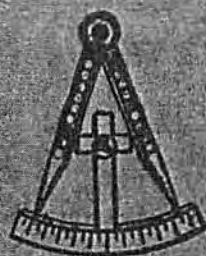


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Partial Contents of Last Two Issues.

JANUARY, 1916

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Ex-Cathedra



The American Order Rosae Crucis

WHAT are the aims and objects of the Order Rosae Crucis? is a question often asked. The answer is so simple and yet so comprehensive that many volumes could be written in reply. The keynote is revolution in a moral and social sense. A revolution or replacement of the dynamic driving force in nature. This dynamic driving force is a creation of the cosmic mind of which you and I are parts or atoms. We are the creators and it is up to us to change this force, or, if you please, spirit, if we find the results not to our satisfaction.

The dynamic force which has been predominant in the cosmic mind is FEAR. We come into the world with vibration of fear controlling our life force, we are held in bonds of fear as children, fear of the rod, fear of the dark, and fear of father and mother. As we grow out of the childhood fears we are confronted with fears of God and our neighbors. We do right not because we want to do so, but because we fear what so and so would say about us. Fear of starvation keeps us working and fear of death is always staring us in the face. Fear is the keynote, fear is the atonement our souls are vibrating to, and the results are seen all around us. Is the picture you see satisfying? No, we think not.

Suppose we were to tell you that fear is only a chimera of our own creations and that instead we should have Love in our hearts. Suppose we came to the world with Love, in Love, living in Love and doing good for the love of doing it, doing right because of love and a realization that our neighbor had as much right as we have. Christ tried to teach us many hundreds of years ago, and he did wonderful work, but those who followed changed the vibrations Christ created. Can you follow me and see it, read it, in the world's history. Humanity fell in the sins of fear once more.

We propose to take up the slender threads of love, to practise love, not theorize; to live in love, not alone teach it. When a human being is saturated with love, the vibrations emanating therefrom is creative for good. If

we let the words "God is Love and Love is God" be a LIVING realization and not a dead letter our lives will be purer and better for the world as a whole, for our neighbors and also for ourselves, bringing us nearer perfection. If each and every one of us does not accomplish more in this world but the conversion of one brother or sister our life has not been in vain. The time will then come when our force of love has become the predominating power, the dynamic force, the atonement of the spirit of the cosmos, and the results will be far different. The picture you will then see will be worth your while to look at. This replacement of love for fear is what we do in the Order, not through dogmatic teachings, but through education of the individual. We hold the opinion that no teaching is permanent that does not give a thorough knowledge of cause and effect in all departments of Nature from the beginning of life up to the human species.

In this work, under our present economic conditions, many questions arise that must be dealt with intelligently, and among the foremost is economics, or in other words, to forever dispel fear of hunger, economic freedom must be attained. Many have devised schemes for the solution of this impertinent question and so have we. To those of our members whom we know have the requisite soul development, or freedom from selfishness, we offer economic freedom. This freedom is in the form of helpful direction of earnest effort and labor. Nature has no bargain days and is never cheated out of payment.

The Order Rosae Crucis leads the student through the material world into the spiritual world, showing that in order to understand and comprehend anything OUTSIDE of our being, that being must first be known. The Upanishad fittingly says: "The Brahman is the same as the ether which is around us; and the ether which is around us, is the same as the ether which is within, that is the ether within the heart. That ether in the heart is omnipresent and unchanging. He who knows this obtains omnipresent and unchangeable happiness."—Kh. Up. III, 12, 7-9.

THOR KIIMALEHTO.



May, 1916

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The Peace of the Soul

By Helen B. Johnston

To be spiritually minded is life and peace. Rom. 6:8

WHAT is it that disturbs our peace? At first we are prone to think it is something outside of ourselves. Sometimes we even think our brother, another personality, with as much right to live his life as we have to live ours, is detrimental to our peace of mind.

When we consider the question seriously, looking honestly into our own hearts, we must admit that our many wants and desires, our incompleteness, disturbs our peace. We want, and want, and want, and with our attainments, and our inability to attain more we are dissatisfied.

What is it in us which is incomplete? It cannot be the Self, the Soul, that limitless circumference, of which our consciousness is the center. Spirit cannot hunger. Spirit cannot thirst. This Self is our Being, "those angels which do always look into the face of the Father." There can be no incompleteness in His Presence.

What then hungers? What is it that keeps the mind in a perpetual ripple of unrest, which at times rises to a fury and subsides in despair? Is it not our desires? Did anyone ever attain peace by the satisfaction of desire? Desires, all those disturbers of the peace, may be cataloged in two classes; that which we would acquire and that which we would avoid. Many people there are to-day whose lives are a continual round of petty activities, centered on

their own puny persons, the mind in a state of perpetual unrest, yes, even alarm, lest some thing, or some condition or some one, from the outside should penetrate and disturb the harmony of that which they sincerely believe to be their consciousness. Or they continually strive for the acquirement of this or that possession, this or that condition, which they believe would enlarge their scope of activities, and thence would enrich the life.

What is consciousness? Is it an attribute of the body? Take a dead body, in which a man or woman lived in but a few hours ago. Can it see or hear? No. Because it has no consciousness. Consciousness then is not the eye, but is that which perceives. Consciousness is no part of that which is seen, nor is it the eye, but it is the basis and the functioning of all the senses. Just as gold is gold, in itself and of itself valuable, which cannot be increased except by itself, or bought except in terms of itself; so it is with consciousness. Consciousness is not sensation. It therefore cannot be increased by indulgence in sensation. How then can we enjoy this priceless attribute in its purity? Can we enrich our consciousness by acquiring acres of land? Can we add to it with a million dollars?

I hear someone say, "That is all very well for theory, but it would add greatly to my peace of mind and my actual enjoyment of life if I knew that by an accumulation of land or money I was insured against want in this



life." It is poverty then that we fear. Can poverty be applied only to the penniless? Is not the most poverty-stricken he who has the most wants? Ask the millionaire if he has any wants. Without any hesitation he reveals to you the poverty-stricken condition of his life, by enumerating his wants. Has his millions saved him from poverty, supplied his wants, and established and maintained his peace of mind?

How can peace be realized while the mind is continually in a turmoil by desire. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The mind is held in obedience to the god you serve. If you bow down to the money king, what time has the mind to realize the Self, the Life, the Consciousness of God? It is life we are hungering for, that life which we agree is consciousness, not sensation. Why then "seek ye the living among the dead." We do not seek light in darkness, nor do we seek darkness diligently with a lighted candle. Why not seek consciousness in consciousness, in God, the All-Wise, Perfect Being, Who is not dead, but is Life, Loving, Throbbing, Vital Consciousness?

The carnal mind is the mind that goes out of itself, wanders away from the source of life, in the attempt to enlarge life by the acquisition of material things. The spiritual mind is the mind who realizes that life and love and consciousness has but one center, and that center is within itself, and can only be enlarged by growth. Thus it is to be spiritu-

ally minded, centered on spirit, the true nature of man, realizing God "in Whom we live and move and have our being."

In our ignorance, in our wrong thinking, in our carnal mindedness, we have built walls around the self, shutting it out from God, the source of Life. Therefore "to be carnally minded is death." No power outside of their creator can dissolve these walls. They can only be destroyed by the reverse process of their building, but substituting truth for error, right for wrong, spiritual mindedness for the carnal mind. These walls have been created by our desires, great thick walls of gold, of land, of worldly pleasure and possession, of physical sensation, by wasting our portion of divine inheritance in riotous living.

How can we conquer the body after letting it rule for so long, until we have lost sight of our true self, and are reduced to mere puppets, at the beck and call, and the mercy of appetite, the jumping jack of sensation? We can absorb this wall by refusing it another thought. Call every impulse, every thought, every idea to task, and before it passes the portal of action, compel it to show its passport, whether it be of life or whether it be of death. If of death, deny that thought existence in your mind, and you destroy, not the mind, but the carnality of the mind. In the wonderful alchemy of life the temptation is transmuted to a step in the ladder leading to God, for "To be spiritually minded is Life and Peace."

To Our Readers

With this issue of the magazine Mr. Alfred H. Saunders is retired as Editor and in place of individual editorship of this publication its general editorial supervision will be placed in the hands of the Minister of the Department of Publication of the Supreme Council of the Order in America.

It has been the publisher's constant aim to free this publication from individual ownership and individual editorship. Unity, rather than individualism, is the key-note of true

Rosaecrucianism, and this should apply equally as well to the magazine as to the organization and purposes of the Order.

With this in mind the publisher has arranged to permit Brothers and Sisters of the Order, and their friends, to own this magazine and to publish it co-operatively. These owners, then, will be represented editorially by the Department of Publication of the Supreme Council. Those interested in assisting in this work are invited to write to the publisher for further details.



Time

By James Arthur



THE impenetrable mystery of Time still eludes the human mind. Every attempt to explain it ends in terms of other mysteries. That is, we bring in conceptions which cannot be explained singly. We must use, at least, one Trinity—time, space and motion, every one of which is as much of an abstraction as time. Motion is not, in itself, cognizable. It is the relationship of two or more objects which we can compare. These objects are material, that is, they are subject to gravitation. From this relationship we get the conception of space.

Suppose yourself in one of the great cosmic spaces so that no stars would be visible, you might be moving at the velocity of light—the greatest known to us—yet you would not be conscious of it. We are not conscious of the Earth's rotation, its revolution around the Sun or the wonderful motion of the solar system, as a whole, except by comparison with celestial bodies moving at different velocities. No use considering FIXED objects as we have not found any, all positions being relative. Our Earth has at least twelve motions, but it would not assist us at this point to consider them, since the large motions are sufficient. To show our helplessness in dealing with this incomprehensible Trinity let us assume that the Earth, along with that part of the universe visible to us, is moving towards some unknown and unseen group of great suns, we could never discover the motion till we got near enough to sight, OR OTHERWISE LOCATE, one of these suns; in other words, "get our bearings."

Now let us come to the question of RATE or VELOCITY. We know nothing about this, fundamentally—fast and slow being purely comparative. A snail is slow and a swallow is fast you say, but the swallow is immeasurably slower in comparison with light than the snail is compared with the swallow.

Subject space to the same reasoning: an inch is short and a mile is long, but in cosmic meas-

urements the mile is almost a vanishing quantity and we are compelled to use the "light year" as a measuring rule. So space slips away from our grasp as we are forced to consider it infinite; therefore every place in space is the same and has no meaning to us till we "make a light" somewhere and "take our bearings."

Again, to our text, Time: can you tell how short a second is or how long an hour? Science has enlarged the second till inconceivable things happen within its duration. On the other hand, millions of years are mere baby steps in the age of the solar system. "A thousand years shall be as one day" may indicate a grand truth. On what then do we found our conception of Time? On recurring motion, as motion in one direction is not sufficient, our time measures will be found to depend on the Earth's rotation, which within historic times has been uniform—no deviation being yet proved. Something like pulsation is necessary—something going and coming. The pendulum is a good example, and is still our best method for DIVIDING the Earth's rotation into small parts for use in practical life. Man did not invent the pendulum, as it can be easily observed in nature; he only applied it to time measuring and to this day he cannot make it run exactly in unison with our fundamental timekeeper—the Earth.

Time, space and motion are to us realities in spite of the fact that we cannot catch one of them by itself.

But as the human mind is never satisfied we must ask: are they separable? Further, is there any isolated thing, or fact, in the universe? I answer without hesitation: everything is part of a whole forming the universe, which is complete and inseparable. All this forces us to define time as a mental conception having its limitations in our slavery to matter—our bodies. We are unable to associate time with the unconditioned Divine Essence—the final reality. How could there be a PAST or FUTURE except as applying to limited beings? Hence time must be like space—all parts of



it the same as any part. The ancient thought, "when time shall be no more" may have a solid foundation. Is it possible that these steps slowly lead us to the conclusion that the immaterial is the only reality? Is matter the reality which it appears to be? In considering time, space and motion we have left matter behind, except as manifesting them to us. Where is the reality? Those who answer, the IMMATERIAL, have certainly a strong case. I do not agree with the erotic poet who wrote "when Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, t'was no matter what he said," as it matters a great deal what is said on this subject.

Time is not matter, but is manifested by all matter; space is not matter but contains all matter; motion is not matter but all matter is subject to it.

