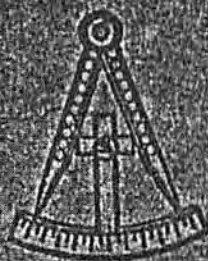


The
American
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Crucis



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The American Rosae Crucis

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NOTICE.

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Ex-Cathedra



The Age of Man



In a recent conversation with a prominent student and occultist the above subject came up for discussion and this venerable Savant made the statement that he knew and had met in the East a man who was 242,000 years old, and that this super-man had always been in the "flesh" during this time,

had never "died" or "passed beyond," but had "renewed" his body at will.

Having always been in the habit of regarding Methuselah as a grand old man, with 969 years to his credit, I felt a desire to look over the moth-eaten old records to see if my studies had been too superficial and herewith tabulate both proven and apocryphical "lives."

	Age		Age		Age
Methuselah	969	Eber	464	Napthali	130
Jared	962	Arphazed	438	Sarah	127
Adam	930	Salah	403	Asher	126
Seth	912	Peleg	239	Gad	125
Cainan	910	Rew	239	Dan	124
Enos	905	Terah	205	Reuben	124
Mahalaleel	895	Isaac	180	Issacher	122
Lamech	777	Abraham	175	Simeon	120
Noah, before flood	600	Nahur	148	Judah	119
Noah, after flood	350	Jacob	147	Zebulon	114
Shem, before flood	98	Levi	137	Joseph	110
Shem, after flood	502	Kohath	133		

MODERN CENTENARIANS

Died	Place	Name	Age
1630, Aug. 15	Yorkshire	Robt. Montgomery	126
1635, Nov. 16	Shropshire	Sir Thomas Parre	159
1656, Aug. 15	Kenilworth	James Bowels	152
1662, Oct. 28	Ware	Wm. Mead, M.D.	148
1668, (?)	Lancashire	J. Sagar	112
1683, Jan. 3	Ireland	Count's Desmond	140
1691, (?)	Ireland	Mr. Edeston	143
1706, April 5	Northampton	John Baylis	126
1754, (?)	Cumberland	Margaret Forster	136
1748, (?)	Cumberland	Her Daughter	104
1764, May 30	Trlonia	Simon Sack	140
1766, Aug. 22	Ireland	Col. Thos. Winsloe	146
1768, Jan.	Yorkshire	Francis Consist	150
1769, Feb. 6	France	Francis Boris	121
1770, June 24	Norway	C. J. Drakenberg	146
1774, March	Worcestershire	John Tice	125
1776, Feb. 27	Scotland	John Mount	136
1776, June	France	A. Goldsmith	140
1780, Aug. 16	Liverpool	Wm. Ellis	130
1782, Jan. 16	Harmenstead	Dumiter Radaly	140
1782, Oct.	Preston, Hull	Val. Catby	116

That the human body should endure for a considerable longer time than is usual at the present day is beyond dispute, but to consider 242,000 years is so enormous that it staggers the imagination and understanding of the Western mind.

According to the Hindoos, the ages are divided into four grand "Yugs." Satya Yug, the age of purity, the Golden Age, which lasted three million years, and during which time the age of man was said to be 100,000 years and his height twenty-one cubits. Treta Yug, in which one-third of mankind became reprobate, and the age was reduced to 10,000 years, with

a corresponding decrease in stature. Dwapar Yug, when three-fourths of the human race became wicked and the age of Man was reduced to 1,000 years. The fourth and present period is named Cali Yug, in which all men are wicked, and the age rarely exceeding 100 years. The Hindoos say that Cali Yug will last 400,000 years of which a paltry 5,000 years have been consumed. According to these claims, which the writer has no means of substantiating, there is still opportunity for the lovers of the earthplane to extend their career 395,000 years, more or less.

—CONSTANTIA.



July, 1916

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Our Mental Garden

By Margaret S. Linn Parr

"The soil of thy inner garden is thine own,
Let it not wait for cultivation.
The seed which thou sowest, thou shalt reap!"
—III.

WE have within us a vast area which
should be under constant cultiva-
tion, in order to attain that perfec-
tion which is our privilege; but in-
stead of this fertile soil being cul-
tivated and fruitful, we more often
find it growing wild and neglected.

We have seen gardens in the material
world that were literally covered with rank
weeds and poisonous vines, while clinging with
tenacity to every growth was a dense web, to
say nothing of the worms and insects that
always abound in such environment. Our
first thought was that the owner must be
away, and we felt sorry that so much fertile
soil should be allowed to go to waste. The
pity of it was that he had left to shrivel and
die the most precious plant he possessed.

The plant still had life, that divine gift with
which it could be developed into a thing of
beauty, but for want of cultivation, it lacked
that quality which was its birth-right. The
condition of the plant indicated that its vitality
was at low ebb, and if the plant was to be
saved, something must be done, and quickly,
too.

As we are deeply interested in the welfare
of gardens, let us see what steps would be
necessary to take, in order to prepare this

neglected garden for higher cultivation. First,
we would have to remove every trace of the
dense web, which obscures the light, because
plants will not thrive without sunshine. Then
we would have to clear away the underbrush,
and pull up the rank weeds, and then uproot
the poisonous vines. After this we would have
to destroy the worms and the insects, which,
if left, would kill our plant. When this has
been accomplished we must prepare the soil
for a thorough ploughing. Then to destroy
the poison which the weeds and the vines have
generated we fumigate. After we have done
this we use a good fertilizer to enrich the soil,
so that it will nourish all beautiful growths.

Having prepared the soil, let us take a look
at the one precious plant that was left to shrivel
and die, and see by what means we can restore
it to its original beauty. To strengthen this
plant and promote its development, we must
trim off the weak looking branches, that the
Life Power may be centered in the trunk and
the roots of the plant, that it may be sent out
later with renewed strength. This makes the
plant more symmetrical and gives promise of
greater beauty. Then the nipping of the dead
leaves that others more beautiful may grow
in their place. After this comes the daily
watering, and we must water profusely if we



want good results. We must also pick off the worms which, if left on the plant, would cause so much havoc.

Can you not see a great difference in the garden and the plant after such care and attention? It is just so with the cultivation of the Soul. From a scientific standpoint we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Looking from the point of physical evolution, we have reached perfection; but, we live here in a very material way, so that our worship of GOD, does not, in many cases, get much below the surface, and we will soon find ourselves in the same shrivelled condition, from a spiritual point of view, as the plant described above. We alone are responsible for this spiritual state in not taking care of Our Mental Garden, and cultivating our plant of Spirituality.

Does it not then, remain for us, while there is yet time, to take hold and develop our garden, by taking the proper care of each growth, seeing that nothing in the way of evil thoughts retards their progress? No Mental Garden, or Spiritual Plant will attain perfection without care and faithful attention. Nor can we work in any half-hearted way, we must be willing to give our earnest effort to the cultivation of our plants. It is a sacred responsibility which we assume on reaching the age of understanding.

To cultivate this Spiritual Plant of ours we must first clear away the dense web—The Web of Ignorance—the web that spreads from branch to branch trying to connect with every other growth, its desire being to cover as would a canopy, and thoroughly exclude the Light and sunshine. We must clear away this web with a strong desire for spiritual guidance, and remember that while the least particle of the web remains our soil cannot be cultivated. Its very odor, if we breathe it long enough means a living death. This, then, must be destroyed by a fervent desire for Spiritual Light, which once we attain it, dispels all darkness, and we find Light our greatest help in the cultivation of our garden; in fact, we cannot develop without it.

Our next step is to uproot that poisonous vine of pessimism. Let us stop for a moment and think what effect such a poisonous growth has upon our life. First it creates an unhealthy

atmosphere for us to breathe. Then it distorts our vision, throwing a dark cloud over every thing we see, and every thing we have. Instead of seeing friends when we are looking at our brethren, it causes us to look upon them as enemies. It is a rank growth and its tendency is to annihilate everything that grows, especially the beautiful. No Soul ever attains great heights that permits this vine of pessimism to grow in his garden. This vine must be uprooted by honest work, not the mere physical labor for the daily needs, but work that means prayer, and also good deeds, to and for our fellow-man. The lifting up of the criminal by the wayside, recognizing in him—no matter to what depths he has fallen—the Son of God our Brother. It is only by filling our hearts with work and deeds of this kind that we can successfully slay this poisonous vine. Does not work of this kind bring joy? and pessimism never take root, where joy abounds.

Some of our friends may suggest that we mow down these rank weeds with good resolutions. But, we know, and we have proved, that our Spiritual Plant will not grow, except in soil which is free from any poisonous taint of evil thoughts. When we mow down with good resolutions, it means that the roots are still there, and almost in a twinkling they are sprouting again. While the roots are there, we cannot cultivate our mental garden, nor can we develop our Spiritual Plant. There is only one way, pull them up, roots and all.

Wherever pessimism grows we are sure to find that little vine of worry. It grows small at first, trailing along in its sly little way, peeping into every conceivable crevice, but, when it gets started it grows very rapidly. It is most difficult to uproot, but it can be accomplished. Worry and pessimism are negative conditions, and we never develop ourselves, or anything else while we are negative; for it means holding ourselves receptive to all wicked, depressing influences, and the more we worry the heavier our burden becomes. The clouds, then are so dense that we gradually find we are hedged in on all sides, and unless we take a positive stand, and break this bondage, we will be forever in darkness.

There is, however, always a way if we try to find it. To thoroughly demolish this weed



of worry, we must resort to that active plant, Ambition. Ambition is the plant that awakens the Soul to strive for things worth while, the things that count in the higher kingdom, not hereafter, but now. The living up to our highest ideals, scorning to do an unkind act, or take advantage of another soul. This plant, Ambition, needs careful cultivation, so that it does not become tainted with things material beyond the needs of the day. Sometimes we find it overgrown, and when we do, its fruits are not wholesome, or pure. In cultivating this plant Ambition, we must remember that it requires a great deal of Spiritual dew to cause it to grow symmetrically.

Then we see looming up in the distance that tall, stout weed of revenge, casting its shadow all around. To touch this weed of revenge means death. If those who foster this growth would stop long enough in their mad rush towards destruction, they would know that they were harming themselves more than they could possibly hurt another. They would also recognize they could not injure another without suffering themselves. They might not realize this at the moment of their revengeful thought, or desire, but, they cannot escape paying the debt, because it is Divine Law. Stern Justice will deal out to them their just deserts. If they would stop long enough to realize this, and uproot this deadly growth, how different their life would be.

We can only extirpate this weed with a divine remedy, that of Forgiveness. Remember that this weed is the offspring of the web of Ignorance, and the cure is Love. For is not Forgiveness a child of Love? Is it not human to err, and is it not divine to forgive? Are we not told to forgive our brother until seventy times seven? and again "to forgive those who trespass against us." Did not our Master say: "Love your enemies?" Is this not balm to our Soul?

We find growing in every neglected garden, and oftentimes creeping into so-called well kept gardens—that troublesome weed of Fear. It has the appearance of being such a strong growth; but it is not. Like all weeds its appearance is most deceptive—in fact, that is the nature of all weeds. But Fear insists that we shall think it powerful, however it is not. It

presents more shadow than anything else, and while we are under the influence of the web of ignorance, this illusion seems most real to us. While we cultivate Fear, we also have failure accompanying us, and we never get on even the bottom round of the ladder called success; either in the material world, or, in the Spiritual. This weed of Fear is such a prolific growth, that its offsprings are too numerous to keep track of, that is, if we allow it any growth at all. But, if we annihilate it root and all in the beginning, why, then it is the most easily destroyed of any weed that grows.

