



*Initiates
VH 2 no 3, nlee*



THE ROSICRUCIAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Who is that singular looking man?" said Carl Merler to one who stood near him in a coffee-house at Manheim.

"Who?—the tall man in brown?"

"The same; do you know him?"

"I can hardly tell; every one who comes here knows him, and yet he is known to nobody. He is said to be an immortal—an invisible."

"More plainly, he is a worshipper of the Rosy Cross—a visionary—half chemist, half mystic, whose character you may hear from everybody in the room, all of whom speak confidently of him, and all differently. From one you will hear that he is a man of genius and a philosopher, from another a fool, from a third a madman."

"An illuminato, perhaps?"*

"No, not exactly so. There is nothing, as it seems, political in his reveries; nothing relative to the ordinary concerns of humanity. He mixes with no one. It is not known that he keeps any correspondents by letters. His manners are mild and urbane, and his demeanor, as you may observe, serious and contemplative. You now know all that any one appears to know of his habits or character."

"What is his name?"

*The Illuminati, a secret society in Germany which was political at one stage of its history.

"I know not, nor have I ever heard him addressed by name."

"Does he inhabit this city?"

"An old chateau, two miles hence, close by the Rhine, is his residence. He has no visitors, and of his domestic life, of course, nothing is known. What is the hour?"

"Half after eight."

"So late? I must be gone. Farewell."

The individual who had given rise to the young man's inquiries was a man whose appearance was at once striking and prepossessing—the latter phrase is, perhaps, too weak. His large frame, it is true, gave him, at the first glance, a somewhat ungainly appearance, which, however, vanished when his countenance was observed. It was pale and clear. The features of the face were deeply traced, the forehead broad and capacious, the temples full and bare. Merler gazed and gazed, and became more and more anxious for a more intimate knowledge of this visionary, if such he was.

The room began to assume the mellow deep tinge of an autumn evening. The stranger laid down the paper he had been reading, and left the house.

Day after day Carl Merler resorted to the same place, and it generally happened that he saw the individual of whom he was, in fact, though almost unconsciously to himself, in quest. If he made inquiries, he learnt nothing from the answers which added to his previous stock of information. It happened, too—remarkably, as he thought—that no opportunity ever occurred for the interchange between them of those little civilities that continually take place between persons whose habit or accident bring together. His curiosity increased.

One evening, it chanced that all the company had left the room except Carl Merler and the object in whom he felt so unaccountable an interest. The latter was reading a pamphlet; the former, as usual, alternately studying the appearance of his companion, and creating theories of his real character and station.

It was while involved in one of these reveries that his attention was awakened by some one's drawing a chair to the table where he sat. He looked up and saw, opposite to him, the subject of his thoughts. He was confused—rose up—resumed his seat, and looked hesitatingly at his companion, who calmly returned his glance.

The stranger smiled. "Do you want anything with me?" he said, turning his full, bright eyes, not unpleasantly, on Carl Merler.

"Sir?"

The stranger repeated his question.

"No; I am not aware that—that is—"

"Pardon me; you *are* aware. You have sought me here—not once, not twice, nor thrice, but day after day, and for weeks. I know that you sought *me*; and yet you say that you have no business with me."

"At least, I know of none."

"Well, then, I will tell you. You would know who and what is this solitary individual of whom you have heard that he is an alchemist, dreamer, Rosicrucian—what not. Is it not so?"

"I confess that my curiosity has been strongly—I fear impertinently—at work since my first visit to this place."

"Impertinently?—why so? Every man is and ought to be subject to the inquisition of his fellows. He, only, who has cause to fear, will object to the jurisdiction; I have none. Once again, you wish to know what I am and what are my pursuits?"

"Since you ask me, I do."

"Very well, come with me and see."

The stranger arose, took his hat, and departed, accompanied by Merler. They passed through several streets, and, proceeding beyond the confines of the town, found themselves on the pleasant borders of the abundant river. They wound their course among the vineyards that clothed the banks.

"See what an evening," said the stranger, as they

lingered for a moment under the shades of a lime tree. And it was an evening fit to be spent and enjoyed on the banks of the Rhine.

The sun just sinking over the green levels of the vine plantations, the rapid waters rejoicing in his purple glow, the little neat cottages of the peasants, and the gay song and happy step of the peasants themselves, as they rejoiced in the work of the harvest, fell at once on the eye and ear with such a lively accordancy, that the spirit was charmed, and forgot that the days of poetry and bliss—the reign of Paradise—were no longer of the earth.

They walked on still admiring the scene that changed every instant, looking now at some last vessel that came floating down the stream, with its great sails flapping idly about in quest of the breeze; and now at some half ruined tower, or dismantled dwellings, that stood gloomy and discontented, where everything around was jocund, fresh, and delightful. It was at one of those habitations, in somewhat better repair than the others which they had seen, that the stranger stopped, and announced to his companion that the journey was at an end.

Taking its external aspect, it was a sombre and comfortless building, half French and half Gothic, surrounded by a garden, dark, cheerless, and neglected. The gate in the garden-wall creaked dolefully as it opened, and again, as the owner of the pile closed and locked it as they entered.

The path along which they proceeded was overgrown with thick weeds, and here and there a fallen garden statue interrupted their progress. They arrived at the door of the mansion, a wicket in which was opened by an old and feeble woman.

"Let me now introduce you to my mansion," said Merler's host. "No very splendid one, perhaps, for one whose fame has passed through the converse of all the good people of Manheim. It suffices, however, for my wants and more is not needed. This is my library."

It was a spacious room, three sides of which were covered

with shelves well stocked with books. The third was occupied partly by the window, which admitted light to the apartment, partly by a cabinet, the doors of which were open, and partly by one or two full-length portraits, suspended in huge, heavy, painted frames. A large table occupied the center of the floor, upon which, as well as around the room, were arranged numerous mathematical and philosophical instruments, books, maps, and papers. The shelves of the cabinet were loaded with phials.