There are no thought, beliefs, verities or facts more certain to us than this Trinity and yet its elements are neither material nor demonstrable; which is tantamount to saying that we are most certain of some things which are beyond scientific experiment.

Considering form will not help us, as the only permanent thing about form is its endless change, which shows that it is swallowed up by the time, motion and space of our Trinity.

Do we have here a sure step upward from "crude matter" to the pure mental and spiritual super-ether of eternal existence? My conclusion is that the conservation of realities applies universally, since nothing can be added to the universe, as there is no room left; and nothing can be taken away as there is no place to put it; therefore all is reality, matter, force, spirit, and all are the same age, since in the cosmic sense all time is an eternal present, without beginning or possible end. Finally, should we find ourselves conscious after leaving this world, what a grand and glorious prospect lies before us in the possibility that we might solve some of these supreme mysteries. If so, our solutions would be partial, and the final realities would still lie beyond us, since absolute knowledge can exist only in the Supreme Essence.

Field Items

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Pittsburgh State Lodge has been made the Grand Lodge for the Pennsylvania Jurisdiction because of its fine work in establishing a number of subsidiary lodges in the State.

Brother Grand Deputy Master Allen from Pittsburgh visited the Supreme Grand Temple on April 11th and spent part of the day with the Emperor and Supreme Secretary General. His reports were very encouraging and he had a kind word for His Master and Brothers and Sisters. Brother Allen is a hustler and was in a hurry to return to Pittsburgh so that he could attend to his official duties in the establishment of the Wilmerding Paragon Lodge No. 2 on Wednesday, April 12th.

The Grand Lodge held a special convocation in Pittsburgh on Sunday, April 30th, to initiate its first degree members into the second degree, and on Monday evening, May 1st, the First Degree Initiation was held for a number of new members. At both of these

convocations the Emperor and the Supreme Secretary General were present and delivered special lectures.

WILMERDING, PA.

Paragon Lodge No. 2 had its Official Opening Convocation April 12th and about 50 men and women Crossed the Threshold. The Worthy Secretary of the Lodge reports a very beautiful, impressive and spiritual ceremony. He states that all the Initiates are enthusiastic to begin the great work. We congratulate the Paragon Lodge on its auspicious start.

HARLAN, IOWA

A charter has been granted by the Supreme Grand Lodge and the Emperor to Brother Geo. B. Chambers, Pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Harlan, Iowa, to establish and maintain the State Lodge for Iowa. His petition for the charter was signed by over 40 of the most progressive people of his City.



A Key to the Situation

By T. Richard Prater

MANY are the theories that have been spun out to fix the responsibility of the Great European war. But practically in every case judgment rendered must of necessity have been based on inadequate information, for no man can know all the agreements entered into, before the conflict, by all the parties involved.

As far as the writer is aware very little, if anything, has appeared in public print dealing with the causes of the present European situation from the standpoint of the great law of "Cause and Effect," called in the East KARMA, which was always taken into consideration by our ancient Brethren, when dealing with human affairs.

A remarkable book published toward the end of the last century devotes one whole chapter, "Cyclic Evolution and Karma," (1) to the present conflict, and the writer feels that he ought to use to a great extent the author's own words on the subject, as he could not improve on them. Toward the end of the chapter it is stated:

"It is NEITHER PREVISION NOR PROPHECY; no more than is the signalling of a comet or star, several years before its appearance. It is simply knowledge and mathematically correct computation which enable the WISE MEN OF THE EAST to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; France nearing such a point of her cycle, and Europe in general threatened with, or rather on the eve of, a cataclysm, which her own cycle of racial KARMA HAS LED HER TO."

KARMA is one of the most significant words in the Sanskrit language. It stands for the "Law of Cause and Effect." Including in its scope not only the phenomena of material nature, but also embraces in its meaning the effects of motives, thoughts, and acts of human

beings. In fact it confirms the teachings in the Christian Bible;—" . . . for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; " . . . Till heaven and earth pass away one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law until all be fulfilled"; " . . . Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Therefore those who believe in the above scriptural quotations, or KARMA, "have to believe in DESTINY, which, from birth to death, every man is weaving thread by thread around himself, as a spider does his web; and this destiny is guided either by the heavenly voice of the invisible prototype above him, or by his intimate astral, or inner man, who is but too often the evil genius of the embodied entity called man. Both these lead on the outward man, but only one of them can prevail; and from the very beginning of the invisible fray the stern and implacable LAW OF COMPENSATION steps in and takes its course, faithfully following the fluctuations. When the last strand is woven, and man (or nation for the matter of that) is seemingly enwrapped in the network of his own doing, then he finds himself completely under the sway of his SELF-MADE destiny. It then fixes him like the inert shell against the immovable rock, or carries him like a feather in a whirlwind raised by his own actions, and this is KARMA.

"This is neither superstition, least of all is it fatalism. The latter implies a blind course of some still blinder power, but man is a free agent during his stay on earth. He cannot escape his RULING destiny, but he has the choice of two paths that lead him on in that direction, and he can reach the goal of misery—if such is decreed to him, by his past KARMA—either in the snowy white robes of the Martyr, or in the soiled garments of a volunteer in the iniquitous course.

"In the West since Pagan Wisdom has been repudiated as having grown from, and been de-

(1) Secret Doctrine, H. P. Blavatsky; vol. I, p. 616, old ed., 1888.



veloped by the dark powers . . . the full and awful significance of the Greek Nemesis (or Karma) has been entirely forgotten. Otherwise Christians would have better realized the profound truth that Nemesis is without attributes; that the dreaded goddess is absolute and immutable as a principle, but it is we ourselves—nations and individuals—who propel her to action, and give the impulse to its direction. Karma is the creator of nations and mortals, but once created, it is they who make of her either a fury or a rewarding angel. . . . And unwise they, who believe that Karma—Nemesis may be propitiated by whatever sacrifices and prayers, or have her wheel diverted from the path she has once taken. The tri-form Fates, and ever mindful Furies are her attributes only on earth, and begotten by ourselves. There is no return from the path she cycles over; yet those paths are of our own making, for it is we collectively, and individually, who prepare them. Karma-Nemesis is the synonym of Providence, minus design, goodness, and every other finite attribute and qualification, so unphilosophically attributed to the latter. An Occultist, or Philosopher, will not speak of the goodness, or cruelty of Providence; but identifying it with KARMA, he will teach that nevertheless it guards the good, and watches over them in this, as in future lives; and that it punishes the evil-doer—aye, even to his seventh re-birth. So long, in short, as the effect of his having thrown into perturbation even the smallest atom in the Infinite world of Harmony, has not been fully readjusted. For the decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute Harmony in the world of Matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through, and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or—break them."

One of the events which aroused the severest criticism at the beginning of the great European war was the fate of Belgium; now from the standpoint of Karmic law there must have been a serious cause to bring about such a calamity.

It is not for the writer to pre-judge any one,

be it individual or nation, but after evil events have taken place it is wise, nay even a duty, to try to ascertain their causes, in order to benefit by experience, so as to enable us to avoid in future such actions, as will bring in its wake dire results.

From a general view of history, the writer has noted, that during the last Messianic Cycle of 2,150 years, any nation, or portion thereof, whichever practised slavery, or by mutilation abused a conquered and defenseless people, had to suffer dire Karmic results, in that those who thus offended lost their power, and all the wealth they had thus ruthlessly accumulated. As example we have the great Roman Empire, which was destroyed by the very nations it had abused. Spain through her misuse of the natives of her American possessions lost both her wealth, and power; likewise Portugal lost its power as a result of the treatment it accorded the inhabitants of Southern India and Ceylon. And in the case of our own South, when the time for retributive justice had arrived, its wealth was practically wiped out, and the slaves freed from bondage. And I dare say that the cause of Belgium's misfortune is due to its treatment of the people of the Congo Rubber States. And in the writer's opinion no peace will descend upon poor blood-stained and riven Mexico until its laws of Peonage have been fully abrogated, and the just rights of its people, conceded to them.

In this respect we should not allow ourselves to be deluded by the thought, that we might, by some chance or some error, escape the law of Karma, by not having our violations of moral, religious, or any other laws discovered. No mistake or error can occur in this respect; for the recorder of our motives, thoughts, and acts is the Divine Spirit, which dwells within our own hearts; and the book of life in which the record is inscribed is our own memory, which is not only of the physical brain, but clings also to the Soul, and until full compensation has been made.

"There IS predestination, . . . in the history, past and future, of races and nations. This is closely connected with what we call KARMA, and Western Pantheists, "Nemesis," and "Cycles." . . . But these cycles, wheels within wheels, DO NOT AFFECT ALL MAN



KIND AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME.

Hence, we see, the difficulty of comprehending and discriminating between them, with regard to their physical and spiritual effects, without having thoroughly mastered their relations with, and actions upon, the respective position of nations and races, in their destiny and evolution. This system cannot be comprehended if the spiritual actions of these periods—**PRE-ORDAINED**, so to say, by Karmic law—is separated from their physical course. The calculations of the best Astrologers would fail, or at any rate remain imperfect, unless this dual action is thoroughly taken into consideration, and dealt with upon these lines. And this mastery can only be achieved through **INITIATION**.

Any student of history must have noted that human events run co-ordinately with numbers. For the cyclic phases of the solar course mark the stages in human evolution, material, psychic, mental, moral, and spiritual. And if Astrology, the spiritual sister of Astronomy, were better understood, our rulers, statesmen, and legislators, would no doubt be better able to intelligently meet impending calamities, or take advantage of favorable periods, to which all nations are subject.

As man generally reaps in a subsequent life what he has sown in a previous one, so nations and races, each according to its periodic cycle, reaps its Karma, either good or evil, at the culminating points of such cycles.

According to Hindu chronology February, 1897, ended the first five thousand year cycle of the "Iron" or dark age. This cycle is coeval with a conjunction of most of our planets. It is considered by them a very important cycle as regards Karmic adjustment between races and nations. This cycle was ushered in five thousand years ago with a war, which we find recorded in the Indian epic, the **MAHABHARATA**, and which in its destructiveness of human life was similar to the one now going on in Europe.

But what adds to the intensity of the present conflict is that in 1900, according to occult tenets, also ended a Messianic cycle; this includes besides racial, and national Karmic adjustments, also a great change in religious views. The duration of this cycle is

2,155 years, and is based on the precession of the equinoxes. It occurred 2,410, and 255 years before our era; when the equinox entered the sign of the Ram, and Fishes respectively.

It was about the latter time, that began the cycle of destructive wars, which resulted in the downfall of Egypt, Greece, and eventually Rome.

"Knowledge of Karma gives the conviction that if:

'... virtue in distress, and vice in triumph
Makes atheists of mankind,'

it is only because that mankind has ever shut its eyes to the great truth that man is himself his own savior as his own destroyer. That he need not accuse Heaven, and the gods, Fates, and Providence, of the seeming injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. But let him rather remember and repeat this bit of Grecian wisdom, which warns man to forbear accusing **THAT** which:

'Just, though mysterious, leads us on unerring

Through ways unmarked from guilt to punishment...'

—**WHICH ARE NOW THE WAYS, AND THE HIGH ROAD ON WHICH MOVE ONWARD THE GREAT EUROPEAN NATIONS.** The Western Aryans had, every nation, and tribe—like their Eastern brethren of the Fifth race their Golden and Iron ages—their period of comparative irresponsibility, **WHILE NOW** several of them have reached their Iron Age, an age **BLACK WITH HORRORS.**" (2)

But can there be ever any peace for the Great Orphan Humanity? Most assuredly there can; as the ways of Karma would not "... be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of its ways—which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate; while another sees in them the action of blind fatalism, and a third, simply chance, with neither gods nor devils to guide them—would surely disappear, if we would attribute all these to their real cause. With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors would no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming

(2) Secret Doctrines, vol. I, p. 644, old ed.



them, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, (of so-called commercial interests), and the division of races, nations, tribes, societies, and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the "ways of Providence." We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high-road of respectability and duty, and then complain of those ways being so intricate and so dark. We stand before the mystery of our own making, and the riddle of life THAT WE WILL NOT SOLVE, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings, in this or a previous life. If one breaks the laws of Harmony, or 'the laws of life,' one must be prepared to fall into the chaos one has oneself produced.