What we need to do to dissipate this falsifying weed, is to cultivate Trust. Take trust by the hand and look up, not down, not once but every moment of our existence. Trust HIM for all things, not only those we fear, but for the things that bring us joy. Trust until trust becomes perfect Love, then fear will pass away. "For perfect Love casteth out fear," and we know that "He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the ALMIGHTY." "There shall no evil befall thee, for He shall give His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

It is necessary that we extirpate these weeds separately, one at a time, for by so doing we know that our work is being done thoroughly. The task of preparing a garden for higher cultivation takes time and effort; but we know that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. And are we not assured that our effort will bring joy to our soul?

The only weed that is at all attractive in this garden is the weed Temptation. It is a beautiful growth to look upon, and one not accustomed to cultivating gardens might take it for a rare exotic, one to be prized. It grows to be tall and graceful, its flowers are of the rarest shades of different colors, with the faculty of changing to suit the occasion. Another misleading point about these flowers is the perfume, which is both subtle, and attractive. We often take this weed to our heart because of its beauty, without trying to study, or understand its nature. When we do, we suffer. But does not suffering purge the dross from the gold? and are there not times when



suffering shows us the path more clearly than joy? This weed Temptation is to be gazed upon, but not touched. To touch is to lose our balance and the fruits are Remorse.

To successfully slay Temptation we must cultivate our plant of Intuition. Intuition is the plant which speaks to the inner soul, yet makes no sound, but whose guidance we can trust implicitly, not once, but at all times, that is, if we hold ourselves receptive to it. This is a voice that is always with us if we listen, and if we manifest a desire for it by holding open the door of our soul, not part-way, but wide open, with a whole-heartedness, that speaks welcome. You can understand then, how necessary it is, that we cultivate our plant of Intuition, that progeny of Wisdom, the plant that helps us in the beginning of our mental cultivation until we prove ourselves worthy and capable of cultivating the Mother plant, Wisdom itself.

When we cultivate Intuition and know its unfailing guidance, then we can look upon that beautiful, though misleading weed Temptation and know that we will be able to see the two paths, and have the strength to decide upon the right one. One path is wide and attractive with its beautiful flowers growing on both sides, growing low that they may be the more easily plucked. The other path is straight and narrow, but we find it shaded from the heat of the day by the tree of Duty. This is a tree that grows tall and straight, full of vigor and strength, the fruits and leaves growing abundantly at the top. If we want the fruit, we must climb the path. Its destination is one of certainty, for it leads directly to Our Father.

It requires heroic effort at times to prepare this garden for higher cultivation, in fact we may say it requires constant effort. Frequently when we think a weed is dead, we find it sprouting again, in the shape of evil thoughts. At such times we are apt to become discouraged, but right here is where we need to work the harder to keep out the weeds. When we allow ourselves to get disheartened, we are preparing our mental soil for the cultivation of these rank weeds, and we cannot afford to do this. At such times we must stand up and reclaim ourselves, and if we do

this, in a few moments we will find strength flowing into our hearts, and we will resume our work with determination, seeing in the distance our garden in all its perfection.

As we rest for a moment, we look around on the work yet to be done, and we see another weed that we did not know was there; that troublesome little weed of Envy. It is a mean sly growth, because it throws its poison over and through everything that it can reach. Its tendency is to mutilate and destroy all joy and pleasure.

We can, however, by giving our best effort to the task, cultivate our plant of Happiness to such an extent that it will annihilate this weed of Envy. So prolific in good works is this plant of Happiness, that after earnest individual cultivation, it will blossom eternally, bringing good-will and pleasure to all. Its perfume is most lasting, and its flowers are the palest shade of red, a shade that radiates its influence far and wide. We must be careful, however, that we do not cultivate the wrong species of happiness. We do not want the plant that says "me and mine," but the one that spreads incessantly, that all may enjoy its fruits, the Universal Plant of Happiness.

As we pull out the growths one by one, we come to the deadly weeds of Anger and Hate. These grow to represent twins, so closely are they related. There are no weeds more fatal in their influence than these twins; their poison runs through every vein of the growth, and permeates the soil, until no plant worth cultivating could grow in the garden. Then their odor is diabolical, for it spreads such a distance, and it contaminates all with which it comes in contact. There are no weeds that will so quickly destroy this beautiful temple in which God dwells, like the presence of Anger and Hate. The Holy Spirit cannot enter while such unworthy guests are entertained. And to live without the Spirit means a living hell—the living in complete darkness, eating of the fruits of rank weeds, and breathing an atmosphere of poisonous vines. To save our garden (ourselves) we must be up and doing; "work while it is still day" is the mandate. Our only course is to thoroughly uproot those weeds, which sap the life of our Spiritual Plant, and which if not pulled up with



a firm will, and a positive determination, will cause a blight to fall upon our garden.

While uprooting these weeds with a firm will and a positive determination that they shall not again grow in our garden, let our hearts be filled with Love; Love that uplifts; Love that means GOD; Love to all mankind. In a little while we will see those two beautiful, though modest plants of Patience and Cheerfulness, flourish in our garden without any apparent effort on our part, and giving evidence of bearing fruit, which will be helpful and uplifting to others as the seasons pass.

The last weed to remove is Despair. The weed that means darkness,—mental, moral and spiritual. This weed belongs to the family of Pessimism, and Worry; and Fear is also closely related to it. It seems as if all the deadly poison of the whole family was deposited in this rank weed of Despair. No plant can live where it is. It does not seem to grow itself, and yet it has the power of spreading over such a distance. In appearance it is a stunted growth. It never gets far above the ground and its branches turn downward, in place of spreading out. This weed is the last of its family to develop and it has the most hellish atmosphere of any weed that grows.

Hell means the overpowering of the good by the evil, until the good entirely disappears, and then we live in perfect torment without any apparent means of escape. We are so shadowed by the web of ignorance, and the illusion is so dense that all pathways out of this hellish atmosphere are for the time completely obscured. Yet these delusions and influences cannot effect us one minute longer than we are willing they should. If we would use but half the energy to work for Heaven, that we consume in creating hell, we would be in Paradise for all time, and not hereafter but NOW.

But for those who want to break their bondage, there is always a road out. It is for us to cultivate our Mental Garden which leads to GOD. To successfully destroy this diabolical growth, we must cultivate our plant of Inspiration. We should realize that the "Kingdom of GOD is within," and it only requires our own earnest effort to open the door of that Kingdom, and the glorious Radiance

from that within will burst forth, lighting our pathway, and illuminating our garden, so that others in darkness will be attracted to the LIGHT. Inspiration is that message from GOD which tells us that no matter how far we have fallen, we are still His children; that what is necessary to do is to pull up the weeds, and cultivate our garden, and the LIGHT within will supply all our needs. In cultivating Inspiration we cause to grow that beautiful plant Magnanimity, that plant whose fruits are Greatness of Soul, the one rare plant that is always willing and anxious to shelter all weak souls under its mantle of Love.

In pulling up the weeds we find root worms of Selfishness, worms which cause so much suffering, that they invariably discolor all plants and even weeds, and prevent them from ever bringing forth any blossoms, or fruit. After they have eaten to the center, the heart of the plant which they attack, there is no chance to save it. It dies.

To destroy these pernicious worms while there is yet time, we must use the plant of Living Sacrifice, whose perfume and fruit bring comfort to so many weary souls. It is in this growth of Living Sacrifice that we find so much to refresh and invigorate us, so beautiful is this growth we can truthfully call it Divine. Living Sacrifice has eliminated all thoughts of the personal self, and only lives to do the Father's Will; thereby receiving not only its own spiritual peace but radiating the love that says "It is more blessed to give than receive."

Just as we think we are ready for the ploughing we find those tantalizing little insects of Discord. To remove them is no small task, for, just as we think we have them, they are jumping somewhere else. They are very poisonous in their nature, and they work so silently, and are so destructive that we must exterminate them at all costs.

To destroy these Insects of Discord we must cause to grow our plant of Contentment, the contentment of well doing. It is not a gaudy or striking growth, but oh, it is so attractive in its quiet way, that one feels its influence very quickly, and then its fruits are so sweet to the taste. Those who have cultivated this plant have found it most beautiful. It



leads us so quietly without growing weary, step by step we climb our spiritual mountain and hear that blessed message, "well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

During this cultivation there will be times when we will feel that we cannot go on without stumbling. The work seems so hard, for frequently it means going over and over the ground. Stray pieces of the root will peep up in our soil, in the shape of evil thoughts which we felt we had conquered. At such times we must fight against depression. Depression is the poison of the weeds, and the vines still lurking in the atmosphere. When such melancholy thoughts come into our conscious mind, we must stand up and claim our birthright as children of GOD, knowing that "The Lord Thy GOD in the midst of thee is Mighty." And in a little while we will feel the presence of HIS Angels and know that "They will bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy feet against a stone."

We still have the underbrush to clear away, and that is quite a difficult task, for it has been gathering so long, and is so thick and heavy. In clearing away this underbrush, the underbrush of Slander, we find that it is a growth that always lies close to the ground; sometimes it has a root, but more often it has not. It has a pronounced tendency for entangling all other plants, especially the beautiful, covering their beauty with a mantle of shame.

We must clear away this underbrush with heart-felt words of Praise and Kindness, always returning good for evil. We must look past the personality and see the Divine Kinship in each human soul. And instead of closing up the Divine Inflow, by listening to, and repeating slanders and scandals, let us keep the channel clean and clear by words of help and encouragement, rejoicing in the privilege that the All-Father has sent to us, to uplift another Soul.

Now that all the weeds have been removed we are ready for the ploughing. To plough successfully we must use the plough of "Goodwill to Men." It is necessary that we keep ploughing until the soil is perfectly fine and smooth. Care must be exercised that no lit-

tle lumps of deceit are left in the soil, for if they are, they will sprout again and our work will be for naught. Our work of cultivation must be done thoroughly, and the ploughing is of the utmost importance, for it prepares the soil for the fertilizer.

After the ploughing has been carefully done, then we must clear the atmosphere from the poisons which the weeds and the vines have generated. In order to accomplish this we must fumigate the whole garden, soil and all. We fumigate with the best results, when we use the Spirit of Humility, because we need its purifying qualities. It not only promotes the growth of our Spiritual Plant, but it adds Grace as well. The taint of poisonous weeds (evil thoughts) lurk around a garden for a long time after the weeds have been destroyed, hence the great necessity of a thorough and frequent fumigation, with a generous supply of the Spirit of Humility.

Now to enrich the soil so our plant may be nourished we must use a fertilizer. The best fertilizer for mental soil is the fertilizer of Faith. We must use it freely, we must use it in large quantities, and it must be of an excellent quality. Let it permeate the soil thoroughly; so that the soil will contain the Life giving qualities so necessary to the growth of all beautiful things. Each day we must use an added amount of this Life giving fertilizer, so that the constant enriching of the soil may continue, and by so doing other plants will take root.

Now that our soil is prepared, we must turn our attention to our Spiritual Plant, and give it the necessary care in order to change it from its shrivelled condition to its birthright which is beauty.

That our Spiritual Plant may not wither and die, we must see that it is watered daily with Hope and with deep earnest meditation on the glory of GOD and His goodness to us. By this daily care our plant will take on greater vitality, and new branches and leaves will burst forth where we were least expecting them, leaves of unselfish consideration for others, coupled with gentleness, which in time, always brings forth such beautiful fruit.

