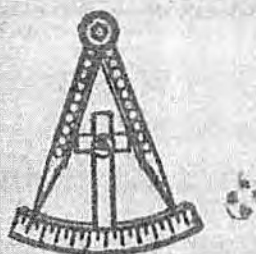


The
American
Rosae
Crucis



August
1917

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The Convention Number

The September issue, to be mailed about September First, will be the Convention Number. It will contain a full report of the Convention with the principal addresses. Those who could not attend the Convention will find this September issue very interesting reading.

Please bear in mind that because the March, April and May issues were not issued, all subscriptions ending with the March or later issues will be extended three months. See notice in the June issue.

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August 1st, 1917, Ex-Cathedra



The Theatre of the Soul

By Bernard Sexton

The intense ultimate drama
Is played within yourself,
Each day there is a new scene. . . .
A master of stagecraft with infinite resources—
With all the universe of beauty and wonder to draw on
Is producing for you in the Theatre of the Soul.

If you will to sit responsive in your seat
And cry to him—"Let the Play go on."
He will bring to you every hour
The stolid silent comedies of Fact,
The witchery of Dream,
The thin appealing voice of the Ideal,
He will show you grotesque and pathetic your furry brethren,
And your brothers and sisters in the flesh,
Your enemies and your lovers,
And in the space between day and day
He will make you Raja
Of the fantastic Empire of Sleep
And its jungle fringe of dreams.

Only—and here the hard secret of the Theatre of the Soul—
You must will to understand that Other Self, the Master of the Stage,
For he doth ever play to your mood,
And if you cry—"Behold how dull and empty is life!"
Straightway will He create a drama of emptiness to match your wit!
Be brave! Praise Him! Shout from your box—
(Strange how he gives YOU always the Imperial Box)
Go on! Magnificent! Bravo! Maestro, I love you!
Then the shy Genius will blossom forth in masterpieces,
Each day He will wake you to the splendors and the terrors of being,
He will reveal the hidden things of your heart,
He will grow closer to you . . . and then some day . . . perhaps . . .
He will stand behind in the darkness and whisper—
"Friend, lover, comrad, will you come Behind?
You have made yourself one with Us—
The Star has asked to see you!"



August, 1917

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New Light on the Lost Atlantis

By Pierre Termier

Member, Academy of Sciences, Director of Service, Geologic Chart of France

(Translation by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.)

After a long period of disdainful indifference, observe how in the last few years science is returning to the study of Atlantis. How many naturalists, geologists, zoologists, or botanists, are asking one another to-day whether Plato has not transmitted to us, with slight amplification, a page from the actual history of mankind. No affirmation is yet permissible; but it seems more and more evident that a vast region, continental or made up of great islands, has collapsed west of the Pillars of Hercules, otherwise called the Strait of Gibraltar, and that its collapse occurred in the not far distant past. In any event, the question of Atlantis is placed anew before men of science; and since I do not believe that it can ever be solved without the aid of oceanography, I have thought it natural to discuss it here, in this temple of maritime science, and to call to such a problem, long scorned but now being revived, the attention of oceanographers, as well as the attention of those who, though immersed in the tumult of cities, lend an ear to the distant murmur of the sea.

Let us first, if you please, again read Plato's narrative. It is in the dialogue called

"Timaeus," or "Concerning Nature." There are four speakers: Timaeus, Socrates, Hermocrates, and Critias. Critias has the floor; he is speaking of Solon, and of a journey that this wise lawgiver made to Sais, in the delta of Egypt. An old Egyptian priest profoundly amazes Solon by revealing to him the history of the beginning of Athens, all but forgotten by the Athenians.

"I will make no secret of it with you, Solon [says the priest], I agree to satisfy your curiosity, out of respect for you and for your country, and, above all, in order to honor the goddess, our common patroness, who reared and established your city, Athens, offspring of the Earth and Vulcan, and a thousand years later our own city, Sais. Since the foundation of the latter our sacred books tell of a lapse of 8,000 years. I will then entertain you briefly with the laws and the finest exploits of the Athenians during the 9,000 years which have elapsed since Athens began to live. Among so many great deeds of your citizens there is one which must be placed above all else. The records inform us of the destruction by Athens of a singularly powerful army, an army which came



from the Atlantic Ocean and which had the effrontery to invade Europe and Asia; for this sea was then navigable, and beyond the strait which you call the Pillars of Hercules there was an island larger than Libya and even Asia. From this island one could easily pass to other islands, and from them to the entire continent which surrounds the interior sea. What there is on this side of the strait of which we are speaking resembles a vast gateway, the entrance of which might be narrow, but it is actually a sea, and the land which surrounds it is a real continent. In the Island Atlantis reigned kings of amazing power. They had under their dominion the entire island, as well as several other islands and some parts of the continent. Besides, on the hither side of the strait, they were still reigning over Libya as far as Egypt and over Europe as far as the Tyrrhenian. All this power was once upon a time united in order by a single blow to subjugate our country, your own, and all the peoples living on the hither side of the strait. It was then that the strength and courage of Athens blazed forth. By the valor of her soldiers and their superiority in the military art, Athens was supreme among the Hellenes; but, the latter having been forced to abandon her, alone she braved the frightful danger, stopped the invasion, piled victory upon victory, preserved from slavery nations still free, and restored to complete independence all those who, like ourselves, live on this side of the Pillars of Hercules. Later, with great earthquakes and inundations, in a single day and one fatal night, all who had been warriors against you were swallowed up. The Island of Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea. Since that time the sea in these quarters has become unnavigable; vessels can not pass there because of the sands which extends over the site of the buried isle."

Here surely is a narrative which has not at all the coloring of a fable. It is of an exactness almost scientific. It may be thought that the dimensions of the Island of Atlantis are slightly exaggerated here, but we must remember that the Egyptian priest did not know the immensity of Asia, and that the words "larger than Asia" have not in his mouth the significance that they have to-day. Everything else is perfectly clear and entirely probable. A

large island, off the Strait of Gibraltar, mother of a numerous, strong, and warlike race; other smaller islands, in a broad channel separating the large island from the African coast; one may pass easily from the large island to the little ones, and from the latter over to the continent, and it is easy then to gain the shores of the Mediterranean and to subdue the peoples who have become established there, those of the south first, as far as the frontier of Egypt and of Libya, then those of the north, as far as the Tyrrhenian; and even to Greece. This invasion by the Atlantic pirates Athens resists with success. Perhaps, however, she might have been vanquished, when a cataclysm came to her aid, in a few hours engulfing the Island Atlantis, and resounding, with violent shocks and frightful tidal wave, over all the Mediterranean shores. The conflicting armies disappear, taken unawares by the inundation of the shores; and when the survivors recover themselves they perceive that their invaders are dead, and they learn then that the very source is wiped out whence descended those terrible hordes. When long, long after some hardy mariners venture to pass through the Pillars of Hercules and sail across the western seas, they are soon stopped by such a profusion of rocks and débris from the engulfed lands that fear seizes them, and they flee these accursed regions, over which seems to hang the anathema of a god.

In another dialogue, which is entitled "Critias," or "Concerning Atlantis," and which, like the foregoing, is from the "Timaeus," Plato indulges in a description of the famous island. It is again Critias who is speaking. Timaeus, Socrates, and Hermocrates are listening to him. Critias says:

According to the Egyptian tradition a common war arose 9,000 years ago between the nations on this side of the Pillars of Hercules and the nations coming from beyond. On one side it was Athens; on the other the Kings of Atlantis. We have already said that this island was larger than Asia and Africa, but that it became submerged following an earthquake and that its place is no longer met with except as a sand bar which stops navigators and renders the sea impassable.



Such is the Atlantis of Plato, and such, according to the great philosopher, is the history of this island, a history fabulous in its origins, like the majority of histories, yet extremely exact and highly probable in its details and tragic termination. This is, furthermore, all that antiquity teaches us, for the accounts of Theopompus and Marcellus, much vaguer than that of Plato, are interesting only from the impression that they leave us of the wide circulation of the legend among the peoples along the Mediterranean shores. On the whole, down to very nearly our own era, there was a general belief, all about the Mediterranean, in the ancient invasion by the Atlantians, come from a large island or a continent—come at all events from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, an invasion abruptly checked by the instantaneous or at least very sudden submergence of the country from which these invaders came.

Now, let us see what science teaches as to the possibility or the probability of such a collapsing, so recent, so sudden, so extended superficially, and so colossal in depth. But we must as a preliminary recall the facts of geography as to the region of the Atlantic Ocean where the phenomenon must have occurred.

For a ship sailing due west the distance across the Atlantic Ocean from the Strait of Gibraltar is about 6,400 kilometers (4,000 miles). Such a ship would touch the American coast in the locality of Cape Hatteras. She would not in her voyage meet any land. She would pass, without seeing them, between Madeira and the Azores, and she would leave the Bermudas very far to the south, though these coral islands, very small and low, might to the eyes of the crew have emerged from the marine horizon. Her passengers would have no suspicion of the relief of the ocean depths, so irregular notwithstanding, and none of the mysteries of the "sea of darkness" would have risen before them.

But had the ship lengthened her route a little by making a detour, first toward the southwest, it would have been enough, successively, to bring in view Madeira, the more southern Azores, and finally the Bermudas. And if the travelers, whom we are supposing embarked on our vessel, had possessed a perfected instrument for sounding, and had known how to use

it, they might have ascertained, not without surprise, that the marine depths over which they were passing are strangely unequal. Very near Gibraltar the bottom of the ocean is 4,000 meters down; it rises again abruptly to form a very narrow socle, which bears Madeira; it drops again to 5,000 meters between Madeira and the southern Azores; reascends at least 1,000 meters in the neighborhood of these latter islands; remains for a long distance between 1,000 and 4,000 to the south and southwest of the Azores, with very abrupt projections, some of which approach very nearly to the surface of the sea; then plunges to more than 5,000 meters, and for a short distance even to more than 6,000; rises again suddenly in a bound which corresponds to the socle of the Bermudas; remains buried under 4,000 meters of water to within a short distance of the American coast, and finally rises again in a steep acclivity toward the shore.

Observe one primary fact: The eastern region of the Atlantic Ocean, over all its length and probably from one pole to the other, is a great volcanic zone. In the depression along the coast of Africa and of Europe and in the eastern part of the highly elevated strip which occupies the middle of the sea volcanoes are abundant. All the peaks which reach the surface of the sea outcrop in the form of volcanic islands or bearing volcanoes. Gough Island, Tristan da Cunha, St. Helena, Ascension, the Cape Verde Islands, the Canaries, the great Madeira and the neighboring isles, all the Azores, Iceland, Jan Mayen Island are either integrally or in greater part formed of lava. I will tell in a moment how certain dredgings in 1898 found lavas, at depths of 3,000 meters, on a line from the Azores to Iceland, and at about 500 miles or 900 kilometers to the north of the Azores. One navigator in 1838 established the existence of a submarine volcano on the Equator at about 22° west longitude, or on the line joining Ascension to the archipelago of Cape Verde; warm steam was rising from the waves and shallows had formed unlike those indicated on the charts. On the islands I have just named many volcanoes are still in activity, the extinct ones appear to have been extinguished only yesterday, everywhere earthquakes are frequent, here and there islets may



spring up abruptly from the sea or rocks long known may disappear. The continuity of these phenomena is concealed by the ocean covering them, but to the geologist it is unquestionable.

Some cataclysms certainly have occurred, and they date only as from yesterday. I ask all those who are concerned with the problem of Atlantis to listen attentively and to impress on their mind this brief history; there is none more significant: In the summer of 1898 a ship was employed in the laying of the submarine telegraphic cable which binds Brest to Cape Cod. The cable had been broken, and they were trying to fish it up again by means of grappling irons. It was in north latitude $47^{\circ} 0'$ and longitude $29^{\circ} 40'$ west from Paris, at a point about 500 miles north of the Azores. The mean depth was pretty nearly 1,700 fathoms, or 3,100 meters. The relaying of the cable presented great difficulties, and for several days it was necessary to drag the grappling irons over the bottom. This was established: The bottom of the sea in those parts presents the characteristics of a mountainous country, with high summits, steep slopes, and deep valleys. The summits are rocky, and there are oozes only in the hollows of the valleys. The grappling iron, in following this much-disturbed surface, was constantly being caught in the rocks by hard points and sharp edges; it came up almost always broken or twisted, and the broken pieces recovered bore large coarse striae and traces of violent and rapid wear. On several returns, they found between the teeth of the grappling iron little mineral splinters, having the appearance of recently broken chips. All these fragments belonged to the same class of rocks. The unanimous opinion of the engineers who were present at the dredging was that the chips in question had been detached from a bare rock, an actual outcropping, sharp-edged and angular. The region whence the chips came was furthermore precisely that where the soundings had revealed the highest submarine summits and the almost complete absence of oozes. The fragments, thus torn from the rocky outcrops of the bottom of the Atlantic, are of a vitreous lava, having the chemical composition of the basalts and called tachylyte by the petrographers. We are

preserving some of these precious fragments at the Musée de l'Ecole des Mines at Paris.