"Therefore Karma is no more than the (Spiritual) dynamical effect of causes produced and forces awakened into activity by our own

actions. It is a law of occult dynamics that a given amount of energy expended on the spiritual or astral planes is productive of far greater results, than the same amount expended on the physical objective plane of existence.

"This state will last till man's spiritual intuitions are fully opened, which will not happen before we fairly cast off our thick coats of matter; until we begin acting from WITHIN, instead of always following impulses from without; namely those produced by our physical senses, and gross selfish body. Until then the only palliative to the evils of life is union and harmony—a Brotherhood IN ACTU, and ALTRUISM, not simply in name. The suppression of one single bad CAUSE will suppress not one, but a variety of bad effects. And if a Brotherhood or even a number of Brotherhoods may not be able to prevent nations from occasionally cutting each others' throats—still unity in thought and action, and philosophical research into the mysteries of being, will always prevent some, while trying to comprehend that which has hitherto remained to them a riddle, from creating additional evil causes, in a world already so full of woe and sorrow.

In truth: "The World's History is the World's KARMA."

What We Are Doing

The Supreme Grand Lodge held a First Degree Initiation again on April 6th at which time 14 men and women Crossed the Threshold. The work is progressing beautifully and inspiring. Over twenty Brothers and Sisters were recently admitted to the Third Degree and the Third Degree Convocations continue weekly now that the 40 or more Brothers or Sisters may be prepared for the great Fourth Degree Initiation early in June. Another First Degree Convocation was held on April 27th, when 15 neophytes were initiated into the first degree.

On Sunday evening, April 9th, our Brother Hiles gave a public lecture in the Grand Lodge Temple to our Brothers and Sisters and their friends. His subject was "What do YOU Desire?" He made the question a personal one, and in explaining why we must desire strongly

and to be prepared to work for what we wish, he recounted his experiences in traveling around the world seeking admission to the Order, only to find the Portal open to him upon his return to America. The lecture was very interesting and Brother Hiles left New York with a great host of friends here to wish him God-speed in his great work on behalf of the Order.

INQUIRIES

Those who are desirous of knowing more of our work, or who may wish to join with us, may learn of the conditions necessary by addressing our Supreme Secretary General, Supreme Grand Lodge Temple, 70 West 87th Street, New York City. Kindly enclose a two-cent stamp to pay for postage on literature.



As Ye Would

By Edith V. Bradt

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress
And I should turn and leave him comfortless
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day—
How could I dare,
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend,
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down in sweet content.




A Pilgrim's Journey to the East

"And I Journeyed to the Eastern Gate"

By H. Spencer Lewis, F. R. C., Imperator of the Order in America

Fifth Installment of the Complete and Authentic History of the Order

 F you came to Paris and found it convenient to call at the Studio of Mons. the professor of Languages at — B'l'v'd St. Germain, he might be able to tell you something of the circle of which you inquire. It might be advisable to hand him this note. Certainly a letter to him announcing your coming (by date and name of boat) would be courteous."

Such was, in substance, the letter I received from the editor of a Parisian paper of whom I had asked the simple question: "How can I learn of the method to pursue which will secure guidance to the Rosae Crucis?"

True, I had placed beneath my name a peculiar mark which had been impressed upon my mind in a series of dreams, although I did not know or appreciate its significance.

When the heart truly yearns for a great privilege or blessing, when the mind is daily, hourly, reverting to one great determination, one is very apt to find the hours of dreams fraught with signs and symbols, or perchance, significant messages whose source and purpose are generally veiled.

After many years' study of the exoteric work of Rosaecrucianism and an increasing, obsessional desire to join with the Brotherhood, unselfish in its great undertakings for the betterment and unity of man, I wrote—after a deep inner impression to do so—to the unknown editor of the Parisian paper.

The answer was discouraging and encouraging. Just what else I could have expected I did not know. It was gratifying to see that my request met with recognition and a prompt reply. I was delighted to learn that the great Brotherhood was not "extinct" as so many reference books proclaimed. But that I must go to Paris to learn "something of the circle" simply meant a postponement of a realization of my hopes and desires.

Determination I had, and the visions I dreamed by day and by night kept alive my ambition and my faith. It was early in July that I received my letter from Paris; possibly by the following year I might find it convenient to go to Paris. What was a year of waiting? Had I not waited two, three, four, five years in the hope of even learning that the Order still existed? And so I folded the letter carefully and put it among the precious papers that constituted my hopes of the future.

Day by day the words rang through my mind: "If you came to Paris." The words appeared before my eyes in the dark and seemed to dazzle in letters of red across every sheet of paper I held in my hand at times of introspection.

And then, within a week, came a letter through a business proposition, which offered a most unexpected opportunity to visit several cities in France. And—I could visit Paris, my mind free and easy, and my desires to be gratified. Surely this was a demonstration of a Rosaecrucian principle.

I wrote once again to Paris, this time announcing to the professor, my coming on the steamer "America," leaving New York on July 24th, fifteen days hence.

The usual preparations being made, my letter from the editor safely placed in my wallet, my maps, guide-books and notes in a grip, I started my journey to the Eastern portal of wisdom.

The twenty-fourth was on a Saturday. Early on Sunday morning I made the acquaintance of a dark complexioned young man, whom I believed to be an East Indian. He seemed to place himself in my company at every opportunity—above and below deck—on Saturday afternoon, and I felt that lonesomeness, the one great equalizer at sea, was gnawing at his heart as it was at mine.

I found him pleasant company. He was go-



ing to France, and then to Jerusalem, he said, on a mission of secrecy for one of the prominent American heiresses well known for her charitable work.

There was something, however, about his personality—his inner-self—which made a very deep and weird impression upon me.

I recall coming from the salon deck one day to an upper deck and discovering him standing in the sunlight gazing far out to sea. His figure was straight, his form drawn up to its full majestic height and his bearing one of dominant power. I stood and studied him. His attitude was one of intense interest—in what? The rising sun? And as I watched him, unsuspectingly, fixed like a bronze statue, a sense of awe, of respect, came over me and I could not help feeling that I was looking at a mystic of the Orient.

But his jovial pleasantries and postive avoidance of any subject pertaining to the occult, gave me no reason to believe otherwise than that he was an East Indian. But my attempts to draw him out along occult, and especially East Indian philosophical lines, gave him a very intimate acquaintance with my own philosophical ideals and beliefs. Naturally they reflected, when they did not actually express, my personal moral and religious tenets and practices.

We arrived at Cherbourg on the coast of France on Sunday morning August 1st and found the bay in gala dress because of the presence of the Czar's personal yacht escorted by a number of Russian warships. The Czar was paying an official visit to the President of France.

A six hour trip brought my companion and myself into Paris and at the entrance of my hotel we parted, fully believing that we would not meet again.

Before we reached Paris, however, I had requested a number of deck acquaintances to subscribe their names to a picture of the steamer. My foreign companion suggested that, in addition to this I might desire his name and address on a separate card. Agreeing that it would be more than welcome, he tore a square sheet of heavy, foreign paper from a note book and wrote what seemed to be his address and a few other words under his name. This I automati-

cally placed in my wallet and not among my miscellaneous papers.. I never thought to study its intent or meaning. One could do little but think automatically—dreamily—when he spoke or directed.

* * * * *

A week passed before I ventured to see Professor "X." I had mentioned the words Rosae Crucis in the presence of different French men and women with varying results. I found that the words acted like a charm in most cases—bringing a look of wonderment, surprise, respect and awe to many faces—but ne'er a word or act of recognition. There was one exception. In the hotel I found a young woman—possibly 16 years of age, scrubbing the floors of the lobby early one morning. Pursuing my usual method of testing and searching, I stood where I could watch her face, and said slowly, "Ros-a-e Crucie." She hastily arose to her feet, stood erect and faced me with that serene, but awe-inspired expression that I have since then seen upon the faces of several Vestal Virgins. She said not a word but waited for either a sign or word from me. I knew of nothing else to do and she slowly dropped down to her work and paid no more attention to me.

But of one thing I was sure. The hotel proprietor, a wealthy guest (a Frenchman), a visitor from a convent in Paris, two taxicab drivers, one tram-way conductor, two gendarmes, one fruit-seller, one newsboy, one scrub-girl and a number of others of all classes and ranks knew of Rosae Crucis and either feared or honored the words.

Rosae Crucis was not DEAD in Paris!

I visited the Professor early one morning and found that he was the proprietor of a store whose sole merchandise was rare and beautiful etchings and photographs of the "monuments of France." I will give, to the best of my ability, a fair record of our conversation on August 7th, 1909:

"Are you Professor X?" I spoke in English without realizing that I was speaking to a Frenchman. In fact I naturally feared to venture into French with my extremely limited knowledge of it, and during my stay in Paris had found many who spoke English fairly well.

"I am, sir," he replied with a very profuse courtesy. "And I presume that you are an—an



American? I speak English well—it being one of my delights—and I am happy to address you in your own tongue. What is your pleasure?"

"I have been directed to you," I answered, "and wrote you a letter that I would call sometime this week. I am a total stranger to you, my home being in New York City. I do not know just how you can assist me, but I have come with one question to ask which may lead to others."

"I understand your errand, sir, and was informed of your desires by Mons. le editeur of the ———, some weeks ago. I await your questions."

He ushered me into a small office partitioned at the rear of his store. As I walked the length of the store I noticed that the walls were banked from floor to ceiling with beautiful mahogany and glass cases within which hung very beautiful etchings, fine photographs and an occasional water-color. There were other cabinets too, with drawers, in which, I afterward learned, were hundreds of similar prints classified as to sections of the country. I recall having ever seen but one other store devoted exclusively to one line of art as was this.

Professor X is a man of fine build and fair height, typically French in his appearance and demeanor. The extreme courtesy, the polished mannerisms, the expressive gestures, the soft voice and the twinkling eye make one love and respect the French gentleman, who is always sincere and always affable. I judged him to be about 45 years of age. His well trimmed beard (trimmed in the usual French style), his ruddy cheeks and dark hair might well hide his true age. His language was well chosen at times, but I recall with what delight he ventured a few phrases of American idioms bordering on the vernacular. There was only a slight indication of French accent when he spoke English, but when he mentioned French names he was captivating with his peculiar vocal tones.

"And why do you seek to know a Brother of the Rosey Croix?" he asked as we seated ourselves in his very old-fashioned office.

"Because I want to know if the old Order is still in existence and if it is—". I was lost for words. I could not say that I wanted to become a member. One could not bluntly ask

such a privilege in the presence of a man like Professor X.

"And that is your only excuse for coming to Paris, for coming here? Is it what you call, a curiosity?"

"Ah, no, Professor," I began, feeling that I had wrongly expressed myself and had done an injustice to my real motives. "I am not acting out of idle curiosity at least. I want to know because I want, some day, to be one of them, if I may." There, the secret was out, I thought. Surely I was being frank.

"But why, my friend? You want to be one of them? One of whom? Of the Brothers? You WANT to be? You ask as a demand? You neither pray nor beg, but demand! You are not acquainted with the Order, with any Brother, yet you demand to be one of them, of the Order!"

There was no attempt to make me feel that I was in an awkward position, or that I was impertinent. His remarks were made kindly, but pointedly.

"But, Professor," I began again, "I only want—desire—to learn how I may proceed if I am ever to have my fond hopes realized. I make no demand now for admission into the Order; I ask for no rare privilege or honor at this time. I come to you only as a seeker for knowledge—for light."

As I went on with my speech a more kindly expression came to his face and it was only as the last two words were literally forced out of my consciousness by some strange power, that I saw the barrier between us drop. Those two words—FOR LIGHT, were like the magic words of old. It occurred to me as I said them that I was merely using words which others had used as a symbolical way of expressing a desire for Eastern knowledge. But the years which have passed since then have shown me that I could not have used a better symbol nor more appropriate words. Light! The key to Rosaecrucianism—the pass-word to the secret realms.

"Then, my good friend, if you seek Light," he went on, "you must first show that you deserve light. We were born in darkness and some of us must ever live in darkness on this plane and in this existence. The Light cannot come to all. The brilliancy, the fire, the heat,



the illusion of Light may blind some and lead others to destruction. You must be sure that you deserve Light and you can deserve only in proportion to your reason for desiring."

