitchers and bowls of water that we found on the little wash stands in our rooms.

The Imperator and his wife were known to the managers of the hotel, and again we were shown many special courtesies. After the evening meal was over, we went with the Imperator and his group of officers out into the snow storm and travelled up the little hill and stood before the fountain in the small plaza that fronts the ancient Rosicrucian University, which is loved by every Rosicrucian of foreign lands. It was in this university that Paracelsus first studied the mystical teachings and later became a teacher; it was here that thousands of eminent European Rosicrucians attained their highest degree of understanding in specialized branches of our work; and it was here that Franz Hartmann came, and Mme. Blavatsky, because of the ancient records preserved in the library of that old Rosicrucian University, and because of the many eminent characters connected with Rosicrucian work who lived in the town. Up to a few years ago, Basel was still the international headquarters for the European branches of the European order and some of the documents and charters, which our Imperator has in the safe at Headquarters in San Jose are dated in Basel.

As we stood on the little hill before the old fountain, and listened to the Imperator telling the story of this place, and then as we journeyed to the main entrance to the old building, where the secretary of the Rosicrucian Order had his headquarters for many years, we could almost sense the projected personalities of many characters with whom we are acquainted in Rosicrucian history. To tread those narrow streets, to walk on the old stone pavements surrounding this university, and to stand under the old lamps at night was certainly a rare mystic treat. The Imperator especially called our attention to the old secretary's building and doorway, and explained to us how some years ago a photograph of that building had been published by him with a story of its location and of its connection with our organization. He stated that the picture and the story had been criticized by some as being a fictitious place existing nowhere in the world. He asked us to observe the building, note the symbols carved in the wall over the door, note the triangle design in the two windows, and otherwise identify the building with the picture that had been published and which may be published again some time, and thereby, make sure that the building is still in existence and is an actuality.

We journeyed from the university grounds down the hill to the main business street of the town where other buildings were pointed out to us by the Imperator, who was our special guide on this night tour of sightseeing. We returned to the hotel and later the offi-

cers accompanied the Imperator to a meeting held somewhere in the town limits, which had been previously arranged, and to which only the highest officers of the organization anywhere in the world were admitted. It was long after midnight when these officers returned and laid their plans for the next day's general sightseeing.

The next day was bright and sunny, although the snow still covered the streets and the edges of the roofs and doorways. We journeyed through one street after another, and were intensely interested in the mystical sites pointed out by the Imperator and the guide who accompanied him. There is no question but that Basel is the most significantly Rosicrucian town of any we visited in Europe. Not only has it a long history associated with the Rosicrucian Order, but there are buildings, public arches, and other structures, which are decorated with Rosicrucian symbols, mystic emblems, and astrological designs associated with the Rosicrucian teachings. Many of the large symbols and figures painted in brilliant colors on some of these arches and structures are identical with those later published by Franz Hartmann in his hand-colored book dealing with the symbols of the Rosicrucians. To study these paintings on the walls and these symbols and designs is to become acquainted at once with the fact that the Rosicrucians had a great deal to do with the art and architecture and the general affairs of the City of Basel in one period of its history.

We also found many very modern stores, modern restaurants, and very fine articles of clothing as well as many practical and useful souvenirs; we noticed that the prices on all these things, including the clothing, were much lower than in other parts of Europe. The city itself is divided by the Rhine River, which flows rapidly through Basel and across it, the main street of Basel continues over a bridge; down this street modern trolley cars carry passengers from one end of the city to the other. We found also many modern theatres with up-to-date movie productions, very fine music, and a beautiful spirit of courtesy and hospitality. It was quite evident to all of us that Basel is one of the most beautiful cities along the Rhine in which to spend a summer vacation or to visit for four or five days. The American Express Company, which was in charge of our tour, had never conducted a party of sightseers through this city before, and the representatives of the company, who where with us, stated that they did not understand how they had overlooked such a picturesque place filled with so much interest and with so many modern conveniences, and so easy to reach by all of the principle railroads of Europe. Our two days' stop there was certainly a treat, and it was with reluctance that we left Basel early one morning and in special cars operated by the German railroad we started for Heidelberg.