The stranger took a place in the window-seat, and motioned to Merler to follow his example.

"Are you not convinced," said he, "that you have to do with a wizard?—does this apparatus capture your imagination?"

"I see nothing here," replied Merler, "unsuited to the library of any man of scientific habits."

"What! yet incredulous?" returned the other, with a smile, "follow me, then."

Merler complied, as his host, taking a key from the cabinet, unlocked a small door near the window, and descended a flight of stone stairs. Arrived at their termination, Merler found himself in a low, vaulted chamber. It was full of the instruments with which the alchemists were said to torture the elements of things in their endeavors to attain boundless wealth and unceasing health. Several furnaces were *burning* with a light green flame.

"Now," said his conductor to Merler, "you see what are my occupations."

"You are an alchemist, then—a seeker for that which so many have failed to find?"

"Hardly so. I have wealth to satisfy my wants, without resorting to the transmutation of metals; and he who has passed half a century on the earth will scarce wish for the *elixir vitæ*."

"Perhaps you disbelieve in their existence?"

"No; the powers of the human *mind*, when *free from the clogs of sensual desire*, are nearly *illimitable*. I could dis-

cover those secrets—I have accomplished more; but I wish not for them."

"What, then, has been the object of your inquiries?"

"Neither, as I have told you, to acquire golden dross (which many have prostituted the paths of philosophy to obtain, as a means of gaining luxuries and indulgences, and which the motive of their search has alone withheld them from discovering) nor to increase the number of my days here. My object has been, during the time allotted to me, to partake of a double existence—a *spiritual* one, peculiar to those who have had firmness and courage to attain it—as well as the *fleshy* one, which I enjoy in common with the rest of my species."

"I do not perfectly comprehend."

"I know it. When we have left this place I will explain myself."

There was a short pause, during which Merler examined more minutely the appearance and furniture of the apartment. The walls, ceiling, and floors were of stone; the various utensils, which were placed on all sides, were partly of glass and partly of metal.

"How is it," said Merler, "that though your furnaces are apparently at work, I perceive none of the deleterious vapors with which their operations are usually accompanied?"

"Because," replied his companion, "everything here has reached that state in which matter is sublime, and loses its grosser particles. My labors now are not to find or to invent, but to continue and perfect that of which I have long been possessed. Look at this."

"I see nothing more than an empty phial—of crystal, I think—and very transparent," said Merler, as he held the vessel between his eye and the lamp.

"So it seems to you," said his companion. "Yet it is full, full to the stopper."

"What then, is this invisible substance?"

"Dew, the purest, most refined dew of heaven—the most

powerful dissolvent of matter."

"I remember to have heard of it as one of the agents employed by the alchemical philosophers. *Light* is, I think, another."

"It is; look once again."

He unstopped one of the retorts, and poured in the contents of the phial. *A light, brilliant beyond imagination, but withal so soft it dazzled not* Merler's eyes, issued from the aperture. At the same moment the lamp became extinguished.

"See," said Merler's conductor, "how the grosser light is unable to sustain the pressure of the *pure element*. If you please, we will withdraw."

They ascended the stairs, and again entered the library.

"I have displayed to you," said the philosopher, "the agents with which I work; and this, because I can read the characters of men at a glance, and your's pleased me. I know that I can confide in you; nay, ~~so~~ protestation—I know it. The end to which I have applied these agents you shall know before we part. Meanwhile, partake of my humble meal; the *body has its wants as well as the mind*."

The host ate only of a salad, though, in regard to his visitor, more substantial food had been prepared. When the meal was ended the former rose.

"I will now," said he, "perform my promise; but first examine this picture." He pointed to one of the portraits that hung from the wall.

It was of a man, apparently about thirty, clothed in the dress of a monk, whose square cowl betokened him of the order of Capuchins. Merler examined the features again and again, and as often turned from the contemplation of the picture to look upon his host.

"Enough," said the latter; "you discern the resemblance!"

"Perfectly," said Merler.

It was the picture of a female to which Merler's attention was now directed. The countenance was sad, but full of

intelligence, and beautiful as the depth of a summer's evening. Under each of the pictures the letters F. R. C., and the symbol of the cross, denoted that the originals were followers of the Rosicrucian philosophy.

“Be seated, and you shall know what I have to relate.”

CHAPTER II.

THE ROSICRUCIAN'S HISTORY.

"My name is Freybourg. I am, by birth, a German, though of French parentage. I was, by nature, studious; and my attention was soon directed to the marvels of natural philosophy. An eager, and even painful, thirst after novel information kept me constantly on the alert; and, as my family was good, and their resources liberal, the opportunities and facilities of acquiring were not withheld—the less as, being a younger son, it was, of course, expected that I should turn my learning to account.

"There was little, however, in the objects towards which my curiosity was directed, to which the instruction of tutors was not rather an obstacle than otherwise. I learnt what they had to teach, and felt that in so doing I had made not one step towards that after which, even without knowing what it was, I inwardly panted. Something I wanted, to satisfy the ravenous appetite I felt—something to which the cumbersome frippery of learning, which I met around me, was wholly foreign. Yet where to seek for any satisfaction I knew not.

"I grew lonely and melancholy in my habits; I sought the deepest recesses of the woods, and spent whole days sitting idly in dark and solitary brakes, or under the shade of trees by the side of dull and unmoved waters. I did this till the inanimate things among which I wandered became my sole companions and friends.