"It is my great desire, Sir, to learn the laws, the secrets, the great principles of Rosaecrucianism that I may assist in giving them to those who may deserve, and to help mankind. I have no selfish motive whatever. I seek not for myself—but for others through me. For years I have read and studied on similar lines of thought. I have edited several philosophical magazines, I have written for many others. I have taught in a philosophical school. I have received recognition from one of your French Academies for my philosophical writings. I love the work. It is my religion. And I have gained some reputation in America as a student of the occult and a lecturer and writer. That is why I am anxious to go further and do more."

"And you come to me, Sir," he rejoined very quickly, "without other credentials than your worldly reputation and accomplishments. You have had worldly honors bestowed upon you. You have a college degree. You have been recognized by a French Academy. Your name is well-known in American occult journalism and on American lecture platforms. All worldly honors. What of yourself—your real self, your inner self. How has that spoken? How has that developed? Speak of your soul, your—, well I cannot say to you what I might say to another."

"I have some other papers, here," I said as I opened my wallet. "They concern my worldly affairs I suppose, but throw some little light on my life work which fairly represents my aims and ideals in life. But of my soul, of my inner-self, I know not how to speak. I,—"

"And you have there your business card," he said, as I drew one from my wallet. "That is typically American, or rather of the United States citizen. His card he considers as his passport, his letter of introduction, his letter of credit, his pass-word into society, his admission into heaven and his key to all that he desires. Yet I believe they can be printed for a few francs per hundred."

He did not offer to look at my card, and, abashed at his remarks, I returned it to my

wallet. There were other papers there of considerable interest to me. They—with my card—had served me well in worldly matters, but I felt instinctively, that they were of no value now. Certainly not to the Professor. So I closed my wallet and made to place it in my pocket. He detained my arm in its movement, and looking significantly at me said:

"And have you not a paper there which does not resemble the others?"

I thought a moment—and I seemed to discern his meaning; for the strange light in his eyes was unmistakable. It meant that I did have—that I could take from my wallet that which he fully expected to receive. What was it? I thought rapidly—it seemed like a resume of my whole life and all that had ever been given to me. But, in a flash, one thing stood out before me—the square piece of paper which the foreigner had given me on the steamer.

"I have this," I replied, as I drew it from the wallet. "It is only an address, and a few lines of other writing," I added as I noticed for the first time that the writing below the name and address was in the form of a sentence. "Perhaps this is what YOU mean." I could not help impressing him with the fact that I had noticed his evident reference to some particular paper.

"Yes, this is what I sought. It means little to you—perhaps little to me. It will mean a great deal to others at some time. I merely suggest that you preserve it, keep it always at hand and show it only when you are INDIRECTLY asked to do so. If you will call to see me again on Monday morning—about noon—I will be very glad to answer the one question for you. It is a beautiful day. I trust you had a very pleasant trip across the sea. Do you like our Paris?"

Merely questions to let me know that my interview was at an end. I arose, shook hands with him cordially, was led to the door and out into the street. As I walked away from his store and came to the wall surrounding the Seine I saw that just below, a block away, there was a bridge; and before me came the picture that I had noticed on the wall of the Professor's store. It was of an old Monk in blackest robes, leading a child across a similar bridge. The waters of the Seine, now quiet and glistening



with the bright sunlight, seemed to accentuate the fact that in the picture the water was turbulent, threatening. Was I being led across a bridge that would take me over the turbulent waters? I wondered! Or would it prove to be a "Bridge of Sighs"? Little did I know then that sighs there would be, and tears and heart-aches. But oh, so glorious!

* * * * *

Monday morning I prepared for my second visit. Traveling around Paris without a guide, and without a good knowledge of French, is very much like making one's way out of a crystal maze. The funny little taxi-cabs await you at every corner—ready to take you anywhere. But when you cannot make the driver understand where you want to go, it is very unpleasant. I had to resort to writing all names and addresses on a pad, and I likened myself to the deaf-and-dumb who must resort to this means of expression.

I reached the Professor's store promptly at noon. I was careful to be prompt. I felt that I had incurred sufficient criticism and that my conduct was under observation. I did not know that in reality I was being closely watched. The temptations of Paris are many. Most of the men I met on the steamer had plans well made for seeing "Paris by night." It is the usual way for Americans to see Paris. Such things, however, did not appeal to me and I had no concern of my moral conduct in Paris. Had I acceded to the requests of many I met, or joined with those from my country who were going to see the real Paris, I know that I should have not only regretted my conduct, but have suffered the defeat of my fondest hopes.

The Professor did not meet me in the store, but called to me from his office to come there and be seated. He closed the door behind me, this time, making us isolated from those who were in the store.

"What is the question you wish me to answer," he asked, now in a very business-like manner.

"What shall I do," I began timidly and slowly; for I was weighing very carefully every word I spoke, knowing full well that it must represent my desires and yet be in the form of a plea. "What shall I do to learn how and

where I may be considered an applicant for admission into your sacred Order?"

Had I spoken well? Was I too bold? Many questions came to my mind before he answered. I waited—and thought. Would he again criticize my words? Would he refuse an answer? It seemed hours that he gazed at me and pierced my very soul with his eyes. But it could not have been more than a minute before he spoke.

"You shall travel some distance and then inquire for further directions. At the final end of your journey you shall begin again. Always go as you are directed, but keep your counsel!"

"Thank you, Sir," is all I could say. In my heart I fear I thought otherwise than my words indicated, for he suddenly pointed his finger at me and fairly shook my body with the strong vibrations that came from his mind and soul.

"Formality! Form! Conventionality!—that's Americanism! It's not Rosaecrucianism. You say 'Thank you' because it is the custom to say it. In your heart you feel differently. Unless you speak as you feel, unless you break down the barriers of form and custom and become natural, you can never make the journey. You must become a humble soul groping for Light. Your credentials count for naught. It is not what you have been in the past in your worldly affairs that will assist you, but what you become now, from this moment on. Let your pride, your self-esteem, your spirit rise, and the darkness will engulf you. Cast away your precious reputation—it is character alone that makes the true seeker for Light! Away with your worldly self—be a man as God made you—just one of His humble souls praying for guidance, crying aloud for help, and ever conscious of your ignorance, your weakness and your oneness with all men!

"What is your birth day? your birth year? and your birth hour?

"And what is your correct name? your American address? and your family connections?"

To these I gave response in a most crushed and humiliated spirit. I began to feel that, after all, I was a most humble, weak, ignorant soul in the presence of one who could plainly see the real self in me. He did not impress me with superiority, as the cold words on this paper would seem to indicate. I felt that he



meant that I should understand that he too was just what he said I should know I was.

"And now, if you find it convenient," he began again, using those same words that I had seen before my eyes so many times in America, "to visit the South of France, and can take the 7:10 train for Avignon on Tuesday evening, you will find further instructions at your destination. This is all the advice I may give you now. May Peace be with you. I shall be glad to see you sometime again—if you return to Paris."

He extended his hand. There was a significant pause before he spoke those words so slowly—"if you return to Paris." Was there any doubt of it? Could something detain me so that I might not come back to Paris? Was he trying to frighten me, or test me, to see if I would be discouraged in taking the trip?

"Before you go, I would like to show you just one of my pictures," he said, as he slid back one of the glass doors of a cabinet.

Art had always interested me and I wondered why it was that I had not shown some interest in the etchings that hung around me on all sides. I was surely obsessed with my errand not to have become interested in art so rare as this.

"Among the many beautiful sights you may see while in this country is this one. You see here only a material representation of a spiritual place. This old tower—a very old building—is one of the truly great French monuments. Some day you may see this tower, then remember that I have called your attention to it. I believe that you will always cherish a view of it—and this is a very excellent piece of art work."

And so I passed out again into the street and over to the old wall around the Seine where booksellers were closing up their stands and peddlers of students' art-work were offering crude sketches of various kinds. I might have spent hours there—in the realm of bliss that I often sought in America. Old books and old prints, enticing indeed at other times, but now as passable as the signboard which announced that a few days hence there would be a water carnival and feature events at St. Cloud. I could only think of Avignon—and the old tower.

I made my train. Making the train in the great P. L. M. R. R. station is a difficult feat. You buy tickets—a folder or book containing many pages, some of which are tickets and others having printed thereon important instructions. Not being able to correctly read the instructions you find that about every other move you make in getting to your train is an error or a violation of some law. You buy first-class tickets and then have the privilege of riding any class you like—or being left behind in the maze of trains, platforms and doorways. Your tickets are examined as you enter the station and never on the train. You are not quite sure whether you are on the right train or not and you simply give up to the law of averages and trust that you will reach where you expected to go. Of course, this is only an American viewpoint. Perhaps the French are quite satisfied with their railway system.

Seating myself in one of the compartments of the train I awaited its departure. It was to be an all-night ride and sleepers were not available. For a little extra charge one secured a cleanly covered pillow and with this one could rest by lounging in the lace-bedecked seats. The movement of the train was preceded by the ringing of a bell and the blowing of one of those funny shrill whistles with which the French trains are equipped.

There were several other passengers in the same compartment—designed to comfortably seat eight persons. On one side was a door leading to the step which runs on the outside of the train, and on the opposite side was a similar door leading to a narrow hallway which ran the full length of the train. This hallway was really a sort of observation place, for its outer side was lined with glass.

The country through which the train would pass (I had secured a map of my journey) was new to me and promised to be replete with interesting sights. As soon as we left the environs of Paris I strolled up and down the narrow hallway watching the sun setting in the West beyond the beautiful hills and plains. The trains in France run on left side tracks going south instead of on the right side as in America, and occasionally my view was blocked by trains standing on the other track.



The train I was on was one of the very rapid expresses. It covered a great distance in that short ride—from evening until morning. I compared it to our American expresses and could not help smiling at the thought that though the speed was the same—perhaps even greater—the cars were so lightly built, so short and so oddly shaped that they trailed behind the small, but powerful engine much like a child's train of cars trails behind the little engine on a tin tracks on the floor. As we sped on our cars rocked from side to side, trembled and jerked, threatening to leave the tracks at any moment. But they did not. I understand they seldom do. Standing in the hallways was difficult—but the scenes were so interesting that one forgot about the difficulty.

I saw hills topped with beautiful castles and occasionally a ruin. I saw plains with verdure so green it seemed like a painting. The colors of all nature seemed more vivid—even in the setting sun—that I realized why pictures of the Orient are always so vividly colored. The nearer the Mediterranean we traveled the more beautiful the coloring of sky, water, rocks, grass, buildings and trees.

We were approaching Lyons. It was somewhere after 11 o'clock and I was fatigued when I was suddenly brought face to face with my errand. I had been looking at my map by the weak light. I was examining the environs of Lyons. Beautiful Lyons! I knew that Rosae-crucianism had at one time flourished there. I knew also that the early Protestant churches were organized there. I also knew that it was an old, old city. As I looked at my map the lines and words faded away and I saw developing there a strange picture of ancient Temples with a procession of white garbed men and women entering through the gates of one of the largest Temples. I could almost hear the chants and chimes. I was lost in the scene, enraptured by it. And then in a deep, sonorous voice I heard the words: "The Annual Conclave at Lyons,—are YOU going there?"

I feared to look around; I feared to take my eyes from the paper. I had learned from past experiences that when the mind sees and hears, distraction often wipes it all away. Why look away from the point of concentration, which was yielding so much, for an objective glimpse

of that which could yield nothing, now that the sun had set? But I seemed to feel the presence of some one—a strange presence—an almost recognizable presence, and I did look up from my map to gaze right into the smiling countenance of—my foreign friend from the steamer.

"O, you, why, I was just studying the map. I see we reach Lyons," I said, certainly with no denial of my surprise. "I am not going to Lyons, now, but I may stop there sometime. I am going to Avignon and there I will meet—" . . . I stopped. Meet whom? Where was I really going? I had left Paris with so much certainty that I would meet someone and all would be well, that I had forgotten that I did not even know the someone.

"No, you will not meet any one at Avignon. You will not even leave the train at Avignon. In fact, I will meet you again for breakfast at Tarascon and then I shall tell you when and where you will leave this train. In the meantime, join me in one of these Persian cigarettes; I know it will be a treat, for they are not sold in America."

And so we spent part of the night talking as we had on the steamer. He was absolutely non-committal. I discovered—but surely he was just clever in permitting me to discover—that he was a Persian, and not an East Indian. I also discovered that he lived in Egypt most of the time and made yearly visits to his Madame on the Banks of the Hudson where she maintained her American villa and directed her American charitable work. He was her confidential agent—and, was he also a confidential agent of others?