To keep this plant clean let us spray it with Courage, that the heart faint not. By spray-



ing the leaves daily we keep them free from dust, and in keeping them always bright and clean we are prepared to withstand any attack of storms or temptations, and by continued spraying with Courage, Courage itself will take root, and will grow into a strong sturdy oak, which in time will bring us shade from the heat of the day.

We must trim off the weak looking branches, that the power may be centered in the roots and the trunk of the plant. These are the dead leaves of Creed and Dishonesty which prevent the Life giving currents of the spirit sending forth its nourishment by closing the channels; which if not trimmed off will cause slow decay. Let us trim off the decayed branches with a living of the Golden Rule, a living that would bring Heaven here and now; for the Golden Rule is a plant which is prolific of great good, and its fruits are pure gold.

Nip the dead leaves of Dogma and Prejudice by love of justice to all HIS children. Let the withered leaves of desire to criticise and condemn be pulled off that the young shoots of Compassion and Mercy may have a chance to grow and develop, for they bring forth a beautiful flower, whose fragrance is most welcome to our less fortunate brethren and sisters as they journey along Life's path.

As we continue to cultivate this Mental Garden of ours, we find we not only have our original Spiritual plant, but to it we have added other plants of rare beauty. We find Understanding, that plant whose noble curves mean so much to us, with its ever ready willingness to blossom for our every desire. It, too, requires careful attention that its atmosphere may be kept pure, for by it we learn to cultivate that Universal Friend, the tree of Knowledge which stands firm in our defence in many battles. It also gives us the comfort of knowing that we are ALL HIS Children. We must realize that any condemnation against one, is a condemnation against All; for are we not One great Whole? Is He not the Divine Father of All? Is not the LIFE giving Principle flowing from HIM into ALL Creation?

To condemn is to cultivate the rank weeds, whose fruit is dead leaves, but to nip these dead leaves, giving their place to Compassion and Mercy, we cause to grow that rare plant

Charity, which seems so hard to cultivate, but which adds greatly to the growth of Justice, whose development means Universal Good. Our Mental Garden could never be cultivated to perfection without the perfect development of Justice.

We must exercise great care in picking off the worms that creep under the leaves, those worms of Doubt, Suspicion, and Jealousy. They creep through such small places, crawl in so often when we are not aware of their presence until they have gained a footing, then, they always leave disaster in their path. They not only eat all the visible part of the plant, but they sap the vitality as well; and out of the debris they build such a high wall of Doubt around our Spiritual Plant that all sunshine is barred out, and the result is it will shrivel and die for want of nourishment—nourishment that means the Sunshine of Truth and Love. To shatter this wall of Doubt and pick off the worms of Suspicion and Jealousy is of the utmost importance, and we must be untiring in our efforts.

We must shatter this wall of Doubt by living the daily life of Truth in every way, in the little things, as well as the large ones that impress us with their importance; pick off the little worms of Jealousy and Suspicion with Sincerity, Gentleness, and Kindness. Sincerity is a charming plant when once it takes root. Like Charity it is rare, but it can be cultivated in any soil with proper care and attention, although the soil must be healthy and pure before it will make much progress, but after it once takes deep root, it flourishes and adds great beauty to the garden. Its blossoms and perfume are so impressive, so far reaching, so helpful to ourselves and others.

When our Garden has been cultivated for some time, giving it our daily care and attention, striving to perform every duty faithfully, then we find growing at the entrance of our garden, that rare, and exquisitely beautiful plant of Wisdom, the plant that only grows when our garden is in an advanced stage of cultivation; the flowers of which radiate an unutterable fragrance which illuminates our pathway to GOD.

After Wisdom appears, we see our garden more clearly. As we look around, we see all



our plants and trees grown to full size. Patience in all her modesty has grown to a size beyond human conception, when we recall from what she sprung. And as we stoop to caress her precious blossoms we find Gratitude, with her shower of golden petals, extending the entire harvest for the fruitful work that has been accomplished.

A feeling of calm pure Rhythm flows through us, and we look again to see Harmony, that beautiful vine with its ultra-violet flowers, bordering the entire garden, so that Discord may never again enter. This exquisite vine clings and protects every plant we have cultivated. As we stop for a moment to pick the beautiful flowers from Harmony to give to those less fortunate than ourselves, influencing them with a desire to turn to HIM, we look up, and lo, a new plant is there. It is Joy, full to overflowing with her gorgeous harvest of flowers, each blossom bowing with Love, sending forth with its fragrance a song of Glorious Hallelujah to GOD.

Now that we have given our garden our best care, looking upon each duty as a pleasure, the living toward our neighbor as we would he should live toward us, then we see each day new evidence of our growth in the form of new plants. And then we realize our greatest happiness in life has been the cultivation of our Spiritual Plant, and doing the Master's work in the uplifting of humanity.

Just as this feeling of Love flows through us, we lift our eyes to see that sweet Plant of Universal LOVE—the plant that gives its perfume and shade to all—entirely covered with its perfect pink foliage—the white of the

Spirit, with the red of humanity, blended into the pink, the shade the CHRIST loved—its branches growing upward, and outward to GOD and Humanity.

In the beginning we started with a poorly kept Mental Garden, and our one plant Spirituality in a very poor condition, but as we patiently and faithfully worked, our garden grew and new plants were being continually added to make it more beautiful. We have accomplished this because we have obeyed the Master's command, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of GOD and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." We have come to realize that He is ALL in ALL; and we are ALL in HIM.

All the while we have been growing, the Winds of Influence—the Influence of patient cultivation—have been scattering the seeds of our beautiful plant far and wide, until all the Universe has developed into ONE GREAT GARDEN, each doing his own share of the cultivation, and at the same time, helping to lift up the Brothers and the Sisters, who, as yet do not understand taking care of their own garden.

Then, when we feel that we can rest from our labors, we see in the center of the vast garden that great Tree of Peace, with its enormous protecting branches extending over the entire garden. Its foliage is thick and beautiful, each branch laden with pure white flowers; its perfume and beauty speaking of HIM from whence it originated. It soothes and strengthens and we know that when our garden has been perfected, we can lie down under its protecting shade and pass to HIS GLORIOUS ABODE.

The Field Work of the Order

The activities of the Department of Extension, as reported by the Minister of that Department, show that the interest in our work is spreading very rapidly.

Charters have been granted to Grand Lodges in Tampa, Florida, San Juan, Puerto Rico, San Francisco, California, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Harlan, Iowa, during the past sixty days. Lodges are being formed in Bridgeport, Conn.,

Boston, Mass., Detroit, Mich., Jacksonville, Fla., Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Evansville, Ind., San Diego, Calif., Washington, D. C., Helena, Mont., and Honolulu.

Pennsylvania still leads with the greatest number of subordinate Lodges under its Grand Lodge in Pittsburgh, and the largest number of initiated Brothers and Sisters.



The Authentic and Complete History of the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

Compiled by H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C.

Grand Master General and Imperator of the Order in the United States

SIXTH INSTALLMENT



IN concluding this history I feel that I must speak of the establishment of the Order in America.

I did not realize at the time—possibly I do not thoroughly realize now—the great responsibility and tremendous importance of the undertaking. Daily I am more strongly impressed with its power for good in this country and what it will eventually mean to America and Americans.

As the founder,—organizer if you will,—I have most certainly made a few mistakes in matters important and trivial. With new and different conditions to meet and contend with, without precedence for many acts I was forced to permit or institute quickly, and with the war in Europe to prevent my rapid communication with the Masters abroad, I know I have had to use discretion and judgment requiring more mature understanding than one of my age and experience possesses.

I would that I could undo some of the errors; I would remove from the hearts and souls of some the memory of anguish, disappointment and sorrow which I have caused. I shall sometime pay the penalty, however, and I trust that I may have the opportunity to do some kinder acts, sweeter deeds and more joyous matters to recompense those whom I have pained.

It was not until the fall of 1913 that I began my outward activities for the Order in this country; and my first acts were a mistake!

My instructions plainly said that the Order was not to be made concrete until 1915. Well I knew the year. The figures 1915 were blazoned in my mind; that was to be the "great year" for America which many Rosaecrucian

students had been looking forward to for many years.

But my instructions—in weird, symbolical language requiring careful translation—also stated that during the winter of 1914-1915, "between December 15th of 1914 and Easter of 1915," I should make such preliminary announcements as would enable me to have my American Supreme Council selected by April 1st and my Officers installed by not later than May of 1915. These instructions I had read many times during 1910, 1911 and 1912. During 1913 I was devoted to the preparation of the necessary "first papers," by the large, illuminated Charter to be signed by the selected Councilors, and the first "Black Book" which I had to design, letter and bind myself, not being permitted to have any matter pass from my hands before the Order was established.

Thus it was that as December of 1913 approached, the figures 1914 of the coming year seemed to stand forth boldly in my consciousness and my instructions I misinterpreted as being: "between December 15th and Easter of 1913-1914 instead of 1914-1915.

My papers for the preliminary announcement were ready. I anxiously awaited December 15 and on or about that date I made my first mistake. I announced to some especially advanced members of the New York Institute for Psychical Research of which I was then President, that I would have them meet with me to prepare the way for the establishment of the Order Rosae Crucis in America.

A preliminary meeting was held during the winter of 1913-1914 and I was surprised to find no enthusiasm and little interest. Those whom I considered interested displayed no in-



terest, but rather antipathy. I recall well the very rainy night when I wended my way home from a lady's home on Madison Avenue, near 34th Street, with my papers, charter and "Black Book" under my arm, dejected and puzzled. Of the twelve who had assembled (out of 20 invited), not even one signed the preliminary organization paper.

"Was this an indication of what the R. C. would be in America?" was the question I tried to answer later that night in the stillness of my room.

Then light came. I discovered my mistake of dates and the morning's sunlight brought joy at the thought that no one had signed that paper nearly 12 months before it was time to be signed. The very weather, antipathy and disinterestedness of those there that night had prevented a grave error on my part. Truly a Rosaecrucian lesson! (And, strange as it may seem, not one of those 20 supposedly interested men and women have to this day shown any interest whatever in the Order in this country.)

However, the following winter I was even more ready and more prepared to carry out the preliminary work. During the fall of 1914 there came to me a grand old lady who had been a deep student of the occult for years. She had traveled much abroad in search for knowledge and had been initiated in many forms of our work. Being of royal descent and intimately acquainted with governmental and military authorities here and abroad, she had been entrusted with a special errand and mission connected with the Order. Thus on another rainy night in the month of November—on my own birthday in fact—she uncereemoniously and reverently placed in my hands a few papers, a small packet and—a beautiful red rose! In addition to these she gave me a locket of gold set with stones in symbolical form, containing a rare and historical piece of mineral. The latter was a personal gift to be worn in her remembrance—and ever shall I remember the dear old soul whose days are numbered, but who is sure of a sweet place in the hearts of my wife, my children and myself. (S. of the C.!)

The papers I found to be some of those which the Masters had explained to me in

Europe in 1909 and which were promised to come to me when I needed them most, by special messenger. The packet contained a seal and an insignia. I was pleased, astounded—and now greatly fortified for my work.

On or about December 20th of 1914 I made my preliminary announcement. This time I simply placed a small notice in the Personal Column of the New York Sunday Herald. It said that the writer would be pleased to hear from ladies and gentlemen interested in the work of the Order R. C.

The replies were numerous, varied and very encouraging. Great interest was shown and the status of most inquirers was pleasing indeed.