The matter was described in 1899 to the Académie des Sciences. Few geologists then comprehended its very great import. Such a lava, entirely vitreous, comparable to certain basaltic stones of the volcanoes in the Hawaiian Islands, could solidify into this condition only under atmospheric pressure. Under several atmospheres, and more especially under 3,000 meters of water, it might have crystallized. It would appear to us as formed of confused crystals, instead of being composed solely of colloidal matter. The most recent studies on this subject leave no doubt, and I will content myself with recalling the observation of M. Lacroix on the lavas of Mount Pelee of Martinique: Vitreous, when they congealed in the open air, these lavas became filled with crystals as soon as they were cooled under a cover, even not very thick, of previously solidified rocks. The surface which to-day constitutes the bottom of the Atlantic, 900 kilometers (562.5 miles) north of the Azores, was therefore covered with lava flows while it was still emerged. Consequently, it has been buried, descending 3,000 meters; and since the surface of the rocks has there preserved its distorted aspect, its rugged roughnesses, the sharp edges of the very recent lava flows, it must be that the caving in followed very close upon the emission of the lavas, and that this collapse was sudden. Otherwise atmospheric erosion and marine abrasion would have leveled the inequalities and planed down the entire surface. Let us continue our reasoning. We are here on the line which joins Iceland to the Azores, in the midst of the Atlantic volcanic zone, in the midst of the zone of mobility, of instability, and present volcanism. It would seem to be a fair conclusion, then, that the entire region north of the Azores and perhaps the very region of the Azores, of which they may be only the visible ruins, was very recently submerged, probably during the epoch which the geologists call the present because it is so recent, and which for us, the living beings of to-day, is the same as yesterday.

If you recall now what I told you a little while ago of the extreme inequality of the depths to the south and the southwest of the



Azores, you will agree with me that a detailed dredging to the south and the southwest of these islands would give the same results which have been shown at the north, in the operations of fishing up the telegraphic cable again. And before your eyes would increase then, almost immeasurably, the buried region, the region which was abruptly engulfed yesterday, and of which the Azores are no more than the evidences, escaped from the general collapse.

But observe other facts, always of the geologic order. The Atlantic abyss, almost as a whole, seems to be of relatively recent date; and, before the collapse of the Azorian region, other collapses occurred there, the size of which, more easily measurable, staggers the imagination.

Since Eduard Suess and Marcel Bertrand taught us to regard our planet and to decipher the slow or rapid transformations of its face through unnumbered centuries we have become assured of the existence of a very ancient continental bond between northern Europe and North America and of another continental bond, also very ancient, between the massive Africa and South America. There was a North Atlantic continent comprising Russia, Scandinavia, Great Britain, Greenland, and Canada, to which was added later a southern band made up of a large part of central and western Europe and an immense portion of the United States. There was also a South Atlantic, or African-Brazilian, Continent extending northward to the southern border of the Atlas, eastward to the Persian Gulf and to Mozambique Channel, westward to the eastern border of the Andes and to the Sierras of Colombia and Venezuela. Between the two continents passed the mediterranean depression, that ancient maritime furrow, which has formed an escarp about the earth since the beginning of geologic times, and which we still see so deeply marked in the present Mediterranean, the Caribbean Sea, and the Sunda or Flores Sea. A chain of mountains broader than the chain of the Alps, and perhaps in some parts as high as the majestic Himalaya, once lifted itself on the land inclosed shore of the North Atlantic continent, embracing the Vosges, the Central Plateau of France, Brittany, the south of England and of Ireland, and also Newfoundland,

Nova Scotia, and, in the United States, all the Appalachian region. The two coasts which front each other above the Atlantic waters 3,000 kilometers (1,875 miles) apart, that of Brittany, Cornwall, and the south of Ireland on one side, that of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia on the other side, are among the finest estuary shores in the world, and their estuaries are face to face. In the one as in the other, the folds of the ancient chain are cut abruptly, and often naturally, by the shore; and the dirigent lines of the European chain are directly aligned with those of the American chain. Within a few years it will be one of the pleasures of oceanographers, by clearing up the detailed chart of the ocean beds between Ireland and Newfoundland, to establish the persistence of a fold, of oriented mountainous aspect, on the site of this old engulfed mountain chain. Marcel Bertrand gave the name of "Hercynian" to this old chain. Eduard Suess calls it the chain of the Altaides, for it comes from far-off Asia, and to him the Appalachians are nothing less than the American Altaides.

Thus the region of the Atlantis, until an era of ruin which began we know not when, but the end of which was the Tertiary, was occupied by a continental mass, bounded on the south by a chain of mountains, and which was all submerged long before the collapse of those volcanic lands of which the Azores seem to be the last vestiges. In place of the South Atlantic Ocean there was, likewise, for many thousands of centuries a great continent now very deeply engulfed beneath the sea. It is probable that these movements of depression occurred at several periods, the contours of the Mediterranean, which then separated the two continents, being frequently modified in the course of the ages. From the middle of the Cretaceous the Mediterranean advanced as far as the Canaries, and its southern shore was then very near the site to-day occupied by these islands. On this matter we have a precise datum recently found by M. Pitard, and very exactly fixed by MM. Cottreau and Lemoine. The region of the Cape Verde Islands, at the same era, still belonged to the African-Brazilian Continent.

While the Mediterranean in this Atlantic region was being enlarged by the gradual col-



lapsing of its shores, it was being subdivided, perhaps, and in any case its bottom was becoming undulated by the formation underneath it of new folds and wrinkles. In this broad and deep furrow, where the sediments from the north and south continents were accumulating to enormous thicknesses, the movement was in fact developing which during the Tertiary period gave rise in Europe to the Alpine chain.

How far did this Tertiary chain, this Alpine chain, extend in the Atlantic region? And, also, what was the extent of its faultings in this now oceanic region? Did some fragments of the chain rise high enough to lift themselves for some centuries above the waters before returning, suddenly or slowly, into the starless night? Did the folds of the Alps or of the Atlas Mountains spread abroad as far as the Caribbean Sea? And must we admit, between our Alps and the Cordillera of the West Indies, which is itself only a sinuous outpost of the grand cordillera of the Andes, a tectonic bond, as we are admitting, since Suess has shown it to us, a stratigraphic bond? These questions are still unanswered. M. Louis Gentil has followed, in the western Atlas Mountains, the folds of the Tertiary chain to the shore of the ocean, and he has seen these folds, gradually diminishing, "drowning themselves," as the miners say, descend into the waves; their direction, on this coast of Agadir and of Cape Ghir, is such that, if prolonged in mind, they would lead us to the Canaries. But to be able to affirm that the Canaries are highly elevated fragments of the engulfed Atlas one must have observed the folds in their Cretaceous sediment, and I do not believe that this observation has been made. The Atlas Range, as every one knows, is only one of the branches of the great Tertiary chain; it is the prolongation in the north of Africa of the mountainous system of the Apennines. As to the true Alps, which are the principal branch of the same chain, they may be followed without difficulty as far as the Sierra Nevada, and even to Gibraltar. Under the Strait of Gibraltar they are reunited to the Rif Mountains. But the Rif, in which some geologists would see the continuation of the entire Alpine system, certainly correspond to only a part of this system; all of one northern band of Alpine folds, emerging from under

the nappes of the Sierra Nevada, moves toward the west instead of turning toward Gibraltar. I see them, under the recent terranes, crossing Andalusia, forming a narrow band on the coast of Algarve, and finally, at Cape St. Vincent, abruptly cut off and not showing any tendency toward "drowning," hiding themselves in the sea. Their direction, if prolonged, would lead us to Santa Maria, the most southern of the Azores, where we observe undisturbed Miocene sediments.

Summing up, there are strong reasons for believing in the Atlantic prolongation of the Tertiary folds, those of the Atlas Mountains toward the Canaries, those of the Alps toward the southern islands of the Azores, but nothing yet permits of either extending very far or limiting very narrowly this prolongation. The sediments of Santa Maria prove only this, that at the Miocene epoch—that is, when the great Alpine movements were terminated in Europe—a Mediterranean shore extended not far from this region of the Azores, the shore of a continent or of a large island. Another shore of the same Miocene sea passed near the Canaries.

In every way the geography has singularly changed in the Atlantic region in the course of the later periods of the earth's history; and the extreme mobility of the bottom of the ocean, shown at the present time by such a multiplicity of volcanoes and such an extent of lava fields, surely dates from far back. Depressions during the secondary period, enlarging the Mediterranean and causing the ruins of the Hercynian chain to disappear; foldings in the entire Mediterranean zone during the first half of the Tertiary era, modifying the beds of this sea and causing mountainous islands to arise here or there near its northern coast; collapses again at the close of the Miocene, in the folded Mediterranean zone and in the two continental areas, continuing up to the final annihilation of the two continents and the obliteration of their shores; then, in the bottom of the immense maritime domain resulting from these subsidences, the appearance of a new design whose general direction is north and south and which conceals or, at the very least, partially obliterates the former marking; the pouring out of the lavas, everywhere a little, in the



residual islands and even on the bottom of the seas, this pouring forth being the necessary and inevitable counteraction of the very deep, downward sinking of such portions of the crust. Such, in brief, is the history of the Atlantic Ocean for several million years. Many incidents of this history will never be exactly correlated, but we know that certain of them are very recent. M. Louis Gentil has given us, in this connection, some very interesting observations, gathered along the Moroccan coasts. The Strait of Gibraltar was opened at the beginning of the Pliocene. Already, at the Tortonian epoch, the sea was washing the shore of Agadir, and consequently Madeira and the Canaries were then already separated from the Continent. But the Tortonian and even the Plaisancian beds on this Moroccan shore are faulted and folded. Therefore in the zone of prolongation of the Atlas Mountains there have been important movements posterior to the Plaisancian, and consequently Quaternary. The channel which separates Madeira and the Canaries from the African mass was again deepened in Quaternary times.

Such are the data of geology. The extreme mobility of the Atlantic region, especially in conjunction with the mediterranean depression and the great volcanic zone, 3,000 kilometers (1,875 miles) broad, which extends from north to south, in the eastern half of the present ocean; the certainty of the occurrence of immense depressions when islands and even continents have disappeared; the certainty that some of these depressions date as from yesterday, are of Quaternary age, and that consequently they might have been seen by man; the certainty that some of them have been sudden, or at least very rapid. See how much there is to encourage those who still hold out for Plato's narrative. Geologically speaking, the Platonian history of Atlantis is highly probable.

Now let us consult the zoologists. There is a young French scholar, M. Louis Germain, who is going to answer us; and I really regret very much not being able actually to give him the floor, but instead to be only his very inadequate interpreter.

First of all, the study of the present terrestrial fauna of the islands of the four archi-

pelagoes, the Azores, Madeira, the Canaries, and Cape Verde, has convinced M. Germain of the clearly continental origin of this fauna. He even observes numerous indications of an adaptation to desert life. The malacological fauna especially is connected with that of the region about the Mediterranean, while differing from the African equatorial fauna. The same analogies with the fauna about the Mediterranean are observed in the Mollusca of the Quaternary.

Secondly, the Quaternary formations of the Canaries resemble those of Mauritania and inclose the same species of Mollusca; for example, the same species of *Helix*.

From these two primary facts M. Germain deduces the evident conclusion that the four archipelagoes were connected with the African Continent up to an epoch very near our own, at the very least until toward the end of the Tertiary.

Thirdly, in the present Mollusca of the four archipelagoes there are some species which seem to be the survivors of the fossil species of the European Tertiary; and a similar survival exists also in the vegetable series, a fern, the *Adiantum reniforme*, at present extinct in Europe, but known in the Pliocene of Portugal, continuing to-day in the Canaries and in the Azores.