"You know, Mr. P., that square paper you gave me with your name and address upon it has served me well. I gave it to a man in Paris—"

"You gave it to a man in Paris?" His tone, his expression, his words, indicated extreme surprise—possibly fear.

"Why, yes; he asked to see some papers and I showed it to him casually. He seemed to be very pleased and advised me to preserve it for—"

"Then you still have it?"

"Yes, most certainly." I assured myself and him by exhibiting it. He was delighted.



"I feared for the moment," he said, half apologetically. "You see, my friend, your words were not well chosen. You said 'I gave it to a man in Paris.' You should have said 'I showed it to a man.' Just a little thing, I grant you. But, may I be permitted to suggest that while in this country and when speaking to a foreigner through an interpreter or otherwise, you use extreme caution and care in the selection of your words? English at best does not always convey the true and exact shades of meaning you desire. When carelessly used, or when the vernacular or American idioms are used, you may do a very great injustice to yourself and your thoughts. In fact—you may bring defeat to your plans. Words create thoughts, you know. And—thoughts mean action."

* * * * *

At about 6 o'clock Wednesday morning I aroused myself from my uncomfortable position in the compartment and proceeded to view again the beautiful scenes. The blinds on the windows of the compartment had been drawn down by those who desired to sleep and the little half-sphere lamp in the ceiling had been covered by its curved shade so that the compartment was dark and none could see that the sun had risen.

I found the train was slowing down to make a stop. I also found my friend approaching me from the other end of the hallway.

"This is Tarascon," he said. We will breakfast here. I hope you rested well last night, for after a little sleep this day, you must prepare for a very active morrow. Let us step out on the platform and make haste. On other trains except this one you would have to 'change cars', as they say in America. But this train goes on in your direction. It is I who must change. I am going to Marseilles and there take the steamer for Alexandria, Egypt. You shall continue on—until you reach—Montpellier."

In this wise was I made acquainted with a number of important facts. He was going to Egypt. I was going to Montpellier—that dear old city of—but, no, I shall not tell those things which are better left out of a public paper like this.

We walked along the unsheltered platform which extended beyond the covered station. The platform was between many tracks. In the centre of it was a long table to which many were making haste. It had upon it cups and saucers, large baskets filled with rolls, and a tank of coffee.

"You see we have not time to eat in the station restaurant. The train will leave any minute. Usually we have fifteen minutes' wait here, but whenever a train is a few minutes late in its running time, it makes it up by shortening its stop at these junctions."

"We actually pushed our way to the table and grabbed at the cups and had them filled and then grabbed again for a roll, much like we see women engaged in securing what they want at a typical New York bargain counter. The cups were covered with cinders from the soft coal of the engines—one of the very annoying features of French railway traveling. We had time to take a few mouthfuls of coffee and a bite or two of the rolls, when the whistle of the engine blew. He dropped his cup and saucer and warned me to make haste to my compartment. As I started to leave him—forgetting our separation at this point—he said:

"Adieu, my friend. At Montpellier proceed to the Hotel Metropole and retire to your room. Someone will call to see you. Watch for him to make this sign. Then follow his instructions. Be sure to take a good sleep between 9 and 12 this morning. I may see you again—sometime. Peace be with you and if ever you wish to send me a thought, or call me to mind, hold before you that square paper and pronounce slowly the last word."

And—he was off! I saw him pass through the crowds into the station and out of sight. I have never seen his actual material form since then. But—I do see him often—and talk to him. My good old friend. He has grown to be a dearer friend, for day by day I discover the value of what he did for me in those days. I trust he reads this—and finds in it evidence of my sincere appreciation.

As my train moved on and passed by the coffee-table, I saw the proprietor pouring back into the coffee-tank the undrained portions of coffee left in the cups by those who had to retreat hastily. The coffee was unsweetened and



without milk—and I understand it is sold over and over again during a morning. All pay before being served, and then take chances on even drinking more than a mouthful of the black fluid. The rolls too were being selected—the whole ones finding their places again in the basket..

The journey from Tarascon is replete with beautiful scenes. The train travels to the southwest and crosses through that part of France which was at one time the stage of great religious wars, of Troubadors' songs and the early advancement in all the arts. Looking out of the car window one sees at times great stretches of green fields from which the grapes are taken for the many wines. Winding through these plains of green are the public roads so white that they look like a map drawn with white chalk on a green dais. In the distance are hills, usually surmounted with white or gray castles or walled cities. Then the scene will change and show a small river across which extends an old Roman bridge, or towers and walls in ruins lining its shores. As the train approaches a city or town one will notice on its outskirts many very old buildings, which the guide-book correctly points out as having at one time played an important part in the affairs of the nation. The coloring in every direction is superb. The feeling is one of peace and contentment. The atmosphere is soft, mild, invigorating and enticing. Those you meet are cordial, plain, wholesome and sincere. The south of France is a charming place to live—that is, to live spiritually and honestly.

Then—Montpellier. I have not the time to speak of my wanderings there. Sleep? I recall the words of my kind advisor and I recalled them then. But who can sleep in Montpellier the first day you see it? The sun was very warm, so warm indeed that all the buildings—even the stores—had their shutters closely drawn. The city seemed lifeless. The buildings as well as the sidewalks were made of that beautiful, soft, white stone which is so abundant in that part of the country. When the sun shines upon it it is as white as snow. They have a dry-spell for many months in that part of the country, and this was its time. The fields were well irrigated, but the city streets were so dry that carriages and automobiles

threw into the air the white powder and it had decorated the green trees, fences and other wooden structures with a sprinkling of white.

The hotel to which I was directed was the most modern in that part of the country; and I found that the proprietor could speak English—a rare talent in that part of France. I retired to my room and waited. A note was delivered to me to call at the fountain—"The Chateau of Water." If it were possible I should like to reproduce in these pages a photograph of that spot. A high tower set upon a broad base, approached by stone stairs, much like Grant's Tomb in New York. It overlooked a small lake and in every respect it had the resemblance of an ancient work of art, which it was.

I seated myself at its side and waited—for what? Have you ever waited and knew not what you were waiting for? I remember well that as I sat there I tried to look at myself as a passerby might do. There I was, a young man from New York City with no more actual business there than a mere wanderer on the face of the earth. I looked at my blue suit, my tan shoes, my New York straw hat, my camera at my side, my watch and chain; all were things from America and I seemed to be sitting on one of the benches at Riverside Drive along the Hudson viewing the private yachts at anchor. Why was I there? My family at home—my business interests far away, my friends busy at their daily tasks—I began to feel lonesome. If I could only hear from home—but none knew my address. None knew exactly when I would return—or if ever I would. And what was my quest? A mere fantasy? I was seeking that of which I knew so little. Men had traveled far for gold. Many had gone great distances for that which was known to exist. But I—I only believed there was something somewhere that I wanted. I was a seeker for Light. For Light! Again those words came to me. How my friends—many of them perhaps—would smile at my answer if they could see me there at the Chateau of Water, replying that I left all behind, left family and home, friends and business, all that was dear, and had come to France, to its South, to an unknown place to see unknown persons—for Light! I was giving a great price—and all for faith.



I was lost in retrospection for perhaps thirty minutes when a young man passed by with a basket. He was a delivery clerk it seemed, but I judged him to be of better position in life for his face showed refinement. He clothes, made to look like those of a peasant, impressed me as being part of a stage costume. And he approached me by turning about in his walk. He came directly in front of me and, making a sign that I recognized, I arose. He waited until I gave every evidence of having seen his very unconscious sign. Then he handed me a paper upon which was written in English (with French penmanship): "When you have an opportunity to drink a glass of fresh milk, permit the woman to serve you."

I realize how oddly this reads now—especially to the average mind. But associate it with all that had occurred, put yourself in my place, and you will believe as I did, that it was meant symbolically. The young man walked away without saying a word. I walked toward my hotel. Was this to be all for the day, or what?

Walking along the street or boulevard which was overhung with beautiful trees, I stopped again to rest in the shade. I seemed to be transplanted to the Mall in Central Park.

Soon I was conscious of a most weird form of calling. I cannot (and if I could, I would not) give you the odd vowel sounds that some one was chanting. It seemed to be a feminine voice in the distance. Soon there came within my vision an old woman driving a cow. The cow was pulling a two-wheel something upon which rested a small can of water and a little shelf. There was on the shelf a number of glasses. As she came toward me singing the odd vowels she glanced toward me and held up a glass. I sat so still, amused at the sight of the poor old cow who had to not only furnish the milk but carry the glasses and water as well, that the woman was about to pass on without giving me any more attention.

Realizing, suddenly, that I was to have a drink of milk when it was offered to me, I called to the woman, who drove the cow to my seat. She milked the cow before me and offered me the warm milk in the glass she had cleaned in the can of water. Not one word passed between us. Then I offered to pay. I

handed her a franc. She passed the change to me—and was about to pass on without a sign or word of recognition. What did it mean? Then I spoke.

"Pardon," I said with a slight French accent. She turned about so quickly and alarmed, that I saw she was surprised. She had recognized a foreign accent—an American accent—in that one word. She looked at me critically from head to foot, slowly withdrew from the folds of her dress a wallet from which she took a folded paper, passed it to me, and went on her way.

Surely there was considerable mysticism about this affair. I thought of the melodramas I had seen as a boy, of some detective stories, of weird tales. When would the surprising features of the adventure end? And, if you, my reader, think that I am injecting too many questions in this little historical story, pray think of the thousand and one questions which were constantly coming to my mind. As I look back on it now, my adventure was one of questions. And all these mysterious elements were designed to tax my patience, to discourage me, to tempt me to be rash in some way. My sincerity was being tried.

The folded paper bore this message in English: "Journey to-night to Toulouse. Register at the 'Grand Hotel Tivolier.' Visit the Gallery of the Illustrious at 10 A. M. Thursday morning and meet Mons. —, the eminent Photographer. Prepare to remain at the Hotel one week. Communicate with no one but your relatives and say nothing of your plans. Communicate with Mr. —, from Chicago, who is editor now of the Toulouse — (a newspaper). Peace!"

"My," I thought, "but whoever issues these instructions knows many people that I may know and is absolutely unconcerned as to the costs which are involved in moving about. It is very kind to direct me here and there, with no promise of meeting or seeing anything or anyone but an 'eminent photographer' and a newspaper editor."

Would you not have soliloquized in the same manner? I was about to complete a journey half-way around the country of France—and for what? Hope! That was all.



Wednesday afternoon found me again in the train en route to Toulouse. The country through which I passed was beautiful. At some other time I hope to be able to describe to my readers—my Brothers and Sisters—the many wonderful sights I saw. But just now I will try to keep pace with the rapidly moving train and take you to Toulouse without a stop.

Toulouse, you know, is one of the very old cities of France. It is on the banks of the Garonne—the river down which the Norsemen sailed to make their attacks on Toulouse and the south of France.

I did as I was instructed and found that the Grand Hotel Tivolier was a very large and exclusive place—really grand and elaborate in its appointments. Approaching it I found that many of the streets of the city were very old despite the many changes. The original wall which surrounded the city has been leveled to its foundation and the city has spread beyond these limits. In passing through some of the streets the foundation of the old wall is plainly seen between the cobblestones of the street, and one walks over this wall on the way to the Grand Hotel Tivolier.

I found that at this hotel arrived, early every evening, a great many English and American automobile parties, touring through France to Spain. They stop here over night. Their automobiles are well taken care of, their trunks automatically delivered from the garage to the guests' rooms, and all of the parties "clean up" for the long course dinner which begins at 8 and ends at 11. The principal amusement in Toulouse for these tourists is to dine well and sleep well. Consequently the dining-room—a beautiful "Hall" as they call it—was well crowded at night, and absolutely empty in the morning when I, American fashion, would go there to breakfast. The Tourists were always up and off and on their way South at sunrise.

It was not strange—and it was certainly a pleasure—to meet so many English speaking people, and a few Americans, in Toulouse. But to none of them did I tell my business. It was tempting, at times, to speak of some of the strange things which occurred, but I resisted all such temptations,—for FAITH.