My next step was to plan a meeting of a few for organization purposes. As I was preparing the notices for the meeting, there came into my business office a man whose art—not trade—was printing. He saw one of the notices, immediately explained his long search for the Order in this country and his many years of study and preparation for it.

As soon as I explained my mission and my hopes, he volunteered not only his own help and assistance but that of a printing firm. His great desire to truly help me, his very unselfish motives and sincere expressions of his love, to earn and deserve by serving man, convinced me that I had met an unaffiliated Rosaecrucian such as are born—not made.

That man who has since then done so much for our Order, who has sacrificed his business interests, his home life, his finances and his worldly pleasures to be loyal to the Order, to the cause, to mankind and to me in my many difficulties, is our present Supreme Secretary General, Thor Kiimalehto, to whom I owe much and whom I love as a man loves a true brother, a true man of God, love, peace and human understanding.

The preliminary meeting was held on February 8th in my offices, at 8.30 p. m. I find in my records the following entry regarding that meeting: "Meeting was called to order at 8:32 at 80 Fifth Avenue. There were 9 present. The Moon was in Sagittarius. Adjourned at 9:40 p. m."

A paper and some insignia and other interesting exhibits including the Charter and



"Black Book" were submitted to those present, and after a brief description of the aims and purposes of the Order, the nine men and women were made a Committee to organize a Supreme Council for America.

The unusual enthusiasm shown, the deep interest manifested and the determination to build the Order magnificently and nobly in this country was a pleasant experience after the lack of interest shown a year previous.

A few days later one of the Editors of the *New York Globe* called to see me requesting some facts regarding the establishment of the Order in America. He said that the *Globe* has always shown a very fair attitude toward all matters of this kind and welcomes every opportunity to present to its intelligent class of readers a conservative announcement of any movement tending to enlighten the populace. On February 24th, a very interesting story appeared in the *Globe* and at once awakened the minds of many hundreds of seekers for Light in many states. Several hundred letters came to Mr. Kiimalehto as Foundation Secretary, most of them written by conservative, well-educated and socially prominent business men and women.

From the batch of letters about seventy-five were selected and a letter was mailed inviting them to attend an organization meeting at "The Leslie," West 83rd Street, near West End Avenue on Wednesday evening, March 3rd.

About 80 men and women attended this meeting among them being several Freemasons bent upon investigating the purposes of the Order, and a number of professional and scientific men and women.

Most naturally there were some so-called skeptics present,—and there were several who openly charged that it was a religious or spiritualistic movement.

The following explanation was given as the reason for the meeting:

"I will read from papers sent from abroad the aims, purposes, teachings and working of the Order. After that I will ask those who desire to affiliate with the Order to come forward and sign an application for membership, and then, before showing any of the sacred 'jewels' given to me, or the signs and seals

of the Order sent by the Masters, I will ask the applicants to sign the 'Preliminary Oath' in the Official Black Book."

About fifty signified their willingness—or rather delight—to take the necessary oath. Some demanded that all the sacred and secret matter be shown them before taking the oath or even signing an application for membership. Naturally those who took such an attitude, who demanded certain things without even professing their sincere desire to co-operate with us, were denied all information and were invited to retire. None who took such attitude at that time have ever learned that the Light they sought was possible through humiliation alone. They are still without the pale of our Order.

Of the others, the great majority now compose our Supreme Council and constitute the Fourth Degree and are the most advanced and enlightened Rosaecrucians in America. Their sincerity, faith and humiliation have been rewarded with the Great Light. Thus it shall ever be; none can demand, by any right, the Light!

It was my personal wish that the applicants who passed such investigation as was required by our Order, should form a Council to organize the Supreme Grand Lodge according to the ancient rules. I further desired this Council to appoint the officers of the Supreme Grand Lodge and the national executive officers. I did not desire to arbitrarily use the power vested in me, and I felt that far better than merely announcing myself as Grand Master General or Imperator by virtue of the Masters' orders, would be to delegate the selection or election of such a responsible position to this Council which was representative of the thinking and learned classes of the city.

Further organization meetings were held at the *Hotel Empire* on March 23rd presided over by Dr. Julia Seton and at our temporary Library at 68 W. 71st St. Finally on April 1st, a Thursday, at 8:30 p. m. about thirty of the most active workers met at the proposed Lodge Rooms on Seventh Avenue, and there, with due form, constituted themselves the Supreme Council, signed an illuminated Charter declaring the authoritative, proper and legal establishment of the A. M. O. R. C. in America and



appointed the national executive officers under signs and seals.

That the present Grand Master General and Imperator was then elected and unanimously appointed was a natural sequence of the events which led to that meeting. But it will always be a proud moment—a moment to remember with joy and sacredness—when the twenty-five Councilors, after weeks of deliberation, investigation and sincere appreciation of its import, arose as a body and rejoicingly signed the American Charter which installed fourteen national officers in their very responsible positions. This Charter hangs upon the wall in the Imperator's office in the Supreme Grand Lodge and is destined to be a famous document in American history. Designed, executed and illuminated in all the rich colorings, signs, and decorations used by the ancients in the making of rare and sacred manuscripts, it is not only typical of the finest work in that line, but of persistent determination on the part of many Americans to bring to this country the noble, austere Order Rosae Crucis.

Thereafter various Council and Committee meetings were held in the Order's Library, the Ancient Constitution of the Order was slightly modified to meet American conditions, voted upon and adopted, and Lodge rooms—the first American Rosae Crucis Temple—secured and equipped.

On Thursday—the true Rosaecrucian day throughout the world—May 13, 1915, the first true Rosaecrucian Convocation of the Order was held in the Temple amid beautiful and inspiring conditions, and all the appointed National Officers, the Councilors and a few others were duly initiated into the Order, Crossed the Threshold and were raised to the dignity of Knights, Sorores, Brothers and Sisters of the Order Rosae Crucis in accordance with the true ancient rites and ceremony.

What a glorious occasion! Sublime, perfect, sacred, mystic day—May 13, 1915! Long will it be remembered and honored by those who even now remain enthralled by the splendor and significance of the convocation.

So rapidly did the announcement of this important convocation spread among advanced occult students that the Membership Committee found it desirable to invite a number to

join with us in spreading the Light throughout America. The result was that two weeks later on Thursday, May 27, 1916, fifty more applicants Crossed the Threshold and were admitted into the First Degree as probationers.

Thereafter the regular convocations of the First Degree were held twice monthly, on Thursday evenings, and the work of illumination—and elimination—was carried on throughout the warm summer months.

Then in July, at one of the Convocations, the Grand Deputy Master presented to the Grand Master General and Imperator, on behalf of the Lodge, a beautiful silver and gold Master's Jewel set with a red stone, as the Lodge's acknowledgment and appreciation of the Order's great work. This "Jewel" completed the Master's authoritative regalia and made him the acclaimed and legal head of the Order in America.

As the Fall approached many applications for membership were received from various parts of the United States. Since the Constitution and Charter of the Order calls for the establishment of Lodges in all large cities of every state, arrangements were made for this work and the Department of Extension was authorized to look after the national propaganda.

The first Lodge to be established outside of New York was opened in Pittsburgh and, as other subordinate Lodges were opened in Pennsylvania, the Lodge in Pittsburgh became the Grand Lodge for that State. Its wonderful work, enthusiasm and rapid advancement in the teachings is an excellent testimony to the ability and sincerity and real R. C. love of the Grand Master there and his able officers.

The continued spread of the work of the Order throughout the "United States, Dependencies and Territories," is well recorded in the reports published in the American Rosae Crucis for the months of January to June, 1916. Lodges now spread across our Jurisdiction from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Honolulu where some military authorities are arranging for a Lodge, and from Chicago to Tampa, Florida.

Early in August of 1915 a complete report of our American activities and successes was



sent to the **Supreme Grand Lodge of France** to be forwarded to the **Supreme Council of the World**. At the same time a formal request was made by the Grand Master General on behalf of the Lodge here for a regularly executed **paper of Sponsorship** of the American Order signed by the Supreme Council, should that Council deem the status of the American Order sufficient proof that its instructions and laws were being obeyed.

On **September 30, 1915**, after a special assembly of the **Supreme Council in France**, there was prepared and duly issued "Pronunziamento R. F. R. C., No. 987,432," embodying a Manifesto declaring that the Supreme Council and Grand Lodge A. M. O. R. C. of France, on behalf of the Supreme Council A. M. O. R. C. of the World, declared and acknowledged its complete sponsorship of the Order in America, confirmed the initiation of the American Emperor and his appointment as Dignitary Supreme in North America and verified its issuance of papers, instructions, jewels, seals, etc., to him.

This very important document, written on the specially prepared and water-marked paper of the French Order, was signed and sealed by the present Supreme Grand Master of the Order in France, his officers and the Grand Master who at one time initiated the American Emperor into the Order.

The signatures—some of them of prominent men in military and governmental affairs of France, are accompanied by their official "marks," and the seals of various sizes and designs add verity and attractiveness to this unique document. Suspended from the paper itself is one of the curious, old-styled wax-and-paper seals of the Order, bearing its strange, though intelligible, marks and words.

The document was enclosed in a light-weight metallic, telescope envelope, which was moisture proof. It was sealed, and had the French Orders national, or Supreme Council's seal impressed in the metal of the container, and bore not only the necessary postage stamps but **others of a military and "custom" nature**, bearing marks of approval and examination abroad.

This document, when received and presented to the American Supreme Council in October,

brought great joy as the sign of approval and endorsement of the work done here in America by those the French Council had appointed.

The document, properly framed and preserving the original container, hangs upon the wall in the Supreme Grand Lodge in New York beside the American Council Charter where it may be easily seen and read, for it is **written in very fair English**.

Little more need be said regarding the work of the Order in this country which is speaking so eloquently for itself.

After only fourteen months since the first initiation was held in this country we find the Order in many states, Lodges being conducted by clergymen, physicians and very often by men who are high degree Freemasons. Our rank and file of membership includes—as in other countries—the wealthy merchants, land owners, newspaper editors, government officials, physicians, surgeons, lawyers, scientists, professional men and women, artists and artisans, even the lowly workers in the narrow and humble trades,—all working equally for a common good, meeting on a common level.

In closing I must say a word or two of thanks and appreciation to those devout souls, Brothers and Sisters, who have laid aside their personal interests, their own plans and possible achievements during the past fourteen months and have given their time, money and labor so freely, devoting from twenty to a hundred hours a week to working with me for the Order, and sacrificing many nights a week to assisting in the upbuilding of the Order in New York and elsewhere. I have made mistakes—some greivous ones—in my enthusiasm and tedious endeavors and have thereby brought additional work and worry to my Councilors and Officers, and they have so nobly accepted the fiat without a word of protest. Their reward, like mine, will come some day in seeing, even if it be at our transition, the rays of the Rosae Crucis illuminating this glorious continent bringing power, health, Godliness and Peace Profound into every dark and shadowed home and community. So mote it be!



Crux Vera Spes

(Written for the American Rosae Crucis)

By the Marchesa F. Alli-Maccarani, Florence, Italy

If all we love be pure enough and strong,
To sow in the hard soil of sacrifice,
(If love's flower willingly falls from Paradise)
We rise where others no more belong.

For Faith turned outward shall in us breed wrong,
And to ashes sink its fairy edifice.
Our own hands dig for us a precipice
Who hold ourselves inferior to the throng.