M. Germain deduces from this third fact the bond, up to Pliocene times, with the Iberian Peninsula, of the continent which embraced the archipelagoes and the severing of this bond during the Pliocene.

Fourthly, the Pulmonata Mollusca, called Oleacinidae, have a peculiar geographic distribution. They live only in Central America, the West Indies, the Mediterranean Basin, and the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores. In America they have preserved the large size that they had in Europe in the Miocene epoch; in the Mediterranean Basin and in the Atlantic islands they have become much smaller.

This geographic distribution of the Oleacinidae evidently implies the extension to the West Indies at the beginning of the Miocene of the continent which included the Azores, the Canaries, and Madeira, and the establishing during the Miocene, or toward its close,



of a separation between the West Indies and this continent.

Two facts remain relative to the marine animals, and both seem impossible of explanation, except by the persistence, up to very near the present times, of a maritime shore extending from the West Indies to Senegal, and even binding together Florida, the Bermudas, and the bottom of the Gulf of Guinea. Fifteen species of marine Mollusca lived at the same time, both in the West Indies and on the coast of Senegal and nowhere else, unless this coexistence can be explained by the transportation of the embryos. On the other hand, the Madreporaria fauna of the island of St. Thomas, studied by M. Gravier, includes six species—one does not live outside of St. Thomas, except in the Florida Reefs; and four others are known only from the Bermudas. As the duration of the pelagic life of the larvae of the Madreporaria is only a few days, it is impossible to attribute this surprising reappearance to the action of marine currents.

In taking all this into account, M. Germain is led to admit the existence of an Atlantic continent connected with the Iberian Peninsula and with Mauritania and prolonging itself rather far toward the south so as to include some regions of desert climate. During the Miocene again this continent extends as far as the West Indies. It is then portioned off, at first in the direction of the West Indies, then in the south, by the establishment of a marine shore which extends as far as Senegal and to the depths of the Gulf of Guinea, then at length in the east, probably during the Pliocene, along the coast of Africa. The last great fragment, finally engulfed and no longer having left any further vestiges than the four archipelagoes, would be the Atlantis of Plato.

I will refrain in my incompetence from expressing the slightest opinion as to the zoologic value of the facts pointed out by M. Germain, and as to the degree of accuracy of the conclusions that he draws from them. But how can one fail to be struck by the almost absolute agreement of these zoologic conclusions with those to which geology has led us? And who could now, in the face of so complete an accord, based on arguments so different, still doubt the preservation, up to an epoch

very near our own, of vast lands emerged in the part of the ocean which is west of the Pillars of Hercules?

That is sufficient; and this is what we should remember from our brief talk. To reconstruct even approximately the map of Atlantis will always remain a difficult proposition. At present we must not even think of it. But it is entirely reasonable to believe that, long after the opening of the Strait of Gibraltar, certain of these emerged lands still existed, and among them a marvelous island, separated from the African Continent by a chain of other smaller islands. One thing alone remains to be proved—that the cataclysm which caused this island to disappear was subsequent to the appearance of man in western Europe. The cataclysm is undoubted. Did men then live who could withstand the reaction and transmit the memory of it? That is the whole question. I do not believe it at all insolvable, though it seems to me that neither geology nor zoology will solve it. These two sciences appear to have told all that they can tell; and it is from anthropology, from ethnography, and, lastly, from oceanography that I am now awaiting the final answer.

Meanwhile, not only will science, most modern science, not make it a crime for all lovers of beautiful legends to believe in Plato's story of Atlantis, but science herself through my voice calls their attention to it. Science herself, taking them by the hand and leading them along the wreck-strewn ocean shore, spreads before their eyes, with thousands of disabled ships, the continents submerged or reduced to remnants, and the isles without number enshrouded in the abyssmal depths.

For my own part I can not help thinking of the abrupt movements of the earth's crust and, among others, of that terrifying phenomenon of the almost sudden disappearance of some outskirt of a continent, some element of a chain of mountains, some great island, into a gulf many thousands of meters deep. That such a phenomenon may be produced, and even repeated many times, in the course of later geologic periods, and that it may often attain to gigantic size, this no geologist is right in questioning. We are surprised sometimes that similar cataclysms have left no traces on our shores, without reflecting that it is the very



suddenness of their arrival and their flight which renders them scarcely conceivable. Not one of them, in fact, has ever occurred without initiating a lowering of the mean sea level, but the counteraction is never delayed at all, and the rapid rising of another division of the ocean bottom, or the slower issue of the by no means unimaginable submarine flows of lavas, has soon reestablished the equilibrium; so exact is the balance in which are weighed—on one side the deeps, on the other the mountains.

And when in thought I thus review those frightful pages of the earth's history, usually in presence of the smiling sea, indifferent, before the sea "more beautiful than cathedrals," I dream of the last night of Atlantis, to which perhaps the last night, that "great night" of humanity will bear semblance. The young men have all departed for the war, beyond the islands of the Levant and the distant Pillars of Hercules; those who remain, men of mature age, women, children, old men, and priests, anxiously question the marine horizon, hoping there to see the first sails appearing, heralds of the warriors' return. But to-night the horizon is dark and vacant. How shadowy the sea grows; how threatening is the sky so overcast! The earth for some days has shuddered and

trembled. The sun seems rent asunder, here and there exhaling fiery vapors. It is even reported that some of the mountain craters have opened, whence smoke and flames belch forth and stones and ashes are hurled into the air. Now on all sides a warm gray powder is raining down. Night has quite fallen, fearful darkness; nothing can be seen without lighted torches. Suddenly seized with blind terror, the multitude rushes into the temples; but lo! even the temples crumble, while the sea advances and invades the shore, its cruel clamor rising loud above all other noise. What takes place might indeed be the Divine wrath. Then quiet reigns; no longer are there either mountains or shores; no longer anything save the restless sea, asleep under the tropic sky, with its stars unnumbered; and in the breath of the trade winds I hear the voice of the immortal poet singing:

O, waves, how many mournful tales you know!
Wide waves profound, that kneeling mothers
fear!

Those tales the flooding tides recount with
care;

And thus arise those voices of despair
Which you to-night again bring with you here!

Initiation—Its Practical Value

By Benevolentia VII'

1. The Ancient Mysteries

"Power belongs to him who knows," is an old axiom. But knowledge, the first step to which is right comprehension of Truth, of discerning the real from the false, is for those only who having freed themselves from every prejudice and conquered their human conceit and selfishness, are ready to accept the Truth, once it is demonstrated to them. Of these there are very few.

Let man once learn for a certainty that there is hardly a claim in the Occult Sciences that is not founded on Scientific facts in Nature, and he will pursue the study of those sciences with the same, if not with greater, ardor than he has expended in shunning them. This cannot,

however, be achieved at once, for to benefit mankind such truths must be revealed gradually and with great caution, the public mind not being prepared for them.

The first and fundamental principle of Moral Strength and Power is association and solidarity of thought and purpose. It was the comprehension of these principles which led the ancients to form Secret Schools, Temples of Learning, and of Mysteries, inaccessible to all except by due trials and probations. The word "Mysteries" is derived from the Greek "Muo," i. e., to close the mouth. In Egypt and the East, all religion, even in its most poetical forms, was more or less a mystery; and the chief reason why, in Greece, a distinct name



and office were assigned to the Mysteries, was because the superficial popular theology left a want unsatisfied, which religion in a wider sense alone could satisfy. Aristotle says they were the most valuable of all religious institutions, and thus were called Mysteries par excellence; and the Temple of Eleusis was regarded as, in some sort, the Common Sanctuary of the whole earth, where religion had brought together all that was most imposing and most august.

The Initiate had to become divorced from every element of exoteric superstition and priestcraft and become educated from every danger of being enslaved whether by a man or an idea. Outwardly it was a school or college, wherein were taught sciences, arts, ethics, legislation, philanthropy, the cult of the true and real nature of Cosmic phenomena; secretly, practical proofs of the latter were given.

Zoroaster and Confucius drew their doctrines from the Mysteries; Clemens of Alexandria, speaking of the Mysteries, says: "Here ends all instruction. Nature and all things are seen and known." Had moral truths alone been taught the Initiate, the Mysteries could never have deserved or received the magnificent eulogium of the most enlightened men of antiquity—of Pindar, Plutarch, Isocrates, Diodorus, Plato, Socrates, Aristophanes, Cicero, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius and others;—philosophers hostile to the sacerdotal spirit or historians devoted to the investigation of TRUTH. No; all the sciences were taught there and those oral or written traditions briefly communicated which reached back to the first age of the world. And many ancient writers have testified to the fact that whether through Temple Initiation or the private study of Theurgy, every student obtained the proof of the immortality and survival of his Soul.

Those who could learn Truth in all things,—those who could look the great Isis in her unveiled face and bear the awful Majesty of the Goddess—became Initiates. The noble precepts taught by the Initiates of the early races passed

to India, Egypt, Greece, China and Chaldea, and thus spread all over the world. Their code of ethics, based on altruism, has become universal.

The ancient canon of proportion is part of the secret knowledge of the Sages of old—a knowledge long since monumented in the Great Pyramid and in the temples of Egypt, Assyria and India. Modern skill can but imitate until it shall gain access to that wisdom locked up in glyph and in symbol, the key to which lies hidden in that miracle of miracles—man.

The theme I have tried to develop may be summed up in the statement that the true Mystic or Initiate, in ancient as well as in modern times, is one who constantly strives to come to independent conclusions by rational thought, putting every truth to use, and striving to live the life in accord with that which his own reason and his own conscience point out as embodying his own moral standard of right. Truths are the springs from which duties flow; and it is but a few hundred years since a new Truth began to be distinctly seen—that man is supreme over institutions, and not they over him. They are for him according to his development, not he for them. Analogy and correspondence are guides that go with the earnest seeker after Truth, to lead him out of the labyrinth of apparent doubt into the clear plane, where reason fortified by experience is conscious of real knowledge. Nature everywhere shows us order and system, so that we must beware of so-called discoveries of the world's greatest secrets, and look for a few principles they may have discerned; pursue knowledge from all standpoints, proceeding from facts to discern law and from law to explain facts; holding deductions as tentative and throwing the light of experience upon them, so that this method of study and observation can be of the greatest value. We as finite beings may not arrive at final Truth, but our experiences will at least assure us of being on the path that leads to the apprehension of Truth.



Psychic Force and Its Manifestation

By Edward W. Cox, S. L., F. R. G. S.

For Fourth Degree Members

(Continued From Last Month)

XVII. Anything that strongly diverts the mind of the Psychic or the thoughts of the persons present always diminishes the Force.

XVIII. The presence of a skeptic is no obstacle to the exhibition of the Force. It is otherwise with positive antagonism. By disturbing the mind of the Psychic, and perhaps of others, it probably destroys that harmonious action of the brain which appears to be essential to the operation of the Psychic Force.

Note.—All of the above conditions are wholly inconsistent with the spiritual theory, and entirely consistent with the physical theory, of the origin of this Force.

XIX. So far as I have found in my own experiments, and by the reported experience of others, it appears that the intelligence of the communications is measured by the intelligence of the Psychic. Nothing is conveyed by them that is not in the mind of the Psychic or of some person present.

XX. There is nothing in the character or substance of the communications indicating an intelligence higher than our own, or a larger knowledge. They are often useless and purposeless; they are rarely absolute nonsense; but as rarely do they exhibit anything beyond ordinary intelligence. They consist mainly of moral platitudes; both the thoughts and the language reflect precisely the thoughts and language of the Psychic.

XXI. Not unfrequently the communications are false in point of fact. They are often tentative, as if the directing intelligence had an imperfect perception of the object or subject, or as if it were guessing rather than knowing the answer to be given.

XXII. The descriptions of the future life are precisely such as the Psychic would form. By a child Psychic they are painted according to a child's notion of heaven; and when the Psychic is a man or a woman, they are described in accordance with the particular con-

ceptions of a heaven entertained by that Psychic.

Note.—These differences as to the process of death and the conditions of a future life prove that the descriptions do not proceed from any intelligence actually acquainted with them, and therefore not from the spirits of the dead.

XXIII. The movements of solid bodies, as previously described, when made without contact, are, if not always, almost always TOWARDS the Psychic; and, as if by some attractive force in him, the chairs and other furniture that appear to move spontaneously from their places, at whatever distance from the Psychic, invariably advance towards him in a direct line, if some obstacle is not interposed. When a chair, for instance, comes to the side of the table that is opposite to him, it is because the table stands in the path of a straight line from the spot whence it started to the Psychic.