"In a chance conversation I heard mention of the Rosicrucian doctrines of the sixteenth century. To my mind, in its excited state, a spark was sufficient. I hailed the suggestion with rapture, rejoicing that a path was thus opened by which to direct and steady the wandering feverish wishes with which I was haunted.

"I acquired, without much difficulty, the writings of Hudd, Kuhlman, Rosenberg, and others who had treated of the Divine Science. I studied them incessantly. Their phraseology was, purposely, obscure, and their meaning enveloped in terms, to the right understanding of which I had no clue. But my aim *was a noble one, and my perseverance unconquerable*. By degrees I became master of the secrets which, hitherto, I had possessed in those volumes only—as a man who has a rich jewel secured in a casket which he cannot open.

"Still, here was one step only advanced. The philosophers who had discovered the means of acquiring the hidden and mysterious knowledge that I desired, had either never attained the end of their inquiries, or had forborne to promulgate the details of their process. I had, thus, my tools given me; but I was still to learn whether I could use them successfully, where so many before me had failed. I bent all my energies to the task, and, *gained my object*. In doing this I did no more *than any one may do whose will is decided and exertions undeviating*.

"Before I proceed, it is necessary that I state to you some of the additional faculties which I had now acquired. The soul, of which our fleshly body is the habitation, is not, like the latter, bounded by the fetters of place, but, when freed from its tenement, possesses ubiquity. To liberate the *spirit*, so fully as to enable it to enjoy, completely, this omnipresence, is, indeed, beyond the power of divine science; and can be accomplished only by that mysterious process which, terminating our progress here, returns to their proper sources as well our material as spiritual constituents. But this power may still be exerted in an inferior degree—greater or less, *as the aspirant has qualified himself for the possession of the faculties he covets*.

"To me it was a source of infinite and glorious delight to disentangle myself from the narrow limits to which the observation of fallen man is confined, and dismiss, as it were, a twin spirit from myself to penetrate the extremest parts

of the earth, and, taking the wings of the morning, to gather from every clime, all that might be culled of fair, and beautiful, and good. Thus I enjoyed a *double* existence; and, whilst I pursued my ordinary avocations at Strasbourg, was, at the same time, roaming in thickets and jungles, by the banks of the Ganges, or contemplating, at Balbec, the prostrate Temples of the Sun, and the ravages of time on the mighty cities of the earth.

“It was one day, when rambling, in my *other* self, through one of those delightful valleys that sink at the foot of the Appenines, that I became, I may well say, the *victim* of a sensation as novel as enrapturing. I was seated in my study, chasing away the hours by the perusal of those enduring riches which the intellect and genius of antiquity have delivered down to us, and which show, strikingly, the weakness and the superiority of their authors—when a perception, which I well knew was conveyed through the medium of my distant *spirit*, burst upon me;—such a dream of purity, and excellence, and loveliness, as my wildest moods of enthusiasm (and I was ever a trafficker in the ideal and contemplative) had never fashioned! To you, who are yet in ignorance and thralldom, I should, in vain, endeavor to explain the manner in which this ray—for such it seemed, and a most *bright* one—burst upon me. It came, not as a picture conveyed by the sense—not as a remembered idea, nor as a vivid creation of the fancy—it came as an inward impulse, newly born, springing up on the mind, indefinite, uncreated, but existing and fervent.

“The object which had thus been made present to me continued not so for more than an instant; but the effect was complete. I was as one entranced—one thought alone possessed me, until I became almost unconscious even of that. A sort of lethargy of the imagination succeeded; and I hailed the hour which, bringing on the gloom of night, enabled me to seek for rest in sleep.

“Sleep came, but not with it extinction of the thoughts that, for the last few hours, had filled my waking existence.

In dreams, the vision still haunted my mind—the same idea of inexpressible beauty was still present. Associated images, too, arose, in all the wild phantasms of dreaming. Bright eyes—burning kisses—all the array of passion, danced before me. Sometimes, I half started from these incoherent slumbers; and, at such time, light and aerial forms seemed to float around me. At length I became exhausted with the excitement of these restless fancies, and sank into a profound and refreshing sleep.

“On awaking, the first idea that presented itself was the one by which I had been haunted the preceeding day. Wherever I went, whatever I did, it followed me still. It became the unceasing companion of my thoughts by day and by night.

“The anxiety which I underwent affected my constitution; and, by the advice of my family, I left home to travel in search of health. The first place I visited was the valley of the Apennines, which was so strangely connected with me. Here I wandered for some days; but could learn nothing to direct me in my quest after the unknown object of my thoughts.

“Why need I detain you with a long and useless detail of the pains I suffered, the countries I traversed, and the disappointments I endured. Two years elapsed;—and, weary of myself, of the knowledge I had labored so hard to acquire, and, in short, of the world and everything in it, I determined to take the vows and habits of a Capuchin, and, rooting from my breast every remembrance of the past, to devote my future life to the meditation of noble and more enduring subjects.

“Vain were the expectations that prompted me to take this step. I soon found that, if there be any place peculiarly consecrated to peace and content, it is *not* within the walls of a monastery. There is, there, *no* exclusion of the evil passions of the world; and, as poison acts more vigorously within a narrow compass, so it is in these societies. Besides,

the uniformity of our life—the uninterrupted stream of existence in which we flowed along—threw me more forcibly than ever back upon myself—the very evil to have been avoided. Amid the exercises of devotion, I found my thoughts still chained to another subject. I strove against them—the irritation induced by the conflict increased my calamity.

“My brethren were, with few exceptions, men of coarse and vulgar minds—indolent, proud, and malicious—the natural infections of the monastic atmosphere. Everything conspired to induce me to avoid their society—my present feelings and the habits of my past life. They perceived it, and were not long in manifesting their sense of it.