But see we strange Souls in mirrors fair
(Not polished shrines awaiting selfish fire)
But as Gold Crosses for our Roses rare;

Then fate no more shall our flushed hopes betray,
But the Cosmic World shall bend to our desire
And Light shall break across our once dark way.



A Demonstration of Alchemy

Report of a Special Supreme Grand Convocation



THURSDAY night, June 22, 1916, there was given to the Officers and Councilors of the Supreme Grand Lodge in the Temple in New York, a demonstration of the ancient art—science—of transmutation.

It was the first time such a convocation was hold in America—and it may be several years before a similar demonstration will be given again.

Each Grand Master General is permitted to give, during his lifetime and term of Office, one demonstration of the ancient process whereby the transmutation of metal is accomplished.

Believing that the time was ripe for such a demonstration before the members who have been studying the laws which underlie all transmutation, our Imperator and Grand Master General made preparations for this most interesting manifestation of those fundamental laws so thoroughly covered by the lectures of the First, Second, Third and Fourth Degrees of our Order.

The preparations consisted in writing upon 15 cards the six or seven ingredients used in the process and the eight or nine accessories including a small pair of tweezers, a small china dish, piece of gauze, pail of filtered water, etc. Also was written on one card "a piece of ordinary zinc, size about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide, 1-inch long and 1-32 of an inch thick," while on another card was written "small amount of pure nitric acid for testing the zinc."

These cards were drawn at random by the members of the Fourth Degree on the previous Thursday night. By this means fifteen of the members of the Council actually possessed, collectively, the complete formula for the process, though individually each found that, except for the zinc and nitric acid, the article called for on the card was easily obtainable in the home or on the street with no, or little, expense. In fact, each testified that the in-

gredients used, outside of the zinc and nitric acid, could be safely taken into the mouth and swallowed—and that some were even used in cooking in the home.

Each member was pledged to secrecy,—not to reveal to any other member, or anyone else, what was written on the cards, and all were pledged not to unite the fifteen parts of the formulæ until three years after the transition of the present Grand Master General. Each member was then told to bring the articles called for in carefully wrapped packages and to hold them intact until called for.

On the night of the demonstration all were on hand promptly at 8 o'clock. In order to meet the demand for one outside and disinterested witness, a representative of the New York World's editorial department was invited. Because of his presence a ceremony was arranged which did not include any of the secret rituals or work.

The Temple was especially decorated with beautiful red blooms. Beside the usual crucible stood a table draped with the altar cloth and symbols and an American flag. All officers were in full regalia.

After an opening prayer an address was given by the Grand Master General, as follows:

"We are assembled in Holy Convocation tonight in this Temple to demonstrate for the first time in this country the actual realization of the dreams of our founders. For a hundred years or more the Elder Brothers of our Order in Egypt worked at their crucibles and wrestled with the problems of alchemy in an attempt to apply the fundamental laws of our philosophy and science. At last they succeeded, and transmutation on the material plane, according to the laws of the triangle on the material plane, was demonstrated. And it has never been demonstrated outside of our Order.



"You have had explained to you in the first, second and third degrees, these same fundamental laws. You know the true laws underlying the composition of all matter and its qualities and classification. You know the real difference between glass and wood, air and water, flesh and mineral; and you know the true and actual difference between a piece of granite, a piece of lead and a lump or grain of pure gold. You know that by altering or modifying these differences you will modify the physical property—the quality, the expression, of these minerals. All this you know. You have received the absolute knowledge in our lectures and demonstrations. Your understanding of the great principles and laws of God and nature is based upon facts, whereas all around us we see and meet with claims and processes in those fields of science outside of our Order, which are based entirely upon theory or promiscuous observation.

"Since the members of this Fourth Degree are the most advanced of our own hundreds of Rosaecrucians in America to-day, I have felt the call to take advantage of the privilege accorded to me as your Imperator and Supreme Grand Master, to make this demonstration of the laws of transmutation; and after due consideration of its national import and its immediate effect upon the minds of those who esteem this Order and its work so reverently, I grant unto you one and all the privilege of witnessing for the first time the sacred, holy and secret process and method of transmutation.

May the Light so shine through this demonstration to-night that thousands of yearning souls in every part of this glorious country may, indirectly, see the Light and find it a beacon by which they may be guided to our fields of endeavor."

Then the fifteen members holding packages as per instructions on their cards, were requested to place them on the table beside the crucible in full sight of the members. Directly beside the table sat the New York World's representative keenly alive to the value of close observation, and as skeptical as any skeptic we may meet from a newspaper. The World has been investigating some of the other so-called Rosaecrucian movements in this country and

from the correspondence it so gladly showed us, with the evidence of false statements, we are not surprised that this investigator was anxious to have all the further proof he could add to that which he already possessed regarding the genuineness of the claims made by our Order. For this reason—unlike those bodies he is trying to investigate,—we gave him every possible opportunity to KNOW.

When the zinc was produced by one of our members—himself a mining engineer and expert on the subject of metals—it was at once turned back to the members to be so marked with initials and symbols as to make future identification positive.

The New York World representative was one of the first to mark his initials on the piece of zinc in an unmistakable manner. Then the zinc was tested by nitric acid to prove its nature. The fumes from the acid on the zinc were plainly visible to all present. Then the piece of zinc was cut in half. The half piece—about half an inch square containing the scratched initials and symbols, was carefully weighed on assayers' scales. It weighed exactly 446 milligrams.

Then the zinc was handed to the Vestal Virgin who took it with the tweezers and held the metal in full sight while the Grand Master General picked up a small china dish—such as is used as "butter dishes" and which a member had placed on the table. In this dish we could plainly see the Master drop some white powder supplied by one Sister present. Into this was dropped several petals from a fresh red rose brought by another Sister. Then the Vestal Virgin placed the piece of zinc into the dish and over it was sprinkled several other white powders supplied by some of the Brothers.

The dish was held then over the colored flames and fumes of the crucible while the Master stirred the contents of the dish with merely the tip of the forefinger of his right hand.

The left hand of the Master held the dish over the flames and the fingers of the hand were certainly severely scorched, as could be seen after the allotted "sixteen minutes" of stirring were up, but he showed no sense of pain then nor over two hours afterward and



the following morning even the outward effects of the burn had disappeared.

During the process, which called for continued concentration and very active handling of dish, ingredients, etc., to a most tiring and exhaustive degree, the Master dropped into the dish the different ingredients brought by the members. The World representative was most careful to note the outward appearance of each ingredient and surely none present missed a single phase of the process. Our nerves were tense, we hardly breathed and were prepared for almost anything.

It was the first time the Master had conducted the process and he and we all realized that if any member had failed to bring just the proper ingredient, or if anything else was wrong—a disaster might occur. Emergency articles had been provided by some present—for it was not the failure of the demonstration which we hoped would not come at this time, but personal injury to the Master whose whole body was so close to the crucible and whose hands and face were practically in the fumes.

After the last petal of the rose had been dropped into the dish, the Master announced that he had reached the end of the process as he knew it. It was a crucial moment. The Master straightened up his figure from the bent over position he had maintained for sixteen minutes. Those in the rear of the room rose from their seats and crowded to the front of the Temple, forgetting all Temple decorum in their eagerness to see the result of the process.

Then, in a quiet, simple manner the Master lifted the metal from the dish, held it close to the altar light burning in a crystal lamp brought from a Rosaecrucian Temple in the Orient, and after a critical examination announced in a dignified, almost reverent tone:

"It is gold!"

Those close by leaned forward to see the metal. There was an almost imperceptible motion of rushing toward the Master by the thirty-seven members present, when the Master passed the metal over to the Brother who had brought the original piece of zinc and said: "Brother, you and the gentleman from The World may weigh the metal and note the probable increase in weight."

Carefully was the metal weighed again by the same scales. Every adjustment possible showed that the piece of metal had increased in weight. This was announced by those witnessing the weighing. Then The World's representative announced that the piece of metal contained and plainly showed his initials and other marks and others stated that their identification marks were also visible.

The metal had a bright, yellow appearance, much like the light color of pure gold and not like the more copper yellow color of 14 or 18 karat gold.

At the request of the Master the metal was immediately subjected to nitric acid tests as was the zinc—the same piece of metal—before the transmutation. This time there was no burning of the metal, no fumes, and the test was repeated several times.

Astounded—yet knowing what really had occurred and the simplicity of it according to our teachings—most of us felt that we had witnessed one of the strangest, most sacred demonstrations and experiments yet given in our Temple.

The Master fittingly closed the convocation and all retired to the Emperor's office, the Emperor carrying with him two pieces of metal—each originally forming one piece of zinc—now different in color, weight and nature. The Secretary General remained in the Temple to destroy all the ingredients which remained unused on the table beside the crucible.

In the Emperor's office, under the bright, white electric lights the two pieces of metal were compared. It is needless to state that most of the members conceded that one was gold—of a refined nature—while the other was zinc. A few were less positive that it was pure gold and their attitude is best expressed by the words of The World's representative, who in writing the report for the newspapers, said: "Whether pure gold was evolved or not I cannot say. I am not familiar enough with gold to make so bold a declaration. But of this much I am sure and will vouch for; a piece of tested and marked zinc was certainly transmuted into some other metal of a distinctly different nature, color and weight which successfully passed the acid test for gold. Furthermore it looks like gold. Whereas the metal



I marked and tested was at one time zinc it is not zinc now, and the change was brought about before our eyes in fifteen to twenty minutes, in an honest, sincere and frank manner."

The two pieces of metal will remain for some time in the Emperor's office, in a case, where they may be seen. Newspaper men, editors and several scientists have examined them and go their way greatly perplexed. No change in the appearance or size of the metals

has occurred since the demonstration—and none is expected—except that one small corner piece of the gold has been cut off and sent to the Supreme Council of the Order in France along with an official report.

While going to press we learn that Sir William Ramsey has left this earth life. In our next number we will describe in detail this illustrious scientist's researches and actual transmutations of baser metal into gold.

First Rosaecrucian Christening in America



ON Wednesday evening, June 28th the first Rosaecrucian christening in America occurred in Wilmerding, Pa.

It has always been customary with parents who are members of our Order to have their children christened in the Lodge to which they belong. Such christening may, or may not, be in addition to a christening in some Church. Truly, the R. C. christening is as sacred and as divine as one may desire, but it is not intended to supplant the orthodox christening of any denomination; that is optional with the parents.

Paragon Lodge No. 2, A. M. O. R. C., is located in Wilmerding. The children christened there on June 28th were not the first to be born to Rosaecrucian parents in America, but this was the first time that the ancient ceremony was given on this continent.

Brother and Sister W. L. Kimmick are enthusiastic members of the Wilmerding Lodge, Brother Kimmick being the Deputy Master. On June 15, 1916, a son was born to them and their great desire was to have this son christened in the Order.

The R. C. ceremony for christening is beautifully symbolical, sacredly significant and truly touching in its inspiring impressiveness. It is a duplicate of the ceremony held in the Temples in Egypt hundreds of years ago. It calls for the full Temple setting, the complete staff of Temple Officers in their beautiful regalia, special symbolical appurtenances and appropriate music. Considerable stress is placed upon the naming of the child, which is

very impressive, and upon the influence the Order's interest will have in guiding the child through life's course.

In a report of the ceremony of June 28th, the Master of the Lodge says:

"The boy was christened William Henry Kimmick according to the ancient rites and ceremonies. Fifty members of the Paragon Lodge were present and eight from our Pennsylvania Grand Lodge in Pittsburgh, with twenty invited guests,—friends and relatives of the parents. After the boy was christened, the Matre of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge appeared with an infant girl, born August 9, 1915. The Beloved Matre was Foster Mother of the child and the Grand Deputy Master of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge was present as the child's guardian. This little girl was then duly christened, as was the boy, but our Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge in Pittsburgh conducted the second ceremony assisted by the Officers of Paragon Lodge.