Note.—I am informed that this attraction TO the Psychic is not always seen, but that sometimes, though rarely, solid bodies appear to be repelled, and to move FROM him. I am narrating only my own experiments, and I have never witnessed an instance of a repulsive motion. Every spontaneous movement of furniture, within my own observation, has been in a direction TOWARDS the Psychic. What can raise a stronger presumption than this, that the attractive force is in the Psychic? Indeed, the Spiritualists find themselves compelled to admit the existence of a Psychic Force (calling it magnetic), but they account for the facts stated above by the ingenious but wholly conjectural explanation that the disembodied spirits, by whom the motions, sounds, and communications are believed by them to be made, gather up and employ the magnetism of the Psychic as the material by which they are enabled to manifest themselves to mortal senses, and that thence arises the remarkable similarity which the acts done, and the communications made, invariably bear to the mental character and intelligence of the Psychic.

Such being some of the principal conditions that I have noted as attending the manifestations of the Psychic Force, what are the conclusions to which they point?

First, that the Psychic Force itself proceeds from, or in some unknown manner is associated with, the human organization.



Second, that it is controlled and directed by the intelligence of the Psychic.

The manner in which this is effected is undiscovered, because as yet it has not been examined scientifically.

That it is the result of an UNCONSCIOUS action of the brain, the ganglion, or the nerves, will probably be deemed by those who have closely noted the phenomena to be sufficiently established. The attention of the Psychic does not require to be fixed upon what is going on. Answers are given to questions while the Psychic is conversing on other subjects, and even when the questions are put so faintly that he could not hear them had he been listening instead of talking.

And not only are all of these ascertained conditions consistent with the SCIENTIFIC conclusion, that the Force both proceeds from, and is directed by the intelligence of, the Psychic, but they are inconsistent with the Spiritualist theory, that they are the doings of the disembodied spirits of the dead. All is precisely as might be anticipated of the Psychic that he would act and speak in such case; nothing is done or communicated in any fashion such as might reasonably be supposed that a disembodied spirit would do or say.

In such circumstances, the course prescribed alike by Science and common sense is to accept the near and natural solution in preference to the distant and the supernatural. There is a Force visibly, audibly, and palpably at work, and it is undoubtedly directed by intelligence. Whence does it come? Either from one or more or all of the persons present, or from some invisible being. If all the conditions attending the operations of the Force are consistent with the former and inconsistent with the latter hypothesis, science, reason, and common sense direct us to prefer the former—to accept the theory of Psychism in preference to the theory of Spiritualism.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FORCE.

The term PSYCHIC FORCE has been employed to describe the power or influence that either proceeds from or is intimately associated with the human organization, not as being a perfect name for it, but for want of a fitter one.

We call it A FORCE because many of the phenomena present the results of force. But it must not therefore be taken as an affirmation on the part of those who, with myself, assert the theory of its human origin, and contend that it falls within the proper domain of science, that it necessarily resembles the other powers in nature to which science has given the name of "forces." The notion of the forces of heat, light, magnetism, electricity, galvanism (be they the same or many), is that of particles in motion, making themselves perceptible to our senses when they strike against some opposing matter, though that is very difficult to comprehend, seeing that magnetism, like Psychic Force, operates, although a solid body is interposed between the magnet and the object it attracts. But it does not follow that in this particular Psychic Force should resemble those other forces. We call it a force for convenience, and for lack of a better term; but it is doubtful if, strictly speaking, it be a FORCE—if it be not more in the nature of an INFLUENCE than of motion of particles projected and impinging on other bodies and by the impact causing motions and sounds on the bodies struck. The subject is extremely obscure, very little endeavor having been made to examine it patiently, with experiments and tests guided by sagacity, as Science has investigated other phenomena, and with a sincere desire to learn the very truth, however disturbing that truth may be to accepted principles and opinions.

With this protest against a possible misunderstanding of our meaning when we talk of Psychic Force, I ask a short consideration of its foremost characteristics.

I. The force, or influence, comes in waves that are in rapid motion, rising and falling continually. The waves are generally synchronous, but of uneven magnitude. They are more or less tremulous to the perceptive sense. The things moved by it, whatever they may be, with rare exceptions QUIVER, in this particular differing in a very marked manner from muscular force, which is exercised either by sudden impact in the shape of a push or blow or by steady pressure. This difference in the character of Psychic Force at once distinguishes it from muscular force, and is of itself satisfactory proof that the phenomena are not



the result of muscular action, either designed or unconscious.

II. In another respect the Psychic Force operates upon the bodies subjected to it in a manner altogether unlike muscular force. It is neither a blow, a push, nor a pressure. If the subject of the experiment be a table, for instance, the sounds are not upon the surface, as if something had struck the wood, but as if they were produced in the fibrous centre of the slab. The vibration is more palpable to the touch than when a blow of equal loudness is made upon the table. The sound differs much from that produced by the finger or by any instrument of wood or metal, insomuch that a very brief experience suffices to enable the ear instantly to discover the difference between artificial sounds and the true sound of the Psychic Force.

So it is with motions of solid bodies caused by the Psychic Force. They have a special character. In addition to the curious tremulousness or quivering that attends these motions, they appear to be caused by power exercised in a manner differing widely from that of muscular action. An arm, for instance, applies its force to one part of the subject only, and by no contrivance can extend that force equally over the whole body. To refer again to the familiar instance of a table. Muscular force, as of an arm, might raise or depress the table on the side at which it is used—by application above, it would be depressed; by application below, it would be raised—but only at the point of contact; and the foot applied to the leg of the table might lift it on that side, but could not possibly depress it. The table could not be raised entirely from the floor by any one or more persons applying muscular pressure on one side only, because of the inability to diffuse muscular force equally throughout the entire body to be moved. A table could be raised from the floor, preserving its horizontal position, only by the application of the equal muscular force of two persons, at the least, standing on opposite sides. This is another proof that Psychic Force is not muscular force, for scarcely an experiment can be tried with a Psychic without motions of the table being produced on the side of the table OPPOSITE to that at which he is seated, and

in a position which makes the application of muscular force by him to that part of the table a sheer impossibility.

III. The Psychic Force appears to diffuse itself over the entire of the body to which it is applied, and to exercise itself in any part of that body with equal power and facility. The sides of the table opposite to the Psychic, far out of reach of muscular contact by him, are raised or depressed, and the sounds proceed from those parts quite as frequently and as vigorously as at the side of the table at which he is sitting, or within the reach of his muscular powers.

IV. The Psychic Force, unlike muscular force, does not appear to operate by pressure; it is more in the nature of diffusion and inflation; it is apparently a Force the material of which is wholly unknown to us. The bodies moved by it are not moved by a jerk, or by upward or downward continuous pressure applied to one portion of the subject only; the Psychic Force seems to diffuse itself through the whole substance of the thing moved. Thus, if it be a table, it is raised, not as by a force applied below it, but as if by the levitation of the material of which it is composed. When it rises from the floor it mounts like a balloon. If the hand is pressed upon it in its ascent, instead of depressing it on that side and feeling a counter-pressure of resistance in some special part of it, the sensation to the touch is that of a floating body rising because it is lighter than the air: a sensation that will be at once recognized by those who have ever amused themselves with toy balloons. It hovers in the air like a FLOATING, not like a LIFTED, body, and it descends generally with more or less of a pendulous motion, as in a descending balloon, or a parachute. It never FALLS down like a solid mass.

V. From these characteristics of the action of Psychic Force, I am inclined to the conjecture (for as yet it is little more), that it is a force antagonistic to gravitation, or in some unknown manner exempt from the influence of gravitation, or at least that it operates to counteract the force of gravitation on the bodies in which it is diffused.

VI. This conjecture as to the nature of the Psychic Force appears to derive some confirma-



tion from the process required for its exhibition. Muscular force needs no preparation for its exercise. An arm or a foot can be raised and will apply the same amount of force in an instant as in an hour. It cannot be accumulated in any body. The continued pressure of the hands upon a table does not increase the amount of muscular force applied to the table. That which enters at the point of contact is absorbed by the force of gravitation as fast as it is evolved, and at the end of half-an-hour the table cannot be moved more easily than at the end of a minute.

But the Psychic Force is evidently capable of accumulation. It grows by slow degrees. A lapse of time, varying according to many conditions not yet examined, is requisite before a sufficiency of it is infused into the subject to produce any perceptible effect. First come delicate sounds, audible only by help of a stethoscope; then these grow louder, and can be heard by the ear and felt by the hand; and then come the motions that no person who has once witnessed them can either imagine or mistake. But all this is manifestly the evidence of an accumulation of force, as electricity is accumulated in a battery, or magnetism in a coil; and the sitting with the hands upon the table is the process of charging it (if I may use the term) with the Psychic Force, which all human beings possess in a greater or lesser degree, but which the Psychic possesses in an abnormal degree, combined with the power of directing it, when so accumulated, in some manner as yet unknown, but which it should be the business of Science to discover.

CONCLUSION.

From the above experiments it is not unreasonable that they who witnessed them should have concluded—

I. That there is a Force other than the Forces of Nature hitherto recognized. But whether it is the one Force which is said to change merely its form according to the substance in which it is exhibited, or a Force entirely distinct from the known Physical Forces, and subject to other laws associated with vitality, there is not as yet sufficient evidence to determine.

II. That this Force produces positive sounds and motions in solid bodies brought within the radius of its influence.

III. That this Force is found to operate at an undefined, but not indefinite, distance from the human body.

IV. That it is developed (so as to be perceptible to the senses by its effects) in certain persons only, to whom the name of Psychics has been given.

V. That Psychics are not distinguished from other persons by any perceptible peculiarity of mental or bodily organization. They are of either sex, of all ages, of all degrees of intelligence, of varying physical powers, of all degrees of bodily health, of all countries and races.

VI. That there is some, but not sufficient, evidence, that the power of a Psychic is a special faculty (such as is a genius for music, poetry, etc.) and that it is often inherited.

VII. That it is probable (but not yet proved), that this Force proceeds from, or is intimately associated with, the nerve organization, and is possessed by all human beings in a greater or less degree, but in their ordinary conditions producing no external effects perceptible by the senses; that when possessed to an extraordinary extent, this Force is projected beyond the body, and causes motions and sounds in the objects permeated by it, or upon which it impinges.

VIII. That there is some, but not yet sufficient, evidence, that Psychic Force, and what physiologists have termed "vital force," and Dr. Richardson the "nerve ether," are identical.

IX. That in some manner, as yet not investigated and therefore not ascertained, a concurrence of the Psychic Forces of several persons promotes the activity of the Force exhibited by the Psychic.

X. That it is as yet undetermined whether it is the possession of Psychic Force in a rare degree that makes itself perceptible by its operation upon solid bodies, or if a Psychic is only a person who has not in himself a greater amount of the Force than others, but who possesses the power of attracting the combined Psychic Forces of the persons who are within a certain undefined radius from himself.

XI. That the Psychic Force is controlled and directed by the intelligence of the Psychic. That this intelligence frequently acts without consciousness by the Psychic. But if such ac-



tion is that of the brain, or of an individuality distinct from the brain and incorporeal, there is as yet no sufficient evidence.

XII. That the condition of the Psychic during such unconscious direction of the Force is generally similar to, if not identical with, that of the somnambulist, whose intelligent acts are the result of unconscious action of the brain, which not only dreams, but causes the patient to act the dream.

These are the results, concisely stated, obtained to the present time, of a scientific investigation into Psychic Force. It will be seen that they are, as from the recency of the procurement of PROOFS of the existence of the Force might have been surmised, as yet very imperfect. A few facts have been ascertained, but many more are yet in a dubious stage, awaiting further examination. The conditions under which the Psychic Force exists and is evolved and directed have been insufficiently examined, and there are numerous points in the wide field thus open to investigators to which their attention may be advantageously directed. I venture to state a few of these, in the hope that they will stimulate some readers to a course of experiment and test, with a view to obtain satisfactory solutions.

I. What are the precise measured distances from the Psychic to which the Psychic Force is found to extend?

II. Does the Force diminish according to distance from the Psychic, and if so, in what ratio?

III. What relationship do heat, moisture, electricity, and terrestrial magnetism severally bear to the amount of the Force exhibited?