Travelling again, along the Rhine, we found the weather becoming cooler, as we moved northward, and we finally found the Rhine River frozen for the first time in many years. We reached Heidelberg just before luncheon, and found that we had been assigned to a very popular hotel where a fine meal was awaiting us, and which included, at our request, as much sauer-kraut as we could eat, and for the first time in many years the hotel found itself unable to secure sufficient sauer-kraut to take care of the demand of its guests, and that was considered quite a joke on the German hotel management. To find one's self in Heidelburg and unable to secure as much sauer-kraut as one wanted seemed entirely inconsistent with traditions.

Our sightseeing included a visit to the old castle high up in the hills over-looking the City of Heidelberg, and a tour around the city itself in comfortable automobiles, and finally a stop at the old university where many famous Rosicrucian leaders of the past had attained specialized knowledge for the work they contributed in behalf of Rosicrucian activities. Once again the Imperator pointed out to us the old hall in which many characters of Rosicrucian history had attended or conducted conventions, sessions, and classes, and we saw emblems of the Order depicted on banners and on framed certificates of ancient times. Later in the evening, the Imperator and the staff of officers met with other Rosicrucians of Heidelberg and

had a reception and participated in some of the special discussions that had been arranged for this occasion.

The next day we left Heidelberg and we started on our way, once again, for Coblenz where the Imperator had arranged for our luncheon and for a brief personal consultation with one of the oldest Rosicrucian branches along the Rhine. After a few hours' stop in Coblenz, we entered very fine, comfortable closed auto cars, and began an interesting ride along the banks of the frozen Rhine to Cologne. This ride, which occupied most of the afternoon, permitted us to pass, and intimately see, many of the ancient land marks of the Rhineland. We arrived at Cologne late in the afternoon and once more found ourselves assigned to a very comfortable and centrally located hotel with every modern convenience and with our baggage awaiting us in our rooms.

I doubt if most of our readers realize what it means to reach a city in a foreign country and find at the railroad station automobiles and guides awaiting you and ready to see that you do not have to argue with auto drivers, bus drivers, or incompetent guides, who give you much misinformation; and with your baggage being cared for, with no need for anxiety or watchfulness on your part; and with just the right kind of hotel accommodations provided; and with your baggage waiting for you in your room, a dinner waiting for you in the dining room and a complete itinerary of your sightseeing already arranged without even the need of paying any fees, any tips, or any extras. It was due to the thoughtfulness of the American Express Company and the foresight of the Imperator, who had made a similar trip to this country with his wife, many times, that our whole party was able to leave New York in the winter time and sail for twenty days or more on the ocean and the Mediterranean Sea and visit cities and countries of various climatic conditions, and return across the Mediterranean through the snow of the Alps, and through all kinds of weather, and political conditions without any serious illness, without any accident, without any delay and without any of our members, young or old being detained or left behind.

There were in our party children less than twelve years of age, and there were men and women, who were over seventy. There were those who were travelling in company with others; there were men and their wives, and there were men and women travelling alone, and among persons whom they had not known before they met on the boat in New York. For persons of all ages, and of all conditions to make such a trip as this unaccompanied except by the Brothers and Sisters of the organization and in such a large number was a unique thing indeed; and the entire tour closed without a single incident that was either unpleasant, unfortunate, or regrettable in any way. This surely is the only way in which to make such a trip, and those who are contemplating visiting Europe or the Holy Land or Egypt in the future would do well to bear in mind that going with the Rosicrucians in this manner is not only a tremendous saving in money but is a wonderful saving in worry, concern, and anxiety, while at the same time it affords the utmost protection, the greatest amount of benefit, and the most pleasant company, and surroundings every hour of the day and night.

In our next installment, which will be the last, we will continue the trip from Cologne to New York.