I visited the "Hall of the Illustrious" as in-

structed. It is a public building, but admission is by special ticket. It was built by architects and builders who donated their work. Inside the decorations, the rare mural work, the carvings, the statuary and the wonderful paintings were likewise donated. It is the one aim of every great artist of the South of France to some day be worthy—in his line—of donating a masterpiece to this "Hall of the Illustrious." And some there are who have spent the greater part of their life-time in producing just one panel in oils on one of the walls of that Hall. Such is the pride they take in their art.

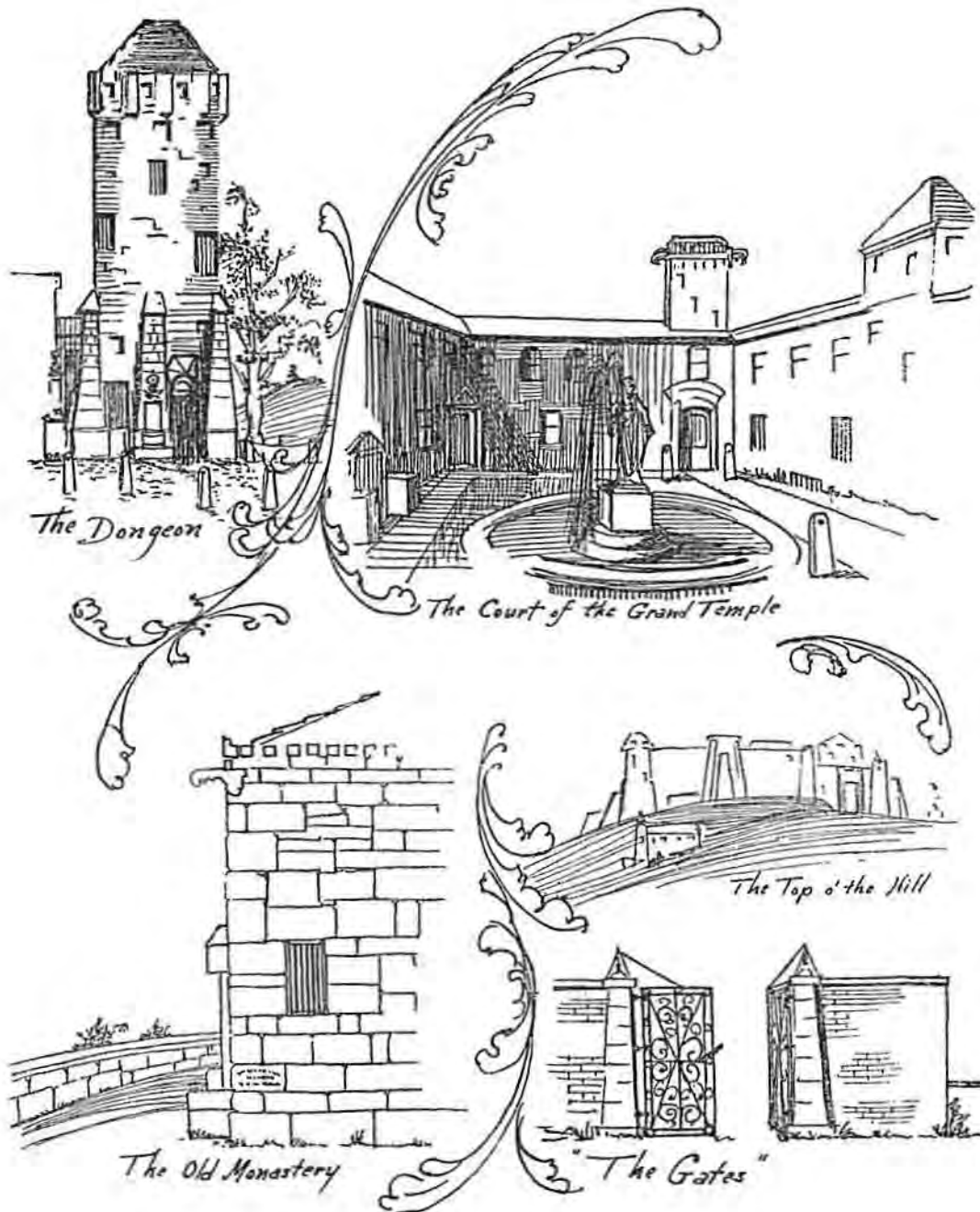
The art in the South of France is distinctly different from the work in Paris. Parisian art is usually vulgar. I saw little nudity, but rather spirituality, in the work in the South. They informed me that the artists in the South never have a figure undraped unless it is necessary to tell the story being depicted. How different from Paris and the North. There, it seems, the undraped figure is painted—and some sort of title or story is concocted to fit the picture. It's merely a difference of view-point; a difference of the wholesomeness of the mind.

The art work in the "Hall of the Illustrious" has never been photographed for public reproduction, has never been copied on Post-cards and sold, and a camera is always forbidden. But, because two of the masterpieces in that Hall interested me (being strictly Rosaecrucian and of interest to all Rosaecrucians who may never visit that gallery) I was able to secure permission from the very highest officials, even the Mayor of Toulouse, to have a photographer copy the two pieces of work for me. Some day the only copies in the world, perhaps, will adorn the Rosae Crucis Supreme Grand Lodge Library.

But I must not forget my errand. Ah, yes, Mons. the photographer! He was there. He watched me, probably knowing who I was by the difference in clothing and general appearance. But I did not know him until I saw that same strange sign which the young man had given me in Montpellier. Then I approached him.

"Pardon, Monsieur," I said, "but I believe I am addressing a gentleman who has some information for one who is seeking Light." That





Sketches from the Author's Notebook.



seemed to be a very proper way of addressing him.

His reply was in French—and I could understand but one word,—“yes.” Seeing my embarrassment, he took from his pocket a paper and with a pencil he wrote some few words and handed it to me to read. I can read more French than I can speak. In fact that is not the proper comparison. I can read about one hundred French words—and can speak only three or four. What he wrote, however, said:

“Why did you so study that one painting in the alcove?” I was disappointed at what I read. At first I thought it was a statement. It was only the question mark that enabled me to realize—with my limited knowledge of French—that it was a question. And, such a question after all the expectations.

“Because, Monsieur,” I said, “it seems so beautiful, so wonderful and expresses what I believe. I see in it a very mysterious meaning, a symbol of—”

He was smiling. He could not understand what I was saying, and I was going along rapidly, enthusiastically, as I recalled the deep impression the painting had made.

Then he wrote again on the paper: “I understand, I appreciate.” Putting the paper away he gave me a piece of paper bearing an address. He motioned with his hands that I was to go there—and walk. That was all I could understand from his gestures. I looked at the address; it was only the name of a boulevard. I was to walk along that boulevard. Then he bowed himself away and I was alone again.

Returning to my hotel I sent a messenger with a note to the editor from Chicago. I saw a copy of his paper on the reading-room table and analyzed it keenly. He was trying to introduce American journalism in the South of France. On the front page was the statement that the train on which my foreign friend had journeyed from Tarascon to Marseilles had been wrecked and completely burned. It said nothing of the loss of any life, and I was greatly concerned for my friend.

I told Mr. ——— that I was in Toulouse, and that I would appreciate an interview with him and would await his advice. That was all. I was at least discreet.

Then I went to the boulevard. I would like to say its name—but that would be saying quite too much since I am submitting with this story some sketches. Together, the name of the boulevard and the sketch would tell a story I cannot tell so publicly.

I rode in a carriage. They have trolley-cars in Toulouse far superior to any in Paris or even America; but none would take me along the boulevard. I rode perhaps a mile before I realized that I must watch for something. Surely there was a reason for this little jaunt. So I kept a careful search of all persons, places and things. I rode another mile. I was out of the heart of the city and was going in a different direction. I was, in fact, practically skirting the city. I saw old churches, old buildings, some old Roman Bridges across the Garonne, some ruined places—and then—ah, at last, the Old Tower.

There, before me, was the actual Tower itself, the one I had seen in the picture at the Professor's store in Paris. I notified the driver to stop, I paid and dismissed him. And, in rapture and doubt, I stood before that Old Tower (known to Rosaecrucians as “The Dongeon”) for many minutes with a feeling in my heart that, somehow, this was the goal. My search was ended. So, I have taken the privilege of reproducing with this story the first picture of that sacred old place that has ever come to America.

I will be more brief now. I do not want to tire you with details. You, like myself, are anxious to see the end,—to know the outcome of this search for Light.

So I approached the Old Tower,—not without some misgivings, but certainly as bravely and boldly as I have approached many less weird looking places.

At the Old Tower door I knocked. Then I discovered a bell-cord and pulled it. I heard it ringing somewhere in the depths of that old structure, which seemed to have been built a thousand years ago. In fact it was.

As the ringing died away a question came to my mind. What should I say if I received any response? I trust that my reader will picture me—or picture yourself—standing before the heavy wooden, iron-bound, rusty, worm-eaten door, the stones in front of which



were stained with green and between which moss and grass were growing. Whose place this was, what it was, prison, jail, home of a madman, or what, I did not know. Yet I was asking for admittance.

Finally I heard a cracking sound and noticed the door open a little way. I waited. It was very dark within and there was no sign of life. Then I pushed the door open wide and found an old—but not dusty—stairway in front of me. I stepped in and actually closed the heavy door behind me tightly, and heard the lock tumble into place. I was really locking myself in—and fearlessly doing it.

From up-stairs came a sound of something being moved. All sounds seemed to echo in the building. There was a great opening above the first flight and from there on upward the stairway was circular and each floor consisted of a gallery surrounding the stairway. The galleries were not more than 8 feet wide—and very dark.

I gazed upward through the opening and shouted "Hello." Not very appropriate, I grant you. It was the "telephone habit" manifesting itself on impulse, I suppose. But it brought forth a soft but distinct "Entre, entre," from an upper floor.

I immediately began my ascent. I saw then that the stairs were made of stone, as were the floors. The edges of the steps were deeply worn—I should judge that wear had cut into each stone to the depth of three inches at the deepest part of the curve. The walls too, were of gray stone, the plaster or cement between the stones being gone in many places, and a mouldy odor pervaded the atmosphere. As I ascended I found that the upper galleries were lighter and I could distinguish shelves against the walls, filled with old books.

At last I reached the upper floor to find that it was a square room with a glass roof and a number of small windows. There were some bookcases about the walls stacked with very old and very rare books. There were two tables—crudely made and very old. There were also about twenty old chairs—each being a rare piece of antique furniture—and an old desk littered with manuscripts, several sealing outfits, candle, sealing wax, matches, some chemicals, a quill pen, ink and—some horoscopolical maps.

I was greeted by an old man. I say old, because he had a very long gray beard and pure white hair hanging to his shoulders and slightly curled. He stood erect, however, with broad shoulders, a good figure, bright snappy brown eyes and full rosy cheeks. His voice was soft, his actions spry and his dress a white mantle of good linen embroidered with some symbols then unknown to me but not known to many who read this story.

I addressed him in English: "I have intruded, sir," I began, "first because I believe this building to be of interest to me, and secondly because you bid me enter. I am searching for some rare information and perhaps you can tell me something of that which I seek,—especially since you are interested in astrology." I said this last pointing to his desk and the maps upon it.

To my surprise he answered in English, but brokenly and with a deep, French accent.

"You have come here, my young friend, not by intrusion. You know astrology; you know 'arcs of direction.' Your coming here was by direction. See, I have there on my desk, your horoscope. I have expected you,—for there is a letter addressed to you. I know your purpose, for the contents of that letter is an answer to your question. But be seated. I have many things to show you and to explain.

"You have earnestly sought the Rose Croix Order. You wish to enter the sacred brotherhood. Your wish may be granted—but what then? You will help in the great work? You will spread the work to your land? You wish for a Herculean task! I admire your courage, your bravery and your determination.

"You have been well spoken of by those who have met you. You are surprised. Did not ——— meet you on the steamer and direct you? His reports are there on my desk. Did not Professor ——— meet you in Paris and examine you? He sent me his report and your birthdate which you will find I have changed by two minutes. You were watched by those who observed your movements in Paris by day and by night. I have their reports. You were watched in Montpellier, and again in this city. Four of our Brothers have seen you and have had an opportunity to look into your eyes and report to me. Monsieur ——— the photogra-



pher made the final decision this very day. You shall now meet our beloved Grand Master and Imperator in his Holy Temple.