IV. To what extent is the Force affected by the number of persons forming the chain?

V. Is there any, and how much, increase in the Force by the formation of a chain of nerve organizations, and in what degree by extension of the chain? Is the effect the same if the same persons are merely grouped together near to the Psychic without forming a circle or in any manner uniting the Psychic Force possessed by each person, except by the common link of the floor on which they stand?

VI. Is the concentration or direction of the Force affected to any extent by the material of which is formed the table or other body used

as a conductor or collector of the Force? Is metal more or less favorable to the exhibition of the Force than wood; and is one kind of wood more favorable than another kind?

VII. Does any advantage accrue in fact from actual contact of the persons present: and does not the table or other conductor employed equally serve for conducting or collecting the Force?

VIII. By what process is it that the unconscious action of the brain, asserted by Dr. Carpenter, directs the Psychic Force to intelligent purposes?

I shall esteem it an obligation if any reader pursuing this interesting and most important investigation into the nature and operations of Psychic Force will communicate to me the results of his experiments; for it is only by a large accumulation of facts, and a multitude of observations, made under a variety of conditions, that this branch of the science of Psychology can be advanced. Careful note should be taken of all trials, and whatever is capable of actual measurement should be determined by rule or by scales.

Let it once be recognized that this is a subject for Science, and not a mere structure of imagination nor a superstition erected upon a basis of fact, and there will be an end to the strange aversion now felt to the examination of phenomena which, if established, must throw a blaze of light on many of the obscurities of Physiology and mysteries of medicine.

Brought within the domain of Science, the facts recognized, examined, and traced to their sources, so much as is true will be added to the store of knowledge; so much as is false, or which fancy may have erected upon the facts, will be dissipated. It is thus, and only thus, that Science can effectually banish Superstition.

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HOW TO INVESTIGATE.

To those who may be desirous to aid the investigation now in progress, a few suggestions of the best means of doing so will doubtless be welcome.

There is an erroneous impression that none but professional Psychics are to be found. In truth, Psychics are frequent in private life, and especially among children. There are few fam-



ily circles in which they may not be discovered by patient experiment. As there is nothing in mind, person, or manner to indicate an organization having such an excess of Psychic Force as to produce the phenomena of Psychism, its existence can only be discovered by trials repeatedly made with the same circle. The process is very simple. Not less than five nor more than nine should form a party, who should meet twice or thrice a week (the more frequently the better). Instead of lounging before the fire, they should seat themselves at a table, lay their hands upon it, and in that position continue their chat, mingled with music and song. It is as easy to enjoy a social gathering seated thus as in any other grouping. If there is neither sound nor motion in the table in an hour, break up the circle, take tea, talk, and in half an hour re-form it—that is, if none are weary, for in such case the trial should end at once. There should be no disappointment if nothing comes, but it should be tried again and again, **ALWAYS PRESERVING THE SAME CIRCLE**. If one of the party is a Psychic, signs of it will probably appear by the sixth sitting, and then it can be readily ascertained who the Psychic is by each one in turn quitting the circle, and thus discovering whose presence is necessary to the action of the Force. As soon as sounds and motions are presented, careful note should be taken of the phenomena occurring at every future meeting, and experiments and tests devised and tried for the purpose of ascertaining the conditions under which the phenomena appear, and thus

to aid the inquiry into their cause which is now being so extensively and actively pursued in all parts of the country.

It has been calculated that about one person in thirty is a Psychic in England, and about one person in twenty in Scotland and America, the faculty being obviously much more powerfully developed in certain races of men than in others. As I have stated above, it is very frequent with children, and often disappears from them entirely at puberty. Infants in arms are sometimes Psychics, and there is said to be an instant and marked increase of the Force when they are taken into the circle or even brought into the room. In one instance within my own observation the entry of a servant with a message was instantly followed by a manifest access of the Force, shown as the door opened, continuing while she was in the room, and declining when she left it. Where a child is a Psychic, it will be desirable to ascertain the nature of the intelligence that then directs the Force—if it is that of a child—and in the case of an infant Psychic if any intelligence whatever is exhibited by the Force—and I shall be greatly obliged by information of actual experiences on these points, whose importance will be obvious at a glance.

A table is not necessary to the operation of the Force. Any solid body that connects the persons forming the chain is equally efficient. But a table is found to be the most convenient subject for experiment, as it enables the party to be comfortably seated and to converse at ease.

Convention Rosae Crucis

In our next issue, the September Number, full reports will be given of the First Annual Convention of the Order Rosae Crucis, recently held in Pittsburgh, Valley of Pennsylvania, July 30 to Aug. 4, 1917. It is the first annual Conclave of Rosaecrucians on this hemisphere during Modern times. Prehistoric records exists to the effect that Rosaecrucians have assembled "en masse" in at least two places within the present North American Jurisdiction, and translations of some of these "meetings" will appear in future issues. At present we are most concerned with Modern thought, endeavor and advancement and will report fully through camera and pen.



The Power of Suggestion

A Dramatic Incident of Western Life

By The Imperator

The Los Angeles Limited enroute from Chicago to the West came to a sudden stop at a small way-side station in Iowa early in the morning and the conductor informed me that it was at this place I must change to reach a small town lying near the Western border of the State.

It was in March, last March, when the Middle West had been visited with a heavy snow-storm, and the small station was forlorn looking with drifts and banks of snow completely separating it from the few houses which constituted the village. Seldom had the great Limited stopped at this station and much interest was shown by the passengers in the conductor's and engineer's efforts to bring the section of the train in which I was so comfortably located opposite one little clearing whereon I might step with my heavy luggage.

After the Limited pulled out of the snow with great grinding and groaning, I found that I was alone except for one man who was standing inside the small covered room used as a waiting room and ticket office. He was tall, well built, about forty years of age, tanned and robust of color and dressed as a prosperous farmer. His long leather and rubber boots, the brown shirt and dark blue tie, the broad felt hat and the large leather and wool gloves made a picture not unlike those we in the East see upon the moving-picture screens.

My interest in the man was only casual. I was trying to judge the section of the country by its sole representative. For half an hour I studied the man and the place waiting anxiously for the other train which was to carry me a few miles further West.

At last a slow-moving train approached the station platform on a side track and my attention was at once centered upon the cars. The train consisted of an antiquated engine, three baggage or freight cars and, trailing at the end, a bright yellow, small and greatly worn out

passenger coach. Into this latter car I climbed with my luggage and settled in an old plush seat. The car was dusty and dirty, the windows badly spotted with dirt and frost and the seats hard and broken in places. There was no one with me in the car until, after ten minutes waiting, the stranger on the platform swung onto the last platform as the train was about to leave the station.

He remained in the rear of the car, smoking a pipe. I did not turn about to see him, but I was conscious of his presence because I was conscious of his concentrated gaze upon me.

The train moved slowly through the heavy snow and shortly stopped at a small platform where, I noticed after a long wait, some freight was being deposited. The whistle blew and we were moving again even more slowly than before.

The trip I was to take on this car was not far as distance goes, and had the train been other than a slow freight train with the one passenger coach, my journey would have been of but an hour's duration at the most.

Shortly after making the first stop I rose from my seat and impatiently strolled through the car. There was one small coal stove in the end of the car which gave little heat. I stood by this warming my hands and watching the flames play about the few coals when the stranger spoke to me.

"This is a sure 'nough slow car, isn't it?"

"Yes it is, very slow and—cold," I replied, welcoming an opportunity for conversation. "It seems to be a freight train and we as passengers are only incidentals."

"You are a stranger to these parts, I s'pose and don't know that this here way of traveling is 'bout the best we have. That there Limited you came through on seldom stops up yonder, for we have two trunk lines that pass through here. Strangers seldom lay off at



these places. Nothing much to interest them 'round here."

His vowels were very broad and his speech slow and emphatic. I sat down beside him and found his eyes intensely interesting. There was kindness in them when he was natural, but as I watched the expression in them I saw that he was very tense and greatly perturbed. Even his hands and feet betrayed nervousness and he sat restlessly, always glancing out of the window over the snow-covered hills.

"This snow will put a stop to our work for a while and I thought it a good time to take a little trip. Got some little business to attend to up at Council Bluffs. Ever been to Council Bluffs? I've lived out around here for 'bout on twelve years and never been up that a'way before."

"No," I replied, "I have never been to Council Bluffs, but I expect to be there in a few days. I am going to make one other stop before I go there. This country is all new to me."

The train had stopped again and I put on my overcoat and went out into the storm and the snow to watch the men unload some more freight. On the platform there was a man in overalls, evidently the station agent, and with him a little girl in gingham dress and heavy woolen sweater. The freight men were unloading several heavy pieces of agricultural implements and a crated Ford automobile. The machinery was placed in the snow banks and, there being no freight office, the pieces were left there deeply buried to become covered with the fast falling snow. I was speculating upon this matter when I saw the train begin to move and, swinging upon the steps of the car, I entered the car again and resumed my own seat many feet away from the stranger.

After a few minutes he came to my seat, and lounging carelessly beside me he began the story which held my interest throughout the three hours trip.

"You know, friend, we watch strangers who come to these parts, and I don't mean anything personal when I ask where you're going to stop 'bout here. Sometimes the only troubles we peaceful people have comes about through strangers and maybe we are too suspicious, but we likes to know just what's going

on. I'd spect you're one of them traveling salesmen with your big luggage if it weren't that there ain't no stores in about here, and you say you're going to stop this side of Council Bluffs. Where's that going to be?"

"I'm going to Harlan, my friend," I replied willingly, "and I do not mind your personal questions at all. But I had no idea that strangers would attract attention or arouse interest here let alone suspicions. What has been the trouble with strangers heretofore?"

"Well if you're goin' to Harlan, that's different. That's a big place. County Court House is there and some good stores, best this side of C. B. Reckon I was just a bit suspicious and meant no harm. What you think about the war?"

His question was evidently meant to change the subject, but my interest in his "strangers" was aroused and I meant to revert to it. So I answered his question and added one, much as they say in Europe all Americans do.

"The war interests me very little, my friend. I would rather talk about Peace. Look out on those hills! See how beautifully white they are. Look at that clear sky, as blue and soft as a great piece of blue velvet. There are quiet little cottages here and over there, and all about us I see evidence of Peace and Plenty. Why should we concern ourselves about the war. It cannot come to you out here unless you voluntarily bring it to yourself." I waxed enthusiastic as I spoke. I meant to convey one of our lessons to him.

"Yas," he drolled in a semi-dreamy way. "That's all nice enough, this talk about the little homes and peace. But there's not always peace in those quiet little homes either. You fellows from the big cities like to paint such pictures and tell such pretty things. You're always talkin' about the peaceful little homes on the hills. But that's where you're wrong." He was becoming excited and very positive. He rose in his seat and turned toward me and abruptly blurted out with: "It's just such fellows as you that makes all our trouble. You come out here with that smooth talk, that nice language and you begin by praising our quiet life. The more you fellows talk the more you make our life miserable. You know what I mean! Our women folks listen to you



and the more you picture the excitement of the city and the peaceful quiet of the country, the more the women git discontented and then there's war. That's why I'm on this here train. I'm going now to start some war that'll come to a finish, too. That is, I, I am going to help a fellow that's going to catch one of you city fellows up at C. B. and pump him full of lead before this here week is done."

"I am sorry," I began, "if I have ventured upon a subject which has become displeasing to you. It is true that in the big cities we find much unrest, a great deal of false and superficial happiness and little peace. But in saying what I did I was not speaking idly, but as one who wishes to promulgate an attitude of peace everywhere. I know that if we think peace we can prevent war, and you will pardon me for saying that the thoughts which now occupy your mind bring the very discontent and unhappiness from which you suffer."

He was quite evidently displeased at my remarks and my rebuff. He stood up and then strolled through the aisle in deep thought. The train made another stop and I saw that one of the freight cars was being detached. I took occasion of the long wait to stroll again in the snow and breathe the wonderfully exhilarating air. When I returned to the car my strange acquaintance was in a seat adjoining mine and in deep thought.

"I'm going to tell you how it is," he said as I sat down again, "and then you'll understand that war is necessary sometimes to preserve peace."

"This here friend of mine I just spoke about, lived in one of those nice little country houses like you saw on the hills. He had a fine big home, the best one 'round here if I do say it myself. He was raised on that place and added to it after his folks passed away. His wife was one of our country girls, as you city fellows call 'em, and she was a mighty fine girl, too. 'Tell you, my friend, that there girl was as sweet and good as any girl a man would want. She was too darn good lookin' for this country I guess, but she 'tended her own business and made a happy home for,—for my friend. And my friend 'preciated her, too,—you can't say he didn't for he did. By gosh

he did everything that a man could do for her. Had plenty of money and had a telephone put in the house. Even got one of them talking machines and self-playing pianos. Why that house even had 'lectric lights and regular Chicago-style bath-room.