(Note: In the present issue of this magazine will be found an article by Brother Raymund Andrea regarding the life of Paracelsus. This article deals intimately with the facts of Paracelsus' life while he was in Basel, Switzerland, as mentioned in the details of the tour in the foregoing paragraphs. By reading Brother Andrea's article in connection with this installment of the Egyptian trip, our readers will be able to relate the facts most interestingly.—Editor.)

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Desert Sepulture

By Phil Townsend Hanna

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THE road from Jacob's Lake to Lee's Ferry snakes its way abruptly off the Kaibab Plateau over a series of terraces, rough and precipitous. On a certain July day, McDougal and I in a sturdy gasoline-propelled veteran cascaded slowly down the two wheel tracks that pass, in that locality, for a thoroughfare, bouncing and jouncing very much as crumbs bounce and jounce down the vest of a famished and none too fastidious fat man.

Rock House Valley in all its immensity lay before us. The blue canopy of heaven was above—such a heaven as only the far Southwest knows. Blue to the point of bewilderment it was. Here and there, decorous as a bishop in the full regalia of his holy office, were suspended those globular clouds that are the delight of poets and painters, and the despair of spinster schoolmarms on a sabbatical holiday, writing travel letters home and seeking words and phrases that will look impressive in the home-town paper.

To the north the livid wall of the Vermillion Cliffs, miles in length and firmly rooted to the valley's periphery, stretched their castellated summits vigorously into the azure. To the northeast, a seemingly infinite distance away these noble ramparts converged with a similar wall that fell away to the southward. And through the almost level valley near the center but more to the east, a vicious scar unpretentiously marked the Marble Canyon of the Colorado River. The whole prospect was geometric—cliffs, river, sky, and valley compressing themselves toward the apex of a far-distant triangle, which was our objective.

Across the broad expanse as we came upon it, the only object looming above the level carpet of desert vegetation was the rock house that gives the valley its name. Uninhabited and uninviting it served but to emphasize the solitude and give scale to the magnitude of the region.

With but a short stop to replenish our reserve supply of water from a well near by we proceeded, glad to escape from the forlorn atmosphere that hovers about all deserted dwellings, especially those of the waste places.

The road twisted and squirmed up the valley, bending sharply now to the left to avoid a healthy bush and again to the right to clear an enormous boulder. Frequent gullies made their way at right angles across our path.

So we progressed slowly, and none too comfortably, and it was perhaps two hours before we emerged from a low thicket into a clearing. To our amazement it revealed a habitation that was being lived in.

An area we judged to be twenty acres in extent had been cleared and fenced! Now any sort of a fence is an incongruous sight in Arizona. But this fence astonished us even more, for it was one of those staunch, heavy wire-webbed types of fences with which New York captains of finance enclose their Long Island estates to protect them from marauders with nihilistic tendencies. The discovery occasioned between us the commonplace exclamations of surprise, for we both had passed that way the year before and the establishment had not then existed.

Within the enclosure a rather large white tent leaned a trifle wearily against its moorings on the very bank of a small ravine. At one side was a small truck and a better-than-ordinary five-passenger motor car. Scattered about in senseless disorder were numerous nearly new agricultural implements.

"Another poor devil trying to prove up on a section of worthless land," McDougal remarked with an air of weariness and disgust.

"A homesteader, I'll grant you," I replied, "but an entirely different type than any we're acquainted with."

"Why?"

"The fence, the profusion of paraphernalia, and the poor judgment shown in the selection of the land. No man seeking a livelihood from a farm would locate it a hundred miles from the railroad. Let's stop and pass the time of day. I'll wager you one of Buck Lowry's best turquoise rings that there's more behind this enterprise than the efforts of a soil-grubber to put nature to work for him."

We were now opposite the massive gate, which was in line with the open tent. The day was warm, as I've intimated before. Not too warm to be uncomfortable (the days on the high mesas of Northern Arizona never are distressing) but warm enough to make a raised tent-flap desirable. From the road, 200 feet away, we could see a figure reclining on a camp chair, apparently enjoying the siesta that is part and parcel of the habit pattern of every native of the Southwest, and which he acquires as rapidly as he comes by his love for the land.