"The little girl was most appropriately named Margaret Rosae Stewart.

"Brothers Hodby, Allen, Dryden and Larkee, also Sisters Allen, Hatch and Stewart made splendid addresses lauding the beauty of the ceremony and the work of the Order."

The Emperor's special blessing was sent to these two children, with hearty congratulations to the parents and guardian. Let us all join in a silent prayer sometime during the coming weeks asking God's greatest blessings for these two young souls which have been so beautifully enriched by the touch of the Rose and the Cross.



The Rose and the Field Daisy

By Rebecca Middleton Samson



DEAR little field daisy opened its bright eyes one morning upon a fair and sunny world. The season was late for a field daisy but it just happened that when all its companions on the same bush were in full bloom, it was only a tiny bit of a bud, so now when its turn came to be a flower, it found itself alone.

The little daisy was sad to find itself in a big strange world, with no companionship of its own kind, but it did not make itself miserable or refuse to grow on that account.

It stood up straight and strong on its slender stalk and turned its glistening face to the sun, so that its little heart seemed to reflect the glowing golden radiance of the sky, and when the rain fell it opened wide its white petals to receive it, and the rain cleansed and nourished it; and when the wind blew the little flower smiled and nodded to it, and the wind's kiss purified and strengthened it.

And so generously and unselfishly did the little field daisy give of its beauty and fragrance, that everything loved it. The birds chirped to it, and the bees and the butterflies nestled in its heart. And the field daisy was very happy and grew, in beauty and perfection, because it lived for God.

One day the daisy discovered growing upon a luxuriant green bush nearby, a flower of a kind it never before had seen.

This flower wasn't pretty. Its pink petals were stunted and distorted out of any resemblance to grace, and the stem upon which it grew was twisted and turned into a most unlovely shape. But it was a flower, and the daisy, glad of kindred companionship so near, called out in a friendly voice:

"Who are you? What is your name?"

"I am called rose," the flower answered—its leaves rustling irritably as it turned a pale, weazened face toward the speaker.

"A rose!" the daisy exclaimed in surprise. "Oh, you must excuse me!" it made haste to add. "You know I am very young. I haven't

been here a great while, and I came too late to see the roses. But my friends—the bees and the butterflies—tell me—that is—I always have understood——"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid to speak!" snappishly interrupted the disagreeable rose. "I know very well what you are trying to say—rather, not to say. I'll admit I don't look very much like a rose now, but I'd have you understand that I once was just as beautiful and perfect as any of my kind who came before me. I wasn't born this way. Circumstances changed me. Circumstances made me what I am."

"Circumstances?" said the little daisy, repeating the big word as though its meaning were very puzzling.

"Yes, circumstances—people, things, surroundings," the rose peevishly explained. "If you like," it continued a little more graciously, "I will tell you my history and let you judge for yourself."

"When I was very little," the rose began, "I was as pretty a bud as ever you saw, and as I nestled up against the heart of my beautiful mother, I heard some children who were passing, say:

'What a dear little bud! When it has bloomed into a rose we will come and pick it.'

Now I didn't want to be picked by the children. I wanted to stay always close by my mother on the parent bush, so instead of growing, as I should have done, I held my petals tightly together, so as to remain a bud as long as possible, and not until I felt assured that the children had forgotten me did I venture to open my eyes. Then I made the discovery that my beautiful mother was gone—as were all the other roses on the bush—and I was very angry in my heart to think that owing to those wicked children I had hidden myself from my mother and that she had died without looking in my face.

This was my first sorrow and it embittered me from the start.

My next unpleasant discovery was that it



was raining, and as I did not like the cold, wet rain I again shut myself up as quickly as possible.

When at last I mustered courage to reopen my eyes, it was to find the sun shining full in my face. It was a rude, impertinent sun that did nothing but stare all day long, and in my resentment I curled myself into a hard little knot.

Then the wind came and tried with all its strength to force me open, and I fought the insolent wind and in the battle between us my delicate petals were bruised and torn, and I was never again the same.

Oh, what a life I led! Everything seemed determined to prey upon me—to rob me of something of myself.

If in obedience to the instinct that made me crave light and air, I dared for a single instant to unfold my poor little shrinking petals, some great greedy bee was sure to pounce upon me to rob me of my honey, and the butterflies would regale themselves with my fragrance, and all sorts of common field flowers would thrust themselves forward to make my acquaintance.

How I hated them all! I hated the wind and the rain and the sun and the bees and

the butterflies and the flowers. They were my enemies.

So to save myself from being annihilated altogether I had no redress but to keep myself shut up as much as possible, and that is why my petals are warped and stunted as you see them. And from turning this way to escape the gaze of a vulgar buttercup, and that way to avoid contact with offensive weeds, and from struggling to hide from the sun, and fighting the wind and the rain, my stem has become twisted out of all shape.

You now understand what a cruel fate has been mine. Do you not see that I have been the victim of a cruel, grasping, selfish world? Do you wonder that I rejoice to be soon out of it?"

And the blighted rose sighed heavily, as its miserable tale ended, it hid its head under the rustling leaves.

"Poor rose! Poor unfortunate rose!" the daisy compassionately murmured. "So this is what happens when one lives for circumstances and self! Ah!" it added with a sigh of contentment, as it lifted its sweet face to the smiling sky—"How much better it is to live for God!"

Warning!

In Harlan, Iowa, and Detroit, Michigan, the work of organizing was postponed a few weeks while the Foundation Officers, consisting of Freemasons, investigated some false charges brought against our Order by one who seeks to prevent our good work from continuing. But after due investigation (one of the Freemasons coming to the Temple in New York from Detroit for the purpose) the charges were proved so ridiculous that the organization work is progressing more rapidly and enthusiastically than ever.

In this connection our friends and seekers for truth in general are advised that if, after

writing to us, or becoming interested in our work, they should receive communications from some one declaring himself to be a Freemason of high degree, charging our Order with any slight or great fault,—then in fairness to themselves, to the many reputable and high-degree Masons in charge of our Grand Lodges, and to our Imperator, write at once to the Secretary General, 70 West 87th Street, New York City, for complete and indisputable vindication of the charges, or to Col. E. M. Ehlers, Grand Secretary, F. and A. M., Grand Lodge of the State of New York, Masonic Temple, 23rd Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

"Be not deceived by deceivers!"



About Our Contemporaries

In our search for excellent reading matter which our Imperator may recommend to our members as auxiliary reading, we opened the last issue of "The Channel" (July-August-September, 1916), published by The Channel Publishing Company, Temple Park, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal. It is one of the most interesting, illuminating and inspiring issues of any magazine that has come to our notice for many months—possibly years. Certainly this issue is the very best reading possible for those of our members who wish an outside viewpoint, or rather many outside viewpoints; for in this one large, excellently printed, beautifully illustrated issue there appear twenty or more articles by well-known writers and authorities. Especially do we recommend "The Science of Occult Healing," by Marie Russak, the Editor of The Channel, and "The Wider Psychology of Insanity," by Carl Ramus, M.D. Our Imperator recommends that as many of our Brothers and Sisters as possible should purchase this issue either at local newsstands or stores (and if your newsdealer does not carry The Channel urge him to do so), or send 30 cents in stamps to the publisher for a copy. Many of the present-day occult, philosophic and "mystic" magazines would do well to pattern after The Channel in broadmindedness, depth of thought and fullness of expression. May it prosper generously and peacefully.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that Marie Russak and Mr. Henry Hotchner were married Sunday, July 9th, at Hollywood, California. The American Rosae Crucis herewith extends its greetings and well wishes of Love and Friendship.

In our "Exchange Column" we mention other magazines which send their issues to us. Comments on some of these will be published in succeeding issues.

For four months we have been publishing a free and unpaid advertisement in this magazine

for Mr. Heindel's book, "Questions and Answers." From time to time we have recommended his other books, in the reading matter of these pages and in our correspondence. Our Imperator has publicly stated to members of our Order that Mr. Heindel's books were good and instructive reading for our Initiates. All this endorsement was given in good faith because of the real merit of the books. In withdrawing the free advertisement from this issue, however, we simply mean that Mr. Heindel himself has made it necessary for our Imperator to cease recommending these books. The reason is clearly shown in the extract below. One of Mr. Heindel's subscribers to his magazine which has been enlarged to look like the American Rosae Crucis, wrote to Mr. Heindel and asked whether it would be advisable to subscribe to the American Rosae Crucis. In reply to his question Mr. Heindel wrote:

"V. H. Wood, Cleveland, Ohio:

"Replying to your question we feel that the reader should be the judge of this. Our periodical is one and one-half years old, while the Rosae Crucis is but seven months old. Ours is sold for \$1 while the other is sold for \$1.50. Which gives you the most for your money is the American's first question.

"The Publishers of the above magazine made their appearance less than a year ago, and claim to have a membership of SIX MILLIONS.

"The Rosae Crucis is using our books, teaching what is contained in them (they claim they are good but not official). Where are their text-books?"

Only two points require comment. We, the publishers, and the Imperator have never claimed to have six million members of the Order in the United States. Such a statement would be absurd just NOW. A few years hence it will be very reasonable. Secondly, while the Imperator has said that Mr. Heindel's books are good, though not official R. C. books, these books have never been used for even passing reference in any Lodge of our



Order, NOR COULD THEY BE. If there is one single member of our Order who has ever heard of Mr. Heindel's books used IN or OUT of our Order for our teachings, let him or her admit it at once. Where are our text-books? We have none, and never will. We still maintain that the ancient teachings are too sacred and secret to be published as text-books. That is commercialism, pure and simple—nothing else. (See our announcement on page two of the June, 1916, issue of the American Rosae Crucis.) All these comments—and many others—over Mr. Heindel's long-respected signature seem too bad and too sad. It all comes from our earnest desire to recommend his books in our magazine because of their intrinsic worth. But to continue to do so would mean placing ourselves and our Order within the pale of misstatements, deceiving insinuations and willful misjudgment. It is truly regretted by all in the Supreme Grand Lodge that this is so.

The publisher welcomes criticisms of a constructive nature. We have, from time to time, commented upon some of the favorable criticisms given by contemporary magazines and it is fair to our readers that we comment on the unfavorable. Therefore, be it known that the first magazine to publish a derogatory criticism of the Order Rosae Crucis, comes from London. We also, in the same spirit of fairness, suggest that our readers buy or borrow a copy of the "Occult Review" for the month of June, 1916. On pages 344 and 345 appears an article which will surely interest every member of our Order. It is possible that a reading of so learned a diatribe may increase the American circulation of the Occult Review.

For the benefit of those who may never see that magazine, let us state that it attacks our knowledge of the French and Latin language and does so in English which is—well note this example: "blunders appear whensoever a Latin or even a French term ARE involved."

Also it says that the Editor of the American Rosae Crucis claims to be not only the "Imperator" but the "Most Worshipful Grand Master General," etc., etc.