"The wife was young, as I 'spect I told you, and she read those magazines and newspapers which come out here and have all the pictures about pretty city clothes. She liked them kind of clothes better'n the country kind. Why, say, friend, she has set up late o' nights planning how she'd have some of them dresses made until when she'd come to bed she dream 'bout them in the night and talk about them. Many's the time she's talked it all over during the night until I,—why my friend had to keep them magazines away from her hands.

"And they was God-fearing people, too. They went to the church you saw on that hill every Sunday, regular. Always thought of goodness and there was peace in their minds with nothing to worry about any time. My friend always tried to help others and that's where the trouble came in. This here leaving your front door open so that a stranger in need can slip in and find what he wants is all right in the story books, but it played hell in that home."

I saw that he was working himself into a nervous state. His right hand was always reaching for his handkerchief to wipe his brow, for the drops of perspiration stood out like beads on a rose-colored cloth. In his eyes there was a stern look, a determined threat and a foreboding of a coming burst of passion. I could only listen carefully and wait for a proper time to calm him; but I realized that the frenzy within him must consume itself.

"One day a city fellow came to this peaceful home and asked for work. He was dressed in city clothes and looked like he'd never done any hard work in his life, though he was big 'nough to equal me in any work about the place. Said he was a college student and was finishing a course in agriculture and wanted to spend the summer in real work. Only wanted board and room, didn't care about any pay. You know help is scarce about here in the summertime and I was glad he came along. He was taken in,—that is, my friend I am tell-



ing you about, he took him in, you see,—not me. He was given a good room and made one of the family. He really did some work for a few days and was always preaching about how glad he was to be away from the big city. I disremember where he was from, but think he said Chicago or New York. But I got his name and number, all right.

"He used to sit up o' evenings and play on the piano and sing them latest New York songs and tell us about the shows and the dance places where they sing and have a rollicking time while you eat. He used to refer to that when we was eating at our table, and he even wanted the wife to sing one of the songs he taught her while we ate.

"Then he'd talk about the fine clothes the ladies wore. Gosh, but he could tell it fine. He could make you see the clothes and the women folk. Then there was the parks, and the lakes, especially some big lake, I think it was in Chicago. Then there was the bathing places, the beaches and the funny amusement places near by.

"For two months I heard about those things until I could see them all in my sleep. The first thing I knew the wife wanted an automobile like other people had. That was it. She wanted things like other people had. I heard that often: 'like other people had.' It got to be her one ambition and soon she got discontented with the farm and the 'peaceful' home.

"This here stranger made a great impression on the wife. He had some money and he used to ride in that there automobile with her to that there town we just passed and they would get ice-cream and candy and see the moving pictures which came there every two weeks. Oh, they got to be great friends them two, and her old man like a blamed old fool, didn't suspect nothing."

He was seated beside me now and was wild with rage. Our train was moving slowly and I lost all interest in where we were or how far we had gone. I could see through the tale he was telling and recognized an opportunity to put into practise some of the principles we teach in our work. I encouraged him to go on with the tale.

"Then one day I was away to the town where

you got off the Limited. That is, well you see, my friend was away from home and that city fellow just took that young wife in the automobile with some of her clothes and they went away. When night came and she didn't come home her man, that is her husband, didn't suspect much. But 'bout ten o'clock that night Jennison, who lives on the next farm, came in and said that the automobile was standing up near the tracks of the Great Western by the side-station and they was no one in it.

"That made my friend suspicious and he waited 'till morning and when he got the automobile he found his wife and the city fellow had got aboard the train about five o'clock. He never heard of them until yesterday, and them two are living in Council Bluffs. That's why I am going there. And you can bet there's going to be some disturbance of the peace like a regular war for about five minutes.

Now was my opportunity.

"And what does your friend expect to do in Council Bluffs?" I inquired as though I did not understand as well as I should.

"He's just going there to shoot that city fellow full o' daylight,—that's all! Ain't he right? We don't have your ideas out here, and we ain't afraid of a little war when it comes to settling a score of this kind."

"Are you not afraid of killing the man,—that is, your friend, is he not fearful that he may kill him?" I asked guardedly.

"That's just what is going to happen," he replied. And I saw his right hand unconsciously reaching toward the left hip pocket. Glancing sideways I saw protruding from that pocket the handle of a good-sized gun. It stood out from his body menacingly. He did not know that I saw it.

"Surely nothing can be gained by taking the man's life. Let me tell you something to tell your friend. Listen to me carefully and repeat what I say."

I talked slowly and distinctly. In my mind I held the picture of the man beside me. My mind was concentrated upon him, for I knew, I felt in every fibre of my body, that he was the aggrieved husband bent upon murder. I wanted my words to sink into his subjective consciousness and become powerful sugges-



tions. The easiest way to hold his concentrated attention while I worked upon his mind was through telling him my little story in such a slow and determined manner that it would make him think,—think of every word and its import.

"Your friend has suffered seriously. At the hands of one to whom he has done no harm but good, he has suffered in a way that YOU and I can hardly understand. We can look at the matter more calmly than he can. He sees only the personal injury where as YOU and I see in it a great error. The man who has become a false friend is the real sufferer as YOU and I know. He has done that which will haunt and terrorize him for years to come. Even now he may fear the coming of the husband or the police. Surely, he cannot sleep at night as peacefully as YOU and I can sleep. You are the husband's best friend. YOU can save him and make him happy. Let me tell you how.

"You go to Council Bluffs! Perhaps you can find where the man and the misled woman are stopping. You know where they are? That is good. Then you can go there and watch for the man to leave her alone. Watch when he goes out, if only for a minute or two. Then go in and see the woman. Tell her how her husband has worried, how she has broken his heart. Tell her that HE will forgive her; explain how HIS heart bleeds to forgive the first error in her life, just as Jesus forgave, just as GREAT men forgive. Tell her that YOU have come to take her back home and away from a man who can never respect or love her. Tell her how her husband has always loved her and how peaceful it is at home. She will understand. She has had no moment of peace or contentment since she left her home and her heart is sad. I am sure of that. Let her know that though there are wicked, deceitful, destructive men in the world her husband is a godly man who would rather bring true happiness than pain and sorrow to any one's heart.

"Have the husband prepare a good meal for the wife's homecoming. Make a welcome

ready for her and she will understand the greatest lesson in the world.

"Keep in your mind, my friend, the thought of peace. One man has committed an error. It may be a crime to the husband, but to YOU and I we see it as an error of judgment, an error of interpretation of nature's laws. That man in his evil thinking has taken away peace from his heart and his soul, but he could not take peace away from us for YOU and I have done no wrong and WILL DO NO WRONG. We will think peace in our hearts so that peace will come to the husband and the home of this loving couple who have been so rudely separated."

We were approaching Harlan. It was announced by the conductor who took occasion to come into the car to notify me. I must leave the stranger. He was relaxed. Once again the perspiration stood out in big drops on his brow. He was thinking deeply and the tense strain was gradually passing. He was ready to cast aside his intentions and—I arose and held out my hand to him. We exchanged cordial and fervent greetings and he accompanied me to the platform. I stood there awhile looking at him and he at me. Our eyes were piercing each other's. He was trying to see whether I discerned in him and his story the real husband and I,—well I was sending to him silently one last thought.

As the train left the station I said to him, sternly and directly:

"Remember my friend, peace! Peace of the soul, of the mind, of the heart. Peace in your home and all through your life. It's the greatest blessing in the world. Take peace to that wife, save her from the horror of an unthinking but GOOD husband. Peace, friend, peace be with you."

And, my last sight of him is still clear in my mind. The great, big tears like those of a hurt boy with aching heart, were rolling down his cheeks. He was bent over in grief, but there was a light of understanding in his eyes. He waved his hand and with clear voice sang out:

"Peace, my friend, peace!"



The Stars of Catherine De Medici

By Ida Duncan Little



THAT wonderful old City of Florence, city of the merchant princes of the Renaissance, where Lorenzo the magnificent had held sway during the early years of the awakening of Italy to art and letters; that city of beauty was still in its zenith when the year 1519 appeared upon the calendar. The family of the Medici had regained their hold upon the government and one of them had been made Pope with the title of Leo X. Lorenzo II ruled in a Florence filled with luxury, genius and the joy of living, and there, upon the 13th day of April, his daughter Catherine was born. Her mother was a princess of the House of Bourbon, Madeleine of Auvergne, so in the veins of this child ran the blood of France and of Italy, and the soul thus returning to incarnation awoke to a life eventful, tragic and filled with evil. The subtlety, the love of power, the brutality as well as the artistic tastes and scientific leanings of that decadent prince, her father, found response in her. In studying this life the fact is apparent that souls in returning, come to the environment and the period of time that best allows the expression of their natures. The law of attraction, of affinity is always active. The old idea that man is entirely the product of heredity and environment must be discarded when we obtain a more universal viewpoint.

The mother of Catherine died at the time of her birth, and Lorenzo, always of delicate health followed his wife within a few days. The grandmother, Alfonsina Orsini, took charge of the child and from the first she became a center around which the Medici family struggled for power. Her childhood was lonely, cold and friendless, passed within great palaces and various nunneries where she was surrounded by constant intrigue. She was moved from Rome to Florence or from Florence to Rome as plots and counter plots rose and fell and her family contended for the thrones of Italy. At eleven years of age she was a very bright, animated

girl, with large, light eyes under heavy lids, a homely face and dark braids of hair. She was even now witty and clever in speech, and the Pope began his struggle to arrange her marriage by which the Medici desired to increase their influence. He finally succeeded in having her betrothed to Henry, son of the King of France, Francis I, and to him she was married in her fifteenth year. Rome was impoverished to supply her dowry and wedding presents, while her trousseau was the talk of Italy.

Let us here pause and consider the horoscope of our princess. In the first place we may be absolutely sure of its correctness, despite the passage of time for this reason. At the time of Catherine's birth there lived at the court of Florence, under the patronage of Lorenzo, two brothers by the name of Ruggieri. Their father was the court physician, mathematician and astrologer, three professions often united during the middle ages. This man, with the assistance of a famous mathematician by the name of Bazile cast the horoscope of the child. The reading of the chart was also marvelous in its accuracy and predicted the events of the life as they afterwards occurred. Ruggieri the elder, was the head of a great and secret college of occultists, from which came Cardan and Nostradamus, astrologers and physicians of the day. Here also were his two sons educated. Cosmo, the older one became the astrologer of Catherine and followed her to France, while Lorenzo was called "The Great" by students of the Cabala. At this period, the sixteenth century, occultism was studied with an interest and enthusiasm never seen again until the immediate present, when its light once more shines upon mankind. At all the great courts, astrologers and cabalists were received with favor. The universities established chairs for the study of astrology. Great generals desired astrologers with them upon their campaigns. From the Popes to the masses all desired to know the influence of the stars upon their lives and fortunes. The hidden, the occult side of



life, was realized in its true bearing on human activities.

The Renaissance had induced men of learning to return to Nature, and the study of the classics. In the earlier days of the century the influence of Plato, his ideas of the unity of God and man and the aestheticism of the Greek philosophers, held powerful sway. If as time passed great truths degenerated to Paganism and indulgence of the senses, it was due to man himself who lost their real and ethical basis. Astrology reached its greatest height during this revival of learning and we find eminent men devoting years to its study. Medicine was usually studied in connection with it as the influence of the stars upon the physical organism is of course, profound. For instance, Girolamo Cardan, a professor of medicine in the university of Pavia, had a European reputation for his works on astrology, and it is of interest to observe that he, like Socrates, had a daemon or guardian spirit who spoke with him. The Medici family was greatly interested in scientific, intellectual and artistic work. Brilliant of mind themselves, they recognized brilliance and genius in others, and their courts were crowded with men of learning, poets, artists and architects. So it was that on the birth of Catherine the court astrologer cast the horoscope.