We stopped the motor, dismounted, entered the ludicrous gates, and made our way toward the tent. The figure never stirred. We paused twenty feet away and I spoke.

"Howdy, friend!"

There was no response. I repeated the greeting. Still it failed to arouse the figure. For the third time I spoke and then there came from the ravine behind the tent an elderly man and woman, each carrying a bucket of water. They were as startled upon perceiving us as we were at seeing them.

"Howdy," the man replied, a trifle grimly, I thought.

The pair advanced to the tent entrance and laid the buckets down.

"We spoke to the chap lying here, but I fear he didn't hear us," I explained.

"Dead," was the laconic reply. "Died at noon. Blood poisoning."

The old man pointed to a wheelbarrow in a small patch of shade by the tent-side. McDougal and I sat down The old man squatted in true Western fashion on his heels, and his companion found a convenient box. I glanced at my watch. Died at noon? Why, that was only fifteen minutes ago.

"Yep, just died, Ma and me are fixin' to wash him now an' hold the buryin' before sundown."

Who was he? How long had he been here? Had he had medical attention? What caused his illness? Questions gushed forth from us in mad fashion and from the answers and the old man's interpellations we gained the story.

The dead man was about forty years old. For twenty years he had been engaged in manufacturing something—just what the old man didn't know. Something like a year before he had motored from Lee's Ferry to Jacob's Lake and on to Fredonia where the old man first made his acquaintance. He was entranced with Rock House Valley and proposed to settle there and farm. The old man tried to dissuade him; had told him the valley was rock and sterile; had pointed out the lack of water and the distance from market. The old man knew; hadn't he herded cattle hereabouts since youth? But the man, now dead but then very much alive, refused to be discouraged. He commissioned the old man as his agent to file on the section where we then were situated. He returned east.

Four months later he wired the old man to meet him in Flagstaff and engaged him to assist in settling the homestead. He purchased a car and truck and loaded the latter with every conceivable device that might aid him in growing potatoes! Through three snappy winter days, with snow all about, they journeyed north, crossing the river at Lee's Ferry and passing southward. The old man spent the winter with him. They cleared the land and built the fence. Half a dozen times he had returned to Flagstaff for supplies, and books to which, in the opinion of the old man, he was curiously addicted. In the spring the old man's wife joined them, for he paid well and promptly for services rendered. And then they planted the potatoes.

The old man swept his arm across the cleared ground, across the puny

withered leaves that told of the terrible failure. And for the first and last time, I think, I detected a trace of derision in his narrative.

But the dead man remained optimistic. They'd try again he said. They'd plow deeper and turn up better soil. And they had been doing that during the last month—working from dawn to dusk.

The dead man was a fair man, with a skin translucent and pallid as rose-tinted parchment, and exposure to the sun, whose rays beat a merciless tattoo upon him, had turned that rose-tinted parchment a deep crimson. But he suffered silently and kept in good spirits. The old lady performed the household duties and the three lived placidly and contentedly.

And then, as early summer passed, the creek that ran through the ravine behind the tent began to recede and form, in spots, small silent pools. Soon these became lined with foul algae and eventually mosquitoes appeared. They hadn't minded them at the outset but they seemed, day by day, to multiply enormously.

Ten days before one had bitten the dead man upon the neck—upon a neck badly blistered and inflamed by sunburn. Within twenty-four hours he was in fever and pain and the next day the old man set out for Flagstaff to fetch the nearest doctor. It took four days to bring the medico, and despite the ministrations and homely remedies of the old lady, the infection had grown steadily worse. There was no hope for him, the doctor informed him. He might live a week, but no longer. He left medicines to relieve the suffering and departed—sadly, the old man thought, for a doctor.

Impending death held no dismay for the sick man. In his greatest agonies he remained cheerful and gave instructions. The land and fence and the tent and the cars he bequeathed, in formal testament, to the couple. He gave names and addresses of kin who were to be written a simple account of his passing. And he gave explicit orders that he be buried somewhere in that plot of land wherein he had held such high hopes and expectations.