“I was, however, too much involved in those things which continually oppressed me, to regard, very greatly, the petty annoyances to which I was exposed. I endeavored to submit to these evils contentedly; and, in this manner, five years passed on, without seeing any material change in my situation, my thoughts, or my sufferings.

“About this time our physician died—as, when at home, I had disguised my philosophical pursuits under the pretext of studying medicine, I had acquired a slight knowledge of the science, and was not, now, unwilling to improve it. I offered my services to our Superior, and, after a few trials in trifling cases, they were accepted.

“The occupation in which I thus engaged was, necessarily, beneficial, as it occupied a portion of my thoughts, and diverted them, in some degree, from the recollections to which they incessantly veered. There was another advantage. I had occasion to make short excursions beyond the bounds of the monastery, for the sake of gathering plants and roots for my simple pharmacy. There was something of liberty in this, and the exercise was a luxury to me.

“The monastery of ————— was situated upon a high and almost perpendicular rock. It was rarely visited by any one, although a carriage path had been hewn out to it, and was tolerably passable. This road divided into two

branches—one of which led to some neglected stone-quarries, as an approach to which the road had originally been constructed—and the other had been extended for the purpose of travelling. From this station there was a magnificent view. Elevated far above the level of the earth, I have seen the storm raging, and the lightning flashing below, while the unchecked sunbeams fell around me above. Beyond the thick and tempestuous cloud that filled the valley and hung on the surrounding declivities, a smiling champagne country extended, bounded by hills, distinguishable only by a faint outline, from the sky with which they seemed to blend.

"It happened that the storm-clouds had, one day, gathered in such prodigious masses, that, though the autumn had but just commenced, the monastery, and everything around for miles, were enveloped in a thick haze, through which the rain fell slightly but incessantly. The contemplation of natural phenomena was the only thing I could call a recreation, and I came forth to enjoy the threatening of the elements.

"I was well acquainted with every foot of ground in the neighborhood; otherwise, it had been madness to have ventured beyond the walls—so easily might an incautious step have precipitated one down a precipice whose height left no possibility of escape from destruction—even, versed as I was, I found it needful to move with great care.

"Whilst I was endeavoring to distinguish the forms of rocks and trees through the gloom, and watching the dim blue fires that flashed idly at intervals, a sudden dull sound met my ear which I was, at first, unable to account for. It was not, however, many moments before I felt convinced that a carriage was passing at no great distance. It could not be on the direct road, for I was standing on that, and the sound had passed me. At once it struck me that the travellers, if such they were, had taken the wrong road; for, though a direction post was placed at the point where the path divided, it would be useless, in such a gloom. The

thought was terrible; for, in three minutes, unless some aid offered, they would be dashed down the precipice, which the darkness, momentarily increasing, would conceal, until discovery was too late. Already the noise had ceased—so imperfectly is sound conducted, as you are aware, in those altitudes. I had nothing to guide me, but sprang forward, and, dropping a bank of about fifteen feet, found myself on the road that led to the quarries. Along this I speeded, almost in desperation. Again I caught the rumbling of the wheels against the uneven surface of the rock. The vehicle was going, apparently, very leisurely; and this consideration seemed to add to the horrors of the situation—there was something so sickening and appalling in the idea of human creatures going thus slowly and unconsciously, step by step, to destruction. This, however, was not of long continuance. A flash of lightning blazing across the path, frightened the horses, and they set off at a rate that almost extinguished my hopes.

“One circumstance was in my favor. The road took a sweep round the base of a broad, but not very high rock of granite; and directly over this was a footpath. I crossed it, and saved so much ground as to meet the carriage within ten yards of the precipice. I endeavored to seize the reins; the horses plunged and reared almost upright; the motion of the carriage was stayed for a moment, and in that moment I sprang to the door, tore it open, and received in my arms a female, who fell senseless in the moment of her rescue. I heard the fearful cry of the expiring horses, as they were dashed under the carriage on the rocks beneath. Two human creatures—the father and fellow-traveller of the lady, and the driver—shared the same destruction.

“I lingered not, but bore her whom I had saved, as speedily as I might, to the monastery. The brethren whom I met stared with malicious surprise, as I entered. I loudly demanded our Superior; he came, and consented, on hearing my account, that the lady should have refuge, until her friends could be found, within the walls of our

retirement—prison, I might better say.

"I was preparing, in the presence of some of the senior brethren, to administer such slight medicine as I deemed necessary, to the object of my anxiety, when for the first time I saw her face. The phial which I held dropped from my hands. I lost all sense and recollections. When I recovered, I found myself in my cell, reclined on my pallet. By my side sat an old brother whom I had lately attended during a severe illness, and whose gratitude for the services I had rendered him had been proof against all the ill-nature of the many who looked upon me with an evil eye. He had undertaken the office of my nurse, and from him I made my inquiries.

"Where is the lady, Hilarius?"

"In the dormitory. They have sent for old Margaret, from the village, to attend her."

"It is well; is she sensible?"

"Quite; she has inquired for you. But what caused your illness?"

"I know not; a sudden pang—have you learnt who she is?"

"No; her dress and ornaments bespeak her, probably, of wealthy connections."

"I should like much to see her. Does our abbot know that she has inquired for me?"

"I believe not."

"I would he knew; I wish to visit this patient; but not without his knowledge."

"I will see that he knows," said brother Hilary; and he rose from his seat and left me. He returned presently.

"I have seen the father," said he. "Moreover, I have seen your patient, and she insists, whatever Margaret says, on not retiring to rest until she has seen her preserver. You are at liberty to visit her.

"Let me then, brother, request your company." And he conducted me to the chamber where *she* was whom I panted to behold.

"We arrived at the door. It was with difficulty that I could conceal from my companion the violent agitation that possessed me, and which shook every nerve to trembling—as the autumn wind shakes the quivering autumn leaves.