We find that the chart result by synthesis in the sign of the zodiac called Capricorn, which rules the mid-heaven and contains the planet Saturn. These points are important. Capricorn is the sign of the statesman, the diplomat; it tends toward the feeling that "the ends justify the means"; it gives an ambition that is never content, and, if the character is not a noble one, everything and everyone will be sacrificed to the personal aims. This is an earthy sign, and things of the material world, position, power, wealth may assume an undue importance. Saturn here adds greatly to all these qualities, also giving self-control and subtlety. The sign on the mid-heaven of any chart should be given more consideration than is usually the case. In a general survey we find that evil or inharmonious aspects between the planets are almost universal. In the east, at the moment of birth rose the seventeenth degree of the sign Aries, giving the planet Mars

as ruler of the life, and this planet and the moon are in exact evil aspect to the ascending degree and to each other. The ascendant gave Catherine her intense desire to be at the head of things, to lead, to control others, and being inharmoniously related, these qualities were carried to an extreme. Aries is the sign governing the head, and Mercury, the planet of mind, rising here, gave her a brilliant and restless intellect.

The sun in the second degree of the sign Taurus, the bull, gave to her inner self or individuality, strength, obstinacy, the ability to bide her time despite the general impulsiveness of her temperament, and added to her selfishness. The conjunction of the planet Venus to the sun would greatly have benefited the character had not the immediate presence of the planet Uranus chilled them both. The moon representing the personality or outer self is in the sign Libra, and it made her artistic in temperament and would have been of much benefit had it not been so badly related to the other planets. It is of interest to note that the houses of the father and mother contain the two malefics, Mars and Saturn, in evil relation to each other, the ascendant and the moon; the parents passing out at the birth time. The chief good aspect of this chart, the conjunction of the moon with the planet Jupiter, had much effect. It gave her dignity, success and position, the aid of powerful friends and caused her advancement from being a daughter of the merchant princes of Florence to being Queen of France and later Regent with enormous power in her hands for good or evil.

Catherine's early years in France were far from being happy ones. Henry soon came entirely under the influence of Diana de Poitiers and remained so until his death, but Francis I liked his Italian daughter-in-law. She was strong and active, she rode with him to the hunt and amused him with her clever talk and quick wit. She was gay and pleasure loving and could dance or wield the cross-bow. She was not however, a favorite with the people who called her "the Florentine" and disliked her Italian followers. Between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-six Catherine had ten children, three of whom died in infancy. The moon rules the house of children, the fifth, and its conjunction



with Jupiter in the fruitful sign Libra is here of interest. She was a careful mother so long as her children were young and puppets in her hands. She, with her love of learning had them well educated, as was also the little Mary Stuart who was brought up among them and later married to the eldest son, Francis II. But when these same children grew older and developed wills of their own, trouble began, and the most rebellious, the Princess Margot, was often beaten even after reaching years of maturity. The sons were naturally weak in character and ever subdued by their mother. Affection for them was so limited that it never interfered with her dominant desires. When she seemed struggling for their interests, it was always for power for herself. In a word, Catherine had always but one thought, herself and her ambition.

Until the death of her husband her position was far from enviable. Neglected by Henry, obliged to submit to Diana de Poitiers her powers of self-control were taxed to the utmost, but hate within her could lie cold and still until her opportunity arrived. We must not, however, think of her as a morose or silent character; evil may be as active in a vital, brilliant woman full of life and energy. She could plot against an enemy or plan a murder just as carefully as though she were long and solemn of face. She could laugh and she could weep to suit her purpose. She could play the pathetic widow or the woman of peace as the occasion required. She was an Italian and naturally demonstrative. Her love of ceremony and etiquette induced her queenly manner, her ready laugh and gracious ways to the world at large, but within the seclusion of her private life there were presented other aspects of this varied character. As for morals, it was not a matter of more or less morality; there was an entire absence of the quality. One clever writer has called her "the most respectable bad woman of the period" for her ambition to rule never permitted her to indulge any tendencies that might produce a scandal. However, the encouragement of her sons in dissipation that she might hold her power over them, and the lax morality of her court, show her entire indifference to the question. To the outer world she was ever mistress of her-

self, but within her family her violent and often brutal outbursts of anger were of frequent occurrence. When she called a friend "my dear" in an extremely gracious way that individual shivered and lived in dread. She was a diplomat, a natural Jesuit, a true disciple of the great Machiavelli. Due justice, however, must be extended to her. We must realize that she lived in a period when to poison your enemy or betray your friend, was not regarded in the light in which it is to-day, and she probably felt quite justified in all that she did. No one considers oneself a monster.

The first period of Catherine's life, the period of self-repression, ended with the death of her husband in 1559. In spite of his neglect, she had really been fond of him. It would seem to have been her only affection. The manner of his death is of interest. One night in the year above named, Catherine dreamed that Henry had lost an eye. She seems to have had a psychic sense that on several occasions told her of coming evil. Venus in the sign Taurus and the moon in Libra would partially account for this. There were great festivities at the court to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to that gloomy Catholic, Philip II of Spain. A three days tournament was held, in which the King took part despite the protests of his wife. When the fighting began Henry was victorious, but suddenly and strangely the lance of his adversary pierced his eye and he sank to the ground, dying shortly afterward.

Catherine's reign of power now began. She had waited for it until she was forty years of age. Though Francis II was in his sixteenth year, his weak and indolent character made him her tool. The history of his reign and that of his two brothers is the history of the Protestant Reformation upheld by the Bourbons against the Catholics and the family of Guise, that also desired the throne. It is a long and intricate story of battles and bloodshed, of intrigue and treachery, resulting finally in the terrible Eve of St. Bartholomew. Catherine swung like a pendulum between these two parties, her one idea to retain the power of her throne. If the Reformation became too powerful, she turned to the Catholics and the Guises, and did the latter triumph, she favored



the former, even, at times, playing into the hands of both. She had no noble thought, no noble aim, but a deep and inborn selfishness upheld by all the evil in her nature. We find Mercury the ever changeable planet, rising in the ascendant in her chart and receiving only evil vibrations, so her vacillation was extreme. We may be sure that she called it diplomacy, strategy and statesmanship.

The young Mary Stuart had been married to Francis and they were devoted to each other. Mary, always brilliant from childhood, was a favorite with everyone with whom she came in contact; her beauty and charm as great as they were later in her life. Unfortunately she was completely under the influence of her uncles, the Guises; and they used her to sustain their power at court. Had Francis lived, the life of this daughter of Scotland would probably have been far happier, her fate less tragic, but the stars decreed otherwise. At the age of seventeen years Francis, always a delicate boy, died quite suddenly. Mary immediately returned to her native land and Catherine became Regent in reality.

Let us pause and try to picture the appearance of the Queen at this period of her life. A tall woman, fine of figure, active and energetic in movement. The influence of the sign Aries ascending at her birth with Mercury rising in it, is thus shown. The face is homely in itself and mysterious in expression, the large light eyes look from under heavy concealing lids, the full lips and heavy cheeks are surmounted by thick braids of brown hair. The moon in Libra tending toward stoutness, has conjoined to it the expansive Jupiter, while to this is added the effect of the sun in Taurus, so that as Catherine advanced in age she became so extremely corpulent that she could hardly walk. But still at the age of forty she was still a strong, active woman, vigorous in mind and body and dominating all about her. Her portrait hangs in the Uffizi Palace of Florence and she stands before us in all the dignity natural to her, with one of her hands, noted for their beauty, resting on the table beside her. Like all of the Medici, Catherine was devoted to the arts and strove to attract genius to her court. Architecture was undoubtedly her chief artistic interest, and while

Regent and absorbed in affairs of state, she was constantly building or rebuilding and employing the great architects of the day. Philip Delorme built for her his masterpiece, the palace of the Tuileries. Some critics claim she had no real artistic sense simply following the fashion of the time but this is easily disproved when we glance at her horoscope. The moon and Jupiter in the artistic sign, Libra and the planet Venus in its own sign, Taurus, are proofs conclusive of her strong feeling for the beautiful. It is true that she was too fond of luxury and possessed an Italian delight in the ornate. She was a born collector and when a silver cup, by the great Benvenuto Cellini was presented to her, she was enraptured by it, and gave it place among the treasures of the crown. The acquisitive spirit of the collector was sometimes a danger to her friends as the following story will show. She heard one day that her treasurer possessed some very wonderful furniture, and as his wife was ill, she decided to call upon the lady and offer her condolences. There she saw a bench with the covering embroidered in great golden lilies and decided that she must have it. That unfortunate man, her treasurer, was declared to be dishonest and condemned to death, while naturally his belongings were confiscated by the crown. It was all quite simple and a truly Medician procedure. After the death of her husband, Henry II, she ordered that genius of the age, Michael Angelo, to make a statue of the King, and had the temerity to dictate how it should be done. It is easy to imagine the smile upon the face of that great calm man as he read her orders. Catherine had a cousin of the Strozzi family, who was an ardent collector of books and antiquities, and when he died she offered his son a large sum for the precious collection. His son accepted and the things were sent to France, but never paid for. Another peculiarity of our gentle heroine.

Charles IX was but nine years of age when he came to the throne, and therefore Catherine was made Regent in reality as she had been practically during the reign of Francis. All three of her sons who became kings, Francis II, Charles IX and Henry III were degenerate more or less in both physique and character, and she dominated them all. They did not



love, but feared and obeyed her. She seemed to have a hypnotic effect upon them, as upon her daughters and many others, who all bowed to her will. There was a virile strength in her dark nature that subdued and controlled the world around her. She was a force of evil that attracted war, confusion and enmity. In statesmanship she was ever subtle, unreliable, shifting, playing one person or one party against another. The great problems of her Regency were the desire of the Huguenots for religious freedom, and the schemes of the princes of the House of Guise and the House of Bourbon to wrest the throne from the declining House of Valois. Catherine was intellectually, if not emotionally inclined to Protestantism, but her fear of the Guises, and her son-in-law Philip of Spain, held her in check. The sun in conjunction with the planet Uranus gave her a wide viewpoint, but the moon in evil relation to Saturn filled her with fear.

The King, Charles IX, as he grew to manhood vacillated in views and actions as his mother dictated. Much like his father in temperament, he was a tall, thin, sickly looking youth with fine brown eyes and a weak chin. He was the most attractive and the least degenerate of the three sons. Extremely aesthetic by nature, music was his greatest interest, while his love of poetry was unlimited. United with these traits was a wild strain of insane energy and a deep sense of fear, which we must understand in order to comprehend his actions in relation to the Protestants. When the children of Catherine were young she had invited to her court the great French astrologer, Nostradamus, and had employed him to make their horoscopes, and instruct them in science. This man of Jewish origin, whose real name was Michel de Notredame, had reached distinction as a doctor of medicine, and during the great plague his skill had saved many lives. He used astrology in connection with medicine and wrote many books, but it was not until he wrote his book of rhymed prophesies called "Centuries," that his fame spread over Europe. It was this work that first brought him to the attention of Catherine, and later on, as his renown increased, owing to the fulfillment of many of his prophesies, he was made the court physician. This man had great influence over

Charles and endeavored to build up his frail physique and steady his erratic tendencies.

It will be remembered that when Catherine went to France she was accompanied by many Italians, among them Cosmo Ruggieri, her astrologer. She had made him immensely wealthy by gifts of lands and treasures; had built for him an observatory where he might watch the stars, and consulted him on all occasions. Her great interest and faith in astrology never failed. The planet Uranus in aspect to her ruler, Mars, and also to the sun had much effect upon her. Ruggieri held his power over her until the day of her death. It is interesting to imagine what Cosmo and his brother Lorenzo, who joined him in France, told the great Queen in relation to herself. They must well have understood their Catherine with her chart before them but Italian diplomacy probably guided them as they never lost her favor. What a wonderful book the "Memoirs" of Cosmo Ruggieri might have made. Did he know of all the treacheries, the murders, the evil doings of this dark character? Did he advise her against them? Did he warn her of the enmity constantly surrounding this woman whom no one loved? Did he, with all his occult knowledge, think only of himself and his power? Only in imagination can we answer. This much we do know. Cosmo was concerned in a plot instigated by the Queen to depose Charles IX, make him a prisoner and put his younger brother on the throne. The plot was discovered and all of the plotters beheaded except the astrologer, who, despite the influence of Catherine was condemned to the galleys. Upon the death of Charles a few months later, he was recalled to court and all his wealth and honors restored. Cosmo and his brother Lorenzo lived to be very old men and the famous Conte de St. Germaine was a disciple of theirs.