"But before you leave here—and you will not again return to this place—I wish to show you the accurate records we preserve. I am the Grand Archivist. Here you will see the records of our Brothers and Sisters since the Order was established in this country. Nothing is ever lost to our records—not even the thumb prints of our members. Here your letters will be filed, your reports, your grants, your degrees and your work. The all-seeing eye, the all knowing mind, receives—and here it shall be recorded for all time.

I spent an hour examining some rare hand-made, hand-illuminated books. I saw one book—made in the time of Christ, recording His work for the Order,—containing a sketch in water colors of the true Christ and other sketches of incidents of His life. The book was bound with wood and iron, had iron hinges and an iron lock—all greatly rusted. I saw articles from Egypt, from various pyramids and Temples. I saw rare relics from Jerusalem and other countries. And—I saw the last Oath of the Order made by Lafayette before he came to America,—the first Rosaecrucian from France to come here. May his name ever remain sacred to the Order in America.

And then—I departed with more DIRECTIONS.

I met the editor at his office. It adjoined a very old building near the Post Office. He welcomed me and explained that some day he would meet me in America and join with me in the good work. What else he said I cannot repeat here.

In the afternoon—about 3 o'clock—I engaged a taxi-cab automobile, and, giving the driver a written address I was surprised to see him turn his automobile and myself over to another driver whose car was close at hand. This driver seemed very courteous, while a number of the other drivers stood and gazed at me in perplexity. I seemed to be a curiosity. And they whispered together in an annoying manner.

I was driven for a mile or more to the city gates and then through them along the banks of a creek toward the old city of Tolosa. Tolosa

was the original Roman city of Toulouse and is in ruins to-day. The ride was exhilarating and interesting. At last we reached a great estate which was within a wall. We approached the gateway. Beyond the gate there were fields of flowers and beautiful lawns. To the left of the estate was a hill topped by a walled chateau. Within the estate were several old buildings, one of which was square in shape.

We approached this old building and was met at its entrance by a young man in semi-military uniform. He saluted the driver knowingly—shook hands with him in a very brotherly fashion. Then I was asked for a card or letter—all by gesture. I handed the letter addressed by the old Archivist to the young man and after reading it he greeted me very cordially and ushered me into a very large reception room.

The building was very odd as well as old. It was made of stone inside and out,—but the stones were badly worn. It seemed as though the building might fall in, or collapse, from age. After a few moments pause, I was confronted by an elderly woman who bowed to me, offered her hand and led me to an upper floor where I was again formally ushered into a small reception room. Then I was handed some typewritten instructions addressed to me in person.

These instructions informed me that I was to meet the Officers of the Grand Lodge at sunset (fully three hours later) and that in the meantime I should rest and study the instructions contained therein. I cannot give these instructions, and they would be of little help to the uninitiated and of no interest to the initiated who has already gone through the same preparation.

And so I read and—yawned from fatigue. I read again—and relaxed. I read a little longer—and yawned once more—and fell asleep on the old divan in that upper stone room of that old, cold, mysterious building known throughout all of France as the Grand Temple.

Later that night I was initiated into the Order Rosae Crucis. I Crossed the Threshold in the Old Lodge in that very old building. I met the many Officers, I took the solemn pledges, I received the great blessing and was



made a Brother of the Order as the witching hour of midnight was struck by the old chimes in the tower of the building.

I had found the Light—and it had illumined me as I faced the Rosae Crucis.

I remained in Toulouse one week as directed. During that time I attended a great number of lectures, demonstrations, experiments and private classes. I was shown much, told a great deal more and given a very considerable amount of matter in the form of hieroglyphic manuscript to take away with me to study for a year or more.

I would like to speak of the many beautiful details of my stay in Toulouse, of the many ceremonies and ritualistic convocations, but, of course, I cannot.

I attended the Monthly Convocation of the Illuminati in another old building along the banks of the Garonne. The building proper, illustrated in this article, was constructed of stones brought from various parts of Egypt, Spain and Italy from buildings, Temples and Pyramids now in ruins. The illustration shows one corner of this building and one can plainly see the odd manner in which these stones of various colors, qualities and sizes, have been grouped. The cornerstone, bearing appropriate lettering, was brought from EL AMARNA where our Great Master once had his home.

The upper part of this building, and its courts, are used as a Rosaecrucian Monastery. In the cellar is the old Rosaecrucian Grotto where the Illuminati hold their convocations. It has an arched ceiling and walls made of very old gray stones, some of them damp, and between the stones one can see moisture and moss. It is heated with a large open fireplace, and the only light comes from candles and torches. There is an altar in this Grotto wonderfully carved from a rare Egyptian wood. There is a story that one time Martin Luther found refuge in a Temple in which this altar stood in Germany, and his initials are marked on one of the panels. There are many other marks on the carving which plainly show the

effects of the various religious wars in the South of France when the several Temples in which this Altar stood were burned,—one of them having been used as a stable for horses by the soldiers.

On the day I left Toulouse I was given certain papers and documents to enable me to proceed with the spreading of the Light in "America." The following is the substance of the last words I heard delivered to me by The Most Worshipful Grand Master of France, Mons. L——:

"Brother, these papers appoint you as a Legate of this Order for your country. Your duty and privileges are well defined. The documents you have—and the few jewels I now hand to you,—will enable you to proceed at the time and in the manner indicated. When you have made some progress you will meet with a representative from the Order in Egypt who will hand you, under certain conditions, other papers and seals. From time to time there will come to you those whom you will recognize by the signs indicated. They will add to your papers and devices until your working papers and tools are completed. Our archivist will send you under seal, with the protection of the French Government, other papers as soon as you have made the progress which will be reported to us by our Agents. Your semi-annual reports will warrant, or deny, you progress and assistance. The Masters of the world will be glad to administer to your wants and your requirements from time to time; and Peace and Power shall come to America if the dictates of our Order are faithfully fulfilled."

These words, said so sacredly by the dear old soul, subscribed to by the French Supreme Council and accompanied by a most wonderful ovation, still ring in my ears. They were the blessing which the Masters sent to America, and I, in turn, give them to my Brothers and Sisters of the Order Rosae Crucis in the United States. A la Verite,—Fr. 12. Ill. R. F., Profundis.



Two Important Letters Answered by the Imperator



THROUGH the workings of that law, the manifestations of which the uninitiated call "coincidents," there came to the Secretary-General the two letters which are published below in detail, WITHOUT CORRECTION OR ALTERATION.

Both come from California, both are from men who speak in behalf of some organization which claims to be the REAL Rosaecrucian Order, and both demand that we answer pertinent and impertinent questions. They are dated but two days apart, and because of the claims each make, it is evident to the casual reader that one must be mistaken. Yet, in truth, they may fairly represent what is true without in the least proving their cases.

The comments following each letter are written by me as final answers to the questions asked, believing that hereafter a perusal of these letters which not only conflict with and contradict one another but contradict themselves paragraph by paragraph, will suffice to set the sincere investigator aright.

It is indeed fortunate that these two letters came in practically the same mail, for not desiring to speak in any derogatory or negative terms of anything tending to uplift man or woman, these letters themselves answer each writer's questions more convincingly and more enlighteningly than I could hope to do.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 8, 1916.
1256 East 58th Street.

Mr. H. Spencer Lewis, F.R.C.,
Grand Master General, A.M.O.R.C.,
No. 70 West 87th Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

On page 11 of the April issue of the "American Rosae Crucis," in your History of the Order, appears a request for those who KNOW to inform you of any facts not fully or correctly given therein. The information which follows is based upon personal knowledge and experience of the writer and not upon hearsay; it is intended to convey to you certain facts and is not necessarily for publication should you deem it inadvisable or unnecessary.

Your article states that Mr. Max Heindel, of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, makes no claim to initiation. Mr. Heindel DOES claim that he was under the individual instruction, for some time, of one of the "Elder Brothers" of the true R. C. Order; that, at the command of his Teacher, he made a journey to Germany and was there met by his Teacher in the flesh and taken to a "Temple" situated near Carlsbad, in Germany, and there intro-

duced to the presence of four other Elder Brothers of the Order, and after being told that he had been selected to receive certain "secrets" he was asked to make a promise never to reveal them to another; this he refused to do as he believed that should they give him the knowledge hinted at it was right that he should unselfishly publish the same to the many waiting souls in the world; that this proved to be the "final test" and he was thereupon conducted to the "Temple" and there received some kind of "initiation." He then received the knowledge which he has published under the title of "The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception."

The writer will state here, frankly, that he has never had any reason to doubt Mr. Heindel's word regarding the foregoing statements; and that the information given in the "Cosmo Conception" and his "Rosicrucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers" has never before been made public in so concise and understandable a manner, is undeniable as far as he is aware. That great good has been accomplished thereby; that many have been made to open their eyes to the great truths of the Philosophy represented, is unquestionably true.

Mr. Heindel makes the claim that the Elder Brothers referred to are the ONLY ones now operating in the flesh; that is, Heindel is their only accredited representative in the world; that any and all commands emanating from him are to be considered as coming authoritatively from the Elder Brothers of the Order; that all who fail to acknowledge strict allegiance to him have FAILED and that they have no possible alternative but to repent, return to his fold and resume their work under him.

He claims to be empowered to confer upon such of his "students" as remain faithful for a certain period, and comply with certain requirements set forth by him, the title of "Probationer" after they have taken a solemn obligation (to themselves) and that then, if the "Probationer" follows strictly his instructions and makes monthly reports, upon printed forms furnished by him, said "Probationer" may then apply for the degree of "Disciple" and thereafter, should said application meet with the approval of The Teacher, the Disciple will receive personal, individual instruction from a Teacher of the Order and be taught how to leave and return to the physical body at will, and consciously, and be enabled to become an "Invisible Helper" in the realms of the spirit, etc. This latter claim, however, has not been made good of late years owing, as Mr. Heindel explains, to the sad and terrible upheaval in the "ethers" owing to the passing of the countless millions of egos into the spirit realms through the medium of the horrible war, and to the vibrations of agony and misery attending the great conflict; a fact which is easily understood and accepted as a reason by all occult students.

To the writer Mr. Heindel has made the statement that all other so-called Rosicrucian bodies known to the public are spurious; that even his own organization, which is in reality NOT an organization in fact, is not at all connected directly with the Great Order Rosicrucis, but is a substitute given to mankind in order that they may rise to the heights of spirituality which may entitle them to receive the REAL initiation.

In the face of the foregoing facts it would appear that he is not merely, as you state, a writer, teacher



and publisher of good books. He is undoubtedly a deep and sincere student of things occult and spiritual; a man who believes in himself and in his claims; an honest and earnest dispenser of such truths as he has received (and which were undoubtedly revealed from a high source).

The question, however, is "has he, or any other man, the power and authority which he claims; and if so from what source is that authority derived?"

For the benefit of all who are truly and sincerely in search of the HIGHEST TRUTH and the REAL doctrines and teachings of the TRUE R. C. ORDER, (of which number the writer humbly claims to be one of the searchers), this epistle is indited; in the spirit of fairness and brotherly love for all men; with a sincere desire for the full vindication of the man, if he is in the right; but above all for the TRUTH of the matter, devoid of all prejudice or personal feeling upon either side of the question.

Very sincerely yours,

HIRAM A. GRAVES.

Kindly state, if entirely consistent, if there are any members in this city or vicinity from whom may be gathered first hand information regarding the A.M.O.R.C.

COMMENTS ON LETTER NO. 1.

(Comments on Letter No. 1) Paragraph No. 1: Facts based upon knowledge are what I welcome at any time,—facts based upon knowledge, not upon hearsay.

Paragraph No. 2. If Mr. Heindel refused to reveal any secrets, he has kept his word. If he refused to take a pledge of secrecy he could not have been initiated into the Order in any country. If, upon his declaration that he would reveal the secrets he was given "some kind of initiation," you can rest assured it was NOT an Initiation into the true R. C. Order. If the knowledge he received at that "Initiation" or subsequent to it is published in his Cosmo Conception he has certainly carried out his threat to "reveal" secrets. But—they are not the true Rosaecrucian secrets as any Rosaecrucian in the third or higher degrees will tell you. If they typify the teachings of the Order into which he was "Initiated" they plainly show that Mr. Heindel was not initiated into the A.M.O.R.C.

Paragraph No. 3. Undoubtedly his books are interesting and instructive, indeed inspiring. We have advertised one of them freely (and without charge to Mr. Heindel) in this magazine. So is the Bible instructive and inspiring. But—that is beside the question. They are NOT Rosaecrucian secret books, nor do they prove Mr. Heindel a Rosaecrucian of the R. C. Order.