"We entered the apartment. She sat at one end. I approached her; she lifted up her eyes; 'Holy Virgin!' she exclaimed, 'it is—it is he.' She sprang from her seat as she spoke, gazed earnestly at me for a moment—sank down again—and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"I was astonished and confounded. 'Does she know her father's fate?' I whispered to Hilary.

"'No,' he replied; 'she believes he is in the house, but unwell, and we have been scarcely able to avoid her request to see him.'

"'What then could cause her present grief?' I drew nearer to her and spoke. I told her that I was, for the present, her physician; she interrupted me.

"'I know you well,' said she—'too well.'

"'Nay, daughter'—the word stuck in my throat—'nay, how can that be?'

"'Ask me not,' she replied; 'it were a strange and incredible tale.'

"'Surely,' said I, half to myself, 'the dream cannot have been mutual.'

"'How, what is it you say?' said she, eagerly.

"I looked around. Brother Hilary had left the apartment; the nurse sat at the farther end of the room. I sat down by my patient, and detailed to her what I have already made known to you. Yes—dead to the world—vowed to solitude and religion—I told her of the passion I had felt—and the pang I had suffered; knowing the while that there was now a gulf between us which no means could pass. It was like the dead recounting to the living object the history of his buried love.

"I concluded. She was still in tears, but checked them.

"'It is most wonderful,' she said; 'I too'—she stopped,

blushed, and trembled. 'Yet why,' she resumed, 'this foolish weakness—why should I not confess that I, too, have loved and suffered for a hitherto unknown object. At the moment when your spirit caught the fatal infection, in the valley of the Appenines, mine, too, was on the wing, and hovered round you. I need not say more; your history will suggest the main features of mine. And, now, answer me a question sincerely: Where is my father? They told me I should see him in an hour; the time is past. Is he here? Is he ill? Heavens! your color changes—tell me—tell me, by all we have suffered, is he dead?'

"'Oh, no—no,' I answered, hastily; but the confession of my manner gave the lie to my words. She perceived it, and with a shriek, fell senseless to the ground."

Frevbourg paused in his narrative. "Excuse me," said he to Merler, "if even the *remembrance* of what I tell you stifles my voice, and calls forth my tears."

"Be assured," answered Merler, "I respect your grief. It is perhaps unpleasant for you to continue your narrative; if so——"

"No, it is over," said his companion: "I will proceed."

"I raised her from the ground, and directed the nurse to place her, while thus unconscious, in her bed; I retired to prepare a draught for her. That done, I threw myself on my pallet—myself half distracted with what had passed. The vesper bell aroused me from the lethargy of misery, and summoned me—heaven knows how unprepared—to join the evening devotions. These past—in coming away from them, we had to pass the dormitory. I listened for a moment at the door. One of the friars, who, more than the rest, had showed a marked dislike, whispered an observation to another upon this circumstance. I turned around; a malicious smile was on his countenance. Forgetful of all, save the indignation which I felt, I struck him to the earth."

"The consequence of this was, that I was confined strictly to my cell. I was not allowed to see my patient; word was brought to me by Hilary, of her state, from time to time;

and on this information I was expected to proceed.

"She became delirious. In vain I represented that, in order to treat her malady properly, I must be admitted to visit her. Ignorance and malice were blind to everything.

"Day after day this continued. Hilary was assiduous in bringing me intelligence—for he alone pitied me. This was observed; he was forbidden my cell, and another deputed to act in his stead.

"You may probably think it was in my power easily to baffle this rigor, by using my faculty of spiritual visitation. But this faculty I had neglected for a long period to exert; and when I essayed it, I found the perturbing passions which had taken possession of me deprived me of my power. I had no longer the calm self-possession necessary for the enjoyment of the Divine Science. Like all uncommon powers, it failed me when most needed.

"Why should I linger in my tale? One morning, on awaking, I found Hilary by my side. I was about to inquire how he had obtained permission; but he motioned me, cautiously, to silence; and, placing a folded paper in my hands, withdrew on tiptoe.

"I opened it. Its contents ran thus:

"'You will receive this from brother Hilary; but before he gives it to you, the writer will be no more. Its only purport is to wish you farewell. The reason of your absence I have been informed. *Here*, we have both suffered deeply; that we shall meet again in happiness, I doubt not. Do not—but I know you will not—forget me. Once more, farewell; my last breath will bless you.'

"I pass over my feelings on the receipt of this. I determined to escape from the monastery. I did so, in disguise, to Strasbourg. My parents and my elder brother were dead. A distant relative had succeeded to the family estates.

"I had known him in youth. I sought him, and he offered me an asylum which I accepted. I continued with him for two years, in concealment—for the Capuchins were in hot

pursuit of their victim. At length I was liberated. The revolution commenced, and the friars were no longer powerful.

"My relation addressed me, one day, thus: 'Freybourg, I am about to join the royal party. In this bag is a sum which, with your habits, will supply your wants; however the struggle ends, I shall not need it.'

"I retired hither. With some occasional interruptions during the troubles, I have lived here since. Now we are again at peace; and I abide solitary and unknown, having resumed, as you have seen, my ancient studies."

Such was the story told by the Rosierucian.

From "The Astrologer," 1845.

EGYPT LETTER.

(Continued from last month.)

Editor of Initiates, Allentown, Pa.:

temple, then pray, pray from your soul for light, pray in truth and sincerity, swear by the Bible of truth that you will obey the "still small voice" that speaks to you, and you will soon realize that you have indeed found the path to true initiation. But prayer alone, which may be silent or loud, is but the desire and sincere and extreme desire founded on whole-soulness is a great prayer and one that will always be answered. The critic will ask: From where? but the desiring ones will understand. Many there are who will say, "If the door is prayer the Church is the true path." To this I will answer, "The Sons of Osiris (children of God) care not how the means through which the poor soul shall first see the light and 'find the Christ,' so long as they find it. Our desire is that those who long for supreme initiation shall find it."