Two days previously, in the morning, he called for pen and paper and made as if to write, but shortly he laid it aside. Again in the afternoon he picked them up, and again he put them away without writing a word. Yesterday he had made two more fruitless efforts. It wasn't that the pain was too great, the old man thought, but simply that he couldn't bring himself to the task.

Finally, last night at sundown, he once more took up the tablet and this time he started. Laboriously he wrote, as one does who is not in the business. He drank inordinate quantities of water but refused food. The old lady lighted the lamp and placed it beside the cot. At ten o'clock he complained of darkness, called for another lamp and continued writing. At midnight he asked for still another lamp and proceeded with his self-appointed task. At two o'clock he fell asleep, his tablet clutched to him. He slept long and uninterruptedly. The old man and the old lady thought it was a good omen and when they arose in the morning accomplished their chores on tiptoes so he might rest undisturbed. But when he finally awoke at ten, they could see very plainly that the glaze of death was upon him. His eyes knew them—and smiled—but his conversation was limited to halting whispers. He fumbled with the writings at his breast and finally made known his desires for an envelope, which was brought to him. He folded the half dozen sheets, and sealed them therein and, summoning energy, addressed the envelope "To One Who Will Understand."

He fondled the envelope for an hour and then beckoned them to him.

"Give—this," he whispered falteringly, "to—the—first—intelligent — white man—who—passes—by. Goodby."

And he closed his eyes in death.

The old man excused himself, entered the tent past the reclining form and from the top of an improvised chiffonier, removed the letter and handed it to McDougal. He passed it on to me.

"Read it!" I said.

"Read it yourself."

I broke the seal and unfolded the crumpled sheets. From the first line I recognized it as one of those priceless human documents that every professional writer seeks to compose but never

does, save in a time of the direst extremity.

For a full half hour I was oblivious to everything—to the dead man, within reaching distance; to the old man and woman who puttered with the last ministrations; to McDougal, who wandered nervously about—for here was revealed a tragedy of man. When I had finished I held out the letter to my companion but he declined it and I returned it to the old man who replaced it whence he had taken it.

I don't remember the text verbatim though it was written with a scholar's nicety, but the theme, impressed ineffaceably upon my memory, I relate here.

Let us call the dead man David Barrows. That wasn't his real name, the revealing of which can serve no useful purpose and might cause some pain. He had been graduated from Harvard and had gone in for business, acquiring by patrimony a small but profitable machine works, in Hartford, Connecticut, which had been operated by his father and his father's father. Being possessed of initiative and inventive genius he had turned his attention to door-locks and over a period of years had devised certain innovations in door-locks that virtually revolutionized their design, increasing their efficiency and strength and thus bringing to his plant a virtual monopoly of the business. Year by year he made improvements, produced new models, enlarged production facilities—and prospered. He became, in brief, a very wealthy man.

And then, without warning, he approached a climacteric in his life. One evening without special resolution he gazed retrospectively back across the years and his meditation ultimately led him into a consideration of his relations to his fellows.

He was a manufacturer of door-locks, he thought. Door-locks should not be essential to existence. They afforded protection against the lawless elements of society, true enough, but in the perfectly constituted state there should be no lawless element. The basis of social placidity and progress was to be found in an equal division of labor, all directed to the production of basic commodities.

Further into the ramifications of the philosophy he developed, I shall not go. Suffice it to say that he arrived at the egregious conclusion that he was a parasite, both because he was not a producer of elemental things, and because he was, by making door-locks, helping to widen the breach between the responsible and irresponsible, the welding of which he conceived to be necessary for the creation of a stable culture. And thereupon he concluded to turn to the soil.

He didn't make his decision at once. He carried his thoughts about with him for month upon month, but instead of vanishing as he thought they would they became more highly intensified. In desperation he finally yielded to their implacable urge and set out to find a suitable location for his venture. At last he came to Rock House Valley and here he concluded to make his home.