Paragraph No. 4. I am reminded here of a line or two in the Rubaiyat about the continued used of names and terms. But, who are these "Elder Brothers"? I know of no high officers in the Order bearing such titles. Advanced Brothers—never Officers—may be called Elder Brothers, but Elder Brothers of any degree, cannot confer upon any person such absolute, exclusive, unlimited rights and powers as you say were conferred upon Mr. Heindel,—"the only accredited in the world." But a week ago a man—an Oriental—came to me at our headquarters as have others, with documents and papers properly sealed and signed by the Supreme Masters in the Orient, bringing to our Order here further "work" and instructions. Is this Oriental a truly accredited representative or not? He claims to be only a servant, a messenger, of the Masters, and although he has studied with them for years, is entrusted with the secrets (in manuscript form) of the highest degrees and might easily publish these in book form at good prices, he simply says—and proves—that he is an "accredited representative" of the Masters and as such is true to the Oaths of the Order and the will of the Masters. Certainly Prelate Immanuel owes no allegiance to Mr. Heindel.

Paragraph No. 5. What of all these terms "student," "Probationer," "Disciple"? Where did they originate? They do not occur anywhere in the "Secret Mandamuses" of the A. M.O.R.C., nor are they ever heard in the Rosaecrucian Temples of Egypt, France, Spain, Thibet or Australia. They could have no place in the work of Rosaecrucianism. As to the war—well OUR "work" considers the war as the great crucible. It was in anticipation of this that I was given instructions in 1909 to proceed with the Order in the U. S. A. in 1915. True Rosaecrucians CANNOT believe that the war, in its primary cause and result, is disastrous to the progress of Rosaecrucianism, but, rather, that it is helpful, just as the alchemist's fire aids in the production of the refined from the dross. Any other viewpoint is materialistic, un-Rosaecrucian and un-Godly.

Paragraphs No. 6 and 7. This is precisely what I would say of Mr. Heindel's work,—



his publications and his propaganda. He has no Rosaecrucian organization, no Rosaecrucian Order, and no Lodges. He has classes or centers which prepare the lay-mind for advancement into the higher work. His students are well equipped to Cross the Threshold of our Order. For this good work we praise Mr. Heindel again as we have in the past; we hold only love and peace for him and send him our most strengthening vibrations.

Paragraph No. 8. To answer this we must know what Mr. Heindel claims. I still say that Mr. Heindel does not claim to have been initiated into the true Order or Lodges of Rosae Crucis. I invited FACTS BASED ON KNOWLEDGE. You offer hearsay evidence,—what you have heard claimed, and even that evidence shows that Mr. Heindel is a student and teacher of a philosophy,—that is all.

LETTER NO. 2.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME.

Los Angeles County, Cal., May 6, 1916.

Mr. Thor Kilmalehto,
Secretary-General, Supreme Grand Lodge of
U. S. A.,
"ANCIENT AND MYSTICAL ORDER OF
ROSAE CRUCIS,"
70 West 87th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In reply to my postal of some time ago, I have received a copy of "THE AMERICAN ROSAE CRUCIS," and find it very interesting. Have also received certain other matter, including an invitation to fill out and return to you, the Application for Membership blank sent to me, and for which courtesy and kindness, as well as for the other matter, please accept my sincere thanks.

However, while to a considerable extent favorably impressed with the matter sent and the history and claims of the Order, will you permit me to indulge in a little rather disjointed conversation, and some questions:

How do you regard the SOCIETAS ROSICRUCIANA IN AMERICA, New York City, and how, so far as you know from letters or conversation or printed remarks, DOES IT REGARD YOUR SOCIETY as to the genuineness of claims to be "Rosicrucian?" Your magazine so far as it goes, does not fully answer this; only in a very general way.

In the card or advertisement of its existence, published along with the cards of other fraternities, in the "WORLD ALMANAC," I believe it says that it (SOCIETAS ROSICRUCIANA IN AMERICA) is in fraternal communion or fellowship with like societies in France, Egypt, etc. Now it seems strange and needing explanation in detail, why, if Rosicrucians are always and everywhere brothers, that the fraternity IF ONE, (for in such a fraternity there should be no split but we have reason to believe that all genuine Rosicrucians are one and that if they are not, then there is reprehensible and injurious dissension even in such a fraternity, and a schism, or else one of the two is not genu-

ine), should from France send out or permit representatives to come here and to thus either compete with or undermine or proselyte from, an Order which says it is in fraternal communication, with France, etc. It would seem almost to be another case of there being "war even in Heaven." One or the other is not the genuine, or else there are two societies each stating it has the Way,—so to speak,—which are competing with each other in a decidedly unbrotherly manner; else one is not teaching what the other is, and thus we are up against the matter and don't know what to do or to believe. We believe all truth is one, and it may be that two societies are teaching Rosicrucian philosophy and conduct, but it looks very much like a competition according to the manner of the outer world. All truth is one, but although it is frequently taught by more than one cult simultaneously, there cannot be two KINDS of Rosicrucianism and both genuine. I am all puzzled and mixed up. The men behind the Societas Rosicruciana in America, seem by their names, to be gentlemen of standing, and by no means of the kind who would promulgate, deliberately, that which was not genuine of anything. In that case, the only thing to ask is, from such a standpoint: Who deceived THEM when the supposed Rosicrucianism was communicated to THEM? Perhaps nobody did. Such being the case, may not their brand of Rosicrucianism be genuine Rosicrucianism,—or at any rate one aspect or construction of genuine Rosicrucianism?

The "WORLD ALMANAC" for a year or so before this present year, mentioned the names of Geo. W. Plummer, Geo. Lewis, and Carlyle Moore, as officers of the SOCIETAS ROSICRUCIANA IN AMERICA. Are not those gentlemen "all right?" The writer has an idea they are.

Do the teachings of Rosaecrucianism and their basis not go back farther than the family of Thothmes IV? Can they be traced farther back? Is there reason to suppose they came from Atlantis? Can it be PROVEN? How about Magian "FAMILY" IDEAS?

Do you not think it is carrying the propaganda to extremes, to put it or some of it in the heads of children of only 8 years of age? Is it safe, if you have the secret work, signs, grips, etc., to entrust any part of it to those who are scarcely more than infants, and while we are all supposed to make ourselves as little children, don't you think it will bring on a tendency to place the work on such, not a "lower" plane, but literally on such a "JUVENILE PLANE" if I may use the expression, as to detract from its effect, and indeed from its dignity and ability to affect adults of greater intellectuality?

Are the children given ANY part of the same work, and if so, is it not a pretty sure thing that SOME one of them will eventually give some of it away? Are they given the same "signs," "grips," pass-words, etc., as the adult members? Or some for juveniles only?

I presume that, of course, the peculiar lettering below the words "ROSAE CRUCIS" on your (long) letter paper, is NOT the secret cipher in which initiates make notes of lectures? If so, or if not, I read it very easily, and I am not extra bright.

Back of title-page (inner one) of your pamphlet, states Lord Edward Bulwer Lytton "an enthusiastic brother of the Order of ROSAE CRUCIS." Now I happen to know that Bulwer Lytton was claimed as belonging to (note different spelling) the SOCIETAS ROSICRUCIANA IN ANGLIA. Here we are again right up against the same old difficulty. Which Society was which in Britain? Am interested, but want explanations before going any farther. Don't want to see any imitation of Lucifer



starting a kingdom of Heaven of his own, which ever is right.

Respectfully,

JOHN F. JAMES.

P. S.—I enclose a stamp. Would be glad if I could see a catalogue and price-list of your lodge goods. It takes money to carry on lodges, or to form them.

Is there any Lodge of R. C. in Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Hollywood, or elsewhere near Los Angeles, in Los Angeles County?

COMMENTS ON LETTER NO. 2.

Paragraph No. 3. I do not know how the Societas Rosaecruciana regards our work or Order, for I have not written them any letters to learn this, nor have I had any of our members or friends write such letters of inquiry. The "American Rosae Crucis" (which is NOT our magazine, in as much as the Order does not own it) has said sufficient in this respect, it seems to me. But, in an interview with the founders of that organization in January of 1914 they were considerably interested in having their plans copy after the laws of the true Order as I outlined them in answer to questions. Their satisfaction with our laws and programme was evinced by their expressed determination to permit women to enter their society instead of debarring them as they had planned and stated in their early literature. Since then they have approved of many of the A.M.O.R.C. points by adopting a change in their symbols, using the words Rosae Crucis, etc. This alone inclines me to believe that they approve, if not admire, our Order, its ancient practises and principles.

Paragraph No. 4. The correct or legal name of this society is "Society of Rosaecrucians," since the name Societas Rosicruciana was denied them in their legal papers. However, under the name of "Societas Rosicruciana in America" they do announce in the World Almanac that they are in fraternal communion with LIKE SOCIETIES in France, Egypt, etc. That means exactly what it says, and one should not read into the sentence what is not there. "Like societies" means other bodies called "societas Rosicruciana." Many of these exist in many countries. They are usually composed of Masons who are studying advanced occultism. They are not Orders or Lodges of Rosae Crucis, nor do they claim to be. The organization to which you refer is the first one to admit women and use the

words Rosae Crucis, an Egyptian Cartouche, a triangle and Cross with a single rose, and to admit those who are not Masons. All these things have modified the usual work and practises of such purely speculative societies since our Order was established here, as is clearly shown by the changes in their literature. One of their former officers, now a member of our Supreme Grand Lodge, frankly admits that this organization may teach "Druidism" as it states in the World Almanac, but it does not teach the great laws which we give even to the new Initiates. So, while there may be many sincere bodies (Masonic, Theosophical, etc.), meeting regularly to study the exoteric work of Rosicrucianism, they are not members or Lodges of the true Order.

Paragraph No. 5. I have heard nothing but good of Mr. Plummer (who assumes the name "Khei"). Of the others I know nothing at all.

Paragraph No. 6. Certainly the teachings go back to those who existed before Thothmes IV. You can hardly expect me to give you, here, and for them or others not in our Order, the origin of the teachings. The same applies to what we KNOW (not suppose or believe) about "Atlantis" or "magian family ideas."

Paragraphs No. 7 and 8. An absurd assumption. Our words in the "American Rosae Crucis" and elsewhere do not even imply that children are taught Rosaecrucian secrets or "work." You have evidently failed to read with an unbiased understanding.

Paragraph No. 9. A correct assumption. Surely a secret sign or code would not be published. Even those who are making a business of publishing books (the Philosophical Publishing Co., Mr. Heindel, the Societas Rosicruciana, et al) would not do that.

Paragraph No. 10. You are right. Lytton did belong to a number of societies. But,—what is the point of this question?

Paragraph No. 11. Sorry, sir, but we have no catalogs of lodge goods to send you. Lodge goods are for Lodges—not individuals. Descriptions of our Lodge equipments are not sent to those outside of the Order for the benefit of those other organizations which are stretching every point to imitate the A.M.O.R.C. in a commercial manner. It DOES NOT



take money to establish a Lodge of our Order, but it does take honor, sincerity, honesty and a clean, healthy desire to serve but one Master. Under such conditions there are thousands of dollars ready to assist in the establishment of a Lodge anywhere in the United States of America, Territories and Dependencies. Lodges are being established in California for sincere seekers for Truth and Light.

A comparison of the two foregoing letters shows a similar purpose in each,—an attempt to prove the genuineness of another movement and the opposite of the A.M.O.R.C. If one of the above letters makes good its plea, the other must fail. Who can decide which of the above organizations is truly the only legitimate Order R. C.? All that I will say in this respect is this: join that which will help you

most, but remember there is only one organization in America which is NOT a SCHOOL, not a society, not a publishing firm and not a branch of any other plan to propagate the sale of books or lessons. That organization calls itself an ORDER, has LODGES, and gives its teachings only in closed, well tiled temples. It is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," sponsored by the Supreme Grand Lodge of France, permitted by the Supreme Council of the World and endowed with the "work" teachings, signs and fraternal communion of the Rosaecrucian Masters of the World. I am its Imperator in America as proven by well-established papers known to many, and by the story told in this very issue of "A Pilgrim's Journey to the East."

H. SPENCER LEWIS,
F.R.C., 12° France.

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