All our readers know that no Editor of this magazine has ever presumed to assume the titles or dignities possessed exclusively by our Supreme American Master. Other very evident errors and misstatements are made with such bias that aside from attacking a Western magazine which has praised our work, no harm can come from the criticism. Constructive comments are always valuable—therefore: The Occult Review is so well printed, so attractively dressed and so ably planned in purpose that it would do itself good and protect the interest of its readers—in America at least—if it would clean out from its advertising pages the paid advertisements of "clairvoyants," mail-order astrologers of questionable repute, makers of "talismans" and love charms, sellers of "Tantrix" books (pertaining to a secret order strongly condemned by respectable Americans in America), and other such advertisements which not only we refuse to publish—with all our faults—but which even the daily newspapers do not publish and the laws might not permit in some of our good old-fashioned States. Make your magazine as clean near the covers as it is in the centre. Many of your articles deserve far better surroundings and an untainted environment.

THE PUBLISHER.



Home Study for First Degree Members

"Gravitation and Cohesion"

Lecture by Michael Faraday

Note.—In accordance with our plan announced in the June issue, we offer here the very wonderful and rare lecture delivered by Michael Faraday about 1833 to the young students at Royal Institution in England. Faraday was born in 1791 and as a young man became laboratory assistant to Sir Humphry Davy at the Royal Institution. He later became director of the laboratory and in 1833 was made professor of chemistry. He made a number of very important discoveries. Among these—which are in various fields of science—was that of magneto-electric induction. Tyndall, his successor, says of Faraday: "Taking him for all and all, I think it will be conceded that Michael Faraday was the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen; and

I will add the opinion, that the progress of future research will tend, not to dim or diminish, but to enhance and glorify the labors of this mighty investigator." The lecture given here, and the few to follow from time to time in this magazine, are given in the exact words of Faraday, taken from accurate notes. They reveal his wonderful ability to make plain the simple laws as he discovered and understood them. They are far more interesting than the present-day books which contain re-written versions of his ideas. Since Faraday was an advanced Rosae-crucian our members will delight in reading his lectures in the words he used without alteration. Lectures of this kind are difficult to secure and should be carefully preserved. Faraday died August 25, 1867.



F you pay me as much attention as you did at our last meeting, I shall not repent of that which I have proposed to undertake. It will be impossible for us to consider the Laws of Nature, and what they effect, unless we now and then give our sole attention, so as to obtain a clear idea upon the subject. Give me now that attention, and then I trust we shall not part without our knowing something about those laws, and the manner in which they act. You recollect, upon the last occasion, I explained that all bodies attracted each other, and that this power we called gravitation. I told you that when we brought these two bodies [two equal-sized ivory balls suspended by threads] near together, they attracted each other, and that we might suppose that the whole power of this attraction was exerted between their respective centres of gravity; and, furthermore, you learned from me that if, instead of a small ball I took a larger one, like that [changing one of the balls for a much larger one], there was much more of this attraction exerted; or, if I made this ball larger and larger, until, if it were possible, it became as large as the Earth itself—or I might take the Earth itself as the large ball—that then the attraction would become so powerful as to cause them to rush together in this manner [dropping the ivory ball]. You sit there upright, and I stand upright here, because we

keep our centres of gravity properly balanced with respect to the earth; and I need not tell you that on the other side of this world the people are standing and moving about with their feet toward our feet, in a reversed position as compared with us, and all by means of this power of gravitation to the centre of the earth.

I must not, however, leave the subject of gravitation without telling you something about its laws and regularity; and, first as regards its power with respect to the distance that bodies are apart. If I take one of these balls and place it within an inch of the other, they attract each other with a certain power. If I hold it at a greater distance off, they attract with less power; and if I hold it at a greater distance still, their attraction is still less. Now this fact is of the greatest consequence; for, knowing this law, philosophers have discovered most wonderful things. You know that there is a planet, Uranus, revolving round the sun with us, but eighteen hundred millions of miles off, and because there is another planet as far off as three thousand millions of miles, this law of attraction, or gravitation, still holds good, and philosophers actually discovered this latter planet, Neptune, by reason of the effects of its attraction at this overwhelming distance. Now I want you clearly to understand what this law is. They say (and they are right) that two bodies attract each other inversely as the square of the distance—a sad jumble of words



until you understand them; but I think we shall soon comprehend what this law is, and what is the meaning of the "inverse square of the distance."

Let us now leave this subject which I have written upon the board under the word **FORCE—GRAVITATION**—and go a step farther. All bodies attract each other at sensible distances. I showed you the electric attraction on the last occasion (though I did not call it so); that attracts at a distance; and in order to make our progress a little more gradual, suppose I take a few iron particles [dropping some small fragments of iron on the table]. There! I have already told you that in all cases where bodies fall it is the particles that are attracted. You may consider these, then, as separate particles magnified, so as to be evident to your sight; they are loose from each other—they all gravitate—they all fall to the earth—for the force of gravitation never fails. Now I have here a centre of power which I will not name at present, and when these particles are placed upon it, see what an attraction they have for each other.

Here I have an arch of iron filings regularly built up like an iron bridge, because I have put them within a sphere of action which will cause them to attract each other. See! I could let a mouse run through it; and yet, if I try to do the same thing with them here [on the table], they do not attract each other at all. It is that [the magnet] which makes them hold together. Now just as these iron particles hold together in the form of an elliptical bridge, so do the different particles of iron which constitute this nail hold together and make it one. And here is a bar of iron; why, it is only because the different parts of this iron are so wrought as to keep close together by the attraction between the particles that it is held together in one mass. It is kept together, in fact, merely by the attraction of one particle to another, and that is the point I want now to illustrate. If I take a piece of flint, and strike it with a hammer, and break it thus [breaking off a piece of the flint], I have done nothing more than separate the particles which compose these two pieces so far apart that their attraction is too weak to cause them to hold together, and it is only for that reason that

there are now two pieces in the place of one. I will show you an experiment to prove that this attraction does still exist in those particles; for here is a piece of glass (for what was true of the flint and the bar of iron is true of the piece of glass, and is true of every other solid—they are all held together in the lump by the attraction between their parts), and I can show you the attraction between its separate particles; for if I take these portions of glass which I have reduced to very fine powder, you see that I can actually build them up into a solid wall by pressure between two flat surfaces. The power which I thus have of building up this wall is due to the attraction of the particles forming, as it were, the cement which holds them together; and so in this case, where I have taken no very great pains to bring the particles together, you see perhaps a couple of ounces of finely pounded glass standing as an upright wall: is not this attraction most wonderful? That bar of iron one inch square has such power of attraction in its particles—giving to it such strength—that it will hold up twenty tons' weight before the little set of particles in the small space equal to one division across which it can be pulled apart will separate. In this manner suspension bridges and chains are held together by the attraction of their particles, and I am going to make an experiment which will show how strong is this attraction of the particles. [The lecturer here placed his foot on a loop of wire fastened to a support above, and swung with his whole weight resting upon it for some moments.] You see, while hanging here, all my weight is supported by these little particles of the wire, just as in pantomimes they sometimes suspend gentlemen and damsels.

How can we make this attraction of the particles a little more simple? There are many things which, if brought together properly, will show this attraction. Here is a boy's experiment (and I like a boy's experiment). Get a tobacco-pipe, fill it with lead, melt it, and then pour it out upon a stone, and thus get a clean piece of lead (this is a better plan than scraping it; scraping alters the condition of the surface of the lead). I have here some pieces of lead which I melted this morning for the sake of making them clean. Now these pieces of lead



hang together by the attraction of their particles, and if I press these two separate pieces close together, so as to bring their particles within the sphere of attraction, you will see how soon they become one. I have merely to give them a good squeeze, and draw the upper piece slightly round at the same time, and here they are as one, and all the bending and twisting I can give them will not separate them again; I have joined the lead together, not with solder, but simply by means of the attraction of the particles.

This, however, is not the best way of bringing those particles together; we have many better plans than that; and I will show you one that will do very well for juvenile experiments. There is some alum crystallized very beautifully by nature (for all things are far more beautiful in their natural than their artificial form), and here I have some of the same alum broken into fine powder. In it I have destroyed that force of which I have placed the name on this board—COHESION, or the attraction exerted between the particles of bodies to hold them together. Now I am going to show you that if we take this powdered alum and some hot water, and mix them together, I shall dissolve the alum; all the particles will be separated by the water far more completely than they are here in the powder; but then, being in the water, they will have the opportunity as it cools (for that is the condition which favors their coalescence) of uniting together again and forming one mass.

Now, having brought the alum into solution, I will pour it into this glass basin, and you will, to-morrow, find that these particles of alum which I have put into the water, and so separated that they are no longer solid, will, as the water cools, come together and cohere, and by to-morrow morning we shall have a great deal of the alum crystallized out—that is to say, come back to the solid form. [The lecturer here poured a little of the hot solution of alum into the glass dish, and when the latter had thus been made warm, the remainder of the solution was added.] I am now doing that which I advise you to do if you use a glass vessel, namely, warming it slowly and gradually; and in repeating this experiment, do as I do—pour the liquid out gently, leaving all the

dirt behind in the basin; and remember that the more carefully and quietly you make this experiment at home, the better the crystals. Tomorrow you will see the particles of alum drawn together; and if I put two pieces of coke in some part of the solution (the coke ought first to be washed very clean, and dried), you will find to-morrow that we shall have a beautiful crystallization over the coke, making it exactly resemble a natural mineral.

Now how curiously our ideas expand by watching these conditions of the attraction of cohesion! how many new phenomena it gives us beyond those of the attraction of gravitation! See how it gives us great strength. The things we deal with in building up the structures on the earth are of strength—we use iron, stone, and other things of great strength; and only think that all those structures you have about you—think of the Great Eastern, if you please, which is of such size and power as to be almost more than man can manage—are the result of this power of cohesion and attraction.

I have here a body in which I believe you will see a change taking place in its condition of cohesion at the moment it is made. It is at first yellow; it then becomes a fine crimson red. Just watch when I pour these two liquids together—both colorless as water. [The lecturer here mixed together solutions of perchloride of mercury and iodide of potassium, when a yellow precipitate of biniodide of mercury fell down, which almost immediately became crimson red.] Now there is a substance which is very beautiful, but see it is changing color. It was reddish-yellow at first, but it has now become red. I have previously prepared a little of this red substance, which you see formed in the liquid, and have put some of it upon paper [exhibiting several sheets of paper coated with scarlet biniodide of mercury]. There it is—the same substance spread upon paper; and there, too, is the same substance; and here is some more of it [exhibiting a piece of paper as large as the other sheets, but having only very little red color on it, the greater part being yellow]—a little more of it, you will say. Do not be mistaken; there is as much upon the surface of one of these pieces of paper as upon the other. What you see yellow is the same thing as the red body, only the attraction



of cohesion is in a certain degree changed, for I will take this red body, and apply heat to it (you may perhaps see a little smoke arise, but that is of no consequence); and if you look at it it will first of all darken—but see how it is becoming yellow. I have now made it all yellow, and, what is more, it will remain so; but if I take any hard substance, and rub the yellow part with it, it will immediately go back again to the red condition [exhibiting the experiment]. There it is. You see the red is not put back, but brought back by the change in the substance. Now [warming it over the spirit lamp] here it is becoming yellow again, and that is all because its attraction of cohesion is changed. And what will you say to me when I tell you that this piece of common charcoal is just the same thing, only differently coalesced, as the diamonds which you wear? (I have put a specimen outside of a piece of straw which was charred in a particular way—it is just like black lead.) Now this charred straw, this charcoal, and these diamonds, are all of them the same substance, changed but in their properties as respects the force of cohesion.