Yet, those institutions that teach us that no life is sacred but the human, that your future evolution is dependent upon your presence at religious ceremonies and large donations to the church are all enemies of man. Beware of such false doctrines, they would lead you astray from beaten paths leading to true happiness, and oneness with the Spirit of God which we call the Christ.

Enter you into the sanctuary of your *own soul*, after purification, and *within* it you will find all happiness; yea, all that is needed for your happiness now and forever. Let no one lead you to look beyond yourself for the *door to initiation*. Our mystic fraternities can guide your wandering feet; they may lead you with a hand of tenderness to the shrine where you would need worship. But this is

naught unless you would worship the truth concealed there, and not the shrine itself.

"Man, know thyself," has been placed over the doors of many temples, yet men search for initiation, passing this sign unheeded and their search is in vain.

Then set your house in order, and guests bidden then will call and sup with you. But do not expect to commune with spirit, and that by reason of your determination to learn God's purest angels until you have become truly born of the the holy life. Doing unto your neighbor as you would be done by. You cannot enjoy the riches of the Master unless you have served the Master. You will not enjoy that unspeakable joy of the initiated unless you serve your race in such capacity as is within your power to do.

Do you feel lonely, has materialism and a life of error led you to sorrow and unhappiness? Then enter the door leading to the true initiation, to *oneness* with yourself and humanity. The world will then look brighter, the birds will sing sweeter, and life will once again seem more lovely. But do not be contented, but strive to remain true to yourself and your mission upon earth and you will enjoy those pleasures which the initiated forever sing.

Yours in Virtue, Piety and Immortality,

ABOU TARTANO, 38

That for centuries of youth
We can feed on heavenly truth?
We die! we die!
Banned from the sky:
We die, we die, we die!—alas, alas, we die!”

XX.

Sir Gilbert rose upon his arm,
And still the accents, sad and sweet,
Filled the clear air,—“We die, we die!”
His heart was throbbing—he heard it beat.
Was he awake? Ay, broad awake:—
He saw the fire still upward wreathing,
He saw the glorious moon aloft,
He heard his fellow-soldier breathing,
He felt the cold blast on his cheek—
“Alas,” said he, “my brain is weak!”
And then he pressed it with his palm,
And closed his weary eyes;
But still he heard the mournful strain
Amid the silence rise:

XXI.

“What though a thousand years may be
No more than half our span,
And only three-score years and ten
The time ordained for man,—
He yet is happier far than we,
Proud heir of immortality!

For we, alas!
Fade like the grass,
Or like the fitful breath of summer,
Or like the tone of a melancholy song,
Or an oilless taper's flickering ray,—
Alas, more mortal ev'n than they!
With spring the grass is a fresh new comer—
The sweet west wind returns ere long—
The flame, though it seems extinguished quite,
May be restored to a living light;
The song, though it cease, may re-awaken,
Re-attuned to a pleasant strain;—
But when *we* die, we die for ever!
Never—oh, never, we live again!”

XXII.

Once more Sir Gilbert started up,
And roused his slumbering fellow:
“Look, look,” quoth he, “and tell me true,—
Amid those flames so yellow
Dost thou not see a vision bright?
Dost thou not hear a voice of sorrow?”
His comrade laughed,—“Thy head is light,
Go sleep—thou wilt be well to-morrow.”

XXIII.

“Oh, shield me, Heaven!—but this is strange!
There are the two fair forms before me;—
I wake, I feel, I think, I speak,—
This is no vision floating o'er me;
Or if it be, no dream ideal



Ever on earth was half so real.
Hark!—the voices once again!—
Oh, what melody of pain!—
Oh, what music in their sorrow!—
Perhaps my brain is light—I may be well to-morrow.”

XXIV.

Thus communing with himself,
He gazed upon that wondrous fire:
Now it darkled
Roared, and sparkled— ..
Now it sank—now mounted higher;
And still the youth and maiden fair
Shone amid the flames, imburning;
Still their voices, melancholy,
Rose upon the midnight air,
Ceasing now, and now returning,
Soft, melodious, full, and clear;
Till he held his panting breath
In delight and fear.

XXV.

“O happy, happy man!”
Thus the maiden sang,
“At thy birth the heavens were glad,
And hosannas rang.
Make us sharers in thy gain,—
Oh, take pity on our pain!
And to our perishing souls impart
The immortality of thine,
For which through darkening years we ever yearn and
pine.”

XXVI.

Sir Gilbert felt his inmost heart
Warming with pity for their woe,—

"Most fair, most melancholy things,
Tell me the sorrow that ye know."
He spoke, communing with himself,
But gave the inward thought no breath;
"What is it ye require of man,
To be delivered from the ban
Of this eternal death?"

XXVII.

There came an answer to his thought,
Soft as a breeze amid the grass;
It was the maiden's voice that sang
Mournfully still—"Alas, alas!
We die, we die!
The flowerets of the plains
Imbibing colors from the sky,
Are happier than we;
They live, and love, and feel no pain;
But joy is not for us and ours,
We are more fragile than the flowers;—
For us no bliss in earth, or heaven above,
Unless, O man! thou'lt pity us, and love!"

XXVIII.

And then the chorus rose again,
But louder than before;
The forest-trees bowed down their heads
With age and winter hoar,

THE INITIATES.



And a murmur through their leafless boughs
Most musically swept;
And the rough cold winds began to sing,
And soft as breezes crept.