He disposed of his manufactory with the proviso that it never again be used for the making of door-locks, and set about the task of growing potatoes.

And then came the end—pitiful and yet beautiful. He acknowledged his failure as a farmer but professed the belief that he had expiated what he termed his sins against the social order in his attempts.

It seemed but a few moments until the old man had prepared the grave, and yet I know it must have been two hours. But my thoughts were far away and I was but dimly conscious of the preparations that were proceeding.

There was no lumber, and there was, therefore, no coffin. Carefully and reverently we wrapped the body of Daniel Barrows in his blankets and laid him in the shallow grave beside a mammoth incense bush. The old man took his place at the head, and with we three kneeling around prayed aloud and with that fervor and purpose that only one of unalloyed devotion to the Mormon faith can pray, for the soul of Daniel Barrows.

And then we said good-bye and rode away with the long shadows of the afternoon sun. Twenty miles we must have traveled. I noticed McDougal examing his badly sunburned hands from time to time.

"Thank God, I haven't as thin a skin as that poor devil."

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He was trying to make conversation —seeking reassurance—but I was in no mood for talk and I fear I answered him rather shortly.

Ten miles more we journeyed and now it was twilight and we were at the mouth of the Paria, near the end of our day's journey. Once again he spoke:

"He must have been cracked. Imagine leaving all the comforts of civilization to spend the rest of your life growing potatoes in a valley white men seldom set foot in. Off his nut a trifle, don't you think?"

"Yes, I guess so," I replied a trifle untruthfully, I now confess, to forestall conversation that could, with my friend, lead nowhere but to misunderstanding.

(Reprinted from Touring Topics Magazine)

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The Light Has Come

A GERMAN VIEWPOINT

By FRATER FREIBERG

JUST before the great world war we anticipated the coming of the silent period of Rosicrucian activities in our jurisdiction. For instance, the possibility of war had been predicted by the philosophers and the wise men, and we fully expected that the coming of silence in our great work would be coincidental with the period of warfare. Like many others in the past, we regretted that the year would come when all of the beautiful and happy activities of the Rosicrucian Order would become stilled and lifeless in a public form, and that we would have to retire to the holy places of our homes and our grottos to maintain our organization and teach the few standard bearers who were to be prepared to carry on the ideals of the organization and preserve its records and principles through the coming years.

It seemed to many of us that it was like anticipating a time when the great light in the home that illuminated our central living room and around which we gathered nightly to read, to study, and to listen to music was about to burn out and leave us in darkness. We were sure that we could continue to live without the light, and that in our hearts and minds there would continue the knowledge we had gained; that we could still hear the beautiful music and still speak to one another in this great living room of human family life, but the absence of the light would prevent us from acquiring more knowledge and of enjoying to the fullest extent the relationships which had become so much a part of our very beings.

In other words, we expected that the extinguishing of the flame upon the altar in our temples might prevent us from witnessing the coming of any new light that the evolution of man and the development of his understanding might reveal. War and law together were to cast us into a period of darkness!

But now that the first decade of darkness has passed, we find that our anticipations are not being realized, and that we have reason to rejoice in many ways. Into the very midst of our darkness has come a greater light, and this light promises to outshine that which might have come even through our own beloved organization. For a time at least, it will serve as an excellent substitute and will intangibly prepare us for the coming of any greater light that the future may hold.

I refer to the light that the bitterness, sorrows, grief, destruction, and cruelty of the war has brought into the human consciousness. We, who are accused of being the lovers of war, the promoters of strife, find ourselves the greatest victims of the horrible catastrophe. However, the political consciousness of our country may have been justly criticized for its attitude in regard to war, there is no question but the human consciousness of our nation has seen the great lesson and has experienced the great Karmic knowledge that the war has taught every sensitive heart.

THE PURPOSES OF
THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

The Rosicrucian Order, having existed in all civilized lands for many centuries, 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 Rosicrucian congresses. 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 of Rosicrucian association, are invited to send for the free book, "The Light of Egypt." Address, Librarian, S. P. C., care of

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