Here is a piece of glass [producing a piece of plate-glass about two inches square]. (I shall want this afterward to look to and examine its internal condition), and here is some of the same sort of glass differing only in its power of cohesion, because while yet melted it had been dropped into cold water [exhibiting a "Prince Rupert's drop"], and if I take one of these little tearlike pieces and break off ever so little from the point, the whole will at once burst and fall to pieces. I will now break off a piece of this. [The lecturer nipped off a small piece from the end of one of Rupert's drops, whereupon the whole immediately fell to pieces.] There! you see the solid glass has suddenly become powder, and more than that, it has knocked a hole in the glass vessel in which it was held. I can show the effect better in this bottle of water, and it is very likely the whole bottle will go. [A 6-oz. vial was filled with water, and a Rupert's drop placed in it with the point of the tail just projecting out; upon breaking the tip off, the drop burst, and the shock, being transmitted through the water to the sides of the bottle, shattered the latter to pieces.]

Here is another form of the same kind of

experiment. I have here some more glass which has not been annealed [showing some thick glass vessels], and if I take one of these glass vessels and drop a piece of pounded glass into it (or I will take some of these small pieces of rock crystal; they have the advantage of being harder than glass), and so make the least scratch upon the inside, the whole bottle will break to pieces—it can not hold together. [The lecturer here dropped a small fragment of rock crystal into one of these glass vessels, when the bottom immediately came out and fell upon the plate.] There! it goes through, just as it would through a sieve.

Now I have shown you these things for the purpose of bringing your minds to see that bodies are not merely held together by this power of cohesion, but that they are held together in very curious ways. And suppose I take some things that are held together by this force, and examine them more minutely. I will first take a bit of glass, and if I give it a blow with a hammer I shall just break it to pieces. You saw how it was in the case of the flint when I broke the piece off; a piece of a similar kind would come off, just as you would expect; and if I were to break it up still more, it would be, as you have seen, simply a collection of small particles of no definite shape or form. But suppose I take some other thing—this stone, for instance [taking a piece of mica], and if I hammer this stone I may batter it a great deal before I can break it up. I may even bend it without breaking it—that is to say, I may bend it in one particular direction without breaking it much, although I feel in my hands that I am doing it some injury. But now, if I take it by the edges, I find that it breaks up into leaf after leaf in a most extraordinary manner. Why should it break up like that? Not because all stones do, or all crystals; for there is some salt—you know what common salt is; here is a piece of this salt, which by natural circumstances has had its particles so brought together that they have been allowed free opportunity of combining or coalescing, and you shall see what happens if I take this piece of salt and break it. It does not break as flint did, or as the mica did, but with a clean sharp angle and exact surfaces, beautiful and glittering as diamonds [breaking it by gentle



blows with a hammer]; there is a square prism which I may break up into a square cube. You see these fragments are all square; one side may be longer than the other, but they will only split up so as to form square or oblong pieces with cubical sides. Now I go a little farther, and I find another stone [Iceland or calc-spar] which I may break in a similar way, but not with the same result. Here is a piece which I have broken off, and you see there are plain surfaces perfectly regular with respect to each other, but it is not cubical—it is what we call a rhomboid. It still breaks in three directions most beautifully and regularly with polished surfaces, but with sloping sides, not like the salt. Why not? It is very manifest that this is owing to the attractions of the particles one for the other being less in the direction in which they give way than in other directions. I have on the table before me a number of little bits of calcareous spar, and I recommend each of you to take a piece home, and then you can take a knife and try to divide it in the direction of any of the surfaces already existing. You will be able to do it at once; but if you try to cut it across the crystals, you can not; by hammering you may bruise and break it up, but you can only divide it into these beautiful little rhomboids.

Now I want you to understand a little more how this is, and for this purpose I am going to use the electric light again. You see we can not look into the middle of a body like this piece of glass. We perceive the outside form and the inside form, and we look through it, but we can not well find out how these forms become so, and I want you, therefore, to take a lesson in the way in which we use a ray of light for the purpose of seeing what is in the interior of bodies. Light is a thing which is, so to say, attracted by every substance that gravitates (and we do not know anything that does not). All matter affects light more or less by what we may consider as a kind of attraction, and I have arranged a very simple experiment upon the floor of the room for the purpose of illustrating this. I have put into that basin a few things which those who are in the body of the theatre will not be able to see, and I am going to make use of this power which matter possesses of attracting a ray of light. If Mr. An-

derson pours some water, gently and steadily, into the basin, the water will attract the rays of light downward, and the piece of silver and the sealing-wax will appear to rise up into the sight of those who were before not high enough to see over the side of the basin to its bottom. [Mr. Anderson here poured water into the basin, and upon the lecturer asking whether anybody could see the silver and sealing-wax, he was answered by a general affirmative.] Now I suppose that every body can see that they are not at all disturbed, while from the way they appear to have risen up you would imagine the bottom of the basin and the articles in it were two inches thick, although they are only one of our small silver dishes and a piece of sealing-wax which I have put there. The light which now goes to you from that piece of silver was obstructed by the edge of the basin when there was no water there, and you were unable to see any thing of it; but when we poured in water the rays were attracted down by it over the edge of the basin, and you were thus enabled to see the articles at the bottom.

I have shown you this experiment first, so that you might understand how glass attracts light, and might then see how other substances like rock-salt and calcareous spar, mica, and other stones, would affect the light; and, if Dr. Tyndall will be good enough to let us use his light again, we will first of all show you how it may be bent by a piece of glass. [The electric lamp was again lit, and the beam of parallel rays of light which it emitted was bent about and decomposed by means of the prism.] Now, here you see, if I send the light through this piece of plain glass, it goes straight through without being bent (unless the glass be held obliquely, and then the phenomenon becomes more complicated); but if I take this piece of glass [a prism], you see it will show a very different effect. It no longer goes to that wall, but it is bent to this screen, and how much more beautiful it is now [throwing the prismatic spectrum on the screen]. This ray of light is bent out of its course by the attraction of the glass upon it; and you see I can turn and twist the rays to and fro in different parts of the room, just as I please. Now it goes there, now here. [The lecturer pro-



jected the prismatic spectrum about the theatre.] Here I have the rays once more bent on to the screen, and you see how wonderfully and beautifully that piece of glass not only bends the light by virtue of its attraction, but actually splits it up into different colors. Now I want you to understand that this piece of glass [the prism], being perfectly uniform in its internal structure, tells us about the action of these other bodies which are not uniform—which do not merely cohere, but also have within them, in different parts, different degrees of cohesion, and thus attract and bend the light with varying powers. We will now let the light pass through one or two of these things which I just now showed you broke so curiously; and, first of all, I will take a piece of mica. Here, you see, is our ray of light: we have first to make it what we call polarized; but about that you need not trouble yourselves; it is only to make our illustration more clear. Here, then, we have our polarized ray of light, and I can so

adjust it as to make the screen upon which it is shining either light or dark, although I have nothing in the course of this ray of light but what is perfectly transparent [turning the analyzer round]. I will now make it so that it is quite dark, and we will, in the first instance, put a piece of common glass into the polarized ray so as to show you that it does not enable the light to get through. You see the screen remains dark. The glass, then, internally, has no effect upon light. [The glass was removed and a piece of mica introduced.] Now there is the mica which we split up so curiously into leaf after leaf, and see how that enables the light to pass through to the screen, and how, as Dr. Tyndall turns it round in his hand, you have those different colors, pink, and purple, and green, coming and going most beautifully; not that the mica is more transparent than the glass, but because of the different manner in which its particles are arranged by the force of cohesion.

Errata

ERRATA

- (a). Page 17, third line of Note, for "publishes" read "publish."
- (b). Page 27, second column, fifth line from below, for "pisces in Greek" read "pisces in Latin."
- (c). Page 27, second column, third line from below, for "Captic" read "Coptic."
- (d). Page 27, second column, second line from below, for "just as in Aramaic" read "just as in Greek."
- (e). Page 28, first column, 18th line from below, for "Hierosolyna" read "Hierosolyma."

- (f). Page 28, second column, 24th line from below, for "Iranacus" read "Irenacus."
- (g). Page 28, second column, seventh line from below, for "Sam-Narya" read "Sam-Arya."

In our list of exchanges for June, appeared the notice that the "Gleaner," an astrological publication, was sold at \$1.00 per year. This was a typographical error and should have been \$1.50. We are glad to correct our error and receive subscriptions for the "Gleaner," together with "Rosae Crucis," at the price of \$2.50.

Book Review

PATIENCE WORTH, A PSYCHIC MYSTERY, Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.40 net, is a compilation of prose and verse, written down through the medium of the ouija board. The genuineness is vouched for by Mr. Casper S. Yost, editorial director of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The book is not claimed to be, nor is it, a spiritualistic treatise. It is primarily writings of a subconscious mind (Mrs. Curran's), and proves more the theory of reincarnation than spiritualistic phenomena. If Mrs. Curran could trace back her life to 1756 we think she could find Patience Worth.

It is interesting and instructive, full of gems of thought.

BEING WELL-BORN. By Michael F. Guyer. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00 net. A scholarly volume on a timely question, explaining the effects of heredity on an environment on the human species. It treats of man from a materialistic standpoint only, not recognizing other forces than actual, concrete matter. It

is not to be expected that the learned professor would admit that the vibrations set in motion by the mind would influence or create results in the body, either before or after conception. Man is more than animal and cannot be regulated by the laws of eugenics, because of this difference.

The book is very interesting and helpful, and its arguments are scientific, but does not to our mind go into cause but rather effect. This is, however, not a fault of the writer but rather of the school system.

THE INFLUENCE OF JOY. By George Van Ness Dearborn. \$1.00 net, Little Brown & Company, Boston, Mass. One of the Mind and Health Series published by this well-known firm.

It is a scientific exposition of both the mechanism and the basic emotions in the human organism. This book is especially recommended to our readers and should be found in every lodge library as well as owned privately. Other books of this series will be reviewed at length in later issues.



WAYS TO LASTING PEACE. By David Starr Jordan, of California. Professor Jordan has in this book given the world a clear, compact, digested summary of the thought of the nations on this important subject. He defines Peace like a regular Rosae-crucian would: The Dove symbolizing Contentment, Armed Peace like the watchful hyena, and the Permanence of Law, the guardian St. Bernard. \$1.00 net. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

SIDE-STEPPING ILL HEALTH. By Edwin F. Bowers, M.D., \$1.35 net. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass. This compact volume is written by a practising physician in a useful and instructing way. It is very entertainingly and sensibly written in that breezy style Dr. Bowers is master of.

Unlike the average medical work that fills the mind of the reader full of terms and technical names and leaves him bewildered, Dr. Bowers explains the various kinds of colds and what to do for them, and there is a chapter on insomnia which alone is worth the price of the book.

THE ASTROLOGICAL BULLETIN. Edited by Llewellyn George. \$1.00 a year. P. O. Box 638, Portland, Oregon.

Exchanges

Bible Review. H. E. Butler, Editor, Applegate, Cal. \$1.50 a year.

Brotherhood. J. Bruce Wallace, Editor, Leitchworth, England. \$1.00 a year.
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 New Thought Companion. Plymouth Printing Co., Plymouth, Ill. \$1.00 a year.
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 The Gleaner. 101 Eutaw Ave., East Lynn, Mass. Astrological Monthly. \$1.50 a year.
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 The Seeker. W. L. Wilmburst and Percy Lund, Editors, London, England. Quarterly. 2s 4d—in U. S., 75 cents yearly.
 The Self Master. Andrew Floyd, Editor, Union, New Jersey. \$1.00 a year.
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