During the reign of Charles IX the leader of the Protestant movement was the Admiral Coligny, one of the truly great men of the period, a fine, upright, moral character. In the days when Catherine favored his followers he was much at court, and he and the young King became attached to each other. He influenced extremely this impressionable youth and developed his better traits while he also strove to induce him to show kindness to the



Huguenots and allow them freedom of worship. Catherine viewed this friendship with jealousy and finally with alarm, for she would allow no mind but her own to direct the King. She therefore, decided to have Coligny murdered. In the streets of Paris he was shot by one of her Italians who only succeeded in wounding him. He was in Paris at this time to attend the marriage of Catherine's daughter, Marguerite, to the Protestant prince, Henry of Navarre. For this wedding of the Princess Margot, as she was called, and whom one writer proclaims "the most brilliant liar in a family of brilliant liars," the Protestants from all over France had flocked to the capital. It was just after the marriage that Coligny was wounded, and among his followers agitation and anger spread rapidly. They had come in friendliness and confidence and their beloved leader was attacked, as they well know by order of the Queen. Why should they not unite and punish? The idea was whispered among them.

There was in the nature of the Florentine an element of fear that seems out of place in a character like hers, but fear of the loss of power was a moving force. She saw clearly the danger of an uprising among the Huguenots and the consequent danger for herself and the King. She acted with promptness. A council was called, the King, his brother and the Catholic Guises attended; a long and secret council where the King was shown his danger, his ever active fear of assassination worked upon, his weak nerves tortured until in a fit of frenzy he cried, "Since you choose to kill the Admiral I consent, but then you must kill all the Huguenots in France that not one be left to reproach me after it is done." Then with foam upon his lips he turned and rushed from the room. Catherine had once again moulded him to her will; this madman had decreed the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew.

About this period the stars showed tumult. For two years war had prevailed and then came famine owing to a strange disease in the wheat. Abnormal seasons of heat and cold caused intense suffering. There were floods and comets and earthquakes that added to the general misery. We find much the same conditions prevailing at the time of the French

Revolution and, as we look back in the world's history, we realize that great disturbances among men have been accompanied by great disturbances in nature. To the Rosae Crucian these things do not seem strange for he understands the power of man over nature. Thousands of minds uniting in thoughts of hate and violence must produce results upon the plastic soul of nature, which receives these impressions and responds to man in his own terms. The occultist recognizes not only the power of thought in the individual, but also the power of thought in masses of men united by an idea. Action is followed by reaction and man is caught in a web of his own making. He calls upon his God for assistance, but is slow to recognize himself as the source of his own misery.

It was on the night of the 23rd of August in the year 1572 that the great bell of the church of St. Germaine rang out the signal that meant death to the Protestants. All plans were perfected. Catherine with two of her sons beside her stood in a window of the Louvre to watch, to direct, to encourage. The guns roared and wild mobs filled the streets. Huguenots were murdered in their beds, Coligny being one of the first. There was butchery on all sides too horrible to relate. Paris went wild and Paris wild, was terrible. For two days the carnage lasted and then continued among the provinces. The fate of Protestantism in France was then sealed despite its later struggles, nor could it ever have flourished there. The gay and pleasure loving French temperament, with its need of food for the emotions, would always have revolted from its asceticism. But the crime of St. Bartholomew lies at the door of an Italian. Catherine alone was responsible and her name already black, grew blacker, and has thus remained upon the pages of history. It is said of her that she looked ten years younger after this dread event, and this simple stated fact by a man who knew her, makes us wonder at her depth of evil. With Charles, the King, it was different. He was never again himself. He heard strange sounds and saw strange visions and his end drew on. He died of consumption shortly before his twenty-fourth year. His was a soul where a sense of the



beautiful struggled with evil, where weakness succumbed to stronger force.

The third son of Catherine to occupy the throne was her favorite. Henry III was weak, degenerate, ignoble, base, effeminate, yet like all his family, aesthetic and dramatic. The romantic side of life appealed to him; he wrote verses, he visited artists, he wore jewels, including earrings. He spent his days in seeking pleasure, in inventing amusements. Affairs of state bored him and his aimless mind and frail body revolted from activity of any kind. Catherine struggled to make him popular and to hold in check the Guises, still powerful. She traveled all over France to settle disputes, to attend to state affairs. Her great size made the rough traveling of that day a trial to her, but no sacrifice was too great when it increased her power and the power of the throne. It was all in vain. After a miserable reign, filled with war and intrigue, Henry III was assassinated by a young monk, and the House of Valois came to an end.

The murder of Henry occurred in July of the year 1589 but his mother was spared this last tragedy in the family. Catherine de Medici had died a lonely death on the preceding 5th of January at the Chateaux of Blois. Paris was

asked to bury her, but declared that if her body was brought there it would be thrown into the Seine. Many years after, when anger had been cooled by time, her remains were taken to Paris and interred at Saint-Denis beside those of her husband.

And so passed one of the renowned characters of history—the real ruler of France for over thirty years. A great character if by great we mean powerful, for she kept the House of Valois on the throne during the reign of three kings, while two different families used every stratagem to obtain it for themselves. She contended with men of intellect and power and overcame them. She dominated her environment and yet she died shorn of power, deserted, her ambitions unsatisfied, her name execrated. She writes of herself, "I am so accustomed never to possess an unspoiled joy, that it does not seem so strange to me as to another." We can but pity a soul so enwrapped in evil and misfortune, but we know that her long journey on the path of reincarnation will enable her to learn great lessons, and that finally her soul will throw off the dark cloak of ignorance and see the Light in all its beauty.

Another Message to Theosophists

By The Imperator

In the February issue of this publication there was published the official Theosophical reports of an address made by Mme. Besant at the T. S. Convention in India in 1912. In this address Mme. Besant warned the Theosophical Society of the dangers of intolerance. She explicitly stated that "I am in favor of free speech, free opinion, free thought," and "Tolerance does not mean tolerating the opinion you agree with; it means tolerating the opinions with which you disagree."

Our purpose in publishing that report was to make clear in the minds of many of the Theosophists who inquired about our Order that there was no reason why they could not pursue the work of Theosophy and Rosae-crucianism at the same time.

Since the publication of the report, however, we have received other letters from Theosophists which indicate that what Mme. Besant laid down as fundamental truths have been ignored by her workers in this country.

For instance: A typical letter from one of our members recently initiated is as follows, in part:

"I very much appreciated the solemnity of the occasion and received much strength therefrom. . . . I am sorry that I cannot go on with the lessons for I have found that in as much as I am a member of the Theosophical Society and have already stated my intention of becoming a member of their occult school called the Esoteric Section, that should I enter your Lodge I would be debarred from entering



the 'E. S.' I believe it would be what is called a violation of 'occult ethics.' I am to put in my application in the Fall for membership. I have been a member of the T. S. for eight years but not until I arrived in Oregon and had a talk with the heads of the E. S. (in this part of the U. S. A.) have I felt as though I would be eligible to membership. I am exceedingly sorry for all the trouble I have caused you. . . . I was profoundly impressed with the oath and initiation and I assure you that my Neophyte Oath will always be held sacred by me. . . . I can readily see how wonderful your teachings are. Again thanking you for your kindness and assuring you of my best wishes for the growth of your Order, I am, Yours gratefully."

What are we to say to this Sister and the many Brothers and Sisters who write to us in a similar strain, usually before initiation into our Order? And, what is meant by "occult ethics"? Can it be ethical to prevent one who is seeking light from enjoying all the privileges of research and study?

A very enthusiastic Theosophist who is very well acquainted with the rulings of the Theosophical Society explains that the arbitrary rulings of the T. S. in regard to our Order are not meant as a criticism of our work. She says: "We simply believe that no one can pursue a course of study with us and with some other school at the same time. We wish our members to study our teachings and develop with us exclusively. For that reason it has been decreed that those who enter or have entered the E. S. shall not become members of the Order Rosae Crucis."

I thoroughly agree with the teachers who say that a student of any philosophy or science will do well to adhere to but one course at a time or attend but one school at a time. In our own work we advise our members to refrain from attending so-called spiritualistic seances until after they have learned to discriminate and understand what they see, hear and otherwise sense objectively and subjectively. We likewise advise our members to refrain from pursuing a course of study in New Thought, Vedanta, Theosophy, Christian Science, etc., until after they have carefully studied the first fundamental laws of our teachings, as em-

braced in the first three degrees (covering about four months' study.) But—and here is the point at issue—advising our members of the value of refraining from dual study is NOT limiting their free use of judgment and self-decision. We DO NOT place a barrier between them and our work or between them and any study they may wish to pursue.

Many who write to us and say that they regret that their solemn oath of fidelity to the E. S. prevents them from even entering our Order (without deep study) have been members of the T. S. for seven or eight years and of the E. S. for a number of years. With long membership to the E. S. and a close study of the T. S. teachings they still feel the need, or the desire, for further Light and instruction; but lo! the Light is forbidden, the knowledge prohibited.

How can the teachers in the T. S. or the heads of the E. S. interpret their decrees and laws in the light of Mrs. Besant's official address on the subject of "toleration"? Such limitations cannot long remain in force, for, as in one large middle-west city, members of the T. S. Lodges will realize that the decrees now attached to their oaths are unfair and they will rebel against such limitations to their minds, bodies and souls and resign from the T. S. Lodges and unite with us.

We have naught but the utmost respect for the T. S. teachings and work. A large majority of our Sisters have been—and still are—members of the exoteric section of the T. S.; and of the Vedanta Society and many other occult or scientific organizations. We are proud of them as members and pleased with their tolerance, their broadmindedness and their excellent grounding in metaphysical subjects. Our ranks are open to all who are worthy, regardless of race, religion, creed or SCHOOL. This fact has impressed many who have been threatened with expulsion elsewhere if they united with any other school and they come to us welcoming an opportunity to know all that IS TO BE KNOWN and to be free, MENTALLY and SPIRITUALLY.

So, to our Theosophical friends I send this message: Be true to your oaths and obligations whatever they may be. If now interpreted to



mean that membership with us or any other similar body is denied you, then bear under the will of your Masters and your teachers.

But with patience will come a greater understanding and the barriers shall be removed and the Light will be revealed.

BOOK REVIEW

"THE AMATEUR PHILOSOPHER," by Carl H. Grabo, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1.50 net. This book is a life story of the author, recounting the personal experiences and reasonings, covering a long period of years. He recounts his experience in college and illustrates how aimless the average college education really is, and that the student really starts life after having finished his course in college. The author speculates a great deal in abstract theories of the old dogmatic creeds and in the continuity of life, its possibilities and probabilities.

His conclusions are defined in the following sentences:

"God and the vital principle of life, as I have endeavored to define them, do not explain existence completely. I cannot conceive how matter is born of nothingness, nor can I tell how life first seized upon inanimate matter and made use of it for its purposes. But these difficulties are inherent in the constitution of the human intellect. They are in the nature of the mental life and must ever remain insurmountable difficulties in the way of a complete understanding of life. They are in the realms of the unknowable. It is as though the universe were a hollow sphere and we within it. What lies beyond its confines we cannot know, and our guesses inevitably lead us into paradox. But within the limitations of our experience and the human mould of our minds we must devise the best explanations that we can, must endeavor to conceive of God and the chief ends of man, must determine the importance of conduct and devise a code of morals for our guidance. In doing this we make use of reason to supplement our deepest guides, the intuitions.

"Intuition I have made the source of my philosophy, according to the reason a secondary

place. I have done this for the reason that our intuitions seem to lie closer to the vital principle of life than does the intellect."

THE PROTECTED PRESENCE

By Anne Rix Militz

Here is a small book, attractively printed, easily carried in the pocket to read at those times when one feels the need of inspirational thought. The very first paragraph of the book reveals the subject of its contents, for the author tells us: "Every one that is born upon this earth carries his own life preserver within himself."

Throughout the book there is the breath of Christianity and the creeds and doctrines of the man Jesus; and we find a very good thought expounded that, "character is a talisman." Certainly no one should wish for a greater good luck charm, a greater protection against evil influences and the wrath of man than a beautiful character. In the latter part of the book, we find many prayer thoughts. One of the great psalms of protection starts with this declaration which is recommended to all Rosaecrucians: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

We understand that the book is having a good sale and it deserves it and we take this opportunity to recommend the book. The small price of twenty-five cents makes it available to everyone and it is sold by the Master Mind Publishing Company, 649 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. This company, by the way, publishes the Master Mind Magazine, a good magazine of its kind for thought students and if our readers and friends and members have not seen the magazine it would be well for them to send for a copy and understand the Christian interpretation of the New Thought work.