The air, the sky, the very stars,
The pale and waning moon,
All seemed with one accord to join
The sweet entrancing tune:
And the burden of it seemed to be—
“Oh, love is *chief felicity!*
To man on earth—to spirits above—
Chief felicity is love!”

XXIX.

At last the echoes died away;
And when Sir Gilbert looked again,
The flames had sunk, and clouds of smoke
Were curling up again;
A streak of radiance in the east
Preclaimed the coming day,
And drum and fife and bugle-horn
Announce the reveille.

XXX.

“Alas!” quoth he, “what this may be
Surprises me to tell;
But this I say, to my dying day
I shall remember well.”
And now the drums beat loud again,
And trumps heroic blow;
Each man of all that host is up,
And marching o’er the snow,

To meet, ere setting of the sun,
The legions of the foe;—
To fight—to bleed—to groan—to die—
And reap *false* glory out of woe.





CANTO SECOND.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Through the forest I have gone—
Night and silence! who is here,
On the dank and dirty ground?

Midsummer Night's Dream.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

I.

The meadows gleam with early flowers,
It is the month of May;
The swallow in the cottage eaves
Has built her nest of clay,
And the rooks upon the castle tower
Caw merrily all the day.

II.

The spring has followed the winter weary,
And peace come after a ruthless war;
The land rejoices, and children's voices
Welcome their fathers from afar.
There are smiles of love on many a cheek;
Many a fond wife sobs for gladness,
And sheds more tears in excess of joy
Than ever she shed in all her sadness.

III.

The wars are over,—the peasants rejoice,—
Youths and maidens sit under the tree,
Or dance together
In sunny weather,
While the elder people flock to see.
The rustic pipe makes music simple,
To guide the fall of their twirling feet;
And young veins tingle,
As love-looks mingle,
And youth and passion their vows repeat.

IV.

And Gilbert journeys to his home:
Many a laurel he hath won,—
And he hopes to reach his father's halls
Ere the rising of the sun.
The evening air is mild and cool,
The round May-moon is at her full,
And ever, as he rides along,
He hums the chorus of a song;
Anon he walks his chestnut steed,—
Ambles, or gallops at full speed,—
And then he stops, for better view
Of the green hills or waters blue,
Or the broad path he must pursue.

V.

All day there was a gentle breeze—
It shook no blossom from the trees,

THE SCIENCE AND KEY OF LIFE,

COMPILED AND COPYRIGHTED BY
HENRY CLAY HODGES.

Briefly stated, this work is a most practical and comprehensive encyclopedia of scientific knowledge, concerning the influence of the planets upon human life. It is remarkable for its clear demonstration of *life's problems*, including that of individual adaptation, showing how right lines of endeavor may be followed and success in life be achieved.

It contains much that is *new* as well as knowledge that belonged to the ancient Chaldeans and Egyptians, thus embracing the *certified wisdom of ages* within the light of *modern research*.

This important work should be in every household.

Five volumes now ready; sixth volume will soon follow. Bound in silk cloth, gold-lettered, from 260 to 323 pages each; size 6x9 inches. Sold singly or by the set at \$2.00 per volume.

Two Thousand Years in Celestial Life.

This is the most wonderful narrative ever written, describing experience in the higher life. Beautifully bound in cloth, gold-lettered, illustrated. 200 pages, size 5½x7½ inches. Price, \$1.25. Address:

THE STELLAR,

Hodges Building,

Detroit, Mich.

THE STELLAR RAY

is a practical New Thought Journal, so practical that it deals with *INDIVIDUAL* adaptation, *INDIVIDUAL* problems and the success of *INDIVIDUAL* lives, thus meeting a great need and helping every intelligent reader to obtain and maintain good health and success in life. A sample copy will be sent upon request. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in United States. Address:

THE STELLAR RAY,

Hodges Building,

Detroit, Mich.

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY.

* * *

The Philosophical Publishing Co. has made arrangements with the Magnetic Apparatus Co., Ltd., whereby we can make the following offer to all our readers and to all such as have bought books published by us in the past.

Many of our readers have requested, and have received, the booklet "A Message to the Ailing," others who did not get one can have one by sending two two-cent stamps to us. All such will know everything concerning the "International System of Direct Medication." The cost of the Apparatus, with the two text books, is \$100.00.

The text books are the most complete of their kind ever issued. They are two large volumes, bound in genuine leather and contain: The Symptoms of practically all diseases. The Diagnosis of these diseases. The Direct Treatment of each disease. The Nature Cure of each one. (Here it may be stated that the Nature Cure is that which was taught by a famous Nature Cure Institute and which the founder charged \$100.00 for the instructions.) The Internal Bath treatment of each disease. The Diet of each disease.

What is most important to all is that the *same* treatment can be followed without the apparatus by taking the medicines internally and following the other treatments. It is therefore one of the most important books for everyone as it will save many dollars in doctor bills.

We have made arrangements with the Magnetic Co., so that we will be allowed to sell 100 sets of these books for only \$10.00 a set. They could not otherwise be had for less than \$50.00.

Such as have electric batteries can follow the direct system by simply obtaining wires which cost very little.

To be sure of obtaining a set of these books you should at once forward your order for you will never have another such opportunity. Address,

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
Allentown, Pa.

"THE SON OF MAN."

The most important book of the age. It answers questions which no other work answers and it gives you the meaning of the Christic faith in a way that will make you believe in them. It is THE book for the present time of non-religion when materialism and creedism has killed the belief in God.

This work will show you how it is possible to develop all power WITHIN yourself and become a very master. It will show you that there is a Christic spirit and tells you how to find the Christ within. It DOES reveal the secrets of the TRUE life.

It is in three parts:

The ESSENIAN BROTHERHOOD, Christ an Essene.
The Christic Teachings.

Where there is LOVE, there IS God.

It proves to you that these things are true and tells you JUST how you may prove it to yourself. It is a work that appeals, NOT to your mind, but to your heart and soul.

There is not a soul that can afford to be without this work and we will put out one million copies at the cost of publication and postage. It will be a work of 100 pages, several illustrations, and on good paper. Price will be only 25 cents in paper binding or 50 cents in cloth. Do not miss this no matter if you do not care to read much. This work you MUST have.

Address all orders for books and make all monies payable to

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

NOTE.—All the members of the "Militia" and all those of the Imperial Order should not fail to get this work. Order copies for your friends. It is a work you can give to the Christian or to the occult student. DO NOT MISS IT.

ROSICRUCIAN LITERATURE, ETC.

CLYMER, DR. R. SWINBURNE. The Fraternity of the Rosicrucians. Their Teachings and Mysteries according to the Manifestoes issued at various times by the Fraternity itself. Also some of their secret teachings and the mystery of the Order explained. 12mo pp. 314. \$5.00.

CLYMER, DR. R. SWINBURNE. The Philosophy of the Living Fire. (Love, God.) "There is nothing new under the sun." Fire Philosophy the foundation of All True Initiation, and All Mystic and Occult Fraternities, as well as the Secret Doctrines and Ancient Mysteries. Atlantis, its Beauty, and its Fall. The Templars and Fire Philosophers. The Therapeutæ and Essenes and their Initiation. 12mo, pp. 174. 1905. \$1.50.

CLYMER, DR. R. SWINBURNE. Ancient Mystic Oriental Masonry; Its Teachings, Rules, Laws and Present Usages which govern the Order at the present day. "True Masonry and the Universal Brotherhood of Man are one." Cloth, 12mo, pp. 194. 1907. \$1.50.

CLYMER, DR. R. SWINBURNE. True Spiritualism. The Beautiful Philosophy of Life, and not mere Spiritism which deals only with phenomena. The book contains 190 pages, printed on heavy egg-shell paper, handsomely bound in cloth with lettering and side-stamp in gold. 1907. \$1.00.

DE ST. VINCENT, COUNT M. The Order Militia Crucifera Evangelica. Founded on History and their own Manifestoes, and on facts, documents and writings in the possession of the Brethren of the Order at the present day. 12mo, pp. 198. Cloth, price, \$2.00.

CLYMER, DR. R. SWINBURNE. Alchemy and the Alchemists. This work is now published in four volumes. Vol. I, pp. 266. Vol. II, pp. 230. Vol. III, pp. 244. Bound in silk cloth, stamped in gold with symbol. Compilation of the old masters, Paracelsus and others. Descriptive circular of all of Dr. Clymer's books sent on application. Price of the volumes, \$8.50.

Complete Catalogue now ready.

"Divine Alchemy," only for members of the Order of Militia Crucifera Evangelica, by Dr. Clymer.

Address the PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

DOMINION AND POWER,

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

PRESS COMMENTS.

Lovers of Mr. Patterson's books will find this work one of the best products of his genius.—*The Light of Reason*, London, England.

This is an earnest and thoughtful book.—*The Literary World*, London, England.

Like all of Mr. Patterson's writings, this book will bear reading.—*Light of Truth*.

It is a book which appeals to the heart as well as to the brain of the thoughtful reader, and will find a warm welcome wherever it goes.—*Psychic Research*.

8vo., Cloth. Price, \$1.00, Postpaid.

NEW THOUGHT BOOK COMPANY,

No. 39 Walnut Street,
EVERETT, MASS.

THE NEW WAY,

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The New Way will consist of a series of lessons from the pen of Charles Brodie Patterson. The subjects for the first six numbers will be as follows:

THE NEW WAY TO HEALTH.
THE NEW WAY TO HAPPINESS.
THE NEW WAY TO POWER.
THE NEW WAY TO SUCCESS.
THE NEW WAY TO CONTROL.
THE NEW WAY TO BREATHE.

The remaining six subjects will treat on equally important subjects.

Price: 25 cents the lesson or \$2.00 the twelve lessons.

To every one of the first five hundred subscribers for one dozen copies will be sent postpaid one copy of any of the following cloth-bound books, usually sold at \$1.00: the second or third volume of the "Library of Health," "New Thought Essays," "Beyond the Clouds," "The Will to be Well," "Dominion and Power." Mr. Patterson is the author of all of these works.

NEW THOUGHT BOOK COMPANY,

No. 39 Walnut Street,
EVERETT, MASS.

TO YOU.

With this number of "The Initiates" the subscription end of all those who had subscribed to "The Rosierucians" and whose subscriptions were turned over to us by Editor Gould.

We would earnestly request all these to please send in their subscriptions at once for the coming year. By doing this they will not miss a number, which is important for all such as wish to bind their copies.

Hoping to hear from *all* such as are interested in this magazine, we are,

Very truly yours,

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
Allentown, Pa.

* * * * *

"THE EGYPTIAN."

A magazine of the Ancient Initiation and Priesthood.

It is the Official Organ of the Fraternity "Sons of Osiris," and contains all information on the Order. There is no other magazine like it.

The November number contains:

"The Ancient Wheel of Pythagoras," (By the use of this wheel and the complete instructions, any one is able to answer any question. It is a Fireside Fortune Teller. This wheel and instructions have been sold for as much as \$10.00.

"The Fraternity Sons of Osiris." An article giving much information on the Order.

"The World Invisible," by a Rosierucan. One of the best articles to appear in any magazine published.

The magazine is issued quarterly and the price is but 50 cents a year. 15 cents for a copy. After these copies are gone you would need to pay 50 cents to get the "Ancient Wheel of Pythagoras." Better subscribe for it at once. Address,

"THE EGYPTIAN,"
Richland Center, Pa.